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Art Vol. VII

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BOUNTIFUL

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VOL. VII.

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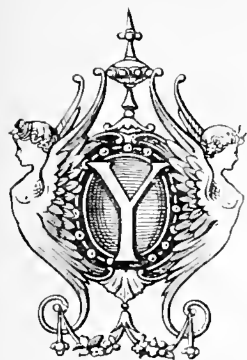
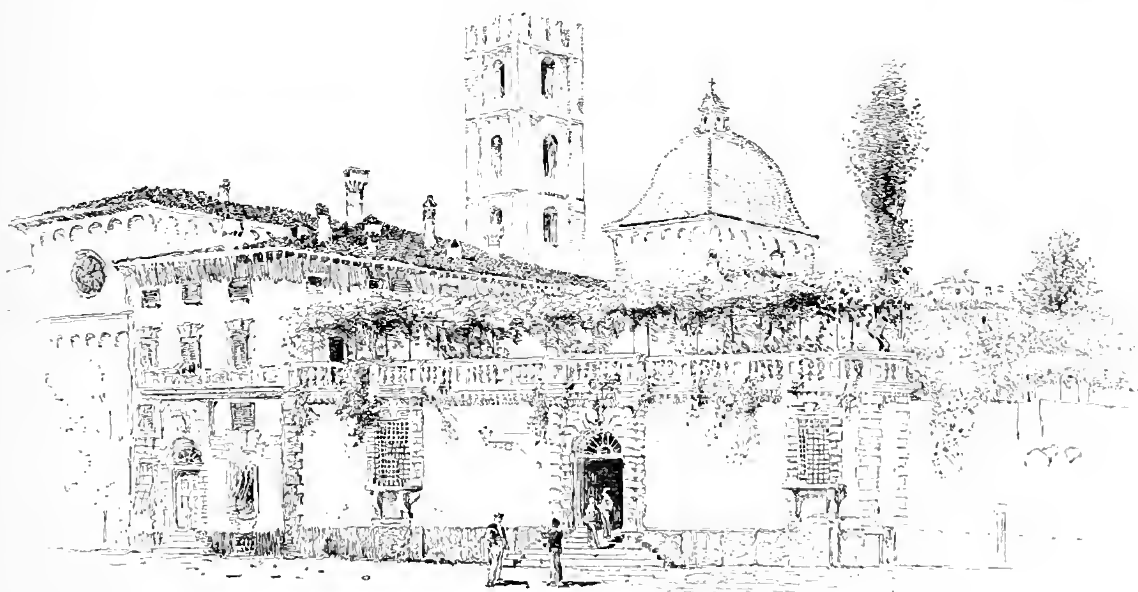
THE MAGAZINE OF ART.

NORTH TUSCAN NOTES.

I.—The Festival at Lucca.



YESTERDAY we went into Lucca for the feast of the Holy Face. The morning was lovely, and the entry into the plain of Lucca, where the Serchio issues from between the steep hills of Vinchiana, with their long white monasteries surrounded by cypress avenues, the olive slopes with their lines of vine-trellis and isolated old villas and farms and churches, was most beautiful. Still more so the plain itself, with its intense green of vegetation, its fields of maize, of long seeded brown grass, its rows of poplars and screens of reeds, its farms with their heaps of yellow Indian corn before the door, and their immense overhanging fig-trees and gourd-slung trellises; the whole bounded by the soft low Pisan hills—"quel monte per cui i Pisan veder Lucca non ponno"—where Archbishop Roger hunted the wolf in Ugolino's dream; and the Carrara peaks quite pale and ghost-like against the pale blue sky. There was a great fair going on, of shining white hemp, and tinware, and new barrels, and grape pails, outside the town, where the bastions, with their dark walls and trees, seem like islands in the meadows. The streets were crowded, and pieces of crimson and yellow brocade were hung outside all the windows. The cathedral (1) was surrounded by fellows hawking medals, woodcuts, descriptions of the Holy Face (the legend, which has been appropriated also by Burgos Cathedral, of the holy image kicking off first one slipper to the poor fiddler, and then, when he was accused of theft, the other to prove his innocence)—this literature most popular, of course. On the stone benches under the palace window gratings numberless vendors of lemonade, magenta cakes, sugar plums with the pictures of the Holy Face in the middle, rosaries, and every kind of peasant literature, chivalric and saintly. The church was simply decorated with



1.—BY THE CATHEDRAL, LUCCA.

superb red brocade; and it was the first time I ever thought a church gained by such hangings. The effect was splendid: the light falling through the stained glass upon the purple brocade; the long beams of sunshine, grey and golden, flickering on to the crimson silk and the carved stone, through the fretwork of the Gothic clerestory, on to the scarlet cloth of the choir, the wine-coloured and gold vestments of the bishops and canons, and the orange-red of the acolytes—a truly magnificent harmony of tints. The music was not particularly good, though every now and then the burst of the trumpets (why do trumpets always sound so much more effective in a church?) was very fine; and there was a beautiful effect when the bells ringing outside began to mingle with the music, much as the incense-grey light of the nave mingled with the yellow flicker of the tapers.

2.—IN BARGA.

After service we walked about. There are many picturesque corners in this compact little old town: the two Guinigi' palaces, for instance, at opposite corners of a quiet street, yellow and red brick, all fissured, and as it were bursting, with herb and flower pots in their wide Gothic windows, and weeds in their chinks, and grass and two olive-trees growing in the high crenellated tower of one of them. Also Sta. Maria della Rosa, a charming pure Gothic chapel, with breast-high decorations of roses and thorns, projecting with shrine and little belfry against the elms of the bastions, and overtopped by the pillared cathedral belfry; and a number of small Lombard, or rather Pisan portals, black, with garlands of imps and horsemen, and twisted columns and sentry lions—things that look like detached fragments of the wonderful cathedral. Afterwards we returned to the cathedral. It was still very full, crowds of peasants hanging about and kneeling in front of the little round aviary-temple of Matteo Civitali, with its quasi-pagan sculptures, its coloured tile-roof and golden grating, in which, between blazing tapers and blazing jewelled ex-votos, hung the "Volto Santo," a long, dark, mummified figure covered with diamonds, with indistinct bearded head black beneath its jewelled crown. A something weird, strange, stiff, which I can well believe may have affected almost like a ghost the people of the Middle Ages; or like some Indian idol or Mexican living god hidden in the depths of a

temple; something vague, dark, possibly living, quite different in its imaginative value from the flat absurdities of painted holy images.

Before driving home in the evening, we went round the bastions, which gird the old town with their walls and elms; the green plain all round, with a circle of mountains, great Apennine boulders, and sharp dolomitic crags of Carrara, all beyond. About these bastions my friend the little priest—who sings comic songs to the piano, smokes sixteen cigarettes a day, carves wood without having learned, merely feeling for the bones and muscles of his figures on his own small round person; who wears the neatest silk stockings and buckled shoes, and makes it a rule in questions of conversion, to "lasciare operare allo spirito santo senza impacciarmene"—my little priest told me the other day one of the few ghost stories Italy has got. It appears that two rooms of Palazzo M——, rooms belonging to a suite more stuccoed, gilded, flowered, be-cupided, and generally bedizened than anything I have ever seen, and which are used as a picture gallery—that these two rooms have not been cleaned or even opened for a good hundred years, all the valuable furniture and hangings being encrusted with dirt and cobwebs. And this because they belonged to a certain Marchesa Lucinda, who was very handsome, very proud, very vain, always surrounded by innumerable *cecisbéos*, and who, I presume, came to some bad end. Anyway, after her death, no one would inhabit those rooms. But every now and then, on holy vigils, persons passing along the bastions towards midnight have seen a splendid gilded coach, blazing like a furnace, drawn by horses breathing fire, and filled with magnificently-dressed ladies and gentlemen, dash along the avenue and mysteriously disappear. And this is without doubt the Marchesa Lucinda.

II.—A Mountain Hamlet.

Yesterday, August 25th, we went up to Monte Fegatesi, a little fortified hamlet high on the Apennines which separate the territory of the republic of Lucca from the duchy of Modena. Along the torrent Camaione, which trickles (when it does not rush all foaming and yellow) through a narrow defile between the chestnut hills, among huge black stones and tufts of yellow marsh flowers. Then begins a clamber. Through two villages, with box hedges and paved lanes trellised with grapes, where the women in a farmyard regaled us with baked pears from their oven. Then clambering round the chestnut-trees, and up paths which are water-courses, whose loose stones roll beneath the feet. The guide told me that sixty years ago there was not a potato in the whole Lucchese; I know in Baretti's time, a hundred years ago, only the English Consul at Venice had any. A Dutch family come to take the baths brought some, and greatly mystified the people. But even after the Duke of Lucca had issued a proclamation explaining that these things were good food, the people took years before they ate them. This clamber up the water-courses took a long time. Then on to a ridge, a sort of knife-blade, whence one looked down on either side on to the enormous rounded green masses of chestnut hills, with their wonderful white shadows and blue shadows like mists, all dotted with villages overhanging the torrent, the flame-like hills of the Lunigiana in the distance, and seemingly close above us, the bleak flank of the Monte Incoronato, one of the highest Apennine tops, white against the blue sky. Then at the sudden bending of the road you see, across the narrow, deep, deep valley, a sharp ridge, to which clings, poised and gathered on a crag, the little steepled and walled Monte Fegatesi (3). At Monte Fegatesi we put up in the darkest and dirtiest inn conceivable—or rather in the house of a "signorotto di campagna," a young man descended from the feudal lord of the place, who has six or seven farms of his own, but who sells stale ham and brandy and tallow candles, never having been as far as Lucca in his life. On the other hand a sort of ragged beggar retainer of his greeted us in English, having sold plaster casts in London, as so many of these people have. This creature told us that he would take us to a place which was haunted, and as much as promised us the ghosts quite hot and hot as soon as we arrived. Instead of ghosts we saw only a sharp crag covered with the broken masonry of what was once the citadel. The castle, as everything else in this part of the world, was built, he informs us, "in the times of the Goths." He pointed out some strange grottos scooped out of the grey rock, about half a mile off. That, he said, was the place where the ghosts abided. "What ghosts?" I asked. "Why, the castle was defended by the Goths against the Lombards, who attempted to break down its walls with their artillery, but were repulsed and slaughtered to a man at those grottos; and it is their ghosts who haunt. And if you were to hear the noises they sometimes make by night, especially when a storm is brewing—they are like winds, without bodies or shape, but they make frightful noises; and they maltreat any one they catch awfully. Once some carriers passed along the path by night; the ghosts of the Lombards came out and enchanted them. Their donkeys were so petrified that they could not even bray, and then the spell did not end until the morning." The village folk quite confirmed this belief, and declared they would on no account go near those grottos after dark. I wonder whether these Lombards were the Milanese

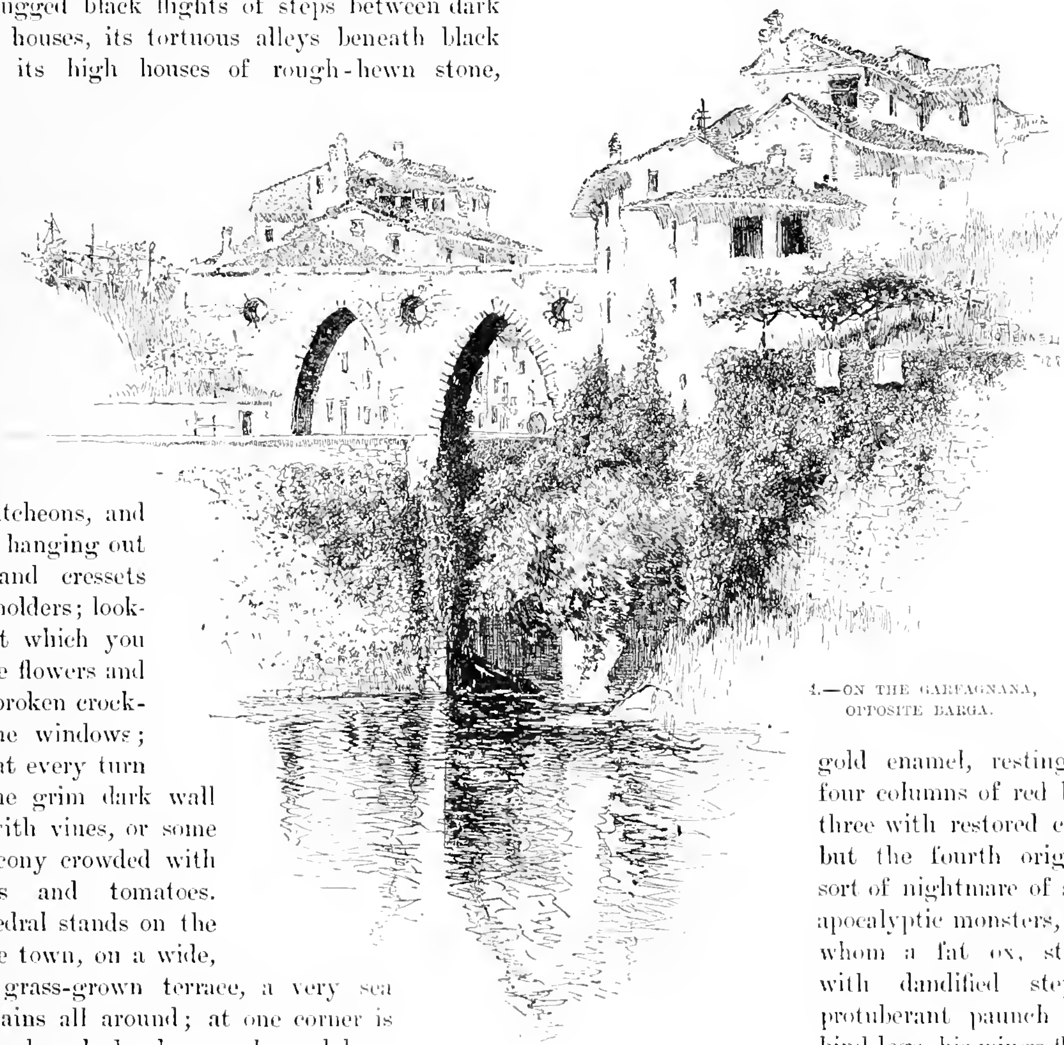
of Sforza, who came to these parts in the Fifteenth Century, or whether popular tradition has merely given a later colouring to a veritable Lombard invasion—an invasion of Luitprands and Alberichs and Hildebrands, like those who possessed the self-same village of Monte Fegatesi, according to the charters of the Emperor Chlodovicus, grandson of Charlemagne, which they still keep at Lucca. Goths having been mentioned, every one had something to say about them. The donkey driver affirmed that they had built Monte Fegatios. He had found it all in a book, a parchment book, written in Hebrew, of which a friend of his, a cook, had translated part, and then had the whole translated verbally by a Jew clothesman. The book, unfortunately, had been since mislaid. But he had learnt from it many interesting facts relating to the history of this country. Amongst others that the strange mediaeval bridge which spans the Serchio with an arch like a curved whalebone, called the Devil's Bridge, had been built in the Thirteenth Century. "It was left unfinished for ten years," he added, "because the country was drained of all its young men by the African war, undertaken by the Emperor of Rome." "The Crusades?" I ask. "Just so. The Emperor of Rome went to the Crusades at that moment." A peasant had joined our party. "That Emperor of Rome who went to the Crusades must have been Nero," he said. "That was the very one," answered the donkey driver, "and, moreover, it was he, and not your Goths, who built the walls of Monte Fegatesi." The other shook his head, "I always heard it was Napoleon Primo." "Che! Napoleon Primo; it was Nero—Nero when he went to the Crusades—a-u-p! raise thy feet, Morino!" and he sent his switch over the donkey's back.

3.—MONTE FEGATESI.

III.—A Mountain City.

Barga is a small but very ancient cathedral town, about twenty-five miles to the north-west of Lucca, built upon a ledge of the Apennines, which projects like a bracket high above the Garfagnana (4), the broad valley of the upper Serchio, which Ariosto once governed for the Duke of Ferrara. One of the innumerable little commonwealths which arose out of Latin villages in the early Middle Ages, Barga, which had a certain military importance in the days of the Othos and Henries, was, so to speak, stranded by its remote position, removed beyond the historical waves whose slow alluvion makes towns grow; and it is now much the same size that it was in the Eleventh Century. But the singular fact of the little mountain town being a speck of Florentine territory (how it came to be Florentine I know not) enclosed between the states of Lucca, Modena, and Massa Carrara, gave it the means of being, if obscure, at all events rich in no very creditable way, since during three centuries

the principal families of the place amassed considerable money by keeping warehouses for the smuggling trade of the adjacent states. Thus the people of Barga, forgotten of the world, were yet able to build themselves palaces not much less handsome than those of Lucca or even Florence, and at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century they invited certain members of the Della Robbia family to work on the spot for their churches. Of the smuggling there has not, for the last fifty years, remained any more than of the mediæval military prowess, and Barga is now abandoned to its small artisans and to a few proprietors of neighbouring chestnut woods and vineyards. It is a walled town (2), surrounded by splendid plane-trees, and, so to speak, sprawling down the summit of a hill (4); and it strikes me as a smaller and more intensified Perugia, on its high ledge surrounded by its hill spurs and its green shining ravines gradually sloping into the wide valley, closed in by an amphitheatre of mountains bolder and grander by far than those of Umbria. Like Perugia also, with its precipitous streets (5), its long rugged black flights of steps between dark unpainted houses, its tortuous alleys beneath black archways, its high houses of rough-hewn stone, with escutcheons, and hooks for hanging out carpets, and cressets and torchholders; looking up at which you always see flowers and herbs in broken crockery at the windows; lighting at every turn upon some grim dark wall covered with vines, or some rusty balcony crowded with sunflowers and tomatoes. The cathedral stands on the top of the town, on a wide, desolate, grass-grown terrace, a very sea of mountains all around; at one corner is an old wooden shed, where cocks and hens strut up and down, all inlaid with coats-of-arms, stone, marble, and majolica, of various Podestàs of Barga. And near it, surrounded by weeds, a walled-up gate of the church, guarded on each side by a dwarfish knight in armour, like the Roland and Oliver at Verona. The cathedral, built early in the Eleventh Century by some Lombard masons, who have carved their mysterious monograms on a stone by the door, is, so to speak, the first rough sketch of the superb cathedrals of Lucca and Pisa; a rough, abortive thing, with only here and there a piece of delicate carving (8) or grotesque decoration (7) let into the bare stone. Inside, still rough, with huge beams, and walls merely painted black and white, in imitation of the Pisan marble panelling. But inside this first attempt at Pisan architecture is a far more interesting early example of the architectural sculpture which culminated in the works of Niccolò Pisano. A pulpit of very early Pisan-Lombard style, probably by a fellow-craftsman of Biduino. A square box, surrounded by a band of high relief of the three kings and the birth of St. John, and a border of blue and gold enamel, resting upon four columns of red breccia, three with restored capitals, but the fourth original, a sort of nightmare of strange apocalyptic monsters, among whom a fat ox, strutting with dandified step and protuberant paunch on his hind legs, his wings flapping



4.—ON THE GARFAGNANA, OPPOSITE BARGA.

behind him like coat-tails, his snout raised with bland self-sufficiency, his fore hoofs dangling with the priggish grace of a drawing-room æsthete—altogether the drollest beast imaginable, especially in company with the weird lions and eagles of the Revelation. This capital is, so to speak, the grotesque mystical dream of the dark ages; the bases of the pillars, where an outstretched man plunges a knife in the jaws of the lion seated on his chest, and a crocodile munches a tiger, and a fat, squatting bearded imp bends beneath one of the columns, this lower part is certainly the bad dream of those days. Around the raised choir of the cathedral runs a parapet separating it from the body of the church—red breccia, with black and white mosaic border, and a cornice of leafage into which is set a row of heads, large at the middle and diminishing towards the extremities. Two central heads with fillets and queenly ornaments are tied together by their long plaits of hair; the others are bearded, all extremely rude, vacant, and square-cut; but in the middle of them is a head placed obliquely, with sideward glance, which, according to the point from which you look, strikes you as either a real lion's head, or as some savage semi-human face, scowling, threatening, and somehow with wonderful intensity of fierce expression; simple, a thing of few strokes, life-like; mane and whiskers slightly indicated, a masterpiece of terrible grotesqueness; it is impossible to imagine how it has come among those other heads, as if some great master had amused himself carving it while the other stone-cutters were away.

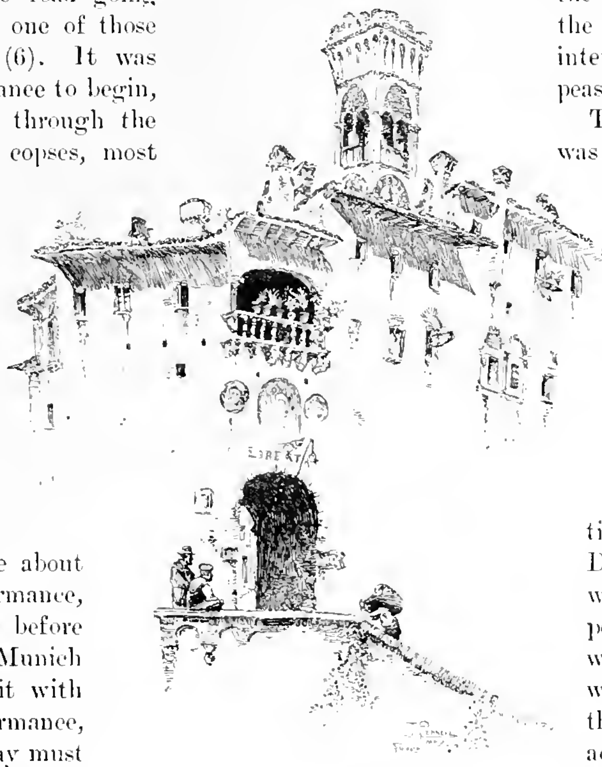
There is a good deal of Robbia work in Barga, but of the later members of the family; Andrea, perhaps, and the younger Luca della Robbia. Tradition still gives the name of the Fornacetta to a spot behind the town, in a ravine above which the cathedral with its belfry hangs poised over a precipice; the people say that the Robbias had established their ovens somewhere about there. In the church of the Monache there is a large terra-cotta altar-piece in high relief, unfortunately highly coloured and, moreover, subsequently painted over in oils. It is a fine composition of the Apostles round the tomb of the Virgin, which is filled with those lovely lilies which only the Robbias knew how to reproduce, and distinguished from the bonnet flowers of other artists. From the church of the Monache we went down to S. Francesco, the deserted church of a confraternity, through the paved rough lanes in the fields below the town, box hedges, ivied walls, and old trees with immense pendent garlands of green grapes (fit subjects for Robbia work) on either side, and at every turn glimpses of the green hills opposite, bluish in the shade, golden and hazy in the light. The little deserted cloister, with wooden shed roof, supported on rude Lombard pillars, stained walls, and an intolerable stench of damp and charnel rising from its grass-grown pavement and weedy grass plot, has inserted into one of its walls a curious melancholy vestige of art, which brings the Renaissance nearer to us: a Robbia altar-piece, coarse but beautiful, a Madonna with St. Sebastian and St. Roth, and a view of Barga in the distance; an unfinished work, having undergone only the first process of baking—brown, unglazed, abandoned by the artist, and shattered and cracked by the passers-by. There are in the dark little church three coloured altar-pieces by the Robbias, far too pictorial in conception, and with a disagreeable reminiscence of Botticelli and Lorenzo di

5.—THE MAIN STREET OF BARGA.

Credi; but some of the little figures of angels and saints in white framework are simply delightful. Next to the unpicturesque inn where we put up is a handsome dilapidated villa turned into a silk spinnery. About twenty girls twisted the silk of the cocoons on reels, which through the open windows flashed as if of gold, singing the while one of those strange weird chants of the peasantry, high, nasal, metallic, monotonous, yet as pleasant in the summer afternoon as the unflagging song of the cicala.

IV.—A Peasant Play.

Yesterday we went to a little place called Desertolo, a cluster of cottages off the road going from Lucca to Barga, to see one of those peasant plays called *maggi* (6). It was still too hot for the performance to begin, so we strolled for an hour through the cornfields and the chestnut copses, most beautifully lit up by the broad yellow sunlight; the corn was full of flowers, and there was a beautiful effect of burning red poppies above the green wheat, and of the starry purple "Venus's looking-glass" twined among the grey rye stalks. Going along we naturally talked about peasant plays, and of course about the Ober-Ammergau performance, which my friend C. R. saw before it had been *exploité* by Munich hotel-keepers. Comparing it with this Tuscan peasant performance, I should say the Passion play must be, despite all its artistic elaboration, in reality an inartistic thing, since it appears to aim at being a perfect repetition of a given real action, performed by intense believers therein for the benefit of other intense believers—a negation, therefore, of the free artistic principle. The people don't want art, they want to witness the Passion; and its representation, being the nearest approach to a repetition of the reality, is as unlike art as would be an exact representation of the death of Mary Stuart, based upon archæological research, only that the historic interest is replaced by the far more powerful religious one. Such a thing, deriving probably less from the Middle Ages (which were artistic in feeling) than from the morbid hysterical Seventeenth Century, is an unhealthy as well as an inartistic performance; it is one of those artificial stimulants to the love of the dreadful, the harrowing, the mystical, akin to those antique Syrian funereal rites of Adonis. Such a kind of performance as this Ober-Ammergau one would, I think, be impossible among Italians, except of the southern provinces perhaps; and the *maggio* expresses a totally different way of considering artistic and dramatic things. These Tuscan peasants want to be shown something more interesting than ordinary life, more heroic, more beautiful; it is not a love of excitement and horror and mysticism which asks for satisfaction, but a mere desire for imaginative and beautiful things. The dramatic interest is next to none, there is little illusion and no excitement, any more than in our operas; the whole pleasure consists in the sight of finer and more interesting things than the peasants usually see.



6.—A LUCCHESE VILLAGE.

This particular *maggio*, which was performed on a plank stage erected between two farms, in a threshing-floor, was called "Il Tiranno d'Ormusse," and appears to have been concocted by the prompter out of a variety of those romances of chivalry, burned by Don Quixote's curate, but constantly reprinted in cheap editions, which together with Dante and Tasso form the whole library of a Tuscan peasant. The performers were all peasant lads. There was not for an instant anything that could be called acting: no truth of intonation or movement or look, not an attempt thereat; but on the other hand considerable beauty of colour, of gesture, of grouping, and of intonation. The hero, Busulmano, was acted by a very well-made young man, with a fine well-set head, and a constant beatific, enthusiastic look; he moved very well, stepping almost grandly, and when he wrestled with the lion (the drollest beast in brown breeches and a bearskin) he was agile and graceful. The Tyrant of Ormus was also a fine figure, picturesquely dressed in dark blue Turkish pantaloons, a furred caftan and turban, and wearing a very curious ancient sword with a quaint heraldic lion by way of hilt. The two princesses were very prettily got up. One was a handsome, dark, heavy-browed boy with delicate contour of jaw; the other a charming blond little fellow. Both looked just like women, dignified

and graceful, though very frigid and stiff, and gave a better idea than one could otherwise have of those

7.—DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

choristers or young gentlemen of the king's chapel who used to play the heroines of Shakespeare and Fletcher. The others, oddly got up in old church vestments, altar-covers, and shakos like those worn by Napoleon's army, were wretchedly inanimate, but always dignified. The end of the performance was very pretty; and when, after the hero had refused the throne and declared that he must seek fresh deeds of valour for honour's sake, all stood up in a group, the tall, graceful Busulmano, in velvet tunic and cloak and spangled breastplate, in the middle, beating time with a fine gesture, and they joined in a simple, grave, solemn chorus, it gave an impression of something poetic, chivalric, romantic, in the spirit of Tasso; and this strange medley of shabbiness and beauty and childishness and poetry and grotesqueness had a singular charm of undoubted artistic feeling. The setting sun penetrated through the chinks of the rough enclosure, and threw a kind of golden halo over everything; and as we left it seemed as if we had had a glimpse of the world of romance, born of simple, unsophisticated, puzzled minds, whose highest expression was the great Italian art of the early Renaissance.

VERNON LEE.

8.—DECORATIVE WORK, BARGA.

"THE POACHERS SURPRISED."

FROM THE PICTURE BY HUGO KAUFFMANN.

FROM feudal forest-laws to a modern Hares and Rabbits Bill is a long step. It includes the whole story of a strenuous contest between law and licence, with much cruelty and oppression on one side and much idle vagabondage and a little real love of adventure on the other. Too much sympathy of a sentimental kind has, perhaps, been wasted upon poachers, whether they be mere vulgar snarers, adepts with net and wire, or bold "minions of the moon" armed for resistance and delighting in it. The Poacher, as an heroic subject, has almost disappeared from the pages of the novelist. He lingers in the romance of Murger and Kingsley and a few other moderns, but he is out of favour now. With a family to feed and savage penalties to defy, with a tyrant landlord, and abundance of game about him, the poacher was easily made interesting. Place him and his companion in a forest glade, picturesquely enveloped in moonlight, animate them with a burning resentment against the agrarian oppressor, and they become objects of compassion to the friend of humanity. But their life could never have been so bright as it has been painted. Certainly the jovial existence enjoyed by Robin Hood and the Sherwood clan of outlaws, who feasted and held high revel in the "grene shaw," was unknown to the general. They had a hard time of it and a perilous.

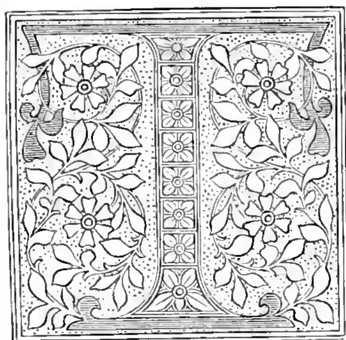
Herr Kauffmann depicts a frequent and unpleasant incident in their career. His depredators have been successful overnight, and their success has made them careless. Their spoil is recklessly and ostentatiously displayed on the floor of the cabin. They are preparing for the feast and the cup that does more than cheer. Their banquet is to be graced by the fair musician who knows the cunning craft of guitar-playing. To be surprised at such a moment by the guardians of game, ruffians as ill-favoured as themselves, is doubly mortifying; for our poachers are caught not only red-handed, but without the means of making a fight of it. It will be quick business with them. "Sessions a Thursday, jury called out a Friday, judgment a Saturday, dungeon a Sunday, Tyburn a Monday." This is all he gets who slays the deer; and a pitiful end to a pretty occupation it is.

Herr Kauffmann's picture is a good one of its kind. The composition is vigorous and original; the gesture is good, the types of character are clearly apprehended and well rendered; the drama is pointed and effective. The work is one which would anywhere be noticeable.

THE POACHERS SURPRISED.

(From the Painting by Hugo Kauffmann.)

MADRAZO: THE SPANISH PAINTER.



HE artist whose name stands at the head of this article has been the most generally famous of contemporary Spanish painters since the death of Mariano Fortuny. It was in every way appropriate that Madrazo should step into the place of the painter of the "Vicaria" as far as that was possible. They had been comrades in their youth, and later they became connected by marriage. Fortuny's wife was a sister of Madrazo's. In the course of their long and intimate friendship it was inevitable that Madrazo should be influenced by the brilliant chief of the modern Spanish school; but he is no mere imitator, otherwise he had been totally unfitted to be Fortuny's successor in office. Indeed, Raimundo de Madrazo's originality had been recognised while his brother-in-law was yet alive. The more independent kind of critics had already discovered that he too was a force in art, but it was not until the general exhibition of 1878 that his whole power was seen. Now he is undoubtedly the best known of the artists of his nation, and holds his place as the most brilliant of a clever school.

As Don Raimundo is still alive (and may God preserve him many years—"Que Dios le guarde muchos años," as his countrymen say), his biography neither can nor ought to be written with any detail. The leading facts, however, are known, and with their help and some slight knowledge of his surroundings in youth, it is possible to form a tolerably satisfactory picture of his career. He is then, to begin with, an artist by descent, the son of a distinguished painter. It is easy to conceive of circumstances under which this hereditary connection with art would have been a misfortune. Had he been a weaker man he might never have escaped from the studio in which he played as a child. If his father were a greater man, Madrazo's originality might equally have suffered. As a matter of fact, however, his early connection with art has been a great benefit to him. His hand and eye no doubt became familiarised with the tools of his trade from infancy. He wasted no years on uncongenial tasks, and was not compelled to force his way into the world of art in spite of the opposition of his family, as many other men have had to do. The benefit has not perhaps been wholly unmixed. The world of art is large, but the studio is apt to be miserably narrow. A man may well grow up in one a mere workman, taking no interest in anything which has not a visible connection with brushes and canvas. Madrazo has not wholly escaped the influences of the workshop. It would be easy to show from his work that he has lost not a little from the want of wider culture. Much of his painting is mere clever workmanship in which manual dexterity is everything, and the subject is destitute of poetry or human sympathy. But regret for this narrowness of training is modified in his case by two considerations. As a Spaniard and a Madrileño he had very little to learn from any general education he could have received. Nothing indeed can be more superficial than the training given in Spanish schools and universities. Those who come away from them wholly uninfluenced are the most fortunate of their pupils. If Raimundo de Madrazo grew up without such general culture as his native country can afford, he at least learnt his business thoroughly.

It must also be remembered that his father's studio is an anteroom to one of the greatest provinces in the world of art. Don Francisco de Madrazo is not only a portrait-painter of distinction, but is and long has been the director of the famous Museo del Prado. For an artist the neighbourhood of such a collection of pictures is in itself a liberal education. The name of Madrazo has been connected with this famous gallery from its foundation in the reign of Ferdinand VII. A José de Madrazo (or perhaps he had no "de," the noble particle being a thing most Spaniards affect when prosperity smiles on them) was one of the first artists employed in forming it. In common with several of his fellow-artists he drew down the savage satire of Richard Ford for his complicity, real or supposed, in the scandalous "restoration" of certain Murillos, which were scraped and flayed out of all knowledge. Since those days of ignorance the family of Madrazo has come to take sounder views of the treatment due to the masters.

Under the guidance of a father who was eminently competent to put him in the right path, Raimundo de Madrazo doubtless got the most out of the Museo. It is also only fair, after reflecting on the flashy and superficial character of modern Spanish education, to note the fact that Spanish art-schools are often respectable. There are good drawing-schools not only in Madrid, but in several of the provincial towns, which give scholarships and help students to go to Rome. Fortuny learnt his rudiments in the obscure little town

of Reus, his native place, in Catalonia, and passed from there to Barcelona. In most of these schools the training in drawing was classical and severe, and they do not appear to have degenerated as yet. The young Madrazo, brought up at the head-quarters of Spanish art-education, must have been trained in the most thorough way. His work now is as little classical as need be, but the effects of an early drilling in a regard for form are sufficiently visible. Like other young Spaniards, he finished his education in Paris. We are told, and indeed some of his pictures show it plainly enough, that he has been in Italy, but it must have been as a trained painter. Although there is a Spanish academy at Rome, and many painters of that nation settle there, Paris is their final school and their head-quarters. Madrazo finished his apprenticeship under Léon Cogniet, an artist who seems to leave his pupils severely alone. This experience ended, he began painting on his own account. He probably owed it to his father's influence that he was employed when a young man to paint a ceiling of Queen Isabel's hotel in Paris. Mariano Fortuny was employed in a similar task by the same patron, and they worked together. Having once got a good chance of showing his power, Madrazo rapidly made his way. For a time he was overshadowed by his brilliant friend, but from the first he had a recognised place of his own, and since the exhibition of 1878 he has been an acknowledged leader. The rest of his life, even if we knew it, would doubtless be a record of quiet, steady work, and journeys undertaken in search of subjects or new experience.

There is one fact which meets us on the very threshold in our attempt to make a critical estimate of Madrazo's work. Although he is a thorough Spaniard, he is by habitat a French artist. Like well-nigh every painter of his nation who has any spark of genius, he lives and works in exile. Spain is proud of her artists, will give them their training and praise them lavishly when dead; but she will not or cannot find them the very large quantities of bread and butter required by the modern painter who is able to find a market. This cannot fairly be attributed to poverty. Spain is indeed poor in spite, or perhaps because, of continual bragging about her inexhaustible resources; but there is much stored-up wealth in some of the cities, and money can always be found to build showy houses, and buy jewels. Still larger quantities are lost at the gambling-table. The real explanation of the neglect is the simple one that the Spaniards, though they support schools and produce painters, and glory exceedingly in their popularity abroad, love money far too well to part with it for anything artistic but portraits. It inevitably follows that only the third and fourth rate men stay in Spain, and they have to eke out an arduous existence with the help of photography and lesson-giving. When, a few years ago, a Catalan manufacturer of exceptional liberality bought two water-colours from a young countryman who had just returned from Rome, he obliged the artist to give him a solemn promise never to reveal the name of the purchaser. The precaution was needed to defend him against the rush of applications from native talent which would have followed the astounding announcement that a moneyed man living in the town had actually bought a picture. From a purely commercial point of view the painters who have contrived to get a hold on a foreign and particularly on the London market may have no reason to complain. Artistically they cannot but suffer. The temptation to settle down into a purely artificial studio-world in Rome or Paris is generally too strong for them, and they end by losing all hold on reality, and placidly turning out mere prettinesses, or bits of smartness in colour, which are *tours de force* and nothing else.

Raimundo de Madrazo has escaped the fate of so many of his fellow-countrymen to a considerable extent. Much of his work is no doubt merely frivolous and smart. He has painted one smiling female model in a domino almost *ad nauseam*. The Dresden China Shepherdess, or some such fancy dress figure which we have given here, is a very fair specimen of the quite frivolous side of his art. Nothing can well be smarter than this little drawing. In its way the Mask's combination of knowing innocence and coquetry is perfect. The striped dress, the mantle, the furs, and all the rest of the costume are clever in the last degree. Like the masked ball itself, it is one of those things which it is well to see once in a way, but which become duller than the dullest work with familiarity. Even in his more ambitious efforts, such as the "After the Ball," there is a good deal of mere painting of studio "properties." But there is also life. He is partly saved by his genius for colour. With Madrazo colouring is not, what it has become with the more slavish followers of Fortuny, a mere matter of trickery. He does not laboriously cover canvases with pigments just to show how he can put crimson on red without being merely gaudy, or make white stand out against white. The French Gallery in the summer contained a picture by him which gave a bright idea of his work at its best. The subject was one of the familiar boudoir scenes dear to his school: a girl playing a guitar, and a group of listeners. There was, as usual, an excess of mere furniture, but then it was made the means of showing a pleasant scheme of colour. The carpet, the screen, and the bright *manta* of one of the men harmonised well, and were painted in a masterly style.

This same picture also shows another of the painter's qualities to advantage. Madrazo can make his colour serve him to interpret human character. It is not in this case—nor indeed in any case—a very elevated or poetic stamp of character which he chooses to paint. His singing girl, her pretty little friend, the *majos*, and the priest are very ordinary Spaniards, but they have a certain human reality and inspire a kind of sympathy. Nothing can be more hopelessly vulgar than many of the figures in his "After the Ball." The effect of the picture is gained by the cheap device of contrasting the most widely different costumes. Punch, Pierrot, a Marquise, a Sultan, an officer of Hussars, a gentleman in a mediæval costume who is shaking himself into a modern great-coat, footmen, street sweepers, Mephistopheles, and a dozen figures besides, are all thrown together in the cold morning light. Such a picture can at best only just escape being utterly unprofitable, but Madrazo's does so by virtue of its truth. Under all the frippery of the fancy dress ball there is a kind of living reality. The painter can also catch a national type. A comparison between two of his church scenes will show how well he can succeed in this difficult task. There is a study of the interior of a church in Italy by him, in which the Italian type is excellently rendered. The scene is simple enough: a row of straw chairs; a number of peasants kneeling, sitting, or simply lying down and sleeping; in the middle a handsome woman in a fashionable dress bending over a *prie-dieu*—introduced by way of contrast of course, and who is no addition to the real worth of the picture—make up the whole. Put this alongside of another which he calls "Vespers"—the door of a Spanish church, with worshippers, beggars, and a wonderful realistic old priest hurrying in—and the accuracy of the artist's power of observation will be seen at once. There is no sort of doubt about the nationality, occupation, or character of any one of his figures.

It is in keeping with this quality of human realism that Madrazo is an admirable portrait-painter. "Bon chien chasse de race;" and he has doubtless inherited some of his faculty from his father, Don Francisco, who gave his proofs long ago. But whatever he has inherited he has improved to the utmost by his own strenuous industry. This side of his art is little known in England, but it is said to be much appreciated in the United States. We have heard of portraits painted for wealthy American

MASKS AND FACES.

(Drawn by Madrazo.)

COQUELIN IN "L'ETOURDI."

(Painted by Madrazo. By Permission of M. Constant Coquelin.)

visitors in Paris which have been carried back over the Atlantic to be valued possessions in New York or Boston. His portrait of Coquelin as Mascarille (reproduced by the famous acto 's permission) is indeed a masterpiece, as our readers may see. It deserves the epithet of "infernal brilliancy," which Mr. Henry James applied to the performance itself. There Coquelin stands, in the words of the same fine critic, "looking like an old Venetian print, and playing as if the author of the 'Étourdi' were in the *coulisse*, prompting him." Indiscreet admirers of Don Raimundo have, with doubtful judgment, praised him for imitating nobody. He does not, so we are told, ask himself how Velasquez, for example, would have done such or such a thing, but how he, Madrazo, will do it. If it were any honour to an artist to be above taking lessons from the great Old Masters, the praise could not be given to Madrazo on the strength of this portrait. It is the direct lineal descendant of the "Pablillos de Valladolid"—the wonderful Velasquez reproduced by us a twelvemonth back. The actor stands dressed in the traditional striped costume of the part, with the mantle folded across him, and the head turned to one side. Whoever has seen Coquelin has probably had an opportunity of learning how wonderfully he can contrive to cover his broad elastic face with a grin of fatuous rascality. Those who have not can do so by looking at the portrait by Madrazo. It is the very personification of the valet of Molière's comedy. The actor's face expresses all the elements of the character—the basis of animal greed, and the surface of monkey trickery. As he stands in the portrait he seems to be turning the sweetness of his own smartness over under his tongue. His eyes are closed in placid enjoyment, and there is a smile of self-satisfaction on his mouth, such as comes just after his last roguery, and before the clumsy honesty of his master has ruined everything. The fellow is obviously too clever for anything, and so genially dishonest that he is almost harmless. The portrait will doubtless in due time take its place in the *foyer* of the Maison de Molière, and serve as an eternal lesson to future actors who have to play the part of Mascarille.

Madrazo himself will have a better chance of living by this and other such works than by his endless dominoes and *majas*. Clever as these latter are, they are but a fashion. We cannot believe that any dexterity of workmanship can confer permanent value on the painting of *bric-à-brac* and fancy dresses. The Dutch painters made their studies of highly uninteresting things a possession for ever by dint of good workmanship and fine colouring, but they painted the reality of things. The defect of modern Spanish art is that it paints frippery, and cannot touch humanity, except in masquerade. All the cleverness in the world cannot prevent such work from becoming altogether wearisome, stale, flat, and unprofitable. Happily there are signs that some at least of the younger Spanish painters are beginning to be influenced by a manlier ambition. We have heard of Señor Pradilla as a painter of strong and sober historical pictures, and we have seen some very genuine studies of Valencian peasant life by José Benlliure exhibited in London. It is to be hoped that these are the first works of a new school, which will not be satisfied with painting odds and ends in a masterly manner, but will revert to the old theory that the artist should have some feeling for poetry and some sympathy with life. DAVID HANNAY.

"Lady Bountiful."

DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY ROBERT W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

ST. CHARITY! In classic time
They would have carved her large, sublime,
Less mind than matter;
Lifting a horn that overflows
To men whose need (like Figaro's)
But makes them fatter.

Or, in the neo-Durer style,
They would have made her grimly smile
From wrecks symbolic:
Symbol herself of grinding want,
Hard, introspective, haggard, gaunt,
And melancholic.

Now, we have changed all that. To-day,
We treat her in a different way;
We make her pretty;
We send her tripping through the snow,
To pour her pity on the woe
Of some huge city.

God speed! Kind heart, kind hand, kind eyes,
Life to too many a one denies
The joy of laughter,
That we should grudge, when you go by,
To wish your errand well, and cry
Our blessing after!

AUSTIN DOBSON.

SKETCHES IN EGYPT.

THE traveller who goes once, perhaps for a few weeks, to Egypt and comes back knowing all about it, is very likely to have seen only the worst side of the Egyptian character. He has been hustled about and pursued for backsheesh. He has been deceived by a Syrian dragoman, and therefore believes all Egyptians are liars. He has been overcharged by a Maltese stall-keeper in the bazaar, and therefore believes all Egyptians are cheats. He has seen a Turkish bey beat his servant, and concludes that the Egyptians are tyrannical in authority and cowardly in a lower rank. He imagines that Cairo is inhabited by the same race as the country, that Nubians are black, that every native has two or three wives, that the fellah rather likes the bastinado, that the proper attitude towards a donkey-boy is one of aggressive bullying, and that in such a barbarous country he may lay about him with a stick on any and every occasion. The casual traveller falls into the hands of a class which is by no means typical. He deals with the lower rank of railway officials, very likely Turks, and with the inferior dragoman, who touts for odd jobs, not having character enough to take a permanent place or to obtain the conduct of a party. How intimately should we know England if we only learned what a German waiter in a

A CAFÉ STUDY.

Regent Street café could tell us, supplemented by conversations with omnibus conductors?

It is necessary, however, in order to understand the social problems which occur in Egypt, to know that there are, even among the Moslem population, a great number of different races, sects, and interests. The ordinary Egyptian feels about as much cordiality towards a Turk as an Ulster Orangeman feels towards

ANOTHER CAFÉ STUDY.

a Roman priest. The Turk who cannot get on at home comes to Egypt to seek his fortune, and, as often as not, finds it. I have known an adventurer of this class, who hardly understood a word of Arabic, whose character was too bad for Constantinople, and who, even by his own account, could do nothing useful, yet who, being a Turk, was sent up to Beni-Sooef, as secretary to the *mudeer*, where, no doubt, he must have been a great help in settling disputes among the country people and fining petty thieves. As a fact he spent most of his time lounging about the railway station, for the station-master was also a Turk, or at a café, looking out for a traveller who could talk to him in his own tongue. Here he is in our first picture:—in a shabby black suit, with a standing collar on his coat, and a Turkish tarboosh, the official cap. I remember in Upper Egypt wearing an old-fashioned native fez; and one of the fellaheen, who had picked up a few words of English to eke out my modest stock of Arabic, remarked with evident pleasure that I wore that shaped cap, because "when you go in the field, peasant man he not afraid of you."

It was such a Turk as this that compassed the murder of poor Palmer and his companions. He had got himself into trouble at Tripoli in Asia Minor, where he had been secretary to the governor, and had come into Egypt to find employment. The Turkish government of Egypt of course found a place for him,

but took care it should be remote. Thus it came to pass that he was Governor of Nakhl, an out-of-the-way oasis, when Palmer passed through the peninsula

THE OLD HARBOUR AT ALEXANDRIA.

of Sinai, and was enabled to play into the hands of some of his patrons by ordering the murder of the English party. At the trial no direct evidence was obtained against him, so he got off with two years' imprisonment; and unless he has died of cholera, he will, if the English continue to allow Turkish rule in Egypt, be shortly appointed to a railway station, or a post office up the country. The second "café study" represents an individual more often to be seen at Alexandria than in Cairo. He is very much what would be called in America "a mean white." He is probably a Greek or Italian, or a native Alexandrian, born of European parents. He has left Italy or Greece more for his country's good than for his own. He has a furtive way of looking back over his shoulder which speaks volumes. He cannot look you straight in the face, and the chances are that if you meet him in a lonely place he will beg of you with threats. Hundreds of people of this type ran away in Arabi's time, the Italians to Greece and the Greeks to Italy. Some of them came back in the *gendarmerie*, the formation of which was one of the first steps after the occupation. I knew one of these men, by profession a cook. His character was so bad that no one could employ him. He became a barber, and fled with the rest. But when I was in Egypt again I met him in full uniform, clanking his sword after him, an officer of police! He was a fine-looking fellow, with a purely Grecian profile; but he did not long hold his proud position.

Between the different classes of natives there is almost as much diversity as between natives and Turks. Few English travellers quite grasp it. Yet to rule in Egypt we must remember the respective animosities of townspeople and country people; and of Copts, Arabs, and the fellaheen. The inhabitants of Cairo have certain privileges. They are not liable to the conscription, for example. In the time of Ismail Pasha, the late Khedive, this privilege was looked upon with great jealousy, and was repeatedly invaded. Street-boys were locked up on frivolous pretences, and "let off" on condition of joining the army. An honest donkey-boy whom I know well was arrested on a charge of stealing the knocker from the door of a mosque. Fortunately for him one of his employers, an Englishman, happened to be in Cairo at the time. Mohammed sent for him to the prison where he lay. The Englishman took up the case warmly, and when Mohammed was brought before the magistrate, attended the court, and, with the help of a trusty interpreter, informed the magistrate that, in the first place, it was impossible that Mohammed could have stolen the knocker, because being of short stature he could not possibly reach it;

and, in the second, as a matter of fact the knocker itself was still on the door! The magistrate swore in a commission of court officials to inspect the door. The Englishman insisted on accompanying them, as he fancied that they were short-sighted, or might be conducted to the wrong place; but in the result Mohammed was discharged. This story has, I think, been in print before, but as it is strictly true, and as it illustrates the subject admirably, I see no reason why it should be omitted here.

The country people have no protection against the conscription, and look at a born "Masri," or Cairene, with great respect. In a nation where some twenty or thirty names have to do for the whole population, a nickname is very useful; and among Nile sailors and in other walks of low life, Masri forms a common, convenient, and honourable appellation. The seller of sherbet in my picture here is a typical Masri. His dress is beautifully clean and neat; he rattles two bowls as he goes; and he fills one of them from his enormous bottle, if you ask for a drink, by stooping his body till the sweet beverage runs out. A Cairene of this class wears an inner gown of striped stuff, red and yellow, or blue and white, buttoned up to his throat, and over it a long robe of dazzling whiteness. He has short wide loose drawers, and red or yellow slippers down at the heel. On his head is a round-topped fez, with a white turban round it. He is carefully shaved except on the upper lip, and his skin is smooth and shining, and of a rich mahogany colour.

A SHERBET-SELLER.

The water-carrier in our last cut is of a somewhat different type. His employment is not so remunerative. All day long in the narrow streets of the old town you hear the "clank, clank" of the brass cups and the protracted cry "Moia"—Water. In Alexandria they say "Mia;" but both forms are corruptions of the original Arabic "Ma." Like fully half the native people you meet, he has only one eye, or is actually suffering from ophthalmia. He will probably, if so, lose his sight, for if he dresses it at all, it is with some nostrum of his native doctor, and it is more than likely that instead of any dressing he has a text from the Koran neatly written out and folded into the turban which covers the injured organ. There is a still lower order of water-carriers, that of the "Sakkas." They water the streets from an ass's skin, which they carry strapped on their backs, holding tight in one hand the orifice at the neck of the bag. They are much employed in filling cisterns and barrels and are enormously strong, physically. I remember one night being present at a great fire in the street known as the Moosky. Nobody could find the water-plug at first, and when it was found no one could unlock it, for it had never been used and never inspected since it was laid down,

half a dozen years ago. Meanwhile every Sakka in Cairo had been summoned from his bed, and a plentiful supply of water was obtained as they filed one by one up from the canal, emptied their skins into the engine, and returned for a further supply. They were all short thick-set men, such as one might picture Sindbad the porter, as he appeared before Sindbad the sailor. The people of this class and others of a similar low rank in life are miserably housed in Cairo. They spend their day in the open air, and retire at night to a hovel of mud, very often without a roof, where, if they are rich, they sleep on a bed made of palm sticks, and, if poor, on a bench of mud like their walls. Their wives keep a stock of miserable little fowls, which lay eggs about the size of a good pigeon's egg here. Their children, especially the girls, collect manure in the street, and assist their mothers to make it up into cakes to dry against the wall for fuel. When a fire of this kind is lighted, perhaps in a hovel under your window, the smell is horrible. Women of this class wear in their houses a striped cotton dress, not very long, generally red and white; but never appear out of doors except in dark blue. A red handkerchief is bound about the head, and over it is a long blue veil or hood; and nothing would distress a woman more than to let you see her hair. I have often seen little girls of six or seven running about with a head-covering and no other clothes on. The face-veil is rare. It is, in fact, no necessary part of native Egyptian costume, and is never worn in remote places. But in most parts of the Delta it is common, and universal among the upper classes in Cairo. A donkey-boy told me that his wife never wore a veil, but that a generation ago it was a necessary article of dress, on account of the licence Mohammed Ali allowed to his Arnaut soldiers. Thackeray gives some strange particulars of the behaviour of these scoundrels, which may be found in his amusing travels "From Cornhill to Grand Cairo."

A DONKEY-BOY.

The solemn, somewhat hypocritical face portrayed in my fifth illustration is that of a superior donkey-boy. There is no class of the Cairenes with whom the European temporary resident is more frequently brought into contact. I know and have known many of them, and have found them good, bad, and indifferent, of course, but on the whole wonderfully good. It was against the law, till very lately, for a donkey-boy to use a foreign language in the pursuit of his calling, as by so doing he infringed the privileges of the dragomans. Nevertheless talk English he did, and often much better than the professional dragoman. English travellers, and especially invalids who come to Cairo for a winter, often hire one donkey-boy and keep him all the time, especially if he has a good donkey. He sits at the door of your room and is always ready to go your messages. You may trust him implicitly. I have sent donkey-boys to the bank with a cheque to be cashed. I have constantly given them money to buy things for me in the bazaar, where they get them at a lower price than I should have to pay. I have employed them to pack or unpack my trunks, to take my railway ticket, and to have my luggage weighed; and whether I was particularly lucky, or whether it is the universal rule, I have found them absolutely trustworthy. Though they seldom read or write—if they did, they might become dragomans—they can keep a complicated account in their heads without making a mistake. When going on a long excursion from Cairo with donkeys, perhaps part of the way by rail, I have given my boy at starting £1 or £2, as the case might be, and he has paid for everything and given me a strict account in the evening, and returned the change. I have often, when leaving Egypt in the spring, lent a donkey-boy a small sum of money towards keeping himself during the summer, or towards buying a new donkey; and I have always had it duly returned to me on my next visit. While they are young—for a donkey "boy," like that now almost extinct animal, a post-boy, may be of any age—they are wonderfully powerful and active. I have seen them often run all the seven miles out to the Pyramids after their employers, and all the way home again, with hardly a pause, and be none the worse. Of course, also, they have sometimes complained bitterly to me of the hard work expected from them by some thoughtless tourist, who never imagined a donkey-boy could feel fatigue or suffer from headache, "just like a Christian," after a long run in the sunshine.

Such a "boy" as this in the cut is probably "Sheykh" at one of the hotels, and owns a number

of asses which he lends out. His business is to be on the spot and see each guest properly mounted; to receive the fare when they return; to choose a boy for a message; to call carriages, and, in short, to be responsible for everything connected with the tourist's "getting about." He adjusts the saddle and the stirrups as you mount, and gives your directions in Arabic to the boy who is to accompany you, lest either of you should fail to make the other understand. His politeness amounts to servility, and though in his heart you are a "Kelb," and a "Nazrani," a dog, and a Christian, he addresses you as "My master, my gentleman," with the utmost deference. He never disputes the fare, but if you underpay him you do not find yourself so well mounted the next time. He is a terrible tyrant to his boys—whom he probably describes in speaking to you as his "slaves," though they are all free citizens of Masr, like himself. If you get to know him well, it is very probable he will ask you to an entertainment at his private residence. I have attended many festivities of the kind. The "donkey-boy" would come to the hotel for you, to say that dinner was ready. He would bring a confederate with him, whom he would introduce to you as "My bluther"—no Egyptian can say "brother"—then with a bow he would ask leave to go on to the other guests. The "bluther," who is probably no relation, but only a comrade or "pal," it turns out, cannot speak a word of English, but he politely conducts you to the door, where you are about to mount an ass. He appears so shocked that you desist, thinking it cannot be far to walk. But he has called a carriage—it would never do to go to dine with a donkey-boy on a donkey; there would be too much "shop" about such a proceeding: but the "bluther" does not allow you to pay for the carriage when at length you have arrived at the entrance of a narrow lane. He has humbly sat on the box, and by his private orders the coachman has driven rapidly away the moment you have alighted. On this kind of politeness the Cairene prides himself, and I must say his manners are generally perfect.

A WATER-CARRIER.

At the house you find a small crowd assembled to welcome you. A few green and red flags are suspended by cords across the entrance, and some large lanterns swing in the wind. On the seat at either side of the door are two men chanting the Koran with a nasal drawl inexpressibly monotonous. Already your ubiquitous host is there to welcome you, which he does in a set speech in his best English. If he thinks you understand a little Arabic, he speaks of you to the bystanders as "El Basha;" and remarks in an audible undertone that it is "mabsoot"—pleasing—to see you in his house. You are then ushered up-stairs, and leave the crowd below to be regaled with coarser food, while you sit down, most likely, to a regular European dinner, during which your host and his "bluther" wait on you, and you are aware of a whispering and perhaps a giggling at the door whenever it is opened to bring in a dish. The great fault of the entertainment is its length. After you have eaten more than you ever ate at one meal before in your life, a gigantic turkey is brought in, and you must at least taste it or your host will be cut to the heart. At last the entertainment is over, and you retire to a divan, where your host makes you a delicate cigarette and offers you coffee. Meanwhile there is some more whispering and giggling at the door, and then your host with an air of the highest solemnity informs you that his wife desires to kiss your hand. Accordingly, a pretty little girl—for so she appears in most cases—enters shyly, hardly daring to look at you with her great brown eyes, and you shake hands with her, and hope she will get safe out of the room without bursting into tears, which she seems but too likely to do. After this it is time

to depart; and though your host presses you to remain with apparent sincerity, you know he has had nothing to eat himself, and that his other guests are waiting for him. The "bluther" is already at the door with the carriage, and deposits you safely at home. When next you tip your donkey-boy you do not, of course, forget his hospitality.

The view of Alexandria in our third sketch is taken from a spot near the Ramleh railway station, and shows the old harbour, now only used for small boats. To the right, at the extreme point, is the famous Pharos, now entirely rebuilt. There are, however, foundations remaining to show that it is on the original site. Some archæologists think that the Pharos gave the Arab conquerors of Egypt the idea of the minaret; and there was a strong resemblance between the oldest minaret at Cairo and what we know of the form of the tower built by Sostratus of Cnidus. Close to the foreground the two obelisks once stood. One had long fallen down, but the other was upright. The fallen one is now on the Thames Embankment; and the Americans have taken down the other and transported it to New York.

W. J. LOFTIE, B.A., F.S.A.

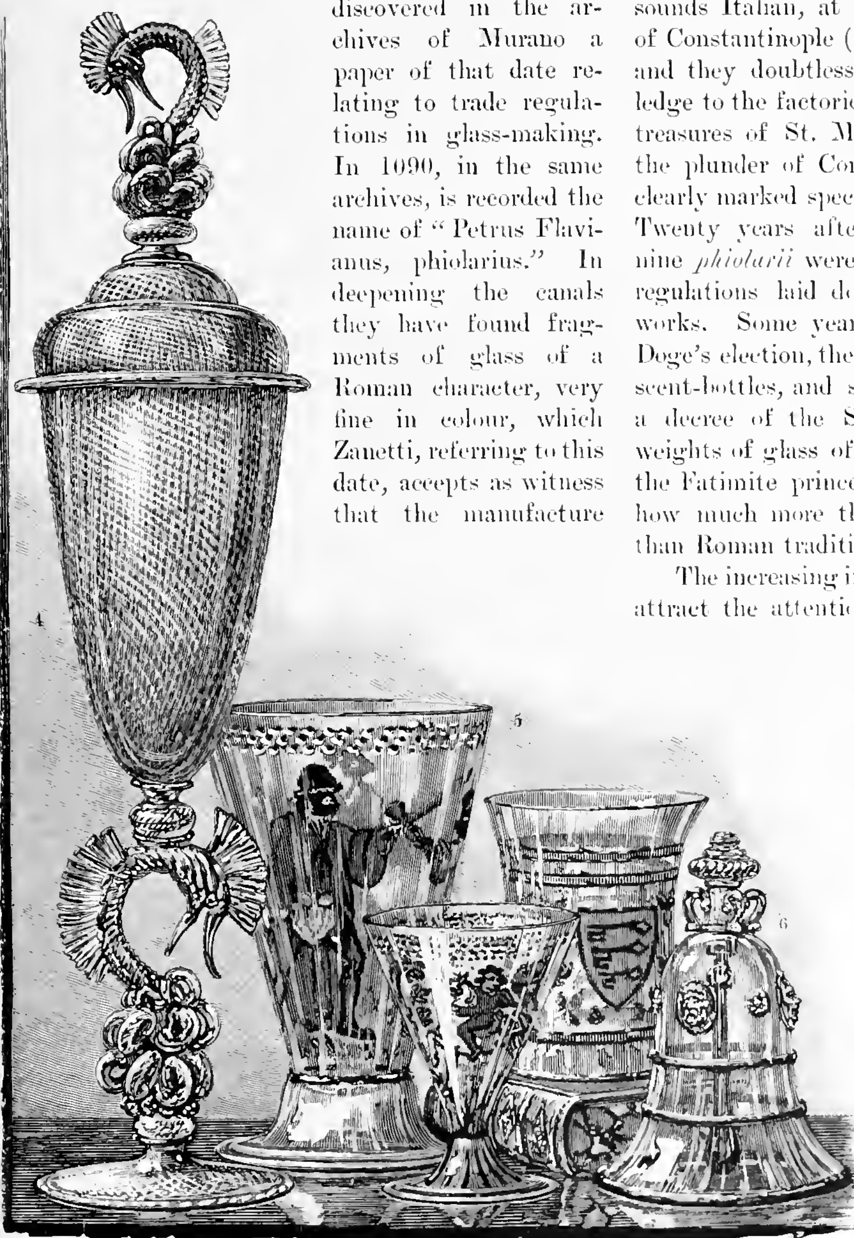
VENETIAN GLASS.

THE spell of Venice possibly owed some of its power during the Middle Ages to the subtle beauty of those numberless objects of glass-ware, silent witnesses to her superior handicraft, which her far-reaching commerce carried to the uttermost limits of the world. Certainly no manufacture since classical times had ever achieved so widely extended or so lasting a renown as the far-famed glass of Venice, which Coccio Sabellico in 1495 describes as comprising "all things that can attract or delight the eyes of mankind." Amongst our national treasures there are few objects that we children of a later day have endeavoured more earnestly, or perhaps more successfully, to emulate than these bewitching phantasies. History rarely keeps record of the beginning of famous manufactures, and of the origin of Venetian glass we have no certain knowledge. The interest of this subject has led various writers to devote themselves to the elucidation of its early history. Professor Zanetti, Director of the Correr Museum at Murano, is the highest authority in Italy, and the modern revival of this ancient art owes much to his learning and patient research; while in England we are greatly indebted to the zeal and learning of Mr. Franks and Mr. Nesbitt.

VENETIAN GLASS:—1, THE TRIUMPH OF VENUS; 2, A MARRIAGE CUP; 3, A PLATEAU.

Native historians assert that the art was practised in the lagoons of Venice as early as the

Fifth Century. It is possible that refugees from Italy, some of them experienced in an art then practised universally in Rome and other cities, may have remarked the extraordinary natural advantages possessed by the lagoons for the manufacture of glass—the abundance of fine sand and maritime plants yielding alkali—and turned these rich gifts to such a use. Doubtless the existence of these natural advantages contributed later to give Venice her superiority. In the days of her after-renown, not content with her native productions, she sent her boats to the classic river Belus, to gather and bring back the sand celebrated by so many pagan writers. Documentary evidence only begins in 1083, Professor Zanetti having lately discovered in the archives of Murano a paper of that date relating to trade regulations in glass-making. In 1090, in the same archives, is recorded the name of "Petrus Flavianus, phiolarius." In deepening the canals they have found fragments of glass of a Roman character, very fine in colour, which Zanetti, referring to this date, accepts as witness that the manufacture was then flourishing. Some churches had before that time been decorated with glass mosaic. St. Cyprian's, in Murano, was finished in 882; and the large mosaic in St. Mark's, representing the bringing the body of the saint from Alexandria to Venice, appears to date from 1000 to 1071. But we have no evidence that these mosaics were not the work of Byzantine artists. Desiderius, abbot of Monte Cassino, sent to Constantinople about this time for workers in mosaic, which would indicate that the reputation of Venice was not great. The decoration of St. Mark's must have given a great impetus to glass mosaic, as even the presence of Byzantine artists would instruct and excite native talent. In 1159 we find one Pietro, whose name sounds Italian, at work upon mosaic. The taking of Constantinople (1204) sent many Greeks to Venice, and they doubtless brought much additional knowledge to the factories already established. The glass treasures of St. Mark's are supposed to be part of the plunder of Constantinople. They are the most clearly marked specimens of Byzantine work known. Twenty years after (1224) we read that twenty-nine *phiolarii* were reproved for breaking the official regulations laid down for the management of the works. Some years later, in the procession at the Doge's election, the glass-workers exhibited decanters, scent-bottles, and so forth; and soon afterwards, by a decree of the Senate, they made measures and weights of glass of the same kind as those issued by the Fatimite princes, and thus proved to admiration how much more they were influenced by Byzantine than Roman traditions.



VENETIAN GLASS:—4, A COVERED GOBLET; 5, ENAMELS; 6, A BELL.

The increasing importance of the industry began to attract the attention of the Great Council, and many laws were made regulating the trade. In 1275 an edict prohibited the exportation of sand, or any substance used in making glass, or even bits of broken glass, though masses of glass might be imported as ballast. By these and similar devices the Republic strove zealously to guard from the outer world the secrets of a manufacture which brought her citizens such gain. Though Venice gave her name to all the glass objects, the factories, for fear of fire, were banished the city in 1291, makers of small wares being allowed to remain on condition that fifteen paces were left between their workshops and houses. It is supposed that

the banished artisans migrated to Murano, a mile to the north of Venice. Murano thus became the workshop from whence for some five centuries issued most of the artistic glass of the world, while Venice was the mart for mediæval merchants in search of the coveted treasures.

At this time Marco Polo pointed out to his countrymen how they might greatly extend their trade in beads (for the making of which they were already celebrated), by taking the same routes as those followed by the Phenicians when they carried to many lands the glass of Egypt and Sidon. The consequence was that the bead-makers became so important that they were made a separate guild, with special regulations. Two masters, Biani and Miotti, turned their attention to making false gems, and a successful speculation of Miotti to Bussora greatly increased the exportation to Eastern markets. Throughout the Fourteenth Century the State of Venice jealously watched over and protected the growing industry of Murano, which in another hundred years was reaching its prime. Besides searching far and wide for the best materials, it enacted many edicts to guard the secrets of the manufacture, and so prevent the competition of other cities. Heavy fines were levied on those artisans who ventured to work for neighbouring towns. Foreign states strove to attract Venetian workmen to teach to their citizens the trade, while the Council of Ten redoubled its precautions. It took entire charge of Murano, conferred special privileges on the guilds, gave them their own judges and code of laws, and allowed no meaner authority than its own to dominate the island. In 1376 the Republic wisely ennobled the art: nobles gave their daughters in marriage to glass-workers, and their children inherited nobility. Abroad the craft was deadly to the Venetian who practised it. An edict of 1459 decrees that "if any workman carries this art to a foreign country, he shall have first an order to return; if he obeys not, all his nearest relatives shall be put in prison; if, in spite of this, he obstinately remains abroad, an emissary shall be charged to slay him." Two workmen whom the Emperor Leopold had tempted into Germany were actually killed. There is also a legend of one Paoli, who, with his daughter, wandered into Normandy, hoping to gain there more than at home; but the Council tracked him, and stabbed him dead, with a dagger on which was written "Traitor."

So rapidly did the national monopoly increase in importance that in 1495, "a street in Murano, a mile long, might be considered a city from the magnificence and size of its edifices; the street glows for the most part with glass furnaces." The population of the island in its palmy days was about 30,000; now it is reduced to 5,000. In the archives are copies of the rules by which the guilds were governed. Some of these are interesting. The heads of each factory had to subscribe annually a certain sum to assist infirm and placeless artisans, and also for the support of schools of design. Each apprentice had to pass a severe examination before becoming a master workman, and it was forbidden to increase the number of masters until there seemed a real necessity. The workshops were subject to inspection, night and day, by officials, whose duty it was to note the quality of the work and see that none of the State edicts were infringed. Each member of a guild took an oath of fidelity, and every proprietor was obliged to seal his cases with his own trade-mark. No master could hire a workman who could not produce his discharge from his last employer, or who was in debt to any member of a guild. The entrance of any stranger into the works was absolutely forbidden. If there was any lack of labour in Murano, only Venetians, properly qualified, were allowed to aspire to the privilege of assisting. After ten years' toil, masters or proprietors who had honourably failed, could claim an annual pension of seventy ducats.

Coloured glass for windows is heard of as early as 1335, one Giovanni being then mentioned as superior to any other in the art. In 1335 a certain Marco painted windows for a chapel of the Frati; and somewhat later one Niccolo was sent to Milan to paint the Duomo windows. During the building of the Duomo of Florence, Ghiberti's contribution took the form of designs for the circular windows beneath the dome and the façade; Donatello furnished one as well; all were in Venetian glass. Ghiberti had visited Venice in 1424, and then had probably become acquainted with the artistic beauty of her staple manufacture. Early in the Fifteenth Century, Panfilo Castaldi was employed by the State of Venice to engross a number of deeds and edicts of various kinds, the initial letters of which were usually ornamented with gold and colours. Pietro di Natale, Bishop of Aquileia, had previously invented certain stamps or types which were made of Murano glass, and were used to print the outline of the said initial letters, which were afterwards filled up by hand. Castaldi—having seen some Chinese books which Marco Polo had brought into Venice, wherein the text was printed with wooden blocks—improved upon the glass stamps by having wooden types made, each containing a single letter, and with these he printed, in 1426, several sheets, said to be still preserved in the archives of Venice. Tradition says that John Faust of Mayence passed some time with Castaldi in his scriptorium at Feltre.

Among the many travellers who have recorded their impressions of Murano, F. Faber, of Ulm, says

in 1484 that nowhere else in the world were such precious and beautiful wares manufactured, and that the glass vases were esteemed fitting presents to royalty. One such vase was presented by the Senate to the Emperor Frederick IV., who, however showed his innate vulgarity by remarking that glass had one fault—fragility—and let the delicate treasure fall; the Doge, taking the hint, presented him with a vase of precious metal. Leandro Alberti, early in the Sixteenth Century, described a galley he saw in Murano, made of glass, with all its tackle; also an organ, which produced melodious sounds. At the marriage of the Prince of Mantua there was a great display of rich glass ware:—"of that there was need, for all the gentlemen invited, after they had drunk, broke the beakers which they held, as a sign of great joyfulness." In its way this common mediæval custom was good for trade. The feeling was, no doubt, that vessels consecrated to some high occasion should never be put to meaner uses. Such reckless devastation and carelessness of expenditure were perhaps a sign of incomplete civilisation. This is expressed, too, in the glasses made in the form of monsters. René François, chaplain to Louis XIII., 1610, gives an amusing sketch of Murano filling Europe with fantasies in glass: you swallow, says he, a ship or a gondola of wine, a pyramid or a steeple-ful, a whale-ful or a lion. The astonished liquor takes all manner of shapes and turns all kinds of colours.

VENETIAN GLASS:—7, A PLATE; 8. A TYPHON-GLASS; 9, A BOTTLE, CRACKLED GLASS.

The earliest specimen of Murano glass known to exist is the Marriage Cup in the Correr Museum, with enamelled portraits of a man and a woman; this is attributed to Beroviero, 1450. The two beautifully enamelled cups from the Slade Bequest in the British Museum, the "Triumph of Venus" and the "Marriage Cup" (1 and 2), are of the same class. They were at one time bought for £3 12s. and £3, and were among the gems of Prince Soltykoff's collection; they were acquired by Mr. Slade for £238 and £161; their present value is much greater—it is said that £3,000 has been offered for the famous Byzantine tazza of St. Mark's. All these vessels, enamelled with armorial bearings, saints, or grotesque figures, belong to the Fifteenth or early Sixteenth Century, and all show the influence of Byzantine art. The plate figured in our last illustration (7) bears the arms of a Doge of Venice, 1501. Among the subjects figured in our second illustration (5) is one representing St. George and the Dragon, and one with the Winged Lion of St. Mark's. These enamelled objects, requiring the aid of skilled artists, must always have been rare and expensive. A cheaper style was afterwards adopted, when the ornaments were simply painted in oil colours on the glass. This class of work is distinguished by a great deal of very delicate gilding and jewel-pattern. The great advance made by the art in Murano about this date and afterwards may be attributed to the artistic impulse given by certain families,

who transmitted their secrets from generation to generation. Among these may be cited the Berovieri, Ballerini, Miotti, and Briati. The effects of this inherited dexterity may still be seen in some of their descendants, who are among the most skilled artisans of modern Murano. After the enamelled tazzas come the light fanciful glasses known more peculiarly as Venetian. Among these may be noticed the stem of a glass in the form of an Egyptian Typhon, or spirit of evil (8). This type, from its picturesque shape, appears to have appealed more vividly to the artistic mind than the Sphinx, the spirit of good. It is often found in decoration, especially in the embroideries of Crete, where Venetian art left a deep impression.

The six classes into which Mr. Franks divides the ornamental work of Murano are:—(I.) Objects of clear white or coloured glass; or ornamented by threads of colour, as the glass bell (6) in our second illustration. (II.) Gilt and enamelled glass, chiefly practised in the Fifteenth Century, as in both our first and second illustrations. (III.) Crackled glass, which looks like ice irregularly frozen, made by suddenly cooling the object when half blown; it belongs to the Sixteenth Century; the bottle (9) engraved in our third illustration is a good specimen. (IV.) Marbled and variegated glass known as *schmelz*, imitation stones as agate and chalcedony, also aventurine; these belong to the Seventeenth Century. (V.) *Mille fiori* or mosaic glass, which never approached the beauty of the old Roman from which it was copied. (VI.) Filigree or lace glass, in which Venetians far surpassed their masters; this was in vogue in the Seventeenth Century. The tall covered goblet (4) decorated with crowned serpents in our second illustration is a beautiful example. MADELINE A. WALLACE-DUNLOP.

"ON THE EBB."

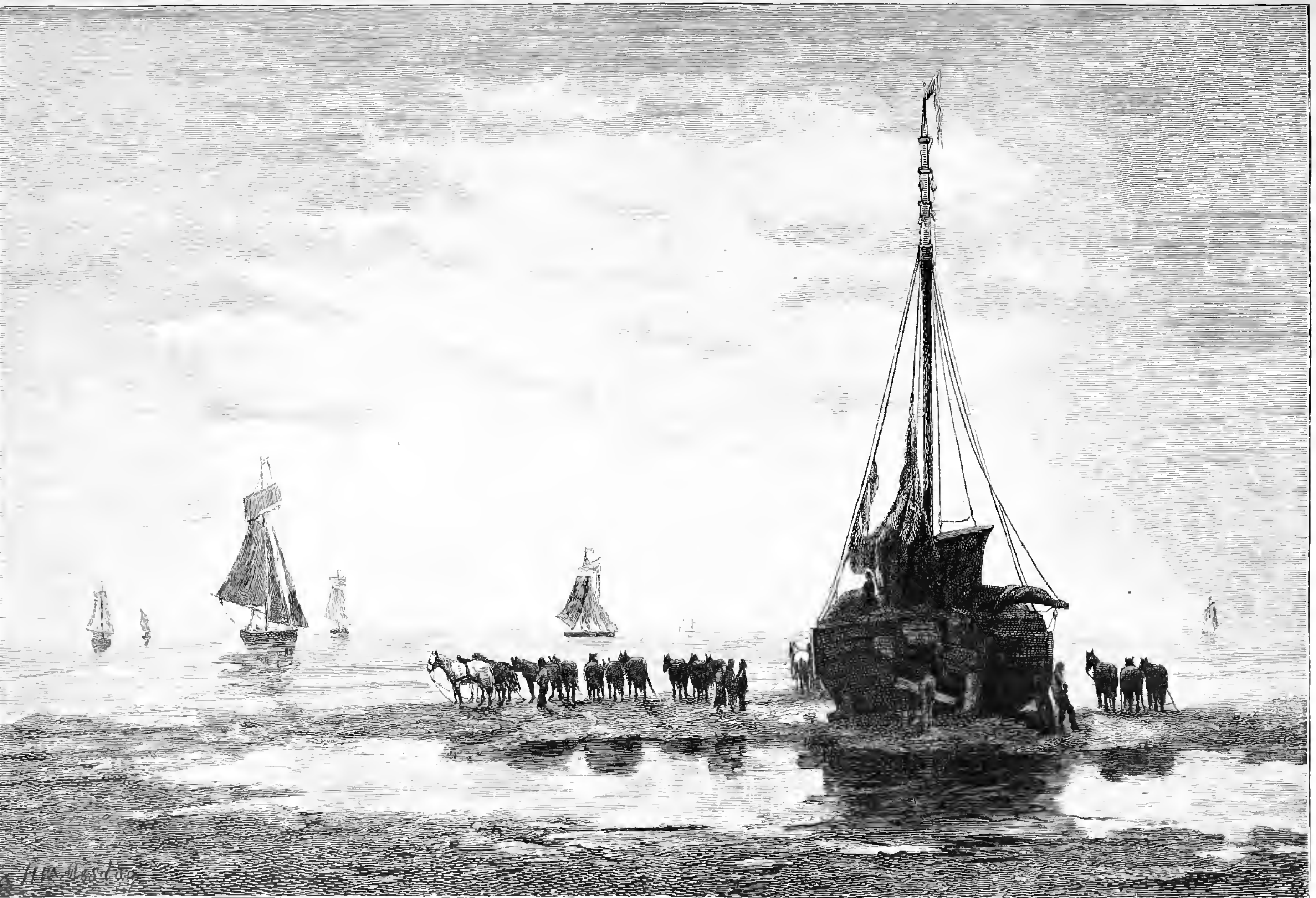
FROM THE PICTURE BY MESDAG.

ANYWHERE almost on the North Sea coast between Helvoetsluys and Bremen may be the scene of Herr Mesdag's picture. Some half-deserted port of Friesland lies behind the spectator, girt about with a network of backwaters and canals; vast stretches of meadow, where the cattle of Paul Potter and Cuyp browse in a hazy golden air, with a line of windmills or a quaint spire bounding the horizon. Herr Mesdag's subject is a little suggestive of Van de Velde, and the artist, we may be sure, has treated it with freedom and breadth. The gradations of the grey and beamless atmosphere are delicately rendered: sunlight permeates the air, though no sun is visible while a tender silvery tone, cool and transparent, harmonises sea and sky. The ruddy sails of the luggers, the group of horses, the great hull of the stranded craft, are reflected in the waters of the sea and of the shallow pools left by the receding tide.

The warmth and subdued tones of these form the sole accented colour, and from the vigorously defined foreground they are graduated to the phantom sails that stand out in the offing. These coasting and fishing vessels are the most picturesque that haunt the seas. Their fine marine odour—a combination of pitch and oil and fish—may be caught afar. They are unkempt, disreputable, but delightfully interesting in appearance. From the steamer the traveller always associates them with the land; he takes a homely interest in them which he does not feel for the great ocean steamship bound for the underworld. They prowl about the narrow seas in a deliberate, disinterested fashion, that is difficult to connect with any business or the aims of traffic. To know them as they are, to voyage aboard one of them, is another matter, and would to the sentimental traveller prove a small martyrdom.

A NOTE ON REALISM.

STYLE is the invariable mark of any master; and for the student who does not aspire so high as to be numbered with the giants, it is still the one quality in which he may improve himself at will. Passion, wisdom, creative force, the power of mystery or colour, are allotted in the hour of birth, and can be neither learnt nor simulated. But the just and dexterous use of what qualities we have, the proportion of one part to another and to the whole, the elision of the useless, the accentuation of the



ON THE EBB.

(From the Picture by Mesdag.)

important, and the preservation of a uniform character from end to end—these, which taken together constitute technical perfection, are to some degree within the reach of industry and intellectual courage. What to put in and what to leave out; whether some particular fact be organically necessary or purely ornamental; whether, if it be purely ornamental, it may not weaken or obscure the general design; and finally whether, if we decide to use it, we should do so grossly and notably, or in some conventional disguise: are questions of plastic style continually re-arising. And the sphinx that patrols the highways of executive art has no more unanswerable riddle to propound.

In literature (from which I must draw my instances) the great change of the past century has been effected by the admission of detail. It was inaugurated by the romantic Scott; and at length, by the semi-romantic Balzac, and his more or less wholly unromantic followers, bound like a duty on the novelist. For some time it signified and expressed a more ample contemplation of the conditions of man's life; but it has recently (at least in France) fallen into a merely technical and decorative stage, which it is, perhaps, still too harsh to call survival. With a movement of alarm, the wiser or more timid begin to fall a little back from these extremities; they begin to aspire after a more naked, narrative articulation; after the succinct, the dignified, and the poetic; and as a means to this, after a general lightening of this baggage of detail. After Scott we beheld the starveling story—once, in the hands of Voltaire, as abstract as a parable—begin to be pampered upon facts. The introduction of these details developed a particular ability of hand; and that ability, childishly indulged, has led to the works that now amaze us on a railway journey. A man of the unquestionable force of M. Zola spends himself on technical successes. To afford a popular flavour and attract the mob, he adds a steady current of what I may be allowed to call the rancid. That is exciting to the moralist; but what more particularly interests the artist is this tendency of the extreme of detail, when followed as a principle, to degenerate into mere *feux-de-joie* of literary tricking. The other day even M. Daudet was to be heard babbling of audible colours and visible sounds.*

This odd suicide of one branch of the realists may serve to remind us of the fact which underlies a very dusty conflict of the critics. All representative art, which can be said to live, is both realistic and ideal; and the realism about which we quarrel is a matter purely of externals. It is no especial cultus of nature and veracity, but a mere whim of veering fashion, that has made us turn our back upon the larger, more various, and more romantic art of yore. A photographic exactitude in dialogue is now the exclusive fashion; but even in the ablest hands it tells us no more—I think it even tells us less—than Molière, wielding his artificial medium, has told to us and to all time of Alceste or Orgon, Dorine or Chrysale. The historical novel is forgotten. Yet truth to the conditions of man's nature and the conditions of man's life, the truth of literary art, is free of the ages. It may be told us in a carpet comedy, in a novel of adventure, or a fairy tale. The scene may be pitched in London, on the sea-coast of Bohemia, or away on the mountains of Beulah. And by an odd and luminous accident, if there is any page of literature calculated to awake the envy of M. Zola, it must be that "Troilus and Cressida" which Shakespeare, in a spasm of unmanly anger with the world, grafted on the heroic story of the siege of Troy.

This question of realism, let it then be clearly understood, regards not in the least degree the fundamental truth, but only the technical method, of a work of art. Be as ideal or as abstract as you please, you will be none the less veracious; but if you be weak, you run the risk of being tedious and inexpressive; and if you be very strong and honest, you may chance upon a masterpiece.

A work of art is first cloudily conceived in the mind; during the period of gestation it stands more clearly forward from these swaddling mists, puts on expressive lineaments, and becomes at length that most faultless, but also, alas! that incommunicable product of the human mind, a perfected design. On the approach to execution all is changed. The artist must now step down, don his working clothes, and become the artisan. He now resolutely commits his airy conception, his delicate Ariel, to the touch of matter; he must decide, almost in a breath, the scale, the style, the spirit, and the particularity of execution of his whole design.

The engendering idea of some works is stylistic; a technical preoccupation stands them instead of some robuster principle of life. And with these the execution is but play; for the stylistic problem is resolved beforehand, and all large originality of treatment wilfully foregone. Such are the verses, intricately designed, which we have learnt to admire, with a certain smiling admiration, at the hands of Mr. Lang and Mr. Dobson; such, too, are those canvases where dexterity or even breadth of plastic style takes the place of pictorial nobility of design. So, it may be remarked, it was easier to begin to write "Esmond" than "Vanity Fair," since, in the first, the style was dic-

* There is an interesting chapter to be written on the history of this movement, with its deduction from Scott, through Balzac and Flaubert, to our own contemporaries, and in particular with the malign side-influence of Gautier.

tated by the nature of the plan; and Thackeray, a man probably of some indolence of mind, enjoyed and got good profit of this economy of effort. But the case is exceptional. Usually in all works of art that have been conceived from within, outwards, and generously nourished from the author's mind, the moment in which he begins to execute is one of extreme perplexity and strain. Artists of indifferent energy and an imperfect devotion to their own ideal make this ungrateful effort once for all; and having formed a style, adhere to it through life. But those of a higher order cannot rest content with a process which, as they continue to employ it, must infallibly degenerate towards the academic and the cut-and-dried. Every fresh work in which they embark is the signal for a fresh engagement of the whole forces of their mind; and the changing views which accompany the growth of their experience are marked by still more sweeping alterations in the manner of their art. So that criticism loves to dwell upon and distinguish the varying periods of a Raphael, a Shakespeare, or a Beethoven.

It is, then, first of all, at this initial and decisive moment when execution is begun, and thenceforth only in a less degree, that the ideal and the real do indeed, like good and evil angels, contend for the direction of the work. Marble, paint, and language, the pen, the needle, and the brush, all have their grossnesses, their ineffable impotences, their hours, if I may so express myself, of insubordination. It is the work and it is a great part of the delight of any artist to contend with these unruly tools, and now by brute energy, now by witty expedient, to drive and coax them to effect his will. Given these means, so laughably inadequate, and given the interest, the intensity, and the multiplicity of the actual sensation whose effect he is to render with their aid, the artist has one main and necessary resource which he must, in every case and upon any theory, employ. He must, that is, suppress much and omit more. He must omit what is tedious or irrelevant, and suppress what is tedious and necessary. But such facts as, in regard to the main d sign, subserve a variety of purposes, he will perforce and eagerly retain. And it is the mark of the very highest order of creative art to be woven exclusively of such. There, any fact that is registered is contrived a double or a treble debt to pay, and is at once an ornament in its place and a pillar in the main design. Nothing would find room in such a picture that did not serve, at once, to complete the composition, to accentuate the scheme of colour, to distinguish the planes of distance, and to strike the note of the selected sentiment; nothing would be allowed in such a story that did not, at the same time, expedite the progress of the fable, build up the characters and strike home the moral or the philosophical design. But this is the unattainable. As a rule, so far from building the fabric of our works exclusively with these, we are thrown into a rapture if we think we can muster a dozen or a score of them, to be the plums of our confection. And hence, in order that the canvas may be filled or the story proceed from point to point, other details must be admitted. They must be admitted, alas! upon a doubtful title; many without marriage robes. Thus any work of art, as it proceeds towards completion, too often—I had almost written always—loses in force and poignancy of main design. Our little air is swamped and dwarfed among hardly relevant orchestration; our little passionate story drowns in a deep sea of descriptive eloquence or slipshod talk.

But again, we are rather more tempted to admit those particulars which we know we can describe; and hence those most of all which, having been described very often, have grown to be conventionally treated in the practice of our art. These we choose, as the mason chooses the acanthus to adorn his capital, because they come naturally to the accustomed hand. The old stock incidents and accessories, tricks of workmanship and schemes of composition (all being admirably good, or they would long have been forgotten) haunt and tempt our fancy; offer us ready-made but not perfectly appropriate solutions for any problem that arises; and wean us from the study of nature and the uncompromising practice of art. To submit is to die. To struggle, to face nature, to find fresh solutions, and give expression to facts which have not yet been adequately or not yet elegantly expressed, is to run a little upon the danger of extreme self-love. Difficulty sets a high price upon achievement; and the artist may easily fall into the error of the French naturalists, and consider any fact as welcome to admission if it be the ground of brilliant handiwork; or, again, into the error of the modern landscape-painter, who is apt to think that difficulty overcome and science well displayed can take the place of what is, after all, the one excuse and breath of art—charm. A little further, and he will regard charm in the light of an unworthy sacrifice to prettiness, and the omission of a tedious passage as an infidelity to art.

We have now the matter of this difference before us. The idealist, his eye singly fixed upon the greater outlines, loves rather to fill up the interval with detail of the conventional order, briefly touched, soberly suppressed in tone, courting neglect. But the realist, with a fine intemperance, will not suffer the presence of anything so dead as a convention; he shall have all fiery, all hot-pressed from nature, all charactered and notable, seizing the eye. The style that befits either of these extremes, once chosen, brings with it its necessary disabilities and

dangers. The immediate danger of the realist is to sacrifice the beauty and significance of the whole to local dexterity, or, in the insane pursuit of completion, to immolate his readers under facts; but he comes in the last resort, and as his energy declines, to discard all design, abjure all choice, and, with scientific thoroughness, steadily to communicate matter which is not worth learning. The danger of the idealist is, of course, to become merely null and lose all grip of fact, particularity, or passion.

We talk of bad and good. Everything, indeed, is good which is conceived with honesty and executed with communicative ardour. But though on neither side is dogmatism fitting, and though in every case the artist must decide for himself, and decide afresh and yet afresh for each succeeding work and new creation; yet one thing may be generally said, that we of the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century, breathing as we do the intellectual atmosphere of our age, are more apt to err upon the side of realism than to sin in quest of the ideal. Upon that theory it may be well to watch and correct our own decisions, always holding back the hand from the least appearance of irrelevant dexterity, and resolutely fixed to begin no work that is not philosophical, passionate, dignified, happily mirthful, or at the last and least, romantic in design.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

SOME PORTRAITS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

FEW men have lived whose inner and outer history are better known than Martin Luther's. With the exception of Rousseau, there is no one whose life has been so completely laid bare. When a man sits down to do the work Rousseau did he is under a thousand temptations to heighten his darks and lights; every varying mood will leave its trace; the sunshine of one hour, the morbid humour of the next, will shed over his work hues alternately roseate or livid. But wherever there has been no thought of autobiography, but simply the working of a powerful soul possessing a great gift of utterance and a strong yearning for sympathy; when such a soul has been in the daily habit of exhibiting itself to all comers, friends or foes, and every listener has hastened to record its utterances just as they came; we have material for judgment a thousand times more safe than confessions in which the effect of each paragraph and of every word has been studied. When in addition to this unconscious self-revelation, to this record of Luther's daily thoughts and conduct, we have a series of faithful portraits representing him at almost every epoch of his life, we are in a position to know him as we know no other man in history.

1.—LUTHER.

(Painted by Lucas Cranach. Florence.)

Luther lived in an age of portrait-painting, and even his enemies wanted to see and possess his likeness. In the Cabinet des Estampes at Paris there is an engraving with the following inscription: "Ritratto de Martino Lutero, apostata et eresiarca, nato vel MCDXCIII., morte in Sassonia ae XVII. Feb. MDXLVI., del TIZIANO in Casa Pamfili Doria." The gallery at the Palazzo Doria Pamphili at Rome contains several Titians, but I have not identified this engraving with any of them. Perhaps it is some anonymous portrait which formerly had the Titianic ascription, but which has ceased to bear it since the discovery of its inaccuracy. It is, however, a curious testimony to the interest which was felt in Rome itself in the great heretic and apostate.

The gallery at Florence is stated to contain the only portrait by Holbein of Luther, but it appears there is one at Windsor. These portraits represent Luther at

an early stage of his career. Holbein's life before he settled in England is involved in a good deal of obscurity. I am inclined to think these portraits were painted when Luther was at Augsburg in 1518. Holbein's peculiarity of giving a face in its most permanent mood, when the soul is least agitated, is well exemplified in both. They represent the Luther of every-day life. He looks nothing more than a commonplace Catholic theologian. In the Windsor portrait he looks thoughtful, but the other is disappointing.

It was Albert Dürer's ambition to paint Luther. "If God permits," Dürer writes in 1520 to Spalatin, the chaplain of the Elector Frederick of Saxony, "that I meet with Doctor Martinus Luther, I propose to portray him with care, and to engrave his portrait on copper, in order to perpetuate this Christian man's remembrance." But the phthisis that was finally to deprive the world of Dürer's genius had begun its work, and I cannot find that he was ever able to paint the Reformer as he wished. We know from this very letter and from other writings of his how greatly Dürer honoured the man who, in his opinion, had written with more clearness than any one since Wiclif, and to whom he attributed his own deliverance from great mental anguish. If he has not left us an actual portrait of Luther, he has given his idea of Luther's spirit in using his face as a model for that of St. John; and this he has done, not only in the engraving of the "Crucifixion," but in his masterpiece, "The Apostles," now in the Pinacothek at Munich.

2.—LUTHER.

(Painted, 1532, by Lucas Cranach. Pinacothek, Munich.)

It is a convincing testimony to the grandeur of Luther's soul that all the finer minds in Germany should have looked upon him as one with a message from God. Men so varied and so representative as the Elector Frederick and Hans Sachs, as Sickengen and Hutten, as Reuchlin and Melancthon, as Dürer and Cranach, looked up to him as the spiritual deliverer of Germany. Albert Dürer's wish was more than realised by Lucas Cranach. Living at Wittenburg, in constant fellowship with Luther, Cranach had the best of opportunities. He was further stimulated by the certainty of profit. Everybody in Germany who could afford it wanted a picture of the man who had dared to pit himself against the Pope; and Cranach and his son made quite a trade in Luther-portraits. No doubt the originals were carefully and even lovingly copied from nature, but innumerable copies were prepared by Cranach's pupils, receiving the master's mark. These portraits were spread still farther and wider by etchings and wood-engravings, in both of which arts Lucas Cranach was an adept. Among the more famous of his paintings I note the following. At Wittenburg, in Luther's house which formed part of his old Augustine convent, there are two. At the Rathhaus in the same city is another. In the library at Wolfenbuttel, among the Luther relics, are two more: of the Reformer and

Catharine Bora. The convent at Erfurt, the scene of Luther's early struggles, contains a fifth. In the Berlin Old Museum is the portrait of Luther as Junker Georg, to paint which Cranach made a journey to the Wartburg, disguised as a rustic. In the Royal Library Luther appears as the original of one of the six miniatures of the Cranach Album. In the Imperial Picture Gallery at Vienna he is well presented, and in the Pinacothek at Munich. This latter picture, which is a fine likeness of Luther in middle life, we have engraved (2). Lucas has also shown his veneration by introducing Luther into more than one sacred composition. Thus, in a "Christ Blessing Little Children," the property of the Holzhausens at Frankfort, he has painted Luther and Catharine Bora among the children. At Wittenburg Church over the altar are pictures of the "Four Sacraments." Cranach has painted Luther in the act of teaching the people, while Catharine is the principal figure in the group of women. But of all Cranach's portraits of the Reformer, perhaps the best is that contained in the painter's masterpiece, the "Crucifixion" of the Stadtkirche at Weimar. To the right are figured John the Baptist, Luther, and the painter. Luther has an open Bible, in which he is pointing to the passage: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Charles Blanc says this portrait must have been painted from life, as the reflection of the coloured glass which ornamented Cranach's studio is to be discerned in Luther's eyes.

I have spoken of Cranach's etchings and woodcuts. They include some of the most interesting portraits of all. The earliest I can find is an old woodcut representing Luther at twenty-nine, about the time he went to Rome (3). The queer headgear, perhaps adopted after his sunstroke at Bologna, the great cloak, the simple but penetrating glance, give him the look of a traveller on his first journey. It expresses the young Augustine's endless amazement at Italy; he might be opening his eyes at the luxury of the Benedictines, or at the more startling audacities of the Italian priests. It shows the ingenuous face of a young man who in a few weeks has been turned from a sincere believer into an antagonist. "I would not," Luther thrice repeated, "I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome; I should always have been in anxiety lest I had done injustice to the Pope." It was after his experiences of Italy, I may note, that Martin developed into a preacher.

There are several full-lengths of Luther by Lucas Cranach. In the one (4) I reproduce—reduced from a powerful woodcut by Allenburgi—we certainly have his characteristic attitude. Observe how he stands: his legs outstretched, his feet planted, as it were, on two worlds. In this portrait he wears enormous boots. In another he wears a kind of sabots, suggestive of the *Bundschuh* (laced shoe) which was the cognisance of some of the peasant bands in the great Revolt.

A contemporary thus sketches Luther some time before the famous Diet of Worms: "Martin is of middle height. Care and study have so reduced him that you might count every bone in his body. However, he is yet in the strength and verdure of his age. His voice is clear and piercing. . . He is never at a loss, but has quite a flood of things and words at his disposal. He is of agreeable and easy intercourse; in his manner there is nothing hard or haughty. . . In parties he is gay and pleasant, everywhere showing confidence and looking kindly, notwithstanding the atrocious menaces of his adversaries. Thus, it is difficult to believe that this man undertakes such great matters without Divine protection. The only complaint—which is made by nearly everybody—is that he is too cutting in his replies, and does not mind using any outrageous expression." Very different is Cochlaeus' caricature, which represents him as making an ostentatious progress to Worms, indulging freely at the taverns, and fixing attention by playing the harp, "another Orpheus, but an Orpheus shaven and cowled." These were actual caricatures of Luther; one in the Print Room of the British Museum represents the devil as a piper playing on his head. In

3.—LUTHER AT TWENTY-NINE.

(From a Woodcut by Lucas Cranach.)

a copperplate by Cranach (5), bearing the date of 1521, we may possibly have a picture of him in this famous journey. His head is covered with a curious cap which has something of the appearance of that most universal of head-dresses, the pointed night-cap. The portrait gives a powerful idea of the determined character of the man who resisted the baitings, the persuadings, the moral force of the imposing assembly gathered together at Worms; but in another (7) we get a far finer idea of Luther as the Champion of Liberty of Conscience. Here, indeed, is the man who will go to Worms though there be as many devils in the city as tiles on the house-tops. In this touching face we see the Luther who struggled with sin and doubt in the cell at Erfurt. What affecting perplexity in that drawn forehead and those intense eyes! "Here I am," he seems to say, "I can do no otherwise, God help me!"

The day after Luther quitted Worms he wrote thus to Cranach at Wittenburg:—"Your servant, dear gossip Lucas. I thought His Majesty would assemble at Worms some fifty doctors to confute the monk offhand. But not a bit of it. 'Are these books yours? Will you retract them?' 'No!' 'Ah, well! get you gone!' Such was the whole story. . . . Jesus Christ says, 'A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a little while and ye shall see me' (John xvi. 16). I hope it will be so with me. I commend you altogether to the Eternal. May He through Christ protect us against the attacks of the wolves and dragons of Rome. Amen."

When the news reached Antwerp that Luther had been made prisoner, Albert Dürer, not so well informed as Cranach of the real meaning of the event, fell into deep dejection, and could find no consolation except in lamentation and a prayer for Germany, the record of which gives a grand idea of the lofty enthusiasm awakened by the Reformer in hearts like that of the gentle painter of Nuremburg. Cranach, who understood the meaning of Luther's disappearance, went, as I have said, to the Wartburg in disguise, and there took Junker Georg's portrait (6). As Luther's moustache and beard had been arranged in the fashion of a knight of the period, so as to cover up his powerful mouth and throat, Cranach himself must have been puzzled to recognise him. In the face, however, there is the same worn look observable in my seventh example; the eyes are upturned, as if in his lofty eyrie of the Wartburg he was ever looking heavenward.

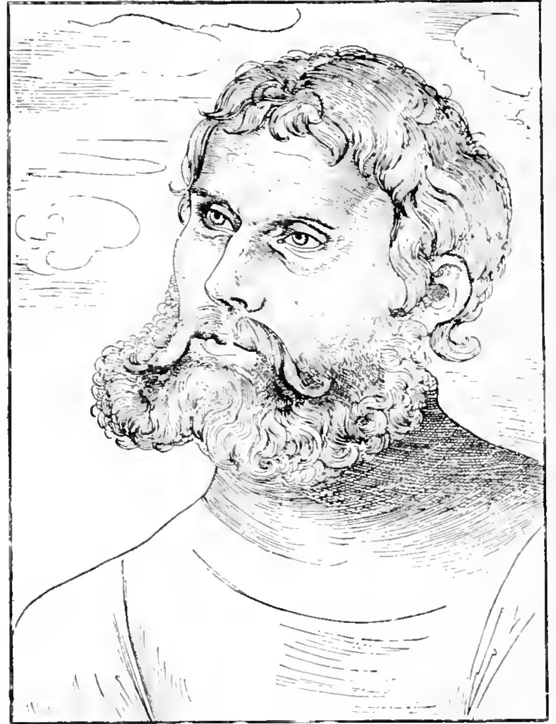
4.—LUTHER PREACHING.

(From a Woodcut by Allenburgi.)

To Luther the Wartburg was alternately celestial or diabolic. As he listened to the song of the birds, as he breathed the fresh morning air that swept through the open casement, his innocent soul rose with the lark in a carol of praise. "From the region of the air," "from the home of the birds," "from the midst of the birds that sing sweetly on the branches and that praise God day and night"—such are the headings of his letters. Then he falls into the parabolic strain, and writes the "Bird's Parliament," or moralises on the fate of a poor little leveret that ran up his sleeve when he was out with the hunters. But the shadows come, the dark days, the long hours of nervous depression; and he not only feels hellish temptations, but believes that he sees and struggles with the arch-fiend himself. If we recognise that the German genius, while it is the most innocent, the most childlike, the most playful in the world, is also the most profoundly terrible, and even diabolic, so that, while it teems with delightfully humorous fairy tales, it has also given birth to the "Niebelungenlied" and to "Faust," we shall see that Luther could never have been its greatest representative, had he not combined, in a more singular degree than any other German, both its innocent *naïreté* and its fascination for the unseen horrors of the eternal world.

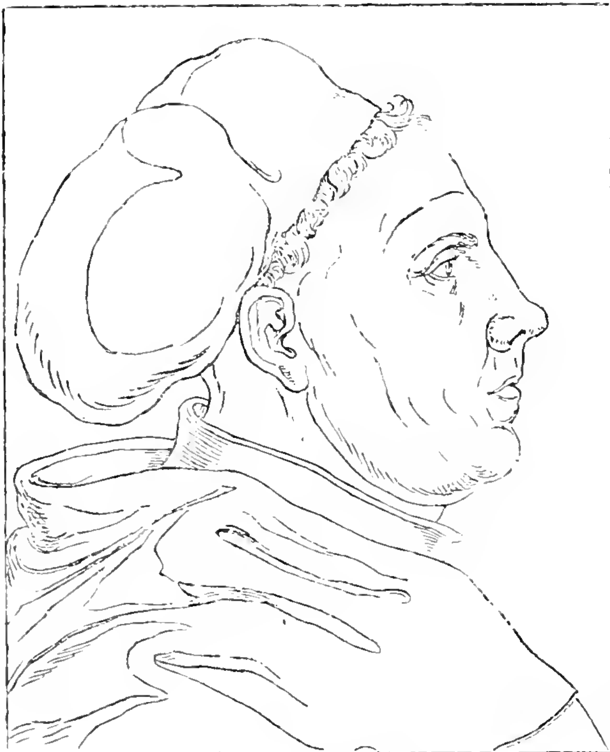
Luther had hardly been a year in captivity ere he felt himself compelled to reappear in Wittenburg. The people were taking the Reformation into their own hands, and it was feared that the religious

changes would widen into a social revolution. An incident of this journey throws a pleasant light on the homely habits and friendly disposition of the Reformer. Two Swiss students arrived on foot at Jena, tired and drenched. Seeing an inn near the town gate, they sat down at the door. At a table sat one clad as a knight; his head was covered by a red cap, and he held his sword in his two hands. He was reading, but when he saw the two young men, he invited them to sit with him, and offered them a glass of beer. Two merchants then came in, and sat down at the same table; one had a book which Luther had just published. The conversation turned on the Reformer. Said one of the traders, "Luther is either an angel of God or a demon of hell;" and then he added, "I would willingly give ten florins to meet him and confess to him." When supper was about to be served the students rose, but the knight begged them to stay, adding that he would pay the reckoning. When supper was ended he took up a large glass of beer and said gravely, "Switzer, one glass more for thanks;" but when the student would have taken it, he set it down, and filled one with wine, and offered it, saying, "You are not used to beer." Then he rose, put on a great military cloak, and shaking hands with the students, bid them give his compliments to Dr. Jerome Schurff at Wittenburg. "Who shall we say sent the message?" they asked. "Say only that 'he who is coming salutes thee;' he will certainly understand." It was Junker Georg himself; and



6.—LUTHER AS JUNKER GEORG.

(From a Woodcut by Lucas Cranach.)



5.—LUTHER IN 1521

(From an Etching by Lucas Cranach.)

the students were in ecstasies at having met the greatest man in Germany, and found him so full of humility and goodwill.

Between this portrait and the one I have mentioned as at Wittenburg is a space of some years (1525). It brings us almost to the date of Luther's marriage. The thing we notice chiefly is that the eyes are very dreamy, and the Reformer seems lost in meditation. Assuredly he had had enough to think about since he had quitted his lofty retreat in the dark Thuringian forests. Chief of all was the great Peasant Revolt, which, though it had been overcome, had gone far to destroy his popularity among the German poor. He whose journey in 1521 had been a triumph, a few years later was hounded from a German city with "Begone in the devil's name. May you break your neck before you get out of our town!" While the people cursed him, Adrian VI., Henry VIII., and Sir Thomas More—representatives as it were of the virtue, strength, and piety of Europe—combined to denounce him in terms which only Luther himself could equal. In fact it is clear that Sir Thomas More was glad to get out of the battle, for he says: "We prefer leaving the little friar alone to his fury and his filth." Nor was this all. Luther had entered into contest with his fellow-Reformers, and

was at daggers drawn with Zwingle and Carlstadt and Bucer. To the Swiss Reformers he was almost as bad as a Papist; to the Anabaptists he was something worse; to the Catholic theologians he was the arch-heretic, "the son and disciple of the devil." As a matter of fact he was taking a course at once revolutionary and conservative. He had left his monastery and thrown off his cowl; he had suppressed the mass, was advocating the marriage of priests, was even dreaming of setting the example himself by wedding Catharine Bora. Yet now he set himself to oppose religious enthusiasm and a merely subjective faith. He had put the Bible in the place of the Church, and nearly all the confiscated authority of the bishops into the hands of the lay ruler; he was glorifying domestic piety at the expense of monastic sanctity, and making a great effort to lay the foundations of a system of universal education. The contending forces which were thus struggling in this great soul are manifest in a wonderfully fine etching of the Luther of 1526, where the storm-clouds seem to have gathered permanently about his brows.

7.—LUTHER AT THIRTY-SEVEN.

(From an Etching by Lucas Cranach.)

The years between his emergence from the Wartburg and his marriage to Catharine Bora were the darkest in his life. This was his real hour of trial. I do not say that he rose to the occasion, but he was true to himself: he did all that was in him to do, and what more can be asked? Perhaps we may ascribe to this period the well-known portrait by Cranach at Florence (1), which we have engraved on a preceding page. That city possesses no less than three portraits of Luther: two in company with Catharine Bora, and one where he is associated with Melancthon and the two Electors of Saxony, John and Frederic. Henceforth he sinks into obscurity. His life becomes more commonplace, he has given the world its best, its immortal fruit. He marries, he has a happy home; he lives much by prayer and faith. Determined to be independent, he learns to use a lathe; he digs and plants and tends his garden; he is always open-handed and hospitable; he finds it often hard to make both ends meet. He loved literature, but above all he was devoted to music. He taught it to his children, and nothing seems so to have soothed him like flute-playing. Occupied with less Titanic thoughts, his character softened and reduced by the ordinary joys and sorrows of domestic life, his portraits henceforth represent him with a most fatherly countenance.

One more portrait, from an engraving by Cornelius Koning, and we have Luther in his decline. The rough Titanic beauty, the soul-struggles discerned in the portraits of middle life, are softened and sweetened. It is the presentment of him who spent his last days in trying to reconcile the family of his dear ancestral lords, the Counts of Mansfield. To this end he had gone to Eisleben, his birthplace, and here, on the 17th of February, 1546, he sank to his rest. Art did not leave him even then, for we have an engraving of his face after death, and there is a singular mask, taken, I assume, at the same time, but whose history I have not learnt.

RICHARD HEATH.

PENS AND PENCILS.

HAZLITT AND NORTHCOTE.

IT is not at all wonderful that many strong friendships should have existed between writers and painters. The artist in words and the artist in pigments have much in common, and in their case the mutual attraction is not counterbalanced by the envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, which are too often born of rivalry. A poem and a picture may be embodiments of the same motive, but the charm of one must needs be so different from the charm of the other that they can never enter the lists as competitors for the same prize. The historian may provide a subject for the painter; the painter in his turn may inspire the poet; and so painter, poet, and historian enter into an artistic comradeship.

Of friendships of this sort it is natural to think first of that between William Hazlitt and James Northcote, because it is the one of which we possess the fullest and most realisable record. When Hazlitt began to contribute to the *New Monthly Magazine* reminiscences of his conversations with Northcote he entitled the series "Boswell Redivivus;" and, daringly ambitious as the name was, the candid reader has to admit that there is in these papers an ease, a naturalness, a vividness and lifelikeness of presentation which cannot but recall the work of Boswell. Perhaps the work of the London man of letters is not so literally accurate as that of the Scottish laird; indeed, Hazlitt frankly admitted that his reports were to a considerable extent touched up; but then the touching up is done by the hand of an accomplished literary artist, who understood well the law of all art that truth of individual fact must often be sacrificed in order to attain the more permanently valuable truth of general effect. From one sentence of Hazlitt's we might even infer that some of these records are examples not of mere manipulation but of downright manufacture; and yet from our independent knowledge of both interlocutors we cannot but draw the conclusion that the book of "Conversations" is an admirable work of literary portraiture, true alike in feature and in expression.

In speaking of Hazlitt and Northcote as friends I am perhaps using the word "friend" in an accommodated sense:—theirs, at any rate, was anything but an ideal friendship; they were certainly not an Orestes and Pylades, a Damon and Pythias, or a David and Jonathan. They cared less for each other than for each other's society; they were bound together rather by common interests than by mutual affection; in short, theirs was a comradeship of intellects rather than hearts. It must, indeed, be admitted that neither of them had a genius for friendship of the most exalted kind. Both had repelled or quarrelled with some of their best friends, and they had one real or apparent quarrel with each other of a most furious kind. Perhaps, however, the very qualities which repelled them from the rest of the world attracted them to each other; and it is not improbable that the intellectual interest attaching to the record of their intercourse is all the stronger because the intercourse itself owed its existence to intellectual rather than to emotional affinities.

Hazlitt and Northcote became acquainted in the year 1802, when the former was twenty-four and the latter fifty-six years of age; but they do not appear to have known much of each other until 1825, or thereabouts, when their intercourse became frequent and intimate. The mere fact of Northcote being a painter was an attraction to Hazlitt, for his own earliest ambition had been to achieve success in art rather than in literature; and to say nothing of his early pictorial attempts, which were possibly worth little, he has left an essay "On the Pleasures of Painting," written with a gusto which leaves no doubt of the genuineness of his art-instinct or of his keen appreciation of the joys of a painter's life. Northcote, on the other hand, dabbled in literature: wrote a little himself in an amateurish ineffective manner; and had very decided, if not always very sound, opinions concerning the writings of contemporary authors. There was, however, something in Northcote's personality as well as in his profession which drew Hazlitt to him. In one of his essays the writer says of the painter that he never received from him the slightest favour, that if he were in distress he would never think of asking him for assistance, that practical benevolence is not his *forte*; but that, notwithstanding, his doors are those which he enters with most pleasure and quits with most regret, because "I know that I can get there, what I can get nowhere else—a welcome, as if one was expected

to drop in just at that moment, a total absence of all respect of persons and of airs of self-consequence, endless topics of discourse, refined thoughts, made more striking by ease and simplicity of manner—the husk, the shell of humanity is left at the door, and the spirit, mellowed by time, resides within."

Northcote was not an amiable person—even the always genial Allan Cunningham cannot make him appear such; and this is certainly an idealised portrait in which the lights are heightened and the shadows softened, but it seems to prove that Hazlitt had really some unselfish interest in Northcote's society. That he had a selfish interest as well is equally certain. Mr. Patmore says: "Hazlitt's mode of turning Northcote's conversation to a *business* account while the 'Boswell Redivivus' was appearing in the *New Monthly Magazine*, was sufficiently curious and characteristic. . . . When the time was at hand for preparing a number of these papers, he used to ask me, 'Have you seen Northcote lately? Is he in talking cue; for I must go in a day or two, and get an article out of him.'" The articles were certainly worth getting, for Northcote was full of matter, and could express himself with force and incisiveness—frequently with rather too much of the latter quality. The conversations have by no means a narrow range; general subjects are freely touched upon; but pictures and books are naturally the main subjects of interest, and both the talkers have much to say that is still readable and suggestive even when—as is very often the case—we cannot agree with it. Hardly ever can we agree with both speakers, for they were particularly apt to disagree with each other; and in the critical conversations Hazlitt was generally the admirer, Northcote the depreciator. Hazlitt, for example, was a genuine appreciator of Wordsworth, though the very "discriminating" character of his admiration would not satisfy ardent Wordsworthians, while Northcote could see nothing in the lake poet that was worthy of attention. In pleading the cause of Wordsworth as against Byron, Hazlitt contended that the former had added one original feature to our poetry which the latter had not. To which Northcote replied: "Yes, but the little bit he has added is not enough. None but great objects can be seen at a distance. If posterity looked at it with your eyes, they might think his poetry curious and pretty: but consider how many Scotts, Byrons, and Johnsons there will be in the next hundred years; how many reputations will rise and sink in that time: and do you think that among these conflicting and important claims, such trifles as descriptions of daisies and idiot boys will not be swept away by the tide of time, like straws and weeds by the torrent?" Concerning Hogarth he spoke in an equally depreciatory manner; but it is hardly malicious to suggest that his feeling concerning the great English pictorial satirist may have been inspired by the failure of a series of paintings which slavishly imitated Hogarth's manner. "Hogarth," he said loftily, "does not lift us above ourselves; our curiosity may be gratified by seeing what men are, but our pride must be soothed by seeing them made better."

Unfortunately Northcote did not confine his criticisms to persons who, in virtue of their distinguished position, were to some extent public property. Some depreciatory remarks upon Mr. Mudge, who had introduced Northcote to Reynolds, and had in other ways done him good service, were too faithfully reported by Hazlitt; and when severely brought to book by a relative of the libelled gentleman, the painter eagerly repudiated his Boswell. In a letter to Campbell, then editor of the *New Monthly*, he compared Hazlitt to the devil, spoke of the "Conversations" as a violation of confidence (though he had expressly authorised their publication), and declared that the situation was terrible, and that the affair would bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave, ending his protest with a complaint that Hazlitt, by an escape to France, had evaded the just vengeance of those he had injured. Campbell seems to have been much impressed by the vehemence of Northcote's indignation, and wrote a letter of apology in which he expressed much regret for the publication of the articles, and said, "The *infernal* Hazlitt shall never more be permitted to write for the *New Monthly*." Nothing could apparently be more satisfactory. Northcote's remaining friends were charmed with this courageous attitude; and were certain that the painter had been misrepresented, and that his friendship with the man who had so grossly abused it was at an end for ever. Some of the more knowing ones were not quite so sure; and events proved that the knowing ones were right. Northcote in his loneliness could not afford to lose the pleasure of Hazlitt's society; he enjoyed the additional fame brought by the publication of the "Conversations" even more than he disliked the controversies which grew out of them; and he was dependent upon Hazlitt's assistance in the preparation of his projected volume of fables and his more ambitious work on "Titian and his Times." The ineffective conclusion of the whole matter, as put by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt in his life of his grandfather, was that "Mr. Hazlitt and Mr. Northcote saw just as much of each other as before; that Mr. Hazlitt took notes of Mr. Northcote's conversations, with the artist's perfect privity, as before; and that these conversations were printed, as Mr. Hazlitt chose to send them in, in Colburn's *New Monthly* as before." The first four instalments of "Boswell Redivivus" had appeared in the course of the year 1826; numbers five and

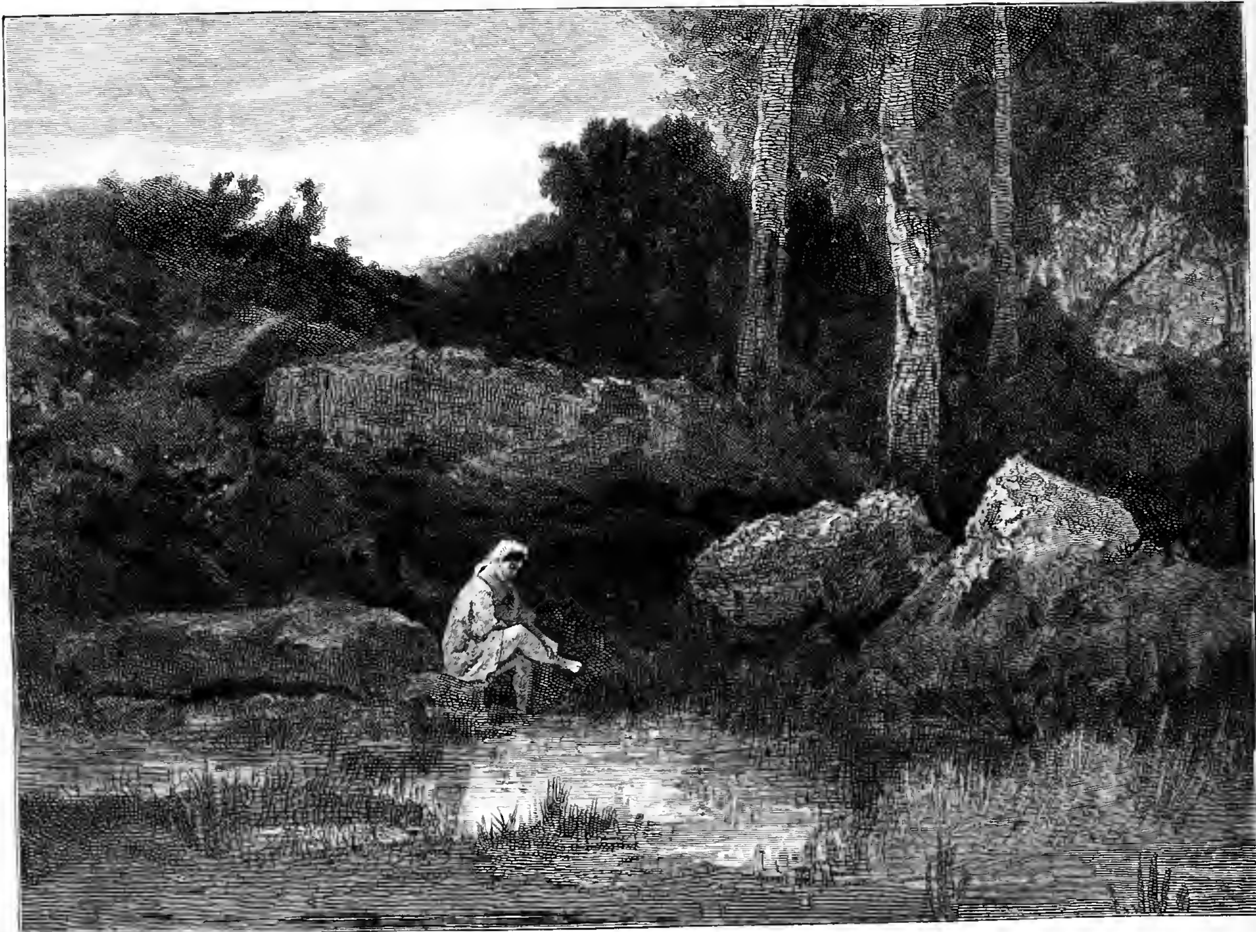
six, which completed the series, were published in 1827; and during the few years that followed, Hazlitt and Northcote were in constant communication. The book on Titian, though it bore Northcote's name upon the title-page, owed more to Hazlitt than to its nominal author; but the critic's health was failing fast, and the year 1830, which witnessed its publication, was the year of his death. Northcote, now eighty-four years of age—"a little old man, pale and fragile, with eyes gleaming like the lights hung in tombs"—did not long survive his comrade, but passed away quietly on the 13th of July, 1831. It had been a strange companionship, interesting rather than beautiful; and yet, however it may have been with Northcote, one cannot but recognise the note of sincerity in the many passages in which Hazlitt expresses his regard and respect for his friend. That the two men heartily admired each other is certain; each could give something that the other needed; and possibly there was between them more of that real and unselfish affection which alone constitutes true friendship than we might suppose from some passages in the curious record of their intercourse.

J. Ashcroft Noble.

THE CONSTANTINE IONIDES COLLECTION.

FROM DAVID TO MILLET.

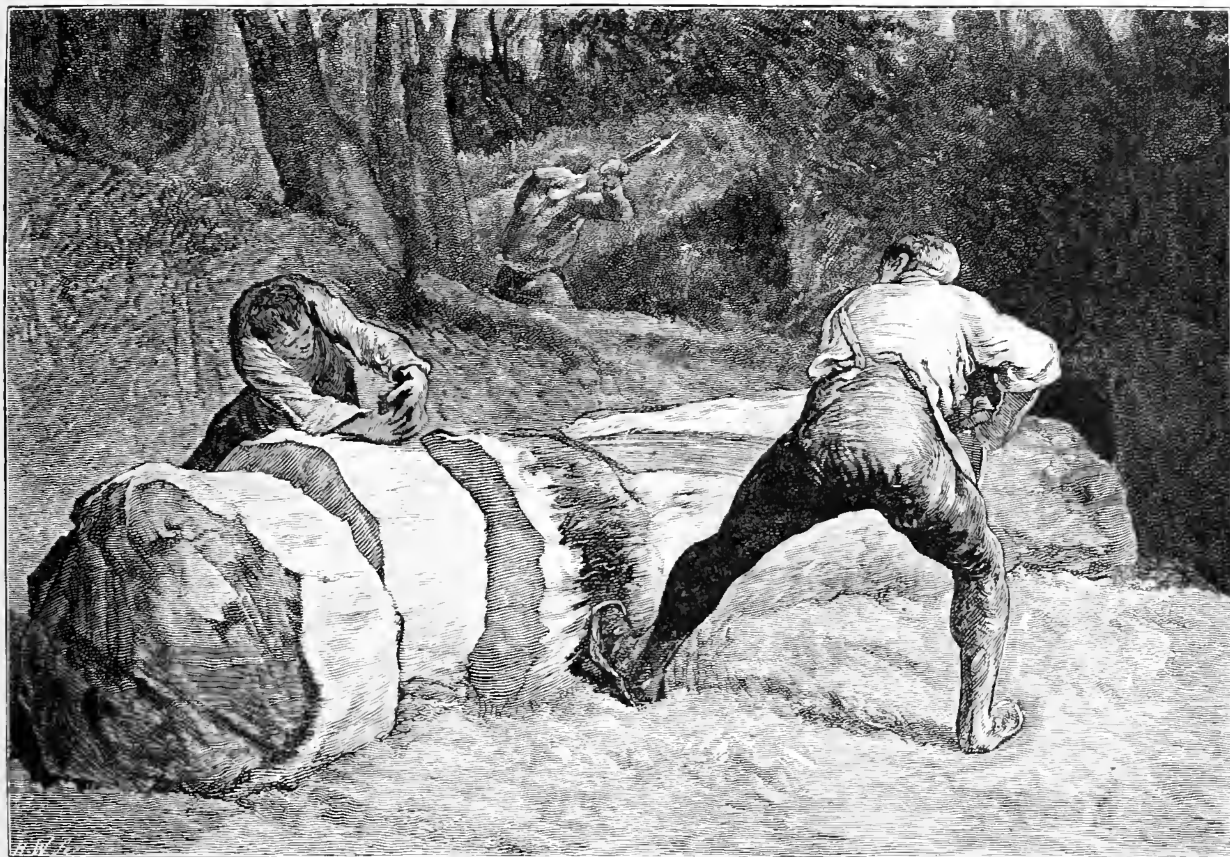
THE collection of Mr. Constantine A. Ionides is not a very large one, but it is yet one of considerable interest and of much variety. This variety is indeed one of its distinctions, for not only are there examples of many masters, but these are of different periods and different countries. There is a "modern" and an "ancient" section. The school of Giotto is represented, and so are Rossetti and the *impressionistes*.



THE BATHER.

(Painted by Diaz. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

At first sight it might seem that this was far too comprehensive a grasp for such a small gathering; that character would be sacrificed to variety; and that the *ensemble* would have an air—heterogeneous—ill artists, than the fact that the collector should, in the exercise of his personal taste, desire to possess examples of both these painters, who so few years ago were as fire and water, the heads of perhaps the fiercest rival



THE SAWYERS.

(*Painted by J.-F. Millet. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.*)

regulated. Nor is there any tendency observable to correct this diffuseness by a prevalent taste as to subject or sentiment. In this regard there is no evident predilection on the one hand, or intolerance on the other. In the hall the stern monastic spirit of Legros and his firm, precise draughtsmanship confront the decorative brilliance and allegorical fancy of Tiepolo. In the dining-room the solid modelling and plain prose of Le Nain are contrasted with the vaporous elegance and poetical suggestiveness of Corot. In the drawing-room the long-wrought dreams of Burne Jones are set face to face with the "pistolgram" art of Degas; and in other rooms, on staircases, and in passages may be found even greater conflicts of personal temperament and artistic aim—Rembrandt and Poussin, Terburg and Millet, and—crowning discord—Ingres and Delacroix. Nothing perhaps better shows with how dispassionate a judgment this collection is being formed, or how short-lived are the party feelings of factions that ever divided the world of art. Yet with all this liberality of opinion and catholicity of taste, which would seem to preclude any well-marked individuality, the collection of Mr. Ionides has not only a character of its own, but one of a very distinct and valuable kind.

This character may be described shortly as strength in artistic personality. The painters represented are indeed a crowd, and a crowd collected from various nations and various centuries; but they all belong to the family of true artists, as rare as true poets, who to skill in the technical processes of their profession add a something of their own, not to be learnt or taught, which stamps their works as unique and human, and makes them a distinct addition to the pleasures of the world and the future possibilities of art. This fascinating trait of personality is a strange and capricious thing; it does not always run with the highest aims, or even with the most perfect execution.

You find it strong in a Botticelli, weak in a Ghirlandajo; it is given to a Brauwer, but not to a Gerard Dow; Rembrandt conveys it in his lightest touch, and Franz Hals too; but Van der Helst, perhaps a more perfect painter than either, has it in a less degree. Although it is only in recent times that this force of personality has had full liberty of manifestation, it has always been a precious quality—precious in the architecture and sculpture of all epochs—but especially in painting, for in this branch of art, except when absolutely strangled by tradition, as in the Middle Ages, there has always been more room for its display. If all records of artists were lost but their works, we should find it easier to raise an image of Benozzo Gozzoli, or even of Giotto, than of Donatello or of Quercia. By introduction of incident, by expression, by type of figures, by taste, by colour, by style of composition, by intention of gesture and quality of sentiment, the artist is more or less reflected even in archaic paintings; but with all this, painting, as a means of personal expression, may be said to have been in bondage until the present century.

It will have been seen by the names already mentioned that French art is largely represented in the collection of Mr. Ionides, and mainly by painters of this century. This is only to be expected in a gallery of which personality is the keynote; for it is in France that the bravest strokes have been struck for the emancipation of painting. It is not, perhaps, often or completely enough realised how restricted was the area of pictorial art in the beginning of the present century. In England we had indeed, with Gainsborough and Cozens, with Crowe and Cotman, with Varley and De Wint, with Girtin and David Cox, with Turner and Constable, been slowly feeling our way to liberty in landscape; but there was little life or movement in other directions. Hogarth had found no stronger follower than David Allan; Wright of Derby was dead and forgotten; West, apparently frightened at the noise which his revolutionary "Death of Wolfe" had caused, had gone back into the old conventional grooves; and even Copley's manly work had little sensible effect upon others. Nevertheless we had thrown out, as it were, a few skirmishers in the battle for freedom, while the lifeless classicism of David and his followers still completely dominated the French; but when their revolution began, it was characteristically violent and furious, and extended through the whole domain of art.

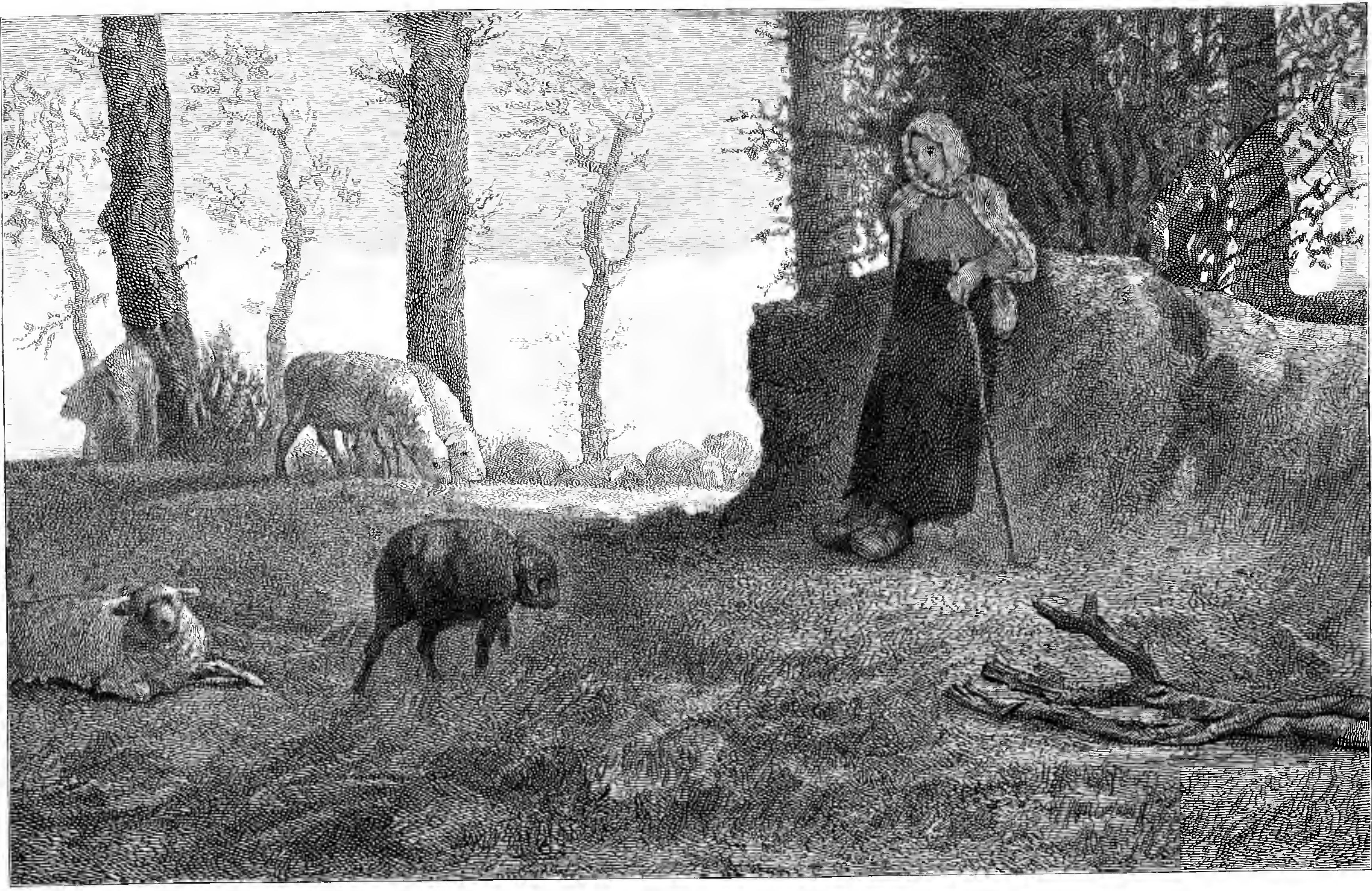
This is not the place to tell again that historic struggle between the Classicists and Romanticists. As in many other campaigns, the principles involved were far greater than the *casus belli*, and the results concerned not only the combatants, but the civilised world. The victory was in the long-run for the Romanticists, notwithstanding that the whole hierarchy of art was against them, and the tactics of their enemies were deadly. The Academy adopted a system which has only lately found a name. They "boycotted" the Romanticists for something like a quarter of a century. But the triumph came at last, not so much for what may properly be called Romanticism as for liberty to use art as the expression of self. It was for this that the battle was really fought. An artist may paint now what he sees and what he feels. He could not do this fifty years ago. It is no wonder that the men who fought this battle, Géricault, Delacroix, Paul Huet, Barye, and the rest of them, developed strong personalities: they had to fight against the powers that be, to sacrifice present reputation, to face starvation, all for the sake of their indisputable right to express themselves in their own fashion; and the struggle did not cease with them. Romanticism led to naturalism, to realism, and many other isms. Huet opened the way to Rousseau, the victory of Delacroix made possible a Millet; but these, too, had to fight long and sorely. Constant struggles, ending in hard-won victories for the heretics, have marked the history of French art in the Nineteenth Century, till now the last barriers of tradition and prejudice have been removed, and man may paint as freely as he breathes.

It is one of the merits of Mr. Ionides' collection that not only are the artists selected distinguished for their strength of personality, but his examples of them are characteristic. They are not always "highly finished," or what are called "important" works, but they are always well-marked specimens. His two specimens of Delacroix are, for instance, rough and sketchy, but they show something of his hand and mind. Though the head of the Romanticists, and having a strong affinity with the romantic school of poetry—with such a writer, for instance, as Byron—Delacroix was too large a man to be quite comprised in an epithet, however comprehensive. Nor is the message of such a many-sided mind to be found in two or even a dozen of his works, but only in his total accomplishment. Nevertheless these two earnest studies could have come from no other hand. They show at least the force of his creative faculty, the vividness of his imagination, his complete originality and fearlessness, and something also of his power as a colourist. They are both (for him) rather quiet subjects. He generally loved more movement, but still in "The Good Samaritan" we see the subject treated in a way very different from the tame, tinted bas-relief style of David and the orthodox. The conception is his own; it is romantic in the sense of telling its story freshly and vigorously without regard to artistic tradition. The posture of the man who has fallen among thieves is as ungraceful

as it was likely to be; his dress as disordered. There is no attempt to make his distress either elegant or classical. But there is life in the scene. The figure of the Samaritan is full of energy and tenderness. You feel that he has ridden up swiftly to the place, and cast himself from the beast that is browsing so quietly at his side. His face shows his concern. Firmly but gently he is raising the senseless head in one hand, while with the other he prepares to pour wine into the mouth. It is a matter of urgency, perhaps of life or death; and this idea seems to Delacroix to be of importance, and more worthy to be insisted on than the possible beauty of the poor man's legs, or any luxurious spectacle of colour. For colour as an æsthetic Delacroix rarely sought; but he was a colourist, notwithstanding, of a high order. In his hands colour was not an end but a means, the most powerful of all the forces at the command of a painter, to express the passion of his thought. He used it not as a dead embellishment but a living language; it was woven into the very tissue of his imagination. His harmonies are often imperfect, and his forms incorrect; but he sought to impress rather than please, to administer vivid rather than soothing sensations. In this, as well as in the width of his intellectual scope and the inexhaustible fertility of his invention, he was akin to Byron. They both produced without pause, casting their work behind them, often without finish, but seldom without the indelible mark of their genius. The sympathy of Delacroix with the imagination of others was not less wonderful than the original vigour of his own. Of Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe he has left illustrations which would alone save his name from oblivion; and Mr. Ionides is fortunate in possessing one powerful sketch of this order—that of the famous "Boat of Don Juan," now in the Louvre, by the gift of Adolph Moreau. It is specially interesting as showing the mode in which his imagination worked. The scene is grasped as a whole: the large boat stretches right across the picture; behind is the empty waste of waters, and the great sun is setting. The boat is crowded. Its miserable company are huddled together like a flock of sheep. It would seem impossible to use the oars that hang idle and useless over the side, even if any had spirit enough left to pull them. Different types of character, different degrees of exhaustion or despair, are indicated here and there; but in this first impression it is little more than the vast and silent horror of the situation that is strongly seized.

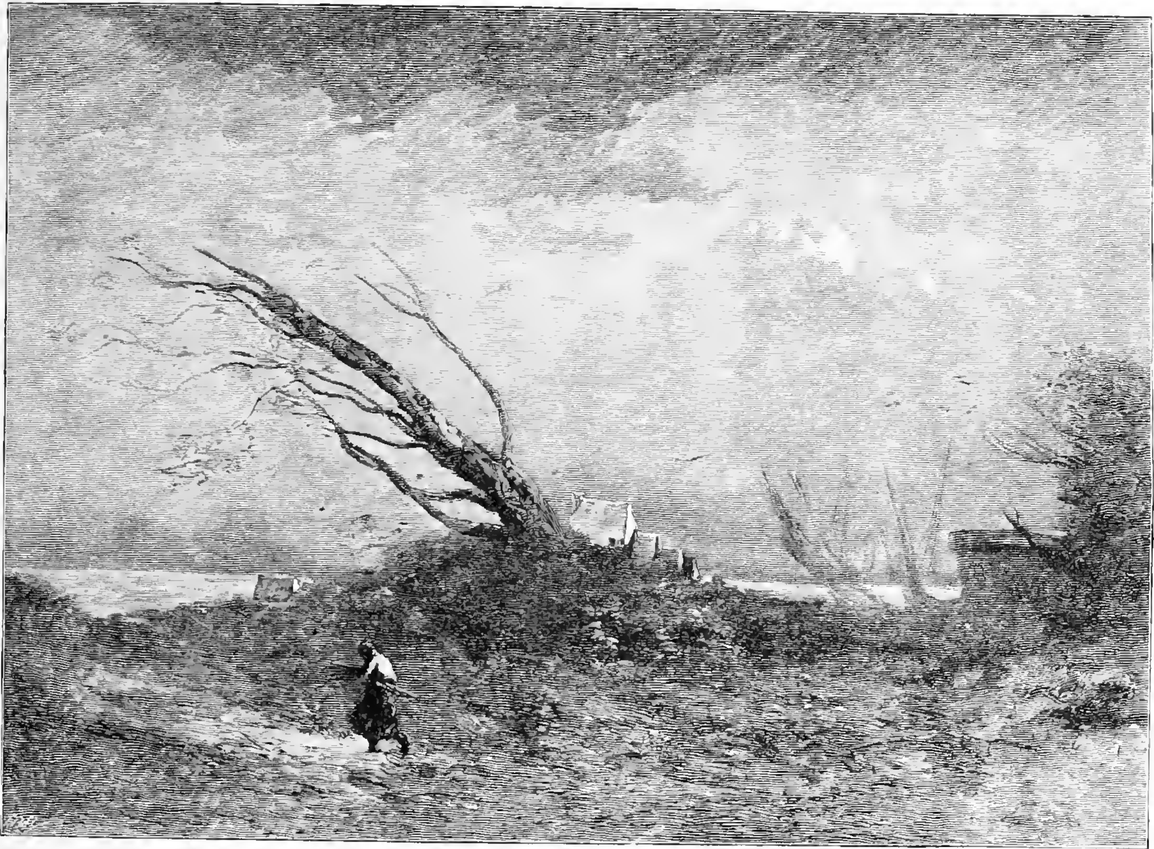
No such great, cloud-like suggestions ever loomed on the mental horizon of Ingres. He lived in the clear atmosphere rarefied by the great artists of Greece and Italy, in which noble and beautiful forms stand out clearly defined against a cloudless sky. To him beauty was the only theme of art; drawing, "l'honnêteté de l'art," the only medium; and the human figure the only language in which it could be expressed. This was the faith in which he died, and the faith in which he lived, and for which he struggled with a determination unequalled even by the fiercest reformers of his day. But he, too, was a reformer; and though he renounced Delacroix and all his works, he was unconsciously labouring with him for the emancipation of painting. But he was satisfied with a smaller measure of liberty. He did not wish to dethrone the statuesque design, but he wished to paint. While preserving allegiance to the old gods of Greece, he would build altars to others, and these not sculptors but painters. He added Raphael at least to his Olympus. More than this, he went to nature, and sought to express himself. Nature to him was indeed but a model, and his self was largely compounded of the styles of the artists he most admired; but he was a reformer and a painter, with a style which he could rightly claim as his own. His principles were firm and fixed, and he acted on them with great consistency. Nevertheless, he had heretical tendencies. His instructions to his pupils to pass the pictures of Rubens, whom he was pleased to call "le génie du mal," with closed eyes, show at least that he was not blind to their fascinations; he once owned to a profound admiration for Watteau; nay, at one time he painted scenes from modern history. If not convicted of alliance with the Romantic school, he was at least a suspect. In a study of his picture of "Henry IV. Playing with his Son," Mr. Ionides possesses an interesting relic of this period. It did not last long; the future designer of the "Apotheosis of Homer" and "La Source" had other work to do; and in Mr. Ionides' exquisite little "Odalisque" we see, not indeed his most noble achievement, but one in which his subtle and elegant draughtsmanship, his feeling for natural beauty of form, his consummate dexterity of hand, are displayed in a high degree. It also shows the eclecticism of his style. The pose of the head lying between the thrown-back arms, with the profile averted and foreshortened, reminds one of a nymph by Poussin. The pearly sheen of the limbs, relieved partly against white, partly against crimson, is as luminous if not as warm as Titian; while the extreme delicacy of the softly-shaded contours, the rendering of the surface and consistency of the flesh, suggest Correggio. Nevertheless, the work as a whole is French and modern, and stamped with the distinct if complex personality of Ingres.

The gulf between Delacroix and Ingres is not greater than that which divides them both from Daumier, the caricaturist, the infallible observer of



THE SHEPHERDESS.

(Painted by J.-F. Millet. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)



THE STORM.

(*Painted by J.-B. Corot. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.*)

contemporary life, the great graphic satirist. He was all this and more—a master of expression, an admirable draughtsman, a dramatic artist of superb accomplishment and potent individuality. He had amongst other gifts that one, rare even among those whose business it is to catch the humours of the hour—the gift of perfect pictorial expression. His drawings—of which Mr. Ionides has some ten or twelve—speak for themselves, and need no written dialogue or comment. Our "Mountebank" is an instance. It is an old story, this hard life of the acrobat: the care behind the painted face, the miseries of our amusers; but the tragedy of it was never told more powerfully than here. The handsome, shapely youth may square his shoulders, the old man may rattle his drum and shout till he is hoarse; but they will not be amused—these people busy at the booths. They do not see as we do behind the scenes, where the mother bows herself without complaint, but sick with weariness, if not despair. There is nothing of the caricaturist here; it is plain unvarnished truth, presented with perfect artistic skill. Composition, drawing, character, all are alike admirable and unexaggerated. And the man who did this, and who did thousands of drawings like it, was himself an amuser, and shared much the same fate as the worn-out jackpudding. Broken in the service of the public, robbed by blindness of his means of life, it was only the tender compassion of Corot that provided him with a roof for his grey head.

It is not, however, the benevolence but the art of Corot that is the subject now. This famous landscape-painter rejoiced as much as any in the liberty won for personal expression. The revolution in landscape was certainly even greater than in other branches of art. Nature was not only re-discovered, but it was discovered almost for the first time as a means of self-expression. This, at least, was the case in France, where the traditions of Claude and Gaspar Poussin still existed in all their power. Notwithstanding the examples afforded by the Flemish and Dutch schools, by Rubens and De Koninck, by Ruysdael and Hobbema, by Rembrandt and Vermeer, men did not dare, did not know how, to use their own eyes in looking at nature. Here, again, the Romanticists were determined to break down the old and in this case senseless traditions. What Paul Huet commenced was completed by our own Constable, whose pictures exhibited in Paris in 1825

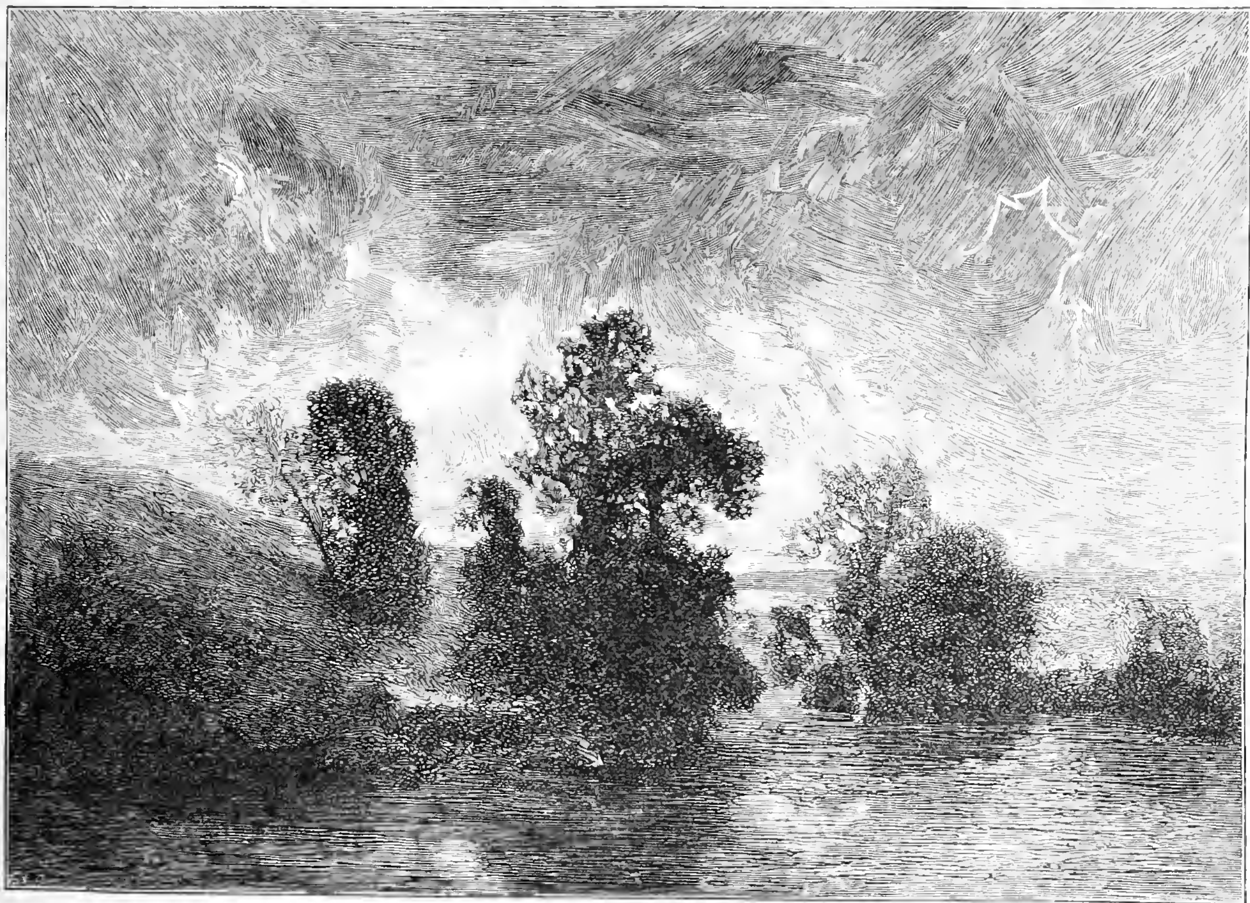
showed the way to a bold, free, and true representation of landscape, without any dependence whatever on stale traditions and false dogmas. The influence of Constable, so powerful in the formation of the new French school of landscape, was felt by no one more strongly than by Théodore Rousseau, who is nevertheless one of the most original, as he is one of the greatest, of modern artists. The effect of genius is sometimes to enslave, sometimes to liberate, the minds of its admirers. The effect of Constable was entirely of the latter kind.

Indeed, what the French painters learnt from Constable was not only how to represent the depth of luminous air, the bold bosses of flying cloud, the mighty masses of verdant foliage, the dewy moisture of the meadows, the silver sliding of the river, the rich rankness of wild vegetation, the movement, the life, the splendid confusion of nature; they also learnt to see for themselves and to paint not merely what they saw, but what they felt. And, what is more, they determined to paint nothing which they did not feel. So Rousseau gives us those scenes and moods of nature which personally affected him: the majesty of great trees, the solitude of waste places, the mysterious power of storm and sunset, the luminousness of the sky, the air-filled hollow of the heavens. By him Mr. Ionides possesses one splendid oak-tree, felt even into the inmost recessess of its great being. Without any attempt at minute imitation it is drawn and modelled with inexhaustible patience; there is no flat or confused space in it. the air passes through the leaves, the birds could fly through the branches; but it is not only a tree, it is a type of the great immovable forces of nature. The sketch we engrave is the suggestion of a storm in a drowned country, with a wild sky dashed in with furious touches. Against it tossed trees wave their blurred boughs, which are reflected in the flood beneath. To Constable, despite its wind and rain, nature smiled, for it was home. But nature never smiled on Rousseau, and he rigorously excluded all domestic sentiment from his work. To Diaz, the capricious, romantic Spaniard, nature was but a stimulant to the imagination—now suggestive of adventure, now of a fairy-land; now fascinating him with jewel-like gleams of light and colour, now with the sterner charms of broken rock and rugged trunk. Mr. Ionides is fortunate in possessing—with others—such a characteristic little example of Diaz as our "Bather." In such a secluded hollow, fringed with wood, with birch-stem glistening white against the green beyond, Don Quixote might have found Dorothea.

Although so different in manner, Corot is yet akin to Diaz, for nature to him also was a haunt of the imagination. He, too (I write only of his mature works), delighted in secluded spots, and peopled them with the creatures of his imagination. A strange, dreamy, ghost-like land was that of Corot, but it was all his own. Personal expression could scarcely go further in landscape. Liberty may seem to some to verge on licence when it takes the colour from the grass and represents leaves by a misty film. But it is no use to argue about Corot. He is one of those artists to whom you must go, for he will not come to you. He will not give you all of nature; he did not think it possible, but he will give what was most delightful to him, and what he felt he could represent most perfectly. He seems to say: "The hot sun is impossible to render, and the clashing greens and yellows and blues of mid-day tell of nothing but their splendour; they do not touch me. Nature I love, not for her vivid sensations, but because at certain times she breeds within me low, sweet harmonies which delightfully soothe my spirit and stimulate my imagination. I will devote my art to soothe others as she soothes me: with the sound of her rustling leaves, with the mother-o'-pearl of her early skies, with the expiring embers of her sunsets, with her whispering sallows and deserted hollows, where perhaps may yet linger some nymph, some faun. What for me is multitudinous leafage except for its tender mass, its infinite mobility—what for me the sunlight, unless strained through fresh morning air and glinting gently on the aspen? I will not strive after too much, but what I give shall be perfect in tone and in harmony of low tints. There shall at least be no failure, no discord." Of such a mood Mr. Ionides has three charming but slight examples; but the largest and most important Corot is a little out of the usual vein of the artist. This, "The Storm" we engrave, is no idyllic dream with half-closed eyes, but belongs to that rare order of Corot's work in which, as in his magnificent "Macbeth," he showed that he could rise to the passion of nature in her wilder moods. He does not, however, depart from his deliberately adopted method. There may be passion in the conception and in the touch, but the colour is sober, the tone is lower even than usual, and all things are suggested in the lightest manner. A storm is brewing, following perhaps on one just ended. It is evidently a land of storm. That broken tree, which contrasts so strongly with the erect little cottage, has known many a gale in its hard-fought life; the sand through which the old woman is trudging along ankle-deep has made many a journey in many a cloud. If we seek for the minute rendering of fact, if we want to see how each blade of grass grows and how each leaf is attached to its twig, we shall be disappointed with this and all of Corot's pictures; but if we can surrender ourselves to his

imagination, and care to hear the rising gale rushing over our heads and feel its gust upon our cheek, and the restless spirit of a land where the storm-king lives, then we shall experience not disappointment, but a greater pleasure than any microscopic art can give. And we shall feel the strength of Corot's personality, and how powerless he would have been to give it pictorial expression if he had lived in any other century than his and ours.

Two works by J.-F. Millet close the present list. Readers of THE MAGAZINE OF ART scarcely need to be informed that this great and original artistic spirit found (and was the first to find) a poetry deeper than romance beneath the blue blouse of the French peasant. Chained to the earth on which he laboured, even in life "rolled round with rocks and stones and trees," part and parcel of one eternal movement, ebbing and flowing with liberty scarcely greater than the tide's, Millet saw him and painted him, not with pity, but with solemn pleasure and admiration, feeling beneath the commonplaces of monotonous existence a grand cosmic harmony, a music as of the sea itself. It is strange to find how often this deserter from the classic ranks, this man determined at all costs and hazards to paint his own time in his own way, reminds one of the antique. In him art-feuds deeper and older even than those between the Classicists and the Romanticists seem reconciled. We find the eternal principles of art used to portray in all simplicity the lives of modern Frenchmen, the thoughts of modern philosophy. Phidias never watched a wrestler or a quoit-thrower with more intentness to catch the most expressive gesture than Millet his sower or his thresher. There is much of the sculpturesque, even of the monumental, in Millet's art. He left the classics dead in Paris to find them alive at Barbizon. Here, no doubt, he painted that vigorous and richly coloured group, "The Sawyers"—the subject of our second engraving—which is one of the richest of Mr. Ionides' possessions. Here also that exquisite idyll, "The Shepherdess," so true to nature, so rich and sweet in colour; but no less so pure and simple in design, so choice in its selection of form, so severe in its composition, that it would serve for a bas-relief in marble, or, better still, to be modelled in white or blue, like the exquisite jasper-ware of Wedgwood or the cameos of the Portland Vase.



THE FLOOD.

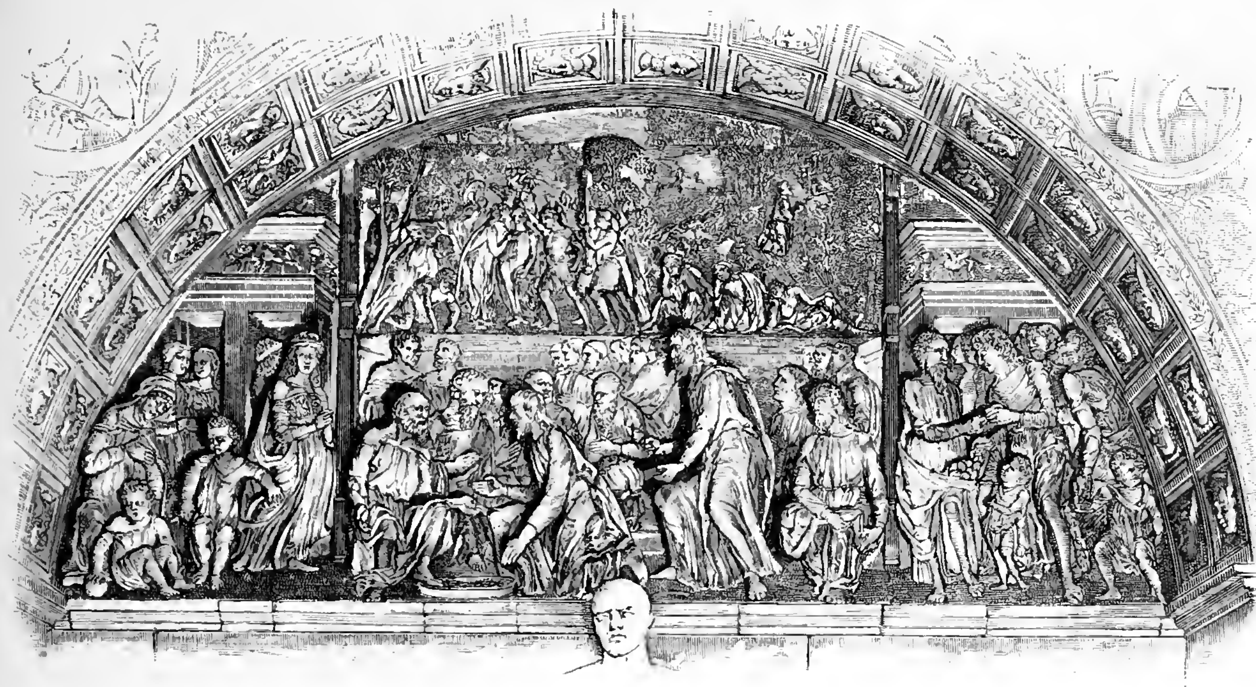
(Painted by Théodore Rousseau. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

It is doubtless true that there are many, especially in England, to whom not only the French artists represented in Mr. Ionides' collection, but French art generally has little attraction, and the stronger the personality of the artist the more one-sided and unintelligible that art is to them; but on the other hand this collection is in itself an evidence that such narrowness of artistic sympathy is diminishing. Among the picture-buyers of the present day, though the majority buy only "what they like," or for the sake of investment, there are an increasing number who are attracted less by the fame of a name and the appeal of a picture to some sentiment of their own, than by the excellence of the painting and the force with which it gives expression to the mind of the artist. It is not the buyer but the author that such collectors as Mr. Ionides wish to see reflected in the pictures which hang upon their walls. Such a spirit in a collector often leads from tolerance through interest to admiration, and though they still buy "what they like," the width of that indeterminable area is immensely and most profitably increased. It is to be expected as well as to be hoped that this spirit is spreading. To be expected, because it is only one phase of that universal desire for knowledge of all men of all ages that is one of the characteristics of the day. To be hoped, because it is the only means to foster the production of vital and original pictures in England. Two things at least should be demanded of an artist: that he should have something which he himself desires to paint, and that he should paint it well. Whatever may be the verdict of posterity upon those French artists of whom mention is made in this article, there will at least be no doubt that they possessed these qualities. That they possessed them is the reason why collectors fight now for their pictures as they themselves fought for their principles.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE MOUNTEBANK.

(Drawn by Honoré Daumier. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)



THE CERTOSA.—I. A BAS RELIEF FROM THE LAVABO.

THE CERTOSA OF PAVIA.—II.

THE interior of the Certosa corresponds with the façade in the costliness of its materials and in the vast amount of decorative work which has been lavished upon its different portions. In the same way the internal arrangements correspond with those of the exterior, and the five compartments of the façade suggest the five divisions of the church, the nave, the two aisles, and the two sets of chapels—fourteen in number—ranged on either side.

The Gothic character of the nave in nowise mars the effect of those portions of the building which belong to a later period; and in spite of these differences of time and style, the whole inspires us with a sense of completeness and solemn grandeur, for which, if we accept Herr Gruner's suggestion, we are indebted to the long line of priors who superintended the gradual construction of the church. Rich bronze gates, the work of Milanese artists, divide the nave of the transept, and the central cupola, which was begun at the same time as the façade, rests on ten slender marble columns. The finely groined ceiling is sown with stars on a deep ultramarine ground; and among the garlands and arabesques which fill up every vacant space, we read the word "Grazia," in its abbreviated form "Gra," set in the centre of each division, as a sun encircled with rays. Every part of the walls is lined with marbles or with frescoes; statues of evangelists and doctors stand before the pillars of the nave; the altars are inlaid with pietra-dura and precious stones. Pictures and sculpture, bronze candelabra of beautiful workmanship (III.), stained glass, tombs, and bas-reliefs are everywhere.

Much of this sumptuous decoration, especially the elaborate painting of roof and walls, was probably designed by Ambrogio di Fossano, or Borgognone, who worked for many years on the Certosa, and is said to have drawn up plans for the façade, which, however, were either never adopted or set aside by Amadeo. His is the intarsiatura of the choir stalls, with the half-length figures of Virgin and saints carved by Bartolomeo da Pola in 1486; and the best paintings in the side chapels are his also. He was the chief of a little group of Lombard painters who, while feeling the effects of Lionardo's influence, still retained their earlier style. Without ever attaining to the higher levels of Florentine or Umbrian art, Borgognone excels in the quiet representation of devotional subjects. He knew how to paint saints and Madonnas, whose mild devout faces and carefully draped forms are not without a certain dignity of presence. His angels, too, are graceful and pleasing, if wanting in character and force of expression. But while the most of his creations are inspired by an earnest religious feeling,

his types are often wanting in beauty, and he fails signally in the attempt to represent deep emotion, and falls into grimace and caricature. This tendency is visible in the fine triptych of the National Gallery, the "Agony in the Garden," and appears still more plainly in the large panel of the "Crucifixion" at the Certosa. In other respects this is a finely conceived and well-painted picture, the landscape in the background being marked by the richness, the variety, the high degree of finish generally to be seen in Borgognone's work. It must also be remembered that this "Crucifixion"—now in the fourth chapel to the right of the nave, and dated 1490—was one of the master's earliest productions. In the same year he received 480 lire for other work, and during the next few years he was engaged on the large frescoes of the apse, which he finished in 1494.

Many other parts of the church and cloisters were formerly decorated with works from his hand, but most of these have been damaged or repainted. The best which now remain are the "Madonna and Saints" above the door of St. Veronica's chapel on the right of the nave, and an altar-piece in which St. Sirus, Bishop of Pavia, St. Ambrose, and others are represented majestically enthroned, with all the display of gold-patterned hangings and tapestries in which Borgognone delights. Twenty-two of his medallions of doctors and Carthusian bishops, in the refectory adjoining the small cloisters, are also still to be seen; while the fragments of the silk standard which he painted for the Certosa have found their way into our own National Gallery. These remnants consist of two separate pieces on which are represented busts of nine men and eleven women kneeling in devout adoration by the side of what appears to be a tomb. They are in profile, and are painted with considerable vigour; the colour is fine, and there is in them more individuality and expression than we usually find in the painter's heads. Probably they were members of a family or guild; and the hand which appears above the group of men is that of the patron saint they are worshipping.

THE CERTOSA—II.: THE LUINI MADONNA.

In the same room of the National Gallery hangs another more famous picture, originally painted for the Certosa, Perugino's "Madonna and Child between the Archangels Michael and Raphael." This masterpiece, which the great Umbrian painted in the fulness of his powers, when the "Deposition" of the Pitti and the Vallombrosa "Assumption" had lately left his studio, and the young Raphael was working at his side, was once the chief ornament of the cathedral, and, until the monks were expelled at the close of the last century, hung over the altar in the chapel of St. Hugh of Lincoln, the second on the right of the nave. It was then sold to the Duca di Melzi, from whose family the three principal compartments were purchased in 1856 for £4,000. Two others representing the Annunciation were carried away by the French in 1796, and have unfortunately been lost; and one portion only, God the Father surrounded by a glory of seraphim, still occupies its original place in the Certosa. The remainder of the old frame has been filled up, partly with copies and partly with frescoes of four doctors by Borgognone, cut down to half-lengths to stop the gaps.

The few other pictures worthy of notice in the church of the Certosa are

mostly the work of secondary Lombard artists; but in the Lavatore dei Monaci which opens from the south transept, and contains some good Fifteenth Century stained glass, there is a beautiful fresco of the Madonna, painted by Luini in his most charming manner. We give a reproduction of this picture (II.), as well as of one aspect of the lavabo, or washing-trough, which gives its name to the lavatory, and is enriched with three bas-reliefs by Alberto di Carrara, the "Kiss of Judas," "Christ Washing the Feet of His Disciples," and "Blessing the Children" (I.) The head seen in outline in our woodcut is a bust said to represent the first architect of the Certosa. On the opposite side of the choir is the old sacristy, which corresponds to the lavatory. Here, besides Amadeo's marble doorway, is a curious ivory altar-piece with sixty-seven reliefs and eighty statuettes by an artist of the Sixteenth Century. The new sacristy, now used as an oratory, and the two fine chapter-houses, are reached from the south transept, which contains the splendid mausoleum of Galeazzo Visconti.

The founder of the Certosa had been first interred with great pomp at the Duomo of Milan; but forty years later his remains were removed to the Certosa, where he had desired to repose when the building of the church was sufficiently advanced, and were laid in a temporary resting-place until a fitting tomb should be prepared for them. In 1490 the work was begun by a sculptor named Galeazzo Pellegrini, at the prior's order; and between that date and 1562, when it was completed, many of the artists engaged on the façade helped in its adornment. The general plan of the tomb resembles most of those of the early Italian Renaissance. Gian Galeazzo's effigy, said to have been carved by a Roman sculptor, Cristoforo by name, reposes on a sarcophagus guarded by angels under a richly-decorated canopy supported by pillars adorned with trophies of arms. The reliefs describing the principal events of the duke's life, among which the foundation of the Certosa occupies a prominent place, are probably the work of Amadeo and Giacomo della Porta; while the statue of the Virgin as the patroness of the Certosa, which crowns the whole, is by Brioschi, the sculptor of the great central portal. By a strange fate the bones of Gian Galeazzo have never been laid in this imposing tomb; for by the time it was completed a generation had passed away, and the spot where his body had been laid meanwhile had been wholly forgotten.

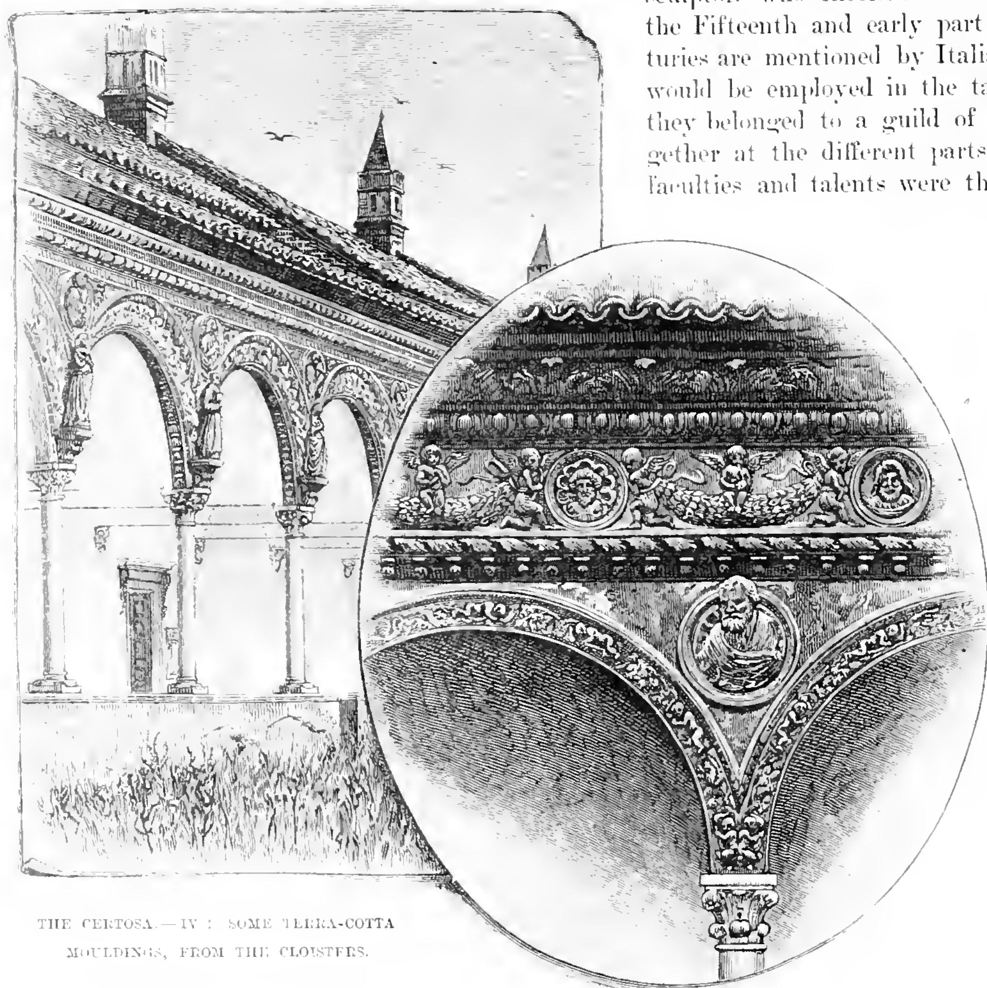
THE CERTOSA.—III.: A CANDLESTICK.

Two other tombs in the north transept are worthy of mention, and one at least appeals to our sympathies more forcibly than that of the tyrant who founded the Certosa. This is the monument which Lodovico il Moro erected to the memory of his young wife Beatrice of Este, cut off by a premature death in the flower of her age. With all his crimes and weaknesses, Lodovico was devotedly attached to his wife. He associated her name with his own in all public acts, and at her death he caused this effigy to be carved by Cristoforo Solari, Amadeo's rival and successor, as the most faithful representation of her which the sculptor's chisel could produce. The monument was originally in the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan, and Lodovico's own figure, executed by the same sculptor, was placed by his wife's side, until the close of the century, when the tomb was broken up, and both figures were removed to the Certosa, where Beatrice's ashes had already been laid. Both are remarkable for the accuracy with which every feature is rendered, and every detail of costume is faithfully reproduced. The young duchess is clad as if for a revel. Her form is wrapped in robes of rich brocade; her jewels are about her; and the luxuriant locks which escape from the tight-fitting hood are curled over brow and neck. Only the long line of eyelashes which marks the closed eyelids, deeply carved in marble, is there to remind us of the sleep of death which had brought her young days to so sudden an end.

When we have been through the church, with its transepts, side chapels, sacristies, and chapter-houses, and examined all the objects of interest which they contain, there still remain the cloisters, and the actual convent, if I may apply this term to the modest cells which form so striking a contrast to the splendours of the abbey church. Another door in the south transept—the very portal in whose marble door-posts Amadeo carved his first angels—leads from the church into the small cloisters (V.), called the Chiostro della Fontana, from the fountain or lavatory bearing a terra-cotta relief of the "Woman of Samaria" on the south side. The fifty round arches rest on slender marble columns, and

are ornamented with a dark red terra-cotta frieze of children playing musical instruments. There is a wonderful charm in these simple figures, which unknown artists of a bygone age fashioned so delicately and inspired with grace so child-like and so natural. In the whole precincts of the Certosa there is no place where we linger so gladly as here, where roses blossom under our feet, and above the arches are full of unheard melodies.

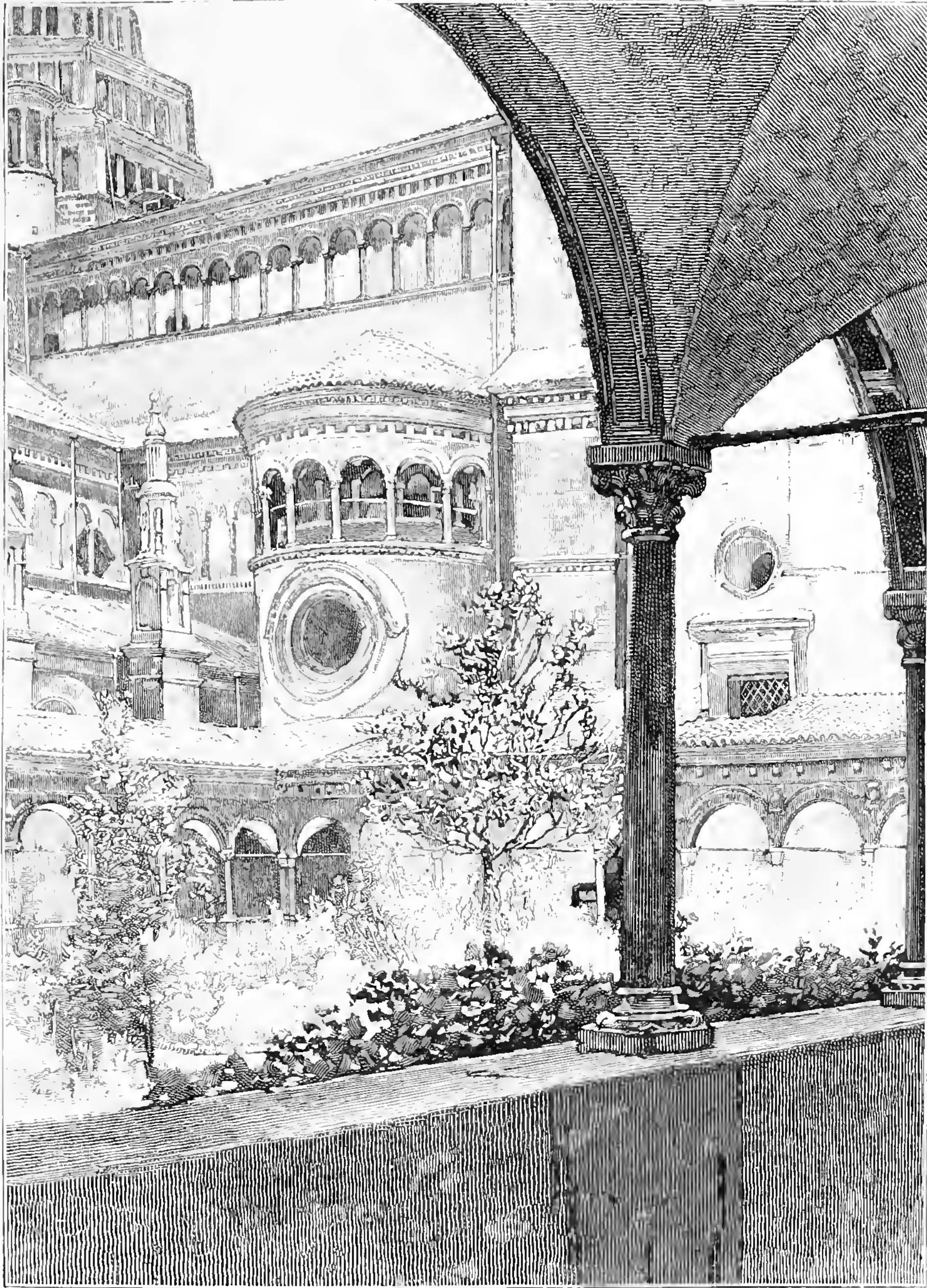
From these cloisters it is that the south side of the church is seen to the best advantage. We have a good view of the south portico, with its white marble pillars and cornices of red terra-cotta, and of the three-storeyed cupola and tower which crowns the building. Besides this tower there are eight other spires, all of different form, and an endless variety of small pinnacles, cupolas, and chimneys, designed with a marvellous prodigality of invention. Here, too, we see how finely the white marble used in the exterior of the side chapels contrasts with the terra-cotta cornices and dark red of the brick buttresses and nave. A passage, on the left of which is the library, leads from the Cloister of the Fountain into the great cloister, which measures 412 feet long by 334 feet wide, and now encloses a cornfield. The terra-cotta mouldings (IV.) with which the arches of these cloisters are adorned are among the finest specimens of their kind in existence. The forms are as varied as they are exquisite; medallions of warriors and cherubs, women's and children's heads, set between festoons of flowers and fruit, and cornices of delicate leaf-moulding, display the exuberant wealth of fancy seen in the decorations of the façade and the paintings of the interior. The art of moulding terra-cotta, always a favourite on these Lombard plains where stone was rare, had attained its highest development at this period of the Renaissance, and the perfection which the sculptors of the Certosa had reached is shown not only in the beauty and elegance of the forms employed, but in the durability of their frail material. It is no doubt owing to their care in kneading and burning the clay, to the thoroughness and skill with which they mixed the mortar to bind their bricks, and to the precautions they took to prevent water from standing on the roof, that these cloisters have received so little injury from rain and frost. The artists remain unknown, though several Lombard sculptors who excelled as workers in terra-cotta in the Fifteenth and early part of the Sixteenth Centuries are mentioned by Italian writers as men who would be employed in the task. In all probability they belonged to a guild of artists who worked together at the different parts, and whose individual faculties and talents were the common property of the whole company.



THE CERTOSA.—IV: SOME TERRA-COTTA MOULDINGS, FROM THE CLOISTERS.

Three sides of the great cloister are occupied by the twenty-four cells where the monks lived by themselves, only meeting to dine in the refectory on Sundays and festivals. Three only of these cells are now inhabited. Each little dwelling has two rooms above and two below, and each is supplied with a well, a garden bright with flowers, and a stone seat where the fathers can read and meditate undisturbed. The large walled garden belonging to the convent is worth visiting

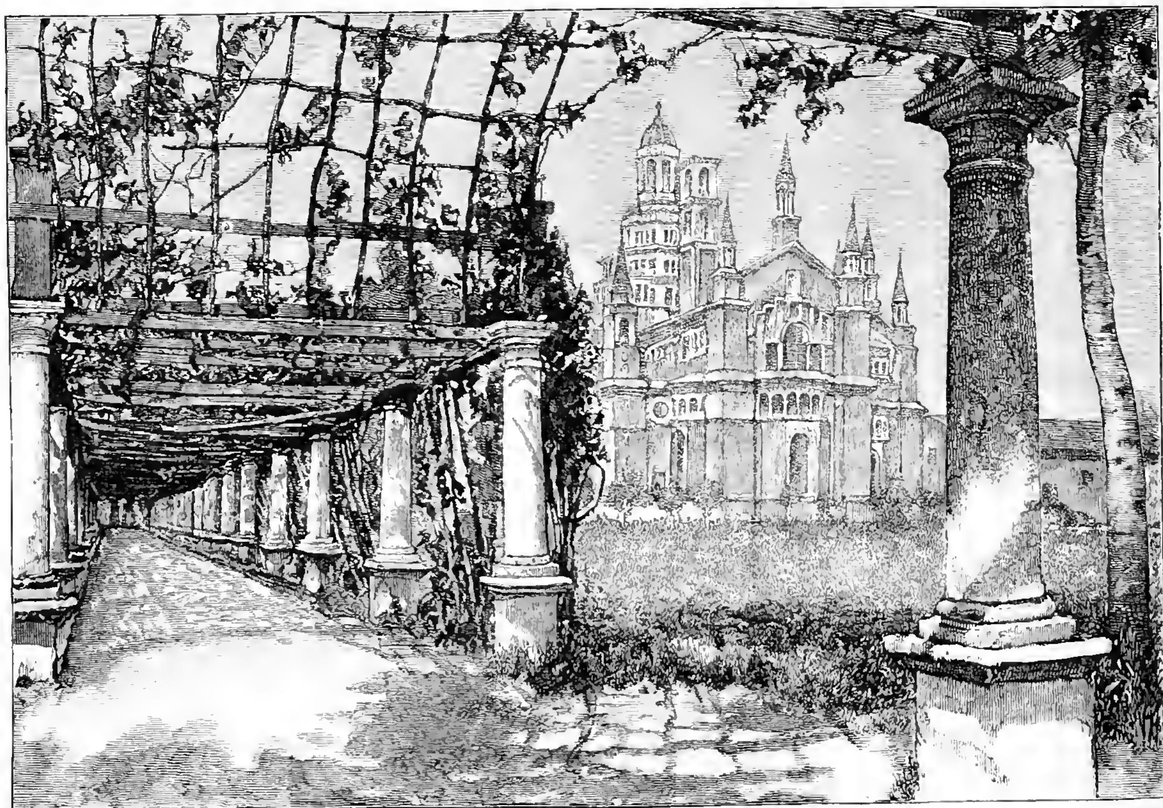
for the picturesque views (VI.) it affords of the church. It is especially captivating when the vintage is coming on, and clusters of purple grapes hang from the trellis overhead. It is let now; but and the room which he occupied in the convent is still shown. It was from here that he sent the famous message, "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur," and French chroniclers relate that immediately after his



THE CERTOSA.—V.: THE CLOISTER OF THE FOUNTAIN.

the income which it produces is spent exclusively on the repairs of the church and convent, and is supplemented by legacies bequeathed by rich Milanese nobles for the same purpose. It was in the park of the Certosa that Francis I. surrendered to his captors after the defeat of Pavia, capture he asked to be led into the church where the monks were engaged in reciting the office. As he entered they were in the middle of the 119th Psalm, and the king joined the choir in singing the verse, "Bonum mihi quia humiliasti me, ut discam justificationes tuas."

There is little to say of the present state of the Certosa. Among the vicissitudes which the abbey has experienced since the first expulsion of the Carthusians in 1782, it suffered most at the hands of the French Directory, who, in 1797, stripped off the sheets of lead which preserved the roof, and realised three million francs by this act of plunder. From 1782 to 1810 the convent was occupied by Cistercians and members of other orders, after which it remained closed for many years. In 1843 it was restored to the order for which it had been built, until the monks were again expelled at the suppression of the monasteries in 1870. Since that time seven or eight fathers have been the only members of the community allowed to remain. The church is kept in good order, and necessary repairs have been carefully executed; but I regret to add that quite recently the zeal for restoring ancient monuments, which has wrought such desolation in all parts of Italy, has reached the Certosa. A fine terra-cotta mosaic pavement, it is said, has been taken up and replaced by a modern one, and some frescoes on the wall have been whitewashed. It is to be hoped that the damage may not reach further. But when the front of St. Mark's is in danger and the mosaics of the Baptistery are replaced by new work; when the oldest churches of Milan and Pavia are being rebuilt, and even Santa Maria delle Grazie is threatened with demolition; when from Florence we learn that the charming old Mercato is about to disappear for ever to make room for a new street: it is hardly to be expected that the Certosa will escape the spoiler's hand.



THE CERTOSA.—VI.: FROM THE VINEYARD.

That this is so—that it should be possible to say so much in disparagement of a country once the home of art and still the museum of the world—is greatly to be deplored. Such monuments as the Certosa are for no one particular people. They are the achievement of a common past, in whose story as many as will may take solace and delight, and whose bequests are the inheritance of mankind through all the ages. The nation within whose frontiers they stand is no more than their keeper, and must be held responsible for whatever hurt they take. In the cases I have mentioned that hurt is deliberately wrought. It is, of course, a sign that Italy, whatever her old-time place and glory, has lapsed into the ignorance of utilitarianism, and is an enlightening influence no longer. Most heartily is it to be hoped that the artists and men of letters who still cherish her ancient titles to renown and honour may succeed in lessening in somewhat the scandal of her fall.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

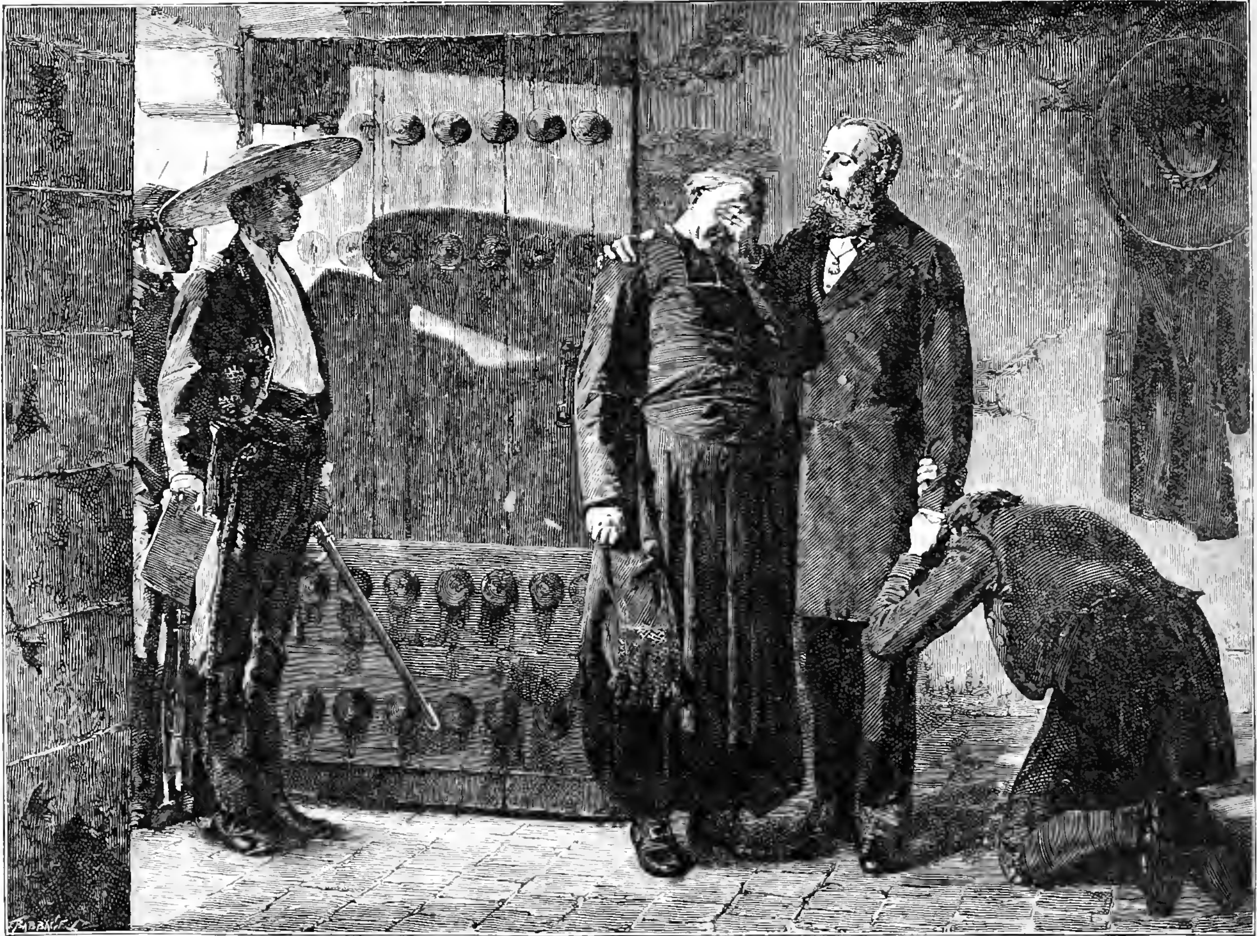
"THE PAINTER OF THE DEAD."

HE list of the works of Jean-Paul Laurens is, like that of the works of Paul Delaroche, a series of catastrophes, a kind of martyrology. Here, the corpse of Pope Formosus is disinterred and brought to justice! There, other corpses, left without burial, infect the air before the closed doors of churches. Again, it is the coffin of Queen Isabella which is opened, that those who loved her may see a face frightfully disfigured by death. We pass from the horrors of the Interdict to the anguish of the excommunicated, from the bier of William the Conqueror to the funeral of Marceau, and from the funeral of Marceau to the death of the Duke d'Enghien. It is a perpetual 'fifth act.'" Thus spoke M. Charles Blanc, as he passed in review M. Laurens' contributions to the International Exhibition of 1878, and every one was forced to admit, at least, the apparent truth of his statement; but when he went on to suggest that the painter's choice of subject was a proof of coldness of heart, and to see in the frequency of tragic themes an artifice by which the artist worked up his own emotions and those of others, I, for one, found it impossible to agree with him. From the moment that I saw M. Laurens' fine series of illustrations of the "Imitation" (1876), I felt assured that he possessed real tragic power.

Executed in sepia very broadly washed, these drawings presented the same interesting character of touch as marked the master's work with the brush. The head of Christ intended as a frontispiece had a genuine and mystical character, noticeable in all the designs. In two of the series—"The Meeting of Hildebrand and Bruno, Bishop of Toul," and "The Ghost of Marianne Appearing to Herod the Great"—this mystical element was conjoined with a simplicity and soundness of style and a reality in the rendering which gave sobriety to an otherwise fantastic conception. The figure of Mariamne, swathed and bound in graveclothes, was floating forwards—only her awful face exposed: Herod, at the sight of the terrible image, falling on his knees in anguish and terror. The pressure of the bands on the shroud which enveloped the figure was made to tell in a way which added to the fearful truth of the movement—the solemn and inevitable advance which M. Laurens had contrived to impress on the shade of the injured woman. In the "Meeting of Hildebrand and Bruno," another spirit prevailed: the profound peace of a saintly calm replaced the hideous nightmares of death and remorse, the silent shadows were lit with the beauty of holiness, its sacred influence spoke alike in the measured greeting of Hildebrand and in the absorbed quiet of Bruno. Throughout it was indeed plain that M. Laurens had not only read his text, but had caught and translated the peculiar spiritual accent of the "Imitation." Yet his interpretation did not show signs of long brooding and meditation; rather it was marked by an extraordinary air of spontaneity. It was as if the artist, being himself of a nature eminently susceptible to the moral influences of the "Imitation," had read the volume for the first time, with fervent admiration and surprise.

The longer one looked at this series of designs the more plainly did two questions present themselves: first, what was the explanation of the peculiar freshness and naïveté of impression which, rare enough in all classes of work, is especially rare in that which treats themes sufficiently elevated to have been worthy the mould of timeworn conventions? secondly, how came it that a man, whose every line and touch were laid with healthy skill, could dwell morbidly on visions of tragic death? Further, on examining the picture which M. Laurens had contributed to the Salon of 1876, the second question put itself even more imperatively. He had taken for his subject one of the designs illustrating the "Imitation"—"Francis Borgia before the Open Coffin of Queen Isabella." He showed the gifts of a colourist—gifts the character of which denoted, as plainly as his drawing and design, that he was of a temperament sane, healthy, robust, and full of that joy in his work which a healthy workman must feel. He manifested, in short, in the treatment of a morbid theme a character which, however grave and serious, could not be morbid. Two years later M. Ferdinand Fabre's "Roman d'un Peintre" gave me the answers I sought.

Jean-Paul Laurens was born in 1838, at Fourquevaux, in the Lauraguais. A peasant by birth, having lost his mother at an early age, he was left much to himself, and feeling little love for books, barely learnt to read and write at the village school. On her death-bed his mother had let fall a "Book of Hours," which the child seized on and secreted. Turning over the leaves he one day found an engraving of the "Nativity" of Carle Vanloo. This



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN.

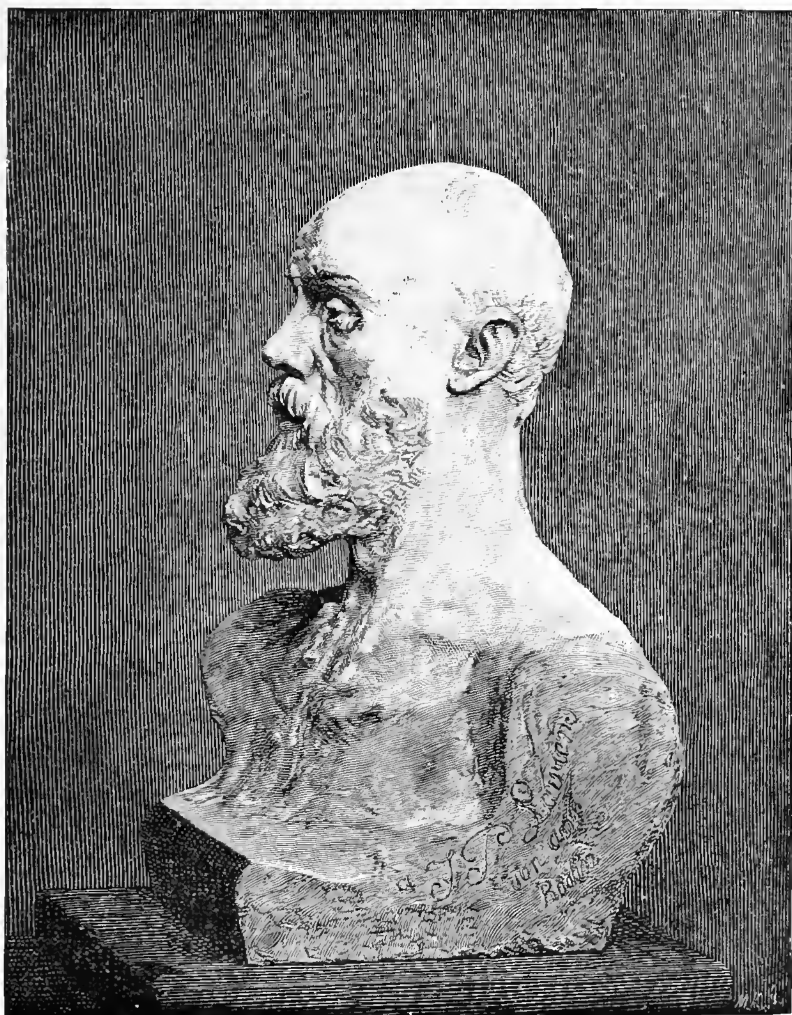
(Painted by Jean-Paul Laurens. By Permission of Ad. Braun et Cie.)

discovery excited him strangely. The sight of the design, wretched as it was, disturbed him. He shut up his book and tried to forget what he had seen, but in vain. Next day, after having eagerly examined the engraving, he, though hardly able to trace a letter of the alphabet, began to draw. Then he tried to reproduce nature, but a group of acacias in bloom baffled his utmost efforts, and irritated by his failure he returned in despair to the sports he had forsaken. But his vocation was too strong to be thus diverted, and in 1851 he quitted Forquevaux with a band of itinerant Italians who had been employed to decorate the parish church. At the first halt, in the little inn of St. Anne du Salat, an incident occurred which left indelible traces on his imagination. The room in which he slept with Buccaferata, his Italian master, opened into the chamber where the landlord's wife lay dead; disturbed by the misconduct of the servants, who should have kept watch by the corpse, the Italian drove them away and took their task upon himself. Struck by the strange beauty of the dead, Buccaferata set himself to reproduce her features, bidding his terrified pupil hold aloft the candle which should light his labours. Thus Laurens stood in agony till morning broke, and the experiences of that night continue to exercise their strange fascination on the mind of the grown man, who has become "le peintre des morts"—the painter of the dead.

Not only were Laurens' chances of professional instruction from his Italian companions infinitely small; but, for long years, instruction of any other kind was equally out of the question. They employed him as a servant, and it was not until he had passed two years in this bondage that he made his escape and succeeded, after heroic efforts, in getting into the art-school of Toulouse. There he came in contact with the influences which were to shape his life. M. Willemsens, the director of the Toulouse school—who has left an honourable name as an artist—soon distinguished his merit. From him he received the teaching and encouragement of which he stood in need; and when, at last, Laurens was introduced into his family, he found in the

intelligent interest and kindly counsels of Mdme. Willemsens the stimulus needed for the development of his moral and intellectual nature.

In 1860 he left Toulouse for Paris. He had obtained from the town a yearly pension of sixty pounds, and with his daily bread thus assured was enabled to enter the *atelier* of Cogniet. As was the case with Millet, and in spite of the undoubted promise given by his studies, Laurens failed to obtain the honours of the Prix de Rome. His first success was obtained by his painting "The Death of Cato" (1863), which procured him the award of Honourable Mention from the jury of the Salon. His pension from the town of Toulouse was but of three years' duration; and thrown on his own resources, Laurens had recourse to all the shifts by which a man without name or fortune is reduced in order to live. But he never lost his hold on the class of work which alone would satisfy his secret ambitions. In 1864 he exhibited "The Death of Tiberius," a work which passed without notice, and in which his remarkable personal qualities indeed were scarcely perceptible. His ill success, though, stimulated him to fresh efforts. About two years later, when M. Fabre made his acquaintance, he was living alone in two little garrets in the Rue de Chabrol. His picture of "Christ Crowned with Thorns" was in progress upon the easel; and in his portfolio he had a set of illustrations of the Bible, one of which, a "Vision of Ezekiel," excited in his visitor an enthusiasm of honest admiration which brought him, once and for all, into friendly relations with the painter.



JEAN-PAUL LAURENS.

(From the Bronze by Auguste Rodin.)

At this time Laurens' favourite books were, says M. Fabre, the Bible, Æschylus, and Shakespeare; but he also possessed an old edition of Augustine's "Confessions," Montesquieu's "Décadence des Romains," a Tacitus, and some odd volumes of a dictionary of history, which he had picked up about the quays. "One could scarcely believe," says M. Fabre, "with what force a work of genius would tell on this young man of twenty-five . . . who came fresh from his village to the dazzling poetry of the psalms, to the burning denunciations of the prophets, to the bitter disillusions of St. Augustine, to the "Annals," to the "Prometheus Bound," to the work of Shakespeare, immense as the ocean." In illustration of his extraordinary sensibility, M. Fabre relates that one night he read to him Corneille's "Cinna." In the middle of the monologue of Augustus he was interrupted by Laurens, who said, "Enough, enough, my head reels." M. Fabre saw that he was pale, and anxiously asked what ailed him. "Nothing," answered Laurens; and then touching the volume which the other held in his hand, he continued, "Too many things *there* have moved me. . . . It makes me ill. . . . Happy you who can admire so calmly. . . . I am not accustomed to it, and you know . . !"

This anecdote furnishes the clue to the extraordinary vivacity and originality which stamps M. Laurens' treatment of those historical themes which seem outworn in other hands; even as the episode of St. Anne du Salat—the story of the drear night passed in holding aloft the torch which lighted the chamber of death—affords the explanation of the constant recurrence of similar themes in his work. An extraordinary persistency of impression and tenacity of purpose are dominant traits in M. Laurens' character: every incident of his career bears their stamp. Ill and discouraged in 1868, he sought restoration to health, not in foreign travel, but in a return to his native village. The constancy he has displayed in his family ties has marked his relations with friends. The last hours of Mdme. Willemsens were tended by him with the devotion of a son, and in 1869 his marriage with her daughter but realised a hope cherished from boyhood.

The modest post of Professor of Drawing in a municipal school had enabled Laurens to take this step by assuring him a certain, if small, income. Each of the works which he produced in succession after the break occasioned by the terrible year of 1870 proved the steady growth of strength and skill. First came "St. Ambrose Instructing Honorius," "The Death of the Duc d'Enghien," "Pope Formosus and Stephen VII." (1872); then "The Pool of Bethesda" (1873) and "The Cardinal and St. Bruno" (1874)—two works which revealed the influence of a recent journey to Italy, and which brought their author the Cross of the Legion of Honour; then "The Excommunication" and "The Interdict" (1875), "Francis Borgia Before the Coffin of Queen Isabella" (1875), and "The Austrian Staff Before the Body of Marceau." At first, in the presentment of tragic situations, such as our full-page illustration embodies, M. Laurens confined himself to their dramatic aspect. In "Before the Inquisitors" we see a monk condemned to suffer most hideous torture: he stands with his back to us; his wrists are bound by the biting cord; and we know that at a word and a turn of the wheel in the hands of the executioner, the helpless prisoner will be suspended in mid-air, by arms wrenched from their sockets. But the heretic faces his terrible fate with noble calm, and his courageous attitude exasperates his judges. The air of menace which they wear takes a shade of irritation as they foresee that all their terrors will be powerless to shake the undaunted constancy of their victim. The painter's admirably forcible rendering of the scene in which Stephen VII. anathematises the dead body of his predecessor is another work of the same class. With unquenchable hate, Stephen on his election had caused the remains of Formosus to be dragged from the tomb and enthroned in papal state. They were clad in pontifical robes, and gifted with the tiara and ring; and by their side was an advocate hired to reply in the name of the dead to the furious questions of the living. The mad fury of Stephen, the ascetic types of the assistant ecclesiastics, the very concentration of the light, gave greater force and depth to the gloom enthroning the black-robed advocate, motionless beside the motionless dead, who sat, wrapped in the horror and silence of the tomb, yet face to face with the fruitless passions of life. "The Interdict," as regarded sense of drama, was a work even more complete in itself; and finally, in the "Marceau," M. Laurens displayed, in addition to the qualities which had previously distinguished him, a capacity for analysing various shades of emotion, only suspected to be his by those who had studied his illustrations of "The Imitation." In this work M. Laurens proved himself a painter, an ärtist, and a man; his mastership could no longer be questioned, and he won the Prix du Salon.

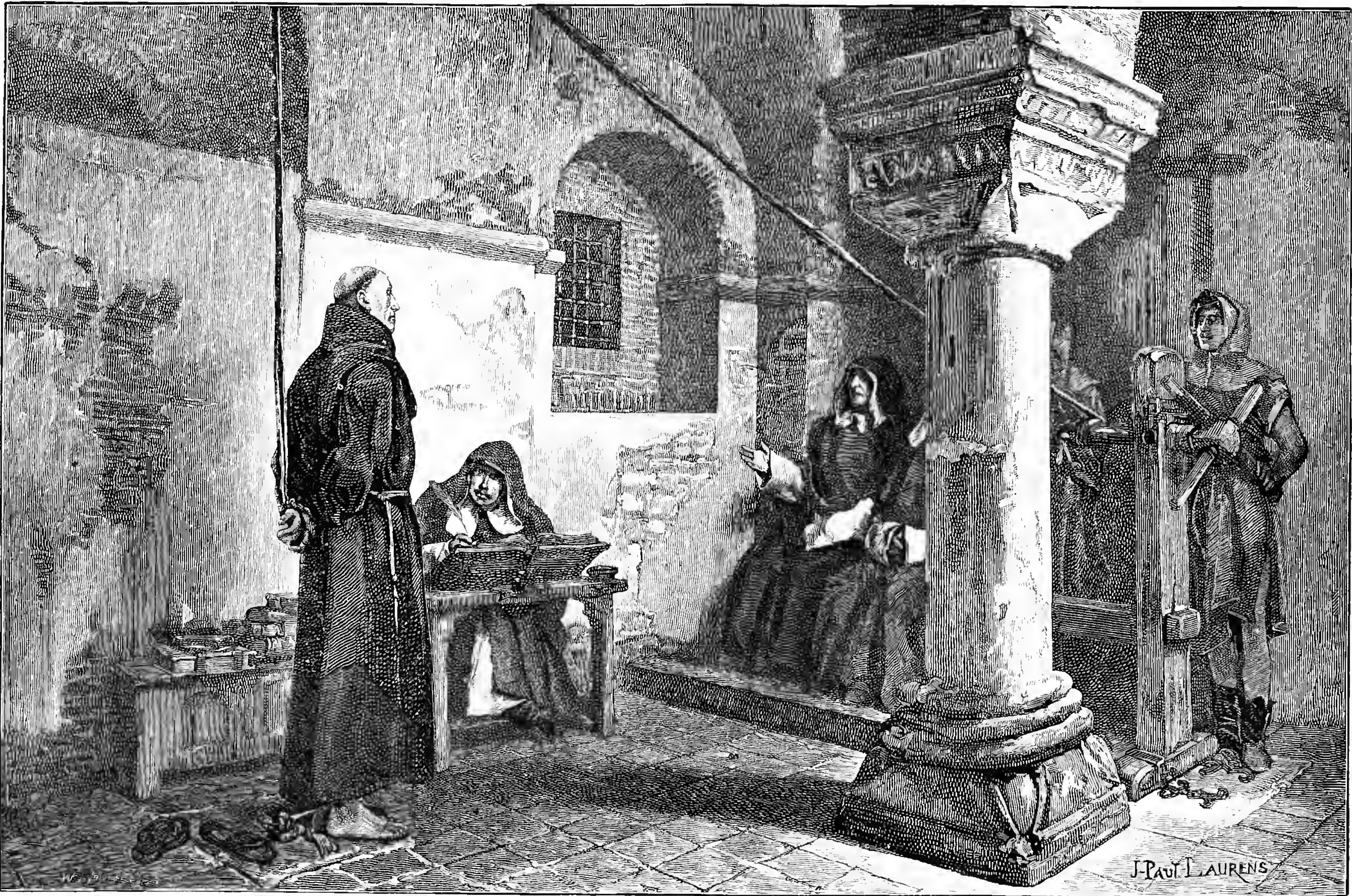
In the following year the artist departed from his usual practice of dwelling on the most gloomy aspects of life, and painted "The Release of the Prisoners of Carcassonne," now in the Salon Triennial. "In the month of August, 1303," said the *livret*, "the people of Carcassonne and Albi, stirred by the preaching of Brother Bernard Délicieux, broke into the dungeons of the Inquisition, under the eyes of Jean de Pecquigny—the reformer of Languedoc." The picture did not and could not have the same measure of popular success as attended the exhibition of the "Marceau," because it could not appeal, as that work did, to the imagination even of the wholly untrained. Those, however, to whom the past and present of the religious persecution was familiar, could not look upon it without a vision of the anguish of the unseen prisoners who for conscience sake sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. The walls are yielding to repeated blows, and the Inquisitor in robes of crimson and scarlet looks on helpless. An extraordinary force of hue was obtained in the clothes of this figure, which occupied the centre of the picture, by the juxtaposition of touches of green, such as Veronese loved, and of the yellow draperies of one of the Consuls. This yellow, again, found its full value in relief against the sombre brown of Bernard's garments; and thus the painter, by strengthening the blood reds and vermilions of the immediate foreground, put the red-brick walls of the background, which would otherwise have been overpowering, into their proper place.

It will be seen that as M. Laurens gained in power, his personal tendencies, as a colourist, asserted themselves more and more distinctly. Red, the hue which is susceptible of the greatest variety of modi-

fications, took the leading place in his scheme of colour, contrasted usually, as in the "Marceau" and the "Prisoners," with brilliant yellows and flashes of white. In his "Honorius — Lower Empire" (1880) the child-emperor is draped in folds of scarlet, beneath which shows embroidered under-clothing of gold and black on fawn-colour; the scarlet of the mantle is spread by the dull red of the pillow; and over the throne, of ebony inlaid with gold and crimson and silver ornament, is thrown a cloth of silver, which plays the part of white in the general scheme. His portrait of a lady exhibited in the following year is also a study of reds, but of a different quality, and differently treated. The model wears a stone-coloured plush, with silver lights, and is set in the heart of a very fire of red: rose-red the chair on which she sits, tawny rose the cushions; deep ruby colour gleams in her footstool, the back-ground is ochreous-red, and the table at her side, on which stands a statuette of golden bronze, is covered with a cloth of true vermilion.

But M. Laurens had yet to feel the peculiar value and beauty of black, as a colour, in schemes in which primitives play a conspicuous part; and this seems to have been first brought home to him when carrying out, in 1882, his large canvas of "The Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian," the original of our first illustration. Black was, necessarily, the garb of his principal personage; and shortly after-wards we find him selecting black, employed in juxtaposition with white, as the point of departure in his last and greatest achievement—the mural paintings in the Panthéon. The earlier work was considered a failure. The death of Maximilian was, it is true, acknowledged to be a page of his-tory, but tragedy in a frockcoat shocked the popular taste so deeply that few would look a second time. The artist's materials did not, certainly, lend them-selves readily to pictorial treatment: the emperor stands between his valet and his priest, the one kneeling and kissing his master's hand in the agony of farewell; to the right stands the priest—he would bid courage, but cannot for very anguish; the door is opened, the glare of tropical sunlight floods the little room and brings out the three black-robed figures in startling contrast; the messenger of death is on the threshold, the orange and red of his uniform add to the savage character and bilious hue of the typical features seen beneath the broad shadow of the Mexican hat. In his face and the emperor's the whole story is told: the one is worn and channelled with lines of bitter expe-rience, but resolute and nerved by the high courage which is one of the noblest products of civilisation; the other is unmoved, every muscle cast in a mould of stolid savagery. The sunlight effect was rendered with admirable force and truth; and it was on this effect that M. Laurens had to rely, so as to give, by skilful massing of light and shade, somewhat of a pictorial aspect to the scene, over and above the incontestable merit which it acquired in virtue of his dramatic might and powers of vigorous delineation. To look attentively at this presentment of the un-fortunate victim of the Third Napoleon is never to forget something which M. Laurens alone has the gift to show.

And this is, after all, a thing to notice specially in respect of M. Laurens' work—it is impossible to forget it. Go to the Panthéon and look at the four compartments in which he has depicted the death of St. Genevieve and the miracles wrought at her tomb; put away accepted theories as to mural decoration; look only at the pictures on the wall before you; and you will bring something of it away. In a hall which occupies the first three divisions, on a bed raised above the crowd pressing from right and left to re-ceive her blessing, lies the dying saint. The white linen which drapes her emaciated form is isolated by full tones of black and crimson. All the lower line, the foreground, the base as it were of the composition in each of the three compartments, is strong and deep in tone. To the right—tawny red, deep blue, brown; to the left—full red and deep purple; in the centre —black enforced by red on the one hand and spread by neutrals on the other. Above this wave of deep colour, yellow, grey, pale blue, and other light hues are seen to left and right, whilst (as I have already said) the white linen and white draperies near the bed of St. Genevieve tell with brilliant effect from the centre. Here and there are passages in which—as in the figures of the woman and children leaning forward on the left of the central compartment—M. Laurens shows that his knowledge and skill in treating the nude equal the science and art which he displays in the construction and disposition of his draperies. The upper band of lighter colour breaks against the red-brick walls of the vast hall; but these walls are in their turn broken up by the woodwork of galleries and stairs of the background, and by stone columns which, being of exactly the same hue as the walls and pillars of the Panthéon itself, incorporate the picture with the building which it decorates. The fourth compartment treats, as has been said, of the miracles wrought by the saint after death. A sick woman in her bed has been laid upon her tomb. On the left, priests stand and pray; on the right are kneeling friends. From above descends an angel, who lifts with his right hand the white coverings of the bed, whilst, with an authoritative gesture of his left, he bids "Believe and be healed." The central note of white is here contrasted with the rose-red draperies of the angel; this rose-red is accentuated by deep



BEFORE THE INQUISITORS.

(Painted by Jean-Paul Laurens. By Permission of Ad. Braun et Cie.)

red, to the left, in the draperies of the attendant priests; on the right, hues of white pass through grey and yellow into deep olive, so that we again get the band of strong colour necessary to bring the lower line into connection with the scheme of the other three compartments. The illumination of the two subjects is skilfully contrasted by the introduction of the lamps burning at the foot of the tomb in the second; and the quality of the whites—always beautiful with M. Laurens—is in this way finely varied under the changing play and character of the light. Nor can we detect, from end to end of this powerful work, a single figure or face which recalls a type of convention. The various shades of emotion which find a point of departure in the exalted mysticism of the dying saint are finely distinguished: the somewhat conventional solemnity of the ecclesiastics is contrasted with the bitter grief and awe of a few; the anxious faith of the aged, with the charming reverence of childhood; the elegant piety of noble dames, with the martial conviction of their cavaliers. There is no suspicion of masquerading in romantic garb: these people are not shadows, but belong to the world which exists not now only, but always.

In these noble designs, as in the long series of M. Laurens' previous work, every line he lays is a challenge to those who would restrict the artist in his choice of subject to the manners and customs of to-day. For those whom his pencil touches exist and live. Life, whose path he has persistently touched to within the very gates of the tomb, has become the servant of a magician who can now confer its gifts at will.

Emilia F. S. Pattison.

EGYPTIAN TYPES.

One of the first things that strikes the newly-arrived traveller in Egypt is the variety of turbans. The odious and ugly Turkish official costume is becoming more and more common, unfortunately. But the original dress of a native gentleman is still worn by the students and professors at the University of El Azhar, by the officials of the mosques—there are, strictly speaking, no Mohammedan priests—and by the native shopkeepers. The eye for colour with which we credit all orientals is not perhaps so well deserved as the brilliant appearance of the streets seems to warrant. True, the native costume is always harmonious, but this is because the tailors who make these gorgeous robes have their own traditions as to what lining suits one shade, and what another. I remember buying some silk of a rich pink or salmon colour for a dressing-gown. As the colour was very brilliant, I was inclined to have some dark stuff, brown or even black, to line it. But no; the tailor, a man who sat cross-legged on the sill of his shop in the bazaar, said it must be red. I tried to argue the point, but my Arabic did not go far. The tailor was inexorable, and called on the bystanders, who always assemble in crowds to see a bargain struck, if it was not so. A chorus of "Aywah" ("yes") was the reply. He had not a piece of the proper stuff in his shop, and I could not understand that red would go with salmon colour. Suddenly one of the crowd seized a passer-by and dragged him, half unwillingly, half amused, to the tailor's board. He had on a dress very similar to my silk, and as soon as he understood the question at issue, showed me the lining. I was convinced: but

1.—A SAILOR.

imagine such a scene at Mr. Poole's in Savile Row.

Each colour has its appropriate foil or contrast, and the general result is most harmonious; but that this is not brought about by the wearer's individual taste may be seen in the avidity with which foreign goods in magenta and emerald green and steel blue are received. But the turban, as I have said, strikes the stranger most. It is not in harmony with the dress. A majority, perhaps, of Cairenes wear a white cloth round the fez. The donkey-boy has a scarf of many-coloured silk tied over his brown woollen cap, especially if he comes from the country, like the native of Girgeh in our fifth cut. But we notice also black turbans, red turbans, and green turbans. To understand this we must remember that almost every Mohammedan Cairene is a dervish. I used to imagine, when I came on a man walking about in sackcloth, bareheaded, with chains about his body, and a few disciples following with his banner and his pipe, that he was a dervish. Possibly he was, but more likely he was not. On the contrary, he might become the founder of an order of dervishes. Various Mohammedan saints are venerated at the present day. Every mosque in Cairo—and there are said to be three hundred and sixty-five, so that a man may worship in a different place every day—is sacred to some saint, who is buried within its precincts. Sometimes it is not a "Sheykh," but a "Sitteh," a lady, or female saint. One of the largest mosques is that of the "Sitteh Zeynab," the lady Zenobia, a grand-daughter of the Prophet. The most popular saint, at least in Lower Egypt, is Sheykh Rufayeh. His followers wear a red turban, and their number may be gauged by the multitude of red turbans you see in the streets. I have seen three Copts wearing red turbans, but that was in a remote part of Upper Egypt, and whether it had any significance or not I cannot say. Above, in my second cut, is a typical country farmer with the red turban of Sheykh Rufayeh. You may see him any morning at the *octroi* barrier, across the bridge over the Nile at the Kasr el Nil. He is astride on a donkeyload of green vetches. His long cloak is black, and perhaps well patched. His face and his legs are deep brown, like coffee. A pair of well-worn slippers, once red or yellow, dangle from each great toe. The wonder is how his donkey can carry him and the bundle of vetches; but it trots gaily along, and the farmer's handsome pale-faced young wife trots gaily after it, in a long blue robe with a basket of eggs on her head, and a naked sleek-skinned baby on her left shoulder.

2.—A FARMER.

Of a somewhat lower type is the young man who is figured below. Anything will serve him for a turban, anything or nothing. His business is to carry mortar for the builders, to break up the roads with a hoe, to be a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, or to drive a bullock-dray or a mule-cart. He is ignorant, ill-tempered, and quarrelsome, cruel to the lower animals, and careless of himself. You would probably find, if you could interrogate him, that he is not a dervish, belongs to no order, and spends his Friday in sleep, rather than in any religious exercises.

Next comes the highest type of all. The gentleman represented opposite wears a turban of vivid grass-green. His expression and manner betray a combination of spiritual and family pride. He is a descendant of Mohammed, "Rasool Allah," the Prophet—or, more correctly, Apostle—of God. He boasts of a descent longer than that of any European monarch, and is a religious dignitary by virtue of his birth as well. The descendants of the Prophet belong to two great families, the Shereefs and the Saids. In meaning, the word Shereef equals "Sacred," and Said the self-same thing as "Lord" in English. There is a third sacred family, the Bekri, descended from Mohammed's father-in-law, Aboo-Bekr. They do not wear the green turban; but one of them, the present head of the family, is the chief of all Egyptian dervishes, and, so to speak, the

3.—A LABOURER.

Moslem pope of Egypt. The chief of the Said family is called Sheykh el Sadat, and is not to be confounded with the sheykh of the Saideeyeh, or Saidieh, dervishes, one of the most devoted and enthusiastic of all the sects. They wear no distinguishing turban; but it is said that fully half the Cairenes of the lower orders belong to their number. It was they who annually prostrated themselves that their sheykh might ride over them, a ceremony which I saw him perform many times, but which is now forbidden.

Green-turbaned Arabs may be met with in every rank of life. I remember during some festival, which I suppose had brought a number together, meeting six of them within a few yards in a street in Cairo. One was mounted on a white Mecca donkey, and had a black slave holding the bridle. Two were young students from the Azhar. One was an itinerant merchant, and one was a blind beggar. I forget the sixth. Arabi was popularly believed to be a member of the family, and owed some of his influence to the idea, which is not at all incompatible with his having been born of fellah parents. "Fellah" is a peasant; and Arabi's forefathers were possibly peasants, or fellahs, of Arab descent.

The Arabs of clear descent do not often condescend to the position of fellahs. At the Pyramids, for instance, the tribe which furnishes the guides came from the Hedjaz at the time of the Arab conquest of Egypt. This was when Amrou wrote to the Caliph to say that according to the seasons the face of the country was silver with water, emerald with crops, or golden with harvest—a passage I often think of when looking down from the Pyramid platform across the plain towards Cairo. Although they are such beggars for backsheesh, they are inordinately proud of their descent—a descent which would be despised among the real Hedjazee tribes, who would not acknowledge as cousins "the sons of divers mothers." Here and there among them may be found, however, a typical Arab; one in particular I remember, who has fair hair, high cheek-bones, and grey eyes, just as the pure Arabs are described. Of a different type is the Sheykh in our seventh picture. Except for his dark complexion, showing a strong mixture of Egyptian, possibly of negro blood, he would pass for a genuine Arab. His village nestles in some corner of the row of cliffs on which the Pyramids stand. He dresses in white, with a voluminous black cloak, and wears a white turban round his fez. Many of his people, however, wear no head-covering but a white linen cap, which can be little protection from the sun.

These Arabs of the Pyramids are, after the Nubians, the finest-looking men one sees in Egypt, and should make good soldiers. They despise manual labour altogether, and hire fellahs to cultivate their fields since negroes became scarce. They look down with supreme contempt on the peasant farmers. I remember when some official excavations were going on near the Pyramids, and a crowd of hired labourers were carrying away the accumulated sand and stones in baskets, that I asked an Arab why he and his people did not join in the work instead of annoying and mobbing travellers. "Oh!" he replied, with a

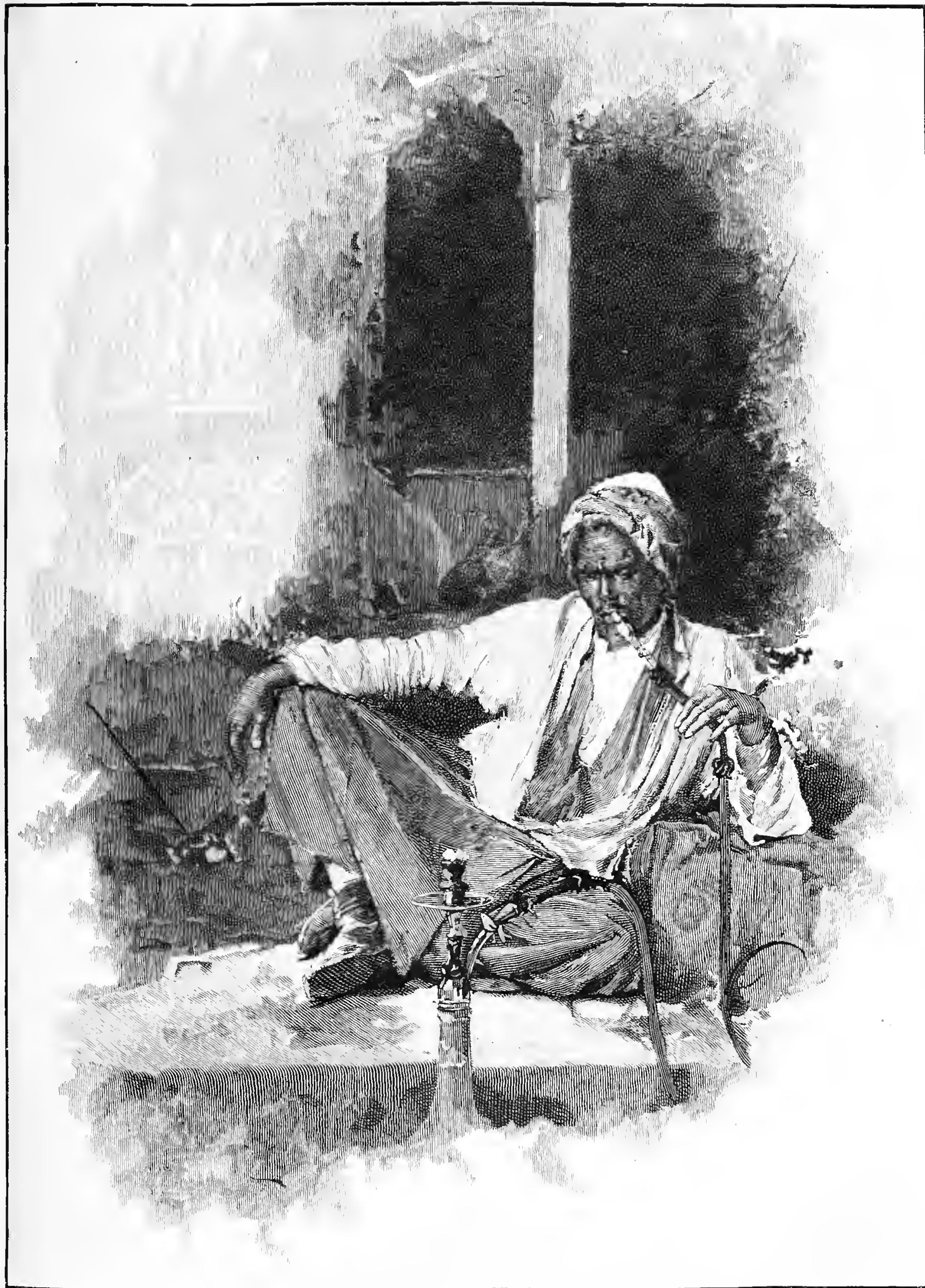
4.—A GREEN TURBAN.

great assumption of dignity, "We not like those pore 'Gyptian peoples." Arabi summoned all the Pyramid Arabs he could get to Kafr Dawar. One doughty chieftain told me he had to conduct forty young men from his village to the rebel army. He professed to have had no sympathy with Arabi, a fact which would of course have escaped his memory had the rebellion been successful. He went accordingly to Kafr Dawar with his forty recruits. He had a friend at court who duly presented him to Arabi. He remained forty days in the camp, but every day one of his young men deserted. At last he found himself alone. "I tell you, Mr. Loft," he assured me with great emphasis, "I think I be go hang." He was not hanged, however, though he told me that others in his position were; his friend probably saved his neck, and then came the end; and the sheykh, with a proud consciousness of having done his duty, returned to his village, merely for form's sake keeping out of the way till the English were firmly established.

In addition to the Pyramid Arabs, and other isolated tribes from the Hedjaz who are settled in Egypt, there is a race of wilder people. The Bedoween figured in our last picture is an indigenous Arab. There were probably representatives of this

class in Egypt in the most ancient times. They rank very nearly as low as the gypsies, and are looked upon with little favour by their countrymen. Their life is made up of long wanderings with a few goats and sheep—if they are rich, with a few camels—along the debatable land between the desert and the edge of the black soil of the Nile Valley. In some of the ravines behind the front line of hills there are small "wahs," or oases, to which, on account of their low level, a little Nile water percolates subterraneously; and here the wandering Arab pitches his miserable tent and feeds his tiny flock till low Nile, when the green has disappeared and the oasis is dried up. There are a few of them who enter the towns with wild animals and gazelle skins to sell. Some of them, from their wild appearance and strange costume, are in request as models for the numerous European artists who yearly visit Egypt. At Ramleh—the name signifies "sand"—near Alexandria, where the English merchants and officials chiefly reside, an ancient tribe of these people were encamped for centuries. Many of them remain there still, and their brown goat's-hair tents look strange among the handsome villas and glowing gardens of the Europeans. Many of them are employed as a kind of extempore police, to guard the villas from the depredations of the tribe in general. A tame thief of this kind is useful. Whatever thefts he may commit on your neighbours, you are safe so long as you trust him implicitly; the

5.—A NATIVE OF GIRGEH.



6.—A CAIRENE SHOPKEEPER.

moment he thinks you suspect him, his fidelity is gone.

The person of all others whom the English traveller will best remember after a visit to Egypt is the dragoman, such an one as is presented in my eighth picture. It need hardly be explained that the word "dragoman" is allied to the Hebrew "targum," an interpretation. A dragoman is an interpreter. He knows many languages badly, but can, for the most part, read and write at least one. I cannot but fancy the race will gradually die out in Egypt. On the Nile dahabiehs it is usual to have one, and Cook employs several for his steamers; but dragomans are not what they were. In old times a gorgeous creature with pistol in his belt and sword by his side condescended to take care of the traveller and let no one rob him but himself. This is all changed now. The dragoman on a Nile boat is little more than a superior domestic, a little lower than a courier, a little higher than a valet. I have always recommended friends of mine who have done me the honour to consult me, to take a native dragoman for an Egyptian journey; and on the whole I have found the native far the most reasonable, honest, obliging dragoman. The Maltese, with certain exceptions, are simply unbearable. They hector about among the crew, with a blow for every one, and then turn and cringe to their employer with disgusting insincerity. The Syrians are little better, and the Greeks much worse. In Egypt it is far pleasanter to go about with a man who knows the people, whom when you walk through a village you hear the children address as "Ham' Ali," or "Ham' Ibrahim," Uncle Ali or Ibrahim, as the case may be, "Uncle" being a term which shows their feeling of security in his nationality. He is probably a fellah himself by birth, and has risen through sheer honesty and integrity, commencing perhaps as a private servant in some house where he has learned a language or two and a little writing and arithmetic. One of these native Egyptian dragomans is far more likely to keep a traveller out of a scrape in a Nile voyage than any other, and though he is not so outwardly subservient as a Maltese, or so gorgeous in his costume as a Greek, he is much more really devoted and anxious for your comfort and welfare. These natives are the kindest nurses to the invalids who so often nowadays winter in Egypt; and they have one quality which must not be overlooked. They are not above their place, and rather than any office, however menial, should not be performed, they will perform it themselves. I remember on the Nile some years ago being consulted by an American lady in a neighbouring dahabieh. Her dragoman used to put on a white shirt, she said, and attend at table with the servants. She did not think it becoming. I had some difficulty in explaining to her that the dragoman in putting on the white robe of service, like a livery here, meant to imply that he was in truth her servant, and did not wish to assert himself as a superior being like some of the dragomans employed by her friends.

7.—A SHEYKH.

I have mentioned the Nile boats and their sailors, and both remain long in the memories of those who have enjoyed a winter in Egypt. The original of our first picture wears, so to speak, his summer complexion. When you first go on board your dahabieh the sailors assemble on the deck to welcome you, and perhaps one or two, who have sailed with you before, step forward to shake your hand. They are of all complexions, some very pale, some of a rich and beautiful brown, almost copper colour. When you have been far within the tropics, and have braved a hot wind or two amid the glaring sands of Nubia and the shining rocks of the Cataract, your sailors have assumed a different tint. The pale men have become brown, the brown men black. Most of these sailors come from certain tribes long settled in Nubia, but probably of Arab origin. The Shellálee or Cataract families furnish many of them. Now and then, as I remarked before, a Cairene is

among them; now and then a genuine fellah of Lower Egypt. But after a few days you recognise the Nubian, or Berber, as his companions call him. His face is generally of a high type of manly beauty, almost feminine, occasionally, in the delicacy of the outline; but his limbs, except in one particular, are like those of a prize-fighter. Every muscle stands out on his shoulders and arms, and, except for the flatness of his calves, he looks like a bronze statue. He has a peculiar way of swimming, hand over hand, making a great splash, and, though he can literally stay for hours in the water without inconvenience, when your boat has stuck fast on a sandbank, he is not a good swimmer, in our sense of the word. Yet if you enquire into his history you will probably find that since he was three years old he has been accustomed to take to the water, and has swum the Cataract on a log since ever he can remember. This swimming down the worst parts of the Cataract astride on a log looks very easy, but is in reality extremely difficult, as I should be sorry to say how many of my countrymen have proved.

The Berber sailor is a very good-humoured, idle, merry creature, who endears himself to you, and especially to the ladies of the party, in a thousand ways during the voyage. On occasion they will work hard to please. We were anxious once to reach the post office at Girgeh by a certain day and hour, and the wind being contrary, the men had to row all day against it. In the afternoon, when the looked-for minarets came in sight, the ladies of the party made and distributed cigarettes among the men, going from oar to oar along the deck with a light. The crew burst into a very good imitation of a cheer, and then after some persuasion one of them proceeded to make a speech in the only English words they could muster among them: "I dank you—baleeze" ("I thank you—please"). This oratorical effort was received with roars of laughter, and then a splendid chorus, with special extempore verses on the amiability and loveliness of the white-faced ladies, was sung by all the men, and re-echoed from the tiller by the solitary steersman. If the Nile voyager wishes to enjoy himself it will be well worth his while before starting to devote a few days in Cairo to picking up some idea of the structure of Arabic. The vocabulary he can learn as he requires it on the voyage. It has been well said that "Arabic is the easiest language in the world to learn badly;" and the veriest smattering will be enough to double the pleasure of the voyage.

8.—A DRAGOMAN.

I spoke above of Cairene shopkeepers. My sixth picture shows one of them as, after his mid-day meal and cup of coffee, he leans back to take a few whiffs of tobacco before resuming his work. Cigarettes are now everywhere superseding the old narghileh; but some smokers still cling to it. A boy comes clanking along the bazaar about half-past twelve, bearing a narghileh in one hand and a pair of tongs holding live charcoal in the other. Three or four merchants perhaps will successively take a few pulls at the long pipe. These merchants never live at their places of business, but arrive on their donkeys in the morning from some little villa in the suburbs, and return in long processions in the evening. Their ideas of doing business are of the most primitive kind. They always ask a European twice or three times what they will take, and if you remonstrate their answer is simply that sometimes they get what they ask. The bazaars of Cairo have not seemed very flourishing for some years past. The most picturesque, the "Khan Khaleelee," is historically interesting as standing on the actual site of the palace of the Caliph, the original nucleus of modern Cairo. But, apart from association and architectural beauty, it is more interesting to turn the other way, namely, to the south side of the city, where the bazaars, undistinguished except by the awnings overhead, extend it may be believed for miles. You begin at a corner by the mosque of Ghoree, where a little boy, employed by the perfumers to "tout," comes to you in the open street and invites you into the "smelly bazaar" as he calls it. When you have bought otto of roses from a

moonfaced shopman, you go on to look at silks in another avenue, or at slippers and red caps still further

9.—A BEDOWEEN.

away, and reach at length to the Tunisian quarter, and the fire-wood and butchers' place of business. Turning back, you may work your way through another labyrinth to the paper-sellers, and finally visit the bookbinders near the university. The silver bazaar lies in another quarter, and is a perfect warren of dark and narrow passages, so narrow, indeed, that here and there only two persons can pass: yet oftentimes with jewels and gold worth thousands of pounds displayed on its shabby stalls.

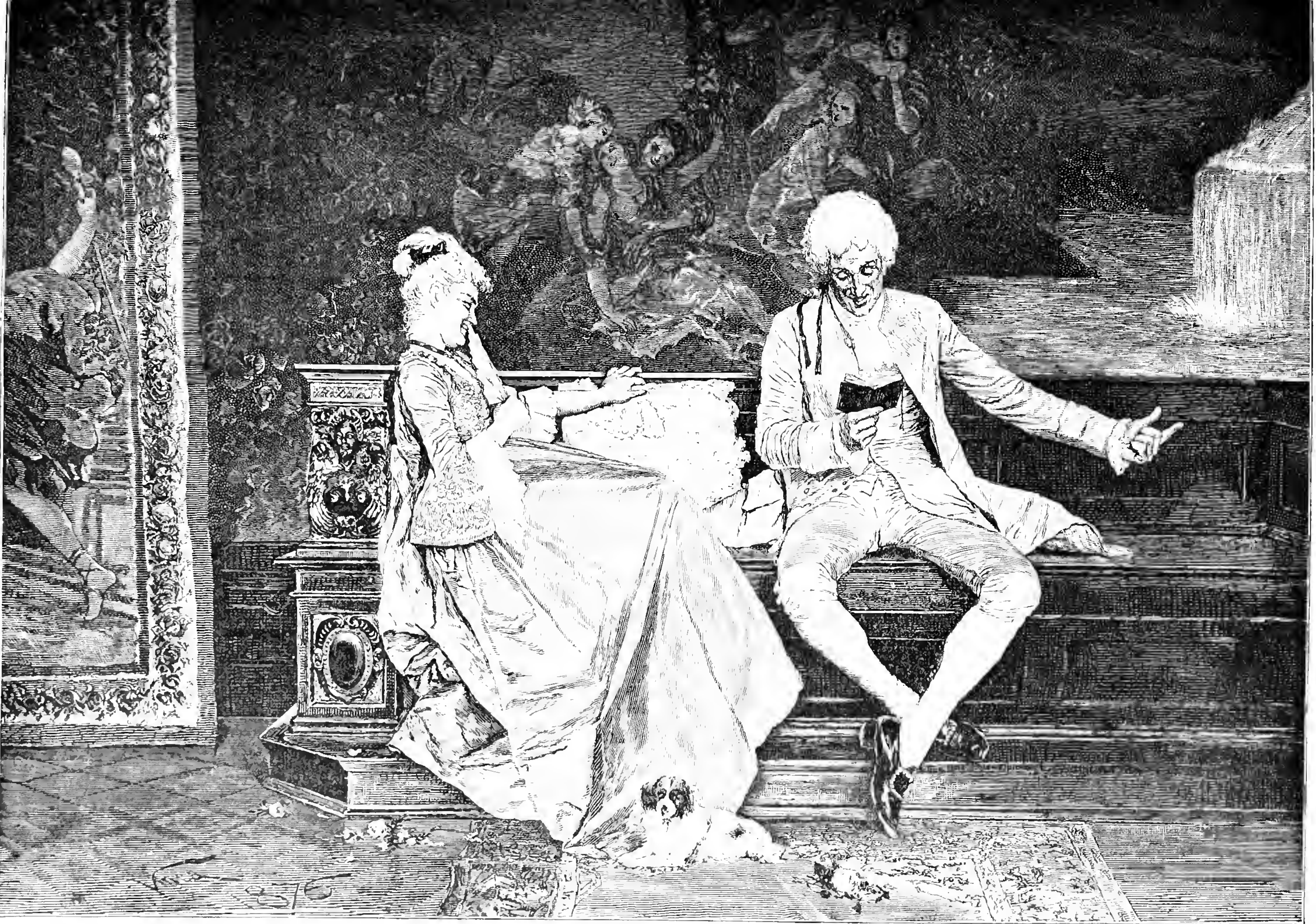
W. J. LOFTIE.

"A BIT OF HUMOUR."

FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANCESCO VINEA.

TO painters of *genre* the Eighteenth Century is of inexhaustible inspiration. The pictorial field it presents is literally overcharged with a wealth of suggestion and picturesque incident. The fruits of the Renaissance had ripened, the harvest had been gathered in, and the result was a teeming storehouse of material. Under the Grand Monarque, and indeed until the Revolution, the outward forms of culture due to old enthusiasm for the arts and the ardour of collectors had been well-nigh exhausted, and "ample verge and room enough" was left for display. True taste then found its mission. To banish barbarism and encourage harmonious *ensemble* became its object; to avoid, in interiors, the uncouthness of a museum and to preserve a *juste milieu*. This was attained most thoroughly in France in that great age when, without doubt, literature and art found an alliance more intimate and natural than had before or has since been known.

Then, an interior of a French salon revealed nothing of that absurd incongruity of associations too often aggressively frequent. There was a true sense of the æsthetic fitness of things. The beautiful was not the curious, and *objets d'art* were the genuine products of art. Amid some such seemly and congruous union of accessories has Professor Vinea placed

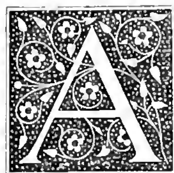


A BIT OF HUMOUR.

(From the Picture by Franz von Vinea.)

the entertained lady and the entertaining gentleman of his picture. She is delighted and delighting, an adept in the art of coquetterie; and he appropriately whiles away the hour with a prelection from some charming old duodecimo, a sally from Voiture, a *facétie* of Caylus, a humour of Crébillon.

OLD VENETIAN POINT.



ABOUT the very sound of the words Venetian lace there is a sumptuousness, an old-world glory and magnificence, suggestive of the Renaissance. To some of us the associations may indeed be of Jew pedlars and lace-dealers, of much haggling and bargaining, and a final sense of being cheated. But these are the meaner spirits of earth; souls worthy to possess Venetian point will be reminded of old Italian portraits by Titian, Bordone, and Paul Veronese. That is the right kind of association to have with it; for lace was the outcome of that luxurious age which reached its zenith in the days in which those painters lived and worked, and we seek in vain for any record of either point or pillow lace in the works of early masters. Point or needle lace is the especial creation of Italy, probably of Venice, and dates no farther back than the end of the Fifteenth Century.

The art of fine needlework—of embroidery which developed into lace—is not, the learned tell us, indigenous to Western Europe, but was imported from the East. Spanish embroidery and lace-making owe their origin to the Moorish settlers of Granada and Seville; the traditions of the Flemish lace schools say that the Crusaders returning from the Holy Wars brought back with them the first art-needlework that was seen in Flanders; and Italy, too, learned fine sewing from an Eastern source. Some authorities state that it was from the Saracens of Sicily that the Italians first learned embroidery; others tell us that the first impulse came from Greece; and the theory of Byzantine origin gains strength from the fact that the cities where point lace was earliest made and flourished most were those which had the closest intercourse with the Greek empire.

Of the date when embroidery developed into lace-making in Italy we have only indirect evidence. A disc of Luca della Robbia ware, representing a lady in lace-trimmed dress, is said by some to be the earliest representation of point lace; but Majolica was made for so long by the descendants of Luca della Robbia that this disc may or may not have been earlier in date than the pictures of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, which we must accept as the earliest authentic representations of the work. In the earlier works of Carpaccio we see no lace, but several of the court ladies in the series of the "Martyrdom of St. Ursula"—commenced in 1490—have their dresses trimmed with "cut work," the earliest and most simple of needlework laces. Next in date is a portrait of a lady painted by Gentile Bellini in 1500, in which the square-cut bodice is edged with needlework of the same description. The manufacture of this cut-work was simple compared to the more elaborate laces which followed it. A piece of fine linen fabric was gummed to a frame, and over it a network ground was worked with the needle; then, with a coarser thread, the network and the under fabric were united so as to form a pattern, and the final process consisted of cutting away the superfluous parts of the linen, leaving a thick pattern on a transparent ground.

The fashion for lace spread quickly. Laces, both white and gold, came into general use among the ladies of the Venetian court in the Sixteenth Century, as we can see by looking at Lavinia Fontana's noted picture of the "Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon," in which the eastern queen and her suite, all attired in the Venetian court dress of the period, wear an abundance of lace trimming. The fame of so beautiful a novelty could not fail to spread. The nuns, and in some cases the monks, spent their recreation-hours making lace for Church use, and to make lace for secular wear soon became a thriving trade in Venice. Not only was the home demand very great, but large quantities were exported to the French and English courts. Richard III. wore Venetian point at his coronation, and from that time we hear of "billamont of Venice," though it was not till the days of Elizabeth that it became an article of universal wear among English nobles. In France, too, it was greatly in requisition. Louis XIV. had a passion for Venice point, and gave two hundred and fifty golden crowns for the lace collar alone that he wore at his coronation. Thus Italian lace grew to be the rage at the French court, and the trade with Venice became so great that Colbert, impressed by the vast sums of money that were thus spent out of the country, resolved to create a lace industry in France. He learned all the details of the manufacture from the French ambassador at the Venetian court; and then, eluding the vigilant jealousy of the Republic, he bribed two

hundred Venetian lacemakers to settle in France and teach the Frenchwomen their trade. Thus were founded the lace schools of Rheims, Auxerre, Argentan, and Alençon, and for the encouragement of home manufactures, the importation of foreign lace was prohibited in 1626. Whether the industry flourished despite or because of this old-fashioned policy, political economists must decide; but the trade became so firmly established that it has survived all changes of fashion, and at this time two hundred thousand Frenchwomen earn a livelihood by lace-making. Thus in the Seventeenth Century France refused to admit foreign laces, and England tried, but unsuccessfully, the same policy. By this time the palmiest days of lace-making were over for Venice; for it was during the Sixteenth Century and the beginning of the Seventeenth that the trade was at the height of its prosperity.

Patterns of great beauty and variety were designed by artists of the Renaissance, and fortunately were printed and issued in volumes. Fifteen such volumes exist, but so rare are they become that they are literally worth their weight in gold. Their scarcity and value render the originals of but little use to modern lacemakers, but happily many of them have been exactly reproduced and published by Ferdinand Ongania of Venice. The designs in the earlier volumes are comparatively simple, but as the skill of the workers increased, more and more complicated devices were created for them; and in a volume published as late as 1600 there are wonderfully fantastic designs, which must have needed almost inconceivable skill on the part of the workers. There are patterns for musicians with viols, flutes, and mandolins, with hand-organs, and violins with little goat-legged satyrs piping the praises of the great god Pan, and with needlework Apollos fiddling away in lacy alcoves. There are designs for hunters, where scrolls turn into centaurs, and where harts and stags flee in needlework from their lacy pursuers. There are fantastic fountains supported by semi-human monsters, and emitting streams of flaxen water, wherein griffins, dragons, and great-tailed peacocks slake their thirst. There are quaint conceits beyond number—little figures of the months and of the seasons, little gods and goddesses, and all manner of strange mythological beasts. Besides these, there are many fine conventional designs which have survived the Rococo age to which alone the quainter ones were suited, and which remain the staple patterns of lacemakers in our day. To execute these patterns, stitch after stitch had been invented; the old cut-work had long ceased to be the staple manufacture; the stiff Gothic patterns to which it and the "Punto á reticela" or Greek lace lent themselves gave place to flowing Renaissance designs with elaborate stitches. Part of the pattern was made to stand forth in relief, which gave the lace that appearance of unsurpassable richness which was one of the chief attractions of this raised, or, as we now call it, Rose Point.

Another lace much in vogue was a fine patternless guipure known *par excellence* as "Venice Point." The story of the origin of this lace is very pretty, and moreover well suited to the lace especially dedicated to the Bride of the Sea. A certain lacemaker had—like many another girl in Venice—a sailor sweetheart, and this youth, returning from a voyage in southern seas, brought the girl a bit of the pretty coraline now known as "Mermaid's lace," that she might see how like was the lace of the seamaids to that over which his love was always bending. To the sailor, doubtless, the coraline and the lace were very like each other; but the trained eye of the lacemaker was as much struck by the unlikeness of the thing to the patterned heavy lace she made, as by the delicate beauty of its white knots lightly held together by cobwebby "brides." She saw in it the possibility of an entirely new kind of lace, and set herself to copy it. It was a difficult task, for she had to invent her own stitches, and discover her own method of work. Perhaps, had the coraline come to her in the way of business, she would not have persevered. The thought that the lace was as much her lover's invention as her own may have given her courage to make the many trials which ended in failure. But at last there came a success—and such a success! No one familiar with the delicate beauty of this point will wonder that the patternless guipure soon became the fashion of all Europe. It may be that popular taste was already turning from the heavy magnificence of the raised point. A lighter style of dress was coming into vogue. Not all its beauty, not all its richness, could save Venetian point from the common doom, and towards the close of the Eighteenth Century it went out of fashion. No longer did the noble ladies of the Adriatic patronise their native industry, no longer did great artists make lace designs, no longer did the Republic export her laces to foreign countries. Brussels and Flanders laces were imported into Venice; and in an account of the wedding of the Doge's son in 1770, we read that the bride and her ladies wore sleeves covered to the shoulders with Brussels lace, and tuckers of the same material. But it was not to be supposed that with such a history the lace trade of Venice should so belittle itself as to stoop to this flimsy foreign make. She had, however, a humble little sister island no one had ever heard of, which had no traditions to preserve, no dignity to maintain. Profiting by her want of importance, Burano went with the times, and soon both the townswomen and the nuns of that little

island produced quantities of lace in imitation of and equal in beauty to the Brussels point. For many years the industry grew and flourished, till fashion turned her back on Flanders and Burano, and the trade dwindled and sank to so low an ebb that in 1845 there was in all Burano only one woman, a certain Cencia Scarpariola, who preserved the secret of lace-making. How the industry was revived, and achieved a glory which it never possessed in the old imperial days of the Republic, is the story not of Venice but of Burano. To that story I purpose to devote a special chapter. F. Mabel Robinson.

OLD-WORLD PRINTING AND WOOD-CUTTING.

The very earliest printers were probably their own type-founders, and possibly, at times, their own wood-cutters too; but this cannot very long have been the case. A man setting up a printing press for the first time, usually started with a fount of type which he had bought from some already established printer. Thus, Jacob Bellaert, at Haarlem, bought type from Gerard Leeu, at Gouda; Hugo Janszoen, at Leyden, began printing with type and cuts which had already been almost worn out by Bellaert at Haarlem. Many other instances of a like kind might be noted where type changed hands, passing from a printer in one town to a less prosperous workman in another. So soon as the new printer had made a fair start he generally bought or made for himself an entirely new fount of type, which becomes the characteristic of his press.

The early types, as we know, were nothing but copies of the careful writing of the day; thus they varied exceedingly, and it is possible, without very much difficulty, to get to know almost every fount by sight. It is then found possible to group together certain founts as possessing general characteristics in common, and these will usually be seen to belong to a certain district or period. The varieties in each group may have arisen from various causes. Some are due to the necessity of having types of different sizes, some to alterations found advisable to avoid unnecessary wear and tear; some were, no doubt, made with a view to greater distinctness in the printing. One very common kind is one of the most difficult to detect. A fount of type, we will imagine, had been used till it began to wear out. To save trouble in moulding the dies for a new set, the printer chose out an alphabet from the old ones, and with a knife trimmed the letters to make them sharp and distinct, cutting off a detail here and there, and generally making the outline somewhat thinner. From these he cast dies, which were used to strike off a fresh set. The fount thus manufactured would closely resemble its predecessor, differing from it alone in details not readily perceived. If, as might frequently happen, this second fount were sold to a new printer, a difficulty would arise in distinguishing between unsigned books from the two presses.

1.—CONFESSION: FROM THE SIXTY-EIGHT QUARTO CUTS: 1482.

The energy of the world at this date seems to have radiated from the Netherlands. The era of the omnipotence of industry had dawned, and the merchant and working classes had already gathered into their own hands much of that power which was to become more and more theirs. They were energetic men, these burghers of Holland: men with a zeal and earnestness in them from which much was in future times to spring; men, too, many of them, with greater thoughts

than those of mere money-making—rejoicing, indeed, as they had a right to do, in their prosperity and their wealth, but rejoicing still more in that common energy of progress which found its expression in civic monuments no less than in civic discords. Though but a slight indication of this zeal of labour, which hesitated at no sacrifice that might lead to success, the unstable, almost roving life of many of the early printers is worth notice. Almost all the most successful of them made at least one move. Gerard Leeu starts at Gouda, moves to Bruges, and moves on to Antwerp. Veldener comes from Germany at the invitation of the University of Louvain; he stays but a short time, and then—apparently disagreeing with his partner—moves on to Utrecht, moves again to Kuilenburg, and finally returns to Louvain; and yet, if a manuscript note in one of his books is to be believed, he must have been at least sixty years of age when he left that town the first time. William Caxton, after learning his trade, it is said, in Germany, came to Bruges and set up in partnership with Colard Mansion; he soon crossed the sea to London, and became our first printer. Govaert van Ghemen—a contemporary of Gerard Leeu's—printed at Gouda; then he removed to Leyden; then he suddenly took flight, and introduced the new art into Denmark, settling down at Copenhagen. And so it was with many more of them: wherever an opening occurred they were eager to rush in.

2.—SAINT VERONICA: FROM THE SIXTY-EIGHT QUARTO CUTS: 1482.

We know of certain itinerant engravers who moved about with their small stock of tools, ready to work wherever they might be required. Such was the little-known master "G. M.," and such possibly his more famous and accomplished contemporary "E. S." of 1466. But though this was the case with engravers in certain instances, with wood-cutters it was different; and so far as has yet been discovered there is no instance—in the Netherlands, at any rate—of a wood-cutter who followed the printer for whom he worked from one place to another. This would tend to show that the class of wood-cutters was a much larger one than we should have been led to expect from the comparative fewness of the works they have left behind them. If a printer had not been pretty sure of finding a wood-cutter in the town to which he was about to move, he would have made arrangements to take one along with him. For this and other reasons it is probable that a large number of men were at work all through the country engraving blocks, from which single sheets were struck for sale in the market-place or at the road-side.

The relations existing between wood-cutters and printers are not so easy to discover. Was the wood-cutter merely a workman in the printer's office? Did he work on his own account? Was he the superior or the inferior of the printer? Things seem to have been different in different cases. As a general rule, indeed, it would appear that a wood-cutter implies a printer, whether his block is to be used for the illustration of a book or for impressions on fly-leaves. In most instances we find that all the known productions of any wood-cutter appear for the first time in the same office, though the larger printers employed two or more workmen where one would have sufficed.

The Brussels Wood-Cutter forms a marked exception to this rule. The first appearance of work by his hand is in 1484, in the "Legends of the Emperor and Empress Henry II. and Kunigunde," printed at Brussels by the *Fratres Communis Vita in Nazareth*. The book contains two cuts, one representing the Emperor and Empress, the other the arms of the Bishop of Bamberg, of which see Henry II. was founder. The style is pronounced, and enables us to detect other work by the same hand. We

hear no more of him till 1487, when Egidius van der Heerstraten printed an edition of Boccaccio at Louvain. It was illustrated by seventy-five very remarkable cuts, copied more or less freely from those in an edition of the same book printed by Zainer at Ulm fourteen years previously. In the representation of the Fall, the Eve is a very pretty little figure. The Tree of Knowledge cannot be commended as a study from nature; but the idea of the Seven Deadly Sins as its fruits is well adapted and worked out. The little figures of the sinners amongst the leaves are not too prominent. The expressions on all the faces are good. There is no waste of lines, those only being introduced which are necessary. The art is careful, and, so far as it goes, is good and worthy of praise. In the row of plants growing at the foot of the wall, brilliant with flowers, the artist lets us catch one little glimpse of a noble feeling. Among all the early wood-cuts of the Low Countries, this is one of the very few whose maker seems to have been at all a man who really had something to say, and took pains to say it in the best and clearest way he could.

A cut by his hand appears in Houden's "Carmen de Passione," printed about this time at Louvain. Another is found in the "Elegantiarum Compendium" printed by Ludovicus Ravescot in 1488. A set of small cuts by him were used in 1490 by John of Westphalia, a printer of the same town, who employs other blocks which must be referred to the same origin. Lastly, in 1497 three blocks appear in the printing-office of Hugo Janszoen at Leyden which it seems impossible to refer to any other artist, however difficult it may be to account for their appearance at so distant a place. From this it will be seen that the Brussels Wood-Cutter worked at the same time for a large number of different printers, to none of whom he was permanently attached. It is not impossible that he may have engraved plates of copper as well as blocks of wood, and may be better known to us as an engraver; of this, however, we have no manner of proof. There were these two classes of artists, the printer's workmen and the men working independently for themselves; but of the latter there does not seem to have been many.

When the blocks had once passed from the wood-cutter's to the printer's hands, their travels were by no means ended. Cuts, especially those of a religious nature, were usually made in series, varying in numbers from about ten to eighty. A printer rarely used a whole series in any one volume; he selected those which were most suitable for his purposes. Probably he ordered from the artist a set of religious cuts, to include so many devotional subjects—Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Confession, and so forth; so many from the Life and Passion of Christ, and so many from the sacred history. The best representative series of the kind is that already referred to as the work of the second Gouda Wood-Cutter—the series of Sixty-Eight Quartos (1 and 2). Though they are first found in a "History of the Sufferings and Passion of Christ," dated 1482, they were clearly made for a Book of Hours. The series consists of seven devotional and sixty-one historical cuts. The book is arranged according to the days of the week, one of the devotional cuts being placed after the set of historical ones for the day. Commencing with the Creation and the Fall, brought about through the weakness of woman, we pass, through the history of the perfect woman, to the story of the Redemption. The whole is divided into seven parts, of chapters for different hours of the day. Each chapter contains a portion of the sacred history, illustrated by one of the cuts, and followed by a prayer. The devotional cuts represent Death, Confession (1), Saint Veronica (2), and so forth.

Thirty-two of the series were used in 1482 or 1483 to print a number of fly-leaves, with a set of monkish verses in Dutch below each one. By comparing the impressions with those from the corresponding blocks in the "Sufferings and Passion" of 1482, we find that some of the woodwork had been broken away when the fly-leaves were printed which was intact when the blocks were used for the book; hence the fly-leaves must have been printed after the book. Next, the type in which the verses are printed below the cuts is that belonging to Leen's first press, and which he never used after the beginning of 1483, as it was sold about that time to Peter van Os, at Zwolle. Hence we can with certainty fix the date of these sheets as either the latter end of 1482 or the first months of 1483; this is quoted as an example of the kind of data which the bibliographer has to go upon, and at the same time of the certainty of many of his results. The only copy known is in the library of Erlangen University.

In December, 1483, at least thirty-two of the series were at Haarlem, for we find them used by Bellaert in an edition of the "Sufferings and Passion of Christ," printed by him in that year. But they soon returned to Leen, and all sixty-eight appear in a Book of Hours, which was one of the first books printed after his arrival at Antwerp. To say nothing of single cuts on title-pages, thirty-four appear in a "Passion" of 1485; fifty-two in a "Life of Christ" of 1487; fifty-two in a "Life of Christ" of 1488; four in the "Vier Uterste" of 1488; and twenty-one in the "Passion" printed on the 1st of September, 1490. In the November of 1490 we find five of the blocks with Peter van Os, at Zwolle. Probably the whole set went with them, except two, which came into the hands of Jacob de Breda, the

Deventer printer. The other sixty-six returned once more to Gouda, in 1496, where they passed into the possession of the "Collatie Broeders," a religious order who partly supported themselves by printing religious books. After this it becomes somewhat hard to trace them, but in 1499 Jacob de Breda had got hold of at least two more, for about that time they appear in a "Quatuor Novissima." Finally, in 1510, we find twenty-six of them once more at Antwerp. One is one of those two which in 1493 had gone to Deventer; with its companions, it now vanishes into oblivion. This Odyssey gives us an idea of the value which was set upon what now appears mere rubbish. That it should have been found worth while to use one set of blocks for thirty years, long after their borders were broken, and many of the details of face and feature had been worn away, is significant of the cost of these rude efforts: especially if we bear in mind that they were never very good, even for their time, and that long before they were laid aside there had arisen a new school of wood-cutters capable of achieving much better results.

3.—FROM "THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF ROME:" 1488.

The reason for these sales or exchanges is not far to seek. The rising art was being daily more and more employed. Workmen of various degrees of power and industry were engaged upon it, and the style of each new decade differed greatly from that of the last. What is more, the purchasing public, then as now, directed the lines of development. A certain style was introduced, perhaps from some foreign country; and there was soon a brisk demand for the book in which the novel cuts appeared. Imitators soon sprang up; the new style was adopted, modified, vulgarised; and another arose in its place. To this change of fashion the sales must often be referred. A pushing printer like Leeu was always eager to supply or create a new demand. When he found that a set or style was becoming unpopular, he sold off his blocks to some printer in a worse educated district, where they would come with an air of novelty. Thus they were handed on from one to another, till they fell to pieces or were laid aside. We know of blocks in use full seventy years after their first appearance. The life of a cut, however, was usually ten or fifteen years; and often we can only point to one issue of impressions from a set. As wood-cutters multiplied, and the value of their work diminished, exchange became less common, till the rule grew to be the exception.

At times we find blocks taking very long journeys. Thus a set was made for Leeu and used by him in 1488 in a "History of the Seven Wise Men of Rome" (3). In 1490 we find the whole set printed at Cologne by J. Koelhof de Lubeck; and in November of the same year they reappear in another edition of the same book printed by Leeu at Antwerp, with the exception of one which seems to have been lost on the journey, and whose place is taken by a cut by a different artist. A "Life and Fables of Æsop," printed at Antwerp by Leeu in 1485, offers a more remarkable instance. It is illustrated by no less than one hundred and ninety-nine wood-cuts (4). A careful examination of these side by side with those in a German edition of the same book proves the two impressions to be from the same set of blocks. The latter book, though without printer's name, is in the types of Anthony Sorg, who is known

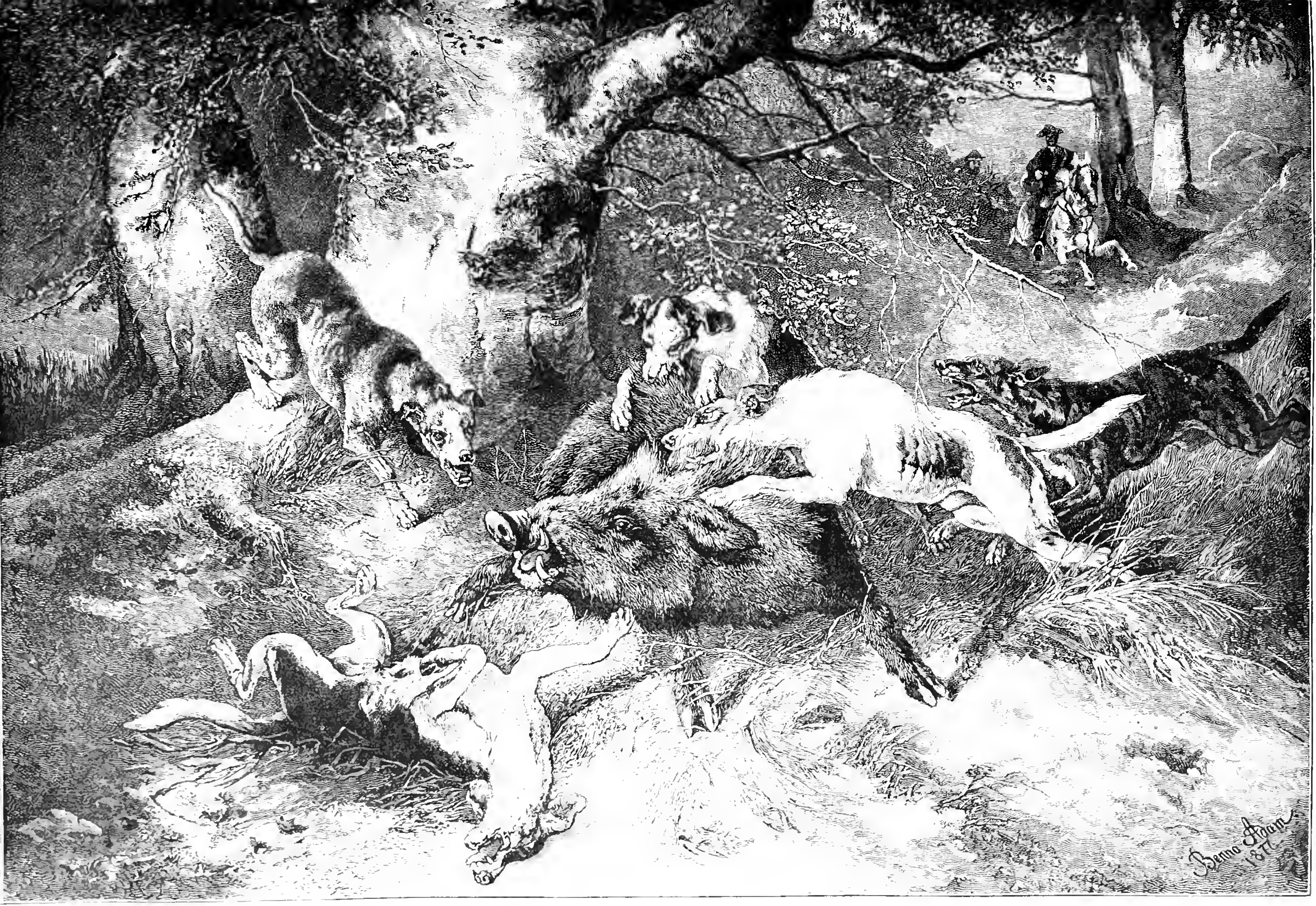
to have been printing at Augsburg at this date. Here, therefore, is a case of blocks produced and first used at Augsburg and then sold and sent to an Antwerp printer. In style they are very rude, and strikingly different from any blocks by Dutch wood-cutters. The new style never became popular in Holland, and though the cuts themselves were copied for the Delft press, the style of the copies is that fashionable at the time.

The French wood-cutters had from the very first adopted a style completely different from that either of the Germans or Dutch. Their blocks were always much more uniformly filled with even masses of careful shade; there were no large spaces left unoccupied and white on the paper. They were far ahead of their contemporaries in neatness and dexterity, but there was little life in their work. As a result, nothing great ever came from them; but all their early productions are pleasing, and contrast agreeably with the rude work of their foreign contemporaries. Very few of their blocks ever passed into Holland. In his later years Gerard Leeu constantly uses a set of cuts and borders which present a marked difference from anything he had ever used before. They were clearly intended for a prayer-book, and the complete series is found in one, but not till after Leeu's death. Each page of the book was surrounded by a gracefully-designed border, within which either the text or the cuts could be printed. The cuts were used separately on many occasions, but the series was never divided, and after Leeu's death it came complete into the hands of Liesveldt. These were the first French cuts which ever passed into Holland. They seem to have started quite a rage, and a brisk demand arose for them. Other printers were not slow to follow the lead. For the Delft press a series of blocks was made in imitation of them, but the result was hideously ugly. Other wood-cutters tried the new style, but all with bad success. The Collatie Broeders at Gouda bought a set from France, not nearly so good as those which had come to Leeu. A few real French blocks went to Delft, and then the immigration came to an end, but not before the style of the Dutch wood-cutters had been strongly modified by that of their neighbours. During the next few years Dutch wood-cutting became gradually ruder and more careless; but when, early in the Sixteenth Century, the revival set in, the art was founded no longer on the traditions of a narrow and restricted school, but of one into which all streams of style had emptied themselves, flowing together from all quarters and countries. And thus it was that an international style was formed, the differences thenceforth observable between different workers being due rather to divergencies of thought and subject than to opposite modes of treatment.

From origins so barbaric, from essays so simple and imperfect, there have arisen the magnificent industries we know. The printer and the engraver have come to be in some sort the good genii of the world of art. Theirs it is to popularise what the artist has produced—to bring within reach of the many that which is primarily achieved for the delectation and endowment of the few. Developed and perfected, the rude craft of the nameless masters who worked for Leeu and his fellow-traders has become a necessary of the intellectual and emotional life of civilised humanity.

W. Martin Conway.

4.—"Æsop Speaking:" from the "Life and Fables of Æsop;" Augsberg and Antwerp: 1485.

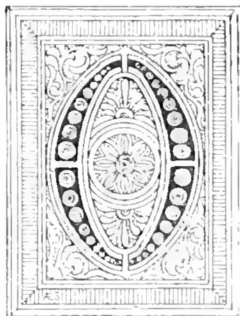


AT BAY.

(From the Picture by Benno Adam.)

"AT BAY."

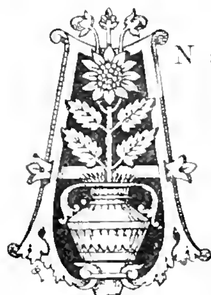
FROM THE PICTURE BY BENNO ADAM.



LDER as an institution than hare-hunting, even as that sport was followed long before it occurred to English squires to preserve the fox, the pursuit of the wild boar is one of the most primitive objects of venery. Certainly the first mighty hunter we hear of, Nimrod, may have indulged in it. We know it was popular in Greece, and that the wild boar swarmed all through the forests of Europe, as it does at this day, according to Vambéry, in parts of Turkestan. Even the Romans, little addicted to sport as they were, were not averse to this; and the Emperor Hadrian celebrated a gallant conflict with the boar, by causing a city to arise, like another Thebes, on the spot where he secured the tusks of victory.

Our artist has chosen a stirring moment. The boar has just been pulled down and is being baited. He is less a noble animal than a fiery, with a wicked lurid eye, and a dangerous habit of dodging. The hound who has rashly engaged him in front has already been placed *hors de combat*. But the struggle under the old beeches is not yet over, and it is not till the foremost horseman, who is spurring eagerly to the scene, has had a passage with his spear, that he will receive the *coup de grace*. It is a spirited scene, to which the artist has given much variety and abundant action—a subject that Snyders delighted in and treated with much vivacious realism. Here the hounds are admirably contrasted. The circumspect caution of the one approaching his prey from the huge tree, and availing himself of its shelter, betray the old seasoned hound, while the ardour of the others is energetically shown. Whatever modern opinion has to say of the savagery of the sport, there is no denying the picturesque and stimulating force of this sylvan picture.

PETER CORNELIUS.



N amiable trait deeply rooted in the German character is the love of keeping anniversaries. One such anniversary has been recently held throughout the Fatherland in honour of Peter Cornelius (1783-1867), whom the nation names the Elder of modern German art. In his case the tribute was peculiarly graceful, and helped to draw the attention of the public anew to the merits of one whom, despite this title, it has of late undervalued, as much as at one time it overrated him. The *protégé* of the fantastic sovereigns, Louis I. of Bavaria and Frederick William IV. of Prussia, Cornelius learnt to know the truth of that bitter proverb, "Put not thy trust in princes," and survived to witness the death of his own fame, and to behold what he deemed his masterpieces entrusted to the safe-keeping of damp cellars and rats. That he was negligent of detail, that his colouring was crude and cold, are dicta that have assumed the form of axioms, while the nobility of sentiment, the grandeur of conception and composition that redeem these faults are too much ignored. Unlike one section of our modern school, Cornelius desired to go no further back into the past than Raphael. He wished to lead the way in Germany to a second Renaissance, such as the Urbinate had led in Italy, such as Goethe had led in Germany with his "Iphigenia." His was essentially a Gothic mind, impregnated with the more monumental and harmonious methods of the great masters. Hence the cause of his failures and of his success. Few artists have reasoned more about their art than Cornelius. In every one of his pictures there are the evidences of careful thought, with little spontaneity and no passion; and for these very causes he is unpalatable to our modern schools of realism and impressionism. For the latter especially he had no sympathy. Art was to him a whole, and only he who grasped it as a whole was to his mind an artist. It is related that when Riedel showed him a picture of a bathing girl whose carnation tints were permeated with sunshine, "You have succeeded perfectly in doing that which all my life I have striven to avoid," was his characteristic criticism.

An ardent admirer of Cornelius's genius, Professor Hermann Riegel, of Brunswick, who in the artist's lifetime published a work to point out his worth, has

issued a centenary appendix to the same (London: Nutt; 1883), in which, in suitable Boswell fashion, he notes down many utterances, important and unimportant, made to him by the painter during the time of close intimacy he enjoyed with him. From his pages it can be clearly gathered that Cornelius possessed the gift which, according to Goethe, is the highest and happiest that can be bestowed on mankind, that of a personality. Of modern German artists he had no opinion; they lacked the power of imagination, and that religious spirit which for him was the end of art. "Never," he said in 1865, "has art been such a luxury as now, and never have there been so many artists who have so little calling for art. For two-thirds of our artists it would have been better that they had learnt an honest trade or followed the plough." Against Kaulbach, once his pupil, he was especially bitter. He held, not without reason, that he had sacrificed his undoubted talent to the service of Mammon. He certainly succeeded in attaining to that popularity which his master never reached. It was in the hope of finding his way to the heart of his nation that Cornelius undertook his illustrations to "Faust." But neither his deeply symbolical conception of the old myth, nor his direct imitation of those uncouth, mediaeval forms, that roused the censure of Goethe, made him popular. For Goethe's goodwill Cornelius strove in vain, though Goethe was his idol, and he avowed to have learnt more from him than from any other poet. He bore this neglect very amiably. "With us moderns," he said, "it happens to Goethe, as with the hen that has hatched ducks. If we do swim away from him into a strange element, we yet can never forget that he called us into life." Riegel asked Cornelius whether Goethe had not written to him direct concerning these "Faust" illustrations. "Yes, he wrote me things about my 'Faust' that I knew quite well myself, but I wanted to be quite German, and chose that form as purposely as he did his 'Götz.'" It was gratifying to him, however, to learn much later that Goethe had said, after seeing more of his work, "Leave him alone, he stands before his own smithy as I do." But for all his Gothic mind, Cornelius had to acknowledge that the northern mythology had no attraction for him. The full beauty of the old, he said, was revealed to him by Giulio Romano; and he rightly added that only in Mantua can this artist be properly appreciated, or can be seen what the Italians of that time could do in the matter of design and decoration. His own "Apocalyptic Riders" contained, he said, a strong reminiscence of the Parthenon frieze, though, he added, the archæologists never perceived it. The Parthenon marbles were Cornelius's great delight. He always said that, though he knew them well from casts and prints, their full beauty could only be apprehended in London. "One still sees on the marble the very hand of Phidias." Indeed, the Gothic and classic spirit was ever at war in him. Thus he said of Gothic architecture: "I have no objection that mediaeval churches, like the Dom of Cologne, should be completed; but to build new buildings in the Gothic style seems to me foolish. Its contortions and many columns are after all very tasteless, and this method permits of no development for sculpture and painting. The Italians have so modified Gothic that wall surfaces have resulted, and this has often an imposing effect, especially in San Francesco at Assisi."

Raphael, as we have said, was his artistic idol, and he had not words strong enough to express his indignation at Zucchero *e tutti quanti* who had had the presumption to carry their paintings up to the very doors of the immortal *Stanze*. The temptation to do likewise was brought very close to him. When Pius IX. desired to have a picture painted in commemoration of the promulgation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, he said to Cornelius, "That would be something to suit you." "Chi avrebbe il corraggio di dipingere accosto delle stanze di Raffaello," was the artist's reply; and he refused the commission. The ancient Romans, he held, had much resemblance to the modern English, but he thought these were more fortunate, "for they have Shakespeare."

The design for the superb shield presented by the King of Prussia to his godson, the Prince of Wales, and his frescoes from the "Divina Commedia" in the Villa Massini in Rome, were, according to the artist, his own finest works, and yet both had been little appreciated and understood. He was deeply hurt that the first prize which the shield had obtained at the Exhibition of 1851 had been retained for the prince, and when the latter called on him in Rome, he did not return the visit. The decline of high art in Italy he dated as contemporary with the decline of Dante comprehension. "Dante," he said, "is for the Middle Ages what Homer was for antiquity. Without Dante one can understand the elder painting as little as one can ancient art without Homer. In Dante the old classical mythology encountered the Christian in quite a naïve fashion, just as Raphael in his Loggie had surrounded his Biblical figures with mythological additions. Mythology contains within it the eternally true."

Cornelius, as is well known, was a Catholic, as were or became most of that fraternity of German painters in Rome who enrolled themselves in the so-called Brotherhood of St. Luke. But unlike the others, who were mostly converts, he was no bigot. His Catholicism was rather an artistic expression. "I am a Catholic," he once told Riegel,

"because in Catholicism I find the past and the future of art." To make his work subservient to Him *cui servire regnare est* was the high ideal he ever held before his vision, his motto "*Sursum corda.*" It was to him and his influence that is due the revival of fresco-painting in Germany, some of the earliest of these frescoes being those painted by the Brotherhood of St. Luke in the Roman villa of Herr Bartoldy.

Cornelius felt it somewhat bitterly that his first commissions were from strangers; for it was through the Marchese Massini that the attention of his countrymen was drawn to him. "By this I know, too, that I am a German," he wrote bitterly. "Oh, that it needs these circuitous paths that the fairest years of my life must first be lost in ineffable yearning, and that a strange land for a time must occupy all my strength. From Rome I must show how I might be utilised in my Fatherland." Yet though Cornelius was with heart and soul a German, he also fondly loved the land to which he owed his artistic development. In his home-circle he usually spoke Italian, his three wives having all been natives of the "land of lands," thereby proving that he did not of necessity extend his patriotism to the ladies of his native country.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

SOME PORTRAITS OF CARLYLE.

NO eminent man of our time is better known by his portraits than Thomas Carlyle. Some others have been more frequently painted. Year after year the Academy hangs new portraits of certain statesmen, and there are few artists of note who have not tried their hand at Mr. Browning; but, particularly since his death, Carlyle's face has probably been more familiar than that of any of them. It is peculiarly appropriate that it should be so. The most superficial reader of his works knows how eagerly he sought after anything which could give him a distinct personal conception of the men in whom he took an interest. One of the last of his writings was an essay on the "Portraits of John Knox;" and as far back as 1832 he had introduced the "Goethe's Portrait" in Maclise's "Gallery," in which he also had a place. It was quite consistent with his opinions on this subject that he seems to have been always ready to sit to any artist of tolerable skill, and to have been by no means indifferent to the way in which he was represented. In 1845 he wrote to Emerson, who had asked for a picture to be published in an American edition, and had expressed some doubts as to his readiness to submit to the trouble: "I will be as 'amiable' as heart could wish; truly it will be worth my while to take a little pains, that kind Philadelphia editors do once for all get a faithful portrait of me, since they are about it, and so prevent counterfeits from getting into circulation." He was anxious to obtain even a poor daguerrotype of Emerson, since he

1.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(*From the Medallion by Thomas Woolner, R.A.*)

2.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Painted by J. M'Neil Whistler. By Permission of Messrs. Henry Graves.)

could get nothing better. It is commonly supposed that Carlyle was indifferent to artistic beauty. There would be little difficulty in showing from his works that this is far from being the case, and that he could see the beauty of plastic art as vividly as any of his contemporaries. Where he differed from most of them was in thinking it of relatively less importance than they were inclined to do. Only the most

complete ignorance of his work, however, could lead any one to think that he wanted either taste or insight in the matter of portrait-painting. On the contrary, he loved good portraits, and sought for them eagerly. We have all heard of the "Frederick" screen, prepared by his wife so that he might have the bodily presentment of the men about whom he was writing continually before his eyes. In judging works of this class he showed a remarkable sense of the value of technical skill.

An excellent instance of his sagacity in estimating the value of a portrait is to be found in what he wrote to Emerson about the drawing which was to be chosen for the American edition. Thus does he recommend one done by Mr. Samuel Lawrence:—"It stands thus: there is no painter of the numbers who have wasted my time and their own with trying, that has indicated any capability of catching a true likeness but one Samuel Lawrence; a young painter of real talent, not quite so young now, but still only struggling for complete mastership in the management of colours. He does crayon sketches in a way to please almost himself; but his oil-paintings, at least till within a year or two, have indicated only a great faculty still crude in that particular. His oil-portrait of me, which you speak of, is almost terrible to behold! It has the look of a *jötun*, of a Scandinavian demon, grim, sad, as the angel of death—and the colouring is so *brickish*, the finishing so coarse, it reminds you withal of a flayed horse's head. *Dinna speak o't.*" Of a pirated copy of this same picture he says further on that it is a "Lais *without* the beauty" (as Charles Lamb used to say); "a flayed horse's head without the spiritualism good or bad—and simply figures on my mind as a detestability, which I had much rather never have seen." In the matter of portraits, therefore, as in other things, Carlyle loved truth and hated iniquity. Those which have been published with his approval may be accepted as giving a more or less accurate representation of the original; and a study of them will help us to estimate the man and his work.

The series of his portraits has also an independent value in the art-history of our time. Nothing is more instructive than to compare interpretations of the same subject by different artists. The selections we give include some of the first names of our time in art. There are no doubt other portraits which are worthy of careful study; but if they were all lost, the six here reproduced would serve to maintain the memory of what Carlyle was during part of his life to all time. It is, however, only during part of it—his later middle life and old age. We have not the Carlyle of early days in Scotland: no portrait of the young man who went on to the moor at Ecclefechan with his first copy of "Faust," and there found his guide and master in Goethe. Only Emerson's admiring description remains to show what he was when he was reading at Craigenputtock. It was inevitable that it should be so. Only rich men or friends of artists can hope to have their portraits painted till age has brought them wealth or fame. Carlyle was at no time rich, and he was far advanced in life before he found artists among his friends who were at once willing to paint him for his own sake and able to do it well.

Portraits of one kind and another had been taken during the first days of his residence in London. From a letter to Emerson in 1841, it appears that he had already sat "some four times," and that he was now asked to sit for the fifth to an Italian named Giambardella, who had come over from the States with an introduction from Boston. On this occasion, however, he escaped, as Giambardella gave it up in despair. It was on one of the four times of which he speaks that Carlyle sat to Count D'Orsay for the pencil sketch which has been repeatedly copied. The "Emperor of European Dandies" is more than suspected of having employed devils to assist in his artistic labours; and it is perhaps because none of them were at hand during the twenty minutes in which he dashed this sketch off after dinner that it is naught. According to Carlyle every utterance of D'Orsay's contained a "wild caricature likeness of some object or other." But talking and drawing are, as the amateur is apt to forget, two very different things, and D'Orsay's drawing is not even a caricature. He has contrived to make Carlyle look like the hero of a lady's novel—an excellent young man with a curl in his upper lip and a well-combed head of hair.

The *Fraser* portraits are scarcely more successful. It is impossible to accept them as likenesses. They are only attempts to make Carlyle look like the other *Fraser* men. In the well-known supper scene he is crowded out by two literary gentlemen, and, indeed, he ought never to have been there at all. If Maclise had to give him a place amid that theatrical Bohemianism and property whisky toddy, he should have been artist enough to have made him sit apart like Claverhouse at Redgauntlet's infernal feast. In the "Gallery" the artist has produced a common "Portrait of a Gentleman." Carlyle, already the author of "Sartor Resartus" and the best of the essays, stands leaning against the traditional pillar with the conventional air of colourless good breeding. There is neither line in his face nor light in his eye. Maclise was more successful in a little sketch which has been published by Mr. Forster. It represents Dickens reading one of his works to a circle of friends. Among them is a little figure of Carlyle leaning forward and listening. It can

scarcely be called a portrait, but there is a certain redeeming individuality in the attitude.

Mr. Woolner's medallion (1) is particularly valuable in the series of Carlyle portraits. Apart from the fact that his face with its strongly marked features and deep lines lends itself excellently to representation in this way, Mr. Woolner was able to secure him as a sitter in a happy hour. In 1855 Carlyle was a man of about sixty, and was at the height of his powers. In that year he was struggling with the beginning of his long fight with Frederick, but was not yet what he appears in the later portraits, a man whose battle was won and who was waiting for his end. There is also a matter of detail which serves to increase the value of the medallion as a portrait. It was taken before the beard had been allowed to grow. Carlyle was by no means naturally inclined to parade his originality in small things, and until the Crimean War made it possible for an Englishman who did not wish to pose as a singularity to leave off using razors, he shaved like the rest of the world, just as he wore a tight coat and a high hat, though he would willingly have been rid of both. His obedience to the customs of society has served the artist well. It is in no case a matter of indifference whether the lower part of a face is covered or not, but the growth of Carlyle's beard had a particularly strong influence on his expression. On comparing the profile of Mr. Woolner's bronze with that of Mr. Whistler's canvas, it will be seen at once how the whole character of the face has been softened by allowing the beard to grow. A great deal must be allowed for the softening effects of age, sorrow, and self-reproach; but when these have been taken into account, much of the change is seen to be due to the concealing of the harsh, hard lines of the mouth and chin. Carlyle never forgot his native country or his race, and it is only necessary to look at the medallion to see that he was indeed a Scotchman, and a Scotch peasant of the west. Doubtless there were such faces as that among the Cameronians, who turned the keys on Cannon's Highlanders in the burning houses at Dunkeld. All the marks of the Scottish face are there in an eminent degree: the high cheek-bones, the deep lines about the mouth, the prominent chin, the long upper lip with its outward curve, and that latent expression of dogged self-confidence which in the meaner stamp of Scot becomes mere dogmatism and solemn conceit. It is assuredly not a mild or amiable face, but mildness and amiability are not the qualities of a race trained as the Lowland and particularly the border Scot has been. If they have come out of their long fight with success, it has been by being strong, not by being mildly lovable. No man, as Emerson has said, can escape from his blood, and Carlyle no more than another. In this vigorous medallion we can distinguish features which are almost lost in other portraits. In most of them the forward fall of the hair conceals the height of the forehead, to which Mr. Woolner's has given due prominence. With a sound artistic instinct he has looked at the face from a point of view which allowed him to show the "cliff-like brow" spoken of by Emerson unhidden by the hair. Another feature appears in Mr. Woolner's portrait with remarkable force. All those who knew Carlyle agree

3.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

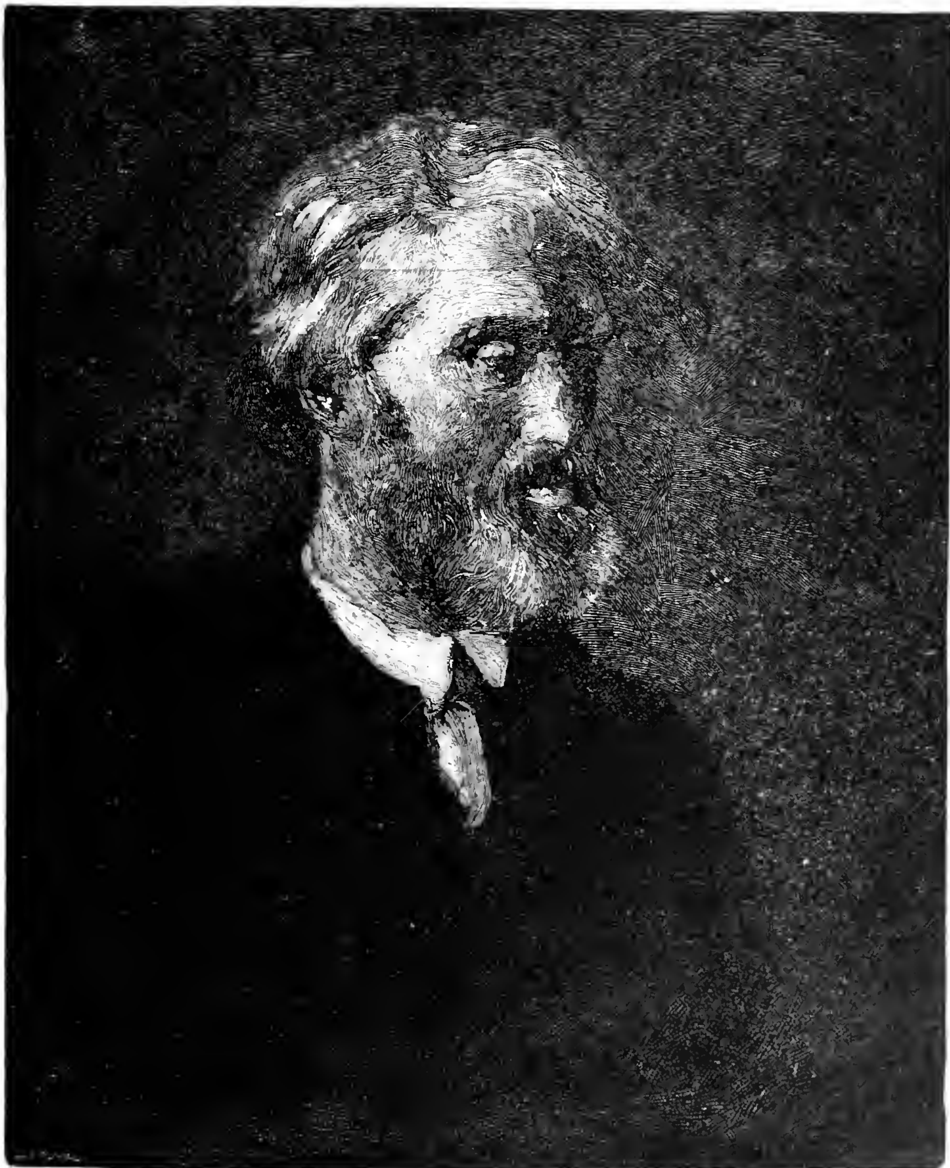
(From a Pencil Drawing by Geo. Howard, Esq., M.P.)

I. THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From the Etching, "L'Homme au Chapeau," by Legros.)

in saying that his eyes were of extraordinary beauty. A glance at the medallion is enough to show how large they must have been and how finely formed; and although Mr. Woolner has not had the help of colour, he has almost made them flash. It is said that a sentimental public moderated its demands for Carlyle's works and left off buying photographs of him on the appearance of the "Reminiscences;" and it is perhaps for the same reason that Mr. Woolner's manly work has enjoyed so little popularity. It is proverbially unwise to prophesy unless you know; but there is no particular rashness in saying that this medallion will finally be accepted as the truest and most trustworthy of all the Carlyle portraits.

Mr. Boehm's statue (6) and the portraits of Mr. Whistler, Mr. Legros, and Mr. Watts have this much in common, that they all represent Carlyle as he was in advanced old age, and that in all of them his face wears an expression of patient weariness. They suggest the heavy years when the only comment he could make on the sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce was, "What a glad surprise!" Mr. Boehm's statue has necessarily to suffer from the difficulties which beset all modern work of this kind. It is hard to make coats and trousers look statuesque—if, indeed, it is not impossible; and it is equally hard to find an attitude which is unaffected and yet does not look trivial when fixed



5.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Painted by George Frederick Watts, R.A.)

in bronze or stone. If Mr. Boehm has not completely conquered these enemies of the modern sculptor, he has eluded them with singular tact and skill; and if his statue is not beautiful or imposing, it is assuredly a strong and suggestive portrait. The ugly angularities of modern dress are avoided by robing the model in a loose dressing-gown; and although the attitude wants something to make it truly impressive—something which is to be found, for instance, in Antokolsky's "Ivan the Terrible"—it is natural and familiar. The head taken by itself is fine—is life-like in no mean degree, as all Mr. Boehm's good work is.

Mr. Whistler's "Carlyle" (2) deserves to be ranked along with the portrait of the artist's mother, reproduced (by permission of Messrs. Henry Graves) in a recent number, and popularised, even as this one has been, by Josey's admirable mezzo-tint. That is as high praise as can be given to any part of his work. Even speaking absolutely, and without reference to other productions of this artist which have had a species of *succès de scandale*, it is saying much. These two portraits are honourably free from the eccentricity—to use no stronger word—which has done more than his real artistic qualities to make the name of Mr. Whistler famous. Both are eminently simple and unaffected. It is true that the drawing of the Carlyle will not stand very rigid examination. The cloak which hangs over the knees covers what must be a portentous length of leg—for be it observed that it is the coat and not the sitter which reaches to the back of the chair. But in spite of defects of this kind, which indeed are serious enough, the portrait as a whole is impressive. An artist may fail in the details of his portraiture: he may even paint the hands so as to leave us in doubt whether they are gloved or not, and yet save himself by the drawing of the head. If that is a failure, no other merit can redeem the portrait. Now Mr. Whistler has distinctly succeeded in making the face of Carlyle interesting. He has avoided anything like exaggeration. He has not tried to make capital out of the rugged mass of the hair, or to give a wild-man-of-the-woods look to the face by laying stress

6.—THOMAS CARLYLE.

(From the Statue by J. Edgar Boehm, R.A.)

on its deep lines and stern contours. The head is noble, quiet, and sad. The artist has tried to paint a serious portrait rather than to give a "view," and he has succeeded.

The picture (5) by Mr. Watts—the "painter of secrets"—is emphatically a "view." Granting, however, that Carlyle looked like this at times, we may still ask that the portrait-painter should show us what he was at all times—as far as that is possible—and not what he was at a given moment. It is, of course, obvious that nobody who cannot speak from intimate personal knowledge can criticise the accuracy of Mr. Watts's portrait properly. Those of us who have to form an idea of the man by comparing a number of portraits of him can only do it by a species of deduction. The questions we have to ask ourselves are—does this head give us an accurate idea of the man? or is it only a rendering of a preconceived idea in the mind of Mr. Watts? One thing, however, is certain, whether or not it is wanting in the ordinary virtues of a portrait: it is beyond doubt a masterly and striking picture. The colouring is rich and sober. The hale and vigorous face may stand, if not as an absolute presentment, at least as a "symbol," artistically complete, of a man who was above all things a passionate believer, as he looked in moments of heartfelt and eager talk.

The pencil sketch (3) by Mr. Howard, again, is the agreeable work of a skilled draughtsman. It does not profess to be a complete portrait, or to give a poetic version of Carlyle's gesture and aspect. Mr. Howard has simply made a quiet little sketch of a friend. On comparing it with the more elaborate works of Mr. Woolner or Mr. Whistler, it is obvious that the draughtsman has been fairly successful with the features, but that he has not been equally happy with the expression. One thing Carlyle was at all times, and beyond all question, and that is a Scotchman. Now Mr. Howard has almost contrived to make an Englishman of him.

Mr. Legros' etching (4), one of his three or four studies—on canvas and on copper—of Carlyle, shows him as he was in extreme old age, when his beard had finally become white. It is the Carlyle of the very last years. This face is longer and thinner than any of the others, a difference which is perhaps due to the action of time on the original. Carlyle's portraits show his nationality most undeniably, and this one reminds us curiously of that one of his countrymen whom he would have been most pleased to resemble. There is something in the angular formation of the eyebrow, in the shape of the nose, and above all in the mouth, which brings to mind the Somerville portrait of John Knox. Carlyle has left it on record that he was a firm believer in the authenticity of this portrait, which certainly has a better pedigree than any other. Of the purely technical merits of Mr. Legros' portrait it is scarcely necessary to speak. The Rembrandtesque arrangement of the light and the artistic balance of the masses of shade will always give it a high place among the etchings of our time.

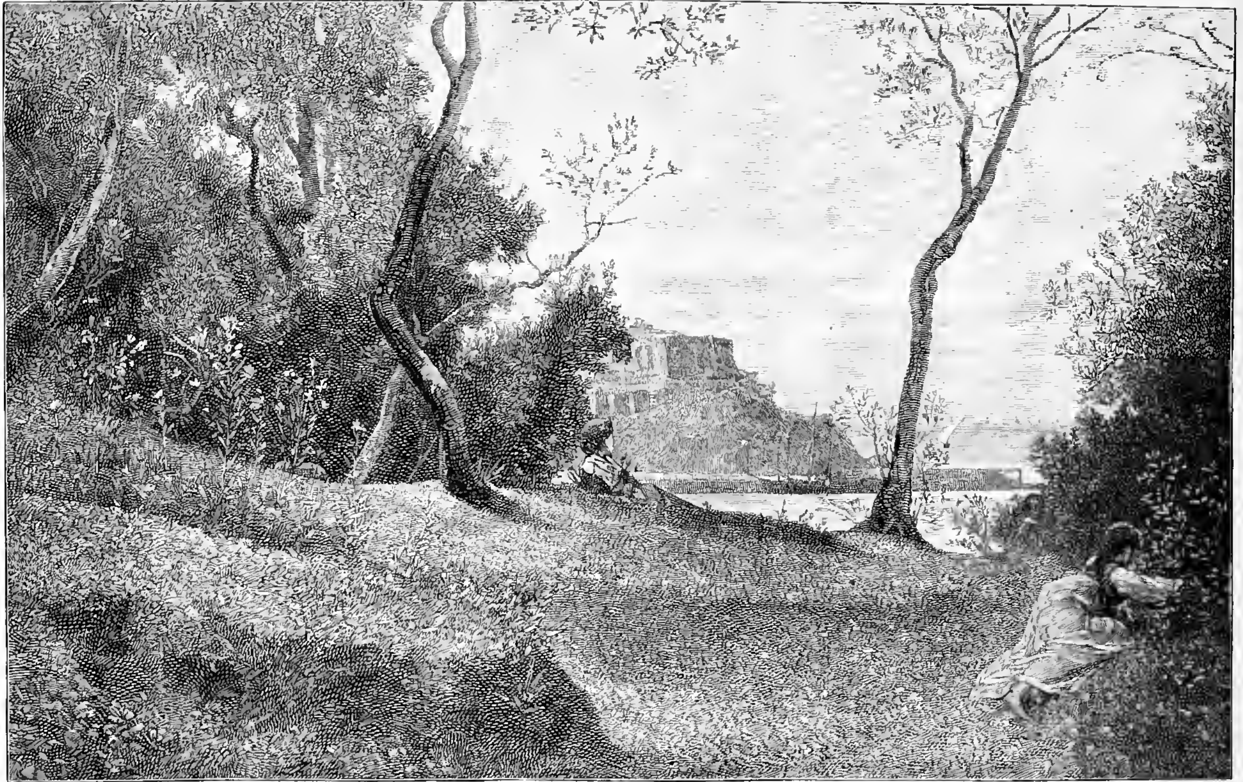
DAVID HANNAY.

PICTURES AT PALACE GREEN.

MANY of our readers will be familiar with the aspect of the striking and ingeniously designed tall red-brick house which stands on the left hand just within the south entrance of Palace Gardens, Kensington. Internally it is full of beautiful and characteristic things, some of which are the subjects of our illustrations to-day. Its accomplished owner, Mr. George Howard, is not a collector in the ordinary sense, but an artist and the friend of artists, who paints pictures as well as occasionally buys them; and in the decorations of his house the evidences of critical and personal predilections are agreeably visible. First in number and importance among the pictures adorning the rooms and staircase are those of two very dissimilar painters, neither of them popular with the majority, but each among the most gifted of the time—Mr. Burne Jones and Professor Legros. The fascinating dream-pictures of the one and the other's austere presentments of reality combine to give the collection its especial stamp. In addition to them are to be noted, first, some of the choicest works of the Italian painter and teacher of painters, Costa, whose fastidious and classical talent, and peculiar power of expressing the charm whether of Campagna or Carrara scenery, made themselves felt at the exhibition of his collected works in London two years ago. Then, a brilliant portrait of a brilliant lady by Sir Frederick Leighton; a couple of drawings by Rossetti; one of Mr. Armstrong's best compositions of Riviera coast scenery, and by the same hand an agreeable family portrait group of children; another portrait group of children by Mr. Edward Hughes; a water-colour portrait by

Mr. Poynter; and a few landscapes by various hands, including one of English autumn scenery by Mr. A. W. Henley; besides one or two Old Masters, and among them a fine Venetian portrait.

Our first illustration is from Signor Costa's "Lerici," a landscape of which the subject derives for Englishmen an especial charm from its association with the life and death of a great English poet. In its clear pearly tones, its skilful and beautiful arrangement of line, and the delicate adaptation of the figure to the landscape, it is as good an example as could be chosen of the painter's manner. Next we go on to Mr. Burne Jones, who holds the first rank in the house both by the number and the interest of his works. In a place of honour in the boudoir is the tall upright picture (a form much in favour with the artist) of the "Annunciation," exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1878. This is one of the pieces in which the painter has laid aside the early brilliancy of his palette, and working almost in monochrome, has trusted to quality of colour rather than to its splendour or variety, and not to colour at all so much as to design and expression. The picture, notwithstanding its sober colouring, must rank, I think, as the most complete which the artist has produced. His peculiar originality and fervour of imagination, his high sense of beauty in design, and untiring elaboration and richness of workmanship, are nowhere better exemplified. This pale and slender white-robed virgin, aware with awe of some new thrilling visitation descending upon her, this beautiful herald angel dropping quietly down beside the boughs with wings folded and unparted feet, are presences which no one who has once looked on them can forget. The student accustomed to give an account to himself of his impressions will recognise the beauty and studied completeness of the composition, its harmoniously severe combination of upright and arching lines; the pure and highly wrought design of the draperies, of the angels' wings and the foliage contiguous to them, and of the architecture with its emblematic carvings; he will admire the pathetic charm and power of the faces, and the finished and careful drawing of the hands and feet; above all he will be conscious, in the whole character and aspect of the work, of the impress of a most marked and vivid personality. The ordinary spectator on his part will not analyse his impressions, but will be moved to pleasure or displeasure according to his temperament. Indifferent before a work of this power hardly any one can remain.



LERICI.

(Painted by Giovanni Costa.)

As a matter of fact, at the time of its first exhibition, Mr. Burne Jones's "Annunciation" moved some beholders to admiration and the deepest pleasure,

while it excited the vehement disapprobation of others. Critics of the robust school were sadly upset by it; they protested that it was morbid, melancholy, lamentable, and not to be endured. But what are we to say of the robustness which requires from art before all things a tonic for its nerves, and is unmanned by the sight of pale faces and troubled looks even in a picture? What reasonable judges require of an artist, and especially of an imaginative artist, is not that his work should conform to their own private standard, but that it should be good of its kind, and that its kind should be personal to himself. Now no artist ever had a more personal cast of imagination than Mr. Burne Jones, or one that he was less able to alter or put away. He sees things in a light of his own, which is not the light of common day, and his mind teems with images which are not those of the mart or street. Shapes of Scripture and shapes of old romance, whether Greek or Northern, shapes of myth and fable and personification, fill his thoughts. They move and group themselves before him in apparel of his own conceiving, amid a landscape of which the glades and headlands are bathed in the enchantments of a poet's vision. Nothing is more idle than the attempt to dictate to a mind thus naturally imaginative how it shall imagine. Doubtless the characteristic genius of the race to which he belongs, the Celtic melancholy, the Celtic inaptitude for realities, and preoccupation with departed glories and unattainable ideals, counts for much in the general character of Mr. Burne Jones's work. Unquestionably, too, both his enthusiastic study of the earlier art of Italy, and the influence and example of Rossetti, have had much to do in determining the particular cast of forms and colours in which his conceptions clothe themselves. His picture-world is not a world of brawn and muscle and lustihood like that of Rubens; it is not even one of dignified and contented splendour like that of Titian. It is a world, if you will, of spiritual hunger and strain and pining; but it is one, nevertheless, of extraordinary and

haunting charm to those who can feel its charm at all. These beautiful impassioned eyes and faces, this infinitely varied grace and harmony of design in limbs and draperies, this play and magic of colour, this touch which makes every corner and square inch of canvas thrill with life, and appeal to the pictorial sense just as the choice and cadence of every separate word in a fine poem appeals to the poetical sense—to qualities like these let such as will be blind or hostile: but let others wiser take delight in them.

Mr. George Howard, being of these wiser, possesses some of the best examples of Mr. Burne Jones's work both in the religious and the mythologic vein. Of the former kind, besides the above-mentioned "Annunciation," there is in the drawing-room the round picture of "Christ Coming to Judgment." This, again, is in its scheme not far removed from the character of a monochrome, but it is a monochrome of exceptional power and beauty; a singular and admirable vision of azure and purple cherub plumes in flight, and beautiful cherub eyes and faces, with the youthful Judge borne aloft upon the crowd of angelic wings. Mr. Burne Jones in his work often reproduces features of mediaeval or earlier Byzantine design, new-minted by the fire of his own Nineteenth Century imagination; and this figure of Christ the Judge, with his upraised right arm, has plenty of earlier prototypes. Yet there is about the modern work an unmistakable originality and individuality; not only or mainly in the scheme of colouring, or in the peculiar richness and intricacy of the design of wings and drapery; but especially in the character and sentiment of the central figure. Mr. Burne Jones, who cares for the mouth, along with the eyes, as the chief seat of human expression, and cannot bear that it should be hidden or disguised, has departed from the usual practice in making his Christ beardless, and has wrought with all his power to express in the features the combined and conflicting characters of divine justice at issue with divine compassion.

In the latter vein which I have named of Mr. Burne Jones's work, the vein of classic or mediaeval fable and romance, there is also at Palace Green an extensive decorative series of pictures designed by the artist himself, and executed partly by his own hand and partly by that of Mr. Walter Crane, illustrating the story of Cupid and Psyche. This series forms a frieze round three walls of the dining-room, which for the rest has been richly decorated by Mr. Morris. Underneath each picture by Mr. Burne Jones are written corresponding lines from Mr. Morris's poetical version of the story in the "Earthly Paradise." The co-operation of two hands has to some extent robbed the execution and aspect of the pictures of unity: the series is not without its quaintnesses and weaknesses, but its main effect is one of great richness in the whole, as well as great charm and interest in detail. Our tinted frontispiece in the present number is from another class of the same artist's works represented on the walls at Palace Green, the class of nature-personifications. This visionary shape is the personification or embodied soul of "The Evening Star:"—"Fair star of evening, splendour of the west." Of all the artists and poets, both of ancient and modern days, who have done their best upon the same theme, surely none has been better inspired than the painter of this calm, virgin apparition, floating with half-seen face and with this exquisite, simple action, and lovely drift of hair and drapery, over the mysterious seaward-shelving land, with its bays and promontories and hamlets lying asleep in the cool, blue-glimmering twilight.

Very different in force of inspiration from the impassioned visions of Mr. Burne Jones, the works of Mr. Armstrong invariably give pleasure by their highly studied and refined conception, and the original and graceful decorative spirit which governs them. Whether in representations of the real landscape of the Riviera which he has made his own, with its fields of deep Mediterranean sapphire seen athwart clouds of grey-green olive spray, or in imaginary compositions of classical youths and maidens among flowers and marble architecture and panelling, or in an exceptional instance like the present portrait group, the same excellent artistic instincts always reveal themselves. The colouring of the group in question is very quiet and pleasant, and its treatment rather decorative and flat, in a manner somewhat resembling that of the late J. C. Moore in similar works. This artist and his living brother, Mr. Albert Moore, are, along with Mr. Whistler, the contemporaries with whom Mr. Armstrong has on the whole worked most in sympathy. Our engraving of his picture at Palace Green will enable the reader to see for himself how, in the arrangement of the three children and their dog, with the background of paling and orchard blossom, the balance of every part and relation of every line are studied for decorative effect, while naturalness of gesture and naïveté of expression are not lost.

Passing now to the works of Mr. Legros, we find on the staircase two of the best pictures, certainly, which that master has ever painted. In common with some other of the strongest artists of modern France, Mr. Legros has a deep and vital sympathy with the lives of labourers on field or shore, and a keen artistic sense of the various characters, whether of patient dignity and endurance, or only of toil-worn submission and depression, which

THE EVENING STAR.

(Painted by Edward Burne-Jones. By Permission [illegible]

their occupations imprint upon their frames and countenances. At the same time he has also a high and classical instinct of style. His work is devoid of everything that startles or allures, but full on the other hand of a peculiar, highly-disciplined, quietly ascetic and impressive power and dignity. One of the most precise and severe of living draughtsmen, his studies in black and white from the life or from the antique approach in purity and severity of feeling, and in certainty and conciseness of workmanship, perhaps nearer than any done in our days to the excellences of the great Italian masters. It is this firm and severe standard of draughtsmanship and of style which makes him so excellent a teacher. It is this also which prevents his representations of toiling or dull types and characters from ever degenerating into commonness or offence. A certain austere and depressed dignity never deserts them. As a painter, Mr. Legros technically most resembles the Spanish masters, such as Ribera, for his sober choice and his broad handling of colours, and for his resolute and unwavering directness of method. Devoid as they are of popular charm, his works have qualities very much more valuable. In the christening scene reproduced in our concluding woodcut, we have a typical scene of French peasant life and character, interpreted with quite masterly power and feeling. From the whole quiet scene and simply ordered solemnity what a spirit is breathed of time-honoured habitude and hereditary seriousness and devoutness. This is, as it were, the imaginative atmosphere of the picture: and if we come to details, what truth, and at the same time what strength, in these types of priest and peasant: what an unforced air in the several personages of duty, patience, and composure: with an absence of all artificial or deliberate prettiness, what spontaneous dignity of gesture—even what grave beauty of type and character—in the

THE CHILDREN OF GEO. HOWARD, ESQ., M.P.

(*Painted by T. Armstrong.*)

elder girl who kneels in front and turns her face to the younger one beside her. These plain white coifs and black cloaks, moreover, with what admirable art and understanding are they turned to account, both for design of drapery and for harmony and opposition of colour. Another picture by Professor Legros belonging to Mr. Howard is very different in subject from this. It represents a fight on the barricades of Paris. But the natural complexion of the artist's mind, his ingrained pictorial quietism, so to speak, and aversion from whatever is sensational, has removed all bustle and confusion from the scene, and made it rather a study of French *ouvrier* types: seen, it is true, in determined action or preparation for action, but not in any gestures of agony, confusion, or turbulence. Several other works by the same artist are in the house, including a Psyche reposing in a classic landscape, and, finest perhaps of all in colour and sentiment, an early study of a monk playing the violoncello. And so we end our notes, or rather our unnoted reminiscences, of pictures which are not properly speaking a collection so much as the appropriate and familiar decoration of a home.

THE BAPTISM.

(Painted by Alphonse Legros.)

SIDNEY COLVIN.

PICTURES OF CATS.

"IT is worth remarking," says M. Champfleury in his admirable work "Les Chats"—now unluckily out of print—"that those artists who have delighted in the charm of cats have delighted equally in the charm of women, and that to these two tastes is frequently added a love of the odd and the fantastic." The remark would perhaps be even better if we were to take "the good and the beautiful" out of some page of the late Lord Lytton's and substitute it for "the odd and the fantastic." There have been

MATERNITY.

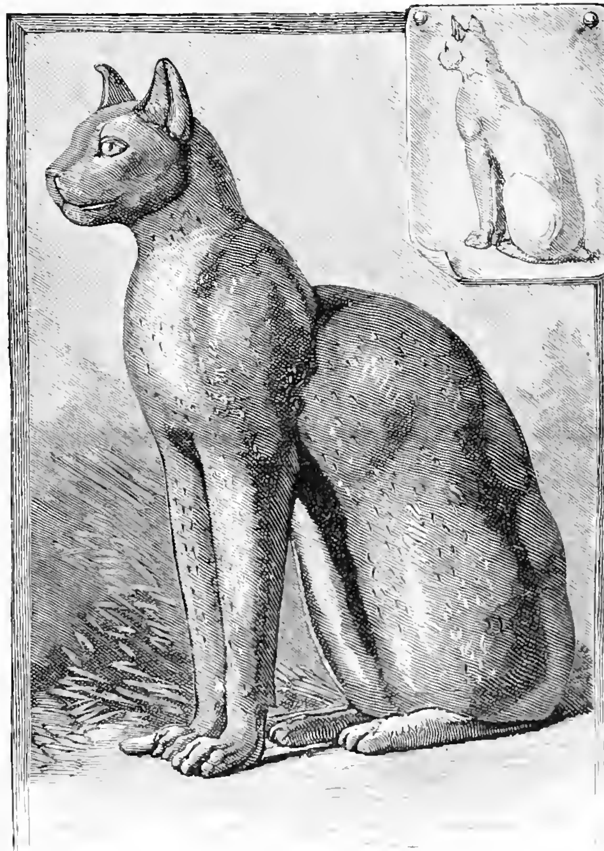
(Drawn in Pencil by Eugene Lambert. By Permission of the Artist.)

wicked women and odd women, and there are odd cats; but who has ever heard of a wicked cat? Cats have stolen when they have not had enough to eat or when their education has been neglected; they have turned cannibals in moments of frenzy; they have fought in defence of themselves and their belongings; they have quarrelled, and for all we know gambled; and they have been known to make an offensive alliance against a dog who presumed to exist in the same house with them; but an educated cat of evil life is an impossibility. The great and cultivated Egyptians knew this, and treated cats as they merited to be treated; and the Egyptian bronze here reproduced—from an admirable original in the British Museum—shows in a marked degree the majesty and wisdom that the Egyptians venerated in the cat. The ignorant and superstitious Europeans of the Middle Ages knew it, and vented their spleen upon the harmless necessary cat because they hated its superiority. It would be interesting to discover whether in the golden days of cats an antipathy was shown to them by dogs, or whether this was the result of the bad example shown to dogs by men in the days when cats had been dragged down from the high estate that of right belonged to them, and had grown accustomed to be persecuted like their friends, the supposed wizards and witches, because they were wiser and better than their neighbours. It has been said above that cats have combined against a dog, and few things are more amusing to watch than the working out of such a combination. Four black cats, each posted in a situation proper to the circumstances in and about a courtyard, each watching sternly for the dog's passing by and catching him a cuff on the head as he passes, make a spectacle well worthy of attention. I am inclined to think, however, that this was rather a punishment gravely resolved upon for some definite offence than a sign of constant warfare; for, being at that time constantly in the house which belonged to the black cats, I never again surprised any enmity shown by them to the dog, whom for the most part they tolerated with complete good humour. Most of us, too, who have any care for the animal comedy could adduce from our personal experience cases of cats and dogs living together in terms of the happiest acquaintance or even friendship; so that whether the antipathy is instinctive, or acquired, it is evident that it is no great matter to overcome it.

M. Champfleury quotes a Russian legend on the subject which is ingenious and which offers one curious point. According to this, "when the dog was created he was kept waiting for his *pelisse*; his patience grew exhausted, and he followed the first passer-by who called him. Now it happened that this was the Devil, who made the animal an emissary of his, and who sometimes assumes his form. The fur coat intended for the dog was given to the cat, and this perhaps explains the antipathy between the two quadrupeds, the first of which thinks that the second has stolen his proper possession." Here we have one of many instances of the dog sharing with the cat the suspicion of diabolical protection, and it may be that in both cases vain and stupid bipeds, puzzled and hurt at the exhibition of admirable sagacity in quadrupeds, cast the blame of it in a quarter where they were pretty sure not to be contradicted. Great as are the sagacity and beauty of the well-born and well-trained dog—and he who cannot love and admire both cat and dog is to be pitied—no amount of fur coats given to him instead of to the cat would have brought with them the variety and grace of movement and posture that belong to the cat. Some observers, among them Chateaubriand, have asserted that in the same way the cat's vocabulary is richer than the dog's; and Chateaubriand himself set it down that the cat's language has the same vowels as the dog's, with the addition of six consonants, *m*, *n*, *g*, *h*, *v*, and *f*. This, I am disposed to think, is a considerable error. I believe from observation that *g*, *r*, *w*, and a guttural *h* are habitually used by dogs, and I very much doubt whether *h* or *v* is ever used by cats. This of course refers in both cases to highly domesticated animals; and this brings me to a suggestion made to M. Champfleury by an anonymous friend of his, to the effect that it is only a want of artificial selection and hereditary training which prevents cats from being taught to do as much for us as dogs do, or more than dogs do, in the way of such services as fetching our gloves, and so on, when they are told to do. This in itself is a sort of *lèse-majesté* against the fine independence of the cat-nature, and the suggestion as quoted at length by M. Champfleury is carried to a fantastic point; but the fact that cats have never been taken in hand generation after generation by the human race as dogs have been remains.

This fact may have a good deal to say to the other fact, that for a hundred painters who devote themselves more or less to painting dogs there is perhaps one who takes an equal interest in painting cats; but there is a more potent cause, looked at already, in the variety of the cat's character, expressed in its ways and movement. The dog, as a companion, brims over with affection and sympathy. He can weep with you, laugh with you, laugh at you on occasion in a perfectly gentlemanlike way. He can adapt himself to your moods, and will even submit to be bored with a spirit which it would be an insult to call resignation, since he actually enjoys the process instead of pretending to enjoy it. He

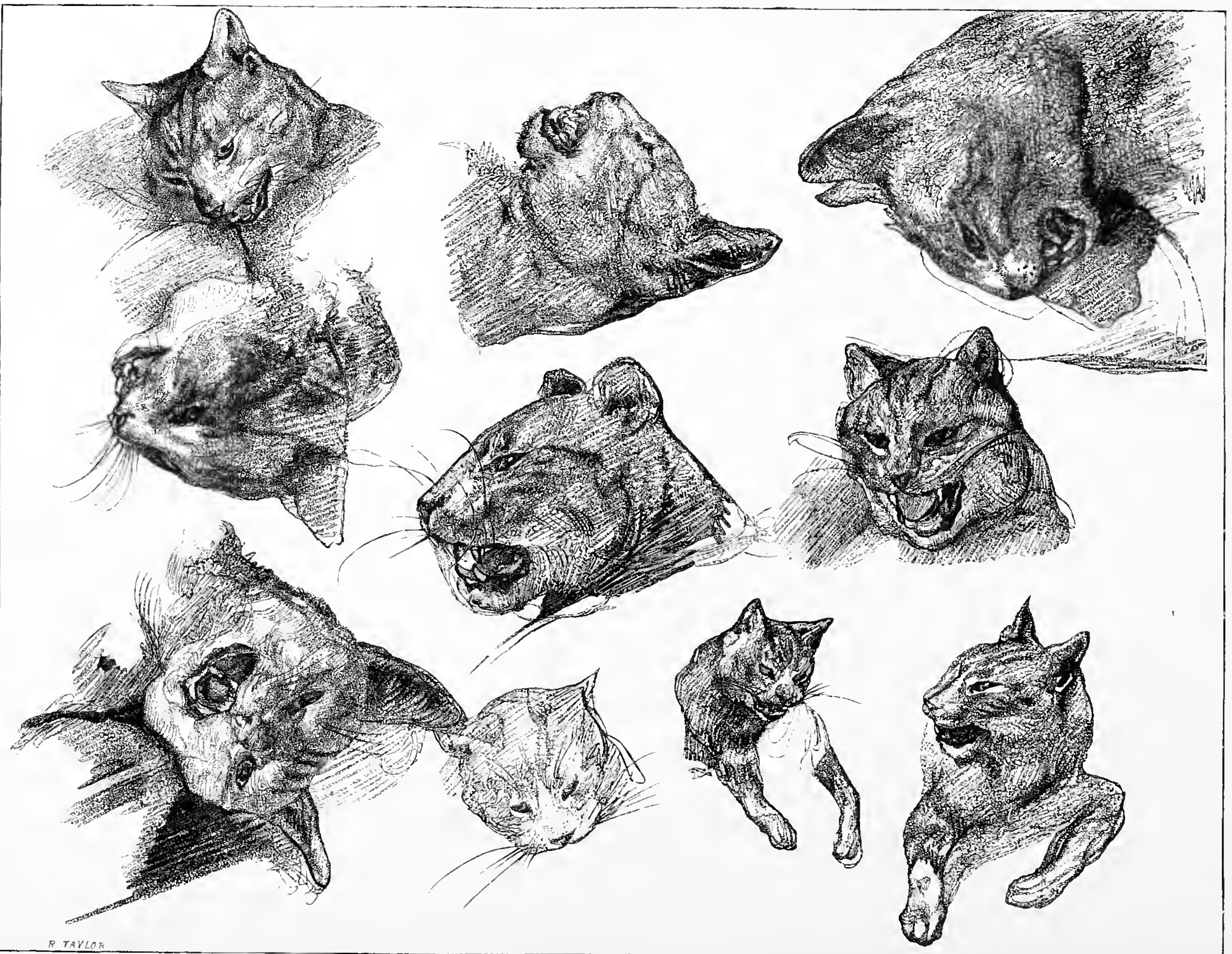
takes you at your own estimation, and never falters in his belief. What you say and do is right because you do and say it; he never sees through you. The cat does. What is more, he never seeks to disguise his power for the sake of gaining favour or popularity. He will play the fool with you up to a certain point, but when he thinks there has been enough of that he says so plainly enough, turning his back upon you until you are in wiser dispositions, and he sits inscrutable and impassive, waiting for your resipiscence. It is this inscrutableness, added to his presenting no hard-and-fast outline, that makes it so difficult to portray him with brush or pencil in repose. Yet more difficult it is to pluck out the heart of his mystery and fix it on canvas when he is merry, or angry, or amorous, or contemptuous, or supplicant, when fifty thoughts and expressions flit over his mind and body in as many seconds, and when, to do justice to these, or anything like justice, the painter must be in as complete a sympathy with the cat as the dog is with the painter. On this point we find M. Champfleury speaking words of wisdom. "The lines," he writes, "are so delicate, the eyes have such an extraordinary quality, the movements obey such sudden impulses, that to attempt to portray such a subject one must be feline oneself." This is written with reference to Rouvière, the celebrated French actor of Hamlet, who painted a cat-portrait which to M. Champfleury threw a flood of light upon the actor's system of gesture, especially in Hamlet. He was feline; and thus "one can explain certain exceptional methods in him which might well have served for study to other actors after his death. They were drawn from the living source of nature, for it may be said without paradox that the contemplation of a cat will do an actor as much good as a whole course at the Conservatoire." It is a pity that M. Champfleury has not reproduced this picture of Rouvière's. Before speaking of him he institutes a comparison between the Japanese cat-painters and Mind, the Katzen-Raphael, but, and injustly as some of us will think, to the disadvantage of Mind. But then Mind was a Switzer.



AN EGYPTIAN CAT.

(From a Bronze in the British Museum.)

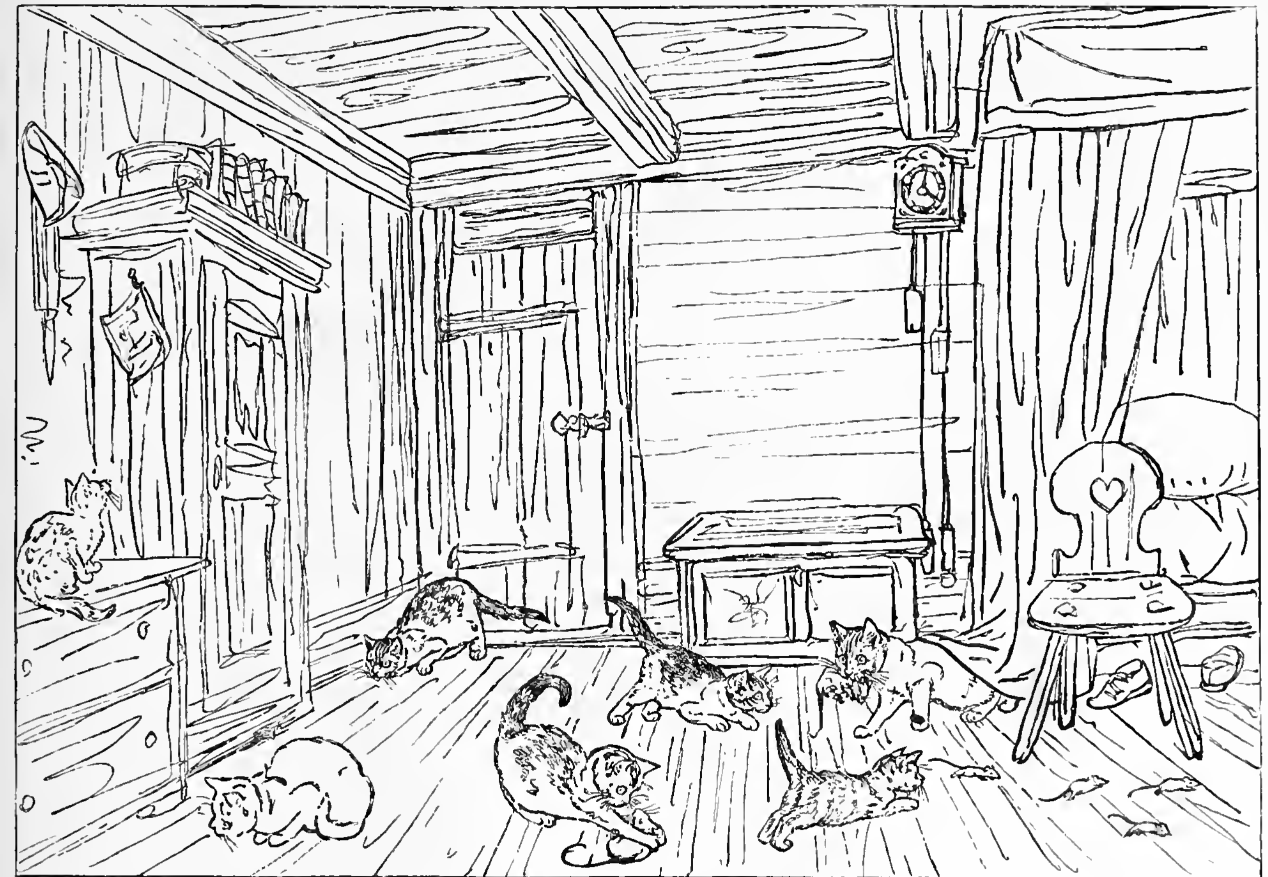
Of this remarkable man's history it may not be amiss to say something. Godfrey Mind, known as the Katzen-Raphael, the great painter of cats and bears, was born at Worblanfen, near Berne, in 1768, and died in 1814. He was the son of a carpenter in the employ of one Grunn, a paper-maker. Grunn, who had a taste for the fine arts, possessed a set of Ridinger's etchings of animals. These young Mind attempted to copy, and his attempts were watched with interest by a painter named Legel, who took it in hand to give him instruction. According to an article in the eighth volume of the *Penny Magazine*, his father "does not appear to have been so well pleased with his son's performances as was Mr. Legel, and when Godfrey required paper for his sketches he gave him wood, a material in the fashioning of which he was desirous his son should become as skilful as he was himself. And, indeed, the fame of Mind, junior, as a cunning workman in wood began to eclipse that of his honest parent, whose productions, though perhaps more useful to the community than those of his son, never obtained the same applause; for Mind, who had imbibed quite a passion for animals, employed himself in carving representations of sheep, goats, cats, &c., in wood, and executed them with such fidelity that they were sought after by all the villagers, until scarcely a cottage was without some specimen of his genius. Among these he particularly excelled in the representation of cats, for which he appeared to entertain a greater affection than he ever suffered himself to exhibit towards any of his friends." In 1778 he was placed in a school founded



STUDIES OF CATS.

(From a Pencil Drawing by Géricault.)

by Pestalozzi, and about 1780 he went into the studio of Freudenberger, a painter at Berne, who, according to one account, taught him sepia-drawing; according to another, did nothing for him beyond setting him to colour some prints of Swiss costumes. The last-named account is that given by the writer in the *Penny Magazine*, who had evidently formed the meanest opinion of Freudenberger. "He does not appear," he went on, "to have afforded him any instruction, or to have availed himself of the abilities of Mind as a designer. While Freudenberger lived, his days passed on in a wearying monotony, and it was not until the death of that artist that the peculiar talent of Mind as an animal-painter began to be noticed. By unremitting study and a constant devotion to one object, he was now enabled to attain an excellence in the delineation of animals, especially cats and bears, which few have ever equalled." On the other hand, Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire," having said, as we have seen, that Freudenberger taught Mind to draw in sepia, goes on to say that, of feeble health and of a surly disposition, Mind lived almost entirely among his cats, whom he studied to such purpose that he was called the Cats' Raphael. "Adopting the method of his master Freudenberger, he made his drawings in pencil or ink, on sheets of paper, and afterwards coloured them in distemper; he had no notion of oil-painting, and never engraved any of his drawings." Till the end of his career Mind stayed in the house of the widow Freudenberger, who gave him a small pittance in exchange for his making over his drawings to her. Ambition and friendship he seems to have had no care for; he loved nothing but drawing, and delighted chiefly in drawing cats. Bears also (between whose gestures and attitudes and those of cats there is an odd likeness) he drew; and children with extraordinary accuracy, nature, and grace. But it is as the Cats' Raphael that he is best known to the present generation. Like Mohammed, he would submit to the greatest personal inconvenience rather than disturb one of his cats; and he never quite got over his grief at the general massacre of cats ordered at Berne in 1809, when a serious epidemic of madness broke out among them. The writer in the "Grand Dictionnaire," it may be noted, seems to have known little or nothing



CATS AND MICE.

(Drawn by Godfrey Mind, the "Katzen-Raphael." From Weigel's "Facsimiles.")

of cats, and helps to perpetuate a common superstition in his summing up of Mind's character, in which he says: "He seems himself to have put on the character of these creatures, which will not leave a place where they have once taken up their abode." Who that knows cats will doubt that Mind's cats would have gladly followed him if he had chosen to change his residence?

No Japanese cat-picture, to return to M. Champfleury's comparison, that I have seen beats the picture of Mind's, here reproduced, for appreciation, naturalness, correctness, and movement. The only fault is the presence of so many living mice among so many cats. These of Mind's are real cats; the Japanese cats have a fantastic weirdness which belongs to the cats of Eastern fable, and which has nothing to do with the Marquis of Carabas's cat, by the adroit mention of which Mdme. Junot once discomfited the great Napoleon. As to Delacroix's cats we may agree with M. Champfleury's judgment that, despite Delacroix's nervous and febrile nature, and the study that he made of cats, "there is not a cat in any of his pictures; he turned them all into tigers;" and the same mistake may be noted in two of the heads in the vigorous and interesting sheet of studies, here reproduced, by the great painter Géricault. Very high among cat-painters stands M. Eugène Lambert, to whom we are indebted for the excellent drawing reproduced at the head of this article. His cats are full of life, of beauty, and of felineness, the one quality too often missing in paintings of cats, and the one constantly present in Mind's. It is decidedly less present in Mr. Couldery's pictures of kittens, pretty as they are. They want character and individuality. They are as much alike each other as, to the untrained eye, sheep are. The same may be said to some extent of the graceful and pleasant pictures of feline life and manners of Mdme. Knip-Ronner. But a painter of cats ought to distinguish individual characteristics in them at least as readily as a shepherd does in his sheep. M. Lambert for this reason, among others, is very far above the Dutch and English artists, and indeed may be said to be almost on a level with the Katzen-Raphael. But when all is said and done as to past and present representations of a beautiful and wise animal, there is every reason to hope for the advent of another Eugène Lambert, or another if not a better Mind. In that hope we may well be content.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK.

AN AMERICAN LANDSCAPE-PAINTER.

CHARLES HENRY MILLER, N.A., the painter of "Autumn" and "A Long-Island Landscape," both of which pictures we engrave, is of Dutch and English extraction. His first paternal ancestor in the United States went over from Holland in 1651 with the Van Rensellaers, who at one time owned vast domains in New York State. Although the family originally settled on the Hudson River above Albany, Mr. Miller was born in the city of New York, where his father was then residing. This was in 1842. His first decided predilection was for the pencil. While yet a mere boy, he drew earnest and careful studies from nature—a practice which he continued while at school. At eighteen he exhibited a painting at the National Academy which attracted marked attention. It was called "The Challenge," and represented two gamecocks in a barn on the point of engaging in a deadly duel. His father, all the same, was strongly opposed to the idea of an artistic career for him, and gave him the choice of either law or medicine. He, therefore, abandoned art, entered a medical institution, and graduated with a doctor's degree.

The young man followed his profession for some time, and got a berth as surgeon on the emigrant ship *Harvest Queen*, which afterwards foundered so mysteriously in the English Channel. While the ship was lying at Liverpool, he made a flying visit to the art galleries of London, Antwerp, and Paris. He found that his love for painting had been only dormant, and it now awoke again with fresh and unquenchable ardour. Returning to New York, he put by the practice of medicine and returned to the practice of art. In 1867 he sailed for Europe once more, and proceeding to Munich, settled down to a thorough course of training in the studio of Lier, the landscape-painter. What was probably of more importance, he became a pupil of the Royal Bavarian Academy, established at that time in an old Jesuit convent near the Rathhaus. Not content with Munich only, he devoted much careful study to the masterpieces collected at Venice, Paris, and Rome; and while selecting landscape as his

walk in art, he gave careful attention to the figure, and to drawing from the living model—the best practice possible for an artist, whatever be the department of his choice.

He returned to the United States after some three years' study abroad, and established himself in New York. In 1873 he was elected an Associate of the National Academy of Design, and a full Academician in 1875. His life has since then been uneventful, and wholly devoted to a tranquil but successful pursuit of art. In using the word tranquil, however, I only refer to vicissitude and adventure. Of these few artists have known so little as he. But his mental life has been one of restless and earnest endeavour. He is a man of ideas, of strong and decided convictions, and with a touch of the missionary spirit—traits which do not allow him to be a passive "looker-on in Vienna," in an age and a country where all is in a state of ferment. We cannot always coincide with his views—and, for that matter, we cannot possibly accept the views of any positive mind without qualification; but he is worthy of admiration for his devotion to art and his activity in promoting its progress. In his studio there can be no mental stagnation. This is as it should be. Not only do such minds keep others active by precept and example; they are likely also to add something to the sum of human knowledge. It can be conceded, too, that, while fixedly attached to his own theories, Mr. Miller is neither dogmatic nor intolerant, as is too often the case in art and literary circles.

As might be expected, he could not long remain neutral in the battle waged between the National Academy of Design and the new Society of American Artists. The causes of such a contest were such as inevitably arise when an institution of any sort, be it the government of a state or of an art association, is allowed too long a course of prosperity without the stimulus of rivalry. It lapses into lethargy, cares little for anything besides its own interests, and, by neglecting those of others, in the end affects those very interests it selfishly cherishes. The National Academy of Design of New York is some fifty years old. In a country like the United States that is a long period. It has been long enough to land this excellent institution in a self-complacent conservatism, which entrenched itself against innovations in an age when not to advance is to die. Being the leading art institution of the country, its indifference to those signs of change and progress which are inevitable as to-morrow's sunrise, weighed on the art of the country like frost. Artists of promise without the pale, bringing new methods and ideas, were doomed to see their work excluded year after year from the annual exhibitions, at a time when the country was beginning to feel new life in its veins after the depression of a great war. There was only one way to bring the Academicians to terms; and that was to arouse their jealousy, and fill them with apprehension lest others should win the prizes which thus far they had gathered as a matter of course. The remedy was applied when the Society of American Artists was established. Very serious objections can be justly urged against some of the methods and the art of the new institution; but it has already accomplished a good work in arousing the Academy to the absolute necessity of reform if it would not lapse into insignificance.

The Society of American Artists was founded in 1877, and has already held six or seven exhibitions. At first it was composed without exception of young painters whose art-life had been spent in Europe; and its function was to furnish these and their compeers in America with an opportunity of exhibition. The Academy had rejected them because, it said, their style was altogether foreign, and their matter altogether borrowed from such men as Diaz, Daubigny, Bonnat, Gérôme, or Corot. The former charge was true; the latter was not. Their style was and still is wholly that of their masters; but it was a virile style, and, it must be admitted, was generally in advance of the best of the Academy. But their subjects were original; and latent power suggesting much promise was perceptible in some of their compositions. By the people the new society was regarded with reserve. Its foreign technique seemed to denationalise the institution. It was felt that art so completely subjected to foreign methods must prove a perishable exotic. But the men of the Society soon discovered that the elements for artistic work abounded at home. This has given it a more national, and therefore a more natural and winning character. The original membership has also been enlarged by the addition of several painters (some of them Academicians) whose art-life has been wholly, or almost wholly, passed in America. This has tended to modify the ill-feeling manifested at the outset. There is no question that the establishment of the Society of American Artists has already proved very beneficial to art in New York.

Among the first to identify themselves with the new society was Mr. Miller, who continues to be one of its most prominent landscape-painters. Thoroughly American, both in spirit and in matter, he is one who sees that there is no such thing in this world as standing still: that there must either be progress or retrogression. Two points may be noted as characteristic of his art. The first would need no comment in Europe; I refer to his representation of the Picturesque in nature. In a general sense the word may perhaps apply to every object

that can be agreeably portrayed in art. But in its more limited and special sense, the Picturesque is whatever seems to convey suggestions of humanity, or bear evidences, whether actual or symbolical, of the fight which man and nature have to wage with time, decay, and destruction. In other words, the Picturesque in landscape is whatever suggests the dramatic element. In a new country, where the forests stand in their primeval verdure, there is much that is grand and beautiful, but little that suggests the destiny of man. The houses also are comparatively new, and therefore inartistically fresh in form and colour. It is not until time has modulated their outlines and tints into harmony with nature, and the traditions and tragedies of life have clustered about them, that the dwellings of man really enter into the domain of the Picturesque. It is evident that in America such conditions could only scantily exist for generations. At first, therefore, American painters concerned themselves chiefly with the woods and waters of their native land. But with the growth and spread of population, many parts of the older cities, many districts in the longest-settled states, have developed much that is highly picturesque. But it was not until recent years that American painters saw the wealth at their doors. The genre artists discovered it first; now the landscape, and especially the coast painters, have found it too. This is undoubtedly due in part to the influence of the Society of American Artists, and especially to such painters as Charles Henry Miller. His nature is highly sensitive to such aspects of nature as possess a certain subjectivity—as are touched with a peculiar sentiment. This is very noticeable in his "Old Grist Mill at Springfield." The moss-covered, weather-stained, and dilapidated structure is in the immediate foreground, while beyond the mill-stream the distant landscape gleams invitingly. The blackened water-wheel glistens with the splashing current. Over all broods a delicious quietude, an idyllic peace. You seem to hear the languid drone of the wheel and the low of kine in the distant fields. Like the painter's best works, it is rich in colour and delicious in tone. "Sheep-washing," another eloquent composition, is inspired by fine feeling for light. It was on its merits that the artist was made an Academician. Many of Mr. Miller's subjects are selected from Long Island, where he spends his summers. It is one of the oldest-settled portions of New York State, and is peopled chiefly by farming folk, the descendants of English and Dutch colonists. The southern shore is partly inhabited by fishermen. Mr. Miller has a summer residence at Queens, several miles from New York, and has painted many of the choice bits around

Yours Truly
Chas. H. Miller.

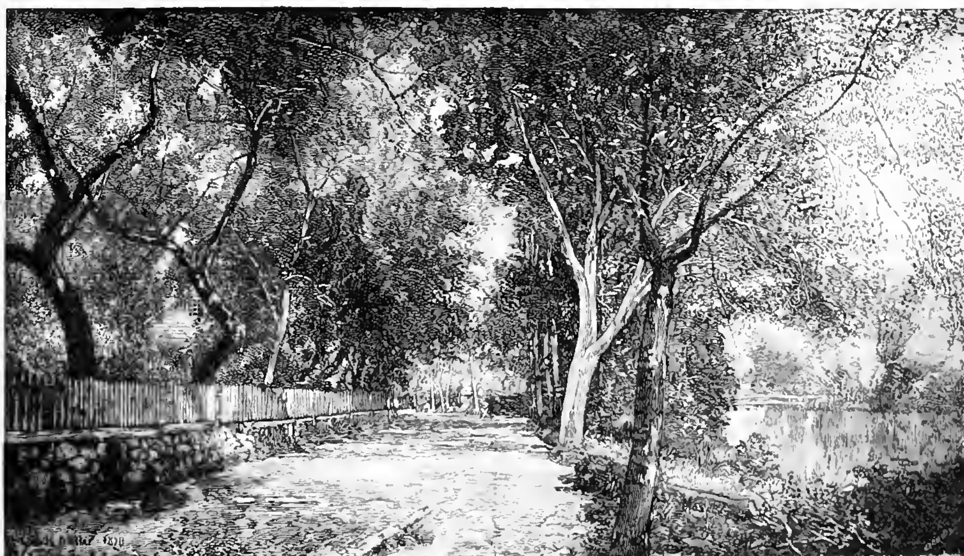
his home. One of his most effective landscapes represents an old windmill at East Hampton. This village is situated at the eastern end, and has become a favourite summer resort of New York painters. The restless ocean rolls hard by; and yet the little hamlet nestles among its groves in a quietude that makes it seem a secluded nook in a South Sea isle, instead of a spot within four or five hours' distance of New York. The scene is but a short walk from the birthplace of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home." The road in the middle distance, along the hill-crest beyond the mill, leads directly to the humble cottage of the poet's childhood. This painting affords us an admirable example of Mr. Miller's power in rendering light and shade: which gives him, I should note, a very high position in contemporary American art. By an odd and pleasant chance the originals of both our engravings deal with Long Island scenery. In "Autumn" we have a tidy farmhouse embowered by a grove of old household

AUTUMN.

(Painted by Charles H. Miller, N.A.)

trees, with inviting glimpses of distant landscape. In the foreground is a group of cattle. The second gives us a Long Island lane, domed with lovely leafage; a shining pool; a comely farmstead at the avenue's end; and a sense of happy golden weather —"Lumière, vie, et douceur."

In another ambitious work the artist has painted High Bridge, which is a lofty aqueduct crossing the Haarlem River in the vicinity of New York. The picture is low in tone, and the treatment is harmonious and thoroughly artistic. Since it was painted, the artist's method and style have deepened, and greatly gained in certain peculiar qualities. And this leads me to speak of the second important feature in his theory and practice. I refer to his great striving after tone. Probably no American painter has paid more attention to this, which is one of the first essentials in landscape art. His aims are twofold: first, to give a landscape the delicious atmospheric tone of nature; and, second, to impart to a new picture a touch of the mellow richness with which time has imbued old paintings by the masters. It follows that he is an experimentalist. He is a rapid worker, but he never allows that fact to permit him to send a work out of his studio until he is measurably satisfied with it, even if he must go over it again and again. It also



A LONG-ISLAND LANDSCAPE.

(Painted by Charles H. Miller, N.A.)

goes without saying that there is very great inequality in his works, for the simple reason that he aims high. In some we cannot avoid seeing a high purpose—and failure. Painting as he often does on a dark ground, too many of his effects are too low in tone, and verge upon a scarcely natural gloom. His cloud-effects are also sometimes too strong, overbalancing in value the rest of the picture, and thus disturbing the harmony of the composition.

But after all has been said it remains beyond dispute that in his best work there is much richness and depth. The tone is delicious; the colours, often superb, are permeated by a beautiful atmospheric glow. The clouds are sometimes very fine. There is rarely anything slovenly in the artist's technique. Sometimes the frenzy of impressionism seizes him; but reason and judgment generally hold the rein, and he maintains—as all good painters must—a just balance between the two extremes of art.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

WOMEN AT WORK: THEIR FUNCTIONS IN ART.

A DISTINGUISHING mark of modern feminine education is the large part taken in it by art. Instead of being deemed an accomplishment for the few who possess special talent, it has become almost compulsory for the many. After the school drawing-master is left comes the local art centre, the attraction of which is often a question of medals and honorary distinctions rather than of the higher culture or even technical education. This indiscriminate emulation in art has its uses and its abuses. Knowledge is good; training in art is an admirable means of refining the national character. But if the process of refinement is to be successful it must, to begin with, be correct in type and perfect in application. To inundate our lives with commonplace pictures, and insist, with a total want of the artistic temperament, on the cultivation of mere technical dexterity, is worse than useless. We do not dream of making engineers of boys without a taste for mathematics, and we should equally shrink from making our girls musicians without ear, or artists without eyes and hands. That latent talent may not be ignored, it is as well that a certain amount of æsthetic training should be compulsory in the earlier stages of education. There are very few in whom the eye and hand cannot to some extent be educated; and there are thousands of women who, without being artists, have technical aptitude enough to be useful in less ambitious ways. The question therefore is: what use are women to make of the knowledge which has almost superseded housewifery and skill with the needle? In other words, what are the functions of women in art?

To answer it we must consider the nature of art, which to be perfect should be triune; requiring for its highest development the best qualities of soul, mind, and body. The corporeal part of art is technicality, requiring only hand and eye; the intellectual is composition, requiring thought and reason; the spiritual, the inner and higher meaning which soul alone has the power of expressing. When this last gift is added to the other two, and the artist's power is threefold, we call it genius. The twofold ability of combining intellect and hand constitutes talent; simple dexterity of hand is mere aptitude. Before deciding on an artistic career, a woman should be sure of her capacities and of the nature of her position with regard to art—whether it be that of genius, talent, or aptitude, inasmuch as the functions of each are distinct. If when she leaves the art school she is irresistibly impelled to continue the pursuit, if she originates subjects which have a touch of soul in them, if she can throw the inner meaning of nature into a landscape or a pure sentiment into a face—then we may be sure that she has a touch of genius. She is one of the few to whom art in its highest forms will be revealed, and she may, and must, devote her life to its quest. She will idealise and beautify every-day life, and become a teacher and priestess of nature. The instinctive perceptions of woman are often more subtle and finer than those of man; and her heart will guide her to the interpretation of delicacies of sentiment which pass unrecognised by his stronger genius.

If a girl be only endowed with a correct eye and clever hand, if she can do no more than readily adapt forms to their uses and give a certain intellectual value to composition, she may be said to have talent, and may be a worker in a lower sphere. To her the many branches of decorative art are open. She may copy or paint tapestries and panels, design chintzes, and so forth. But she must not waste her time in painting second-rate pictures. For those who can only draw what they see before them, neither interpreting nor teaching, there is nothing but the pursuit of drawing as a handicraft. It would be

better, unless they be content to become mere artisans, to abandon art and take up the needle. Genius will win fame; talent may attain wealth; but dexterity is only serviceable as a handmaid to other minds.

With a very large class of feminine artists the great object is not to become famous, but to earn a livelihood, for girls are beginning to tire of the drudgery of teaching at servants' wages, and marriage is a remote chance with a large proportion of women. With emancipation there have come the desire and the possibility of independence. New careers must be made for woman, and art opens a wide field to her. If she have genius, she will have no choice but to follow it. She may make it remunerative if she have talent, and may live by it even if she only possesses dexterity; but she must do this chiefly in its limits as decoration. It is by no means necessary for her to confine her efforts to mere water-colours and oils. She may etch, and draw on wood. She may design chintzes and wall-papers for the manufacturers; paint on china in a porcelain manufactory; paint tapestries for hangings, portières, and screens, and also paint on silk dresses. A softer and more natural effect may be obtained with the brush than in embroidery, which is only artistic if used in conventional subjects. I have seen in Miss Aumonier's studio a dress of pale blue-grey silk with a long double spray of Banksia roses in water-colour flung across the skirt. The effect surpassed in delicacy that of any embroidery I ever saw.

Again, why should not woman take up the art of wall-decoration as a profession? If wall-papers suit the English climate better than fresco, why not produce them in original designs instead of depending for them on the manufacturers, and repeating in our own apartments the taste of hundreds of our neighbours? A painted frieze and dado would adorn a room much more eloquently than paper stamped by machinery, yard after yard alike. A frieze of children for the household drawing-room; of fairy stories for the nursery; of flowers and fruit for the dining-room, would touch the house with poetry. And the more delicate uses of wood-carving, as for frames, letter-cases, work-boxes, are in the same category. I have spoken hitherto of the practice of art as a livelihood. But there is happily a large class of women who have no need to earn their bread, and to whom art and the practice of art may yet be a solace and a delight. And here we come to what is after all woman's true mission—that of the presiding genius of the home. Here all her artistic proclivities may be brought into full play, as the beautifier and refiner of the household dwelling-place. Here again art is not confined to a mere use of the brush. Its forms and objects are infinite. In the mother it finds its outlet in the training of her little ones' taste, in surrounding them with beauty from their childhood, in touching their dress with the beauty of bright embroideries and graceful shapes, in aiding their amusement by drawing little pictures for them to paint; in illustrating their favourite stories. A fairy book with blank leaves bound into it, illustrated by the mother under her children's eye, will give them a thousand times more pleasure than the same book illustrated with mere engravings, especially if the children are allowed to suggest their own imaginings, and to see them expressed. In the wife a cultivated taste, even without manual dexterity, is a great beautifier. Such a woman will give artistic beauty to a spray of ivy or feathery tamarisk by wreathing it round a mirror, and glorify a handful of red poppies by placing them in a sunny room in an antique jar. It depends on her artistic taste whether her table looks like a mere feeding-board or a hymn to nature, the mother of food.

The daughter at home may find endless occupation for her artistic fingers. She has only to remember that all adornment should begin by being appropriate. She must not hang her walls with plates which nobody uses, or with water-colours not worthy of their frames. She will paint a pretty frieze round her room, and a dado underneath it, of foxgloves or tall lilies. If the room is panelled she will paint the panels, or even fling a handful of flowers in colour over shutters and doors. Instead of buying a machine-made table-cloth whose chief virtue is that it is the fashion, she will get hold of some Cinque-Cento arabesques and adapt them to a border, and let her cloth be *acu picta* (needle-painted); for the needle is as worthy an artistic implement as the brush, though it cannot be used in the same way. Conventional art suits the needle, natural art the brush. She will design you a wreath of embroidered flowers or arabesque for your curtains; she will paint your Christmas cards, your *menu* cards, your ball programmes. A very artistic programme—framed in ivy—was lately hung on the ball-room wall in Florence. It was a fishing-boat in the Mediterranean, with a lateen sail on whose wide expanse the dances were inscribed.

The home, in fact, has endless uses for art, if we would only be content to make it original and express our own ideas, instead of blindly following the fashion. It would be well, too, if we recognised more distinctly the difference between genius and talent. Let genius alone stand as the teacher and apostle of art, and leave to talent and dexterity the handicrafts. Our picture exhibitions would then be temples of art, and our homes the idealisation of utility.

LEADER SCOTT.

PAUSIAS AND GLYCERA.

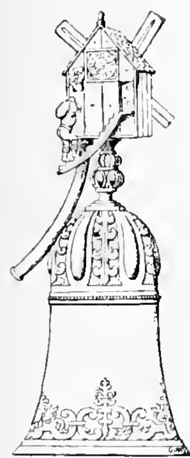
"PAUSIAS AND GLYCERA."

From the Picture by L. Scifoni.

THE scene is an old-world studio. Mr. Morris would describe it for you in such sleepy, sonorous verse as that in which he has proclaimed himself the idle singer of an empty day; Mr. Alma-Tadema would paint it with a wealth of cool marbles, and fine textures, and ingenious archæology generally. The personages are the painter Pausias (famous for his portraits), the lady Glycera (famous for her beauty), and a brace of handmaids only less fair than their fair mistress. Pausias is interested; Glycera, for once, is embarrassed; it is the beginning not only of a masterpiece, but of an affair of the heart. Even now it is not impossible for painters to fall in love with their sitters. How possible, even how easy, it was in Greece we know. Apelles painted Campaspe, and loved her; Praxiteles carved the beauties of Phryne, and did the same; and there were others. The present picture, therefore, with its inspired painter, its sweet and gracious model, its chorus of pretty duennas, may not inaptly be described as an essay—successful, and much to the taste of the time—in archæological romance.

All this the artist has suggested very skilfully and well. He has chosen for the motive of his picture the instant at which the drama takes form and substance; and the personages with which he has peopled his canvas are admirably appropriate to the situation. His three women are individual and attractive; their several gestures—of embarrassment, of amused curiosity, of interested indifference—are very natural and right; a prettier group is not often seen. Garlands, and graceful draperies, and frescoed walls, and a world of flowers, complete a very pleasant picture.

CONCEITS IN CUPS.


1.—A WINDMILL CUP.

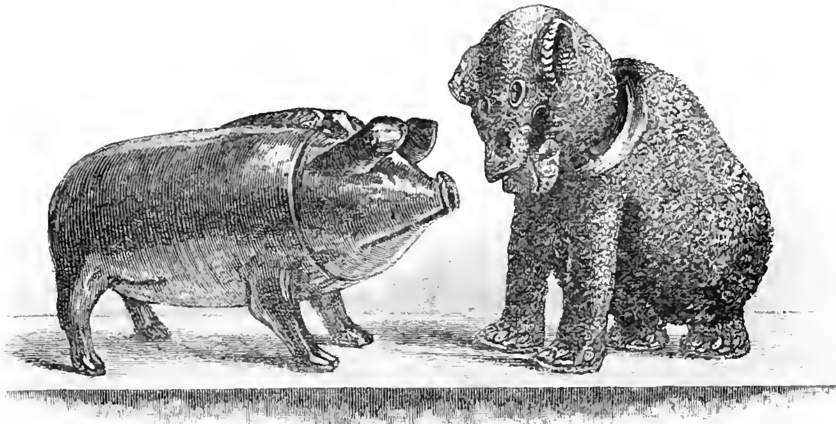
DECORATIVE vessels for the table, whether of English or German, Italian or French manufacture, and whether of metal profusely jewelled or of more homely materials, were in former times highly ornamental and elaborate, many of the set-pieces being of large size and of extremely intricate contrivance. Among the simpler forms, quadrupeds and birds were favourite groundworks of design, and these often had an heraldic or an allusive meaning.

The bear was (I may almost say is) one of the most popular models of all; and the same general design for its use has certainly obtained amongst us for three centuries or more. In Lord Londesborough's Collection are two bears, of silver and silver-gilt. They are, as usual, upright (not strictly "rampant"), standing on their hinder legs on circular bases. Two other examples hold shields in front of the body, by the fore-paws. The shields bear merchants' marks and initials, and the curly hair is represented by incised lines all over the figure. One has its eyes formed of small rubies, with turquoises in front of the collar. Another, of the Sixteenth Century, represents a bear sitting upright on its haunches, but without any basement; it is of silver-gilt, and the collar is set with turquoises. Between his fore-paws and close to his body the beast holds a bagpipe, which is further secured to him by a surrounding chain; the hair is, as before, indicated by incised lines. Akin to these was that "Ursa Major" which the Baron of Bradwardine solemnly drew from his casket to do honour to Captain Waverley. Bears as drinking vessels were, however, more common in earthenware than in metal. They were to some extent made in Germany; but principally in England at Nottingham, Brampton, Chesterfield, and Fulham. The example here engraved (3), from my own collection, is of the hard, rich brown, glazed ware characteristic of the old Nottingham and Brampton manufactures. It is 9½ inches in height, and the whole, save the neck, to give the rough appearance of shaggy hair, is powdered with tiny fragments of dry clay sprinkled over the surface before "firing" and burned on and glazed with it. The eyes, outlines of the ears, teeth, and claws are laid on with white "slip."

When filled with liquor, the bear is placed upright, seated on his haunches; but when empty or only partially filled he can be set on all-fours. The head

invariably lifts off, and is sometimes attached to the neck by a chain. The body always holds the liquor, and the head is used as a cup; it is held by the muzzle, which serves for a handle. Two bears, so modelled as to stand either upright or on all four feet, are in the Mayer Museum, and have each a grotesque cub between the fore-paws. They are of light-coloured earthenware, with the usual rough surface, and each is chained by the nose. Other examples are so formed as only to be able to stand, or rather sit, upright. Some literally hug the cub between their fore-paws, and others are disfigured by an uncouth arrangement for pouring the liquor into the head-cup. Occasionally, in later examples, the potter has given a political or satirical significance to his bears. In one of these, of ordinary earthenware, and painted, the bear, which is muzzled, sits upright on his haunches as usual; at his back is a handle; the head is used as a cup. Firmly grasped in front, between his paws, is a diminutive figure of Napoleon Buonaparte, having on his cocked hat the word "Boney." The general colour is dark mottled brown, the muzzle being bright red, while "Boney's" coat is blue.

Other quadrupeds—the bull, the lion, the ram, both "salient" and "trippant," on mounds sometimes enriched with foliage and flowers, and with lizards, tortoises, and other reptiles in relief—were also in use. The stag, too, was a favourite with the metal-workers from, at all events, as early a period as the Eleventh Century. One large example in the Londesborough Collection is of silver, parcel gilt; it is a stag "salient," wearing a collar with shield, to which is attached a chain that secures the head. The mound is beautifully chased, and is adorned with snails and serpents in high relief. Another, of silver-gilt, the collar set with garnets, is surrounded by encircling bands of silver, from which depend a number of escutcheons engraved with the arms and names of distinguished officers of the court of Saxe-Gotha, of different dates. A third exhibits the goddess Diana seated on a stag, heraldically speaking "in full course," and bounding over a stream which runs across the rough ground by the base. In others the stag is variously modelled as (speaking heraldically) "lodged," "at gaze," "trippant," and so forth. A popular vessel is the "Sussex pig" (2). When filled, this quaint, uncouth utensil is, of course, set upright on the brute's tail; empty, it stands on all-fours. In Sussex these "pigs" were, and still are, brought into use at weddings. The vessel is filled with liquor, the legs serving as handles to pour withal; and the head being taken off and filled, each guest is invited to "drink a *hog's-head* of beer to the health of the bride." It is also used on other convivial occasions—each person being expected to drink off the filled "hog's-head."

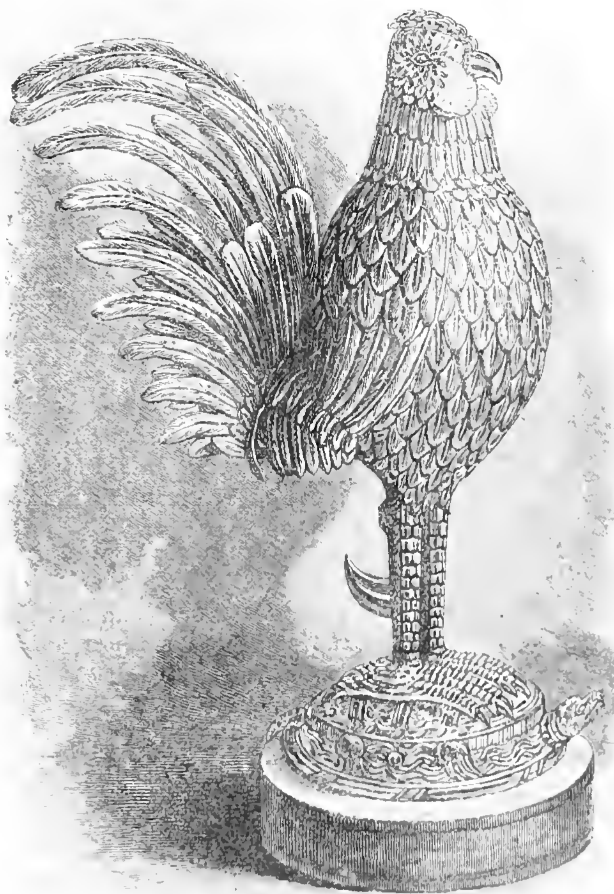


2.—A SUSSEX PIG. 3.—A BEAR JUG.

Another drinking vessel, in silver-gilt, is in form of a "talbot," or dog, seated, and richly collared; another, in that of a cat "couchant;" in both the head takes off to be used as a cup, while the liquor is contained in the body. In a third example the vessel, of silver-gilt, is in form of an "elephant and castle," and would therefore figure worthily at the corporation banquets of the city of Coventry. The driver, in oriental costume, is seated on the creature's neck, and in the circular fortalice on its back are troopers with buff coats, bandoliers, and matchlocks, and a cannon fronting directly over the driver's head; the castle lifts off for use as a cup. Others again, as in the Durlacher and several other collections, are in "form of a horse, rearing up and caparisoned, the head removable for purposes of drinking." And this form—the horse—leads me to speak of some very curious mediaeval vessels of clay, in form of mounted knights. These, there can

be no doubt, have obtained among us from Norman times. One—dating, it may be, from Henry II.—was found at Lewes in 1846. Another, a fragment, found at Mere, and preserved in the museum at Salisbury, is believed to date back to the latter half of the Twelfth Century. The costume and accoutrements of the figure correspond very closely with those of the effigy of King Richard I. on his Great Seal. The general idea was adopted by workers in metal, and cups in form of mounted knights, in gold, silver, and the baser metals, are common.

Birds have always been favourites with the designer of conceits in cups, and the cock, peacock, dove, heathcock, swan, stork, duck—nay, the great roc himself!—have all been adapted to his uses. Our third engraving (4) represents one of a set of five magnificent loving cups, of silver-gilt, belonging to the Worshipful Company of Skinners of London. Each is 16½ inches in height, and weighs 72 ounces. They were made in the form of cocks, in allusion to his name and his coat armour, for William Cockayne, in 1565, and were by him in 1598 bequeathed to the Company. The arms of Cockayne were *argent*, three cocks *gules*, crested, beaked and legged *sable*. "On the receipt of the cocks the Skinners' Company covenanted with Mr. Cockayne's executors that 'they and their successors would thereafter use the said five guilt cups to be borne upon their election day of Master and Wardens every year before the Wardens of the said mystery for the election of Master and Wardens, according to the true meaning of the will of the said Wm. Cockayne, deceased:' which has been the invariable custom ever since." The cocks stand on the backs of turtles, and the heads lift off for drinking.



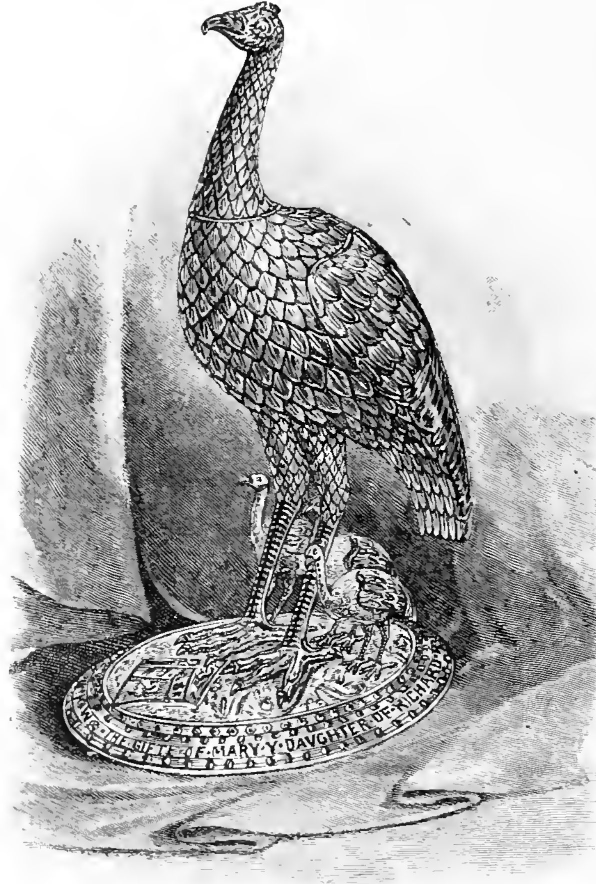
4.—THE COCKAYNE CUP.

(Skinners' Company.)

Another punning-cup belonging to the same company is known as the "Peacock Cup" (5). It measures 16¼ inches in height, and weighs nearly 63 ounces. It is of silver, excellently moulded and chased. The design is a pea-hen with three pea-chicks, one of which—the one that originally stood behind the big bird's feet—has, however, been lost. The head takes off at the bottom of the neck. On the base, in relief, are figures of turtles, reptiles, snails, and tree-roots. In front of the pea-hen's feet is a lozenge-shaped shield charged with a chevron, *ermine*, between three esquires' helmets; and around the entire base run these words:—"The gifte of Mary, ye davghter of Richard Robinson, and wife to Thomas Smith and James Peacok, Skinners. 1642." As the gift of the *wife* of Thomas Pea*cock*, the design is that of a pea-*hen* and her three *chickens*.

Another vessel of somewhat the same form, but this time a peacock, not a pea-hen, is in the Londesborough Collection, and is of silver-gilt on alternate feathers, with the eyes of the tail richly jewelled. It is about 11 inches in length, and the head takes off at the neck. Sometimes this same bird is modelled as, heraldically speaking, "in his pride"—that is, with tail upright and expanded—and, in some instances, thickly jewelled. The turkey "in his pride" was also figured, as were several other birds, including the owl. This last, a favourite model, had now and then about the feet a garnish of bells; it was sometimes of earthenware, mounted in silver. A remarkably fine example belongs to the Armourers' Company, and is known as the "Owl Pot." It is of brown Flemish stoneware, the head, as usual, being removable; and its gift is thus entered in the Company's books, under date 1537:—"This year, the 26 day of Aug., Julyan,

late wife of William Vyneard, *alias* Seger, deceased, and gave to the Hall a Stone Pot like an Owl with certain silver about it gilt, the value of 26s. 8d." In the Londesborough Collection are two other remarkable bird drinking-cups. One is a stork, bearing in its beak an infant in swaddling clothes, in accordance with the old German nursery belief that the King of Storks is the bringer and protector of babies. It may possibly have been designed as a wedding present. "It is chased all over, the eyes are formed of rubies, and one wing takes off that liquid may be placed in the body and imbibed through the neck by a hole in the crown of the bird." The other is in form of an ostrich, holding in his mouth a horse-shoe, in allusion to his fabled power of digesting iron. The body is formed of a cocoanut shell, beautifully mounted in silver-gilt, of which metal are also the head, neck, tail, and legs, and the base upon which the ostrich stands. To the top of the head is affixed a piece of quartz, showing a vein of gold, and the knob of the lid in the back is a mounted nutmeg. The head unscrews at mid-neck. More remarkable, perhaps, than any of these is the magnificent grotesque which we have figured in our fifth engraving (6). It was designed by Dinglingen for Augustus of Saxony, Carlyle's "August the Physically-Strong," whose monogram is graven on the scutcheon; and it is one of the many treasures stored in the Green Vaults at Dresden. The bird is possibly the roc, more probably a kind of dragon; the lady is perhaps the Countess Kosel. The monster's body is of jasper; the lady, the scutcheon, the plinth ornaments are all of enamelled gold, as are the bird's housings, which are gemmed with diamonds to boot.



5.—THE PEACOCK CUP.

(*Skinners' Company.*)

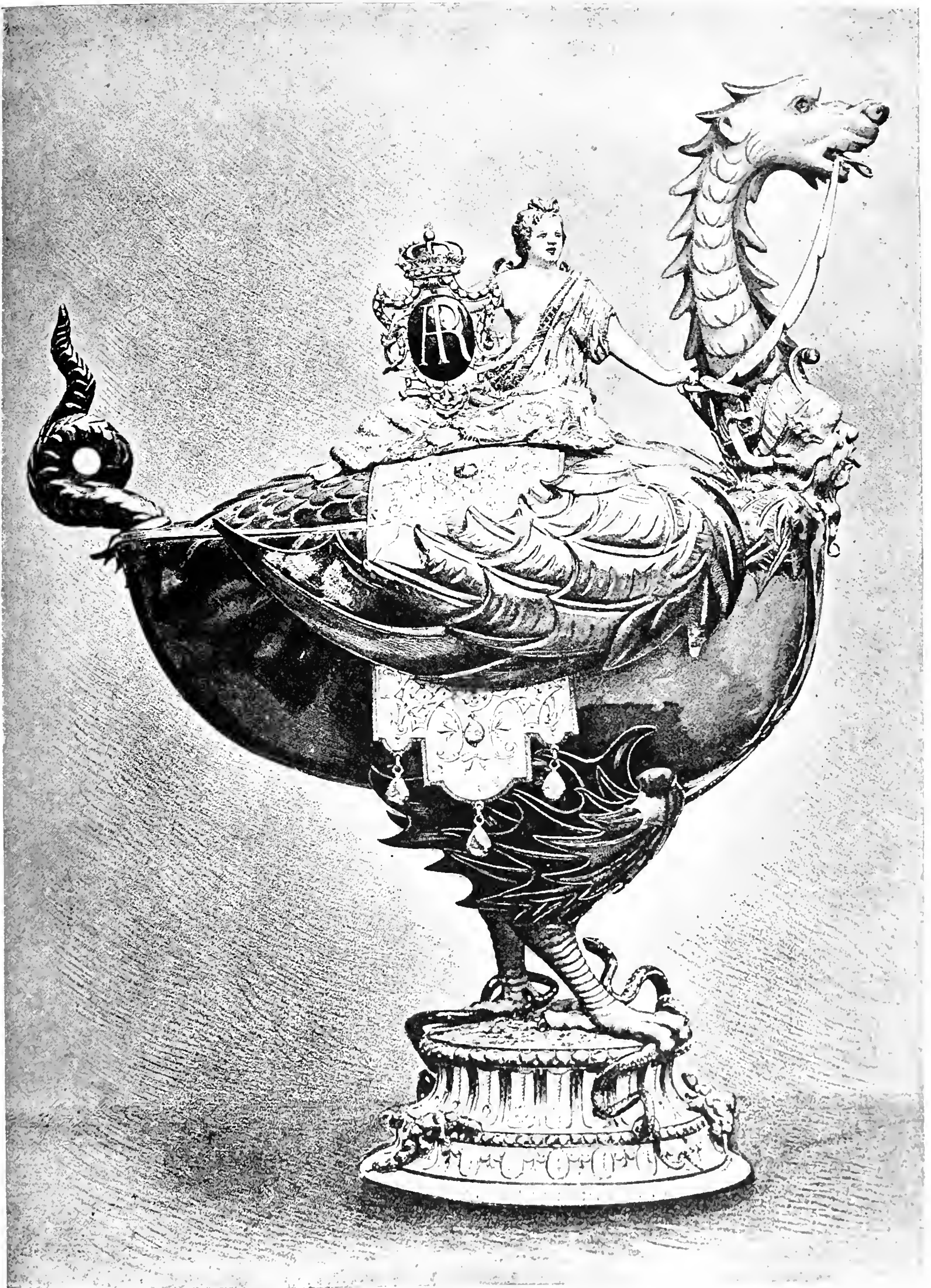
The particular variety known as "Wager," "Challenge," and "Milkmaid" cups were of different forms; but the mechanical contrivance was the same in all. An admirable example belongs to the Worshipful Company of Vintners of London. It is of silver-gilt. It figures a well-dressed woman, in a laced bodice, a plain apron, and a lappeted head-dress. Her petticoat forms a drinking cup. Her arms, which are extended above her head, hold some elegant scroll-work, which, by delicately poised pivots, supports a smaller cup. The "trick" is to drink off both cups of liquor without spilling from either. The figure being inverted (that is, turned with the petticoat upwards), the smaller cup naturally turns on its pivots at the same time and also has its mouth upwards. The two are then filled to the brim, and the large one has to be quaffed first, then turned over, and the smaller one likewise emptied at a draught. Every new member of the Vintners' Company is, I believe, expected to perform this feat. In the Bernal Collection was a grotesque of this sort which had the larger cup bell-shaped and beautifully arabesqued; the semicircular supports for the smaller cup were held by a demon standing on a skeleton globe, within which was a small bell which rang as the cup was reversed by the drinker. A "Milkmaid," in Lady des Vœux's possession, had these verses inscribed on the apron:—

> "Hands of, I pray you, Handle not me,
> For I am blind and you can see;
> If you love me, lend me not;
> For fear of breaking bend me not."

And around the smaller cup:—

> "No cut to unkindness, no woe to want,
> When riches faile, friends growe scant."

Of course these cups could not be set down till they were empty. They were, in fact, an elaboration



6. THE ROC CUP

(Designed by Dinglinger, Green Vaults, Dresden.)

of the Anglo-Saxon drinking-cups from which our own modern and common name for table glasses —*tumblers*—takes its origin. These were of different forms, many of them tall and twisted; but in all cases they were either rounded or pointed at the bottom, so that they had to be drained ere they could be set down. They were thus literally "tumblers," for the potent reason that they could not stand on their feet. The general idea was continued in the cups just now described and in others. Singular among these is what is known as the "Windmill" or "Whistling" cup (1), of which a couple of examples may be profitably named. The construction was curious and somewhat complicated. The cup itself is bell-shaped, and, of course, when empty and not in use, it stands mouth downward on the table. To be filled it has to be held in the hand. At the other end is a model of a windmill with sails, a step ladder up which the miller is carrying grist, a clock, and a tube. The cup, being held in the hand and filled, had necessarily to be emptied ere it could be set down. After filling it, the drinker blew down the tube at the side, which gave a shrill whistle and set the sails of the mill in motion; the power of the blast and the length of the gyration were indicated on the small dial in the front of the mill, and testified to the consumer's condition. One of these curious vessels, of silver parcel gilt, is dated 1619, and is 9½ inches high. These Windmill Cups were often known as, and used for, "wager cups," and doubtless many a good round sum of money has changed hands over them. The cup being held in the hand, of course with the windmill downwards, the challenge was that the drinker could not, having first set the sails in motion, fill the cup as a "brimmer," drain to the last drop, and set it down on the table before those sails were at rest.

The human head, naturally, has always been a prolific source of design, and cups in that shape have been known from very early times. They have been produced in every variety of material, and I think I may safely say in every degree of art-excellence, from the rudest and coarsest modelling in clay to the most highly finished and exquisite production of the carver and the metal-worker. Their mention leads me on to another class of earthenware grotesques, the "Toby Fill-pots" (7). The design often varies in details; but the jug is usually in form of a jolly man holding a snuff-box. His cocked hat lifts off to serve as a cup for the liquor which he holds in his capacious stomach.

Puzzle Jugs are among the more complicated and curious of drinking vessels. Of various and more or less elegant shapes, of different degrees both of constructive cleverness and artistic decoration, and having no fixed principle of arrangement, they present in common the "puzzle" of abstracting the liquor with which they are filled without spilling through any of the openings with which, as a rule, they abound. A typical specimen is ornamented with flowers and foliage of the pink incised into the soft clay, and bears the initials "G. B." and date "1755." Round the neck below the projecting tube is a series of perforations, so that ordinary pouring out becomes, as in all puzzle jugs of whatever construction, an impossibility. The only way is to suck it through one of the three nozzles that surround the neck; but even this is a matter of difficulty. The handle is a hollow pipe opening into the inside of the jug near the bottom, and communicating at the top with the hollow tube which runs round the neck, and from which project the three nozzles I have spoken of. Usually only one nozzle is fully pierced; but underneath each, and in the under side of the upper curve of the handle, a small hole is pierced right through to the pipe, through which, unless it be stopped, some liquor would be wasted, and the wager lost. The would-be bibber has so to finger the jug as to cover every one of these artfully placed holes. Then, when fortunate enough to find which of the nozzles he can suck the liquor through, he must so consume the contents without spilling a single drop. Another example in old English delf-ware has a neck perforated

7.—A TOBY FILL-POT.

with heart-shaped, circular, and other openings, and on its front the words:—

"Here, Gentlemen, come try yr skill,
I'le hold a wager if you will,
That you Don't Drink this liqr all
Without you spill or lett some Fall."

The examples figured (8 and 9), which are in my own collection, are of Brampton ware, and are of the construction just described.

A somewhat curious, rudely fashioned, and extraordinary design, in the Mayer Museum, is of coarse brown glazed ware, and is more quaint than artistic. The four nozzles are upright round the mouth, and the spout is solid. On each side is a grotesque human head in high relief, and among the perforations are the masonic sign of square and compass, pipe and spade, heart and club. The general idea of construction is the same as in the others; but, of course, the difficulty of drawing out the liquor is enhanced by the nozzles being at the top instead of at the sides of the vessel. Other puzzle jugs, equally quaint in form, have singularly modelled heads, and the perforations and other ornaments are curious and appropriate. Some of the more elegant and intricate have—as shown in Fig. 9, from my own collection—the body composed of a hollow circle; while others have more than one hollow circle, crossing each other at right angles. In one example the body is formed of a wide circular tube, the centre being entirely open, with what may be called a fretwork screen on either side. The general construction and the mode of extracting the liquor are the same as in the others. In another, of fine white earthenware, beautifully painted and enamelled, the handle is a grotesque human figure; the body consists of a central receptacle for liquor, surrounded by a circular tube for the same purpose; and the "screen," as it may be termed, is perforated (and also painted with a "sun in his glory"), but only through the outer portion, and so as not to interfere with the mechanical arrangement. The sides and other parts of the body are painted with elegant foliage.

8, 9.—TWO PUZZLE JUGS.

To be compared with these are a couple of early German stoneware jugs, from the Huyvetter Collection, formerly at Ghent. The first has its body formed of one circular tube; the other, of two such tubes crossing each other at right angles, and richly decorated with an arcade of figures and other reliefs. What in its perforated state on puzzle jugs I have called the "screen" is in the first of these vessels solid, and is decorated with armorial bearings in relief. Neither has any puzzle connected with its construction, the liquor being poured out in the ordinary way by the spout. LLEWELLYNN JEWITT.

THE LOWER THAMES.—II.

LEIGH HUNT'S interest in "The Town" of which he has written so delightfully was, like that of Charles Lamb, chiefly concerned with the streets and buildings, the literary reminiscences which cling to every court and alley between St. Paul's and Westminster, the multitude of interests and persons which struck fire even from Boswell, and made that chattering gossip for once as eloquent as the great man to whom he occupied the relation of parasite. Yet Leigh Hunt found some charm in "the river-side, with its wharves." It is to be regretted that he did not leave us a clearer description of them as they were to be seen when he was writing of Lockett's Ordinary, and Hedge Lane, and the Calves' Head Club, and "the days that are no more." There is a picture, not very old, of the Water Gate of York House—residence of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and scene of many a desperate

revel—with weeds and rushes growing about the steps, and the river plashing on the strand, and the sharp nose of an ancient punt pointing towards the gateway. There are some trees in the background, and the aspect of things is very quiet and still. So the water-gate may have looked when Peter the Great lodged in the house the site of which now has its appropriate memorial in one of the tablets of the Society of Arts; and so it actually did look when Etty took up his abode in the house at the opposite corner, the same of which he affectionately wrote: "It is a pleasant spot to be so near the middle of the metropolis—quiet as the country without its distance." It can scarcely be called quiet now. The huge iron barrel called Charing Cross Station is close at hand; the river has been driven back into something like half its ancient channel, so that Buckingham Gate, as the gate of York House has come to be called (1), though Mr. Seymour has drawn it for us, is lost amid the Embankment Gardens, and partially sunk in gravel. The thunder of the Strand, and the smoke of the river steamers, now reaches the spot which was "as quiet as the country," and as pleasant withal; and in front, beyond the trees and the flowers, where the river once stretched largely at ease, there is the new Victoria Embankment, with its restless stream of cabs, and an unlovely square building of red brick, and the strange, unhomely quaintness of Cleopatra's Needle.

1.—BUCKINGHAM WATER-GATE.

Of "the river, with its wharves," one must speak no longer when reference is made to the northern bank. There are two smart epigrams which recall the former state of affairs, almost as well as Hollar's views, or as Dickens's description of Scotland Yard. Of Craven Street, once partially inhabited by lawyers, a bitter and savage satirist wrote:—

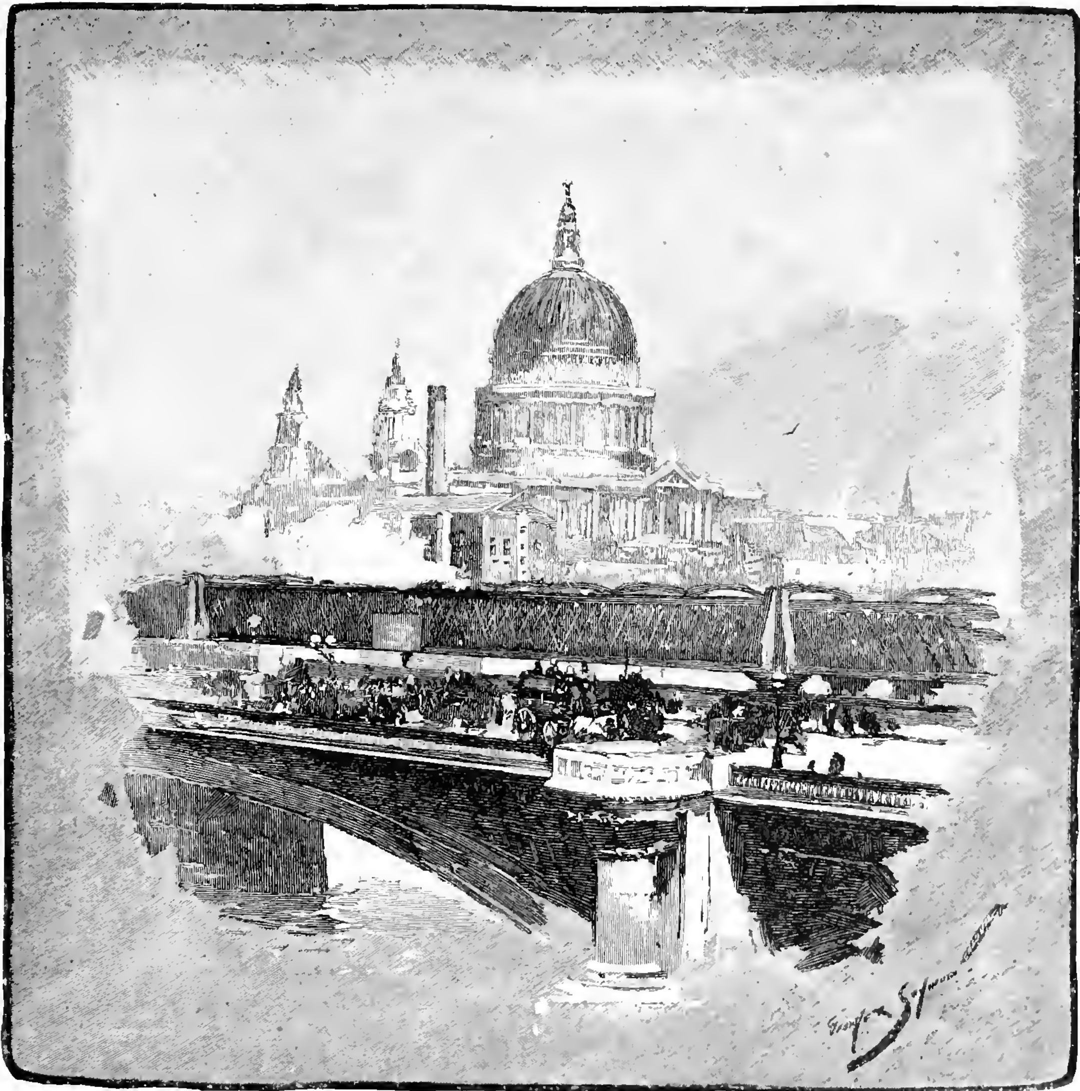
> "Fly, Honesty, fly to some safer retreat;
> There's craft in the river and craft in the street."

To which flagrant witticism it was responded that Honesty was in a perfectly secure situation, since

> "The lawyers are just at the top of the street,
> And the barges are just at the bottom."

The lawyers have gone to Lincoln's Inn and the Temple, and the barges have moved to the other side of the river. Hungerford Market has vanished, with its "stairs;" and the Embankment (5), architecturally described as "a work of extraordinary magnitude and solidity," has made an end of the picturesque sweeps of river and the barge-haunted wharves. No great stream in Europe presents so singular a contrast as is to be observed between the north and the south banks of the Thames on that portion of the river which lies between Westminster and London Bridge. Paris is palatial on either bank of the Seine. The Thames marks the sharp division between what the late Lord Beaconsfield called "the two nations." On one side we have our nearest English approach to architectural magnificence; on the other there is a long perspective of squalid buildings—smoke-begrimed, half-ruinous, and

yet not altogether unlovely. For there is a marvellous quality in our London atmosphere. It brings quite near to us the effects that we ordinarily associate with distance; it enfolds all ugliness in a purple haze, and subdues it. That row of dusky buildings, of various heights, and with tall chimneys looking long train of wherries; Rogue Riderhood rows slowly up stream, trailing a grim rope astern: but these are only brief episodes in a great epic whose motive is silent majesty. They pass on, and the feeling left is one of a great quiet. Whoever has stood on a cliff by the sea, and has heard on the one hand the



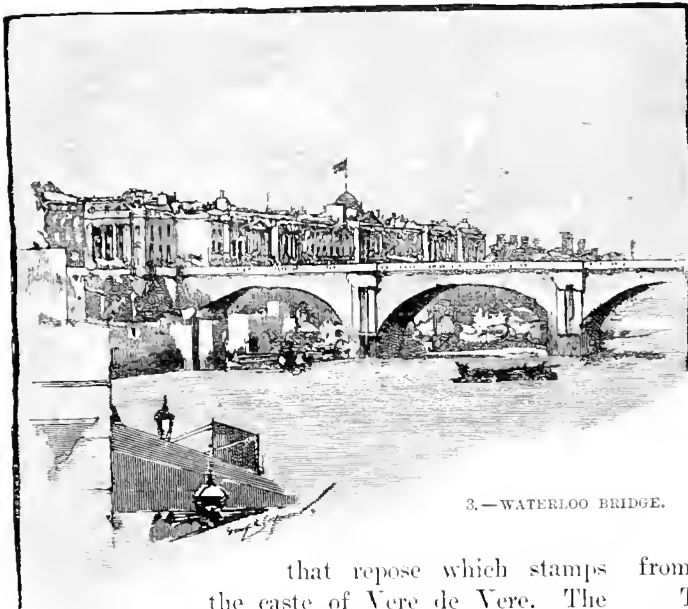
2.—BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

like towers, makes the best of possible backgrounds for the vivid colours of the Thames barges, which, with sloping masts and sails partially unfurled, cluster along what at low tide still deserves the name of shore.

There is no portion of the Lower Thames which is more majestic and impressive than that which lies between the Houses of Parliament and Waterloo Bridge. First of all, it is splendidly broad and still. The busy river steamer, with its crowding freight, hurries by; the panting "screw" drags behind it its

sound of the waves breaking far down below, and on the other the throb of some distant town, with a million sounds of work and of traffic gathered up into one, must feel the recollection of that strange sensation revive in him as he gazes on this wonderful silent highway. The farther bank is just far enough distant to lose its natural harshness in the softening influences of a dim atmosphere. On the south bank there is ugliness and squalor enough: dismal little streets; houses leaning towards each other as if for mutual self-support; breweries, warehouses,

factories, tumble-down wharves. There are shouting drivers, porters who swear horribly, clerks and warehousemen whose manners certainly have not



3.—WATERLOO BRIDGE.

that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. The doorways are so boarded up as to resist frequent floods; there is a sort of entrenchment running along the roadway in a vain hope of opposing high tides. There is also a kind of "variorum odour"—of cheese and tallow candles and half-tanned leather. Everything seems ruinous and out at elbows; all sights are unpleasant to the eye, all sounds are distressing to the ear; and everywhere great poverty is visible side by side with the sources and the materials of great wealth. One knows all this, leaning over the Embankment and looking towards the Surrey side; but the knowledge of it does not disturb the picture, in which all that is ugly and dismal "glides into colour and form."

One who writes of the Thames between Westminster and Greenwich has the ground almost all to himself. Even the poets have neglected it, with the old exception of Wordsworth and the more recent exception of Mr. Oscar Wilde. The latter found himself one morning on Westminster Bridge, and saw the dome of St. Paul's, "like a gigantic soap-bubble," mirroring the dawning light. The comparison is a singularly odd one, yet it is almost the only description a poet has given us of that magnificent spectacle. There is one writer who has spoken well of the Embankment. "This grand granite wall," he says, "serves more than its ostensible purpose. It is more than a stolen footway from the treacherous mud; it supplies the standpoint whence the marvellous effects upon the river may be observed at leisure." And very marvellous indeed are the effects to be witnessed from such a point of view. The light and the clouds and the atmosphere are eternally engaged in varying the expression of what has in itself some marvels of grouping and many characteristics of grandeur. The architecture is broken and bizarre; nothing is in keeping with anything else; the eye ranges from the amusing Dutch pretentiousness of the School Board Offices, over Somerset House and the palatial new Temple, to the chief glory of London, the domed magnificence of St. Paul's. And among this curiously broken mass of buildings the light plays as about a chain of headlands on some rock-bound coast. The aspect is never quite the same for long together, except on those wonderful dull grey mornings when the Embankment seems to be emerging out of a land of shadow and illusion. It is then that the river is most beautiful, with strange and sudden flashes of light playing upon it, and an occasional steamer looming forward from mystery into individuality and distinctness.

There are two things to be noted of London buildings, and the varying effects under which they may be seen. Their peculiarity is sharp and sudden contrast. The buildings are greasy black in the lower portions and gleaming white at the top. Except on very clear days, the light falls upon them in patches, as if the sun had chosen some one spot which, for a few moments only, it was intent to gladden and to glorify. These things are incidents of such an atmosphere as is conditional on the grouping together of four millions of men. When Somerset House seems to lie in a settled gloom, the roofs and spires beyond may be radiant in sunlight; or when the buildings of the Embankment are standing out bold and glad, all else that is visible may be as shadowed and as dark as some range of hills over which the clouds are sweeping. Effects of a like nature belong likewise to the Thames itself, which is a perpetual wonder for the shifting humour and the sharpness of its lights.

Edmund Spenser walked forth, he tells us in the beautiful "Prothalamion,"—

> "To ease my payne,
> Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames."

Now the Thames, it has been remarked, is not "silver-streaming," nor ever can have been. It is necessarily muddy in its higher reaches, and for centuries it must have been more or less polluted in those lower portions with which it is the object of these papers to deal. I contend, nevertheless, for the truth of Spenser's description. He was too true an observer to suppose that it is the local colour of

water which most forces itself upon the eye. He knew, or at any rate he felt, that the local colour is that which is least seen. His allusion is plainly to the river as it is seen under strong sunlight, and in that respect the Thames is now as much entitled to the epithet of "silver-streaming" as it was in "the spacious times of great Elizabeth." For proof of this statement the reader may refer to the works of those artists who have painted the river with most comprehension; among others to Mr. W. L. Wyllie's Academy picture of last year, purchased out of the funds of the Chantrey Bequest.

The "Prothalamion" is the most wonderful of all the poems in which the beauty of the Thames has found some record. It seems appropriate that it should be quoted here.

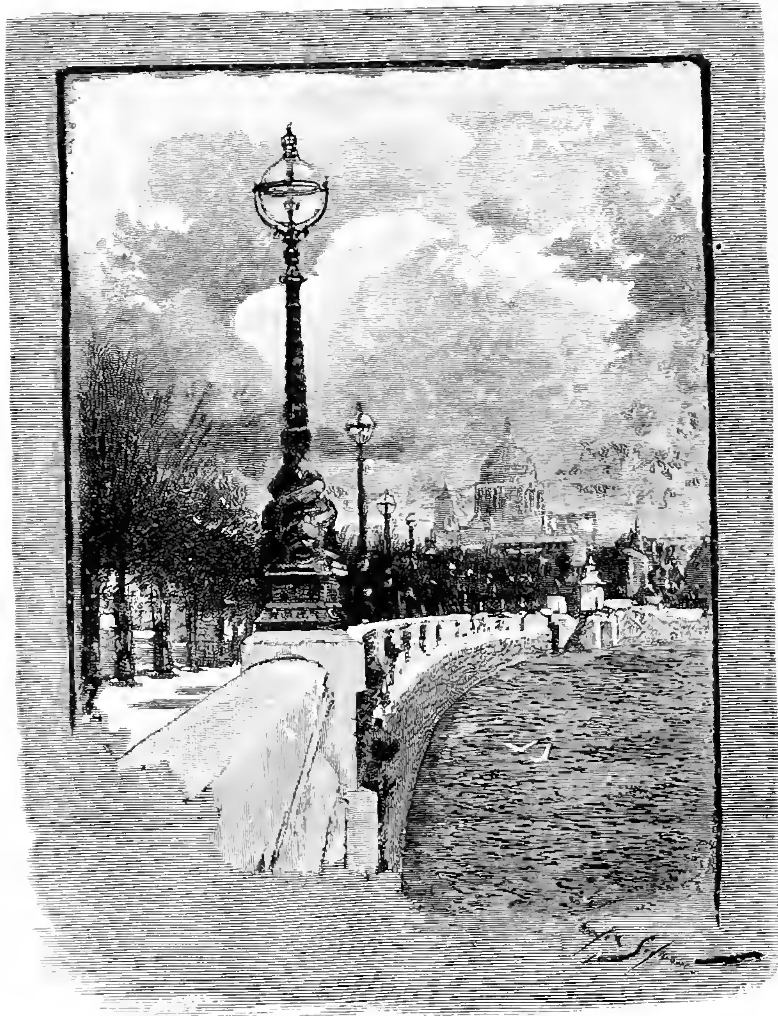
> "Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
> Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
> That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
> All which upon those goodly birds they threw,
> And all the waves did strew
> That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
> When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
> Scattered with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
> That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
> Like a bride's chamber-floor.
> Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound,
> Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
> The which presenting all in trim array,
> Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crowned;
> Whilst one did sing this lay,
> Prepared against that day,
> Against their bridal day, which was not long,
> *Sweet Thames! run softly, till I end my song.*"

Mr. Richard Jefferies says of the Seine that it might as well flow in a tunnel, being bridged so much. There are seven bridges over the Thames between Westminster and the Custom House, but, with one exception, they are none of them so close together as to shut out from us long stretches of our splendid river. And of these seven bridges Mr. Seymour has this month drawn us three. Here, for instance, first in the substance, but second in the shadow, is Waterloo (3), concerning which one might surmise that it would last as long as the Pyramids were it not that men are even now busy in strengthening the foundations. It is not on London but on Waterloo Bridge that that adventurous New Zealander will take his stand when he comes to picture the bones of what once was London. So far one is entitled to correct even Macaulay; for, "as every schoolboy knows," the ingenious traveller

1. SOUTHWARK BRIDGE.

who employs himself in sketching must be something of an artist, and he will naturally look around him for the best point of view. This he will find on Waterloo Bridge, where he will have sight of the ruins not only of St. Paul's, but of the new Palace of Justice, of the unique spire of St. Bride's, of the Temple Church, and of stalwart, Philistian Somerset House. The long façade of that peculiar building Mr. Seymour has indicated for us in his vignette of the bridge (3). Leigh Hunt calls the huge structure "elegant and timid." I have always felt that it is ponderous, and, in its lower portions, prison-like. Some appearance of lightness and elegance is, indeed, given by the pillars which, "standing on nothing and supporting nothing," relieve a front otherwise heavy and dull. And with all its faults, Somerset House plays a great part in the architecture of the Embankment, looking almost noble from the Surrey end of Waterloo Bridge. In the building which preceded it lived the widow of Charles I., and here came Pepys and saw "Madame Castlemaine" and the queen, and even Charles II. himself. "They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the king and his queene and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts in one coach, and the rest in other coaches." At old Somerset House Edmund Waller, whose habits were temperate enough, as a rule, was made so drunk that "at the water stayres he fell down, and had a cruel fall." "'Twas a pity," says Aubrey, "to use such a sweet swan so inhumanly." And a "sweet swan" he was surely, for did he not write those incomparable lines?—

> "Give me but what this ribband bound:
> Take all the rest the sun goes round."



5.—THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

There are no water-stairs now. The great arch which was once the water-gate of Somerset House is partially sunk under the Embankment roadway, and has long ceased to serve any useful purpose, or to be anything but a puzzling disfigurement.

The Savage Club looks out on to the end of Waterloo Bridge, occupying rooms on the site of the old palace of the Savoy. It is a club of vagrant habits. It came into being in a certain public-house off the Strand, and removed from place to place at intervals, gradually making itself less Bohemian and more comfortable, until it settled here, close to the river-side. It is scarcely at all Bohemian now: Bohemia, indeed, having of late years been much narrowed and circumscribed by successive rectifications of frontier. The true Bohemian, it is to be feared, was merry without whilst he was often enough sad within.

> "For those who read aright are well aware
> That Jacques, sighing in the forest green,
> Oft in his heart felt less the load of care
> Than Falstaff, revelling his rough mates between."

And the malady which most afflicted Bohemia was that from which Falstaff usually suffered—that direful "eternal want of pence which vexes public men." Times have grown better, and authors and actors have got thriftier and more industrious. At any

6. ST. PAUL'S, FROM THE RIVER.

rate, their circumstances are not the same. As Mr. Sala said in a recent speech, your Bohemian nowadays wears kid gloves and has gone out West. Nevertheless, it is a lively and a pleasant place, this Savage Club; and many of its "evenings" are fit to remind one of those "wit-combats" and those "feasts of reason" which are associated with an earlier day, when Shakespeare laughed at the Mermaid and rare Ben Jonson swaggered and thundered at the sign of the Devil.

And speaking of the past, there is not much on the Thames Embankment which is calculated to bring it to mind. This is modern London for the most part. Fleet Street and the Strand are not far away, but between us and them there are many recent buildings, including the ventilators. It is well perhaps that we should now follow Mr. Seymour's example, and skip a long space, as ladies are said to skip the descriptive portions of one of their enthralling "novels of incident and sensation." Of course we shall not attempt to skip the bridge at Blackfriars (3). It is beautiful enough in itself, but in hideous proximity to one of those ghastly iron structures which only railway companies are privileged to build, and which, even to them, are only permitted in America and in England. In passing one ought to note that near the end of Blackfriars Bridge, and near the spot on which it is now proposed to build a fish market, there stood the theatre in which many of the plays of Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, were first performed. Shakespeare himself must many a time have visited this neighbourhood, and doubtless has frequently enough wandered round the spot on which in these days stands the office of the *Times*. Blackfriars, indeed, is rich in literary associations, and in spite of the iron horror aforetold, to skip it were impossible. Here, according to Pope, was the centre of the Empire of Dulness, for here the Fleet river, now running underground, empties itself into the Thames; and it was

> "Where Fleet ditch, with disemboguing streams,
> Rolls its large tribute of dead dogs to Thames"

that Pope exhorted his enemies to leap in and contend with each other amidst the mud. The Fleet Prison was near at hand, and there the satirist had the satisfaction of knowing that many of his critics and more of his would-be rivals sojourned.

Mr. Seymour has given us a true Thames picture in his drawing of Southwark Bridge (4). In this sweeping sketch the whole character of this portion of the river is expressed: always crowded at the side by boats and wherries, always blocked in the middle by a chain of barges, always that busy little steamer hurrying towards the Pool, always, too, that confusing atmosphere which bathes warehouses and wharves in beautiful colour, and adds mystery to the magnificence of St. Paul's. Less touching, but equally full of character, is the long reach of buildings which succeeds—massive and businesslike, lacking poetry, but very expressive of what is, after all, the chief distinction of our wonderful Thames, that vast commerce which makes it the greatest port in the world. Last of all, at our journey's end to-day, we are brought very near to the work-a-day world in the picture of St. Paul's from the river (6); but here we are confronted with one of the finest sights that our river has to show. It is at once quaint and majestic, this wonderful group of many-storeyed warehouses over which the masterpiece of Sir Christopher Wren stands dominant. One of the fanciful derivations of the name of London is from "a city on a hill," and here the hill stands before us, crowned with its great cathedral, with its huge cross lifting up towards the eternal stars.

AARON WATSON.

Love among the Saints.

AT Assisi, in the church,
Well I know the frescoed wall,
Colours dim, martyrs slim,
Saints you scarcely see at all,
Till the slanting sunbeams search
Through the church,
Waking life where'er they fall.

Every evening wall and vault,
Saint and city, starts and wakes,
One by one, as the sun
Broadens through the dusk, and makes
Greys and reds and deep cobalt
Of the vault
Teem with saints and towers and lakes.

High among them, clear to see,
Is one stately fresco set.
There they stand, hand in hand,
Bride and bridegroom gravely met,
Francis and Saint Poverty:
Well I see
All the saints attending yet.

Close their ranks by groom and bride:
Straight their faces clear and pure:
Pale of stain, pale and plain,
Fall their ample robes demure;
Grave, these goodly friends beside
Stands the bride,
Shorn of any earthly lure.

But, when I was there to look,
Not Saint Agnes or Saint Clare,
Tall and faint, like a saint,
But a naked captive there
Fast my wandering fancy took;
Still I look
Vainly for that face and hair.

For, amid the saintly light,
From the faded fresco starts,
Fair and pale, thin and frail,
Round his neck a chain of hearts,
Love himself in mazed affright,
Out of sight
Of his altar and his darts.

Starved and naked, wan and thin,
Beautiful in his distress,
Crouches Love, whom above
All the saints in glory bless.
Here he may not enter in,
Cold and thin,
Naked, with no wedding dress.

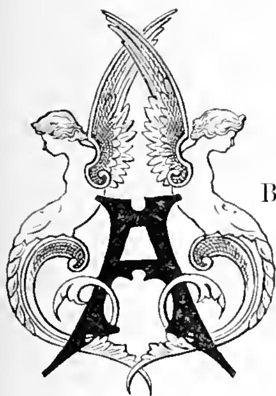
From the altar and the shrine
One turns round with frowning grace,
Bids the wild, naked child
Swiftly leave the holy place.
Not for him the bread and wine
On the shrine,
Starving god of alien race.

Yet, O Warder, was it wise
Thus to spurn him, was it well?
Love is strong, lasting long,
Him thou canst not bind in hell.
Scourge him, burn, he never dies,
Phœnix-wise
Riseth he unconquerable.

Only martyred Love returns
With an altered face and air;
Not a child, sweet and mild,
Fit for daily kiss and care,
But a spirit that aches and burns,
Swift he turns
All your visions to despair.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

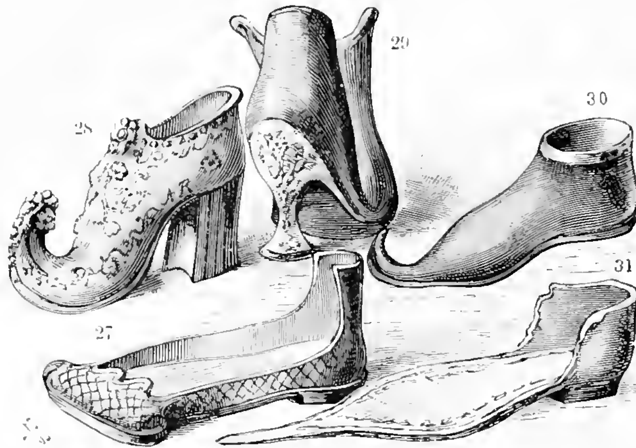
FASHIONS FOR THE FEET.—II.



A BOHEMIAN legend represents the illustrious dynasty of the Przemysl, which for six centuries reigned in that land, as founded by a labouring man whom Queen Libussa took from the plough that he might be her husband and the chief of the people. That her descendants should not forget their rustic origin and the duties it imposed, she caused the great peasant-shoes their father had worn to be preserved; and they were bequeathed to the son who succeeded him on the throne. Certain it is that there is no article of dress so intimately associated with a wearer's personality as his shoes. Those frightful *souliers à vilain* (21) of which I spoke in my first paper threw a light on the old *régime*. The spirit of the gaunt and wretched peasant who for long ages bore the burdens of royal and aristocratic France peered grimly at us through their eyelets.

The four oldest examples of European foot-gear at Cluny are boots and shoes worn by the *bourgeoisie*, or poorer classes. A Flemish shoe depicted in the third illustration of the previous article (24), but not described, belongs to the Sixteenth Century. It was found in the storehouses of the hospital at Ghent, and dates from 1530. It affords an example of the foot-gear worn by the martyrs of religious liberty and social equality in the great struggle of which Motley has recounted the partial victory. Perhaps one of the most curious examples of foot-gear is a carefully made specimen of German shoe of the Sixteenth Century (27). The toe seems intended as an emphatic protest against the long-peaks; it is in the fashion of a turn-over, and spreads out on both sides far beyond the width of the foot. The outside is stamped with a lozenge pattern, the inside with flowers and threads. From two specimens at Cluny (28 and 29) it would seem as if the broad-toed German shoe ran at times into the extravagances of the pointed shoe. The wear numbered 28 appears at Cluny in two materials: in leather and in wood. In a reference to this extraordinary shoe in my former paper, where by a clerical error it is numbered 24, I suggested that it was perhaps only a bootmaker's freak; but I have since met with a shoe similarly shaped, minus the heel, on the foot of a German court-jester of the Sixteenth Century. The other quaintness (29) is dated 1752, and is said to be Flemish. The heel and hind-quarters are of the same fashion as the foot-gear of the time of the Regency in France; the extraordinary elongation is in harmony with the tendency of the fashion of the middle of the last century, but is too extreme to permit us to believe that it was made for serious wear. A still older specimen (30) is a little German shoe of the first half of the Sixteenth Century, which proves that the *chaussure à poulaine* had not then died out in Germany. The beak rises and curves backward; the ankle is adorned with an engraved copper ring. This prepares us for the oldest specimen of all (31), a *chaussure à poulaine* of the Fifteenth Century, of which nothing remains

but the sole and the heel leather. This shoe, of which the hinder part is made of red morocco, may be completed from a figure given in Fairholt's "Book of Costume" (p. 450), depicting one of the "long-peaked shoon" found in a mediæval rubbish-heap upon which some excavators came while digging deep in Whitefriars. This, with the exception of the long toe, was very like the cloth boots lacing at the sides which ladies wore not many years ago.



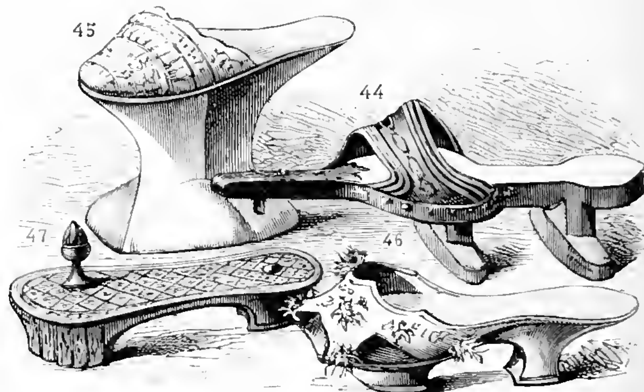
BOOTS AND SHOES.—IV.

27, German (Sixteenth Century); 28, Peaked (Seventeenth Century); 29, Flemish, 1752; 30, German (Early Sixteenth Century); 31, Peaked (Fifteenth Century).

The first obvious impression produced by the Cluny collection is that Boots and Shoes, occupying to the rest of the human apparel much the same relation that the labouring classes do in society, are, like their human antitypes, extremely tenacious of old forms, and never alter except under the energising influence of Christian civilisation, and even then only repeat through various stages the changes between the pointed and square toe. This impression would be sustained by any other collection of foot-gear, special or general. There is, for example, a case of Roman shoes in the Guildhall Museum, in which there is a woman's half-boot so nearly resembling those worn in our own times that it would be very easy at the first glance to doubt its authenticity, and to imagine it nothing more than an English roadside relic, the cast wear of a modern tramp.

Mediæval chroniclers trace back the peaked shoes to individual necessity, or the whims of an impious court; but we have found the twisted pointed toe as early as the Ninth Century, and existing both in Italy and Germany long before Fulk suffered from bunions, or the Red King's courtiers indulged in base and worthless eccentricities. It is less doubtful that the pointed shoe turned back on the instep is a fashion universal throughout the East and Northern Africa, and that it has been so from ancient times. I have grouped on the opposite page a number of specimens shown at Cluny: from India ancient and modern, Persia, Africa, China, Annam, Albania, and Lapland, showing how general the fashion is, and how similar are the forms it takes in lands remote and strange. From these examples it will be seen how very slight is the difference in form between the shoes worn by the ladies of the court of Louis XV. and those of Algeria and the far East, the advantage in true beauty and grace being entirely in favour of the latter.

The epithets of pretty and piquant are appropriate enough to some of the shoes in the European collection; but for pure elegance we must go to Hindoo and Mohammedan lands. In the small case of Indian shoes at Cluny there is more than one pair of shoes that will tell us why the story of the Glass Slipper took such a hold on the oriental imagination. The exquisite form of one (32) suggests Cinderella; the pure and beautiful lines of another (33) render it worthy of the foot of that noblest among the types of female character, Brave Seventee Bai. The first has a linen upper, embroidered with silver thread and spangles; the second is embroidered with gold, except the curious little tongue on the instep, which is minutely ornamented with gold and silver, mingled with the glittering shards of insects. A boat-like slipper (34) from



BOOTS AND SHOES.—V.

44, Peaked Patten (Fifteenth Century); 45, 46, Venetian Pattens (Sixteenth Century); 47, Indian Patten.

Northern Africa is also extremely elegant and delicate, and looks light as an eggshell, which it nearly resembles in colour. This appearance of lightness is enhanced by an ornamentation of puffs in white and rose-coloured silks. Boots are little

used in India; even the native soldiery wear shoes. In Mohammedan countries, however, boots are women's wear. Thus at Cluny there is a pair of women's half-boots of yellow leather finely cut, and so arranged that the toe-piece and sole look like an over-shoe. This recalls the description in "Eothen" of those "coffin-shaped" bundles which stand for a Mohammedan lady taking a walk with her servants. "Painfully struggling against the the pointed shoe is to be found in the mediæval horror of witchcraft. Thus, a writer on Bavarian superstitions says: "As the twelfth hour struck came the witch, but she could do nothing against the servant, who had taken the precaution to have shoes with the points upwards." I have a more utilitarian theory. Of the Indian shoes at Cluny two have been engraved. In the modern Indian wear (35) the peak has become merely an ornament, but in the

BOOTS AND SHOES.—VI.

33, Indian, Female; 34, Indian; 35, Indian, Male; 36, Ancient Indian, Male; 37, Punjaubese, Male; 38, 39, Persian; 40, Chinese; 41, South Albanian; 42, Cochin-Chinese; 43, Lapland.

obstacles to progression interposed by the many folds of her clumsy drapery, by her *big mud boots*, and especially by her two pair of slippers, she works her way full awkwardly enough, closely followed by her woman slaves."

The use of the boot marks a conquering race. In mediæval Germany it was forbidden to the serfs; and this explains why, when they rose for justice after ages of oppression, they chose for their cognisance and standard of defiance a great peasant's shoe, whence their Confederation was known as the Bundschuh.

It has been suggested to me that the origin of older fashions (36) its use is plain. The point is so long and of so soft a material that it must have been attached by some means to the instep. A shoe from the Punjaub (37) and one from Persia (38) suggest that it was designed to prevent the foot from kicking up the dust, peculiarly unpleasant in hot countries. The name given in the Middle Ages in France to the peaked shoe was suggested, as I have said, by its resemblance to the prow of a boat; but here in Persia we get shoes which look like little models of boats. Our example only wants a mast and sail, and you might imagine it lying in some oriental river. The pointed toe,

then, comes from the east, and its origin was a simple necessity of common life. Fashion, ever ignorant and careless, elongated it into an ornament beautiful or barbarous, or reduced it to a mere rat's tail, as it appears in some Persian boots (39). Or, doing away entirely with the strap, Fashion left it a curved point, as in the Chinese military boot (40); the curious shoe from Southern Albania (41); the pretty slipper from Cochin-China or Annam (42), and the comfortable shoe from Lapland (43).

Shoes in India are only worn by the higher classes, and among a few of the lower castes. This habit of going shoeless seems to render the toes of the Hindoo foot almost as lissom as fingers. A blacksmith with a piece of iron to file fixes it between the jaws of a small pair of tongs, grasps them between the toes of both feet, and holds them so firmly that he is able to file with all the strength of his arms. As he works sitting on the ground he occasionally stretches out a leg, and picks up some article which happens to be beyond the range of his arm. Such a workman's foot tends to assume the character of a hand; not only does the great toe become prehensile, but there is an actual enlargement of the distance between it and the other toes.

To go barefooted in India must at times be a positive luxury. The higher classes in some parts wear no stockings, only covering their feet with white embroidered slippers. The colour of oriental shoes appears to be of importance, indicating, I suppose, the rank and caste of the owner. Red and yellow are the favourite hues, the sole being often red, or black tipped with red. Yellow is the Mohammedan colour. An old writer tells a story which seems to show that it was jealously protected, as the distinctive mark of a Turk. Some charitable persons having given a Christian beggar an old pair of yellow slippers, the unfortunate man's feet caught the Sultan's eye; his explanation could not save his life. While the Turks of that day wore yellow slippers, the Janissaries were obliged to wear red shoes. Another oriental traveller in the early part of the Seventeenth Century expresses surprise at finding green the favourite colour for boots and shoes in Persia, inasmuch as in Turkey it was quite unlawful. This is the colour of the great Persian boot (39) in my engraving.

I have remarked upon the formless square-toed shoes of the Empire. We meet the same uncomely shapes in the shoes worn by the women of Manilla in the Philippines, and in those which come from Mexico. The latter are entirely in open-work and made of vegetable silk. It would be interesting to notice how far a flat broad-toed shoe is indicative of societies formed or existing under repressive rule, religious or political, and how far the pointed shoe bears witness to a state of things tending towards dissolution and social anarchy. From Mexico we pass naturally to the shoes of the Red Men. The mocassin is the simplest form of shoe, being a wrapping of leather or cloth fitted to the foot, and more or less beautifully ornamented. These shoemakers did not expect the foot to suit itself to the shoe, but modelled the shoe to the foot. This is as much as to say that they had the idea of rights and lefts. The early ornaments are simple forms embroidered on the leather, but in some the work is very pretty and the designs are laboriously worked on cloth in silk or in beads. The nearest approach to the simplicity of American-Indian cordwainery is to be found in the sacerdotal shoe. There are several gorgeous specimens at Cluny, one of which belonged to the excellent pontiff Clement XIV. (1765—1773). Of crimson velvet, or red or white satin, embroidered with gold, the shapes of these shoes take us back to the time when the first bishops and deacons of Rome wore the *carbatina*, the shoe of the ordinary citizen. It consisted of a piece of ox-hide which did duty as a sole, and was then raised at the sides and over the toes, and tied upon the instep and round the lower part of the leg by straps which pass through holes made for the purpose. This form of foot-gear is still that of the peasants of the Roman Campagna.

The papal *mula* is thought by some to have a grander origin. Its name suggests that it is the representative of the *mulleus*, a form of shoe worn by the highest Roman authorities, to whom it had come down from the kings of Alba. It is to be noted that the priests of all religions have made a point of wearing the simplest foot-gear, and have therefore longest adhered to that most primitive form of shoe, the sandal. The Egyptian priests wore sandals of papyrus or palm. In the British Museum is a fine collection of Egyptian sandals, many of them of tasteful workmanship. Such were the wear of Rhodope, the Cinderella of old Nile. Rhodope had the loveliest foot in Egypt. One day she was bathing, when an eagle stooped from heaven and carried off her sandal. She watched him soar with his treasure, and presently he vanished with it into space. When at last he let it drop, it fell at the feet of King Psammeticus, as he sat in the open air administering justice. He was charmed with its beauty, and commanded a search to be made for its owner. Rhodope was quickly discovered, and became the Queen of Egypt.

At Cluny there are not only examples of Egyptian sandals, but specimens of those worn in various parts of Africa, by the negroes on the Gambia and by the Malagasy: with some of Arab origin, and some from India. One pair of

Indian sandals of antique make, in black leather cut into innumerable thongs, have such a diabolical appearance that they might well be the foot-gear of a Rakshah—an ogre.

The collection at Cluny would hardly be representative of French foot-gear if it did not contain several examples of the sabot. There are some which date from the Seventeenth Century. Sabots do not appear to be an ancient wear; nevertheless their origin is involved in obscurity. A specimen in elaborate open-work suggests long periods of forced leisure; and it is not unlikely that the sabot originated in those great forests of Germany and France, where, during the winter, the people are compelled to cease their ordinary work and to take up with some indoor employment. What more natural than that woodcutters should carve for themselves and for their children shoes that should be proof against mud and briar alikes? Now sabots are shapen by machinery.

A number of pattens are exhibited at Cluny. This old-fashioned wet-weather wear, like the modern goloshe, derives its name from the French *patin*, and not as Gay writes:

> "The patten now supports each frugal dame
> Which from the blue-ey'd Patty takes its name."

One, of the Fifteenth Century, is a contemporary of the long-peaked shoe, a specimen of the last expiring burst of the folly of mediæval fashion in the Middle Ages, the clog (44). Fairholt has reproduced a ludicrous picture of a king of England in foot-gear of this sort. It is taken from one of the Cotton MSS., where an able artist has represented, in the costume of the reign of Henry VI., the line of English kings from the Conqueror downwards. Richard III. and Buckingham clumping about on the Tower walls in abominable clogs, made doubly maleficent by the protruding toe, and clad in "rotten armour," must indeed have looked a "marvellous ill-favoured" pair; nor could it have been difficult for Buckingham to counterfeit suspicion, "pry on every side, tremble and start at wagging of a straw."

There are also several examples of goloshes belonging to the time of Louis XIV., but the most curious pattens are those worn by the Sixteenth Century Venetian ladies. The shoe is of white leather stamped with an ornamentation, the stand of wood being also covered with white leather (45). Another is of such enormous length as to almost be a stilt. Tom Coryate, in his "Crudities" (1611), says that these "chapineys," as he calls them, were so common in Venice that no woman ventured out of her house without them, and that some were half a yard high. And this is corroborated by the statement of Raymond, who, in his journey in Italy in 1648, speaks of "shoes elevated as high as a man's leg." The Venetian ladies had in consequence to be assisted when they took their walks abroad, otherwise they ran the risk of taking a fall. Thus the "tottering willows" of China have had their parallel at their antipodes in Christian Italy. The fashion was still in vogue in the days of Evelyn, who describes the Venetian ladies as stalking about in their "choppines," and notes the ridiculous figures they cut in attempting to crawl out of their gondolas.

But wisdom or folly—all comes from the East. These Venetian chopines were of oriental origin. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, George Sandys, an old traveller, saw them on the feet of Turkish ladies; and here at Cluny are several examples of a patten made for the baths of Constantinople and Damascus. The Mohammedan patten, however, has nothing of the ugliness which marks the Venetian imitation. It is simply a good piece of cabinet-work inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Another patten of Venetian origin (46) decorated in a Moorish style, and evidently intended for gala days when the road was stainless and not a puddle to be seen, recalls the old-fashioned patten of our grandmothers. But perhaps the most curious pattens of all come from India. One pair are shaped like epaulettes and richly ornamented with satin of various colours. Others are formed of soles made of wood and mounted on stands, with a button between the great and second toe to keep it on the foot. This make is also found in Java. In some Indian specimens (47) there is a spring in the heel which, communicating with a red lotus flower which acts as the maintaining button, causes it at every step the wearer makes to open its six lobes and display its corolla.

R. HEATH.

THE CONSTANTINE IONIDES COLLECTION.

THE REALISTS.

THE MUD-CART.

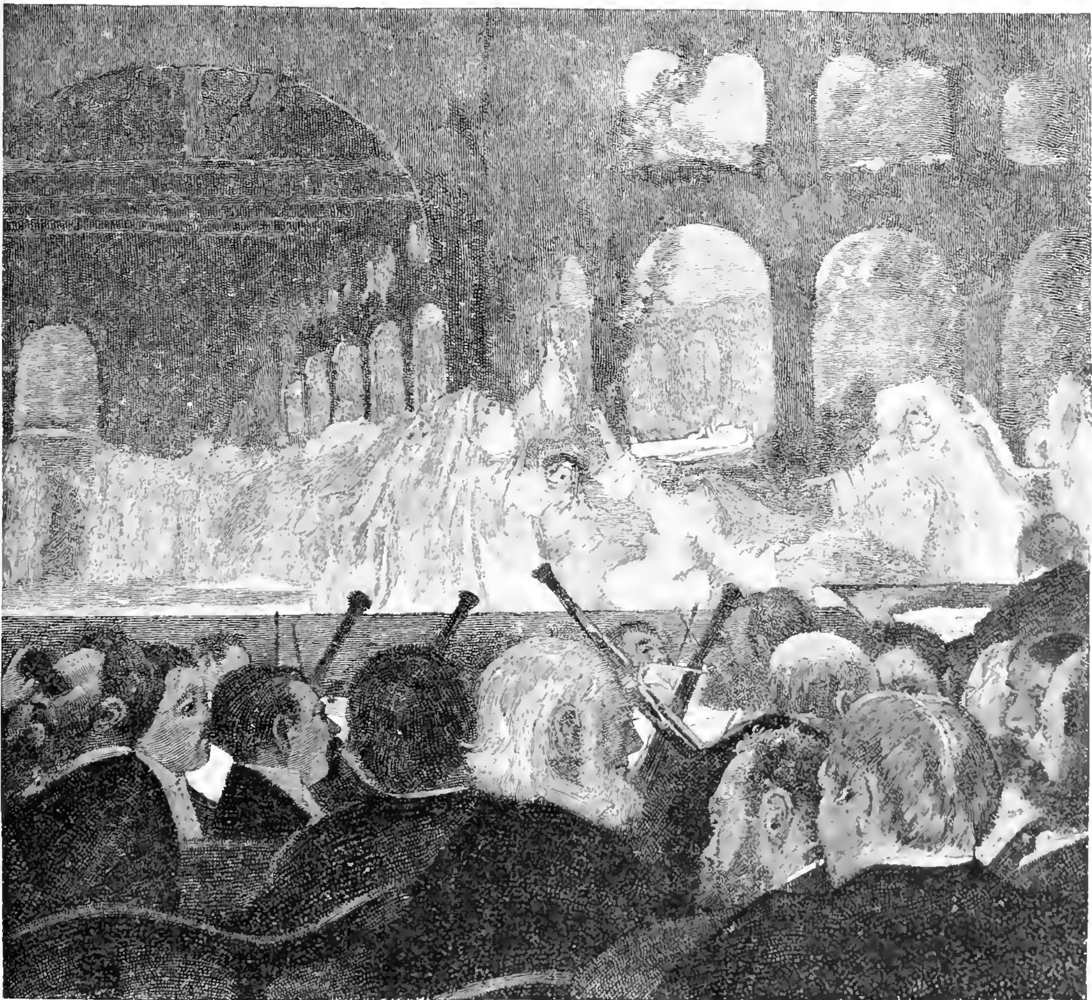
(Painted by Guillaume Régamey.)

IT is only with a few artists of the modern French school that the present article is concerned; and when I name them—Régamey, Legros, Dalou, Courbet, Lhermitte, Degas—it will be seen that the word "realist" is not used in the limited sense of a mere imitator of the outside appearance of things, but in that larger one which may properly be applied to all those artists of the present generation who have endeavoured to make art more real and living: a means of expression, not of the thoughts and feelings of past ages, but of the present day; a reflection of the aims and sensations, not of other minds, but of their own. The realistic movement in France was at once a continuation of and a reaction against the romantic movement. The cry of the romanticists was "more life;" the cry of the realists, "more life still." To be more and more true to nature within and without has been, generally speaking, the aim of all who have been movers in the very wide renaissance which marks this latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

In France this movement has, as might have been expected, been exceptionally vigorous, and marked not less by research than by enterprise. In order to find methods of expression suitable to their own aspirations and to discover technical secrets required to express truth more accurately than by the traditional formulæ of the modern schools, the works of the Old Masters, including ancient sculpture, have been studied afresh and with a different motive; and this study has not only resulted in greatly improving modern technique and in adding to the current language of art, but also in a truer appreciation of the Old Masters themselves. In the way of subject these seekers after the new and true found plenty of both around them and within them: without, thousands of unrecorded scenes, gestures, expressions, and phenomena, a whole world of strange countries and peoples, customs and costumes, scarcely touched; within, a legion of thoughts, aspirations, fancies, whims, and passions, the presentation of which, though as yet unattempted, was possible and interesting. The impulse given to free expression has not been without its apparent, if not its real,

disadvantages. Order, one of the most essential conditions of art, has been overthrown here and there; a sort of anarchy, such as must always attend the ruin of tradition and the upsetting of long-established authority, prevails to some extent. A great deal of modern work is low in aim, showy and vulgar in execution; but the cause of this is due in a great measure to the demand for stuff of the kind. There can be no doubt that the patronage of art is no longer limited to the cultured and refined, and the profession of painting is so lucrative that hundreds adopt it without any special call. But there can scarcely be a greater mistake than to judge the art of the present day, or indeed of any day, by its lowest examples, which are always more numerous than the highest; and at the present time there are probably more men with a genuine and well-trained artistic faculty, actively and earnestly at work, than at any previous time in the world's history. They may not number a supreme artist amongst them, but they are infusing new life into every department of art.

The realistic movement in France was revolutionary as the romantic had been, and more radical. Amongst the stoutest of rebels was Courbet. He towers above them all by the intensity of his genius as a painter and the unfaltering decision of his aim. He holds much the same relation to the realists as Delacroix to the romanticists, and was specially fitted to promulgate the new doctrine of reality not less by his extraordinary powers of presentation than by his want of sensibility and imagination. Reality to him was fact, not seen in relation to other facts, still less disguised or arranged by sentiment or taste, but the purely superficial aspect of the things he saw; and these he set to work to paint with all his might. He began, indeed, as a romanticist, but he soon appeared in his true light as a realist of the most extreme type. Extremists are always useful, and Courbet rendered the true service of one by pushing a



THE BALLET IN "ROBERT LE DIABLE."

(Painted by Degas. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

theory as far as it would go, and so defining in certain directions the proper limits of art. He had the power of a giant, and he used it as a giant—with a giant's confidence and vanity and ruthlessness, and something of a giant's stupidity. He not only would not paint what he did not see, but he did not believe in its existence. To him the whole truth was comprehended in his glance, the whole of art in his fingers. But he was a conscientious giant who only sought to destroy what seemed to him mischievous and worthless. He thought he was doing good service in stripping from art the last rag of sentiment, the last shred of grace. His "Enterrement à Ornans"—which caused the most violent antagonism of any picture of modern times—is at once a landmark and a danger-signal. Taking human nature at a moment when it is seen to the greatest disadvantage, when apathy looks most repulsive and grief most ugly, he has painted to the life the appearance of the groups that were wont to surround a grave in his native village. If this is truth, what is satire? Courbet thought he was painting human nature, but he was really painting men and women seen under circumstances in which human nature is either distorted or suppressed. In this picture he proved, on a commanding scale and with enormous power, how deficient were his conceptions both of truth and art: that—in other words—he neither perceived facts in their proper relation, nor knew how to select those that were worthy of serious record. To him the existence of things justified their presentation with all the skill (and that was very great) which he could command; and so the value of his pictures depends not on the selection of the artist, but upon what he happened to see. And he happened to see a good many things which were worth painting—himself, for instance. Few things are more worthy of perpetuation than such a head and face as his—grand, massive, large-eyed, and honest. Of this subject he was never tired; and though he was justly rallied on its frequent recurrence, those who love art will regret that he has not left more such pictures as his "Man with the Leathern Girdle." He also saw his own country, and amongst his greatest successes are those faithful landscapes which record the hills and water-courses, the snow, and the sunshine of his native Franche-Comté. Of these Mr. Ionides possesses one, not so attractive as some are, but as faithful as any. He also saw the sea, and gave as few have given the tremendous onset of a great green wave. He watched the stags and does in their haunts, and his "Combat de Cerfs" and "Remise des Chevreuils" are probably the finest pictures of deer-life ever painted. Some of his portraits are magnificent. In short, there may be doubts as to his merit as an artist, but none as to his power as a painter.

As no art was so completely under the bonds of convention as sculpture, its gradual escape from it is the greater cause for congratulation. It was never so dead in France as in England; but even there its perfect recovery as a means of expressing modern forms and modern thoughts has but recently been accomplished. The difficulties were no doubt greater than in the other arts. Tradition was stronger and older, the perfection once attained more absolute and unapproachable, the danger of degrading its nobility greater. What with the terrible example of Bernini and his followers, the difficulty of treating modern costume, and the necessity of inventing as it were a new language, the task of the realistic sculptor was one of "unprecedented difficulty." No one now living has done more to make sculpture live again than Jules Dalou. Like the realistic painters, he has studied ancient masterpieces—not as models to imitate, but as manuscripts which held the secrets of sculpturesque expression. He learnt much from Carpeaux, under whom he studied; but though as freshly modern in feeling as that vivacious master, he has a far truer instinct for what is essentially sculpturesque, and a greater sense of dignity, reserve, and elegance. A writer in the *Portfolio* has rightly stated that his sculpture is of a kind "which, without by any means disdaining art, is in open rebellion against the pedantry of the schools, and refreshes itself by contact with the actual human world, portraying life as it really exists in very different classes of society, provided only that the model is a suitable one for sculpture. The charm of M. Dalou's style is due to his sympathy with humanity and a great natural taste and refinement, which cause him to represent a peasant-woman of Boulogne, and the daughter of an English duke, so that each has her own kind of dignity." What is meant by true realism could not be better suggested than by these words. If Dalou had been actuated by the orthodox views of sculpture, his women of Boulogne and his daughters of dukes would have had not the dignity of themselves, but of a Grecian Hera or Pallas.

Here, in his "Liseuse" (the original of our frontispiece), we have more of grace and refinement than dignity, but there is dignity too. Simple and easy as is her attitude, it has "style," the unconscious style of a well-bred lady of the Nineteenth Century, whose outward elegance of figure is the true expression of a sweet disposition and a cultivated mind. Unfortunately our engraving can give but one side of this delightful work; and though of course you lose the charm of the sweet face and dainty arms as you walk around it, there is no point of view from which it is not enjoyable; even the folds of the modern silk skirt, which are gathered

A PLEASANT BOOK. — LA LISEUSE.

(From the Terra Cotta by Dafan. By Permi[illegible]

beneath the chair, are beautiful in themselves. Mr. Ionides possesses, too, the sketch for the large terra-cotta group of a French peasant-woman nursing her child, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1875, and bought by Sir Coutts Lindsay, and also that of its companion, a fisher's wife similarly employed, which is perhaps the sketch of the group exhibited at the same place in 1877. Both are remarkable for their naturalness and simplicity; the one is seated on a rock, the other on an upturned basket such as they used to carry potatoes from the fields in France. In both, as in our beautiful "Liseuse," modern costume is treated with frankness and complete success. At this time the sculptor was an exile in this country, having been mixed up with the Commune. He found good friends and an honourable career in England, where he lived and worked for several years. Now, happily, the old misunderstanding is healed; and his bas-reliefs of "La République" and "Mirabeau" were the successes and the nine-days' wonder of 1883.

Of his friend and comrade, Professor Legros, who, I am told, assisted not a little in his artistic development, I have already and so recently said so much in the pages of this magazine, that I prefer to quote the words of another, which aptly describe his position in the ranks of the realists. Mr. Hamerton, in the *Portfolio* for August, 1873, justly remarked: "Never was any realism so remarkable for simplicity of purpose as that of the genuine French rustic school. I do not mean the realism of the revolutionary realists, who called themselves so, but of that school which was entirely emancipated from classical authority, and used its liberty for the plain expression of its sentiment, not for the illustration of a theory. These artists were neither influenced by the authority of the classics, nor by the force of the reaction against them; they worked in a calm corner of their own, safe from the flux and reflux of the great currents of their time. Mr. Legros is one of them, but, instead of going among the oxen and the labourers in the fields, he prefers the solemnity of the village church, or the cathedral aisle, or the quiet monastery; and there he will watch his models, who know not that they are watched, and who reveal to him the secret of their meditations."

Of the pictures by Alphonse Legros in the possession of Mr. Ionides, the best known is one in which the artist has gone, if not among the labourers in the fields, at least among those by the wayside. The "Chaudronnier," or "Tinker," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1874, at the Salon in 1875, and at the Grosvenor in 1877. It belongs to the same order of solemn studies of human labour as many of Legros' etchings, and as the picture of the "Brûleur d'Herbes" exhibited at the Grosvenor in 1881. The "Tinker" is perhaps his best work of this kind. With its finely-painted vessels of brass and copper it is more attractive, and less conventional in colour, than the "Brûleur d'Herbes," and in this and other respects it marks an intermediate stage between his work at the time of which Mr. Hamerton writes and the broad suggestiveness with which he has been content of late years. Of his finest style as a painter, a style which I hope is only laid aside for awhile, our "Demoiselles du Mois de Marie" is an admirable example, only to be approached, as far as my knowledge of his work extends, by the "Baptism" belonging to Mr. George Howard, and Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Before the Service." It is dated 1868, and it is to be observed that at this time Legros was extremely careful and finished in execution, was choice and clear in colour, and avoided neither female beauty nor tenderness of expression, though he did not even then go out of his way to meet them. The fresh, pleasant faces of his maids are not of a refinement or a loveliness unsuited to their supposed station, and many as comely a mistress may be found in a French village. He is a realist still, even in the rapture of the monk, which, finely felt as it is, yet stops short of the transcendental. Nevertheless the picture is a contrast to the depression which animates his later designs. The girls are not all-absorbed in devotion, one even betrays some of the curiosity of her sex; the colour, though subdued, is varied and sweet, the hands and heads (beautifully drawn as always) are warm in tone, the dresses rich in shades of brown and green, and the whole harmony is enlivened and completed by the priest's white surplice and broad red stole. The monk has been etched by the artist and twice published; once by Messrs. Holloway, in a collection of ten etchings by Legros, and again (the head only) in the *Portfolio* (1870). The landscape which faces the "Demoiselles" is one of four large and very impressive compositions representing those melancholy aspects of nature so attractive to his temperament. They are all of the same dimensions. Two, in oil on paper, are scenes of cloud and shadow; two, in water-colours, of water and misty light. One of the former is of singular power and simplicity: it shows the rich brown shoulder of a hill slowly swelling to where a few stunted trees stretch their maimed limbs against a leaden sky. That we engrave is more cheerful, and there is something of Corot's gentle feeling in the shadowy rank of poplars fading away in the misty air of dawn; but the foreground is severe, and is thoroughly Legros. This is no haunt of water-nymphs, but of the solitary fisherman plying his trade in the chilly morning air. In none of his works is Legros more original or interesting

THE COMMUNION: "LES DEMOISELLES DU MOIS DE MARIE."

than in these landscape-suggestions, so full of imagination and so fraught with personality. They are not beautiful in the ordinary sense, but they are true poems, faithful echoes of chords which nature has struck in his soul alone. A masterly study in *gouache* of a priest at prayers completes the list of pictures by Legros in this collection; but besides medals and etchings, Mr. Ionides possesses by him a marble head, a portrait of a lady, fresh and bright enough to make us wonder whether, after all, there is not something of *parti pris* in the persistent severity of his general work.

Of Régamey, the fellow-pupil of Legros in the *atelier* of M. H. Lecoq de Boisbaudran, Mr. Ionides possesses three examples. This thoroughly sincere and accomplished artist, who died in 1875 at the age of thirty-eight, just when he was beginning to reap the reward of his long, arduous, and, to a great extent, self-directed study, is scarcely represented by the "Mud-Cart" we engrave. Not that this charming and original work is unworthy of him, but because it was as a painter of soldiers and battles, and not of scenes of labour, that he desired to excel. But yet he was scarcely a greater student of soldiers than of horses. Of anatomy—not only human but equine—he made the most profound and methodical study, and such scientific training he combined with constant exercise of pictorial memory. Few artists have gone so persistently and patiently through such a long and varied preparation for the exercise of their profession. He was a realist to the core; he wished to complete the work begun by Gros, and banish all falsity from the representation of the French soldier. In this he succeeded, but it was not until the Salon of 1865 that he made a decided hit. Mr. Ernest Chesneau, in his memoir of his friend, referring to the picture of that year, the "Battéries de Tambours des Grenadiers de la Garde," declares that he was the first to show the French soldier as he was, "vrai, simple, sans pose, tout à ce qu'il fait." This truth, despite his short life and modest aim, must assure him an honourable place in the history of French art. Perhaps the most important of his pictures are the "Sapeurs des 2ᵉ Cuirassiers de la Garde" (1868) and the "Cuirassiers au Cabaret" (1874). The latter, which is the last work which he lived to complete, represents a simple and ordinary scene in the daily life of the French soldier, and owes its attraction and its value entirely to the masterly force and the absolute truth of the presentation. In it he achieved completely the "vrai réel," the single aim of his life's devotion. Mr. Ionides possesses one of his military studies—a sentinel shrouded in his blue mantle, standing at his post under cover of a bush; of Algerian subjects (and the artist was fond of these) one also; but the best example in the collection

THE RIVER.

(From the Water-Colour by Legros. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.

of the artistic skill of Régamey is the "Mud-Cart" we engrave. It is a pleasant thought of his less serious moments, its execution is thorough and solid, an accomplished etcher, but remarkable above all for his consummate skill in the use of charcoal, by which he manages to render the tenderest gradations

THE APPLE MARKET.

(*Painted by Léon Lhermitte. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.*)

and it shows the fruit of his long and loving study of the horse. Even here he never sacrificed truth to elegance. Nothing, for instance, can be more gaunt and grim than the poor half-starved brutes in the "Escadron de Chauzy" (now in the Ministère de la Guerre, at Paris). Yet, whenever sincerity permitted, he delighted to depict its beauty and its spirit. In this little picture he has evidently enjoyed his opportunity, and has placed the young leader so that its graceful silhouette shall show fair against the sky.

Two of the atists already mentioned, Dalou and Legros, are as well known here as in France; and Régamey, who, much against his will but for the sake of his family and on account of his health, came to London during the Franco-German War, may be yet remembered by his admirable work in the *Illustrated London News*. Nor will the name or works of Léon Lhermitte be strange to many of our readers. He is a master of black and white, and of light, the deepest tones of shade, and innumerable variations of texture. Mr. Ionides has an admirable example of his "fusains"—a study of a turner at his lathe. He has not anything like the same mastery of pigments; but in his paintings he does not lose his power of seizing character and recording the natural expressions and gestures of the working classes. In our "Apple Market," the companion to which Mr. Ionides also possesses, these powers are shown too fully to need comment.

Impressionism is the last phase of realism—is realism gone mad, as it seems to some. Of many of the works of Italian painters, Favretto for example, and Signorini, who call themselves impressionists, I have a high opinion—they delight me; but of the French impressionists I have scarcely seen one, except our masterpiece of Degas, which I would care to see again. But because the "impressions" which the French leaders of the new movement have thought fit to record seem to me for the most

part just those which it would be desirable to forget as soon as possible, this does not affect the value of the theory which their work is designed to illustrate. The theory seems to be something like this. The appearance of things and not the things themselves is the truth which it is the special function of realistic painting to imitate. This appearance is due to optical sensations, of which nearly all the vividness is lost in the ordinary method of picture-making. What with the insertion of details, of which the eye took no account at the time, forgetfulness made up by imagination or the records of other impressions, alterations, and elaborations, always much, often all, of what freshness the sketch preserved is lost in the picture, and the result, however pretty and finished, bears little or no resemblance to the truth from which it started. Impressionism aims, therefore, at the exact record of the optical sensations of a moment, untouched by thought and uncoloured by fancy. The movement will have a force in art proportioned to the value of the idea at the bottom of it. One good result may be at least expected—a more persistent and severe training of pictorial memory; two tendencies at least to be deprecated—the tendency towards a purely sensual view of things. the tendency to be satisfied with mere *tours de force*. The enormous technical difficulties involved in the sincere following of the theory form perhaps no small part of its attraction to men of such graphic genius as Degas. This picture of the well-known scene in "Roberto" is astonishing, whether as a feat of memory or a triumph over technical difficulties. Here, as in all the works of his that I have seen, the artist attempts to give an impression of what is only visible for a moment. It is, moreover, one which could not be carried away except in the memory. These are justifications which are not always to be found in the works of others who call themselves impressionists. Degas has caught the glare of the gas, the weird movements of the dancers, the whole glamour of the theatre, and, besides all these, the exact character of the earnest musicians and the more varied moods of the occupants of the stalls. Many if not all of the heads are said to be portraits. It has all the qualities of a photograph of an actual scene. It is a slice cut bodily out of the world. How much of the power of this astonishing work is due to exceptional memory and thorough artistic training, and how much to the impressionist theory, it would be difficult to say; but it may be safely assumed that Degas would have painted not much unlike this if he had been content with the simple name of realist.

Though the specimens of modern realism in Mr. Ionides' house are not very numerous, they are sufficient to show many of the directions it has taken. All these artists have had one aim, the representation of unadulterated truth, as it appears to their eyes. One would think that such a common aim would lead to monotony; but it does not do so, because men do not see only with their eyes, and are attracted by different phases of truth. Some look with the epical eyes of Millet; some with the imaginative insight of Legros; some with the keen, unsentimental glance of Courbet. Others, like the English Pre-Raphaelites, fear, in their conscientious search for the whole truth, the omission of any perceptible detail; or, like Régamey, strive to realise its broader and at the same time more essential characteristics. Lastly, there are the impressionists who care only for the conscientious record of physical sensations. One and all, however (and this aim is not confined to the realists), have determined that life and sincerity shall be the true notes of modern art. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

TWO BUSTS OF VICTOR HUGO.

BETWEEN the marble of David d'Angers and the bronze of Auguste Rodin there is an interval of full forty years. It has been a time of revolution from first to last: of revolution in art, in politics, in literature, in music, in morals and faiths and ideals. The France of 1844 was the France of Louis Philippe and Guizot; she has seen since then Cavaignac and Louis Blanc, and Bonaparte and Morny and Persigny, and the rout of Sedan and the leaguer of Paris and the nightmare of the Commune, and Gambetta and Macmahon; and she is now the France of Ferry and Clémençeau and Challemel-Lacour. Her sculptors are no longer Barye and David and Pradier, are no longer Clésinger and Carpeaux, but Dalou the realist, and Rodin, "le dernier de Michel-Ange," and Idrac and Falguière and Paul Dubois. Among her painters there is only Jules Dupré to tell of the days that are gone. Delacroix is dead and victorious; Ingres has passed away, and his tradition and ideal have passed with him; the men of Fontainebleau have wrought their glorious revolution, and are all departed; Courbet is gone, and the Manet he helped to invent; the word is now with Bastien-Lepage, with Henner and Ulysse Butin, with Sargent and Bonnat and Degas, with Sisley and Pissaro and Renouard, "the small-change

of the painter of Ornans." In music the victory remains with Berlioz; nothing is left of Adam, nothing of Clapisson and Monpou, little of Auber and Halévy, not too much of Meyerbeer, and less—far less—of Rossini himself than on the *premières* of "Guillaume Tell" or "Moïse" would have seemed possible. In literature the world is all for Balzac, and the men who call themselves his pupils: for Daudet and Goncourt and Turguenieff. The sonorous and splendid fashions of romanticism, at once magnificent and absurd, are half a century away. Young-France is with Euphues his England; Gautier's red vest and the green coat of Dumas are in the rag-shop of history; with the skull-cap of Petrus Borel, and the tatters of Macaire, and the buff boots of Mélingue and Bocage. The battle of Hernani has become a legend; the hosts of Hernani are with last year's snow. Maxime du Camp is of a later generation—the generation of Baudelaire and Flaubert and Champfleury; but he too is already alone, and "Diis manibus et memoriæ amicorum" is the inscription in his "Souvenirs Littéraires"—the priceless book in which he tells the story of the world of art where his lot was cast.

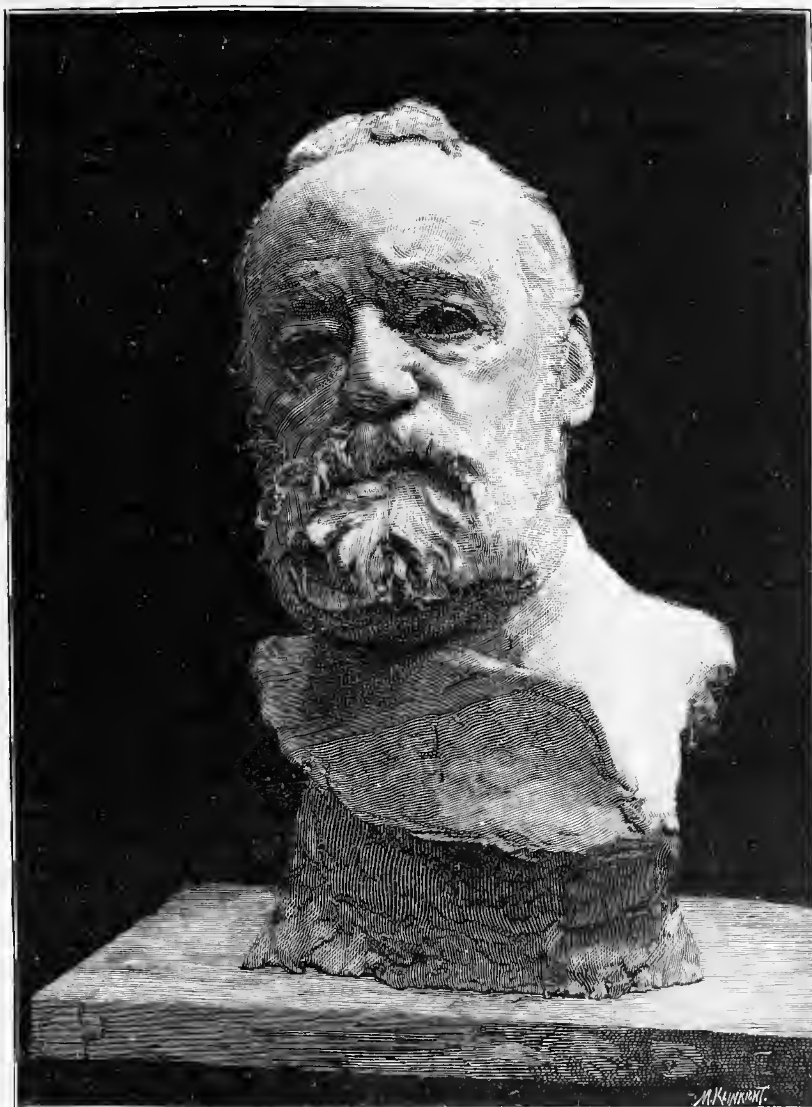
VICTOR HUGO: 1844.

(*From the Marble by David d'Angers.*)

> "Qui nous rapportera le bouquet d'Ophélie,
> De la rive inconnue où les flots l'ont laissé?

George Sand is dead, and so are Musset and Sainte-Beuve; they unveiled the other day a statue to Alexander Maximus—to the author of "Antony" and the "Musketeers," in some ways the greatest, the best, the most beneficent of them all. For "Mauprat" and "Notre-Dame" we have "La Fille

Elisa" and "Une Vie;" for the great emotions of "Lucrèce Borgia" and "La Tour de Nesle," the rancid farce of Méilhac and the dubious satire of Gondinet and Sardou; for "Carmosine" and "Fantasio," the unwholesome jeremiads of "La Femme de Claude," the unpleasant hallucinations of "Nana" and "Pot-Bouille." All things have suffered change, save only the master-poet himself. He is forty years older than when he sat to David d'Angers; but in art he is still the Hugo of bygone years. He has seen exile and he has seen apotheosis; about him the old war-cries have grown hushed, the old battle flags have been furled, man by man the old legions have crumbled away; a new generation has risen round him, and in his eyes and ears are the sights and noises of a new world. He, meanwhile, has but grown venerable and grey, and approached a little nearer immortality. At heart he is still the poet of Doña Sol and Esmeralda, of Didier and Quasimodo and Thisbé; his ideals are the ideals of his youth; he is a survival, unconscious and august, from a vanished age, a living monument to a past already remote and half-forgotten. To consider him is to recall the magnificent picture he has painted us of Æschylus, the master he would love best to resemble. "Éschyle a jusqu'aux épaules la cendre des siècles, il n'a que la tête hors de cet enfouissement, et, comme ce colosse des solitudes, avec sa tête seule il est aussi grand que tous les dieux voisins debout sur leurs piédestaux."



VICTOR HUGO: 1884.

(From the Bronze by Rodin. Institute, 1884.)

In 1844, Victor Hugo was two-and-forty years old. An "enfant sublime" at twenty, he had become,

to many, the greatest Frenchman and the greatest poet of his age. Literature and the literary tradition had changed and been renewed under his hand. He had essayed himself in verse and prose, in the novel and in the drama, in ode and legend and lyric; and he had excelled in all. An incomparable vocabulary, a grandiose imagination, a wonderful faculty of rhythm and rhythmic invention, an absolute mastery of words and cadences, had enabled him to bring about a revolution complete and final in the twin arts of poetry and romance. It was not that he was the greatest artist in essentials; for Dumas in many ways was immeasurably his superior. It was not that he knew best the heart of man, or that he had apprehended most thoroughly the ways of life; for Balzac had so far surpassed him in these sciences that comparison between the two masters was impossible. It was not that he had sung the truest song or uttered the deepest word; for Musset was already the poet of "Rolla" and the "Nuits" in verse, and the poet of "Fantasio" and "Lorenzaccio" and the "Caprices" in prose. But the epoch it had been his to represent was interested in the manner rather than the substance of things; the revolution at whose front he had been set, and whose most shining figure he had become, was mainly a revolution of externals. With an immense amount of enthusiasm there was, as Sainte-Beuve has said, an incredible amount of ignorance—so that "Cromwell" was supposed to be historical; and with a passionate delight in forms there co-existed a strangely imperfect understanding of materials—so that "Hernani" was supposed to be Shakespearian. It was to this ignorance and to this imperfect understanding that Victor Hugo owed a certain part of his pre-eminence; the other and greater he got from his unrivalled mastery of style, from his extraordinary skill as an artist in words. To the other side his innovations were horrible; his verse was poison, his example an outrage, his prosody a violation of all possible laws, his rhymes and tropes and metaphors so many offences against heaven and the muse. But to the ardent youngsters who fought beneath his banner it was his to give a something priceless and unique—a something new to France, and never before exampled in her literature. For the distichs of Boileau —"strong, heavy, useful, like pairs of tongs"—he found them alexandrines with the leap and sparkle of sea waves, and the sound of clashing swords, and the colours of sunset and the dawn. They were tired of whitewash and cold distemper; and he gave them hangings of brocade, and tapestries of price, and tissues stiff with gold and glowing with new dyes. He flung them handfuls of jewels where his rivals flung them handfuls of marbles. And they paid him for his gifts with an intemperance of devotion, a fury of belief, a rapture of admiration such as no other man has known. The substance was striking, was peculiar, was novel and full of charm; but the manner was all this and something besides—was magnificent, was intoxicating, was irresistible; and Victor Hugo, by virtue of it, became the foremost man of literary France. The battle of "Hernani" was merely a battle of style. On the greater questions of form and matter the fight had been fought and won a year before with the "Henri Trois et sa Cour" of Dumas—the first of the splendid series of victories, in all departments of literature, which that great and exemplary artist was destined to achieve. But the French of Dumas was not offensively rich and seductive; the style of Dumas was not a national peril; the vocabulary of Dumas was not a national disgrace. From Dumas, in fact, the Parnassus of Boileau was safe enough; and his triumph, important and significant as it was, seemed neither fatal nor abominable. It was another matter with "Hernani." Its success meant ruin for the Academy and destruction for the idiom of Delille and M. de Jouy; and the classicists mustered in force, and did their utmost to stay the coming wrath and arrest the impending doom. They failed, of course; for they fought with a vague, yet limited, apprehension of the question at issue, and they had nothing to give in place of the thing they hated. And Victor Hugo was made captain of the victorious host, while the men who might have been in a certain sort his rivals took service as his lieutenants, and accepted his ensign for their own. That was over fifty years ago; and his name and renown are more radiant than ever.

He had done a great work when he sat to David d'Angers. In fiction he had begun with "Bug-Jargal" and "Hans d'Islande;" he had ended with "Claude Gueux" and "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné;" and in the interval he had written the epic of Notre-Dame. In poetry he was already the author of the "Odes et Ballades," of the "Orientales," of the "Feuilles d'Automne," the "Chants du Crépuscule," the "Voix Intérieures," the "Rayons et les Ombres." His was the song of Madelaine and her knightly lover:—

> "Viens dans ces bois d'où ma suite
> Se retire, au loin conduite
> Par les sons errants du cor."

His the ballad of King John's tourney:—

> "Cette ville
> Aux longs cris,
> Qui profile
> Son front gris,
> Des toits frêles,
> Cent tourelles,
> Clochers grêles,
> C'est Paris!"

His the complaint of the captive, which Berlioz set to a melody that was the joy of the whole Roman Academy. His the legend of the serpent's rings:—

> "Tous ses anneaux vermeils rampaient en se tordant
> Sur la grève isolée,
> Et le sang empourprait d'un rouge plus ardent
> Sa crête dentelée.
> Ces tronçons déchirés, épars, près d'épuiser
> Leurs forces languissantes,
> Se cherchaient, se cherchaient, comme pour un baiser,
> Deux bouches frémissantes."

His the song of the sea wind:—

> "Quels sont ces bruits sourds?
> Écoutez vers l'onde
> Cette voix profonde
> Qui pleure toujours
> Et qui toujours gronde,
> Quoiqu'un son plus clair
> Parfois l'interrompe . . .
> Le vent de la mer
> Souffle dans sa trompe!"

His the songs of Gaztibelza, and the pirates of Otranto, and the skimmers of the sea, and a hundred gorgeous lyrics besides. In drama, beginning with the monstrosity called "Cromwell," he had succeeded with "Hernani" and "Marion Delorme," which are two admirable five-act lyrics; failed with "Le Roi s'Amuse" (the failure was solemnly repeated some months ago), which contains the stuff of a popular opera; succeeded more or less with "Lucrèce Borgia," "Angelo," and "Marie Tudor," three good melodramas in prose; succeeded rather more than less with "Ruy Blas," an excellent melodrama in verse; and rather failed than succeeded with "Les Burgraves," which is not so much a play as a foretaste in dialogue of the vague yet imposing ultra-naturalism of "La Légende des Siècles." Then he had written and printed the thirty-nine letters of "Le Rhin;" he had published a good deal of "criticism and philosophy," since collected into a couple of volumes; he was a peer of France, an Academician, an orator, something of a politician. That he owed his pre-eminence to a certain skill in the statecraft of society as well as to his admirable literary genius seems as unquestionable as that, in common with all the men of his time, he was given to vanity and the habits of affectation and of pose. Maxime du Camp has quoted a letter of his—in reply to one sent him by a boy-poet—which proves him to have been careful of his popularity, and not extraordinarily scrupulous as to his ways and means of fostering and extending it. Nisard, describing him as he was in 1836, declares that the portraits of him which were on sale in the print-shops were nothing like him: that they added to his forehead and greatly diminished his jowl; that they represented Olympio as a "kind of sombre genius, careworn and rough, absorbed in thoughts of vengeance," with a Byronic mouth and the sort of eye "qui plonge au sein des mondes;" whereas, in truth, Olympio was neither pale nor anxious, neither saturnine nor melancholical, but a good-looking fellow, with a fine forehead, and mild eyes, and an excellent colour, and such a jowl as would appear to betoken "de grands appétits physiques et un immense amour de la conservation." Some of the features of this portrait are plainly to be discerned in David's bust. David, a romanticist and an enthusiast—

> "Maître sévère et doux qu'éclairent à la fois,
> Comme un double rayon qui jette un jour étrange,
> Le jeune Raphael et le vieux Michel-Ange—
> * * * * *
> Âme dans Isaïe et Phidias trempée"—

has idealised his model. Like Bonnat, he had, they say, to work a great deal from memory, for the great writer is a bad sitter; and he had, moreover, to work out his own conception—of Hugo the master-poet, the peerless artist, the royal mind, the captain of a great æsthetic revolution. The result we have seen. The brows—which are probably a trifle too superhuman for the present age—are girt with Apollo's laurel-bough; the eyes are fixed in contemplation; the face is heroically calm; the whole aspect is Olympian and august. It is a romance in marble, if you will; but, as Nisard has shown, it is by no means a bad portrait.

M. Rodin's "Hugo" is work of another order. At forty-two the poet was only the most eminent of Frenchmen; at eighty he is perhaps the most renowned of living men. He is the "Victor in drama, Victor in romance," the "lord of human tears" of the Laureate's sonnet. In France he has witnessed his own apotheosis; in England there are many to whom he is the greatest man of letters who ever lived, the Olympian Jupiter of art, a poet to be named with Shakespeare and Æschylus. He is the singer of "Les Contemplations," of the "Légende," of "L'Art d'Être Grand-Père," and "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," and "Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit." He is the prophet-satirist—at once Ezekiel and Juvenal—of "Les Châtiments" and "L'Année Terrible." He is the poet of Fantine and Gavroche and Cosette, of Gilliat and Josiane, of Dea and Lantenac and Javert; the Homer of revolution in "Quatre-Vingt-Treize," of suffering in "Les Misérables," of labour in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer;" the spokesman of humanity in all. His manifestos—whether for laughter or admiration—are national events; the *editio princeps* of his works is in itself a comely and imposing library; he may be read in all the languages of civilisation, he and his praises alike. Of course, there are dissenters. Many cannot admire without a good deal of reserve; some only read to laugh; some cannot read at all. It is complained that his

work—a lyric fifty volumes long—is touched with falsehood, is ruined with mannerisms, is corrupt with affectation and antithesis; that he is no longer a creator, but a mere executant; that his politics are dangerous and absurd; that, after half a century of achievement, he is substantially the poet of "Cromwell" and "Hernani" still: with more to the same purpose. But, rightly or wrongly, his renown is practically universal; and the leonine head portrayed in M. Rodin's noble bronze is that of the most famous man of his time.

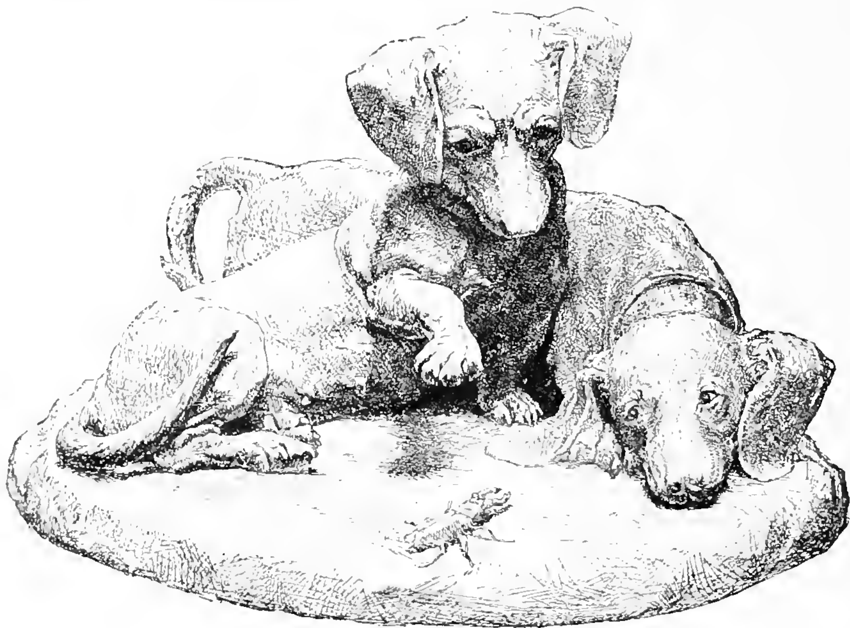
The work is worthy of its subject. M. Rodin has seen much of his model—has studied him on all possible occasions: at table, in talk, in the act of composition; and the result is an achievement in portraiture. It is the truth, but the truth told by a great artist. It is realistic in the highest sense of the word—an expression of nature which, while literally exact in form, is literally exact in spirit also; a presentment of fact alike external and essential. Here are the venerable beauty, the rugged majesty, the force, the fire, the victorious energy of one unmatched among contemporary men. It is much to have had a model compacted of such qualities; that was the sculptor's fortune. It is much more to have portrayed them with such a union of force and finish, such unerring insight, and such superb distinction of style; that is the sculptor's genius. It is not the least of the many felicities of M. Hugo's career that he has lived to pass to posterity as the original of what might be an antique bronze.

W. E. H.

"DACHS AND HILDA."

FROM THE GROUP BY W. TYLER.

TIME was when the Dachshund—whose proper name is surely Snodgrass?—now basking in high social favour, was at best a comfortable cottage cur, a dog of low degree. His ancestors this side the water were content to skulk through life holding alms-dishes for distressed human wanderers; the wheel of fortune has exalted him to the companionship of beauty and fashion. Esteem and affection, however, cannot blind his admirers to the fact that his quaint graces are of the Ponderous-Grotesque order; that his bearing is far from heroic; that he loves to creep through the world unfired—save in the case of rabbits—by the spirit of adventure and curiosity which wrecks his fellows. He is, perhaps, most agreeable when one is permitted to take him in a jocular spirit, and to assume that his solemn gambols, coupled with his revolutionary "points of beauty," are to be admired chiefly as a contrast and a foil to the brave and airy deportment of his mistress.



DACHS AND HILDA.

(From the Group by W. Tyler.)

The Dachshunds in Mr. Tyler's pretty group (Academy, 1881) are clearly revelling in "youth and green delight." With none of Mr. Caldecott's broad exaggeration of human expression, they are yet instinct with an infantile spirit and a sly humour all their own, which sit strangely on their meditative cast of countenance. It is evident that Hilda is bent on completely extinguishing the life of the bold, bad insect in her path; while Dachs is not only ready to aid and abet, but also, if necessary, to run away and leave Hilda to face the consequences of her daring alone.

THE ORPHAN.

(Painted by C. Vikentievitch Lemoch. By Permission of MM. Lemoch and D. Stassoff.)

"WHAT IS IT?"

(Painted by George Manson.)

SOME PICTURES OF CHILDREN.

"FUNNY little Herr Baby! How much was fancy, how much was earnest in his busy baby mind, who can tell?" This sentence from one of the truest and yet most imaginative studies of child-life could only have been written in very modern days. To say that children have been neglected either by art or literature would not be true; but the study of children as creatures not only to be admired and petted, but also to be understood, belongs to this century. Our fathers were satisfied with teaching their children; we try to learn them also. Perhaps the most palpable effect of the success of our endeavours is seen in the books we make for them. We give them more and better pictures, we consult their tastes more carefully in the stories we write for them. We try to remember what we liked when we were young, and to do as we wish we had been done by. In this respect, at least, we have taken a new departure. We may look in vain among the books of our own childhood for anything to compare with those which Mr. Lewis Carroll, Mrs. Molesworth, Mr. Walter Crane, and Miss Kate Greenaway have provided for our little ones.

The public catered for by the writers of the child-literature of the last generation or so was rather the fathers and mothers of children than children themselves. Their books were admirable in many ways. They inculcated the best of lessons in a simple manner, and gave as much amusement as was thought to be good for little ones. If

they were instructive they were also entertaining: the powder of morality was always more or less hidden in the sweetmeat of amusement. It is not, however, my present purpose to deal with their æsthetic or their moral properties, but with the manner in which they represented the character and life of children. In this respect there has been a great change since the days when Wordsworth made the discovery that "the child is father to the man." Not only on the nursery shelves do we find indications; it permeates the whole of fiction and of poetry. Studies of children are much more elaborate as well as much more frequent. Miss Edgeworth is not separated farther from Miss Keary than Fielding from Dickens; M. Hugo and Mr. Swinburne have but to write of children to be representative modern poets. Till our time, in both art and literature, it was the world around the children—the stage on which the little people appear and are criticised by their elders—with which both writers and artists were preoccupied. So they gave us children good or bad, pretty and picturesque, clever or silly, pathetic and humorous, embodiments of youthful propensities, or pictures of such aspects as were most engaging to their seniors. Now, however, we are no longer content with such a superficial or general view of that small but very real world where the child's own little "criticism of life" goes on. It is no longer enough see it from the outside like the sun, and to judge of its inward operations by the changes of the surface: we must also strive to enter it by the aid of such loving memory and imaginative insight as we may possess; and to realise its dim thoughts and gusty passions, its impossible hopes and groundless fears, its divine inspirations and heroic struggles. This laboratory of human character, where unseen all the spiritual and intellectual members of the man are being fashioned, is of incomparably greater interest to us than to our fathers.

Painters are, indeed, primarily occupied with external appearances. They cannot, like Mrs. Molesworth, give us a sequent history of the half thoughts and whole hopes of a Herr Baby, but they can show us what children really look like. To no subject, perhaps, is realism better suited than to children. Artistically their movements are full of life and variety and grace. Instantaneous photographs of children playing on the seashore show how little art can do to improve the charm of their natural attitudes. Here a group around a sand castle make "the prettiest picture in the world;" there a solitary figure carrying a pail and spade, or taking a stone out of its shoe, presents a perfect model for the sculptor. But it has not been the habit of artists any more than of writers to be content with children as they are, amusing or employing themselves in their own way without a thought of their elders. They have, indeed, considered them from a hundred points of view: as types of innocence and grace, as motives of decoration, with the eyes of the portrait-painter, the sculptor, and the humorist; but with the simple eye of the naturalist, never till the days of Rembrandt and Adrian van Ostade. In religious art naturalism was impossible; and though fresh study of nature is observable from Giotto downwards, the progress even of realism was necessarily very slow. The National Gallery illustrates very imperfectly the treatment of children in art. Of sculpture it gives us nothing—neither Greek statue nor Roman bas-relief; nothing even to show with how much spirit and truth children were modelled by the sculptors of the Renaissance. In Italian painting there is perhaps nowhere any parallel to those two celebrated organ lofts, once in the Duomo of Florence, now in the Bargello; neither to the life-like and lovely young minstrels and singers of Lucca della Robbia, nor to the vigorous dance of Donatello's boy-angels. We shall not learn in Trafalgar Square with how much art, and nature too, child-forms were used in decoration by German masters, "little" or "great." Still, we may gain a few impressions not altogether misleading. The early Dutch and Flemish artists were certainly not diverted from truth by the search after beauty, but their children, though uglier, are scarcely more natural than those of the Italians. There are few pictures in the world of date anterior to our Beltraffio (728), in which the Infant Christ is treated with so little conventionality. Both Madonna and Child might be portraits. The Son lies naturally in his mother's arms and is turning away from the breast just as babies do when not very seriously hungry. Though refined and beautiful, the Child is almost as near to life as the Babe staring from its swaddling clothes in "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by Velasquez, or the poor little creature in the death scene of the mother in Hogarth's "Mariage à la Mode." A Pontormo purchased at the Hamilton Sale, and supposed to represent parts of the history of Joseph (1,131), was bought as "An Allegory;" it might almost be accepted as one of the treatment of children in art from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Century. We have children treated decoratively and dramatically—little figures that would stand for cupids or angels, for genii or amorini, draped and undraped, many of them natural and vigorous enough, but clearly children of art rather than nature. In the midst of all these is seated one not draped but dressed, and not in the least ideal. It is a portrait of Bronzino, the pupil of Pontormo—as strange as Alice in the mad environment of Wonderland.

In the portrait we get, as it were, on the outskirts of the child-world. We may even enter it a little in the portraits of such painters as Sir Joshua Reynolds—more often in his portraits than in his fancy pictures of children, such as the "Age of Innocence" and "Robinetta." But the most purely natural of all the children in the National Gallery are those of Rembrandt and Maas. The Dutchmen discovered children with the rest of the real world; and even in English art from Hogarth to the time of Walker and Pinwell and Houghton it would be difficult to find children represented in so purely naturalistic a spirit as those in Rembrandt's "Christ Blessing Little Children" (757) and Maas' "Dutch Housewife" (159). The spirit of the portrait-painter as in the case of Reynolds and Gainsborough, and Joseph Wright and Romney, or of the satirist as in that of Hogarth, or of the dramatist as with Wilkie, Mulready, and Webster, has preoccupied the minds of nearly all old English painters of children. Landseer was now and then an exception, as may be seen by that nice little girl who is playing cat's-cradle in his famous "Peace" (413). Much the same may be said even of many living artists who are celebrated for pictures of children. Delightful indeed are the pretty-faced and prettily-dressed boys and girls of Mr. Leslie; Mr. Millais at his best can give us much the same kind of enjoyment as that we derive from the children of Sir Joshua; as a painter of the grace and beauty of children Sir Frederick Leighton has few rivals. Yet, though each of these masters treats children admirably from his peculiar point of view, they are scarcely painters of child-life or child-character. The true spirit has not descended upon them. They are behind the age in respect of children, for the age is that of Paul Dombey and Victor Hugo's Jeanne.

Death seems indeed to have had a special enmity to such painters. The loss of Frederick Walker was perhaps the greatest of all. Not the least study of a child by him but was alive with freshly-observed truth and sympathy with child-nature. Nor is it possible to mention the name of George Manson without regret as sincere. It is true that he did not live to achieve so much; but in his short span of twenty-six years (1850—1876) he approved himself a true artist and a fine colorist. He, as our "What Is It?" will show, was a student of children for their own sakes. This little woman, so puzzled at the tremendous allegory of the timepiece, might be a younger sister of Herr Baby. She is alone in her little child-world, and the artist has thought himself happy in finding and painting her there.

Our next pictures of child-life are from designs by Mr. Frederick Shields, an artist who is still alive and still young. His decoration of the Duke of Westminster's chapel at Eaton Hall, near Chester, with some ninety subjects from the "Te Deum," should win for him a distinguished place in modern art. One of the most beautiful of the designs is of Ananias, Azarias, and Misael represented as children in the flames, protected by a great and noble angel. In this, as in all, a decorative treatment has been adopted which allows great freedom and naturalness of gesture. There is, indeed, a well-spring of life and sincerity in Mr. Shields' imagination, and it is to be feared that glass, even when painted by his own hand, can never do complete justice to the beauty and originality of the designs, or the vigorous thought and poetical feeling which have been literally lavished upon them. With the exception of Mr. Burne Jones there is no instance in which the personal influence of Dante Rossetti has been at once so powerful and so wholesome. But before Mr. Shields had entered upon this great undertaking, which has absorbed his energies for the last few years, he was a well-known member of the Old (now the Royal) Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and was noted for many charming pictures of child-life which, like the drawings we fac-simile, combine naturalistic presentation with sure artistic selection. In these designs we have a good instance of the change which a keener desire for truth has brought about in the manner with which even poetical artists look upon natural sights. Instead of seeking in nature for the materials they need to make up a preconceived picture, they seek for the suggestion of the picture, even for the picture itself. They find indeed rather than seek. Their voyage is ever one in quest of unknown and unexpected beauty in a concrete form. Mr. Shields found these two little pictures. He saw those children playing tic-tac-toe, and instead of recording their simple postures and childlike expressions as so much stock to be worked up into a composition of his own, he was contented with the composition of nature and represented them just as they were, and called his drawing "Tic-Tac-Toe." He also saw the boy discharging his pop-gun at his baby brother: he noted the gamesome attitude of the one, the frightened gesture of the other; and he knew the sight was worthy of a graphic record. Both are true pictures of child-life, satisfying the desire for reality and the instinct for art. It is impossible to detect any artifice in either; the attitudes and gestures are quite fresh and natural. The group playing in the street are veritable gutter children; no attempt has been made to disguise the clumsiness of their boots or the roughness (in one case the insufficiency) of their dress, but the most elegant "composition" could scarcely give more pleasure of a purely artistic kind; even the gutter grating plays an important though unobserved part in the general

order and balance of line and mass, and light and shade. Both, too, are thoroughly dramatic without being in the least theatrical, presenting their little scenes completely without the need even of a name. The beautiful drawing of the bare arms and hands, the natural expressions of all the faces, will not escape observation. What is less patent, though perhaps more worthy of attention, is the fine feeling for form beneath the ragged clothes, and the admirable treatment of the clothes themselves, which, without the least "idealisation" or artificial "picturesqueness," are made to add not only to the truth but the beauty of the pictures. It is only to be expected that an artist who for the last few years has been employed in the passionate exercise of creative imagination may find his interest slacken towards scenes of natural life and domestic sentiment, but his loss from the ranks of painters of children will be felt by all who care to see such subjects treated with the refinement and sincerity, the fine human insight and tenderness, which they demand.

In this necessarily short view of a long subject I have been unable to speak of modern foreign art; but no one can well be ignorant of the great attention which has been paid to children by foreign, especially German, artists during the last quarter of a century. I have no space to speak of Knaus or Richter or Pletsch; nor of Edouard Frère, perhaps the purest naturalist of all; nor of Josef Israels, the painter of melancholy in children and their elders alike; nor of the Millet of "La Becquée" and the "Leçon de Tricot," and that enchanting little idyll of paternity the "Premier Pas." I can only write of one picture by one artist, a Russian—the "Orphan," which has been engraved for our frontispiece. It is an instance of true pathos. Charles Vikentiévitch Lemoch has chosen a subject which will appeal to everybody. It is, therefore, all the more dangerous. Any one can excite pity for a child. In poem or picture very slight skill will produce a very great effect on a very large number when the subject is a child in distress. The pet lamb yielded to the butcher, the empty bird-cage, the blind father led by a pretty daughter, will always draw both spectators and their tears. Such pathos is so "cheap," as the phrase is, that it requires to be treated with great reserve and simplicity. A child may touch, but only a master can grasp it. M. Lemoch

TIC-TAC-TOE.

(Drawn by F. J. Shields. By Permission of the Autotype Company.)

has shown us what it is for a child to be alone—not necessarily ill-treated or even neglected—but alone. He tells us in his title that the little thing in the figure is truly statuesque. Though her face and its grief are hidden from our view, the result is nevertheless a masterpiece of expression. There is no line

THE POP-GUN.

(Drawn by F. J. Shields. By Permission of the Autotype Company.)

corner of the poor, sordid hut is an orphan, but even this information is more than we want. She is unhappy and has hidden herself. This we are told by the picture, and this is enough. The little of her form or her dress but is eloquent of sorrow; but the eloquence is that of silence, telling of grief too deep for expression, too bewildering for sympathy.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

THE history of Francesca da Rimini is one of those which appeal to the sympathy of all ages. As told by Dante in the fifth canto of his "Inferno" it is the tenderest and most pathetic of all love stories. Save for that of Juliet and her Romeo, it is incomparable. As in Shakespeare's tragedy, everything that can rouse our deepest pity and inspire the truest poetry is gathered up into one burning point. Its elements are the pride of knightly valour and beauty, the sweetness of love's young dream, the horror of a sudden and violent end, the passionate strength of woman's devotion. Poets, painters, and sculptors in every generation have found it an inexhaustible theme, and for all that it still wears the freshness of eternal youth. Even before Dante made Francesca's name immortal, her story was one to melt the hardest heart. Even in the desperate years in which she lived her fate excited the emotion of a whole city, and sent a thrill of grief and horror through the length and breadth of Italy. The facts

on which her story was based are well deserving of attention; and M. Yriarte (in his "Francesca da Rimini:" Paris, Rothschild) has done good service in collecting and comparing the different accounts of Italian chroniclers and sifting the evidence gained in recent researches in the archives of Rimini and other cities. Of course there are discrepancies in the several versions. One writer places the scene of the murder at Rimini, the other at Pesaro, and opinions vary as to the exact dates of Francesca's marriage, her own age and that of her lover's—as may well be the case with an event six hundred years old; but in the main the facts of the story are the same. They are those of Dante's version, as expanded in the discourse which Boccaccio, the first lecturer on the "Divina Commedia," delivered in 1373.

Guido da Polenta, Francesca's father, was a Guelph of noble family, who, having defeated the opposite faction in the battle of Trentola, became Lord of Ravenna about the year 1275. "The land where I was born," Dante makes Francesca say, "lies on the seashore where Po and the streams which follow him flow down to be at peace." To subdue his enemies Guido had called in Malatesta da Rimini, the most powerful Guelph of the province, who sent him his eldest son Giovanni the Cripple, with whose help victory was won. As a reward for the timely aid, and as a pledge of future friendship, Guido agreed to give his own beautiful daughter Francesca in marriage to Giovanni Malatesta, who was then about thirty years old. Unfortunately Giovanni, or Gianciotto as he is generally called, though a valiant soldier, was deformed in person and both violent in temper and rough in manners. Guido's friends warned him that his young daughter, whose spirit was as proud as her face was fair, would never consent to the marriage if she saw her destined bridegroom. But to the lord of Ravenna the alliance of the Malatestas seemed too precious to be lost. He resolved to sacrifice his daughter to his ambition, and in his anxiety to effect what seemed to him so desirable a union, he stooped to subterfuge.

Gianciotto's brother Paolo il Bello, who was distinguished throughout all Italy for his beauty and grace, was sent to Ravenna in the place of the real bridegroom, and signed the marriage contract in his stead. Boccaccio tells us that as the handsome youth crossed her father's castle-yard, Francesca looked upon him from her window, and was told by her attendants that this was her future lord. Not until after she reached Rimini did she discover the fraud, and find herself bound to a man she loathed.

For some years, however, all went smoothly. Paolo had already a wife of his own, having been married in his boyhood, also to further his father's ambition; and the two brothers and their families lived side by side, probably under the same roof, in the ancient citadel of the Malatestas at Rimini. "For the time was May-time, and as yet no sin was dreamt." But one day, when Gianciotto had gone to Pesaro or some other neighbouring town to discharge his duties as Podestà, he was secretly warned that his wife had proved faithless, and returning in haste he surprised her with his brother. In his anger he rushed upon Paolo with his drawn sword. Francesca threw herself between the brothers, and herself received the fatal blow. Gianciotto, who with all his faults is said to have fondly loved his wife, went almost mad with remorse and rage when he saw what he had done, and falling upon Paolo, slew him on the spot. Some say that with one blow he pierced both the lovers as they clung. When the deed became known the city was seized with grief and compassion for the ill-fated pair. In the immense pity that was felt for them their crime was forgiven, and the people of Rimini followed them to the grave. Three hundred years later a marble sarcophagus in the church of S. Agostino was opened, and their remains were found wrapt in the rich silken tissue in which they had been buried.

Probably the double murder was done in September, 1285. Dante was twenty years old. His heart was filled with the love of Beatrice, and he could not refuse to mingle his tears with those of his countrymen, weeping with one accord over the lovers so cruelly sacrificed to ambition and pride of family. He may have been personally acquainted with Paolo Malatesta, who had held the office of Capitano del Popolo a year or two before in Florence. In later years we know that he became intimate with the family to which Francesca belonged; and when he was called to taste "the salt bread of exile," it was at Ravenna, in the court of her nephew Guido Novello da Polenta, that he found shelter and hospitality in the very house where she was born. All this explains the deep emotion with which he tells her story in that most touching and beautiful passage of the "Commedia"—"a thing woven as out of rainbows on a ground of eternal black." With Virgil as his guide through the nether air, he has reached the circle where sinful lovers are blown to and fro by furious winds in everlasting unrest, and "like cranes on the wing" fill the air with their cry of perpetual pain. There he marks two shades bound together in one embrace, as they are whirled along light as leaves before the blast; and at Virgil's bidding he asks them to come to him in the name of that love which bears them onward. Then in answer to his prayer Francesca tells her immortal story.

Paolo can only weep; it is she who speaks. The nobleness of her character appears in her every word. Not one word of reproach does she utter against the

man who wrought her ruin. It was not his fault if she was fair, and if his gentle heart too easily learnt the way of love. Still less does she seek to hide her own love for him.

> "Amor ch'a null' amato amar perdona,
> Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,
> Che, come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona."

That is her joy and pride: henceforth they can never part, but will love each other always, though in hell. Love has led them to one death. The circle of fratricides, the gulf called after Cain, awaits their murderer, who, when Dante wrote, was yet living. And when Dante asks her through his tears how first in the days of sweet sighing they discovered the secrets of each other's hearts, she replies sadly in these lines, quoted by a hundred other poets—

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria"—

that in affliction the memory of happy days is the grief of all griefs. She goes on to tell him of when they sat alone and, all unconscious of their peril, read together from the same book. The tale they read that day was that of Lancelot and Guinevere. Ofttimes they paused and, pale with emotion, looked on each other's face, but not a word they spoke till they reached the point where Lancelot kisses the beloved smile of his queen. Then he—her lover from whom none can ever part her now — stooped tremblingly and kissed her lips. That day they read no further: "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante." The picture is complete. There is not a single superfluous word. The scene rises before us intensely vivid as though we saw it with our bodily eyes. If Dante had written a whole tragedy on the subject he could not have revealed the story of Francesca's love more perfectly than in these few transcendent lines. They so overwhelmed him that on hearing them he sank in a swoon—"fell even as a dead body falls."

Such a passion could not fail to kindle a response in many souls, and it is not to be wondered that poets and artists of all ages have vied with each other in celebrating the memory of Francesca and her lover. Petrarch, in his "Vision of the Triumph of Love," sees

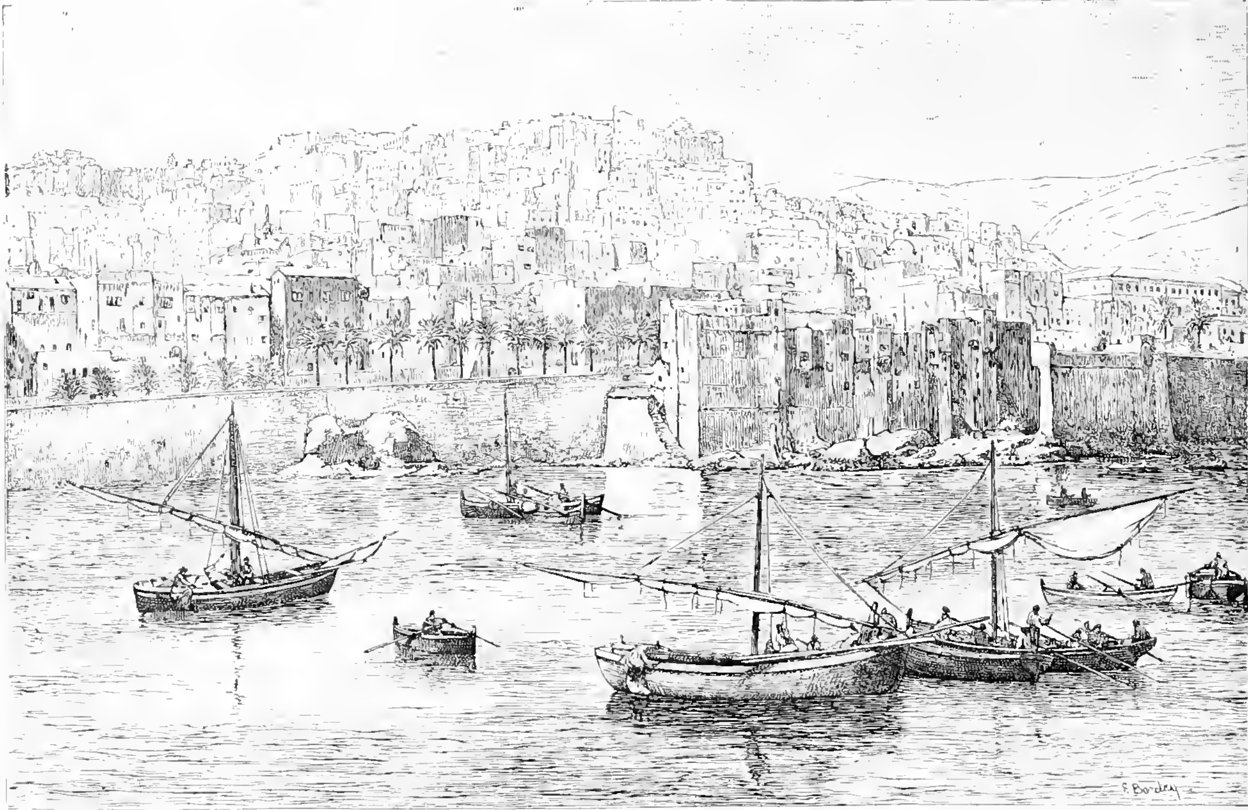
> "La coppia d'Arimini,
> Che' insieme vanno facendo dolorosi pianti;"

with Tristan and Iseult, with Lancelot and Guinevere, among the throng of erring souls whom love has driven along crooked ways and thorny paths. Tassoni, in his "Secchia Rapita," sings of Paolo il Bello riding at the head of the troops of Rimini wearing his lady's favour next his heart; Silvio Pellico made Francesca the subject of a noble tragedy; Leigh Hunt devoted his "Story of Rimini" to her misfortunes; and Byron, while living at Ravenna, meditated, although he never wrote, a five-act play on the same irresistible theme. In sculpture and painting there are instances innumerable. It is impossible to mention more than a few of those artists who in recent days have given different renderings of Francesca's story. Many, like Ingres in the three designs published for the first time by M. Yriarte, take the moment described in Dante's line: "Quel giorno più non vi leggemmo avante." The book has fallen to the floor, and the lover, kneeling at his lady's feet, takes the memorable kiss; while behind the tapestried curtain is the avenging husband, sword in hand. This moment has been a favourite subject with artists; but none has equalled the conception of M. Auguste Rodin, who, in his design in the round for one of the reliefs in the great bronze doors he is making for the Palais des Arts Décoratifs, has sculptured the very instant of the kiss, and that with such a union of purity and passion, of lofty art and intense humanity, as places his work on a pinnacle apart.

Other painters, like Ary Scheffer and Mr. G. F. Watts, give us the lovers whirled together down the blast in that embrace which neither death nor hell has power to loose. Scheffer's picture, famous as it is, is feeble and lackadaisical; Mr. Watts's is probably the grandest conception of the subject ever realised on canvas. Nothing can surpass the beauty of Francesca's face, white with anguish and yet, expressing all the passionate rapture that breathes in her words: "Come vedi, ancor non m'abbandona." Another romantic painter, William Blake, has represented the scene in a coloured design of great power. The flesh of the suffering lovers is streaked with crimson and the shadowy head of Virgil melts into the disc which symbolises the kiss of Paolo and Francesca. Lastly, Dante Rossetti, the one of all painters who entered the most deeply into the divine poet's spirit, has left among his early designs a richly coloured triptych of the different aspects of Francesca's story. On the right is a picture of the "tempo felice," the time of sweet sighings. The lovers are seated side by side, their hands locked in one another's; they have read the last lines, the book is falling from them, and past and present are alike forgotten—"La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante." The central compartment represents Dante with the "dolce Duca" at his side, and the words of the poem, "O! lasso," inscribed above. The Florentine is drawing up his robe almost to his face as if he shuddered at the sight. To the left the lovers are borne away together through a rain of heart-shaped flames, turning their pale faces towards the poet who sorrows with them. The work, as it seems to me, is one of the painter-poet's best and truest achievements, in point of colour and design and human sentiment alike.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

ALGIERS.

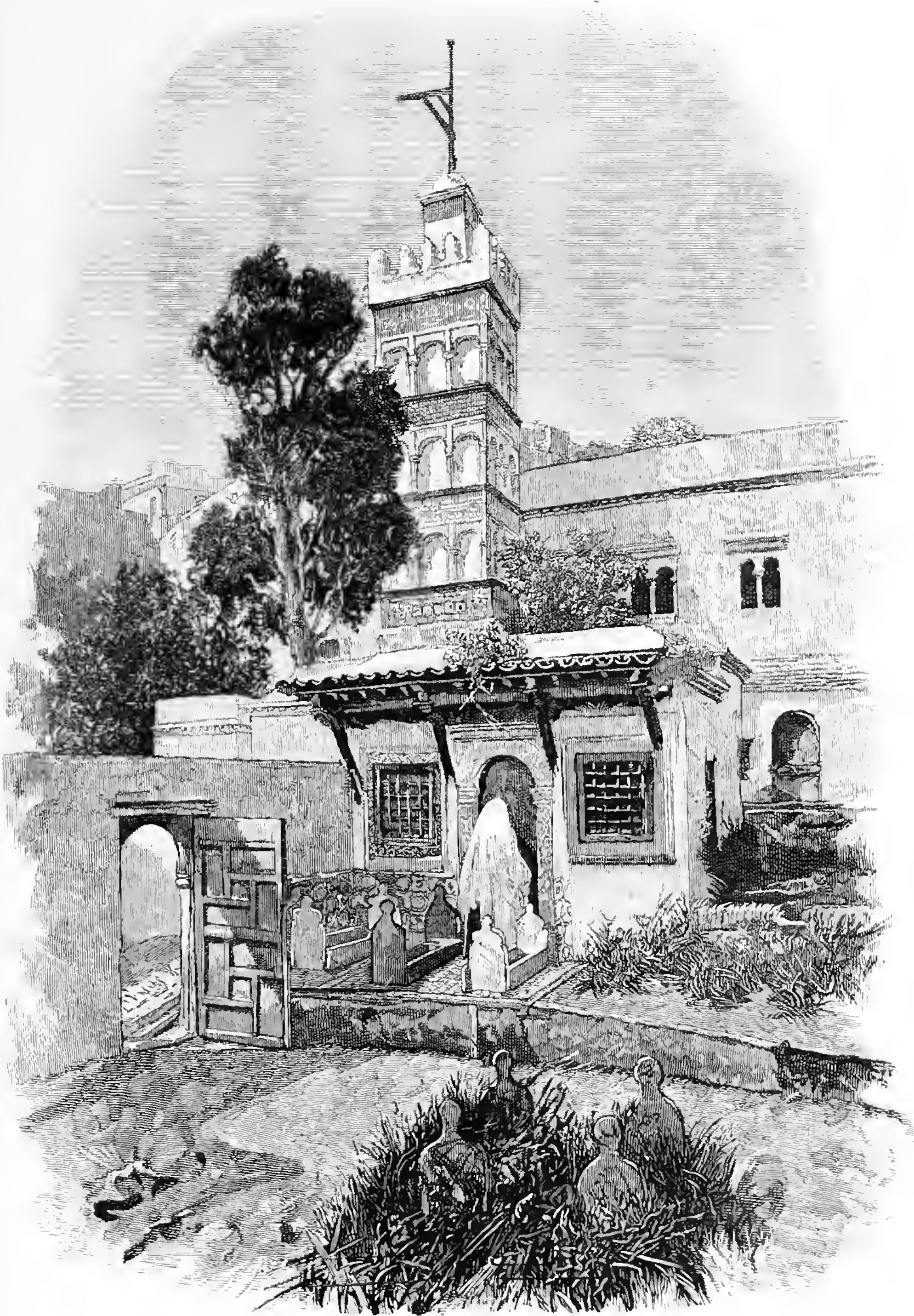


ALGIERS.—I.: FROM THE SEA.

(Drawn by Edgar Barclay.)

WHERE Eastern and Western civilisation met in Southern Spain and ancient Numidia are to be found phases of Oriental life and monuments of its old opulent splendour, better conserved and far more worthy of the artist's study than in those countries which are geographically regarded as the Orient. Thus the East not only commences in the West, but it is there more fruitful in its vitality, more abundant in fresh manifestations of its old force, more defiant of European life and traditions, than in the lands directly under Turkish influence and government; and Granada is the rival of Cairo, while the streets of Tangiers, Algiers, and Constantine present scenes infinitely more suggestive of the fascinating stories of Scheherazade than any that are to be found in the city of Haroun Alraschid. The Arabs have more than one proverb indicative of their profound sense of the potent and annihilating influence of Turkish rule upon art and culture; and though the first Arab conquerors of Numidia were themselves great sinners in this respect, they treated the baths, theatres, and aqueducts of the Romans in no worse fashion than the hordes of northern barbarians visited with rapine and ruin the cities of Italy. There exists, moreover, the great extenuating circumstance, which appeals eloquently to posterity on their behalf, that they left not mere desolation behind them, but reparation for the injurious acts of war in the shape of sciences and arts that have scarcely yet ceased to influence the growth of civilisation in Europe. The remarkable degree of culture to which the Arabs had attained, when all European life was darkened with the clouds of the most degrading superstition and barbarism, is still to be detected, no less in the magnificence of what yet remains of their arts than in the genius and idioms of their language; for the delicate and expressive *nuances* of their forms of intercourse, the blandness and suavity of their colloquialisms, the extreme politeness and finish of their salutations and valedictions, are the fruit not only of the individual nobility of the great founders of their literary speech, but also of the habitual refinement of their common

life. The men to whom the splendour of Granada was owing, and the grandeur of Tlemçen, were as



ALGIERS.—II.: THE ZAOUCA AND MOSQUE OF SIDI ABD-ER-RAHMAN-ETH-THALEBI.

unlike the present inhabitants of Algiers and Oran as the true Arab is unlike the Kabyle of the Djurjura. To this day their works are witnesses to their genius in Granada; and though the pride of Tlemçen is abased, and the glories of that famous city are not much better distinguishable than the beauty of Julia Cæsarea in the modern town of Cherchell, there are not wanting indications of its former high estate. It is an irony o peculiar bitterness that the lands once occupied by a people so courteous of speech

and gallant of bearing should in more modern times become designated the Barbary States; and the irony is increased when we discover that ingenious author, the Rev. Lancelot Addison, the father of the celebrated essayist, deliberately deriving this unpleasant appellation from the spoken language of the nation. In his curious account of his travels in Morocco he remarks: "Barbary seems to be descended from *barbar*, which signifies an inarticulate murmur and grumbling noise without accent or harmony, for their speech is harsh, being very guttural, which is esteemed an argument of its antiquity. And, indeed, it has gained the vogue of no less ancient a pedigree than to be bred of the old Punic and Arabian." Yet it was this very guttural which excited the just admiration and enthusiasm of Eugène Fromentin, who, not having lost his ear in the exercise of his eye, found in it abundant accent and true harmony.

Of all the towns on the Mediterranean between Tunis and Tangiers there is none so calculated to enchant the traveller upon a first view as Algiers, both on account of the beauty of its natural surroundings and the unfamiliar and striking configuration of the city itself. He has taken, let it be supposed, the usual route from the north through France, and in mid-November is flying south with the last of the long-lingering swallows; he has escaped the storms of the Gulf of Lyons; the dreaded Levanter has not necessitated a run into Barcelona, the Balearic Isles are passed just as the sun is rising and playing at bo-peep with the vast swell of the dark blue sea; when within a few hours he becomes aware of his proximity to the land of the sun. The sea calms perceptibly, and through the fresh cool air come warm wafts from the south that do not at first seem to mingle with the common air, but wander freely and treat it as a foreign element; everything on deck becomes by degrees hot to the touch beneath the uprising sun. Suddenly, due south over the bows of the steamer, in the pale purple atmosphere, are seen two distinct rays of light broadening fan-like upwards from the steady solid line of the deep blue sea. Those shafts of light that break the continuity of the horizontal ether are thrown off the white houses, domes, and minarets of Algiers; and, even as the moon is fed from the exhaustless sun, so does that city, spread terrace and crescent-wise on the steep sides of its hills, borrow an ineffable splendour of light from that luminary. A little further run of the steamer and a long line of purple mountains is revealed, at first appearing as a veritable coast, so sharp is the contour and so intense the colour; and then, in a moment, the city itself is seen rising in dazzling radiance above the sea, white with almost blinding intensity, and forming a picture too brilliant to be scanned with ease, if it were not for the dark blue hills and luxuriant vegetation of its immediate background and its incomparable setting of mountain and sea. As it is, coloured lenses are brought into requisition by the passengers; those who were sceptical as to the phenomenal sun of Africa are gladly convinced; the Danish lieutenant forgets to abuse Bismarck, and the Polish lady, who has been relieving the tedium of the voyage by endeavouring to compel the crazy piano in the saloon to express the subtleties of Chopin's nocturnes, dons a veil of diaphanous texture; and every one shares in that nervous excitation which the Algerian air never fails to effect in northern temperaments.

It is difficult to conceive anything more alluring, more fantastically beautiful, than the view of Algiers from the Mediterranean under such circumstances; it appears as a triangular mass of white buildings that have apparently been charged by some enemy on the hills behind and have stayed their precipitate flight into the sea with picturesque abruptness. Our first illustration gives a vivid idea of this mellay of buildings, which Mr. Barclay has sketched (1.) so as to embrace its more striking aspect. At the base of the old city, facing the harbour and quays, are the long lines of the French city, with its boulevards; in the centre of these lines a little spot of burning green —the cluster of palm and bamboo in the Place du Gouvernement; and, dominating the whole, the ancient but still massive citadel, the Kasbah. Beyond the walls of this battered and venerable fortress rise the heights of Bouzareah; to the left, where the bay sweeps inland, the level of the Metidja, brilliant with the first growth of the crops after the recent rains; towering behind is seen the long and sharply serrated ridge of the Atlas, while, isolated still further to the south-east, the snowy peaks of the Djur-jura hang like clouds over the violet haze of the horizon. The first impression on landing is that of a modern French town. A fine boulevard, with handsome houses and public buildings and an imposing arcade, the whole built upon immense arches; the large square planted with planes, palms, and bamboo, and open on one side to the sea; the hotels and cafés, are all suggestive of the south of France or the Riviera rather than anything Eastern, and at first sight the presence of the large mosque in one angle of the Place du Gouvernement alone recalls the Orient. There are, however, two distinct districts of the city, and the old Arab town, fortunately for the artist, has preserved most of its characteristic features to this day with true Oriental conservatism, and offers a bewildering intricacy of streets, markets, bazaars, and *cul-de-sacs*, in which every step taken results in fresh pictorial suggestion and in infinite variety. Seated in front

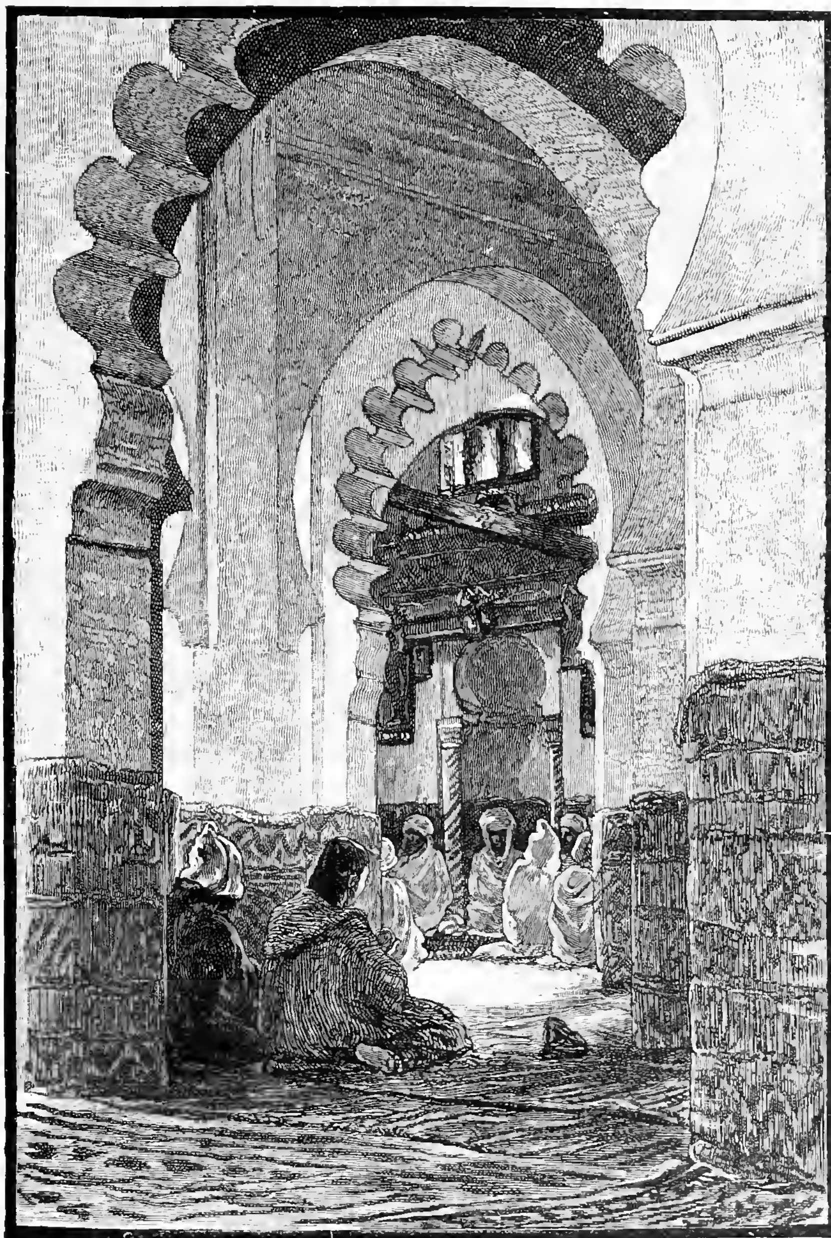
of a café with the bamboo waving over him, the spectator possesses a fine position from which to form a first study of the singular and ever harmonious scene. Across the Place and facing him rises the rectangular minaret of the new mosque, the Djamäa El-Djidid, which dates from the Seventeenth Century. Close by is another mosque of far greater interest, the Djamäa El-Kebir, the most ancient in the country. Its exterior is remarkable for a beautiful colonnade of white marble, shown on another page (v.), with the customary fountain for the use of worshippers. Over the shipping in the harbour are the lighthouse, and the fort, built upon what was formerly an island, and the scene of many a conflict in old times; to the right, and running far out to sea, is Cape Matifou, the eastern point of the bay, a portion of the great plain of the Metidja, and the snowy summits of the Kabylian mountains islanded in the aërial distance.

But the immense concourse in the square itself is too distracting for fit contemplation of this exquisite blending of sea and land. Before every café is a little gathering of many nations around the small tables, discussing their bock, vermouth, or absinthe, and a throng of all conditions of people is for ever passing to and fro; Jews and Moors, handsomely attired and much bejewelled, Greeks, Spaniards, and Italians, Maltese of prodigious volubility, negroes from the south, and here and there the genuine Bedouin, in whose majestic stride and sublime *insouciance* of manner one recognises two peculiar Arab accomplishments. A few native women may be also seen closely veiled, the artistic *ensemble* of whose costume is in too many instances sacrificed by the wearing of French shoes; and the frequent and remarkable beauty of the Jewesses, clothed with all the gorgeous raiment of the days of Solomon, affords a piquant contrast with the portentous ugliness of an immense negress, whose prominence in the crowd is gravely increased by her flaunting red and yellow head-gear. The ordinary pedestrianism of the Europeans is at the best but a caricature of the noble art of walking, when compared with the inimitable majesty of the Arab as he stalks amid the crowd, with his handsome bronzed features and noticeable beard, his gaze directed over and beyond the medley of foreigners, and with an indescribable air of proud indifference about his demeanour. Doubtless a portion of this effect is to be attributed to his costume, which illustrates afresh the truth of the Horatian *simplex munditiis;* for there is no garment that combines so thoroughly those two artistic desiderata in the draped figure —simplicity and harmony of lines—as the Arab burnous. It is because of the extreme simplicity of its make that its effect on the person is so noble and striking; spread upon the ground it is but an irregular piece of flannelly texture, with a hood, and below the aperture for the head a little open-work in silk not unlike in appearance the ornamental work in that now archaic vestment the smock-frock. Nothing could appear less ornate and less interesting apart from the visible application of its use, and nothing in the shape of dress is more imposing and conspicuously appropriate when worn. Walking by the side of the Arab the French soldiers of the line appear to be indulging in a most ungraceful duck-dance, and even the Turcos and Zouaves, fine and stalwart men as some of these are, show to disadvantage. Surrounded by the noisy *va-et-vient* of this crowd, if it be afternoon, the centre of the Place du Gouvernement is occupied by a number of well-dressed people, mostly Europeans or Americans, seated upon rows of chairs, engaged in killing time till the dinner-hour draws near or the lowering sun disperses the more nervous with apprehensions of malaria; here they gossip; and the ladies, as at English watering-places, flirt delicately with fancy-work and novel, while the band of some line regiment gives with dramatic propriety the overture to the "Caliph of Baghdad," or selections from "Le Caïd" or "La Juive." It is a scene of marvellous animation, replete with life and colour. A babel of indistinguishable tongues, but strenuous enough in volume and vigour of insistency, assails the ear, while the vivid colour and movement of the two great thoroughfares that from south and north enter the square are blurred only by occasional clouds of dust arising from the departure of some diligence, perilously over-freighted, the passage of a string of mules laden with merchandise, or a few Spahis on official business bound.

It is, however, when this lively scene is left behind, and the tortuous thoroughfares of the old town are threaded, when the bazaars are visited, and the markets are studied, when the mosques and more splendid of the dwelling-houses are entered, that it is realised what Algiers has been for French artists. What Tangiers proved to be for Regnault and Fortuny—although the latter, it is true, derived much of his best inspiration from his own country—this city and country have been for Delacroix and Fromentin, for Eugène Isabey and many others: a treasury of suggestion and the point from which to make a new departure in the art-work of the great colourist. M. Burty, in allusion to Delacroix's visits to Morocco and Algeria, has noted how greatly they influenced the after-work of that artist. And this influence extended not only to his choice of subjects; it also affected his style. Indeed, it would have been nothing short of extraordinary that the experience of such a voyage should have left no traces even in the work of the great master of genre and romance, so largely susceptible as he was

ALGIERS.—III.: "LES FEMMES D'ALGER:" ALGERIAN LADIES.

to other foreign influences, and so sympathetic in his very nature. It is known that when engaged upon historical subjects, prior to his Oriental experience, he was greatly influenced by his profound and reverent study of the great masters of colour and composition, Rubens and Veronese; and that when painting his "Massacre of Scio," subsequent to his long stay in London, he came under the influence of Constable, and even of Haydon, then carrying on his vigorous semi-literary campaign on behalf of immense canvases and not less immense historical works. It is not surprising then that Delacroix should produce that striking and original departure from his old line, the fascinating and gorgeous interior depicted in "Les Femmes d'Alger" (III.), which is but one of the felicitous proofs he has given of how his spirit drank in the exhilarating and intoxicating influences of the delicious atmosphere and cordial regenerating qualities of Algerian life. This work is the fullest illustration of his impression of the Orient in Algiers, and the perfect fruition of his patiently acquired studies: even as "Les Musiciens Juifs de Méquinez" is an equally important exposition of his artistic experience in Morocco.



ALGIERS.—IV.: INTERIOR OF THE DJAMÂA EL-KEBIR.

(Drawn by Edgar Barclay).

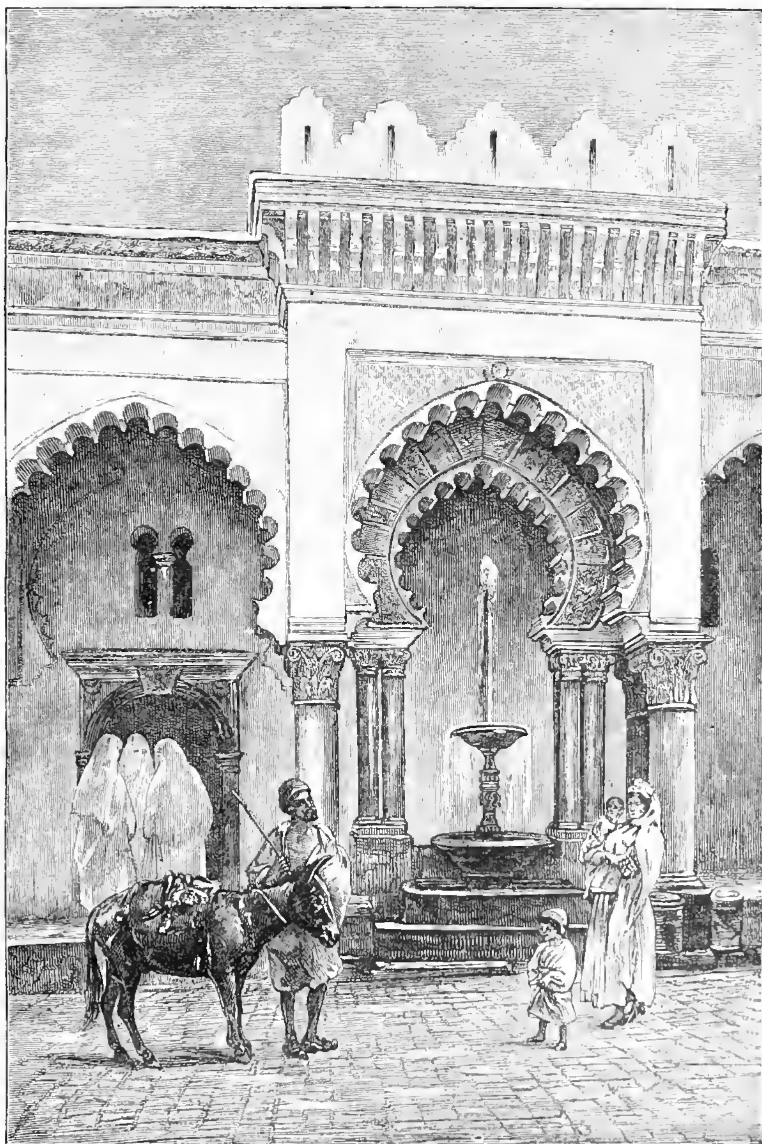
The interiors of many of the Algerian houses are, it must be confessed, far more beautiful than the mosques, even as these are in every way more notable in their exteriors. The mosques of Algiers, as now existing, are indeed somewhat disappointing. They present little or nothing of that art of ornamentation conveniently described as arabesque, and when compared with the architecture extant in Granada, and particularly in Tlemçen and some of the mosques of Morocco, they appear little representative. Even allowing for the destructions of bombardments and the innumerable vandalisms of the French, it seems that old travellers have exercised their pleasant talent with more than their proverbial fancy in describing Algiers in the Seventeenth Century. It must be remembered, however, that with all its barbaric opulence and an amazing show of luxury, Algiers was never in any sense a seat of the arts and of learning. It was, before all things, a nursery of war and piracy, a place of arms, and has suffered much from revolutions. In this respect it differed greatly from Tlemçen. Now there are but six mosques of any importance; and it is strange, considering travellers' tales, that in the curious map of Algiers in the "Civitates Orbis Terrarum" (1582) only six are specified. The Grand Mosque, the Djamäa El-Kebir, of which our picture shows the interior (IV.), is interesting as being quite the oldest in the country. It consists of a plain whitewashed square surrounded by arched aisles, the curiously primitive and massive character of which is well exhibited in Mr. Barclay's drawing. The floor and about five feet of the lower portion of the walls are covered with matting, which forms the sole relief to the universal whiteness, with the exception of the *mimbar* (or pulpit), the usual hanging lamps, and the little eastward niche that indicates to the faithful the direction of Mecca. Severe in style and of excellent proportions, there is little in the building suggestive of an existence of over eight hundred years. But Time works tenderly in this climate, and has destroyed infinitely less than man. Where, it might be asked, is Carthage? and what is there remaining of Tlemçen, the capital of a polite and gallant race? what of all the glories of Numidia in the time of Scipio? What is there known of that city, mysterious as Masâr, built by an Arab invader, in rivalry of all the Orient, and whose vast lines of walls and huge machicolated towers alone remain on the plain of Tlemçen? These, and innumerable ruined aqueducts and other Roman works, are pathetic proof of the ruin of great peoples and the advent of evil days.

It is strange to find in Dr. Shaw's "Travels" (1727) the remark that "there is very little in the city (Algiers) to merit the attention of the curious:" a singular judgment on the part of such a shrewd observer and excellent scholar. He atones for his insensibility by much frank commendation of the surroundings of the city. There must have been abundant material for investigation. The place was strongly fortified, the ramparts were intact. The fortress was still standing in whose wall were found, embedded in concrete, the remains of the unfortunate St. Geronimo. The Dey was still the Grand Seigneur, and the Algerine corsairs the scourge of the Mediterranean. Thousands of unhappy Europeans filled the prisons, and suffered many cruelties and privations, as Cervantes so powerfully described. Algiers was to continue to brave all Christendom until Exmouth's cannon broke her power, and that little blow of a fan, now historic, completed her downfall. Probably to-day there is nothing that so strikes the visitor as the contrast presented everywhere between the old world and the new, and the variety of nationalities that throng the streets. One moment he may be a *flâneur* on a boulevard that would not disgrace Paris, in a world of cafés and the babble of the hour; a few yards find him in a strange marine quarter, with a savour of the old predatory age and the suggested presence of the ruffians of Kair-eddin, the famous corsair; or a turn in a bazaar, or, better still, in any direction uphill, will find him momentarily expecting an adventure with Haroun and his Vizier. Following the street that leads westward towards the Bab-el-Oued, he may realise much romance in vivid fashion. In this neighbourhood, and near a species of public garden, stands a mosque whose exterior is very striking. This, the mosque of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman-eth-Thalebi, the original of our second illustration (II.), is at once a place of worship and the tomb of a famous marabout. It is most picturesquely placed on the steep hillside, and its minaret is very gracefully composed, its series of arched niches being relieved by deep bands of tiling. Within, the remains of the marabout—one of the most saintly repute—lie in gorgeous state. Lamps that are never suffered to be extinguished, ostrich eggs, and other gifts hang around the curtained sepulchre. Several deys are buried here, and the building is of great antiquity. A small burial-ground —shown in our picture—is attached, and is not more untidy than most Moorish cemeteries. It is a place of brooding quiet and forlorn despondency, far more affecting in its repose than the flowery guise and monumental effontery of a French cemetery.

In few towns are the means and places of amusement and refreshment more diverse than in Algiers. The contrasts are diverting. Here is the theatre, where (or things are strangely altered) much opera is played by a cosmopolitan company. Among the cafés *où le monde s'ennuie*, at the famous *café chantant* of the Universe, you may hear the beautiful

Princess of Mogador, or the lovely and veritable Circassian with the sesquipedalian name. Or you may plunge into the Arab town, and, entering a native café, courageously mount the divan of the dusky interior, tuck your feet under you, light your cigarette, and drink a tiny cup of intensely bitter coffee—all for one half-penny. Here, if you are a philosopher, is your true entertainment. In one corner, hardly discernible at first in the gloom, is a huge negro apparently chanting some diablerie over a caldron; he is the coffee-maker. Round the room, and on the divan, with their backs to the dirty matting on the wall, are the company; not like Cowper's tavern-haunters—"All loud alike, all learned, and all drunk," but silent and solemn, playing cards or chess. Chess is a game passionately loved by all classes here, and it is naturally and alliteratively combined with coffee and cigarettes. In our last illustration (VI.) this combination is being realised on the floor of the *patio* of a very different building from our modest café. If chess have any æsthetic merit as an occupation, it has it under the circumstances Mr. Barclay has so sympathetically depicted. The arches that support the upper floor are flatter than is usual in Moorish architecture otherwhere, though frequent in Algiers. The effect, however, is very pleasing. The eye is more attracted to the purity and elegance of form, the simple charm of design, than when a labyrinth of intaglio is overladen with colour. Indeed, to fully appreciate Moorish ornament in architecture, Granada should first be visited. The chaste harmony and serener loveliness of many-celled domes, and arch and wall, free from colour, will then be felt to perfection. Nothing can be more exquisite than the creamy softness of texture and the delicacy of tone which the white surface acquires by age. The later and more splendid style is more striking, perhaps, but it is barbaric by comparison.

Besides these things, it is needless to say you may dance. Or you may assist (as spectator) at one of the celebrations of the *Aïssaouia*, specially "arranged" for the enlightened visitor. It is nothing that you endanger your hearing and outrage your sensibility. It all has to be done—once. You are convened at the Hotel d'Orient, and under the command of a portly and turbaned guide are, with your companions, conducted to the old town. Up the tortuous street, turning into a passage, you arrive at a little door, pass into the vestibule of a house, and finally by a slight descent find yourself in the inner court. It is a curious spectacle. The half-naked performers lounge around; some horrible negresses resplendently attired squat on the

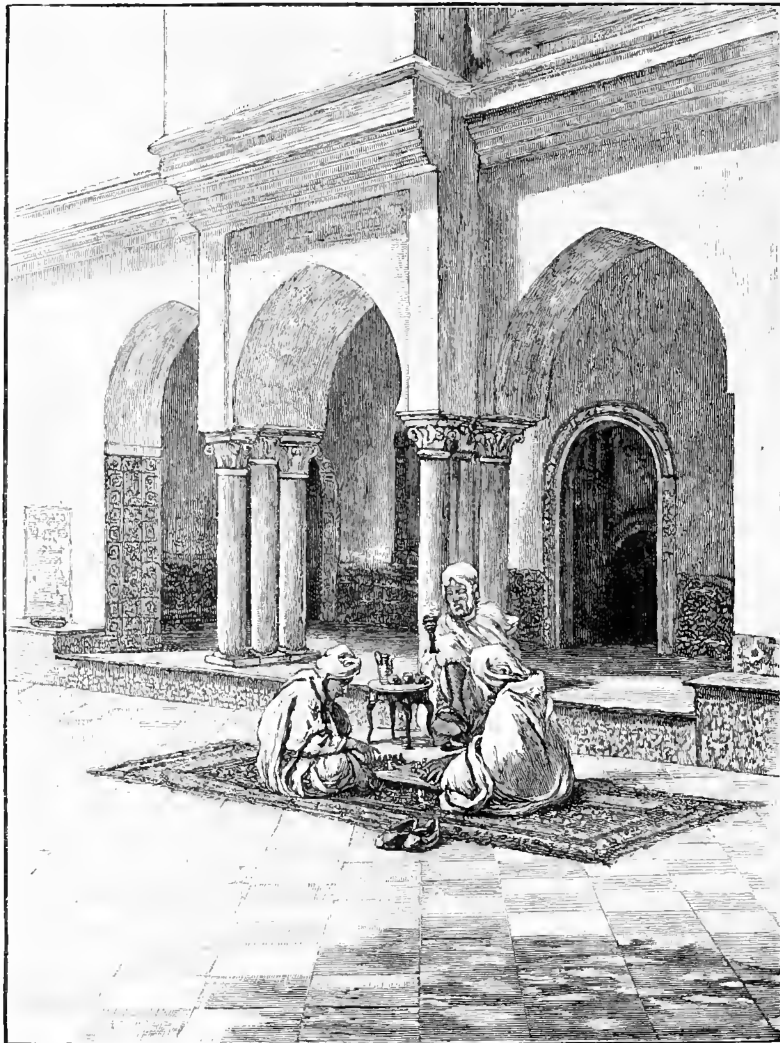


ALGIERS.—V.: COLONNADE OF THE DJAMÄA EL-KEBIR.

(*Drawn by Edgar Barclay.*)

ground, while the musicians are gently agitating the inspiriting tomtom. On one side is a fire burning, and about it mysterious implements of torture; a few tethered calves and some sheep are huddled into a corner. Some unhappy fowls are tied in bunches by their claws. Overhead the galleries are filled with faces. On the orchestra a strange tremulous dance-rhythm is accentuated by an accompaniment of tambours and tomtoms of relentless persistency, and the most delicately graduated accession both of time and sound. Then comes a sudden chorus of terrible dissonance. The performers and the horrible old witches are possessed by the music; they rave with mighty yells and with irreproachable *sostenuto*. One wretched fanatic gashes himself with a knife, sears himself with hot iron, playfully eats broken glass and other indigestible matter, all the while yelling and dancing to the fascinating music. Others rapidly compete, and the pious orgy develops. Ere you quite know how, the place reeks with the blood of the slaughtered animals, the headless fowls stagger, or are plucked; passages are made through the fire, and the odour of burnt flesh and hair and feathers is intolerable. At this moment the demoniac intensity of the dance and singing and music is indescribable; the heat and din and horrible revelry, the fury and force and glow of the scene, are like nothing so much as the pandemonium of Berlioz, when the chorus triumphs over the unhappy Faust. "Has, Has, Koix, Astaroth, Belzebuth:" it is the noise of all the voices of Tartar. You rush, half-stunned, to the door, gain the street and the sweet security of civilisation.

J. ARTHUR BLAIKIE.



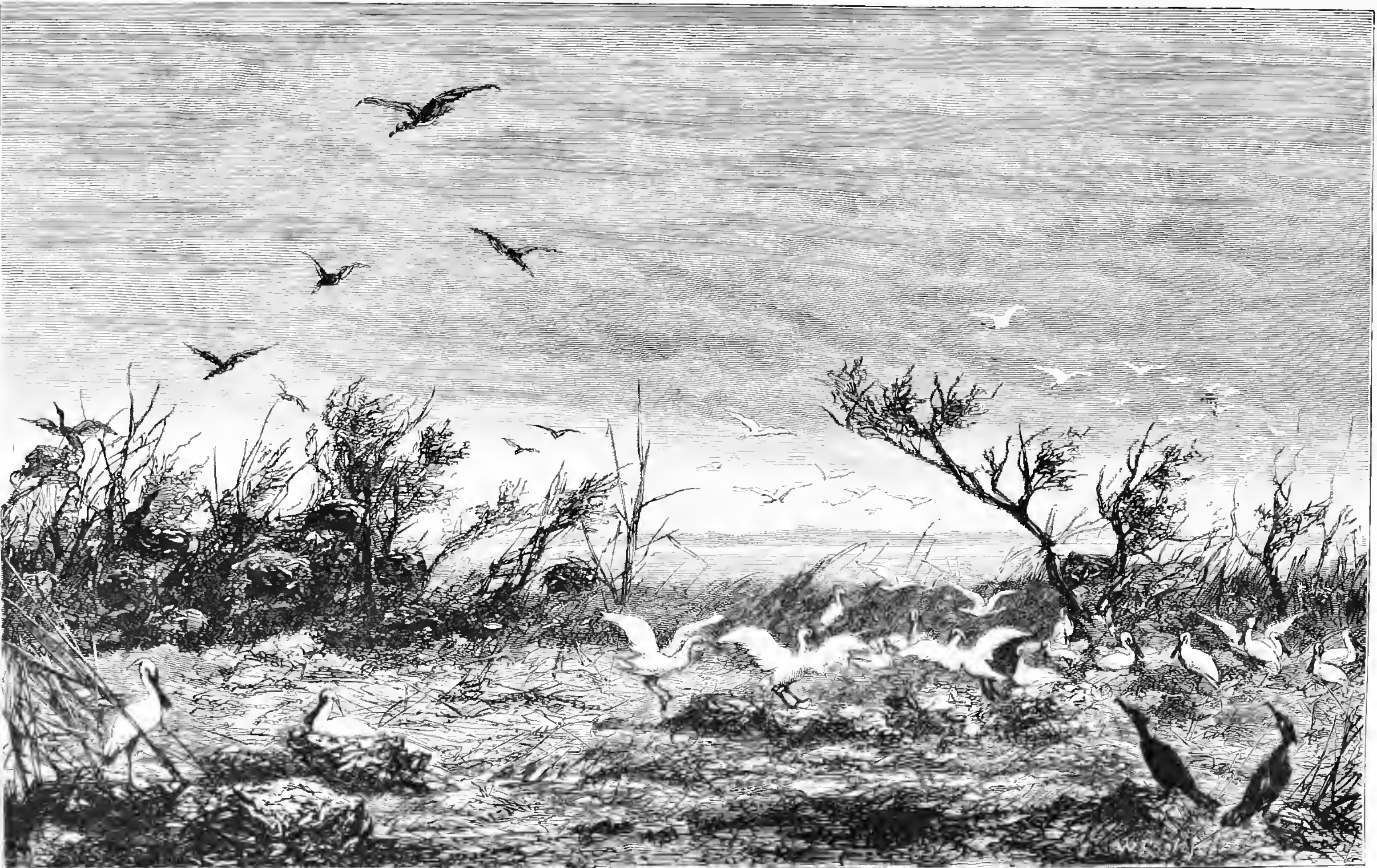
ALGIERS.—VI.: COFFEE AND CHESS.

(*Drawn by Edgar Barclay.*)

"IN THE MARSHES."

PAINTED BY W. ROELOSS.

A BIRD'S hoarse cry heard close at hand increases, and as it were emphasises, as nothing else can, our sense of loneliness and solitude. There is a weird, almost savage, sound in it, which cannot be translated into the faintest sympathy or affinity with our own tongue. When, as in Roeloss's picture, you have a multitude of wild birds, in all their infinite variety of action and gesture, let loose on a stretch of wind-haunted marshland, all at once shrieking out their "unutterable discord," as birds



IN THE MARSHES.

(Painted by W. Roeloss.)

alone know how, you feel more completely cut off from life than in the most intense silence. These eerie spaces—alive with moorfowl and cormorant, swooping singly and in pairs, winging it over the sparse and bitter scrub-wood, floating away into the chill dimness of far-off water-reaches—are somehow a deeper solitude than where nothing stirs. This parliament of fowls might be discussing some treason of the air. It may be said that one has no right to invest landscape with a moral impression—especially a subject so perfectly "healthy" in matter and treatment as "In the Marshes." But for all that the feeling is still left that these birds are shrieking out the hate and loneliness of the desert.

There is a dismal impressiveness in the artist's vigorous treatment of these wind-tortured bushes and the quaking of the reeds and grasses. The difficulties of sky and drifting wrack are carried off with a free strong hand that sets clouds and birds all scouring together. There is no repose, in things animate or inanimate. The whole impression of the picture sets in the direction of imprisoned strength and restlessness, chafing in a wilderness of hostile forces which would sap the life of everything human, but is as the breath of being to the wild things seen; and we experience a feeling of comfortless admiration for the note of strength that in every detail is struck and sustained.

ART AND UTILITY.

THERE are artists and admirers of art who appear afraid to acknowledge a moral purpose. To apply the inference of moral utility to the work of the one or the admiration of the other is the same order of offence as to associate some men of independent means with business: though all men of independent means depend upon business being transacted somewhere and by somebody, in the same way as all artists, even the artist of independent and moral-less purpose, depend upon the morality of others in the world. No artist, however imaginative or however prosaic, can get outside the circle of utility that surrounds him, using the word utility at one and the same time in the broadest and narrowest sense applicable. But we are now rather apt to regard culture only as a developed adornment of higher humanity, and to overlook the original utility of the arts from which culture sprang. The artistic object we now admire presumably for itself has a history showing that at one time there was a real necessity for it, that some one therefore invented it, and that the inventor was bound and limited by the means and skill at his command. Regarded in this light, the rudest thing man first made for the commonest use was art, and in its little degree fine art; and the most elaborate thing, the finest fine-art, men now make or paint for ornament, has an unavoidable, an inevitable utility. As I shall presently attempt to show.

Let us consider the original utility of a few artistic things. Blue ware was originally made blue probably because blue was simple and cheap; but it is now prized and imitated for more fanciful reasons. Statuary was at first an essential part (a figured column) of architecture, and the most elaborate architecture was the outcome of the simple need of a building. Climate, too, has been a more active designer than man. It decreed flat roofs where people wanted to sleep in the open; narrow streets where people needed shade, as in Italy; and angular roofs where snow and rain had to be manœuvred. Small dim-religious-light windows were once made small because larger ones could not so well be made, and were, in fact, then more ideal than real; but windows are now made small for artistic sympathies so sensitive that even the green bull's-eye is centred in the pane —not on economical grounds as heretofore when every inch of glass was a luxury, but for decorative purposes in an age when we can let in daylight by the square yard. The niceties of jewellery that we now show as art-curiosities in museums are made for very practical daily use. The coins we copy and reiterate in brooches, bracelets, and solitaires were as utilitarian as our coins are now. The common alphabet out of which we in the name of art elaborate so many varieties of form in public petitions and addresses, no doubt received the first variety of form through the uncompromising necessity that there should be distinctions between one letter and another. Monks decorated their books, not for decoration and as decoration only, but as a beautified offering to their faith; but it was an offering and prayer first; it was truly a devotion, not to art as art, but through art to the deity. The statues devoted to Greek temples had the utilitarian character of offerings or expressions of worship. The marble figures we so much admire as figures in the church of Santa Croce at Florence were not executed and erected as to-be-admired figures only, but primarily for the very

utilitarian purpose of commemorating the worth—and, after all, the moral worth—of Dante, Michelangelo, and others. Monks, poets, musicians, and actors have kept clean-shaven faces—as an indication of a certain religious order with the monk, necessity with the actor, and personal comfort or an innate sense of the fittest with the poet and musician; and yet clear-cut clean-shaven faces are oftenest depicted by artists in their portraitures of ideal or conceived characters. Men of rapid and passionate thought, in the necessity of expression, evolve a form of handwriting which other people with no very rapid or passionate thought try to imitate; they are attracted by the aggregate beauty of form which this perfectly utilitarian writing presents. Finally, as a matter of honour, some American Indians retained a long lock of hair on the top of their skulls to aid the process of scalping should they fall victims to opposing tribes; and fashion not long ago decreed something very similar, either direct from this or through the Chinese pig-tail, to ornament the humanity of civilisation.

And now as to the inevitable utility of the finest of even fine art. We may not openly or even secretly recognise the moral utility of a picture—either landscape or figure—a statue or bronze group, a beautiful vase, a sonata, or a poem; but notwithstanding this, the thing utilises individual thought and finally generates action. If the influence of a work is of a low order it modifies our height, and if high it qualifies our nobility with greater nobility. If unseen, a work of art of course has no active existence. Like the "cipher" standing by itself, it expresses nothing, but increases or diminishes the value of other figures. Now the "other figures" whose value is increased or diminished by the cipher Art are men and women; and men and women in all conditions of life are influenced and are influencing, for the broad history of mankind is the history of a moral strife. Such commonplace expressions as "getting on," "bettering oneself," "progress," "success," confess this, and the most ordinary deeds of life form an unconscious admission of unrest for a higher condition. Art is a special but semi-conscious confession of this unrest, while religion is a special but a fully-conscious confession of the upward tendencies of mankind. Why then ignore or blink at moral purpose? Science, philosophy, and mechanics not only by necessity but by choice are directed to utilitarian aims; and why should certain sections of art pretend to stand proudly aloof from the admitted strife? This surely is the whim of the child petted to arrogance, curling its lip at the very conditions, the unperfected conditions, of life that make the more artificial of the arts necessary or even possible: since a really perfected condition of life would probably concern itself in realities and realisations, and not in painted fancies and aspirations. Even the arts of reading and writing would not be needed if all the reading and writing possible were accomplished. Dean Stanley, in his "Origin of Christian Institutions," says: "In the beginning of Christianity there was no such institution as clergy, and it is conceivable that there may be a time when they shall cease to be." In the beginning of art there was no such institution as artists, and it is conceivable that there may be a time when they shall cease to be.

In connection with the broad morality and the utility of even fine art, it is well to bear in mind that art is a dependant. It does not live by the breath of its own mouth, but by the word or suggestion that proceedeth out of the mouth of Nature; and Nature, as far as we know of her, never does a thing for the mere diversion of doing. What the great purpose of all existence in Nature may be is beyond the present point; but the fact of purpose or motive is eloquent in all understood facts. Art of necessity follows Nature—for where can it avoid Nature?—and of necessity it partakes of the attributes of the model. Nature affects art, and both affect the artist. There never was an artist who could, however he wished to, however he believed he did, follow art for art, and metaphorically put a colon and say its influence ended where he set the last touch. "The arithmetician," says Coleridge, "uses figures as the means and not the end of knowledge;" and the artist unavoidably, whatever his own belief may be, uses art as a means and not as an end achieved in itself. Even the artist's life—and after all that is the central importance whatever we are—is not precisely that life it would have been had it worked at any other vocation. If artists themselves cannot avoid these influences, so is it impossible that their work can go among people as dead letters. We cannot eradicate experiences, and when we act in thought, word, or deed, then have we fate at our heels. Even if the artist seeks an ideal beauty and so gets away from the common commonplace of people and things, he cannot get away from the phantom of influence that follows him. To some extent he may be a recluse from the crowd, but the imagination and emotion he employs to seize his ideal are not dead and actionless forces. They affect those who seek and those who find them: so that the artist of this order deals with the same moralities as other artists deal with, only by another and a less beaten route. Sensuality, for example, is not a virtue because it happens to be rendered with fine imagination, and a theft imaginatively or symbolically represented would still be a theft.

The question of morals as considered here has no necessary connection with a particular sect or creed,

and morality is considered as one of nature's facts that cannot be ignored. I would not have all pictures parables, all specially inculcating a given virtue or driving home a particular doctrine, so that to attend an art gallery would be like attending a gallery of pictorial sermons; but I would have every artist aware that his work, however great or however small, is inevitably for or against the fundamental morality upon which the welfare of all society necessarily depends.

WILLIAM TIREBUCK.

MORE ABOUT VENETIAN GLASS.

THE first notice of the importation of Venetian glass into England is in 1399, when letters patent were issued by Richard II. in favour of Zane and Dandolo, masters of two Venetian galleys then in the port of London, permitting the passengers to sell their small wares of glass vessels on the decks of the galleys duty free. Glass had been imported in Northern Europe before this date, and the great extension the trade afterwards acquired may be imagined from a note in the journal of Sir Thomas Roe, ambassador from James I. to the court of the Great Mogul, Jehanguire, 1615. He had brought a number of presents from the English king; but while he was still negotiating with the Mogul, an ambassador from Persia arrived, who presented on the part of his sovereign, among other costly offerings, "seven mirrors of Venice, so fair and beautiful that my heart sank within me on seeing them." Captain Hawkins, a little before this date, reported that the Mogul had in his treasury 200 glasses and rich cups: also most probably from Venice, as the great distance did not prevent the Persians from sending large mirrors, which would be much more difficult to transport than glasses.

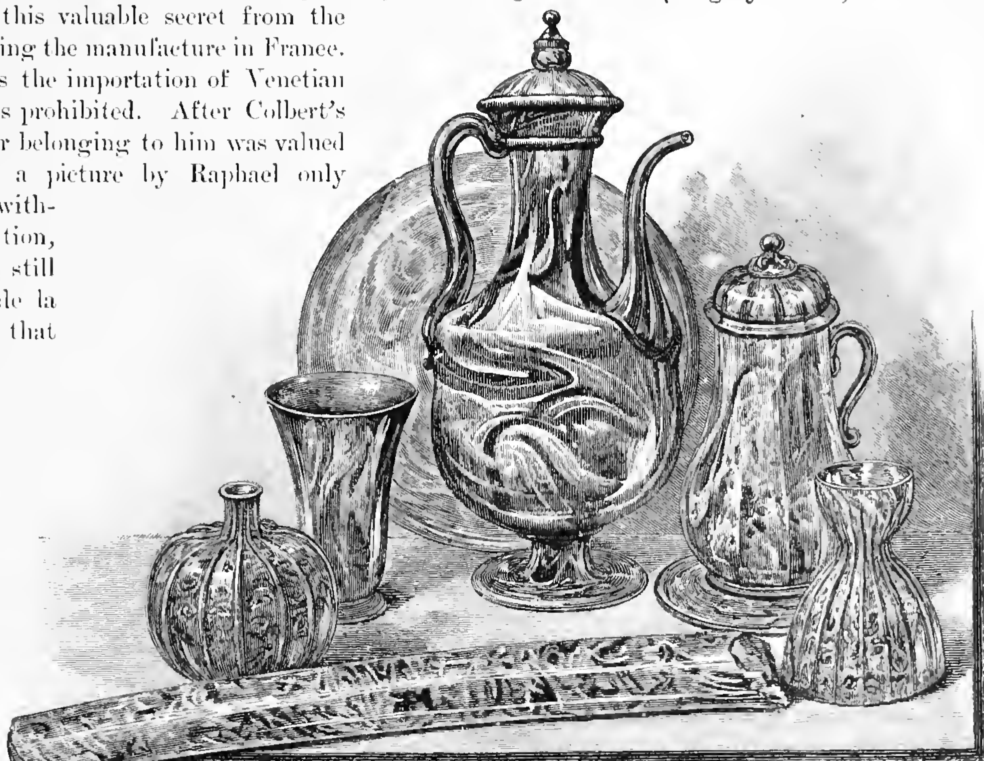
Mirror-making seems to have been attempted in Venice in the Fifteenth Century, as soon afterwards two workers of Murano obtained from the State a monopoly of mirror-making for twenty years. In 1569 the makers of mirrors formed themselves into a separate corporation; and, during the next two centuries, quantities of mirrors were exported to many countries. The Republic spent large sums in adorning with gold and gems the frames of mirrors presented to royal personages. That sent to Marie de Medicis in 1600, now preserved in the Louvre, was valued at £6,000; its historical and artistic worth must now

VENETIAN GLASS.—I.: LACE AND FILIGREE WORK.

be much greater. In 1664 the value of the mirrors exported to France was 100,000 crowns annually; after which Colbert succeeded, in spite of all precautions, in wresting this valuable secret from the Republic, and establishing the manufacture in France. Immediately afterwards the importation of Venetian mirrors into France was prohibited. After Colbert's death a Venetian mirror belonging to him was valued at 8,000 livres, while a picture by Raphael only brought 3,000. Notwithstanding their prohibition, Venetian mirrors were still much esteemed. M. de la Lande says, in 1765, that no mirrors were preferred to the Venetian except the French, and they were much more costly.

The Duke of Buckingham's factory at Lambeth was a successful venture. In 1677, as Evelyn says, "they also make looking-glasses far larger and better than any that come from Venice." It was conducted by workmen from Murano. Such efforts as these finally broke up the monopoly at Murano, and in 1772 only one house there (Miotti's) continued to make mirrors. The inventories of the effects of important persons in the Middle Ages contain many references to glass. Among the most curious is a list belonging to Henry VIII., in 1542, where nearly 450 glass objects are enumerated, the greater number of Venetian manufacture.

Nearly three centuries before this all the glass factories had been banished from Venice to Murano. There the inhabitants seem to have accommodated themselves pleasantly to their surroundings; for James Howell, writing from the island in 1621, observes: "They say here that although one should transplant a glass furnace from Murano to Venice herself, or to any of the little islands about here, or to any other part of the earth besides, and use the same materials, the same workmen, the same fuel, the same ingredients, every way, yet they cannot make crystal glass in that perfection for beauty and lustre as in Murano. Some impute it to the quality of the circumambient air that hangs over the place, which is purified and attenuated by the concurrence of so many fires, that are in those furnaces night and day perpetually, for they are like the Vestal-fire which never goes out. The art of glass-making is here very highly valued, for whomsoever be of that profession are gentlemen *ipso facto* —and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chymistry to transmute dust and sand (for they are the main ingredients) to such a diaphanous, pellucid, dainty body, as you see a crystal glass is. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who having five daughters, he said 'he never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses.' The compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here 'that the first handsome woman that ever lived was made of Venice glass.' But when I pry'd into the materials and observed the furnaces and calcinations, the transubstantiations, the liquefactions, that are incident to the art, my thoughts were raised to a higher speculation, that if this small furnace-fire hath virtue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as crystal, surely that grand universal fire which shall happen at the day of judgment may by its violent ardour *vitrify* and turn to one lump of crystal the whole body of the earth; nor am I the first that fell upon that conceit." Howell's admiration of Murano glass seems to have led him to establish a factory in London (which Strype describes as situated in Broad



VENETIAN GLASS.—II: MARBLED AND STONE WORK.

Street), where they made glass of Venice and employed Venetian workmen. The building became known in after-years as Pinner's Hall, and the ground being lately required for a railway, the workmen excavating discovered various specimens of Venetian glass: a tall wine-glass, a square scent-bottle, a ribbed fountain-inkstand, a bundle of opalised glass light green bottles, and some gilt pieces. These were all exhibited at the archæological meeting in 1874. The Republic must have found it impossible entirely to prevent workmen from going abroad, as in this century we read of glass-works in various places, though Sir R. Mansel (1623), who expended £30,000 (an enormous sum for those days), was obliged to procure artisans from Mantua for his works. Some Venetian workmen, probably attracted by the abundance of wood, about this time succeeded in establishing themselves at a village in the Cantal, Haute Loire. They there made glass after Murano types, but do not seem to have acquired any artistic celebrity. No remains of their factories exist, but specimens of their wares may yet be bought in the Auvergne; they are known, from the name of the factory, as "Verres de la Margéride."

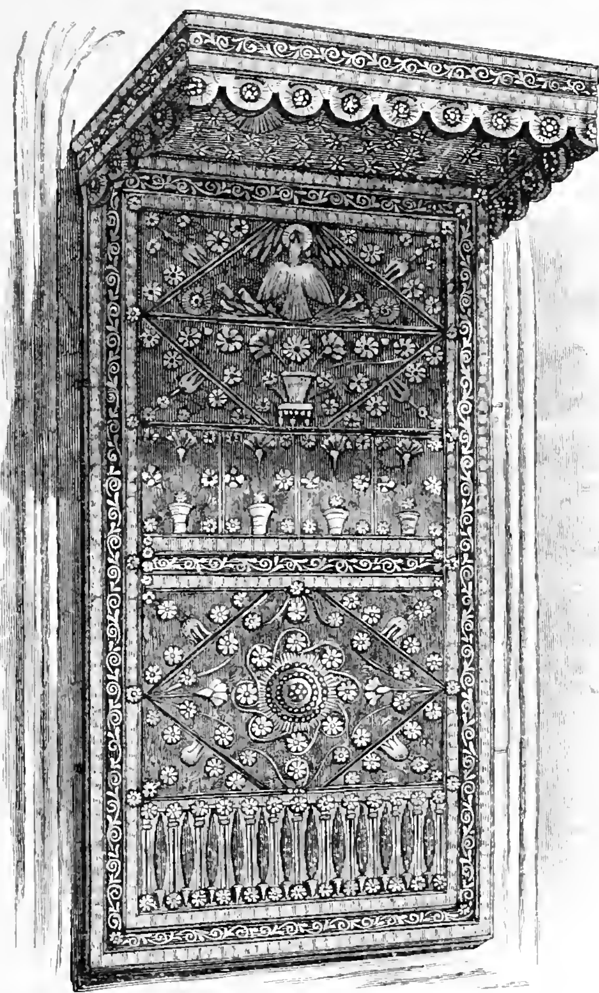
The glass-workers of Murano were divided into four classes: the *phiolari*, or makers of vessels, the makers of optical instruments, those who made mirrors, and those who made beads. This last branch was perhaps more peculiarly Venetian than any other, and was divided into sections: one, called *fuppialume*, made those beads especially known as Venetian, which have leaves and flowers added in different colours by the aid of a blowpipe to the body of the bead. The trade in beads was always a most important branch. Besides the enormous number required for Africa, beads were made for rosaries, to supply nearly the whole of Europe. Some years ago a large stock of beads of early Murano make was found in Kent, at a spot called Pilgrims' Road; they were of many kinds, some the large opal beads called Ave Marias, used for marking prayers. They were supposed to have been the property of one of those vendors who, like the Pardoner in Chaucer's tales; "straight was come from court of Rome" with a vendible stock of rosaries and indulgences.

The prodigious quantity of beads made by the Eighteenth Century is said to have exceeded 44,000 pounds per week. In the list of patterns 562 species are enumerated, with innumerable subdivisions. The journals of many old African travellers describe the different kinds of beads they had to carry with them for trading purposes, as those in fashion with one tribe were totally disregarded by the next. In 1764 twenty-two furnaces in Murano were occupied in making beads alone. Burckhart calculated at the beginning of this century that four to five hundred chests of Venetian beads, of ten hundredweight each, were sold annually in Cairo. Those were most prized that most nearly resembled the old Roman beads. Burckhart accused the traders of sending quantities of false coral into the market. We know that in the Fourteenth Century the State endeavoured to prevent fraud by repeated edicts forbidding the manufacture in glass of imitation crystal or gems, and especially prohibiting the sale of false pearls; this was probably from sanitary reasons, as before the discovery in 1656 of imitating pearls with fish scales they were made with mercury, which was injurious to both makers and wearers. Of the *cristallai*, the optical glass makers, we know little. In 1300 their guild prohibited the buying or selling of lenses and various objects of white glass imitating crystal; but this injunction was removed in a year's time. Lanterns for galleys and lighthouses were made in the Fourteenth Century. Spectacles are said to have been invented (1286) by Salvino d'Armati, a Florentine. This branch of glass-making flourished in Murano in 1580, as we read that two spectacle-makers had then the greatest repute of many practising there.

No illustrations can do justice to the endless diversities of Venetian glasses; they rival in lightness those of Greece and Rome, and are as varied as nature herself. To examine them is to imagine that the inventive faculty can go no farther. Some types are given in our first illustration. Many of these light drinking cups were made by Murano workman in Germany. Some fine specimens are in the British Museum. In spite of all laws and prohibition, artisans succeeded in evading the vigilance of their rulers and carrying their art to foreign States. Though very light, the vessels of this age are extremely strong. In one collection there are hunting horns and bottles which belong to old Italian families, and which bear the marks of long-continued use. In our second illustration are figured some types of marbled and imitation stone glass, copied from antique designs, and showing the prevalence of Eastern forms. Some of these coloured glasses may have been like those described in 1495 as "the equals of murrhine," that object so prized in ancient Rome. With this variegated glass is sometimes mixed aventurine, formed by mingling particles of copper with yellow glass. It is said to have been invented by the Miotti family, and was long kept as a trade secret. In mosaic glass no Venetian specimens equal in taste or diversity of pattern those of classical days. The very curious and, it is believed, unique canopy given in our last illustration was purchased in 1869 at Castallani's sale, from the funds of the Slade Bequest. It is made of coloured leaves and flowers arranged in patterns on a wooden foundation—a novel

species of mosaic. On the roof are the sun, moon, and stars; with a white dove to denote its sacred character. The conventional tulips, carnations, and cyprus-trees forming its decoration are precisely those found on oriental embroideries. The glass is certainly Venetian; the combination would seem to assign its origin to some such place as Sicily, where Eastern and Western civilisations touched. Mr. Franks has suggested that it is the work of nuns, who always had plenty of time and many delicate working hands at their disposal. The glass ornaments could have been procured by the hundred from Venice. Its date is about 1700.

The vessels depicted in our first illustration are of the lace and filigree types which came into vogue in the Seventeenth Century. Originally suggested by antiques, they were much improved by the Venetians, who certainly invented the most remarkable kind, called *reticelli*. Transparent rods of glass, each containing a twisting coloured thread, are laid side by side and fused together. Two of these layers are placed slanting across each other, so that between each rounded point of the rods a bubble of air is left; with iron pincers they are put into the oven, and formed into a vase with stand and cover. The extraordinary manner in which the bubbles of air increase and decrease in mathematical precision, according to the shape of the vase, is perfectly incomprehensible to the uninitiated. It is almost impossible to indicate properly this sort of work in an engraving; but such a goblet as one in the British Museum, surmounted and supported by serpents, with body and cover framed of fine *reticelli* work, is a triumph of manual skill, and counts with the most precious treasures a nation can possess.



VENETIAN GLASS.—III.: A CANOPY IN MOSAIC GLASS.

When a distinguished visitor came to Murano, it was the custom to present him with a cup, in the bottom of which was enclosed one of the coins known as *oselle*, which bore the arms of the reigning Doge. There is a good series of these *oselle* cups in the British Museum, beginning in 1674. Some glass objects were made of a thick milky white, possibly in imitation of the old "glass porcelain;" cups are known of this substance bearing the Miotti mark; it is still called by collectors Venetian Porcelain. Besides all these classes many architectural compositions were made: temples, altars, cabinets, crucifixes; objects of the most diversified and complicated character; with statuettes, lamps, and chandeliers of every kind of costly ornament.

All through the Eighteenth Century many foreign manufactories, especially those of Bohemia, competed successfully with Murano, and the demand for her peculiar products declined. Briati, the most successful worker of the epoch, was especially celebrated for his chandeliers and mirror frames, ornamented in intaglio or in coloured foliage; also for his beautiful work in lace-glass. After his death in 1772, no other great name arose. With the fall of the Venetian Republic her manufactories decayed and her trade was interrupted. At the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, with the exception of bead-workers, the glass industry might be said to be extinct. So fell a manufacture which seems to have owed its extraordinary success and its great commercial development to the fact that at first it made artistic beauty its chief aim, and afterwards proceeded to ornament articles of daily use—thus reversing the common rule. A lesson which may be pondered over by the factories of to-day.

A. MADELINE WALLACE-DUNLOP.

FORSAKEN.

(From the Picture by H. Pabst.)

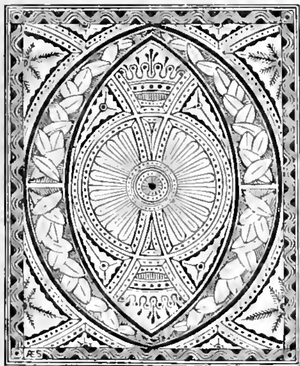
"FORSAKEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. PABST.

THE ideal fisher-maiden figures in Herr Pabst's picture in her most pensive and poetical aspect. She is the embodiment of a pretty fancy, the incarnation of Schubert's beautiful melody. She is, however, not idealised past hope of recognition, though far enough removed from the robust, burly sea-nymphs who visit Leith town, and whose ways in Newhaven are strange to the southron. Her reverie is conceived in the tender strain of retrospection evoked by the last and loveliest hour of daylight, when all nature is "breathless with adoration."

Our compassion for her thus forsaken is well-nigh absorbed by the solemnity and harmony of the scene, the sense of free air and limitless sea, and the azure and gold of the calm sunset. All the influences of nature are on her side. The wind that makes sweet music in the hollows of the cliffs, the bosom of the great deep flushed with the sundown, the mild crescent moon with her faithful star—these gentle forces will medicine her grief. She would not probably be able to explain their ameliorating influence; but they exist in the metaphysics of her belief, and are broadly apparent in the delicate poetic sentiment of the picture. Perhaps the fifth act of her modest drama has been played, and soon night, the curtain, will fall. She has not lived in vain. Here, at any rate, is that crystallisation of fancy, that permanent fixing of mobile sentiment, for which poets—such as Wordsworth and Keats—have reserved their highest praise in art.

THE ARTIST IN FICTION.



F this creature's career, as set forth in the pages of some few three-volume novels, the briefest study is sufficient to start one on the search for an author, or authors, who may be made responsible for his literary ancestors and his own later development. We might hope to get a complete account from the "germ of him" to his present condition, had he but been deemed worthy of scientific treatment. But this history cannot be hoped for just now, and we must even put up with what is to be got; for, amongst all the "reconciliations" in thought that have been achieved, that between art and science is hardly yet in working order.

I am fain to trace a faint foreshadowing of the fictitious artist and his love-affairs in the Laureate's ballad of the Landscape Painter and the Village Maiden; but I content myself with taking Miss Thackeray's less shadowy creation, Dick Butler, in the "Village on the Cliff," as sufficient prototype and pedigree. And this, notwithstanding the existence of Scott's Dick Tinto, Thackeray's J. J., and many others. They are justly celebrated, but they do not, to my way of thinking, lend themselves easily to a certain kind of swaggering caricature of their minds and manners. On the other hand, the attitude of a *franc poseur* and nothing more is very readily produced by a coarse reading of Dick Butler.

Henri Murger did far more than Balzac to infatuate the youth of France with the splendours of misery. He it is who must really be accused of having furnished a good many garrets, in real life, with fine specimens of Marcel, and Mimi Pinson, who, being French, were bent on systematising his social philosophy, and starving and all the rest of it. Over here, among a chosen few, the mischief produced by Dick Butler's shabby velveteen was confined to a feverish (but quite harmless) longing to clothe themselves in this peculiar wear. The best, or the worst, these young men found to do was to drag their velveteen with them through all that could be reached of a London they loved to call Bohemian. Indeed, rusty velvet might have become an *objet de luxe*, could it only have been manufactured straight off. Certain very zealous youths possessed of worldly goods even left them rejoicing, or, at any rate, kept them in the background during their brief masquerade. But in this place I can but glance at some of the vagaries of fiction.

I have this moment put down a common novel of the day (by a lady), which is a record of the feats

in love and art and general prowess of the creature I am discussing. His chief physical characteristics, as therein inventoried, are enormous strength, the limbs of a "young gladiator," tawny masses of Venetian red hair, and (in a natural sequence) unfathomable and sleepy grey eyes. Every conscientious novel-reader will recognise that he is not the private property of any one lady artist in portraiture. It is refreshing to turn from him to Richard Butler himself, in part the innocent cause of such an amazing effect. Clearly his portrait was painted from the life, and as far as it goes is as excellent a bit of nature and something besides as Miss Thackeray in her best vein can make it. We may always recollect the type itself with pleasure; but at second and third hand it is quite another thing. We are not told that there was anything astounding about Dick Butler's personal appearance. Though fairly strong, he was not constructed on a stupendous scale. His hair certainly curled, but not in mountainous billows. His eyes are recorded to have had a way of twinkling sleepily and pleasantly. They were, moreover, of grey-green — a colour in eyes that nowadays has come to mean unutterable things. Strange as it may seem, however, their lashes had no special function; they are not mentioned as curling passionately towards their owner's brow, nor in any other way accentuating or adding a peculiar quality to his gaze. It is true, Dick Butler was lazy and given up to a lounging, dallying quest of ease and beauty. But, after all, his laziness was of a human sort; it was not the colossal inertia, the dead-weight of passivity so to speak, of which our present poets make boast. It is said that he had a little "mental twist" which caused him to moralise and humorise over life in a fashion quite his own. In spite of this natural advantage, he did not feel bound to astonish his admiring friends by his reckless banter, and that continual fire of "brilliant and stinging epigrams on human nature" which his unintended progeny are said to keep up, though their biographers habitually omit all the good ones. Dick Butler, poor fellow, was only one of those charming yet rather pathetic "failures"—perfectly natural and real when he recognised his incompleteness, or when, carried away for a time by his temperament and surroundings, he thought himself a genius. Like all his craft, he had idle fits and working fits, his hours of dulness and despondency and his seasons of inspiration, when a feeble flicker of the "sacred fire," no bigger than a will-o'-the-wisp, warms the brain and sets the fingers tingling. Unlike his descendants, however, he did not bind himself by solemn oath, for no manner of reason except an instinct of mystery, to accomplish his task o' nights, under the sole influence of tremendous cerebral excitement and the remarkable combination of lamp-oil and moonlight—as in the pages of three-volume novels great painters are known to do. He was no giant intellectually, any more than physically; and still more notably in this, he differs from his successors, who have the knack of hiding great hoards of erudition under their easy exterior. Still less was he a glorious or inarticulate genius. He was not even a pent-up human volcano, who would suddenly give vent in a torrent of scathing cynicism to the demoniac bitterness of his artist-soul. He had no stock on hand to repress or express. Mercifully, too, his overpowering sense of the Beautiful and the Good did not oblige him to pursue an everlasting crusade. In short, his occasional good-natured contempt for himself and contemporary existence generally was never quite so much *en évidence*, never so rampant and unreasonable as in the gentry we know and do not love. In the talking humours which fall on every company of real painters, he never thought it beneath him to be intelligible to his hearers. Not thus is the velveteen one; his mind, even to himself, is nothing if not chaotic. He, when not talking "shop" (his rapturous twaddle is sometimes really amusing), requires constant female support to bring out his strong points: unless, indeed, he be plunged in soliloquy, which is, I fear, provocative of even more light-heartedness in the reader.

Female support, I may add, is generally afforded by two distinct types of the novelist's Abstract Woman. One is the rustic Maiden who haunts picturesque French or English fishing villages, and is also conveniently to be found in the environs of Fontainebleau or wherever the Being's occupation takes him. This person is indispensable to his moods, and he uses her accordingly. He makes much havoc by drifting against the legitimate course of village true love. He has a delightful way of talking over her head at times, and at others of abruptly alluding to her personal attractions from a professional point of view which to her is equally bewildering and new. The power of his eye, his incomprehensible never-failing "cynicism," his really well-made boots, accomplish fatal things. It may be remarked, in passing, that the merit of the Boots, unlike the Velveteen, does not rest on their antique appearance. Very often the Being is a person of property who plays at having none, which last fine touch is surely derived from the Laureate's ballad. Lacking the female rustic element, he is easily provided with other material. It generally takes the form of an Early Broughtonese or Late Braddonesque young woman. With her our painter converses freely—rude, red-haired, passionate, detestable as she is. He manifests a spirited disregard of the usual conventional

restraints; and he is spurred on by much agreeable flippancy and unmannerliness in her. Later, but still on his own introduction, he proceeds to paint and picnic with her in choice sylvan or seaside spots, clandestine but cynical to the last. Then, after "scant mirth" and many meetings, the Being's eye develops "deeper depths of passionate intensity." This is more than enough for the young creature; and on occasion she has actually been known to "thrust her face suddenly deep into his sun-burnt throat." Nothing is said of strangulation at this memorable pass; but it is obvious what a gladiator's or any other person's private sensations would be. Sometimes the Village Maiden, plus a hankering after Bond Street boots and epigrammatic conversation, is tamely restored to her fisherman or her woodcutter; but this is not the case with the other sort of victims. They would scorn the "unpassionate" action; they rather choose to die with a swan-like sweetness never theirs in life.

The fact is that, however used or misused, the artist-hero is a feature of the common modern novel. A large but vague appreciation of painting and painters, together with a dim and dubious knowledge of practical artist-life, is patent in many of the novels of Ouida. Much of her material has been borrowed of her, and again and again borrowed of her borrowers; and those who make use of it are often unconscious of its origin. The strange glamour she casts about her heroes and their surroundings has been exaggerated, and the artist's environment in fiction has become an extraordinary mixture of moonlit madness and deadly commonplace, in which he is, at best, a mere lay figure. Where Ouida's artist suffers obscurity and privation, but in the teeth of it paints masterpieces, his descendants endure unmeaning tortures, and are bedevilled by absurd and insurmountable difficulties of place and time. Does any one remember a misunderstood youth—derived, as every one who has read "Folle-Farine" will agree, directly from the pure Ouida stock—who had never painted but in a wash-house at dead of night, and who emerged from the dismal ordeal, "unbeknown" to his prosaic family, with works calculated to make creation tremble? or that other whose *retouching* a great man's masterpiece brought, not horsewhips and the police-court, but fame and fortune and the smiles of beauty in its train?

It may be said that the great mistake of those who write of artists is an exaggeration of all the qualities or defects supposed to belong to them, as a class, and the exclusion of all the idiosyncracies and habits which exist in man, and make him individual, whatever his profession or way of life. The common method is to huddle together a few of the novelist's "properties," bind them round with certain tricks of speech and manner, push the scarecrow about a bit, and label it a "painter." So long as there are plenty of pipes and pewters, incident and character will matter little. Really it would seem as if, to produce an artist (who, after all, is primarily a man), it were enough to follow such a receipt as this:—To a lazy Athlete six feet high, add yards of Old Velveteen, an opulent Wig, and a fine old crusted Sombrero; lean the mixture "airily on posts," and stir up for speech when required. For many years a dummy of this sort was kept on hand in every studio in fiction. The reading public was perfectly satisfied. Why should the writing crowd have essayed to do better?

Women, it is to be noted, have always had a curious and rather blind indulgence for artists, so different from themselves. Before the fierce light of realism began to beat on things in general they viewed the authors of great works through a haze of enthusiasm, which magnified them to ideal proportions. By this kindly operation, the Abstract Painter was transfigured and spiritualised into a being of another order than common men. They loved, for instance, to believe that Raphael lived and painted in a state of religious exaltation: that he toiled at his Holy Families in a posture of adoration, and so forth. Be it a merit or a fault, not much of this particular feminine idiosyncracy is left to combat. It is now the fashion to cheerfully investigate the ins and outs of men and things on plain, common-sense principles. No exception has been made in favour of artists and the artist-life, and many living and delightful biographies are the result. The lady novelist has gone with the years; but she has got rid of her reverence to a different purpose: for the shining raiment of old time she has substituted that heroic Velveteen. She endeavours to treat her artist-heroes in an everyday "real" manner, which is often quite as unreal as the old, and which does not in the least conceal her woeful ignorance of her subject. For in spite of the rapid spread of artistic culture, the difference to be bridged over is no imaginary or accidental one, but a difference of an intrinsic kind between the artist-nature and that of other men and women. The painter is now welcomed by "society" if he please to respond to its advances, and there is no place nor speech wherein his slang is not heard. His very tools are familiarly handled by a multitude of persons filled with a pleasant conviction of their ability to turn the common objects of use and ornament into works of art for themselves. But, for all that, he meets with little real comprehension; and in fiction, the familiarity which breeds contempt, or a strange unreasoning admiration of his worst qualities, are the moods in which his treatment is oftenest attempted.

KATHARINE DE MATTOS.

THE INSTITUTE.

THE MOTHER.

(Painted by Arthur Hacker. Institute, 1884.)

THE formation of the new Institute, whose inaugural exhibition is now to be considered, is an event of high importance in the history of British Art. It is, of course, easy to object that exhibitions have multiplied of late years, that artists already possess ample avenues to publicity, that men of genius are few and must, eventually, achieve fame. But it is with the scheme of the Institute, its necessity and *raison d'être*—and not merely with one more annual picture show—that we have to deal. Every year it is notorious that the Academy exhibition suffers through the scandal of skying good work, the line-hanging of indifferent or bad work, and the rejection of that which is worthy. The President himself has gracefully admitted this last fact—not as a salve to the unfortunate and in a moment of post-prandial generosity, but as a confession of the limited space at his disposal. The Burlington House exhibition is never so fully representative as the Paris Salon. The question is not one of comparison between British and Continental art, but one of adequate representation. The very constitution of the Academy, the privileges of its members, and the general enforcement of those privileges are adverse to its exhibitions being as representative as they should be. It is true that of late years the composition of its body is much changed, and that its annual shows are somewhat less of a stereotyped and foregone conclusion; yet the inimical circumstances exist, and a demand for a new order of things has arisen. All who have viewed with pain and disgust mediocrity, not in high places, but prominently displayed on the line, have long felt the want of an antidote to the evil, and share in the demand for a fair field and no favour. This demand, coming from young artists of parts and distinction, is not only natural, it has become imperative. The scheme of the Institute is comprehensive and its foundation is opportune. If its programme is carried out in its integrity the Institute will prove beneficial to art, and never a

vehicle for solacing the aggrieved and rejected. The list of its members is itself a guarantee to this end, comprising as it does the names of many promising young artists. It has but to act with boldness and consistency to insure permanent success.

In its first exhibition the Institute has done fairly well; next year it must do much better. Let it be said at once that the average quality is high, that there is much performance and still more promise. There is little that is pretentious and vulgar, less of the trivial and inane, and less fatuous striving after the unrealisable ideal. On the other hand, there is an abundance of good conscientious work, where the artistic aim, if not high, has at least been realised; and, beyond this, there are several works any one of which would be sufficient to make the exhibition memorable. The promoters have done wisely in rescinding their original resolution to restrict the exhibition to cabinet works; a collection of eight hundred pictures of nearly uniform size could only have resulted in monotony and depression. They would have acted with still greater wisdom if they had exercised the right of rejection with less timidity. They might have shown much less respect to mere names, and much more the desire to be all things to all men. Next year they must act with greater courage, frankly rejecting every work, from whatever quarter, that is inferior, and thus purge themselves of errors that are perhaps incidental to a new enterprise. While displaying commendable self-abnegation, they have shown far too much deference towards men whose reputation has been made, and who are not slow to imperil their reputation by hasty, ill-considered work. The justice and impartiality of the hanging at the Institute are gravely compromised by this prurient respect to prejudice. It is, for instance, altogether incompatible with the dignity of art that works of such excellence as Mr. Solomon's "Convalescent" and Mr. Caffieri's "Windfalls" should give place to the unabashed commonplace of Mr. Long's "Klea" and the *charivari* of Mr. P. R. Morris's "Blue Girl." Such blemishes are more conspicuous here than in another place, where, through the tyranny of custom, they are received with a passive acceptance yearly and the pious resignation of the inevitable. Nor are these the only instances of injurious hanging. Mr. Tollemache's powerful "Runswick"—to name one more—is most improperly skied. The defective hanging is of two kinds: the skying of good work and the prominency of mediocrity. Examples of the latter are fully as offensive as any of the former. Such pictures as Mr. Thorne Waite's astonishing landscape, "A Windy Day in the Fens"—like a bad chromolithograph—an incredible Herbert, R.A., and Mr. W. L. Thomas's "Gleam of Sunshine," merit a very different fate from the delicate attention they have received. It was hardly worth while to establish the Institute if it is to do no more than to repeat the misdeeds of Burlington House and Suffolk Street. If it is to do its work effectually it must display more individuality of judgment, so as to render its exhibitions less like others, less superficially comprehensive and

MEADOW-SWEET.

(Painted by Fred Morgan. Institute. 1884.)

more expressive of the deep undercurrent of contemporary art.

The indication of these little inconsistencies is necessary, because in other respects the aims of the Institute have been fairly realised. The exhibition is large in scope and accomplishment. As might be expected, its excellence is chiefly manifested in landscape. Foremost in this department is "The Daylight Dies" of Mr. Alfred Parsons. In this fine work the artist has well-nigh touched the incommunicable. It represents the hour of gloaming, two lofty elms, a stretch of meadow, a sky whence heavy rain has recently fallen, and a foreground of sedgy stream. The composition is defective through the superfluous refinement of the foreground, yet the reverent treatment of the trees, exquisite in drawing and colour, the breadth of the sky and atmosphere, and the subtlety of lighting are powerful enough to minimise the defect. The spiritual import of the picture, its imaginative insight, its revelation of the infinite, are indissolubly connected with sincerity of inspiration and fidelity to nature. It is not possible to feel its tenderness and truth of tone, its solemnity of colour and brooding harmony, as existing apart from the higher imaginative qualities. These form the painter's poetic utterance, those the medium of expression. Another artist who has something to say beyond an appeal to the visual organs is Mr. G. Clausen. He, too, does not dethrone the imagination merely to delight the pride of the eye. His "Day Dreams," notwithstanding the obvious influence of Bastien-Lepage, is a work of rare distinction and original intention. It is curious to compare it with Mr. Frank Dicey—for he, also, has his "Day Dreams," not without a charm of another kind. Here the interest is transient, the expression of truth evanescent, the value ephemeral. In Mr. Clausen's work the truth is so graphic that the physical aspect is delineated with the same quiet masterly grasp as the mental process. The solitary figure in the hayfield, beyond the dozing woman and the dreaming girl, is involved in the subtle contrast between the visible realism of the scene and the inner abstraction of the girl's face. Cottage interiors have always been favourite subjects with certain painters, and they have not often been treated with such just subordination to the figure as in Mr. Arthur Hacker's picture, "The Mother," which we engrave. Since Josef Israels made a sort of chamber of desolation of the peasant's cottage it has become almost an article of faith that such should be doleful and dreary, the permanent home of Rachel. The joys of maternity are at least as worthy of the painter's art as they were when Raphael immortalised the subject. Mr. Hacker is to be commended for the reticence and dignity of his treatment. The mother is endowed with no spurious idealism, nor is her babe other than mortal progeny; they are natural in pose, and in calm beauty of line the group possesses genuine sculpturesque grace. The solicitude of the mother, her unaffected interest in her child, are charmingly expressed; while the accessories, not a little helpful to the subdued sentiment of the picture—the homely surroundings and the little child at play—are admirably introduced. The scheme of colour is in keeping with the happy conception of domesticity—a harmonious sobriety, neither sombre nor harsh. The execution is excellent throughout; the outstretched leg of the baby, the play of light on the figures, the firmness and strength of the modelling and draughtsmanship, merit attention. The whole is a pleasing realisation of a felicitous thought, free alike from the obtrusion of the repulsive aspect of the subject and the affectation of refinement. Another domestic interior, Mr. John Burr's "Home Shadows," is remarkable for the very pathetic figure of a girl holding in her lap a sick child. Inferior to "The Mother" in every sense, unequal in execution, deficient in many ways, the beauty of the girl's pose is so striking as to atone for the dirty flesh-tints and the slightness of technique.

Among the works of the few members and associates of the Academy who exhibit, Mr. Pettie's "Sweet Seventeen"—a clever three-quarter length of a damsel in black—is the most notable, albeit the hands are a little coarse. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Well-known Footsteps" is not one of the happiest inspirations, though the marble and draperies are painted with the old familiar force. Mr. Henry Woods' "Rialto Steps" is a vivid little Venetian transcript, bright and piquant, though sketchy. In his graceful study of a head, "Sylvia," Mr. Marcus Stone has scarcely put forth his strength. Mr. R. W. Macbeth in "Dog-Days" is clever and catching as ever, and withal a little more vulgar than usual. Modish, full of *chic*, a trifle mannered, the picture, which is honoured with a place on the line, is an excellent example of a species of art too well represented in England, but which assuredly has no such chance of recognition abroad.

An antithesis is found in the "Convalescent" of Mr. S. J. Solomon, a work lovely in tone, a *tour de force* in technical accomplishment. It is so unfortunately placed that it is difficult to realise at once its perfect harmony of creamy warm greys and dusky flesh. Mr. Fred Morgan has never painted anything better in aim or execution than his "Meadow-sweet," a fascinating rustic child carrying a spray of the sweet-scented flower by the margin of a stream. In this picture, the original of our second engraving, the winsome little maiden looks forth

appealingly with one of those complex expressions childhood is wont to assume, half sadness, half joy. The stream beyond is barely indicated; the tree-stem and river-grasses afford the necessary relief against the wan water. The conception is truly felicitous. It is no mere conceit or play of fancy that suggests the meadow-sweet as the emblem of this pretty child of the meadow, who has lived her little life in sight and sound of the stream, and has grown like unto that she looked upon, in accordance with Wordsworth's delicate fancy. The charm of Mr. Morgan's picture lies in the candour and innocence he has so completely portrayed, with which the little face is radiant and the pose no less eloquent. M. Chesneau, who has so much to say of the exclusiveness of English art in his "La Peinture Anglaise," will find in Mr. Morgan's work an example truly English in style, yet utterly devoid of anything insular. The present exhibition comprises several good pictures and studies of single figures, of which Mr. W. Small's "Yorkshire Fisher-Girl" is an excellent example, solidly painted and full of actuality. Miss Flora Reid's "Seamstress" possesses the like excellent technical qualities, is robust in tone and really powerful in treatment. Another good study is one by Mr. La Thangue. In another style, Mr. Edwin Bale's study of an Italian girl—"Ave Maria"—may be noticed for its pleasant colour and harmony. Of all the varied treatments of the single figure, that of Mr. F. D. Millet in "The Window Seat" is the most remarkable. Seated on the deep seat of an old-fashioned many-paned window, with her back to the broad daylight, is a girl in a white figured gown at work, with her feet on a chair, white window curtains about her, and the inquisitive light streaming around her. The lighting is most dexterously managed, and the cleverness of the picture is almost excessive; there is no positive colour locally, except in the figure, the head being strongly painted, the cheeks ruddy with health; the sense of luminous, ubiquitous daylight is powerfully rendered. Mr. Van Haanen's "Study of a Head" is very fine in colour and excellent in texture, both in the flesh and in the dark velvet, which latter is handled with great breadth and freedom.

Examples of pure genre are not frequent in the exhibition, and historical subjects are almost entirely absent. The latter seem to be fast becoming a hopeless matter with our artists. The days of large canvases have departed, and Haydon's unhappy fate has proved a sufficient warning. The dead past may be galvanised, however, into an adumbration of its antique hearty spirit, and Mr. Seymour Lucas has found a congenial subject in "A Suspicious Guest at 'The Mermaid.'" The fault of this and many kindred works lies in their failure to tell their story completely; they lack *vraisemblance*. It is not at all clear how it is that any suspicion attaches to the guest in Mr. Lucas's picture, nor why the regular customer regards him with mild surprise. The dramatic purpose thus fails. Mr. S. E. Waller, in "The Letter of Introduction," which we engrave, has fixed the scene in an old wainscoted hall at a period when such were not denuded of furniture. On the pale yellow silk of an old-fashioned sofa an elegant girl, dressed in black velvet and wearing a large Rubens hat, is contemplating a little white and fawn-coloured spaniel which has just been released from the hamper. The letter introducing the little animal is in her hand, and her expression is one of pleasant speculation. Perhaps the giver of the dog is on the road, and she is interested in him—who knows? There is an element of romance in the picture that is not unattractive. It is painted with all Mr. Waller's usual clean effective artistry.

Our full-page illustration is an engraving of Mr. Brewtnall's "Fatima." The beautiful wife of Blue-Beard is about to apply the key to the door of the chamber of secrets. The figure is energetically expressed, the gesture dramatic, the pose natural and graceful. The light falls on her uplifted arm and glowing face; the gauzy sleeve, vermeil-tinted, the rich chocolate and gold of the bodice and dull green skirt, form not merely an accurate Oriental costume, but a charming *ensemble*. She is instinct with vivacious life, and consumed with the ardent desire of knowledge—a transliteration of Eve or Elsa, the incarnation of curiosity. Her lustrous black hair streams below the gold and green embroidered cap, which is fastened with a white band; a sheathed dagger hangs at her side, and below, strung on a girdle, hang her remaining keys. Mr. Brewtnall has painted more than one clever picture; he has never before, we think, realised with such warmth and splendour and spontaneity of inspiration a romantic conception. In treatment his picture is unconventional, yet entirely free from the pretentious display of research and pedantry. The essential fact in the old story lies in the act by which the horrid discovery is made. This action Mr. Brewtnall has treated as essential, and in it lies the interest of the picture. To have labelled it with some fancy name would have been useless, its vivacity and dramatic intensity would prevail.

Among the sculpture M. Rodin's bust of Victor Hugo is pre-eminent, a work full of vigour and character. The rare and noble qualities of the sculptor's art are excellently displayed in its faultless modelling and concentrated expression of intensity. One characteristic of the Institute exhibition is the large amount of small landscapes of high class. Among these are Mr. T. Collier's "On the Borders

FATIMA.

(Painted by T. F. Brentnall. Institute, 1880.)

of the New Forest," Mr. Haycock's "Rain Clearing Off," and a capital study of "Poplar Trees" by Mr. Addison. The sea pictures are almost as numerous, among them a really wonderful example of Mr. Henry Moore. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Rough Water on the "Lubeck" and Mr. V. Yglesias' "Berwick" belong to the same class of work—the former is particularly powerful. Mr. Yeend King's poetical impression, "Two Lovers," is injured by the glaring falsity of the lighting of the figures. For the rest, space

A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

(Painted by S. E. Waller. Institute, 1884.)

Medway" is a clever impression. "Black Diamonds," a train of barges coming up stream on the tide, is a powerful river piece by Mr. Wyllie. Mr. Hamilton's "Consuelo" deserves a better position for its rare beauty of colour. Mr. John White's "Inn Door" is painted with all his usual strength and breadth. Mr. John Reid, another robust colourist, is not well represented. Mr. Cyrus Johnson's is not left to mention more examples. The good display made by the younger and less known artists at the Institute may be accepted as a happy augury of the future. In every undertaking "there is nothing," as Byron says, "so difficult as the beginning, except, perhaps, the end." So good a start having been made, consolidation of the scheme may be confidently looked for.

THE INNS OF COURT.

THERE are four great Inns and nine lesser Inns, and they are all situated with respect to one another so that though they are not all in one manor or one parish, they are in one quarter of our town, and form an irregular chain from Oxford Street and Holborn to the Thames. The greater Inns are supposed to rule the less. Thus Clifford's Inn, Clement's Inn, and Lyon's Inn belong to the Inner Temple. To the Middle Temple there were formerly two Inns attached, but the Strand Inn was pulled down by the Protector Somerset, and there only remains New Inn. Lincoln's Inn is supposed to hold in subjection Furnival's Inn and Thavies' Inn; and the rest, namely, Staples Inn (3) and Barnard's Inn, the most picturesque of all, belong to the most picturesque of the greater societies, Gray's Inn. There is besides a little court off Wych Street, which is dignified with the name of Dane's Inn, which does not seem to owe any allegiance; and there were till lately two Serjeants' Inns, but the serjeants themselves have been abolished; and Scroope's Inn, which was also a lodging for serjeants, but was closed before the reign of Henry VII., and now even its site, Scroope's Court, Holborn, has disappeared. The four greater institutions are called Inns of Court; the nine inferior, Inns of Chancery.

1.—THE ENTRANCE TO FOUNTAIN COURT, TEMPLE.

I trust this definition, dry as it must be, will not prove too tough for my readers. But one so often hears of the "Inns of Court and Chancery;" and many of us have so little idea what is meant by the phrase, that it seems worth while to make a precise statement on the subject, though the origin and exact meaning of the names are, notwithstanding some wild guesses, unknown. All these places are supposed to contain lodgings for barristers exclusively; but, as a matter of fact, any one who can afford it may live in them, and the front of Staples Inn is let as a row of shops. The picturesque aspect of the Inns is a matter of much more importance from our present point of view, and is closely connected with their history. I do not think there is any part of London which may afford more enjoyment to the lover of the beautiful or to the student of antiquity than the territory of the lawyers. Although, as I have said, it lies within certain limits, there is a good deal of it. There are a great many courts, lanes, gardens, squares, and walks. And beyond Holborn, two Inns, one of them long modernised, add to the extent of our excursion. Gray's Inn retains its old-world air, but Furnival's Inn, which must once have been the most beautiful of all, was pulled down and rebuilt in a vulgar style some fifty years ago. It had a splendid Gothic hall, and the rest of its buildings, with the street front, were always attributed to Inigo Jones. To judge by the views which have survived it, they were well worthy of that great

master. It is tantalising to read of such a combination: an ancient Gothic hall and a front by Inigo!

The greatest enemies of the old Inns are they of their own households. The chief executive officer of each is the treasurer for the time being, and every treasurer burns to immortalise himself by pulling down as much of his Inn as he can and rebuilding it; and if he can so manage that his building, which will, of course, be decorated with his initials, shall be more staringly new, more extravagantly carved, more entirely beyond the ordinary rules of architectural proportion, so much the greater his future fame. Look at the new buildings in the Temple Gardens, both those in the Middle and those in the Inner Temple. It is impossible to repress a feeling of indignation at seeing them, a feeling which is only exceeded in intensity by one of curiosity. Where did the unhappy treasurers who made these buildings find architects to devise, I will not say design, them? At the present moment the treasurer of Lincoln's Inn is engaged in pulling about that venerable structure, and is, I am told, "improving"—yes, so he asserts, improving—a chapel designed by Inigo Jones. In this case I understand no architect is employed. Probably no architect can be found willing to perform so hateful a job. There has been less innovation perhaps at Gray's Inn than anywhere else, though the gateway—over which, as every one remembers, David Copperfield and Dora lodged once upon a time—has been rebuilt. Field Court is always pleasant to see, and no one can go by the garden gate without a thought of Bacon, who here planted a row of elms and a quickset hedge, and made a "prospect house on a small mount" whence contemplative lawyers might enjoy the view, now wholly cut off by the intervening buildings, of Hampstead and Highgate. The house of Lord Arundel at Highgate, in which Bacon lay dying one snowy day in April, 1626, must have been plainly visible at the time from the garden of Gray's Inn which he had laid out, and of which he may have been thinking when he wrote in his Essays that without gardens "Buildings and Pallaces are but Grosse Handy-works."

Gray's Inn ought to be Grey's Inn, for it is on the site of a house which belonged to the Lords Grey of Wilton. This house appears to have been the residence of the Prebendary of Portpool in the cathedral of St. Paul, but he must have parted with his interest in it at a very remote period, and though there is still a "manor of Portpool," and a prebendal stall of Portpool, the crown is owner of the land, and the Society of Gray's Inn are its tenants, but at the merely nominal rent of £6 13s. 4d. a year.

Gray's Inn has never enjoyed the same estimation in the eyes of lawyers as the other Inns of Court. Perhaps it is partly on this account that it excels the others in beauty. The treasurers have not had the resources of the Temple at their disposal, and have consequently let their buildings much more alone. The quaint little chapel is substantially the old chantry of Portpool where John de Grey placed a priest to pray for his father's soul in 1315. The old garden gate with its wrought iron work has been injured by no more destructive agent than time. The inner court is full of beauty, in spite of its dingy, old-world air. The hall was finished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and is in many respects quite as fine as that of the Middle Temple, its contemporary. But Gray's Inn has not the great array of noble names to boast of which adorns the lists of the other Inns of Court; and, in fact, Bacon, and his father, Sir Nicholas, with Gascoyne, Thomas Cromwell, and Lord Burleigh, are the only legal luminaries of much eminence who have belonged to it.

Although the general aspect of Gray's Inn is so ancient, it is reckoned the youngest of the Inns of Court. It was leased to "students of the law" by the prior of the convent of Shene, now called Richmond, some time after 1480: but the house of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, was occupied by the lawyers as early as 1310; and the Temple before 1320. It is probable that students assembled in Gray's Inn at an earlier period than any that has been recorded. There is much obscurity about the early history of the Temple also, as a place of legal resort. Its records are said to have been burnt by the rebels under Wat Tyler. It is not even known with any certainty when it was that the Inner and Middle Temples became distinct bodies; but it may very well be that there was some distinction between them from the first. This seems the more probable because there was a division of the buildings into three regions from the first time we hear of them. The Outer Temple has wholly disappeared, but it is known to have occupied that district which lay without Temple Bar, where are now Devereux Court and some other narrow lanes. When Childs' Bank was rebuilt a few years ago some remains of the templars' buildings were found, proving that this was not open ground, but was occupied by the knights as well as the district further east.

The Temple Church, which is common to both the Inner and Middle divisions, is, or in a sense used to be, the most ancient of the buildings; but it would be difficult to find so much as a vestige of old work in either the round or the oblong part of the church. The templars' effigies are ancient, but have been "arranged" and no longer mark their graves. There used to be some other ancient monuments and tablets remarkable for their elaborate heraldic decorations, but they have been taken down

3.—THE GATEWAY OF STAPLES INN.

2.—KING'S BENCH WALK, TEMPLE.

and placed behind and under the organ. In short, notwithstanding that the round church and its porch are the only examples of the Norman style visible between Westminster and the Tower of London, very little interest attaches to them. It is impossible to tell what is new and what is a renewal of some ancient feature. The eastern part of the church, it was decided at the Restoration, ought to be in the style known as First Pointed or Early English, and was accordingly denuded of every feature which could militate against that theory, and supplied with everything which was thought in 1839 to be essential to the then newly-discovered style. A more

deplorable example of what has oddly been termed "restoration" does not exist in the world.

simpler domestic style of Queen Anne's time than the Master's House it would be difficult to find. If

4.—LINCOLN'S INN: THE ENTRANCE FROM LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

If the Temple Church presents few features of historical interest or picturesque beauty, there is more than enough in the rest of the buildings. A more charming example, in a small way, of the

it was not designed, like the Middle Temple Gate in Fleet Street, by Sir Christopher Wren, it bears the strongest possible resemblance to his handiwork. The old houses on the eastern side of the King's

Bench Walk (2) are of the same period. The doorways are their chief architectural features, and in the variety of the designs and the delicacy of the workmanship form a small museum in themselves. How long they will be spared by the authorities it would be impossible to say. As, however, it is very improbable that they can survive many years, one of the architectural or archæological societies would be well advised to have them carefully measured and drawn. No better exercise for a student can be conceived.

The Inner Temple Hall and an adjoining library (5) are in the modern Gothic style; and as, though overloaded with carving, the evident straining after picturesqueness and quaintness has not been successful, we may pass them by with a reference to the annexed woodcut. The library of the Middle Temple looks so strangely out of place, is so utterly incongruous, that it is almost picturesque by contrast with its surroundings. At any rate it is a gallant attempt to make use of ancient Gothic for modern purposes, while the other new buildings near it are neither Gothic nor classic, but only remarkable for the lavish ornament which has been bestowed upon them without meaning or purpose, apparently, except to insure the outlay of a large sum of money. One of the doorways in King's Bench Walk shows more thought, more knowledge, more just ideas of architectural proportion, and more mechanical skill than all the new buildings of the Middle Temple, including the new gateway to the Embankment. It is hardly worth while, perhaps, to protest against the constant innovations which are transforming the Temple. The charming little Fountain Court (1) has been the last sufferer. There is little or nothing left, not even the fountain, as it was when Charles Dickens wrote of it. The Middle Temple Hall has associations with Shakespeare which may help to preserve it for awhile. It has been refaced, and the interior has been much bedizened with tawdry ornament, but it remains substantially as it was when his "Twelfth Night" was played in it in February, 1602. It is more than probable that he attended in person and that he may have played in the piece. One of the most interesting features of the interior as it is now is the series of coats-of-arms of the successive treasurers. Among them, conspicuous in its simplicity, is a shield on which a treasurer, not having inherited a coat-of-arms, and scorning to take out a grant from the Heralds' College, has simply inscribed his initials.

5.—THE LIBRARY TOWER, INNER TEMPLE.

Though Lincoln's Inn must be considered the oldest of the lawyers' "roosting-places," it has fewer features of antiquity than the others. The ground consists of two parts. One, the northern, was an estate, slowly and gradually pieced together by the Dominican or Black Friars, after their first arrival in England. Their house, like the first house of the templars, stood in Holborn, near the top or northern end of the roadway, now called Chancery Lane. By begging, by buying, by receiving bequests, and by various other expedients, they made themselves a little estate which extended along the eastern side of a tract of waste land. This waste is now Lincoln's Inn Fields, and was then a bushy heath or common belonging to the village of Rugmere, round the Hospital of St. Giles, which eventually gave a name to the parish. This little estate was

divided from the line of Fleet Street and the Strand by the house and grounds of the Bishop of Chichester. In 1276 the friars removed to a new house in the precinct, within London Wall, ever since known as the Blackfriars, and the Earl of Lincoln obtained the Chancery Lane estate. He was well affected to the study of the law, as we are told, being, in fact, the chief commissioner appointed by Edward to reform the judicature. Whether as part of the new order of legal affairs, or because he was the last of his line, his house became the head-quarters of the Chancery bar, and has continued so ever since. Soon after, the young society took a lease from the bishop of all the land surrounding his house, and extended their buildings accordingly. In the reign of Henry VIII. the bishop alienated both house and land, and in 1580 the Benchers obtained possession of the whole site. Yet, with all this ancient history, Lincoln's Inn has no features older than the year 1518, a date which appears upon the gate in Chancery Lane. At a somewhat later period the adjoining chambers were erected, when, as Fuller tells us, Ben Jonson worked as a mason, with a trowel in his hand and a book in his pocket. The brick, which now looks so old and dingy, was made and baked in the bishop's "coney-garth," in the south-western part of the premises. The chapel was built from the designs of Inigo Jones, and was consecrated in 1623. Winston especially praises the richness of the stained glass, which was made "by Mr. Hall, a glass-painter in Fetter Lane." It is to be hoped that the windows will not suffer under the heavy hand of the present amateur "restorer" of this quaint building, which is perched on arches, and is, or was, a very curious example of Seventeenth Century Gothic.

In the second and more lasting revival of Gothic which our own day has seen, one of the most satisfactory and indeed magnificent buildings in the style was erected in Lincoln's Inn. The Hall, in red brick, banded with dark patterns, like some of the ancient towers at Lambeth, is a very happy example of the powers of Philip Hardwick. In my "History of London" (ii. 74) I have spoken of the strange choice of the architect. He was one of the leaders of the Grecian craze, which has inflicted heavy injuries on the aspect of our public places. Yet he was chosen to erect a "Tudor" hall, and the most surprising thing to observe is how completely he succeeded. Adjoining the hall is the gateway, represented in a preceding engraving (4). The subject is well chosen: for though Hardwick's buildings are but forty years old, they are worthy to take rank with the Elizabethan halls of the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn. Adjoining the hall is the library, in a similar style. W. J. Loftie.

SCULPTURE AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

CAFFIERI.

THE museum of the Comédie Française is of surpassing interest, irrespective of the masterpieces of sculpture and painting it contains; for it forms a vast chronicle of all that is noblest and best in the history of French drama. Its portraits, its bronzes, its marbles are the frontispiece to a record teeming with character and rich in romance. But there are few who care to open the golden book. The famous Foyer—the Walhalla of the stage—is to its thousand visitors a mere promenade: a refuge, during the interludes of Augier or Dumas or Molière. Houdon's magnificent "Voltaire" dominates the scene: all are drawn to it in wonder and admiration; and all, or nearly all, quit the gallery without more than a passing glance for its fellows. Is it because Voltaire is the one and only poet whose portrait the Comédiens du Roi admitted into the sacred precincts during his lifetime, that his soul appears to linger in the marble?

A century and a half ago the Comédie could boast neither picture nor bust. It was only in 1743 that plastic art found its way into the theatre, in the shape of a Largillière, the portrait of Mdlle. Duclos as Ariane. This was a legacy from the great actress herself; and as in life she reigned alone on the stage, so after death her image reigned long without a rival on its walls. Save for her picture, in fact, and for De Troy's "Baron"—Molière's old pupil; great in comedy, great in tragedy; the finest actor of his epoch—they remained bare for upwards of thirty years. It is worthy of note that the idea of a permanent theatrical museum was due to a sculptor, and no less a one than Jean-Jacques Caffieri.

No man was better fitted for the initiation of such a scheme. He came of a long line of Italian artists who had settled in France in the middle of the Seventeenth Century. His grandfather, Filippo Caffieri—one of the ablest craftsmen of Rome—came specially recommended to Mazarin, and was placed at the Gobelins, then managed by Lebrun, who was also Superintendent of the Royal Palaces. Filippo Caffieri at once improved his opportunity by marrying

a relative of his master. It was the making of his fortune. Louis XIV., new to the throne, was enlisting the services of sculptors and painters from all parts of Europe to assist in the decoration of the was thrown open to those among his kinsmen who worked at his side. It is impossible here to trace the results of his prolonged labours, or to tell in detail of those of his industrious descendants. In those days

PIERRE CORNEILLE.
(From the Bust by Caffieri. Théâtre Français.)

Louvre. Among these recruits Filippo Caffieri was pre-eminent. He was not only employed to carry out the caprices of the king in Paris; his inventive genius and his skill were soon required for even greater undertakings at Saint Germain, at Marly, and at Versailles. Nor did the advantage of his kinship with the Peintre du Roi end here: the field sculptors were not averse from decorating a façade or carving the ornaments of a boudoir. It will be enough to say that the Caffieris formed no inconsiderable part of the active and flourishing community of "fondeurs-ciseleurs;" that they introduced and led a fashion in art-furniture and decoration which is not extinct even yet; and that, like many

ROTROU.

(From the Bust by Caffieri, Théâtre Français.)

artist-families of their time, they show a marked progress from generation to generation. They culminated in Jean-Jacques Caffieri, the benefactor of the Comédie Française. The genius consummated and centred in him attained to its loftiest expression in a gallery of portraits which are almost unmatched in modern art.

It passed through many phases—as it had in his ancestors—ere its strength and purpose were fully revealed. He had been a successful student at the Académie, and had been sent to Rome, where he worked and sojourned for five years, as the Roman prizemen always do. Both there, and in Paris on his return in 1753, he amazed the connoisseurs by his facility and inventiveness in decorative art. He had illustrated many scenes from Bible history, and had produced not a few mythological groups. To one whose work was so rapid and withal so good there was no denying a place; and in 1759, having finished his allegorical figure, "Le Fleuve," and presented it to the Assemblée, he was made an Academician. He had gained a distinct position in art, yet he was in no sense a public favourite, like Bouchardon, Pigalle, Lemoyne, or Coustou; and Diderot, the inventor of art-criticism, "le grand-père de nous tous," was not his friend. The kindest judgment the philosopher had so far passed on his work was that his bust of Rameau the composer—of Rameau, most resolute of contrapuntists, a pedagogue among musicians and a musician among pedagogues—"was striking, cold, meagre, as it ought to be." But Caffieri's industry never flagged: year by year he continued to produce statues and portraits, and as he laboured, so the circle of his admirers increased. He must have attained to a lofty eminence of success, for the enemies he had made were many and strong. Some went so far as to disturb his peace by making him the victim of a hoax, in which the terror of assassination was a principal element.

In the Salon of 1765 he exhibited, with a "Triton," three busts: of Rameau, the musician Lulli, and Burette de Belloy, the poet of a certain number of tragedies—the "Siège de Calais" among them—which in their day were popular, but which only Mr. Saintsbury of living men has dared to read. Six years later they were reproduced in marble; and those of the two musicians were presented to the Opéra, and that of De Belloy to the Comédie. The two former were destroyed by fire; the latter still has a place of honour in the Foyer. It is amusing to note the several views of Diderot concerning these productions in their several forms. Here is his verdict on the three bronzes: "Que voulez-vous que je vous dise de Caffieri?" he says in his "Salon:" "qu'il a fait les bustes de Lulli et de Rameau, que la celebrité de ces deux noms a fait regarder." Upon the marbles he thus—as becomes the author of the "Paradoxe"—delivers himself: "Ces trois ont une verité admirable, et sont d'un ciseau savant; ils rendront Caffieri participant de leur immortalité." The encyclopædist was conquered; and this but four years after he had heaped ridicule on Caffieri's charming "Innocence." In fact the sculptor's success was now complete. He was on terms of intimacy with all the "men of light and leading;" he had a studio and a lodging in the Louvre; he had been appointed Professor at the Académie and sculptor to the king. He had, in fine, won all the prizes in his profession worth the winning. A man who had attained to so enviable a position would be, one might think, among the happiest of mortals. Caffieri lived a life of perpetual discontent, raising complaints on grounds the most trivial, impatient of the slightest praise bestowed on others, dissatisfied with the praise bestowed upon himself. The records of the time abound with his clamours and disputes and claims. No rebuke, whether courteous or quarrelsome, could check his importunity, once he had an end in view. It is not surprising that he had a world of enemies, and was the butt of plenty of ridicule and abuse. It must not be overlooked, however, that much of his discontent was the expression of an intense desire to pursue his labours unmolested and alone; that the bitterness of his plaints was the effect of some disturbing cause in the neighbourhood of his studio. It was a weakness, and one that grew upon him; but it must be admitted that it was at all times overshadowed by his untiring industry and a genuine enthusiasm for his art.

He was unmarried. His greatest pleasure was the theatre and the opera. These he visited almost nightly; and the passion of the playgoer may account for much of that dramatic imagination and energy which characterise his splendid portraiture of the heroes of the stage. The artists of the Comédie had, as I have already said, scarcely a relic of their predecessors. The history of the theatre was a tradition; the players of old time were so many shadows—thin and fast-vanishing; only the poets had left an enduring mark. On all the rest the curtain had fallen; all was gone save the memory of a fading pageant. This was the state of things when Caffieri stepped in to the rescue, and with his own hand peopled the famous playhouse with the presentments of all that was greatest and best in its past.

The Musée had its beginning in the following way. The comedians had been duped; a portrait of Pierre Corneille which had been presented to them turned out to be a forgery and a fraud. Caffieri, interested in all that concerned the theatre, borrowed Lebrun's portrait of the mighty Norman, modelled a bust from it, and gave his work to the company.

"Your Foyer," he said, "should hereafter be the abode of all who have illustrated the stage; but they will be interesting only in so far as they resemble the originals. You may rely on the resemblance of this one, which I beg you to accept as a homage rendered to the great Corneille and to your talents." He did more than originate the idea of a gallery; he helped more than any one else to give it shape and being. He followed up his first gift with a bust of Thomas Corneille, and on the death of Piron he offered the Comédie a marble bust of the poet in exchange for a life-pass to the theatre. His example was soon followed. Pajou, Foucou, Boizot, Moreau came forward with busts of Dufresny, Dancourt, Racine, and Regnard, all on the same terms—a free pass to the House of Molière. And once started, the collection grew in other ways and was fed from other sources. Many presentations were made by connoisseurs, among them that of Houdon's statue of Voltaire. Sedaine, the excellent poet, the soundest and most human-hearted dramatist of his age, even resigned the profits of a play that the theatre might possess a marble of Molière. In the ten years that followed Caffieri's suggestion it became a question where room could be found for the crowd of gifts which had come in. The gallery of the Public Foyer, and the Public Foyer itself, contained nine busts by Caffieri alone—of Piron, La Chaussée, La Fontaine, Quinault, De Belloy, J.-B. Rousseau, Thomas Corneille, Pierre Corneille, and Rotrou. With these were Foucou's "Regnard" and "Dancourt," Pajou's "Dufresny," Boizot's "Racine," D'Huez's "Crébillon," Berruer's "Destouches," and Houdon's "Voltaire" and "Molière." Such a collection, with the poor accommodation of the Comédie as it then was, became a serious responsibility; and the Comédiens were before long obliged to petition for a new and more spacious building wherein to house their treasures.

Many have held, and still hold, that as a portrait of the poet of the "Cid," Caffieri's "Corneille" is too simple and austere. Caffieri, however, was too great a master, and understood his subject too well, either to exaggerate or to diminish the characteristics of a writer whose whole life was in his face. To those who know something of his models it is apparent that he transfused into his portraits not only the essence of a character but the essence of a life as well. Corneille, it is certain, was neither a great pleader nor a good talker. He scarcely succeeded at the bar, and in society he was a failure. Only at his desk was he himself. There, however, he could, in "Le Menteur," anticipate and help Molière; in the Matamore of the "Illusion" he could beat the Spaniards at their own weapons; he could approve himself the prince of tragics—the father of Camille and Cinna, of Rodrigue and Chimène, of Polyeucte and Sertorius and Rodogune; he could coin verse so lofty and ample, so plangent and keen, that it is the world's delight even yet:—

"Chez cette race nouvelle
Où j'aurai quelque crédit,
Vous ne passerez pour belle
Qu'autant que je l'aurai dit.

"Pensez-y, belle Marquise,
Quoiqu'un grison fasse effroi,
Il vaut qu'on le courtise
Quand il est fait comme moi."

This, the high-priest of the heroic, is the Corneille of Caffieri. He gives us both the maker of heroes and the man; strong, simple, self-contained, a little heavy; dwelling in a world of his own imagining. In his "Rotrou," one of the finest essays in romantic portraiture of modern times, we have not the maker of heroes alone; we have the hero himself. The face, the cavalier air, the energy and daring of the pose, the admirable gesture of the head, all tell their story; and their story—which is true—is one of fearless veracity, of perfect generosity, of dauntlessness in the face of death. It is the playwright who told the world that all they lauded in his work was not his own but Lope's, and all they blamed in it not Lope's but his own; it is the poet who, dethroned by Corneille, found nothing so sweet and excellent as his rival's praise; it is the "magistrat héroïque," who met and fought the perils of the plague for his fellow-citizens, who said, "The bells tolled for the twenty-second time to-day; they will toll for me when it pleases God," and who, when God at last was pleased, went valiantly to his rest.

"Tous ces appas seront ternis;
Ces membres seront désunis,
Ces beaux cheveux sans ordre, et ces yeux sans lumière
Enfin ce corps si bien taillé
Changera sa grâce première
En l'horreur d'un schelet couvert de sang caillé.
Et lorsqu'un destin plus humain
Aura blanchi cette matière,
L'os d'une cuisse ou d'une main
Traînera dans un cimitière."

When the noble poet wrote this desperate stave—which reminds one of the churchyard scene in "Hamlet"—he little dreamed that the likeness of the face and form he so bitterly contemned would be one day the admiration and the delight of all the artists of the world, and more perhaps than his own masterpieces, than "Venceslas" or "Saint-Genest" itself, would keep for ages to come his memory green.

Of Piron—one of the brightest and strongest intellects of the Eighteenth Century—Caffieri has produced a bust whose chief characteristics are genius and a certain cold and rather cruel strength. This is

the Burgundian the steady brilliance of whose wit dazzled and exhausted Rousseau; who wrote the best comedy of his century; who made epigrams as other men make sentences; who dared to say, of himself sets forth his bitterest experience, and is written with heart as well as mind. His tragedies are inconceivably dull even for the Eighteenth Century; the best of his songs are not songs to sing. But it is

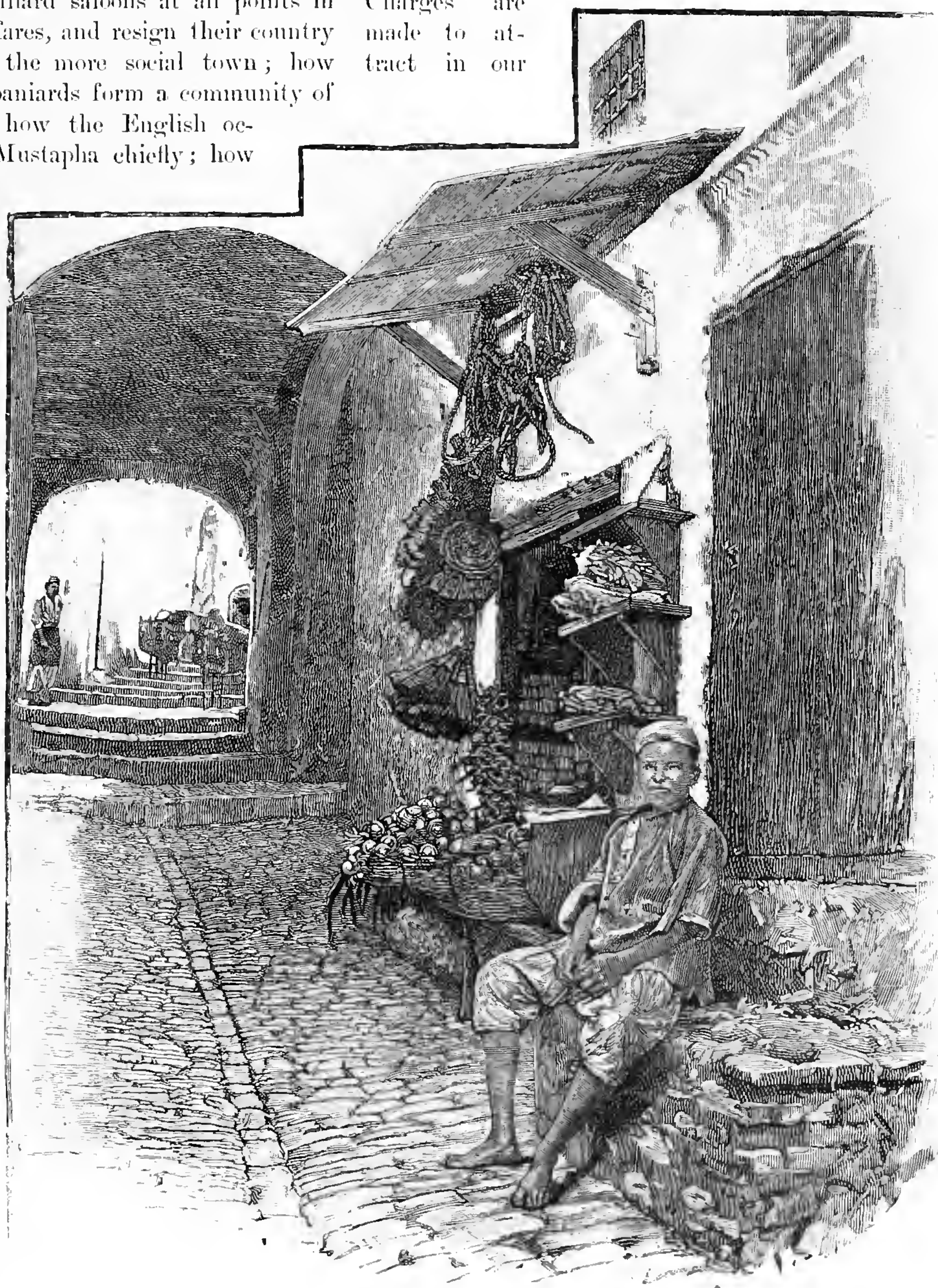
ALEXIS PIRON.
(*From the Bust by Caffieri. Théâtre Français.*)

and another—"Voltaire works in marquetry and I cast in bronze." His wings were muddy and horribly bedaubed; but he had genius, and he was almost a great man. The "Métromanie" (which is still played) contains the most precious if not the most original of his fruits, not because he laboured harder upon it than on anything else he did, but because it not as a tragic or as a singer either that he is now remembered. He lives as one of the best talkers of his time (they say that even Voltaire was afraid of him), as the poet of the "Métromanie" and a cloud of epigrams, as the writer of much that had better have been unwritten, and as the original of Caffieri's commanding bust.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

MORE ABOUT ALGIERS.

In old Algiers the diligent explorer will never lack employment for his observation. He will note powerful evidences of the gregarious habit in this place of many peoples; how the Jews occupy the bazaars and have their own quarter, though no restricted mediæval Ghetto; how the French hold the shops and cafés and billiard saloons at all points in the principal thoroughfares, and resign their country houses in winter for the more social town; how the large colony of Spaniards form a community of peculiar consistency; how the English occupy the heights of Mustapha chiefly; how Greeks and Maltese alone seem ubiquitous. The very market-folk form distinct sections easily characterised. In the chief market-place the numerous Spaniards, stationed among fruit and vegetable produce, reveal their position in the colony. They have invaded the soil, and are great cultivators. Up country, and particularly towards Oran, they are among the most successful farmers. Your average French colonist loves trade in town, has his eye on a café with billiards—in any case, to make money is his ambition, that he may return home some day. Home is too near for him to prove a good emigrant. The scene in the great market is very attractive, and the noise of conflicting tongues tremendous. Here, as elsewhere in Algiers, prices appear to be prohibitive. The illusion is quickly dispelled by the simple process of offering one-half, and a compromise results. Nothing is more opposed to our ideas of traffic than this primitive custom. Charges are made to attract in our



ALGIERS.—I.: A TRADER'S STALL.

shops; here the reverse obtains, and no transaction is effected without much deliberation and diplomatic display. The fish-market is more suggestive than any. Here may be partly solved a problem that readily occurs to the visitor: how was it that the Deys contrived to man their cruisers out of a population such as throngs the town, where scarcely an individual possesses one requisite quality? For their galleys there were, of course, abundant slaves; but descendants of their fighting-men and the marine element seem absent. The Moors, too, were always lovers of ease and addicted to trade. The chief corsairs were seldom Algerines; they were often renegades from various countries, and more frequently Turks. Among the concourse of boatmen and fishermen may be noted several of a type as distinct and strange as the sea-spoil that encumbers the pavement. These brown and brawny ruffians have something of the air and bearing of the pirates of old. It requires little fancy to picture them in Sixteenth Century garb, ready to renounce their boats and nets, take to grappling-irons and matchlocks, and enlist under Aroudj and Kair-eddin, the famous Barbaroussas. There is, perhaps, still dormant in them something of that ferocious zeal which carried the fire and sword of the Odjiac against all Christendom, even as the knights of Malta and Rhodes combated Islam.

Penetrating the old town, the change from the glare and heat of the modern city is soon pleasantly perceptible; and passing up any of the irregular, steep, and often malodorous streets, the old and lofty houses are seen leaning outwards and nearly meeting their opposite neighbours overhead, their blank white walls and infrequent windows suggesting little of the beauty and finish of the architecture within. Owing to their eccentricity of direction and the entire aimlessness of plan, anything like a vista of importance up or down the steep hillside upon which the Arab town of Algiers is built is almost impossible, but such perspectives as are to be obtained are full of character and power. The whole town is a congeries of streets and alleys, a network of passages of extreme narrowness whose apparent end and aim lies in the direction of the Kasbah, the crowning edifice of the White City, and often the traveller who is bent upon the discovery of that fortress, so obvious and extant as viewed from below, is baffled by the sudden doubling of the speciously straight track into which he has been lured, and he finds his hopes dashed and his way leading precipitately downhill. The general aspect of these streets is one of cool grey calm below, with a glint of intense sunlight striking the upper and higher end of the passage, where a grim archway supports the union of the two opposing rows of houses, leading into further intricacies. In deep dark nooks in the walls and in pleasant shadow is seen here and there a Jew or Moor sitting amid his wares in his tiny shop while, as in our picture (I.), his Arab boy waits on the customers. Overhead are the few square windows, all heavily barred outwards with strong projecting irons much in the fashion of a grille; and there are many additions to the houses which appear to be the result of a struggle on the part of the inhabitants for more air and more room internally, for the upper floors project one beyond another upwards, until but little direct sunlight enters the street, and the visible sky is but a little strip of brilliant blue. These projections are all supported by strong timber of rough unsawn logs, and the whole arrangement is of great advantage to the pedestrian, making the street itself cool and its atmosphere a slumberous calm. The reverberation from the sharp lights where the sun strikes the houses or the minaret of a mosque fills every portion of the street with subdued radiance, revealing unexpected angles and soft delicate colour under every arch and doorway. These windows, so jealously guarded, set one a-dreaming of the dark eyes of Zuleika or the snowy moon-brows of Fatima imprisoned within; but they also give rise in the uninitiated to utterly false notions of the interior of the prison, which is a veritable paradise for all the senses to revel in, where colour runs riot and every sight and sound is a luxury: not one of those *paradis artificiels* of which Baudelaire lifted the veil and revealed the imaginative pleasures beheld through the medium of his favourite opiate, but a scène ancient as life itself, and as full of unwearying delight for the artist. Through a doorway with a cunningly carved canopy of wood, supported by two stone pillars with massive capitals and serpentine fluting, a little vestibule is reached with deep embrasures on both sides where the master of the house meets his guests. A delightful view (III.) is obtained from here of the base of a large patio, or court, a little depressed in level from the entrance. In the centre a fountain sends up a thin spray of water, and at the foot of each twisted column that supports the slender white horseshoe arches, which rise airily from the four sides of the court, a few vines and passion flowers, or the Bougainvillea, flushing into tender mauve at its extremities, clamber to the floor above; while orange, lime, or pomegranate trees cast refreshing shadows on the blue and white tiles of the floor, ever flashing and changing beneath the soft light thrown from the sunny walls above.

Our illustration (III.) gives an admirable idea of these characteristic features of an Algerian house. The hanging lamps here shown are frequently of great beauty, being of wrought brass or bronze, and of fantastic design. There are no reception rooms or inhabited apartments, and it is on the floor above that the chief attractions of the interior are to

be found. Upon the first floor is a repetition of the graceful arches below, but of a more ornate character, and between the columnal supports runs a balustrade of wood (IV.) fantastically carved with an arabesque design of marvellous infinitude of detail, over which one may lounge in sun or shade, and peep into the cool bower of greenery below, hearing the musical plash of the fountain, or, from above, the cooing of doves sporting on the lines of pretty round tiles that slant downwards over the four sides of the court. In the dusky white corridor the floor is laid with the white and blue tiles as below; and here are various entrances to the more important rooms, each with a setting of coloured tiles that shimmer in the white wall; and along the whole extent of the passage runs a dado of tiles of quaintest design, in which every shade of yellow and blue, from the pale primrose and hyaline to a deep glowing orange and turquoise, make a subtle harmony of colour and of most ineffable repose in effect. These flat tiles are sometimes found to be of considerable antiquity and of remarkable beauty; often, looked at closely they are enigmatic in design and dull and blurred in colour, but at a few steps distant they burn with lustrous colour like fine majolica, and seem to emit and not to receive light. Those in the oldest houses, and some in the Dey's palace and the more ancient of the mosques, are of exquisite artistic merit and of inimitable effect, and occasionally show signs of Persian origin in the faint suggestions of the couchant lion and sun, which are of course opposed to Arabic tastes and traditions. The principal guest-chamber is, as in most Moorish houses, of no great width when compared with its length, owing to the scarcity of large timber in the country. No light is admitted from below, in the barbarous fashion of modern European houses where plate-glass and French windows abound, but it is diffused gently through the room, and, save through the entrance from the corridor, in no striking degree. Rugs from Tunis, Biskra, and Constantine are spread on the floor, some dark blue and tawny, others with the fine combination of ochreous reds and yellows that is so admirable a feature in Kabyle pottery; these solid and rich in texture and hue, those sheeny, and when gathered casually in folds in a strong light possessing a fluctuant quality of colour of wonderful life and glow, and all alike designed with that untiring ingenuity of detail and hatred of iteration so remarkable in Moorish art—a display of variation in pattern that is the more wonderful when their perfect homogeneous and harmonious unity is considered. Within the massive walls are more than one alcove, richly draped, within which are reproduced reductions of the columns and arch as shown outside; here are the windows, below which are deep niches where you may sit in the tender half-light amid all the solemnity and glory of colour, and sip the bitter but fragrant coffee while the delighted eye scans the arabesque intaglio ornament within the spaces of the arches, the subdued brilliancy of the inlaid tiles, and the richly carved ceiling of thuja and cedar seen through the half-opened curtains. The sense of refinement—for that is the true impression, and not one of mere luxury—is indescribable; the luxurious sense is at first impressed, but when the eye is conquered by the absolute beauty of the *ensemble* of the room it gives way to the conviction of its perfect refinement of tone. The coffee is brought in to us and left on a small low octagonal stool-like table, exquisitely inlaid with sandal-wood, turquoise, and mother-of-pearl; and the circular tray of burnished brass, with its curiously cut pattern of crescents, triangles, and scrolls, forms an admirable relief to the red and white cups of the hot beverage. The bearer, a good-looking olive-complexioned boy, stands half in the doorway beneath the parted curtains; a spray of pomegranate flower is in his mouth as he affects to be looking across the quadrangle outside with polite Oriental indifference, but taking at intervals a sly glance over his shoulder at the strangers. In our picture (IV.), beyond the entrance, a peep is obtained of the outer gallery, with its carved balustrade and elegant colonnade.

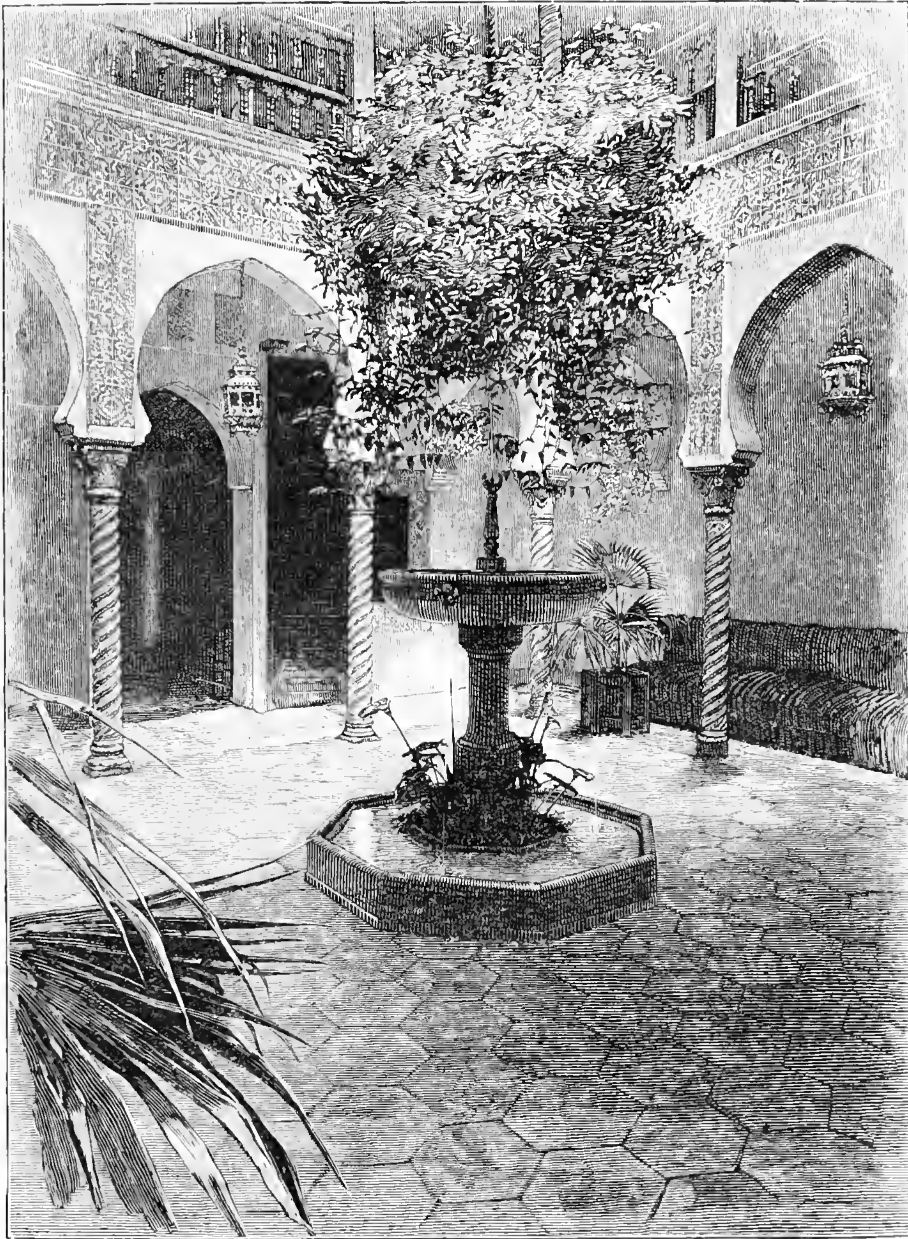
It was in such interiors as this, in the sumptuous palaces of the Dey and in the mosques, that Delacroix found a new force wake within him; and although he estimated his Algerian work as secondary to his historical pictures, it is probable that he never painted with more genuine inspiration than when engaged on his Oriental subjects. French art is fortunate in possessing the works of another artist, very distinct in most respects from Delacroix, but quite successful in another field in representing the life of the Algerian Orient. To appreciate the work of Eugène Fromentin—who is greater, perhaps, as a writer than a painter, and who is certainly the prince of art-critics—one has to leave the city and follow the vagrant Arab or accompany the caravan. He excelled in delineating in its broadest aspects the open-air life of the Algerian desert, and no painter ever was a more patient student not merely of those matters inseparable from the practice of his art, but of the *vie intime* of the roving Arabs and the tillers of the soil in the band of highly-cultivated country north of the Metidja and contiguous to Algiers, known as the Sahel. He had visited the Constantine confines of Tunis and the mountains of Batna, the Biskra palms and the oasis of El-Argouhat; and the plateaux of Medeah and the Milianah mountains were as familiar to him as Algiers itself. His know-

ledge of the country, its antiquities, the ethnology of its different races, his healthy literary sympathies, joined to his facile powers as a draughtsman, gave him immense advantages. The force and truth, the vivacity of expression and thoroughness of detail in his representations of nomadic life are remarkable, and his many pictures, in which the horse and his rider figure, invariably possess some of the good qualities of painting. In such works as "Le Simoum," "La Chasse au Héron," and "Une Fantaisia," his fine sense of composition is highly displayed. In the latter picture, particularly, the *élan* and admirably contrasted pose of all three of the central mounted Arabs are notable, while in the horses themselves the life and excitement of rapid evolution are portrayed with singular power.

About four miles from Algiers is the suburb of Mustapha, where Fromentin spent several months making studies and writing that admirable book—"Une Année au Sahel." With the magnificent palace of the Dey for its central object of interest, and its white villas and Moorish houses dotted irregularly amid a wilderness of gardens on the slopes of the green hills, this delightful region presents a beautiful picture when viewed from the bay—the whole of which, with part of the Metidja and the Djur-jura mountains, it overlooks. The hills are intersected by deep ravines clothed with a wild growth of olive, lentisk, cork, and orange; and from every hillside and hollow lane after the first rains there arise in bewildering abundance and as if by magic myriads of wild flowers, orchis, star of Bethlehem, cyclamen, gladiolus, iris, and many more. The lush growth of the vegetation is marvellous in itself; but after the

ALGIERS.—II.: A GARDEN

arid appearance of the country in summer and autumn it is positively miraculous, and the deep lanes and shady hollows in the hills, in the Frais Vallon and about El Biar and Mustapha supérieure, are in February as green as the South Devon country. The view the foreground the brilliant tecoma climbs a tall ailanthus tree, and the flame of its honeysuckle-like flowers is modified by the dark tone of the blue foamless sea backed by the aërial mountains. Directly below, a thick growth of orange and lemon trees, the



ALGIERS.—III.: IN A PATIO.

from the terraced gardens of one of the villas that overlook the sea is profoundly beautiful. The great zigzag of the military road below is only indicated by an occasional puff of dust rising above the line of carob and eucalyptus planted along it. The flat roofs and shapely cupolas of the Dey's palace gleam above a sea of waving foliage, and immediately in delicate scented Japanese medlar, and masses of heliotrope and Provence roses make the air sweet with their perfume. A wild garden scene similar to this is the subject of the large painting by Mr. J. W. North, shown some nine years back at the Water-Colour Society's exhibition, in which there is much that is felicitous in colour, the distant

Mediterranean and the warm tones of the middle distance being particularly characteristic and truthful. From these slopes of Mustapha the ancient city may be observed glittering under the broad noon-light, throned on the green hills, and washed by the blue tideless sea. This aspect—so suggestive of splendour and antique power—doubtless inspired the imagery of the following sonnet :—

"Like Dido on the Carthaginian strand,
Facing the cold false sea in blank dismay,
Æneas-lorn; or 'neath the garish day,
Like some great pearl cast up from ocean-land,
Whose light, reverberating swift, hath spann'd
Heaven and shore and sea, art thou—a ray
From out the sun-swept sea, thou dost betray
The sun, thy lover, ere he gain command.
Well, guilty City, may the soul be led
To think of Europe paling at thy frown,
To muse on thy old splendour, conquest-bred,
Imperial mistress of the Great Sea crown,
Seeing thee France-bestridden, spirit dead,
And thy barbaric grandeur quite cast down."

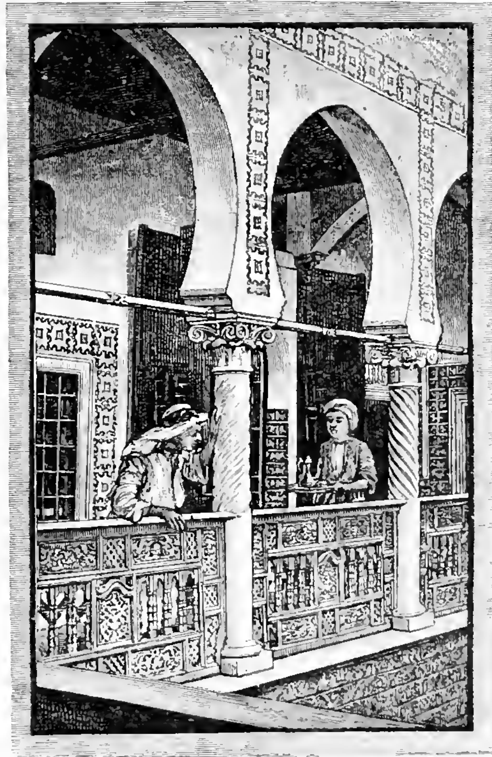
A previous illustration (II.) shows a beautiful marble pavilion in a delightful wilderness of bananas and bamboo. Nothing is more charming than the medley of tropical vegetation and the more familiar flowers and trees of our own gardens. Around them may be seen apricot and almond trees, and quite a jungle of geranium. The scene is no less beautiful and more impressive at night, when the large soft moon is rising over the mountains and the plain is flooded with the stream of yellow light from her nearly level rays. In the basin of the fountain in the orangery the planets are reflected, and in the sea they appear in luminous serpentine trails across the bay; the nightingales in the jungle of bamboo in the near ravine make the hollow ring with their deep-throated harmony; the cry of the jackal is heard from the distant hills, while on all sides there rises and falls, like the wanton spirit of the Æolian harp, a melody that cannot fail to strike the listener with a sense of mystery. It seems in the air, and is like a myriad bells upon all the hills around, now nearing and now dying away in languishing tones, and it is with a sense of incredulity and disappointment that the cause is learned. This music is in no respect akin to that of Prospero's island, for it proceeds from the throats of a million frogs who are certainly not Aristophanic in their vocalisation, but who almost rival the nightingale, the weird effect being one of the magical works of mingled moonlight and distance. The frogs that inhabit the ruinous Moorish cisterns and the great bull-frog of the plains are quite other and undesirable members of the family.

It is surprising that more English artists do not follow the example of Mr. Edgar Barclay, and in particular that more English painters of landscape do not in emulation of Fromentin and the Arab roam through the less frequented districts of the great plains and mountain plateaux, which they would find quite embarrassing in their wealth of suggestion. But even the Sahel presents a field not by any means exhausted. Viewed from the heights above Mustapha, from the romantic grounds of the Château d'Hydra, for instance, an incomparable view of mountain and champaign country is obtained. It was here that I first met an English artist whose influence was then at its height, and whose work shortly afterwards received additional and melancholy interest and fresh affectionate appreciation owing to his premature death. It was in an early month in 1874, at one of the hospitable *réunions* at the beautiful old Château d'Hydra, that I met Frederick Walker, who was then living at Mustapha with Mr. North. Wandering along a delightful path that overlooked the valley that runs southward to Birmandraïs, I was enjoying the exquisite phantasmal effects in the distant view caused by the recent rains, which had blotted out that peculiar quality in the aërial perspective which meteorologists term visibility, and caused the distant Atlas to appear no longer as opaque masses of colour, but an ever-changing and tantalising mirage that dominated the vast plain. Here in a sudden turn of the path our party came on a young man seated beneath some ancient fig-tree; his gaze was directed towards the mountains, but I saw in the intense abstraction of his eyes that they formed no part of his vision. A companion who perceived my interest observed that I should know him, that he was a countryman of mine, Frederick Walker, the artist. The expression of rapt ardour in his face was unlike anything I had ever seen; and years afterwards I felt its pathos with new force in contemplating Mr. Armstead's beautiful profile of the dead painter, the refined sensibility of which he has so happily reproduced. It appeared to me then that he was, like Regnault in Paris, consumed with a nostalgia: not the yearning for the open-air life and vital necessity for more sun, but a desire no less deep for the quiet beech woods and breezy commons of Berkshire, the quaint villages of Bisham and Cookham, and the old-world life of English hamlets. Amid all the exotic vegetation and beneath the burning blue of the Algerian spring he seemed little mindful of the lush and novel forms of life, or the colour and movement of the Oriental city.

The country about Algiers has been likened to that between Marseilles and Nice; but besides the absence of Alpine heights there is more radiance and richer colour, and never a touch of "mistral" or "bise," the terrible winds of Provence. In every direction from the hilly district of Mustapha a charming

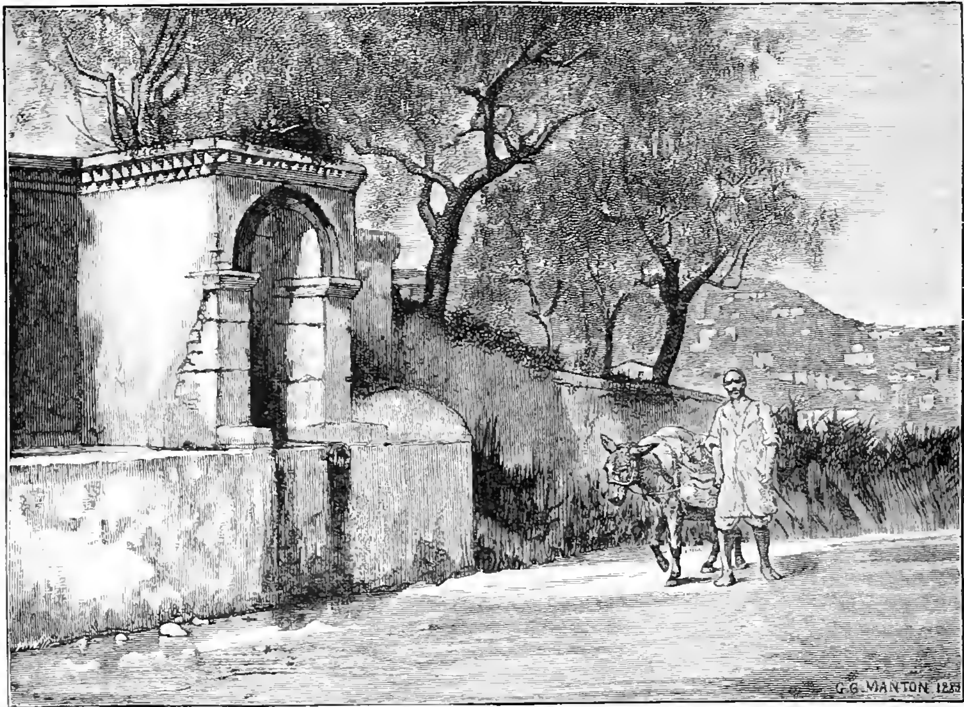
country extends, abounding in pretty villages, with many beautiful valleys, and hills dotted here and there with villas or snow-white koubbas. Beyond the Château d'Hydra the scene is most striking. Following the road that leads to Birmandraïs, slumbering in the shade of its plane-trees, vineyards and gardens and olive plantations are delightfully blended with wilder stretches of hillside, on which the tall dead flower-stems of the aloe appear like abandoned telegraph-posts rising from hedges of aloe and cactus. Entering a lonely valley called La Femme Sauvage, where a little stream runs seaward, fringed with maidenhair fern, the lofty spires of some gigantic cypress-trees are grouped by the wayside. These trees are as notable as that famous one near Como, mentioned by Pliny as a fine antique, and the subject of Landor's sonorous eloquence. They stand in absolute solitude, with nothing to detract from their prodigious dignity. They affect one as a mighty cathedral fane in a flat country. Their age is unknown—immense doubtless—and they may be coeval with the Mauritanian kings. Their grace is architectural, and as sylvan monuments they may be contrasted with that remarkable mausoleum which stands many leagues westward beyond Koleah, between desolate sea and deserted plain, called the Tombeau de la Chrétienne. Nothing can be more impressive than this singular ruin when seen by the traveller crossing the Metidja to Blidah or Medeah. Although not more than 130 feet in height, when thus seen breaking the horizon of the vast plain it assumes Titanic bulk and something of the forsaken grandeur of the ruins of the Roman Campagna or the temples of Pæstum. Pyramidal in form, it has four false entrances, corresponding with the cardinal points, and was undoubtedly a place of sepulture, probably, as M. Gaffarel and others surmise, built by Juba II. Near it is the dried bed of a salt lake, and around, barren plain and unbroken solitude. It has suffered much from Christian and infidel, not without successful resistance and pathetic resignation, of which it seems yet to tell. Hither fled the persecuted Christians, hiding in its recesses underground, as others of old in the Roman catacombs. In the Sixteenth Century one Salah Reis ordained its destruction; but one of his wives, a Christian, mounted its summit and summoned from the stagnant lake a cloud of mosquitos, which put the labourers to flight. Never before, probably, was the Lord of Flies so raised and so usefully compelled. Then, in the Eighteenth Century, another vandal attempted a cannonade, but fortunately with little result; and now, final and unhappiest misfortune, the French propose to restore it.

Returning hence to Algiers, the scene of Bourmont's first decisive engagement is passed at Staouëli. A truly Gallic inscription over the barracks tells us that here, June 14, 1830, came the French army "to give freedom to the seas and Algeria to France." Close at hand is the Trappist monastery, with its chapel and extensive cloisters and outbuildings. The inscription over the entrance in the court belies the beauty of the surroundings—"S'il est triste de vivre à la Trappe, qu'il est doux d'y mourir"—for the monastery lands are highly cultivated, and the monks make excellent wine, oil, and distilled perfumes and liqueurs. Once inside the building, the melancholy truth of the legend becomes clear. Outside, nature is radiant with goodwill and fruitfulness, caressing and frank and open-handed; inside she is forbid, and in her stead you feel the spectral presence of dead desire and hope betrayed. Back from our long *détour*, and once more in the green valley, we turn towards lower Mustapha. The great semi-cirque of the hills lies on our left, with the sweep of the bay on the right of us, with the delightful bowers of the Jardin d'Essai. Not far ahead lies the ancient watering spot, known of all who enter Algiers from the east, called the Blue Fountain (v.), a bit of antique masonry that arrests attention through its surroundings. In our last picture it is seen, with some old olives overhanging the road, and the final dip of the hills above Algiers, the vanguard of whose faubourgs are seen in the distance. Viewed in early morning from the palm avenues and bamboo alleys of the Jardin d'Essai or the shell-strewn shore, the distant city



ALGIERS.—IV.: A PATIO GALLERY.

assumes its most fairy-like aspect, set amid the brilliant green of the hills, "a white swan at the foot of better than the acquaintance of Al Jezeire Megerbie, as he called Algiers. Notwithstanding all the



ALGIERS.—V.: THE BLUE FOUNTAIN.

(Drawn by G. G. Manton.)

Atlas, uplifting its silvery wings in the sun." From this point she has not apparently changed since Charles V. re-embarked his broken forces close by, or since the days when Shaw loved the aspect brilliancy of light and colour, a feeling of lost empery pervades the ancient city of the Mezghanna, El-Djezaïr-beni-Mezghanna—the isles of the children of Mezghanna.

J. ARTHUR BLAIKIE.

BATTLE AND TRAVEL.

BASIL VERESTCHAGIN is a strange and imposing figure in European art. Much in all possible languages has already been written about him. An original painter, a valiant soldier, a daring traveller, a brilliant satirist, a writer of wit and parts, and, generally, a perfectly accomplished man, he is in all respects unique. Most of our Russian painters rise from the poorest class of society. They enter the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg or the School of Painting and Sculpture in Moscow; they work there and they disappear; or they win a travelling scholarship and go abroad at the Government's expense or their own. Abroad, they copy the foreign masters or create under foreign influence. Then they either return to Russia or they expatriate themselves for good. They are often commissioned liberally enough; they are often decorated; sometimes they obtain renown and make a good deal of money. Then they stop working and become commonplace and "bourgeois." Thus has it been with us since the creation of the Academy of Arts in the second half of the Eighteenth Century.

Verestchagin is quite another type of man. The only painter with whom he has anything in common is Schwartz, his friend and fellow-pupil at the Academy. Both were the sons of rich proprietors, one at Novgorod, the other at Koursk; both were sent by their parents into special but not artistic schools; one entered the navy, and the other studied law; both did brilliantly, and won first prizes, and were gold medallists; both entered the Academy for a little, later on, and both worked in the studios of foreign painters, but quite independently and without copying anybody; both began by learning to

THE VICTORS: THE TURKS AT TELISCH.

(Painted by Basil Verestchagin. By Permission of the Artist.)

draw, and only afterwards proceeded to paint; both have been ardent readers; both have become great historians—the one of modern life, the other of Russia in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; both have worked originally and spontaneously; both have exhibited but rarely, though they have produced much. The great difference between them is, that Schwartz died at thirty years old (he was born in 1818), lived obscurely (though he won many prizes both in Russia and abroad), and is now almost forgotten; while Verestchagin is still alive (he was born in 1842), and is famous all over Europe and America.

His talent is far greater than Schwartz's, his purpose has been far stronger and higher. His parents were bitterly opposed to his attempts upon art. They kept him penniless, so that he was often on bad terms with them, and had to earn his living by sketching for illustrated papers and by teaching drawing. He had begun to draw at five years old. At first he copied the "troïka," the sledge printed on his nurse's handkerchief; then, all the pictures in the paternal house. He began to study systematically at college, and went on to work hard in the drawing schools of the Society for the Protection of Painting and the Academy of Arts. The first he attended while a cadet (1858–60), and the second after leaving the navy (1860–62). At this time his parents were quite indifferent to his practice of art. But when, having finished his education, he determined to get his discharge and study painting, they did their utmost to divert him from his purpose. Neither prayers nor threats, however, could avail. Verestchagin told his father that he had done his bidding once in studying for the navy; that he had passed with honours, and that henceforth he meant to have his own way; and that, as he hated the sea, he had determined to be an artist. His father was furious. He cut off the supplies, and Verestchagin was obliged to look for any work he could get. For some time he lived by colouring plans and making mechanical drawings. Then his father, seeing that he was able to earn his own living, somewhat abated his anger. Verestchagin, however, detested his work, and applied for help and counsel to Lvoff, director of the drawing school at the Academy of Arts. Lvoff introduced him to Prince Gagarin, vice-president of the Academy. He was admitted to the schools, with an allowance of 200 roubles (about £33) a year. The professor who influenced him most was Beideman, but newly returned from a prolonged tour in Europe. By his advice Verestchagin did much sketching from nature, *sur place* and also from memory. Of great use to him was a journey to Paris and the Pyrenees, *viâ* Stettin and Berlin (1861), on money partly earned by himself, and partly given by his father and uncle. His faith in the pseudo-classicism then reigning in the Academy was severely shaken; and after winning the second class silver medal with an "Odysseus Killing the Suitors" (1862), he put his cartoon behind the fire, and said good-bye to the pseudo-classic for ever. This act of defiance preceded the famous refusal of the classic subject (for the gold medal) by fourteen scholars of the Academy, and the creation (1863) by the rebels of an art club. Verestchagin's mother, however, was greatly impressed by his silver medal; she even implored a benediction on her son's pursuit of art. But he forsook his work at the Academy and his task of making drawings for Zotow's "Illustrated History of Russia," and in 1863 set out for the Caucasus.

When he got there he was almost penniless, but he soon began to make a great deal of money by teaching drawing. In his hours of leisure he sketched the men and things and animals about him, and read scientific books with Lagorio, the landscape-painter. Like all his contemporaries he studied Buckle and Lyall and Lewes and Mill and Buchner and Voundt, and this reading did him more good than all his former studies in the schools. In 1864 he journeyed down the Danube, and went on to Paris, there to edit an art journal and study the masters of his craft. His editing did not succeed, and Lemercier printed only a few copies of the paper. In his other purpose he succeeded brilliantly enough. He went straight to Gérôme. "Who sent you?" asked the famous painter. "Nobody," said Verestchagin; "only I like your pictures." Gérôme praised his sketches much, and Verestchagin began to work in his studio, and in the École des Beaux-Arts. He declined, however, to draw from the antique or to copy pictures in the Louvre, in spite of Gérôme and in spite of Dévéria, both of whom (the latter as early as 1861) advised him to do so. At last, having got some money from his father, he again went off to the Caucasus (1865), and sketched from nature everything he saw on his journey. He returned to Paris at the end of the year, and his drawings astonished Gérôme and Bida. They entreated him to essay himself in colour, but he still thought colour too difficult, and went on drawing. His new sketches pleased Bida so much that he used one of them as an etching, "The Evangelist Luke," in his illustrated Bible.

It was in the spring of 1866, and at his father's estate at Novgorod, that he first attempted painting. He determined to begin with a big picture—of three or four gangs of Volga boatmen, some two hundred strong, hauling their craft in the hot sunshine. (Some eight years after Repine produced a beautiful picture on the same subject, but on a smaller scale than Verestchagin had purposed.) He did a few sketches in the Novgorod country and the

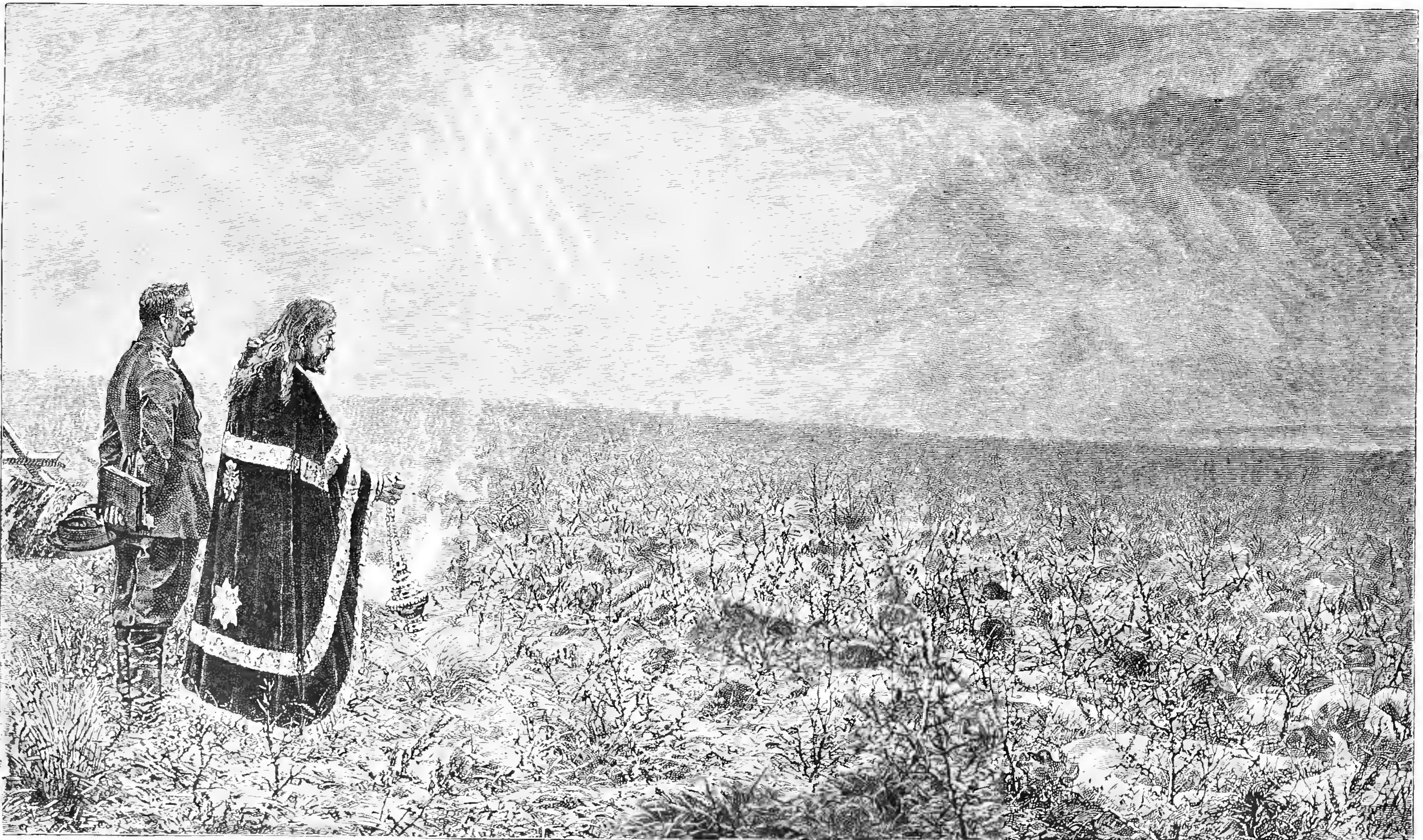
Volga; but a fresh quarrel with his parents and want of money compelled him to abandon the enterprise, and he was again obliged to draw on wood for a living. Bida introduced him to the "Tour du Monde," in which appeared a French translation of his travels in the Caucasus illustrated by his own sketches. In 1867 came the war in Turkestan. Verestchagin followed the Russian army at General Kaufman's invitation, and fought and sketched his way through the country at General Kaufman's side. Once, the general being absent with the main body, he defended Samarcand from a Turkoman assault, with only a small detachment. For this, in spite of a determined opposition on his part (he being the sworn foe of all rewards and distinctions), he received the military order of St. George. In Paris, in the spring of 1869, he arranged an exhibition of his pictures and studies of the campaign, with many objects of interest from the newly-conquered country. This he repeated at St. Petersburg. It contained a great number of his studies, and his first pictures in oil, done at Tashkend in 1867–68—as, for instance, "Victors" and "The Vanquished," the "Russian Soldier Smoking his Pipe among the Enemy's Dead," the "Opium-Eaters," and "Batcha and His Worshippers." The last, a picture of the same type as Gérôme's "Phryne Before the Judges," was represented by a photograph, the artist having destroyed the original, which had been severely criticised for the extreme unpleasantness of its subject. These works were heavy in colour; but thanks to their vivid and novel realism, the impression they produced was deep and lasting. After this exhibition Verestchagin went once more to Central Asia, and sketched and painted much there; he studied and represented the life of the Russian exiles in Siberia; he saw some hot fighting against the Tartars, on the Chinese frontier. At last he returned to Europe, and in 1870 he went to Munich. He brought four pictures with him—the "Chorus of Doornis" (a Doorni is a kind of dervish); the "Dervishes of the Order of Narksh-bendi;" the "Central Asian Politicians;" and the "Beggars at Samarcand:" together with some studies from nature and upwards of one hundred sketches. He took the studio vacated by the death of the battle-painter Gorsheld (1871), and outside the town he arranged a second—a box-shed surrounded by a hedge—in which he could work all day long in the open air. Here, as in Paris, he lived the life of a hermit, seeing nobody, and painting continually; and in a little while he had produced an astonishing number of pictures of life and war in Turkestan, from studies made on the spot. He was no longer obliged to draw for bread, his father, while yet alive, having shared his fortune with his sons.

In 1872 he painted six of a set of ten, designed (but never finished) to do duty as a sort of panoramic poem of war, to be called "The Barbarian." The last of these, "The Apotheosis of War"—a ghastly heap of skulls—is inscribed on the frame "To all Great Conquerors, Past, Present, and Future." In 1873 he painted the "Look Out," the "Parley," "Mortally Wounded," and other works, a number of ethnological studies, and a great quantity of portrait studies of Russian soldiers and Asiatic savages. Travelling and working in the fierce daylight of Central Asia had taught him more about colour than he would have learned from any amount of copying from the Old Masters; and when, in 1873, he exhibited at the Crystal Palace his Asiatic studies (1869–70) and his Munich pictures (1871–72), their excellent technical quality was almost as much remarked as the novel and surprising—often repulsive—quality of their material. In these works he represented either the wretchedness of every-day existence or the horrors of war, exhibiting no preference for any one nation in particular, but painting everything that had come in his way. In the introduction to his catalogue he remarked that the savagery of the peoples of Central Asia was so glaring, and their economical and social condition so degraded, that they could not be subjected too soon to the influences of European civilisation, and that he should consider himself amply rewarded for all his toils if the graphic memoranda he had collected and shown were fortunate enough to help to dispel the English people's mistrust for their natural friends and neighbours in that quarter of the globe. The facts he had seen were faithfully and vigorously reported in his work; the artist, as generally understood, counts for little. Battle-pictures and portraits, landscapes and ethnographic studies alike, all he does has the attribute of perfect accuracy, of hard literal truth. You find in it none of the unnatural and impossible decorum of the conventional representations of war; his fights are not theatrical but real; it is war, and war caught in the act. This is why in St. Petersburg, where Verestchagin exhibited a year after his venture in London, certain persons declined to recognise the merit of his work. The public came in crowds; his catalogues sold tremendously; all the journals were loud in his praise; but the pseudo-patriots accused him of slandering the Russian army and of favouring the Turcomans. It was utterly impossible that any Russian soldier could be forgotten on the field, or be surrounded by the enemy, or prove capable of emotion at the sight of a heap of dead. These things were palpable fiction: why did the artist paint them? Verestchagin was so hurt by these ridiculous criticisms that with his own hands he burnt the

"Forgotten on the Field" and the "Surrounded," which were in some ways the best things he had done, to show his enemies how unseemly such insinuations were. He failed of his purpose, however, and made matters worse all round; for he was at once accused of a craving for notoriety and a habit of advertisement. His refusal to be a Professor at the Academy was oil to the fire. Some, shocked beyond measure by this audacity, sought consolation in the theory that such a huge gathering of pictures could not possibly be the work of one man, and was in reality the achievement of a whole company of painters in Munich. This idle twaddle got into the papers, and was solemnly contradicted by the Munich Artistic Society. The world, indeed, thought nothing of these scandals; M. P. Tretakoff, a Moscow merchant, owner of a fine collection of Russian pictures, bought—and bought at high prices—all the Turkestan pictures and sketches the artist had shown.

BASIL VERESTCHAGIN.

In the same year (1874) Verestchagin, for whom the Orient had a mysterious and irresistible charm, set out for India. He lived there some two years. He scaled, at peril of his life, the Himalayas during the winter; and he made a great many wonderful studies of men, animals, architecture, and landscape. These new wanderings in the land of the sun, and so much painting in the open air, improved his technical qualities considerably. Returning (1876) to Europe, he settled near Paris, at Auteuil, fully purposing to paint two pictorial epics—one short, the other long—of the British conquest of India: from the presentation in Agra of the first English ambassador to the Great Mogul, to the triumphal entry of the Prince of Wales into Jeypore. Some numbers he began at Auteuil, and finished in one or other of the two big studios he had at Maison Laffitte, close to Paris: one—an immense apartment—for winter work; and another for the summer, on a shedded platform moving on rails with the sun, and enabling him to paint all day in the open air. He had finished two of the set—"The Great Mogul in the Mosque of Delhi" and "The Prince of Wales at Jeypore"—when war broke out in Servia. He was anxious to follow the camp once more, but family



THE VANQUISHED: THE RUSSIANS AT TELISCH.

(Painted by Basil Verestchagin. By Permission of the Artist.)

matters obliged him to remain in Paris. The moment, however, that Russia declared war on the Porte, he threw up everything, and hurried to the field, to serve with the van of the Russian armies, under Generals Gourko, Strukoff, and Skobeleff. He saw a good deal of desperate fighting. In one affair, the attack on his friend Skrydloff's torpedo-boat on a Turkish river, he nearly lost his life; he was badly hurt in the leg, and lay a long time in Bucharest hospital. His brother Sergius, Skobeleff's orderly, a painter like himself, was killed at Plevna. Basil could not take part in that famous leaguer, as his wound was not quite healed; he was present, however, as a spectator, and saw Osman surrender. He crossed the Balkans at Shipka with the Russian army, saw—as the two magnificent pictures we have engraved will show—the desperate battle of Telisch, served as chief of the staff in the cavalry raid on Adrianople, and was employed as a secretary during the preliminary negotiations for peace. In spite of all this he found time to make over fifty studies from life and the facts of the war; many of these, I am sorry to say—including all that had reference to the March of the Guard—were lost by those who undertook to convey them to Paris. From such as were left, and a number of studies made two years afterwards on the theatre of war, he painted in Paris a new series of pictures of the Russo-Turkish campaign. They are even more literal and exact than his pictures of Turkestan. His heart was altogether in his work; he lived the scenes anew as he painted them; his patient labour in the open air had done much to develop his style and perfect his method; and in this record of the great war is comprehended some of his most striking work:—a "Turkish Prisoners, after Plevna;" an "Albanian Robbers, Bashi-Bazouks;" a "Russians in the Balkans: Winter;" a "Shipka in Winter: the Batteries;" a "Russian Graves at Shipka, on the Slope of Mount St. Nicholas;" and a "Snow Storm at Shipka: a Sentry." The whole set—with others—was exhibited in 1874, at South Kensington. The English art-critics were loud in their praise; the English artists (Mr. Alma Tadema, Sir Frederick Leighton, and others) gave their painter a cordial welcome. Soon afterwards they were exhibited in Paris, together with a certain number of pictures of the Russo-Turkish war not shown at South Kensington:—the "De Profundis" (a churchyard near Paradim); the "Last Bivouac;" and the originals of our two engravings—"Victors" (the Turks at Telisch) and "The Vanquished" (the Russians at the same place)—and several besides. Jules Clarétie wrote the introduction to the catalogue of the exhibition.

At last in 1880 Verestchagin exhibited the greater part of his Indian work and all his pictures of the Russo-Turkish war at St. Petersburg. As before, his exhibition was free, excepting on certain days, when there was a charge for admission, for the benefit of the Russian schools. Early and late it was crowded. The new pictures—of the Shipka Pass, the Siege of Plevna, the strange and moving incidents of the desperate campaign—impressed the spectators quite terribly. A few fanatics and reactionaries—more Russian than Russia—accused the painter of untruthfulness, of showing only the reverse of the medal, even of being his country's enemy and ill-wisher, and went so far as to deny his fame and question his abilities. But they were in a very small minority. During the two months of the exhibition it was visited by some two hundred thousand people, forty thousand of whom bought catalogues. Then came the sale by auction of the Indian studies. The collectors of Moscow and St. Petersburg assembled in force; prices ran high; the pick of the collection was disputed piece by piece with incredible determination. The principal pictures went as high as five and seven thousand roubles, and a total was realised of over a hundred and fifty thousand roubles.

With this Verestchagin laid his Indian epic aside and devoted himself to his picture-history of the war. He painted "Plevna Before the Assault," "Plevna After the Assault," "The Turkish Hospital;" and he sent them, with other battle-pictures and some of the Indian and Turcoman studies, on a tour through Europe, under the care of his younger brother Alexander, also one of Skobeleff's orderlies. In 1881–83 the exhibition was seen in nearly all the Continental centres—at Vienna, Paris, Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Brussels, Pesth, Moscow; and everywhere it attracted crowds of people. At Vienna, in a single month, there were a hundred and ten thousand visitors, forty-five thousand of whom bought catalogues; at Berlin, a hundred and forty-five thousand visitors, and a sale of forty-five thousand catalogues; and so through the length and breadth of Europe. The cost of carriage and of exhibition was considerable, and Verestchagin was obliged to charge for admission. From first to last, however, he kept his prices as low as possible; for he holds that an exhibition is an influence for good, and he had it at heart to be visited and seen by the poor. His popularity was greatly increased. Art-critics and painters applauded him heartily, and advised their countrymen to study his work. All this while he was in Paris painting new pictures (of India and Turkestan), or preparing for publication his notes of the Indian journey he had made in company with his wife; or travelling anew in India, and making studies for other pictures. At Moscow he sold some of his

battle-pictures and studies at high prices. At the time of writing, it is proposed to exhibit the others at St. Petersburg, where a certain number of them are not yet known.

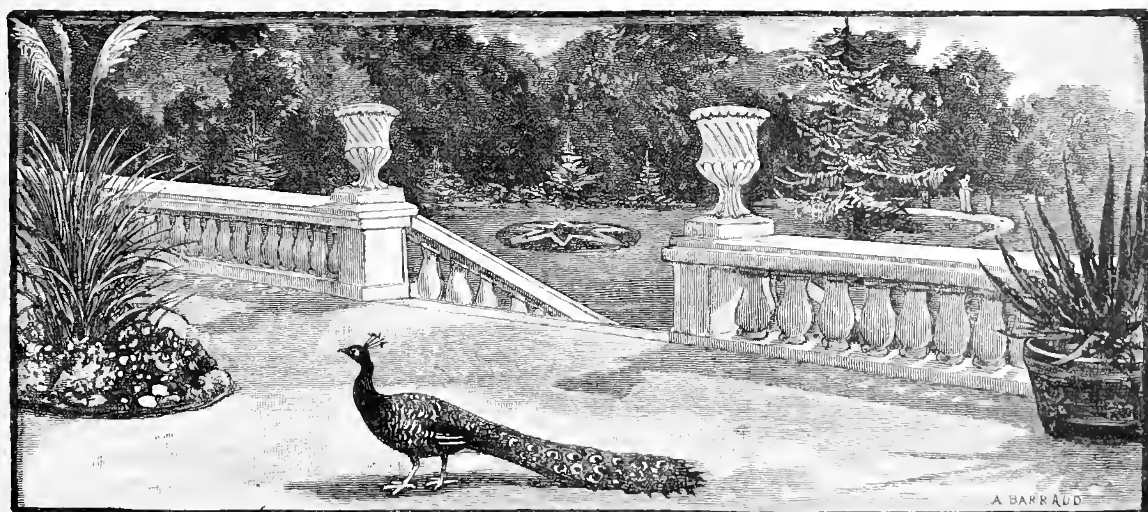
It is quite possible that Verestchagin may put by his "epic of war," as he put by his picture-histories of India and Turkestan, and that he may take new subjects in hand. He has always had a lively interest in matters Russian; but the necessity of making money, the opportunity of Eastern travel, his passion for war and the camp, have given his work a quality rather cosmopolitan than national. Ere he paints he must see and feel; and for this reason he is a traveller. What difficulties can there be, he asks, in an age of railways and steamboats? To him the wonder is that his fellows profit so little by their epoch, and stay so much at home. As for his neglect of Russia and his unwillingness to travel within her limits in search of material for an "epic of peace," I shall only say that he has had quite special reasons for his conduct, which reasons I am not at liberty to discuss or disclose.

NICOLAS SOBKÔ.

ART IN THE GARDEN.—III.

A FLAT garden is rarely so attractive as one so situated that it may be laid out in one or more terraces. Even if raised but a few steps above the general level, the aspect of a terrace (I.) is always pleasing to the eye, because it prevents too sudden a transition from the regular lines and masses of the house to the irregularity of nature, and even where the fall of the ground does not naturally suggest a terrace, an artificial one may often be constructed with excellent effect. The space necessary may sometimes seem too much to give up, but, as a rule, it may unhesitatingly be surrendered, as to part it off from the rest results in making a garden look larger instead of smaller. The reason is that the difference of level thus established between the terrace and the remaining space constitutes a foreground which seems to send trees, lawns, and shrubberies beyond further away into the distance. This is especially the case if the artist has had the boldness to lay out his terrace of a handsome width. Of course the ideal terrace would be one cut in the side of a hill. Such an one, especially if the long line of its balustrade be broken by a group of tall trees, or by masses of evergreens so planted as to hide any part of the landscape that happens to be uninteresting, converts a mere panoramic view into a real picture.

Slopes and undulations may be introduced wherever they suggest themselves, if we are careful to account for their presence, or craftily to conceal their origin. All beautiful slopes in nature are of gentle gradation, and therefore most artificial slopes should be "let off into nothing" where they join the level ground. But we may also in suitable spots reproduce in a landscape garden some of those steep, irregular, and broken banks that have such an emphatically picturesque effect in nature; and further, in a strictly artificial garden, we may get a pleasant change of light and shade on to a lawn by means of



ART IN THE GARDEN.—I.: A TERRACE.

the contrast produced by the sudden meeting of its slanting sides with the smooth surface of a frankly sunk lawn or tennis-court or bowling-green.

The great use of trees is to form a dark background to the lighter lawns and flower-beds. They may be planted in various ways: singly, in belts, in clumps, in screens, or in avenues. Each mass, large or small, should have a characteristic individuality. A very little study of the varied growth and foliage of familiar trees will show us what endless resources of form, colour, and tone are available, to produce the most widely divergent effects of contrast or of harmony. In planting trees we soon find that some species look best alone, some in small groups, some in large masses. We find, too, that graceful trees lose much of their beauty when planted close together, whilst trees that by themselves look pitiful and scrubby surprise us by their picturesqueness in masses. The stately cedar, for example, never makes a satisfactory avenue, and the tapering Italian poplar rarely looks well alone.

ART IN THE GARDEN.—II.: AN AVENUE.

A charming result is obtained by thinning out the trees at the edges of thick plantations and cutting away the underwood. By this very simple expedient daylight is partially admitted to illumine the dark mass of foliage, and thus an agreeable air of mystery is introduced. Any specially fine tree near the verge of such a plantation should be left standing quite alone in advance of the rest. The effect is all the more picturesque if the wood is on a slope; and in this case a few groups, consisting of two or three graceful trees, lighter in colour of foliage or less massive in character of growth than their background—birches, for example—might be planted to lead the eye insensibly away from the sunshine of the greensward into the gloom of the thicket. A modification of this idea is applicable to garden shrubberies: where handsome conifers, or broad-leaved "semi-tropical" foliage plants, may be sunk in pots below the level of the turf, to occupy the prominent positions between the light grassy bays that run up among the darker shrubbery.

Trees planted so as to form an irregular screen have the excellent effect of arousing our imagination and of giving a fascinating sense of space to any parts of a garden that happen to be just in view beyond. Such trees as birch, ash, or wych-elm are most suitable for this purpose, and must be arranged in well-studied but well-concealed irregularity tolerably close together. Gardeners will tell us that trees so planted "spoil one another." Of course they do, from a gardener's point of view; but as their "scrubby" tops struggle upwards towards the light, they give us the artistic effect of dark tracery of stems and branches against the lighter distance, or the still more attractive effect of sunshine streaming through transparent (*because* "scrubby") foliage—a glimmer of golden green against a background of misty blue. But one of the simplest and most satisfactory of all devices of garden arrangement is an avenue, even if only a short one. Seen in profile, an avenue is sometimes a little monotonous; but if properly placed it need never be possible to see it from this unfavourable point of view. Seen, as it should be, in perspective (II.), it

suggests a most agreeable sense of unity of design, whilst its gradual reduction in apparent size as it recedes into the distance affords a variety of effect only less constantly changing and charming than that produced by the shifting lights and shadows.

In a garden it is pleasant to have a perfectly straight walk (III.), where we can pace briskly up and down, and a path winding in broad contrasted curves amidst lawns and shrubberies, where we can saunter slowly; also, if a design of so formal a character be not out of harmony with the style of the garden, we may have a walk that is absolutely circular (V.), or at least oval. Provided that the trees and shrubs that border it are so planted that no more than a small arc of the circle is visible at any one point, the gradual curve of such a path always fascinates the eye from its constant suggestion of some unrevealed beauty just out of sight. A circular path may be introduced with good effect near the end of any large garden, and may be made the means of concealing some pleasant surprise. For instance, it may encircle a plantation of tall trees and evergreens, at some break in which we suddenly find ourselves at the entrance of a bright little parterre decorated with flower-beds, statues, and a fountain; or there may all at once be disclosed to us, as we are walking along, a beautiful little wilderness as wild as fancy can fashion it; or the circular path may be raised on a curving bank, and a turn of it may reveal to us a sylvan dell or a silent pool. We generally walk two-and-two when we stroll about a garden, and therefore all paths should be wide enough to allow two couples to pass in comfort. They should never be less than two yards wide in a small garden, and in most gardens three yards look best.

The angles of lawn frequently formed by the divergence of two paths should, whenever possible, be turned to artistic account. For instance, such a spot may be occupied by a handsome evergreen - tree or shrub, or by a group of either or both. If the garden be laid out in the symmetrical style, a vase or statue (IV.) always looks well in front of such a background of greenery. The meeting of four paths may be emphasised by four intervening patches of evergreens or by four vases or statues; or the intersection of several paths may be expanded into a circular sweep of gravel, in the centre of which may rise a bed of brilliant flowers or of choice foliage plants, or a pyramidal mass of evergreen shrubs, or a vase, a statue, or a fountain.

ART IN THE GARDEN.—III.: A STRAIGHT PATH AND BORDER.
(*Naworth Castle.*)

Whether planned in the picturesque or architectural style, it is well that some of the paths in a garden should be bordered by flower-beds. These beds should always be more or less symmetrical in shape, the simplest forms being at once those most agreeable to the eye and those best suited to display the beauty of the flowers. The simplest of all flower-beds is the old-fashioned straight "border" (III.). Running under a sunny wall, and filled with herbaceous plants, a bed of this sort will be beautiful for nearly ten months in the year. A permanent border must be thoroughly dug and drained, and the rich composite soil must be varied, wherever necessary, to suit the needs of the different plants, which must be arranged with due regard to the time of their blooming and to the colour of those that are in bloom at the same season. A border carefully prepared and planted in this thorough manner costs much thought, time, and labour to begin with; but on the other hand it need not be "dug up" every autumn. So that a happy combination of colour, once obtained, will repeat itself without any further trouble or arrangement for several years.

In planting flowers we should plant them in masses, and aim at getting contrasts and interchanges, harmonies, gradations, and repetitions of form and tone as well as of colour. To do this, our plants must be chosen with regard to their growth

and foliage, as well as with regard to their flowers. In arranging a border, it must not be forgotten that certain plants may be placed side by side whose

ART IN THE GARDEN.—IV.: AN ANGLE OF LAWN.

flowers would be positively discordant if seen together, whilst, blooming at different seasons, the foliage of some may be used as admirable accompaniments to the flowers of others. Thus, such spring blossoms as those of the golden crocus or daffodil may come up amongst the harmonious grey-greens of the later flowering pinks and carnations, instead of having but the bare earth as a background to their beauty; and the brilliant blossoms of tall summer lilies or autumn gladioli may be heightened by close contact with the lustrous foliage of rhododendrons and peonies, whose time of flowering has gone by. A landscape gardener with an eye for colour composes his harmonies (exactly as does any painter or musician) in those keys most congenial to himself, never dreaming that he must introduce *all* the colours at his command into any *one* of his colour-arrangements. The best results are got, not by having something of all sorts "to suit all tastes," but by resolutely growing only the flowers we ourselves prefer, and by growing these in masses. As a rule, it is best to aim at effects of harmony and gradation of colours, using strong contrasts only here and there to avoid tameness. From the point of view of art, a few broad and simple arrangements of colour are far better than a number of pretty combinations on a small scale: a flower-bed should attract us from a distance; it is not enough that it pleases us whilst standing over a single square yard of it. Flower-beds, moreover, always produce a good effect when placed along the margin of lawns, especially near the house, and since in themselves they are nothing—frames only, to set off the flowers they contain—the simpler and more symmetrical their shapes the better. In any arrangement of flower-beds, they must be placed sufficiently close together for the eye easily to take in the idea of their design. This is especially important on a terrace. In such a situation they may, instead of being cut out of the turf, be separated by strips of gravel bordered by box or stone.

Of all garden accessories a fountain seems the most difficult to manage with success. A well-placed fountain of artistic design adds a charm to the most delightful garden; but a pretentious ready-made vulgarism, of Portland cement, for example, gives to the prettiest garden an air of tawdry pretentiousness. Every fountain should be designed, or at least chosen, specially for the spot it is to fill; it must absolutely be in keeping with the character of the garden itself—graceful or massive, simple or ornate, as the case may be. The real fascination of a fountain is not, however, in the architectural or sculpturesque details, for which it sometimes seems only an excuse, but in the sunlight that sparkles on the leaping water and in the musical monotony of its falling splash. Unless, therefore, we can afford good sculpture, or bronze in the shape of statues and vases, with which to decorate it, we should limit the design to a basin of elegant proportion, and rely altogether upon the water itself for our effect.

The centre or focus of all our Art in the Garden, especially as seen from the chief point of view, the sitting-room window, is the terrace (I.), which cannot therefore be too thoughtfully arranged, nor can too great care be taken that whatever is placed there should be very good of its kind. Unless a terrace is very small—merely a broad path, in fact—it should have always a central object of interest, such as a mass of brilliant flowers, a handsome vase, a beautiful statue, an elegant fountain, an evergreen of rare symmetry, a clump of pampas-grass, or a sundial. The more important the terrace itself, the more attractive must be its central object, and, if the terrace is long, there must be additional objects of interest at each end. In most cases the long line of balustrade, which often divides a terrace from the main garden, looks monotonous if not broken by vases. These vases may or may not be filled with flowers or foliage plants, according to their shape: as a rule, the

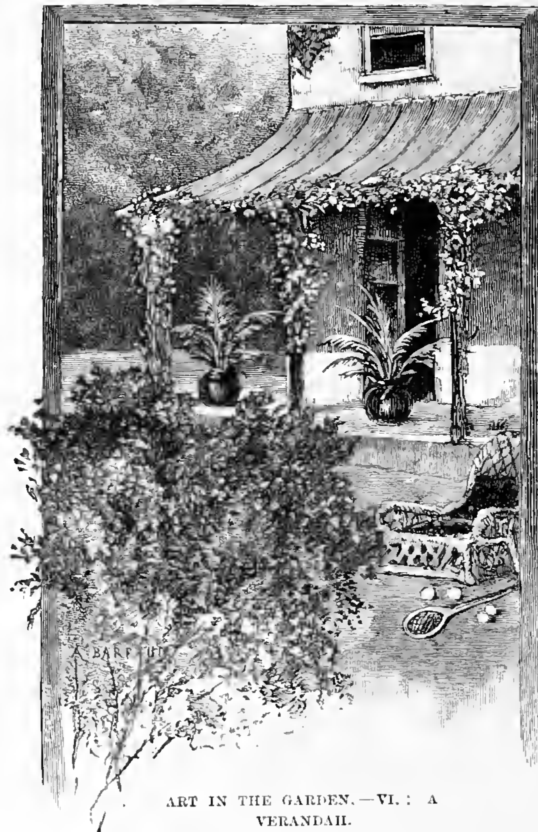
more elegant the vase, the better it looks empty. If, instead of a balustrade, a terrace terminates in a low brick wall with a stone coping, the line may be artistically interrupted at stated intervals by big earthenware pots, or wooden tubs or boxes, filled with yuccas, hydrangeas, agapanthus, geraniums, or any plant effective by growth of foliage or mass of flowers. In some cases such boxes may be placed with excellent effect on the ground in front of the terrace or wall. The flight of steps into the garden, however few in number, should be broad and easy—never less than three yards wide in any garden, and five or six yards wide in a large garden—each step should be twelve or fifteen inches from back to front, and never more than six inches in height.

A terrace is a fitting place for a few ornamental benches, and often a sheltered alcove may be introduced at each end, looking up and down the terrace. Such alcoves may be cut out of yew or box-bushes, or may be built in architectural accordance with the adjacent house. Those cast-iron vulgarisms or "rustic-work" monstrosities that so often do duty as summer-houses, all gnarled and knobby and twisted, and gleaming with treacle-coloured varnish, are simply intolerable to any one with the least pretention to taste. The idea of such distorted constructions is due to ignorance of the laws of artistic effect. The lines and masses of natural vegetation are so free and flowing, so unexpectedly wayward and charming in their unstudied arrangement, that nothing which human ingenuity can design will "compose" harmoniously with them, as we must charitably suppose it is the aim of the "artists in rustic-work" that their distortions should do. The only thing, therefore, to be done is to use such accessories as foils or contrasts to the irregular beauty of foliage and flowers. There is probably no such thing as a straight line in nature—neither the imaginary meeting of the sky and sea nor the seemingly vertical stems of a pine forest being really horizontal or perpendicular; and consequently straight lines form the very best and simplest contrasts to vegetation that we can employ. All our garden accessories therefore should, as far as possible, be made up of straight lines, and should be of strictly symmetrical proportions. To be satisfied of this, one has only to think of the pleasant contrast with surrounding nature afforded by the regular lines of ordinary trellis-work (especially if the rectangles are upright and not diagonal); or a common brick wall with buttresses at regular intervals; or a simple cottage roof, thatched or tiled; or a colonnade of plain Doric pillars, or by a verandah (VI.) supported by rough-hewn pine-stems. Whenever any of these things are seen surrounded with sprays and festoons of ivy or vine, Virginia-creeper, honeysuckle, passion-flower, or clematis, or with the irregular foliage of magnolias, or of luxuriant Gloire-de-Dijon roses, the effect is always picturesque, and the combination is still more attractive if it is supported by a backgroun of tall trees and is partly hidden by a foreground of flowers. The chief object of a summer-house is to serve as a shelter from wind and sun; the chief object of a seat is to be comfortable to sit upon; and so long as these conditions be observed, the simpler the form and the more rigid

ART IN THE GARDEN.—V.: A CIRCULAR PATH.

the lines of either, the better artistic effect they will have in a garden. A century or so ago these things were well understood, and many of our old public and private gardens still show specimens of summer-houses and seats which answer all the requirements of use and of art.

The design either of seats or of summer-houses must be varied according to their nearness to or distance from the house. If a house *has* any architectural character at all, especially if it can boast of any style, classic, Gothic, Renaissance, or "Queen Anne," a summer-house situated within sight of it should partake of that character. But if a summer-house be hidden among the shrubberies, or stand solitary on the shore of a lake, it may be treated as a thing by itself, without reference to the house beyond view, and may be made of trellis-work, or be built simply of pine-planks or pine-stems, thatched with reeds, or roofed with wood or with tiles, and paved with pebbles or bricks. However built, it should be half hidden by climbing plants. A summer-house in the middle of a wood is most suitably simplified into a log-hut. In like manner the seats on a terrace should be formal in design and very well made. We may with advantage reproduce some of those simple and elegant seats which once decorated the gardens of ancient Rome, and the like of which are still to be seen scattered over Southern Europe; but it is advisable to construct them of wood, since our English climate is too cold and damp to make them pleasant resting-places if carved out of the original marble or stone. In the landscape garden any of the unpretending benches of the Queen Anne period always look well and in keeping, but out in the "wilderness" the very best pattern we can adopt for our seats is an unbarked plank nailed upon a couple of stumps driven into the ground.



ART IN THE GARDEN.—VI.: A VERANDAH.

After much loving labour, and mostly after much patient waiting, the various effects we have striven for in our garden are attained. From that moment we must vigilantly keep it as nearly as possible in the desired state by carefully pruning and planting wherever things get overgrown or die down, and by pitiless uprooting of anything, however interesting or even beautiful in itself, the moment it interferes with the general beauty. And all work of this kind must be done absolutely by ourselves. It cannot be delegated to any gardener; for however able, skilful, or willing he may be, it is impossible for him to enter sufficiently into our idea of the effect we wish to produce to do it for us. BARCLAY DAY.

"BURDENS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CHARLES GREGORY.

IN "Burdens," drawn by the painter from his own picture (Academy, 1881), we have an English country scene of modern days. The work is one which appeals to the emotional rather than the intellectual side of human nature. Yet there is thought in the composition and grouping, and plenty of technical skill is manifest in certain of the details. The hamlet, set in part on far-away slopes, crowned with thick woods, round and about which a flight of birds go circling to their rest, is a pleasant and peaceful place in which to linger. So think the group on the stone steps leading down from the bridge to the stream below—the three poor wanderers, of different ages, of "respectable antecedents," in various attitudes of repose. Taking stock of them from the bridge behind is another group, made up of elements religious and civil. There is the vicar, a pleasant gentleman of the old school; there is the vicar's

BURDENS.

(Painted by Charles Gregory. Academy, 1881. From a Drawing by the Artist.)

daughter, a round-faced, ingenuous, "Wakefieldish" looking young creature in a small poke-bonnet, who is turning a pitiful face on the wanderers; and, listening to the vicar's mild words, but keeping a baleful eye on the three strangers, the village beadle, in correct uniform, handles his wand of office, and indulges in a rather bullying and very British expression, complicated, let us hope, with a touch of rough tenderness. Over the bridge go the big wains and their teams of stately, sturdy horses.

The "Burdens" are the three poor souls, who have tramped through the long summer day, and whom authority inclines to repudiate ere they become a permanent charge on the parish. The little burdens they are carrying are so many, and so carefully insisted on, that, with a mind set on impressionism, one might for a moment—only a moment—lose sight of the moral import of the work. The wanderers have each their "silent tale of grief." The woman (almost too young to be the mother of the party) is stonily hopeless. Her far-away eyes take nothing in; her hands are locked together on her lap; she has reached a partial oblivion of her sorrows. The children with their baskets and bundles would fain be on the march. One, the younger, has laid a little hand, unheeded, on her elder's arm; the other, some way apart, stands looking over the bridge. But nothing moves the quiet figure. Perhaps the river is filling her ears, and whispering of an unbroken rest; and she will seek it when the shadows have fallen. Perhaps it may all end as things end in "nice" books; and the good parson will add these new burdens to his own family party. *Chi lo sa?* In fiction of this kind all is possible.

North-West Passage: a Childish Memory.

I.—Good Night.

When the bright lamp is carried in,
The sunless hours again begin:
O'er all without, in field and lane,
The haunted night returns again.

Now we behold the embers flee
About the firelit hearth; and see
Our faces painted as we pass,
Like pictures, on the window-glass.

Must we to bed indeed? Well then,
Let us arise and go like men,
And face with an undaunted tread
The long black passage up to bed.

Farewell, O brother, sister, sire!
O pleasant party round the fire!
The songs you sing, the tales you tell,
Till far to-morrow, fare ye well!

II.—Shadow March.

All round the house is the jet-black night:
It stares through the window-pane;
It crawls in the corners, hiding from the light,
And it moves with the moving flame.

Now my little heart goes a-beating like a drum,
With the breath of the Bogie in my hair;
And all round the candle the crooked shadows come,
And go marching along up the stair.

The shadow of the balusters, the shadow of the lamp,
The shadow of the child that goes to bed—
All the wicked shadows coming, tramp, tramp, tramp,
With the black night overhead.

III.—In Port.

Last, to the chamber where I lie
My fearful footsteps patter nigh,
And come from out the cold and gloom
Into my warm and cheerful room.

There, safe arrived, we turn about
To keep the coming shadows out,
And close the happy door at last
On all the perils that we past.

Then, when mamma goes by to bed,
She shall come in with tip-toe tread,
And see me lying warm and fast
And in the Land of Nod at last.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

PICTURES OF JAPAN.*

THE two noble quartos of M. Louis Gonse's exhaustive treatise on Japanese art (the issue of which is limited to fourteen hundred copies) are a monument of skill, enterprise, and good taste. The book is probably the comeliest and richest M. Quantin has ever produced; and M. Quantin is famous among modern publishers of rich and comely things. Its opulence of elegance is really unrivalled. It is admirably printed, on excellent paper with fair margins and finely-broken pages; it is bound, with special irons and attachments, in yellow silk, with an imprint, pictorial and lettered, in vermilion and black; it has a title-page in black and red and sepia, filled in with charming Japanese designs. By the bibliophil whose passion is new books, its delightful foppery is not to be resisted.

Thus much for the outside of the casket. Within, it is richer still. It is a little world of illustrations, in all known processes of reproduction, of all possible shapes and sizes, in all imaginable colours. In black and white there are some eight hundred — pictures, tailpieces, chapter-headings, initials, vignettes—in the text; of etchings, plates in *héliogravure*, chromo-lithographs, grisailles, and "aquarelles typographiques," there are over sixty, all on special papers (vellum, "papier à la cuve," varnished Bristol, and so forth), and all protected by an interleaf of Japanese. Most of the thirteen etchings, some of which are polychromatic, are by M. Henri Guérard; one, of special interest, is by a native artist, from a sheet of studies by Hokusai. Among the Guérards are a wonderful and terrible "Dragon;" a superb "Mask," in black and red lacquer; a monumental bronze "Goose;" a marvellous bouquet-holder—a broken old creel in bronze, incrusted with a living crab in copper lacquered red; an extraordinary armour in chased and damasquined iron, from the Armería Reál at Madrid; and the queerest grotesque in Owari enamelled stone-ware—a statuette of Dharma, the Buddhist saint. The plates in *héliogravure*, twenty-one in number, are of course the work of M. Dujardin; they are mostly of ivories, bronzes, monochromes, metal-work, and lacquers; of their kind they are perfect. The chromo-lithographs by MM. Coine and Lemoine are amongst the best of their kind I remember to have seen; there are ten of them; they picture the rich lacquers of Yeddo and Nagasaki, the gorgeous porcelains of Kioto and Satsuma, the multi-coloured wares of Koutani and Hizen; many of them have taken upwards of twenty printings. Of M. Guillaume's two grisailles the effect is singularly good and pleasing; they reproduce, in black and gold, a couple of monochromes by the painter Kouasan—one, a piece of pure naturalism, of a group of Buddhist dervishes; the other, an essay in mythological romance, of Monjiu, Goddess of Literature, in apotheosis on a couchant lion. Most interesting of all, perhaps, and in some ways most effective, are M. Gillot's eighteen "aquarelles typographiques" — typo-water-colours as we should say. For polychromes and coloured prints the process is not to be excelled. We owe to it a certain number of reproductions, in colours and gold, of drawings and engravings —by Hokusai, Shinman, Hiroshighé, Shigonobou, Gakoutei, Shinseï, and their compeers—not much inferior to their originals. These are so many peeps into the heart of a civilisation the strangest and most enchanting known to the modern world.

RAIN. DRAWN BY HOKUSAI.

* "L'Art Japonais." Par Louis Gonse. (Paris: A. Quantin. 1883.) Two Volumes. 200 francs.

And as the book is the costliest and the most splendid in existence on its subject, so, too, is it the

THE JUGGLER. DRAWN BY HOKUSAI.

most exhaustive and complete. It is not so many years since the existence of Japanese art was made known to us. As first revealed it was a jumble of oddities and splendours—of comic prints and royal tissues, of priceless lacquers and irresistible ivories, of magnificent porcelains and prodigious bronzes and little marvels of ironwork and chasing: flung together in defiance of chronology from all the points of a new Unknown; unstoried save in a language none could speak, written in characters none could decipher; and, to all appearance, so completely at enmity with European ideals as to be an outcome of mere lawlessness, an accretion of individual caprices, an effect of causes the most arbitrary and eccentric. There was a craze for the Japanesque; but it was the reverse of scientific, and meant no more than that a crowd of people admired with more or less discretion, and that a few, having caught a glimpse of certain positive meanings—"decorative quality," "sentiment of colour," "perfection of handiwork," and so forth—were resolved on making the most of their attainment. Books were written, and specimens were collected and published; but Dr. Anderson (who might and could have spoken with something like authority) remained silent, and nothing like systematisation, nothing like a synthetic analysis of the dominant influences and ideals of Japanese art, was possible. Meanwhile, M. Louis Gonse was working his hardest. He was enjoying exceptional advantages; he had access to all kinds of precious material; he was collecting for himself, and he was aware of the results of collecting in others; he was teaching himself to read Japanese, and he was fortunate enough to find (what is not often found) two native gentlemen—MM. Wasaï and Hayashi—by whose authority he was able to correct his translations of the antique texts, and who were competent to help him in deciphering the incomparable handwritings that came in his way—handwritings in which there is so much that is individual and artistic that to your average Japanese (above all since he has taken to mechanics, and frock-coats, and the study of "First Principles") they are absolutely unintelligible. The outcome of his enthusiasm is the present book; the first history of Japanese art, that is to say, which has any pretensions to synthetic completeness, and, as it seems to me, the only one which is based on the study

THE WRESTLERS. DRAWN BY MITSOUOKI.

at first hand of native documents and original materials. I should add that it is rather narrative than

A DISPUTE AT CHEQUERS. ARTIST UNKNOWN.

critical. M. Gonse has not attempted to analyse and establish the principles in virtue of whose existence and authority the æsthetic theory and practice of Japan have come to be the antipodes of those of Europe. He has, it is true, some talk about the Japanese love of nature, and the perfect development of the Japanese sense of decoration; he deals—a little timidly and inconclusively, perhaps, but rightly and intelligently—with the tradition which derives the art of Japan from the art of China; he does his best to get at the root of the matter from the ethnological point of view, to make the question a question of race, and to perpetuate for the artistic achievement of Japan a correlation not with that of the Middle Kingdom, but with those of Java and India. But that is all he does; and that, though it is much, is not enough. The principles of Japanese art have yet to be formulated. Its ideals, of wilfulness, of inequality—of naturalistic inharmonies, so to speak; its ignorance of measure, balance, rhythm, proportion, symmetry; its indifference to beauty of form and expression and elevation of sentiment; its contempt, save in purely decorative work, for the delighting of the eye and the production of merely sensuous emotion—all these qualities have yet to be accounted for and explained. M. Gonse is satisfied with knowing that Japanese art—in bronze, in lacquer, in ivory, in the round, in the flat, in colour, in monochrome—is beautiful in its way. What that way is he does not attempt to show. Herein, to me at least, is the chief fault of his work. You might read it from end to end; and if it were not for the pictures, you would hardly know in what the essence of Japanese art consists. Of its history you have as much as has yet been given to the world; of its psychology—its spiritual epic—you have not very much. It has found its Waagen; but its Fromentin is yet to come.

This noted, there is little left to do but praise. M. Gonse has spared no pains to make his essay worthy of its subject. He begins *ab ovo*, with the history not of Japanese art, but of Japan and the Japanese. He passes on, in a second section, to an account of the country and the race. In his third chapter he treats of painting from Kanaoka and the Primitives to Setteï and his compeers, whose relation to Japanese high art—with a wide divergence of aim and a complete dissimilarity of method—is pretty much the same as that of MM. Monet, Sisley, Pissarro and Company, to the great art of Italy and Holland. From painting he proceeds to architecture; from architecture to sculpture, in bronze and wood and ivory—from the great heroic statues downwards to the masks, the incense-burners, the netsukés, the pipe-cases, the boxes and desks and bouquet-holders, all the innumerable knick-knacks and fantasies of a luxurious and artistic nation; from sculpture to

PORTRAIT OF A PRINCESS. DRAWN BY YOSAI.

metal-work—armours, sword-blades, sword-hilts, sword-rings, pipes, buttons, sheath-tips, and all the rest of it; from metal-work to lacquer—oldest and most Japanese of all the arts of Japan; from lacquer to the textiles which are the crowning glory of the factories of Kioto—the gorgeous foukousas, the rich and sober brocades, the miraculous embroideries, the precious robes, the wonderful girdles, the finest fripperies of the best dressed people in the world. Of ceramics he leaves the story and analysis to Mr. S. Bing, who treats of them with fulness and discretion, from their earliest and rudest expressions, down through the period of Corean influences and examples, to their appearance and development as an autochthonic art, and so to their degradation and ruin in our own time; with special reference to their many ideals and peculiarities, to the elements of which they are compacted, and to the multitude of famous potteries—Hizen, Satsuma, Kioto, Koutani, Yeddo, Owari, and the others—out of which they have proceeded. In the final chapter, which is devoted to woodcuts and woodcutting, and which contains an excellent account of Hokusai, and as full a general catalogue as possible of the thirty thousand drawings he is supposed to have left behind him, M. Gonse resumes and finishes his task. As will be seen, the panorama is comprehensive even to completeness. Nothing is omitted, and nothing is left half done. Each one of the several arts in which the Japanese genius has found expression is discussed and explained in all its developments. When, as is the case with painting and ceramics, the materials are abundant, the result is necessarily more satisfying than where they are scanty, as is the case with architecture and textiles. In every instance, however, as much is given as is known. To learn more we must go to specialists like Dr. Anderson and M. Théodore Duret and Professor Conder, and so begin to be specialists ourselves.

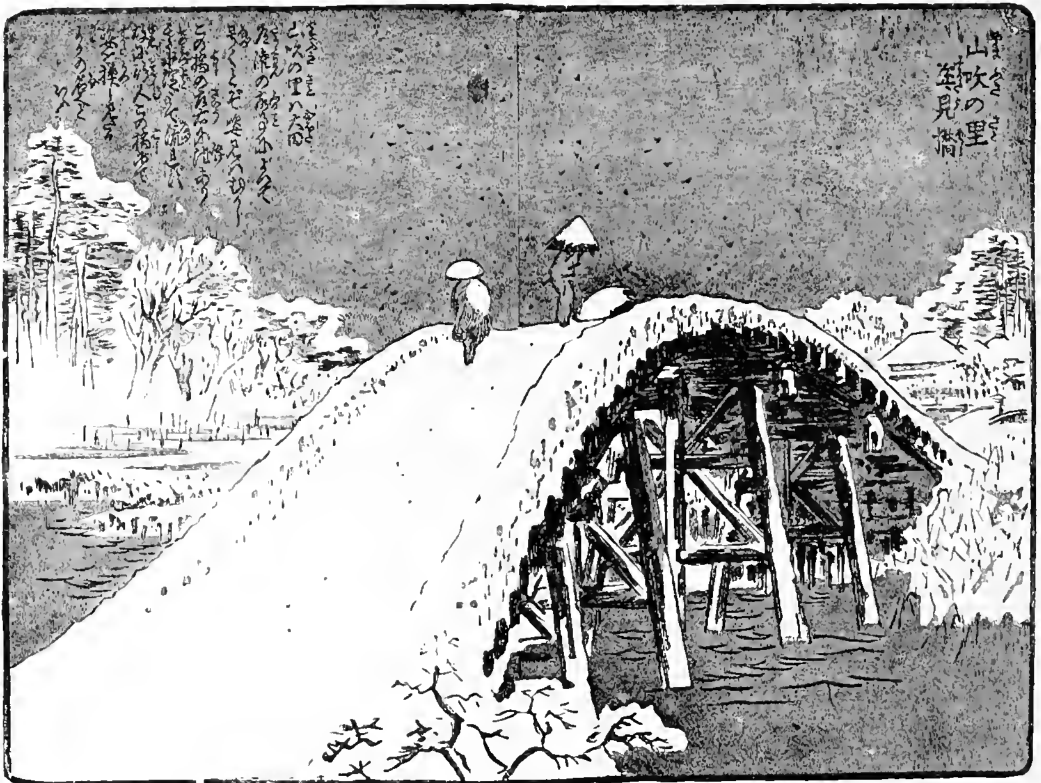
YAKOKONOBÉ. DRAWN BY YOSAI.

I have said that, without the illustrations, the book would tell us little of the peculiar physiognomy of Japanese art, and little of its native and essential qualities. I shall add that, putting all questions of reproduction aside, M. Gonse's pictures are of inexhaustible interest and often of uncommon merit, and that—what perhaps is even more to the purpose —they have been chosen with such intelligence and authority as not only to complete the text, but to

increase its significance tenfold. Of foukousas, for instance—the costly and lovely stuffs which are used as wraps for presents—M. Gonse has written usefully and well. But we have to turn to M. Gillot's wonderful reproductions to apprehend the full import of what he has written: to the plum-tree in bloom — a dream of white and gold and delicate brown—to the shoal of fish—traced in gold on a ground of Indian red, with a selvage of pale, soft purple—and to the wonderful white carp swimming up the waves of a golden stream, on a ground of brown, which are figured on three of the half a dozen admirable examples lent by M. de Nittis; to the beautiful bamboos in snow-time—an exquisite arrangement of white and gold and blue—and the sunset behind a pine forest—in several shades of gold on a ground of equal red—which stand for treasures of the author's own. Then his enthusiasm appears only natural and reasonable; such charm in line, such loveliness in colour, such perfect expressions of the sentiment of decoration, are irresistible; you look at them, and you perceive that, much as we have learned already from the Japanese, the half of their capacity has not yet been told to us. It is the same with the bronzes—those masterpieces of invention and style in which the genius of Japan appears to have uttered its last word, and to have uttered it for all time. No description could make us feel the majesty and the force of Tomonobou's awful serpent —uncoiling his tremendous rings in a transport of fury—so closely and keenly as the little picture in black and white with which M. Gonse has supplemented his written note. In M. Henri Guérard's excellent etching of Töoun's incomparable Dragon—a terror of claws and coils and horrid spines—we get a great deal of the savage energy and fine creative imaginativeness of the original, though the reproduction is but a fifth of its size; and in the same draughtsman's presentment of another masterpiece of Töoun's—a pigmy mounted on the shell of a giant snail, with a maw like a shark, and an expression, as he drags on his house, of mingled fierceness and activity—there is something of the grotesque and taking humour of the master's own handiwork. I might multiply my instances almost *ad infinitum*. No amount of words would convey the simple impressiveness of M. Guérard's mighty "Goose" (Bing Collection), looking as if he might save the Capitol unaided; or the effect of his "Mask," which is hideous and naturalistic enough to be typically Japanese, and withal so superbly modelled as to be almost Greek. In the same way a plate by M. Dujardin, of sword-hilts and sheath ornaments, or netsukés and pipe-cases, is more to the purpose than half a volume of eloquence. The delicacies and fantasies of such work are beyond language. Here, for instance, in a single page, are eight hilts, a piece of ornamentation, and three sheath-rings, in iron, silver, and artificial metals, all chased or incrusted or graven. The ornament represents the Seven Sages of the Bamboo—a composition in relief, full of energy and expression, character, and gesture, and about an inch and a half long by three-quarters wide. The hilts are a little world of invention: warrior-heroes, swimming fish, fighting dragons, a grotesque bonze and a comic monkey, a swooping bird, a springing flower; each is so true and vivacious after its kind that its presence seems to inform the metal with enduring life. Or take the case of a page of netsukés. Here is one containing presentments of fourteen little miracles (in carven ivory) of humorous naturalism. In the centre is a mask—a cobweb of wrinkles, a masterpiece of expression; on one side of it is a porter stooping under a bale, on the other a couple of figures that remind you of Daumier and Leech in a breath. Here is a lady out walking with her little boy; there, a woman of the people, basket in hand, and her baby at her back; above, a woodman sound asleep on his log, with his axe sticking as it was left at his last stroke; and so forth and so forth. The pen grows weary, and the outcome is but a catalogue after all. You turn from M. Gonse's page to M. Dujardin's plate, and you learn more in five minutes of looking than in three hours of reading. You read of Zingoro's wondrous door, at Nikko, and regret with all your heart that M. Guérard should have refused to attempt it; of the same great master's "Sleeping Cat"—shut in a silver cage for fear of thieves—and you sigh, in vain, for some presentment, however slight. But such lapses are rare. I have said that there are over nine hundred pictures of one sort or another. It will be enough if I add that there is not one but serves its purpose as a gloss upon the text, and teaches you something which, in its absence, you might, and probably would, have failed to discover or divine.

Nor is it only the art of Japan which is thus illuminated and explained; it is also the life and manners, the legends, the myths, the novels and satires and superstitions. M. Gonse, for instance, is writing of costume and its materials. You turn the leaf, and here—from a kind of Japanese "Ladies' Companion," or "Girl's Own Book," a hundred and fifty years old—is a woodcut of two young ladies in the rain; you push on a little farther, and lo! a delightful "typo-water-colour," the fac-simile of a Gakoutei (1822), of two *élégantes* of the finest feather, magnificently robed and girdled, their hair full of pins, their feet in black pattens, pacing exquisitely along in the shade of the same umbrella. Is it a question of myth? Then, here is a running com-

mentary in pictures on the "Koziki," the Japanese "Works and Days" and "Book of Genesis" in one. Here, from Hokusai's own hand, is a portrait of Kouannon the Goddess of Grace, a figure of supreme yet fantastic elegance, the lines of her pose and her floating draperies repeated in some sort in those of the swimming fish on which she stands; here, from a design of Korin, the prince of artists in lacquer, is Sonzano, the Wind God—a grotesque of the wildest energy, an embodiment of hurricane and storm; here, from an antique bronze, is Sennin on a tiger, and here, from a drawing of the Kano School, is Sennin he is a naturalistic ideal of force and genius and daring; you have but to look on him to know how the Japanese figure a great man. Is it a question of superstition? Here, from the hand of the master Shighenobou, is a picture of a girl in colloquy with a rat, the emblem of luck—perched on a stool, and vivaciously discoursing, as in the verse of La Fontaine. Of manners? here is Yeïsan putting M. Pilotel and Mr. Alfred Thompson to scorn with a bill of the play; here are Shinseï with a New Year party at Yeddo; and Toyoukouni the First with a picture of ladies (light ladies) going a-sailing, by moonlight, at



A BRIDGE IN SNOW-TIME. DRAWN BY HIROSHIGHÉ.

on a fish; here, reminding you in a curious far-off way of a personification by Albrecht Dürer, is Hokusai's idea of Amaterasson, Goddess of the Sun—a woman of the purest type of Japanese beauty, sumptuously robed in raiment of mysterious textures, walking among clouds and in space, the white fire-globe in her right hand. Is it a question of ethnology? Here, in black and white, is Yosai's portrait of Yoritomo, the greatest hero of old Japan, founder of the power of the Shoguns, or Tycoons; soldier, statesman, lawgiver; such a man as comes but once in a thousand years. He has the long cheeks, the oval face, the aquiline nose, the almond eyes and slanting brows, the thin, sensual, resolute lips of the governing race, the dynastic aristocracy, of Japan; Yeddo, in gorgeous array and in a boat of vermilion, with a terrific black eagle at the prow; and Teïsaï, with a representation of how, if you happen to be a person of mark, they wish you a Happy New Year; and Hokusai—"the old man mad for drawing," as he writes himself—with note after note, picture upon picture, study upon study. Of history? here is Yosai with a presentment of the sublime Kanaoka, the founder of Japanese art, as he appeared in the art of painting a portrait; and Hirotaka, Kanaoka's grandson, smiting his forehead and recoiling in terror from his own tremendous picture of Hell; and the heroic Tatsibana Himé casting herself into the sea to save the life and fortunes of her husband Yamato Daké, called the "Prince of Sworders," in his

legendary wars with the giant Idzoumo; and—the centre of a group of laughing urchins, fat and kindly

A POET WRITING. DRAWN BY HOKKEI.

and fatherly, like an incarnation of the jolly god Hotei—Yakokonobé (this one I reproduce), the jovial and beneficent genius who brought silkworms into Japan; and a hundred notables besides.

Certain specimens I am enabled (M. Quantin aiding) to transfer to these pages. Mitsouoki, to whom we owe the delightful fantasy which I have called "The Wrestlers" (1616—1691), is one of the most illustrious masters of the School of Tosa, the school from which proceeds the heroic art of Japan, in opposition to the School of Kano, which is popular in subject and familiar and realistic in style. He came at a time when the School of Kano was everywhere triumphant, and when the School of Tosa, overshadowed by the genius and accomplishment of the long line of great masters deriving from Kano Yeïtokou, had appeared almost at the point of extinction. His master, Sansetsou, was a pupil of Sanlakon, who was a pupil of Kano Yeïtokou himself; so that it was in the enemy's camp that he learned to win his victories. Under his influence the School of Tosa revived and flourished. His ideal, says M. Gonse, "réside dans la pureté de la ligne, dans la grâce ingénieuse du motif, traduites par un pinceau de miniaturiste;" he was the inventor of "ce style décoratif raffiné, élégant, où les fleurs, les oiseaux, les paysages, ont des suavités préraphaëlesques." The example I quote can hardly be representative. There is nothing refined in it save the fun, nothing exquisite save the accomplishment and the apprehension of character and gesture and fact. Evidently this is not Mitsouoki, champion of the classic school, the School of Tosa, but Mitsouoki unregenerate, a student in the School of Kano.

Mitsouoki's pictures, says M. Gonse, are treasures for the Mikado—are heirlooms in the great houses of Kioto. Quite other is the fortune of the five masters exampled beside him. One, the famous Yosai, has a place apart. Born in 1787, a contemporary of Pitt and Robespierre, he died in 1878, a contemporary of Beaconsfield and Gambetta. Delighting in legend and romance, saturated with literature and the literary sentiment, putting away the life about him for the heroic and mythical life of centuries ago, a recusant from Hokusai and naturalism, and a master—the last—of the School of Tosa, he is in some sort the Burne Jones of Japan. At once eclectic and individual, a great draughtsman and a great poet, versed in all lore and an adept in all arts and sciences—such, as described by M. Gonse, was Kikoutshi Yosai. His masterpiece is the "Zenken Kojitsou," a work in one-and-twenty volumes, the text of which he wrote and the illustrations of which he drew. It is the *Libro d'Oro*, the Golden Book, of Japan—a record, graphic and literary, of all her notables, in art and science and philosophy and war. Both my examples of Yosai are adapted from the "Zenken Kojitsou." One, the first, is a portrait, more or less ideal, of a princess of the epoch of Yoritomo—very proud, very lovely, very

A POET READING. DRAWN BY HOKKEI.

dangerous and enchanting; the other, as of a sort of beneficent and jovial genius, is, as I have said, the "counterfeit presentment" of one of the great industrial heroes of Japan. The literary quality in both is too obvious to need any description of mine.

The others are all four common and popular. They belong to the last of all the Japanese schools—a school whose ideal is an expression of the facts and humours of nature, and whose practice, if naturalistic it be, is naturalistic in the highest sense of the word. Yosaï was a realist, too; but he was a realist *mutatis mutandis*, as Raphael was one. He used reality as a basis for his imaginings; he wove the truth into the very substance of his visions; he worked, in fact, as all great imaginative artists do. With Hokusai and his followers the fact and its expression are everything. Give them the essentials of reality and they are satisfied; they are realists, not with Raphael but with Daumier. In the innumerable circumstances of life, its inexhaustible conditions, its infinite accidents and changes, they find their only material. Hokusai drew any and every thing with equal gusto and equal skill. The flight of birds, the grace of bamboos in flower, the reveries of men in drink, the humours of tea-house and kennel, the loveliest landscape, the most graceful presence, it was all one to him. A man of the people (he was the son of a mirror-maker), it was for the people that he worked all his life long. Born in 1760, he lived and drew for close upon ninety years, a pupil of Shiountshio, and a student of such masters as Tanyu and the older realists. His model was Japan; and in a graphic shorthand, the perfection of which has very rarely been equalled in art, and has certainly never been surpassed, he produced his incomparable reports. His work is as varied and full and rich as the life of which it is the expression. It is the pageant of a national existence—a dumb-show of all the multitudinous actualities of an active and individual society; quick with being, teeming with character, as full of movement and gesture and variety as the working hours of a great city. The two trifles I have reproduced—a juggler with a following of boys, and a group of peasants walking in the rain—are in no sense representative. Hokusai produced such things by hundreds. But for expressiveness and veracity, for life and movement and completeness of draughtsmanship, I would back them against all the pictures in the coming Academy. The charming little drawing which I have called "A Dispute at Chequers"—a mellay of small Japanese; punching, hauling, riving, shrieking—has some of his qualities: as truth to fact, and the sentiment of character and gesture. My two examples of Hokkei are somewhat in his vein, too. But Hokkei (born 1780), the artist of the smaller "Mangoua"—an imitation of the greater "Mangoua," the "Ten Thousand Sketches," of the master—and of the "Fifty Poets," from which my specimens are quoted—was confessedly a pupil of Hokusai, and is, in certain ways, his pale reflection. As for Hiroshighé (1786—1858), he is, after Hokusai, the best painter of manners of latter-day Japan, and withal her most original and remarkable artist in landscape. Of the latter half of this position, the little picture I reproduce—of a bridge in snow-time; cold, gloomy, strange—in its excellent contrast of black and white, and its union of simplicity of means with completeness of effect, affords sufficient proof. W. E. H.

PENS AND PENCILS.

WORDSWORTH AND SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Of the long, intimate, and unbroken friendship between William Wordsworth and Sir George Beaumont we have many relics but no adequate record. Perhaps the best known of the relics is a single line of verse—

> "The light that never was on sea or land"—

which has come to do duty as a stock quotation, and which, like Milton's "fresh woods and pastures new," is almost always misquoted, "shore" being substituted for "land," just as "fields" is made to serve for the Miltonic "woods." Probably in both cases the original sinner was some one who thought that the lines could be improved by a little alliteration; and it may be taken for granted that very few of those who have perpetuated the "sea or shore" emendation know even that the line was written by Wordsworth, much less the name or nature of the poem in which it is to be found. Misquotation is inexcusable, because no one is called upon to quote if he cannot quote correctly; but simple ignorance, unaggravated by worse offences, may be treated leniently, and there may be yet a few working people who know Wordsworth only as the author of "We are Seven" and "Lucy Gray," and have never read, or even heard of, the "Elegiac Stanzas, Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm, Painted by Sir George Beaumont." The poet, after telling how

he and the "rugged pile" had once been neighbours for "four summer weeks," how all the while its form "was sleeping on a glassy sea," and how he could "have fancied that the mighty deep was even the gentlest of all gentle things," goes on to exclaim:—

> "Ah! *then*, if mine had been the Painter's hand,
> To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the Poet's dream;
>
> "I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
> Amid a world how different from this!
> Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
> On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss."

This poem was written in 1805, when Wordsworth and Beaumont had only known each other two years. Their friendship arose out of a gracious act of generosity on the part of the painter-baronet, who, though not a poet like his ancestor Francis Beaumont, the colleague of Fletcher, showed his genuine feeling for poetry by discerning the genius of Wordsworth at a time when such discernment was very rare. In the year 1803 Sir George Beaumont was lodging with Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick, and became aware of the desire felt by the two poets to be near each other, in order that they might have the benefit of mutual intercourse and assistance. Sir George determined that the desire should be fulfilled; and the first or nearly the first communication received by Wordsworth from the man who was destined to become one of his nearest friends was a letter from which the poet learned that he was the possessor of a little estate at Applethwaite, near Keswick, which Sir George had purchased to present to him. The gift was acknowledged by Wordsworth in a letter written in the poet's happiest fashion, and in a sonnet which, though spoken of by his earliest biographer as "beautiful," is certainly not to be ranked among his finest sonnet achievements. But though this poem is marred by prosaic lines and commonplace epithets, many succeeding poems, inspired by a friendship which endured for twenty-four years, and was broken only by the death of Sir George Beaumont, are certainly among the things which no lover of Wordsworth would care to lose. Chief among these are the noble and dignified stanzas which have been already mentioned; but in some respects the sonnets suggested by another of Sir George's pictures, and that on "The Pine of Monte Mario at Rome," are hardly less noteworthy. The first is the one beginning with the lines—

> "Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay
> Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape"—

in which the leading thought is almost identical with that of Keats's exquisite "Ode on a Grecian Urn," the strange magic by which Art confers on the vision of a moment the dower of immortality. The second was written by the poet on the day of his arrival in Rome, when, amid all the glories of the Eternal City, his eye was first arrested and his heart most keenly touched by the sight of the solitary tree which had been rescued from destruction by the friend who ten years before had been laid in his distant English grave.

> "I saw far off the dark top of a Pine
> Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
> That bound it to its native earth, poised high
> 'Mid evening hues along the horizon line,
> Striving in peace each other to outshine.
> But when I learned the Tree was living there
> Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,
> Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine!
> The rescued Pine-tree, with its sky so bright
> And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,
> Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,
> Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome
> (Then first apparent from the Pincian height),
> Crowned with St. Peter's everlasting dome."

Coleridge's state of health compelled him to leave England, so Sir George Beaumont's kindly scheme was frustrated so far as its immediate end was concerned. It served, however, to bring Sir George himself into constant intercourse with Wordsworth; and though there were often long intervals during which face-to-face converse was impossible, they maintained an active and interesting correspondence. Unfortunately only the letters of Wordsworth seem to have been preserved, but from some of them we can gather indications of the nature of Beaumont's friendly missives. The constant references to little domestic details and to all kinds of pleasant trivialities—the small change of familiar intercourse—show that the union between the poet and the painter was based not simply on common tastes but on mutual affection, though there are of course many passages relating to matters of wider and more impersonal interest. Wordsworth has much to tell his friend concerning his own work in poetry, and there are, as one might expect, frequent allusions to Sir George's paintings, particularly to one of two of the series inspired by Wordsworth's own poems, "The Thorn," "The White Doe," "Peter Bell," and "Lucy Gray." Of general art-talk there is very little, for Wordsworth set the admirable example—much needed now—of never writing about what he did not understand; and when Sir George presented him with the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds he says with charming naïveté that "of the greater part of them, never having had an opportunity of studying any pictures whatsoever, [he] can be but a very inadequate judge." Wordsworth had, however, a fine perception of the pictorial quality in landscape; and in one of his letters there are some remarks upon a landscape by Rubens in

Sir George's possession, which would do credit to the discernment of a much better equipped critic, if only for their clear insight into the painter's intention and his method of rendering it.

Sir George Beaumont died on the 7th of February, 1827, leaving with his surviving friend a legacy of happy memories, and one last gift of affection, an annuity of £100 to defray the expenses of a yearly tour. Surrounded as he was by those who loved and honoured him, he feared that they might write for him some epitaph of eulogy, and with unaffected and pious humility he directed that the only inscription on his monument should be the words, "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord." If the executive genius of Sir George Beaumont had matched the beauty and nobility of his character he would have been one of the foremost among English painters. As it is, he can hardly be regarded as more than an amateur of distinguished excellence; and though he has strong claims to be gratefully remembered by all lovers of art, those claims are based less upon what he did than upon what he caused to be done. Very few of the thousands who every year walk through the wealthy chambers of the national treasure-house of art in Trafalgar Square know that the nucleus of that great collection was the gift of Sir George Beaumont. To him more than to any other we owe it that England is not a byword and a reproach among art-honouring nations; and the man who served his country by serving one of her noblest poets and by working in and out of season to establish a national home for creations of beauty does not deserve to be soon forgotten or lightly regarded. So many things are missed in life that it is pleasant to think of the things that are not missed; to know that two such congenial spirits as Wordsworth and Beaumont found each other out, and contributed—who can say how much?—to the joy and enlargement of each other's life. Even friendship seems to gain in nobleness when we remember that for nearly a quarter of a century it bound together two such noble souls. J. Ashcroft Noble.

THE CONSTANTINE IONIDES COLLECTION.

THE OLD MASTERS.

In dealing with the modern pictures belonging to Mr. Ionides it was easy enough to treat them as illustrations of chapters in art-history; but any such attempt in the case of his Old Masters would require a volume instead of an article. The time at which a deceased artist ceases to be modern has never been exactly drawn, and must necessarily shift like a horizon; but there is not a line but a gap in this collection, and we leap backwards at once from Delacroix to Poussin. The latter is surely an Old

THE RIVER.

(Painted by Van Goyen. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

Master—he was six years older than Claude; the French themselves would call him "ancien." He was born nearly three centuries since. But then Giotto was born some three centuries before him, and no less a period than from Giotto to Poussin is embraced by this section of Mr. Ionides' treasures. less and lifeless symbolism of Byzantium, is a long way, but it is only part of that which lies between a beautiful lekythos and a beautiful altar-piece. But Mr. Ruskin has pointed out that the Christian Florentines who decorated the concave vaults of chapels were the same race as the Pagan

THE MILL.

(Painted by Ruysdael. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

There is, indeed, an older master even than Giotto, and one in artistic skill very far superior to him, who is represented in the collection. His name is unknown; but he was a Greek, and he traced with sure hand exquisite outlines on the sides of vases. Mr. Ionides' lekythos is one of the most beautiful in existence, and amongst its other claims to admiration not least in the eyes of a connoisseur is its perfect condition. Between this artist and Giotto there is a deeper gulf than between Giotto and Poussin. It is a gulf not only artistic, but of civilisations and religions. From the perfection of plastic art, of which this vase may be said to be the graphic reflection, down to the love- Etruscans who decorated the convex sides of vases, and over this bridge we may pass at once to the consideration of our Giotto.

Not that I am at all convinced that Mr. Ionides has really had such extraordinary good fortune as to discover in Pall Mall a veritable example of the pupil of Cimabue. In his lovely specimen of Florentine art at the beginning or middle of the Fourteenth Century the type of the Madonna seems to me too delicate, the drawing of the profile and of the hands too accomplished, and the folds of the drapery too broken for the shepherd of Bondone. It is one of the numerous representations of the Coronation of the Virgin which

follow more or less the design of Giotto in his famous altar-piece at Santa Croce. We have two of them in the National Gallery, one by Orcagna, the other by some less able of the Giotteschi. But that belonging to Mr. Ionides is more beautiful than either of these, more refined in form, more sweet in colour. It is, moreover, almost unique in the purity of its condition; it has clearly never been touched by any brush but that of its author, and is almost as fresh as when it was painted. The hands of the Virgin, which differ from those of the prototype both in form and position, are extremely sensitive. The artist, whether Giotto or Orcagna or another, was no mere copyist of traditional types, but a painter of independent thought trying, as far as the trammels of his subject and the imperfection of his skill would allow him, to press some of his own fresh life into the service of Christ. Mr. Ionides is fortunate in possessing so fine an example of early religious art, but is still more fortunate in possessing what is in itself a sacred thing, a picture the colours of which may be said to have been mixed not only with human brains but with a human soul.

Considered historically, the picture is, of course, exceedingly interesting. Its very imperfections are delightful to the student. His point of view is, indeed, very different from that of those who lived when this picture was painted. He cannot feel that strange enthusiasm, half religious half artistic, which greeted the appearance of Cimabue's famous Madonna at Florence and of Duccio's at Siena. Such pictures were "real presences" to the Italians of the beginning of the Fourteenth Century, and if they are not so to us, and we place them in our museums and our drawing-rooms instead of our churches and oratories, the devotion which went to their making has not yet exhausted its power. The merest historian can scarcely fail to feel as he looks at them that he is present, as it were, at the re-awakening of a sleeping princess from a trance deep almost as death. Or, let us say, he sees the sap of nature rise again in a withered trunk after a winter of centuries, and gazes on the first fresh clusters of green leaves.

The source of interest of the only Italian picture we engrave is far different. There is probably about two hundred years between the two, and in that time art has undergone many changes and received many fresh impulses—all of the latter, in the direction of greater technical skill and closer study of nature. The old purely pietistic art is dead with Fra Angelico; rich merchants supplant the church as patrons; naturalism and classicism—the realities of modern Italy, and the ideals of ancient Greece and Rome—take the place of the dreams of the cloister as sources of inspiration. The secularisation of art has begun in real earnest, the right of the world to employ it for its own pleasure and pride is practically accorded, legends of pagan mythology vie with those of the church as subjects for its pencil, and portraiture becomes daily more important not only for reflecting the faces of living persons, but as the basis of imaginative design.

The pleasure which we take in old pictures must often be quite beside the main purpose of the artist, and this is more especially the case with portraits, where the chief pleasure which is designed is that of recognising some one we know. Many we admire for the beauty of their execution, others for the human beauty they record; but there are some artists—Rembrandt, for instance—who had a singular gift of preserving the human interest of the most ordinary face, so that some kind of *rapport*, something even of confidence is established between the sitter and succeeding generations of those who regard his or her image. Such portraits are agreeable to live with, they have been the friends of your friend the artist, and he has introduced them to you. A portrait of this order is Botticelli's image of Smeralda Bandinelli, the wife of a Messer Bandinelli. It seems a matter of regret that the Christian name of the husband is obliterated in the inscription on the picture, not that we wish to identify this particular Bandinelli: but because we should like to know all about our new acquaintance. But there are other points of view from which this particular picture can be enjoyed. It, with its glimpse of the gallery of an Italian palace of the Fifteenth Century, is a page of social history, a bit of genre as well as a portrait, and last but not least it is a masterly piece of tempera-painting in perfect condition. In drawing it is firm but tender; in colour, according to the modern fashion, it might be described as a "harmony of cherry and amber." The hair is yellow-brown, the complexion clear but sallow, the eyes dark, the dress of cherry-red covered with a diaphanous white robe, and in the background—on cupboard, wall, and pillar—there is a beautiful play of delicate shades of brown and green and purple.

This picture was in the Pourtalès Collection, and was once in the possession of Dante Rossetti. The face is of the hollow-cheeked and high-browed type common in Botticelli's pictures; it is a little like the famous "Spring" in the Academy at Florence, reminds one of the Venus in the "Venus and Mars" of the National Gallery, recalls a figure in one of the Lemmi Frescoes now at the Louvre; but I cannot identify it as the certain model of any of his imaginative figures. The simple *coiffure* resembles that of the strange and stiff profile in the Pitti, which is said to be the portrait of "La bella Simonetta."

SMERALDA DI BANDINELLI.

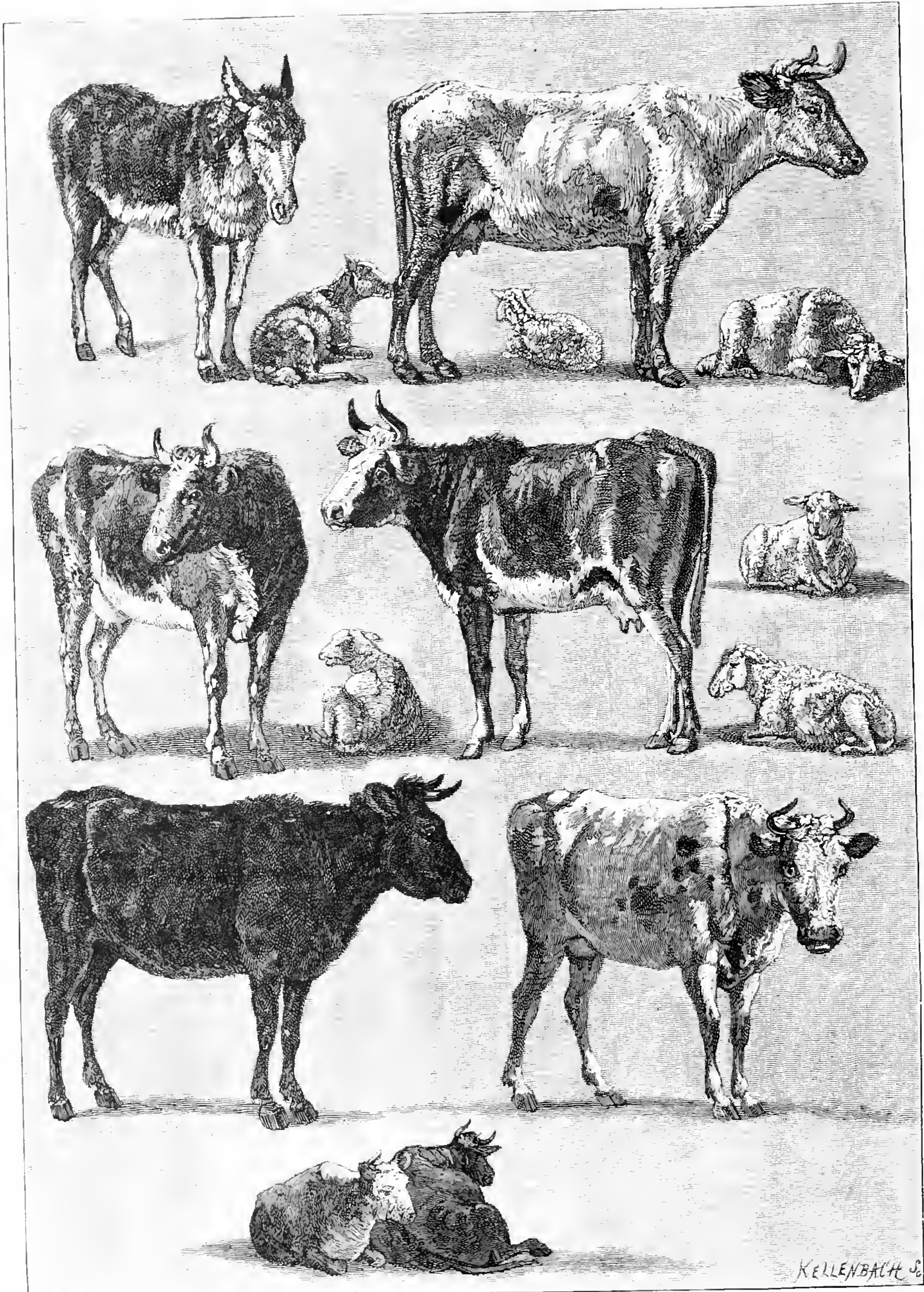
(Painted by Sandro Botticelli. From the Fourtales Collection, by Perm[illegible] of C[illegible])

And here it may be well to mention the other Italian pictures in this collection. One is a "Mother and Child" by some artist unknown, but possibly Sienese of the Fifteenth Century. It has been repainted; but the Madonna is sweet in expression and the Child (the best preserved part of the picture) noble and winning. Another is a brilliant but much repainted "cassone" panel representing the martyrdom of a saint. It is full of small figures, whose energy reminds one rather of Andrea del Castagno than the painter (Piero della Francesca) to whom it has been ascribed. Equally doubtful in authorship seems to me a masterly pen-and-ink drawing of nude figures of a much later date—later, probably, than Raphael, to whose manner of work it bears some resemblance. A splendid head like Tintoretto in quality, another well-preserved Venetian picture with all the characteristics of the Cagliari, a fine small specimen of Guardi, and a brilliant allegorical sketch of a ceiling by Tiepolo are all pictures which would deserve more than such bare mention were not the space at my disposal demanded by more important works.

The spread of the Renaissance, though accompanied by fresh study of nature, was not favourable to the development of such naturalistic art as the portrait of Smeralda Bandinelli. In due course it spread to France, but in the field of painting produced little result there till it had almost spent its force. Then it brought forth, almost as a final effort, Nicolas Poussin. Of that side of his art which was most inspired by bas-relief and architecture, by a spirit at once scenic and monumental, Mr. Ionides possesses two fine examples. One, which bears about the same relation to Phidias as Corneille to Æschylus, represents Venus showing Æneas his new armour. The gilded suit stands up trophy-wise on the extreme right, arranged much as a modern Regent Street tailor would exhibit the last fashion. Æneas (on the extreme left) advances (in his old suit), a model of academic deportment, with arms and legs in the "first position," of gratitude mixed with admiration. Between the gift and its recipient the giver (well carved in stone) is by a miracle sustained in the air, accompanied by a good deal of drapery and a few cupids. A little in the background, keeping apparently the course clear for Æneas, a river-god and a few nymphs have slipped out of the stream, and lie like seals upon the bank. We would refer to Smith's catalogue those of our readers who desire a more orthodox description of this celebrated picture, which has been engraved twice at least. An outline of it is given in "Galéries des Peintures Célèbres:" Poussin (Vol. ii., Plate 161). As an illustration of the history of art in France it could scarcely be excelled; but if we wish to see more of the spirit personal to the artist, we should look rather to the other example of the great French master which belongs to Mr. Ionides. This has been termed "Le Dessinateur," and might be a representation of a party of the "École d'Athènes" or "École de Rome" of Poussin's day sketching amongst the ruins of a temple. Despite the somewhat incongruously "classic" drapery of one of the figures, who appears to be carrying a huge stone on his hip, and looking up to the cornice to see where it fell from, this is a modern picture, admirable in gesture, and marked with a fine sense of the solemnity and the solitude of ruins.

Here I must mention two painters, contemporaries but seniors of Claude and Poussin, who at the beginning of the Seventeenth Century struck a note of realism unknown before in France. These were the brothers Le Nain, the first genre painters of the French school. Of the two spirits which at that time actuated the art of Italy, Poussin may be said to have reflected one—eclecticism—and the Le Nains the other—naturalism. They were amongst the first painters to whom the ordinary appearance and costume of peasants and artisans appeared of sufficient interest to form alone the subject of a picture. The two artists to whom they are nearest allied in their simple, large, and forcible presentation of such figures were both some years their juniors. These were Cuyp in Holland and Velasquez in Spain. Naturalism was "in the air," and was accompanied then as now with some disregard for composition. In the case of the Le Nains, there seems to be a disregard of proportion also. The figures in our engraving are ungrouped—a series of studies planted in a landscape; but they are drawn and modelled with great decision, and each has its own photographic individuality.

Few things are more remarkable in the history of art than the ages which elapsed before any one was born who could look around him at the sky and the earth and think they were worth painting just as they were for their own sakes. Holland is perhaps the last place where one would have thought such a man would have been born; but there are few countries which repay the landscape-painter so well as Holland, with its clear moist air, its abundance of water, its reddish houses, and green fields. He must have had the spirit of a Dutch landscape-painter who said that he hated mountains because they interrupted the view. Although Van Goyen was the initiator of modern landscape, there is no clumsiness as of a beginner in his work; he is quite masterly within his range. With a few simple colours he did all he wanted at once. A luminous sky, with clouds often bold and well modelled, a finely-gradated distance, trees well studied as to colour and



A PAGE OF STUDIES.

(Painted by Paul Potter. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

form, but rather monotonous in manipulation, the faded red of cottages, the silver gleam of rivers. All these he could give. He achieved a simple but tasteful portraiture of the country he loved. He was the artistic precursor of Hobbema, as Wynants of Ruysdael, as Rembrandt (one small part of him rather) of Philip Koning. They respectively first struck the domestic, the romantic, and the panoramic notes of landscape art. Mr. Ionides, in the placid and charming example we engrave, possesses one of the simpler designs of this pure and genuine artist.

Wynants, studying nature not less lovingly and more minutely, unsatisfied with peaceful amenity, introduced a new and attractive element into landscape art. That wind-worn tree, with gnarled trunk and contorted branches, which we see in the foreground of nearly all his pictures, is the first sign of what our grandfathers would have called the "picturesque." Indeed, though in intention perhaps little more than realist, he by his love of the wild and disordered, and his fine sense of the artistic value of capricious form, may be said to have been the pioneer of imaginative landscape art, and especially in the domain of fantasy and terror. Jacob Ruysdael is one of the far more gifted artists who, without receiving any direct inspiration from him, must yet be counted amongst his followers. The little Ruysdael we engrave depends for its effect upon the picturesque disorder of poles and boards and broken roof, and so forms an admirable contrast in style to the Van Goyen, in which there is nothing unexpected, accidental, or abrupt to mar the sense of rural quiet and domestic peace. But yet it is the etcher of "The Cottage with Palings," Rembrandt himself, rather than Wynants, that this little masterpiece of Ruysdael recalls. Nor is this surprising; for though here, as elsewhere, his colour and his texture are his own, the one sombre but alive, the other smooth but rich and varied, Ruysdael could

THE PIPER.

(Painted by Le Nain. By Permission of Constantine Ionides, Esq.)

hardly have lived for ten years in the same town as Rembrandt without feeling the stimulative effect of an imagination still greater than his own.

Of Philip Koning, or De Koninck, Rembrandt's pupil, and the first, with the exception of his master, to paint panoramic views of vast expanse, Mr. Ionides possesses an admirable small example. This style of landscape has its own delight; and it was Koning's pleasure to show us the level plains of his country with their miles of green acres threaded with silver dyke and starred with ruddy hamlet, and in the distance perhaps a river, and a town at the broad mouth of it bristling with masts among the houses, and a tall-towered church.

Good and interesting as are the examples of Dutch landscape in this collection, those of the Dutch figure-painters are of more importance. Of Rembrandt, greatest of all, Mr. Ionides possesses one very characteristic example. Arbitrary, but striking and mysterious in its light, the "Expulsion of Hagar" belongs to the same class as "The Woman Taken in Adultery" of the National Gallery, and the "Simeon in the Temple" at the Hague. Ishmael is represented as a youth holding the cord of the ass on which his mother is riding. She, brilliantly illuminated from an unseen source, is being led through a rich transparent darkness which envelops without concealing Abraham and her son. She is a beautiful Jewess of a far more refined type than is usual with the master, and is dressed in a rich semi-oriental costume, composed of white turban and gauzy skirt, puce jacket and blue sash, flashing in the strange light which also catches a jewel in Abraham's head-dress. She is seated on an eastern carpet. The execution of the picture is very unequal in finish, though masterly throughout. In the face of Abraham and the half-illuminated parts of Hagar's dress it is miraculously subtle, and in the lavishness of the labour concentrated on a few important parts it reminds one of the "Hundred Guilder" print and other of Rembrandt's etchings. According to Smith, the picture was once in the Fabricius Collection at Haarlem.

Another very desirable possession is the little Brauwer bought by Mr. Ionides at the Hamilton Sale. It represents the interior of a cottage with a boor playing on a guitar, singing a song of rare if not very refined humour to a woman who laughs as she warms her hands over a brazier on the table. The first of the great "little masters" of Holland, Brauwer brought to the service of genre the large manner and expressive touch of Hals, his master. In this respect and in the quality of his light, which seems almost to vibrate, Brauwer stands by himself. In this fine specimen of his skill the ugly bare wall is rendered interesting by the marvellous subtle play of light upon it; the shadows are transparent and unsubstantial as shadows are. You feel that that of the candlestick hung upon the wall would come away with it. And the figures are life-like—more freely drawn than Teniers', less mannered than Ostade's. Brauwer, I fear, for all his hearty humanity and wonderful skill, was a low rascal. But no one could put more life into his work. The joke of this boor's song is contagious; the air shakes with it; you seem to be conscious of the play of light on the hairy nap of his coat, and the dance of the motes in the beam. In Terburg or Ter Borch, on the contrary, everything seems to have stopped (even the sun) to be painted. They stand still as if charmed in the glassy light and magical rest of a mirror. Of this great artist and travelled gentleman Mr. Ionides possesses a very perfect and interesting work picked up lately at Christie's for a "mere song." It is rare in many ways; in the number of its figures, for instance, which are no less than nine, not to mention the customary dog. It is also, perhaps, an early work. It is signed and dated, and there can be no doubt as to the genuineness of the picture, or of the signature, or of the date. One figure of the latter is difficult to decipher, but it looks like a three. This would make it 1631, when Terburg was twenty-three, but it is scarcely possible that he could have attained such mastery at so early an age. Moreover the picture seems to bear traces of the influence of Spain and Velasquez, and he did not visit Spain till much later than this. The scene is a guard-room or inn. On the left are two grand-looking officers, presented with all the force and ease of the great Spanish master, and painted with a breadth of style and fineness of finish unsurpassable. Not less wonderful is the rendering of texture—leathern jerkin, plumed hat, and lace collar. To the right is a table with a black-haired Spanish-looking fellow on one side, lolling on a chair, pipe in hand; on the other a youth with red breeches half seated and leaning over it. The whole picture is pure, untouched, undamaged; and it says little for the knowledge of the dealers that it was allowed to pass into the hands of Mr. Ionides on such easy terms. The only fault I can find with it is that it refused to be photographed, and could in no way be reproduced in illustration of this article.

Of our other engraving, that after the fine sheet of studies of animals by Paul Potter, I need say nothing except that they are as masterly as such studies can be, and I find I have no space to speak of a charming example of Ostade, which is not the least of the treasures of this collection. Its subject is a man playing the hurdy-gurdy to three delighted children. It has a pedigree and is mentioned in Smith.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

THE COUNTRY OF MILLET.—II.

As I said, the diligence has arrived, and discharged its load, and been laid up for the night. Grey-vestured urchins flit about the grey-housed village street, and a flood of warm light comes from the little tavern door and window. Elbow your way through the surging crowd of fisher-women, gathered to receive their empty fish-baskets and money-earnings from the driver of the conveyance, who has come back from Cherbourg market-town. A good fellow, with a soft plaintive accent, he is trying to clear his cider-muddled head enough to give to each of his clients her rightful sum. He does commissions for four sous a parcel, and each person along the route for whom he does business prays him to have a "drop;" and so he has his temptations, though perhaps he has long since given up struggling against them. He is, however, not alone in his trials, for other daily frequenters of the road, the postmen, are likewise implored to drink wherever they deliver a letter. More virtuous these latter, and solemn and official they look as they trot along importantly with their daily batch of two or three letters. Then they have newspapers too; more of these, for though it is a great event in a life to write or receive a letter, newspapers come more frequently. The fire blazes in the big chimney-place as the white-capped landlady heaps on piles of heather; and the black *marmite* simmers in fat bubbles. A group of smoking blouses sit round a deal table, and ever and anon clink their glasses of *cassis* (black-currant wine) or brandy amicably. The Manche is the department in which, of all France, most brandy per head is drunk—so run the statistics. Is it the damp raw atmosphere of the northern climate that so acts on men's stomachs? or is it not perhaps the lack of amusements? The peasants do not dance, and beyond quaint, sad, low ditties one hears sighed out by a straggler in the twilight, there is little music in this sad-vestured people. Unlike, too, the thoughtful contemplative Millet, who loved his *pays* with the love of a *peasant*, a worker in the soil; with the love of a *poet*, as a student of Virgil's "Bucolics;" with the love of a *painter*, his priceless inborn gift by nature—unlike him, they seem blind to all about them. The deep blue of the sea, the purple and gold of the moorlands, the tender greys of lichen-covered rocks in shadowed valleys, the velvety green of spring-watered field-plots, have no charms for them. Now and then, however, *one* springs up from the people, making rude profile outlines that fill his fellows with wonder. One such, at this day, makes a scant living by taking his drawings, comic subjects mostly, to the fêtes, and there succeeds in making up raffles for them at a penny per share. Others, with higher aims, fail for lack of means to educate themselves, turning back sadly to the earth for a livelihood. Then they soon marry, and all higher aims are lost in the regular cheerfulness of domestic life.

1.—HOUSEWIFE.

2.—GOING TO CHURCH.

Young men of the ordinary type meet most evenings to chat and gamble away pence over dirty cards at the bright-chimneyed taverns; and then liquor comes to move their soul to gladness. Amongst the women (1), temptation comes in the coffee-cup. Coffee at dinner is a necessity in the Hague; and every household, however poor, sips in spirits with it. Indeed, so far does this habit go, that for many of the older women coffee means brandy flavoured with coffee! Then, too, some maids imitate their elders, getting liquor-seasoned as they grow older. Happily, however, there is little downright drunkenness; only too many "little drops."

3.—IN MOURNING.

But for the last hour Madame Deschamps and Bonne have been making their *soupe à la graisse*. A large family theirs to feed. First a mass of suet, melted down, is put into the black sauce-

pan, still rough inside with the hardened grease of yesterday's soup. Then much bread and two or three cabbages are cut up, and a pile of haricots thrown

4.—ON THE SANDS.

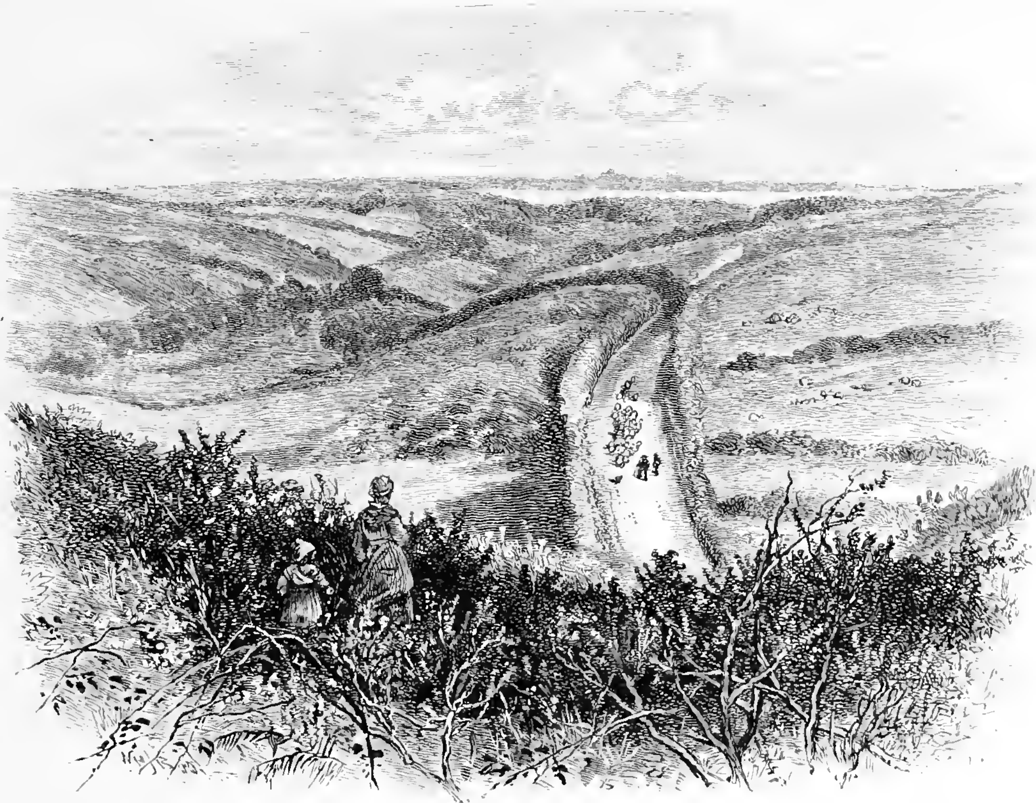
in. Potatoes figure too, with onions or carrots and turnips. The savoury mass boiled, the *sabots* clatter in again, and round the warm candle-light for supper. How the hungry ones suck down the soup, bolting huge vegetable lumps in their haste! No meat for these mouths most days; some of the richer ones, however, who have their *rentes*, enjoy this luxury once a day—at noon; and though 'tis often pork, still pork is highly prized. But there are great windfalls sometimes. A cow dies suddenly in the fields. "The blood has rushed to its head or heart," say the wise ones (this by the way is a very common diagnosis of human ailments), as they hastily summon the butcher to cut up the beast. A custom prevails, a sort of system of "mutual assurance" or "co-operation," which provides for the disposal of the carcass without entailing the entire loss on the owner. In compliance with this custom, the butcher requisitions the inhabitants, who are practically bound by tradition to buy, each household, a franc's worth of meat. All eat the unwonted dainty with relish, many toying amorously with it between their toothless gums. A wonderful lack of teeth in the community. Girls and boys of nineteen have often lost three-quarters of their grinders. Is it the cider that is so fatal? (Most dentists can tell an apple-lover by the ravages made by that fruit on his teeth.) Or is it that in a sop-eating country there is no use for teeth, and so they drop out? The peasants suffer greatly too, and in cold weather half the countryside go about with their heads bound up! But, after all, the bread of the country is hard and crusty, especially the *galettes*, that brown wheat-cakes that are eaten hot, with butter or honey. How charming are the bakehouses! A small stone room sunk low in the ground; groups of women and children waiting expectantly with baskets and white cloths. But first the oven is heated; then the fire raked out, and bread and cakes and apples put in to bake. Presently two white-capped women come. One takes out the baked stuff, reaching far into dark corners of the brick oven with a long-handled flat spade, which she pushes under the vessels or bread, and so pulls them out into light. The other holds a lamp, throwing thereby strange shadows all round the little interior. Then the watchers rush off, covering their hot baked things with their apron.

But, supper over, the peasants sit awhile in the dusk, and then creep to bed, folded in by the dark blue curtains and coverlets. At half-past nine all is still and dark; only the sound of distant waves comes up softly, or a puff of moor air rustles in the ghostly leaves of a stunted tree. But the stars are out, and the lighthouse beacon shines steadily.

How bright are Sundays and feast-days! The streams of people in decent shiny-black homespun, making their way, young and old, to mass. From all sides they come, climbing up to the weather-beaten, lichen-covered old church, which stands high on the windy moorland amidst the tombstones. Quaint and sad the little wreathed crosses that mark the spot where there is one dead. And large black tears painted rudely on the crosses are touching symbols of the peasants' simple, homely griefs. A low grey wall rounds in God's acre; and the wind groans and sighs in the bell-tower as if the saint up there mourned the buried ones. But the bell peals the service hour; all are coming in. The curé comes first with the sacristan, followed by the village idiot, whose madness takes a religious form. He asks strange, queer questions, and the puzzled priest is nothing loath to shake him off as they reach the vestry door. Amongst the crowd entering are women in large gloomy hoods and solemn draping cloaks, all black. These are mourners (3), and their lost ones lie under the fresh-turned earth yonder. Then come groups of cheery, short-skirted old women

5.—AFTER THE FAIR.

in *coiffures* (8). It is a serious business, this head-dressing, and they eye each other critically. There was in Millet's time a grander tower of white on their heads, "the comet," but these towers are no more, alas! Even in the Hague people are getting practical and "hurried," and say "the 'comet' takes up too much time." So it has passed away, a very mortal thing. Troops of girls (2) trip in, with their rhythmless chant, while the priest gabbles. The congregation spring up or kneel down to the order of the priest, who taps smartly on a book as a signal. All the while the white-haired sacristan—he has sung these fifty years—and his colleagues bawl monotonously, never stopping even when the "blessed bread" is handed round. They eat it—their portions are big crusts—without a pause in their vocal efforts.



6.—WHERE MILLET STUDIED.

neat long Sunday dresses, of the same material as the suits of the men and boys who come next. These last will loll about till the service has commenced, and then troop in, clattering up to the benches at the far end of the church, their blouses making a mass of black at either side of the altar. The Hague churches were mostly built, originally, by the English invaders, some of them even dating, it is said, back to the Thirteenth Century. As the wants of the people grew, bit after bit was added, resulting in the long-backed many-jointed edifices of the country. At Querqueville (9) a quaint Byzantine oratory has been built at the side of the church—"by the Greeks," as a wiseacre of the neighbourhood insisted.

But the aisles are full of white-capped women and girls, and the old sacristan with two peasants in gaudy apparel, back-turned, make the harsh

How far off their voices sound as they munch! Then comes the hurried swallow, with the catch-up in the music. But presently the curé will creep up into the pulpit and make a short discourse or read a homily. A funny story is told of a hungry curé who after a huge breakfast could with enormous difficulty last till mass was finished. Then he used to run off swiftly to attack his dinner, which was always waiting ready for him. How did he do on fast-days? Another had a great weakness for sweetmeats, and is reported to have eaten up a vast quantity which were sent to him by an absent friend to distribute at a baptism. Of course he confessed and apologised.

But on the village feast-days a trumpeter comes over the moorland with his excruciating instrument. A fat puffy fellow, his nose has almost disappeared, caught away perhaps by the draught from his mouth

And the choir-boy with the basket loves to linger by him, pressing him mischievously to take some of the "blessed bread," in the midst of his most

7.—MANOR AND BARN.

ambitious flights of music. A marriage is a pleasant sight, the service much like our own; but on the way home, as the bride and bridegroom walk along arm-in arm at the head of some twenty or thirty couples, they are waylaid by friends, who start up at all sorts of unexpected corners and fire off a gun under their noses. This is thought absolutely necessary if one is to be married properly.

Sad indeed, but picturesque, when one is borne to the grave by six of the stout youth in black. Sad, too, when a dead maid is carried to her burial by six of her fellows, all in white. Then the priest and sacristan lead the way singing; and children with flowers and laurel branches follow after, making mournful procession along the moorsides. But first, while the dead yet lay in the house, women in black would come, and draping their heads with black shawls as they enter, wish peace to the household, and take their last look at the sad remains. In the life of the young, the boys and girls, the first communion plays an enormous part. An old man will say fondly of a friend, "He was my comrade at my first communion." Indeed, the children are divided off by, "He is going to take his first communion next year;" or, "She took it this summer." This ceremony is gone through generally at the age of eleven to thirteen. Millet took his when twelve years old. A procession is formed from the

9.—AT QUERQUEVILLE.

manse; the boys and girls, carefully holding their gaudy candles, march singing up to the church. Then after more singing work, first a boy and then a girl scream out their confession of faith in a cracky treble. When all have finished, two children delegated by the rest thank the parents for their past care, and on behalf of all take upon themselves the responsibilities of the future. Great are the feastings at the houses of the little ones on this day; and thousands of rabbits fall, the skins of the flayed bearing hideous testimony on the cottage walls. The priests retain a considerable influence over the people. The parents, though they scarcely ever go to confessional — "they don't believe in that sort of thing," they say—send their children regularly up to the age of thirteen. After that the children do as they like. The people conform pretty well to the other usages; "It can do no harm," they say, "and it is safer." The general attitude towards the priests is one of good-natured incredulity. Very different was Millet's feeling towards the thoughtful, kindly old man who watched over his early years.

8.—IN CHURCH.

On high days some small tents and booths are erected outside the church, and a crowd of people collects to gossip and amuse itself with the wheels-of-fortune or small shooting-galleries. Then the young men present their lady friends with quantities of almonds, or invite them to the mild tipple of *cassis* (berry wine) in the tents. Merry parties coming home (5), young men and maids skipping arm-in-arm down the moor paths.

Thus in the cheerful business of the week-day, or the bright rest of the Sunday, the humble workers live and are content. Sturdy independence, strong clan feeling that dictates the cordial "good-morning, kinsman," or "kinswoman." Workers, not slaves,

they are all landowners. The women, natty, bright, and *mignonnes*. Their country coloured and varied by day; at nightfall mysterious and suggestive. For the stranger all this peasant life has wondrous charms. What subjects there are for the artist in the land! The breezy cattled moorlands (6) dipping into rich valleys, their bold outlines standing in sharp "value" against the distant sea "tone." The quiet villages; the quaint old mossy nooks bathed in noonday drowsiness; the sudden rush of merry madcap children freed from school —these are all subjects for his pencil. Then, too, the *doués* in sunny Sabbath calm, or warm interiors busy with white-capped spinners. Those lapping, lazy waves along the sleeping shore yonder (1) change, and leap and rush in mad wild regiments, to burst in white seething tempest upon the beetling cliffs! Then dreamy eves, when strange mild figures creep towards home. With all this, towered manors (7), their ancient halls heaped up with corn and hay, or the close-walled priory-group glad with loving sounds. A pilgrim haunt; a village saint; and then (10) the quiet stone cross dark against the setting sun. If these things have such attractions for the casual wanderer, how they must have aroused and entered into Millet's deep sympathetic nature. "He used to come round, pencil in hand, just as you are now," said an old woman to me who remembered Millet's early years. "He talked little, and always seemed thinking about things far away."

10.—"EX-VOTO."

I made of late a pilgrimage to Gruchy, past the old Greville church which he has painted, down towards the gloomy iron-bound coast. The tiny cottage where he was born (11), the quaint figures, the little village street, the high-hedged lane, warm in autumn garb—all these must ever linger in the memory.

HUGH DE T. GLAZEBROOK.

11.—WHERE MILLET WAS BORN.

"THE BRAVO."

DRAWN BY ENRIQUE SERRA.

THE Bravo was once a frequent and always a picturesque figure in English fiction. Beaumont and Fletcher made him swagger on the stage with admirable lustre; Lewis glorified him in his daring and typical Bravo of Venice; Mrs. Radclyffe estimated aright the secret and midnight villain; he shared with the Monk and the Bandit the place of honour in the Minerva Press. Now his Toledo sticks in its scabbard; his gait and garb and all his properties are become the scorn of an age that loves not romance. Let who will weep for him; he is gone, and his shadow lingers in romantic pages, with other good things, for artists to rehabilitate. He has disappeared from Venice as completely as the verses of Tasso from the memory of the gondoliers.

The worthy in our picture might be supposed to be honourably confronting an adversary, if we did not know such was not his way. His way had a happier dispatch: a thrust in the dark, a flash from under a cloak, and six inches of steel sent home. Here he makes a hypocritical show of having done a good deed; he indulges in a kind of Pharisaical self-embrace; he meditates like Prosper Merimée's Corsican on his many murders in a cheerful mood. He is scarcely a satisfactory Italian. He is not sleek, nor feline, nor subtle enough to be capable of that exquisite vengeance reported of the frank-hearted bravo who, to insure the ruin of his enemy, body and soul, threatened him with instant death if he did not blaspheme, and then killed him with the blasphemy fresh from his lips. Nothing to fear in the broad noonlight, a mere skulking scarecrow, he is something to make the eyes of Argus twinkle by night.

THE BRAVO.

(Drawn by Enrique Serra.)

SYON HOUSE.—I.

MOST Londoners, who are in the habit of varying the monotony of town life by the enjoyment of an expedition up the Thames, are familiar with the external appearance of Syon House and its surrounding trees. It is a large square stone building of great simplicity outside, and would probably be little noticed if it were not that its great size and the Percy lion which crowns its battlements proclaim its possession of a dignity altogether beyond that of an ordinary riverside residence. And it is indeed alike remarkable for the historical associations which cluster round its walls, for the romantically strange nature of the changes of ownership which it has undergone, and for the brilliancy of its internal architecture. The property changed hands with a dizzy rapidity after the Reformation, to revert in the end to the representative of the family to which it had been first granted. And after having undergone alteration by almost every one of its owners, it remains one of the most splendid monuments of the chaste architecture of the brothers Adam. It may be taken as the embodiment of four centuries of change. It bears the marks of the virtues and the vices of English life during that time. The pious devotion of kings, the vices of the later monastic life, the rise and fall of court favourites, the failure of enforced religion, the tragedy of rebellion, and the last meetings of a doomed king with his children, all find their place in its records.

SYON HOUSE.—I.: THE GATE.

The historical interest of Syon begins in the year 1431, when the monastery of Bridgettines, which had been founded in the year 1415 by Henry V. at Twickenham, received permission from Henry VI. to remove to more desirable and more spacious buildings which they had erected on their own land in the parish of Isleworth. These buildings were not, however, finished in the year 1442, and probably the works continued for some time after that date. We can picture to ourselves something of the probable appearance of the monastery. Built, there seems little doubt, of stone, it would resemble much the Oxford and Cambridge colleges of the same period. Quadrangular in form, its chief features would no doubt be the chapel and the hall, occupying the greater portion of two sides of the court, while the gateway probably rose among the humbler masonry of the cells. It perhaps had a cloister also with

windows of perpendicular tracery, and a fountain in the centre, the splashing of which would be the only sound amid the ruling silence of the order of St. Bridget. The only actual remnant of this monastic architecture, apart from the outbuildings, is a doorway which is built into the wall of the present hall. It is a fine specimen of Fifteenth Century work, and must have belonged either to the chapel or the hall, as it is too elaborate and large to have formed the entrance to any other portion of the convent. In 1468 we find the work of construction still proceeding with Caen stone.

During all this time, and down to the dissolution of the monasteries, Syon increased in wealth. In the year 1492 its revenue exceeded £1,600, and subsequently to that it received many gifts and legacies. But the peaceful days of Syon passed away with the supremacy of the Pope. It had been in existence rather more than a hundred years, and had suffered only the change of almost constant embellishment. For the next century it brought nothing but misfortunes on its owners and occupiers. The monastery was dissolved in the year 1539. Henry VIII. retained the property in his own hands, and its first tenant was the unfortunate Catharine Howard, who was imprisoned here for the three months before her execution. Its next tenant was Henry VIII. himself: his corpse, or rather the bearers of it, rested here on their way from London to Windsor, and as far as he was concerned it was but the scene of the fulfilment of a loathsome prophecy.

Its next owner was the unfortunate Duke of Somerset, to whom it was granted by Edward VI. in the first year of his reign. He seems to have carried out considerable alterations both in the house and garden. The house he no doubt changed sufficiently to suit the requirements of the time, even if he did not altogether destroy it. But it seems probable that the present house, which is fundamentally that of Protector Somerset, stands on the same lines as the monastery, both from the fact of the Fifteenth-Century doorway having been built into the present walls, and from the quadrangular form of the plan. But misfortune overtook the Protector also. He was condemned and executed in 1552, having enjoyed his property for six years only; and it is noticeable that his building works at Syon were brought up against him at his trial. It may be noted, in respect to the question of the identity of the site of the present house with that of the old monastery, that in the reign of Queen Mary it is mentioned that two sides of the house had been pulled down. It would seem likely from this that Somerset had commenced and only partially carried out alterations in the former structure on its own site.

The next owner was John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, to whom Syon was granted in the year 1553. His family must not be confused with that of Percy, who had held the title of Northumberland since the year 1377. The dukedom had been granted in the year 1537 to John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, on the attainder of Sir Thomas Percy. The apparent confusion, caused by the Percy title having belonged for a short period to another family, is increased by the fact that in the reign of James I. Syon was granted to Henry Percy, ninth Earl of Northumberland. John Dudley was the father-in-law of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and it was here that she consented to that fatal acceptance of the crown which again brought the owner of Syon to the scaffold. During the reign of Queen Mary which followed, an only partially successful attempt was made to restore the ancient glories of the monastery, which of course came to an abrupt conclusion on the accession of Queen Elizabeth. The unfortunate nuns, after many wanderings, found a resting-place at last near Lisbon.

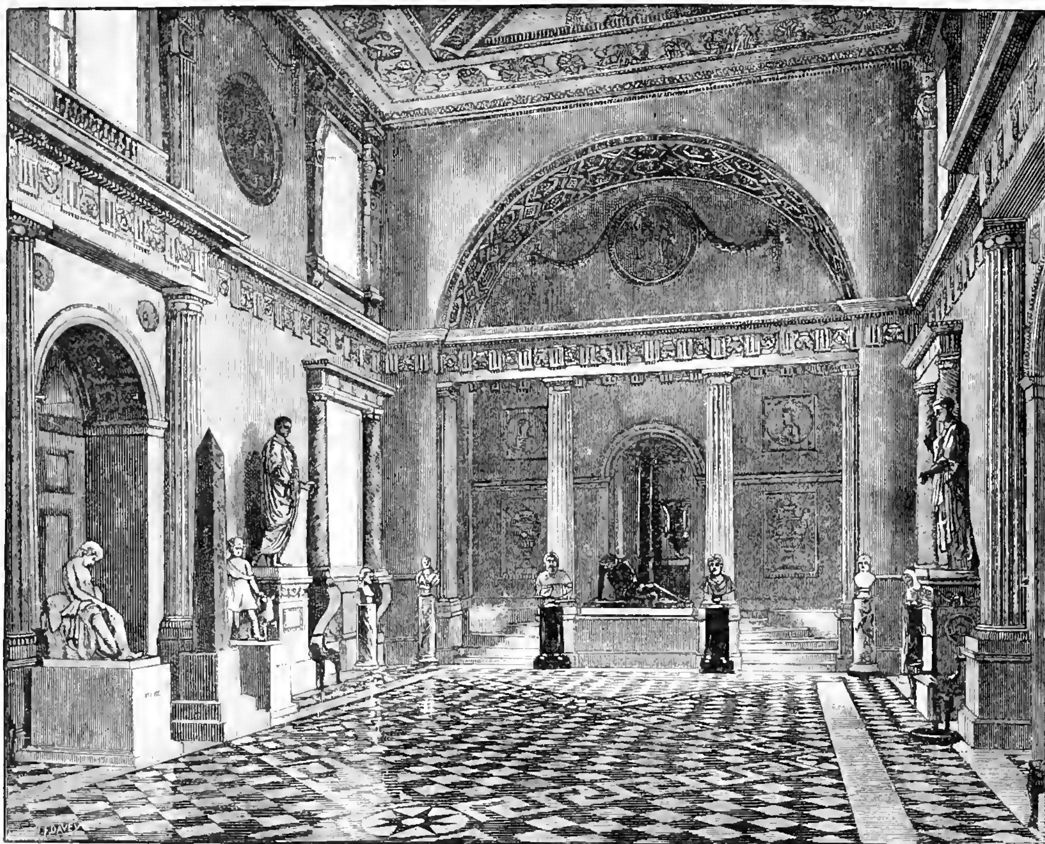
In the year 1604 Syon was granted to Henry Percy, the ninth Earl of Northumberland, in the possession of whose descendants it has since remained. Misfortunes followed him also, though for no fault of his own. Having been unjustly accused of complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, he was imprisoned for fifteen years and ordered to pay a fine of £30,000. He offered to restore Syon to the Crown instead of this sum, as he estimated its value at £31,000. This offer was refused, and he ultimately was released on payment of £11,000. By his son, the tenth earl, the buildings were again repaired, it is said by Inigo Jones. No trace of his work remains, unless it be the general form of the cloister on the east side. This earl had the guardianship of the children of Charles I., and it was in Syon that many of their later meetings with them took place. The long catalogue of the misfortunes of the owners of Syon now seems to be at an end. In 1682 the whole of the Percy property devolved upon Lady Elizabeth Percy, who, after being twice widowed, married the Duke of Somerset before she was sixteen years old. The property thus, by a strange coincidence, returned for a time to the family of the man to whom it had been originally granted. It remained, however, in the possession of the Seymours only for two generations, for the granddaughter of Lady Elizabeth Percy was again an heiress. She married Sir Hugh Smithson, afterwards created first Duke of Northumberland, a gentleman of an old north of England family, and one which already had Percy blood running in its veins. It was he who employed Adam to carry out the alterations which make the interior of Syon House such a fine example of that architect's work.

The entrance gateway (I.) is the only piece of external architecture at Syon which was designed by Adam. It is one of his most characteristic designs, and is especially interesting as having been regarded as "a piece of lace work" in the last century. No one could regard it as such now. It certainly possesses all the delicate qualities for which Adam was so remarkable, the fine mouldings, the chaste composition, and the slight relief of the severe but well-cut ornament. We must never seek in Adam's work the boldness of great projection; he belonged to the school of reaction against the fashion of Rococo, with its huge undercut twists and scrolls and its heavy cornices. But in dealing with his masses Adam was never weak; and he clearly acted on the principle of subordinating ornament to proportion. In the gateway before us we have a bold central arch of great height and dignity, surmounted by the Percy lion. This piece of masonry is designed in a modified form of the Corinthian order, with a fluted frieze and pilasters ornamented with panels filled by scrolls. The arch is carried by a subordinate order about half the height of the other, which ranges with the entablature of the colonnade stretching away on each side. It is composed of round pillars whose capitals are of a very refined type, reminding one a little of the Greco-Egyptian style. The ironwork of the lamps is particularly delicate and pleasing. The whole forms a very dignified and fitting entrance to the flat but finely-timbered park which stretches, with its broad avenues, between the public road and the river.

Passing along one of these broad avenues we come to the house. The exterior is comparatively modern as far as its material is concerned; but there can be no doubt that its main lines and features are those of the more ancient building. It is, as we have said, quadrangular in plan, each external angle being marked by a square projecting tower. The whole except the battlements is faced with Bath stone, which almost altogether compensates by the beauty of its surface and jointing for the nearly complete absence of ornament. Of the four fronts, that to the east, which faces the river, is very much the most successful as an architectural composition, and indeed is of a fine and dignified proportion. Here the curtain wall breaks forward in the centre and carries up from the ground the lines of the pedestal on which the Percy lion now stands. And if we must bitterly lament the demolition of Northumberland House—a work of vandalism which has produced none of the compensating advantages promised which could not have been equally well obtained otherwise, except a large pecuniary advantage to the Board of Works—yet Syon at least has gained both in interest and beauty by the removal of the famous beast to its quieter summit. Another feature which adds much to the dignity of this east front is the arcade or cloister, of considerable depth, which occupies the whole of the ground-floor between the towers. The variety and shadow which it gives is invaluable to the rather flat and monotonous composition of the whole front. Such arcades are not uncommon in English houses of the Seventeenth Century, as for instance that on the south front at Hatfield; and it is likely that it was introduced here by either the ninth or tenth Earl of Northumberland. If by the latter it would have been in its original form the work of Inigo Jones. And indeed it retains now, in spite of alterations, much of the character of his work. Plain as is the whole exterior, it has about it a quiet dignity which well befits the dwelling of an English gentleman. The quality of repose has almost ceased to be sought after in modern architecture, and we seem now to lack the courage of simplicity. It is therefore with a sense of peaceful satisfaction that our eyes turn away from the troubled and tumbled façades of modern edifices to such old-fashioned houses as Syon, which still preserve something of a monastic calm.

Each side of the quadrangular court surrounded by the house measures about eighty feet. The entrance hall is on the west side, the vestibule at the south-west corner, the great dining-room and great drawing-room on the south side, and the gallery occupies the length of the east side. It is with these rooms that we are now concerned. For although the other rooms are decorated in a style of great magnificence, yet they do not possess either the architectural interest or the rich delicacy of these, which are entirely the work of Adam, and which undoubtedly rank amongst the best specimens of his style. In size they compare with the reception-rooms of some of the finest houses in England, while they form a suite of unusual perfection. It would, no doubt, strike the visitor to the house that there is a strange absence of convenient access either to the dining-room or drawing-room. In fact, the dining-room can only be approached through the vestibule or through the drawing-room, and the drawing-room itself is not much more conveniently arranged. Each of these rooms, as well as the entrance hall, occupies the whole width of the house from the court to the outside, and at first sight it seems strange that Adam should so far have neglected convenience for the sake of grandeur. But a study of his proposed plan, which was never completely carried out, shows that he intended to overcome this difficulty by a still more magnificent feature. This consisted of a dome, which was to cover the internal court. The corners remaining, by the fitting of a circular room into a square court, were intended to

be used for light and air to the passages, while all the rooms were intended to face outwards. As all the reception-rooms are on the first floor, the offices being on a low ground-floor, access could thus easily be gained by a serving staircase both to the dining-room and drawing-room, for which, indeed, provision has been made. It does not appear that Adam ever worked out this idea in great detail. He published only a plan of the dome, which would have been magnificent in its dimensions. It would have been very interesting to have seen in what manner he intended to apply his style to the treatment of this feature, and how he would have solved all the difficult problems which it involves. Had it been built with anything like the elaborate decoration lavished on his other rooms at Syon it would have probably ranked as his most successful creation.

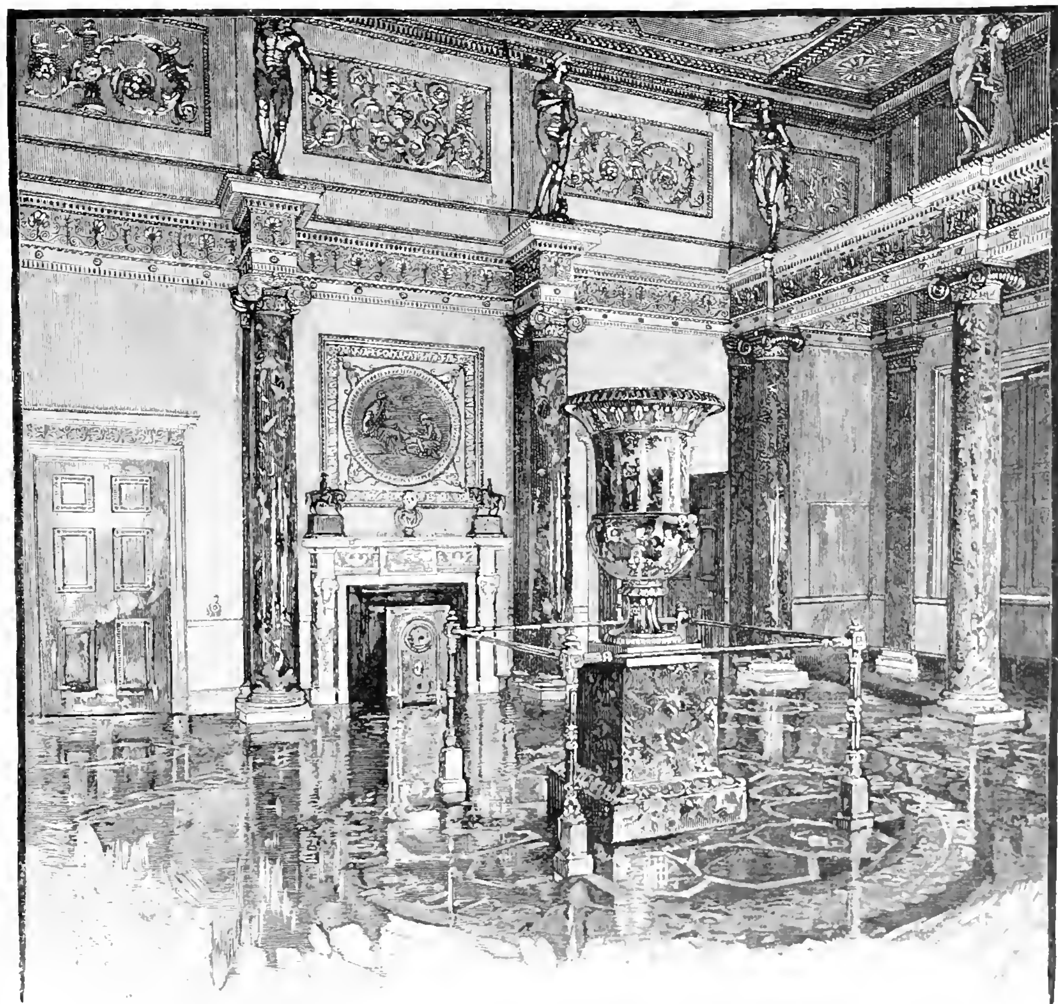


SYON HOUSE.—II.: THE HALL.

Of the work of Robert Adam and his brother as a whole I have not space here to write, beyond pointing out that he was the chief author of an architectural and decorative revival about the middle of the last century. He drew his inspiration direct from Italy, where he studied for several years. He succeeded in adapting with great elasticity and considerable originality the later Roman style to English uses, thus heading the reaction against the vulgarity of the French forms in fashion during the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. His work is essentially scholarly and cultured, but free from pedantry, and he never committed the error of giving the requirements of his style a greater importance than those of place, climate, use, and convenience. He was the first architect of his day both in genius and celebrity. It was therefore only natural that he should have been chosen for the work at Syon.

The entrance hall (II.) is a room of unusual dimensions. Its total length is 66 feet, its breadth and height being 31 feet and 34 feet respectively. It is therefore not far different in size and proportion from the celebrated double cube room at Wilton, designed by Inigo Jones. In dealing with rooms such as this, where the height is very great as compared with the other dimensions, Adam as a rule followed the Italian plan (also used by Inigo Jones at Wilton) of reducing the height of the walls by introducing very deep coved ceilings. We find this, for example, at Gosford House, and also in the drawing-room at Syon. In the hall he was prevented from making this arrangement by the fact that he had to deal with the old shell of the house,

and to use the existing windows. The hall, it will be seen, occupies two storeys, and was, no doubt, at one time made from more than one room. Had the upper windows been closed it would have been too dark, and they are too near the ceiling to admit of a deep cove. The dimension of height, therefore, is a little too great for those of length and breadth. This fault, which it was not in Adam's power to remedy, he has most successfully hidden by the adoption of a ceiling with very deep mouldings and of very large design. The effective height is thus reduced, and few would guess from mere impression how great it really is. The design of the ceiling consists of heavy ribs crossing each other diagonally, and falling back into the panels with deep fluted coving. Each panel contains a central rosette. The soffits throughout are covered with delicate running ornaments of classical form. The cornice is slight. Such ceilings as this do not often occur in Adam's work, since he almost always preferred a more delicate treatment; but it is undoubtedly well suited to its place. The wall is horizontally divided into unequal parts, corresponding to the two storeys out of which the room was made, by an entablature and cornice of the Roman Doric order, supported in suitable places by columns and pilasters. Some such arrangement as this was clearly the only one desirable. Two walls, each with five windows and a door without any kind of grouping, would have had but a poor effect, and the grouping into horizontal rows is that always adopted in the classical style. The Doric order was, no doubt, chosen for its severity, as being thus most suitable to an entrance hall; in fact, severity is the motive of the whole design. Pleasant shadow and a certain amount of mystery are given by the recesses at the ends. That shown in our picture is occupied by the double flight of steps leading to the vestibule, a glimpse of which is seen through the open door. The Doric order is boldly carried across this recess, and here adds much to the effect of the room. The only other ornaments to the walls are the architraves of the windows and the

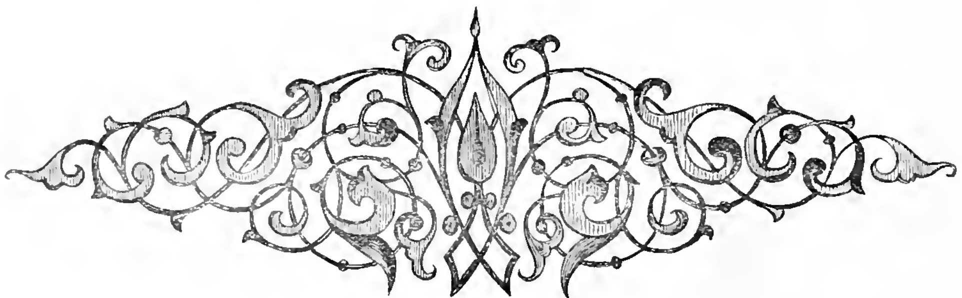


SYON HOUSE.—III. THE VESTIBULE.

medallions and festoons on the upper part, all of which are thoroughly in keeping with the rest of the design. The floor is of black and white marble, of a simple but handsome pattern, following to a certain extent the ribs of the ceiling. The colouring of the whole is cold; but this was, no doubt, intentional, both as being considered suitable to an entrance hall, and because it must have been from the first intended to be used as a sculpture gallery. Our modern idea is, no doubt, to give sculpture a warm background; but that was not the view held in the last century.

If, however, the entrance hall is cold in colour, the same cannot be said of the vestibule (III.). Here marbles and gilding and colour all combine to produce an effect of almost excessive gorgeousness. This room is 34 feet 6 inches by 30 feet, and 21 feet high. Its design must have been made entirely to suit the twelve columns of verd-antique which surround its walls. Some idea of the value of this almost, if not quite, unique set of marbles may be gathered from the fact that they were purchased in the last century at a cost of £1,000 each. They were originally found in the bed of the Tiber. Such specimens as these could probably not be procured now at all, even singly. The ancient quarries are either worked out or their locality is unknown, and the modern quarries do not furnish a marble as fine. The few specimens that are from time to time discovered are only too often used for the manufacture of the numberless smaller objects so often thrust upon the attention of the traveller in Italy. To these shafts have been added Ionic capitals and bases, gilt over their whole surface. The entablature and cornice are of white plaster, with the mouldings picked out in gold, the frieze being of the honeysuckle pattern, gilt on a blue ground. Against the wall, corresponding to each pillar, there is a pilaster of the same material; but it is remarkable that the capitals of these are not of the Ionic order, a slightly disjointed effect being thereby produced. It may be noticed that in plan the vestibule is not exactly square, but has its length four feet greater than its breadth. Owing to this, and to the position of the windows and doors, the equal spacing of the columns could not have been carried out had they been all placed close to the wall. The room was therefore divided into an absolutely square space of 30 feet in width, separated from the remainder by the complete detachment of two of the pillars. This arrangement not only makes the doors, fireplace, and windows fall naturally into their symmetrical places, but adds very much to the effect of the room as a whole, and to those of the pillars which are detached. The entablature and cornice are brought forward over each column, and form the pedestals for copies of various antique statues. These are entirely gilt, and thus, no doubt, lose much from the point of view of sculpture. But it must be recollected that they are here employed essentially as decorative features, and had they been left white they would undoubtedly have destroyed the rich harmony of the whole room. The panels between the statues are formed of gilt arabesques on a blue ground. The ceiling is a delicate specimen of Adam's style, with gilt mouldings. The floor is of scagliola, and very elaborate. It is an imitation of an inlaid marble floor, and is full of diverse colours. In any other room it would certainly seem gaudy; and perhaps it is so even here. It would have been better had it been made of real marbles, for the opacity of the material contrasts unfavourably with the transparent green of the verd-antique, and somewhat prevents the colours from harmonising; but the cost of a floor made of the valuable marble here imitated would have been enormous. The chimney-piece is a delicate composition of green and white marbles. Of course the vestibule was never intended to be lived in. It is essentially an ante-room, and was, no doubt, designed to be as strong a contrast as possible to the entrance hall. An effect of repose was clearly never attempted; it was rather desired that the eye should be met by an appearance of startling magnificence — one of those licences which may be permitted to an architect on rare occasions.

Eustace Balfour.



"A PENNY PLAIN AND TWOPENCE COLOURED."

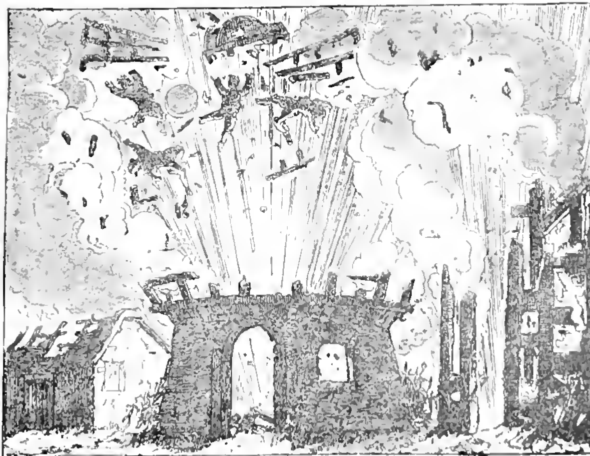
1.—"RAVINA THE TERRIBLE."

These words will be familiar to all students of Skelt's Juvenile Drama. That national monument, after having changed its name to Park's, to Webb's, to Redington's, and last of all to Pollock's, has now become, for the more part, a memory. Some of its pillars, like Stonehenge, are still afoot, the rest clean vanished. It may be the museum numbers a full set; and Mr. Ionides perhaps, or else her gracious Majesty, may boast their great collection; but to the plain private person they are become, like Raphaels, unattainable. I have, at different times, possessed "Aladdin," "The Red Rover," "The Blind Boy," "The Old Oak Chest," "The Wood Dæmon," "Jack Sheppard," "The Miller and his Men," "Der Freischütz," "The Smuggler," "The Forest of Bondy," "Robin Hood," "The Waterman," "Richard I.," "My Poll and my Partner Joe," "The Inchcape Bell" (imperfect), and "Three-Fingered Jack, the Terror of Jamaica;" and I have assisted others in the illumination of "The Maid of the Inn" and "The Battle of Waterloo." In this roll-call of stirring names you read the evidences of a happy childhood; and though not half of them are still to be procured of any living stationer, in the mind of their once happy owner all survive, kaleidoscopes of changing pictures, echoes of the past.

There stands, I fancy, to this day (but now how fallen!) a certain stationer's shop at a corner of the wide thoroughfare that joins the city of my childhood with the sea. When, upon any Saturday, we made a party to behold the ships, we passed that corner; and since in those days I loved a ship as a man loves Burgundy or daybreak, this of itself had been enough to hallow it. But there was more than that. In the Leith Walk window, all the year round, there stood displayed a theatre in working order, with a forest "set," a "combat" (5 and 15) and a few "robbers carousing" (11) in the slides; and below and about, dearer tenfold to me! the plays themselves, those budgets of romance, lay tumbled one upon another. Long and often have I lingered there with empty pockets. One figure, we shall say, was visible in the first plate of characters, bearded, pistol in hand (8), or drawing to his ear the clothyard

3.—"THEIR BOLD ATTITUDE."

arrow; I would spell the name: was it Macaire, or Long Tom Coffin, or Grindoff, 2nd dress? Oh, how I would long to see the rest! how—if the name by chance were hidden—I would wonder in what play he figured, and what immortal legend justified his attitude and strange apparel! And then to go within, to announce yourself as an intending purchaser, and, closely watched, be suffered to undo those bundles and breathlessly devour those pages of gesticulating villains, epileptic combats, bosky forests, palaces and war-ships, frowning fortresses and prison vaults—it was a giddy joy. That shop, which was dark and smelt of Bibles, was a loadstone rock for all that bore the name of boy. They could not pass it by, nor, having entered, leave it. It was a place besieged; the shopmen, like the Jews rebuilding Salem, had a double task. They kept us at the stick's end, frowned us down, snatched each play out

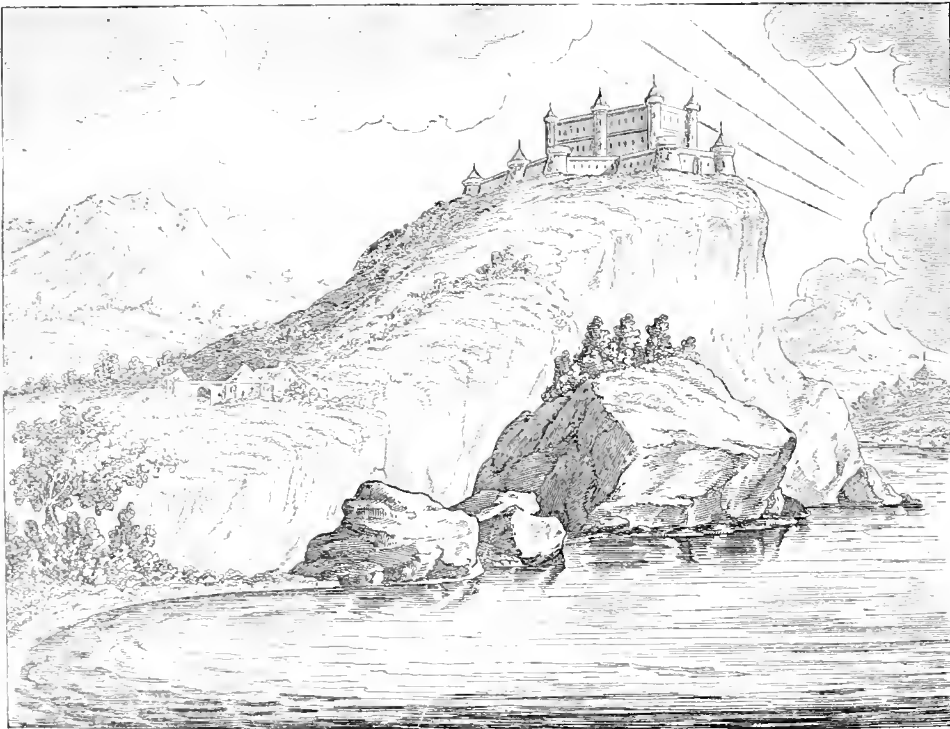

2.—"THE OLD MILLSTONE FLYING AS OF YORE."

of our hand ere we were trusted with another; and, incredible as it may sound, used to demand of us upon our entrance, like banditti, if we came with money or with empty hand. Old Mr. Smith himself, worn out with my eternal vacillation, once swept the treasures from before me, with the cry: "I do not believe, child, that you are an intending purchaser at all!" These were the dragons of the garden; but for such joys of paradise we could have faced the Terror of Jamaica. Every sheet we fingered was another lightning glance into obscure, delicious story; it was like wallowing in the raw stuff of story-books. I know nothing to compare with it save now and then in dreams, when I am privileged to read in certain unwrit stories of adventure, from which I awake to find the world all vanity. The *crux* of Buridan's donkey was as nothing to the uncertainty of the boy as he handled and lingered and doated on these bundles of delight; there was a physical pleasure in the sight and touch of them which he would jealously prolong; and when at length the deed was done, the play selected, and the impatient shopman had brushed the rest into the grey portfolio, and the boy was forth again, a little late for dinner, the lamps springing into light in the blue winter's even, and "The Miller," or "The Rover," or some kindred drama clutched against his side—on what gay feet he ran, and how he laughed aloud in exultation! I can hear that laughter still. Out of all the years of my life, I can recall but one home-coming to compare with these, and that was on the night when I brought back with me the "Arabian Entertainments" in the fat, old, double-columned volume with the prints. I

5.—A "COMBAT:" GRINDOFF AND LOTHAIR.

was just well into the story of the "Hunchback," I remember, when my clergyman-grandfather (a man we counted pretty stiff) came in behind me. I grew blind with terror. But instead of ordering the book away, he said he envied me. Ah, well he might!

The purchase and the first half-hour at home, that was the summit. Thenceforth the interest declined by little and little. The fable, as set forth in the play-book, proved to be not worthy of the scenes and characters: what fable could? Such passages as: "Scene 6. The Hermitage. Night set scene. Place back of scene 1, No. 2, at back of stage and hermitage, Fig. 2, out of set piece, R. H. in a slanting direction" — such passages, I say, though very practical, are hardly to be called good reading. Indeed, as literature, these dramas did not much appeal to me. I forget the very outline of the plots. Of "The Blind Boy," beyond the fact that he was a most injured prince and once, I think, abducted, I know nothing. And "The Old Oak Chest," what was it all about?



4.—"HOW THE CASTLE SITS UPON THE HILL!"

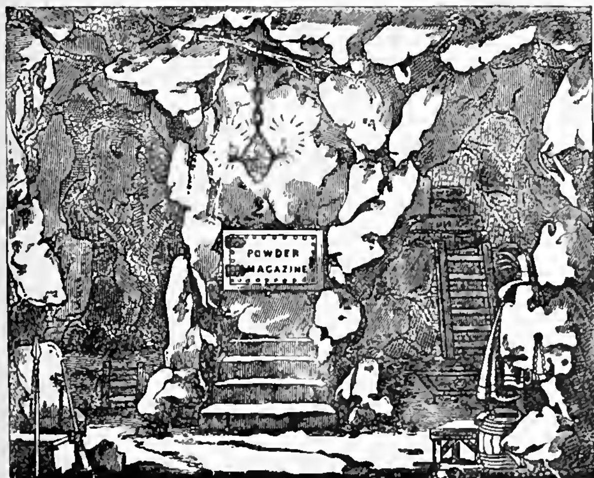
that proscript (1st dress), that prodigious number of banditti, that old woman with the broom, and the magnificent kitchen in the third act (was it in the third?)—they are all fallen in a deliquium, swim faintly in my brain, and mix and vanish.

I cannot deny that joy attended the illumination; nor can I quite forgive that child who, wilfully foregoing pleasure, stoops to "twopence coloured." With crimson lake (hark to the sound of it—crimson lake!—the horns of elf-land are not richer on the ear)—with crimson lake and Prussian blue a certain purple is to be compounded which, for cloaks especially, Titian could not equal. The latter colour with gamboge, a hated name although an exquisite pigment, supplied a green of such a savoury greenness that to-day my heart regrets it. Nor can I recall without a tender weakness the very aspect of the water where I dipped my brush. Yes, there was pleasure in the painting. But when all was painted, it is needless to deny it, all was spoiled. You might, indeed, set up a scene or two to look at; but to cut the figures out was simply sacrilege; nor could any child twice court the tedium, the worry, and the long-drawn disenchantment of an actual performance. Two days after the purchase, the honey had been sucked. Parents used to complain: they thought I wearied of my play. It was not so: no more than a person can be said to have wearied of his dinner when he leaves the bones and dishes; I had got the marrow of it and said grace.

7.—"A SEA AND SHORE SCAPE, DELICATELY SKELTY."

Then was the time to turn to the back of the play-book and to study that enticing double file of names, where poetry, for the true child of Skelt, reigned happy and glorious like her Majesty the Queen. Much as I have travelled in these realms of gold, I have yet seen, upon that map or abstract, names of El Dorados that still haunt the ear of memory, and are still but names. "The Floating Beacon"—why was that denied me? or "The Wreck Ashore?" "Sixteen-String Jack," whom I did not even guess to be a highwayman, troubled me awake, and, in a mask, still visited my slumbers; and there is one sequence of three from that enchanted calendar that I still at times recall, like a loved verse of poetry: "Lodoiska," "Silver Palace," "Echo of Westminster Bridge." Names, bare names, are surely more to children than we poor, grown-up obliterated fools remember.

The name of Skelt itself has always seemed a



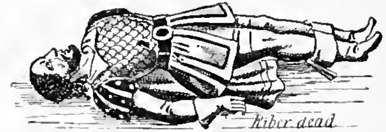
6.—"SOMETHING IN THE GRAND STYLE."

part and parcel of the charm of his productions. It may be different with the rose, but the attraction of this paper drama sensibly declined when Webb had crept into the rubric: a poor cuckoo, flaunting in Skelt's nest. And now we have reached Pollock, sounding deeper gulfs. Indeed, this name of Skelt appears so stagey and piratic, that I will adopt it boldly to design these qualities. Skeltery, then, is a quality of much art. It is even to be found, with reverence be it said, among the works of nature. The stagey is its second name; but it is an old, insular, home-bred staginess; not French, domestically British; not of to-day, but smacking of O. Smith and the great age of melodrama: a peculiar fragrance haunting it; uttering its unimportant message in a tone of voice that has the charm of fresh antiquity. I will not insist upon the art of Skelt's purveyors. These wonderful characters that once so thrilled our soul with their bold attitude (3), array of deadly engines and incomparable costume, to-day look somewhat pallidly; the extreme hard favour of the heroine strikes me, I had almost said with pain; the villain's scowl (13) no longer thrills me like a trumpet; and the scenes themselves, those once unparalleled landscapes, seem the efforts of a prentice hand. So much of fault we find; but on the other side the impartial critic rejoices to remark the presence of a great unity of gusto; of those direct clap-trap appeals, which a man is dead and buriable when he fails to answer; of the foot-light glamour, the ready-made, bare-faced, transpontine picturesque, a thing not one with cold reality, but how much dearer to the mind!

8.—"PISTOL IN HAND."

The scenery of Skeltdom—or, shall we say, the kingdom of Transpontus?—had a prevailing character. Whether it set forth Poland as in "The Blind Boy," or Bohemia with "The Miller and his Men," or Italy with "The Old Oak Chest," still it was Transpontus. A botanist could tell it by the plants. The hollyhock was all pervasive, running wild in deserts; the dock was common, and the bending reed; and overshadowing these were poplar, palm, potato tree, and *Quercus Skeltica*—brave growths. The caves were all embowelled in the Surreyside formation; the soil was all betrodden by the light pump of T. P. Cooke. Skelt, to be sure, had yet another, an oriental string: he held the gorgeous east in fee; and (1) in the new quarter of Hyères, say, in the garden of the Hotel des Iles d'Or, you may behold these blessed visions realised. But on these I will not dwell; they were an outwork; 'twas in the occidental scenery that Skelt was all himself. It had a strong flavour of England; it was a sort of indigestion of England and drop-scenes, and I am bound to say was charming. How the roads wander, how the castle sits upon the hill (4), how the sun eradiates from behind the cloud, and how the congregated clouds themselves uproll, as stiff as bolsters! Here is the cottage interior, the usual first flat (sc. 2, No. 3), with the cloak upon the nail, the rosaries of onions, the gun and powder-horn and corner cupboard; here is the inn (this drama must be nautical, I foresee Captain Luff and Bold Bob Bowsprit) with the red curtain, pipes, spittoons, and eight-day clock; and there again is that impressive dungeon with the chains, which was so dull to colour. England, the hedgerow elms, the thin brick houses, windmills, glimpses of the navigable Thames—England, when at

9.—"THAT TERRIFIC ABDUCTION PIECE."



10.—"RIBER'S CORPSE."

last I came to visit it, was only Skelt made evident: to cross the border was, for the Scotsman, to come home to Skelt; there was the inn-sign and there the horse-trough, all foreshadowed in the faithful Skelt. If, at the ripe age of fourteen years, I bought a certain cudgel, got a friend to load it, and thenceforward walked the tame ways of the earth mine own ideal, radiating pure romance—still I was but a puppet in the hand of Skelt; the original of that regretted bludgeon, and sure the antitype of all the bludgeon kind, greatly improved from Cruikshank, had adorned the hand of Jonathan Wild, pl. I. "This is mastering me," as Whitman cries, upon some lesser provocation. What am I? what are life, art, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them? He stamped himself upon mine immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world; but soon it was all coloured with romance. If I go to the theatre to see a good old melo-

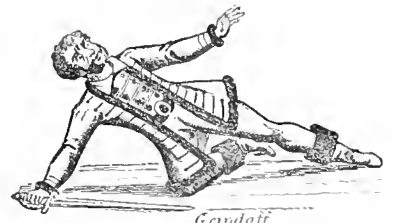
drama, 'tis but Skelt a little faded. If I visit a bold scene in nature, Skelt would have been bolder; there had been certainly a castle on that mountain, and the hollow tree—that set piece—I seem to miss it in the foreground. Indeed, out of this cut-and-dry, dull, swaggering, obtrusive and infantile art, I seem to have learned the very spirit of my life's enjoyment; met there the shadows of the characters I was to read about and love in a late future; got the romance of "Der Freischütz" long ere I was to hear of Weber or the mighty Formes; acquired a gallery of scenes and characters with which, in the silent theatre of the brain, I might enact all novels and romances; and took from these rude cuts an enduring and transforming pleasure. Reader—and yourself?

11.—"ROBBERS CAROUSING."

From the treasures of Clarke of Garrick Street, that unrivalled merchant of Skeltery, we offer here, for auld lang syne, a sheet or two of Skelt diminished. It was proper to recall the feeling

12.—"A TRIO."

of the sheets of characters; and to this end, as most familiar, that dear "Miller and his Men" is put to contribution—even to Ravina the terrible (1), to Riber's corpse (10), to a group of "Robbers asleep" (11), to a trio of millers singing (12), to that terrific abduction piece (9), in which I call upon you to admire the extreme imbecility of the heroine's legs. Words could not palliate the cut-throat badness, nor words augment the charm, of these most innocent marionettes. I could not in honesty refuse you the explosion from the same romantic drama; it was always in the window, a decoy for children; here it is again (2), the old millstone flying as of yore. Follows from the "Smuggler" (7) a sea and shore scape, delicately Skelty, ranking, I conceive, among his masterpieces. Please to remark the cottage architecture of Transpontus: the beacon, how nautical it is; the revenue cutter, how oak-hearted; and the clouds, on which I dare not dwell. Sea, rock, and vegetation will equally reward the eye. I am capable myself of going on for ever: I have here an old street, a feast of gables; I have cots and castles, caves and forest glades, the rivers and the deep, roads winding and wooing the rapt eye, and vast and varied prospects rolled across by breeze and clouds; but I perceive the editor to frown on my exuberance, and I will conclude (6) with something in the grand style, prodigious wild, a true Salvator Skelt. It is a vile example, and had I the wood and cavern from "The Old Oak Chest" (sc. 1, pl. 1) or the Wolf's Dingle from "Der Freischütz," then indeed should you see Skelt assume the terrible and dip his brush in earthquake and eclipse. Then should you have the opportunity to appreciate my Skelt's idea of the mountain pine, a most romantic concept. But this tame and tasteless piece is the one example of his buskined, Ossianic manner that my poor resources can command; and once more it should be welcome to your kind remembrance; for it also is one of the band of the immortal "Miller."



13.—"THE VILLAIN'S SCOWL."

A word of moral: it appears that B. Pollock,

14.—"ROBBERS ASLEEP."

late J. Redington, No. 73, Hoxton Street, not only publishes twenty-three of these old stage favourites,

but owns the necessary plates and displays a modest readiness to issue other thirty-three. If you love art, folly, or the bright eyes of children, speed to Pollock's, or to Clarke's of Garrick Street. In ghostly street—E.W., I think, the postal district —close below the fool's-cap of St. Paul's, and yet within easy hearing of the echo of the Abbey bridge. There in a dim shop, low in the roof

15.—A "COMBAT:" SAILORS AND SMUGGLERS.

Pollock's list of publicanda I perceive a pair of my ancient aspirations: "Wreck Ashore" and "Sixteen-String Jack;" and I cherish the belief that when these shall see once more the light of day, B. Pollock will remember this apologist. But, indeed, I have a dream at times that is not all a dream. I seem to myself to wander in a and smelling strong of glue and footlights, I find myself in quaking treaty with great Skelt himself, the aboriginal, all dusty from the tomb. I buy, with what a choking heart—I buy them all, all but the pantomimes; I pay my mental money, and go forth; and lo! the packets are but dust. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

"A SILENT COLLOQUY."

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL STADE.

THE jovial person who with a jaunty air and irreverent posture is interrogating a skeleton in Herr Stade's picture is no pale student, but a usurper in the sanctum of some modern Faustus. A buffoon, and fresh from a carouse, he has imbibed the air of the study, and, for the nonce, amuses himself with philosophy. The bony horror does not affright him, nor need it. It is for him no *memento mori*. It is too evidently pieced together for anatomists, the common property of the museum, a thing to fright children. His text is the old formula of the schools—*cogito, ergo sum*. Beyond this fact he gets no further for all his interrogations. The volumes of forgotten lore that are tumbled about him do not aid him, nor all the speculations of Aquinas and Paracelsus.

It must be owned that this modern grotesque is something very far removed from that of mediæval art. When not offensive, it is bald in treatment, trivial in conception. With what nobility and profundity the grotesque may be treated is exhibited by Martin Schöngauer and Albert Dürer, in the "Danse Macabre," and in much German Gothic. The difference is as great—and greater—as the contrast presented by the treatment of the supernatural by Hoffmann and Poe and the paltry apparition of your modern sensational novel. In this instance the piquancy of contrast is lost by naturalistic treatment. A coarse intention is forced into unnatural prominency instead of being veiled by tender reverence and that fine sense of the pathetic and humorous from which the grotesque is evolved. Hence results a dry and rather stupid joke which makes philosophic speculation and dramatic vitality impossible. Who was "the proprietary of these bones, and what time the person of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead," concern us not. There is no life, no suggestion, no keen touch of the satirist to awaken conception, no subtle note of the humourist to kindle thought; books, anatomy, and the foolish querist alike vanish, telling no tale—the mere dead pieces and lifeless properties of the studio. Nothing is left but "lank space and scytheless Time" and the "mere horror of blank Naught-at-all."

A SILENT COLLOQUY.

(From the Picture by Paul Stade.)

A GREEK DRESSING-CASE.

IT was in the dark days of archæology, the darkness just before the dawn, that the casket here figured (1), buried for perhaps two thousand years, first saw the light once more. It was in the year 1774 that Francesco Ficoroni, a native of Palestrina, the ancient Præneste, found this beautiful bronze cista, which has ever afterwards borne his name. He was no archæologist; indeed he leaves it naïvely on record that he refused a handful of zecchini offered him in exchange for his prize by a rich Englishman, and preferred to present it to the Collegio Romano. In this same museum it is still preserved, known far and wide as the Ficoroni Cista. Fragments of the admirable design with which it is decorated have appeared in histories of Greek art; but in its entirety it has never yet been placed before English readers. Age and decay have done much to obscure its beauties; hundreds who stand in rapt admiration before the "Apollo Belvidere" never vouchsafe this cista so much as a glance. And yet it has claims far higher not only on the archæologist but on the artist; in perfect knowledge of the human form, in absolute mastery of outline, its engraving, as Professor Brunn has well remarked, stands still unsurpassed even by Cinque-Cento masters.

Perhaps one reason why our casket is so little known is that a little effort is required to know it thoroughly. Our first glance shows the beauty of the drawing, but the subject is unfamiliar. Even the first glance must, in studying the original, be a close one, for the effect of engraving on bronze is, unless the light be very favourable, always somewhat obscure. I noticed more than once in the Collegio Romano that the ordinary sight-seer paused to look at the shape of the cista and the figures that form the handle, and passed on apparently unaware that any engraved decoration existed. This is the more to be regretted as these figures in the round, both on the lid and foot, though not deficient in energy and truth, are yet executed in a coarse Etruscan style quite unlike the grace and delicacy of the engraving, and manifestly attributable to a different hand.

This diversity of style brings us at once to the question what this cista was, who made it, and at what date? It was the first of its kind to be found, the first and also by far the finest; the hopes roused by its discovery have not been fulfilled. Since the days of Francesco Ficoroni, at this very place Præneste, no less than sixty-nine of these bronze vessels have been discovered, but in no case are they decorated by designs so masterly. For the most part they bear in their engraving, as on their handles and feet, the impress of a coarse Etruscan hand. In style, material, and shape there is considerable variety; some are cylindrical, some elliptical, some of wood, some of silver, most of bronze. Though the first cista has never been equalled, these later discoveries have taught us one fact left untold by the first. They leave us in no doubt as to what these cistæ were, what their use in ancient life. Ficoroni left no note of the contents of his cista; he may have found it empty; anyhow he left no clue to either its contents or its surroundings. It is only of late that we have recognised the imperative duty of noting every detail and circumstance of excavation.

Soon after the discovery the archæological world was seized with a mania for religious interpretation; any object found, every design, Greek or Etruscan, was twisted and distorted to have some connection with the mysteries; some profound religious and mystical significance was found for the simplest details. Our cista shared this fate. It was supposed to be a mystic casket carried in solemn procession in the festivals of Dionysos, and filled with sacred objects on which the eye of the profane might never rest. This mystery-mania has passed away; we stand on firmer ground. The contents of these cistæ have been examined; we have found therein a lady's mirror, an athlete's scraper, a perfume box—of glass, of terra-cotta, of wood—a bracelet, a brooch, hair-pins of bone and bronze, pincers, a sponge, a comb—yes, even once a single lock of dead hair: much of daily life, nothing of the secret symbols of a carefully-concealed religion. Surely we do not lose in pathos though we gain in simplicity? The dressing-case a mother gave her daughter on her wedding-day is as precious a relic of the human past as any orgiastic symbol. We have only to look at the plate on which the handle-figures stand to know these dead people and their names: "Novius Plautus made me; Dindia Macolnia gave me to her daughter." Novius Plautus was some Greek workman naturalised at Rome; he engraved the casket, but we cannot think he added the coarser handles and feet.

Dindia Macolnia—whose name bespeaks her a native of Præneste, some twenty miles away—bought it, used it perhaps for many years till use began to tell; then, when she sought a wedding gift for this daughter, she may have given it to some Etruscan workman, who from his ready-made stock fixed on the feet and handle. He must have cared little about the beautiful Greek engraving, for the plate at the top is rudely fastened on so as to damage and conceal a part of the design. Dindia Macolnia can have had but little feeling for art to permit this barbarism; but she somehow knew that the Greek work was of value, or why the double inscription? It passed into the daughter's hands, and thence perhaps into her grave; but of that grave we know nothing. We have every reason to think that these handle-figures were made and sold separately by inferior workmen; in this very case an almost exact duplicate of the handle-figures of the Ficoroni Cista exists on the Cista Napoleone. The design represents in both cases Dionysos supported by two satyrs. The device of the entwined arms is of frequent occurrence, forming as it does an excellent handle. The device on the one remaining foot represents Herakles and his friend Iolaos; their friendship is symbolised by the love-god between them.

So much for what is of inferior Etruscan workmanship about the casket. We must turn now to the engraved frieze (2) which runs round the body of the bronze and forms its chief claim to notice. In this frieze we have embodied an incident from the myth of the Argonauts, an incident famous among the ancients, to us moderns not very familiar. Looking at the design we see that it falls naturally into three divisions. To the extreme right a youth is fiercely binding a conquered giant to a tree; around them are grouped a gathering of interested spectators. In the middle, to the right of the first group, a number of figures are busy with water-vessels about a fountain. To the right, again, is a ship drawn to shore; one of the crew descends by a ladder. But though in our drawing on the flat we may speak of "middle," if we restore the design in thought to its proper place, circling round the casket, there is no middle and no actual beginning or end, also no rude severance into three divisions; thought and design are one from end to end, with admirable skill group melts into group. Still we shall find if we walk round the casket that while the mind takes in the whole, the eye is yet gratified by three successive scenes, all visible at their several moments.

This story so beautifully here unfolded came forth to us from an ancient treasure-house, from the myth of the sailing of the Argonauts in quest of the Golden Fleece. This ship that is moored against the shore is the swift *Argo* herself, that ship for love of which was kindled in the hearts of many heroes "an all-persuading sweet desire"—that wondrous ship which "grazed not the clashing rocks, but sped and ran as an eagle over the mighty gulf of the sea." We cannot pause to see her starting "at the rising of the Pleiades, when the upland fields begin to pasture the young lambs, and when spring is already on the wane, then the flower divine of heroes bethought them of seafaring." When our picture finds them they are already well on their way, past the island Lemnos, past the Hellespont, the Clashing Rocks, on into the Pontus; but danger is not yet over. They come to the land of the Bebryces, and there peril awaits them. They are weary of seafaring, they fain would see green grass and drink clear water. One hero, exhausted, lies prostrate in deep sleep; another delicately, carefully picks his way down the ship's ladder to land—in his left hand he carries a cista, not unlike the one round which his story is engraved. We feel him balancing himself and his burden as he goes, so life-like is the drawing. Among the crew were two brothers, heroes on earth, twin stars in heaven, Castor and Pollux, and to their lot it fell to seek out water, while the rest landed on the deep seashore where a sea-bank sheltered from the wind, and strewed their beds, and their hands were busy with firewood. Theokritos, the "singer of the field and fold," shall tell us what befell them: "Then Castor of the swift steeds and swart Polydeuces (Pollux), these twain went wandering alone apart from their fellows, and marvelling at all the various wild wood on the mountain. Beneath a smooth cliff they found an ever-flowing spring filled with the purest water, and the pebbles below shone like crystal or silver from the deep. Tall fir-trees grew thereby, and white poplars and cypresses with their lofty tuft of leaves, and there bloomed all fragrant flowers that fill the meadows when early summer is waning—dear worksteads of the honey bees" (Theokritos, Idyll xxii.—A. Lang).

It is very instructive to compare this account by the Sicilian poet, written some hundred and fifty years later, with our engraved picture. We feel that Theokritos loses himself in the mere delight of the landscape; he has forgotten for a moment the Bebryces and their land, he is back in his own Sicily, with the soft blue sea, the long green grass, the bubbling water, the humming of bees. This is not the point of view of the engraver of our cista; he is pictorial least of all. It is the human actors who concern him. A conventional fountain with a lion-head spout tells us all we need know in a bald, symbolical way—namely, that water is found. A hero is drinking out of the familiar-shaped cylix, a similar drinking-cup hangs on a nail in the rock

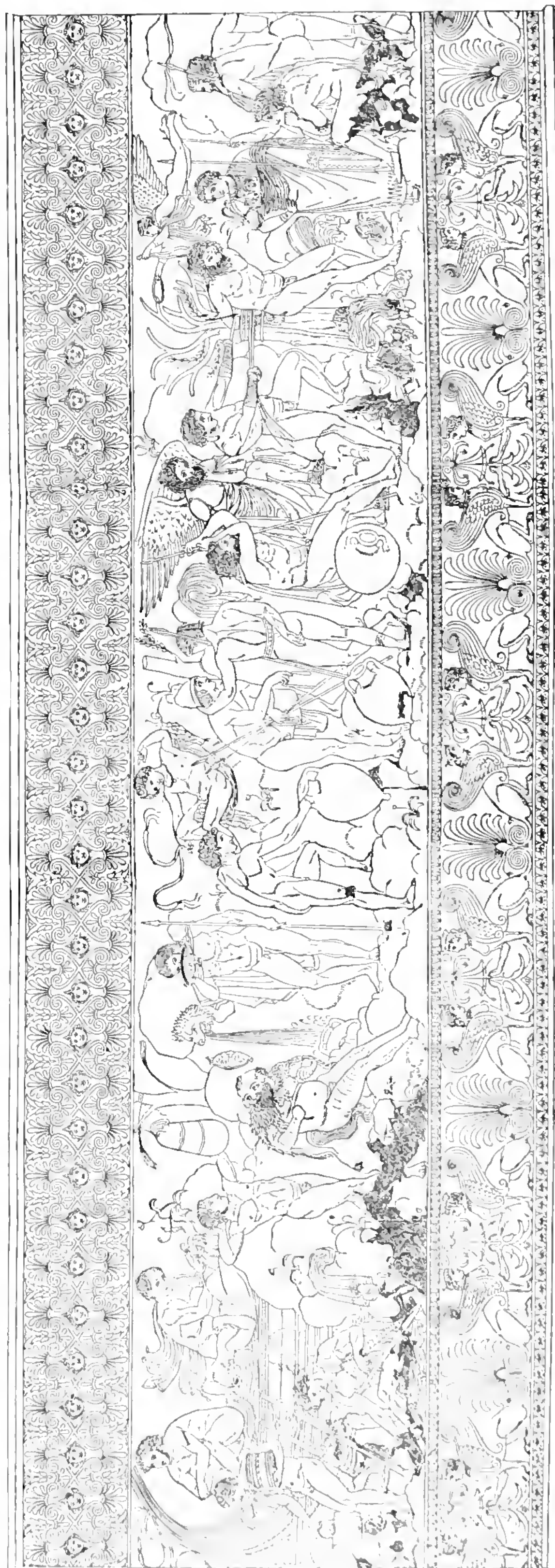
by the fountain's side—naïvely enough, as though nails were to hand in this barbarous land. A youth has hung up a leathern wallet on a tree, and is plying it with blows—a mimic fight familiar as training for the young Greek athlete. Do we wish to know that spring has been found, and found by a company of athletes—hence the combat to come; and the art being strictly ideal nothing is expressed but what "strikes the note of the selected sentiment." Theokritos tells of the "tall fir-trees and white poplars" just for the

1.—THE FICORONI CISTA.

the scene is a sylvan one? well, there is a rude Silenus, god of wild woodland life, with gross face and pointed ears, who, broadly humorous, watches the youth with delight. Such was the Greek manner: human action and character to be expressed to the uttermost, local surroundings to be merely indicated, or best of all, symbolised in human form, a god for a landscape. What the artist wishes to show is that a sake of a lovely bit of scene-painting; but by an ideal artist a fact subordinate or irrelevant cannot be admitted simply on the "ground of brilliant handiwork." This judgment, if of a recent critic, is abundantly borne out by the study of Greek art; and it is to this ideality of theirs, combined with their passion for human shape, that we must in part attribute their, to us moderns, extraordinary contempt

for landscape as such. To them it was a mere indication of locality for human actors. Plato spoke out the feeling of his age when he said: "We are satisfied with the artist who is able in any degree to imitate the earth and its mountains and the rivers and the woods and the universe and the things that are and that move therein, and further knowing nothing precise about such matters, we do not examine or analyse the painting; all that is required is a sort of instructive and deceptive mode of shadowing them forth." Add to this that the instinct of decoration forbade to the true Greek artist the illusions of distance in a decorative design, and we need not wonder that our landscape is indicated so slightly.

The group about the spring is linked to the next group by a pair of lovely youths, one casting his arm about the other's neck. As regards the action of the groups to either side of them, they are specially well contrived. Their sympathy is neutral, their sentiment self-absorbed. But Theokritos must tell us yet more of the story. By the side of the lovely ever-flowing spring the twin brothers Castor and Pollux find a loathly giant —a monstrous man was sitting in the sun, terrible of aspect, with bruised ears, mighty breast, broad back, and iron flesh, like some huge statue of hammered iron; the typical barbarian, in fact, Amycus, king of the savage Bebryces. To the courteous greeting of Pollux, "Good luck to thee, stranger," savage Amycus makes curt answer, "What luck, forsooth, when I see men that I never saw before:" an answer echoing still in the breast of many a barbarian strong of arm and slow of speech. With such a host from words it is short way to blows, and the skill of the cultured athlete Pollux is matched against brute, barbarian force, and soon King Amycus lies upon the ground fainting and nigh to death. So tells the singer. The engraver gives us a milder version. He spares us all the horrid details of the boxing match, dear even to the graceful, civilised poet; and it is enough if Pollux, with anger still in his eyes, binds Amycus to a tree, victory rather symbolised than expressed in its extremity. Nigh at hand stands Athene, patron of the Greek hero, and the goddess of victory (Nike) flies forward to crown the victor. The winged god Sosthenes watches the issue, content that Pollux prevails. Much learning and labour have been spent in seeking to identify the remaining Argonautic heroes. Such labour is spent in vain. The artist had a story to tell, a story to the honour of the athlete Pollux. The allied heroes are strictly subordinate — just so many comrades without individuality to distract from the main interest.



2.—A PICTURE OF THE ARGONAUTS.

We ask, perhaps, why was this incident selected? Why, if the story of Argo was in the mind of the artist, did he not choose to tell the pathetic tale of

Phrixus and Helle, or of the Dragon and the Golden Fleece, or of the Harpies and blind King Phineus, or of the passing of the Sirens? A moment's thought reveals a double reason. This engraving surmounts a casket which must once have held the apparatus of an athlete's toilet—strigil and sponge and comb. We have seen it handed as a gift by a mother to her daughter; but we cannot doubt its first intent. Perhaps it had belonged to father or brother or husband of that mother who gave it. It would serve either purpose equally well. Even now the toilet gear of man and woman are not so far apart but that one casket might hold them, and this ancient dressing-case is of the simplest shape. The subject of the design is almost ostentatiously athletic. Where details will emphasise this main intent they are nowise neglected. See the leathern thongs on the hands and arms of Pollux, the strigil, or scraper, the pick-axe for softening the ground, both lying at the feet of the sleeping slave-boy, the attendant of Pollux. But this athletic meaning is glorified by a halo of higher mythical and historical significance. It is the victory of the trained Greek athlete over the savage boxer, the symbol of the triumph of civilisation over barbarism, the story which the Greek artist, when his nation had triumphed over the Persian host, was never weary of telling, the warfare of West against East. That East had yielded up to Hellas all that was best in her art. For evidence we have only to look at the beautiful border above and below the Argonautic scene. Those heraldic sphinxes, were they not born in Egypt? Did they not learn in Assyria to stand them face to face, crest-fashion, on either side a sacred tree? But it was in Greece alone they learnt to curl their tails, making them arabesque with the palm-leaves above. Yet the athlete who bore this casket forgot his debt to the land of the barbarous East. In the prime of his fair and graceful strength he only delighted to remember the triumph of the civilised West.

JANE E. HARRISON.

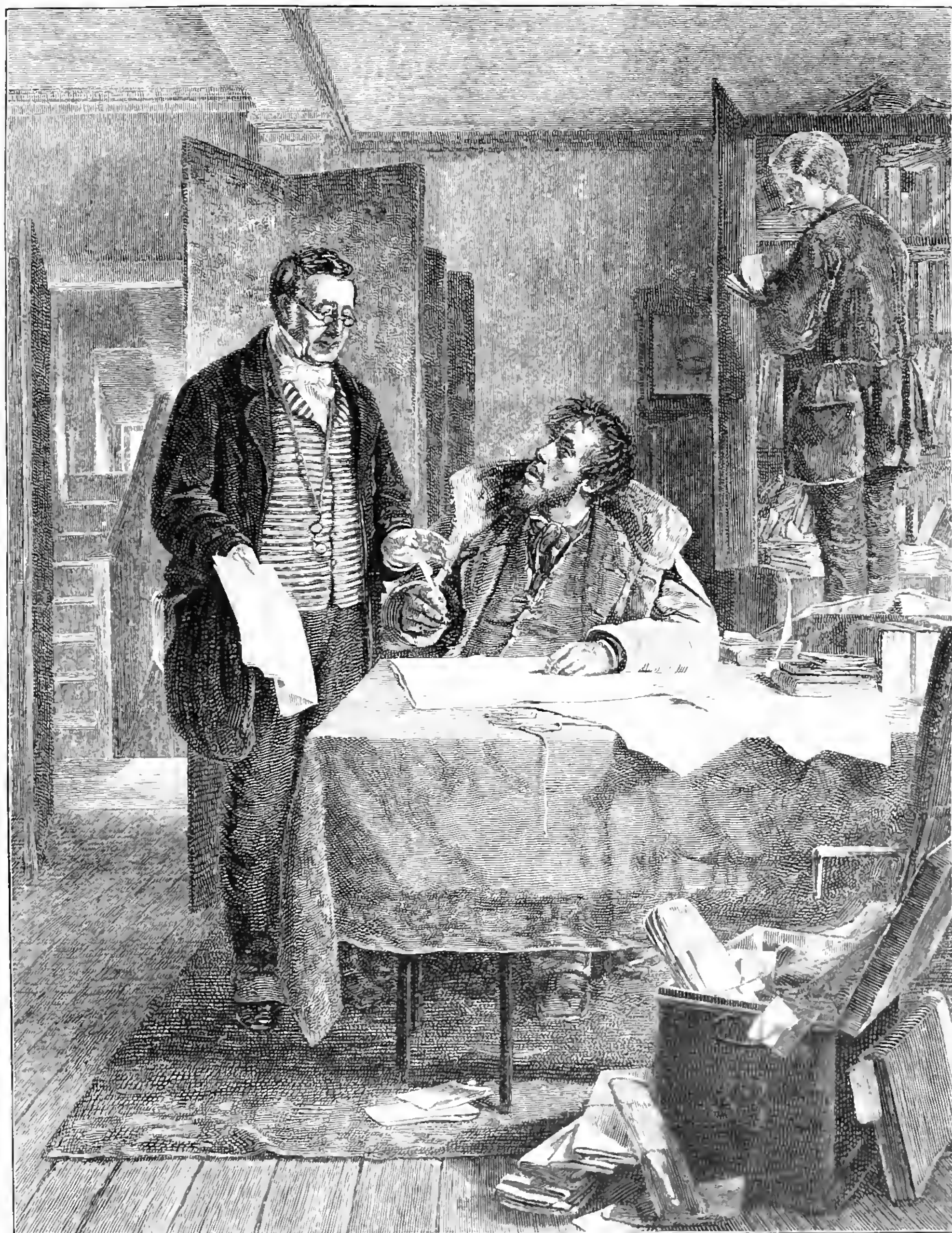
PICTURES AT LEEDS.

JUST now, when the minds of men are much occupied with social questions, it is a hopeful sign that the chief problem, the housing of the poor, is not permitted to obscure certain subsidiary questions intimately related to it. Projects for the amelioration of the condition of the people are discussed on all sides. Free libraries, free music (in the form of open-air bands and popular concerts), and art galleries, permanent or loan, have all their eloquent advocates. The movement in favour of these excellent objects has been gathering strength for years, and has grown with the increase of the population. The attitude of the people towards art is no longer one of stolid indifference; the practical results of the Bethnal Green Museum and the success of Mr. Barnett's exertions in Whitechapel are proof of this. Though it is not possible to bring the people to art, we may bring art to the people. No amount of education can supply defects of taste and sensibility and judgment, through which alone the higher lessons of art may be applied to life; but the perceptive faculties may be quickened, the dormant æsthetic principle may be stirred, by the stimulus which fine-art exhibitions afford. Nothing is easier than to ridicule the present ardour for the diffusion of science and art, and to attribute this latter-day form of old enthusiasm to a socialistic origin; but there is no doubt it is deep and comprehensive, a genuine renascence. We have passed the era of mechanics' institutions and numberless associations for the acquisition of a little knowledge, yet we can all remember the pitiless sarcasms to which their promoters were subjected by the wits of the day. We know how Theodore Hook made Gower Street a term of reproach and the new university a byword, and how Lord Brougham suffered for his Quixotic attempts to popularise art and knowledge. These things have now little meaning, though the invective once launched at "the learned friend" is still strong reading. We have raised our standards of education to a pitch never contemplated in those heathenish days, and are proceeding to higher things.

The increasing number of fine-art exhibitions is very significant of the position art now holds and the changed attitude of the people. It is only in comparatively recent years that loan collections of fine art have come to be regarded not merely as an additional attraction to industrial exhibitions, but as absolutely necessary to success. This is a fact of great importance and interest. Such an alliance would once have been regarded as superfluous, or stigmatised as a concession to luxury by the canny north-country men. The loan of more than one hundred paintings to the Huddersfield Technical School Exhibition from the collection of one gentleman, himself a

manufacturer, most strikingly illustrates the new order of things. These pictures, which (at the time of writing) have recently been transferred to the Bradford Art Gallery, are the property of Mr. A. S. Dixon, of Leeds, whose collection of modern paintings is not less extensive than representative, and who is ever ready to promote the success of industrial shows with a selection from his private galleries. The founders of the vast manufactories of the north of England, and the generation that succeeded them, were too much absorbed in extending their operations and consolidating their fortunes to foster art. Some indeed bought pictures and formed libraries, but they little dreamed of utilising their treasures as a source of recreation and educational advantage to the people. The liberality and enlightenment of which Mr. Dixon's example is typical were far less general than now. Art was to many the servant of luxury, and a picture a more or less necessary component in furniture. The formation of the Liverpool Academy, the success of the Manchester exhibitions, were early indications of larger and healthier views. Wealthy manufacturers saw the whole field of modern art open to them—a harvest for their reaping—and while many proceeded to collect pictures in a timid or tentative way, or with more profusion than wisdom, others, like the late Mr. Gillott, made excellent use of their natural independence and judgment.

It is unnecessary to dilate on the pleasure that loan collections of pictures give, or on the excellent incentive they offer to the world. The activity, for instance, displayed in Huddersfield and Bradford, and the success that attends exhibitions in those towns, are strangely wanting in Leeds, where one might naturally expect to find the beneficent influence of art recognised with joy. Leeds is not a place of sweetness and light, and when it is urged that there are



PICTURES AT LEEDS.—I.: PADDY'S MARK.

(*Painted by Erskine Nicol, A.R.A. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.*)

other towns, such as Wolverhampton and Dudley, that compete with it in murkiness, it is no exculpation, and recalls Jefferson Hogg's saying about the men of the Yorkshire and Lancashire borders, whose mutual contempt and hatred were equally conspicuous, yet it was impossible to decide which party possessed the greater justification. Mr. Dixon's commendable efforts seem to have failed precisely where it might be imagined there was a certainty of success. There is no loan collection of fine art in Leeds, and on the occasion of the last exhibition the guarantors had to sustain a loss of several hundreds of pounds, a fact that is not very creditable to the public spirit of the town. In this uncongenial atmosphere Mr. Dixon has gradually amassed one of the most remarkable private collections of modern paintings in the north of England, and one not less representative of English art of the present time than of that

PICTURES AT LEEDS.—II.: GREEN LEAVES AMONG THE SERE.

(*Painted by Geo. H. Boughton, A.R.A. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.*)

PICTURES AT LEEDS. III.: ON THE RIBBLE.

(Painted by Henry Dawson. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

of the last forty years. The eclecticism displayed is of the right kind; and it may be particularly noted of the large range of landscape art in the collection, that men whose renown was for long merely local, but who have lately received due recognition, are excellently represented. Many fine examples of Henry Dawson and Alfred Vickers, of Linnell, Boddington, Syer, and others who worked apart from Pre-Raphaelite influence, show Mr. Dixon's appreciation of a school of landscape that has never received the patronage of a clique and yet is so admirably English. These artists, of whom Vickers was a type, worked in a comparatively narrow sphere; like the old Norwich men, they were much out of doors, as their work well shows; they went a-skying like Constable, and produced pictures that have the excellent qualities of sincerity and truth. Their freedom from affectation is refreshing; they never attempted to depict nature in accordance with the precepts of professors, but always, and without abatement, the truth as they perceived it. Hence the absence from their work of spurious idealism and the touches of exaggeration and falsehood that result from it. The example of Henry Dawson—"On the Ribble"—which we engrave (III.) fully illustrates this; it is large in treatment and noble in feeling. From a bluff overlooking the stream, and occupied by a narrow tract of corn, you gaze on the rich summer landscape bounded by low ranges of wooded hills. The river sweeps in a long crescent below, its agitated current reflects the purple and gold of the sunset; on the steep hillside to the right are a row of elms, very finely treated; and some figures introduced with admirable propriety—the reapers, the boy playing with the dog, the man leaning over the hedge, the horse lazily browsing on the bank—are all effective and duly subordinated. With all its simple intention and veracity and breadth of treatment, the landscape is instinct with that unforced idealism which is the natural fruit of the artist's reverent attitude towards nature. In this work his large comprehension of the whole subject is as notable as his just sense of the relative values of the composition. This is well displayed in the colour and lighting: in the cornfield, the flat meadow-land on the left, and the exquisite middle distance. The sun is sinking in a mass of composite clouds in a calm sky, there is no irradiation, and the whole atmosphere above these clouds is full of golden, serene, rayless purity. The correspondence of the landscape is perfect in its truthfulness; the cornfield receives its just complement of glow, and the cold reflex of the water, the suggestion of level light broken by trees in the rich meadows, and the quiet, sunless distance are marvellously well rendered. The treatment of the shadows is very characteristic, being soft and deep and fine in tone: never brown or black, as we see in some modern works, where the painter aims at melodramatic contrasts, and produces, instead of power and breadth, a revolting and impossible harshness. Dawson knew that shadows appear black if viewed instantly after a moment's gaze at the unclouded sun, but he never painted landscape with his sight confounded with that intolerable glory. This work thoroughly exhibits the depth of his love of nature, how genuine an artist he was, how excellent his self-restraint. If he has not revealed so much as other men of the mystery that lay around him, it was not that he did not feel it; but reverence deterred him, or the fear that he might falsely render secrets which poets discern and art-critics imaginatively conceive. If he were not a high-priest of those mysteries and lifted no innermost veil, he was not less true to his mission as an artist, and knew how to paint eloquently, as in the present instance, and with admirable truth. It is greatly to be hoped that he may figure largely in the next Old Masters at Burlington House.

We have spoken of the representative character of Mr. Dixon's collection, which comprehends all departments of painting and works most diverse in aim and treatment. There are examples of Holman Hunt, Ansdell, Sidney Cooper, and J. S. Noble; landscapes by J. W. Oakes, Creswick, Otto Weber, B. W. Leader, Niemann, J. B. Pyne, Vicat Cole, and many others; the animated interiors of J. B. Burgess; genre subjects by Marcus Stone, J. E. Hodgson, Erskine Nicol, F. A. Bridgman, P. R. Morris; Sir Frederick Leighton's striking "Samson Agonistes;" and a multitude of others.

Mr. Bridgman's "Eastern Bazaar," the original of our fourth engraving (IV.), is a happy example of the influence of Gérôme. The two chess-players in the foreground are solidly painted and are very effectively displayed in a powerful light; the varied articles of the bazaar are dimly indicated in the gloom beyond; the chiaroscuro is excellent; in the distance some veiled women stand, and above them strong golden light touches the wall. The *ensemble* is rich and harmonious, and the picture very characteristic of Mr. Bridgman's early manner. In Mr. P. R. Morris's "Home, Sweet Home"—the original of our frontispiece—there is some pleasing sentiment, as well as freshness in treating an old theme. The picturesque and homely dame who is so well content to reach her threshold might be a study after Shenstone's schoolmistress—one of those old gossips who, on the poet's authority, are to be found in every village, scrupulously attired, irreproachably old-fashioned, and, when deferentially met, very communicative. She possesses some quaint pieces of Bristol and a little blue-and-white china, reads some few books of the old reflective type, which

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

(Painted by Phil Morris, A.R.A. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

form her *memento mori*, and grows bright with the vivacious hour of tea—all of which are pleasantly suggested in the picture, which is painted in Mr. Morris's earlier and better manner, and has more depth of feeling and finer character than most of his later work. The attendant geese form a happy touch, and the little landscape and afternoon sky are well harmonised.

Our first excerpt from Mr. Dixon's gallery doubtless proved very attractive to the visitors at the Huddersfield Exhibition. Mr. Erskine Nicol's "Paddy's Mark" (I.) represents an illiterate countryman affixing his mark to a deed in the office of a provincial lawyer. With the inscrutable document fronting him, and pen in hand, the bumpkin is evidently questioning the procedure with a delightful assumption of shrewdness. The broad humour of the situation is excellently rendered. The figures are very firmly painted, the head of the man of law is particularly individual; his reassuring air and gentle pacification are powerfully suggested and effectively contrasted with the ruddy-faced inquiring client. A red-haired assistant consulting the book-shelves, the deed-box in the foreground, and all the details are skilfully introduced and of material aid. Mr. G. H. Boughton's "Green Leaves Among the Sere" (II.) may most appropriately be classed with portraiture. The prominence given to the figures in this charming group, their conscious pose, and studied arrangement, suggest portraits; the background of grey sea and sky is only sufficiently indicated to serve its purpose, and the eye is directly arrested and held by the harmonious lines of a beautiful composition. The "Green Leaves" may be better likened to three blowing roses, buoyant with health, with their little companion buds, quite unconscious of the flying brown leaves about them and the painter's implied didacticism. They look for no moral concealed in green leaves or withered. Life is the full-flowered garden, and joy the flower that blows. In Mr. J. S. Noble's "Return from Sport" (V.) we have a study of sporting dogs and still life. About the reposing animals are the various appurtenances of sport, the rod and fishing-basket, the hat with its circle of gaudy attractive flies and other cognate objects dexterously arranged. The excellence of Mr. Noble's painting of horses and dogs is too well known to detain us; the group of dogs and the dead partridges and hare are admirably executed, and the technique is sound throughout.

Our illustrations give a fair idea of the range of art embraced by Mr. Dixon's collection. It is necessarily, however, only a partial indication of it, though it shows Mr. Dixon to have cultivated his taste in no narrow spirit. The generous response he has made on so many occasions to the appeals of those who promote industrial and technical exhibitions merits the approbation of all lovers of art, and the hearty commendation of all who know how ennobling is the influence of art among the people and who are working, in other ways, for their moral elevation. Free libraries, free museums, free music, are excellent objects, no doubt; and in no way second to these—and perhaps more directly influential—is the regenerating virtue of free exhibitions of fine art.

While this function of art is generally understood and the superficial value of loan exhibitions is thoroughly appreciated, much might be done by those interested in the question, and particularly by those in authority, towards aiding the people in a right understanding of what is presented to them. This may be effected without in the least trenching on the domain of criticism or stirring the deep seas of controversy. The catalogue might be something more than a bare list of titles and names, and with very slight additional expense might be made an object of interest and value to the uninitiated; classification of the pictures, their chronological position, the distinguishing characteristics of the artists, might be briefly and clearly indicated. Something of this kind was carried out rather too diffusely in a biographical commentary in the catalogue of the great Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington, which was the herald of the National Portrait Gallery. The result in this case was a very valuable catalogue, but too bulky and expensive for temporary purposes. We have no doubt that the people generally would support and rightly estimate an elucidative catalogue. We have all seen crowds of holiday-folk at the National Gallery and at similar exhibitions, and we know well the pictures that possess the greatest attraction for those whose knowledge of art is slight and whose culture is infinitesimal. The popular works are not those that are honoured by all artists, the works of masters who receive universal homage. Paintings that abound in the familiar, that express the actuality of life and the results of common experience, are first favourites. Above all, works that tell a story, no matter how extravagant or how defiant of history they may be, are exquisitely alluring. That this is so causes pain to many well-meaning enthusiasts who groan that the colour of Titian, the force and invention of Tintoretto, and the sumptuous splendour of Veronese, should, even in a nugatory sense, "pale their ineffectual fires" before the representation of a modern railway station or a peep-show view of the play-scene in "Hamlet." They seek wildly for a remedy, and ask, "Is our civilisation a failure?" The remedy is to be sought in the frequency of those opportunities for studying paintings which exhibitions offer. No amount of eloquence, nor the most persistent outpouring of

precepts, can ever compel the masses of the people to admire works whose beauty they are, for the nonce, unprepared to feel and whose technical excellence they cannot appreciate. What they admire they admire in perfect good faith, and invariably from a standpoint which has a rational basis. As surely, however, as works of genius, like truth itself, must in the end prevail, so will increased acquaintance with the higher achievements of art work out the salvation of those whose defective taste is too generally commiserated. They "needs must love the highest"—with this necessary proviso, "when they see it;" if they never attain this excellent vision they must remain part and parcel of the brute mass, whose sight pierces no veil, whose hearing is ravished by no harmony, for whom art has no existence, no message of beneficence, and no ministry of consolation.

Although picture galleries, however, may be appropriately combined with technical exhibitions, they are more profitable dissociated from looms and cotton-mills and engines, and established in permanency apart from such. The chief and most admirable aim of those who, like Mr. Dixon, promote loan exhibitions of fine art, is that their successful formation may lead to the gradual institution of art galleries in towns which are deprived of these advantages, galleries that shall be permanent and be under the control of municipal authorities. The present remarkable enthusiasm for encouraging a feeling for art among the people may, of course, result in misapplication of the excellent practice of lending works of art, and lead to efforts that may cause the profane to lampoon. For instance, now that Hodge is to have his vote, agricultural shows may present the strange sight of the future enfranchised peasant discussing with equal fervour the merits of implements and cattle and the prominent landscape in the fine-art tent. There are even people who indulge in glowing anticipa-

PICTURES AT LEEDS.—IV.: AN EASTERN BAZAAR.

(Painted by F. A. Bridgman. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

tion of this dream of an emancipated and æsthetic Hodge. It is not possible to share their enthusiasm. The countryman goes far a-field in these days, makes excursions to towns and sees as much of art as he requires, and more than sufficient for mental assimilation. In the dark, smoke-shrouded towns of the North and Midlands it is another matter. Here it is that loan exhibitions are fully successful and productive of infinite benefit. In these vast districts, where "the spreading of the hideous town" is so rapid that places which were formerly remote now threaten amalgamation on every side, the establishment of an art gallery is like sunshine in a place whose shades are Plutonian, and whose light and atmosphere suggest the sad seventh circle of Dante's vision. Here may the sun of art diffuse a wholesome and joyous radiance, penetrate the ferruginous air, and transform the gloomy tracts of ceaseless toil into a semblance of the flowery fields of Enna; here is abundant scope for all interested in effecting this desirable transformation, for all who are able to give assistance in such excellent enterprise; and here it is that the labours of Mr. Dixon and others meet with the fullest success, and their personal endeavours the reward due to them. The positive educational results of the movement may be long forthcoming, the equally important and more interesting end in view—the moral elevation of the people—is even now becoming apparent in the awakening interest in art now so general, which is one sure promise for the future, even as it is a certain indication of the healthful influence of art being ever powerful among us. This powerful and pregnant interest once aroused, the higher aims may be realised in the future.

PICTURES AT LEEDS.—V.: THE RETURN FROM SPORT.

(Painted by J. S. Noble. By Permission of A. S. Dixon, Esq.)

THE "ROYAL ACADEMY" OF CHINA-PAINTING.

ALTHOUGH there is only a small, almost a private, school for painting on china at Messrs. Howell and James's, and though no society has been formed which could be honoured by royal diplomas—though thus the essentials of a real Royal Academy are at present wanting to the subject of the present paper—the annual exhibitions in Regent Street, Pall Mall, have had now such a long and powerful influence

in developing the art of painting on china, both by amateurs and professionals, and have been honoured by such a large measure of royal approval, that our

1.—HORSE-CHESTNUT BLOSSOMS: A TILE-PANEL.

(Painted by Ada Hanbury. In the Possession of H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.)

title may claim to be something more than fanciful. Her Majesty the Queen has been a patron from the first. It was quite in consonance with the spirit of the late Prince Consort that his eldest son and that son's wife, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and his eldest daughter, the Crown Princess of Germany, should from the first have shown a warm interest in the progress of a new art, which was not only harmless and charming, but opened out a congenial career to hundreds of women. The Crown Princess of Germany, then as always mindful that she is still the Princess Royal of England, commenced in 1877 to present an annual gold medal for the best work by a lady amateur, and to this, which will always remain the most coveted prize of the exhibition, she added in 1879 a silver medal for professionals. In the same year the late Princess Alice instituted one prize for amateurs and another for professionals (silver and enamelled badges), which have been continued since her death by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Princess Christian a prize for amateurs. In 1880 Prince Leopold, with the Princess Mary, the Countess of Flanders, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, followed suit. All these prizes, with the exception of the last, have been continued to the present year.

Besides the royal prizes so many more have been given permanently or occasionally by private ladies, by the proprietors of magazines, by the judges and the founders (Messrs. Howell and James), that it would be tedious to enumerate them; it will be enough to note that for the last four years the average number of prizes has exceeded twenty for each year, in addition to diplomas of merit in three classes. These diplomas have been awarded in considerable numbers, but not without judgment, for it has been from the first the wise practice of Messrs. Howell and James to secure the services as judges of men possessing the confidence of the public. The judges have always been Academicians. The first were Messrs. E. J. Poynter and Mr. E. W. Cooke. Mr. Poynter retiring, Mr. Frederick Goodall came on, and with him have been associated, first Mr. Norman Shaw, and now for the last three years Mr. H. Stacy Marks. Perhaps nothing ought to present a better view of the progress of china-painting than a comparative table of the diplomas awarded in each year; but unfortunately for this purpose the judges have since 1881 considerably raised their standard, and the diplomas, which reached 243 in that year, sank to about 90 in 1882. Down to 1881 the figures show a yearly increase in the number of diplomas, and there is no doubt that the average merit of the exhibition has increased rather than declined since that year. Deductions based upon the number of works exhibited are also delusive for a similar reason. In 1878 there were 941; in 1881, 2,062; last year (1883) the number was 1,691. But the decrease in the number of exhibitors is, I believe, mainly due to the increasing rigour of the judges. China-painting, in fact, is, even when judged by the statistics of this annual exhibition, flourishing and likely to flourish. Judged by a different standard, that of my own experience, which has extended over the last six years, the art within certain limits has steadily improved, and the distinction between amateur and professional work has as steadily diminished. Progress hitherto is undoubted; the only fear is that it may have culminated.

2.—LEBANON CEDAR CONES: A TILE-PANEL.

(Painted by Ada Hanbury. In the Possession of H.I.H. the Crown Princess of Germany.)

My first surprise, though I cannot recollect precisely whether it was at one of these exhibi-

tions or not, was caused by two altogether healthy and charming rounds by Mrs. Sparkes, the wife of the man who has perhaps done more than any other artist or teacher in England to develop the art of painting on china. If her name does not shine in the list of prize-takers at Messrs. Howell and James's, it is only because she has not chosen to enter the arena. Only the other day I saw two charming pictures of hers, groups of children in sunny landscapes, admirable in technique, and full of that delightful sympathy with child-life which marks all her work. These were sufficient to show that the painter of the "Blackberrying" of some six or seven years ago has increased rather than diminished in her gentle power. At the same time or a year after it was that another round caused me some unexpected pleasure. This was the Countess of Warwick's profile of "Lady Eva Greville" (surrounded, if I forget not, with softly-painted apple-blossom), which took the Crown Princess's gold medal in 1878. It took it worthily, moreover. If any one had wished to detect a touch of favouritism in this or any other of the awards that have been made subsequently, they would have been disappointed. It was the best piece of amateur work in that exhibition; and unless the enchantment which distance of memory lends deceive me, I doubt if the same prize has been carried off by any much more worthy work since. In two important qualities at least—simplicity and distinction—it could scarcely be excelled. This year had not one surprise only, for the solidly modelled and brilliantly painted tiles of Miss Ada Hanbury (professional), representing the fruit and blossom of the horse-chestnut and Lebanon cedar cones, approached more nearly to nature than perhaps any previous work upon china. (Reproductions of these two charming works—1 and 2—accompany the present text; for permission to use them—as for the use of our engravings from Miss Coleman, Miss Spiers, and Miss Strutt—we are indebted to the proprietors of *The Queen*, a journal to which the art is very greatly beholden.) There was also the very ingenious design of "The Angler Caught," by Mr. E. Langstaffe (amateur), in which an "angler" fish was represented as enmeshed in the tentacles of a cuttle-fish or octopus; and this gave a hope, but imperfectly fulfilled, that the exhibitions in Regent Street might be enlivened by many such essays in the decorative grotesque. Amongst the other exhibitors and prize-takers of this year were several names which have become associated with work of a very distinct, personal, and delightful sort. For instance, there was Miss Everett Green amongst the amateurs, whose "Study in Green," a spray of blackthorn (with, if I remember rightly, some beautifully drawn insects) against a deep apple-green ground, took the first prize in 1880; and amongst professionals there were Miss Linnie Watt, Miss Florence Lewis, and Miss Charlotte Spiers.

The year 1879 was marked by the appearance of an amateur, Mr. Percy Anderson, whose "Classical Head" made a very distinct impression. It was grand in style, with a certain poetic mysticism as of Dante Rossetti or Burne Jones. This was a surprise, which has been followed up by many other heads by the same artist, poetical in conception if not quite perfect in draughtsmanship. Mrs. George Stapleton's conventional "Sunflowers" and one of Miss Welby's refined heads are also among the pleasant memories of this year. But to detail all the contributions to these exhibitions, which from year to year have given some new pleasure, even if the list were confined to those which seemed to expand the domain of this minor art, would be tedious. It is necessary to proceed by a more summary method to give some notion of its scope.

The direction which it has taken in England amongst amateurs has been decorative in the sense of providing effective bits of decoration for a room, but not purely decorative in the sense of decorating pieces of china. The china has been treated mainly as a thing to be hidden, not beautified—as a piece of paper, in fact, or a canvas, or anything else on which a painting could be executed; the only difference between the paintings on china and those on other materials has been that their aim has been mainly ornamental. They are, as it were, the flowers of art, intended to brighten the atmosphere of ordinary life with the perpetual presence of grace and colour. The tendency of them has, however, been rather towards the pictorial than the ornamental side, and in many works, especially in landscape and figures, they have pushed as far towards the complete imitation of nature and the suggestion of human sentiment as the materials allowed. Nevertheless the great bulk of them have not only been flower-like in their qualities of attraction, but have been devoted to the representation of flowers, and other inanimate objects of a graceful and bright kind, such as grasses and fruit and birds. These have been treated in every possible way, from the "picture" with light and shade and atmosphere complete, to the other pole of what is called "convention"—the construction of flat ornament by the arbitrary arrangement of forms suggested by natural growths. In the latter form of art English ladies have not shown much genius or enthusiasm. The distinction between pictorial and ornamental art is still so misunderstood that even last year's exhibition contained several hybrid productions, of which the result was neither a plate nor a picture, neither useful nor ornamental, neither fit to hold strawberries nor to hang on the

wall. But between these two poles of nature and convention, which may be illustrated worthily by

3.—DI VERNON: A ROUND.

(Painted by Charlotte Spiers.)

the "Lebanon Cedar Cones" of Miss Ada Hanbury (1878) on the one hand, and the "Conventional Pyrethrums" of Miss A. M. Harrison (1881) on the other, there has been any amount of beautiful unconventional but decorative flower-work, in which without altering the colour or natural growth of the flowers they have been grouped and arranged against grounds of different colours with due regard to the shape of the panel or plate or plaque upon which they were painted, so as to produce the charming harmonies of form and colour. It is difficult to over-estimate the influence of Japanese decoration upon these works of English ladies. Whether simplicity be the aim, as in the works of Miss Everett Green, where a flowery spray or a branch bearing a company of little birds stretches across a field of modulated colour, with or without the suggestion of a moon, whether the desire is for wealth and abundance, as in the superb congregations of blooms which Miss Florence Lewis knows so well how to paint, this influence can be traced. It was not the intention of English ladies, perhaps, to be purely decorative—to use but one plane and to do without light and shade; but they have learnt how to arrange and present flowers, &c., with something of Oriental judgment and splendour. Their aim has been intermediate between the picture and the ornament, and they may claim to have founded something like a new school, shunning the inartistic laboriousness of old English flower-painting and striving towards the masterly effectiveness of Japan. To the names already mentioned in connection with such flower-painting should be added, at least, those of Miss Lucy Whitaker, who has also shown a talent for conventional design, Miss R. J. Strutt, of whose skill we give an example (6), Miss E. Chatfield, Miss E. T. Hall, Miss A. Beard, Miss K. Kirkman, Miss Barber, and Lady Bromley; but the number of accomplished painters of this class is too great to admit of any selection which would not exclude many far above mediocrity.

In pure landscape I regret to have missed for some years the name of Miss E. Lewis, whose pictures of 1880 were amongst the most notable efforts in the decorative representation of scenery contributed by an English lady to these exhibitions. For works of this class they have depended mainly on the genius of a few French artists, the most powerful of whom are M. Domenic Grenet (now rivalled by M. J. Gautier) and M. Mallet. And here it will be convenient to mention the other foreign artists who have contributed so much to the brilliance of the annual show. M. Léonce (M. Mallet's well-known colleague), a painter incomparable in his way, besides his great technical skill in the decorative treatment of "still life,"

4.—DORA: A ROUND.

(Painted by the late Rebecca Coleman. In the Possession of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.)

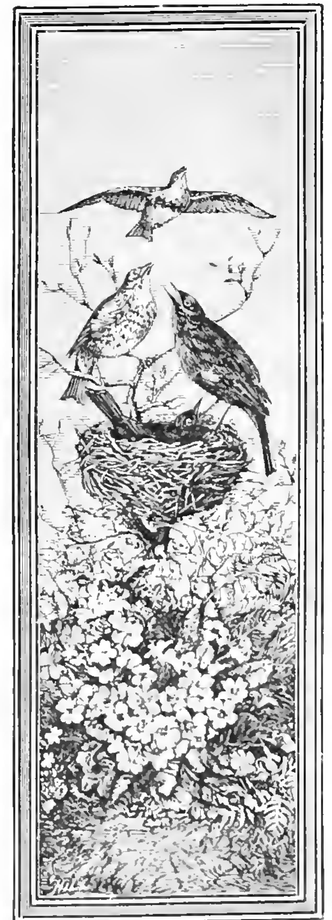
possesses a genius for seizing the character of birds and fishes unexcelled perhaps by any artist of any time born out of Japan. To the list of distinguished

foreign visitors must be added Mdme. Merkel Heine, M. Egoroff, M. Quost, M. Bourgeot, M. Rosl, and M. Clair. The heads of M. Clair are a great contrast to those in favour with the lady artists of England. The former are dashing, romantic, effective, strange in colour, full of *bravura* and *chique;* the latter quiet and simple, and generally homely or classical in feeling.

5.—THE BIRD'S NEST. A ROUND.
(*Painted by Linnie Watt.*)

Our illustrations (3 and 4) give a good notion of the style of Miss Charlotte Spiers and Miss Rebecca Coleman. The loss which this branch of china-painting has sustained by the death of the latter is not easily overestimated. In skill of handling, in the bright purity of her tints, she was unequalled. The last work of hers which I have seen was like a rainbow. There can be no doubt about the delicate finish of the work of Miss Scott Smith, who took the Crown Princess's gold medal for amateurs two years ago and the silver medal for professionals in 1883; but in distinction, decorative sense, and feeling for colour her work seems to me to be wanting when compared with that of former favourites like Miss C. Spiers, Miss Marion Gemmell, and Miss E. Welby. The heads of the first two are similar in some ways; there is a sort of "family resemblance" which partially disappears on closer acquaintance. Both choose handsome, healthy, and natural faces, gentle and refined. Those of the former are the more severe in design, the more occupied in thought; those of the latter freer in treatment, more romantic in sentiment. Both artists produce beautiful work, thoroughly English and pure, and masterly also, if such an epithet can be applied to designs which are feminine in the best sense of that word. Miss Welby's treatment of girlish beauties in graceful attitudes and charming draperies is more ideal and more purely decorative. She has a light and gentle fancy, and stands almost alone among her sister artists.

The last English artist I can mention here is Miss Linnie Watt, whose dainty pictures of English country, enlivened with not less charming or less English figures of girls and children (5), remind one (with a difference) of the delicate water-colours of Mrs. Allingham. Much that is characteristic of the tender beauty of woodland and meadow she has learnt how to suggest with a simple expressive touch specially suited to her materials and the decorative character of her work. I would have named her amongst the artists of landscape but for her figures, and amongst the figure-painters but for her landscapes. But it is impossible to divorce one from the other, for the figures are not "introduced," but seem—as in the charming example we have engraved — to form an organic part of her conceptions. Taken altogether, the decorative pictures of Miss Linnie Watt are perhaps the most novel and satisfactory product of the taste for paintings on china in England. They are specially fitted for daily companionship, eloquent of grace and beauty when appealed to, and at other moments silently adding by their light and colour to the general cheerfulness of the room.



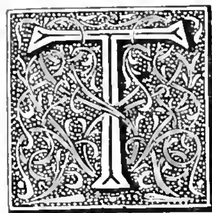
6.—SPRING. A PANEL.
(*Painted by Rosa Jameson Strutt.*)

The exhibition last year at Messrs. Howell and James's of a few specimens

of the skill of the Cincinnati Pottery Club should not be without its influence upon English lady amateurs. Although in "paintings on china" the latter may excel, in decoration of china their American sisters can teach them much. The club have, moreover, proved that under-glaze painting is not out of the reach of the amateur. The president of the club, Miss Louise McLaughlin, has, indeed, published a capital little book on the subject. Both conventional design and under-glaze painting have been cultivated in England mainly by professionals, and I would suggest that two or more of the many prizes now offered at the exhibition in Waterloo Place should be devoted to the encouragement of these practices by English amateurs.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.



THE interest of the present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is due rather to the average excellence of the works shown than to any features of very exceptional and striking power. Unlike the exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, it is rather exclusively a display of British talent. The members of the Academy maintain a fair standard of work, but none of them startle and delight us by the display of new and unexpected powers; and it is in the work of the younger painters that we find the most distinct and pleasing signs of progress and of increasing skill. The unusual number of figure-pictures by the younger men is one of the most marked characteristics of the exhibition.

In its combination of accomplished technique and vigorous melodrama the "James II. and the Duke of Monmouth" of Mr. Pettie, which occupies a place of honour in the Great Room, is perhaps the masterpiece of the exhibition; but this, like most of the interesting contributions by Millais, Tadema, Orchardson, Herkomer, and Oakes, is already too well known in London to call for special comment. Mr. Pettie, however, shows a fresh subject, a "Young Laird"—the flaxen-haired model in his "Eugene Aram"—rabbit-hunting with a village companion; and an Aberdeen collector sends an unexhibited example by Mr. Millais, "The Convalescent"—a white-clad child seated in a shadowed room, and holding in her hands a few blossoms of sweet-pea.

The two important, but not recent, pictures by the President, "The Antiquary and Lovel," and "Hudibras and Ralph Visiting the Astrologer," display the capital finish of Sir Fettes' handling in its expression of still-life detail, a class of work which he has of late years abandoned (we are glad to note) in favour of landscape work, on a small scale, in water-colour. An "Oberon and the Mermaid" exhibits the fine draughtsmanship of Sir Noel Paton. Mr. R. M'Gregor is an artist whose way of work—his harmonious and restricted tonality, his truth of relation, and the direct and simple way in which he treats the commonest things of rustic life—would seem to indicate the influence of foreign aims and methods. He is seen to advantage in his "Cranberry Gatherers"—a group of village children seated in a pine wood; but in "The Blind Pedlar" his art takes a new departure in the extended scale of figures, which are treated with excellent simplicity and touched with tender feeling. We have pathos and effectively contrasted expression in Mr. Herdman's aged veteran and his daughter, who contemplate "His Old Flag" as it hangs in shreds in a village church; and Mr. R. Gibb's "Schoolmates" deals successfully with the terrors, the heroism, and the self-sacrifice of active service. The art of Mr. W. B. Hole, which has always been individual and dramatic, seems to have changed somewhat in its scope, and gained new characteristics: the result, doubtless, of recent work from nature. In "The Fill of Two Boats" we have breadth, good colour, a good subject, and a fine sense of the free open air of morning. A clever ball-room scene by Mr. C. M. Hardie errs in being rather unpleasantly hot in tone and colour.

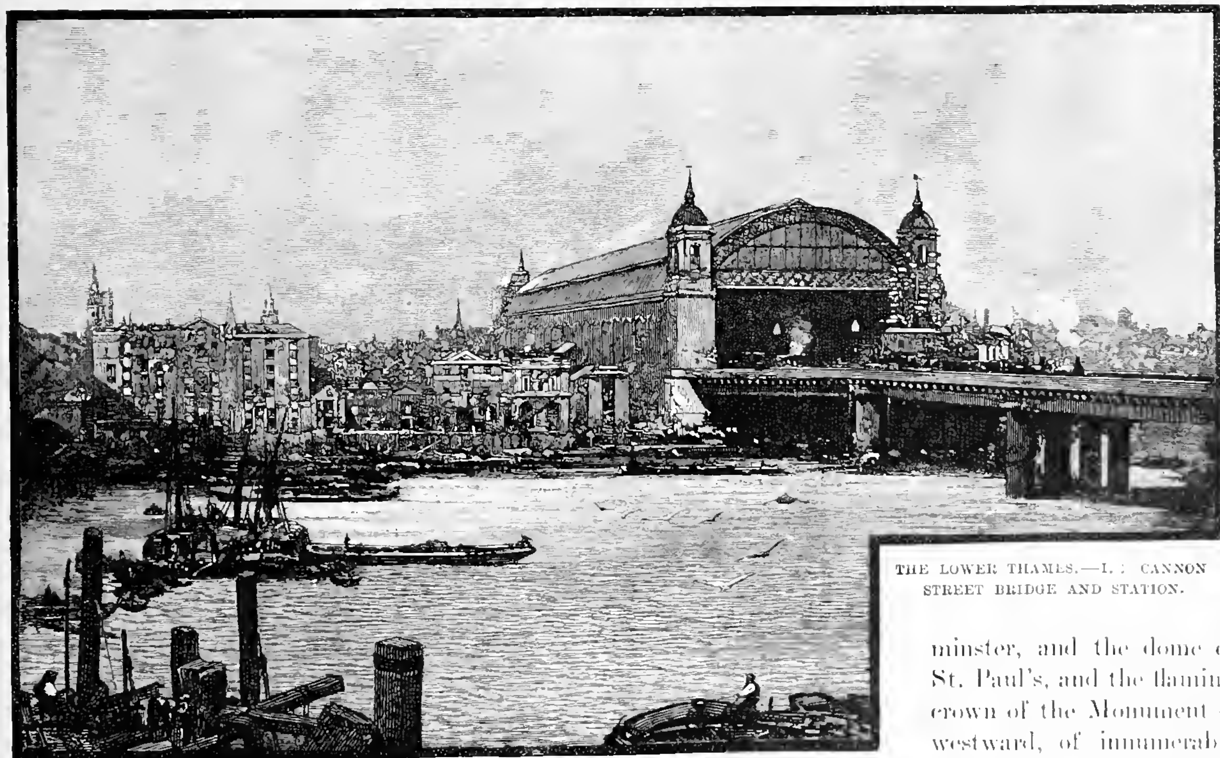
Some of the best landscape-work of the exhibition comes from Messrs. J. C. Noble, W. D. M'Kay, and J. Lawton Wingate. In the Great Room three of the first-named artist's subjects are hung near each other, and their proximity emphasises the variety of Mr. Noble's method, his power of dealing with the moods of nature. In one we have a ruddy sunset burning over the darkening fields; in another a sunny summer coast-scene in the manner of Hook; while the third, "September," is a chill dreary subject, of sombre brown ploughed land and steel-grey sky. Mr. M'Kay is mainly the servant of the spring, the time of blossoms and glad grass. His largest picture gives, with admirable truth and completeness, a stretch of Ancrum Moor, the foreground gay with whin-blossoms, amidst which a figure is lying basking in the spring sunshine, not yet potent enough to melt the patches of snow which still diver-

sify the faint blue of the distant Cheviots. A smaller subject, "When the Thorn is White," is a perfect little poem of budding trees, and children seated on the fresh grass arranging a little hoard of pale primroses. In his largest subject Mr. Wingate renders with considerable truth the glitter of sunshine on tossing leaves, while a small stack-yard subject is remarkable for silvery colour and delicate treatment of detail.

Among the more important of the portraits are works by Messrs. George Reid, Herdman, Lorimer, and James Irvine, and the powerful "Archibald Forbes" of Mr. Herkomer, who contributes (to the Water-Colour Room) his well-known "Ruskin." Here, too, are a large interior of Siena Cathedral and several vivid Pompeian subjects by Mr. W. G. Lockhart. The figures are poor and inadequate; but the bas-reliefs in the first are superbly handled, and the textures of the tiles and the base are superior to the good work of Mr. Alma Tadema himself. Exceptionally good, too, and very finely artistic, are the tesselated pavements and the feeling for the faded decorations in the Pompeian subjects.

THE LOWER THAMES.—III.

THE railway bridge between Cannon Street and Southwark (I.) is, on the whole, the soundest and the most sightly of the vast iron structures which connect the north and the south banks of the Thames. As we glide beneath, its great round pillars seem as if they might support the weight of a pyramid. Overhead there is the continuous rumble of trains, for Cannon Street Bridge seems to share this peculiarity with its nearest neighbour—that there is never any hour of the night or day when it is clear of traffic from end to end. It is the first link of the chain which connects us with the continent of Europe. From here the travelling foreigner most frequently gets his first intelligible glimpse of the greatness and the majesty of London. As his train slackens speed he gains sight of the towers of Westminster, and the dome of St. Paul's, and the flaming crown of the Monument—westward, of innumerable spires, and eastward, of forests of glittering masts. It is the centre of London to which our river has at length brought us. By-and-by, when we have shot between the piers of London Bridge, we shall find ourselves among the shipping of the greatest port in the world. Every year six thousand steamers and five thousand sailing vessels make their way into the Thames, and where Cannon Street Bridge (I.) strides



THE LOWER THAMES.—I.: CANNON STREET BRIDGE AND STATION.

THE LOWER THAMES.—II.: LONDON BRIDGE.

ponderously across the river we may hear alike at night and in daytime the shouts of lightermen who are transferring their cargoes to warehouse and wharf. Here the dumb-barge monopolises an undue share of the stream. It is the most rudimentary of vessels and the most ugly. Its habit is to float upward with the tide, to get in the way of passing steamers, and to make believe that it is just on the point of being run down. The one man on board is to be seen, now fore and now aft, working a ponderous oar, utterly careless of mankind, and indifferent alike to remonstrance and persuasion. When the tide goes down, the dumb-barge quietly grounds on the mud on the Southwark side, or rests itself on the shingle between Cannon Street Station and St. Paul's Pier. Its carrying capacity is in singular contrast to the holding capacity of the tall, many-storeyed warehouses, plethoric of small windows, to which it ministers. It seems to belong to a time when commerce was less busy and hurried of aspect, when the acquisition of wealth was not incompatible with leisure; yet it performs its work well, if with undue slowness, and the value of what it transfers from the docks to the warehouses above London Bridge must amount to many millions a year.

Where the Cannon Street Bridge plants its feet in Southwark is Bankside, a place which is very disagreeable and squalid, and very different from what it must have been when the rank and fashion of Elizabeth's day were carried thither to witness the dramas of one William Shakespeare. Very near to where the Globe Theatre must have stood, the ground is covered by a famous brewery. Much of what has been called "Outcast London" huddles together on spots which were familiar to Marlowe, to Massinger, to Ben Jonson, and to Beaumont and Fletcher. This dreary, evil-smelling wilderness of brick and stone is teeming with literary associations. Just beyond the great warehouses John Gower lies, in the church which he is said to have rebuilt. The Tabard Inn stood a little further along, on the other side of the way; and hard by Mr. Pickwick made the acquaintance of Sam Weller. What a change the years have made! Even the river, which is here stockaded in, seems to lose much of its beauty in the shadow which is cast upon it from the squalid and reeking neighbourhood which was once so gay and fashionable and illustrious.

It was a habit of Wenceslaus Hollar, who died in 1677, to ascend the tower of St. Saviour's Church and draw pictures of London. Careful artist as he was, he did not do his work more completely than Mr. Seymour has done his in the drawings which accompany this little note on the Lower Thames. In this last series of sketches we have an almost continuous panorama of the north bank from Cannon

Street to the Tower—the end of London Bridge and Fishmongers' Hall (II.), the Monument and Freshwater Wharf (III.), Billingsgate and the Custom House (IV.). At the "Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame," as Gray has called them, the artist has stopped short, in the distance, looking as high as the Cheviots. The Tower was then almost as prominent an object as Old St. Paul's. The river looks splendidly calm and clear; and there is a three-masted vessel above bridge, a thing which surely could not have been,

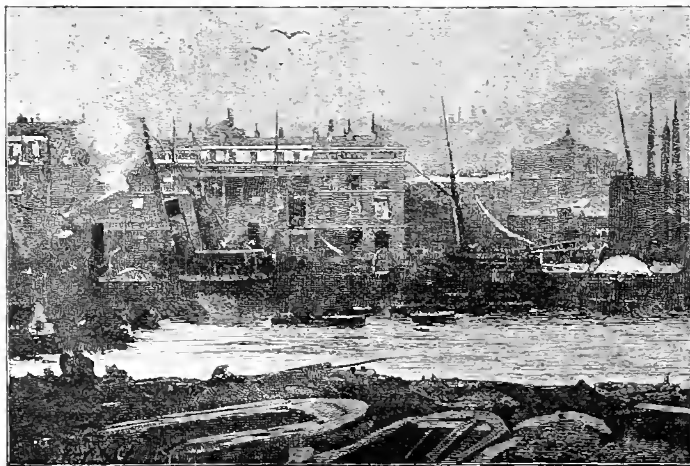
THE LOWER THAMES.—III.: FRESHWATER WHARF.

probably esteeming them already too familiar, even to those who have never visited the time-honoured walls. There is a drawing of "London Bridge from Southwark, before the Great Fire," in Leigh Hunt's pleasant book on "The Town." St. Saviour's Church stands massively in the foreground, towering grandly upward, not almost hidden out of sight as it is now. The Middlesex hills are to be seen ranging seeing that the tide sweltered through the huddled-up arches and made the passage difficult and dangerous, sometimes even fatal. The ships seem most to have sought the Southwark side. Now they cluster chiefly in front of Billingsgate, where, almost any day, are to be seen several steamers of moderate size, a little fleet of Dutch galliots, and a line of tugs come in from the fishing in the North Sea.

Those who would see Billingsgate aright should rise even earlier than when

> "The city . . . doth like a garment wear
> The beauty of the morning;"

before the last houseless tramp has risen from his stony bed in one of the recesses of the bridge, or the lamps have ceased to twinkle along the river-side, or more than dim shadows are discernible through the mists which cling, "like a face-cloth to the face," to the surface of the Thames. Billingsgate is awake almost as early as Covent Garden. Leaning over London Bridge (II.) when the first beam of sunlight shivers downwards and breaks into sparkles on the river, one may dimly discern two streams of white-jacketed figures, one rushing upward to the market and one downward to the boats. They seem to be hurrying for dear life, and until the morning is at least two hours older there will be no break in those restless streams of men. On Billingsgate quay they jostle against each other and swear. "Nautical terms are mingled with London slang," wrote Mr. Sala sixteen years ago; "fresh mackerel competes in odour with the pitch and tar; the light-strained rigging cuts in dark indigo relief against the sky; the whole is a confusion, slightly dirty but eminently picturesque, of ropes, spars, baskets, oakum, tarpaulin, fish, canvas trousers, osier baskets, loud voices, tramping feet, and 'perfumed gales,' not exactly from 'Araby the blest.'" And that describes Billingsgate now, but not all that is to be seen when the gentle light steals downward and makes this scene of bustle and business plain, for the Thames is nowhere so eerily beautiful as in the Pool when it is lighted by the dawn.



THE LOWER THAMES.—IV.: THE CUSTOM HOUSE.

The Custom House (IV.) is a clear space of shining white stone in a dusky setting of smoke-dried walls and slated roofs. Seen from London Bridge it plays the same part in the picture as does Somerset House from Waterloo. The smoke of the river steamers cannot blacken it, for the soft leprous-looking stone crumbles at its touch; and so, by the manner in which it stands out from its surroundings, the Custom House draws the eye more towards it than is justified either by its size or its style. The quay in front is a public promenade, frequented by nursemaids, retired fish-salesmen, and those half-labourers half-tramps who are always "on the look-out for a job," and have the happiest knack of not finding it. At the commencement of their new year the Jews come here to pray, in remembrance of that captivity when they sat down by the waters of Babylon and wept. Here, too, once came the poet Cowper, insane, and trembling at the wrath of God. It was his intention to commit suicide, "but," he afterwards wrote, "I found the water low, and a porter sitting on some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully closed against me, I returned to the coach." And a very sensible thing, too!

This reminiscence of Cowper calls to mind another poet of more cheerful soul, that great and perfect artist, Geoffrey Chaucer. It was on this very spot that he fulfilled those official duties which, it has been somewhat doubtfully said, brought him into financial difficulties. He was the first controller of Customs in England, and it may well have been that as he watched from some loophole of the Custom House a band of pilgrims riding slowly, yet withal merrily, over London Bridge, there came to him the first thought of that scheme which he carried out in the "Canterbury Tales." Probably the "Tabard," the roof of which must then have been within sight from the north bank of the river, was his own favourite house, and it may be that on many an evening his stoup of wine has been handed to him by that very landlord of whom he says:—

> "A large man was he with eyghen stepe,
> A fairere burgeys is ther noon in Chepe;
> Bold of his speche, and wys and well-i-taught,
> And of manhede lakkede he right nought."

"He was a right merry man," adds Chaucer; and of that he doubtless had frequent experience, being not himself disinclined to mirth, but rather, as became the great ancestor of Shakespeare and Scott and Dickens, endowed with a capacity of cheerfulness so sound and generous, so large-hearted and universal, that it keeps his work as fresh and human as when it was written some five hundred years ago.

London Bridge once passed, we find a striking difference in the character of the buildings on Thames side. A little higher up the river they were almost comically tall and narrow; here they become gigantic—vast granaries, warehouses in which the cargoes of a whole fleet might be stowed away. Mr. Seymour has drawn for us one of the most interesting of these (III.), the last great building to be seen before we reach the Tower. On the south side they stretch down the bank of the river to Rotherhithe, so that we get no glimpse of the crowded centres of population lying beyond, except through narrow passages leading down to stairs still frequented by the boats of the watermen. It is in these stupendous warehouses that a discerning eye may perceive the origin of the greatness of England. They are the perpetually visible signs of our wide-spreading commerce. To fill them, ships are scouring all the seas. From here mystic influences radiate to the plains of Central Asia, to the heart of China, to the far western states and the crowding republics of the New World. For the number of ships ascending its river, and for the weight of cargoes disburdened on its wharves, Liverpool is altogether insignificant beside London. What an amazing, confusing, almost terrifying sight (V.) is the Pool—a tangle of masts, a wilderness of spars and cordage, an apocalypse of smoke and steam and water and cloud, a pell-mell of noble argosies and homely shallops, the trysting-place of all the ensigns of the world. Its traffic is like that of one of our most crowded streets. Steamers, sailing ships, barges, tugs, wherries, ferry-boats, all seem to be engaged in evading each other, and not always with complete success. Truly enough, this is, as one of the guide-books says, "the most striking and characteristic feature of the river." And yet every day it is becoming less so, for the commerce of London is changing its focus. New docks have been constructed beyond the Isle of Dogs, new docks are being constructed at Tilbury; and the great vessels coming from the East are being gradually intercepted before the lights of London come in sight, so that soon only the smaller steamers and sailing ships will find their way into the Pool.

As we shoot down the river we shall pass Wapping Old Stairs—and many a place rendered famous in song and story. This is the historic Thames—that portion of the great river whose picturesqueness has been overlooked because of its associations. Wapping Old Stairs—the scene of Dibdin's sweetest ballad, and surely one of the sweetest and truest songs in all English—

> "When I vowed that I still would continue the same,
> And gave you the bacca-box marked with my name"—

have been replaced by steps of modern and prosy construction. The passage which leads to them is darkened on one side by a gigantic wharf, but on the other we have Wapping at its best and quaintest. It is a congeries of strange, old, weather-beaten houses, the river fronts of which are shored up by moss-engreened timber. Their windows are generally bowed, so that one sitting therein may look up and down stream at his will. Much gorgeous paint has at one time or another been expended on walls and doors and windows, but it has been softened and subdued by time. Now it harmonises well with the shining green piles, and does not put out of countenance the brown sails of the barges that are drawn up on the shore. On a spring day, when there is neither too much nor too little sun, the river is at this point as beautiful as Venice, and less austere. How pleasant does this appearance of age, do these signs of dilapidation, appear from our station in the centre of the stream! What beautiful, what indescribable, colour there is among this accumulation of barges and piers and half-ruinous habitations! A great novelist has found most of beauty and romance in Rotherhithe, with its quiet streets, its great timber ponds, its intersecting canals. As for me, I prefer Wapping, ancient and out-of-elbows, and doubtless disreputable, but with a beauty of its own which is worthy for some poet to sing.

Here the river broadens, and has odd curves, so that the buildings which still extend along its banks make vast semicircles, as if enclosing a lake. The wind has free play, too, and the water, swooning past with a billowy motion, tumbles in white breakers on the farther shore. At intervals on each side of the river one discerns the moss-grown ribs of some ancient wreck, towed up stream to be broken to pieces and then to rot. The past of English shipping is occasionally recalled by some small forsaken "coffin ship," anchored to a buoy; its present, if the tide is up, is represented by great steamers, lying sideways and making to or from the docks. As we approach more nearly the Isle of Dogs we grow confused among the pressure of ships. "Two lines of masts, one raking one way, the other the other, cross and puzzle the eye to separate their weaving motion and to assign the rigging to the right vessel. White funnels aslant, dark funnels, red funnels rush between them; white steam curls upwards; there is a hum, a haste, almost a whirl, for the commerce of the world is crowded into the hour of the full tide. These great hulls, these crossing masts a-rake, the intertangled rigging, the background of black barges drifting downwards, the lines and ripple of the water as the sun comes out, if you look too steadily, daze the eyes and cause a sense of giddiness. It is so difficult to realise so much mass—so much bulk—moving so swiftly, and in so intertangled a manner; a mighty dance of thousands of tons—gliding,

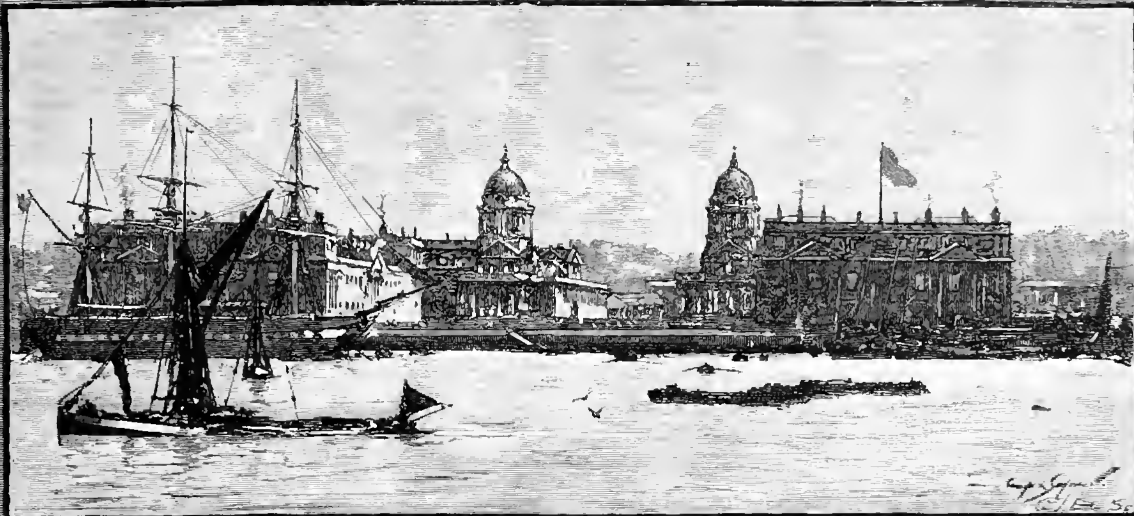
slipping, drifting onwards, yet without apparent effort. Thousands upon thousands of tons go by like shadows, silently, as if the ponderous hulls had no stability or weight; like a dream they float past, solid and yet without reality. It is a giddiness to watch them." So Mr. Richard Jefferies has lately written; and though the picture grows less like day by day, as the commerce of the river stays its tide further downwards, it will be long yet before the huge and populous docks on either hand of us are altogether deserted.

"To Greenwich by water," says Pepys, "and there landed at the King's House, which goes on slow, but is very pretty. . . . Away to the king, and back again with him in the barge, hearing him and the duke talk, and seeing and observing their manner of discourse. And, God forgive me, though I admire them with all the duty possible, yet the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men." To Greenwich we have come by the same route as the indefatigable Samuel, seeing much that he saw, and much more of which he never dreamed. That new house begun by King Charles II. was never finished. In course of time it became Greenwich Hospital, of which Mr. Seymour (VI.) has given us a very beautiful drawing. It is hospital no longer, but a Royal Naval College, where officers above the rank of midshipman are instructed in all theoretical and scientific branches of study that have any bearing upon their profession. Beyond the hospital lies Cable Street, a piece of old Greenwich, very characteristic of the ancient architecture of Thames side. The bay windows project so far that the houses seem to be half-undermined by the tide. From here one sees to the best advantage the Thames barges, the most attractive of all craft, as they sail upward with their canvas stretched like the wings of great sea-birds. Here, also, one may watch the sun as it sinks westward, flooding Greenwich Reach with marvellous colour, and making poems out of the dim crescent of houses which cluster along the distant shore. As the light thickens a vast merchant ship steams past, dark and formidable and silent. It is going, as the river goes, to the great sea.

Night settles down very strangely and mystically on the Thames. It is not as if the sun went out of the sky, but as if multitudinous mists rose upward, to swim through baths of glorious colour, and finally to drown the light. As the last tremulous flush of orange is obscured, great chains of lamps begin to gleam, and along the banks the river seems to be stockaded with thin, trembling pillars of flame. And with the darkness a great silence has come, only broken now and then by the soft plash of oars, or the quick, short panting of a steam-tug labouring against the tide. The noise of the greatest of European cities seems to have been

THE LOWER THAMES.—V.: THE POOL.

gathered up into a common throb, rendering the stillness of the river more impressive and intense. mystery of dreams. The day is done, and our task ends with the day. And so, farewell, O Thames,



THE LOWER THAMES.—VI.: GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

The hull of an approaching steamer looms by in the darkness. Occasionally, lights shoot athwart the silent stream. The prospect favours that kind of contemplation in which thought is banished by feeling, and nothing seems clear or real, and one is only conscious as in the strange and solemn flowing towards the gates of morning—

> "First the channel's racing brine; then old Ocean the divine;
> Wide white waves, the luminous line;
> Sails that quiver
> Toward the sunlight, flying free, seeking peril, seeking glee;
> Lose thyself in England's sea,
> Famous river."

AARON WATSON.

THE LACE SCHOOL AT BURANO.

BURANO, as we all know, is one of that little group of islands in the Adriatic of which Venice is the chief. Since the decline of the lace trade, fishing has been the sole resource of the little town, a shifting anchor for a whole people to rely on; and hunger and want were well-known visitors to the Buranelli, for whom every spell of bad weather, every continued frost, was a real calamity. The winter of 1872 was a season of exceptional severity. The frost stopped the fishing trade; poverty in Burano gave place to utter destitution, and had it not been for public charity the unhappy people must have died of cold and hunger. The misery of the poor creatures starving in their ice-bound prison touched all hearts; the call for help was so generously responded to that after the immediate distress had been relieved a considerable sum of money still remained in the hands of the promoters of the subscription. This they resolved to devote to founding some industry which should prevent the recurrence of such a time of distress. Some scheme was tried and failed; and then Signor Fambri, of the II. College of Venice, proposed the revival of the lace trade. In one of his many philanthropic visits to Burano, Signor Fambri had discovered old Cencia Scarpariola, now between seventy and eighty years of age; had found that she still continued to make the beautiful Burano lace; and after much thought had concluded that under her tuition the industry might be revived. To achieve a success it would be necessary to secure the patronage of influential ladies who had shown themselves interested in the distress of the poor islanders. Accordingly the present Queen of Italy, then Princess

Margaret of Piedmont, was written to and asked to accept the presidentship of the Burano lace school, and the Countess Marcello was induced to become its vice-president; other ladies of position and influence interested themselves in the work; and to their efforts, and more especially to the untiring zeal and personal influence of the Countess Marcello, the success of the work is greatly due. They hunted up fine old patterns, they visited the schools, they wore the lace, they spread its fame abroad, they made themselves lace agents—in short, in every possible way they brought the lace into notice. More than this, they encouraged only the making of good work, they took care that the lace should be worthy of their patronage; they wished to found an industry, not to prop up a charity, and they have thoroughly succeeded. Many of these ladies retain their pristine interest in this good work: to the Countess Marcello the school is still her eighth son; the trouble she takes for it is still to her a pleasure; she has its interest as much at heart now as she had the day it was started.

Looking back it does not seem a very hopeful beginning: one old teacher almost past work, and eight pupils as ignorant of lace-making as are the majority of young English girls. The pupils, however, were chosen for their intelligence, and among them was Signora Anna Bolario d'Este, the mistress of the Burano girls' school, who by dint of devoting every spare moment to the work soon became a first-class lace-maker. She was a better teacher, too, than poor old half-blind Cencia, who had known the art so long that she could not sympathise with fingers less swift and skilful than her own, or minds for which lace-making was a complicated mystery. Old Cencia then was pensioned off, and Signora Bolario resigned the mistress-ship of the girls' school and assumed the management of the lace school, then consisting of a few pupils kept together by the payment of a daily wage, the reward of attendance.

From the very first the patterns were good. The directors made the best possible use of the storehouse of beauty Venice possessed in the old Renaissance patterns; and we are probably safe in saying that nothing vulgar, ugly, or even commonplace has ever come out of that Burano school. On the other hand the trade laboured under a disadvantage that for long seemed unsurmountable—the coarseness and unevenness of any thread that could then be found in Italy. This difficulty, which had so much to do with the failure of the English lace trade of the Seventeenth Century, threatened to doom modern Burano lace to an inevitable inferiority to old Italian and modern Brussels lace, which is made of specially prepared hand-spun thread. Still, despite this obstacle, the little Burano school won gold medals at the Paris Exhibition of 1867 by reason of the beauty of its designs and workmanship and the comparative lowness of its prices. But the friends of the Burano school were not contented with this victory. They saw that the thread of the Flanders laces was vastly superior to any they could procure; and in the following year Baron Beckmann visited the Belgium thread manufactories in the interest of the Burano lace-workers, and at length discovered a thread which places modern Burano lace on an equal footing with the old. By that time the school had a hundred and twenty scholars, and had ceased to make only the Burano point. Now there are three hundred and twenty, and there are few kinds of point they do not make.

The school is now the one clean spot in the squalid picturesqueness of Burano. The walls are of a light distemper, the floor of clean-scrubbed boards; the chairs, too, are of white wood—everything is neat and fresh and simple. Out of work hours the school is not a very paintable scene; but when it is filled with pretty lace-makers, red or black of head, fair of face, and brilliant of attire, then the lace school with its rows of busy girls is a subject worthy of Van Haanen. Seven hours a day the lace-makers work there; they are paid no longer by the day, but according to the quality and quantity of their work, the quickest and most skilful hands earning four *lire* a day, though an ordinary worker makes only about one *lire* daily. Besides the true Burano point they make in the school Old Brussels, Alençon, Argentan, Venetian point, Rose point, Guipure, and English point. The name of this last lace is a fraud, for English point was never made anywhere but in Flanders, it being merely a very fine variety of Old Brussels which, when there was an embargo on the importation of foreign laces, English merchants smuggled into the country and sold as English manufacture.

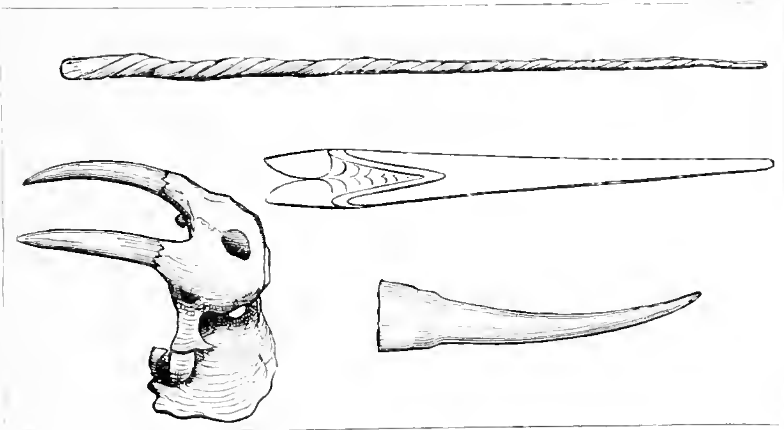
In the olden times each worker completed her own piece of work; but when, in the days of Louis XIV., lace schools were founded in France, the teacher in the school of Alençon found that greater perfection was attained if each woman kept to a certain stitch or set of stitches. So far was this principle carried that it used to take eighteen persons to make each piece of Alençon lace; the number has now, I believe, been reduced to twelve. The Burano school is conducted on a modification of this method, the workers being divided into seven sections. Those of the first division trace out the patterns with a coarse thread. The workers of the second class make the fine net foundations for the true Burano point, the foundations for the Alençon and Argentan laces being made in the third section. A fourth class of workers are entirely employed in making the

flowers and edgings for these laces, while the raised parts and "brides" of the various points are executed in the fifth division. Cleaning, examining, and generally preparing the finished laces for sale occupies the women in the sixth section; and the married workers, who are not subject to the rules which bind the girls, compose the seventh.

A drawing-master gives lessons to the girls of the first and fifth sections, from whom a considerable amount of skill is required. Everything now is in full swing; there are plenty of trained workers, plenty anxious to learn. The days when it was "a charity" to buy the Burano laces are passed; for though the industry provides honest work and honest wages to a large proportion of the female population, the number of patrons who purchase laces with this thought are now probably small compared to those who buy to possess laces more beautiful in design and execution than any that have been produced since the Renaissance. F. MABEL ROBINSON.

THE SWORD.*

CAPTAIN BURTON'S long-promised book on the sword is now beginning to appear. This beginning is on a scale which promises a work of almost stupendous magnitude. It is a solid quarto, the first of three, and, according to the author, is a mere clearing of the way. Captain Burton begins at the beginning with the creation of the world, or thereabouts, and he looks into many things. Some years ago, as he informs the reader in his "Foreword," which the base vulgar call preface, he sent the earliest manuscript to a publisher, who on consideration seems to have rejected the same, alleging that he "wanted a book on the sword, not a treatise on carte and tierce." Captain Burton at once decided that if he wanted a book on the sword he should have it—with a vengeance. Never since Diogenes Teufelsdröck wrote his remarkable work on clothes has a subject been treated with anything like the same thoroughness. All history is ransacked to illustrate the history of the sword. The friend who volunteered to annotate the work of Cede Hamete Benengeli would have been appalled by the list of authorities. If it does not go from A to Z, it at least starts with "Academy (the)" and ends with "Colonel Yule." The nine pages of double columns lying between the two contain the reading of an ordinary lifetime. Chapter the first is a "preamble" on the origin of weapons, and chapter the thirteenth deals with "The Sword amongst the Barbarians (early Roman Empire)." In the course of his journey so far Captain Burton finds time to discuss a variety of questions of archæology, morals, and religion, together with "certain advanced views of Egyptology." Whoever has a taste for miscellaneous reading let him fall on. He is certain of finding a mass of interesting facts, and seeing many swashing blows at all sorts of people, priests by preference, delivered by the practised hand of Captain Burton.



1.—NATURAL MODELS.

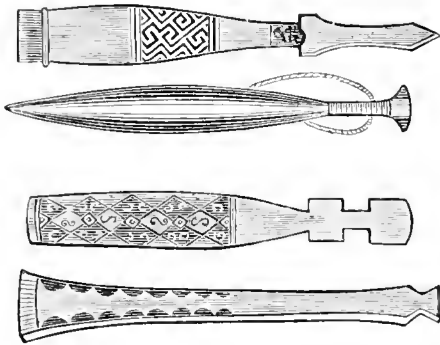
The advanced views of Egyptology and the rest of it being left to the eight or ten specialists required to deal with them all, let us go directly to chapter seventh, headed "The Sword; What Is It?" Dr. Johnson declined to try and define poetry on the ground that he might as well attempt to describe light, but he added that we know what it is. Unconsciously doubtless (for when was he known to shirk a difficulty?) Captain Burton shows a little of the same disinclination to answer his own question. He says much about "angles of resistance (forty degrees) and of entrance (ninety degrees)," and uses many terms of art, such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear, but he does not tell us what the sword is in its quiddity. Happily we can dispense with learning. It is enough to know that there are swords and swords, whereof some are beautiful

* "The Book of the Sword." By Richard Burton. (London: Chatto and Windus. 1884.)

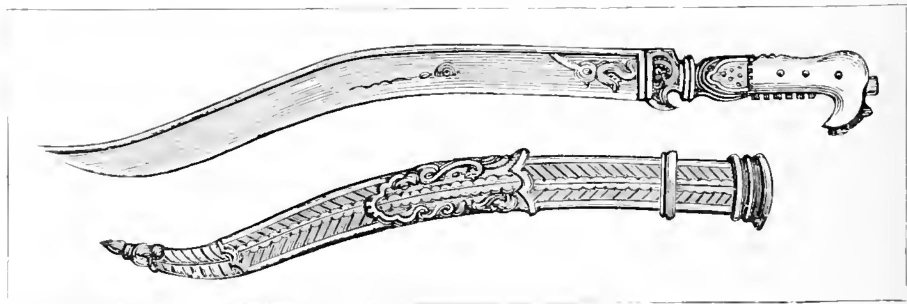
and others not. The book abounds in pictures of weapons of both kinds. All are meant either to run people through or chop them up, and they are made of wood, bronze, or steel, and of these the steel are much to be preferred.

2.—THE GREENLAND NUGUIT.

The question who first invented the sword is easy to ask and impossible to answer. It has been supposed that the first model was a leaf, perhaps a blade of grass, and for some kinds of weapon a better could scarcely be found; but it is, on the whole, more probable that the aboriginal semi-monkey who first chipped a flint into a stabbing or cutting-tool imitated the horn of an animal. The antelope, for instance, is provided by nature with a couple of admirable daggers. In more northern regions the pattern may have been found in the tusks of the walrus. Dwellers by the sea—and it was among them that all civilisation began—could imitate the natural weapon of the sword-fish. The first of our illustrations (for which, with the others, we are indebted to the kindness of Captain Burton's publishers) shows the horn of the narwhal and of the rhinoceros in their native state. They are sufficiently ugly weapons as nature has made them; when art, whose function it is to perfect nature, as some philosopher has doubtless observed, takes them in hand, they become uglier still—from the point of view of the unlucky man who is to be run through by them. Take, for instance (2), "The Greenland Nuguit." This slim and elegant weapon is a narwhal's horn, rubbed to a fine point and inserted into a wooden handle. It would be effective enough in the hands of a good marksman, for if the unsharpened horn can go through a plank, as it has done, much more can the pointed ivory go through the human subject. But it is scarcely necessary to suppose that in all cases the barbarian sword-maker had an animal form to copy. The weapon may well have developed out of the club. Our third cut (3) shows some swords and clubs of the Brazilian Indians. It is intelligible enough that some ingenious Guarani or Tupinamba may have, by an inspiration of genius, hit upon the great discovery that his round lump of wood might be made considerably more effective by being first flattened and then sharpened at the edges; after undergoing this operation it would not only bruise but cut. When he had killed a few more enemies than any other brave, and had consequently brought the tribe a few more dinners, his model would become popular. These swords of horn and wood afford a fine text for reflections on the futility of so much human industry. An ordinary seaman's cutlass can kill far better, and yet the Nuguit or the Brazilian sword must have required more skill to make and have been more valuable to its possessor than the finest blade ever forged by Andrea Ferrara or Juan Ruiz. When the Italian or Spanish sword-maker had done his best he had only produced a weapon which could easily be replaced and which he himself could teach a dozen apprentices to copy. It was only a question of getting more iron, of having cold water at hand, and a market to pay for his labour. Not every Greenlander, however, could be sure of finding a sound narwhal's horn, nor every Brazilian a piece of hard wood fit for his purpose. It is scarcely possible for civilised man to realise the amount of toil required to make one of the weapons out of the rude material. From the artistic point of view they have never been surpassed. The Brazilian

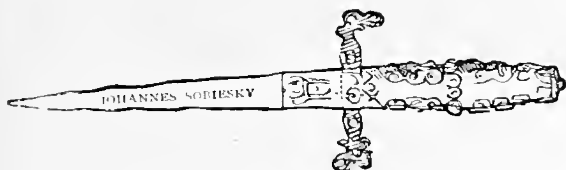


3.—WOODEN SWORDS FROM BRAZIL.



4.—A YATAGHAN.

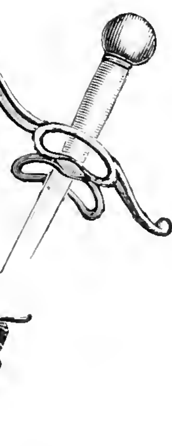
swords are ornamented with a fine pattern, and doubtless coloured with the natural taste of the savage. A good specimen must have been, and



5.—JOHN SOBIESKI'S DAGGER.

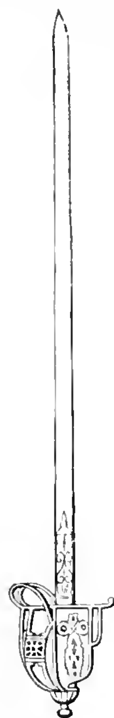
doubtless in more distant regions still is, treasured as a heirloom, and fought for when its possessor died or grew weak with age.

Barbarous and ancient swords are only curiosities, but it must be remembered that a sword cannot fairly be called ancient because it was in use thousands of years ago, while certain models invented in comparatively recent times are now curiosities of the rarest kind. The Roman broadsword could scarcely fall out of use when once invented, simply because it was an almost perfect weapon. Blades of the same shape are to be seen on the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and they have their descendants to-day in the Spanish "machete" and our own sailor's cutlass. Sir Samuel Baker found a tribe of African Arabs using the straight heavy slashing sword of our mediaeval man-at-arms to hunt the elephant. Hicks Pasha's soldiers and the garrison of Sinkat doubtless felt the weight of some of these swords. The curved scymetars in use among oriental nations have been worn from time immemorial. On the other hand, we hear of particular forms invented by amateurs in the Seventeenth Century, which were soon given up even in spite of great merits. Such a sword was the "colichemarde." This weapon was the invention of one of the extraordinary Swedish house of Königsmark which produced the general who sacked Prague at the close of the Thirty Years' War, and after occupying a pretty conspicuous place in Europe for more than a century, ended with the gentleman who was murdered for intriguing with the wife of George I., and in the lady who was the mother of Maurice of Saxony, and from whom George Sand descended. Probably the inventor of the colichemarde was the Count Königsmark who figures in our own state trials as the murderer of Mr. Thynne, in the reign of Charles II. It was a triangular blade, very thick near the handle, and suddenly tapering to a delicate rapier point. The



6.—HILTS OF RAPIERS.

colichemarde is said to have been an admirable weapon to fence with, and to have fallen out of use on account of its costliness and its supposed ugly look when sheathed. Judging from the descriptions it is possible to find a better reason for its unpopularity. The delicacy for which it was famous must have been more apparent than real, for it was gained by overweighting the "forte," that is the part of the blade near the handle, and therefore making it difficult to direct the point.



7.—A CLAYMORE.

A writer with a passion for classification might plausibly divide all swords into two great classes. The straight weapons used for thrusting, and the curved which are meant for striking. The division would not be strictly accurate. Many straight swords have a cutting edge, and some —the hunting swords of the Arabs described by Sir Samuel Baker, for instance—have no point. It is possible to thrust with a curved blade. Indeed, most modern military swords are slightly bent, although it is a universally recognised truth that the point is more effective than the edge. Nevertheless the division would be fairly accurate. The best types of the curved weapon have been produced by oriental peoples. From the artistic point of view nothing can be better. The scymetars of the Persian model have a beauty of form worthy of their material, the so-called Damascus steel. The Eastern preference for a curved blade was not artistic, but arose from certain practical considerations of an apparently plausible kind. The typical oriental warrior is always a horseman, and it is easier to slash on horseback than to thrust. Then, too, a drawing cut with a curved blade gives a singularly ugly wound. But the peoples of the East have probably kept to their old form of sword simply because they are born to be the stupid victims of routine as the sparks fly upwards. The Moors of Granada went on using the same strategy and the same weapons long after their inferiority had been proved to demonstration. Diego Hurtado de Mendoza—the author of "Lazarillo de Tormes," and father of the picaresque novel which in time culminated in "Gil Blas"—comments on their obstinacy in his history of the Morisco revolt. The

Moors, he says, suffered terribly in the skirmishes of that war because they persisted in using the edge and not the point, as the Spaniards did. The yataghan (4)—of Byronic associations—is a very typical oriental weapon. It is beautiful and withal terrible to look at—a sharp pointed blade with an edge on the inside curve. But it is the sword of a nation of butchers, good for cutting throats, but comparatively useless for purposes of honest fighting. These oriental weapons will always have a great value, both for their beauty of form and their exquisite ornamentation, but their inferiority as swords has been proved a hundred times over.

The great military nations of Europe, when they relied on the sword, have always used a straight blade, and generally a short one. They sometimes indulged in extravagant forms, such as the wavy flamboyant or flame blade here illustrated (5) by the dagger or "kris" of John Sobieski, but in the main they kept to sound principles. The Romans made their sword short, and doubtless did it deliberately. Several of the barbarian nations with which they fought preferred a long sword, and suffered for it. In a general engagement, when thousands or even hundreds of men were charging home on one another, a long weapon must necessarily be difficult to use. The helplessness of pikemen when once their formation was destroyed was proved again and again in the battles between the Macedonians and the Romans; and centuries later, in the wars of Italy, when the swordsmen of the Great Captain broke the "hedgehogs" of the Swiss infantry. And a long sword must have been only a little less cumbersome than a pike. We have all seen pictures of the great double-handled swords used by the Germans and Swiss in the Fifteenth Century. The men who carried them were placed in a line in front of the pikes, and required a clear four feet on either side to make their swashing blows. An enemy who came promptly to close quarters and was not too much afraid of the first cut must very soon have hemmed these heroes in. Indeed, the double-handled sword had but a short day as a general military weapon. It can only have come into use in a time when men trusted not to their own skill but to their armour for defence. Captain Marryat, who passed his boyhood among the veterans of the great war, says somewhere that in boarding affairs the swordsmanship of the school was of little use. There was neither room nor time for cutting and guarding. The two crews were crowded together on a deck some thirty feet wide. In such a crush only a short stabbing blade could be used. The fiercer or heavier crew of the two drove the other before it by sheer force of muscle, and then whichever of the two broke suffered from a certain amount of stabbing in the back. Much the same sort of thing would happen in land battles, and the fighter whose weapon could be used in a small space would have a marked advantage. Obviously that weapon would be a short, straight, and pointed blade. Accordingly we find that the sword of the Spanish soldiers was by no means long. The weapons of Gonsalvo de Córdova, the Great Captain, now preserved in the Armeria in Madrid, are neither, hilt included, three feet long, and the battle-sword is some inches shorter than the sword of state.

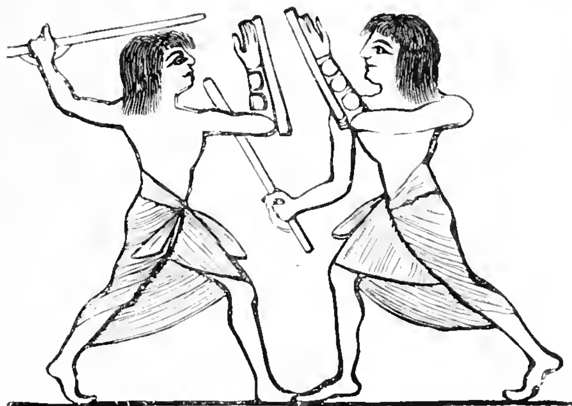
During the latter stages of its existence the sword has fallen into comparative inferiority as a military weapon. Its use has been confined to the cavalry—the most brilliant but certainly not the most important branch of an army. When the sword ceased to be an arm of the rank and file of the infantry it became the weapon of the gentleman, and the sign of his social superiority. He was taught to use it as a necessary part of his education, and was supposed to be always ready to draw it. The proportion of duels to quarrels was perhaps never so great as it is supposed to have been. A very respectable list of the combats which ought to have come off, but were never fought, might be made from the memoirs of the Sixteenth Century. Swaggering and lying generally flourish in quarrelsome times, but there is no doubt that duels were common enough, and there were even epidemics of them. It was for the gallants who fought in these encounters that the beautiful rapiers of the Italian and Spanish makers were forged, and it was for their successors that the small-sword of the Eighteenth Century was invented. Both are admirable weapons.

The rapier is a longish straight blade meant for cutting and thrusting. The modern claymore (7) represents it in a direct line of descent. All the world has heard of an Andrea Ferrara as the name of a sword. This maker is said to have been an Italian who settled at Saragossa, and his blades, or such at least as bore his mark, were long popular in the Highlands of Scotland. The practice of forging trade-marks is not peculiar to the Nineteenth Century, and beyond all doubt Andrea Ferraras were made in many countries for the northern market. They were very sufficient weapons, and the claymore represents them so accurately that the officer of a Highland regiment who is lucky enough to find a good specimen may still wear it as part of his uniform, if he has no scruples about disgracing it with the regulation hilt. The basket-hilt has long been condemned by practical swordsmen because it confines the hand so as to make free play of the wrist impossible. The original mounts were constructed on very different principles.

A glance at our sixth cut (6), the portrait of two old rapier hilts, will show that the sword-makers of the old school knew how to protect the hand without hampering it. The hilt was by no means the least important part of the arm, for it lent itself admirably to ornamentation, and beauty was almost as necessary as efficiency to a sword. Metal-workers of the highest rank did their best in designing and chasing these hilts. The elaborate network of bars shown in our illustration was frequently replaced by a species of bowl, to which the Spaniards give the disagreeably suggestive name of "sangradera," which is, being interpreted, the basin used by the barber-surgeon when he bleeds his unlucky patient. A guard of the same form is still used in Italian foils and French duelling swords, but as these are never worn it is left perfectly plain. In a fine rapier it was frequently covered with one of the precious metals and finely chased. The "sangradera" is almost all of the rapier which has descended to the duelling sword. This extremely pretty instrument is a triangular blade, hollowed between the edges so as to combine strength with lightness. When properly made it is so balanced that the hilt and the blade are of nearly equal weight, which makes it beautifully easy to handle.

The art of handling it is one of the greatest dignity and difficulty. The profane should abstain from speaking of it, and therefore it shall be passed over here. There have been almost as many systems of fencing as forms of sword since the first work on the subject was written early in the Sixteenth Century. There must have been one more or less scientific as soon as there was a sword. The two queer little figures given here from Captain Burton's book are copied from an Egyptian painting, and show two warriors of that nation playing at singlestick. It will be seen that they have not conquered the natural weakness of man for using both hands in a fight. Each has a splint fastened to the left arm, which served the purposes of a buckler. The wisdom of the Egyptians had obviously not been sufficient to lead them to see that the left arm had much better be behind their backs while the right was busy with the sword. Using both practically amounts to doing two things at once, which by general confession is not judicious. Still it took the fighting world some thousands of years to arrive at the truth and replace the buckler by a dagger.

DAVID HANNAY.



8.—EGYPTIAN SINGLESTICK.

"BY THE FIRESIDE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY J. H. MELIS.

HEER MELIS has painted us a Dutch interior wearing an aspect of peace, plenty, and well-ordered simplicity. Here are three different generations, each in the act of enjoying themselves after their kind. They are quiet and commonplace folk enough, but they have the dignity of labour, and they become their surroundings well. The handsome and rather severe old woman, leaning back in her old chair by the tea-table, has yielded herself to slumber or to reflection, and makes a pleasant study. The old man, seen almost too darkly, and as a mere black *silhouette* against the light streaming in through the little window, has also fallen into meditation over the ponderous volume before him. The pleasant-looking, plump young mother finds sufficient employment and satisfaction in hushing her babe to sleep before placing it in the shadowy cradle in the corner, and in watching the gambols of her two little ones on the floor at her feet. They are enjoying their own small repast at a pretty table-stool of curious workmanship. We have, besides, a back-view of another child possessed of stout limbs, bending over a stove or cupboard, in a natural unstudied *pose*, at the far end of the room. But the details of the room and its furniture are pervaded by a good deal of mystery, for though the sun streams in, the window is small, and the ground shadows fall darkly and heavily, except in the centre of the picture. Heer Melis is evidently a pupil in the school of Israels and the greater Millet. To him the poor are interesting for themselves; and he paints them so well and with such veracity and simplicity as to make us his scholars and admirers.

BY THE FIRESIDE.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—I.: THE REINE BLANCHE.

FONTAINEBLEAU: VILLAGE COMMUNITIES OF PAINTERS.—I.

THE forest of Fontainebleau is the great *al-fresco* school of art of modern France. It has the prestige of the great names, Rousseau and Millet; through the palace, its artistic history mounts as high as the days of the Renaissance; and the singular charm which it exerts upon the minds of men still leads the casual visitor to return.

The charm of Fontainebleau is a thing apart. It is a place that people love even more than they admire. The vigorous forest air, the silence, the majestic avenues of highway, the wilderness of tumbled boulders, the great age and dignity of certain groves—these are but ingredients, they are not the secret of the philtre. The place is sanative; the air, the light, the perfumes, and the shapes of things concord in happy harmony. The artist may be idle and not fear the "blues." He may dally with his life. Mirth, lyric mirth, and a vivacious classical contentment are of the very essence of the better kind of art; and these, in that most smiling forest, he has the chance to learn or to remember. Even on the plain of Bière, where the Angelus of Millet still tolls upon the ear of fancy (v.), a larger air, a higher heaven, something ancient and healthy in the face of nature, purify the mind alike from dulness and hysteria. There is no place where the young are more gladly conscious of their youth, or the old better contented with their age.

The fact of its great and special beauty further recommends this country to the artist. The field was chosen by men in whose blood there still raced some of the gleeful or solemn exultation of great art—Millet who loved dignity like Michelangelo, Rousseau

whose modern brush was dipped in the glamour of the ancients. It was chosen before the day of that strange turn in the history of art, of which we now perceive the culmination in impressionistic tales and pictures—that voluntary aversion of the eye from all speciously strong and beautiful effects—that disinterested love of dulness which has set so many Peter Bells to paint the river-side primrose. It was then chosen for its proximity to Paris. And for the same cause, and by the force of tradition, the painter of to-day continues to inhabit and to paint it. There is in France scenery incomparable for romance and harmony. Provence, and the valley of the Rhone from Vienne to Tarascon, are one succession of masterpieces waiting for the brush. The beauty is not merely beauty; it tells, besides, a tale to the imagination, and surprises while it charms. Here you shall see castellated towns that would befit the scenery of dreamland; streets that glow with colour like cathedral windows; hills of the most exquisite proportions; flowers of every precious colour, growing thick like grass. All these, by the grace of railway travel, are brought to the very door of the modern painter; yet he does not seek them; he remains faithful to Fontainebleau, to the eternal bridge of Gretz, to the watering-pot cascade in Cernay valley. And perhaps, as a story of romantic incident stands forth more boldly in the achromatic outlines of Dumas or Scott than overlaid with the peering preciosity of Gautier, these large and distant landscapes are unsuited to the painting of to-day; perhaps the art of our contemporary painters is indeed more at home among the gentler attractions of the north. Even Fontainebleau was chosen for him; even in Fontainebleau, he shrinks from what is sharply charactered. But one thing, at least, is certain, whatever he may choose to paint and in whatever manner, it is good for the artist to dwell among graceful shapes. Fontainebleau, if it be but quiet scenery, is classically graceful; and though the student may look for different qualities, this quality, silently present, will educate his hand and eye.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—II.: THE BAS-BRÉAU.

But, before all its other advantages—charm, loveliness, or proximity to Paris—comes the great fact that it is already colonised. The institution of a painters' colony is a work of time and tact. The population must be conquered. The innkeeper has to be taught, and he soon learns, the lesson of unlimited credit; he must be taught to welcome as a favoured guest a young gentleman in a very greasy coat, and with little baggage beyond a box of colours and a canvas; and he must learn to preserve his faith in customers who will eat heartily and drink of the best, borrow money to buy tobacco, and perhaps not pay a stiver for a year. A colour merchant has next to be attracted. A certain vogue must be given to the place, lest the painter, most gregarious of animals, should find himself alone. And no sooner are these first difficulties overcome, than fresh perils spring up upon the other side; and the bourgeois and the tourist are knocking at the gate. This is the crucial moment for the colony. If these intruders gain a footing, they not only banish freedom and amenity; pretty soon, by means of their long purses, they will have undone the education of the innkeeper; prices will rise and credit shorten; and the poor painter must fare farther on and find another hamlet. "Not here, O Apollo!" will become his song. Thus Trouville and, the other day, St. Raphael were lost to the arts. Curious and not always edifying are the shifts that the French student uses to defend his lair; like the cuttlefish, he must sometimes blacken the waters of his chosen pool; but

at such a time and for so practical a purpose Mrs. Grundy must allow him licence. Where his own purse and credit are not threatened, he will do the honours of his village generously. Any artist is made welcome, through whatever medium he may seek expression; science is respected; even the idler, if he prove, as he so rarely does, a gentleman, will soon begin to find himself at home. And when that essentially modern creature, the English or American girl-student, began to walk calmly into his favourite inns as if into a drawing-room at home, the French painter owned himself defenceless; he submitted or he fled. His French respectability, quite as precise as ours, though covering different provinces of life, recoiled aghast before the innovation. But the girls were painters; there was nothing to be done; and Barbizon, when I last saw it and for the time at least, was practically ceded to the fair invader. Paterfamilias, on the other hand, the common tourist, the holiday shopman, and the cheap young gentleman upon the spree, he hounded from his villages with every circumstance of contumely.

This purely artistic society is excellent for the young artist. The lads are mostly fools; they hold the latest orthodoxy in its crudeness; they are at that stage of education, for the most part, when a man is too much occupied with style to be aware of the necessity for any matter; and this, above all for the Englishman, is excellent. To work grossly at the trade, to forget sentiment, to think of his material and nothing else, is, for awhile at least, the king's highway of progress. Here, in England, too many painters and writers dwell dispersed, unshielded, among the intelligent bourgeois. These, when they are not merely indifferent, prate to him about the lofty aims and moral influence of art. And this is the lad's ruin. For art is, first of all and last of all, a trade. The love of words and not a desire to publish new discoveries, the love of form and not a novel reading of historical events, mark the vocation of the writer and the painter. The arabesque, properly speaking, and even in literature, is the first fancy of the artist; he first plays with his material as a child plays with a kaleidoscope; and he is already in a second stage when he begins to use his pretty counters for the end of representation. In that, he must pause long and toil faithfully; that is his apprenticeship; and it is only the few who will really grow beyond it, and go forward, fully equipped, to do the business of real art—to give life to abstractions and significance and charm to facts. In the meanwhile, let him dwell much among his fellow-craftsmen. They alone can take a serious interest in the childish tasks and pitiful successes of these years. They alone can behold with equanimity this fingering of the dumb keyboard, this polishing of empty sentences, this dull and literal painting of dull and insignificant subjects. Outsiders will spur him on. They will say, "Why do you not write a great book? paint a great picture?" If his guardian angel fail him, they may even persuade him to the attempt, and, ten to one, his hand is coarsened and his style falsified for life.

And this brings me to a warning. The life of the apprentice to any art is both unstrained and pleasing; it is strewn with small successes in the midst of a career of failure, patiently supported; the heaviest scholar is conscious of a certain progress; and if he come not appreciably nearer to the art of Shakespeare, grows letter-perfect in the domain of A-B, ab. But the time comes when a man should cease prelusory gymnastic, stand up, put a violence upon his will, and for better or worse, begin the business of creation. This evil day, there is a tendency continually to postpone: above all with painters. They have made so many studies that it has become a habit; they make more, the walls of exhibitions blush with them; and death finds these aged students still busy with their horn-book. This class of man finds a congenial home in artist villages; in the slang of the English colony at Barbizon we used to call them "Snoozers." Continual returns to the city, the society of men further advanced, the study of great works, a sense of humour or, if such a thing is to be had, a little religion or philosophy, are the means of treatment. It will be time enough to think of curing the malady after it has been caught; for to catch it is the very thing for which you seek that dream-land of the painters' village. "Snoozing" is a part of the artistic education; and the rudiments must be learned stupidly, all else being forgotten, as if they were an object in themselves.

Lastly, there is something, or there seems to be something, in the very air of France that communicates the love of style. Precision, clarity, the cleanly and crafty employment of material, a grace in the handling, apart from any value in the thought, seem to be acquired by the mere residence; or if not acquired, become at least the more appreciated. The air of Paris is alive with this technical inspiration. And to leave that airy city and awake next day upon the borders of the forest is but to change externals. The same spirit of dexterity and finish breathes from the long alleys and the lofty groves, from the wildernesses that are still pretty in their confusion (III.), and the great plain that contrives to be decorative in its emptiness.

II.

In spite of its really considerable extent, the forest of Fontainebleau is hardly anywhere tedious. I know the whole western side of it with what, I suppose, I

FONTAINEBLEAU.—III.: A WILDERNESS.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—IV.: BARBIZON.

may call thoroughness; well enough at least to testify that there is no square mile without some special character and charm. Such quarters, for instance, as the Long Rocher, the Bas-Bréau (II.), and the Reine Blanche (I.), might be a hundred miles apart; they have scarce a point in common beyond the silence of the birds. The two last are really conterminous; and in both are tall and ancient trees that have outlived a thousand political vicissitudes. But in the one (II.) the great oaks prosper placidly upon an even floor; they beshadow a great field; and the air and the light are very free below their stretching boughs. In the other (I.) the trees find difficult footing; castles of white rock lie tumbled one upon another, the foot slips, the crooked viper slumbers, the moss clings in the crevice; and above it all the great beech goes spiring and casting forth her arms, and, with a grace beyond church architecture, canopies this rugged chaos. Meanwhile, dividing the two cantons, the broad white causeway of the Paris road (VII.) runs in an avenue: a road conceived for pageantry and for triumphal marches, an avenue for an army; but its days of glory over, it now lies grilling in the sun between cool groves, and only at intervals the vehicle of the cruising tourist is seen far away and faintly audible during its ample sweep. A little upon one side, and you find a district of sand and birch and boulder; a little upon the other lies the valley of Apremont, all juniper and heather; and close beyond that you may walk into a zone of pine-trees. So artfully are the ingredients mingled. Nor must it be forgotten that, in all this part, you come continually forth upon a hill-top, and behold the plain, northward and westward, like an unrefulgent sea; nor that all day long the shadows keep changing; and at last, to the red fires of sunset, night succeeds, and with the night a new forest, full of whisper, gloom, and fragrance. There are few things more renovating than to leave Paris, the lamplit arches of the Carrousel, and the long alignment of the glittering streets, and to bathe the senses in this fragrant darkness of the wood.

In this continual variety the mind is kept vividly

FONTAINEBLEAU.—V.: THE PLAIN OF BIÈRE.

alive. It is a changeful place to paint, a stirring place to live in. As fast as your foot carries you, you pass from scene to scene, each endeared with sylvan charm, each vigorously painted in the colours of the sun. The air, which is cooled all day in crypts of underwood, the incense of the resin, the listening silence of the groves, the unbroken solitude, the sunlit distance, the scurrying of woodland animals, the shadowy flitting of deer, and that hereditary spell of forests on the mind of man who still remembers and salutes the ancient refuge of his race —legend and sight, sound and silence, alike gratify and stimulate the heart.

And yet the forest has been civilised throughout. The most savage corners bear a name, and have been cherished like antiquities; in the most remote, nature has prepared and balanced her effects as if with conscious art; and man, with his guiding arrows of blue paint, has countersigned the picture. After your farthest wandering, you are never surprised to come forth upon the vast avenue of highway, to strike the centre point of branching alleys (VI.), or to find the aqueduct trailing, thousand-footed, through the brush. It is not a wilderness; it is rather a preserve. And, fitly enough, the centre of the maze is not a hermit's cavern. In the midst, a little mirthful town lies sunlit, humming with the business of pleasure; and the palace, breathing distinction and peopled by historic names, stands smokeless among gardens.

Perhaps the last attempt at savage life was that of the harmless humbug who called himself the hermit. In a great tree, close by the high-road, he had built himself a little cabin after the manner of the Swiss Family Robinson; thither he mounted at night, by the romantic aid of a rope ladder; and if dirt be any proof of sincerity, the man was as savage as a Sioux. I had the pleasure of his acquaintance; he appeared grossly stupid, not in his perfect wits, and interested in nothing but small change; for that he had a great avidity. In the course of time, he proved to be a chicken stealer, and vanished from his perch; and perhaps from the first he was no true votary of forest freedom, but an ingenious, theatrically-minded beggar, and his cabin in the tree was only stock-in-trade to beg withal. The choice of his position would seem to indicate so much; for if in the forest there are no places still to be discovered, there are many that have been forgotten, and that lie unvisited. There, to be sure, are the blue arrows waiting to reconduct you, now blazed upon a tree, now posted in the corner of a rock. But your security from interruption is complete; you might camp for weeks, if there were only water, and not a soul suspect your presence; and if I may suppose the reader to have committed some great crime and come to me for aid, I think I could still find my way to a small cavern, fitted with a hearth and chimney, where he might lie perfectly concealed. A confederate landscape-painter might daily supply him with food; for water, he would have to make a nightly tramp as far as to the nearest pond; and at last, when the hue and cry began to blow over, he might get gently on the train at some side station, work round by a series of junctions, and be quietly captured at the frontier.

Thus Fontainebleau, although it is truly but a pleasure-ground, and although, in favourable weather, and in the more celebrated quarters, it literally buzzes with the tourist, yet has some of the immunities and offers some of the repose of natural forests. And the solitary, although he must return at night to his frequented inn, may yet pass the day with his own thoughts in the compan'onable silence of the trees. The demands of the imagination vary; some can be alone in a back garden looked upon by windows; others, like the ostrich, are content with a solitude that meets the eye; and others, again, expand in fancy to the very borders of their desert, and are irritably conscious of a hunter's camp in an adjacent county. To these last, of course, Fontainebleau will seem but an extended tea-garden: a Rosherville on a by-day. But to the plain man it offers solitude: an excellent thing in itself, and a good whet for company.

III.

I was for some time a consistent Barbizonian; *et ego in Arcadia vixi*, it was a pleasant season; and that noiseless hamlet lying close among the borders of the wood (IV.) is for me, as for so many others, a green spot in memory. The great Millet was just dead, the green shutters of his modest house were closed; his daughters were in mourning. The date of my first visit was thus an epoch in the history of art: in a lesser way, it was an epoch in the history of the Latin Quarter. The "Petit Cénacle" was dead and buried; Murger and his crew of sponging vagabonds were all at rest from their expedients; the tradition of their real life was nearly lost; and the prettified legend of the "Vie de Bohème" had become a sort of gospel, and still gave the cue to zealous imitators. But if the book be written in rose-water, the imitation was still further expurgated; honesty was the rule; the innkeepers gave, as I have said, almost unlimited credit; they suffered the seediest painter to depart, to take all his belongings, and to leave his bill unpaid; and if they sometimes lost, it was by English and Americans alone. At the same time, the great influx of Anglo-Saxons had begun to affect the life of the studios. There had been disputes; and in one instance, at least, the English and the Americans had made common cause to prevent a cruel pleasantry.

It would be well if nations and races could communicate their qualities; but in practice, when they look upon each other, they have an eye to nothing but defects. The Anglo-Saxon is essentially dishonest; the French is devoid by nature of the principle that we call "Fair Play." The Frenchman marvelled at the scruples of his guest, and, when that defender of innocence retired over-seas and left his bills unpaid, he marvelled once again; the good and evil were, in his eyes, part and parcel of the same eccentricity; a shrug expressed his judgment upon both.

At Barbizon there was no master, no pontiff in the arts. Palizzi bore rule at Gretz—urbane, superior rule—his memory rich in anecdotes of the great men of yore, his mind fertile in theories; sceptical, composed, and venerable to the eye; and yet beneath these outworks, all twittering with Italian superstition, his eye scouting for omens, and the whole fabric of his manners giving way on the appearance of a hunchback. Cernay has Pelouse, the admirable, placid Pelouse, smilingly critical of youth, who, when a full-blown commercial traveller, suddenly threw down his samples, bought a colour box, and became the master whom we have all admired. Marlotte, for a central figure, boasts Olivier de Penne. Only Barbizon, since the death of Millet, is a headless commonwealth. Even its secondary lights, and those who in my day made the stranger welcome, have since deserted it. The good Lachèvre has departed, carrying his household gods; and long before that Gaston Lafenestre was taken from our midst by an untimely death. He died before he had deserved success; it may be, he would never have deserved it; but his kind, comely, modest countenance still haunts the memory of all who knew him. Another—whom I will not name—has moved further on, pursuing the strange Odyssey of his decadence. His days of royal favour had departed even then; but he still retained, in his narrower life at Barbizon, a certain stamp of conscious importance, hearty, friendly, filling the room, the occupant of several chairs; nor had he yet ceased his losing battle, still labouring upon great canvases that none would buy, still waiting the return of fortune. But these days also were too good to last; and the former favourite of two sovereigns fled, if I heard the truth, by night. There was a time when he was counted a great man, and Millet but a dauber; behold, how the whirligig of time brings in his revenges! To pity Millet is a piece of arrogance; if life be hard for such resolute and pious spirits, it is harder still for us, had we the wit to understand it; but we may pity his unhappier rival, who, for no apparent merit, was raised to opulence and momentary fame, and, through no apparent fault, was suffered step by step to sink again to nothing. No misfortune can exceed the bitterness of such back-foremost progress, even bravely supported as it was; but to those also who were taken early from the easel, a regret is due. From all the young men of this period, one stood out by the vigour of his promise; he was in the age of fermentation, enamoured of eccentricities. "Il faut faire de la peinture nouvelle," was his watchword; but if time and experience had continued his education, if he had been granted health to return from these excursions to the steady and the central, I must believe that the name of Hills had become famous.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—VI.: THE CROIX DU GRAND-MAÎTRE.

Siron's inn, that excellent artists' barrack, was managed upon easy principles. At any hour of the night, when you returned from wandering in the forest, you went to the billiard-room and helped yourself to liquors, or descended to the cellar and returned laden with beer or wine. The Sirons were all locked in slumber; there was none to check your inroads; only at the week's end a computation was made, the gross sum was divided, and a varying share set down to every lodger's name under the rubric: *estrats*. Upon the more long-suffering the larger tax was levied; and your bill lengthened in a direct proportion to the easiness of your disposition. At any hour of the morning, again, you could get your coffee or cold milk, and set forth into the forest. The doves had perhaps wakened you, fluttering into your very chamber; and on the threshold of the inn you were met by the aroma of the forest. Close by were the great aisles, the mossy boulders, the interminable field of forest shadow. There you were free to dream and wander. And at noon, and again at six o'clock, a good meal awaited you on Siron's table. The whole of your accommodation, set aside that varying item of the *estrats*, cost you five francs a day; your bill was never offered you until you asked it; and if you were out of luck's way, you might depart for where you pleased and leave it pending.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—VII.: THE PARIS ROAD.

"THE CONFESSION."

PAINTED BY THEODOR POECKH.

WHEN that astute saint and ruler of men, Pope Leo the Great, substituted private auricular confession for public confession and penance, he created one of the most formidable powers of the Church. What is more to our present purpose, the confessional has suggested to the imagination many a thrilling romance and horrid crime and revelation of mystery. In Herr Poeckh's picture we have no popular and sensational treatment of the subject; no veiled, sobbing woman in the dusky chapel; no gallant knight, battle-stained, seeking doubtful solace for his tarnished honour; no hunted assassin who has found sanctuary and relieves his troubled soul in the midnight hour. Here the young priest is pouring a story of intense agony or shame into the ear of his superior and confessor; and nothing can be more simple in treatment nor more direct and intelligible in achievement. The sympathy

THE CONFESSION

(Painted by Theodor Pixis.)

and attention and fatherly encouragement of the old man, the earnest spirit of the novice, tell their tale effectively and with quiet, subdued force.

When the powers of the confessional are considered, particularly in relation to life in the Middle Ages, it is surprising that there are so few well-established instances of violation of its secrecy. The emperor who wished to learn the nature of his consort's confessions, and sought to intimidate her confessor, found an indomitable and heroic opponent in the Canon of Prague, St. John Nepomuc, who rather than dishonour his office and reveal the lady's confidences, preferred death in the waters of the Moldau.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MUSSET.*

LFRED DE MUSSET is probably the best loved and the most closely read of all the poets of France. By an odd chance, however, he has never been popular with artists, and such pictures as his work has suggested are not in any way remarkable. There are, of course, the illustrations prepared by M. Bida for the quarto edition; but these, though in a sense—a very limited one—they are classic, are not seldom inappropriate and confounding, and are nearly always unsatisfactory and uninteresting. It was reserved for M. Eugène Lami, the *doyen* of French water-colour painting, to produce a set of designs which should give us as nearly as possible what was wanted. M. Lami, who is over eighty years old, is a survival of romanticism. He knew Musset personally; he loved him in life, and he cherishes his memory. An illustrator of certain aspects of the great romantic epoch — of Eighteen-Thirty in society, so to speak — he was in his prime when Musset was writing his immortal songs. One air was common to them both; their inspirations were contemporaneous; they had the thoughts, the emotions, the ideas peculiar to their age; they were children of one birth, and they were near in sympathy as in time. This affinity imparts a peculiar charm to M. Lami's designs, and a peculiar value likewise. They were really produced between 1859 and 1861; but they are practically coeval with the poems they illustrate, and constitute a sincere and genuine expression of romanticism in illustration—of romanticism, that is, as it was understood and applied by Jean Gigoux and the Johannots.

Their story is a curious one. They were painted, as I have said, some five or six and twenty years ago, for M. Henri Didier, who purposed to bind them up in an unique impression of Musset—an impression on vellum. M. Didier died, however, and the drawings became the property of Mme. Denain of the Comédie Française. M. Alexander Dumas, who knew them by heart, spoke of them to M. Morgand, the publisher; and in no great while Mme. Denain had lent them to M. Morgand, and M. Morgand had put them into the hands of M. Lalauze to be reproduced in etching. It is with M. Lalauze's work that we have now to deal. It is composed of fifty-eight plates: a portrait and title-page; four frontispieces—one for the "Œuvres" general, and one each for the "Poésies," the "Comédies et Proverbes," the "Contes et Nouvelles;" and fifty-three vignettes. Only a thousand and fifty sets have been printed by Salmon, at prices ranging from 600 francs—for impressions on Japanese paper —to 300 francs—for India proofs and impressions on *papier du Marais*. Each set is contained in a portfolio, the proofs-before-letter being faced with a sheet of *papier de soie*, on which the title is printed. It will be seen that everything that could be done to make the pictorial apotheosis of Musset complete has been done. M. Morgand has spared neither time nor money, neither pains nor enterprise; and the result is a really admirable achievement in production. If I add that M. Lemerre is issuing a small quarto edition of Musset—which will be limited to a thousand copies—and that impressions of M. Lalauze's plates may be bound up therewith, I shall have said enough.

M. Lalauze is better at reproduction than at original design. In these etchings after Eugène Lami he is at his best. No transcript more masterly and complete has been produced of recent years. The etcher understands his artist; and his aim has been to render him as he is—to give us not a Lami of his own, but Lami himself, the Lami of 1830, the contemporary of Tony Johannot and Célestin Nanteuil. In this he has succeeded perfectly. Here, on the title-page, is Lami's portrait of Musset, in dressing-gown and slippers, pen in hand, his books and papers before him, and the "lampe fidèle" at his elbow, in the "thrice blessed solitude" of his study—a portraiture at once romantic and realistic, as individual and charming an expression of M. Lami's peculiar

* 'Illustrations Pour les Œuvres d'Alfred de Musset." Aquarelles par Eugène Lami. Eaux-Fortes par Adolphe Lalauze. (Paris: Damascène Morgand.)

talent as could well be conceived. The frontispiece to the "Œuvres" is pure Eighteen-Thirty (and not of the best); and so is the frontispiece to the "Poésies." So, too, is the first design :—

> "Avez vous vu, dans Barcelone,
> Une Andalouse au sein bruni ?
> Pâle comme un beau soir d'automne !"

Here the lover, in buff boots and a plumed hat, sitting with his rapier between his knees, sings open-mouthed to his guitar; while, hard by, on the wall of the castle terrace, the Marquesa leans and listens, hand on hip, complete to the rosettes on her shoes. From "Don Paez" we have a *corps de garde* which might have come straight from one of the epics of Dumas. Here are the Abbé and the Camargo of "Les Marrons au Feu;" here is Portia between love and duty; here, his hands in his pockets, his hat on one side, is Mardoche, like a student from Paul de Kock, laughing out his iniquities to his father confessor—a delightful picture, which Musset would have loved. There, it is a scene from "La Coupe et les Lèvres," with Frank in a monk's habit, masked and mustachioed, wooing Belcolore on the bier she thinks his own; it is the slave market from "Namouna;" it is the charming episode—romance in a crinoline and sentiment in a short frock and ringlets—which is the matter of "Une Bonne Fortune;" it is an admirable interpretation of the "Nuit de Mai," with the Muse advancing towards her poet—

> "Comme il fait noir dans la vallée!
> J'ai cru qu'une forme voilée
> Flottait là-bas sur la forêt."

Here, with Musset at her side, is Ninon, the "brune aux yeux bleus"—scarcely less enchanting than in Musset's enchanting verse; here are the Rudolphe and Albert of the "Idylle;" here are Sylvia and Simone and Suzon, an allegory (one of the poorest of the series) of the Condé stave of "Le Rhin Allemand," an excellent fantasy in illustration of those wonderful verses "Sur Trois Marches de Marbre Rose." And so with the rest. On one page Octave drinks to Marianne, or parts from her over the corpse of Célio; on another the princess visits Fantasio—"Psyché, prends garde à ta goutte d'huile;" on a third Rosette and Perdican begin their fatal flirtation; or Lorenzaccio, in a crowd of lackeys, parasites, and buffoons, prepares the murder of Alesandro de' Medici; or Fortunio asks his unlucky rival for a song; or the Comte, a charming person, declares himself to the Marquise, a more charming person still. The Julie of the "Conseils à une Parisienne" is absent; but she is the only one of Musset's women we look for in vain. Mimi Pinson and Margot, Mme. de Léry and Emmeline, Bettine and the luckless heroines of the "Enfant du Siècle," Louison and Béatrice and Bernerette—M. Lami has realised them all.

'Tis said that many of these graceful and gallant figures are portraits—Marco, for instance, and Mimi, and the lady portrayed for "Les Deux Maîtresses." The Chavigny of "Un Caprice" is certainly Morny; the cavalier of "Emmeline" is as certainly Persigny; while a writer in the *Figaro* declares that he would not like to swear that in Mme. de Léry we have not a presentment of the Comtesse de Lehon. Of course he hints at the existence of a key to Lami's Musset, and opines that it is, so to speak, a "Musset annotated by himself." This may or may not be. What is certain is that the illustrations are characteristic and suggestive enough to be accepted as inseparable from the immortal literature which inspired them. W. E. H.

SOME VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.

In the Museo Civico at Venice there is a collection of visiting cards belonging to various periods. The earliest are assigned to the end of the Sixteenth Century, but the majority date from the close of the Republic and the opening of the present century. The collection was made by Teodoro Correr, the indefatigable founder of the museum, and is interesting not merely for the designs upon the cards, but also for the historical names which several of them bear. I have not been able to discover the date at which visiting cards were first introduced in Venice; but the custom of using figured calling cards is certainly older than the earliest of these printed specimens; for in the same museum there are a few cards of an earlier date designed and painted by hand. These, however, from their very scarcity, could have been used upon great and ceremonial occasions only; and the visiting cards here reproduced are all printed.

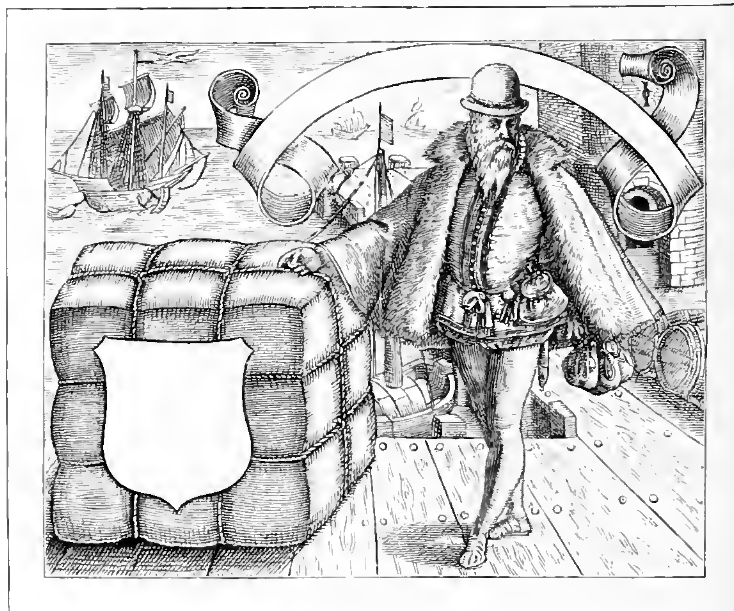
The etiquette of visiting was always a serious duty in the social life of the Venetian nobility. On every conceivable occasion, on departure from the city, on return, on birthdays, saints' days, New Year's Day, a family was expected to leave cards on all its acquaintances, and these visits had to be returned. And as the vigour of the Venetians slowly dwindled away and lost its force in the inanities, the luxury, and effeminacy of an enervated and corrupt society, more and more time and thought were

bestowed upon the petty formalities of life; it became a matter of pride to invent a design, and the

VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—I.: MILITARY.

dandies of Venice piqued themselves on the elegance of the cards they left upon their friends. And hence arose a trade in card-making to meet the demand. Those who were careless in such matters would go to their stationer and buy the design that happened to be in fashion. At one time it was a picture of the Rialto, at another the favourite pattern was a sketch of some of the statues round the Pra delle Valle at Padua; but the more modish and æsthetic were not content with cards cast off by the hundred and used by any one and every one; and so they either designed their cards for themselves, bestowing much labour and ingenuity on the work, or they employed some distinguished artist to furnish them with a design. Even Canova did not refuse to put his genius to this service for his friend Capello; and one of the most beautiful of these Venetian visiting cards is that drawn and printed in London for Alvise Pisani, by Henry Tresham, the English painter.

The collection of printed cards begins with a series of eight which clearly belong to the same period. It is, perhaps, doubtful whether they are especially Venetian; their character is rather German than Italian. Under any circumstances, they were not designed for any particular individual, but for sale to the general public. In each case the scroll for the name is a blank, and the coat-of-arms is left bare to be filled up at the owner's pleasure. One is the visiting card of a courtier. It represents the gentleman in a slashed doublet and hose of the Sixteenth Century, holding a flaming heart in his hand. Over his head is a scroll for his name, and in front of him a shield with its mantling surmounted by the helmet of a nobleman, and a space left for a crest. Another, which we engrave (II.), was evidently designed for a shipping merchant. It figures the trader in round hat and fur cloak, holding his money-bags in one hand, while the other rests on a bale of goods which lies near him, as though to say, "This is mine." The bale has a shield upon it left blank for the owner's coat. On one side of the wharf are warehouses, and on the other, out to sea, rides the merchant's galley. A third specimen, also engraved (I.), was designed for a general officer. His arms are to appear on the shield which his esquire bears before him. In the background is a range of low hills, a walled village or castello, the camp of an army, and troops manœuvering. The others of the series are very similar in design and in manner of execution. They are carefully engraved and elaborately wrought; much pains have been spent on the embroidery of the dresses, the fringes, and the furs. It is probable that they all issued from one firm; but there is nothing to indicate the exact date or the ownership. And although they appear in the museum catalogue as



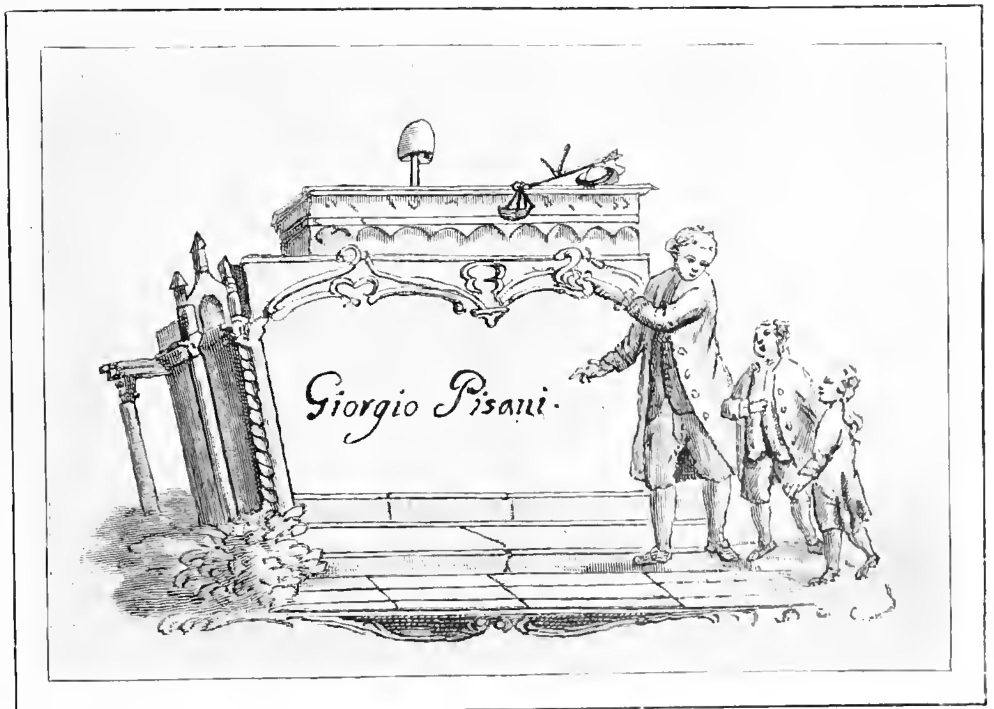
VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—II.: MERCANTILE.

visiting cards, they would have served equally well for book plates, and as such they may have been used.

VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—III.: ARTISTIC.

The cards in the next series are undoubtedly visiting cards, and are, moreover, decidedly Venetian. The series numbers nine specimens. They were thrown off for sale to the general public, and each one shows us some view of Venice—the Rialto, the Piazza, the Pont della Paglia, or the point of the Dogana. Beneath the picture a space is left for the name of the visitor. Of these nine I quote two; one is engraved on steel, and the other etched. The first is a view of the Rialto, looking down the Grand Canal, with the beautiful palace of the Camerlenghi on the right-hand side, where all the fruit and vegetables from Mazzorbo, Torcello, Malamocco, and Pelestrina is brought each morning to be sold. Near the bridge are two gondolas, whose full equipment of *ferro*, *felze*, and *batticopo*, or pall of black cloth behind, determines the date of the card as not earlier than the middle of the last century. The etching has been reproduced (VI.) for this article. It represents the great national festival of the Venetians, the function of Ascension Day, when the Doge went out beyond the Lido port to wed the Adriatic, and thus proclaimed the indissoluble union of Venice and the sea on which she lies. In the far distance is the Campanile of Sant' Elizabetta del Lido, and nearer, in the middle of the picture, the island of San Giorgio Maggiore. The great galley is the *Bucentaur*, the state barge of the Republic, decorated in crimson velvet and gilded carving. The *Bucentaur* is followed by the gondolas of the Venetian nobles and people; and the smaller boat with the flag, which is tied to the barge's stern, carries the chief of the faction of the Nicolotti, who was head and representative of the whole Venetian *popolo* on Ascension Day. The flag at his masthead is the standard of San Nicolo, given into his charge on the day of his election as head of the faction.

My other specimens possess an interest beyond that of their subject and workmanship, for they were designed for private individuals, not for sale to the general public, and several of them bear names which have played a prominent part in the last years of the



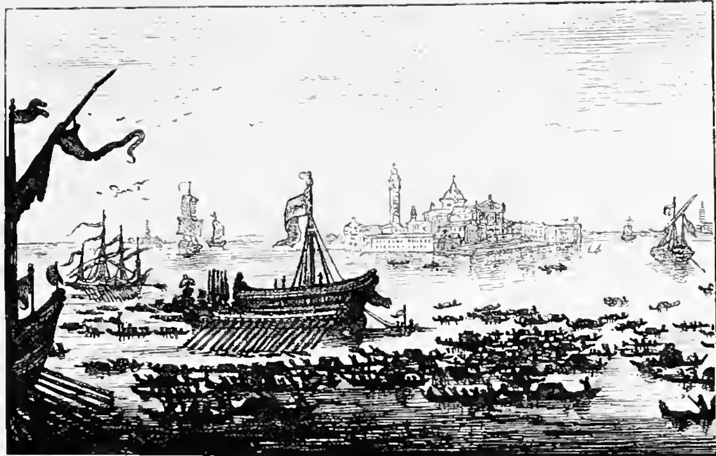
VENETIAN VISITING CARDS. IV.: POLITICAL.

Republic. But first I must quote two cards of Venetian ambassadors. The one (V.) presents a cupid with a flaming torch sitting near a rock, on which is engraved "L'Ambasciator di Venezia;" the other shows us a handsome young Mercury, lying on some masonry, which bears the same inscription. There is nothing to indicate who the ambassadors were, but from the style of their cards it is probable that they were among the very last of the Republic.

My next selection (IV.) has a much higher interest. It is a design in pen-and-ink and sepia, the work of the man whose name it bears, Giorgio Pisani, a revolutionary noble, demagogue and tribune of the people, who played no small part in the last years of the Republic. Pisani himself explains the allegory which he depicts upon his card. "It represents," he says, "myself showing my children the fall of the late barbaric government, which is here properly symbolised by a ruinous piece of Gothic architecture. Near this you see another piece of architecture, square in form, symbolising solidity, and above it are planted the ensigns of Liberty and Equality." Among the many difficulties which overwhelmed the Venetian Government during the Eighteenth Century, not the lightest was the question of the impoverished nobility. Thanks to profuse expenditure and reckless commercial gambling, many noble families had become so reduced in circumstances that they formed the poorest part of the population of Venice. The instinct of their caste brought these broken nobles together in one quarter of the city, near the church of San Barnabà, whence they took their name of Barnabotti. As nobles they refused to work, and claimed support from the State. This was given them by means of small offices and sinecures bearing a salary, and, when these were exhausted, by direct largess from the exchequer. The daughters of the Barnabotti also enjoyed special privileges of begging, and held a virtual monopoly of that trade in certain quarters. The Barnabotti, in fact, became a caste of beggars within the noble caste; their numbers increased, and the dangers of the situation soon made themselves felt. For the nobles, though ruined in all else, were nobles still, and possessed their votes in the Great Council, the fountain of all offices in the State. They occupied a certain place in the Council Hall, and soon reduced obstruction to a paying trade. They suffered no measures to be passed, nor any magistrates to be elected, unless their votes were bought, and by the sale of these they eked out their miserable livelihood. This was just the class of men made to the hand of a demagogue; and it was through them that Giorgio Pisani attempted his career of political reformer. He began by inveighing openly in the council against the ancient Constitution, while outside he caught the popular ear by delusive promises of equality, and secured all the poverty-stricken nobles by hopes of a division of wealth. The Government took no notice of his speeches or action until, in 1780, they were startled by the election of Pisani to the office of Procurator of St. Mark, one of the highest offices of State and in the direct road to the ducal throne. It was usual for the newly-elected procurator to entertain his supporters at a banquet in the Procuratorial Palace on the day of his instalment. Pisani was elected in March, and the banquet took place on the 29th May, after the customary procession through the Merceria. The feast was a revolutionary one even down to the confectionery, which bore anti-aristocratic sentiments and rhymes; the walls were

VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—V.: AMBASSADORIAL.

hung with pictures symbolising reform, and cards such as the one before us were distributed among the guests. But the Government had at length determined to arrest the man who openly proposed to overthrow the Constitution, and hints of this resolve were found scattered about the banqueting-hall on little scraps of paper bearing these verses: "To-day on the spree and to-morrow in jail"—"Ancuo ingresso, doman processo" ("To-day procession, to-morrow prosecution"). These warnings were justified by the event. On the 31st Pisani was arrested and committed to prison in Verona, where he remained for eighteen years, till the fall of the Republic restored to him his liberty.



VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—VI.: GENERAL AND FESTAL.

The next number on my list is chiefly interesting as being the work of Canova, designed by him for his friend Capello. The Cavaliere Capello belonged to the very last of the Procurators of St. Mark. During his term of office the Republic was suppressed, and Capello, though he continued to use this visiting card, was obliged to paste a piece of paper over the title of Procurator. Another, perhaps the most interesting card of all, belonged to the last of the Doges, Lodovico Manin. It represents an Adonis asleep at the foot of a tree; on a rock are two doves. It is anything but an heroic design; and it fitly represents the feeble and irresolute temper of its owner. Manin was the scion of a Friulan family ennobled in the middle of the Seventeenth Century. His great wealth marked him out for succession to the dukedom on the death of Paolo Renier. When Pietro Gradenigo, his rival for the office, and head of one of the noblest Venetian houses, heard the decision of the electors, he exclaimed, "I ga fato doxe un furlan! La republica xè morta!" ("They've chosen a Doge from Friuli! the Republic is lost"). The prophecy was fulfilled. Manin accepted office reluctantly, filled it timorously, and abandoned it miserably. As an argument against the assumption of the Dogeship he pleaded his wife's aversion to becoming Dogaressa, and when the supreme moment arrived, and Napoleon threatened to extinguish the Republic, he shut himself up in the palace, surrounded with cannon and guards, afraid of the French, in terror at the Venetians, and only too glad to lay aside the ensigns of his office. He handed the white linen cap, which the Doges wore, to his servant, with these words, "Tolè questa, no la doperò più" ("Take this away, I shall not use it again"). Finally, on the 3rd June, 1797, at the demand of the French, Manin surrendered the ducal bonnet, mantle, and robes, all the insignia of his dignity, which were burned along with the Libro d'Oro at the foot of the tree of Liberty on the Piazza. But he paid a terrible price for his poverty of spirit. The sight of him became odious to the Venetian people; he was openly cursed and insulted in the streets. Finally he shut himself up in his house, hardly ever venturing to cross the threshold, and, dying, left a large part of his fortune to pious purposes by a will that is full of tears and sighs over a life which had been cast miserably among circumstances with which it was quite unable to cope. To have saved the Republic was in all probability an impossible task; but Manin was not the statesman to attempt it, nor even to maintain the dignity of Venice at the moment of its dissolution.

The two last cards of which I shall speak belonged to two people who were famous in Venetian society at the close of the last century and the opening of the present. The first (VII.) is the visiting card of the Baron Vivant-Denon. It is an etching designed by Denon himself, and represents the steps of a palace on a canal, with the baron's gondolier announcing his master's name to a servant, "El Cavalier Denon, sa la" ("the Chevalier Denon, you know"). And the servant answers, "Ho capito tutto" ("I under-

stand"). Denon had filled the post of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Louis XV. and XVI; the Revolution drove him from France and he took up his abode in Venice, where he became one of the devoted and regular attendants on the Salon of the famous Mme. Albrizzi. Denon was an artist and a friend of artists, and for him Mme. Vigée-Lebrun painted the charming portrait of the Albrizzi which is now in the possession of that family It was for Mme. Albrizzi — while she was still Mme. Marin —that Denon etched the only one (III.) which remains for me to notice; a very spirited design of two sea-horses with a clam shell behind them in allusion to the sea name of her husband. Isabella Teotochi was born at Corfu in 1760. She was extremely beautiful and accomplished, and married when quite young Carlo Marin, an officer high in the Venetian naval service. From him she separated and married the Count Albrizzi, in whose house she presided over the most brilliant and intellectual society that Venice had to show. Mme. Albrizzi was in Venice during the fall of the Republic and the subsequent occupation by the French and then by the Austrians; but these thrilling events seem hardly to have fluttered the elegant repose of her salon and casino, where *mot* and *repartee* reigned supreme. Mme. Albrizzi gathered around her many distinguished people, Lally-Tollendal and D'Hancarville from France; Byron, Canova, Ugo Foscolo, and Pindemonte. She has left us a vivid picture of some of these men in her volume of portraits. Byron, however, was no friend of hers; he was altogether devoted to her fair-haired rival, Maria Benzon, heroine of the most famous of Venetian barcaroles, "La biondina in Gondoletta." He refused to allow his portrait to appear among those of Mme. Albrizzi's slaves; and he calls her—certainly with less than the admiration which she expected and probably with intent to sting—"An accomplished mother," "the de Staël of Venice."

VENETIAN VISITING CARDS.—VII.: INDIVIDUAL AND HUMOROUS.

HORATIO FORBES BROWN.

SCULPTURE AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

HOUDON.

HOUDON had few masters. His best was Caffieri, for from him he learned the value of individuality in portraiture, and that portraiture was the department in art for which his genius was best suited. Not that Houdon ever worked at Caffieri's side: the school through which he passed was his own—the school of observation. Indeed, few artists of any time have learned less by apprenticeship and more by sheer study of the achievements of others than this prodigy, in whose honour it was said that France too had her antiques. Houdon worked out and developed to a high perfection the phase which Caffieri initiated; and with the result that while the master is valued by the few, the disciple is applauded by the whole world. It will long remain a question, however, among true judges, whether Caffieri is not the greater artist of the two. He it is who with bold and rapid touch projects and fixes the personality of a type. Houdon, on the contrary—with the exception of his Gluck, and perhaps his "Molière"—projects a personality by methods of the minutest detail. He succeeds, often to an almost startling extent; but while his work is a special record, Caffieri's belongs to all time. Houdon, in fact, for all the fine romantic idealism of his "Molière," may be said to sound the first note of naturalism in sculpture.

Such are the relative positions of these two remarkable men; and thus are they represented by their works at the Comédie Française.

Houdon, like Caffieri's predecessors, profited by splendid monuments of Paris and Versailles, he nevertheless learned much from them that was of no slight use to him in after-life. A quick and careful observer, and passionately attached to his

MOLIÈRE.

(From the Bust by Houdon. By Permission of M. Émile Perrin, of the Théâtre Français.)

the magnificent decorations of the royal palaces and gardens, but in a manner altogether different. When he reached the age of apprenticeship in the middle of the Eighteenth Century the work had long been finished, and the workers were either dead or were now devoted to other duties than the education of their juniors. But if Houdon had no hand in the art, he taught himself the methods of others by minutely copying the details which had served to produce the most telling effects. He had one instructor only, and this was the disappointed Slodtz the Slodtz who was only called Michelangelo because of his angelic face; and one adviser—this was Pigalle—whom Voltaire called so impudently and

falsely the French Pheidias. But Houdon was born to be a sculptor; and he gave ample proof of it by carrying off the Grand Prix at the age of nineteen. Slodtz, at any rate, had done this for him: he had imbued the novice with his own enthusiasm for Italian art. In Italy the successful student remained for ten years. Never could youthful sculptor have chosen a period more favourable to the inspirations of his art. The treasures of Herculaneum and Pompeii had been just unearthed, the genius of Winckelmann was shedding a new light over the achievements of antiquity; and Houdon's new school was the great revival that was stirring the whole realm of art. Amid such inspirations he worked incessantly for ten years, and acquired his amazing facility of reproducing down to the most trivial detail all that he saw or conceived. Before those ten years had run out he had received orders from the highest personages of Church and State, who were not less pleased with the results of his labours than was he himself. Among the most noteworthy of his works at this period was his figure of Saint Bruno—the founder of the Carthusians—noteworthy because it ushers in the stage of the sculptor's development at which his genius asserted itself for good and all as a genius of life and actuality. So impressed was Pope Clement XIV. with the "Saint Bruno" that he was heard to say, "If the rule of the order did not prescribe silence, it would speak." It was the first of Houdon's achievements—the predecessor of the archetypal "Voltaire," as the artist of which he is best known and most warmly admired.

On his return to France, Houdon at once took a foremost place among contemporary artists. He met with none of the opposition which so sorely tried the spirit of more than one of his compeers; and when he became popular, he knew not only how to hold his ground but also how to better his fame and advance his position. His first step on being elected Academician was to evince his appreciation of the title and his sense of the duties expected of so exalted a rank, by designing an "Écorché" to serve as a model of the muscular system of the human frame for all future students. This curious intention of immortality has been more than realised: Houdon's "Écorché" has been studied by generations of artists, and in many cases has proved a better guide than most specimens culled from the dissecting-room. With the same ardour that he had assimilated all that there was to assimilate for the Italian school, Houdon now gave his attention to the art of his countrymen. He turned to the works of Pajon, sacred and profane, his "Psychés" and his "Dianes," his bust of "Pascal," his "Bossuet," his "Turenne;" to Allegrain's "Baigneuse," of which Diderot said "J'ai peur de l'embrasser car j'ai des mœurs;" to Falconet's "Amitié;" to Caffieri's magnificent portraits of the living and the dead. At Caffieri he stopped: he had found his true way. Caffieri had won renown in the portraiture of romance and of actuality; and Houdon saw immortality in both.

Just as he had made the secrets of the *ciseleurs* of Paris and Versailles his own, so he now grasped the high aim and purpose of the great master of portraiture. He saw before him a new generation of immortal figures that might have been his own. What had been a doubt before was now a certainty: portraiture was his mission, and thenceforward he followed it almost to his last day. The fame he had attained to in Italy and France was not long in reaching other lands. The United States Government, wishing to have a bust of Washington worthy of that great patriot, Houdon was invited to pay a visit to America and there to execute a portrait such as they believed he alone could produce. Franklin brought the invitation, and escorted the sculptor to Philadelphia. There he was made the guest of the liberator himself. The result was a portrait perfect in every feature. This he brought back with him to Paris, and then at his leisure produced the statue which still has a place in the Virginian Congress. It was the first of the now famous series of historical figures—"Catherine II.," "Prince Galatzin," "Diderot," "Molière," "Turgot," "Gluck," "Sophie Arnould," "D'Alembert," "Buffon," "Rousseau," "Mirabeau," and all the rest of them—which prepared the way for that greatest triumph of all, the statue of Voltaire. This masterpiece was first intended for the Académie, but the actors and the Française lost no time in bespeaking it for their *foyer;* they reminded the owner of their claims; they quoted what Voltaire himself had said to them on his return to Paris—"Mes enfants, je veux vivre et mourir au milieu de vous." Their application was responded to in the warmest terms, and the masterpiece took its place among their collection. During the Revolution an attempt was made by a citizen-minister to wrest it from them; but the documents which recorded its transfer to the theatre had fortunately been preserved, and it remained unmolested. It is one of the most daring feats in sculpture of any time. In an age when human vanity perhaps was at its highest, Houdon had the audacity to mirror forth in marble all the infirmities of the people's idol: to lay bare with magnificent candour the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—the best with the worst, the meanest with the finest—concerning the most potent intellect of France. The work is admirably realistic yet splendidly suggestive. It is Voltaire as he looked and was in life; and it is, to me at least, an allegory of the struggle of the eternal principle with that

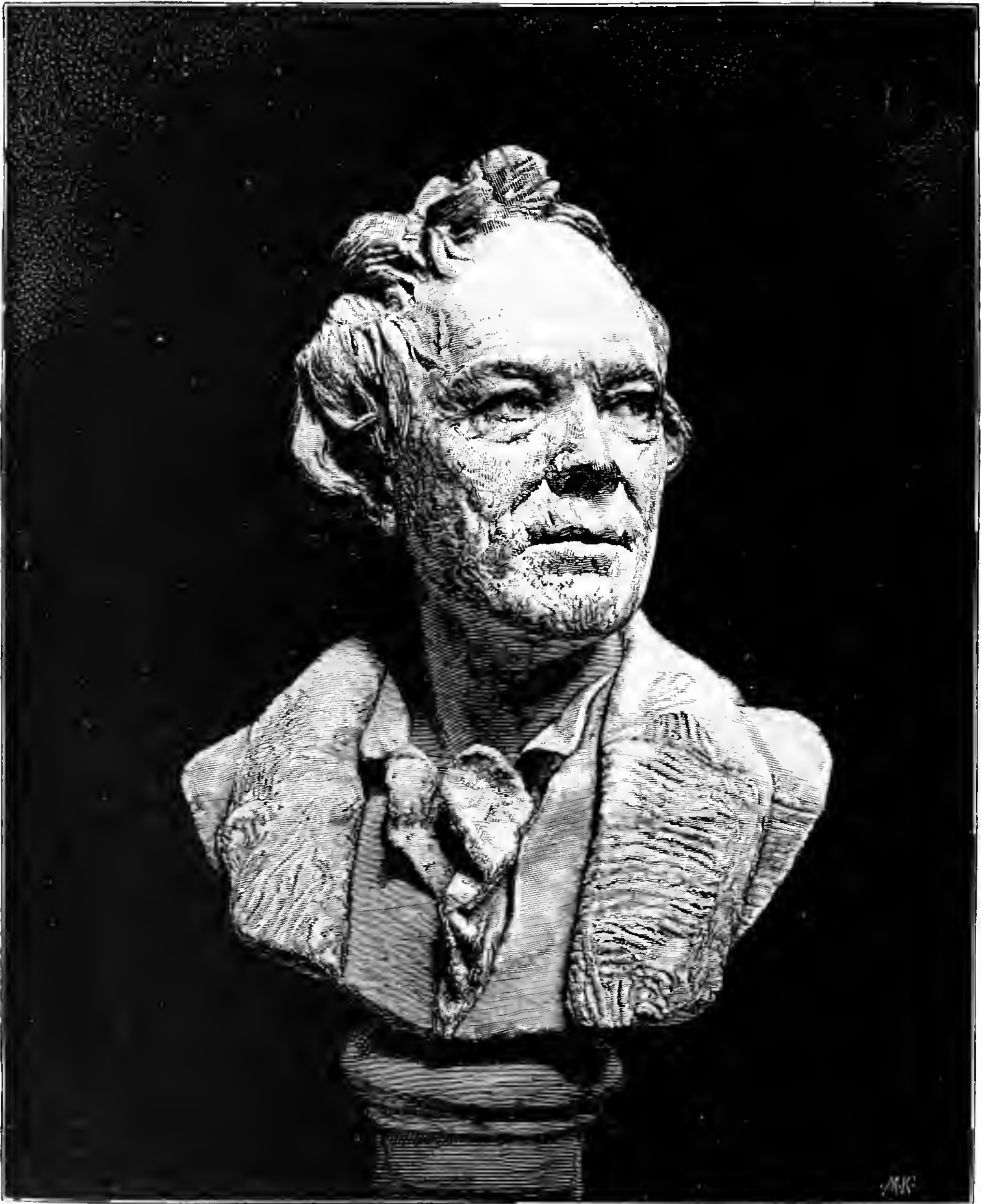
which is merely earthly and transient. It figures the mortality of the body and the immortality of the soul. It is deformity transfigured by genius. The drapery is real and actual, but its arrangement is finely classic for all that, and it accentuates in the noblest way the heroic effect at which the sculptor aimed. Houdon had seen how miserably Pigalle had failed in the same subject when he produced his undraped figure of the poet for the Institut—a figure which in its utter ugliness must have reminded the younger artist of his own "Écorché." It was an attempt on Pigalle's part to emulate the Greeks; and he has had his reward, for from the portraiture he intended the work has been transformed into a mythological ideal. Houdon's, on the contrary, is the wonder and admiration of the world, and will remain so to the last.

The "Molière" forms a curious contrast to the Voltaire. While the one may be almost called a reproduction of face and form, the other can be regarded only as a symbol. It is the sculptor's conception of the greatest of comic writers. There is nothing to show that Houdon even attempted to follow any one of the traditional portraits, and there is everything to show that he utterly ignored the Seventeenth Century costume. But it is a noble anachronism: the ideal of all that is highest in the human mind and heart. His "Molière" is not the incomparable buffoon of the "Précieuses" and the "Malade," the admirable comedian who copied Dominico the harlequin and rioted in the cudgellings of Scapin and Sganarelle and the pursuit of the apothecaries in "Pouceaugnac." Beautiful and romantic, touched with distinction, a presentment of pensive melancholy, it is what Blake would have called the "spiritual figure" of Molière as he painted himself in Alceste; the Molière of Don Juan and Célimène, of Cléante and Georges Dandin, of "Tartuffe" and the "École des Femmes;" the "contemplateur" of Boileau's description; the poet of whatever is best in civilised society, the melancholy satirist of whatever is ridiculous and contemptible in civilised man. The fine sympathy that Houdon has imparted to the expression is the secret of its success: this it is that has secured its popularity with all time; this it was which long ago disarmed all criticism—save Caffieri's. Caffieri was Houdon's severest critic. He resented the use to which his junior had turned his ideas; the master was jealous of his pupil's far wider popularity. A little rivalry had set in between these two who had once been friends; it had increased with every year, and now had grown into positive enmity. Poor Caffieri, who, as I have shown, was never happy unless he was in trouble, even forgot himself so far as to write an anonymous letter on the subject of Houdon's greatest achievements—the "Voltaire" and the "Molière." It could only have been penned in a paroxysm of jealous rage, for an unjuster verdict it would be difficult to conceive. "The first bust," he said, "represents Molière according to the manner and works of that great poet. Molière was full of the fire of imagination; all his characters were painted on his face. Your sculptor represents him as some stupid person without a tinge of passion in his physiognomy. The head, which is larger than nature, has no movement to give it life." (Caffieri was thinking of the superb gesture of his own "Rotrou.") "His wig looks like a bunch of threads; his *robe de chambre* and his cravat are so poor that it is impossible to recognise the stuff of which they are made. True, the whole is polished and clean, but this is just what enchants the ignorant majority." He goes on to speak of the "Voltaire" with the same immitigable fury: "He is represented in the greatest decrepitude; his eyes are bursting from his head, while, on the contrary, they are in reality much sunken; he cranes his neck like an idiot; the wrinkles of his face are so many rags—they in no sense imitate the flesh. It is the head, not of the poet who was all soul, but of a pantaloon. His wig is hideously made, and the linen and coat are handled like wood. The whole is hardly and meanly done. It is most singular that two such poor works should be lauded to the skies in all the public prints as though they were the finest things in the world. I read in the *Journal de Paris* of this year that some wretched rhymester has been singing of the wretched 'Volta're.' The answer to that might be given from an old author: 'One fool finds another fool to praise him.'"

Caffieri's rage was such that he did not see the obverse of the proverb, exemplified in his own unworthy action—one genius finds another genius to abuse him. The letter continues in the same strain to the end. If Caffieri's aim was to upset Houdon's position as a public favourite he might well have spared himself the pains. The Revolution, which worked out the revenges of so many, did for Houdon what no rival sculptor could have done. The friend of the great, he was distrusted and dislodged from the pedestal on which they had placed him. By an unfortunate chance he unearthed the long-neglected figure of a saint from his cellar, and began to work upon it. He was forthwith denounced from the tribune of the Convention. Happily the friend who defended him told the accusers it was no saint, but a statue of Philosophy; and through a doubtful compliment to his work Houdon escaped unharmed, to outlive the two revolutions and to see Napoleon dethroned.

He reached the great age of eighty-eight. Gérard

was so struck with his venerable appearance that he painted him into his picture, "L'Entrée de Henri IV. à Paris," as one of the magistrates who are offering for a piece of sculpture, and carefully lifting it up would place it in his pocket. And then, "last stage of all," there came upon him the habit of continual



GLUCK.

(From the Plaster by Houdon. By Permission of Edgar J. Boehm, Esq., R.A.)

the keys of the city to the king. For a long time the old man was free from the infirmities of age, and continued to take his accustomed place at the Académie and the Français; but at length came second childhood and mere oblivion: his memory went, and in its place there came a train of curious illusions. The rudiments of the ruling passion still survived. Whenever he saw a pebble he took it sleep, which lasted till it was merged into the sleep without a waking.

For our engravings of the master's "Voltaire" and "Molière"—as for those of Caffieri's "Piron" and "Corneille" and "Rotrou"—we are primarily indebted to M. Émile Perrin, the accomplished director of the Théâtre Français. By M. Perrin's permission these five masterpieces were specially

VOLTAIRE.

(From the Marble by Houdon. By Permission of M. Emile Perrin, [illegible] the Théâtre Français.)

photographed for us by MM. Braun; and from these photographs our engravings have been made. Our "Gluck" we owe to Mr. Boehm. Houdon produced two busts of that immortal master, one of which is now in the Louvre, while the other, which is also the better, remains, I believe, in the *foyer* of the Opéra. Our engraving is from the plaster by Houdon, which Mr. Boehm was fortunate enough to pick up some years ago for a trifling sum, and which he counts among his choicest treasures. The head, which is touched with the vivacity and assurance of Caffieri at his best—whose gesture, indeed, suggests in somewhat that of Caffieri's masterpiece, the "Rotrou"—is singularly good as sculpture; Mr. Boehm prefers it to that of the "Voltaire;" and, in fact, it is modelled with such a combination of breadth and finish, of delicacy and vigour, of hardihood and finesse, as only a great master may command. Nor is the work a whit inferior considered as mere portraiture. Gluck, it is true, was the greatest and noblest inventor who ever wrought in opera; his melodies, while charged with the most poignant sentiment, are also the perfection of form; he was the founder, and the mightiest master, of what remains, when all is said, the true school of musical drama—the school of Spontini and Meyerbeer and Berlioz; he is in some sort the Shakespeare of music. But he was the most cheerful and the most careless of men. They tell of him that when he wrote his operas—of Orpheus' despair, and the sublime self-sacrifice of Alcestis, and the remorse of Orestes, and the grief and devotion of Iphigenia—he would send out his harpsichord into the spring meadows, and sit there working at his themes, the blue sky overhead, and a bottle of champagne at his elbow. He had the assurance and self-confidence of the ideal revolutionary, and he operated a complete change in music by their means. But he was only curious in essentials; he was as careless of his scores as Shakespeare of his manuscripts; and Berlioz, who worshipped him, and who revised the "Alceste" and the "Orphée" for production at the Opéra, was hard put to it to square his admiration of the master's genius with his anger at the master's dreadful incorrectness and bad grammar. Houdon's "Gluck"—with its union of hardihood and vigour, of power and cheerfulness, of self-reliance and the consciousness of genius with gaiety of heart and frankness and liberality of mind—is plainly the Gluck of life and fact.

A. EGMONT HAKE.

"A STUDY."

PAINTED BY EDWARD BURNE JONES.

AMONG the draughtsmen of to-day a place the most distinguished belongs to Mr. Burne Jones. Just, indeed, as MM. Baudry and Puvis de Chavannes are *facile principes* among modern Frenchmen, so among English artists the highest honours are probably for Mr. Burne Jones and Mr. Legros. In their several ways, which are wide enough apart, their superiority as draughtsmen is patent and commanding. Mr. Legros draws for drawing's sake, and for the exercise of a method perhaps the completest in the academical sense of modern times. What he does is touched with the dignity and reticence, the sober perfection of means and the austere distinction of effect, which characterise the achievement of the great Old Masters. He proceeds from Raphael, so to speak, and is an artist in form. Mr. Burne Jones is far more passionate and less academical. He is often faithless to fact; but his pencil studies are marvels of refined and delicate accomplishment; his finish is scarce less exquisite than his suggestiveness and charm. Above all, he is curious in souls. He studies faces—particularly the faces of women—not so much as manifestations of form as for their spiritual significance and suggestiveness. He derives from Leonardo, and is an artist in expression.

This spiritual element it is which constitutes the peculiar attraction of the lovely head which we have used for our frontispiece. The study is bichromatic, the eyes being touched in with grey-blue, while the rest is in brown; and it is so thinly painted as to show the grain and texture of the canvas. Its finish is not characteristically high. Plainly the artist has not tried to portray a face, but to catch and shadow forth an expression. His work is a study in sentiment—is the representation of what he has distinguished as the dominant elements in a refined and unconventional personality. In a word, it is Mr. Burne Jones's idea of a certain romantic idiosyncrasy; and it is presented with such a melancholy sweetness, such a subtle and affecting grace of sadness, as, once apprehended, are not soon forgotten. There are verses of Keats and Coleridge whose quality and effect are much the same.

A STUDY.

(Painted by Edward Burne-Jones.)

ELZEVIRS.

1.—THE "SAGE."

THE COUNTRYMAN.—"You know how much, for some time past, the editions of the Elzevirs have been in demand. The fancy for them has even penetrated into the country. I am acquainted with a man there who denies himself necessaries, for the sake of collecting into a library (where other books are scarce enough) as many little Elzevirs as he can lay his hands upon. He is dying of hunger, and his consolation is to be able to say, 'I have all the poets whom the Elzevirs printed. I have ten examples of each of them, all with red letters, and all of the right date.' This, no doubt, is a craze, for, good as the books are, if he kept them to read them, one example of each would be enough."

THE PARISIAN.—"If he had wanted to read them, I would not have advised him to buy Elzevirs. The editions of minor authors which these booksellers published, even editions 'of the right date,' as you say, are not too correct. Nothing is good in the books but the type and the paper. Your friend would have done better to use the editions of Sryphius or Étienne."

This fragment of a literary dialogue I translate from "Entretiens sur les Contes de Fées," a book which contains more of old talk about books and booksellers than about fairies and folk-lore. The "Entretiens" were published in 1699, about sixteen years after the Elzevirs ceased to be publishers. The fragment is valuable; first, because it shows us how early the taste for collecting Elzevirs was fully developed, and, secondly, because it contains very sound criticism of the mania. Already, in the Seventeenth Century, lovers of the tiny Elzevirian books waxed pathetic over dates, already they knew that the "Cæsar" of 1635 was the right "Cæsar," already they were fond of the red-lettered pages, as in the first edition of the "Virgil" of 1636. As early as 1699, too, the Parisian critic knew that the editions were not very correct, and that the paper, type, ornaments, and general *format* were their main attractions. To these we must now add the rarity of really good Elzevirs.

Though Elzevirs have been more fashionable than at present, they are still regarded by novelists as the great prize of the book collector. You read in novels about "priceless little Elzevirs," about books "as rare as an old Elzevir." I have met, in the works of a lady novelist (but not elsewhere), with an Elzevir "Theocritus." The late Mr. Hepworth Dixon introduced into one of his romances a romantic Elzevir Greek Testament, "worth its weight in gold." Casual remarks of this kind encourage a popular delusion that all Elzevirs are pearls of considerable price. When a man is first smitten with the pleasant fever of book collecting, it is for Elzevirs that he searches. At first he thinks himself in amazing luck. In Booksellers' Row and in Castle Street he "picks up," for a shilling or two, Elzevirs, real or supposed. To the beginner, any book with a sphere on the title page is an Elzevir. For the beginner's instruction, two copies of spheres are printed here. The first (2) is a sphere, an ill-cut, ill-drawn sphere, which is not Elzevirian at all. The mark was used in the Seventeenth Century by many other booksellers and printers. The second (3), on the other hand, is a true Elzevirian sphere, from a play of Molière's, printed in 1675. Observe the comparatively neat drawing of the second sphere, and be not led away after spurious imitations. Beware, too, of the vulgar error of fancying that little duodecimos with the mark of the fox and the bee's nest, and the motto "Quaerendo," come from the press of the Elzevirs. The mark is that of Abraham Wolfgang, which name is not a pseudonym for Elzevir. There are three sorts of Elzevir pseudonyms. First, they occasionally reprinted the full title-page, publisher's name and all, of the book they pirated. Secondly, when they printed books of a "dangerous" sort, Jansenist pamphlets and so forth, they used pseudonyms like "Nic. Schouter," on the "Lettres Provinciales" of Pascal. Thirdly, there are real pseudonyms employed by the Elzevirs. John and Daniel, printing at Leyden (1652—1655), used the false name "Jean Sambix." The Elzevirs of Amsterdam often placed the name "Jacques le Jeune" on their title-pages. The collector who remembers these things must also see that his purchases

2.—A "SPHERE" (SPURIOUS).

3.—A "SPHERE" (ELZEVIRIAN).

have the right ornaments at the heads of chapters, the right tail-pieces at the ends. We print examples (4 and 6) of two of the most frequently recurring ornaments, the so-called "Tête de Buffle," and the "Sirène." More or less clumsy copies of these and the other Elzevirian ornaments are common enough in books of the period, even among those printed out of the Low Countries; for example, in books published in Paris.

4.—THE "TÊTE DE BUFFLE."

A brief sketch of the history of the Elzevirs may here be useful. The founder of the family, a Flemish bookbinder, Louis, left Louvain and settled in Leyden in 1580. He bought a house opposite the University, and opened a book shop. Another shop, on college ground, was opened in 1587. Louis was a good bookseller, a very ordinary publisher. It was not till shortly before his death, in 1617, that his grandson Isaac bought a set of types and other material. Louis left six sons. Two of these, Matthew and Bonaventure, kept on the business, dating *ex officina Elzeviriana*. In 1625 Bonaventure and Abraham (son of Matthew) became partners. The "good dates" of Elzevirian books begin from 1626. The two Elzevirs chose excellent types, and after nine years' endeavours turned out the beautiful "Cæsar" of 1635. Their classical series in *petit format* was opened with "Horace" and "Ovid" in 1629. In 1644 they begun their elegant piracies of French plays and poetry with "Le Cid." It was worth while being pirated by the Elzevirs, who turned you out like a gentleman, with *fleurons* and red letters, and a pretty frontispiece. The Yankee pirate dresses you in rags, prints you murderously, and binds you, if he binds you at all, in some hideous example of New York or Boston "cloth extra," all gilt, like archaic gingerbread. Bonaventure and Abraham both died in 1652. They did not depart before publishing, in *grand format*, a desirable work on fencing, Thibault's "Académie de l'Espée." This Tibbald also killed by the book. John and Daniel Elzevir came next. They brought out the lovely "Imitation;" I wish by taking thought I could add eight millimètres to the stature of my copy. In 1655 Daniel joined a cousin, Louis, in Amsterdam, and John stayed in Leyden. John died in 1661; his widow struggled on, but her son Abraham (1681) let all fall into ruins. Abraham died 1712. The Elzevirs of Amsterdam lasted till 1680, when Daniel died, and the business was wound up. The type, by Christopher Van Dyck, was sold in 1681, by Daniel's widow. *Sic transit gloria*.

6.—THE "SIRÈNE."

After he has learned all these matters the amateur has still a great deal to acquire. He may now know a real Elzevir from a book which is not an Elzevir at all. But there are enormous differences of value, rarity, and excellence among the productions of the Elzevirian press. The bookstalls teem with small, "cropped," dingy, dirty, battered Elzevirian editions of the classics, *not* "of the good date." On these it is not worth while to expend a couple of shillings, especially as Elzevirian type is too small to be read with comfort by most modern eyes. No, let the collector save his money; avoid littering his shelves with what he will soon find to be rubbish, and let him wait the rare chance of acquiring a really beautiful and rare Elzevir. Meantime, and before we come to describe Elzevirs of the first flight, let it be remembered that the "taller" the copy, the less harmed and nipped by the binder's shears, the better. "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is," says Shelley; and we may say that most men hardly know how beautiful an Elzevir was in its uncut and original form. The Elzevirs we have may be "dear," but they are certainly "dumpy twelves." Their fair proportions have

A AMSTERDAM.
Chez Daniel Elzevier. MDCLXIV.

5.—AN ELZEVIRIAN FRONTISPIECE.

been docked by the binder. At the Beckford sale there was a pearl of a book, a "Marot," not an Elzevir indeed, but a book published by Wetstein, the successor of the Elzevirs. This exquisite pair of volumes, bound in blue morocco, was absolutely

LE
PASTISSIER
FRANÇOIS.

Où eſt enſeigné la maniere de faire toute ſorte de Paſtiſſerie, tres-utile à toute ſorte de perſonnes.

ENSEMBLE

Le moyen d'apreſter toutes ſortes d'œufs pour les jours maigres, & autres, en plus de ſoixante façons.

A AMSTERDAM,
Chez Louys & Daniel Elzevier.
A. M. DC. LV.

7.—THE "PASTISSIER FRANÇOIS:" TITLE-PAGE AND FRONTISPIECE.

(*By Permission of MM. Morgand and Fatout.*)

a nail, and that his altitude filled the minds of all with awe. Well, the Philistine may think a few millimètres, more or less, in the height of an Elzevir are of little importance. When he comes to sell, he will discover the difference. An uncut, or almost unimpaired, and was a sight to bring happy tears into the eyes of the amateur of Elzevirs. There was a gracious *svelte* elegance about these tomes, an appealing and exquisite delicacy of proportion, that linger like sweet music in the memory. I have a copy of the Wetstein "Marot" myself, not a bad copy, though murderously bound in that ecclesiastical sort of brown calf antique, which goes well with hymn books, and reminds one of cakes of chocolate. But my copy is only some 128 millimètres in height, whereas the uncut Bedford copy (it had belonged to the great Pixérécourt) was at least 130 millimètres high. Beside the uncut example mine looks like Cinderella's plain sister beside the beauty of the family. Now the moral is that only tall Elzevirs are beautiful, only tall Elzevirs preserve their ancient proportions, only tall Elzevirs are worth collecting. Dr. Lemuel Gulliver remarks that the King of Lilliput was taller than any of his court by about half the thickness of

uncut, copy of a good Elzevir may be worth fifty or sixty pounds or more; an ordinary copy may bring fewer pence. The binders usually pare down the top and bottom more than the sides. I have a "Rabelais" of the good date, with the red letters (1663), and some of the pages have never been opened, at the sides. But the height is only some 122 millimètres, a mere dwarf. Anything over 130 millimètres is very rare. Therefore the collector of Elzevirs should have one of those useful ivory-handled knives on which the French measures are marked, and thus he will at once be able to satisfy himself as to the exact height of any example which he encounters.

Let us now assume that the amateur quite understands what a proper Elzevir should be: tall, clean, well bound if possible, and of the good date. But we have still to learn what the good dates are, and this is matter for the study and practice of a well-spent life. We may gossip about a few of the more

famous Elzevirs, those without which no collection is complete. Of all Elzevirs the most famous and the most expensive is an old cookery book, "Le Pastissier François. Wherein is taught the way to make all sorts of pastry, useful to all sorts of persons. Also the manner of preparing all manner of eggs, for fast-days, and other days, in more than sixty fashions. Amsterdam, Louys and Daniel Elzevir. 1665." The mark (7) is not the old "Sage" presented at the head of this paper (1), but the "Minerva" with her owl. Now this book has no intrinsic value any more than a Tauchnitz reprint of Mr. Reeves's volume on cooking. The "Pastissier" is cherished because it is so very rare. The tract passed into the hands of cooks, and the hands of cooks are detrimental to literature. Just as nursery books, fairy tales, and the like are destroyed from generation to generation, so it happens with books used in the kitchen. The "Pastissier," to be sure, has a good frontispiece, a scene in a Low Country kitchen, among the dead game and the dainties. This, by M. Morgand's aid, the bookseller in the Passage des Panoramas, we reproduce (7). The buxom cook is making a game pie; a pheasant pie, decorated with the bird's head and tail-feathers, is already made. Not for these charms, but for its rarity, is the "Pastissier" coveted. In an early edition of the "Manuel" (1821) Brunet says, with a feigned brutality (for he dearly loved an Elzevir), "Till now I have disdained to admit this book into my work, but I have yielded to the prayers of amateurs. Besides, how could I keep out a volume which was sold for one hundred and one francs in 1819." One hundred and one francs! If I could only get a "Pastissier" for one hundred and one francs! But our grandfathers lived in the Bookman's Paradise. "Il n'est pas jusqu'aux Anglais," adds Brunet—the very English themselves—have a taste for the "Pastissier." The Duke of Marlborough's copy was actually sold for £1 4s. It would have been money in the ducal pockets of the house of Marlborough to have kept this volume till the general sale of all their portable property at which our generation is privileged to assist. No wonder the "Pastissier" was thought rare. Bérard only knew two copies. Pieters, writing on the Elzevirs in 1845, could cite only five "Pastissiers," and, in his "Annales," he had found out but five more. Wilhelm, on the other hand, enumerates some thirty, not including Motteley's. Motteley was an uncultivated, untaught enthusiast. He knew no Latin, but he had a *flair* for uncut Elzevirs. "Incomptis capillis," he would cry (it was all his lore) as he gloated over his treasures. They were all burnt by the lamented Commune in the Louvre Library.

A few examples may be given of the prices brought by "Le Pastissier" in later days. Sensier's copy was but 128 millimètres in height, and had the old ordinary vellum binding—in fact it closely resembled a copy which Messrs. Ellis and White had for sale in Bond Street last summer. The English booksellers asked, I think, about 1,500 francs for their copy. Sensier's was sold for 128 francs in April, 1828; for 201 francs in 1837. Then the book was gloriously bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet, and was sold with Potier's books in 1870, when it fetched 2,910 francs, nearly £120. At the Benzon sale (1875) it fetched 3,255 francs, and, falling dreadfully in price, was sold again in 1877 for 2,200 francs. M. Dutuit, at Rouen, has a taller copy, bound by Bauzonnet. Last time it was sold (1851) it brought 251 francs. The Duc de Chartres has now the copy of Pieters, the historian of the Elzevirs, valued at £120. About thirty years ago no fewer than three copies were sold at Brighton, of all places. M. Quentin Banchart has a copy only 127 millimètres in height, which was *cédé à l'aimable* for £180. M. Chartenes, of Metz, has a copy now bound by Bauzonnet which was sold for four francs in 1780. We call this the age of cheap books, but before the Revolution books were cheaper. It is fair to say, however, that this example of the "Pastissier" was then bound up with another book, Vlacq's edition of "Le Cuisinier François," and so went cheaper than it would otherwise have done. M. de Fontaine de Resbecq declares that a friend of his bought six original pieces of Molière's bound up with an old French translation of Garth's "Dispensary." The one faint hope left to the poor book collector is that he may find a valuable tract lurking in the leaves of some bound collection of trash. I have an original copy of Molière's "Les Fascheux" bound up with a treatise on precious stones, but the bookseller from whom I bought it knew it was there! That makes all the difference. But, to return to our "Pastissier," here is M. de Fontaine de Resbecq's account of how he wooed and won his own copy of this illustrious Elzevir. "I began my walk to-day," says this haunter of ancient stalls, "by the Pont Marie and the Quai de la Grève, the pillars of Hercules of the book-hunting world. After having viewed and reviewed these remote books, I was going away, when my attention was caught by a small naked volume, without a stitch of binding. I seized it, and what was my delight when I recognised one of the rarest of that famed Elzevir collection whose height is measured as minutely as the carats of the diamond. There was no indication of price on the box where this jewel was lying; the book, though unbound, was perfectly clean within. 'How much?' said I to the bookseller. 'You can have it for six sous,' he answered; 'is it too much?' 'No,' said I, and, trembling a little, I handed him the thirty centimes he asked for the 'Pastissier

François.' You may believe, my friend, that after such a piece of luck at the start, one goes home fondly embracing the beloved object of one's search. That is exactly what I did."

Can this tale be true? Is such luck given by the jealous fates *mortalibus ægris?* M. de Resbecq's find was made apparently in 1856, when trout were plenty in the streams, and rare books not so very rare. To my own knowledge an English collector has bought an original play of Molière's, in the original vellum, for eighteen pence. But no one has such luck any longer. Not, at least, in London. A more expensive "Pastissier" than that which brought six sous was priced in Bachelin Deflorenne's catalogue at £240. A curious thing occurred when two uncut "Pastissiers" turned up simultaneously in Paris. One of them Morgand and Fatout sold for £400. Clever people argued that one of the twin uncut "Pastissiers" must be an imitation, a fac-simile by means of photogravure, or some other process. But it was triumphantly established that both were genuine; they had minute points of difference in the ornaments. M. Willems, the learned historian of the Elzevirs, is indignant at the successes of a book which, as Brunet declares, is badly printed. There must be at least forty known "Pastissiers" in the world. Yes; but there are at least 4,000 people who would greatly rejoice to possess a "Pastissier," and some of these desirous ones are very wealthy. While this state of the market endures, the "Pastissier" will fetch higher prices than the other varieties. Another extremely rare Elzevir is "L'Illustre Théâtre de Mons. Corneille" (Leyden, 1644). This contains "Le Cid," "Les Horaces," "Le Cinna," "La Mort de Pompée," "Le Polyeucte." The name, "L'Illustre Théâtre," appearing at that date has an interest of its own. In 1643–44, Molière and Madeleine Béjart had just started the company which they called "L'Illustre Théâtre." Only six or seven copies of the book are actually known, though three or four are believed to exist in England, probably all covered with dust in the library of some lord. "He has a very good library," I once heard some one say to a noble earl, whose own library is famous. "And what can a fellow do with a very good library?" answered the descendant of the Crusaders, who probably (being a youth light-hearted and content) was ignorant of his own great possessions. An expensive copy of "L'Illustre Théâtre," bound by Trautz-Bauzonnet, was sold for £300.

Among Elzevirs desirable, yet not hopelessly rare, is the "Virgil" of 1636. Heinsius was the editor of this beautiful volume, prettily printed, but incorrect. Probably it is hard to correct with absolute accuracy works in the pretty but minute type which the Elzevirs affected. They have won fame by the elegance of their books, but their intention was to sell good books cheap, like Michel Lévy. The small type was required to get plenty of "copy" into little bulk. Nicholas Heinsius, the son of the editor of the "Virgil," when he came to correct his father's edition, found that it contained so many *coquilles*, or misprints, as to be nearly the most incorrect copy in the world. Heyne says, "Let the 'Virgil' be one of the rare Elzevirs, if you please, but within it has scarcely a trace of any good quality." Yet the first edition of this beautiful little book, with its two pages of red letters, is so desirable that, till he could possess it, Charles Nodier would not profane his shelves by any "Virgil" at all. Equally fine is the "Cæsar" of 1635, which, with the "Virgil" of 1636, and the "Imitation" without date, M. Willems thinks the most successful works of the Elzevirs, "one of the most enviable jewels in the casket of the bibliophile." It may be recognised by the page 238, which is erroneously printed 248. A good average height is from 125 to 128 millimètres. The highest known is 130 millimètres. This book, like the "Imitation," has one of the pretty and ingenious frontispieces which the Elzevirs prefixed to their books. We engrave (5) the frontispiece of Perefixe's "History of Henri IV.," with its equestrian portrait of that gallant monarch. So farewell, and good speed in your sport, ye hunters of Elzevirs, and may you find the rarest Elzevir of all, "L'Aimable Mère de Jésus."

A. LANG.

ADOLF MENZEL.

ADOLF MENZEL, the greatest draughtsman and the most truly original artist modern Germany can boast, is too little known in this country. His fame, however, is at last spreading, and as we are promised an exhibition of his works in London, some information about him may not be unwelcome. He was born at Breslau on the 8th of December, 1815. His father, who loved the arts, was at the head of a girls' school, a post he resigned in order to become a lithographer, so interested was he in Sennefelder's discovery, then in its infancy. His son inherited his artistic tastes. Before he could stand he used to draw figures in the sand, and it is related that when he had covered the ground within reach of his arm with his

creations, he would push himself further on and continue his labours. The father recognised this marked bent, but his desire was that general learning should take the first place in his boy's education, and drawing only follow when the foundations had been well laid. But it was vain to keep the lad from his pencil; the only result was that all his lesson books were covered with drawings. The wise father, recognising this, pondered how he could give the best direction to this talent, and seeing there was no opening in Breslau, he removed his lithographic establishment and his family to the capital. Adolf Menzel was fifteen when this removal took place, and the father had the Academy in view for him in order that he might be properly trained to his profession. But from the first moment of his entrance into this institution Menzel evinced an antipathy to it, and with all his might he protested against being forced to study here. He was duly entered, but he could in no wise be brought to study in Academic fashion. He would play truant from the school, and stand for hours on end gazing into the windows of the print shops, or observing the life in the streets, jotting down all he saw. He found that he could not learn from the works of others, from the results of others' observations. Theories were barren to him; the city of Berlin, its public monuments, its museums, streets, shops, became his studio. After half a year's irregular attendance he positively refused to return to the Academy, one of whose professors, by the way, had pronounced him devoid of talent. He preferred to help his father with lithography, and to work out his artistic salvation after his own fashion. In 1831, when he was only sixteen, he lost his good father, and in addition to this sorrow, the maintaining of a large family fell upon his shoulders. Strenuously he applied himself to lithography, working almost literally day and night, twelve hours being his nominal allowance, and that often exceeded. He composed and lithographed dinner, new year, and birthday cards; he designed and executed bill-heads

IN COURT. FROM "THE BROKEN PITCHER."

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. By Permission of the Publisher.)

and invitations, illustrations to children's books, menus, &c. &c.; in short, he turned to account all that came in his way, and yet he never lost sight of his ulterior artistic aims. In 1833 he made his first ambitious appeal to the public with a series of lithographs suggested by Goethe's poem "Künstlers Erdenwallen." In six masterly drawings, without slavishly following the poet's text, he illustrated the thorny course of an artistic career from its earliest beginnings to its apotheosis. With humour, gentle satire, and naturalism free from vulgarity and exaggeration, he held up to view the shoemaker's apprentice gifted with artistic leanings, who goes forth into the world through his attic window, and afterwards leads an artist and attic existence, fame being only attained after day-dreams are shattered, and the creative brain lies quiet under the shelter of mother earth. The excellent composition, the original and powerful mode of treatment, attracted attention. The very master who had pronounced Menzel devoid of talent praised the pictures in the press, unconscious whose work they were. The publishers, like Oliver Twist, asked for "more;" and Menzel followed up his first success with another consecutive set of pictures, "The Five Senses," "The Lord's Prayer," as well as various separate compositions. He also turned to the field in which he was to cull his future laurels, illustrations from the history of Brandenburg, till then regarded as somewhat arid and thankless. The Eighteenth Century was then under a sort of artistic ban; it was not in harmony with the recognised formulas of artistic beauty. The contemporary artists of Germany were at the time of Menzel's youth absorbed in the much-talked-of Christian romantic art, ushered into the world with a great deal of noise, and finally not producing anything like the upheaval expected. Northern Germany, though a little outside the movement, had not been wholly untouched by it, and here sprang up a youth,

"ANSWERING THE BELL." FROM "THE BROKEN PITCHER."

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. By Permission of the Publisher.)

a mere boy, who dared to go outside the groove, who ignored the dicta of "grave and reverend signors," and ventured on his own account to hold the mirror up to a tabooed era and draw it with fidelity; unromantic pigtail, cocked hat, ugly uniforms and all. Certainly Menzel's art conception was of an entirely different nature to that of his colleagues; he had neither sympathy nor comprehension for their transcendental school, and standing outside and so far apart, he had literally to create his public as well as his works. His artistic parent was no living man, but rather Hogarth and Holbein; like these he belonged by instinct to the school of truth, shrewd observation, and ethical philosophy. His truth indeed is energetic, almost violent; it puzzled and perplexed at first as much as it attracted, but in historical representation it was peculiarly in its right place, and these last illustrations laid the foundation of Menzel's fame and career. To glorify Frederick the Great, the one Prussian hero, had long been the temptation held up to the best artists and sculptors of Prussia, as at one time Napoleon I. had been the source of French artistic inspiration. But as yet none had truly succeeded. Here seemed at last the man, a true Prussian every inch of him, with all the Prussian's veneration and hero-worship for this military king and all things military. What Horace Vernet and Raffet had done for Napoleon, it was hoped Menzel would do for Frederick, and he was entrusted with the commission to execute four hundred illustrations to Kugler's history of the Brandenburg hero. Menzel had already made the Eighteenth Century his peculiar study, his domain; he felt at home in its life; and as few had preceded him in illustrating this period, he had to go to original sources for information, so that his knowledge was consolidated and first-hand. Nevertheless when he received this commission he entered into such ex-

haustive studies of the monuments, relics, chronicles, memoirs, exteriors, interiors, arrangements of life in palace and hut, ornaments, dress, portraits, literature, &c., of this century, he made such an endless number of drawings, sketches, and notes, that his friends jocosely asked him whether he intended to live three hundred years in order to utilise all the mass of material he was collecting. Menzel, however, was undeterred by sneers from pursuing his conscientious course. He knew what he wanted and what he could do, and the result proved him right. He succeeded in penetrating into the Rococo spirit, in saturating himself with its very essence, and yet withal he never lost the power of regarding it objectively. He recognised with Vischer that the principle pervading this mental bias is an attempt to improve upon nature, to gild refined gold, to paint the lily, combined with a certain humour, self-will, and conscious presumption. To Menzel there was a sort of malicious amusement in watching this farrago of conflicting artificiality and reality. Its rationalism, its free thought, its materialistic leanings attracted him; nor was he repelled by its admixture of red tape, prejudice, and despotism. The Frederick book, which occupied him four years, marks an era in his life, as also in the history of German wood-engraving, till then but indifferently practised, so that for some time Menzel's blocks had all to be sent off to Paris to be cut.

Thanks to his instruction and superintendence the art improved vastly during the course of the book, so that the later blocks could be cut in Berlin. Though still rather coarse, the German cutting is so far an improvement, for the French could not follow Menzel's essentially German art and conception, his uncouth heroes would not shape themselves under their more correct and elegant tools. Menzel instinctively perceived that the essence of the Prussian being is absolutely inartistic, that its outside is as little attractive as its manifested character. Even Bismarck himself has admitted "we have not the art of making ourselves beloved." Yet this military, rigid, unlovely domain was deliberately chosen by an artist for his field. He saw that these were no themes on which to attempt beauty; to idealise them was to make them false, for beauty was not in them; the work therefore could only be good if a true reproduction. It was because Menzel perceived that beyond the unlovely there was truth, innate rectitude, high principle and purpose, that he succeeded and became the painter of Frederick the Great *par excellence*. With the fidelity that characterises him he did not attempt to put into his hero or period that which they had not; reality was his basis; he saw that there was something fine and heroic in Frederick and his efforts, notwithstanding all his pettiness and affectations, and so, like Carlyle, he seized upon his noblest points and converted them into art. Menzel's illustrations to the "Life of Frederick the Great" are marvels of military *verve*, historical exactitude, precision of detail, movement, and effect. It was soon evident that he had so penetrated into the mental and material conditions of that military age that he might have lived and breathed in it. Dramatic and able, his illustrations are also full of quaint conceits, the little allegorical head and tail-pieces to the chapters being replete with that fun, ability, and invention for which there is little scope in the main body of the work. Menzel had studied all the extant portraits of the king from his fourth year to his death. Thus he maintained the resemblance throughout, and all the changes wrought by every year are so subtly marked that we almost fail to notice them, as is the case with the changes in the features of those we live with, until beholding a portrait dated some years back forces the alteration into our view. The same care is expended upon all else, whether detail or accessory, and yet while all is so correct, costume, furniture, and landscape, none of these things are brought into undue prominence, but appear as though matters of course. The mixture of humour with seriousness, of frolic with philosophic gravity, that distinguished Frederick and his court, is happily reproduced. Menzel has fully entered into the varied character of the king, and has been like him Protean. As in his illustrations to the "History of Brandenburg," so here it was no series of catastrophes theatrically arranged, but scenes from real life with real life's power to move and interest. Nor are they dull as mechanical reproductions too often are. Our attention is not concentrated merely on one psychological moment in the life of one person, but the whole scene with all its actors is grasped out of life. Menzel is no conventional court painter; with all his admiration for Frederick, he is not servile, and he is ready at any moment to sacrifice artistic effect to truth.

The work completed, Menzel was recognised and honoured, and with success followed its penalties. He was not permitted to turn to "fresh woods and pastures new;" Frederick the Great was now to be his study. The king then reigning was Frederick William IV., who loved to imitate his Bavarian contemporary, and like him play Mæcenas to the arts. But like Louis of Bavaria he failed to plan anything limited that could be achieved and finished; he further failed to recognise that in order to aid art truly, it must be brought within the reach of the mass. He commissioned Menzel to illustrate the writings of his illustrious ancestor, with the intention of printing a few copies that should be reserved as gifts to crowned heads and men whom the king

would delight to honour. The commission was not easy to execute. Those who are acquainted with Frederick's works will know that they do not lend themselves to illustration, and the way in which Menzel overcame this initial obstacle is greatly to the credit both of his invention and his industry. But that he recognised it we cannot question. Does not the very vignette on the title-page, though skilfully veiled, reveal it to the wise? A chubby boy stands here within the shelter of a compass; round it is written "twelve centrimetre maximum," while below runs the line "Hic—hic saltus." Is not this sly humour of a nature probably invious to a royal mind? Menzel loves thus audaciously to poke fun at and in his themes. Thus throughout the works of Frederick, Menzel gets out of his difficulties in the most unexpected manner. Some of his illustrations are veritable epigrams and anagrams. He had grown mentally while illustrating the life, he had become yet more at home in the period, and nowhere can his flexible imaginative power, his exuberant creative force, his whimsical fancy be seen more happily than in these volumes that are unfortunately out of the reach of the public. Happily, quite lately, the present emperor, recognising how all this splendid work was lost to the world, has permitted the illustrations to be reproduced apart from the text. Even so, however, only three hundred copies are printed, while its high price must also limit it to public libraries, or the bookshelves of a few rich amateurs. Fortunately, however, the British Museum has acquired a copy, and it is thus accessible to everybody.

It was while prosecuting his studies for his two Frederick books that Menzel, who had been permitted access to all the royal storehouses, conceived the idea of preserving by means of his pencil the remaining relics of the heroic period of Prussian history. He feared lest the uniforms, costumes, armour, &c., still extant should fall a prey to the tooth of time, and he therefore set about embalming them in an artistic arsenal. The result is three stout folios entitled "The Army of Frederick the Great," which proved by no means only a costume book, but an artistic work, for Menzel was not content with drawing the empty uniforms. With a magician's wand he gave to them new life, he filled them with soldierly types and individuals; no draped models, but the very people in their very clothes. He made each man characteristic of his regiment while giving to him also an individuality, he re-created the men as well as the trappings of Frederick's army. Truly his task was no easy one, for in but too many cases there were only pieces of uniform, bits of accoutrements remaining. Unweariedly Menzel measured, planned, renewed, until he had completed his mighty task; then drawing the whole three hundred pictures upon stone and colouring them with his own hand, after taking but thirty impressions, he himself destroyed the plates. The work is therefore rare; but happily of this, too, we have a copy in the British Museum. Thirty-two illustrations of soldiers' costumes which Menzel furnished about the same time to a work of Lange's on the old Prussian army may be regarded as a popularisation and a *précis* of this monumental costume book. This work again was followed by a series of twelve woodcuts depicting Frederick and his Paladins, the folk whom Menzel now saw so clearly with his mind's eye, and whom he never tired of making live anew. The sheets are incarnate history; each portrait is not only a characteristic individual but a pregnant representation of the man and the time. Here we behold Frederick not as a warrior only, but as the monarch of an age of enlightenment, as the king in time of peace, a keen-witted *bel esprit*, walking through the mirror-room of Sanssouci, his stick under his arm, one hand carelessly thrust into his coat pocket. On the other hand old Dessauer, his general, ever a warrior, is delineated in the battle-field, his head bent forward, his piercing eyes watching under the shade of his hat, which is pushed forward to shield them. We recognise at once that this is to the life the man who could in the din of strife call aloud upon God to help him, and crave that if He would not do so, He would at least remain passive and not help those rascals the enemy. Here truly is Dessauer, with all his unconscious humour, his downrightness, his determination, and yet there is not omitted that soft loving side of his nature which he showed in his home affections. And so on with all the other paladins, which space will not allow us to enumerate.

Indeed it would require much space to detail all that Menzel has done in the domain of lithography, wood-engraving, etching, and mezzotint, and we have not yet even touched upon his painting, in which field he has also reaped laurels, though here he is not *facile princeps* as in his draughtsmanship. Menzel learnt to paint as little as to draw; here, too, he was his own master, and already in 1830 he had attempted colour, but with little success. He never rested until he discovered wherein his faults had lain, and then pursued his course unweariedly until he had attained to proficiency also with brush and palette. After having had almost to abandon painting in order to illustrate, he resumed it when his labours were ended; but these having landed him in the time of Frederick the Great, he stayed here, and here achieved his finest pictorial successes, among which stand foremost "Frederick at his Table Round of Sanssouci," "A Concert at Sanssouci," "Frederick on his Voyages," and "Frederick During the Battle of Hochkirch."

HOW THE PITCHER WAS BROKEN. FROM 'THE BROKEN PITCHER.'

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. By Permission of the Publishers.)

In the latter picture Menzel ventured to paint his hero in defeat, and show how he was still great, nay greater when in misfortune. In the "Concert" he caught the court in a moment of repose and intimacy. The king is performing upon the flute before his sister, the Margravine of Bayreuth. It is difficult to make a hero heroic when blowing the flute, that most unheroic of instruments, yet Menzel ventured on the task and succeeded. Frederick at no moment, in no attitude, could under Menzel's pencil be undignified. At this moment he is all the musician, entranced, carried away in his music; we seem to hear the rise and fall of the solo he is executing, a sentimental rococo piece with funny old-world little twists and turns. Emanuel Bach accompanies him on the piano, while Benda with his violin in hand awaits the end of the king's cadence to recommence his playing. In the window embrasure Quanz, the king's master, is listening. The Margravine, too, listens to her brother with sisterly love painted in her noble, suffering face, while beside her stands amateur Graun, and around her are grouped a choice aristocratic party who attend with true or affected interest or respectful indifference. The room is typically rococo, lighted by wax candles innumerable, that are reflected upon the satins, the gilding, the mirrors, and the shining parquet floors, the whole a successful piece of full rich colouring and varied and reflected lights. Of less happy colour, somewhat dusty and dull, but of equally happy conception, is the banquet at Sansouci. The table presents one mass of porcelain, silver, and glass, while the young king and host is here not the hero of Leuthen and Torgau, but the friend of the Muses, the disciple of the witty French school. His master Voltaire sits near him, and we can see that they exchange light sarcastic persiflage and piquant arrows of wit. Around them, at this democratic round table, are other choice spirits, La Mettrie, D'Argent, Algarotti, Keith, all painted in an ideal dessert humour, inclined to regard life optimistically, lightly, as those do who have dined well. An air of royal distinction pervades the great rooms with their capricious ornaments, while through the open garden doors you get peeps of nature and suggestions of pure air.

Alternating with these historical pictures Menzel painted many smaller works in oil and water-colours; genre subjects suggested by his annual trips to the Tyrol. But these were recreations from the work of his life rather than serious labours. In the execution of his genre pictures he is apt to be somewhat sketchy, but he seizes the salient points and makes these rich and full. At one time he painted some landscapes, but withdrew them, as they did not satisfy him. In this he did wrong; the landscapes had excellent points, moreover he had succeeded in extracting beauties from the decried environs of Berlin. As with the history of Prussia, so with its scenery, he had given it an artistic aspect; its lake, its ditches, its willows, its wide flat vistas were made attractive by his brush. He has also attempted religious painting, and a "Christ in the Temple," at the time of its exhibition, gave rise to much discussion. In this line, however, he was not successful. Like Bonnat he cannot idealise; his Christ was a Jew, but not of Judaic times but of to-day, of the type that centuries of persecution have produced; his auditors are peasants of Ammergau decked out for the nonce in Hebrew garb; the whole a rationalistic conception neither beautiful nor pleasant. Indeed, whenever Menzel attempts a subject that requires to be treated poetically, his results are lamentable failures. He is a thoroughbred Prussian, and grace and sentiment are denied him.

Menzel's painting is distinguished by masses of colour sharply marked and divided, and apt to be inharmonious. He employs few colours, and these are frequently not well blended; orange and red are inclined to preponderate. His lights are charmingly delicate; not so his shadows, which are frequently monotonous and heavy like those in most German painting. In his painted work he is apt to be quite abrupt and hard in manner. As in his drawing, so in his painting, the grave, solemn, somewhat heavy character of the German is not belied by him; but as suited to his themes it not only does not offend but seems appropriate. It is a pity that so much of his power has been wasted in executing royal orders, birthday wishes, family anniversary pictures, honorary diplomas, and so forth. He has really had no time to develop a line of his own. In 1861 he was entrusted with the difficult task of painting the coronation of King William I. It proved one of his least successful efforts. He was commanded to observe historical accuracy and sacrifice all artistic effect in it, and it more resembles a coloured illustration to a weekly journal than an artistic composition. It has been said of Menzel that he had the privilege to reproduce with infallibility before photography existed. In this picture, now in the royal palace at Berlin, this dictum is unhappily realised. It took him four years to paint, and during their course he had a studio in the palace. This working amid court scenes and surroundings produced some ball-rooms and levees full of nice discrimination of expression and subtle observation. When the war broke out in Bohemia he went and studied battles and battle-fields on the scene of action. In 1871 his brush was again called into royal requisition to represent the departure of the king for the Franco-German war.

Only twice has Menzel moved from German ground or history. In 1867 some of his pictures were sent to the Paris Exhibition, and thanks both to their merits and the exertions of Meissonier, who was charmed with the works of his *confrère*, he received the cross of the Legion of Honour. An absurd anecdote of the two artists is preserved. Menzel, it appears, can speak no French, Meissonier no German, but they were so delighted with each other's artistic gifts, that during Menzel's stay they were rarely seen apart, although their whole conversation was limited to repeated pressures of the hand and mutual exclamations of admiration. This his first and only foreign visit inspired Menzel with two pictures, one of Parisian street life; the other a Sunday afternoon in the Tuileries Gardens. In the latter, though he had seized the spirit of the scene, he reproduced it with a certain German heaviness. He has painted it as noisy, but not light enough as regards the play, while the earnest is too ponderous. The square massive figures of the Germans, the German mode of thought and action, suit his pencil best.

Menzel is and will remain as above all the painter of a period, whose features he contrived to seize with wonderful power and intuition, whose dull character he enlivened, whose stiffness he rendered less rigid and repulsive. Nature, says Leibnitz, does not know whether she is elegant or heavy, she exhausts all forms, all possible combinations, but always according to inevitable laws. To this conception of nature Menzel has been true. His is a positive, penetrating, bold intelligence to which nothing is of value but exactitude and science. He is unrivalled for unexpected combinations, for dramatic energy, for power to give the fire and heat, the dash and vigour of a situation, and yet withal his compositions while so effective are truly simple. He has no peculiar views of art and its aims, he is no theorist; yet he is not only an unthinking artist, an artist by instinct, but an intelligent and a very remarkable one. A joyousness, a somewhat loud-voiced gaiety, an exuberance of vitality breathes in all his works; he is a serene, complacent, healthy philosopher, content with what life offers. There is absolutely nothing conventional in his art, and as he had no masters, so can he have no disciples, for his art is the outcome of his individuality. To this day he has not ceased to study; he is not content to rest upon his laurels and reproduce that which he knows.

Professor Menzel, for he holds that rank at the Academy of Berlin, is a man of small stature, but in his head are a pair of very large observant eyes. His lips are tightly closed, his chin of iron firmness, his brow bold, large, and thoughtful. He has nothing of the artist in his aspect, he has the air of a quiet Berlin burgher. Under a stern, wide awake, and decided manner he hides much real benevolence and kindliness. In conversation he is always remarkable, never uttering commonplaces; and though it may sometimes happen that he is silent, it never happens that he is trivial. He has never married; he says he has never had time. Women, indeed, he does not care to paint; when he does represent them, he makes them ugly enough. He is essentially a painter of men, Prussians, soldiers. His studio is a very microcosm of the Eighteenth Century, a museum wherein are preserved the swords, embroidered gowns, hoops, uniforms, gala costumes, powder, paint, patches, the sofas, chairs, looking-glasses, velvets, silks, and satins that distinguished that epoch. The walls are closely hung with sketches, taken rarely in a moment of repose, but in the very act of life, like instantaneous photographs, preserving some momentary effect, such as a lantern's light in the street, the sudden turn of a horse's head, a ray of sunshine glancing on some object. A bookcase, crowned with a helmet, encloses his library, devoted exclusively to the Eighteenth Century, and possessing both its calf-bound folios and its little silk-covered keepsakes. It should further be added that Menzel has the most robust of constitutions, can work for hours at a stretch, never goes into society for society's sake, and paints and draws equally well with both hands, an accomplishment he strenuously acquired. Many of his works have been solely executed with his left hand. He is also able to draw with steadiness in any conveyance, and in the most jolting railway train can make sketches that are wonders of touch and point.

Our illustrations are from the thirty-four produced by Menzel for "The Broken Pitcher" of Heinrich von Kleist, as it appears in the spirited and elegant translation which MM. Firmin-Didot have published —in the comeliest of *formats*—for M. Alfred de Lostalot. Kleist, a mysterious and rather worthless creature, touched with madness, and with a certain strain of a certain sort of genius in his composition, was "everything by turns, and nothing long;" he worked as a soldier, an advocate, a pamphleteer, a poet, a dramatist; and at thirty-four he ran away to Potsdam with another man's wife, shot his mistress through the heart in the park there, and blew out his brains upon her body. Some time before this he had written "The Broken Pitcher," a very frank and jovial little comedy. It was suggested, says M. de Lostalot, by a design of Debucourt's "Le Juge, ou la Cruche Cassée," the motive of which was taken up by Kleist and two of his friends, Zschokke and Wieland, as matter for a literary tourney. Wieland made a story of it and Zschokke a satire. What Kleist embroidered on it was a comedy, which,

produced by Goethe at Weimar in 1808, remains a popular piece to this day. The scene is laid in Holland; the time is Menzel's own—the middle of the Eighteenth Century. The action passes (as our first woodcut shows) in the justice-room of the local magistrate, a certain Adam. Adam has come in the night before without his wig, and with a badly broken head; but a case is brought before him, his superior is present, and, willy nilly, he is obliged to try it. Martha, the midwife, has a pretty daughter, Eva, and a beautiful pitcher, an heirloom in earthenware, painted with heroic scenes in Dutch history. Eva is engaged to Ruprecht Tumpel; and one night there is a tremendous hullaballoo in her chamber. Martha—as in our full-page picture—rushes in with a light, finds Eva in tears, Ruprecht, his eyes full of sand, in agony on the floor, and the precious pitcher smashed to bits. She, of course, believes that Ruprecht is the criminal; but Ruprecht swears that he it is not, but some other man, whom he had followed into Eva's room, and whose head he had broken in two places as he was escaping by the window. Of course, the culprit is Adam himself; his efforts to conceal his identity, magnificent as they are, prove unavailing; and in the end, after a great deal of good fun, Ruprecht and Eva are reconciled, the guilty person is punished, and the pot is sent to Utrecht for justice and restoration. That is "The Broken Pitcher." Menzel has illustrated it with all his wonted humour and spirit, and with the vigorous and expressive draughtsmanship, the capacity of gesture, the command of character and life peculiar to his work.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

"LE STRYGE."

FROM THE ETCHING BY MÉRYON.

MÉRYON, one of the most remarkable of modern etchers, was also one of the most unfortunate of modern men. He was "o'erlooked e'en from his birth;" he lived miserably, and always in the odour of failure; and he died in a madhouse. He had genius; but it was a genius that could only express itself by means of etching. In his time the art was at its lowest and dullest. Revived by a few of the Romantics—insignificant and a trifle silly in the hands of Célestin Nanteuil and the illustrators who followed in his wake—it had lapsed again into desuetude, and was interesting to nobody. Méryon practised it because he could no other; and he was glad to sell proofs of his masterpieces at sixpence apiece, and to live, pretty much as Champfleury's Chien-Caillou lived, in a common garret, and eating an air which was not even "promise-crammed."

LE STRYGE.

(From the Etching by Méryon.)

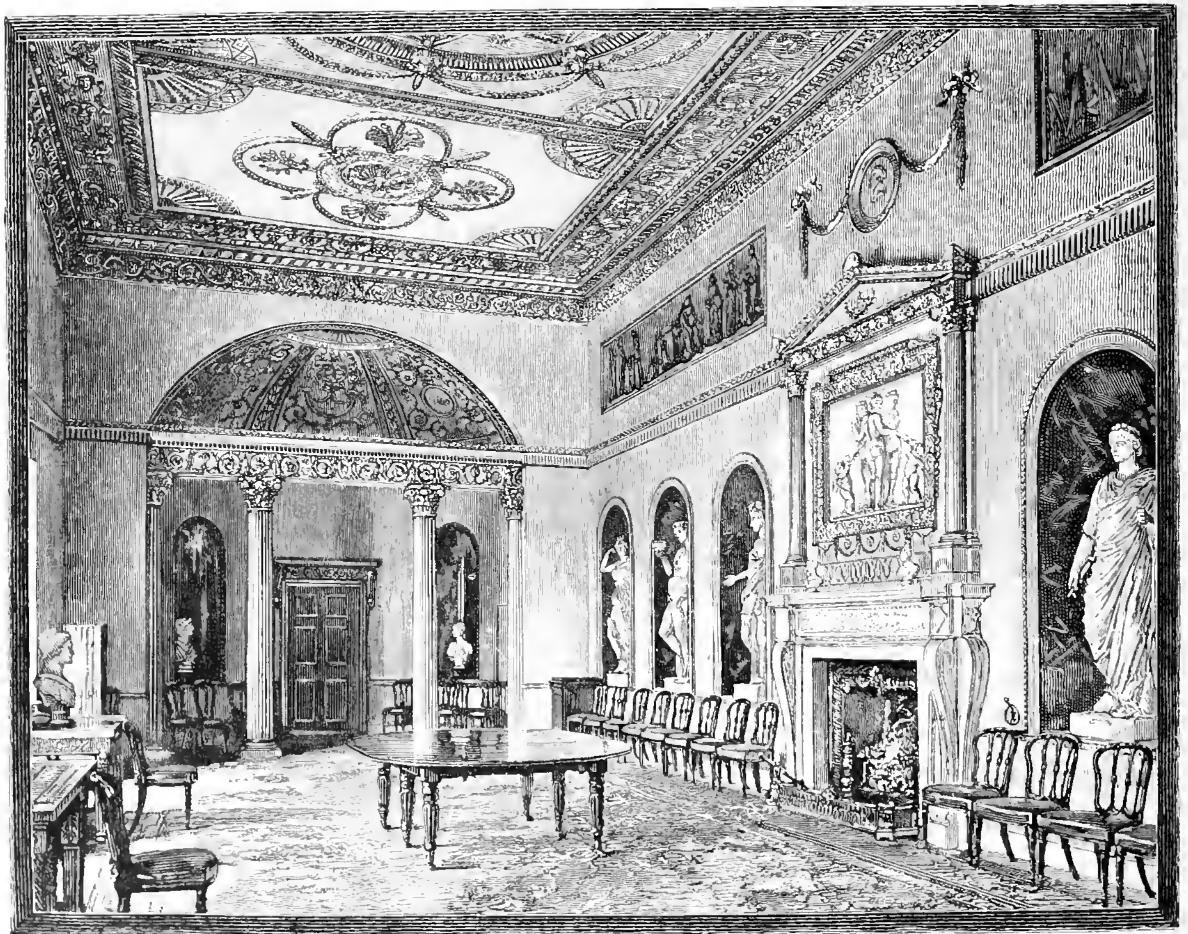
Nobody believed in him or in his work, save one or two artists as poor as himself; and no one believed in his art, whether as a means of expression or as an object of collection and research. It is small wonder if the man's mind, never of the strongest and clearest, gave way at last, and he became a hopeless lunatic. When it was too late his turn came. Legros and a few other men had tried their hands at etching; the art became a living art once more; and Méryon grew famous. Just now he is probably at his highest and most illustrious. Essays have been written upon him; collectors have set their caps at him; he is recognised not merely as a master, but as the object of a cult. Those impressions which in life he could not often sell at sixpence, and which not many years ago might be had, on the Quais, like Millet's own, for even less than sixpence,

are worth their weight in five-pound notes. Another revolution will operate another change. Méryon was monstrously ignored. Since he died he has been extravagantly overpraised. His final place is somewhere between the two points.

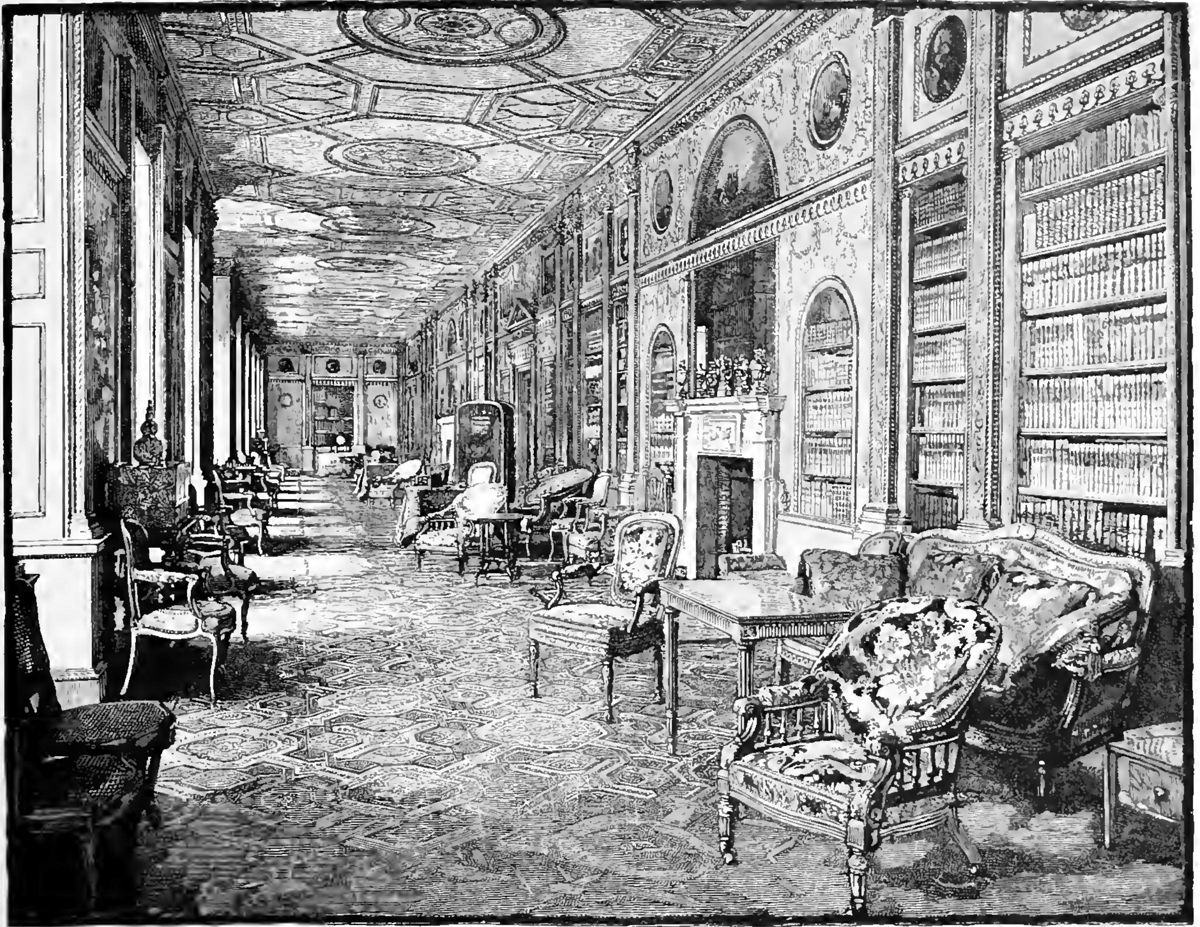
That he had genius is unquestionable. But he came a generation too late; and his contemporaries did not care to understand or consider his message. That they could not do so was their misfortune. Méryon was the poet of Paris, as Paris was and had been; and the canticles in which he told of his mighty and mysterious mistress are among the most moving and original utterances of the century. He had looked on, and pondered, and suffered so long, that to his exalted imagination, with that touch of folly in it which was presently to wreck the whole man, the great city became a living, breathing, sentient individuality, quick with strange meanings, pregnant with monstrous thoughts and suggestions. So has he shown in a dozen of his works; so he shows in "Le Stryge." There his story is of Paris and that Devil of Luxury by whom she is dominated and distressed. Méryon saw his Appearance leaning on the topmost parapets of Notre Dame, and scorning and flouting the city at his feet; and as he saw him so he drew him.

SYON HOUSE.—II.

FROM the vestibule we gain access to the dining-room (I.). The character of this room is that of refined repose. The general colouring is a warm white, with plaster ornaments picked out in gold. The proportions are long, narrow, and high, the dimensions being 66 feet by 21 feet 7 inches, by 21 feet 9 inches high. The length is thus three times as great as the breadth, which again is less



SYON HOUSE —I.: THE DINING-ROOM.



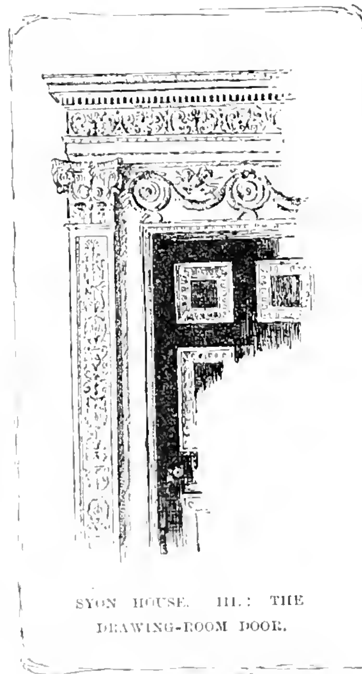
SYON HOUSE.—II.: THE GALLERY.

than the height. Such unusual length gave Adam the opportunity of adopting a feature of which he was always fond—the curved recess. There is one at each end of this room, by which its proportions are reduced in length by several feet. This feature is a very beautiful one, and gives great opportunities for varied treatment. When, as in the present case, the wall-surface is ornamented simply and with flat mouldings, the shadow and mystery it produces are invaluable. One has a sense that there is something beyond what one sees at the first glance. As in the case of the entrance hall, the recesses are separated from the rest of the room by a classical order. Here, however, the Corinthian has been employed, as being more suitable to the lighter style of decoration. The coved ceiling of the recess is ornamented with gilt arabesques. About two-thirds of the height of the walls from the floor a string course is carried round the room. It ranges with the upper members of the Corinthian order, from which the arch of the recess springs, and also with the upper frieze of the chimney-piece, thus giving the unbroken horizontal line of which the architects of many styles have been fond, and which finds its modern development in the "high dado." Below this line the wall-space is occupied on the side opposite the windows by six recesses for statues, three on each side of the fireplace. Above it the decoration consists chiefly of panels and medallions painted in chiaroscuro, probably by Cipriani. The subjects are of course classical. The ceiling is divided into three large compartments, the centre one of which is square. Each compartment is treated centrally with the delicate plaster ornamentation in flat relief usual in Adam's work. The chimney-piece is a more important feature than he usually made it, extending to a considerable height, and in two storeys. The lower portion is of simple design in marble, the upper portion an elaborate Corinthian composition in plaster, with a flat pediment, containing a marble bas-relief representing the three Graces. Although fine, this room is, perhaps, the least successful specimen of Adam's work at Syon. In striving after a chaste effect, which he has undoubtedly succeeded in obtaining, he has missed, to a certain extent, those of interest and comfort. One has a feeling that it is a little artificial, and that he

depended in designing it rather upon his acquired scholarship than his natural instinct.

Although the drawing-room (IV.), which is the next in the suite, is not so large as the dining-room, being of the same breadth and height, but only 44 feet 6 inches long, yet it far surpasses it not only in the beauty of its proportions and general treatment, but also in the rich elaboration of its detail and the rare quality of the decoration. The walls from the cornice to the low dado are hung with damask. This damask is not only remarkable for the beauty of its material and workmanship, but should be noticed as being the first of its kind ever made in England. This may have been due either to the probable desire of the Duke of Northumberland to encourage English manufactures, or to the reaction against French taste generally which was characteristic of the time. It is very probable that both these causes were united. The ground is of a rich dark crimson, the pattern of flowers and ribbands being in two shades of grey. The colour and pattern are of course entirely unsuitable as a background to pictures, and it has never been used for this purpose. But it forms an ample wall decoration in itself by the variety of its forms and tints, while the colouring is throughout harmonious. With the exception of tapestry there is perhaps no material for wall-hangings so admirable as damask, and it is especially desirable where, as in a large drawing-room, the wall-surface must be both cheerful and warm. But on the other hand, owing to its very power of brilliancy, there are few materials out of which such coarse and vulgar effects can be produced. It would have been well if the English manufacture of damask had never fallen below the level of its first production.

The ceiling is of great beauty. The height of the room has allowed of the use of a deep cone, which, as well as the centre, is divided by delicate mouldings into alternate octagonal and diamond-shaped compartments. Each of these is elaborately and skilfully painted, the diamond-shaped compartments being filled alternately with medallions and urns, and the octagonal with a pretty classical border, within which are alternately figure subjects adapted from those found at Herculaneum and Pompeii and the tent-shaped ornament of which Adam made a most frequent use. The colours, as is always the case with his work, are delicate and harmonious, rich enough to take their place above the damask, but not so heavy as to lower the ceiling or crush the decoration below.



SYON HOUSE. III.: THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR.

The other most prominent features are the chimney-piece and the doorways (V. and III.). The chimney-piece is of white statuary marble of beautiful quality enriched with gilt brass. This combination has always been much more common in France than in England, especially during the time of the Empire. But it would be difficult to find even in France a better example of this kind of metal-work. The design is chaste and pure, and the whole effect rich and sumptuous. The architraves to the doors are in a similar style and equally good. The brass-work in the panels of the Corinthian pilasters on each side is laid on an ivory ground—a probably unique employment of that costly material. The mouldings of the door panels are particularly delicate and rich. Taken as a whole, this drawing-room is probably one of the richest of its time to be found in England, and it has the great merit of having undergone practically no alteration since it was first finished. It is certainly a good example of the stately comfort of the last century.

Passing through the end doorway of the drawing-room we enter the gallery (II.). This is undoubtedly the most interesting, and in some ways the most beautiful room in the house, although perhaps it is so different in character from the others as to be an unfit subject of comparison with them. Its dimensions are 135 feet long by 14 feet in width and height. Adam himself regarded the width and height as too small for the length, but he found himself obliged to deal with these proportions. Whether he was right in this view it is difficult to decide; but at any rate he has treated his subject with such skill that neither height nor width strikes one as being insufficient for the proportions of a gallery. In fact it is difficult to believe that these dimensions are not much greater than they really are. It is lighted along one side by eleven windows, the centre one of which is in a shallow bay. On the opposite side are three doors and two fireplaces symmetrically placed. The wall decoration consists first of a range of Corinthian pilasters on plinths the height of the chair rail. These pilasters rise to the ceiling, their frieze and cornice being also those of the room, and are

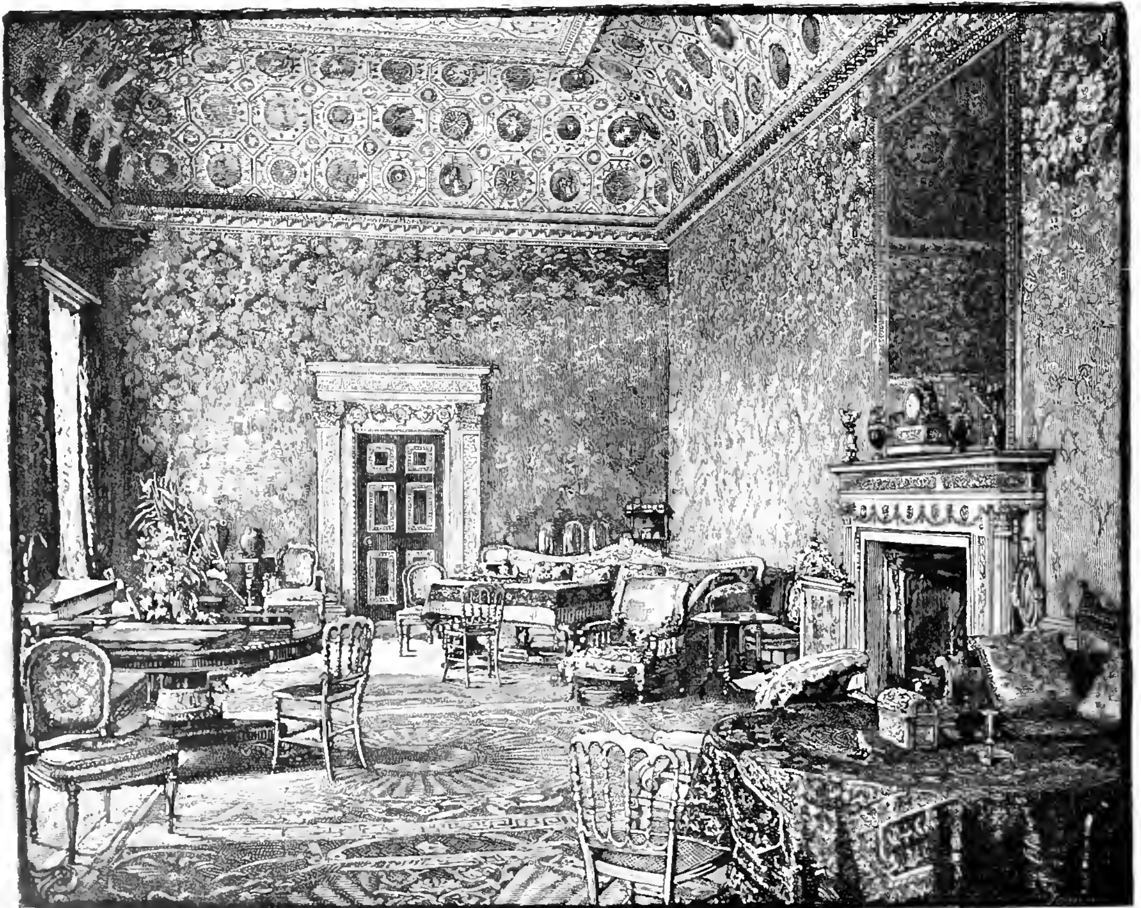
ornamented on the face with panels filled with scrolls. On the side of the gallery opposite the windows the grouping of the pilasters is particularly ingenious and pleasing. They are divided into sets of four, each set being midway between a door and a fireplace. Those of each set also, it may be observed, are symmetrically but unequally spaced, the distance between the two centre ones being greater than that between the outer pairs. We thus have three unequal intercolumnar distances occurring regularly and always in symmetrical groups. The effect is very remarkable, combining the continuity in series required for the proper treatment of a gallery with variety and with a grouping round the principal features which tends to give both interest and comfort. Rather less than two-thirds of the height of the room from the floor a moulded frieze runs round, stopping against the pilasters. Above this frieze the various spaces contain panels in which are various portraits painted or recesses for busts. Where space admits these are surrounded with scrolls and other ornaments in low relief. Below it are in some places bookshelves, in others very elaborate plaster ornamentation surrounding marble bas-reliefs, many of which are of great beauty. The bookshelves, it may be noticed, are recessed so as in no way to interfere with the continuity of the wall-surface, while the old bindings give a lovely tone of colour. Adam intended this room to be at once a gallery, a library, and a sitting-room. In fact, in a passage in his own account of the alterations at Syon, he points out the advantage of having a sitting-room for ladies which was not next the dining-room (the drawing-room being so), in order that they might escape out of hearing of the after-dinner revels—a curious comment on the manners of the day. The gallery as it stands is certainly one of the finest in England, and Adam has employed so much of the general treatment usual in the Elizabethan examples that it is impossible not to have a suspicion that he had one of them in his mind in designing the decoration of this, though of course he has worked in his own style. This is perhaps particularly true of the ceiling, which very closely resembles in the main lines of its pattern many of those put up in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. It is rich and chaste, very delicate in moulding, and thoroughly suited to its place. Whether, however, Adam consciously or unconsciously adopted the early Renaissance method, or whether he arrived at it by an independent course of thought, it must be admitted that there are few even of the finest of the Elizabethan galleries which can surpass this in the beauty of the decoration and the skill with which it has been applied.

Here Adam's work ceases. It is much to be regretted that he was never allowed to complete his designs, which not only included the great dome over the central court, but a fine entrance and staircase on the north side. The rooms which now occupy this portion of the building have been richly decorated in the present century, but they do not approach Adam's work in delicacy of moulding or colour. There are many very interesting pictures in the house, amongst which may be noted especially portraits of Charles I. and Queen Henrietta Maria, by Sir Peter Lely and Van Dyck, and a magnificent Turner of the middle period. The collection of statues in the hall comprises four antiques, dug up at Herculaneum and Pompeii, and representing Scipio Africanus, Livia, Cicero, and a priestess. In the drawing-room are two beautiful tables, purchased from Abbate Furietti's collection at Rome, formed of mosaic originally found in the Baths of Titus. The bronze of the Dying Gladiator is a beautiful copy of that favourite original by Valadier. Under the colonnade there is a fine carved bench, said to have been Cardinal Wolsey's. To have belonged to him, however, it must have been a very exceptionally early specimen of its style.

The grounds have undergone many changes. What appearance they wore in the days of the monastery it is impossible to be certain of; but probably one or more walled gardens were grouped round the building, while the remainder of the estate was devoted to farming. When it was granted to Protector Somerset he employed the celebrated Dr. Turner, author of the first English herbal, as his physician, and no doubt received from him advice as to the planting of the gardens, of which there is a map in the Augmentation Office. They seem to have consisted of two large walled enclosures on the east and west sides of the building. These gardens must have been continued along the south side, for in the angle in which the walls met there was a high triangular terrace, erected in order to give a platform from which a view could be obtained. It was this terrace which was represented as a fortification when Somerset was accused of treason. It has been thought by some that its position is marked by an irregular mound on the south-east of the house, now planted with fine cedars. From this time we have no clue to the appearance of the grounds for a long period. There is a print, however, by H. Buck, dated 1737 (reproduced by Mr. Walford in "Greater London," vol. i., p. 54), which shows the house very much as it is now in external appearance, and with a large garden on the east side, bounded close to the river by a wall with a gateway in the centre, and on the north and south by high hedges (probably of clipped limes). From the south-east corner of these the wall is continued diagonally, so as to form another enclosed garden, triangular in shape, on the south-east of the

house. It is conceivable that these walls and hedges partially represent the original laying out of the ground by Protector Somerset. The whole was swept away, however, by "Capability" Brown, probably about the same time as Adam made the alterations in the house. Of its kind, Brown's landscape gardening is here certainly most successful. On the west is a broad lawn, flanked on each side by thickly-planted trees. This lawn is approached by a treble avenue of fine trees, at the other end of which is a bridge over an ornamental piece of water, serpentine in shape. Adam made a beautiful design for a stone bridge here, which was never carried out. To the south-west a charming walk leads amongst rare trees and shrubs, and through beautifully arranged artificial hollows and mounds to a classical tea-house overhanging the river. To the north lie the celebrated conservatories, half enclosing a bright and sunny rose-garden. Beyond this again is another serpentine piece of water, backed by fine trees. To the south and east of the house the views across the river towards Richmond and Kew are uninterrupted. In these views, in the presence of the river, in the magnificent variety of the rare trees, and, above all, in the absolute gracefulness of the whole scene, the charm of Syon park lies. Only man is vile; as exemplified in this case by the screams of railway engines and the filth of the neighbouring town of Brentford.

Syon House is a representative English villa of the palmy days of the classical revival of the last century. But its classical character is touched to some extent with mediæval form. In this it forms an interesting contrast to Lord Burlington's house at Chiswick, where the classical element is unencumbered by earlier buildings. Both are essentially refined; but the romance of the Gothic period, outliving the structures in which it was expressed, has impressed on this particular work of Adam an unique quality. It is not that Adam is consciously Gothic; on the contrary, he has not made the slightest effort to introduce the pointed arch or any of its accompanying mouldings or ornaments. In many of his works he did so; in fact he is the author of some very successful essays in Gothic—essays remarkable for their detail, which, though quite inaccurate according to modern lights, is yet, in its way, both rich and appropriate. At Syon,

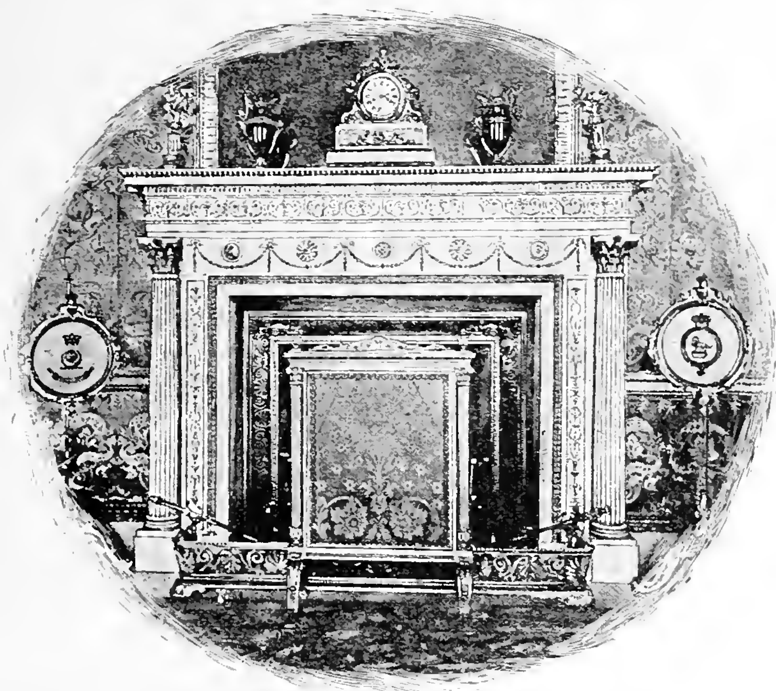


SYON HOUSE.—IV.: THE DRAWING-ROOM.

however, every effort is towards the severe forms of the Roman empire, as exemplified in the remains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, then just discovered to the world. Still a mediæval atmosphere hangs about the whole place. If the remnant of the Bridgettines, now settled at Lisbon, came back to their original property, it is strange to think how little they would find it altered, even though it has been partially rebuilt by almost every generation.

The age of suburban villas has now passed away. In place of stately buildings and quiet parks we have rows of semi-detached dolls' houses, which are "villas" only by the grace of their own impertinence. This result is, no doubt, inevitable. All the same, it is mortifying in no mean degree to witness the constant destruction of these beautiful and interesting houses and gardens, and the constant erection of the ghastly masterpieces of the speculating builder which are supposed to adorn the suburbs. It is indeed a strange sensation to traverse the miles of rubbish which cumbers the land between London and Brentford, and suddenly to find oneself at Syon, in the peace of its avenues and the bright quiet of its gardens. Repose has departed from our lives and consequently from our art. But our duty is plain. We must save from destruction every specimen of a lovelier age than ours.

EUSTACE BALFOUR.



SYON HOUSE.—V.: THE DRAWING-ROOM CHIMNEY-PIECE.

THE LADY OF SCHLOSS AMBRAS.

At Innsbruck, the lovely old Tyrolese city, there is a portrait which meets our eyes at every turn. As we walk those arcaded streets, where the mountain-tops seem to overhang the houses and the wolves on the hills are said to look down into the town, it looks at us from all the shop-windows; in the museum, among relics of Andreas Hofer or specimens of native wood-carving, it is the first object to greet us. If we leave the town itself, and go out beyond the gates to Schloss Ambras, this same face, painted by different hands and with varying surroundings, smiles down upon us as we face the wainscoted halls and spacious corridors. But wherever we find it, whether the bright eyes look out at us from under waving court plume or the drooping shade of a hunting-hat, their expression is always the same—pleasant and gracious and true-hearted. Philippina Welser, whose face it is, was said to be the handsomest woman of her time in the whole German land. Like Galahad, it seems, "God made her good as she was beautiful." Three centuries have passed since she was laid to rest in the Silver Chapel, and still her memory lives in the hearts of the faithful Tyrolese, and local writers love to tell her romantic story.

The Welsers were merchant princes of Augsburg, who traced back their lineage to Justinian's general Belisarius, and whose ancestors had rendered distinguished services to Otho I. In more recent times, one of their house, Bartholomew Welser, had on one occasion given Charles V. a loan of twelve tuns of gold, and had received the province of Venezuela in exchange for these subsidies. Bartholomew's brother, Franz Welser, had a daughter named Philippina, whose beauty and talents attracted universal admiration. She grew up under the care of an admirable mother, versed in all the culture of her age, full of wit and understanding, and especially skilled in needlework, of which

marvellous specimens wrought by her hand may be seen at Vienna and Innsbruck to this day. When, in 1547, the Diet held at Augsburg brought illustrious strangers from all parts of Germany to the home of the Welsers, Philippina charmed all who saw her. Amongst others came the young Archduke Ferdinand, the Emperor Ferdinand I.'s second and favourite son, whom he had recently appointed Stadtholder of Bohemia. Fair haired and blue-eyed, of tall and stately figure like his great-grandfather Maximilian, whose fondness for the chase and all manly sports he inherited, the young archduke was an active and fiery soldier, who had already won his first laurels in the religious wars which were then rending Germany in twain. He fell in love with the fair burgher-maiden at first sight, and his passion was strengthened by frequent meetings with Philippina when she came to visit her aunt, the wife of a knight who owned an estate in Bohemia. Neither the cares of government nor constant campaigning against the Turk and other invaders made Ferdinand forget the lady of his love; and ten years after they were privately married in 1557.

The marriage itself was carefully concealed from the emperor, whose wrath Ferdinand feared, and the two sons which were born to Philippina in the following years were brought up in the strictest secrecy in different parts of Bohemia, few persons being aware of their illustrious parentage. But at the end of three years, Philippina, feeling the burden of concealment intolerably oppressive, resolved to take a bold step. She presented herself in disguise at the emperor's court, and craved leave to place a petition in his hands, and on this pretext obtained access to his presence. Throwing herself at his feet, she confessed herself his son's wife, and implored his pardon. Her beauty and her tears so far overcame Ferdinand's anger at what he held to be a degrading alliance that he forgave his son and received Philippina as his daughter, but only on condition that the marriage should remain a secret in the eyes of the world, a restriction that was afterwards removed. Her children were not allowed the rank of archdukes, and were excluded from succession to the titles and dominions of the house of Austria, but were created margraves of Bürgen. In spite of these hard conditions, the union proved a perfectly happy one, and lasted for twenty-three years. Both in the administration of Bohemia and that of Tyrol, which province the emperor bequeathed to his second son, Philippina assisted her husband by the wisdom of her counsel and softened his severity by her gentle influence, which was ever exerted on behalf of the captive and oppressed. Her charity and the engaging sweetness of her manners made her universally beloved in Tyrol, where her kind actions and good works are remembered unto this day. Ferdinand's affection increased with years, and when he became lord of Tyrol his first act was to endow Philippina and her family with patents of nobility. For her he rebuilt the ancient castle of Schloss Ambras on a site famous from Roman times. Its ceilings were decorated by the best native wood-carvers, its halls fitted up in the latest and most sumptuous style. No pains or expense were spared to make it worthy of the beloved wife, to whom he made a present of the castle as a token of his affection.

Many were the pleasant summer days which they spent together here, surrounded by their brilliant court. Here they held jousts and tournaments, after the fashion of those mediæval times which Ferdinand delighted to recall, and the poets of the day celebrated the praises of Philippina and her ladies, like the Minnesänger whose songs the scholars of his court transcribed. Both he and his wife were generous patrons of art and learning, and lavished their favours on foreign as well as on native artists and men of letters. The Dutch historian, Gerard van Ros, became librarian at Schloss Ambras, and undertook, at Ferdinand's desire, to compile the annals of the house of Austria; while the famous sculptor, Alexander Colin of Mechlin, assisted by the brothers Abel of Cologne, completed the marble bas-reliefs on the tomb of Maximilian I.—which still excite our wonder by their beauty and minuteness of workmanship—in the Court Church of Innsbruck. But what made Schloss Ambras most renowned was Ferdinand's collection of contemporary armour. He wrote autograph letters—which, together with the replies he received, are still preserved at Vienna—to the most illustrious princes and great men of the day, asking them for armours and original portraits. By this means he obtained the greater part of the interesting collection of German, Spanish, and Italian armours, paintings, jewelled cups, enamels, and musical instruments, now to be seen at the Ambras Museum in Vienna, whither they were removed to save them from the French in 1796.

Of its once famous collections the Schloss now contains nothing but a few Roman antiquities, Tyrolese wood-carvings, and curious drinking-cups, as well as its old furniture and one or two pictures, among which likenesses of Philippina are conspicuous. But as an example of a splendid residence of the Sixteenth Century it is still interesting, and would deserve a visit if only for the sake of its founders and the exquisite beauty of the view which it commands over the valley of the Inn. On an autumn day, when the virginia creeper which trails over the ramparts of the ancient tilting-ground and the terrace where Ferdinand and Philippina loved to linger is dyed a deep crimson, when storm-clouds

are chasing each other up the valley, and stray gleams of sunshine light up the topmost mountain-peaks, Schloss Ambras is still a lovely spot. Then it is pleasant to look down from the heights of its lordly towers and recall the joyous scenes of those days—the music and the songs, the mirth and revelry of the court where the beautiful Welserin reigned supreme when gay hunting-parties of knights and ladies went forth from those gates, led by the archduke in person, and the banquet-hall rang with laughter as the stranger who could not quaff the loving-cup at one draught was condemned to take his seat on the iron stool of penitence.

Death, which, as of old in Orgagna's fresco, heeds not the cry of the beggar and the sufferer, but hastens to the gardens where the lovers and maidens make music in the bowers of Eden, came all too soon to break up the revels of this brilliant company. The happy voices of Schloss Ambras were hushed, and the threshold of Ferdinand's paradise was for ever darkened by an abiding shadow. Philippina died in the year 1580, after a short illness, and in the bitterness of his grief her husband built the Silver Chapel of the Court Church at Innsbruck as a mausoleum to her memory. Here she was buried in state in front of a magnificent silver shrine which Ferdinand erected to the Virgin —a statue of solid silver and an altar adorned with symbols taken from the words of the Litany of Loretto: "Rosa mystica, stella matutina, janua cœli." Two years after the death of Philippina, Ferdinand, although still inconsolable for her loss, took another wife in the hope of having a son who might succeed him. But although his wife, a Mantuan princess, was this time of royal birth, he had only daughters by her; and to his disappointment in this respect, as well as to the absence of the gentle Philippina's good influence, historians ascribe the growing harshness and tyranny of his character in later years. Both of Philippina's sons attained to high dignities and served their country well in their several callings. The one as Bishop of Brixen became an ecclesiastic and administrator of repute; the other, Carl von Bürgen, was a distinguished soldier in the Austrian service, and died a field-marshal without leaving children to inherit his name and honours. The Welser family, however, has still representatives in different parts of Germany, who all do honour to the patrician house from which Philippina sprang.

The Archduke Ferdinand died in 1595, and was buried, by his last wish, in the Silver Chapel close to the wife of his youth. Their tombs are set side by side under the Virgin's shrine, while bronze figures of royal saints stand around as if to guard their slumbers. There they sleep together—

> "Where horn and hound and vassal never come:
> Only the blessed saints are smiling dumb."

And there we see their marble effigies—Ferdinand, with the armour which he wore on so many hard-fought fields placed on a bracket over his head; Philippina, *conjux charissima*, in high ruff and jewelled fillet, and with a crucifix hanging from the collar of pearls that circles her throat. Round his tomb the story of his victories is carved by the master-hand of Colin of Mechlin. Under her sleeping form are pictured the works of mercy for whose sake the Tyrolese still bless her name; and in the background are the towers of Innsbruck and Schloss Ambras.

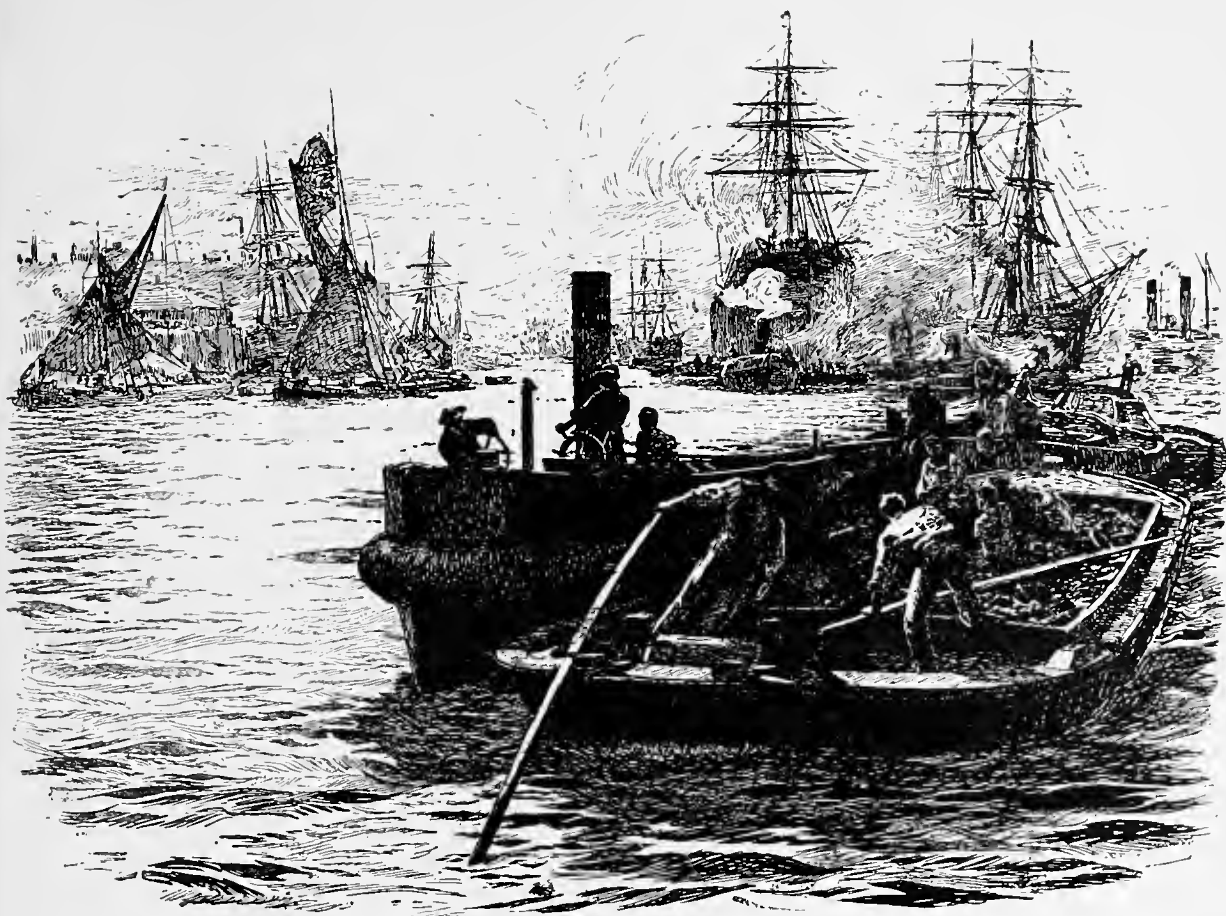
JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

"THE NEW HOME."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARL MÜCKE.

THE motive of this pleasant piece of genre is sufficiently clear. The personages are bride and bridegroom, he a sailor, she a fisher-maiden of the sort that Heine sang; and the pair are looking at the new home, the true one, the place from whence they purpose to start on their journey towards the grave. The picture is a good example of a class of art which in the very nature of things is popular, and which, if the truth must out, is not always deserving of popularity. To the general the highest expressions of art are always more or less unintelligible; to the artist the sort of picture which pleases the general is very often contemptible. What the artist wants is art; what the general want is that particular element in art which they can feel and understand. The artist cries out for drawing, colour, composition, accomplishment; the public for anecdote, sentiment, the presentation of things common and human. As the public pay, and are in a position to create a demand, and as, moreover, it is much easier for painters to be popular than to be great, a good deal gets painted and admired and sold which from the artistic point of view, had better have remained undone. One need not particularise. There is not an exhibition but teems with such work. The best that can be said of it is that it does less harm than is supposed. One thinks of the razors "made to sell;" and there is an end of it.

THE NEW HOME.



"TOIL, GLITTER, GRIME, AND WEALTH ON A FLOWING TIDE."

(Painted by W. L. Wyllie. South Kensington. Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by the Artist.)

BY RIVER AND SEA.

WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE was born in 1851, the year of the Great Exhibition. His artistry is inherited from his father, who is himself a painter of ability, whilst other relations are known in the world of art and often represented in the exhibitions. This being so, it seemed but natural that he should be an artist too; and as early as possible he was sent to study at Heatherly's, otherwise known as Leigh's School of Art, in Newman Street. In the spring of 1866 he entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and two years later exhibited his first picture, "Dover Castle," which was hung at highest possible point in the Old Academy in Trafalgar Square. In 1869 he was more successful, getting "Outward Bound" placed just above the line in the first exhibition at Burlington House; whilst in the autumn of the same year he carried off the Turner Gold Medal. In 1870 "London from the Monument"—a work which finds a striking companion in a large study in black and white of "London from a Balloon," which Mr. Wyllie, in conjunction with Mr. Brewer, has drawn for the *Graphic*—was honoured with a position on the line; the following year, two works of merit, "Hulks at Portsmouth" and "Rotten Row," were hung as pendants at an inaccessible, invisible height; whilst in 1872 his "Ave Maria" was placed as a sort of topmast pinnacle to the lecture-room. In 1873 appeared "A Wreck" and a "Landing Fish at Ambleteuse," both fairly hung. Better luck came next year, when "The Goodwins"—a long narrow picture of the famous sands, with two wrecks and a rainbow—made considerable impression. In 1875 he was, as he bluntly puts it, "kicked out;" in 1876 "The Blessing of the Sea" was skied; but next year a small picture of "Tracking in Holland," novel in treatment and strong in colour, appeared on the line, with his brother's

"Digging for Bait," which was bought for the Chantrey Collection. In 1878 "Summer Clouds" was hung on the line, and "The Silent Highway" above it; but next year a Swiss landscape, entitled "Land Lost between Sky and Water," was relegated to a nice dark top corner. In 1880 he was on the line once more with "Coming up on the Tide," a fine impression of tugs and shipping in a golden sunset. Since then success in the matter of hanging has been steady. In 1881 "Rochester River"—colliers, tugs, and barges, in fog and smoke lit by sunset—was on the line with "Beckton Gasworks;" in 1882 "The Port of London"—two screw-steamers discharging cargo into lighters at sundown—was on the line; whilst "Our River" was hung just above the line. It presents, with much fidelity and feeling, a scene below bridge at early morning, such as few but artists of Mr. Wyllie's stamp, and the people of the river and the docks, ever see. The genuine London fog we all know, unfortunately; but the early morning fog of the Thames below bridge is to most of us a raw mysterious dream. Here it is, however, even as in life, with its copper-coloured sun on the horizon, and ghostly clam and drift. In the foreground disorderly barges blundering out of dock; further off a tall ship gliding to her resting-place, her sailors on the yards furling the canvas for a spell in the greatest port in the world. One of the best things that Mr. Wyllie has done, this picture greatly enhanced his reputation. It takes a leading place in the collection of the South Australian Institute, for which it was bought by the Government of New South Wales; and in the nature of things it must needs be popular with our colonial cousins, for whom it reproduces sights which many remember and traditions which all admire. It is one of the things which justify the title of this article. Last year, "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide," was the best water-piece in the Academy, and is one of the best things in the Chantrey Collection, for which it was bought. We reproduce it here from a drawing by the artist himself; and though it must needs lose something by the process, yet its essential qualities remain, and even gain, in black and white. The strong contrasts, the broad glory of the sunlit air and water, the full, mysterious flow of the tide, the quiet and swift activity and the breezy pleasure of the scene are suggested with good effect and strong reality. And I may note, too, the painter's command of detail, here displayed in an uncommon degree and without weakening the general effect. Clearly he understands his ships; and that barge in the left middle distance is heavy laden, and presses painfully up stream with full sails and an aching mast. Look, too, at the careful drawing of the foreground barges, and the truth with which he has rendered the liquid glitter and movement of the ripples. That black and busy tug, again; we seem to have met him in life, toiling and panting with his grimy convoy. And then consider that bargee pulling at the sweep; his gesture has been truly caught, and the foreshortening of the bending oar is a little triumph in its way: the resistance of the water and the weight and strength of the man have been justly measured and minutely recorded.

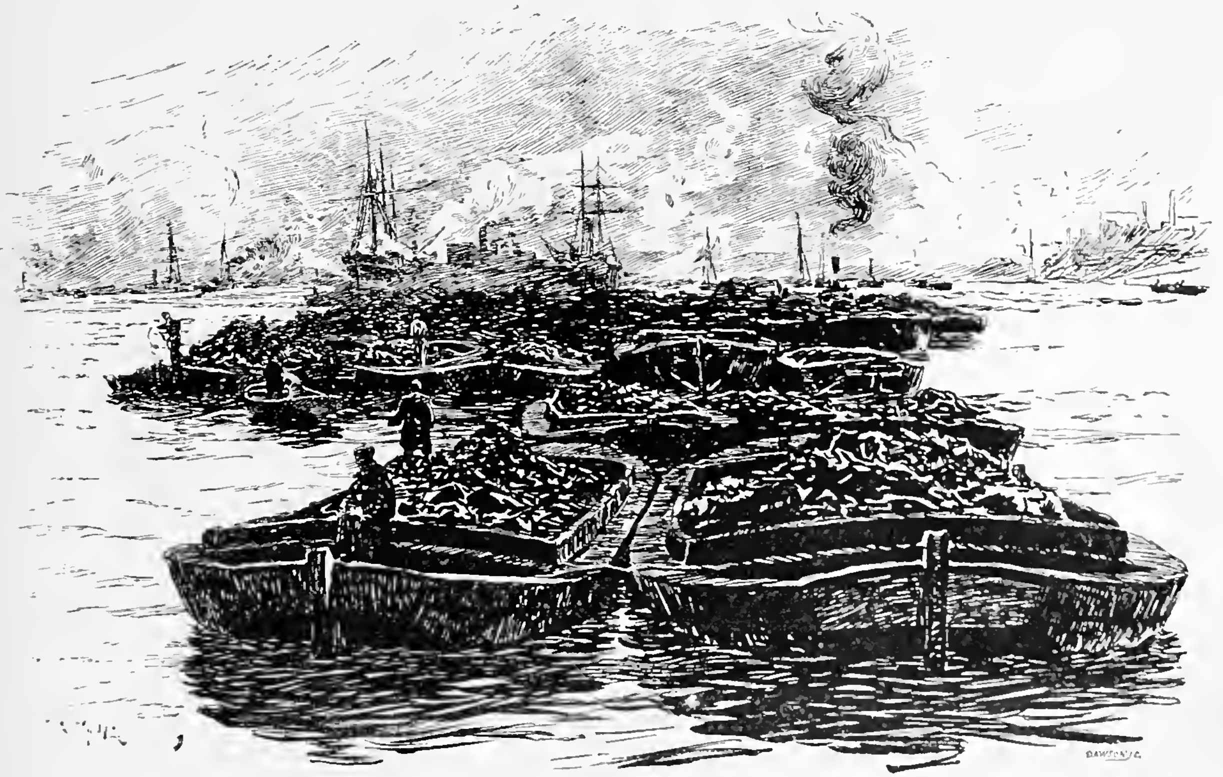
To these I must add sundry water-colours exhibited at the Institute and elsewhere, and the very pleasant collection of sketches of the Thames from London to the Goodwins, recently at the Fine Art Society, and which were fair examples of the nature-studies with which, as I shall presently show, his portfolios are filled. Then there was the excellent "Black Diamonds" in the Institute of Painters in Oil, a work which we reproduce. Its main qualities are accuracy of effect and a rather freer handling than usual; and it is an excellent illustration of that sense of values which is so strong in Mr. Wyllie's art and so weak in the art of too many of his English contemporaries. Finally, the Academy work of this year is a respectable climax to a record which, if it is chequered, is on the whole satisfactory, and in places even brilliant.

Seldom, indeed, has a painter come to the front so rapidly, and at the same time so meritoriously. Perhaps that has been said a hundred times before now of a hundred other artists, but never, I think, with equal truth. It is only fourteen years since he exhibited his first picture; at the present time he is in the front rank of English painters of sky and water, he has scarcely a rival as an exponent of the fact and wonder of our glorious Thames, and as an illustrator in black and white he holds a position in the matter of ships and sea and atmosphere not less eminent than that from which Mr. Small dominates the figure draughtsmen. That, surely, is an exceptional result of fourteen years' work in art, for art, we know, is long. It has been attained partly by a certain originality of view and partly by a manly individuality of method; but chiefly by an unremitting study of nature and a constant application to the manual business of the painter's art.

First let us consider Mr. Wyllie as a student of nature—an observer of tides and mists, ships and sunsets, and streams and seas and winds. Many of us have wondered, perhaps, where so young a painter got all his knowledge of fact and effect. It is easily explained. From his earliest years he has known and loved the river and the sea. All his life he has been a cruiser; and I believe he paints ten times better on board his yawl than he does in his studio at St. John's Wood, or even at his head-quarters at Gillingham; if he were not an artist he would surely

be a sailor bold and free. For long he has had a craft of his own; a possession which, I believe, dates from his arrival at that Pons Asinorum of the British art student—the schools of the Royal Academy. At that serious moment Mr. Wyllie encountered a remarkable individual who explained "how to build a boat with three planks." Odd to say, he tried the experiment; and, odder still, it succeeded. She was a capital little vessel; but in course of years gave place to an old ship's longboat, to which were added masts and sails, and original plate glass ports. This curious craft was manned by a Thames waterman who had never been to sea; and some tremendous adventures were suffered (or enjoyed) in her. She provoked tempests of chaff from bargees and other inhabitants of the river, who, being conservative to the marrow, resented the plate-glass ports, and expressed themselves with such ripe and racy humour as might turn a Jehu green with envy. Mr. Wyllie's present vessel is a yawl of nine tons register (17, yacht measurement), built at Boulogne. She is christened "Ladybird," is elegant to look upon, and by no means unsnug to live in; but being of distinctly "furrin build," she is chaffed as unmercifully as the boat with the omnibus. Flat-bottomed, with a centre-board, and possessing wonderful steering power and very light draught, she can be run ashore literally anywhere—a sort of independence absolutely necessary to an artist, to whom point of view is everything. So erratic is the course which Mr. Wyllie steers in search of points of view, so remote and (apparently) unapproachable the spots on which he grounds, that he has built for himself quite a brilliant reputation as a daft and incapable navigator. Kind-hearted tug commanders with an eye to business, when they sight the "Ladybird" helplessly stranded, spontaneously offer to "take her off" for the ridiculous sum of five pounds, and cannot for the life of them understand the skipper's refusal to accept their aid; and I believe they end by regarding him as a lunatic adrift. In these craft for years Mr. Wyllie has cruised in many waters, under all conditions of light and weather. Thanks to them, he has learnt by heart the Lower Thames and its affluents; thanks to them, the Channel, with its coasts on both sides, and its sands and islands, have become even as old friends; thanks to them, he has studied the Zuyder Zee, in storm and mist and sunshine, and explored nearly every canal in Holland.

It would be surprising indeed if Mr. Wyllie had profited nothing by such a training as this. As a matter of fact he has profited much; and he is what he is, not because he learned the rudiments



BLACK DIAMONDS.

(Painted by W. L. Wyllie. Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by the Artist.)

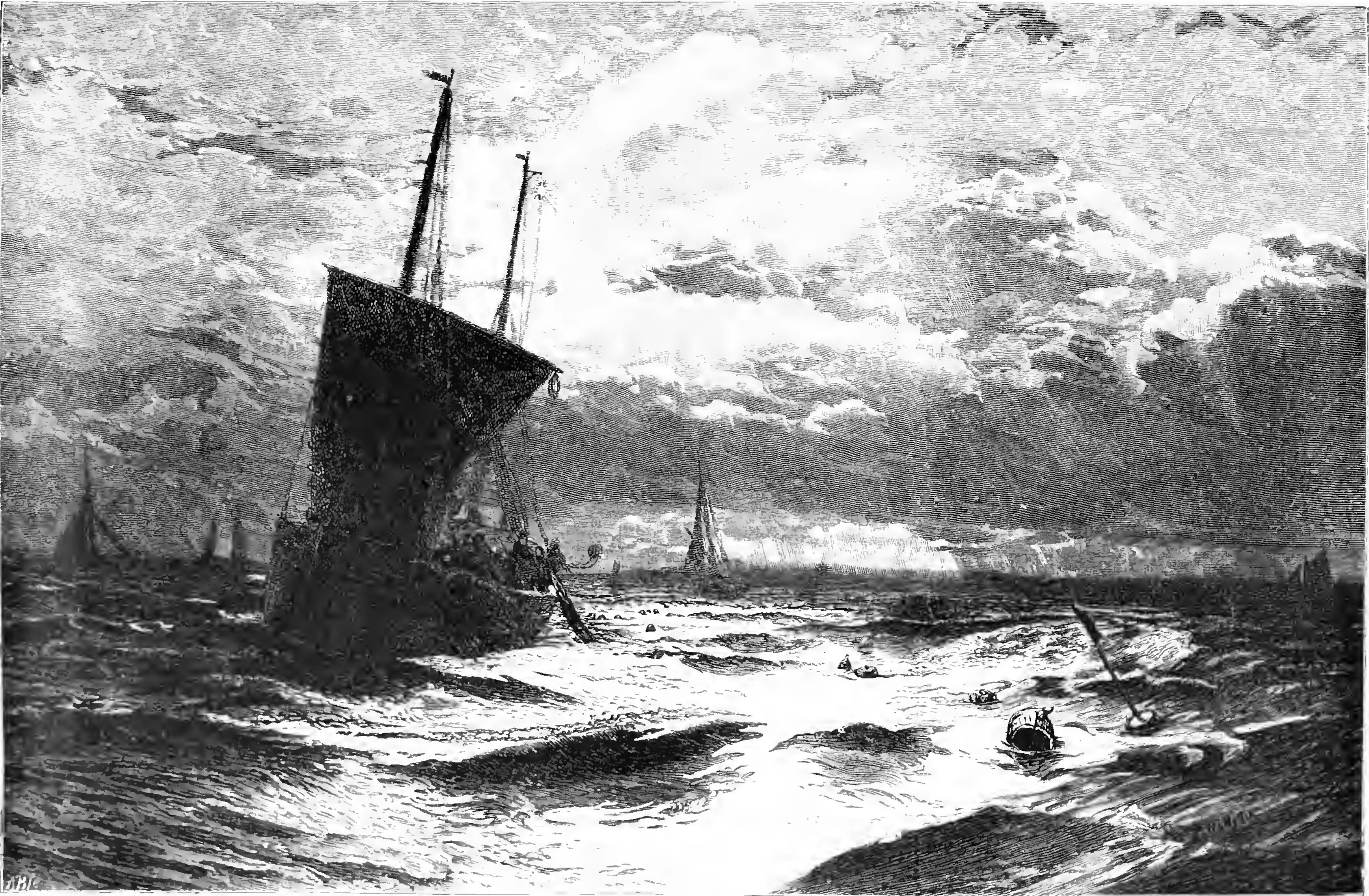
of his art at the schools of the Royal Academy, but because from morn till night and year to year he has been in constant intercourse with nature. On board his yacht it is his custom to be up and breakfasting before sunrise, so that not a moment of light may be lost, nor a single effect of air or colour escape his eye. The results are visible in his exhibited work, and in the pictures we have reproduced; but they are best seen in his sketch-books and portfolios. These are crammed with material of two kinds, the realistic and the impressionistic. The first consists of very careful and elaborate studies of detail; painstaking records of facts that is—facts of form rather than of colour, though colour is not wanting. Here, for instance, is a fleet of lighters, realised with scrupulous accuracy; there the impressive ruin of one of those beautiful and stately "wooden walls" (the like of which will never gladden us again), carefully and lovingly drawn, timber for timber and line for line; with—such is Time's irony—a foreground suggestion of a gang of convicts. This sketch has been turned to account in one of the pictures in the present exhibition of the Royal Academy.

THE END OF THE DAY.

(Painted by W. L. Wyllie. By Permission of Messrs. Vokins.)

In strange contrast with these we have literally the counterfeit presentment of that neat and mighty compact of utilitarianism and applied science, the modern ocean steamer; whilst here is the iron bridge at Rochester, a study so hard and accurate that, but for the river and the craft introduced to indicate its pictorial proportions, it might be taken for the engineer's plan. This is the original study for the bridge in the picture of the present Academy exhibition. But interspersed with these severe and literal records are innumerable notes, blots, sketches, scratches, scrawls, some slight but not the less suggestive, others vigorous with the individuality of Mr. Wyllie's known work. The gesture of a sail as it is lowered in the wind; the curdling swirl of water lashed by paddle or screw; the fantastic vomit from the funnel of a tug towing grimy barges, or, perhaps, a graceful clipper home from the golden East; a burst of sunshine on the dirty, vapour-laden Thames; the great ribs of what was once a three-decker towering gaunt against a wild sky of storm and sunset—these and such as these have been seized with true insight, and rendered or suggested with a vitality and veracity achieved only by long and keen observation of nature and valiant battling with that "organised obstruction" which is persistently offered by wayward colours and the obstinate irresponsible brush.

Mr. Wyllie's chief originality lies, I think, in his treatment of sky and water and atmosphere. He has hit upon a type of effect which, though anything but uncommon in life, is apparently quite new in the history of water-painting; and novelty of that sort is in itself a large element of success. The truth of this was proved by Rossetti, whose single claim to serious consideration is—to many of us, at least—that his view of things was new. Some part of this novelty in Mr. Wyllie's work is due



THE HERRING FISHERY.

(Painted by W. L. Wyllie. New South Wales Art Gallery, Sydney.)

to the fact that his actual point of view is nearly always on the deck of his yawl. To glance at his pictures is—as the case may be—to feel yourself on the sea or on the river. His perspective is essentially naval. It will be said, of course, that other artists have studied in this way long before now; Turner, for instance. True; but Turner's method was hampered by an academical convention which refused to sanction the placing of the horizontal line above a certain point on the canvas. Mr. Wyllie being an impressionistic realist (if I may use the term), whose traditions are mainly his own, and, albeit an Academy student, curiously independent of academic rule and teaching, can afford to place his horizon within an inch of the top of his canvas, if from the natural point of view it appears there. Which is the difference between the academic painter of romance and a poetical painter of fact.

Another constituent of his originality is his admirable application of the science of values to the treatment of cloud and vapour. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, it is true, has made considerable essays in this direction; but then Mr. Halswelle paints clouds as if he thought they were cast-iron. Mr. Wyllie's sense of "values," indeed, is strong and just, and his use of it in a broad and simple way has infinitely more to do with his success as a painter of light and air and vapour than glazings and scumblings and muzzy makeshifts of that sort. This is shown very well in his pictures of the bombardment of Alexandria, in which the thick vomit of great guns, the bulbous clouds blown from bursting shells, all the phenomenal vapours of an iron-clad bombardment are realised with a command of this great quality only equalled by the truth with which their forms and textures have been recorded. It is particularly observable, too, in the sky and distance of last year's Academy picture, and in the smoke and steam and cloud in "Black Diamonds." In that picture, too, the interminable fleet of moored lighters is a study of values in itself. The truth is, however, that this essential quality, which is so rare in English art, is more or less discernible in all that Mr. Wyllie does, whether it be in oil, or water, or black and white.

As a painter of water his ability is not a whit less unquestionable. Here, however, he meets powerful rivals in men like Hook, and Henry Moore, and Colin Hunter, who, if he has been careless and coarse of late, has done good work in years past, and may be expected to do still better. Still there is water-painting and water-painting; and in certain departments—as a delineator of certain aspects of the river, and certain conditions of the sea—Mr. Wyllie, it seems to me at least, stands alone. An admirable instance of his wave-painting is seen in "The Herring Fishery," which with Messrs. Vokins' suggestive and charming example, the "End of the Day," have been engraved. One of the justest criticisms in "Modern Painters" is that in which Mr. Ruskin says that efforts to express the sea "end in failure with all but the most powerful men," and that even with those few "a partial success must be considered worthy of the highest praise." That Mr. Wyllie has achieved the "partial success" meant here is pretty certain. He can assuredly suggest, with force and understanding and feeling, that "low, broad heaving of the whole ocean, like the lifting of its bosom by deep-drawn breath;" he is in some sort master of the contrasts and conflicts between surface waves and the under-strength of the invincible ocean roll; and he can draw with singular skill a certain heavy, lumpy, storm-wave. In a considerable degree this wave-drawing is demonstrated in "The Herring Fishery," in which the curling crest, and the shadow of it thrown by the moonlight on the body of the wave, are particularly good; but it is seen to still greater advantage, because rendered there with greater freedom, in his black and white. The small fry of contemporary water-painters have taken the silver Thames under their special and presumptuous patronage; they have libelled its glory with dulness, its beauty with colour which is hypothetical, and its romance with an atmosphere that does not exist. The Thames they paint was never seen outside those harbours of the commonplace, their own studios. The Thames Mr. Wyllie paints is the Thames as it is, with all its grime and much of its wonder, all its business and something of its pathos, and suggestions (always right and often vivid) of its contrasts of hurry and rest, its minglings of dignity and degradation, its material embodiment of British supremacy and prosperity, and its enormous testimonies to the dark romance of these coal-and-iron times. In all this he is unrivalled by living men; and even if he had done nothing else he would be entitled to a front position in the van of modern English art.

He has, however, done much more. His sea pictures are not less admirable, both as technique and as idea, than his invaluable contributions to the history of the Thames. Such work as the "Goodwin Sands" and "The Herring Fishery" would be every way remarkable in a much older painter. His sentiment is fresh and natural, his power of expressing it is unquestionable, and his method, though not as yet mature, is not merely individual, but intelligent and sound. His black and white in the *Graphic* and other periodicals is, as I have said, on a level with Mr. Small's in point of strength and truth and feeling; whilst as an etcher he has lately shown a capacity promising to be commanding. For of late he has made steady advance. His water-colours were always good; and if at first his oils were in-

clined to be leathery in tone and texture and heavy in colour, the war pictures at the Fine Art Society and "Toil, Glitter, Grime" showed that to a great extent he had mastered those defects, and could paint with a better sense of colour and with a freer hand. There is every reason to expect, therefore, that his etching will improve likewise.

In conclusion it seems necessary to say something on the subject of certain tendencies which are developing in Mr. Wyllie's work. Selection is an essential principle of art; and, consciously or unconsciously, Mr. Wyllie in earlier years has acted upon it with conspicuous success. "The Goodwins" (1874), and "Summer Clouds," and "The Silent Highway" (1878) are instances in point. In these, and in the first and last particularly, a general and even a universal idea has been selected, and, in the simplest and largest manner then at his command, set forth by a small number of strong, simple, and essential facts, carefully selected from the infinitude of facts which an artist always sees, but never really wants. In working thus, Mr. Wyllie rightly followed the traditions of all good art. Of late, however, he has displayed an ever-increasing regard for detail—a steadily growing disposition to crowd his canvas with facts that have nothing to do with his idea, which, instead of defining, they obscure. This tendency mars the artistic value of "Shooting the Bridge," in the present Academy, which is not a picture in the high sense at all, but a clever and elaborate accumulation of facts that, being unselected and unarranged, express no thought and touch no feeling. The tendency is the more respectable of two—one or the other of which almost invariably develops in the work and style of a successful painter in England. For when the gold flows in, and his name is in the mouths of the people, your successful painter either loses his head, grows careless and scamps his work, or else sits down for the rest of his life to pile up facts, and nothing but facts, with more or less indiscrimination. The latter is, as I have said, the more respectable; but still it is not art, and in the case of a man of Mr. Wyllie's gifts and attainments it is a mere waste of power. From him we have a right to expect something higher than mere topography however skilful, or than mere pictorial inventories however full.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

On Mantegna's Sepia Drawing of Judith.

I.

WHAT stony, bloodless Judith hast thou made,
Mantegna? Draped in many a stony fold,
What walking sleeper hast thou made, to hold
A stony head and an unbloody blade?
In thine own savage days, wast thou afraid
To paint such Judiths as thou mightst behold
In open street, and paint the heads that rolled
Beneath the axe, in every square displayed?
No, no; not such was Judith, on the night
When, in the silent camp, she watched alone,
Like some dumb tigress, in the tent's dim light
Her sleeping prey; nor, when her deed was done,
She seized the head, and with intent delight
Stared in a face as quivering as her own.

II.

There was a gleam of jewels in the tent
Which one dim cresset lit—a baleful gleam—
And from his scattered armour seemed to stream
A dusky, evil light that came and went.
But from her eyes, as over him she bent,
Watching the surface of his drunken dream,
There shot a deadlier ray, a darker beam,
A look in which her life's one lust found vent.
There was a hissing through her tightened teeth,
As with her scimitar she crouched above
His dark, doomed head, and held her perilous breath;
While ever and anon she saw him move
His red lascivious lips, and smile beneath
His curled and scented beard, and mutter love.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

"THE TEMPTER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY T. E. GAISSER.

WHILE the theme of the guileless maiden falling into the snares of the tempter is as popular with painters as it is frequent in fiction and poetry, in the present instance the artist has been influenced by Goethe's Margaret and Faust. Otherwise it is not at all clear why the pious and exemplary young lady should receive our compassion, or why the dark but not disingenuous youth should be styled the tempter. Apparently he is merely offering, in courteous phrase, to discharge some of the little offices which mediaeval youths undertook when they escorted attractive young ladies from mass, such as the carrying of her book involves or the relation of the newest scandal. Herr Gaisser has

THE TEMPTER.

(From the Picture by T. E. Gaisser.)

chosen to consider him as a tempter, however, and dangerous to the fair penitent, and we must be content so to accept him. Even so it may be pleaded for the saturnine and seductive youth that it is very natural to be attracted to the lady, and that if the latter elects to go to church—not in the Puritan costume of Priscilla, or the comfortable but inelegant costume of a sister of St. Anne—but in all the bravery of mediæval fashion, she must expect such attention.

The scene is so old, so common to human experience, that it can scarcely fail to interest; it celebrates a custom honoured everywhere in the observance, not without its peculiar charm in the city street or the ghostly precincts of some old abbey, where love lies in hiding, sometimes, as well as hushed for ever; a custom, however, still more religiously observed and attended with even more exquisite pleasure when the scene is some country churchyard, where the homely congregation gossip about the door, or disperse up the street, and your last fond couple wend slowly and happily across the fields, dally by the brook, and with no thought of temptation or tempter see their mutual life's horizon flush and palpitate as with a myriad-rayed aurora.

GREEK MYTHS IN GREEK ART.—VI.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.

WHEN the hero Odysseus descended into the underworld he saw, Homer tells us, among the ghostly throng of hapless, love-stricken womenfolk, "fair Ariadne, the daughter of wizard Minos, whom Theseus was bearing from Crete to the hill of sacred Athens." As told by modern art, the story of this sorrowful lady, this mourner who was comforted at last, is well known. Some monuments of early ancient art are perhaps less familiar.

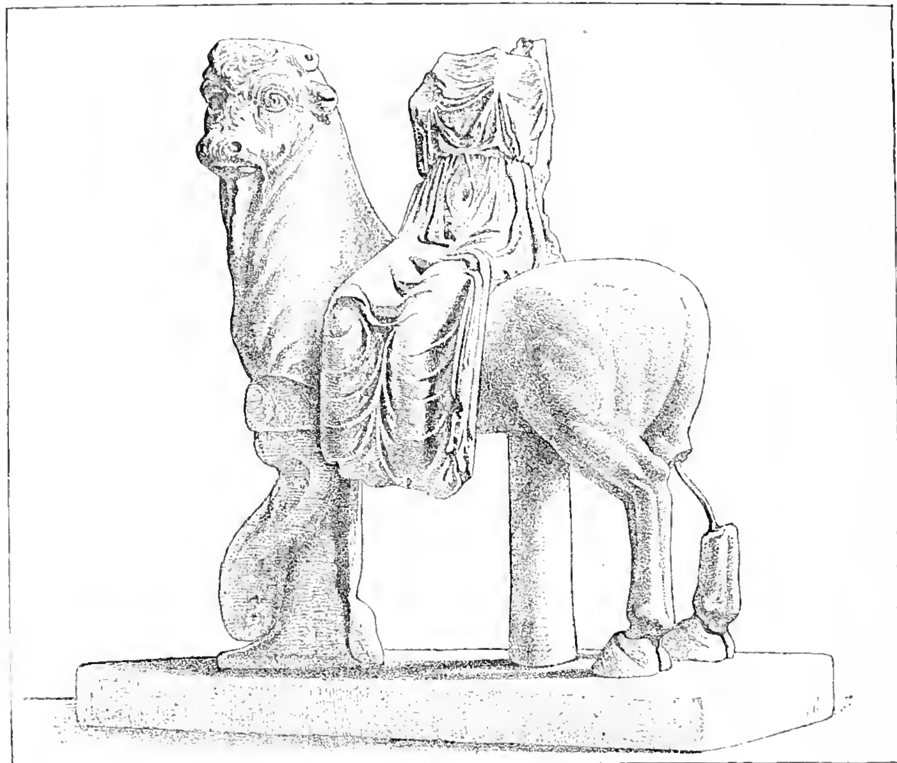
Ariadne, the all-holy one, dwelt in the island of Crete, and came of strange parentage. Perhaps no maiden was ever wooed in more alarming wise than was the grandmother of Ariadne, lovely Europa. If we would understand the fate that befell Ariadne it is necessary we should know the story of this wooing, and see it pictured in ancient art. Nor can Europa herself be without interest to us, since a whole continent still bears her name. The home of Europa was on the coast of Palestine, in the ancient city of Sidon. One night the maiden dreamed a dream: an alien woman, symbol of an alien land, claimed her "with mighty hands;" the maiden, half affrighted, yet longed to follow the stranger. When the morning came, with the dream still hidden in her heart, she sought her girl companions and went down to the meadows near the salt sea to gather flowers, bearing in her hand a fair-wrought basket of gold. The other girls were content to pluck narcissus and hyacinth and violet and creeping thyme, but the princess herself "culled with her hand the splendour of the crimson rose." All too beautiful was the maiden, and all too near the fulfilment of her dream, for King Zeus himself saw her, and was troubled in his heart for love of her beauty; and seeking to beguile her, he disguised his godhead and became a beauteous bull—not a toil-worn steer to drag the plough, but young and fair; a silver circle shone between his brows,

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—I.: EUROPA AND THE BULL.

(*Naples Museum.*)

and his eyes gleamed softly, and his *horns were like the crescent of the horned moon.*

So lovely was he that his coming terrified not the maidens, and they drew nigh the while the swelled out sail-fashion. Had the Alexandrian poet Moschus seen some such picture as this when he wrote?—"Meanwhile Europa riding on the back of the divine bull, with one hand clasped the beast's



THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—II.: EUROPA AND THE BULL.

(British Museum.)

fragrance of divine ambrosia filled the air. "And he stood before the feet of fair Europa, and kept licking her neck and cast his spell over the maiden. And she still caressed him, and gently with her hands she wiped away the deep foam from his lips and kissed the bull. Then he lowed so gently ye would think ye heard the Mygdonian flute uttering a dulcet sound." On the broad back of the bull the trusting maiden sat her down, and the bull leaped up that instant now he had gotten her whom he desired, and swiftly sped to the deep. In vain the maiden turned and cried aloud to her playmates; over the wide waves fared the bull with unwetted hoofs. Poseidon himself made smooth the waters, and about the royal bull were gathered the Tritons blowing from their couches a bridal melody.

No less than nine Pompeian paintings still remain to picture this scene; one, and perhaps the most characteristic, we engrave (I.). Much of the charm is lost with the colour, which in fancy we must restore—the bright chestnut bull, the golden circlet in Europa's hair, the shining violet robe great horn, and with the other caught up the purple fold of her garment, lest it might trail and be wet in the hoar sea's infinite spray. And her deep robe was swelled out by the wind like the sail of a ship, and lightly still did waft the maiden onwards" (Moschus, ii. 124; see preface.—A. Lang). The poet seems as if he were describing the details of some picture before his eyes. The conceit of the painters he does not stoop to mention—a little winged love-god has harnessed the bull, and whip in hand drives him on through the waters. Such love-gods abound in Alexandrian art; their mere presence is sufficient to indicate the date of an ancient wall-painting. A dolphin marks the sea, which needs, however, no such symbol, as it is rendered with unusual truth. Two points I may mention about this Pompeian painting; the first is connected with the dolphin. Till quite late times Greek art neglected landscape. It was enough to indicate a wood, a mountain, a river, by a woodland satyr, a stalwart mountain god, a river nymph reclining. The Greek artist mistrusted his powers of realism, so he betook himself to the make-

shift of symbolism. Oddly enough he clings to this symbolism long after the need has vanished, long after he has mastered the realistic method. To the painted mountain he adds the mountain god; to the sea he adds, as here, the old symbol of the dolphin. Partly no doubt it is from a lingering notion that the symbol will emphasise and elucidate the intent; partly with the desire to vivify by a live presence the deadness of his landscape. A second point in our Pompeian painting it is even more necessary to emphasise. We have seen how close is the resemblance between the poet's story and the painter's picture. Has either drawn his inspiration from the other? It seems in this case as if the poet were describing a picture rather than the painter illustrating a poem. Either of these conditions is a note of decadence in art. A poet may indeed definitely and avowedly describe a picture, as Mr. Tennyson does in the series of wall-paintings which adorn his "Palace of Art." He gives us indeed the very picture before us, of

> "—— sweet Europa's mantle blue unclasped,
> From off her shoulder backward borne;
> From one hand dropped a crocus; one hand grasped
> The mild bull's golden horn."

But for a poet, when not definitely describing a picture, to load his language with pictorial detail is seldom permissible. In the same way, for a painter to *illustrate* a poem is a thing unknown in early art. In both cases the artist feels instinctively, though not consciously, that the methods of the two arts are distinct. Only in later days each art in its own weak decadence seeks from the other's effects an artificial and unlawful stimulus.

To Europa's heart came deep fear and foreboding, lest the bull who bore her through the waters was of no mortal shape, and in her fear she cried aloud. But the divine bull made answer, with solemn words of strength and comfort: "Take courage, maiden, and dread not the swell of the deep. Behold, I am Zeus, even I; though closely beheld I wear the form of a bull, for I can put on the semblance of what thing I will. But 'tis love of thee that has compelled me to measure out so great a space of the salt sea in a bull's shape. Lo, Crete shall presently receive thee. Crete that was mine own foster-mother, where thy bridal chamber shall be. Yea, and from me shalt thou bear glorious sons, to be sceptre-swaying kings over earthly men." So spake he, and all he spake was fulfilled. The coinage of Crete adds a sad sequel. Not only does the image of the sacred bull appear, but at Gortyna, one of the principal Cretan towns, we find the deserted Europa seated in the sacred plane-tree.

It is not merely for its intrinsic beauty that I have told in detail this story of the grandmother of Ariadne. Reluctant though we must be to analyse so charming a tale, for our special purpose—to throw light on the story of the granddaughter—we must look at the crude, oriental origin of the legend. When we see what material was to hand for the Greek poet and artist, we shall wonder the more at his finished workmanship. Europa, let us never forget, came from Phenicia. Among the Phenicians the sun-god was symbolised by the bull, and on his back rode the moon-goddess. So she was figured in rude temple images—such a rude ancient image we have in our second picture (II.), a marble found actually at Gortyna, in Crete, and now in the British Museum. This worship of the bull-god and the moon-goddess, such rude images of the seated goddess on the bull, may have been brought by Phenician traders in their voyagings to Crete. It was enough for the Greek. He saw an image whose symbolism he only half understood, and about it he wove a beautiful story, colouring and vivifying it with the light of his own genius, keeping, however, always some vestiges of the foundation in fact, keeping the remembrance that the bull-god came from Phenicia, and that his crescent horns symbolised the sun. Such again and again is the history of a Greek myth: a bit of Eastern religion half understood for the basis, a lovely fabric of Greek imagination for the superstructure. We may recognise this Eastern element in Greek mythology without committing ourselves to the constant absurdities of solar interpretation.

Knowing this Eastern origin of the story of Europa, the next act in the drama will not surprise us. Europa bears to Zeus a son, the wizard Minos, who rules the island of Crete, a mighty monarch of far-reaching sway. His wife is Pasiphaë, the shining one. Still we are in the domain of Sun and Light worship. To them is born a daughter, Ariadne. For her we know that Dædalus, the wondrous mythical artist, made a dancing-place, a *choros* as the Greeks called it. In Crete he also wrought another structure of mysterious meaning and terrible associations, the famous labyrinth, the cage as it were of the monster Minotaur; and from this labyrinth none might escape save by the help of the clue which Ariadne held in her keeping. Hither, year by year, in atonement for the murder of a son of King Minos, the Athenians were compelled to send fourteen victims—seven maidens, seven youths—to be a meal for the bull-headed monster. We need not wonder to find this hybrid creature associated with the house of Cretan Minos; it, too, is a wanderer from the East, akin to Moloch with his human sacrifices, just another aspect of the fierce devouring sun-god. But Theseus, the young hero of Western civilisation, is to contend with and conquer this foul

barbarian creature of the East. He came of his own choice from his mother city of Athens, as one of the fated fourteen. Before he set sail he took counsel at Delphi, and the oracle bade him be of good courage, for the goddess of love, Aphrodite herself, should be his guardian and guide. And so it fell out; for when Ariadne saw him she loved him, and gave him the clue to the labyrinth, and he entered and slew the man-eating thing. This contest of Theseus and the Minotaur is a very favourite subject with Greek artists, from the earliest to the latest times. In our third engraving (III.) we show a very finely modelled bronze discovered near Smyrna, probably a work of the Fourth Century B.C. The artist has succeeded in infusing a good deal of pathos into the usually repulsive figure of the Minotaur. His hour of triumph is clearly done.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—III.: THESEUS AND THE MINOTAUR.

(*Berlin Museum.*)

When the struggle was over, Ariadne and her maidens and Theseus and the rescued victims danced together in joyful chorus, and then the hero set sail, bearing with him Ariadne for his bride. But they went no more than half-way, to the island of Naxos. Our next number (V.) tells its own tale. Fair-haired Ariadne lies under a vine-tree, sunk in deep sleep; faithless Theseus, so soon wearying of his love, steals silently away. The wine-cup, or cylix, from which the drawing is taken is of very special interest. It was found a few years ago in a tomb near Corneto, and now lies in the local museum. Of the many visitors who go year by year to see the wonderful Etruscan tombs near Corneto, but few, the guide told me, can be persuaded to spend half an hour in glancing through the contents of the museum close at hand. Perhaps the fear of a second dolorous night in a Corneto inn deters them. Yet even this should be, if necessary, endured, for in the Corneto Museum are gathered together some of the finest known specimens of Greek fictile art.

Our cylix belongs to the best period of Athenian vase-painting, about B.C. 480—440. At this

time we find a happy blending of perfect mastery in drawing with a severe and delicate archaism both in design and execution. The recumbent figure of Ariadne will remind many of us of the later and far inferior statue of the sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican. Let us look at our picture a little more in detail. The original is executed in red figures on a black ground. The vine-leaves are rendered in a peculiar dark crimson. Ariadne is sunk in a dead sleep, perfectly unconscious, and as perfectly at rest; very different from the Vatican statue, with its tossing arms and troubled dream-haunted manner. Theseus has just risen, and softly, very softly, he is about to steal away. At the first glance we might think him a fond and faithful lover, forced to depart, and carrying with him for remembrance the delicate shoe of his mistress. But no such romantic sentiment entered the head of the simple, straightforward vase-painter. Theseus goes away softly, therefore unshod; but in thrifty fashion he picks up his sandals and takes them with him. Why does he go? Shall we heap curses on him? No; in his pious way the vase-painter saw further than we do in our modern indignation. Theseus goes *because the gods compel him*. Hermes, with his winged boots and herald's staff, points him on. We may not understand, we must not therefore blame. Somehow, in some mysterious way the mortal must desert before the god can comfort; heaviness must endure for a night, that joy may come in the morning. In a very simple way the vase-painter tells of that joy; a love-god hovers over the head of Ariadne, a symbol surely of the divine love to come, as well as of the mortal love that is past. And she sleeps beneath the vine, the sacred tree of the wine-god Dionysos; beneath that tree he will come to find her. The more we look at the picture the more we feel the beauty of its emotional reserve. It stands as a perfect example of Attic "understatement." More than a dozen Pompeian pictures are known which have for their subject the deserted Ariadne; but this Attic cylix is worth them all, because it adds something to our thought, something of high faith and calm patience.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—IV.: ARIADNE AND BACCHUS.

(*Perugia Museum.*)

What the Pompeian painter can do, how much in execution, how little in thought, we may see in two designs, both of frequent occurrence on the walls of Pompeii. One repeated in panel after panel, represents Ariadne deserted, the ship of Theseus sailing away in the dim distance. One instance of this design is preserved in our own museum, and upwards of twelve others are known. It seems possible that there may have existed some great Alexandrian original, of which these replicas are the faint echo. Such a scene would be quite in the manner of an

Alexandrian poet to describe, and indeed the Roman poet Catullus, a constant copier of the Alexandrian school, has left us a description, so detailed, so pictorial, that it seems as if inspired by some actual picture before him. On the coverlet of a rich couch, he tells us, wrought with various colours, he saw "Ariadne, bearing in her soul rage untameable, and from the sounding shore she gazes forth, watching as he sails away with his swift ships; nor does she believe the vision her own eyes behold. It seemed as though, uproused from some deluding dream, she beholds herself wretched, abandoned on the desert sand. But Theseus, forgetful, flies and smites the shallows with his oars, leaving his empty vows to the windy storm-gusts. And the daughter of Minos gazes from afar on the seaweed with sad eyes, like the stone image of a Bacchant. Alas! she looks and looks, with great waves of bitterness surging in her heart; from her yellow hair the thin veil is blown away; she hides her breast no more in her soft cloak, nor is her heaving breast bound by the girdle; the salt wave plays at her feet with her fallen raiment." Just such a picture as this we have in the Pompeian paintings; and beautiful though the words of Catullus are, we feel that we are on a lower emotional plane than we were when we looked at the work of the Attic vase-painter. There we had "understatement," reserve, the suggestion rather than the expression of pathos, the suggestion also of a divine purpose over-ruling the perfidy of man. Throughout much is left to the imagination—he that hath ears to hear let him hear. In the poem of Catullus on the Pompeian paintings nothing is left to the imagination—pathos is overdriven to the verge of sensationalism, there is no indication of a deeper meaning. It is not till we watch this lower treatment of the later artists that we are able to understand and appreciate the delicacy and suggestiveness of their ancients.

THESEUS AND ARIADNE.—V.: THE FLIGHT OF THESEUS.

(*Corneto Museum.*)

In the second set of Pompeian paintings, of which we have eleven instances extant, and mostly preserved in the Naples Museum, the design represents the coming of Dionysos. The treatment is again sensational in manner. The god approaches with his revel rout, supported, leaning half-drunken on the goat-footed Pan; he unveils the sleeping Ariadne, gazing astonished at her beauty. The pictures are all graceful, rich in colouring, full of sensuous charm, but wholly devoid of any high imagination. The Pompeian artist has far ampler materials at his command, far greater technical skill, and yet he contrives to say far less than the vase-painter. He has forgotten not only the original thought that Dionysos was the fruitful spring-god come to break the sorrowful winter-sleep of the barren earth; that perhaps the Attic vase-painter had forgotten too, so readily did the Greeks give human shape to every native myth they touched, and so readily did they merge and forget the merely physical in the human; but he has robbed the human story of all its inner dignity. Instead of the divine consoler, symbolised but not expressed in bodily presence, he has given us a pleasure-loving wine-god; instead of the dignity of unconscious sleep, he gives us a waking maiden, fickle, and flushed with new vanity. It is only the picture of a rude faun who lights by chance on

a comely wood-nymph. Broadly speaking, this is always what awaits both in Pompeian art or its correlative Alexandrian poetry. At best, we find nothing higher than graceful sentiment; too often, poverty and even vulgarity of thought dog like a curse the footsteps of technical perfection.

One more scene and the story is done. On this same island of Naxos the sacred bridal is celebrated, to be kept for ever as a day of high rejoicing and solemn thanksgiving, for the wine-god has awakened his bride, the winter is passed and the spring-time has come. In our last selection (IV.)—printed last but one for convenience of arrangement—is this scene of final fruition, the seated Dionysos and his bride; attendant are a Mænad and a Satyr. The picture is taken from an amphora found in 1857 in a tomb near Perugia, and now in the Perugia Museum. Its style is later than that of our Attic cylix, the drapery is far less formal, and the hair is treated in the peculiarly luxuriant way which became a fashion in vase-painting in the Fourth Century B.C. The Satyr holds in his hand a wine-cup, often used by Dionysos, a shape with two high handles, known to the Greeks as a cantharus. His left foot rests on the pointed amphora of exactly the same shape as the amphora from which the drawing is taken; the point was probably of use for standing the jar upright in the ground. The Satyr and Dionysos hold in their hands a thyrsos, the symbol of the god's worship. The Mænad wears over her close-clinging robe the customary fawn-skin. The beautiful carved chair of the god, with its grand sweeping lines, is worthy of notice; also the spangled robes of the two women.

Dionysos, the young bridegroom, is a god, ever young, and to his bride he gives for all her sorrow the divine dower of perpetual youth. It seems

> "She hath forgotten all her bitter stowre,
> A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre."

When the spring comes, in olden days as now, the winter is forgotten. JANE E. HARRISON.

RAPHAEL AND THE FORNARINA.

BOTH the name of the Fornarina and the story grafted upon it belong to the last century, and were not invented until two hundred years or more after Raphael's death. According to one version, which Rumohr revived, the Fornarina was the daughter of a potter of Urbino, who followed Raphael to Rome. In favour of this theory it was asserted that the portraits of the painter and his mistress were preserved on a majolica plate at Urbino; but the plate in question proved to be a modern work, and there is absolutely no evidence to support the fable. The legend more generally received is that which Missirini gives in a letter of 1806, as the tradition then current in Rome. According to him, Margherita, the so-called Fornarina, was the daughter of a baker—*fornaro a soccida, i.e.*, one who bakes bread but does not sell it—who lived in Trastevere, near the ancient church of S. Cecilia. Her beauty attracted the attention of many young painters; and one morning, Raphael happening to pass by the baker's garden, saw her bathing her feet in the Tiber. From that moment he loved her; and since she was of a refined and gentle nature, worthy to fill a higher station than that to which she belonged, and capable of a true and enduring affection, his passion lasted till the day of his death. The story goes on to say—what is highly improbable—that he seldom painted except in her presence, and that for this reason Agostino Chigi asked her to stay at the Farnesina when Raphael was engaged upon the frescoes there. Her love for him was no less passionate, and it is said that when she heard that he was dead she went distraught with grief, and could not bear that he should be buried out of her sight. She was only comforted by the assurance of his friends who told her he was in paradise, and that this was confirmed by no less exalted a personage than Pope Leo himself, who had burst into tears on receiving the sad news, and had pronounced the words "ora pro nobis." Tradition is silent as to what became of Margherita in after-years. Raphael had made her famous, and with his death she disappears. But her memory remained deeply rooted in the popular mind. Her house, No. 20, in the Via S. Dorotea, is still shown; and when, last year, the anniversary of Raphael's birth was celebrated in Rome, and the long-closed Farnesina opened its gates once more, the poor Trasteverine was not forgotten, and a row of candles illuminated the windows of the humble abode, which the Romans regard as a sacred shrine.

So much for the legend. The actual facts, all brief and meagre as they are, are yet sufficient to call forth all our sympathy, and rouse the deepest interest for the one woman whom Raphael loved. The name of Margherita, which has always clung to the Fornarina, owes its origin to a manuscript note written beside Vasari's account of Raphael's beloved, in a copy of the edition of 1568, which belonged to

the Roman lawyer Vannutelli. The word Margherita is twice repeated in the margin, once under the words "sua donna," and again where Vasari speaks of the portrait; and since this happened in Rome in the latter part of the Sixteenth Century, the writer may well have been one who had known her, or was at least familiar with this episode in Raphael's life. Probably the painter became acquainted with her (about 1509) soon after he came to Rome, and was first employed by Pope Julius II. To this date the Barberini portrait is usually referred; and from this time the face which we are accustomed to think of as that of Margherita appears in his works. Certain figures in his great frescoes of the Stanze, certain folds of drapery in the "Parnassus" and "Heliodorus" recall the Barberini portrait, and make it probable that she frequently sat to him as a model; and, what is perhaps of still greater interest, we find Raphael speaking of himself at this time as tormented by the pangs of love, and pouring his soul out in verse after the fashion of the greatest artists who, Mr. Browning tells us, must needs express the one passion of their lives in some new and special manner apart from the channels of their own art.

THE VEILED LADY.

(Ascribed to Raphael. Pitti Palace.)

"Ay, of all the artists living, loving,
None but would forego his proper dowry.
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem;
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture;

Put to proof art alien to the artist's,
Once, and only once, and for one only;
So to be the man and leave the artist,
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

"Who that one you ask? Your heart instructs you.
Did she live and love it all her lifetime?
Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,
Die and let it drop beside her pillow,

LA FORNARINA.

(Painted by Raphael. Barberini Palace.)

Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,
Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—
Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,
Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's?

Dante, we know, "prepared to paint an angel" for love of Beatrice; and with the "silver-pointed pencil" which else he used "to draw Madonnas," Raphael wrote sonnets for the eyes of one only whose name he would not breathe to the world, but whose love had wholly and absolutely possessed his heart:

On the back of the first studies which he made for the "Disputa" of the Segnatura, we may still read

these sonnets, in which in passionate but yet respectful language he confesses his great love and his resolution never to tell his secret or breathe the name of her whom he adores. Vasari imitated his reserve, and in the numerous letters which passed between Raphael and his intimate friends we never find the faintest allusion to Margherita. Only in the well-known letter to his uncle Simone, at Urbino, he expresses a decided disinclination to matrimony, and firmly declines the proposals made to him by his relative, while he mentions with apparent indifference the offer which Cardinal Bibbiena has made him of his niece's hand. This projected marriage, to which Raphael seems to have agreed at last, more from a desire to please his friend the cardinal, than from any other motive, was frustrated by the death of Maria di Bibbiena herself, and Raphael remained true to his one love to the end of his days. These two facts, indeed, are all that Vasari tells us of Raphael and his mistress. "He loved her until death:" with his last breath he remembered to provide for her, and left her in the charge of his trusted friend and scholar, Baviera. And further he tells us that Raphael painted a most beautiful portrait of his lady, in which he represented her to the life, "che pareva viva viva."

The question is, does this portrait exist? and which is it of the many which claim to represent Raphael's beloved? The subject has been discussed again and again by all Raphael students and critics, and still it is at best but a doubtful answer which we can give to a question full of such deep interest. When Vasari wrote, the portrait to which he refers in terms of such high praise was at Florence, he expressly says, in the hands of a certain Matteo Botti, a well-known patron of the fine arts. Owing to this statement probably the Venetian portrait of the Tribune of the Uffizi was long supposed to be Raphael's Fornarina, until modern criticism proved it to be the work of Sebastiano del Piombo, who has repeated the head elsewhere, and whose masterpiece this wonderful portrait must be counted. The other picture which has always borne the name of the Fornarina is in the Barberini Palace, and it must be owned has a far stronger claim to the title, although there is still room for doubt whether it is the one to which Vasari alludes as in the possession of Matteo Botti. Replicas and copies exist in the Sciarra, Colonna, and Borghese Palaces; but the "Dorotea" at Blenheim, which also passed for the shadow of Raphael's mistress, has nothing in common either with the Pitti portrait, of which I shall speak presently, or with the undoubted original of the Barberini Collection.

As yet it has not been found possible to trace the history of this picture further back than 1595, when it was in Rome, and belonged to Caterina Sforza, wife of the Conte di Santa Fiore. After her death in 1605, it passed into the hands of her son-in-law, Giacomo Duca di Boncampagni, who had married in 1576 her only daughter Constance. In the first years of the Seventeenth Century it was seen in the Barberini Palace by Fabio Chigi, and in the catalogue of this collection, drawn up in 1664, it is already called the "Innamorata di Raffaele d'Urbino." It is also worthy of notice that a copy of the head was also introduced by Guilio Romano in the frescoes of a ceiling in Villa Lante, on the Janiculan Hill. The picture, although it has suffered from restoration, is clearly by Raphael's hand. It represents a handsome Roman girl of somewhat common type, with a gold band and striped veil on her head, lifting a piece of red drapery up to her bare breast, and wearing on her left arm an enamel bracelet with the inscription "Raphael Urbinas." The gold-lettered words tell their own tale, and certainly seem to imply the existence of some intimate relation between the sitter and the painter. The execution is very similar to the famous portrait of Julius II., painted about the same time in Raphael's early Roman days. We feel at once that his hand is here. The flesh-painting is admirable. The rich carnation of the girl's cheek and the ornaments she wears stand out finely against the dark-green laurel and myrtle boughs of the background. But in refinement and expression the face—fair as it is—is sadly wanting. The features are regular; but the nose is large, the mouth coarse, the eyes dull. Above all, the work is utterly lacking in that supreme distinction which marks Raphael's creations, and which constitutes the charm of his other portraits of women. Joanna of Aragon, Maddalena Doni, the peerless Duchess Elizabeth—how different they were from this!

If she was indeed his mistress, and this is the portrait in which she appeared to her contemporaries "viva viva," that stern veracity which makes Raphael's portraits read like a bitter satire on his patrons and his age has risen in judgment against himself. We know that by a strange law of retribution he who was "la gentilezza stessa," who could never refuse any request that was made to him, but promised, and promised even where he was utterly unable to perform, that this Raphael was the most severely truthful and uncompromising of portrait-painters. It was impossible for him to flatter with his brush however honeyed might be his words. Nothing escapes him. His faces reflect the vices or virtues of the sitters to a nicety; not one of their characteristics but is dragged to the light till the whole being, body and soul, is exposed to view. The shrewd sensual man of the world and the cunning thin-lipped priest, fawning courtier, intriguing diplomatist and fiery pontiff,

these and many more types of that Roman world in which he moved meet us on these canvases, which glow with colours so admirably harmonised and laid on with such masterly skill. "He has made of our Tebaldeo," writes Bembo to Bibbiena, "a portrait so natural that he is not as exactly and absolutely himself as is this painting." And this time he is condemned, as it were, by his own mouth. By his unerring skill he shows us his mistress to have been a creature of low passions and not without beauty of a certain kind, but in spite of splendid surroundings distinctly a vulgar woman, inferior to himself and unworthy of his love.

The reflection is an unpleasant one; and we turn gladly from the Fornarina of the Barberini to the Pitti portrait which also bears the name of Raphael's *innamorata*. Of the history of this picture, commonly known as "La Donna Velata" (the "Veiled Lady"), nothing is known excepting that it formed part of the Medici Collection, and was at Poggio Reale until 1824. Critics are not agreed as to whether it is a genuine Raphael, but those who believe it to be by his hand consider it one of his finest portraits. This (of which, by the kindness of the proprietors of the *Art Journal*, we are enabled to present our readers with a reproduction—their engraving being, so far as we know, the only one in existence) also represents a beautiful Roman girl, but one of nobler type and far higher refinement than the other. She wears a tight-fitting, white, gold-embroidered bodice, with full damask sleeves striped with yellow. One hand is hidden under the veil which falls from her head, the dark eyes gleam with radiant lustre, and a string of black beads sets off the finely-modelled throat and neck.

The pearl-grey shadows are remarkable for their clearness and transparence, and a half-smile hovers about the thoughtful lips, while the lights show that yellowness of tint peculiar to Raphael, who probably painted it during the latter part of his life. It is difficult to believe this gracious and lovely woman can be the same as the original of the Barberini portrait, and yet the eyes and chin and the oval form of the face strongly recall the earlier picture. We know that Raphael, as he told Castiglione, liked to see beautiful faces and then make use of a certain idea which presented itself to his own mind when he painted his fairest women. The pencil study which he made of Maddalena Doni's head, with the cloudy masses of hair and smiling lips, shows us how he could idealise a face and give it the Lionardo-like suavity and touch of poetry which were wanting to the actual portrait. Is it then that he has painted his mistress as she appeared to him in his dreams, and under this mysterious name of the "Veiled Lady" has shown us Margherita, elevated and refined and lifted into a higher sphere by the might of his love and the grace of his fancy? Or does this "Veiled Lady" of the Pitti represent the true *innamorata* of Raphael, whom he loved to the end? and have we here that unsurpassable portrait which Vasari saw at Florence in Matteo Botti's possession, and is the Barberini picture only the study of an artist's model? There is perhaps not much likelihood in the supposition; and the unsolved problem must be left to a future day when the discovery of fresh documents and new matter may lift the veil in which the story of Raphael's beloved is shrouded still.

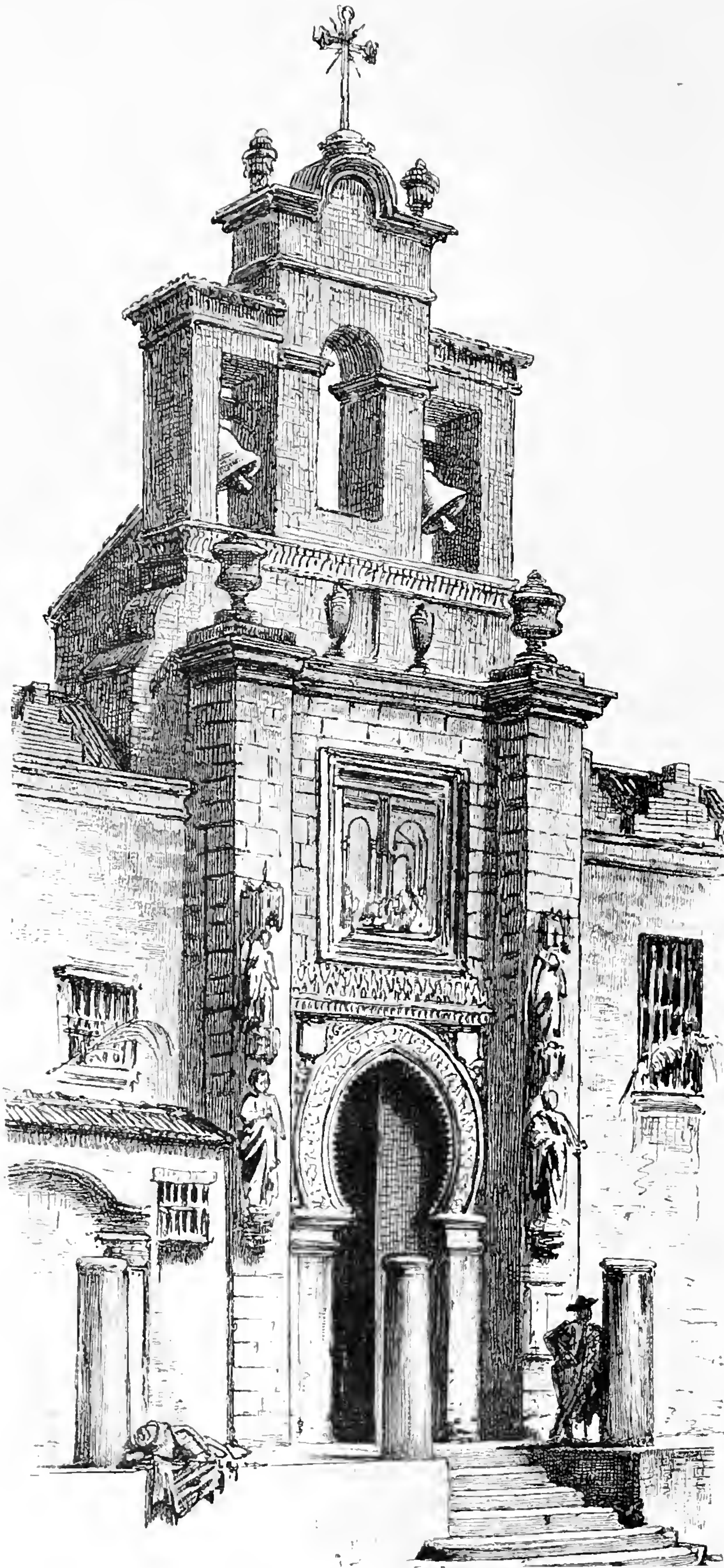
But whomsoever the picture of the Pitti may represent, whether she is the true Margherita or an idealised creation of Raphael's brain, the face was one that sank deep into his heart, and to which he returned again and again. For there is in this "Veiled Lady" an unmistakable likeness both to the Sistine Madonna and to the Magdalene of the "St. Cecilia" at Bologna, the two grandest forms he ever conceived. To these heights his love has raised her. We forget to ask the story of this unknown lady, forget to wonder what was the exact nature of that tie which bound her in the life of this world to the prince of painters, and think of her only as soaring in the clouds with the Glory round her brow and the Child in her arms—the divinest vision that has ever dawned on mortal eyes.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

"THE MARVEL OF THE WORLD."—I.

"Quien no ha visto á Sevilla
No ha visto á maravilla."
(He who has not seen Seville has not seen a wonder.)

GEORGE BORROW, who always told the truth about Spain after a fashion, has an excellent little story illustrating the nature of a Spaniard's patriotism. In the course of his most Bohemian missionary enterprise he happened to fall into talk with two priests in a bookseller's shop. The reverend gentlemen eagerly undertook to convince him of the heretical nature of heresy. They argued very stoutly



1.—THE PUERTA DEL PERDON.

and with much harmony till one of them, by way of illustrating his argument, observed casually, "Now, in my native place, the village of La Muger Muerta, which, as you know, is the most beautiful place in the world—" He never got any further, for the other priest broke in, "Most beautiful place in the world! What a delusion! The most beautiful place in the world is Tentudia, where I was born." Whereupon arose strife and contradiction. The zealous churchmen forgot all about heresy and the true faith, and ended by abusing one another with all the ardour of theologians. Borrow left them speaking, or rather shouting.

I quote from memory, and the names may be wrong, but my version is as true to the substance of Borrow as his story is to Spanish character. To everybody who knows Borrow and Spain that is enough. There are exceptions to all rules, even to the rule that we must all pay our taxes. There are Spaniards who take a bath with regularity, there are a few who do not smoke, and a handful who do not go to the bull-fight. It is just possible that there are some monstrosities between the Pyrenees and the Straits of Gibraltar who do not think their native place the hub of the universe. The human mind can conceive of such a thing, but it is not within its power—when properly instructed on the subject—to imagine a "tartana" so small and a mule so weak as not to be able to carry all these degenerate Spaniards at once together with the driver. It may be roundly asserted that there would be no native of Seville among them. The local patriotism of the Sevillano is so ardent as to be almost beyond even his exceptional powers of expression. To him there is nothing to be com-

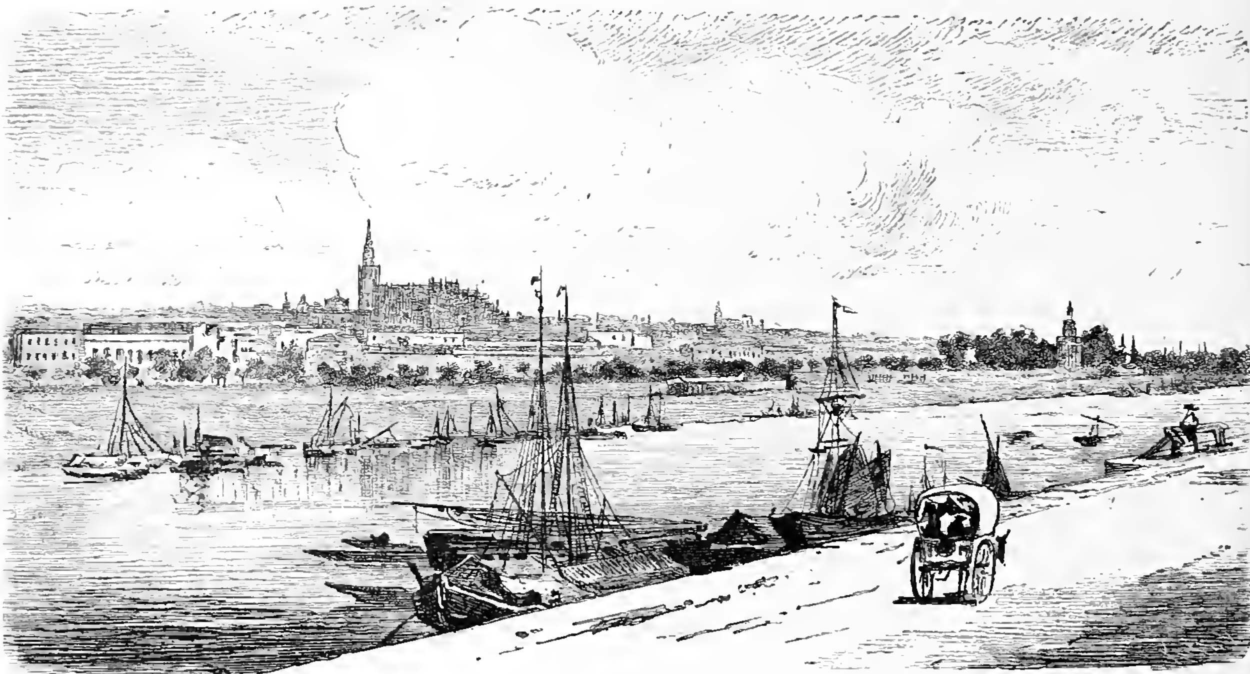
pared to the river, the churches, the oranges, the women, the bull-fights, the Giralda, the fun, and the swaggering picaresque and picturesque life of the capital of Andalusia. The whole makes the marvel of the world spoken of in the well-known rhyme quoted at the head of this article, which is only to be rivalled as an expression of complacent local vanity by the "see Naples and die" of the Italian.

The patriotic Sevillano is tolerably well supported by the general opinion of mankind. Other Spaniards will at least allow his city to rank second. It is more visited by foreigners than any other part of the peninsula, and it deserves its popularity. Some other cities in Spain have some one lion which surpasses anything in Seville. The wonderful Museo at Madrid, the unrivalled mosque at Córdova, and the Alhambra of Granada stand by themselves. Seville can, however, show the next best thing to each of these in their own line. If it has nothing to compare to the Museo for general artistic wealth, it possesses an unparallelled collection of Murillos. The Alcazar is only inferior as a specimen of Oriental architecture to the mosque of Abdurrahman and the Alhambra. Then, Seville has something which is unique in the Giralda, and it has many fine specimens of the art of the Sixteenth Century. But, after all, it is the popular life which is found to be its greatest attraction. The survival of the splendid religious ceremonies of the Middle Ages which is to be seen there during Passion Week would be enough of itself to make it an abiding attraction to the tourist.

2.—"PAINTED BY MADRAZO."

Seville is outwardly a type of all Southern Spain. It is a Christianised Moorish city; that is to say, wherever it has not been Haussmanised—a different and inferior process. The worthy parts of it are all more or less like the Puerta del Perdon (1), the old Moorish gate leading to the Patio de los Naranjos—the Court of the Orange Trees in what was once the mosque and is now the cathedral. The Oriental doorway, with its horseshoe arch and bronze door, was preserved with sound taste when the Puerta was "modernised," so long ago as 1519, by Bartolomé Lopez. Cortes was just setting out to conquer Mexico in those days. Over the work of the Moor is a painting of the Saviour bearing His cross, which, says Ford, "*was* by Luis de Vargas, for it was ruined by repainting." The terra-cotta figures in the niches are by Miguel Florentin, and belong to the same date. As it was with the Puerta del Perdon, so it was with almost every other building in Seville. The Giralda itself (5) is at least half Christian. Much belongs to the most Spanish of all forms of building, the "mudejar" work, which is both Christian and Moorish. That is the architecture of the early Spanish conquest when the Castilian kings employed Oriental artists. The Roman has left little or no trace in Seville. His head-quarters were at the deserted town of Italica, in

the neighbourhood. There are few remains of the early mediæval Spain which drew its inspiration from France or even from England. The Christian kings who did most for Seville were themselves half Moors—Alfonso the Wise and Peter the Cruel.



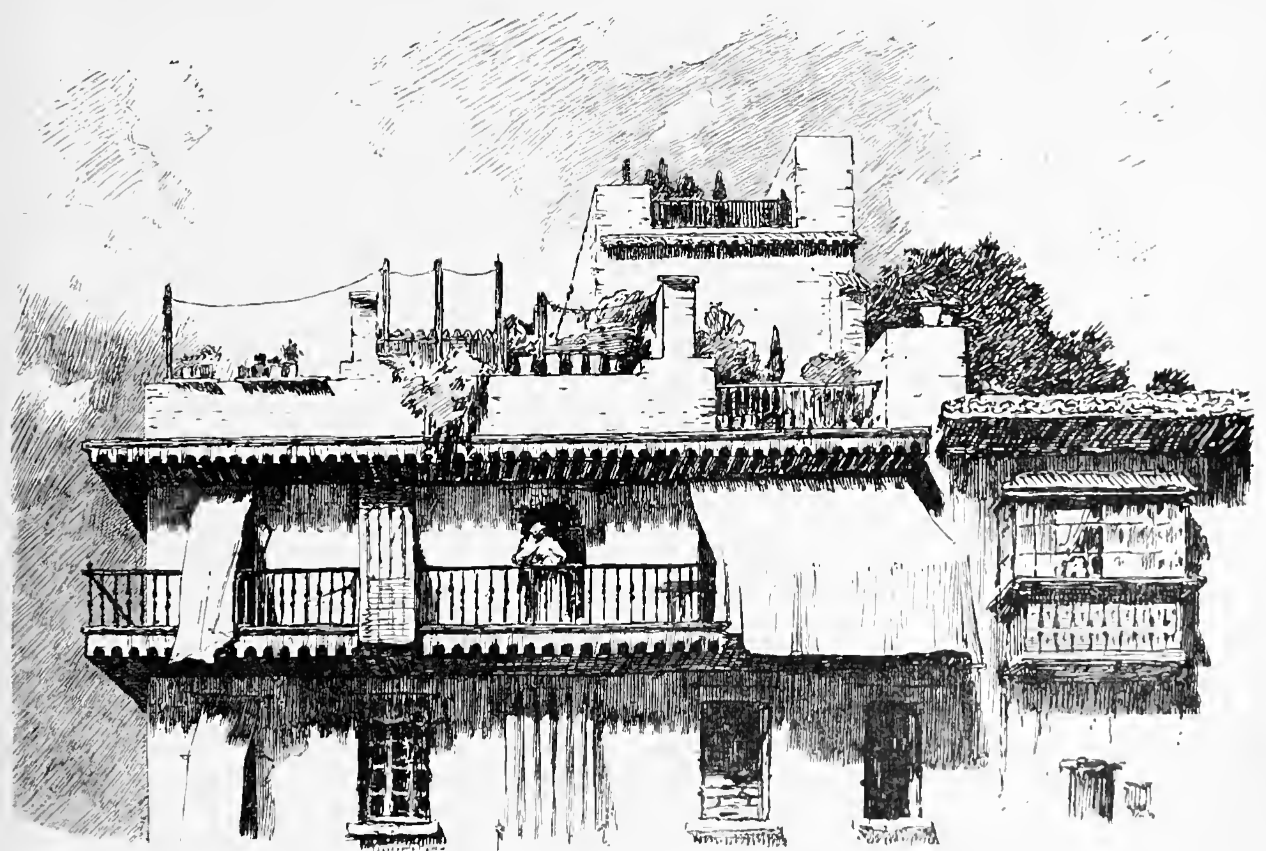
3.—SEVILLE, FROM THE RIVER.

"Civyle," as Englishmen spelt it once upon a time, came very near being a great commercial port. In the early days of American conquest and discovery it was the privileged possessor of a monopoly of the trade with the New World. As the accompanying view of the town shows (3), it is well placed for purposes of business. It stands on a river—the Guadalquivir—which only wants a little judicious dredging and banking to make it navigable with ease even now. Neglected as it is, it is a more considerable river than the Clyde at Glasgow—and also at least below the town, infinitely uglier. Through all the lower part of its course the "Great River," as the Arabs renamed the Bætis, flows through a flat land of marsh and mud, inhabited chiefly by vast herds of cattle, twisting and wriggling about between high lands so perversely that only small steamers and barges can get along it. Three hundred years or so ago, when 200 tons was thought a large measurement, and everything was done in a leisurely fashion, Seville was what fine writers call an emporium. Its port was full of "all manner of merchandise, and karekes and schippes of all devise." When larger vessels came into use the Guadalquivir was no longer found navigable, and the "staple" of the American trade was transferred to Cadiz. Now its most important industry is the great government manufactory of cheap cigars, snuff, and "picadura" for cigarettes. The Fabrica de Tabacos, like the Fabrica de Armas at Toledo, is an enormous barrack surrounded by a moat. It has twenty-eight interior courts, covers a space of 662 feet by 524, and some four thousand hands, chiefly women, are employed. These are the "cigarreras," a well-marked type of the Spanish lower orders. Concerning their qualifications as workwomen, it is said on good authority that they are neat-handed and quick. One of them can make ten or a dozen bundles of fifty cigars each in a day—with a running commentary of gabble, and occasional stoppages for a fight. In character, ideas, and habits the cigarrera is perhaps the most perfect specimen of the factory girl to be found in Europe. As a scold, or as a mistress of fluent and outspoken chaff, she has not many equals, and no superior. It is to be feared that the moral standard of the class is deplorably low. The young lady of our second picture is not at all like a cigarrera. In my private opinion she is an artist's model who has been carefully trained by Raimundo de Madrazo to wear the "maja" dress with proper *chic*. Spanish women who are not cigarreras and such-like would not be seen in the streets without a mantilla for one thing, neither would they lean up against housewalls in that sort of attitude. We pride ourselves on our respect for the proprieties, but according to Spanish

notions we are discreditably free and easy in our habits. They have always treated their women in a very Oriental way, and even more in the south than in the north, as is only natural. Broken legs, hens, and women should stay at home, according to the old proverb. A principle of such austere virtue cannot be strictly carried out of course. There must be exceptions for mass, and more worldly occupations, which take the most rigidly proper of women-kind in the open air at times. This necessity is submitted to with cheerful resignation, but care is taken to show that it is a submission to the inevitable.

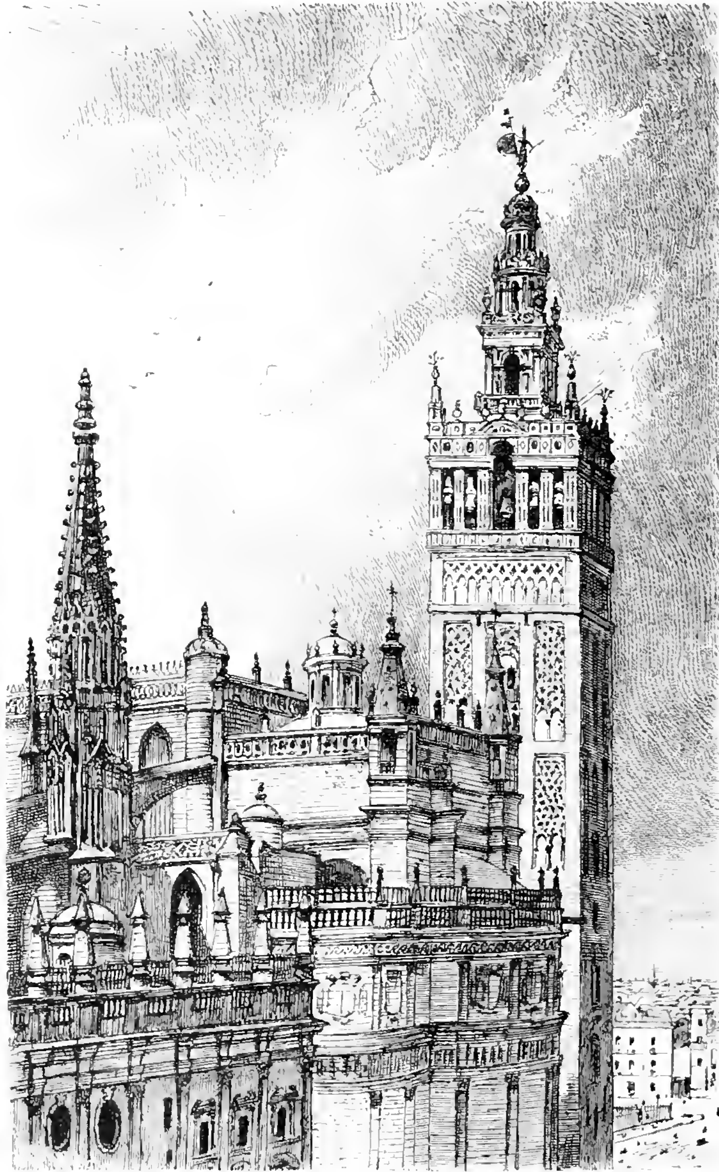
Still, the Sevillana is fond of the fun of existence in her own way. Good authorities assert that she is an incorrigible flirt and gossip. Not that the flirtation is of a serious kind. It is chiefly remarkable for a slatternly indifference to privacy. Spanish women have, according to our ideas, peculiar notions about propriety. They glide demurely through the streets under charge of a sheep-dog, and have no scruple about carrying on their little love affairs from a second-floor window. The conditions of life lend themselves admirably to publicity of this sort. Houses are built on flats with galleries (4), and internally the rooms open on one another and not in passages. The doors are scarcely ever shut. Everybody knows everybody else, and they collect in the cool of the evening on the verandahs or on the top of the house and talk an infinite deal of nothing. The pleasure-loving children of the South, to use the consecrated phrase, have an enviable faculty for enjoying insipid amusements. To sit in a cool shade on a rocking chair and gossip, to smoke endless cigarettes and sip the mildest possible liquor, is enough for the men. The women do not smoke, and they prefer sweetmeats to iced drinks, but their notions of comfort is pretty much the same. There are few tragedies played on or under those balconies. The mischief which Satan finds for the idle hands of Andalusians is not of a very heinous nature.

The first thing which the visitor will probably go to see in Seville is the famous Giralda (5). It is the pride of the city, and for good reasons. To begin with, it is the most beautiful and the largest specimen of Oriental architecture of its kind; and then it is one of the instances of restoration and addition to an ancient building which have added to its artistic value. Originally it was the minaret of the mosque built by the "Miramamolin" Abu Jusuf Yacub in the Twelfth Century. When the mosque was swept away to be replaced by the magnificent cathedral it was preserved. The members of the chapter, who



4.—FLATS AND GALLERIES

resolved to build a church "such and so good that it never should have its equal," had the good taste to understand that they would promote their own object by preserving this masterpiece of Oriental art. The cathedral itself, which is not unworthy of the noble ambition of its founders, belongs to the end of the Fifteenth Century and beginning of the Sixteenth. The Giralda does not stand alone as a survivor of the Mohammedan minarets. The towers of several churches originally served the same purpose, but none of them are built on so great a scale or ornamented in so elaborate a fashion. Its proportions alone are magnificent. The tower, built by the order of Abu Jusuf, is 50 feet square and 250 feet high. It is ornamented with different patterns ("ajaracas") on each face. In the Sixteenth Century it was largely painted in fresco by Luis de Vargas, the painter of the Puerta del Perdon. His handiwork has been equally badly used by time and the modern restorer. Don Pascual de Gayangos says that "on the summit were placed four brazen balls (*manzanas*, apples), so large, we are informed, that in order to get them into the building it was necessary to remove the keystone of a door, called 'the Gate of the Muezzins,' from the mosque to the interior of the tower; that the iron bar which supported them weighed about ten hundredweight; and that the whole was cast by a celebrated alchymist, a native of Sicily, named Abu Leyth, at the cost of £30,000 sterling." These gigantic apples were thrown down in an earthquake in 1395, a hundred and fifty-seven years after the Christian conquest, and were not replaced. Don Pascual also gives the name of the Arab architect. He was one Jáber, erroneously supposed to be the inventor of algebra. That it seems he was not; but he can dispense with the glory, for the Giralda is at least the more beautiful of the two inventions.



5.—THE GIRALDA.

It is always safer not to make sure of the existence of any particular Arab; he is so liable to turn out to be nothing but a slip of some copyist's pen, or the mistake of a translator. So it is perhaps better not to be too positive about Jáber. We can only hope that he did exist, that Abu Jusuf Yacub paid him handsomely, and that he was helped over that unpleasantly narrow bridge which the Moslim has to pass to reach Paradise by the angel who stands ready to aid the true believer. There is no doubt, however, about the architect who finished the tower. The belfry was added in 1568, "most happily," as Ford has it, by Fernando Ruiz. This splendid piece of filigree in stone is 100 feet high. It was modelled on the silver "custodia" in which the host is kept in the churches. On the level ground these imitations of metal-work in stone are generally failures, but at a height of 250 feet in the air the grace and lightness of the form are all that can be seen. On great occasions it is illuminated, "and then seems to hang

like a brilliant chandelier from the dark vault of heaven."

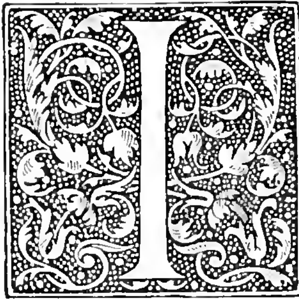
"La Giraldilla" (6), the weathercock which gives its name to the tower, is probably the most inappropriate figure ever chosen for the purpose. It is a statue of Faith bearing the standard of Constantine in one hand and the martyr palm in the other. Anything less fit to be blown about by every wind could hardly be imagined. Turn, however, it does. Although the statue is 14 feet high, and weighs 2,800 lbs., it is so beautifully balanced that it turns at every breeze. It is the work of Bartolomé Morel, and was set up in 1568. There is one fact in the history of the Giralda which a patriotic Briton will be careful to tell. When Seville was conquered from the Moors by the great king St. Ferdinand, the first Christian knight who ascended the tower is said to have been a Scotchman, one Lawrence Poore, a most appropriate name, who had come, like so many of the Dalgetty breed, to push his fortunes in the wars. He

6.—"LA GIRALDILLA."

was more lucky than Dugald. That cavalier of honour, as his veridical historian records, did but ascend into possession of his natural hereditament of Drumthwacket, and that "not by the sword, but by a pacific intermarriage with Hannah Strachan, a matron somewhat stricken in years"—relict, indeed, of the Covenanting interloper into whose clutch the aforesaid hereditament had fallen: after which he died, as we know, "very old, very deaf, and very full of interminable stories about Gustavus Adolphus, the Lion of the North." Poore, however, had a grant of land in the division of the spoil, and grandees of Spain descend from him. The story must be true, for there are coats-of-arms to prove it in the ancestral house of his descendant, the Marquis of Motilla, in the Calle de la Cuna.

DAVID HANNAY.

PROLIFIC EXHIBITORS.



IN the new "Dictionary of Artists," by Mr. Algernon Graves, just published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons, there are some curious statistics. It is, furthermore, a compilation of great merit, excellent and novel in arrangement, and peculiarly suggestive. It contains nearly sixteen thousand names of oil-painters who have exhibited in London between 1760 and 1880, and displays at a glance the total number of every individual's works, and their distribution among the five principal exhibitions. The clearness with which this is indicated is not less admirable than the completeness and accuracy of this vast alphabetical index; as a reference to names and dates, and as an aid to identification, it is superior to anything we possess. Besides giving the first place of residence of every artist, it shows also the period during which he exhibited, and his special line in art, so that all the chief objects of research are simultaneously revealed to the enquirer. A survey of the column of totals reveals a great disparity of individual production, and ranges from the enormous total of 525 works by John H. Wilson, R.S.A., the landscape and marine painter, to the single contribution of a large number of artists. The nearest approach to this is made by J. J. Wilson, son of John or "Jock" Wilson, who followed his father's steps in other ways, and exhibited no fewer than 493 works. The elder Wilson probably exhibited little out of London, for he appears to have early left his native town Ayr, and taken that southward road which Johnson said was the best prospect the Scot ever sees. His industry must have been as strenuous as his fecundity is amazing, especially as he is not said to have traded on his name or employed any ghostly familiars. After an apprenticeship to Nasmyth the elder he worked at Astley's Theatre on the scenery, much as David Cox did at Birmingham, until he made his mark as a marine artist, and became one of the founders of the Suffolk Street Society. The height of the younger Wilson's reputation was reached when his work was considered equal to that of Patrick Nasmyth, whose pretty and smooth landscapes, notwithstanding their black tone and cold colour, are still esteemed after a certain sort. The two Wilsons are typical of a large class of prolific artists, among whom may be named J. H. Wilson's pupil, W. Shayer, who exhibited 426 cattle and landscape pieces; John Tennant, with 406 exhibits; Samuel Drummond, A.R.A., with 404; Alfred Clint, son of the engraver, with 402; and James Ward, R.A., of "bull" celebrity, with 400.

The productive powers of these and many other painters were so continuously exercised that a certain level of achievement was early reached and never surmounted; monotony in execution, mannerism in treatment, and the absence of healthy impulse and inspiration were the natural results. Fecundity in truth is of two kinds, the prolific genius and the prolific talent, which latter includes all mediocrity. The rare manifestations of the former are generally associated with the dramatic faculty, while the talent that is imitative, dexterous, and assimilative is in the highest degree prolific, and in art is notably displayed in landscape and portraiture. The speedy arrival at their artistic culmination is a characteristic common to this class of men; the height attained is of just sufficient distinction to ensure recognition, it is like a level plateau with a good horizon, not without its attractive grace, full of security, but productive of a sense of weariness and monotony. Here the stimulus of inspiration deadens, the imaginative power is gradually impaired, until the idea or semblance of art is alone possible—the repelling inanition of spiritless conception. To have viewed one representative work of this kind is to have measured the artist's capacity and to have seen all. The higher and rarer fecundity is compatible with genius of the first order. The variety and boundless fer-

tility of the creative power in Chaucer and Shakespeare and Scott fully correspond with their productive force; the genius of Turner, the invention of Hogarth, the peculiar and unique charm of Reynolds, were all combined with vigorous productive powers. While, however, it is a trite observation that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh, excess of the abundance is often a burden to utterance, and induces diffidence and hesitation. Genius is as often fastidious as fecund, though to a far less degree with painters than poets; excepting in certain cases which are easily accounted for by premature death, Mr. Graves gives few such instances.

When the number and variety and quality of Turner's drawings are considered, the total of his exhibited oil-paintings, 283 in number, vindicates his claim to be a prolific artist; while Reynolds, with 272, Landseer with 277, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, with 315, are three other great men in the front rank of production. Among the foremost who are not far behind the Wilsons are some names which recall little, probably, even to artists and collectors. There is Elias Childs, for instance, with 487 works. There is Henry Singleton, the historical painter, with 449, and of whom West—no bad judge, and himself here credited with a plentiful quiver of 311—remarked that you had but to propose any subject and Singleton would turn out his work in a few hours. There are Sir W. Beechey, R.A., with 417; H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., with 410; and Abraham Cooper, R.A., the painter of picturesque battles, with 407. There are many artists very little remembered now who have exhibited over 300 works, and whose paintings are scattered through many lands; some lost, some that have suffered strange dishonour, perchance, and stranger metempsychosis. Stories as sad as of the death of kings might be told of these; how some have fallen among thieves, how meretricious work has hung among precious examples in palaces, how meek worth has been left to perish by the wayside, though it were rash and unkind to say of them—"all murdered." J. W. Allen, one of the Suffolk Street artists, and whose total is 357, is perhaps as little known now as his pupil, E. J. Cobbett, who figures with 304; yet the landscapes of the former and the pretty rustic subjects of the latter were once in great demand. Hurlstone, the painter of poetical romance, of "The Prisoner of Chillon," Tasso's "Armida," and kindred subjects, had once a great reputation, as his total of 382 indicates; Richard Westall, R.A., too, is another prolific and once famous painter, who did much genteel work for Alderman Boydell, and is as well remembered on this ground as for the 381 portraits and pictures he exhibited. A. E. Chalon, R.A., who is still unforgotten for similar reasons, and whose work has so much that was once considered the quintessence of elegance, and which now would be thought the superlative refined, exactly equals Westall's total. Considering the limitation of his art, Chalon's fertility is not a little surprising. Henry Howard, R.A., is another example of prolific illustration of poetical and classical subjects, though there are few of his 333 exhibited pictures which the present generation may recall; A. J. Woolmer, also, who depicts Shakespearian scenes, and revels in the bosky dells and glittering grottoes of romance, is credited with a sum-total of 372. Some artists of strong individuality and genuine power appear among the prolific, and yet their works are more enshrouded in oblivion than others whose claims are less. There is George Jones, R.A., with 363 works, and whose "Battle of Waterloo" elicited from the Duke of Wellington the singular and succinct criticism "good, not too much smoke;" there is John Russell, R.A., the crayonist and amateur astronomer, whose 337 portraits yet tell of his fashionable repute; Holland, too, an artist with characteristic style, has no less than 331 pictures. Yet the works of these men are less generally known than the landscapes of H. J. Boddington, who exhibited 355 of his effective and pleasing transcripts from nature.

The Presidents of the Royal Academy appear to have shown their works in profusion. Sir Frederick Leighton, as yet, has got no further than his hundred and ninth. But West, Lawrence, and Reynolds are very prominent, as we have seen; Sir M. A. Shee heads them all with 313, whilst Sir Francis Grant's exhibits number 267. Among Academicians who flourished more in our own times are many who have been large exhibitors; F. R. Lee's contributions number 326, and J. P. Knight, J. Creswick, E. W. Cooke, T. S. Cooper, Etty, G. Richmond, and James Sant have exhibited over 200 works each. Of these the number of T. Sidney Cooper's exhibits (233) scarcely gives a true idea of the extent of the artist's production, and is probably very short of the number of works elsewhere exhibited or not publicly displayed. James Stark's 256 is, on the other hand, in excess of what might have been expected from a pupil in a conscientious and not very exuberant school; he was certainly the most prolific of the Norwich men, and, in this particular, surpassed his master, Old Crome, and the other members of that eldest of provincial art societies in which the Cromes, Vincent, J. S. Cotman, and Ladbrooke were shining lights. Among well-known landscape artists John Linnell and Alfred Vickers were very prolific, each having exhibited 267 works. Miniaturists and enamellists were naturally great exhibitors, though their now extinct art does not appear so extraordinarily prolific as landscape and portraiture in Mr. Graves's dictionary. Sir W. J.

Newton, with 341 examples, and Sir W. Ross, with 305, are most conspicuous, and are followed at some distance by Andrew Robertson and E. Taylor. It is to be argued, however, that this comparative barrenness is rather apparent than real; inasmuch as the miniaturists had to exhibit their productions in groups, so that a single frame, though it comprehended eight examples, counts as one number only. Such famous painters as Samuel Shelley and William Essex are so far from competing with these that they may scarcely be reckoned among the prolific. Landseer's position among animal-painters has been noticed. One other painter of animals and still life, Philip Reinagle, R.A., was very prolific. His clever hunting scenes and dexterous imitations of Du Jardin and other Dutchmen number 253 in the exhibitions, whilst his son, the once notorious Richard Ramsay Reinagle, even surpasses him, having shown 297 works. A few more well-known names may be instanced among prolific exhibitors of over 200 works: J. A. Oliver, the portrait-painter and once very fashionable, Northcote, R. Thorburn, W. Linton, J. B. Pyne, George Lance, and W. F. Witherington, R.A.

Painters who have not exhibited more than 200 works cannot be considered prolific London exhibitors. The absence of many popular artists from these high figures, though it may occasion a little surprise, may be partly accounted for by the large increase of provincial exhibitions and by the growing inclination among artists to exhibit independently in small galleries. There are, however, a few instances of abundant work displayed by painters whose idiosyncrasies and striking individuality might be imagined to retard rapid production. Thus, John Martin, who combined "the gloom of earthquake and eclipse" with much precise and mechanical drawing, may be considered, from his total of 186, fairly entitled to a place among the prolific.

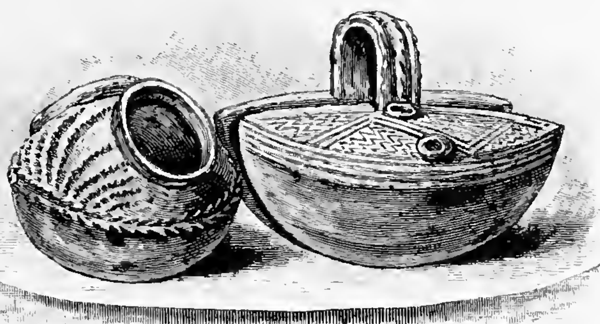
J. A. Blaikie.

THE KERAMICS OF FIJI.

A LOVE of fine dress and handsome weapons being instinctive in man, and instincts seemingly not confined to savage races alone, it caused me no surprise, beyond the first astonishment at the beauty of both their design and execution, to find that the natives of Fiji decorated their war-clubs with elaborate carvings and their native-made cloths with handsome stained and painted patterns. But beyond the carving of their weapons and canoes and the dyeing of their cloths and mats, I thought the Fijians possessed no arts whatever. It was therefore both a surprise and a pleasure for me to find a really beautiful

1.—FRUIT SHAPES: ORANGES, BREAD-FRUIT, AND GOURD.

manufacture of native pottery flourishing in those islands. This discovery was the more surprising,



2.—DOUBLE JARS: CANOE AND GOURD.

as during the whole time that I had been in the other parts of Polynesia I had seen no specimens of native keramic art. Wild races have but little adaptability. Their thoughts and actions move in grooves, and living so strictly by precedent they cannot easily accept any newly-suggested idea. The savage son can only do what his savage father has done before him—building as he built, carving as he carved—and improvement, if improvement there be, is but very slow. This must be so, or the inhabitants of the neighbouring Tonga islands, who are in constant communication with the Fijis, and use to some extent the pottery of that group, would have acquired a knowledge of an art so eminently useful. Yet they have not done so. Wooden bowls, wooden dishes, and cocoa-nut-shell cups suffice in Tonga, unless Fijian pottery can be obtained.

It can hardly be said that the absence of suitable earths in Tonga can account for this strange difference in two groups of islands that are so intimately associated as Tonga and Fiji; for although many of the former islands are purely coralline, Vavau and some others are volcanic and geologically similar to Fiji. In the Navigators also, a group still further to the east, as far as I could ascertain there is no manufacture of pottery of even the rudest description. This is strange, as the Navigator Islands possess clays eminently suitable for the purpose, and the people, being allied to the coffee-coloured Malay race, are both intellectually and physically the superiors of the dark Papuan-typed Fijian.

Some little time ago I was travelling in Colo, "the devil-country," the wildest and least known part of the group, where cannibalism, devil-worship, and other attributes of "old Fiji" still linger for a time, but where with these fiercer traits the gentler qualities of the older race, hospitality, politeness, and courtesy, still remain unaltered by the preaching of the missionary or the encroachment of the white. The manners and customs of ancient days still are observed among its densely wooded mountains; native products still suffice for native wants, and the gun has not yet displaced the arrow and the spear. In these wildest parts of a wild island the influence of European taste is not observable in the slightest degree; no trace of our style of form or decoration is present in their design, and their arts are as spontaneous and characteristic as though Europe and Europeans had never existed. In more frequented districts, where specimens of English art have been obtainable, the Fijian design is rapidly deteriorating, for, as is always the case, when once imitation of another style is practised, it proves fatal to the original art it is based upon. The expression of national character becomes repressed or corrupted, and with the imitation of another and an alien mode of thought the sincerity and the value of the work disappears for ever. To study the design and note the methods of ornament of this savage but interesting people were almost my chief interests during the somewhat lengthened period that I lived amongst them, and I was constantly struck with the originality

3.—FOOD BOWL AND DOUBLE JARS.

of their patterns, the fertility of their invention, and the ingenuity with which they were applied to the object to be decorated, but chiefly perhaps with the universal propriety of the application of the ornament.

Passing through the clean little town of Waivesanga, which lies among the mountains three days' journey from the coast, I saw drying in the sun before one of the shady, thick-thatched houses a row of very large and beautifully moulded jars, some of which must have been more than two feet high. Not heeding the remarks of my "boys," and regardless of the derision I doubtless was exciting by staying to notice these common clay pots, I stopped to examine them. They are oviform, and with very large open mouths, and considering the method of manufacture, the shapes are wonderfully true—so true, indeed, that I thought a wheel of some sort must have been used in their moulding. Their chief peculiarity is that they are footless, the bottom being but a continuation of the curves of the sides. They have to be placed in deep rings of plaited grass when required to stand erect, and when used for culinary purposes they are placed sideways on the fire. It is in these that the great lumps of "dalo," the edible caladium, that form the chief staple of food of the Fijians, are cooked. I afterwards saw in another town large spherical water-jars with short necks which possessed the same footless peculiarity. The ware is very fragile, and must be considered of little value, as I saw quantities of broken potsherds lying about these Colo towns, the large clean-swept squares of which the Fijians beautify with cocoa-palms, and utilise these broken jars to protect from the rough usage of the fowls, little pigs, and children which play about together, the young shoots of the palm as they appear through the ground. Many times have I been struck with the quaintness and the beauty of their first fine fronds struggling to the light through these shattered vases.

It was only by a fortunate chance that I learnt how the pottery is made. My knowledge of Fijian being limited, the information I could have obtained from enquiry would have been but small; a string of substantives with one or two adjectives being of only small service when questions have to be asked on a technical point and the replies to be understood. I was leaving Waivesanga to continue my journey, after a short rest in one of the dark cool houses whose great domed roofs are so characteristic of the buildings in this part of Viti Levu, when two women clad in the astonishing costume of Colo came out of a house, and with the savage hospitality that is still a living virtue there, invited me to rest and eat. Entering their house through the low door, which serves both as window and entrance, I saw that they were the potters. The place was very hot, for a rude sort of mud kiln with a great fire of wood occupied one end of it, in which were baking pots like those I had seen outside drying in the glowing tropic sunshine. Moist clay and jars of all sizes and in all stages of manufacture were about, and similar jars, blackened by use, were lying in the hot ashes of a similar fire in the usual Colo fireplace on the floor of the house. From these last one of the women produced the steaming dalo, and scraping it with a piece of split bamboo, handed to me a huge, heaped-up dish of the vegetable of which the banquet consisted.

I learned that the method of manufacture is this. A woman is always the potter. Taking a lump of damp clay, she forms the bottom of the jar by holding a round stone in one hand, pressing it into the clay and gradually moulding the latter over the stone with a smooth piece of wood. Fresh clay is added in rolls laid along the edge of the crescent jar, and this is worked in the same manner, the stone being always held inside and the clay being patted and pressed by the wood on the outside. Hour by hour as the foundation dries, more and more clay is added, till the shoulders are rounded, when the stone is withdrawn; the lip is then added, the last smoothing given, and the jar is complete. I could not discover whether one of these great vessels is finished in a day, but I should think not; the bottom could scarcely harden sufficiently to bear the superincumbent mass in that time, and I noticed that several of the incomplete jars had folds of damp "masi," the native cloth, laid over them to keep the edges moist. The pots are often most tastefully decorated round the neck and shoulders with dots and lines incised in the still moist clay (4). As far as I have seen, this ornamentation is never pictorial but always of geometrical design. No two jars I saw were decorated alike, each artist drawing at her own sweet will, and making thus an unique work of every one. The cooking-jars are always beautified with a few simple lines and dots only, the Fijian comprehending better than the more cultivated European potter frequently does the beauty of fitness. Upon some of the water-jars and other vessels is lavished the whole wealth of her exuberant fancy, and not satisfied with dots and lines alone, she decorates them with raised work, applying strips and thin rolls of wet clay to the surface of the jar. Sometimes the clay is pinched up from the smooth surface at the rim of the pot, and at others pellets of clay are stuck on in rows and clusters, often (3) with very rich effect.

After being dried in the sun for some time, the pots are moved to the primitive little kiln and there thoroughly baked. The next step in the process is rubbing the pottery all over, while still hot from the fire, with a species of gum found upon some tree in

the bush, which gives it a charming glaze. I could not discover from what tree this gum is obtained. In colour the ware is generally a dull yellowish red, but of course this varies with the different clays of the island. I found saucer-shaped dishes in use of a bright terra-cotta colour, in some of the native towns I afterwards stayed at, and some pieces I have seen which displayed beautiful tints of amber, brown, and gold; on some there is a greenish smear, but whether this is the result of accident or intention I cannot say.

In other towns I afterwards saw large spherical water-jars with short necks (4), which were footless like the cooking-pots. As the cooking-jars are rarely required to stand erect it matters very little that they have no feet, but it seems very strange that they should make their water-jars, which necessarily must be kept upright, with the same peculiarity.

It is a constant regret to me that I was not able to bring away specimens of this inland pottery, but as I had a long and difficult, and at times dangerous, journey to look forward to before I should again reach the outskirts of civilisation, I knew it was useless to load my boys with so fragile a burden. I was unable to obtain any of it at Levuka upon my return from savage life, but I procured a few examples of pottery of a different make from another part of Viti Levu. The forms of these more fanciful articles are very quaint, the potter evidently having modelled her jars from the shapes of fruits and other common objects that would naturally suggest themselves. Frequently they consist of three or four receptacles connected at the sides or bases in such a manner as to allow the liquid to flow from one to the other, the opening for filling the vessel being placed in a different division from the smaller one, which is used for emptying it. Some of these fruit-suggested forms are well shown in our picture (1); the design of the little oil-vessel having evidently been taken from a cluster of oranges, and the small bottle upon the right of the picture from a bread-fruit with a slice of its rough rind removed. The centre object in the same illustration is a copy by the woman potter of a carved wooden cup (the making of which is strictly man's work) which is used at the ceremonious "yagona" drinking. She has evidently strictly copied the original, as the style of the decoration will show, for the carving of hard wood with shells and stone tools being such difficult work, the ornament is slight and the cutting shallow. Some other pieces are canoe-shaped, as the right-hand object in our second illustration (2), three or more of the parts being spanned by a sort of handle; others again resemble Florence oil-flasks clustered together and joined at the tops and sides. Most of these smaller articles are richly decorated, and form not only curious but charming specimens of rude art.

4.—INCISED DECORATION: WATER-BOTTLE AND FOOTED BOWL.

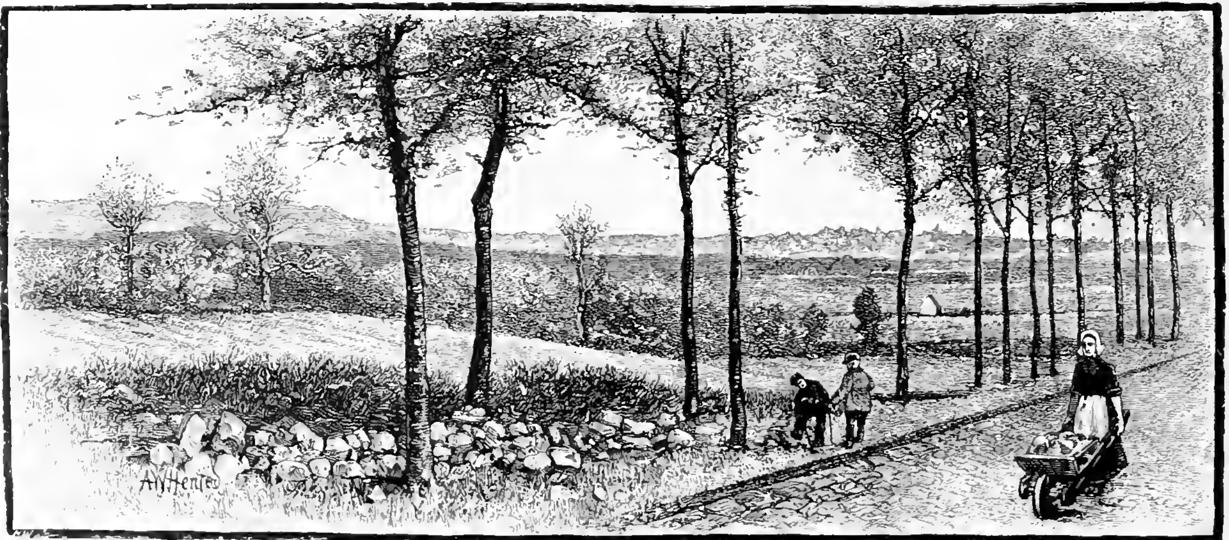
More perfect collections of this pottery for our museums and art galleries might advantageously be made while still the manufacture is a flourishing one. By this I mean at once. Civilisation means not only development but destruction. Change and decay are already at work in these latitudes; and in a few years the potter's art will languish and at last expire, with the Maori wood-carving and many another beautiful craft; before the cheap and meretriciously decorated goods with which European rule and European commerce will ultimately deluge the islands.

ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON.

FONTAINEBLEAU: VILLAGE COMMUNITIES OF PAINTERS.—IV.

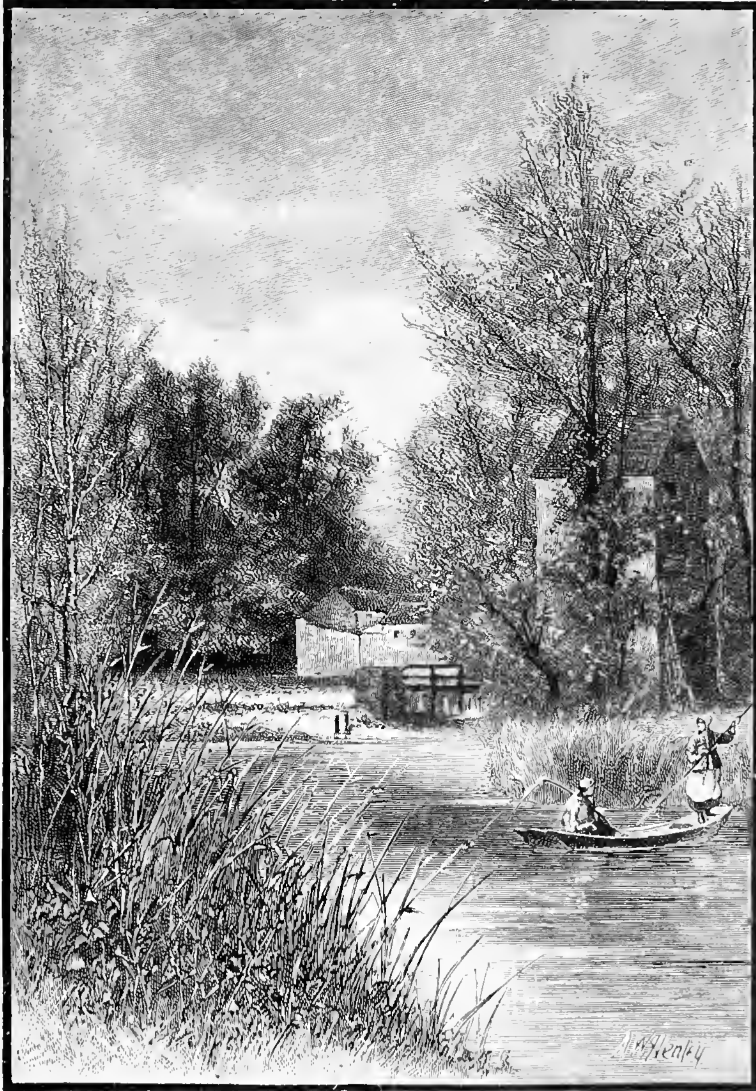
THEORETICALLY, the house was open to all comers; practically, it was a kind of club. The guests protected themselves, and, in so doing, they protected Siron. Formal manners being laid aside, essential courtesy was the more rigidly exacted; the new arrival had to feel the pulse of the society; and a breach of its undefined observances was promptly punished. A man might be as plain, as dull, as slovenly, as free of speech as he desired; but to a touch of presumption or a word of hectoring these free Barbizonians were as sensitive as a tea-party of maiden ladies. I have seen people driven forth from Barbizon; it would be difficult to say in words what they had done, but they deserved their fate. They had shown themselves unworthy to enjoy these corporate freedoms; they had pushed themselves; they had "made their head;" they wanted tact to appreciate the "fine shades" of Barbizonian etiquette. And once they were condemned, the process of extrusion was ruthless in its cruelty; after one evening with the formidable Bodmer, the Baily of our commonwealth, the erring stranger was beheld no more; he rose exceeding early the next day, and the first coach conveyed him from the scene of his discomfiture. These sentences of banishment were never, in my knowledge, delivered against an artist; such would, I believe, have been illegal; but the odd and pleasant fact is this, that they were never needed. Painters, sculptors, writers, singers, I have seen all of these in Barbizon; and some were sulky, and some blatant and inane; but one and all entered at once into the spirit of the association. This singular society is purely French, a creature of French virtues, and possibly of French defects. It cannot be imitated by the English. The roughness, the impatience, the more obvious selfishness, and even the more ardent friendships of the Anglo-Saxon, speedily dismember such a commonwealth. But this random gathering of young French painters, with neither apparatus nor parade of government, yet kept the life of the place upon a certain footing, insensibly imposed their etiquette upon the docile, and by caustic speech enforced their edicts against the unwelcome. To think of it is to wonder the more at the strange failure of their race upon the larger theatre. This inbred civility—to use the word in its completest meaning—this natural and facile adjustment of contending liberties, seems all that is required to make a governable nation and a just and prosperous country.

Our society, thus purged and guarded, was full of high spirits, of laughter, and of the initiative of youth. The few elder men who joined us were still young at heart, and took the key from their companions. We returned from long stations in the fortifying air, our blood renewed by the sunshine, our spirits refreshed by the silence of the forest; the Babel of loud voices sounded good; we fell to eat and play like the natural man; and in the high inn chamber, panelled with indifferent pictures and lit by candles guttering in the night air, the talk and laughter



FONTAINEBLEAU.—VIII.: THE NEMOURS ROAD.

sounded far into the night. It was a good place and a good life for any naturally-minded youth; better yet for the student of painting, and perhaps best of all for the student of letters. He, too, was saturated in this atmosphere of style; he was shut out from the disturbing currents of the world, he might forget that there existed other and more pressing interests than that of art. But, in such a place, it was hardly possible to write; he could not drug his conscience, like the painter, by the production of listless studies; he saw himself idle among many who were apparently, and some who were really, employed; and what with the impulse of increasing health and the continual provocation of romantic scenes, he became tormented with the desire to work. He enjoyed a strenuous idleness full of visions; hearty meals, long, sweltering walks, mirth among companions; and still floating like music through his brain, foresights of great works that Shakespeare might be proud to have conceived, headless epics, glorious torsos of dramas, and words that were alive with import. So in youth, like Moses from the mountain, we have sights of that House Beautiful of art which we shall never enter. They are dreams and unsubstantial; visions of style that repose upon no base of human meaning; the last heart-throbs of that excited amateur who has to die in all of us before the artist can be born. But they come to us in such a rainbow of glory that all subsequent achievement appears dull and earthy in comparison. We were all artists; almost all in the age of illusion, cultivating an imaginary genius, and walking to the strains of some deceiving Ariel; small wonder, indeed, if we were happy! But art, of whatever nature, is a kind mistress; and though these dreams of youth fall by their own baselessness, others succeed, graver and more substantial; the symptoms change, the amiable malady endures; and still, at an equal distance, the House Beautiful shines upon its hill-top.



FONTAINEBLEAU.—IX.: THE MILL AT GRETZ.

V.

Gretz (XIII.) lies out of the forest, down by the bright river. It boasts a mill (IX.), an ancient church, a castle, and a bridge of many sterlings. And the bridge is a piece of public property; anonymously famous; beaming on the incurious dilettante from the walls of a hundred exhibitions. I have seen it in the Salon; I have seen it in the Academy; I have seen it in the last French Exposition, excellently done by Bloomer; here it is once more (XII.), illustrating this article. Long-suffering bridge! And if you visit Gretz to-morrow, you shall find another generation, camped at the bottom of Chevillon's garden under their white umbrellas, and doggedly painting it again.

The bridge taken for granted, Gretz is a less inspiring place than Barbizon. I give it the palm over Cernay. There is something ghastly in the great empty village square of Cernay, with the inn

tables standing in one corner, as though the stage were set for rustic opera, and in the early morning all the painters breaking their fast upon white wine under the windows of the villagers. It is vastly different to awake in Gretz, to go down the green inn-garden, to find the river streaming through the bridge, and to see the dawn begin across the poplared level. The meals are laid in the cool arbour, under fluttering leaves. The splash of oars and bathers, the bathing costumes out to dry, the trim canoes beside the jetty, tell of a society that has an eye to pleasure. There is "something to do" at Gretz. Perhaps, for that very reason, I can recall no such enduring ardours, no such glories of exhilaration, as among the solemn groves and uneventful hours of Barbizon. This "something to do" is a great enemy to joy; it is a way out of it; you wreak your high spirits on some cut-and-dry employment, and behold them gone! But Gretz is a merry place after its kind: pretty to see and merry to inhabit. The course of its pellucid river, whether up or down, is full of gentle attractions for the navigator: islanded reed-mazes where, in autumn, the red berries cluster; the mirrored and inverted images of trees; lilies, and mills, and the foam and thunder of weirs. And of all noble sweeps of roadway, none is nobler, on a windy dusk, than the high-road to Nemours (VIII.) between its lines of talking poplar.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—X.: MILLET'S HOUSE.

But even Gretz is changed. The old inn, long shored and trussed and buttressed, fell at length under the mere weight of years, and the place as it was is but a fading image in the memory of former guests. They, indeed, recall the ancient wooden stair; they recall the rainy evening, the wide hearth, the blaze of the twig fire, and the company that gathered round the pillar in the kitchen. But the material fabric is now dust; soon, with the last of its inhabitants, its very memory shall follow; and they, in their turn, shall suffer the same law, and, both in name and lineament, vanish from the world of men. "For remembrance of the old house' sake," as Pepys once quaintly put it, let me tell one story. When the tide of invasion swept over France, two foreign painters were left stranded and penniless in Gretz; and there, until the war was over, the Chevillons ungrudgingly harboured them. It was difficult to obtain supplies; but the two waifs were still welcome to the best, sat down daily with the family to table, and at the due intervals were supplied with clean napkins, which they scrupled to employ. Madam Chevillon observed the fact and reprimanded them. But they stood firm; eat they must, but having no money they would soil no napkins.

VI.

Nemours and Moret, for all they are so picturesque, have been little visited by painters. They are, indeed, too populous; they have manners of their own, and might resist the drastic process of colonisation. Montigny has been somewhat strangely neglected. I never knew it inhabited but once, when Will H. Low installed himself there with a barrel of piquette, and entertained his friends in a leafy trellis above the weir, in sight of the green country, and to the music of the falling water. It was a most airy, quaint, and pleasant place of residence, just too rustic to be stagey; and from my memories of the place in general, and that garden trellis in particular—at morning, visited by birds, or at night, when the dew fell and the stars were of the party—I am inclined to think perhaps too favourably of the future of Montigny. Chailly-en-Bière (XI.) has outlived all things, and lies dustily slumbering in the plain—the cemetery of itself. The great road remains to testify of its former bustle of postillions and carriage bells; and, like memorial tablets, there still hang in the inn

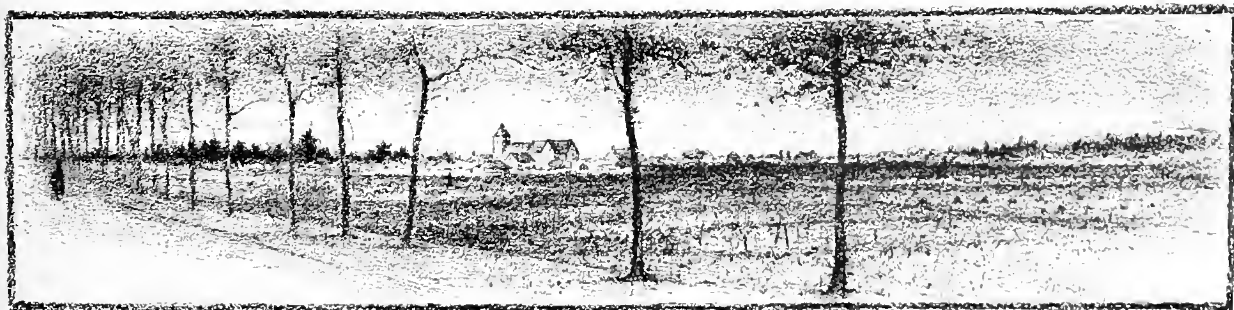
room the paintings of a former generation, dead or decorated long ago. In my time, one man only, greatly daring, dwelt there. From time to time he would walk over to Barbizon, like a shade revisiting the glimpses of the moon, and after some communication with flesh and blood return to his austere hermitage. But even he, when I last revisited the forest, had come to Barbizon for good, and closed the roll of Chaillyites. It may revive—but I much doubt it. Achères and Recloses still wait a pioneer; Bourron is out of the question, being merely Gretz over again, without the river, the bridge, or the beauty; and of all the possible places on the western side, Marlotte alone remains to be discussed. I scarcely know Marlotte, and, very likely for that reason, am not much in love with it. It seems a glaring and unsightly hamlet. The inn of Mother Antonie is unattractive; and its more reputable rival, though comfortable enough, is commonplace. Marlotte has a name; it is famous; if I were the young painter I would leave it alone in its glory.

VII.

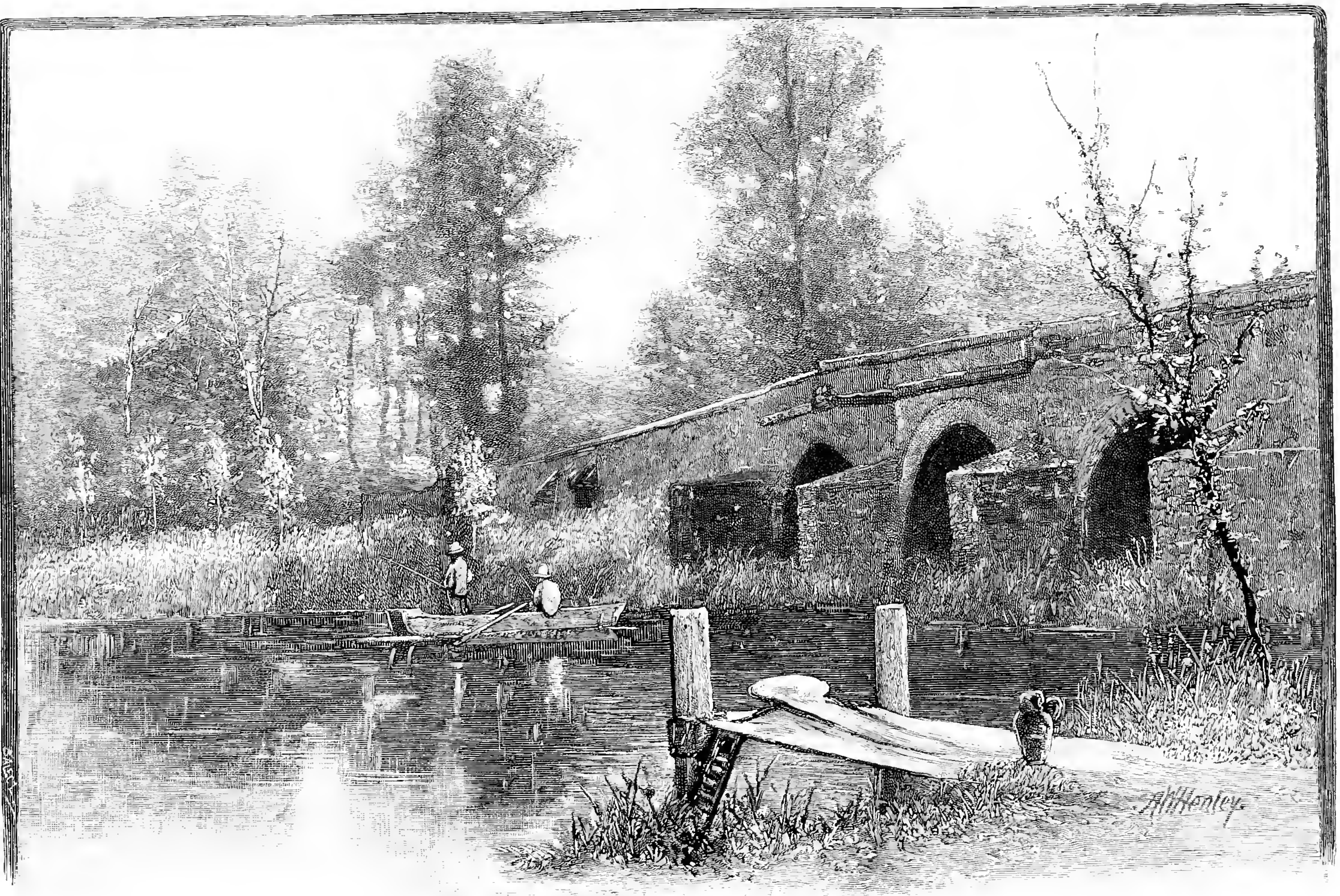
These are the words of an old stager; and though time is a good conservative in forest places, much may be untrue to-day. Many of us have passed Arcadian days there and moved on, but yet left a portion of our souls behind us buried in the woods. I would not dig for these reliquiæ; they are incommunicable treasures that will not enrich the finder; and yet there they lie, interred below great oaks or scattered along forest paths, stores of youth's dynamite and dear remembrances. And as one generation passes on and renovates the field of tillage for the next, I entertain a fancy that when the young men of to-day go forth into the forest they shall find the air still vitalised by the spirits of their predecessors, and, like those "unheard melodies" that are the sweetest of all, the memory of our laughter shall still haunt the field of trees. Those merry voices that in woods call the wanderer further, those thrilling silences and whispers of the groves, surely in Fontainebleau they must be vocal of me and my companions? We are not content to pass away entirely from the scenes of our delight; we would leave, if but in gratitude, a pillar and a legend.

One generation after another fall like honey-bees upon this memorable forest, rifle its sweets, pack themselves with vital memories, and when the theft is consummated depart again into life richer, but poorer also. The forest, indeed, they have possessed, from that day forward it is theirs indissolubly, and they will return to walk in it at night in the fondest of their dreams, and use it for ever in their books and pictures. Yet when they made their packets, and put up their notes and sketches, something, it should seem, had been forgotten. A projection of themselves shall appear to haunt unfriended these scenes of happiness, a natural child of fancy, begotten and forgotten unawares. Over the whole field of our wanderings such fetches are still travelling like indefatigable bagmen; but the imps of Fontainebleau, as of all beloved spots, are very long of life, and memory is piously unwilling to forget their orphanage. If anywhere about that wood you meet my airy bantling, greet him with tenderness. He was a pleasant lad, though now abandoned. And when it comes to your turn to quit the forest may you leave behind you such another; no Antony or Werther, let us hope, no tearful whipster, but, as becomes this not uncheerful and most active age in which we figure, the child of happy hours.

No art, it may be said, was ever perfect, and not many noble, that has not been mirthfully conceived. And no man, it may be added, was ever anything but a wet blanket and a cross to his companions who boasted not a copious spirit of enjoyment. Whether as man or artist, let the youth make haste to Fontainebleau, and once there let him address himself to the spirit of the place; he will learn more from sketching than from studies, although both are necessary; and if he can get into his heart the gaiety and inspiration of the woods he will have gone far to undo the evil of his sketches. A spirit once well strung up to the concert-pitch of the primeval out-



FONTAINEBLEAU.—XI.: CHAILLY-EN-BIÈRE.



FONTAINEBLEAU.—XII.: THE BRIDGE AT GRETZ.

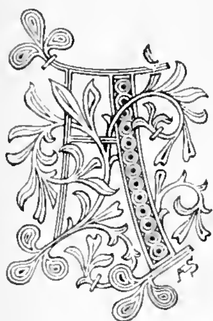
of-doors will hardly dare to finish a study and magniloquently ticket it a picture. The incommunicable thrill of things, that is the tuning-fork by which we test the flatness of our art. Here it is that Nature teaches and condemns, and still spurs up to further effort and new failure. Thus it is that she sets us blushing at our ignorant and tepid works; and the more we find of these inspiring shocks the less shall we be apt to love the literal in our productions. In all sciences and senses the letter kills; and to-day, when cackling human geese express their ignorant condemnation of all studio pictures, it is a lesson most useful to be learnt. Let the young painter go to Fontainebleau, and while he stupefies himself with studies that teach him the mechanical side of his trade, let him walk in the great air, and be a servant of mirth, and not pick and botanise, but wait upon the moods of nature. So he will learn—or learn not to forget—the poetry of life and earth, which, when he has acquired his track, will save him from joyless reproduction.

FONTAINEBLEAU.—XIII.: GRETZ.

I must add a note upon the illustrations, not to criticise, for they are all graceful, and the Bridge of Gretz (XII.) a little triumph, but to explain that, in the views of the Bas-Bréau (II.), the Reine Blanche (I.), and the Paris Road (VII.), Mr. Henley has, unfortunately—perhaps inevitably, for no two men see with the same pair of eyes—not found the point of view referred to in my text. Thus, with regard to the first, I described the appearance of the great central grove about the Bouquet de l'Empereur; Mr. Henley, on the other hand, has drawn the thicket either by the *bornage* or the road to the Carrefour de l'Épine—both rightly enough portions of the Bas-Bréau, but portions of a great dissemblance. In the Reine Blanche, again, the peculiar character referred to in the text, of great trees overshadowing boulders, has not found illustration in the cut. Mr. Henley and the writer, both good Barbizonians, and both studious of fidelity, have each followed his own taste and given different readings.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

FINE ART IN WHITECHAPEL.



A YOUNG child was once brought to see the poet-painter, William Blake, in his garret in Fountain Court, off the Strand. Blake looked at her for some time without speaking, and then stroked her hair, and said, "May God make this world to you, my child, as beautiful as it has been to me." Few men have the eyes to see all that Blake saw; but his wish is one which all of us who have ever dwelt in the world of imagination will in our measure share. But is the wish capable of realisation? And in the case of the poorer parts of our large cities in particular, where the beauty of nature is destroyed by "the spreading of the hideous town," and the voice of fancy is drowned by "the snorting steam and piston stroke," is it possible that the world may be made at all beautiful to the dwellers in places such as these?

Many of those who have considered the question deeply have given it up in despair, and have been driven by their "hopes and fears for art" into the camp of social revolution, or have turned like Mr. Ruskin to the country as offering the only life still worth living. In his latest publication—the preface to "Roadside Songs of Tuscany"—Mr. Ruskin tells the artists of England roundly that they have no business whatever to live in London, and that no noble art will ever be there possible. But however excellent this advice may be so far as the artists are concerned, it does not touch the masses in our great cities whose case we are now considering, and who are every day "assimilating the ugliness of their surroundings."

That the case is bad no one can deny, but there are obstinately practical people who believe that even now some small and partial remedies may be applied. Such, for instance, is the belief of the Kyrle Society, with its programme of "bringing beauty into the homes of the people," and of the younger association which has been started to provide "art for schools." Another interesting experiment in the same direction is connected with the name of Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, and consists of opening Free Loan Exhibitions of works of art in poor neighbourhoods. As Mr. Barnett's exhibitions have now been held for four consecutive years, each time with increasing success, it has been thought that some account of the way in which they are managed might be useful and interesting.

Mr. Barnett's scheme, although constituting a new departure in parochial work, is like all good ideas extremely simple, and merely consists in turning his school-rooms during the Easter holidays into a picture gallery. The rooms, to tell the truth, are about as badly adopted to this purpose as any rooms could be; but at any rate there is a certain amount of wall-space, and this has now for four years running been covered with works of art. The first exhibition (at Easter, 1881) contained, besides pictures, a collection of china and pottery, needlework, and other art objects from the South Kensington Museum; but it was found that these objects did not attract much attention or apparently give much pleasure, and in subsequent years the exhibition has been confined to pictures. Artists have volunteered their services to superintend the hanging; Messrs. W. Morris and Co. and other makers of "art fabrics" have lent materials for covering ugly corners and blank spaces; and in the end these very ordinary school-rooms have been turned into well-ordered picture galleries. There has never been any difficulty in getting pictures to fill the rooms, and the general level of the exhibition has been decidedly above that of the Royal Academy. Mr. Watts set the example to his brother artists of lending pictures, and most of the leading Academicians have at one time or another been amongst the contributors. Sir Frederick Leighton sent to Whitechapel in 1882 the charming head of a Turkish child which he afterwards exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, and this year he lent some interesting sketches of St. Mark's. Collectors have been as ready as the artists to assist Mr. Barnett. As his exhibition has become more known, the circle of contributors has widened, and this year the committee would not have found much difficulty in filling the walls twice over. And what is perhaps more remarkable is that the committee—unlike most people engaged in philanthropic work which is neither eleemosynary nor directly religious—have never been in financial straits. In the first year the charge for admission was 3d., with which however it was found necessary to dispense in the case of the poorest visitors, and the subsequent exhibitions have been entirely free. This alteration, whilst greatly increasing the number of visitors, has not diminished the receipts; for boxes for receiving contributions have been placed about the rooms, and last year £16, mostly in copper coin, was collected in this way. The expenses, it may be of interest to say, were £115, the heaviest item being for collecting, hanging, and returning the pictures, and the deficit was met by subscriptions readily sent from private sources.

There is thus clearly no great difficulty in bringing fine art into poor places; but is it equally easy to get poor people to come to the fine art, and if they come do they really enjoy it? To both these questions Mr. Barnett's experience gives an unhesitating answer. The first point is sufficiently disposed of by the evidence of the turnstile, and 3,000 or even 4,000 people often visit the exhibition in a single day. The first time it was open the large number of visitors might have been put down to the novelty of the thing; but then each year the number has steadily increased, until it seems to be established beyond question that the people will come literally in their thousands out of the dull streets and squalid courts of East London to see a collection of good pictures. How much good they get from it is another matter, and one which admits of no direct proof. One can do no more here than record personal impressions. Two girls of 15 and 16 perhaps—or even younger, for girls grow old quickly in Whitechapel—strolled in one Sunday a few evenings ago, blankly and aimlessly—"just to pass the time away," they said; but their faces gradually became less apathetic and their eyes brighter as they learnt the deeper meaning of the pictures. Mr. Watts's "Love and Death" especially appealed to them; and they came many times again, whenever indeed they could get a holiday from their trade of bonnet-shape making, in which, by the way, they were earning the splendid wages of 4d. a gross. It is very remarkable that on the whole the best pictures have been most appreciated—with the exception only of landscapes—and that those with a serious meaning have been quite as popular as the more catching works of Frith or Solomon. Partly perhaps Mr. Watts's allegorical pictures have been liked for their very mystery, and the spectators have felt the same kind of pleasure in gazing at his big canvases as the good lady of the story derived from the sound of the word "Mesopotamia." But to some extent at least the pictures are enjoyed for their own sake, and by reason of the pains Mr. Barnett takes to explain their meaning. For one thing the committee prepare a

descriptive catalogue, which is sold for a penny, and in which the pictures are as far as possible brought into relation with the life and ideas of those who are to look at them. The success of this catalogue (11,000 copies were sold this year) has been one of the features of the exhibitions. But the catalogue is intended also as a brief, so to say, for those who undertake to be present during exhibition hours, and to explain the pictures to any of the visitors who care for such help. These "watchers," as they are called, find their police duties of the lightest, for there has never been any kind of disturbance, nor has an instance occurred of damage being done to any of the pictures. But any "watcher" who has any gift for popular exposition finds a crowd of eager listeners around him in a moment, who will not leave him until he has made the tour of the rooms. The regular "watchers" are often reinforced by young recruits; and nothing is more touching than to see the way in which a small boy who has had a schooling which was denied to his parents will first go round with the catalogue, and then come back another day and explain "all about it" to his elders.

How much good does all this do? That is a question which cannot be answered, and about which a wise man will not perhaps trouble himself overmuch. "May God make this world as beautiful to you as it has been to me:" that is the spirit which seems to actuate such efforts as have been here described, and if the sense of beauty has been sometimes awakened, if here and there a window has been opened into the invisible and the eternal, the efforts have not been in vain. "You cannot stop a water-wheel with a peacock's feather," said Mr. W. Morris the other day; nor can you counteract the universally degrading influences of mean surroundings by an occasional exhibition of pictures in a single part of London. But the real interest of Mr. Barnett's experiment lies in this, that it is capable of imitation everywhere. No country is richer in private collections than England; and why should not a Free Loan Exhibition be a standing Easter attraction in every town throughout the country?

E. T. Cook.

CURRENT ART.—I.

DISSEMBLE it as we may, it seems certain that this year the more important and more representative of the exhibitions are duller and flatter than they have been for some time. Great work is scarce as ever; bad work is even more plentiful than ever; of work that is merely middling there is enough and to spare. The average of achievement, in fact, is exceptionally low and poor. The more famous masters are, with few exceptions, inferior to themselves; the younger and less known are more or less afflicted with mediocrity. There is less to admire and still less to remember than for some years past: with, as a natural consequence, a keener sense of disappointment, a livelier feeling of dissatisfaction and reproach. It is felt that the old influences have served their turn, and that the new ones, such as they are, seem neither potent nor fruitful; it is patent that the old examples are no longer pleasing nor serviceable, and that the new ones are like to be found wanting in everything save novelty. What there was to say in English has been said so many times as to seem no longer worth the saying; what is being borrowed from the French is only interesting by reason of the manner in which the obligation is discovered and acknowledged. We are learning a new language merely to give utterance to thoughts and ideas which have long been old and trivial and worn, and which, delivered in our native tongue, seem monuments of triteness and conventionality. That, if we are to judge of our position by the exhibitions of 1884, is where we have got; and further than that, it would seem, we are not likely to get for some time.

This conclusion is thrust upon us with special force by the show at Burlington House. Not for many years has the Academy proper assumed the responsibility of fathering—as peculiarly its own—so much that is feeble and inept. By far the greater part of what is on the line is either relatively or positively bad; by far the most part of what is good in the exhibition is elsewhere. The story goes that this year the Academicians have shown themselves uncommonly exacting and austere—have sent this eminent painter packing and shown that promising sculptor to the door: that according to their lights, in fact, and as far as the outside world is concerned, they have done their best to discharge the duties of their office. One cannot help wishing that the object of this effort of virtue had been appropriate, as its

occasion was doubtless happy and irresistible. In other words, one cannot help wishing that the Academicians, all rules and regulations notwithstanding, had begun to be severe among themselves. That this was not so is matter not less for astonishment than regret. The line would have looked so much richer and better! The disappointment would have been so much less bitter and contemptuous! Here, for instance, is Mr. Herbert, R.A., with a "Treasures Here is Mr. Faed with a "Keeper's Daughter," who is not only many feet in height, but who has chosen to attire herself in colours of the crudest and most glaring (the green blackberries and raw cider of the palette, so to speak), and thus portentously equipped to go forth and sit for her portrait in the "shadow" of an inexplicable "forest"—such a "shadow" and such a "forest" as are nowadays impossible anywhere outside the Royal Academy of

AFTER CULLODEN: REBEL-HUNTING.

(*Painted by Seymour Lucas. Royal Academy, 1884. Chantrey Bequest.*)

of the Home," the meaning of which is inscrutable, the colour of which is amazing, the drawing of which is incredible; with a "Ruth at Mealtime" ("With the Reapers in the Field of Boaz; Country near Bethlehem, the Mountains of Moab in the Distance") which is a good second to the "Treasures of the Home;" and with a couple of landscapes in their way and degree unique. Here is Mr. Thorburn, with an astonishing "Daniel in the Lions' Den" (it contains perhaps the cleanest angel in all art), and two other masterpieces to match. Here is Mr. Goodall, with a "Flight into Egypt" which is certainly ambitious, and as certainly takes up an immense amount of room. Arts. Here is Mr. Sant, with a choice and singular assortment of examples of the declension of English portraiture since Gainsborough and Reynolds; Mr. Storey, with a number of works none of which is fairly representative of his graceful and pleasant style; Mr. Marcus Stone, with a couple of essays in the Sentimental Picturesque, which are absolute types of the British School as it appears to the Intelligent Foreigner; Mr. Calderon, with one good picture, a large and stately "Night," but with a pair of "Decorative Panels for a Dining Room," the decorative quality of which seems dubious; Mr. Horsley, with about as completely representative a specimen of fine old crusted British art ("Hide and Seek," the

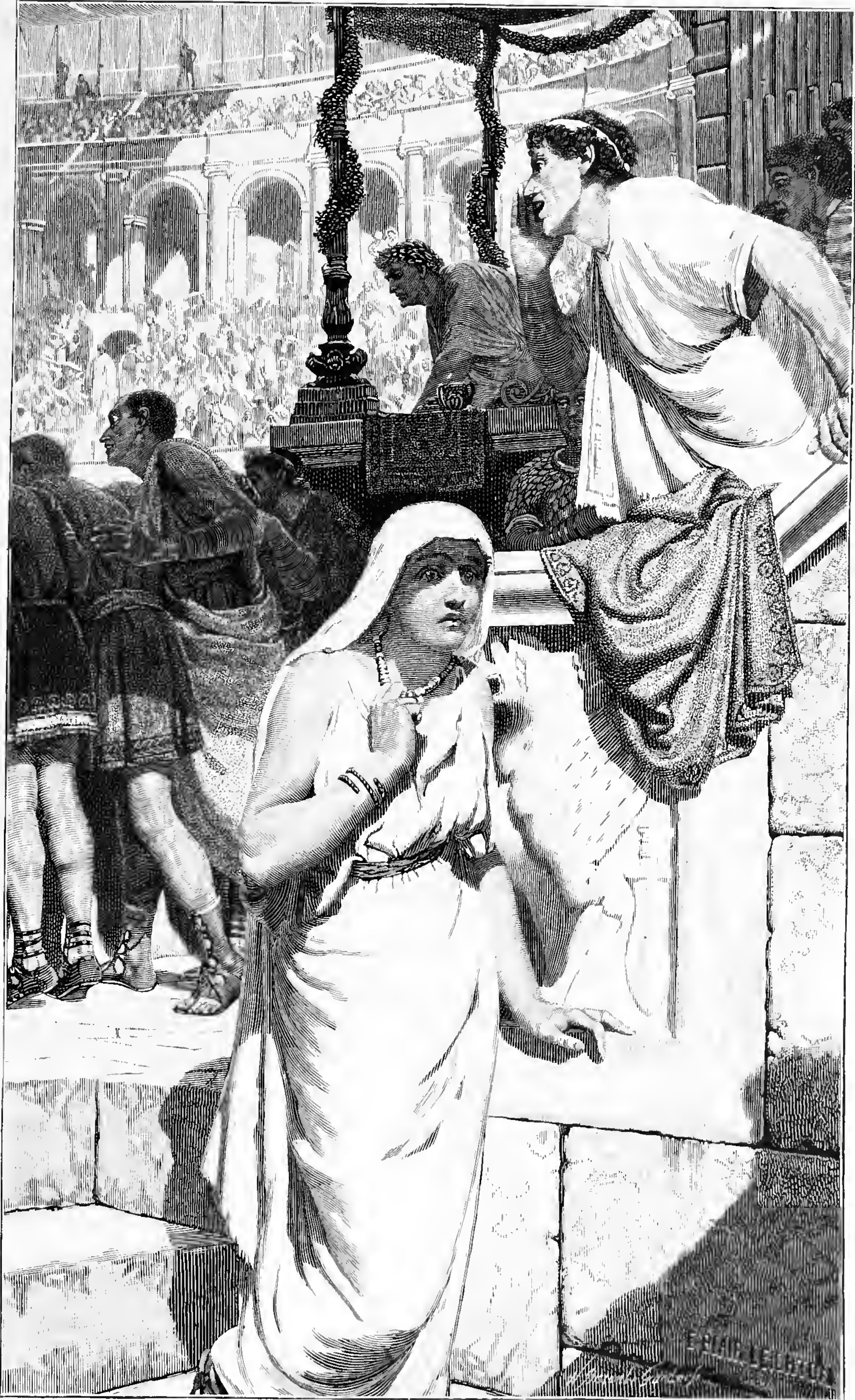
THE DECLARATION OF WAR.

(Painted by James D. Linton. Royal Academy, 1884.)

name of it) as Burlington House has ever produced; Mr. Sidney Cooper, with a stereotyped Cooper of the largest dimensions, and some minor works to match; Mr. Ansdell, with quantities of Ansdells; and Mr. H. W. B. Davis, with at least one canvas—a large one—which shows the painter at his most conventional and least impressive. The list is long; but it is not by any means exhaustive. What is more to the purpose is that the line is the touchstone of an exhibition, and that all these works of art are on the line at Burlington House. How they would fare at Munich and Vienna, or at the Salon, or at the Grosvenor Gallery, or even at certain of the private exhibitions with which the London season is enlivened, is a question more easily asked than answered. What is certain is that here they are, and that they are here *de jure;* while landscapes so fresh and vigorous as Mr. Stokes's "Across the Common," and Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's "Afterglow," and Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Afternoon," and portraits so clever and characteristic as Mr. Collier's "Mrs. Thornton," and Mr. Hamilton's "Master Onslow Ford," and illustrations of life and character and drama so moving and illuminative as Mr. Blair Leighton's "Gladiator's Wife"—the original of our frontispiece—and combinations of figure and landscape so dexterous and sincere as Mr. Blandford Fletcher's "Compulsory Education" and Mr. Clausen's "Labourers after Dinner" (to instance but a few of many), are either credited with second and third-rate honours, or are set so high as to be out of humanity's reach, and made—since the Academy is nothing if not a place of sale—for practical purposes non-existent.

All this is unsatisfactory enough; but there is worse behind. It is usual that the Academy should be revealed as, in some sort and to some extent, the Chelsea Hospital, the Invalides, of art. So much, by the very nature of its constitution, is inevitable. As a rule, however, it is representative enough to justify the fact of its existence, and rich and full enough to command attention and applause. If it exhibits with every circumstance of honour work that is entitled to no consideration at all, it also exhibits work which is unquestionably the best we can show, and which we are proud to accept as the highest expression of English art. This year the intention is good as always, but the effect is singularly disappointing. Mr. Millais, for instance, is certainly the most popular painter of his time, and is often put forward as a perfect craftsman, an English Velasquez, to boot. There is nothing to justify this theory of his power and accomplishment at Burlington House. He has exhibited scores and scores of better portraits than his "Fleetwood Wilson;" his "Miss Scott" is absolutely unworthy of his reputation; his "Henry Irving," painted for the Garrick Club, is a good likeness and a bad picture—is very common in design, rather feeble in effect, and the reverse of masterly in execution. His most important work, "An Idyll," is, to say the least, a disappointment. The scene is a kind of boskage; on the left, his back against a tree, a drum beside him, a boy grenadier sits fifing gravely, while on the right three urchins of the opposite sex are listening open-mouthed to his music. The drum and the grenadier are ablaze with gold and scarlet, the effect of which is curiously garish and disconcerting; while the three little girls are so soberly clad as almost to disappear from the picture, their three little mouths are open at the same angle, their three little faces are touched with the same expression, their three little bodies are so grouped as to seem positively ungraceful. For once, in fine, the master-painter of children appears to have failed with his pet theme—to have produced a picture of children and costumes and a drum, in which the children are nothing and the costumes and the drum are everything. Something of the same sort has happened to the President, who exhibits a couple of fancy portraits ("A Nap" and "Letty"), the painting of which is self-satisfied in the extreme, while the effect is merely pretty. On the "Cymon and Iphigenia" Sir Frederick, it is true, has put forth all his strength, but the results of his endeavour are questionable. The picture is a night-piece: Iphigenia sleeps in the shadow of strange trees, while Cymon stands at gaze hard by, and beyond, at the horizon's edge, is a segment of the rising moon, symbolical, it is assumed, of the dawn in Cymon's heart and mind. The canvas is a vast one; the scheme of colour, while broad and simple, is also (the word must out) the reverse of attractive, especially on such a scale as here; the two heroic figures—though one, the Iphigenia, is exquisitely drawn and modelled, and most elaborately draped—are not nearly heroic enough. Of course, the President's ambition is of the loftiest; equally of course, the standard by which his achievement must be judged is exceptionally high. But in heroic art, to be ever so little inferior to your work is (as English critics are fond of observing in connection with Nicolas Poussin) to show yourself mistaken from the first.

Mr. Alma Tadema's one exhibit—which shows the Emperor Hadrian in the act of visiting a British pottery—is of uncommon size. It is elaborately and ingeniously constructed; bu the design is too intricate to be instantly effective, and its difficulties are immensely increased by a complete deficiency of atmosphere and a confusion of values that is really bewildering. Of course there is some fine painting of surfaces, with a green garland and a shelf of onions which in a sense are all



THE GLADIATOR'S WIFE.

(Painted by E. Blair Leighton. Royal Academy, 1884.)

the picture. Of Mr. Herkomer's "Pressing to the West" we took occasion to speak when it was exhibited at Messrs. Goupil's; it does not improve upon acquaintance. Mr. Holl has painted better portraits than the half-dozen or so—including a good official full-length of the Prince of Wales—by which he is represented. Mr. Briton Riviere has been seen to far greater advantage than in his "Eve of St. Bartholomew," his "Actæon," his "Enchanted Castle," or even his "The King and his Satellites," impressive as it is. Mr. Linton's "Declaration of War"—which sets forth much patient study and much excellent craftsmanship—we have engraved. Mr. Poynter's "Diadumenè" is very small, very careful and fine, and very attractive; his four medals are excellent work; of his three-quarter length of the Bishop of Sydney there is nothing to be said but that, as the production of an Academician, it is necessarily on the line. Mr. Long, in "Thisbe" and "Judith," repeats himself and his model as usual. The best (which means not much) of Mr. Pettie's four is certainly the "Knight's Vigil," a picture of chivalry, purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. Mr. Phil Morris is obtrusively on the line in "Crowns of Joy and Sorrow" and "Sweethearts and Wives" (both English, both common and popular, both painted in the liveliest colours), and very deservedly so in "Quite Ready," a spirited and taking imitation of the child-pictures of Mr. Millais. Mr. Vicat Cole is better and fresher than usual; so is Mr. Ouless; and so—except in "Church Afloat"—is Mr. Hodgson. But Mr. Watts is not to be seen at all; Mr. Hook is only to be seen in a quartett of canvases which might well be, not the repetitions they are, but the imitations they suggest; Mr. Albert Moore, in "Reading Aloud," Mr. Henry Moore in "Off the Lizard" and "Off the Bill," Mr. Oakes, Mr. Prinsep, Mr. Wells, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Mark Fisher, are in the same case with Mr. Hook; while Mr. Frank Dicksee, in "Romeo and Juliet," is far below his last year's level, and Mr. Macbeth in a "Fen Farm" and Mr. Colin Hunter in "As They Roar on the Shore" approve themselves quite elderly Academicians already.

The picture of the year is certainly Mr. Orchardson's "Mariage de Convenance," a trifle arbitrary in the lighting, perhaps, but excellent in character, admirably painted, in colour at once masterly and delightful, subtle and rich, original and beautiful. Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Intruders," to which we shall return later on, is brilliant, daring, vigorous to a degree. Mr. Van Haanen's "Afternoon Coffee" is so badly composed as to be shorn of half its interest and effect; all the same, it is full of character and life, sparkling and fresh and vivid in colour, and capitally painted. In "Venetian Life"—a group of those gallant and charming damsels first made known to us by Mr. Van Haanen—Mr. Fildes is seen at his brightest as an inventor and observer, and at his most accomplished as a colourist. Mr. Boughton, in his transcript from nature at Walcheren, has aimed high, and been almost, if not quite, successful; in his "Field Handmaiden" he has painted what is certainly his best figure, and what is probably one of his happiest landscapes. Mr. Colin Hunter, with a beautiful "Summer Twilight," and a "Herring Market at Sea" of which we shall presently have more to say, has amply justified his recent election: as also, by the way, has Mr. Woods, in a set of transcripts from Venetian life and nature. Mr. Reid and Mr. Brett are both at their very best. Mr. Van Beers, in "Soir d'Été," has spoiled a good and clever landscape by the introduction of a very vulgar person in pink silk stockings even more vulgar than herself. Mr. Leader, in a variation on Tennyson's theme, "Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea," is much the same as usual, only very much better. Mr. Murray, who is, we believe, a Glasgow artist, exhibits, among others, a landscape, which has been purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest; it is, to our thinking, incoherent in composition, and not at all well modelled, but it has air and light and freshness, and may be considered with pleasure. Mr. Seymour Lucas, in "After Culloden"—also purchased for the Chantrey Collection—has produced what seems to us his best work; it is a little trite and commonplace in subject, but it is well grouped and well composed, it has character and action, and it is good in colour and well painted. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "The Oracle" (to bring this long yet incomplete and most inadequate list to an end) is one of the successes of the year. It represents a band of women seeking counsel of the Teraph—a human skull; they are seated in a semi-circle, while the priestess, her ear at the oracle's dreadful mouth, interprets its decrees with terror. The background—a range of pierced windows—is broken in effect, and a little niggled in treatment; but there is enough of passion and drama and character in the group of devotees, and enough of good colour and good painting everywhere, to make the work in every sense remarkable.

In the sculpture gallery, incomparably the best thing of all is M. Rodin's "Âge d'Airain." It is badly placed; so that only one of its aspects is to be studied. This is all the more unfortunate, as it is perhaps the only work in the collection which exhibits the true sculpturesque quality in perfection, and is sculpture under every aspect alike.

It has its defects: there is a certain coarseness in the treatment of the hair; the action and gesture, while expressive enough in themselves, do nothing to help us back to the Age of Bronze; and the idea embodied is hardly of the noblest. But the modelling of the thing is like a Donatello, its style is charged with originality and distinction, it reveals a great master in every line. Of extraordinary merit are Mr. Gilbert's "Study of a Head," a masterpiece of realism, and "Icarus," an admirable, but faulty, essay in the ideal. Of these the "Study" is far and away the better; it has breadth and dignity and style. The "Icarus," on the other hand, with an admirable technical quality, is only graceful from certain points of view, and moreover, considered as an heroic figure, is deficient in structural beauty. Mr. Lawson's "Ave, Cæsar!" is vigorous and spirited; and Mr. Swinnerton's "Victor," while in some sort deficient in accomplishment and style, embodies a fine idea, and reproduces with success something of the antique sentiment and convention. Finally—to end *con la bocca dolce* —Mr. Thornycroft's "Mower" may be described as the very happy outcome of an attempt to do in sculpture what Walker did in painting—to ennoble the facts of common English life, and to transfuse everyday English faces and figures with something of the eternal interest of art. In sculpture, by the very nature of things, the endeavour was bound to be less successful than in painting. Mr. Thornycroft, however, has gone as near to success as was possible. His "Mower" has the reality of fact, and is touched with the majesty of art. Mr. Thornycroft's one other contribution of mark is a marble "Coleridge" for Westminster Abbey. It may be compared with Mr. Boehm's brilliant bronze of "Lord Wolseley," on the other side of the gallery.

THE MOWER.
(From the Plaster by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1884.)

A LOOK AT THE MODEL.

(Drawn by E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. Royal Institute, 1884.)

E. J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

THE artistic work of one who is almost the youngest of the Associates of the Academy is noticeable and delightful not only because Mr. Gregory differs from so many of his brethren by the extent of his achievements, but also because he is peculiarly free from the preoccupations which are wont to limit the efforts and harass the imaginations of cultivated people. I am told, and can well believe, that Mr. Gregory is among the best read men in London—among the most widely read—but if he has read much, at least it has not, like the character in "Faust," been "dreadfully much." He has not been overpowered. Neither through literature nor society has he submitted himself unduly to influences which are seductive and gentle, but which often end by debilitating. In the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century he has had the extreme courage to see the world with his own eyes. The Art and Letters of the past have given him a cultivation that he has been strong enough to bear. They have not destroyed his individuality: they have hardly affected it. His forerunners have, indeed, taught him. Now in Italy and now in Holland, he has seen their work with the admiration which no fairly observant person can withhold from the art of Titian or that of Jan Steen. But the poetic realism of the Venetian has left him as free as has the more prosaic fidelity of the Dutchman. Feebler, for I will not say more sensitive, personalities have discovered in Botticelli or Pollajuolo qualities to which they have been obliged to submit. The pupil has declared himself when he has recognised the master. Mr. Gregory, it would seem, is nobody's pupil.

The circumstances of Mr. Gregory's early days, his early training, and the nature of his literary education, his first artistic pursuits—all have had the

tendency to send or to keep him among modern things, to engage him chiefly in translating into more or less beautiful colour and line an every-day experience and no remote vision. The son of an engineer, and born in a modern seaport town—Southampton; his literary culture gained chiefly for himself; owing nothing to universities, and little to Academic men—the delusion has never been encouraged within him that the age in which he exists is an age whose influences it is necessary to avoid, and accordingly when another generation than his own takes note of his art and estimates it, it will be found to contain an extraordinarily ample share of the accurate yet really pictorial record of the "very form and pressure" of the time in which it was produced. In it will be the signs of the keen vision—in it is the precise yet beautiful rendering—of much even of what is trivial and accidental in the life of the moment. In so far as it belongs to genre, it belongs to that which is concerned with the things which its creator has actually known. Of genre there are, it may be said, two kinds—historic genre and the genre of the day. Genre can never look forward. It is only theological or so-called "religious" painting that can be concerned with the future. Genre has the choice of looking back to the past or of looking to the present. It belongs, therefore—or, upon the surface, seems to belong—to that order of painting which approaches most nearly to the most approved of modern novels. It illustrates daily life. But there is this distinction to remember—that with the main theme of the modern novel, the tracking of the sentiment or of the passion of love, the art of Mr. Gregory hardly deals, and that with Mr. Gregory, or with any painter who works in his spirit, that which is only episode or slighter incident in the novel or the comedy becomes, on the face of it, a main theme. A scene which is a mere link, one link out of many, in the written fiction, becomes, in the painted picture—as in "A Rehearsal" say, or like the flirtation in "Dawn"—presumably the whole subject. But then, again, what distinguishes Mr. Gregory from the feebler or shallower painter of similar things is that such a scene is not at bottom his whole subject. Often his real subject is rather the selected combination of colour, line, and light. The novelist and he may have the same story, but they see it in different ways—treat it for different ends.

The outward aspect, therefore, of the things and persons of the day—and not so much their inner significance—has come to be the material out of which Mr. Gregory weaves his work. But he is drawn, I daresay, much more by an unerring instinct than by a recognised conviction, to the outward aspect of the present instead of to the outward aspect of the past. For my own part I see in him about the highest type of painter who addresses himself to the artistic vision of his time. He does it very likely without a *parti pris*. He painted St. George and he painted Sir Galahad years ago, and, as his is a personality flexible even to changefulness and instability, it would not astonish me in the least if he painted them again to-morrow. But for the last few years at all events, and as I privately believe for most of the years that are to come, Gregory will be found but little devoted to that art which has monopolised the title of "imaginative." Not for him the world of the past. St. George, Sir Galahad, and the Norse pirates of his earlier labours—for a while he has bid them good-bye.

In the "Norse Pirates" and one or two kindred subjects, exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours a few years since, Mr. Gregory passed, so to say, his needed examinations, took his degree, proved his capacity to do, quite as well as other people, what has been done before, and what will be done again. I am not sorry that the strong young painter, with his whole career before him, offered up these respectable sacrifices on the conventional altar of imaginative art. It has, at all events, removed from the opponents of the work to which he has later betaken himself, the opportunity of asserting that his eventual selection of the life of the day is a matter of hard necessity and not of artistic choice. He could have dealt as creditably as others with that which he had never beheld, and, unsupported by experience, could have produced, with great cleverness, a fictitious art. But by the remarkable picture known as "Dawn," which was shown at Mr. Deschamps' gallery some eight years ago, it became evident that Mr. Gregory's peculiar skill was in the discerning of all that is most artistic and all that is most piquant in the modern life of cities—in the existence of a society that cannot claim to be unsophisticated, that cannot pretend even to the ambition to be simple. "Dawn" catches the flirtation of a night at its last and most critical moment. The scene, very likely, is some big villa in the Regent's Park; the immediate place is a large bow-windowed drawing-room, in which, through the drawn blinds, the first light of the pale cold morning enters to struggle with the glare of the chandeliers. Tawdry curtains drape the recess. At the keyboard of a grand piano, the paid musician, detained too long from the humble bed that awaits him in his lodgings in Soho or Camden Town, half dozes as he plays, and it seems that nobody dances, for there are but two other figures, and these, standing by the curve of the piano, are now in their flirtation's most violent phase. He is middle-aged; has seen the world; been everywhere; done everything. She is young, but perhaps a trifle too much *éveillée*—or is it only that it is very piquant for intelligent fresh-

ness to listen to a superabundance of knowledge? Anyhow his flattery has ceased to be guarded; and the attitude of her attention has ceased to be discreet. If the worn but energetic gentleman had been a little less obviously a *roué*, and the slim young lady a little less absolutely mundane, the story might have been pleasanter; but in no case could the story chosen have been more effectively told. And this is the first instance of a faculty of Mr. Gregory's of which so much must be seen hereafter—his power of giving grace even to the most commonplace of modern raiment. Even the man's trousers come well in the composition, while the dress of the lady, the stiffened yet moderately flexible bodice, the floods of frilling, the long trailing skirts, alternately express and hide the figure in ways that are only at the command of a consummate draughtsman. And here, too, is the first introduction—and it is at once a prominent one—of "that sceptre of the world, the fan of a beauty." It is opened here, and held aloft, almost as a first line of defence—there is still a barrier between the too sudden lover and the too unadvised fair. In the "Rehearsal" it is open, but for the time without significance, for the attention of the figures, merely spectators, is concentrated on the repetition of the play. It has its part though in the composition—in the wonderful spiral of dress and accessory. And in a third picture, a direct and complete portrait of a quite different model—of a lady who is the daughter of Mr. Gregory's staunchest upholder and most uncompromising friend—Miss Galloway, seated at ease after a long waltz, holds it high, with its pale blue feathers against the blond of the head—it is lightly closed, but ready for service. Mr. Gregory's heroines would never have needed to learn "the exercise of the fan," even out of so pleasant a text-book as Addison's *Spectator*.

Master, then, of the utility of the fan in artistic design, Gregory is likewise master of the employment of the palette. In Mr. Galloway's house, which is a museum of Gregorys, there hangs on the drawing-room wall the remarkable water-colour, "Last Touches," which appeared at the Institute about three years ago. It shows the same handsome and dissipated and outworn model who is the hero of "Dawn," but this time he is made to be a painter, and in the closing hours of the day he is weary of his work, of himself, of everything. These last touches—they are the very devil, you know. There is no such thing as being satisfied. Painter and writer, caring for their art, torture themselves over these things. So it is in the drawing. The man who faces you, near the machinery of the easel—his chair tilted back, and he looking at his work—sprawls with wide-opened legs, boots and great knees thrust into the foreground, a brush in one hand and in the other a palette. Behind him, at the remote fireplace of the beautiful studio, stands a young woman in evening dress, not worried like the artist, not tortured at all, but only a little bored lest she should be late for the theatre. The anxious preoccupation of the one person, the trifling preoccupation of the other—the suggestion of two lives led together, with interests a good deal separated—has in it enough of the dramatic. It is an excellent subject, even as subjects are estimated by the lovers of story. But I am told I was not wrong in a surmise I made long ago, that the real motive of the picture was the curve of the palette; the foreshortened curve; its place in the composition. Objects in themselves generally allowed to be beautiful are here, as so often in Mr. Gregory's work, subordinated to the due display of that whose interest is more lately discovered. The young woman—generally allowed to be beautiful—nay, from whom beauty is generally exacted—she is thrust into the background. The canopy of the ceiling; the decorations of the mantelpiece—all background. In the foreground are the straight lines of the easel, the palette's curve, the great extended legs.

Then again, the portrait of Mr. Gregory himself, which is one of our illustrations. Is not the employment of the palette in that composition as original as it is successful? And the crossed leg again, so close to the spectator: is not that almost as bold and as fresh, in a modern portrait? The muscularity of the thing—the sweeping and sturdy line of it—takes us back to the later Renaissance, to the tombs of the Medici, to the sculptures of Gian Bologna. Further, there is a distinct piquancy in the union of this broad and large design with a finish not only so expressive but so dainty as that of which the head gives evidence.

The keen perception of beautiful muscular action and of a fortunate "bony structure" (which is the very foundation of beauty of line) revealed beneath the fold or strain of modern dress—that keen and alert perception combined with a faultless draughtsmanship, allows the artist we are considering to treat an every-day folk in every-day ways, with a dignity and interest that are at the command of very few of the painters of contemporary life. See, for instance, the latest important canvas, the Academy picture, his "Intruders." There is a tussle of swans—the "vested interests" of one or other of them to the bounty of the ladies of the boat being threatened by outsiders who would like to share in the expected spoil. And so the water is a-move, the very air seems a-flutter, with the splashing birds and the beating of their great white wings. The scene is by an island of the Thames, opposite Winter's Hill, in the morning hours, in the freshness and the blue of the June

weather. In the foreground the fashionable modern dress and the tawdry decorations of the house-boat come to be reconciled with all that is more admittedly paintable. The feat is accomplished. Some of us will see in the picture just a spirited and entertaining record of an incident of the river. Some of us will see, on the other hand, a good deal more and a good deal that is different. For there is visible—supposing that the Fates have granted us eyes—the masterly record of a swift impression, and the deliberate pleasure of the capable hand in following the intricate beauty of the figure at rest. The young girl seen from behind, with turned head, with extended arm—no drawing, even of Watteau's, goes beyond that, in dainty expressiveness. It must have been done with delight: with delight, I say, and with Macduff's "joyful trouble," if with trouble at all. And so with several things at Mr. Galloway's which record the subtleties of pretty or characteristic attitude: the young woman plunging into the piano, for instance, her head pushed eagerly forward, her elbow and bent-up arm thrown back, her skirts a-rustle, as the little hurrying mouse scampers through the instrument. And again, the drawing of the ballet girl, with her arm laid along the mantelpiece, her figure relaxed in the lounging rest of the bare green-room; the eyes directed to the friend whose doffed hat, placed on the mantel-shelf, alone intrudes into the picture.

INTRUDERS.

(Painted by E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1884.)

Mr. Gregory has shown in other works than those of genre painting his curious sensitiveness to unconsidered beauties of line. He has shown it where he has also shown a keen appreciation of character—in portraiture—but it is evidenced still more completely in those grey visions of the land and river which allow one to think of him sometimes along with Whistler and Wyllie. The gaunt black wooden pier or landing-stage that projects into the grey water; the steamboat lying alongside of it; the water-side sheds, the low flat shore—these are things which (as a drawing at Mr. Galloway's proves) Gregory sees as sympathetically as he sees the blue stream that hurries down amidst the golden fern and the stones of the moorland, or the stretch of tawny and weed-covered rock that lies under a sky of delicate opal. The very words that we want to describe these pictures or to hint at them, "blue" and "golden," "tawny" and "opal," remind us that we are in the realm of colour. Nay, more, these latter pictures not only include colour but give it prominence: they are dependent upon its harmonies or its fortunate contrasts. Now Mr. Gregory has often been

A REHEARSAL.

(Painted by E. J. Gregory, A.R.A. By Permission of W. Virtan, Esq.)

said to be uncertain and unequal in colour. We have had from time to time to register his failures in it, or at all events the disappointments that he does not invariably spare us. There was the portrait of Mr. Alfred Seymour, for instance, and there was last year's "Piccadilly." We must admit the inequality. Perhaps we must even go so far as to say that he is not a colourist primarily—that the leaven of the old Adam of the Black and White, the old Adam of the *Graphic* newspaper, is strong within him. He is a colourist chiefly *à ses heures*. But then "his hours" come pretty frequently, and when they come they are exquisitely productive. Mr. Galloway's little picture of "The Mouse in the Piano" is beautiful in spite of colour. It has everything else to recommend it: action, vivacity, draughtsmanship, the original and piquant record of a trifling thing. His picture of the plump blonde a little huddled on an ottoman of striped yellow is beautiful because of colour. Perhaps it is beautiful for nothing besides.

The whole Venetian series—likewise at Mr. Galloway's—is notable as showing Gregory's dainty control over pure and lovely hues. But for other things too it is notable, though one's first impression of it may conceivably be disappointing. The dainty little canvases are not peculiar: they are not signed over every inch of them with Gregory's mark. They bear no trace of his having been preoccupied with the remembrance of his earlier methods. They are fresh and new and unmannered, recalling his own work as little as they recall Miss Montalba's broad and masculine transcript, or Mr. Whistler's beautiful and fantastic vision. They are the Venice that *is*—everybody's Venice—just the habitual Venice of midday hours, of steady sunshine and keen light. It is not idealised or changed, it is simply recorded: now the Grand Canal with its rows of palaces; the marble of glowing slab or writhing column; and now the little side-canal with its workyard where the boat-builder builds the *barca* of to-day, to which the gondola of old must gradually give place. The strength of it is that it *is* everybody's Venice, painted with a touch so firm and precise, and in hues so luminous.

Still, the Venetian work is at best but brilliant study; the river work at Erith and at the mouth of the Medway shows that Mr. Wyllie need not have stood alone—another has been in his path; the Scottish landscape work, well, that is only another indication of the very wide sympathies of this flexible genius. It is none of these we rest upon. They are the work of bye-hours; they are holiday tasks. In portraiture and in genre painting lies the artist's most real force: in portraiture, from "Mr. Eley" to "Miss Galloway;" in genre painting, from "Dawn" to "A Rehearsal" and the "Intruders." The portrait of Mr. Eley, which was the earliest of his more considerable portraits, was felt, when it was exhibited, to reveal in the artist an originality quite as marked and decisive as it disclosed in the sitter. Yet the "Miss Galloway" went in every way beyond it. Its art was wholly concealed, and the work itself was only the last result of a long observation. Painfully, I believe, and indefatigably the picture was wrought at weary sitting after sitting. Gregory, it seems, is never easy to please, and he knew he had a chance here, and did not intend to lose it. He destroyed one canvas. Then, with the sitter a little exhausted—since I dare not say she was bored—with her share of the labour, the artist struck into the business again, with a new energy, and perhaps the most life-like portrait of a woman done in our time was wrought rapidly out of the accumulated knowledge that had seemed for a while to yield so little. Doubtless one might often see the face much prettier, but perhaps it is this good-natured air of sufferance—this "Well now, this must really be the last of me"—that gives it its extraordinary appearance of truth. The pose of the figure is one of absolute ease; the painting is as good as the draughtsmanship; it is a triumph of execution. Just because it is a triumph of execution I am told that it will not reproduce without too serious a loss. So we do not attempt a woodcut. But it is well to remember that this masterly, refined, and unaffected work was, three years since, the legitimate sensation of a gallery sometimes a little too indulgent to refinement burdened by affectation, and to ambition unsupported by force. A real and tangible presence was side by side with the ghosts. No wonder, then, that from the eye of the mind the ghosts vanished—the living presence stayed.

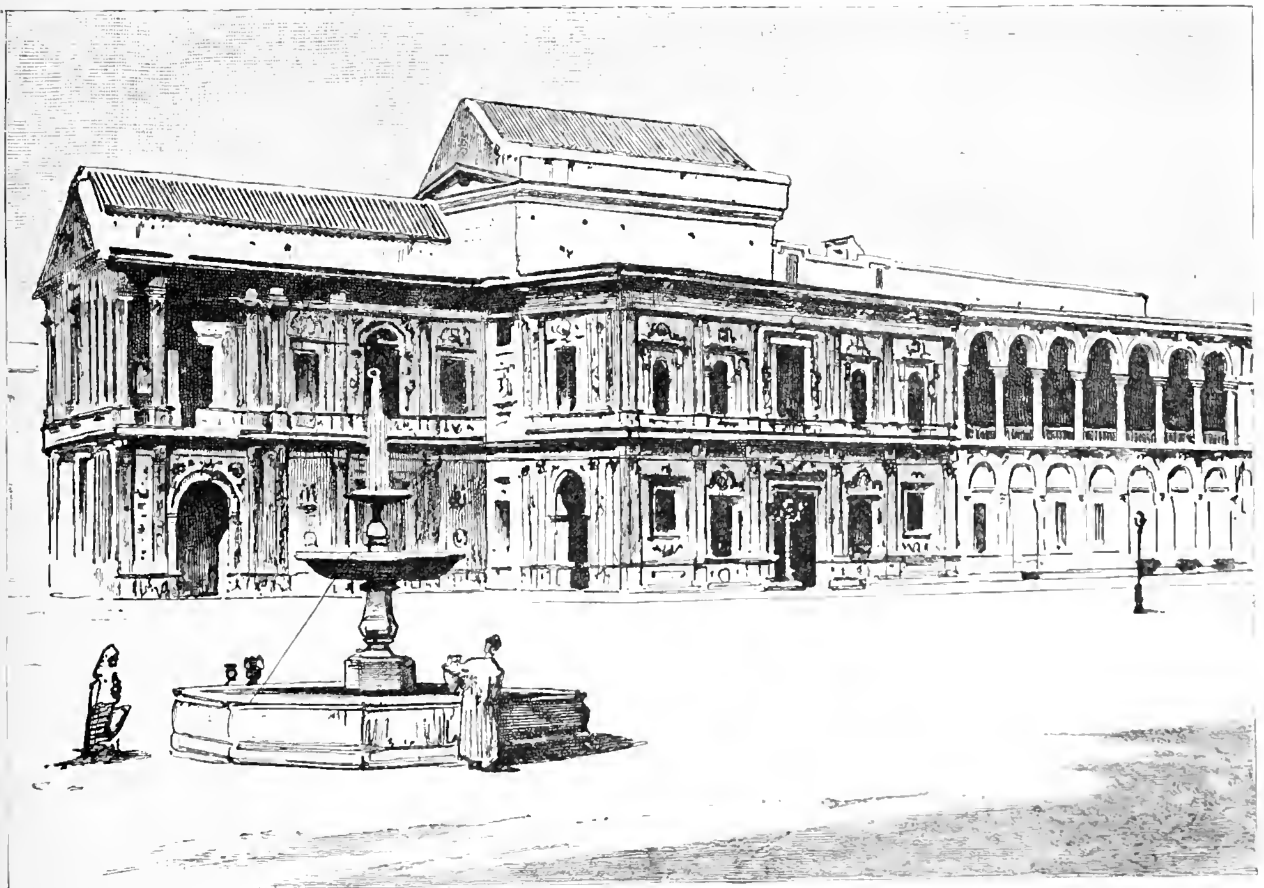
Perhaps no single genre picture thus far painted by Mr. Gregory makes on behalf of its painter quite so unanswerable a claim as that advanced by this portrait. For, hitherto, the "Dawn" is of his genre pictures the most serious and the most ambitious, and the technical qualities of "Dawn" he has now far surpassed. In genre painting it is not so much by a single work that we should be prepared to class him as by the manifestation in many works together of many various gifts and of that comprehensiveness of spirit, that intellectual and artistic toleration, which—Mr. Gregory's brush being what it is—is the best guarantee for his future. It may be that we could wish him hereafter a little less tolerant of red mahogany furniture and sordid belongings, and of a Bohemia which is without Bohemia's justification—that it does at least enjoy itself, and improve each shining hour in its own particular way. And while welcoming Mr. Gregory's treatment of modern attire, we might perhaps ask that his choice should fall even

less frequently than it does at present upon costumes that would be voted common in an Oxford Street window—cheapish silks dependent for their garish effectiveness upon a prodigious amount of dress-making. In Mr. Gregory's best portraits the raiment of his choice has either the simplicity of splendid and lasting material, or the coquettish fashioning demanded by the dance dress of a night. Why is an eye that understands the charm of both indulgent occasionally to that which has the charms of neither? That is perhaps only an exaggeration of the tolerance and comprehensiveness which are Gregory's distinction, and it may be it is to be regretted only because to the weaker brethren it is something of a stumbling-block, preventing them from receiving all that Mr. Gregory's art is excellently fitted to give. If Mr. Gregory had manifested a great dramatic faculty the sympathy of the large public might have been more absolutely his. But as it is, he is dependent practically upon the suffrages of the cultivated; and of the cultivated, many are weak and a few are strong. When he is truest to himself he paints modern themes, but he is far too sincere an artist to treat them meretriciously. Thus—it has to be admitted—in a certain measure he escapes wide popularity.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"THE MARVEL OF THE WORLD."—II.

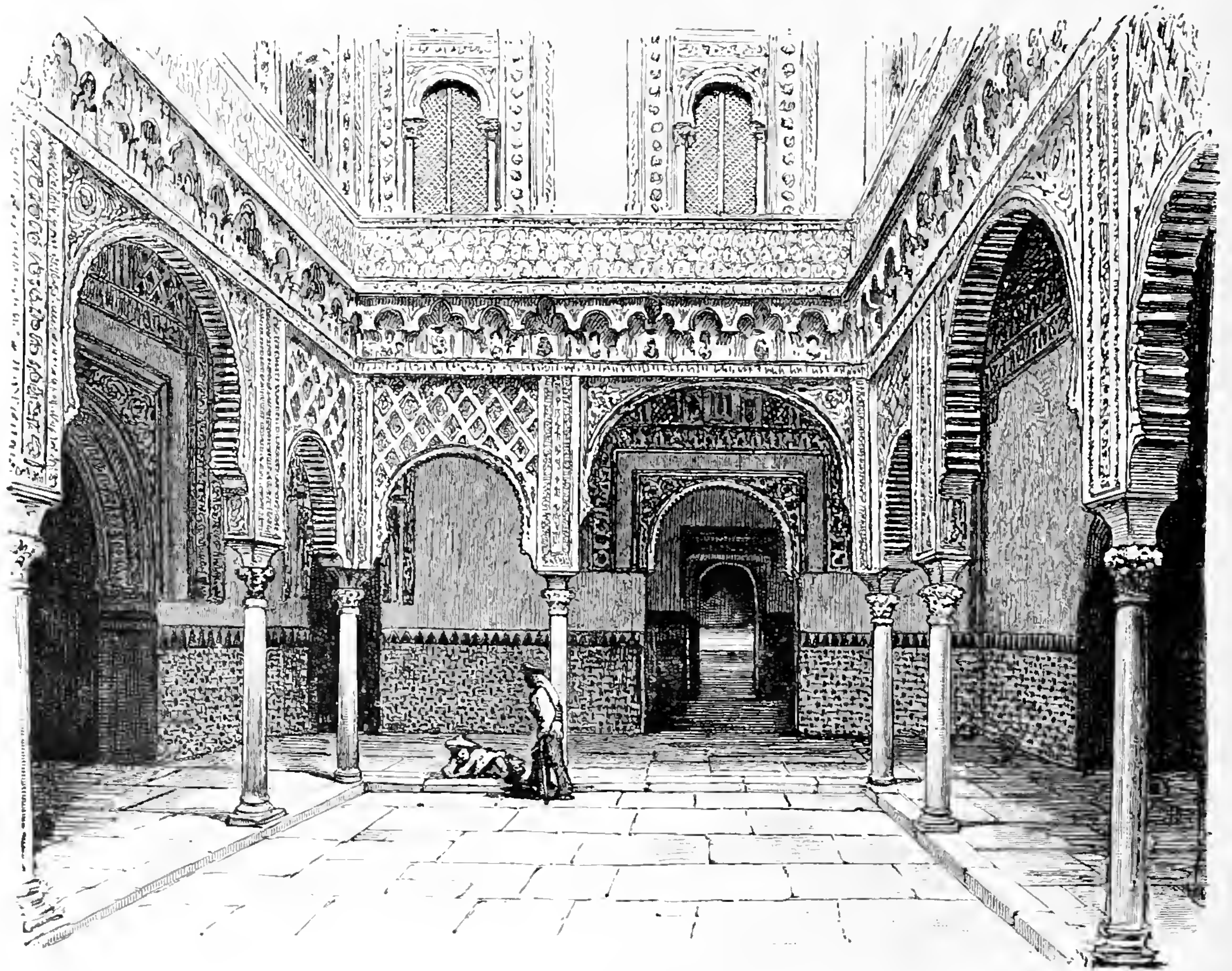
SEVILLE has two great monuments of its commercial past, the Fábrica de Tabacos and the Lonja (1). This last is the Exchange, Town House, and Rolls Office of the city, and is, from an artistic point of view, far too good for two at least of its functions. If the rolls contained in it were those of the municipality, we might say that it was wholly put to an unworthy purpose. But they are something far better than that. King Charles III.—the only Spanish sovereign since Philip II. who has not been either a harmless blockhead or a vicious brute—transferred "el archivo de las Indias," that is to say,



1.—THE LONJA.

the records of Spanish America, from Simancas, the castle near Valladolid where the national rolls are kept, to Seville, in 1784. Here they lie in safe keeping, if not in such apple-pie order as the rolls of Castile at Simancas and of Aragon at Barcelona. There are a good many such traces of Charles III.'s passage on the throne of Spain, little pieces of intelligent business management, and every here and there a solid stone bridge or useful public building. Then, too, did he not with the help of his minister Aranda, a subtle, cruel, able man of the old Spanish stamp, literally ruin and scatter the Jesuits, and likewise pare the claws of the Inquisition? In my opinion the Spaniards have to thank a deity who has done a good deal for them, for the merits of this prince—Hercules Britannicus, to wit. Before he succeeded his brother as king of Spain, Charles had been king of the Two Sicilies. During one of the various confused wars of the Eighteenth Century he was grievously suspected of intending to join a coalition against us or one of our friends. So—for in those benighted times we used to back our friends—a British naval officer in command of a few seventy-fours and frigates was sent to persuade him to keep quiet. The commodore went about it in a very Eighteenth Century British naval officer fashion. He anchored in a commanding position in Naples Bay, and then made an official call on his Majesty. Without unnecessary beating of the bush, he asked him to sign a treaty of alliance with Great Britain, there and then and on the spot. Charles of Bourbon made difficulties. He talked of consulting his ministers, of notes, protocols, and what-not. When he had done the commodore pulled out his watch, and gravely deposited it on the table. Then he informed the king that if the treaty was not agreed to by the time the minute hand had travelled half-way round the hour, he would open fire on Naples. Three-quarters of an hour afterwards he was being rowed back to his flag-ship with the formal engagement signed in his coat-tail pocket. Things like that have a quickening effect on the royal intelligence, and bear all sorts of wholesome fruit.

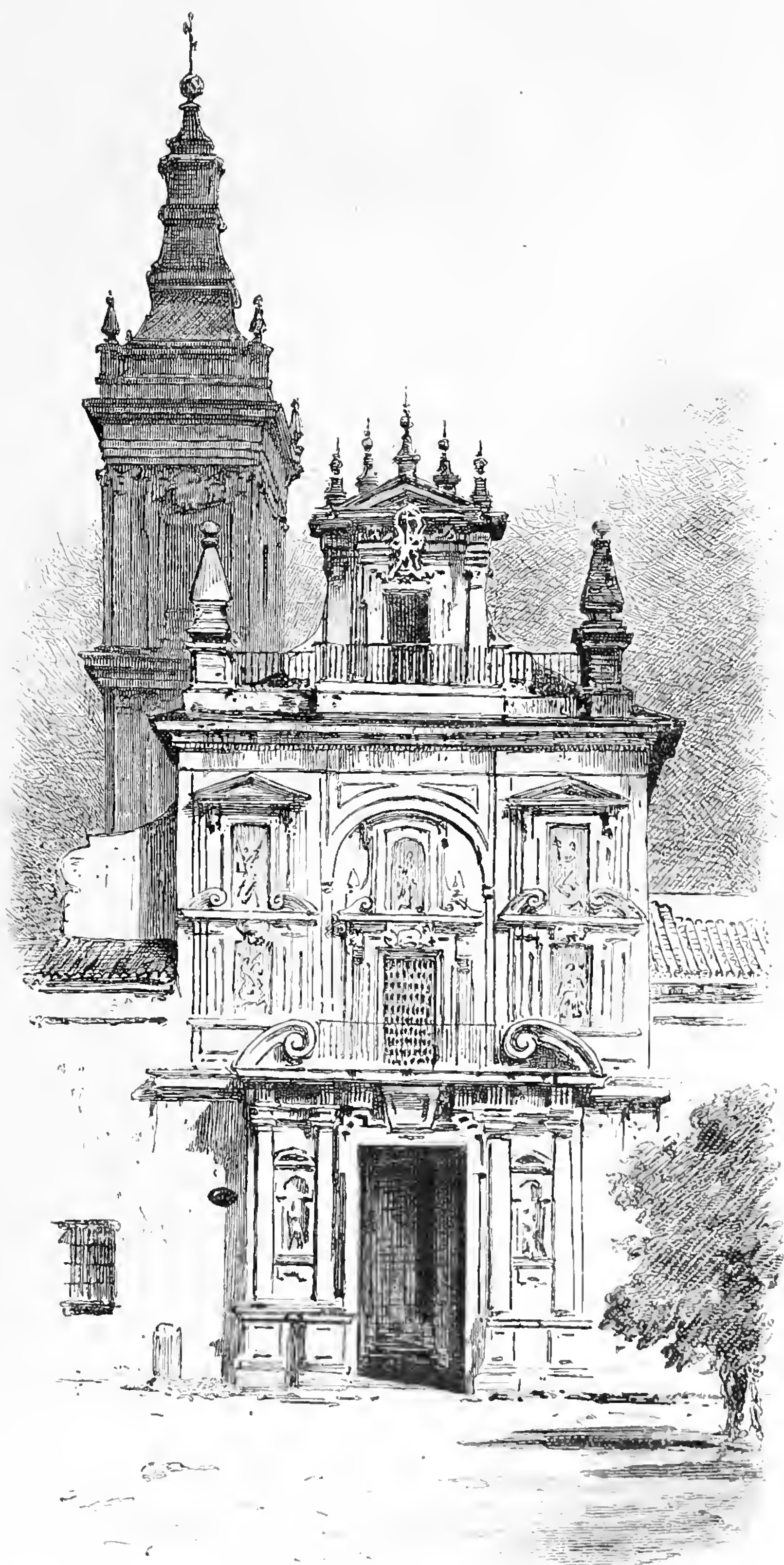
But the Lonja—to return to our muttons—



2.—THE PATIO DE LAS MUÑECAS.

was in existence long before Charles's day. It was given to Seville by Cristóbal de Rojas, the archbishop. In 1572 this ecclesiastic petitioned Philip II. to build an exchange, and so put a stop to the scandalous practice of the merchants, who used to meet for business in the nave of the cathedral precisely as they used to do in old St. Paul's before Gresham's day. Philip, who was always ready to further a splendid piece of building or artistic work of any kind, gave his consent and help. It was executed in thirteen years by Juan de Herrera, and opened on the 11th August, 1598. Herrera was also the builder of the Escurial, and an architect of the school of the Italian Renaissance. The Lonja, though its proportions have been somewhat spoilt by later additions, and some of its details are not approved by good judges, is a fine specimen of the art of his school.

Of the Fábrica de Tabacos I have spoken already, but it seems appropriate to say something in this place of the articles turned out there. The cigars of the "estanco"—a word for which we have happily no equivalent, but which answers to the French *régie*—are altogether worthy of a government monopoly. According to theory they should be made of the tobacco of Manilla, wrapped in the leaf from the island of Cuba. What they really are made of only the enterprising contractor knows. Perhaps the equally enterprising smuggler who has his head-quarters at Gibraltar has a shrewd notion, for loudly as Spanish officials complain of the contraband trade from the Rock, it is the universal opinion of their countrymen that every man of them has a finger in it. Wherever the tobacco comes from, a vast amount of it is



3.—THE CHURCH OF LA CARIDAD.

worked up in the Fábrica. Thirty years ago the output was more than two million cigars a year, and it has certainly not diminished. They have one virtue which atones for the want of many others in Spain: they are wonderfully cheap. For the trifling sum of a halfpenny the smoker can obtain a cigar as big as a rolling-pin. As to their taste it must be acknowledged that they are beyond all question better than brown paper. If you must smoke cigars, and cannot afford Havannahs, which are rather dearer in Spain than in England, you can at a pinch get along with estancos. By assisting in a slight breach of the law it is possible to obtain them of a somewhat superior quality. Some are rather better than others, and a smart "estanquero" picks them out with ease. These he puts aside to dry, and then sells to the economical epicure at a farthing or so above the government price. This is, of course, a fraud, and is forbidden under terrible penalties, but it is a universal practice none the less. For myself if I wanted to say all the good I honestly could about the estancos, I should say that they are rather nicer and quite as efficacious as "sal de Madrid," a thing which in one shape or another is indispensable in a hot climate. Any farther into the matter I do not purpose to go.

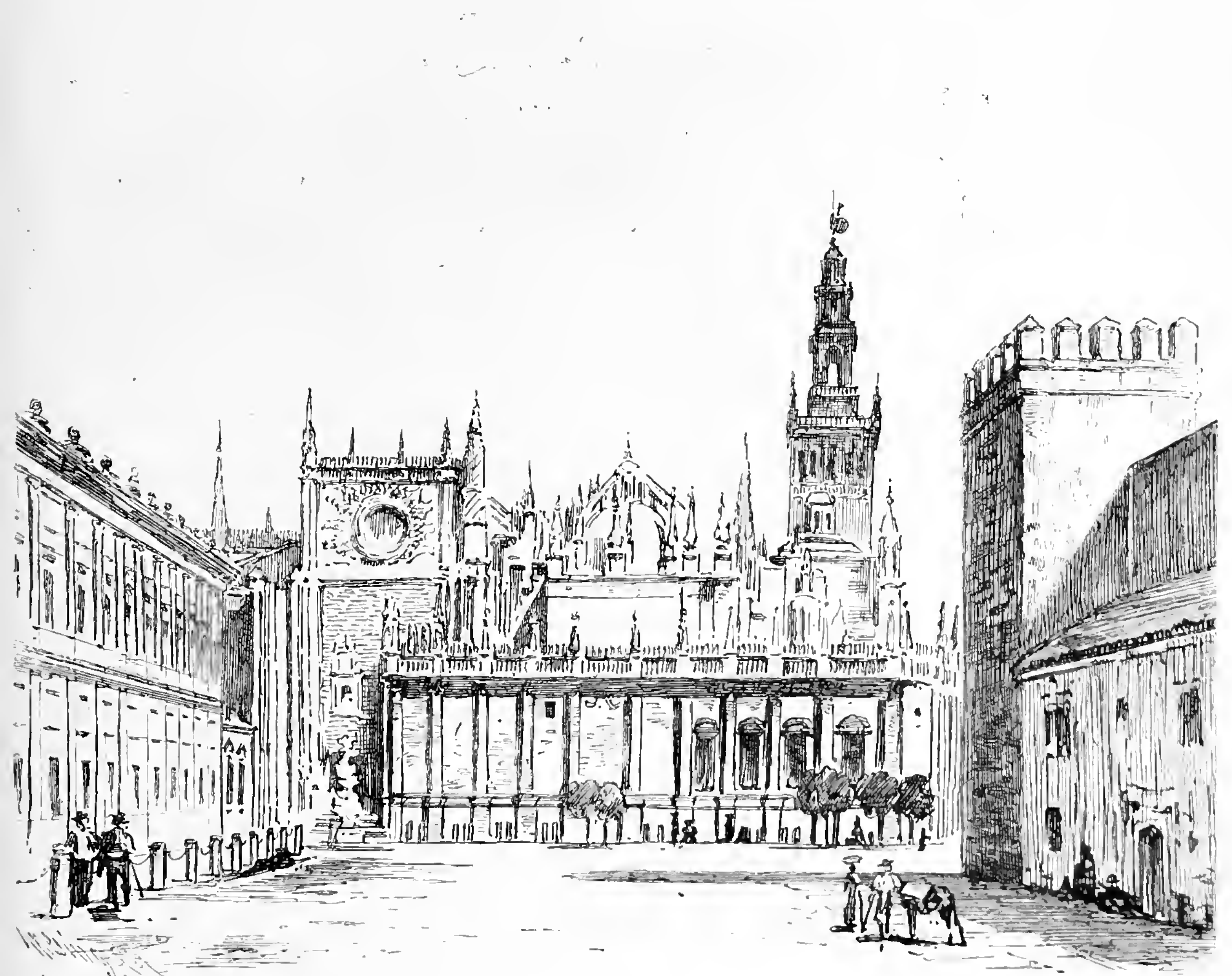
With the Alcazar (2 and 6) we go right back to the Spain of the Moor. Nothing can well look more thoroughly Oriental—and yet the Alcazar is very largely the work of a king who at least belonged to a Christian nation. The site has always been occupied by a palace. First the house of the Roman prætor stood there, and then in the Tenth and Eleventh Centuries it was replaced by the Alcazar of Abdu-r-rahman Anna' ssir Lidin Allah (the defender of the religion of God), one of the small Arab princes who ruled between the fall of the Khalifate of Córdoba and the invasion of the Almoravides. This is the building which has been reconstructed, altered, subdivided, hacked, hewed, whitewashed, and restored by successive generations of Spanish rulers. The first, and from a merely artistic point of view the best, was Peter the Cruel (1350—1369). To him belongs the building of the great gate (6). Peter, who was almost as much a Moor as the Rey Bermejo at Granada, himself employed Moorish workmen, as indeed did Charles V. in later days. The inscription over the door tells how "The very high, and very noble, and very powerful, and conquering Don Pedro, by the grace of God King of Castile and of Leon, ordered this palace and this front to be built, which was done in the year of the era 1102"—that is to say in 1364. The Spaniards originally dated by an era of their own—the general taxing of the world by Augustus, thirty-eight years before the Annus Domini. Peter's memory and that of his beloved mistress, Maria de Padilla, fill the Alcazar. They still show you the bath and the gardens of the lady, and the room where Peter murdered his brother, the Master of Santiago. It was a worse version of the killing of the Douglas at Stirling by James II. There is a memorial of the cruel king visible to the British sight-seer. Abu Said, "El Rey Bermejo," the Red King of Granada, having usurped the throne of Ismael II., was in his turn driven out. Under a promise of protection, he and his followers came to Seville to enjoy the hospitality of the very high, very noble, very powerful, and conquering Don Pedro. There were feasts and tournaments, and then one day the Christian king slew his guests every man. His object was to secure the treasure of jewels which the unlucky and unwise Abu Said had brought with him. Among them was a magnificent ruby the size of a pigeon's egg. A few years later Peter was himself a fugitive. He was restored, as every Englishman should remember, by the Black Prince, and after the decisive battle of Najara he gave his deliverer—whom he afterwards tried to poison, unless he is much belied—this same splendid ruby. It now shines in the crown of Great Britain and Ireland, and may be seen at the Tower on the payment of a trifling fee. The pretty Patio de las Muñecas, the Court of the Puppets (2), is the smaller of the courts of the Alcazar. Not the least curious addition made to the palace are the great Flemish fireplaces of Charles V., who lived here for years, and who, like other northerners, had not the Spaniard's power of supporting chilly discomforts with philosophy.

The Alcazar also possesses, or did possess, an armoury. I say did possess, because during the wretched anarchy which covered all Spain after the abdication of the Italian King Amadeo, some nine years ago, a mob broke into it and carried off the weapons. These heroes made believe to fight General Pavia's troops, but they bolted, after the Andalusian fashion, at the first volley, and it is doubtful what became of the arms they had purloined. Some were probably recovered.

Like other Spanish cities, and more than most of them, Seville is rich in interesting churches, and they again are rich in pictures. The Caridad—*i.e.*, the Charity—is among the most interesting both for itself and for its contents (3). It is a hospital for eighty bedridden old men and women, and is dedicated to St. George. From an artistic point of view it is more remarkable for its contents than for any beauty of its own. The present building was erected in 1661 by Miguel de Mañara Vicentelo de Lara. This gentleman of many names had in his hot youth been a perfect Don Juan, and the history of his misdeeds has been written by one Juan de Cardenas in a folio. Later on he reformed and lived cleanly, and built

this church. He lies buried therein, under an epitaph stating that here are "the ashes of the worst man who was ever in the world." To-day he is better remembered by the fact that he was the patron of Murillo than by the stories of the ladies he misled and the husbands he run through the body. The great Sevillian master painted a series of pictures for the Caridad, and they were long the glory of the church. After the fatal battle of Ocaña in the Peninsular War, when the town was occupied by the French, these masterpieces gained for the Caridad the unwelcome honour of a good deal of attention from his Excellency the Duke of Dalmatia, better known as Marshal Soult. The Plunder-Marshal-General, as Mr. Stirling calls him, carried off five of them. One, the "Sta. Isabel," he gave to the emperor; two, the "Abraham and Angels" and the "Prodigal Son," were sold to the Duke of Sutherland; a fourth, "The Healing of the Cripple," was bought by Mr. Tomline; and a fifth, "The Angel and St. Peter," found its way to St. Petersburg. Several, however, still remain hanging in the very places for which Murillo painted them. The Caridad also contains two of the "putrid pictures" of J. Valdes Leal, which Murillo declared he could not look at without holding his nose. Seville, which is full of the memories of this latter very honourable if not very great painter, still contains his house. It stands in the Juderia—that is, the Ghetto—and the street is now named after him. His studio was unchanged when Ford saw it, and the house then belonged to the dean of the cathedral, Cepero, who had formed a little collection of pictures.

It is to this same enlightened churchman that Seville owes its Museo or picture-gallery. In 1836, when the convents were suppressed, this gentleman, whose full name was Manuel Lope Cepero, contrived to have the works of art belonging to them conveyed to the cathedral, where they were safe from plunder. The town council's share in the honourable work was confined to sending him the service of a gang of galley-slaves to carry the treasures. Two



4.—THE PLAZA DEL TRIUNFO.

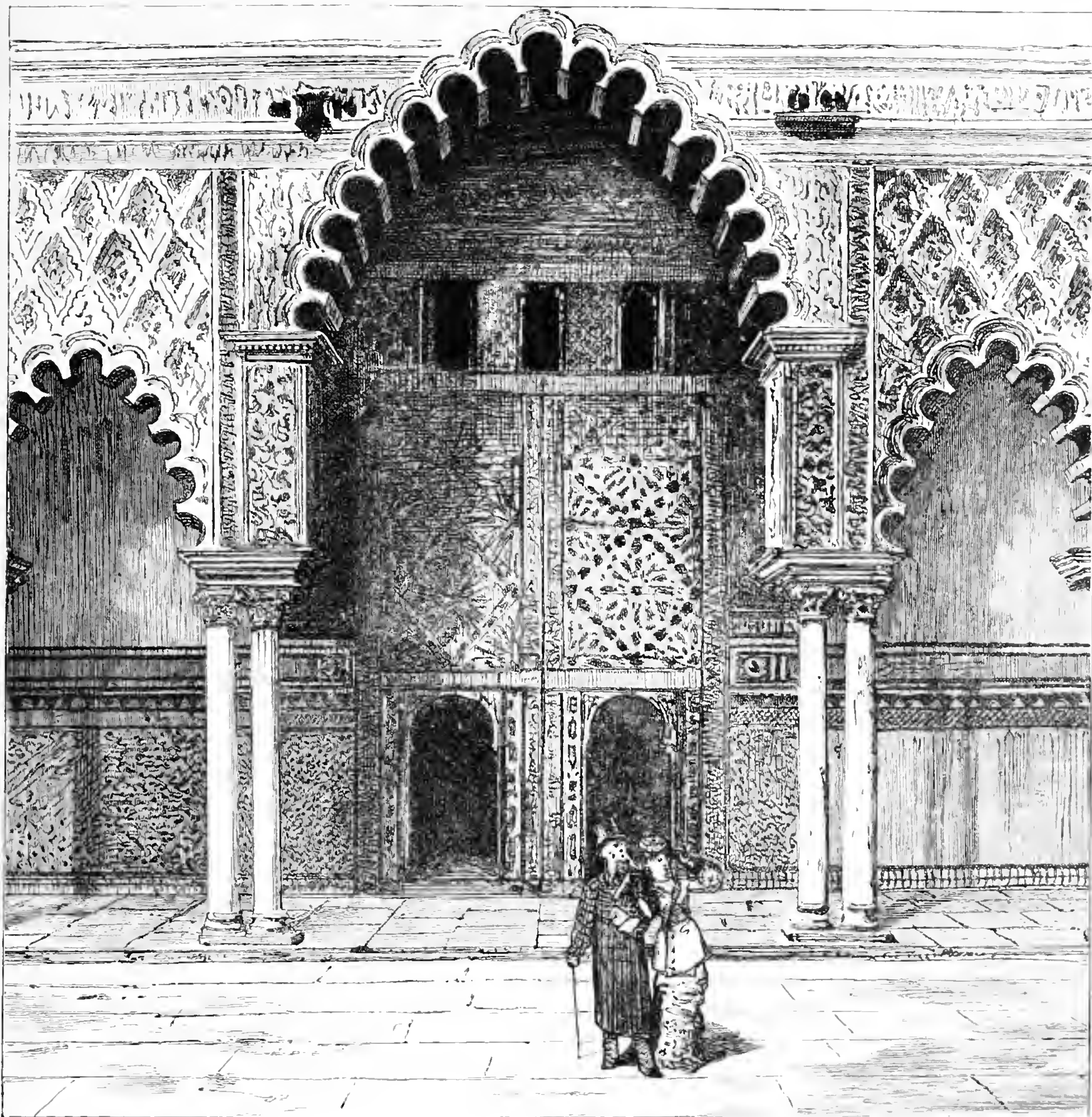
years later a private subscription was raised by a Señor Bejarano, and the pictures were collected in their present place of safety. The gallery is deficient in many respects: there is, for instance, not a single Velasquez in it; but, for all that, it remains the greatest monument of the school of Seville.

It is a nice point, whether it is satisfactory or not, to know that Canon Cepero profited by an abuse of some magnitude. In his days it was a luxury to have a prebend in the cathedral of Seville. The revenues were immense, and their position most enviable. There was an archbishop, a suffragan bishop, eleven dignitaries, forty canons, and eighty inferior ecclesiastics, all devoted to the service of the cathedral. Nine hundred houses in the city and vast estates elsewhere belong to this little army of churchmen. To belong to it was an object of ambition, and a man of learning and ability thought himself rewarded for the work of a lifetime by a canonry. Of course they were not all of them men of very high stamp, but a certain number were, and as a rule they were gentlemen of taste and good social position, who certainly did very little work, and who did not lead very austere lives, but who represented the national church in a stately and becoming way. All that has been changed. The church, doubtless for the good of its soul, has been reduced to a state of more than apostolic poverty, and the lay reformer is no longer afflicted by the spectacle of ecclesiastical envy and splendour. Unluckily in sweeping away the abuse, it has been found that other things have disappeared too. The courtly, learned, and munificent churchman of the stamp of Canon Cepero is a thing of the past.

5. THE VIRGIN OF MONTAÑES.

Happily his work to a large extent survives. First and foremost is the vast cathedral, which Blanco White was wont to compare to our English minsters, much to the disadvantage of the latter. "The site," says Ford, who loved his joke, "is that of successive temples of Astarte, Salambo, Mahomet, and Maria." Possibly, but at the end of it all we have a magnificent Christian church, which from the merely artistic point of view is beyond price.

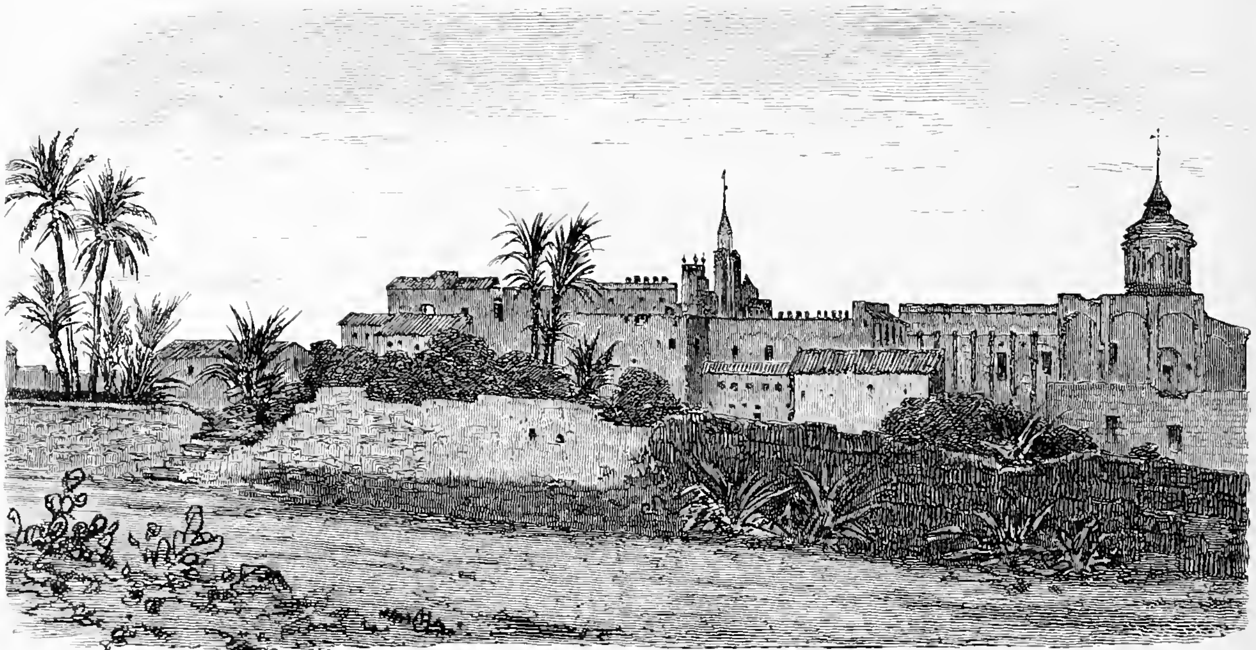
It is full of pictures by masters, hanging where they were painted to hang, of tapestry, of gorgeous altars, and magnificent tombs. Some of its works of art have not been properly respected by the authorities. The famous statue of the Virgin (5), the work of Juan Martinez Montañes, one of the greatest of the very remarkable school of Spanish religious sculptors, is covered with trumpery gewgaws after the national fashion. They spoil but cannot wholly hide the work of the master. In the central aisle is the tomb of Fernando Columbus, the remarkable son of the great discoverer, bearing the well-known rhythmic inscription "Á Castilla y á Leon, Mundo nuevo dió Colón"—"A new world Colón" (the Spanish form of Columbus) "gave to Castille and Leon." The hero himself lies at the Havannah, after being carried from Valladolid, where he died, to San Domingo, and thence to Cuba. The present representative of the family is the Duke Veragua, who also in his way is a famous man. His estates rear the best fighting bulls in Spain. It would be impossible to name all the treasures of the cathedral, but a word must be said of the magnificent stained glass windows, the work of Cristobal



6.—THE GATE OF THE ALCAZAR.

Aleman, Arnold of Flanders, and Charles of Bruges, all dating from the Sixteenth Century. Also it is well to give the proportions, which of themselves will be enough to show the reader how much the church must differ from an English minster. "It preserves," says Ford, "the basilica form of the original mosque, and is an oblong square, some 431 feet long by 315 feet wide; it has seven aisles, the two lateral are railed off into chapels; the centre nave is magnificent, the height amazing, being 145 feet, while the cimborio or transept dome rises 171 feet." In those days architecture was an art. The Plaza del Triunfo (4) is another and a less admirable monument of the church's activity. The Triunfo (Triumph) is the monument erected in many Spanish towns to commemorate a Papal decree uniting Spain and the Indies under the protection of the Immaculate Conception. That dogma was a great favourite with Spaniards, and they worried the Popes of the Seventeenth Century a good deal on the subject.

The neighbourhood of Seville is not wanting in places of interest. At Castillejo de la Cuesta the conqueror of Mexico, Hernan Cortés, died in 1547, and still possesses some Oriental ruins. It is the artistic rascal quarter, so to speak, the head-quarters of the bull-fighters and gipsies. The foreign tourist is led here to see the dances of the gitanas and the showy old costumes. If the maja of the painter exists anywhere it is in Triana. Santi Ponce shares the popular glories of Triana by right of its annual fair, but it is more famous for its use "to point a moral and adorn a tale." The convent of San Isidor (7) was founded by the renowned Guzman el Bueno. Who has not heard of Guzman the Good, who with Roman firmness allowed his son to be murdered below the walls of Tarifa rather than yield the town? Santi Ponce is a wretched dusty village which stands on the ruins of the colony founded by Scipio Africanus, and the birthplace of the emperors Trajan, Adrian, and Theodosius. You perceive the moral. There stood a great city, the native place of heroes who governed the world. Now you have a dusty, fly-blown little village. *Sic transit gloria.* On this admirable text did Francisco de Rioja preach the poetical sermon known to readers of Spanish poetry as "Las Ruinas de Italia." It is all, says the pleonastic Don Manuel



7.—SANTI PONCE: THE CONVENT OF SAN ISIDOR.

broken-hearted and neglected, like most of Spain's great men. Less sad associations attach to San Juan de Alfarache, the native place of Guzman, from whom descended Gil Blas, and even Tom Jones, though in a less direct line. Triana and Santi Ponce are also places of picturesque renown. The first of these is an old Moorish suburb on the right bank of the river, José Quintana, equally grand and majestic. The foreigner is grateful to discover that it is simple and elegant, a little monotonous in its sweetness, but a very good specimen of gentle melancholy, after the manner of the "Coplas de Jorge Manrique" made familiar to English readers by the excellent translation of Mr. Longfellow.

David Hannay.

A Child's Fancies.

I.—The Land of Counterpane.

When I was sick and lay a-bed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go,
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bed-clothes, through the hills;

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets
All up and down among the sheets;
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, field and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.

II.—The Wind.

I saw you toss the kites on high
And blow the birds about the sky;
And all around I heard you pass,
Like ladies' skirts across the grass—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

I saw the different things you did,
But always you yourself you hid;
I felt you push, I heard you call,
I could not see yourself at all—
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

O you that are so strong and cold,
O blower, are you young or old?
Are you a beast of field and tree,
Or just a stronger child than me?
O wind, a-blowing all day long!
O wind, that sings so loud a song!

III.—The Cow.

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart;
She gives me cream with all her might,
To eat with apple-tart.

She wanders lowing here and there,
And yet she cannot stray,
All in the pleasant open-air,
The pleasant light of day;

And blown by all the winds that pass,
And wet with all the showers,
She walks among the meadow-grass
And eats the meadow-flowers.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

"GOING ROUND WITH THE PLATE."

From the Picture by G. Knorr.

Here we have a corner of a place of "public worship" at the interesting and dread moment when "the plate goes round." The artist has carefully suggested a certain antagonism which he supposes may exist between a collector and the congregation at large. He has chosen his time well for representing this quiet and decorous trial of strength. There is a good deal of clever drawing in the expressions and attitudes of the three grim old men who are pitted against the representative of charity, with his outstretched arm and his face of mute and unrelenting appeal. The first—a man of iron—has parried the thrust by a feint in slumber. The second sings lustily behind his book, and eyes the plate askance; the issue of the combat, so far as he is concerned, is yet undecided. The third seems prepared to meet his fate manfully if mournfully; for he has dropped his point, and is slowly and cautiously searching his pockets. It is to be hoped that something is forthcoming, for the collector looks like a man of spirit and humour, and like one accustomed to deal with difficult cases. All the same the subject is one to which only a Scottish painter, perhaps, could render full justice. Herr Knorr's recalcitrants, German as they are, are good and suggestive in their way; each is a study of character, and each fulfils his function in the composition, as representing an obstacle, typical enough to be natural and familiar, in the way of the mild, yet hard-mouthed and hard-headed collector of alms. This is as much as to say that the picture is (of its kind) a good one. Still, one could wish that it had been Scotch in sentiment and type; that the collector had been a certain Johnson, and one of the collectees a person answering to the name of Thomson. That "auld scandal aboot the plate" had then been adequately treated.

GOING ROUND WITH THE PLATE

THE AUSTRIAN MUSEUM.—I.

1.—FROM A SILVER TANKARD. NUREMBERG. SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE position which a library takes to the student of history or literature is occupied by a museum in the case of the student of art. Whether his object be to trace the development from age to age and from country to country of the artistic spirit which is planted in all mankind, or whether he himself desire to take up a position in the ranks of the army of labourers in the field of production, he is alike compelled to fall back for counsel, for warning, and for teaching on the works of others gone before.

Amongst the many objects which a museum might set before itself, the exigencies of space and means oblige it to make a selection, to pursue some with vigour, to pass others by with little notice. A student of the history of art would desire collections to be so arranged as to display with utmost clearness the artistic power of each of the great peoples of the world, during every definite period of their national existence. He would further like to have disclosed, in the ordering of the various objects, the influences brought to bear by nations or by individuals upon each other; so that to trace the rise, scope, and decline of any school of art would be work for the eye rather than the intellect. For the technical student, on the other hand, the historico-national method of arrangement is nowise convenient. He requires to have all objects classified, not according to dates and countries, but according to their own nature, the substance of which and the method by which they were made.

Thus at the outset there arises an antagonism between the requirements of a technical and those of a classical or historical museum. In most countries it has been found that the only solution of the difficulty is to have different institutions devoted to these different branches. The Austrian Museum belongs to the technical class; its object is technical as opposed to classical education; its methods are practical rather than theoretical or historical. The most prominent feature in the classification of the collections is, as will be supposed, the division according to nature. The principal classes are—works in the precious metals, in the baser metals, in clay, in glass, works of textile art, furniture, wood-carving, sculpture, and miscellaneous. I shall glance briefly at each class, not so much in the hope of being able to present the reader with a connected account of what the classes contain, as desiring to direct his attention to a few objects of more than ordinary interest, and to point out how far the whole fulfils the purpose for which it is intended.

2.—CUP IN IVORY AND SILVER GILT. GERMAN. SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The first hall is completely filled with a most valuable collection of works of all ages of the goldsmith's craft. Passing by Japanese and Indian

manufactures, the visitor's attention is at once arrested by the treasure belonging to the German order of knighthood, which occupies four large glass cases. It includes various state weapons of costly workmanship, gold and silver jugs, basins and goblets, greeting cups of fantastic forms, chalices, all manner of filigree work, and a great quantity of crosses and rings of the order. A certain number of these things have been excellently reproduced by galvano-plastic processes, and are kept for sale in the museum at comparatively cheap rates. Most of the plate belonging to the order is of German workmanship of the Sixteenth Century, though one or two chalices are valuable productions of earlier ages. The finest cup is one in seven pieces, made of silver gilt. It is covered with figures in high relief, representing incidents in the life of Charles V., especially those referring to the famous battle of Pavia. The knob of the lid is ornamented with a medallion of the emperor. The workmanship is German of the year 1536. A ewer and basin, presented to the order in 1615 by Johann von Westernach, are very remarkable works of German art.

Two neighbouring cabinets contain the exceedingly interesting treasure which belonged to the King of Hanover, and is lent to the museum by the Duke of Cumberland. It includes several quaint reliquaries of Byzantine and other workmanship in the form of hands and arms in the gesture of blessing, each containing the relics of some saint's limb. A set of caskets of very early workmanship are of exceeding historical value; several of them were made by craftsmen of the lower Rhine in the dark but most interesting period of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries. A Byzantine casket in the form of a Greek church—a double cross surmounted by a dome—is covered with the finest enamelled diaper work, and faced with ivory carvings of the greatest elaboration.

The history of work in enamel remains to be written; but the student may find in some of the cases in this hall of the Austrian Museum much valuable material to help him on the road to a general understanding of the lines along which that art developed. Before the introduction of oil-painting, enamelling, glass-painting, and tapestry were the principal pictorial arts of the north. Of the former, Cologne was, during the Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Centuries, a main centre. It was mostly employed for the surface decoration of metal caskets, bindings, or shrines. The usual manner in which these were treated was the following. If the Crucifixion was the subject, the figure of Christ was embossed in round relief, as were also the heads of the Blessed Virgin and St. John, and perhaps of two angels overhead, their drapery and limbs being engraved on the flat surface of the metal. Then, within the spaces enclosed by the engraved lines, the enamel was laid, and a pattern of some kind was also enamelled as a background. The surface of the whole was perfectly smooth, and owing to the outlines being engraved, they were able to be kept sharp and distinct.

If the student passes from the Cologne school of the Thirteenth to the Limoges school of the Sixteenth Centuries, he finds a completely different system in use. The substance upon which the enamel is laid is now crockery, so that the engraving of outlines is no longer possible. It is further impossible to lay colours in enamel within sharply defined outlines; it results therefore that in Limoges enamelled work outlines go for very little, and the artist has to throw his whole strength into the colouring. His plate must be primarily a beautiful patchwork of tints with a surface pleasantly glancing; that the colours represent figures in certain grouping and postures is quite a secondary consideration. Fortunately the very process of the work raises the surface into lumps which catch and reflect the light, and so the weakness of the drawing is not perceived. The juxtaposition of masterpieces of such opposed schools as these of Cologne and Limoges enables the practical student to choose for himself which he will follow in his own work; he can learn from both and need not waste his energies in attempting the impossible.

Valuable for the historian as are the rare treasures to which we have referred, they are nowise so important for the artist as are the contents of a large case in the centre of the room, which includes copies most carefully made by electrotype processes of some of the finest works in the precious metals in the world. To these the student may come for ideas, and need never come in vain. The arrangements of the museum enable him to have any object placed before him to draw from or examine in the most favourable manner; and whether it is a vase from the Hildesheim Fund or a cup from the hand of Wenzel Jamnitzer, he is certain of being confronted with a masterwork. Other cases in the same room contain brooches, rings, and other ornaments worn by the forgotten inhabitants of Timbuctoo long ages ago, by Greeks, Romans, Goths, and Huns, by the mediæval peoples of all parts of Europe, as well as by those of our own day—like the Tyrolese, the Hungarians, and the Dutch—amongst whom the somewhat strange fashions of their ancestors still find favour. But perhaps we have delayed too long over this the smallest though by far the most valuable part of the museum.

The second hall (and, when I was there, the sixth, which corresponds to it at the opposite end of the building) is occupied by a large collection of pottery of all periods and nations. Here may be studied the monstrosities of the Mexicans, the naïve

complexities of the Egyptians, the queer fancies in form and colour of the Spanish and Portuguese, the unaccountable ornaments which go to form the decorative system of the Turks, and the splendid power of combining simple colours in patterns of the richest luxuriance which give such a charm to the productions of the potteries of Morocco. He who would borrow their grace from the Greeks will find vases of all periods ready to his hand, whilst he who is ambitious of attaining the marvellous power of handling terra-cotta, which characterised so many of the peoples of the Italian peninsula in the past, may here study the figures which came from their hands, or the decorative friezes which they destined to adorn their homes.

The main point, however, of this part of the collection is of course the productions of the strong native art; and the student will be instructed, while the visitor may be interested, in carefully following the development of the rough pottery of the Hungarians and Sclavonians, the faïence of Holitsch, Gmunden, and Znaim, and the rare and beautiful porcelain of the once active imperial manufactory of Vienna. With these may be compared the specimen collections of their wares, which all the principal makers of this and other countries are allowed to exhibit within the walls of the museum; and which prove that the productive powers of our day in the direction of the rougher wares fall little behind those of earlier periods.

The remaining cabinets in the room are filled with a priceless collection of Italian majolica, Delft, Rhenish ware, faïence from Rouen, Nevers, Marseilles, &c., Wedgwood, Worcester, Copenhagen, Parian ware, Dresden, Sèvres, and other English, Chinese, and Japanese products. The corners of the room are occupied by tiles of various sizes made to form the stoves which find a place in every German house, and have altered but slightly from the pattern adopted three or four hundred years ago. These tiles usually bear figures in relief, of a religious character in the case of those made up to the Sixteenth Century; in the rest genre subjects are more common.

3.—GLASS. VENETIAN. SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The third *Saal* is devoted to a collection of glass, in which the principal part is taken by a fine series of Venetian examples from the Sixteenth and following Centuries. The most important are a complete set of wine-glasses of more than ordinary complexity of form, the decoration of which consists of wings of varied form and colour. They date from the commencement of the Seventeenth Century, an epoch which may be considered as marking the highest point attained by this art. Glass of Venetian manufacture is easily distinguished by the extraordinary facility which the workmen exhibit of twisting and drawing out the ductile mass into the most elaborate forms, intertwining and platting together stems and wreaths of various colours. The points of support are usually very slender, and the consequent fragile nature of such objects—once so plentiful—renders the survivors scarce in our day.

The earlier productions of the workshops of Bohemia are less remarkable for the excellence of their material than for the elaborateness of the patterns wrought thereon, by various methods of furrowing. At what time the process of glass engraving by means of a tiny wheel rapidly rotated was introduced I am not aware, but the effects thus produced by modern workmen, amongst whom at the present time the name of Lobmeyr is deservedly famed, are of the utmost beauty. Amongst older specimens the more finished vases with their graceful stems and elaborate covers produce, by their various reflections, a most sparkling effect. Cups with horns or whistles in the handles are also by no means rare, and the fancy of the individual workman seems to have been left very free. A splendid "welcome-jug" and wine-cup on a metal tray inlaid with crystal panels and embossed with jewels set in enamelled metal ornaments, occupies the place of honour at the entrance of the room. It is the property of the municipality of Vienna, and the glass is from Lobmeyr's manufactory. The design and the ornaments are the work of the best Viennese artists, the

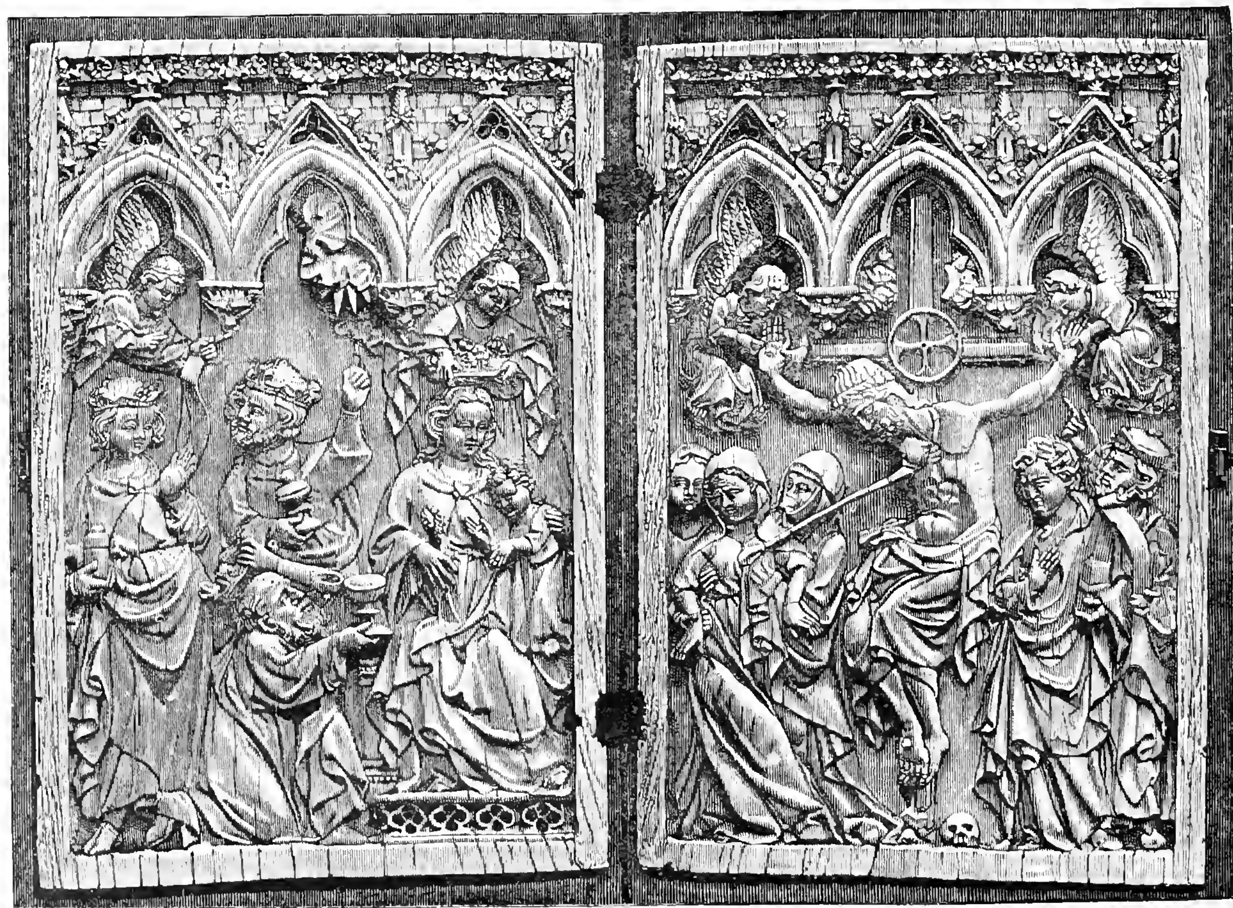
employment of whom exclusively in all public matters is the unwritten custom which rules in Austria like a law.

A large collection of German glass chiefly of the Eighteenth Century is worthy of the practical student's most earnest study. The material is rough and of a green colour; the ornaments are quickly and almost carelessly enamelled thereon; but, owing to the wonderful facility of rapid design which the workmen of the period seem to have possessed, the effect produced by such cheap means is most pleasing. More finished though less successful are the glasses in which the pattern is engraved in a gold leaf and then burnished on.

A few specimens of painted glass hang in the windows of the *Saal*, but they are not of any great merit. Two fairly-coloured panes, representing bacchanal scenes, are the work of Christoph Maures, and bear date 1597. It is unfortunate that a card, obviously intended for an interesting medallion which hangs above, should describe a female Bacchante as a Madonna of the Fifteenth Century. A coat of arms of Paulus, burgomaster of Kempten in 1566, signed A. H., is a very rich and elaborate piece of colour.

Any attempt to describe the very interesting collection of old furniture and tapestry, which fills the central hall of the right wing, would be lost labour. We hope, however, from time to time to introduce our readers incidentally to some of the more remarkable objects there exposed, for the most part the property of private persons. One of the most interesting objects to the historical student is a small painting, poorly executed indeed, but valuable as being a copy of the famous "Assumption" painted by Dürer for the Frankfurt merchant, Jacob Heller, and afterwards destroyed by fire. A large number of sculptures in wood and a few marble reliefs are also to be seen in the same room. Amongst the latter is one of great beauty, the work of a Florentine artist of the Fifteenth Century.

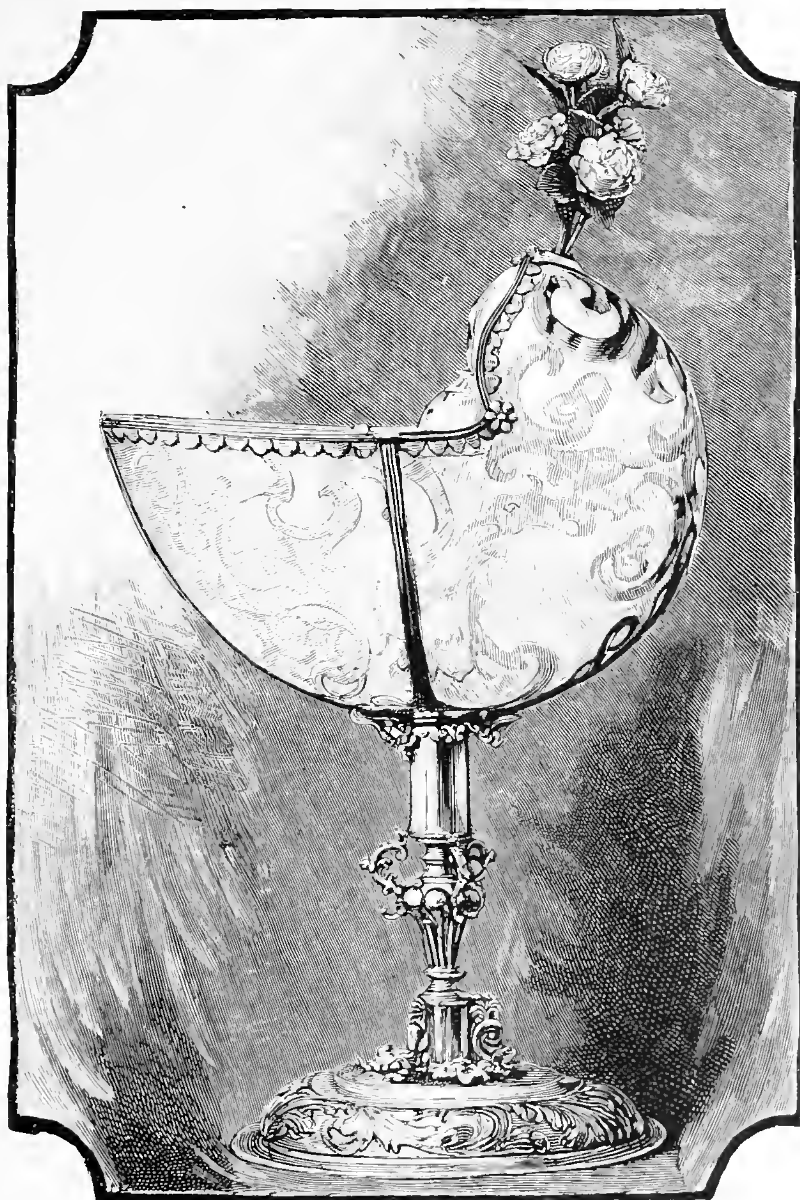
The fifth hall contains all manner of work in the baser metals—bronze, iron, and so forth, amongst which is an interesting series of small bronze reliefs, belonging to the Italian Renaissance. No collection of the kind would of course be complete without a representative set of antiques. Amongst these we find engraved mirrors and the like, as well as metal cups, pots, knobs, statuettes, and so forth. German



1.—IVORY DIPTYCH. THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

mediæval work occupies an important position, and a remarkable wrought-iron grille ought to kindle the rivalry of modern workmen.

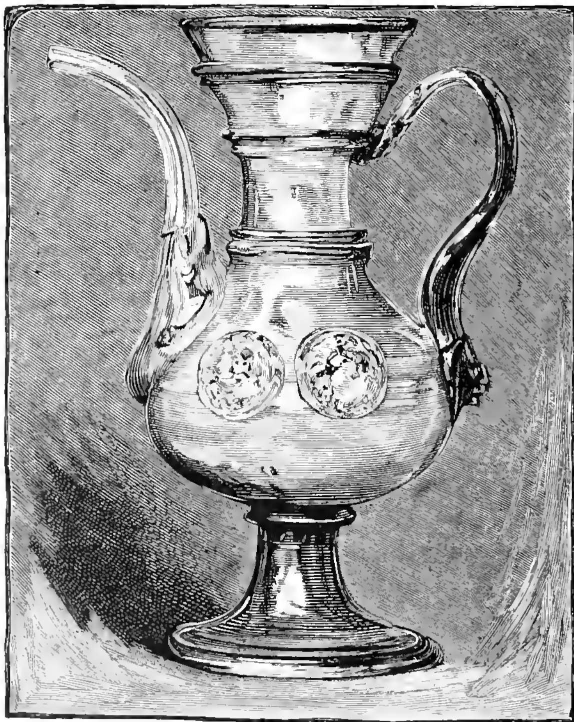
The accompanying illustrations are all taken from objects either temporarily or permanently exposed to view in the museum, and may be regarded as typical of those, reproductions of which, by all manner of processes, are there kept on sale. The ivory diptych (4) is a good example of the work of the Thirteenth Century in that kind. The central art of the Thirteenth Century was architecture, and all other arts of the day became subordinate to it. We have only to open the pages of an illuminated manuscript to see how completely this was the case. Every subject is treated in a decorative manner, and the paintings are in no sense pictorial. Instead of landscape backgrounds, we find diapered hangings or surfaces covered with gilding, and then punctured or engraved with a stylus. In this ivory the architectural nature of the treatment is obvious. Not only are the subjects—the "Adoration of the Magi" and the "Crucifixion"—placed under elaborate canopies of mid-Thirteenth-Century type, but the figures are so grouped together and their draperies are designed in such a manner, that a decorative *ensemble* is brought about, one in which the leading charm lies, not in the visible representation of emotions, but in the pleasant interchange of lights and shades. The meaning of the



5.—NAUTILUS VASE. GERMAN. SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

whole is expressed more by symbol than by gesture or expression. The glory of the Virgin is shown by an angel in the act of crowning her; the miraculous nature of the star is manifested by another angel, who (as well as one of the kings) points towards it. In the "Crucifixion" it will be noticed that two angels hold in grief the wounded hands of Christ, whilst at the same moment from the wound in the side of Christ goes the dart which pierces the Virgin's heart. On the other side is St. John, and behind him the Centurion making profession of faith.

The humorous figure of a peasant (1) seated astride the back of a boar, and, for better security, facing and grasping the beast's tail, is the knob on the top of a silver tankard of Nuremberg workmanship. It is an excellent piece of work, chiselled with skill, and wrought to a high point of finish. The man's face is characteristic, and the same may be said of his legs and boots, whilst the humour of the whole thing is Teutonic to the uttermost. It is well known that Nuremberg was the centre of one of the best mediæval schools of work in the precious metals. Albrecht Dürer's father was a famous goldsmith, and the son worked as his apprentice for three years. Peter Vischer was no less renowned for his small sculptures in silver and gold than for his larger bronze works, and the little figure of a dog scratching himself, of which many repetitions exist (notably one in the Green Vaults at Dresden), though in bronze, enables us to form a good idea of his power as a goldsmith. The most famous of all Nuremberg workmen of this kind was of course Wensel Jamnitzer, and it is not impossible that this peasant-ridden boar may be by him. Unfortunately the melting-pot has been the end of all but a very few specimens of mediæval plate, and the most costly were the first to go. The jewels they contained were demanded by changes of fashion for re-setting, and the spoiled gold and silver was melted down for sale by needy or reckless owners.



6.—GLASS EWER. VENETIAN. SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

The graceful Nautilus vase (5) likewise appears to be of German workmanship. Unfortunately its stem has been injured, and much of the fragile-twisted ornament is gone. Fortunately the sprig of flowers is intact. The beautiful proportions of the whole cannot fail to be observed, and even more noteworthy is the success which the artist has attained in harmonising the fixed outlines of the shell with the necessarily upright form of the stem. Let the reader place his finger over the sprig of flowers, and he will see at once how necessary it is to the balance of the whole, and how perfectly it fulfils its purpose.

The tumbler-shaped cup with a lid, set in silver-gilt (2), is likewise a good piece of workmanship, though its design is by no means faultless. The figures are skilfully carved and cleverly grouped, so far as their contour is concerned, but the profile of the figure on the right is clumsy, and forms a very bad outline when the vase is regarded at a distance from this point of view.

The ewer in Venetian glass (6) is a simple piece of early workmanship, graceful in design and pleasant in colour, without any noteworthy elaborateness. The cup (3) is of a form well calculated to show to the best advantage the glancing lights and varied transparencies which result from the nature of its substance. The form, if I do not mistake, is borrowed from that characteristic of Nuremberg gold and silver vases, the goldsmiths of Franconia having always shown a liking for bulging surfaces, such, for example, as that upon which the running boar is placed.

National education in England in the matter of art is, as every one knows, mainly the function of the vast museum at South Kensington. The Austrian Museum is to Vienna what that at South Kensington is to London. It is smaller and its means are different, but its ends are the same, and its authorities manifest the vigour which so often characterises an institution untrammelled by the traditions of a lengthy past. Organisation is not so important as the spirit with which organisation is worked. The former is nevertheless nowise to be neglected. In my next, after a preliminary burst of blue-book, I shall have something to say of both.

W. MARTIN CONWAY.

Rondeaux of the Galleries.

I.

CAMELOT (IN BOND STREET).

IN Camelot how grey and green
The damsels dwell, how dull their teen;
In Camelot how green and grey
The melancholy poplars sway.
I wis I wot not what they mean,
Or wherefore, passionate and lean,
The maidens mope their loves between,
Not seeming to have much to say,
In Camelot.

Yet there hath armour goodly sheen,
The blossoms on the apple treen
(To spell the Camelotian way)
Show fragrant through the doubtful day.
Yea, master's work is often seen
In Camelot!

II.

PHILISTIA (IN PICCADILLY).

Philistia! maids in muslin white
With flannelled oarsmen oft delight
To drift upon thy streams, and float
In Salter's most luxurious boat:
In buff and boots the cheery knight
Returns (quite safe) from Naseby fight:
Thy humblest folk are clean and bright,
Thou still must win the public vote,
Philistia!

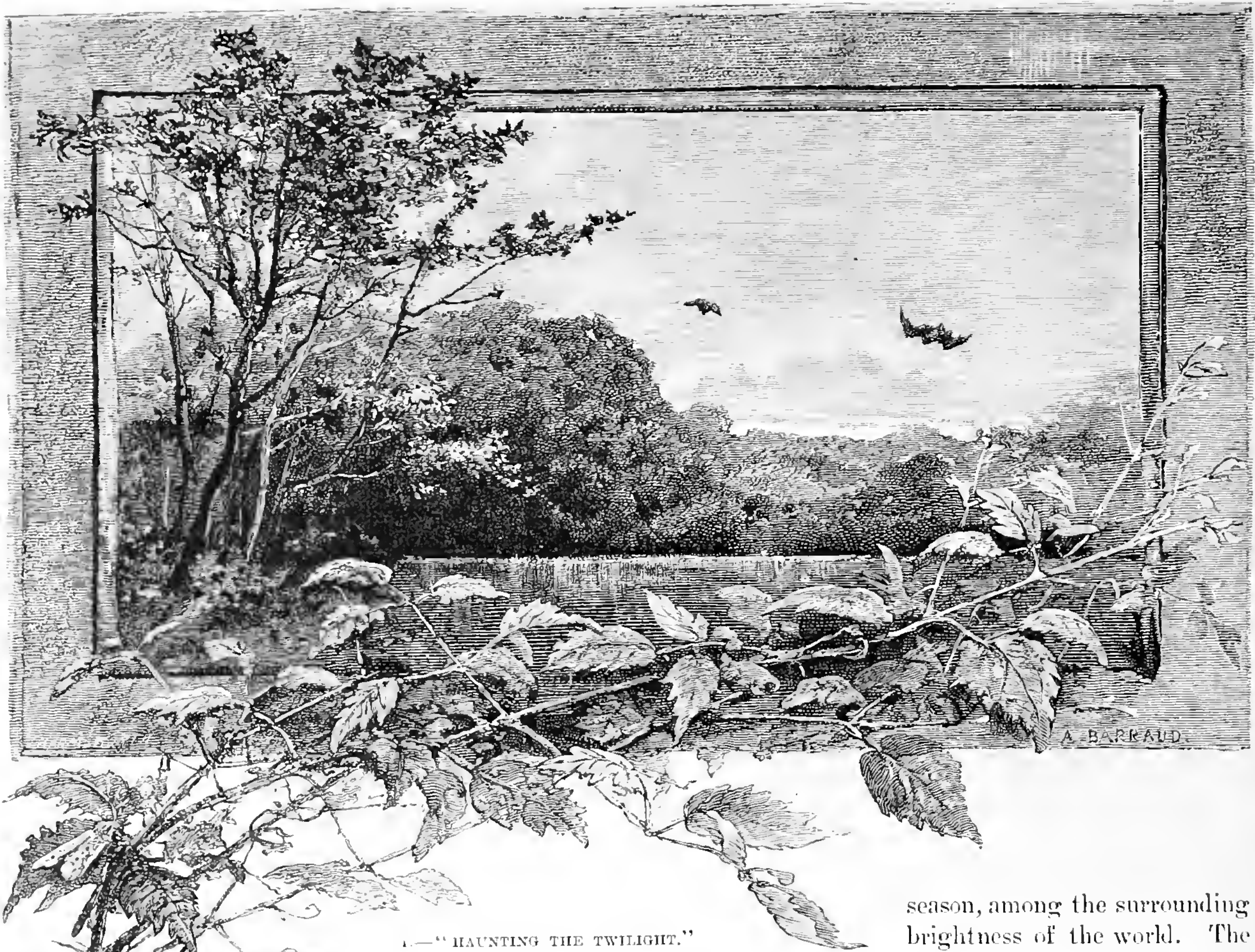
Observe the High Church curate's coat!
The realistic hansom note!
Ah, happy land untouched of blight,
Ah, smirks and roses left and right,
We know thine every trick by rote,
Philistia!

A. LANG.

WALKS IN SURREY.

A WALK from Caterham Junction over the downs to Chaldon, and even further, fills a few hours with a good deal of enjoyment. If, on leaving the station, you follow the line of the valley towards Caterham town, keeping, however, to the path on your left along the hillside known as Riddlesdown, views of wide and varied character soon present themselves. That to the north is particularly good. Croydon is well in sight, and the amazing extent of that flourishing suburb can be taken in at a glance. Thirty years ago this quiet Surrey town—as it then was—had not been invaded by the speculative builder, but *tempora mutantur*. Beyond Croydon, the Crystal Palace and the countless villas that have gathered around it stand out with singular prominence; while farther still to the north a dark pall of smoke, miles and miles in extent, shows vaguely where millions of toilers are breathing the manifold pollutions of London air.

But if you turn round and face southwards and eastwards, Cockneydom vanishes. "The valley lies smiling before you," and you wonder why so many thousands of hard-worked men choose to live in the noise of Croydon, when a farther journey of ten minutes would bring them into a region that may, without undue pretension, claim to be rural. The warm fresh air plays on your forehead; the light is clear, soft, pellucid; the flowers and weeds and grasses at your feet are no longer begrimed; those nettles in the hedgerow yonder are of the softest, most velvety grey-green texture, and owe nothing of their subdued colouring to the dust of roads; and the golden-banded bees at work on the wayside blossoms (4) wear their splendid coats unsoiled and untarnished. The little village of Kenley is beneath you, so quiet that nothing can be found therein to disturb the meditations of the most nervously constituted philosopher; and a Londoner might find here that peace which the great city and its immediate suburbs can neither give nor take. Over the railway bridge and up a steep road cut in the chalk hill, and said by a finger-post to lead to Coulsdon, and you will come presently to a pond on the right. Turn sharp round by this pond and follow the road past a large white house with a truly magnificent cedar in front of it. But stay! A water-rat is making his way across the pool (5). Shiest of creatures, he must be watched stealthily, or we shall see no more of him than his vanishing tail and an ever-widening circle on the water, for the least sound or movement on our part will cause him to disappear. Of vermin, water-rats are perhaps as disagreeable as any, but there is a strange pleasure in



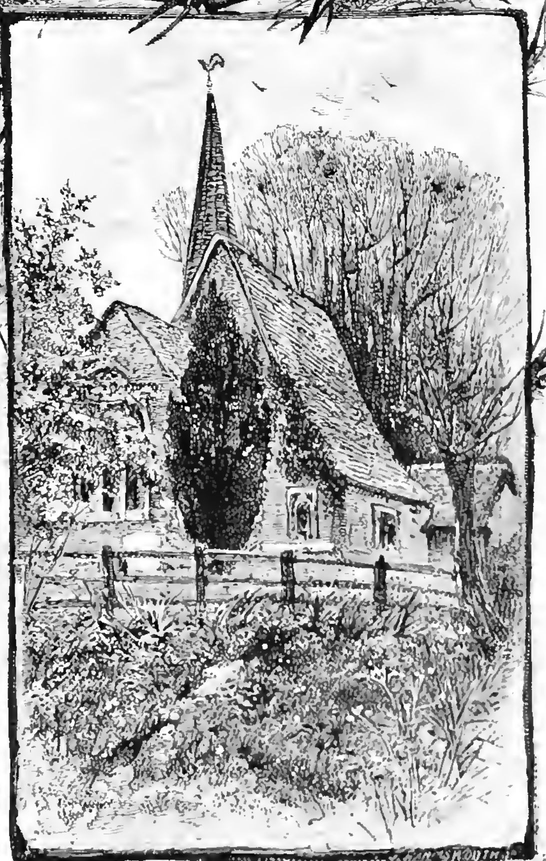
1.—"HAUNTING THE TWILIGHT."

watching them. How softly they emerge from the holes in the bank! How timid and suspicious their movements! How noiselessly they take the water, sometimes carrying a dry leaf or tuft of moss to line a nest, sometimes travelling unladen, but always moving with the same silent progression and disappearing instantly a sound or movement is made. There is something a little mysterious about such amphibious beasts, something uncanny; and, on the whole, one would not choose to be a water-rat, even if he could feed when he willed on water-lilies and take a bath at all seasons without shuddering.

Bear to the right, and in another hundred yards a stile is seen. Across this and along a footpath, and you are, in a few minutes, in one of the countless valleys that lie between the innumerable billows of the downs. All is peace—not a human being or a habitation in sight. One side of the valley has a line of yew-trees running from end to end of it, and these dark spots have an extraordinary and startling effect set, as they are at this summer season, among the surrounding brightness of the world. The next ascent brings you on to Coulsdon Common, where the first object one sees is a dark and picturesque windmill (2), much like that on Wimbledon Common, although now hardly a token of life or motion belongs to it, though the sails are damaged almost beyond repair, the windows battered in, and not a shred of rope or one link of a chain belonging to it. As for the Common itself, it is one of those delightful breezy spaces, knee-deep in bracken, haunted by birds and butterflies, that are the joy of the rambler at all times and seasons. The pity is that this space has been too much encroached upon, but even yet it has a good deal of wildness, and it is pleasant to think that the days of encroachment are at an end. A recent act of the Corporation of London has secured the common to the public for ever. Here one may sit of an evening, near the old mill, and be startled by the apparition, suddenly coming and as suddenly vanishing, of the bat (1). Strangest of creatures, half beast half bird, whose home, in some hollow trunk or under the rafters of a ruined barn, how few of us have seen! Black and ghostly he looks, hovering here and there—"haunting the twilight"—always silent save for that tiny yet penetrating scream. Here,

at his dinner-hour, one may sit and watch him hawking unfortunate night-moths, and fancy one can hear now and again the click of his cruel teeth as they close on the beautiful creatures it is his to destroy.

Two miles from Coulsdon is Chaldon, and any one will point out the footpath. It lies across fields, and is of an uphill-and-down-dale character, but the solitude and quiet are charming. Probably not a soul will be encountered, and Chaldon itself is one of the most secluded spots conceivable. The mysterious influence that seems to brood over Chaldon at the mid-afternoon of a summer's day is of that kind which the lotus-eaters knew. In the churchyard solitude and peace seem to have attained their utmost expression. One hears no sound but the distant lowing of cattle, the rustle of the breeze in the tree-tops, and the slumbrous cooing of the wood-pigeon. The church itself (3) is very small, not more than forty feet long, perhaps, yet it consists of a nave, two side aisles, a chancel, and a side chapel. If we put ourselves for a moment under Mr. Loftie's guidance ("In and Out of London," p. 216) we shall see that the church stands on the site of an earlier one, to which it does not answer in all respects, in point of dimensions. The former building was probably wider and shorter. What we now see is chiefly Early English, while one or two of the windows are Perpendicular, and one or two Decorated. Alterations have been largely made, and the tower and spire were added about fifty years ago. There are some curious points to be noticed. The pulpit bears



2.—COULSDON MILL. 3.—CHALDON CHURCH.

a name and date—"Patience Lambert, 1657"—probably the donor's name; and a tablet has a curious inscription:—"Good Redar, warne all men and woomen whil they be here to be ever good to the poore and nedy." But the distinguishing feature of the church is the tempera painting. Its date is the latter half of the Twelfth Century. It covers nearly the whole of the west end of the church, and is in four equal divisions, the subject being "The Ladder of Salvation." It is divided horizontally by a decorated scroll, and vertically by the ladder itself. The prevailing colour is reddish brown, the figures, of course, being white. Nothing much is expected of Twelfth Century draughtsmanship. But it is impossible to look at this fresco (if so it may be called) without being deeply impressed by its extraordinary force and directness. The unknown artist, whose cunning hand has now for centuries been turned to dust, perhaps in this very churchyard, must have been penetrated with the belief that his work was sacred, and, like those Italian painters of old, probably wrought this picture with prayers and tears.

In the lower division, on the left, is seen a huge square caldron full of souls in torment. Fire is underneath. Monstrous grinning devils stand by and torture those in the caldron, and in the background are other souls waiting their turn. In the corresponding right-hand section sits an impersonation of Usury in the midst of flames, and from his mouth drop red-hot coins. In the right corner of this division stands the Tree of Life. In the top partition, right hand, is Christ with His angels fighting against the Evil One and subduing him; while the left top division contains a representation of the great archangel Michael weighing souls in the balance. The ladder itself is crowded with figures, some ascending to Heaven, but more falling in horrid confusion to Hell. One very remarkable feature is the holding of a bridge of steel, long and very narrow and made like a saw, by two demons, and over it souls are seen striving to walk; those that fall off drop into the fire.

We have seen what Surrey has. It is well to remember something Surrey has not. It must, alas! be admitted that throughout the length and breadth of the county there is hardly a single ideal and romantic trout-stream—at all events, not one like the clear, dashing torrent artists and fishermen love. We are carried at once very far afield; it may be to Devonshire where the beautiful Exe tosses its spray over a hundred little waterfalls; or to Wales where streams with unpronounceable names—but what's in a name?—rush headlong under the shadow of Snowdon or "mighty Helvellyn;" or to Scotland, land of enchantment, where in every county or in every island along the coast—Arran, Jura, Mull, Skye—may be found water to yield endless sport. Trout there are in Surrey, but not in ideal trout-streams. There is one large pond, for instance, fed by streams from Leith Hill, and lying, indeed, in a ravine in the side of Leith Hill, where trout are said to abound. But it is strictly preserved, as everything is within measurable distance of London, and for fear of the lord of Wotton, the owner, no one dares catch those trout. And other lakelets there are in Surrey where, by permission, and only then, trout may be taken. But there is no highland trout-stream.

The most romantic, the most impressive corner of the whole county is Hind Head. At Haslemere, which lies at the foot of it, lives Lord Tennyson, and no fitter home for a poet could be found. To see from a distance Hind Head lying wild and dark under a stormy sky, with heavy cloud-drifts rolling over it; or to see the autumn mists hanging cold and grey on its sides; or to behold it when the green mantle of spring is clothing it, or the rich garment of summer ferns and grasses bedeck it with beauty, is to understand how a good deal of his poetry has come to be so nobly inspired. The Portsmouth road—a truly magnificent turnpike—runs along the side of Hind Head in a gradual ascent, and on this road, about a hundred years ago, a horrible murder was committed. A sailor, on his way from Portsmouth to London, fell in with two tramps on the road. They accompanied him, and heard, no doubt, the stories he had to tell, and how much prize-money he had won, and of the sweetheart he was going to see. And in return for his good-fellowship they robbed and murdered him, flinging his body into the great black gorge which goes by the name of the Devil's Punch Bowl. Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" may remember how the sailor's murder is alluded to—"the Devil's Bowl never held fitter liquor than his blood." The murderers were caught and hung in chains, and the large stone cross, with its Latin inscriptions, was set up on Hind Head to commemorate the sailor. In truth this region is wild and desolate, and you may walk for half a day along this part of the Portsmouth road and meet only a few sheep, perhaps, or a single solitary horseman.

Another delightful walk is from Epsom southwards. It is best not to make at once for the grand stand, but to pass up the downs by Church Street, for then as quaint and irregular a collection of houses as any to be met with near London is not missed. And once on the downs, bear a little to the left, taking the road between two small woods. This is rather high ground, and the view over Burgh Heath, which is in front of you, out towards Reigate, is not to be despised. The village of Burgh Heath is a mere handful of cottages, and yet is blessed, or

cursed, with two public-houses. I spoke to an inhabitant. He was a broken-down, middle-aged man, with whom the world had evidently gone awry. After a few words he fell suddenly into a sort of daze, and did not seem to hear me. And indeed every one at Burgh Heath seemed to be more or less down on his luck. A path across the common and through a gate under a row of elms may be followed for about a mile. It is a pleasant enough road, with open country on either side.

Soon you reach a wide gap in a tall hedge, and, passing through, find yourself on the southern slope of Epsom downs. Go into the hollow and walk westwards until, after passing a small farm, you see on your left a wide green road. It is of smooth turf, and as broad as the carriage-way of Fleet Street. High banks with hedges are on either side, and on the left is a magnificent beech-tree that stands out and shelters the entire road. The seclusion is charming, and the drowsy quiet of a warm midsummer day may here be experienced to the full. Not a soul went by me, and I should say the average number of wayfarers from year's end to year's end is one a day.

Headley presents a noble contrast to the hamlet of Burgh Heath. It stands on the crown of a hill—indeed the church steeple has been in view now and again ever since we left Epsom. Everything about Headley breathes restfulness, as if the village had won the top of the hill and there stayed. The views from the churchyard are wide and varied. Towards Epsom and the east the foreground shows woods glowing with the many-shaded wealth of summer. Every object is steeped in the soft, warm glow of the afternoon light. If you raise your eyes a little, the downs and the grand stand appear; but what of all their racing associations —the hurly-burly, the shouting, the surging multitudes, the struggling horses, the maddening rapture of winning a fortune, the terrible agony of losing one? All these fail to dispel the sense of perfect repose, utter calm, and tranquil happiness with which you look through the summer haze at the near or far landscape.

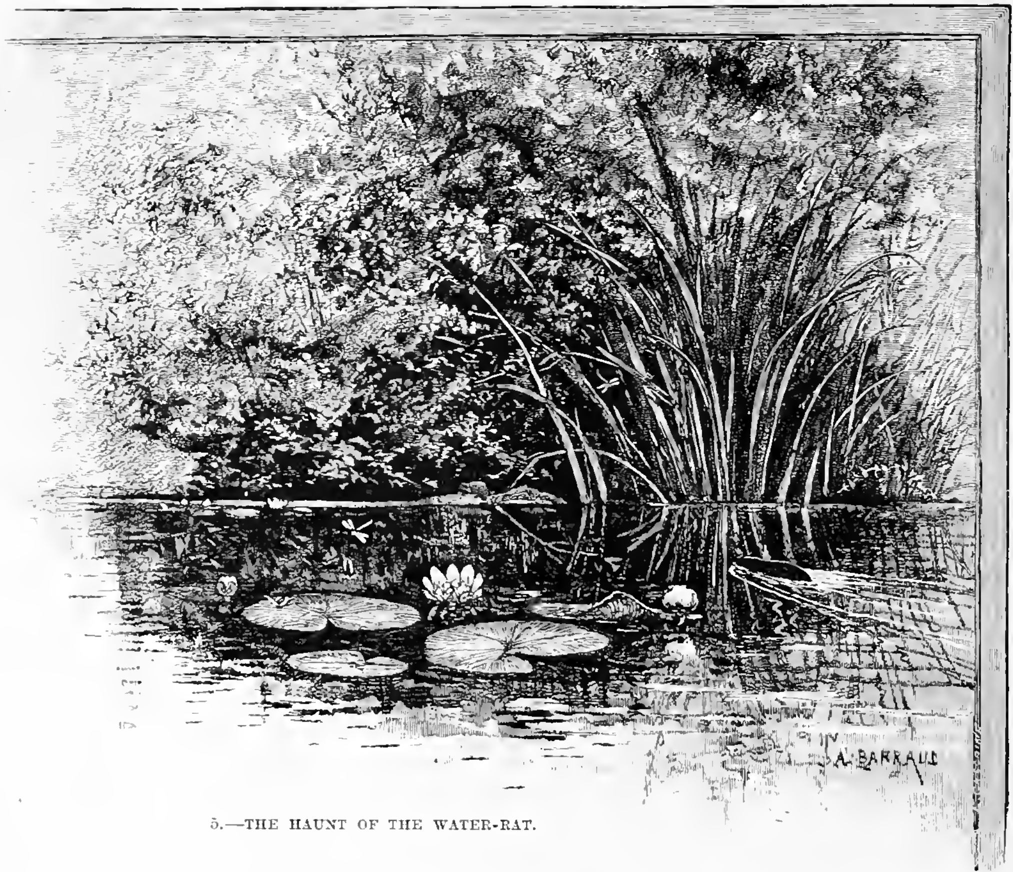
Crossing the churchyard, and looking forth from the other side, the change is startling. You see at once the range of the Reigate and Dorking downs, including a corner of Box-hill and some part of the famous Leith Hill. Further westward is Hind Head, with a streak of golden light along its ridge. Go through a swing-gate in front of you and down into the valley and up the other side. You are on Headley Heath, one of the breeziest and most delightful commons in Surrey. When I saw it it was a vivid green mass of bracken. Acre after acre of brightness stretches away, and the effect, with the fitful gleams of the setting sun falling here and there, is dazzling. A sober tone is given to the picture by the dark, olive-green of the woods near at hand, but even this mitigation of the glow is only partial, for many and many a tree of brighter foliage stands out from their midst and strikes the eye with brightness.

Up a steep and even precipitous road through the North Downs. The perpendicular sides are covered with trees and brushwood which cling to whatever little soil they can find in the midst of the chalk. A gigantic yew holds on to the steep banks—one knows not how. Its distorted roots strike out, octopus-like, and grasp everything that will give support. It completely overhangs the road. A little further, and you are through the cutting, and if you look around you will be struck with wonder

4.—BUSY BEES.

at the glorious amphitheatre of hills. In some such place might Wesley have lifted up his voice and taught the multitude. Their summits are fringed with trees of every kind, whose foliage, just now so bright, contrasts startlingly with the more than inky blackness of an occasional yew. But the day is sinking, and the sun, like a dying Titan, throws up for an instant his mighty beneficent arms and lays a hand of blessing on these brightly-crowned hills. You pause and wonder, for the effect is magical. But as you look, all dies away. Light thickens, and night comes on, and you turn your face homewards; and soon these wonders of heaths and valleys and hills are only a memory.

H. E. Ward.



5.—THE HAUNT OF THE WATER-RAT.

"WITH THE MAHDI."

Drawn by E. Berninger.

THERE is enough of power and imagination in this fine stretch of portentous cloud-land and sunset, with the lone and level desert beneath, to make a fine picture. The party of Arabs speeding along on their camels—beasts of burden always more or less inspiring and romantic to those who have not lived in Eastern lands—increase the interest. Their dark faces stand out against the glowing distance; their strange arms and picturesque attire are of a piece with the burning desolation about them. Some press forward with upraised lashes, one turns his head as though in fear of pursuit. The Mahdi—or any one else for that matter—might well prophecy of war and ruin under the inspiration of such a sky and such a vast, intolerable solitude.

These wild riders are in flight. Somewhere in the waste the hue and cry has gone out against them, and they are hurrying amain from the place of wrath. They went forth to proselytise and convert; and behold! the argument has gone against them. What they have now to baffle is the inexorable logic of the sword; and that in these lands is not always easy.

WITH THE MAHDI.

(Drawn by E. Bernoner.)

OLD ENGLISH POTTERY.*

HE æsthetic amateur, the collector of Dresden and old Worcester and Chelsea, has a standard of "art" which is very different from that of those early inhabitants of our isles who scratched with thumb and finger-nail the simple crosses and herring-bones which seemed to them sufficient and appropriate decoration for the rude urns in which they deposited the ashes of their dead. There are no signs of native artistic instinct in our ancestors. A New Zealand or Fijian savage or a native of Ashanti could probably have beaten them easily in decorative arts of all sorts. Nor does any taste of this kind seem to have been easily developed in the population of these isles. Down to the Eighteenth Century our pottery still remained in a barbaric and a low barbaric stage. The theory of Winckelmann that there was something in our foggy climate which prevented the growth of artistic germs was possible enough. That a country which had produced a Shakespeare should have to seek her painters in Germany, her glass in Italy, and her mugs and jugs in Flanders, was a problem that required a bold theory to resolve it. We have rightly rejected this illusion, but the problem cannot be said to be solved. We cannot even blame those who, careful only for prettiness and refinement, or what goes by the name of "beauty" in regard to china, see little either to interest or to admire in the work of the old English potter. He did not work for them, and when they see such a collection as that at the Geological Museum at Jermyn Street, they may well turn away from the cases which contain the butterpots and "tygs" of our ancestors, to delight their eyes with the finished elegance of Wedgwood and the brilliant colours of Crown Derby. Many even, in looking over the etchings in M. Solon's book, may say, "We allow the old English potter, but where is the art?"

The excuse for the title is of course obvious. There is art even in the making of a fire or in boiling a potato, and the word is used in a technical and not an æsthetic sense. But even from this point of view nothing is less obvious than the art. The butterpots are sadly out of shape, the tygs are anything but round, the pots mostly are not only ugly but badly made, till we come to the Eighteenth Century. And then what do we find? Manufacture quickly perfecting itself, it is true, but employed chiefly in reproducing old and foreign shapes, old and foreign decoration, or, if the latter be designed by our countrymen, designs often uncouth and tasteless. Surely the study of the old English potter is a dull and profitless task? So might question even the Englishman proud of his country and her manufactures, the potter curious of his craft, the artist lover of good work, the æsthetic enamoured of beauty. Yet here we find M. Solon, a foreigner, a potter of the highest skill, an artist of the greatest refinement, sacrificing his hard-earned leisure of years to this very study! Moreover, he does not only study, but he collects these specimens of imperfect skill, these unsuccessful attempts at attraction, and thinks them worthy to be drawn by his own hand, with all the imitative care and patience at his command; and the history of these things and his etchings of them he publishes in a volume luxurious and costly in execution, huge in size, and splendid in appearance. The art of the old Greek sculptor could scarcely have been ushered with more reverence, nor the art of the old Italian painter with more dignity. His is a mania, doubtless, and not even a china-mania, but a pottery-mania—he as much as admits the fact. Nor is this the worst. He is not alone. There are some two hundred others who share his delusion. More lamentable still, they are not ashamed of it, for their names are printed—as subscribers—at the end of the book, and amongst them there is scarcely one whose name is not known and has not hitherto been respected. Fortunately the disease is not likely to be epidemic, for not a single copy is left.

There is, however, much to be said in excuse of M. Solon and his brother-maniacs. Unless there were some persons who cared for the art of the old English potter, such few of his works as are left would soon be destroyed, and we should be unable to appreciate the immense superiority of the achievements of our own generation. Moreover, it may be admitted that these men showed us some errors to avoid, and left us room for improvement. We may in a measure be grateful to them in that they did not, like Shakespeare in another art, "steal all our best thoughts." Nor can we help allowing that our path would have been less easy here and there if they had not smoothed the ground. Such may at least be said by way of negative praise of the art of the old English potter and apology for

* "The Art of the Old English Potter." By L. M. Solon. (Bemrose and Son, London and Derby. 1883.)

this volume. But what of positive? Why this, I think. Far exceeding, not in skill nor in beauty, but in human interest, all the works of "the best periods" are those that bear traces of the struggles and the patience and even the blunders of men who strained after a goal which was only to be reached by others, and by those others only through them. The Temple, gorgeous with gold and marble, has less claim upon human sympathy than the Tabernacle in the wilderness. The early pottery of England has also this merit—that it was a genuine effort to supply a genuine need. It was constructed to answer a definite purpose, and decorated with such skill and fancy as was bred at home. This is a surpassing and grateful merit to those whose eyes are weary of the ignorant application of borrowed ornament. If there is not much of refinement or beauty, there is a great deal that is curious and quaint, much that smacks of honest labour and sport, of kindly feeling and festive gathering in these old pieces. The tygs, or drinking cups with two or three handles, are still eloquent of good-fellowship and courtesy also. Those with two handles, or "parting cups," designed so that the lips of each drinker should touch a separate part of the common brim, are instances in point, and the larger vessels suggest birthdays and weddings, and Shrovetides and Yule feasts, when the bowl passed (not figuratively) from hand to hand. In one respect these relics of the good old times may claim kinship with the most beautiful efforts of Persian pottery; they were made for domestic use and not for ornament. Among them are to be found no vases for the mantelpiece, scarcely even a "bough-pot." They are all designed to hold food or drink or candles. They were also made for the people and for the poor people. The costrel for the traveller, the piggin for the cottage, the big round dish with its rude portrait of the monarch for the rare pasty or rarer goose, the posset-pot for the cold evening, the little "cradle" for the christening feast, the "puzzle jug" for a never-failing jest. Poor though they be, these things are "our own"—are English, indigenous, owing nothing either in shape or colour to foreign impulse or rivalry. It was not in the nature of things that any great progress should be made. While the rich drank out of silver or German flagons scarcely less rude but more durable than those made by the poor English potter, the latter made his pots year after year, century indeed after century, fulfilling the needs of his poor neighbours. And as the needs did not change, neither did the designs of the artist. The pottery made before the Eighteenth Century has therefore a special interest for the lover of art and humanity, which is shared in a less degree by the more ambitious and more accomplished work of later times; but there is sufficient of what is quaint and curious and racy of the soil in much that came after, when the stoneware of Fulham and the saltglaze of Staffordshire began to compete with the productions of Germany, and the delft of Holland was being copied everywhere. They have an interest and often a beauty of their own, these "combed" plates and "tortoiseshell" bowls, these "camel" teapots and "shell pattern" tea-caddies; while in the choice red ware of the Elers' and their followers we have often the very perfection of manufacture and charming elegance of shape. Nor must we forget that we in this early time had our first real genius of a potter, John Dwight, who to great skill in his art and numerous valuable inventions added great gifts as an artist. The beautifully modelled figure of his little dead daughter shows that had he chosen to develop his talents in this direction, England might have claimed a Della Robbia of her own. With the final perfection of pottery in the hands of Josiah Wedgwood, the old English potter practically disappears. Many of his patterns and decorations, however, still survive: it would seem, a little obstinately. The hunting jugs and the Toby Fillpot mugs yet haunt the age of Doulton and Deck.

If my apology for the "pottery-maniacs" may seem too strong, I can only urge in my favour that I am one of them myself. Of the beauty of many, if not of most, old English pots there may be some dispute; but there can be none about the beauty of this book nor of M. Solon's etchings. No apology for the latter is needed, at least to-day, when all have learnt to appreciate the lovely and expressive art in which M. Solon has now proved himself a master. With the exception of the late Jules Jacquemart, there have been no etchings of such objects which are comparable to these of M. Solon. Any one, however little interested he may be in the subjects, can see how finely he draws and how boldly he presents them. It will remain, however, for those who have an intimate knowledge of the different kinds of ware to thoroughly appreciate the finer distinctions of his work. It is only they who learn how the light falls on the rich brown glazes of the tygs and posset-pots, and the delicate embossments of the finer saltglaze ware, only they who know the difference between ornament modelled with a tool and stamped in a mould, who can fully understand how much and how exquisite is the skill employed by M. Solon. It is seldom that an artist of such original power of design and exquisite taste cares to spend so much of time and patience and highly-trained talent in illustrating the work of others, and that this tribute should have been paid to the potters of England by a foreigner is very remarkable. Not less remarkable is the history of pottery in England which M. Solon has written.

Cosmo Monkhouse.

STAGE ROYALTIES.

OF all the arts there is none save histrionics whose effect is instant and personal. The painter works in solitude, and expresses himself by a slow

1.—ADRIENNE LE COUVREUR.

and gradual process; he has the sole felicity of creation; he is never, from first to last, in absolute communication with his public, and the applause he wins is out of date, is a matter of the past, long ere it is won. It is the same with the poet: he scorns delight and lives laborious days, he meditates and toils in silence; and the outcome of his effort is so much printed matter; he gives out his message in type and paper, and in type and paper is he rewarded. The musician, unless he is his own executant, is in even worse case. He composes with infinite pains a discourse addressed, not to the world at large, but only to such of it as understand the language in which he has perforce to deliver himself; and, supposing him to be something more than a mere jig maker or writer of common melodies, it is odds but he has to wait a round number of years ere he gets speech of his audience at all. With the actor it is quite otherwise. At once the player and the instrument, the artist and the medium of art, he is, by the very nature of his craft, in positive and immediate contact with his public. Take his pit from him, and he ceases to exist; give him but a single spectator, and he enters instantly into a personal relation with him, moves him to laughter or tears, and in this way by producing the effect which is the peculiar property of the art he practises, stamps himself artist, and fulfils his destiny. It is by himself that he expresses himself. He is his own medium; it is from his very vitals that he derives his material. He must compass that self-projection which it is the artist's function to achieve, not with cold, dead paint or through such inefficient conductors as paper and ink, but with the living voice, the living face, the inspiration of hand and eye, the magnetism proceeding from an effort of will and temperament combined—of the mental and physical faculties working in union and at highest tension to a common end. His achievement, therefore, is a matter between himself and his audience, and between himself and his audience alone. Its results, and their reward, are instantaneous and direct. He takes his public into his hand, and compels them to share his emotion, suffer his passion, laugh with him, cry with him, exult with him, and accept in its entirety the particular expression of life which it is his will and pleasure to bring to their notice; and his pains are guerdoned in the very act of endurance. To him the shouts, the cheers, the bravos, the applause of innumerable hands, the approval of innumerable eyes; to him the sense of constraining a great crowd to tears with a single intonation, of rousing it to enthusiasm with a single gesture; to him the consciousness of those multitudinous ecstacies of attention more inspiriting and delightful even than "the roaring and the wreaths" themselves. *O terque quaterque beati!* He and his kind are surely the most fortunate of men? They are recompensed in the very exercise of their calling; they catch renown in the act, and are fed with material immortality; nightly they make appeal to a practical posterity, and nightly their appeal is ratified in the most practical way. To experience habitually such crises of experience as Beethoven himself

2.—MICHEL BARON.

went wanting! Theirs, could it only last, were the ideal existence. "For ever wilt thou love, and she

3.—MARIE DE CHAMPMESLÉ.

be fair." That, if the scheme of things were perfect, would perfectly express their condition.

But in this world there is nothing unalloyed, there is nothing but is subject to change and the operation of decay. Best and most felicitous of all in life, in death the actor's fame is merely a matter of words, and of words which sound idly and for the most part signify nothing. With the last fall of the curtain his influence ends; with the last round of applause his renown is cut short, and he retires into obscurity and nothingness. Not even by Garrick's decease was the gaiety of nations eclipsed; not even by the passing of Salvini will the passion of nations be diminished. Garrick really died when he bade the world farewell as Don Felix; Salvini, when as Hamlet, or Othello, or Lear, he also makes his last appearance—even Salvini will die too. Every actor is the keeper of his own immortality. It passes from the world's eye when he passes from the stage; and to after-times it exists but as the shadow of a shade, but as the memory of an echo of a sound. "Words, words, words:" Hamlet's complaint is the inevitable resultant of it all. In death it is the poet's turn; it is the sculptor's, the painter's, the musician's. Their achievement abides, and is a possession for all time. The actor's is in himself, and endures no longer than he. "Autant en emporte li venz." The wind carries them all away; and nothing is left of them but so much as the poet or the painter has thought worth while to perpetuate. Betterton the great, and beautiful Mountford, and Bracegirdle the true Queen Anne, are only as much alive to us as Colley Cibber could make them. Colley himself with his fifty years' long performance of Foppington is as purely a figment of the imagination as Wilks's Archer or Abington's Lady Teazle. We know no more of Garrick's Hamlet than is recorded by the historian of the ingenious Partridge, no more of Garrick's Richard than is expressed in Hogarth's picture. And Frédérick, with his Macaire, his Darlington, his Napoleon; Woffington, with her Rosalind and her Wildair; Rachel, with her Phèdre, her Adrienne, her Camille; Mars and Clive and Dejazet, Nisbett and Fechter and Mélingue; the classic with the romantic, poetry and prose, art and temperament, Siddons and O'Neill? "Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?" A stanza here and a portrait there, a feeble biography and a few poor paragraphs and prints, and the "diuturnity of their memory" is exhausted and done.

And the worst is that literature is mostly at fault, and art too often incompetent. Either Macklin's Shylock was a very poor performance, or Zoffany was the poorest and least suggestive of painters; either Deburau was a most imperfect artist, or Janin, "prince of critics," was a bad observer, and an inept and inefficient writer. Here and there, it is true, we come upon such masterpieces of insight and suggestion as Charles Dickens's description of Frédérick in "Trente Ans," and Cibber's picture of Mountford's Melantha, and Hazlitt's analysis of the Iago of Edmund Kean. But, on the other hand, we have to put up with an enormous amount of generalising ineptitude; we have to be content with a mass of such vague and abstracted stuff as, in the criticism of most other arts, would be hooted out of court. Carlyle, for instance, went to see Talma, and

4.—RAYMOND POISSON.

had nothing to say of him except (I quote from memory) that he was "incomparably the best actor I ever saw," and that he had "a face like a warming-pan." How much does that suggest to us of the heroic tragedian, the greatest artist of his age? Where in these few, bald, despicable, contemptuous words is aught that recalls the mighty voice, the noble face and presence, the inspired eye, the wonder-working hand? What is left of the incomparable science of composition, the intonations that revealed new springs of human emotion, the gestures that were so much illumination in action? Carlyle, to be sure, was in sympathy with no histrionics but his own; so that at best he is but a type of the incapable and indifferent—the class of writers who, like the three Calenders who were three king's sons, are blind of an eye. But the professional critic of histrionics is often very much worse than Carlyle, in that, while Carlyle has mostly something to say, though it is nothing to the point, he himself has absolutely no remarks to offer. "The performance" (let us suppose that we are listening to an account of Mr. Irving's Mathias)—"the performance was marked by a degree of intensity not often apparent on the modern stage;" or, "In the third act the actor displayed a power not hitherto suspected, and which aroused his audience to enthusiasm." Mr. Irving's Mathias may not be all his liegemen will have it; but it is surely something more than that? It has surely qualities of invention and execution, touches of humanity, notes of the picturesque, effects at once dæmonic and surprising, at once imaginative and exact, which are but feebly acknowledged in the vague and silly phrases I have set down? These, it is true, are the outcome of weariness and disgust, are the work of the professional critic who has grown grey under the fire of the footlights, and seen so much that he has sickened of everything. But the men who should know better and feel more keenly are commonly as inexpressive as their servants. How often is Hazlitt only strenuous and vague! How often is Gautier merely picturesque and meaningless! Favart, who seems to have known as much about acting as most men, and to have had moreover the right histrionic instinct, can say nothing more definite of the famous Clairon (6) than that she has raised herself so far above criticism "que toutes les remarques du censeur le plus pointilleux ne serviront qu'à le convaincre qu'elle a atteint le dernier degré de la perfection." Voltaire, a master of histrionics if ever there was one, could find nothing more pregnant to write of Adrienne Le Couvreur (1) than that "la tragique déesse" inspired her with—

> "Le gout, le sentiment,
> "Le pathétique, et la delicatesse."

Adrienne he had loved; she had created him his heroines; he sat, with Faget the doctor and Maurice de Saxe, at that mysterious death-bed of hers, which has provoked such a world of speculation and quickened such an immense deal of scandal; and of the woman and the artist he had nothing more exact and significant to set down than that. It must be admitted that by the side of Voltaire, Carlyle cuts a better figure than might have been expected.

Thus to fill the world's eye and ear, to touch the world's heart so nearly and with such irresistible constancy, to stand accepted as the world's ideals of tragic passion and the brave and brilliant graces of comedy, to enter upon the practical inheritance of the immortality of rare poets and mighty wits, and departing vanish into sudden insignificance, their "patent from oblivion" cancelled in the act of separation from the art in whose exercise they have seemed to make it out in terms so exact and unassailable—this is the actor's fortune. Adrienne Le Couvreur, worshipped in life and in death cast out into the kennel, is a type of their artistic destiny. For them posthumous fame is all hearsay and echo. They work for their own generation, and have no part in the pleasure of their posterity. They give all to their contemporaries; they take all they can in return; and they do well and naturally. Theirs is the only perishable art. Its effects are not less potent than transitory. It is volatile in essence, an unsubstantial pageant, a congeries of fast-fading sights and fast-fleeting sounds, of antic emotions and spiritual impostures. Beauty itself is not more transient, nor more utterly beyond recall. That such masterpieces of inspiration and accomplishment as the second and third acts of Salvini's Hamlet and the third and fourth acts of Salvini's Othello should pass bodily out of existence, leaving no wreck behind, is discomforting enough; especially when one reflects that for a wilderness of good average poems and good average pictures and good average essays in sculpture there are centuries of practical life. To devise a means of transferring all this waste vitality to the achievements of the great Italian, that were a task for modern science, that were indeed a benefaction to humanity. We know by ourselves how posterity would regard its authors. How many commonplace pictures and feeble books, how many Dévérias and Boulangers and Petrus Borels would we not surrender to be able to command in their stead a few of the effects in Frédérick's Macaire, or as much as we might of Bocage and Dorval in the great scene in "Antony"? how many works in all denominations of art would we not cheerfully annihilate, if only, in annihilation, we could pass on their existence to the Cid of Montdory, or Molière's Arnolphe, or Betterton's

Hamlet and Sir John Brute, or Talma's Cinna, or Junius Booth's Iago, or the Overreach of Edmund Kean? To the Faustus of the Renaissance, hungering for practical life and human loveliness, it seemed the top of experience to recall the dead ladies who had held the world in thrall long ages before:

> "Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
> Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love."

A Faustus of to-day would be a good deal less sensuous and more æsthetic. If he called up Cleopatra it would only be in the service of history; if he fore-gathered with Helen of Troy, he would probably limit his enquiries to the conduct of the Greeks before Troy, and her views on the theory of morality set forth in Mr. Lang's poem. That he would have up the Simonetta, and Mona Lisa, and the Fornarina, and Rembrandt's Saskia, and (in a moment of supreme self-sacrifice) the wives of Rubens, is unquestionable. That he would bring back dead actors and actresses to make him pastime is not so certain; he knows but little of the stage, and is interested not so much in the actor's art as in the actor's personality. For myself, however, I confess that were I as Faustus was, I should hasten to command special performances of (say) "Macbeth" with Siddons and John Kemble, and of a "Misanthrope" in which Molière would be the Alceste and Armande Béjart (8) the Célimène; and that while I could I should see as much as might be of Burbage and Taylor, and Harte and Grandval and Molé, and Robson and Bressant, and Mars and Clairon and Oldfield, and Le Couvreur, and indeed of all the stage royalties that have ever shone.

For, the fact is, this perishableness of the actor's art is felt to be hard, not merely on the actor, but on the world at large. The sentiment of histrionics is not, I believe, a whit more general than the sentiment of painting. But, rightly or wrongly, on good grounds or bad, for valid reasons or the reverse, the love of acting is well-nigh universal. The art is in some ways the most popular of all. Its professors, even when they were under the ban of the church, were public favourites; now that their profession is an open one, and—to put it figuratively—the curate and the low comedian are as brothers, the popular feeling, the feeling of all the world and his wife, is deeper and stronger and more uncompromising than ever. Upon this sudden and complete apotheosis of the theatre, however, I need not now dilate. It will be enough it I note that from the first we have always been keenly interested in everything touching the stage; that while we could we have applauded its stars, and that when we could no longer applaud them in person, we have honoured their memory by reading every scrap of gossip about them on which we could lay hands. As I have said, their achievement is vain, transient, illusory; but while we have it with us we look upon it as an inexhaustible fount of emotion, and when it has ceased to be we cling to the little that is left of it with an indefatigable tenacity, and consider its relics with an interest which is not to be gainsaid. Our heroines, to speak by the card, may have been the faultiest of women; our heroes the shabbiest of men. But the footlights have a glamour all their own. In their illumination the poorest personality becomes heroic after a fashion, the feeblest talent is made to smack of immortality. Considered with the austerity of the stern philosopher, their effects are nothing. Considered from the point of view of the practical artist in life, they are superior to most others. In their case the point of view is everything. Adrienne Le Couvreur was laid in unconsecrated earth near a century and a half ago. As a woman she was reckless enough; as a mother (it is said) she was hard and bad. But she was a very great actress, and hers is still a name to conjure with. We know nothing of her as a player, save that she excelled in pathos and tenderness, and that at her impulse the art of elocution took a new departure, and from heavy, elaborate, and emphatic that it was, became natural, musical, and dramatically appropriate. That is so little it makes us thirst and hunger for more. Whether she was or was not poisoned by the Duchesse de Bouillon is a matter of not much moment now. Le Couvreur the actress has passed utterly away, and we are fain to attach ourselves to the Le Couvreur who was Voltaire's muse, and the devoted friend of Maurice de Saxe, and the heroine of perhaps the most romantic and mysterious drama of her century. We should take a thousandfold greater interest in her Monime, could we but realise it, never so faintly and imperfectly, than in any detail, however curious, of her private life. But her Monime is with the roses and the snows of a thousand years since; and her relations with Mme. de Bouillon, and M. de Saxe (they say she sold her jewels to find him money for his attempt upon the Duchy of Courland), and with the fond and faithful D'Argental, who survived her some sixty years, and adored her to the day of his death—these, I say, being all we have of her, are precious to us as they were to our forefathers, and as they will be to our descendants. That she was an actress, and that her achievement passed with her, is enough. To the individual thereby attaches an immortal interest. We keep what we can of the woman, and that for the sake of the lost player.

Adrienne's presentment, and those others by which it is accompanied, I owe to the "Acteurs et Actrices du Temps Passé" of M. Charles Gueullette.

The book, which issues from the renowned Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris: Jouaust), is one of those

5.—FRANÇOISE RAISIN.

which we must cross the Channel for, or do without. It is contained in fourteen numbers, each devoted to a particular actor or actress, and each adorned with an etched portrait by Lalauze, from some authentic original, engraved or painted. Eight of these I have reproduced. M. Gueullette writes sensibly and with point, and is thoroughly master of his subject. The men and women with whom he deals are stage royalties in the highest sense of the term. Not one of them but was a great artist; not one but would bear a part, conspicuous and commanding, in such a Faustus pageant, such a resurrection of dead art, as I have imagined. Marie-Anne Duclos, illustrious as Jocasta and Dido and Inez de Castro, as Corneille's Camille and Racine's Athalie, could melt an audience to tears with a single cry, and was held, until the coming of Deseine and Le Couvreur, to have carried the art of elocution to the highest possible point. Then there are the five Quinaults, illustrious in life and tragedy and comedy alike. Grandval, again, created some eighty or ninety parts, and was, says M. Gueullette, as it were the Bressant of the Eighteenth Century; Jeanne Gaussin, to say nothing of her historical amiability in matters of the heart, was to the Paris of Voltaire and Piron all, and more than all, that Mlles. Reichemberg and Bartet are to the Paris of Augier and Sardou; while as for Anne Dangeville (who, by the way, was a grand-niece of no less a person than Mlle. de Champmeslé), she was not only the best of friends, the sweetest of women, and the trustiest of comrades, but the best and most enchanting actress of comedy of her generation.

Those who are here represented are not a whit less famous than those who are not. Of Adrienne Le Couvreur (1) I have already spoken. Baron (2), who follows her, began at eleven as a kind of infant prodigy, and after scouring the country with a certain Mlle. Raisin (not the one whose presentment figures hard by), was taken in hand by Molière, and became in time the greatest comedian of his century. He was eminently handsome; he had a wonderful voice, and his elocution, as was to be expected of Molière's best pupil, was perfect; he had grace, elegance, distinction, and charm; he was great as the Alceste of the "Misanthrope" and the Dorante of the "Menteur," as Horace in the "École des Femmes," and as Don Diègue in "Le Cid;" in a word, he was a combination of Delaunay and Mounet-Sully, with the defects of neither and more than the good qualities of both. He wrote—or said he wrote—plays which are interesting even yet; he was Molière's pupil, and he passed on Molière's tradition to Mlle. Le Couvreur; he is said to have rivalled his master in the good graces of Armande Béjart, to have bewitched innumerable duchesses, to have been the vainest, the most fatuous, the most irresistible of men; it is certain that at something like seventy years old (they say that at past sixty Betterton was still supreme in Hamlet) he was playing Rodrigue in "Le Cid," and that at close on eighty he was the best "père noble"—the best "heavy father," that is—on the stage. Mlle. de Champmeslé (3) was Racine's muse; she won his heart as the Hermione of

6.—HIPPOLYTE CLAIRON.

his "Andromaque;" she created him his Bérénice, his Monime, his Iphigénie, his Roxane; and in the end he renounced her, and when she died he wrote of her like the pitiful creature he was. Of Raymond Poisson (4) I need only say that he was a writer of some merit, and a buffoon of great parts; the creator of Crispin, once a famous type; the friend and parasite of Colbert; and the father and grandfather of a couple of Crispins of almost equal eminence with himself. Mlle. Raisin (*née* Pitel de Longchamp) came of an acting family, and married into another (5). While yet in her teens she played for a couple of seasons in London, and was greatly admired by his Most Sacred Majesty Charles II. On her return to France she married Jean-Baptiste Raisin, one of the pleasantest fellows imaginable, and good enough actor to win the nickname of "Petit Molière"—"Molière Junior," as we should say. In 1680, when the Théâtre Guénégaud and the Hôtel de Bourgogne were incorporated and became the Théâtre Français, Raisin and his wife, like Poisson and Baron and Mlle. Beauval and Marie de Champmeslé, were transferred to the new institution, so that they rank, with the La Granges and Mlle. De Brie and Armande Béjart, with the founders of the house.

Of Armande Béjart (8), what is there to say that has not been said a hundred times already? She was Molière's pupil, and the most famous comedian of her time; she was Molière's wife, and one of the time's most famous women. She was the heroine of innumerable libels, the butt of innumerable scandals, the object of innumerable admirations. Like Marie Antoinette she had a Countess Lamotte, and was the victim of a case of impersonation; like many widows of great men she married a nobody, and became a reputable matron. The lies that were coined about her have a sort of currency even yet. One, the vilest of all, has given Mr. Lang (M. Gueullette, by the way, is as instant with it as

7.—MARIE DUMESNIL.

Mr. Lang himself) a world of trouble to demolish. But, demolished as it is—and its demolition is very

8.—ARMANDE BÉJART.

complete indeed—it will still exist for minds of a certain type. It is pretty certain, however, that Molière had a wild and exciting time with her. He has unpacked his heart for us *more suo* in "Georges Dandin" and the "Misanthrope," and we know that much if no more. Still, he was passionately fond of her, and being an author-manager as well as a married lover, he took care to give her—as he took care to give himself—none but the best and most brilliant parts. In the old days of the illustrious theatre, "when bright De Brie was young and fair," he had done as much for De Brie. But after the "École des Femmes" she retired to the second rank, and Armande Béjart, now Mlle. Molière, came to the front, and stayed there till the end. She was the Célimène of the "Misanthrope," the Elmire of the "Tartuffe;" she was Alcmène and Angélique and Mariane and Psyché; she was Lucile in the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme," and Henriette, the good and clever sister in the "Femmes Savantes," and a dozen types of grace and charm besides. That Molière, who wrote for his company, should have designed and constructed such a set of parts for her, fitting each one to her peculiar talent and keeping all within the limits of her capacity, is enough to show that as an actress she must have been unrivalled. I do not know that such a range has ever been essayed by any of her successors.

Clairon (6) is a type of the intellectual artist; Dumesnil (7), of the temperamental. Clairon was the more consummate; Dumesnil, by far the nobler woman, the more impassioned and inspired. In their life they were rivals; they survived their fortune many years; they died forlorn enough. *Sic transit gloria theatri.*

W. E. H.

FRENCH ART AT THE SALON.

THE first general look of the Salon is always apt to be satisfactory. There is always, along with plenty of rubbish, so much good painting—good painting of opposite characteristics and varied methods, to most of which any fundamental objection may fairly be called esoteric. At least, of even much of the painting which is fast becoming *passé*, no one can dispute the cleverness; and though cleverness is not really in itself an exalted quality, it is indisputably agreeable. It reconciles one to the succeeding impression, which is as of a vast competitive display of school productions. This, indeed, is very nearly the fact of the Salon. It is, from the force of circumstances and the bent of the French genius, not so much a display of art, of artistic creations of greater or lesser value, as of skill; it is an exhibition of the condition of painting technique on the 1st of May of each year. The smaller exhibitions of Paris during the winter and early spring, which have a standard of exclusion in comparison with which the Salon may properly be said to exercise none at all, quite takes the edge off one's artistic interest in what the latter may have in store. A little later one tires of the endless array of excellent and empty painting, and is oppressed by the evidence of the poverty of the intellectual side of the exhibition. The mass of perfectly perfunctory productions is accented by so few works of real imaginativeness; so little brilliance or novelty of idea—so little really serious thought, in a word—seems to have gone to the making of this remarkable display of activity in the field of art. In this field, one says to oneself, mere activity is of less value than in some others. One speedily seeks out the exceptions and uses these as a basis of reflection. These are this year, perhaps, even fewer than they were last. There are almost no sensations, which at once proclaims the Salon a mediocre one.

M. Puvis de Chavannes has, however, created a genuine sensation, and one of which the importance is not likely to be exaggerated. His "Bois Sacré, Cher aux Arts et aux Muses" covers more than half a wall of one of the three large rooms, and thus imposes itself by its size as well as by its character. This is very irritating to probably half the visitors to the Salon. Every Frenchman is a connoisseur in painting of course; but it proceeds from this very fact that each individual is of his epoch, and that whether the observer of M. Puvis de Chavannes' canvas is pleased or outraged by it depends wholly on whether he had acquired the opinions on painting, which are an integral part of his education, before or after the romantic movement in painting conquered attention for itself. In our day, at all events, painting follows in the steps of literary evolution unequally and *a longo intervallo*. The academic literature in France is musty enough; but the same person who calls Chateaubriand's style *assommant*, for example, is quite out of patience with the freedom and spontaneity of M. Puvis de Chavannes, and turns with enthusiasm to M. Bouguereau. Bouguereau has the next largest canvas in the present Salon, and the circumstance is a fortunate one, as it brings forcibly into contrast two of the chief representatives of the fogey school and the modern movement.

Foreigners, who can but regret their own national inferiority to France in æsthetic matters, justifiably console themselves in part by reflecting that at least they do not admire Bouguereau. In Paris he has a *clientèle* of great numerical importance at any rate, and we shall see if, indeed, he does not defeat M. Puvis de Chavannes in the contest for the grand medal. Of course, at present among painters M. Bouguereau has little or no following, and upon students almost no influence; but I imagine the chance rivalry of these two pictures, and the opposite ideas and methods they represent, will serve an excellent purpose in defining to the unprofessional public the clear differences between real and factitious art, between the imaginative and the conventional, more precisely than it has hitherto been shown. That is, perhaps, the true distinction of the Salon of 1884—the emphasis and clearness with which the fogey school are relegated to a subordinate position in their own stronghold by the imposing predominance of M. Puvis de Chavannes' "Bois Sacré." It is, indeed, a splendid work. The painter is well known as one of the decorators of the Panthéon, where he has for all observers of poetic insight, as well as for amateurs of the more delicate subtleties of technique, an easy victory over M. Cabanel, spite of the latter's severity and occasional felicity of line, and M. Jean-Paul Laurens, whose dramatic force is considerably greater. Two years ago his Salon contribution was one of the successes of the year. At the Triennial last autumn he appeared to cherish an eccentricity of treatment, not to say of conception, which taxed the sympathy of his admirers not a little, because it seemed both wilful and useless, and thus marred the completeness of his indisputable charm. But the "Bois Sacré" is certainly a masterpiece. It is a poetic dream of some Parnassus dell, with purple rocks and graceful slight

hues and golden sky reflected in a tranquil stream; a bit of decorative entablature and Ionic columns such as Claude and Corot affected; nude, or nearly nude figures, male and female, scattered about on the hither bank, and two allegorical figures, with a scroll and lyre respectively, sailing softly down towards the groups, "of deities or mortals or of both," below. The whole swims in a shimmer of purple haze, and is as originally treated as it is conceived. The large freedom with which so vast a space is handled, and neither overcrowded nor left anywhere vacant; the precision which not only keeps in tone but makes an effective chord of the most delicate values; the sympathetic accord of the colour and the atmosphere with the intellectual scheme of the work which, like them, is penetrated with poetry; the purity of this latter, which one hardly knows whether to characterise as blithe or melancholy, and which is as free from affectation as it is full of sentiment—all this make a work equally remarkable for delicacy and for power. M. Bouguereau's canvas is called "La Jeunesse de Bacchus," and may be quite as easily imagined as described.

Elsewhere, too, though not elsewhere brought into such relief, the contrast between the traditional and the romantic schools is still more evident than it has hitherto been—made evident, that is to say, to the casual and accidental, as it has long been, of course, to the trained observer. Once this is accomplished, a substantial progress is assured. There is in Paris certainly no danger that either popular taste or the Institute will become enamoured of eccentricity. The rational hope is that such men as Puvis de Chavannes may so influence popular taste that the Institute, feeling this powerful influence, in its turn may become elastic enough to encourage individuality instead of forcing it into the eccentricity inseparable from Protestantism against recognised canons, and revolt against recognised authority. But for the inelasticity of the Institute, one may ask would the limitations which we feel in the work of such painters of unmistakable genius as MM. Bastien-Lepage and Cazin ever have existed? Every painter of genius cannot have the poise of Delacroix or Millet or Corot. M. Gérôme is represented by two pictures, to be sure, and two characteristic pictures. But they are small, and though the critics praise them courteously and intelligently, they cut very little of a figure and make almost no impression. M. Cabanel has two portraits, but they hardly do him justice, even from his point of view. M. J.-P. Laurens' "Vengeance d'Urbain VI." must strike every one as perfunctory. M. Jules Lefebvre's portrait of a young lady and his "Aurore" are the quintessence of skilful and trivial prettiness, and Boucher modernised must be seen to lose a good deal of what makes Boucher agreeable as an art exponent of a far more artificial society. The "line" is loaded, and the large rooms lumbered, with *hors concours* and "exempt" *niaiseries*, and ambitious historical and allegorical reconstructions laudably endeavouring to keep alive the tradition of the grandiose; but their pretensions are the better estimated the more prominence they receive. On the other hand, though Baudry and Bonnat and Munkacsy are absent, and Bastien-Lepage sends only his small but exquisite "Forge," painted and exhibited in 1882, there is discoverable a great deal of excellent work, which Salon frequenters, if not those who only go on Fridays, will turn to the more readily that there is so little that is eminent of the Academic school to distract attention, and in this school eminence is essential in order even to attract attention. Henner and Carolus Duran are in considerable force: the former with a dead Christ, modelled with the large simplicity of a statue, yet conserving the Henner preciosity, and a striking variant of his favourite Magdalen; and Carolus Duran with perhaps the best portrait he has painted—more character and less upholstery, the first better done and the drapery nearly as successful as the character and drapery of his "swell" portrait of the recent Rue de Sèze exhibition. M. Louis Deschamps, who made a sensation last year with his "Fille-Mère," has a marvellous baby, called "La Récherche de la Paternité," and a garret from which the mother has just been taken to the Fosses Communes, leaving three little orphans stupefied with grief—a remarkable study of character, in parts brilliantly and in parts negligently painted, but of the human and dramatic force of a master. M. Collin's "Été" is a charming idyl, showing pleasingly differentiated traces of his master Cabanel in manner, but in sentiment sweet and natural and fresh. De Nittis' "Gardeuse d'Oies" is grave and almost sombre in feeling, and shows him as much at home in the sterner aspects of out-of-doors as in his favourite sunshiny gardens. Duez is a disappointment, with a really absurd "St. Francis and the Rose Miracle." In the absence of Bonnat, and except Carolus Duran's, the French portraits are far from noteworthy.

The landscape, I should add, is perhaps superior to that of last year. Two by Pelouse—a "Grandcamp" and a "Bords du Loing"—and two by Pointelin, delightful in grave sentiment, though rather black, are finer than anything I remember a year ago. For landscape and genre combined, Heilbuth has certainly never surpassed his "Promenades." Léon Comerre's "Pierrot" and Benjamin Constant's "Les Chérifas" ought to be mentioned in this place, chiefly because every one talks of them—as every one always does talk of *tours de force*.

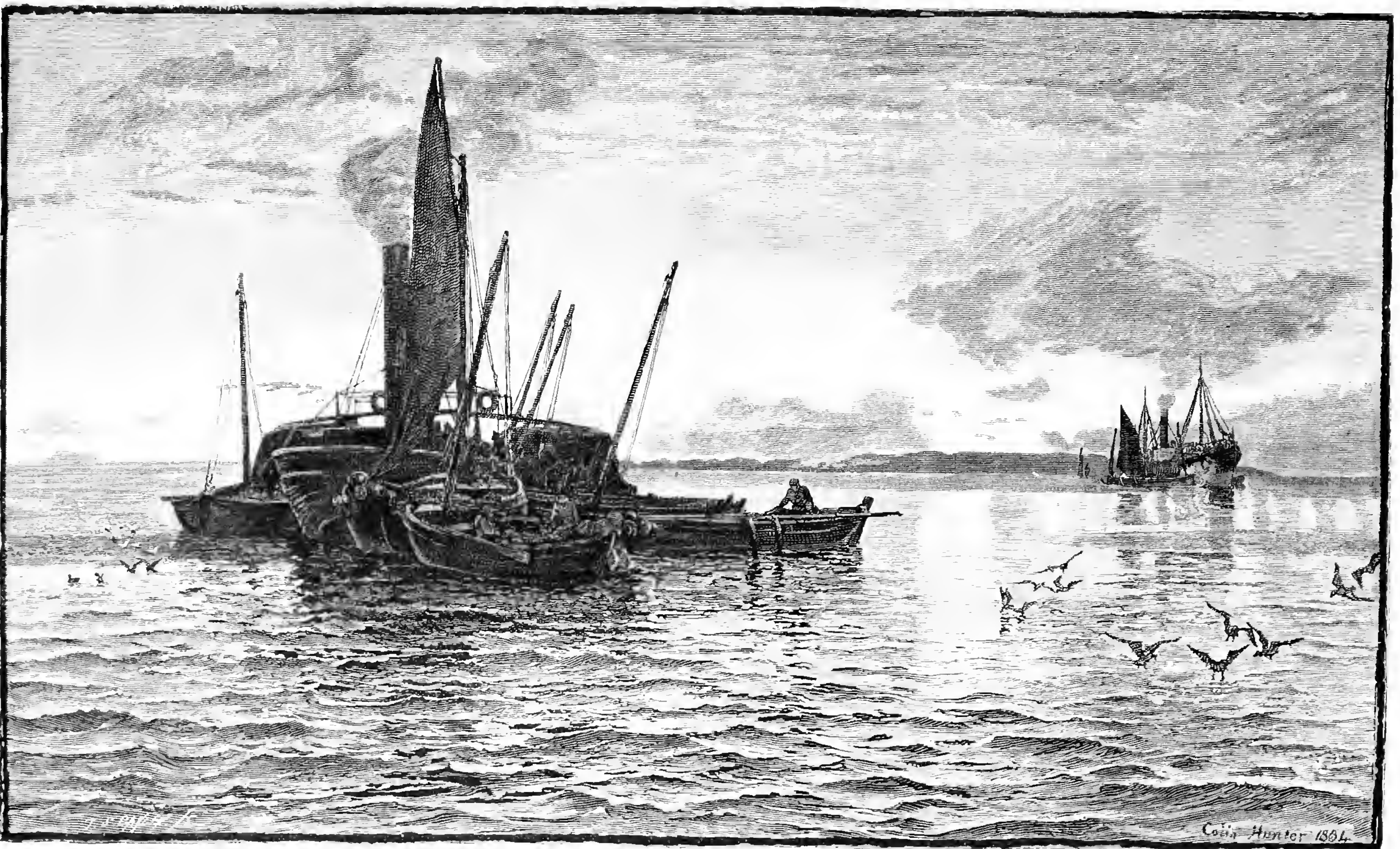
W. C. BROWNELL.

CURRENT ART.—II.

THE original of our frontispiece is one of the most striking drawings in the present exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and is decidedly the most important of the artist's works hitherto. It has attracted much attention both by its excellent technical quality and by the facile power and breadth with which a familiar scene is presented; the interest it creates, though so spontaneously evoked, is not of the kind that is quickly exhausted. Freshly and even vividly felt as its pathos and power are at first sight, the appeal to our sympathy and understanding is made with such simplicity of method, and is so broadly based on a sentiment common to humanity, that the impression is deep and lasting. Mr. Langley has previously exhibited satisfactory work, but chiefly in the form of studies of one or more figures consciously posed and dependent for their attractiveness on technical merit, their expressive draughtsmanship or colour. "Among the Missing" is, however, very distinct from these, as any composition must necessarily be that comprises many figures, and that involves action and emotion and dramatic expression; it very fully proves that the art of the painter of finished studies is not limited to that narrow province of production—which, after all, is but a higher means of expression for the painter of still life—but that he is endowed with the picturesque sense, the perception of composition and harmony. The superiority of this work over Mr. Langley's "The Lover and his Lass," which is but a highly elaborated study, is felt to be immense when considered as a work of art, though its technique is on the same plane of excellence and characterised by qualities common to all the artist's work. This higher artistic value and superior importance are due to the

'TWIXT DAY AND NIGHT.

(Painted by W. J. Hennessy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)



THE HERRING MARKET AT SEA.

(Painted by Colin Hunter, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1884.)

brilliant strength and actuality that animates the picture, its exceeding truthfulness and sincerity, its finely rendered tone of sea atmosphere and broad and liberal daylight. Studied as is the group of fisher-folk about the post office, and consciously disposed in the foreground as are the old woman and the weeping girl, the figures are all vital with one impulsive cause of agitation, and the impression of emotion and movement is effected with admirable nature and simplicity, and without any aid from the cheap expedient of contrast. There remains for notice the scheme of colour and the admirable skill with which it is worked out and harmonised; the dramatic force of the incident derives considerable value from the breadth of the atmospheric medium and the truth of the local colour. The wild windy weather of the burdened sky, the happy touch of the swaying trees beyond the grey shingled roof, the suggestion of verdure so finely harmonised with the tone of the grey wall and door-coping, all combine to quicken the sense of calamity.

We alluded last month to the more prominent of the marine pictures in the Academy, to Mr. Brett's excellent work and Mr. Colin Hunter's. Mr. Brett's paintings are less mannered, more bold, and far more varied than usual; the range of expression between such pictures as "MacLeod's Maidens" and the "North-Easterly Gale, Granton" is very considerable. The latter is particularly vigorous and fresh, and exceedingly grateful after a surfeit of lustrous shimmering seas and literal studies of rocks. Mr. Colin Hunter's "Herring Market at Sea," which we engrave, depicts one of those steamers which attend the fleet of fishing-boats receiving the spoil from the smacks. The scene may be at the mouth of the Clyde or anywhere in the deep, many-islanded sea on the west coast of Scotland, and the time the brilliant opening of a summer morning. In glow and force of colour, in the rendering of depth and tone, in exquisite gradation of reflection of the stainless blue and the massive cumulus of the far horizon, it is remarkable. In the shadow of the steamer's hull, no less than in those of the lesser craft, the life and liquescence and depth of the sea are surprising, while over the broad space of the heaving deep the atmosphere of the sea in its peculiar quality of freshness and visibility is rendered with a special force and fulness. The atmospheric quality of Mr. Hunter's picture is in truth something so distinct and rare, that it transcends the beauty and the harmony of colour; the simile of the painted ship upon a painted ocean loses its significance when we contemplate this vivid transcript of the sea, over which the atmosphere moves like a breathing and living presence, shaping its waves and directing its influence. The subtlety with which this atmospheric medium is indicated is, of course, closely allied to the felicitous realisation of the strength of colour and purity of tone that distinguish the deep sea under the conditions delineated, lucid atmosphere and robust colour being inseparably combined in nature. It is only too true, however, that in painting we frequently find the superficial colour and surface tone of the sea admirably given without any suggestion of the aërial power that dominates it. The force with which Mr. Hunter suggests this power, the sense of superincumbent air, of space and breadth and distance, are the rarest, if not the most conspicuous, triumphs of his painting. There is nothing in this fine picture of that slovenly drawing and coarseness of colour that disfigured some of Mr. Hunter's recent delineations of running water, while in no other work has he arrived at such splendour of colour, so luminous at once and so rich. Perfect harmony is indeed imperilled by the lavish, and we think indiscreet, use of burnt sienna in the hulls of the boats, which is daring but inharmonious in effect and not particularly forcible; the restless waves do not only reflect, but they emit radiance, and the aggressively warm tone of portions of the boats is an ill substitute for their cool, natural, and most harmonious grey. This little matter apart, the "Herring Market at Sea" is a work of distinct and peculiar excellence, and will greatly enhance Mr. Hunter's reputation; it is a complete and sufficient reply to the detraction which, from certain quarters, signalised his election to Academical honours.

At the Grosvenor this year, though there is the usual amount of mediocrity, there are no works comparable to the many glaring examples of crudity and dulness at Burlington House; the general impression is, indeed, very different from the irritation and tedium inseparable from a visit to the Academy this year. Mr. Burne Jones is seen at his very best in his "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid." There are some good portraits by Mr. Richmond and Mr. Collier; one by Mr. Sargent, greatly inferior to his "Mrs. White" in the Academy; one by Mr. Whistler, of "Lady Archibald Campbell," which displays less of his individuality than usual; and several by Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. Herkomer. The landscapes are not very numerous nor, with the exception of Mr. R. B. Browning's "Valley of the Meuse," of any great size, but they include a few really good works. The value and importance of Mr. Browning's picture are certainly not commensurate with its extent of canvas; with its present foreground it appears devoid of interest and vital inspiration. With a different treatment of this part, vacuity would cease to seem its chief characteristic. In admirable contrast is "A Rocky Landscape," by

AMONG THE MISSING.

(Painted by Walter Langley, R.I. Royal Institute, 1884.)

Professor Legros; it is fine in colour and impressive in feeling, and treated with that union of simplicity and power which is a quality of great art. Mr. G. Costa's "St. John Lateran from Villa Mattei" is a pleasant transcript of the Roman atmosphere, though altogether deficient in force; two powerful little studies of field labour in Brabant, by Mr. Boughton, are only relatively less important than the same artist's "Field Handmaiden" in the Royal Academy, to which we shall make further reference; Mr. Napier Hemy has treated a congenial subject with his usual skill in his "Tipping a Shrimp Trawl;" and Mr. David Murray sends two Scottish landscapes, a little trite in composition, but originally treated. Mr. W. S. Jay repeats himself once more in his "Fall of the Leaf," dexterous and uninteresting as ever; Mr. Watts, R.A., shows a fine study of nimbus and cumulus cloud with rain falling therefrom on a panoramic landscape; in "Meadows by the Avon," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the warm tone of the setting sunlight is excellently rendered as it floods the level meadows and distant hills, while the rising moon is reflected in the wan water of the stream. Mr. W. J. Hennessy's "'Twixt Day and Night" portrays with poetical insight a later and more tender hour than that of Mr. Parsons's landscape. In Mr. Hennessy's picture, the original of our first engraving, the hour of transition is idealised, and it has become the hour of transfiguration, when day and night contend and neither has the mastery, when the most homely scene assumes a spiritual aspect and something of the unfamiliar. This weird scene, somewhat unreal and ethereal, is excellently suggested by Mr. Hennessy, who, as if to protect himself from the charge of having painted a purely poetical landscape—"the misty mid-region of Weir, the ghost-haunted woodland of Weir"—has introduced the two prosaic figures and the baby, all three instinct with humanity and existence. The impression these figures give is remarkable, for they rather increase than lessen the prevailing sadness and indefinable power of the visual scene; they would not affect us in broad moonlight, but here in the ghostly twilight their presence is almost an additional source of melancholy. Beyond them, the familiar pond has become mysterious as any woodland tarn; the white mist creeps in the hollow, the air is heavy with exhalations, and the dim light suggests little that is not pregnant with phantasy. Merely to note the excellence of the figures, their deft introduction in the scene, their genuine importance, and the admirable craftsmanship they display, is to miss the true significance of the landscape. They give the key to the composition, and do not detract from its sentiment but accentuate it; and they do so because they are, in despite of the hour and its spell, substantial and recognisable objects.

THE AGE OF BRONZE.

(Bronze by Auguste Rodin. Royal Academy, 1884. From a Drawing by the Artist.)

The best of Mr. Barclay's five pictures at the Grosvenor, the "Rescued Fruit," is inferior to his one contribution to the Academy, "Sporting with the Leaves that Fall," the subject of our last illustration. There is generally something attractive about Mr. Barclay's rendering of children and their ways; the sentiment is free from mawkishness, and the children themselves are full of natural health—rosy and spirited, and never of the rag-doll species so frequent in our exhibitions. In the Grosvenor picture the children, who are boating in a Somersetshire orchard during a flood, and eager for the rosy apples floating around, are instinct with life and joyousness, and the unusual character of the scene is depicted

without exaggerated emphasis, unless it be that the apple-trees show little sign of having been visited by prodigious rains, and are rather too cleanly painted. The Academy landscape is one of Mr. Barclay's strongest efforts, the figures full of charm and vivacity, the incident well told, and the woodland—a New Forest scene—delineated with force and skill, the bright aspect of the autumnal season being successfully presented. Indeed, this new departure of Mr. Barclay from the mountain slopes and olive yards of Kabylia is excellent as welcome, and we may hope he will devote himself to English landscape in more extended ways in the future. Such subjects as the present, when thus treated, and the purely rustic element is not eliminated by the idealising process, must always be popular, as they revive one of the best traditions of the old English school, and there is, besides, ample room for such work.

SPORTING WITH THE LEAVES THAT FALL.

(*Painted by Edgar Barclay. Royal Academy, 1884.*)

Of the sculpture at the Royal Academy we have already spoken, and of M. Rodin's remarkable "Age of Bronze" in particular. Our engraving is a reproduction of a drawing by the sculptor; it gives us the design of the thing, and that is enough; the work itself, the first of a series of notable and memorable conceptions, it may be remembered, was first exhibited at the Salon of 1880, and established M. Rodin in the front rank of modern sculptors. The modelling throughout is extraordinary for suavity, force, and fidelity, the pose full of nobility, and the poise of the head remarkable for its antique character, its simplicity, and impressive grandeur. Reserved force and energy are expressed with wonderful skill and reticence; while, however, the figure symbolises a heroic age, the gesture—of a man stricken and wounded in the head—is scarcely heroic, and its appropriateness to the title is scarcely discernible at first sight. To the sculpture at the Grosvenor we shall presently return, merely noting here the more striking examples. Among these are Professor Legros' design for a fountain, "La Source," a bronze in low relief, very original and distinct, and some bronze masks truly antique in style and full of character, and one expressively humorous and quaint; Mr. Onslow Ford's clever and very French bust, "I cling, or I die;" a good marble bust by Mr. Maclean, called "Meditation;" Miss Elinor Hallé's bas-relief, "Music," which we shall further discuss; Mr. R. B. Browning's bronze statue, "Dryope Fascinated by Apollo," a work absolutely void of style or dignity, and two bronze busts that are little better; a feeble terra-cotta sketch of "Moses" by Mr. Tinworth; and a clever, very modern, rather vulgar portrait bust of Mrs. Focardi by Mr. Amendola.

A FIELD HANDMAIDEN: BRABANT.

(Painted by George H. Boughton, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1884.)

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

(*Painted by Arthur Lemon. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.*)

CURRENT ART.—III.

MR. BOUGHTON'S chief Academy work, the original of our frontispiece, is instinct with genuine and peculiar power. The "Field Handmaiden," despite her designation, is a robust toiler, untouched by any of the idealism with which the subject has long been invested. She is depicted in all the vigour of rude health; her stride expresses her native energy, her bearing the unconstrained freedom of nature. In relation to the landscape the treatment of the figure is thoroughly expressive of modernism; it is of first importance in the composition, but the landscape may not be dissociated from it. The figure is presented by the artist uninfluenced by any preconceptions and unendowed with spurious sentiment; uncompromising fidelity to nature is its chief characteristic, and in this instance the peculiarly modern faith in the power of a merely literal transcript of nature to awaken thought and feeling has suffered no betrayal. The impressiveness of such work depends greatly upon the imaginative capacity of those to whom it appeals, a truth that Wordsworth repeatedly illustrated in his poetry. In Mr. Boughton's picture the impression is not transitory, but deepens on consideration, as the horizon of comprehension extends. A still more remarkable example may be seen in Mr. Clausen's "Labourers after Dinner," also at the Academy. Superficial criticism detects in this thoroughly English work nothing but a fresh proof of the influence of M. Bastien-Lepage. The more cursory and popular estimate is, probably, that it represents a homely and every-day group with succinct truth, at the best a kind of prose idyl: the figures merely day-labourers denied the light of working-men's clubs and socialism; the humour, individuality, and expressive insight that irradiate them with a pregnant humanity being entirely unperceived. Yet of how few pictures in the exhibition may it be said with undisputable truth that they fulfil the functions of art with so much power and amplitude!

The subject of our first illustration, Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Highwayman," exhibited at the Grosvenor, is closely akin to Mr. J. C. Dollman's "Not Worth Powder and Shot" at the Academy, in which a knight of the road has just pulled up his horse in the rear of an itinerant fiddler whose poverty is very obvious. There, however, all likeness ends. Mr. Dollman is merely humorous; Mr. Lemon, with a

certain element of drama, is, like Mr. Boughton, a painter of landscape and the figure combined. It is the moment of expectation and of strained attention for the highwayman, who, in long, blue Newmarket coat, and booted and spurred, leans forward almost on his horse's neck with his pistol loaded and primed, the horse a rough but serviceable roadster. He has taken advantage of the little cover afforded by a clump of trees and some scattered gorse and broom; before him rises the heath-like country, between which and his chosen station is a tract of low plashy ground in which he may have the luck to detain the coming traveller. He is one of a picturesque company who have always been popular, whether in fiction or on canvas; and without glorifying the profession Mr. Lemon has set it forth with not a little romantic interest. The landscape beyond is so finely observed and so skilfully painted as to form a perfect component. The impression it conveys—and that with equal frankness and delicacy—is of the country after a bout of rain. The air is clean-washed; the lights are clear though grey; the general tone, for all its sadness and sobriety, is luminous and pure; there is everywhere a sense of freshness and of wet. Like all the better pictures of the year—not forgetting Mr. Calderon's imitations of Bouguereau—the work is touched with those peculiar French influences and instinct with that peculiar French style which the Academy—quite rigorously national on this point if on no other!—has resisted so vainly and long, but which, as good things must in the end, are coming uppermost with every exhibition.

MUSIC.

(From the Bas-Relief by Elinor Hallé. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)

Of Mr. W. L. Wyllie's two pictures in the Academy, the subject of our engraving is not only the more impressive, but must be reckoned among his best work. "The End of the Story" is unaccountably described in the catalogue as "The Close of a Winter's Day," a title also given to a work by Mr. C. W. Wyllie, and a little unmeaning in both cases. The merits of Mr. Wyllie's transcripts of the lower Thames, its tugs and barges and other craft, are well known; the present work admirably contrasts with the scenes of animation and turmoil he has most loved to depict, though in graphic power, in breadth of execution, in imaginative force, it is in no sense inferior. A vast hulk—a gang of convicts labours hard by—looms large and gaunt in the wintry air; the extent of snow-covered ground with the rail-tracks dimly visible, the strange presence of a large flight of crows driven hither by stress of weather, the dreary aspect of what is usually a scene of bustle and many sounds, and the sense of silence which is so admirably suggested, greatly enhance the interest of the scene, the forlorn and pathetic aspect of the old hulk, so stricken and helpless and degraded. The extent of almost void foreground is of excellent effect in attaining this impression, and greatly aids the dignity and power of the composition; there is nothing to distract

the eye from contemplation of the central object of interest, and the story is told with vivid and eloquent force and excellent sincerity and directness. The scheme of colour, with its limited range, admirably expresses the melancholy sentiment and thoroughly harmonises with the sombre and funereal aspect of a subject which naturally suggests reproduction in black and white. It forms a felicitous pendant to Mr. Wyllie's "Funeral March of a Hero" at the Institute, to which it is a kind of epilogue, the final episode in a varied and mighty career.

Before taking leave of the Academy it may be noted, especially in connection with landscape art, that while, as we have already seen, ineptitude and fatuity of the most dismal type abound, not a few notable works are most undeservedly skied or otherwise ill-treated. Indeed, if it were not for this, the mediocrity of the present show would be unexampled. The juxtaposition of good and bad work, and the instances where the former suffer that the latter may flaunt their vulgarity in unabashed confidence, are frequently most piquant. Almost immediately above Mr. Herbert's "A Bend on the Thames"—distinctly the worst landscape at Burlington House, though it has several close competitors—may be seen Mr. Walter Field's "Hayfield," a little heavy in the upper portion of the sky, but admirable for its powerful rendering of breezy, showery weather, for its truth and force and freshness. This is one of the few instances in the Academy where a painting, ill hung though it be, derives an advantage from its proximity to bad work on the line; it is scarcely possible to express the gratification felt from passing to this fresh and simple transcript from nature after a glance at Mr. Herbert's Thames meadows, on which the tree-shadows lie like lead tracery. In another room we have a good Mesdag, Miss Robinson's clever and sunny "Don't," and several other works worth attentive study almost inaccessible. In the sixth gallery, perhaps, are more palpable examples of injustice than in any. Besides Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's "Afterglow," already mentioned, here are the bright and animated "Cairo" of M. Wauters, which suffers peculiarly from its excessive altitude; Miss Bertha Newcombe's "The Last Load," which is absolutely lost; Mr. Arthur Bell's "On the Granite Pier, Honfleur," and a number of works that merit very different attention, and for whose exile the sole consolation offered is Mr. Goodall's amazing "Flight into Egypt."

Among the examples of portraiture at the Grosvenor are two by Mr. Richmond, which possess rare beauty of colour and remarkable distinction and character. In both the scheme of colour is very similar, a subtle arrangement of greens: very finely harmonised in the "Miss Dora Mirlees" with various accessories of an interior, and in the "Miss Rose Mirlees" with a background of dark green rounded hills and the open sky. The latter is the more powerful and more attractive work, the former more sumptuous in colour, more characteristic in design, more rich and elaborate in craftsmanship. In the first the head is gracefully poised, the expression sweet and gracious, the flesh very delicately and smoothly painted, the hair dark auburn, the immediate background to the head being the pale tone of reddish curtains; the costume is a rich and dark green, very lustrous in the lights and singularly deep in tone in the shadows, the local tints being given with admirable force and harmonised with masterly effect. In the "Miss Rose Mirlees" the design is simpler, and the grace and style and distinction of the work appeal at once and with irresistible force. The figure is touched with expressive dignity, the face noble and ingenuous, the composition simple and refined in treatment; the green swell of the many-folded hills forms a happy and most unconventional background to the erect, graceful figure clad in green, as the companion portrait, with large green hat and feather. The pale amber silk handkerchief negligently arranged about the shoulders serves the same end as the amber necklace in the first portrait in relieving and brightening the heaviness of the costume, and, with the buff gauntlets, represents the extreme range of colour. The rendering of the drapery, the depth, the varied tones, the subtle gradations of colour, are distinguished by all the skill and knowledge displayed in the companion work; the atmosphere is excellent, and the lighting, brilliant at once and soft, pervades the work with truthful diffusion and effect. Elsewhere in the gallery is another portrait, or rather a study, by Mr. Richmond, entitled "May," which may be contrasted with his two more prominent achievements. It is a most harmonious arrangement of yellows and pale chestnut, and represents the profile of a beautiful girl, exquisitely refined in character, admirably accomplished, charming in effect. It may be compared with the two superb portrait studies contributed by Mr. Legros—the "Mr. Thibeaudeau" and the "Dove Wilson," both simply and austerely eloquent, both models of style, both—the latter especially—examples of fine craftsmanship. Mr. Watts's "Lord Lytton" is masterly, too; but, as it seems to us, on a lower level than the Richmonds or the Legros either: as also the several examples of Mr. Collier's brilliance and accomplishment; Mr. Story's swaggering "Cardinal Howard;" and the straightforward manly work of Mr. Holl.

Our sculpture illustration is a reproduction of Miss Elinor Hallé's bas-relief, "Music," exhibited at the Grosvenor. With the exception of Mr. Legros' "La Source" (Miss Hallé is a pupil of Mr. Legros), it is

MISS ROSE MIRLEES.

(Painted by W. B. Richmond. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)

the only example of sculpture in low relief in the exhibition; and while regretting the prevalent neglect of this most expressive form of art, it is satisfactory to note an original design of such excellence and listener, whose rapture and absorption is finely rendered. The unity of the design is excellent, the three figures are effectively contrasted and well harmonised, the modelling is sound; the whole thing

THE END OF THE STORY.

(Painted by W. L. Wyllie. Royal Academy, 1884.)

promise. There is much natural flow and beauty of line in Miss Hallé's composition, despite the somewhat conventional treatment of the sitting figure, and a little awkwardness in the retreating line of the uplifted leg of the viol-player; there are nobility and expressive feeling, as well as the true statuesque quality of repose, in the third figure, who with closed eyes listens ecstatically to the music. "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter," might be Miss Hallé's theme, the full significance and spiritual import of which is symbolised in the has the true sentiment of bas-relief. Above all it must be observed that the subject receives genuine illustration, not through symbolism only, but through the varied characterisation of the figures and the more subtle medium of expression. Miss Hallé, as has been noted, is a pupil of Mr. Legros. Her present achievement bears ample witness to the excellence of the Slade Professor's system of teaching. Its inspiration is not popular and sentimental, but absolutely artistic; and its influence, as may be seen, is of the best.

DIDEROT'S "SALONS."

A HUNDRED years ago exactly, when the 30th of July came round, it might have been said, in the memorable phrase of an otherwise rather stupid mediæval chronicler, that "the earth was worse in this year, for that Denis Diderot died." Only a small part of Diderot's vast work concerns us here; but though small as a part, it is far from small as a whole, and, small as it is in proportion to the other work of its author, no division of that work bears more distinctly the impression of its author's unrivalled personality. In regard to the more notable and important classes of literature the question of origins is hopeless, if not absurd. Nowadays, at any rate, the questions, "Who wrote the first epic?" or "Who wrote the first drama?" would be recognised as corresponding to that more

immediately comic question, "Who ate the first oyster?" But in some of the minor and more specialised branches one can prosecute such an enquiry with good hope of at least approximate success, and it is as nearly certain as anything can be that Denis Diderot was the inventor of art criticism as we now understand the term.

The origin of the invention was casual enough. A certain clever person named Grimm, upon whom the whitewashers have been at work with equal vigour and ill success in these latter times, secured (as most people know from Mr. Carlyle, if from nobody else) a lucrative post as correspondent to Catherine of Russia and other potentates, little and big, of the east and north and centre of Europe. They wished to know what was going on in Paris, and Grimm let them know it. Having, however, fully appreciated and practically solved the great problem of profit-making, which is obscurely referred to in the adage, *quod facit per alium facit per se*, Grimm used his friends, of whom he had many, to fill up his correspondence. The most gifted, the most industrious, and the most amiable of these friends was Diderot, and among numerous other contributions to Grimm's private newspaper Diderot charged himself for the year 1759 with the duties of art-critic at the then biennial Salons. Twelve such exhibitions took place between this date and Diderot's death. In 1783 he was already too ill to write; in 1773 he was absent on his Russian tour; in 1777 and 1779 another hand than his did the work, for what reason I am not certain. But on the other eight occasions he was the critic; and his criticisms, after nearly a century, were at last collected in the complete edition of his work which appeared half a dozen years ago. None of them was published in his lifetime, and till 1876 anybody who wished to read them had to hunt up half a dozen different publications. Even now they can scarcely be said to have been finally collected, because in a library edition of the whole works it was practically impossible to give them the commentary and the illustration of all kinds which they especially require. There are nearly a thousand large and well-filled pages of them, and in these days of elaborate books I cannot imagine many things of the kind better worth doing than a separate reprint, annotated by some one who could give the history and whereabouts of the pictures (with some modern touches to aid the reader's comparison from different points of view), and abundantly illustrated. This last point is important because comparatively few of the works and workers dealt with in them have what is called an European reputation (Greuze and Boucher among the painters, Caffieri and Houdon among the sculptors, are the chief exceptions), and it is easy because an extraordinary number of these works were engraved, and because their general character lent itself very well to engraving. Such a work as is here sketched would not exalt the "Salons" as literature—their rank as such to a capable judge is unmistakable—but it would make them a far more valuable contribution to the history of art, and especially to the history of the criticism of art.

It has been said that these "Salons" are the first examples of art-criticism as we now understand it, and with the limitations appropriate to all such round statements, it is perfectly true. No doubt from the time that men began to paint or model, other men began to describe what they had painted and modelled. We have admirable descriptions of the kind, as early at least as Lucian, and they are frequent in the Greek romances, not to mention the somewhat jejune examples of the kind to be found in Pliny and elsewhere. Equally of course the revival of art in Italy brought about a revival of description and even of criticism of art. But it would be very difficult to trace the art-causerie—the criticism in which description of particular works, lively illustration of the literary kind, and occasional divergence in the discussion of general points of aesthetics are united—further than Diderot. He was perhaps of all living men best suited to the task. He had an "encyclopaedical head," that is to say a vast store of positive erudition. He had an inexhaustible supply of what may be pardonably called intellectual imagination, the faculty which prevents a man from being merely satisfied with immediate impression, and urges him to trace up its reasons somewhat—fancifully and imperfectly it may be—to general principles. He had a great capacity for taking trouble; always excepting such trouble as makes a man careful about his style and the revision of his uttered thoughts. He was not in the least a recluse, but was always knocking up and down against his fellow-men, and finding out what they felt and thought. He had, as is evident from all his work, a very keen love of art, and if he did not at first know much, technically speaking, about it, the curiosity which made him master of much less interesting details stood him in good stead for learning. Lastly, he knew a great many artists, and (for such knowledge often has drawbacks as well as advantages) was in the habit of indulging in the most beautiful freedom of speech respecting his friends and enemies alike.

At first the defects which are often charged against all criticism of art by those who are not practical artists certainly appear in his work. His criticism is undoubtedly too literary, in the disparaging sense which I believe artists sometimes

attach to that word. He is too prone to ask, "How has this man told me a story?" and to decide that he, Denis Diderot, if only he could paint, would have told the story in a much more poetical and striking way. Also the theories, the ideas, and even the personal prejudices of the artists who were his special friends appear a little too clearly. This latter defect he soon shook off; the former always to a certain extent remained with him. But it must be remembered in his defence that the character of the work which he had chiefly to criticise gave special opening to it. Those were the days of great *machines* for the Gobelins manufactory, of endless scenes from sacred and profane history, of big mythological and allegorical tableaux. Much allowance must be made for a man who is confronted with a thing ten feet long by eight feet high, decribed as "A Father Arriving at his Country Estate Where he is Received by His Family," even if he knows that it is only a cumbrous fashion of grouping portraits.

Nor are these the only defects. Others, which the "Salons" share with all Diderot's work, occur in plenty, and some of them make the completed criticisms not exactly a book for family reading. Easy and charming as Diderot's somewhat unkempt style generally is, its mannerisms (such as the perpetual "mon ami" addressed to Grimm, the occasional imaginary dialogues, and so forth) sometimes become a little tiresome. The author's astounding licence of language, imagery, and anecdote, his *philosophe* cant, his "sensibility," his unbridled habit of prolixity and digression, his abuse of the *moi* and various other faults of taste, appear often enough to make the reader remember the eulogistic phrase "Diderot is Diderot" in a bad sense as well as a good one.

But when the amplest allowance is made for these defects, the "Salons" remain not merely delightful reading, but on the whole most instructive and admirable criticism. From the point of view of the mere reader they have, as no other work of the author's of anything like equal size has, except the letters to Mlle. Volland, the marvellous fulness of life which characterises their author at his best. When he is at this best to read Diderot is like looking down from a balcony into a square crowded with business and pageant and the actors in both. He will begin with a vivid description of his subject, say a sea-piece of Vernet or a "family-affection" tableau of Greuze. Suddenly he strikes off and gives a string of humorous anecdotes; then he turns to the advantages and disadvantages of drawing from models, then to the discussion of some conventional practice of art. A sketch by a foreign lady who happens to be studying in Paris serves as text for a sermon (decidedly a *sermon joyeux*) on her career and on the careers of foreign lady artists generally, and on the habits of French academicians, and in short on everything and several things beside. Next he sees or pretends to see a friend (who is named) coming towards him, and the friend and Diderot keep up a dialogue quite natural and distinct, like Fred Bayham's bishop and chaplain, for two or three pages. All this may sound as if it were mere trick, easily imitable and often imitated. Often imitated, if any one likes: easily imitable? that depends very much on the reader's faculty of distinguishing.

So far the "Salons" might be delightful literature without being good criticism, but they are that too. Diderot is not seldom inconsistent—indeed in one or two places he calmly admits that he has said something quite different a "Salon" or two before, but that he has learnt better since then. On some general and more technical points it is quite possible to disagree with him, and to disagree reasonably. As has been said, he certainly thinks too much of the literary and dramatic effect of a picture. He is too clamorous for movement, story, human interest, and so forth. He sometimes misuses the word *goût* in the way in which all ages have misused its synonyms, but in which the Eighteenth Century was an especial offender. But on the whole his criticism is extraordinarily just, and he is particularly happy in the least facile of all critical operations, the tracing by cause and effect of the connections between the means used by the artist and the impression produced on the spectator. He has in his "Pensées sur la peinture" an excellently expressed thought which is the key to his whole method, as, for the matter of that, it is to the method of all sane criticism in every art. "Le goût a prononcé longtemps avant que de connaître le motif de son jugement; il le cherche quelquefois sans le trouver, *et cependant il persiste*."

That is the "great word" of criticism, and it is admirably exemplified in Diderot's "Salons," the most considerable of his critical works. While some critics (more in his day than in ours) proceed on a cut-and-dried method of formulas, applying the foot-rule and listening to the stop-watch; while others (more in our day than in his) exhaust themselves in decoratively describing the immediate pronouncements of *goût* without even endeavouring to connect those pronouncements and render a reason for them, Diderot follows a third course. He asks, "What is the impression of this work on me?" first. But he is by no means content with that impression. He goes on to ask, "Why does it produce that impression?" "What connection has that impression with such and such another?" Sometimes

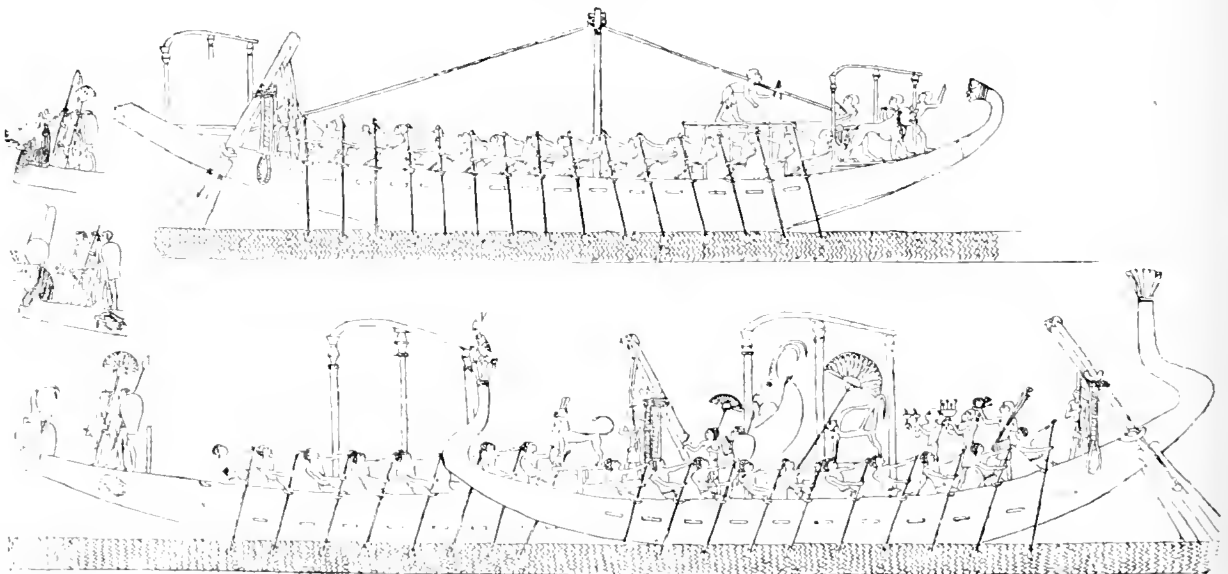
(not very often, because the very habit of such questioning insensibly refines the taste itself) he has to come back upon his impression and ask whether it was a genuine and not a mistaken one.

This, I say, is the method of all good criticism, and there is in relation to the criticism of art no example of it before Diderot which is half so remarkable for combined quantity and quality as Diderot's own. That his method is none the less effective because of the flashing *bavardage* in which he has wrapped it up there can be little doubt; and it may fairly be contended that to some extent at least that bavardage expresses honestly and directly enough the course of the very thoughts by which he arrived at his own conclusion. Very few writers think aloud so much as Diderot, and in this is the secret not merely of his charm when he is at his best, but also of his extraordinary inequality and of not a few of his other faults. Certainly there are not many people whose unrevised thoughts and conversation, reported by a kind of shorthand in twenty great volumes, would bear the process as Diderot bears it, especially in the papers now discussed. The comparatively low value of the work which he criticised has sometimes been urged against the "Salons," but this arises from a mistaken estimate of the true value of criticism. For what the critic, if he is capable, always has his eye on (through the medium of the bad or good examples of art before him) is the art itself, its principles and its powers, its methods and its results. It is the grasp of these things shown in the "Salons" that gives them their critical value, just as it is the range and variety of sympathy shown in them with subjects beyond art, or only remotely connected with it, that gives them their literary charm.

George Saintsbury.

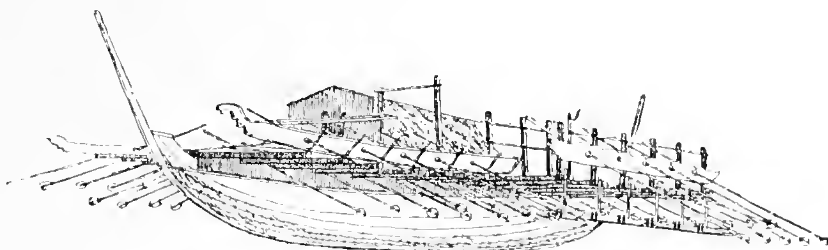
THE SHIP BEFORE STEAM.

"When one considers the enormous mass of books existing in this country, and the hundreds of volumes added to them every year, one would be apt to suppose that all the necessary part of literature must surely be provided for. It would never occur to a person to whom the subject was new that such prodigious piles could exist for purposes of amusement and luxury, while half at least of the obvious duties of literature were left undischarged or discharged very badly." Nearly twenty years ago my father, James Hannay, began a lecture on our admirals with these words. They served as introduction to a statement, which nobody who has any familiarity with the matter will deny, that our literary sins of omission have nowhere been grosser than in our naval history. Sir Harris Nicolas has done good work on the mediaeval navy, and James has left a valuable record of the great war, but between them we have very little except dull compilations. In naval biography the deficiency is



1.—"Serpents of Old Nile."

equally glaring. The facts are to be got at after a fashion, but the list of works which can be said to belong to literature is short indeed. It consists of Southey's masterly life of Nelson, and the lives of the Elizabethan seamen contributed by him to the "Cabinet Cyclopædia." The lives of other men have been written by descendants, relations, or secretaries who doubtless knew the facts, but who certainly did not know which of them were worth telling, or how they ought to set about it. Perhaps the best of all these books is Mr. Granville Penn's life of his ancestor, the parliamentary admiral, and even that is frequently silly and generally dull.

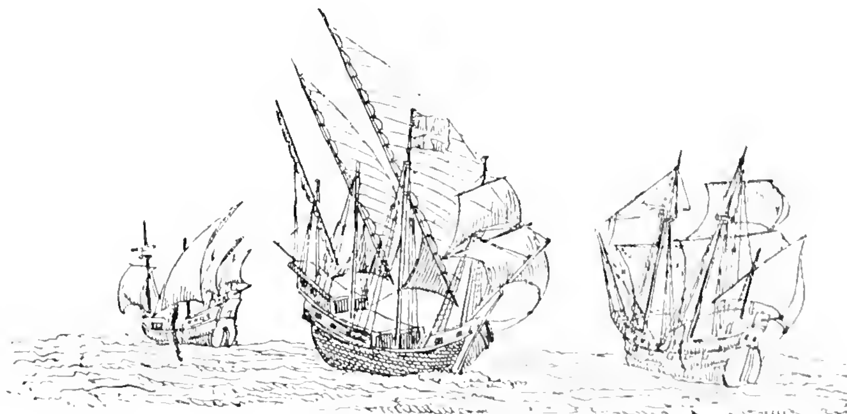


2.—A MALAY BIREME.

Still, after a fashion some of the facts are to be got at by a reader of sufficient obstinacy. The business of a navy is to fight, and the story of when and where and how it fought is told to all lengths and breadths in innumerable volumes. You may read *ad nauseam* how on the — June, 17—, Vice-Admiral Sir Palinurus Mainstay was cruising with ten sail of the line and two frigates, in Lat. 36° 40′ N., and Long. 8° 50′ W., Cape St. Vincent, bearing N.W., the weather being hazy, and the wind from the west light and variable, when a squadron was seen to the east, standing out of the Straits of Gibraltar with a north-westerly course. The admiral immediately concluded that this must be the Toulon squadron under the command of the Contre-Amiral Chose, which, as he had been informed by the Admiralty, was expected to make an attempt to escape from the Mediterranean and join the eight ships of the line lying at Rochelle. Sir Palinurus at once hoisted the signal for the British squadron to wear in succession and engage the enemy. The French fleet, which was found to consist of eleven sail of the line and three frigates, showed no inclination to accept the challenge, but immediately altered its course to a more northerly direction, and attempted to escape along the coast of Portugal, an act of timidity which, considering its superiority of force, can only be excused by the rigid nature of the orders sent from Paris to Admiral Chose. Perceiving that the French meant to avoid a battle, Admiral Sir Palinurus Mainstay immediately hoisted the signal for a general chase, which was answered by cheers throughout the squadron. The shape of the coast at Cape St. Vincent neutralised the superior sailing of the French ships, and at 4 p.m. the *Irresistible* (74), commanded by the gallant Bowline, the leading vessel of the British line, was

3.—CHEBECS AND LATEENS.

(*From a Drawing by Jacques Devaulx.*)



4.—LATEENS AND CHEBECS.

(*From a Drawing by Jacques Devaulx.*)

able to bring its broadside to bear on the rear of the enemy. Captain Bowline supported the fire of three French liners alone for twenty minutes, till he was joined by the *Terrible* (74) and the *Dreadful* (80). He then forged ahead and engaged the next French ship. At 1.30 p.m. Admiral Chose gallantly wore to support his rear, which was now in considerable danger, and at 5 p.m. the action became general, and was maintained with great spirit on both sides till 6.30 p.m., when three French ships having struck, and a fourth having grounded off Lagos, Admiral Chose renewed his flight, and succeeded in escaping, since, owing to the approach of night and the crippled state of some of his vessels, Sir Palinurus Mainstay did not attempt any further pursuit. In our account of this very creditable action, continues the naval historian, we must not omit mention of the firmness shown by Captain Cringle of the *Fisgard*. That vessel, built early in the reign of Queen Anne, had been in service for nearly sixty years, but with the accustomed penuriousness of the British Admiralty had been hastily repaired and sent to reinforce the squadron off Cadiz. She was at all times leaky and almost unseaworthy through age, and in the stress of the engagement she began to fill so fast that a disaster was feared. The master having caused her to be sounded, reported that there were seventeen feet of water in the hold, and that it was rapidly gaining on the pumps. In company with the first lieutenant he represented the gravity of the situation to the captain, and asked what was to be done. "Done!" exclaimed Captain Cringle with the spirit of a British officer—"done! why fight the d—d old tub till she sinks!" Such, says the judicious historian, was the spirit of the heroic race of men who won for England the dominion of the sea, and such will it ever be. However much they may be neglected by the Admiralty, they will never fail in the discharge of their duty to their king and country.

Enough of this sort of thing has been written to load an East Indiaman, and it is very good as far as it goes, but unfortunately it forgets to tell us a great deal that we should like to know. That we have done great things at sea is a commonplace, but we are generally left in ignorance as to what sort of ship they were done in. The interior life of the navy is passed over as a matter not worth telling. Some of these days, perhaps, somebody will, after much grubbing in records and hunting up of old books, come and tell us how the man-of-war's-man of past times was recruited and paid, what the pressgang exactly was, and how its victims were fed, lodged, clothed, and looked after while they were fighting their country's battles, and in what sort of vessel they fought. It is only in keeping with the fact that the French have generally excelled us in organisation and as scientific shipbuilders that they have also done more for naval history. We have nothing to compare to M. Jal's famous work on naval archæology, and now a great Parisian publishing house (J. Rothschild: Rue des Saints-Pères) has brought out one of those magnificently illustrated books in which they excel, and such as we are not likely to see produced in this country. This is "Le Musée de Marine du Louvre," a stately folio edited by Vice-Admiral Edmond Paris, and profusely illustrated with pictures of models and copies of old engravings of recognised authenticity. The Louvre possesses a series of models dating from the time of Louis XIII., and has been enriched by the researches of competent inquirers employed by the French Government. This wealth of naval lore has now been put within the reach of all the world by Vice-Admiral Paris in a stupendous folio, of which a copy should be kept in every considerable English library. Apart from its historical interest this account of the naval museum has a high artistic value. It is got up in the best style of French art publishing, and as it stops short at the fatal date when steam came and made everything utilitarian and ugly, it deals with vessels which are generally beautiful in form and are never anything worse than quaint.

Like a sensible man, Vice-Admiral Paris passes very lightly over the ships of antiquity, concerning which there are but three things certain: firstly, that we know very little about them; secondly, that what we do know is very uncertain; and thirdly, that in all probability we shall never know any more. This ignorance is not the fault of historians and scholars, for by a curious freak of pedantry, we who have neglected our own naval history have struggled pertinaciously to discover what sort of vessel was used in the Periplus or in the battle at Actium. More has been written about the ship of St. Paul than the ship of Drake. The trireme in particular has been a species of King Charles's Head to a great many ingenious gentlemen. They have written and speculated on the subject for centuries, and have turned the little scraps of information to be picked out of ancient writers up and down. At last Napoleon III., while he was cooking his remarkable work on Julius Cæsar, had a trireme constructed on the Seine. At the end of it all nobody knows in the least what the trireme was, and practical men are agreed that it cannot have been at all like the craft built for Napoleon III., or have borne any resemblance to the more or less imposing objects imagined by painters. Egyptian paintings and Assyrian bas-reliefs contain portraits of single-banked boats and biremes which are intelligible enough. The Egyptian boats of our illustration from Admiral Paris's book—for which,

with the rest, we are indebted to M. Rothschild—were obviously not very unlike a modern river barge (1), but we cannot argue from them to the large vessels which sailed from the Red Sea ports to Arabia and even India. All that is really known is that the ancients had ships, and even ships of considerable size, which made long coasting voyages, but what they exactly were can only be guessed at by arguing back from modern examples.

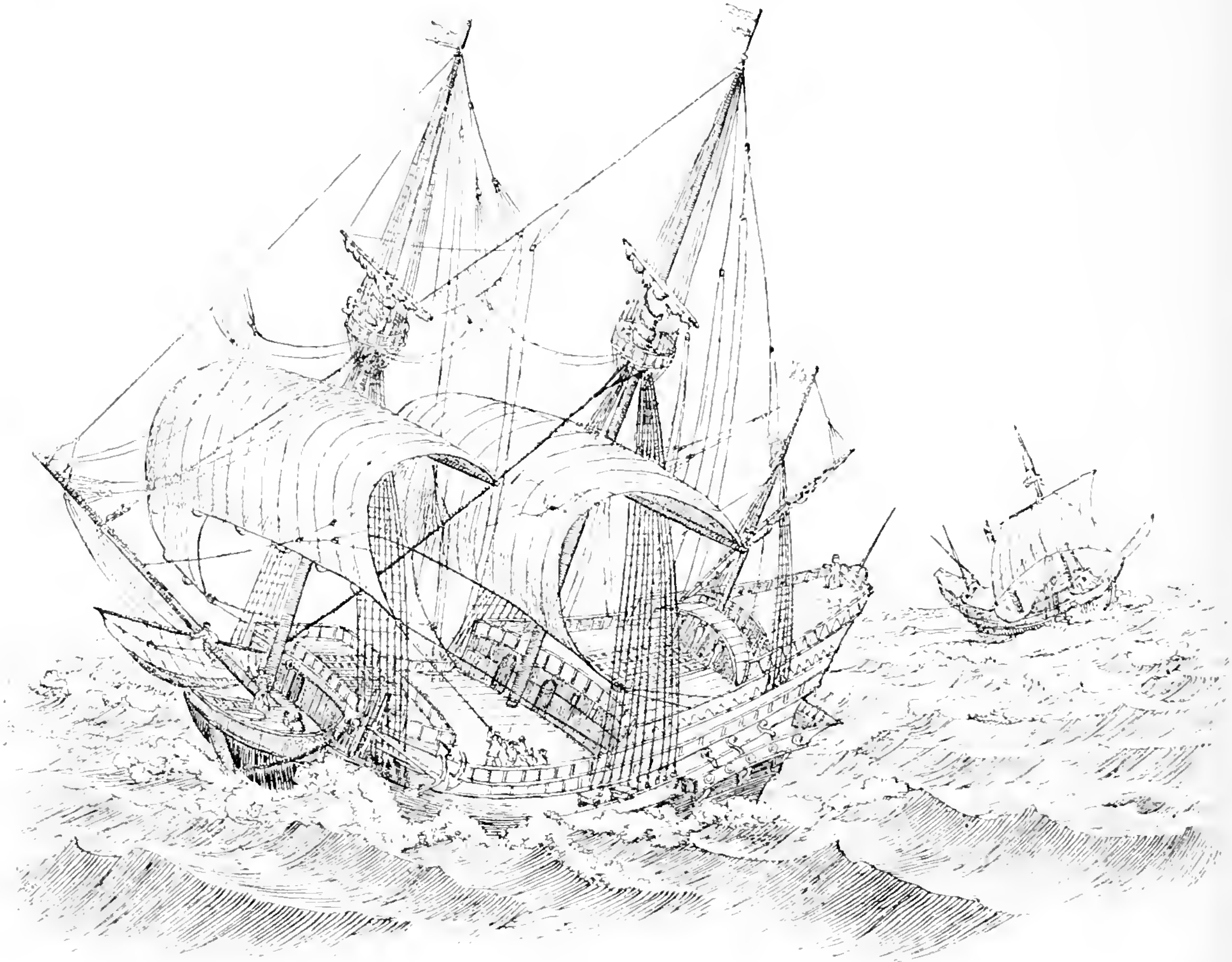
Admiral Paris gives a drawing of a bireme, that is, a boat with two banks of oars on either side, which was in use till very recently, and perhaps not completely disappeared even yet. This is or was the Malay war-ship (2), the craft used by the pirates who were the pest of our Eastern trade, until our steam cruisers and the Dutch improved them off the face of the sea. It has a light deck raised above the hull, and two banks of oars one over the other. These craft were a terror to becalmed merchant ships, but were helpless against a vessel when the wind made it possible to manœuvre. Then the only advantage of their oars was that they could escape by rowing up against the wind.

Vice-Admiral Paris passes equally lightly over the ships of the Middle Ages, concerning which also more than enough mere speculation has been written. To be sure it is rather more pardonable than in the case of triremes and quinqueremes. Indeed the temptation to try and guess at the form of the vessels of Cœur-de-Lion or Edward III. is very great, for there exists almost a superabundance of evidence as to their shape. The misfortune is that if it is taken seriously we should be compelled to believe that the law of gravitation did not come into force much before the days of Sir Isaac Newton—which is absurd. There is, however, a way of escaping from the dilemma. The mediaeval draughtsman had a very indifferent sense of proportion, and a firm conviction apparently that as long as he made you understand what he meant to draw he had done enough—so he drew something as broad as it was long, and as high as it was broad, with a pole in the middle and a rudder at one end, and left it as a sign of a ship. What idea should we have of the Gothic cathedral if we had to trust seals and illuminated manuscripts? We need not, therefore, believe that the seals of the Cinque Ports, for instance, really represent the craft which sailed from Dover against Eustace the Monk, or fought in the great battle with the Spaniards on the sea off Winchelsea, in the reign of Edward III. Still, evidence as to their build is not wholly wanting. In the first place some of the contracts made between the kings of France and the shipbuilders of Marseilles, Genoa, and Venice remain, and from them it is still possible to learn the proportions and tonnage of the vessels used at least in the Mediterranean. These documents leave much in doubt, but they prove beyond all question that some of the mediaeval vessels must have measured as much as five or six hundred tons—a fact which is worth noting if only to correct the exaggeration of historians, who represent Columbus and Vasco da Gama as having undertaken their voyages in cock-boats. Admiral Paris, strange to say, entirely overlooks the recent discoveries in Norwegian burial mounds, which show clearly enough what the vessels of the Vikings and the Scandinavian kings must have been. As might have been guessed from what is known of their cruises, the Viking ship turns out to have been a very sensible seaworthy craft. She seems to have measured sometimes as much as a hundred and twenty feet in length. She was broad in the beam, low in the waist, high at bow and stern, flat in the bottom with a keel, and was steered with an oar like a life-boat. She had one mast with a lug sail, and from sixteen to five-and-twenty oars of a side. Such a vessel might well have crossed the Atlantic when manned by a race of men who were not easily frightened, and who were indifferent to the luxury of sleeping under a deck. One must not jump to conclusions and build big theories on narrow foundations, but we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that the mediaeval vessel was simply this Viking model spoilt as a sea-going craft by having huge castles built up a-head and astern, to hold the fighting men. The sailors of the later Middle Ages were, after all, apparently a feeble generation as compared to the Norsemen and their own successors in the Sixteenth Century. They seldom or never went to sea except in summer, they crawled along the coast for the most part, and they ran for an anchorage at every capful of wind. Chaucer's sailor was a pilot and a coaster. Even as late as Elizabeth's time it was thought foolhardy to keep a squadron at sea in winter. In a time of such half-hearted seamanship as this everything was naturally sacrificed to military considerations and show. They built towering castles for the archers, fine cabins—called the Paradise—for the great man on board, and then they painted everything gorgeously, and varied the paint with brilliant gilding.

The ship of the Middle Ages, it must be remembered, was to a considerable extent dependent on its oars. It is not to be supposed that merchant vessels were always rowed, for they can scarcely have carried men enough to do the work, but even they had recourse to their sweeps on occasion. Regular men-of-war in the modern sense were, it is true, rare. In time of war traders were impressed for service and filled with men-at-arms, and the ordinary crew worked the ship. Now these vessels must have trusted to their sails. But, on the other hand, when we do hear of regular

war-vessels, they seem to have been galleys as a rule. The snakes and dragons of the Norsemen did not fight under sail, and in the Mediterranean the galley was always used for war. It was the type of the long or fighting ship as opposed to the round or trading ship. In all probability the type remained unchanged for centuries. The Sixteenth Century galley differed little enough from the war-ships of Venice in the times of they were of little use except against other galleys or in a dead calm. Drake made short work of them off Cadiz in 1587, and Sir William Monson tells of a less famous action on the coast of Portugal, when a squadron of them was ignominiously beaten by an inferior force.

With a ship drawn by Holbein we come to the beginning of the liners and frigates of later times.



5.—A FLYING DUTCHMAN.

(From a Drawing by Brueghel.)

the Crusades, and differed even less from the craft which used to come out of Cadiz during a calm and worry the liners of Collingwood's blockading fleet. It was on board one of them, the *Marquesa*, belonging to the squadron of John Andrew Doria, Francesco Sancto Pietro captain, that Cervantes received his wound in the battle of Lepanto. As sea-going craft they were unquestionably inferior to the Norse war-ships, for their flat form must have made them liable to be swept by the waves. Indeed, we know that the waist was always washed from side to side even in fine weather, so that raised planks had to be provided for the rowers to put their feet on. As fighting vessels

One of them has been repeatedly engraved. It is the *Henry Grâce-de-Dieu*, also called the *Great Harry*, one of the men-of-war of Henry VIII. At anchor she must have been an imposing object. Her size was considerable, probably well over a thousand tons, and she was as fine as paint, gilding, and carving could make her planks, or banners and embroidery her rigging; but she must have been a sad tub. It is enough to produce a feeling of boredom merely to think on the time it must have taken her crew to get from one port to another, and the amount of leeway she must have made on a wind. Still shipbuilders were by this time on the right path, and within half

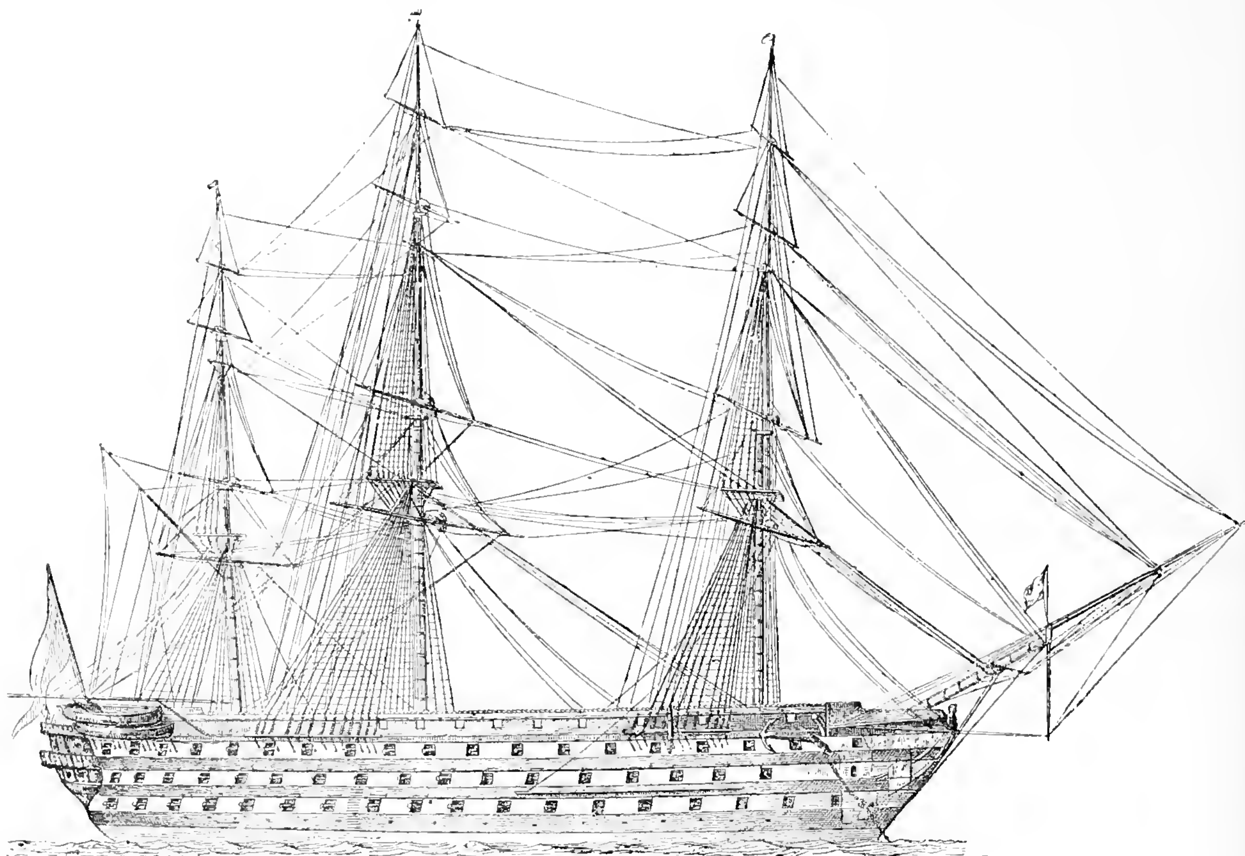
a century of the date of the *Great Harry* (*circa* 1520) they had begun to turn out vessels which had many faults, but were none the less capable of making long voyages with reasonable speed. Even in 1520 Columbus, Vasco da Gama, and Cabot had sailed far enough, but they took their time. Our fifth and sixth pictures represent, with some allowances for differences of detail, the vessels of the great race of Elizabethan seamen.

6.—A TALL SPANIARD.

(*From a Drawing by Breughel.*)

From the drawings Admiral Paris has borrowed from Breughel (5 and 6) it is possible to form an approximately accurate idea of the vessels in which Drake, Cavendish, and many other gentlemen "whose graves are in the bottomless sea" made their voyages in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. It was the direct ancestor of the frigate and liner of Nelson's day. Of course it was not the only lineage of ships. The lateen, the polacra, and the chebec of the Mediterranean grew alongside of and independent of it (3 and 4). They are among the most interesting craft that float from an artistic point of view. The sea has nothing to show more striking than a Spanish "laud" or a great lateen fishing-boat flying before the afternoon breeze with its immense sails extended far out on either side like the wings of a sea-bird. But these craft have not done the heroic things of war and discovery, and more, they are historically of less interest than the ship of the ocean, for they have had a far quicker development. The drawings (3 and 4) of Jacques

Devaulx, pilot to the King of France in 1633, show that the lateen has changed wonderfully little since the Seventeenth Century. Devaulx's vessels are rather more pestered, as Monson would have said, with fore and stern cabins than was necessary, and their modern representatives are better in that respect, but essentially are the same. It will be seen that his craft are not all lateen-rigged. The Mediterranean has another method of rigging, once doubtless universal, but not now found out of that sea. It is the polacra, which has only one spar for its lower and topmast. This rather inferior because weaker model is still commonly used by the Greeks and Italians.



7.—A FIRST-RATE OF NELSON'S TIME.

By comparing Breughel's ships and the three-decker of the end of the last century (7) even we landsmen can see the lines on which the development of shipbuilding has gone. The form of the hull had become sharper, the amount of sail carried was greatly increased, and its details simplified; and finally, the preposterous castles at either end have disappeared. In this work our country took, as was to be expected, a leading part. Admiral Paris indeed has little enough to say about it, and has almost contrived to write this sketch of the development of shipbuilding as if he had only to take account of his own country and Holland. Yet our share was not inconsiderable. Already in Elizabeth's days Sir Walter Raleigh had to note that "in my time the shape of our English ships has been greatly bettered." He instances "the striking of the topmasts," the addition of new sails, including studding-sails, the weighing of the anchor by the capstan, and the use of the chain-pump as among these improvements. "We have fallen," he says also, "into consideration of the length of cables, and by it we resist the malice of the greatest winds that can blow." Sir Walter lived to see the beginning of another reform in shipbuilding which he had strongly advocated. This was the abolition of the towering fore and stern castles. As he justly pointed out, they made ships roll terribly, and we can well believe him when he adds that "indeed they are but sluttish dens that breed sickness, in peace serving to cover stealths, and in fight dangerous to tear men with their splinters."

While Raleigh was in the Tower Phineas Pett, the mathematician from Cambridge, who was constructor to James I., had begun to reform that indifferently with us. His name does not appear, by the way, in Admiral Paris's book, and how often is

it mentioned by ourselves? None the less, for three generations, from the reign of James I. to that of Charles II., the Petts rendered inestimable service to the navy. They designed and built the ships in which Blake, Lawson, and the tarpaulin admirals fought our great battles with the Dutch. The foolish practice of loading vessels with top hamper was, however, kept up by some peoples. Basil Ringrose, Gent., who sailed into the South Seas with "that great sea-artist and valiant commander Bartholomew Sharpe" on a buccaneering voyage about 1684, tells how they took a Spanish caravel, and to improve her sailing qualities cut down her cabins. Then they cruised about plundering her old masters.

By the end of the Seventeenth Century the form of the sailing fighting-ship had approached very close to the model of Nelson's time. Still there was much for the Eighteenth Century to do. The rigging was steadily improved. The spritsail in the bow was replaced by a jib, and the flyaway lateen on the mizzen by the spanker. The proportion of sail surface to hull was much increased, and finally the English Admiralty for once in the course of its existence showed intelligence and promptitude in accepting a great scientific improvement. About the middle of the century the use of copper sheeting to protect the bottom of ships from worms and barnacles was first introduced into the English navy, with immense benefit to its sailing qualities. Within a few years it had been universally adopted. All these changes, while they tended to improve the sea-going and sailing qualities of ships, also worked to make them more beautiful. The two and three deckers of the great wars must have possessed an unsurpassable grandeur, and the frigates must have had all the beauty of a Stradivarius. In an evil hour there came a man of science with ideas about steam, and then another with a notion of an iron plate, and between them they made wild work of the old navy. What the man of steam spared the man of iron plates speedily abolished. The two sedulously laboured to cover the sea with monsters more hideous than the kraken. For a generation they have been fairly successful, but happily "the eternal verities" seem to be getting the better of them. The latest iron-clads, the *Alexandra*, for instance, or the *Inflexible* even, have a solid grandeur of form, and it is said that the *Impérieuse* and the *Warspite*—the last two launched—have the lines of an old wooden frigate. The Beautiful, as a certain eloquent writer might have said, is also the Strong and the Swift. I think we shall all agree in hoping it will continue to be shown that it is, by the example of her Majesty's ships and vessels of war.

David Hannay.

"A SERENADER."

From the Picture by E. Plasencia.

"In the Evening of Art the Theatrical wooed the Sartorial and their offspring was the Furniture Picture." That is how a modern writer, with one eye on Thackeray and the late Lord Lytton, and the other on the ideals of Munich and Madrid and Rome, has somewhere described the evolution of a certain latter-day type of painting. The description is shrewd—even savage; but it is by no means unjust. Passion, drama, adventure are admirable things enough; but the shams of them, the impostures to which they give occasion, these are only impostures and shams, and as such may be handled. In the great romantic revival which, while the century was young, had quickened all Europe to action and creation, and to which we owe so much that is good in art, and so much more that is worthless and bad, men believed in their work, and did battle for the novel inspirations by which they were moved, as for country and creed themselves. And for all this faith of theirs their achievement is already a little stale, their effect a little paled and savourless; so that we can no longer read Byron with enthusiasm, nor look on the masterpieces of Delacroix without a certain predisposition to hostile criticism. If this be true of the masters of the heroic age, what are we to expect of their descendants, the journeymen of a decadence complete and unashamed? The old illusions have passed, the old ideals are as properties; romance is an affair of costume, drama a matter of furniture; faith is dead, and the dealer's word is law. Of such a condition of things the outcome, as it is, looks poor enough. That in a hundred years it will look any better is, to say the least of it, doubtful.

Signor Plasencia's troubadour has kinsmen and kinswomen innumerable. Still, he is very far indeed from being the weakest of his race. He has an operatic air, it is true; and the effect of colour achieved in his black tights is perhaps the real and authentic reason of such pictorial being as he has. But he is gallantly posed and drawn; his costume is picturesque and bravely worn; he is certainly the occasion for some pleasing and brilliant colour. He would grace a banker's dining-room or a dealer's window passing well.

A SERENADER.

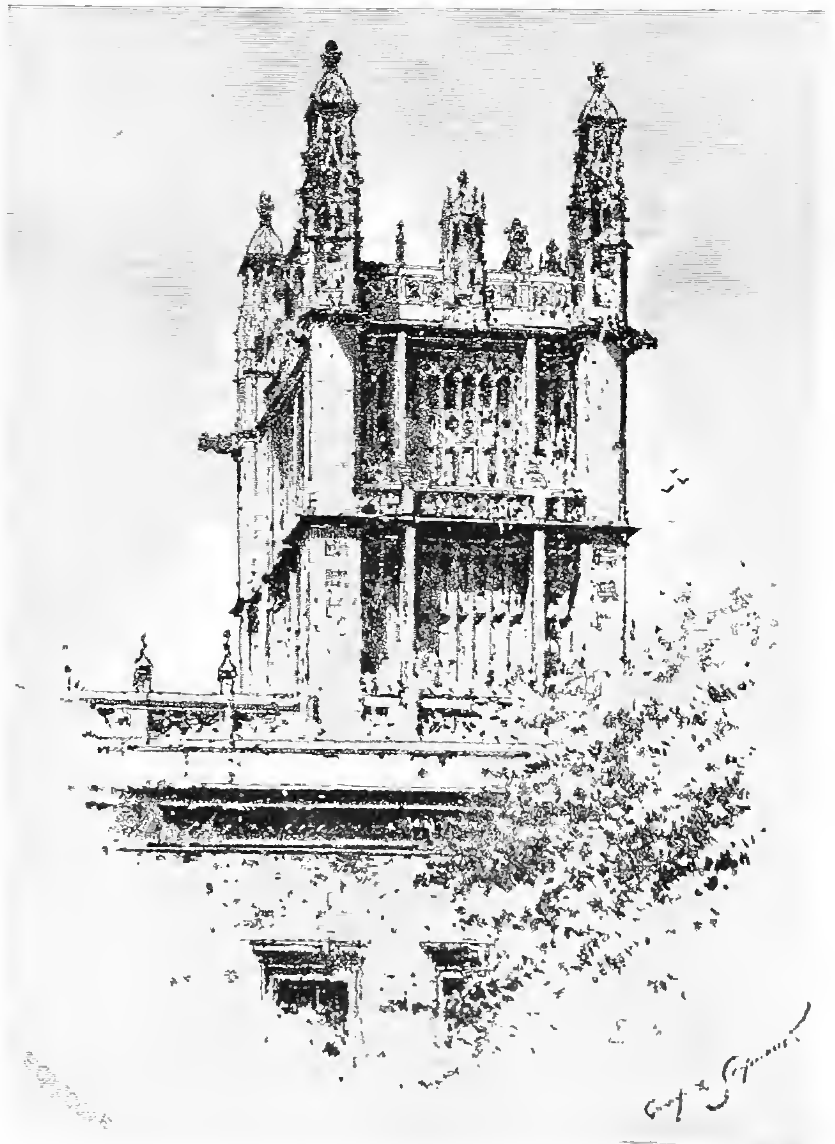
(From the Picture by E. Plasencia.)

THE INNS OF CHANCERY.

It is sad to think that before many years are past such a chapter as this will have become recollection, and will no longer be a record of existing facts. While the Inns of Court are being "restored" or otherwise transformed by their treasurers, the Inns of Chancery are being absolutely destroyed. The once glorious quadrangle of Furnival's Inn is now chiefly ornamented by the plaster front of a hotel. Clement's Inn, it is stated as we go to press, has just been sold. Serjeants' Inn was sold a few years ago, but this, though only of the size and importance of an Inn of Chancery, was subject to no Inn of Court. Lyon's Inn, with its sundial and its trees, has made way for a theatre. Clifford's Inn is to be let for building. In short, it is pretty clear that before many years are past only the larger establishments will remain, and "Inns of Chancery" will have wholly disappeared.

They are, in spite of their insignificance, all the more interesting because of their moribund condition. We watch them as they fade away with regret. While they remain they are among the oldest inhabited houses in London. A few Inns—not Inns of Court or Chancery—used to be reckoned the oldest houses, but one by one they have all gone the way of the "Tabard" and the "Boar's Head" and the "Mermaid." The remains of old London are growing very scarce, and it is satisfactory to find that more than one society exists which undertakes to preserve views and memorials of threatened buildings.

In a former paper I enumerated the Inns of Chancery, and defined the difference between them and Inns of Court. In reality, however, they hold a very anomalous position, and are more or less in private hands, the superior Inns taking little notice of them. While the Temple flourishes its dependants decay; and the curious customs which obtained at each of them are being disused and forgotten. Moots are never held now, and new and handsome buildings in the vicinity of the Law Courts compete successfully with them. A lawyer finds chambers quite as convenient if they are well fitted and decorated, and have good light and air, as if they are picturesque and low, with half-decayed woodwork and windows darkened by lattices. We can enjoy the aspect of some of these old-world places very well from the outside, but it would require a very enthusiastic love



1.—THE RECORD OFFICE.

of antiquities to contemplate with pleasure a lodging up four pair of stairs in a gloomy court off Fleet Street or Chancery Lane.

Clifford's Inn (2), with the picturesque dining-hall of the adjoining discarded residence of the serjeants-at-law, will probably be found as charming and as full of artistic "bits" as any other. It is bounded on one side by the precinct of the Rolls, with its chapel full of interesting monuments; and in the background towers the massive but ugly Record Office (1), in a Perpendicular or Tudor style—as Tudor was understood forty years ago. The older buildings of Serjeants' Inn are represented only by the hall, the rest of the house having been rebuilt in 1837. The serjeants—"servientes ad legem"—held the highest degree in law, and from among their body the judges were supposed to be invariably chosen: but if an eminent lawyer was offered a seat on the bench and did not happen to be already a serjeant, he was admitted to that rank before exercising his judicial functions. When a barrister from any other Inn became a serjeant he had to leave it, and the benchers in taking their farewell presented him with a retaining fee of ten guineas in case their society should ever require his services. It is not more than five or six years since the serjeants found their occupation gone. An Act of Parliament abolished the degree. Judges were no longer obliged to become serjeants, and the survivors of their ancient college met for the last time and resolved to sell their Inn and to present their interesting collection of pictures to the National Portrait Gallery. Serjeants' Inn is therefore now private property, and it is, of course, impossible to say how long any part of it will be permitted to remain where it is.

2.—A BIT OF CLIFFORD'S INN.

The dependence of Clifford's Inn on the Inner Temple was only nominal, and was stoutly denied by the members. Once a year, it is said, the Templars sent a formal message to the "Principal and Rulers," as they were called. This message, which was of the nature of an order or summons, they of Clifford's Inn tacitly ignored, and there the matter dropped for another year. The history of this Inn is perhaps more clearly made out than that of any other. It takes its name from the great Cumberland family, which was represented in the reign of Edward II. by Robert de Clifford. He had a grant of this house from the king in February, 1310, having been summoned to Parliament as a baron in 1299. He was killed at Bannockburn in 1314, and left a son Roger, who succeeded him here, and died in 1327, when his brother, another Robert, inherited the barony and Clifford's Inn. He married Isabel Berkeley, a lady of whose family it may be said that they spent one and all more money in lawsuits than in any other way. Their first recorded ancestor was a Bristol lawyer, whom William of Malmesbury, who must have known him well, describes as a man "more accustomed to kindle strife by his malignant tongue than to wield arms in the field of battle." Harding was the name of this worthy, and one of his descendants, casting envious eyes on the fair inheritance of his neighbours the Berkeleys, laid legal siege to it, and after long litigation succeeded in ousting the ancient lords. Maurice, Lord Berkeley, the father of Lady de Clifford, was the descendant in the fifth generation from the first Maurice FitzHarding who was called "de Berkeley," and closely followed the example of his ancestors. Lady de Clifford must have had good reason to be "well affected to the study of the law," and when her husband's death, in 1344, and her eldest son's minority, left her virtual owner of Clifford's Inn, she granted it to the "apprenticiis de banco," or law students, at a yearly rent of £10, she herself only paying a penny to the king as ground rent. This was in 1344, and the house has ever since borne as its arms the ancient shield of the Cliffords.

The peculiar constitution of Clifford's Inn has sometimes been accounted for by its origin. The Lady Clifford is said to have had estates in Kent as well as in the north, and a junior table is provided in the hall for what is called "the Kentish mess." I have not been able to verify this tradition, and the Cliffords of Bobbing were not seated in Kent till nearly a century later, but the Kentish mess certainly existed, and it was one of its members that

performed after dinner the curious ceremony of grace which was observed at this Inn. It was not "saying grace" or even singing it. Four small loaves, conjoined in the shape of a cross, were brought in. The chairman, standing up, took them, and three times, amid solemn silence, dashed them on the table before him. They were then passed rapidly down to the lower end, where the last man seizing them rushed with them from the hall. The mystical meaning of this strange custom has been long forgotten.

Clifford's Inn is not without its historical associations. It was in the hall here that Sir Matthew Hale and the other commissioners sat to determine the boundaries obliterated by the great fire of 1666. John Selden was a member of the Inn, and Sir Edward Coke before him, while almost in our own day it was the residence of a minor poet, George Dyer, who counted among his friends Charles Lamb, who has immortalised him in the essays, Walter Scott, Southey, Coleridge, and Talfourd. The illustration (2) shows the curious attic windows of the eastern side. Judged architecturally, they are of great age, and may, in fact, be relics of old London as it was before the great fire of 1666, which spared this side of Fleet Street, though it consumed part of the Temple.

New Inn is, I had almost said, *as its name denotes*, of great antiquity. It is a fact, to speak seriously, that some of the oldest things and places in England are called "new." New-gate, for instance, is the oldest gate of London of which we know anything. The New-port of Lincoln dates back to Roman times; and New Inn is one of the oldest houses in one of the oldest streets outside the walls of London. If I were asked to name the oldest thoroughfare in the suburbs I should be divided between Park Lane, Holborn, and Wych Street; and though perhaps Park Lane on the ancient line of the Watling Street may be proved to have existed before either of the others, we may be certain that long before either Fleet Street or the Strand was heard of, the Ald-Wych Road led up from the Thames to the corner by St. Giles's Church. It is not likely that New Inn was so named in contradistinction to the Ald Wych, or old village, a little further up the road; but the adjective probably refers rather to Clement's Inn, the origin of which is also lost in the mist of antiquity. The Middle Temple formerly patronised two of these establishments, but Strand Inn was pulled down by the Protector Somerset to make way for his great palace, and New Inn alone remains. It was formerly, says Dugdale, "a common hostery or inne for travailers and other; and, from the sign of the Blessed Virgin, called Our Lady Inne." At that time the law students lodged in St. George's Inn, which stood on part of the site now covered by the Holborn Viaduct Railway Station. The old house falling into decay, and being besides somewhat too remote, Chief Justice Fineux, before 1496, let the Lady Inn to them, claiming a rent of £6 per annum: "for more," remarks Stow, "cannot be gotten of them." The arms of the house represent on a green field a white vase with a lily in it, an allusion, no doubt, to the dedication of the old hostel. A similar sign must have given its name to Lilypot Lane in the city. Had Swift this name in his mind when he gave it, or something very like it, to his land of dwarfs?

New Inn retains a very ancient appearance, though no part of it dates before the transformation period of the great fire. Wren's hand may probably be traced in the simple but well-proportioned hall; but there is no building remaining which could have seen Sir Thomas More, the most illustrious of the students of New Inn. There is some doubt and difficulty about the dates. More, according to Mr. Seebohm, left Oxford and entered New Inn about the beginning of 1494, and there remained till February, 1496, when he removed, as reader, to Lincoln's Inn. If this is correct, Sir John Fineux must have founded the house before he became chief justice, which we know was in November, 1496. He had been made a serjeant in 1486, and a judge in 1494, the very year More came to New Inn, of which, therefore, he may have been not only the most illustrious, but possibly the first student. The Inn is governed by a treasurer and twelve ancients.

Closely adjoining to New Inn is Clement's Inn, the eastern boundary of which has been invaded by the precincts of the new Law Courts. The little garden corner, with its curious sundial, was the most noteworthy feature. The dial was supported by the figure of a blackamoor, which is said to be of bronze, and to have been brought from Italy by John Holles, second Earl of Clare. There is, however, another story. Some detractors assert that the figure was made of lead, and that it came, not from Italy, but from one of the statuaries' shops with which Piccadilly used to be lined, like the Euston Road at the present day. Herbert quotes some lines from the "Elegant Extracts," said to have been found stuck on the figure of the Moor. They are good enough to bear quoting again:—

> "In vain, poor sable, son of woe,
> Thou seek'st the tender tear,
> From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
> For mercy dwells not here.
> From cannibals thou fled'st in vain;
> Lawyers less quarter give;
> The first won't eat you till you're slain,
> The last will do't alive."

The blackamoor was sold this very year, and has departed for ever from the precincts of the lawyers.

Clement's, or, to give it the full title, Saint Clement's Inn, is of very ancient origin. It was in the hands of the lawyers as early as 1479, and perhaps long before. It belonged to the Cantlowe or Cantelupe family, and in 1486 was leased by one of them to trustees. In the reign of Henry VIII. the ground belonged to Sir William Holles, Lord Mayor of London in 1539, and his descendant, the Earl of Clare, already mentioned, sold it to the principal and fellows. Presumably, they were as much entitled to sell it as their predecessors were to buy it, or as the serjeants were to sell their Inn. Clement's Inn had always been subject to the Inner Temple, but whether this subjection was more cheerfully acknowledged than that of Clifford's Inn to the same body, I cannot tell. The most ornamental feature of the place has disappeared with the old gateway at the eastern side though the hall is a well-proportioned room, and contains a portrait of Sir Matthew Hale. It is, I hear, to be used for a bank.

3.—BARNARD'S INN.

The little group along Holborn commences with Thavies Inn, close to St. Andrew's Church; of which, as it is now merely a street, there is little to be said. It belonged to Lincoln's Inn, and was originally the mansion of John Tavie or Thaive, who died in 1348. Furnival's Inn is on the other side of

Holborn, and presents now no features of interest. In my paper on the Inns of Court I gave some

4.—FIELD COURT, GRAY'S INN.

description of the beautiful buildings which were formerly on the site. Crossing the street we come to the two most beautiful of all these little Inns. Staple Inn presents a long row of gables to Holborn, at the spot formerly known as Holborn Bars, and close to the Middle Row, which has only been removed in our own day. Barnard's Inn is further east, and opens on Holborn only by a little doorway easily missed. A gabled house, almost as pretty as Staple Inn, is in Fetter Lane, and, under the name of the "White Horse," was considered part of Barnard's Inn. Who Barnard was I cannot say. The house was originally known as Mackworth's, and the arms over the doorway are those of Mackworth, not those of Barnard.

A visit to Barnard's Inn (3) is one of the most pleasant surprises you can offer the London sightseer.

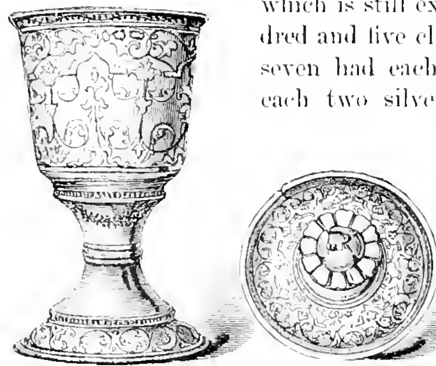
You seem, as you turn in out of Holborn through the little doorway, to have stepped out of the Nineteenth Century back into the Sixteenth. The sudden cessation of noise, the greenness of the trees, the stained glass of the old hall with its louvre, the rough pavement, the red brick, all tell on you together, and the impression produced is out of proportion to the intrinsic beauty or value of anything in the place, which is exceedingly small and rather shabby, after all. It is first mentioned in the city records about 1153, so that though the most ancient portion of the existing buildings only dates from about 1600 or a little earlier, the institution is very old. A fire destroyed a considerable part in 1780, and most of the chambers date from that most uninteresting architectural period. The Inn is, or was, governed by a principal and twelve ancients.

Like Barnard's Inn, Staple Inn, or Staple's Inn, as it is sometimes called, belongs to Gray's Inn. Stow professes himself unable to offer a derivation for the name. A wool market has been invented or discovered to account for it, and some better evidence may yet come to light than is afforded by the shield of arms assigned to the house. This consists of a woolpack, and may or may not be ancient. The manor of Portpool, which covered the present site of Gray's Inn, may have extended across the road to embrace Staple Inn; and there may be some real historical significance in the name. The existence of a market on the great western road and just within the city boundaries is very probable, and if it be objected that we know of no such market within Temple Bar, the reply is easy, that Temple Bar did not exist, in all probability, till after the Staple at Holborn Bars had been disused. The old buildings of this Inn are well kept, and are refreshing to the eye after the common brick and stone of the neighbourhood. The courts within are very green, and are full of pretty windows and doorways and other architectural features rarely to be met in this newest of old cities. It has had many narrow escapes from fires, and from the equally unsparing hands of "restorers," but the better care now often taken of old buildings, though it is seldom seen in the lawyers' Inns, may preserve this one at least for a time. When Langdale's distillery, almost next door, was burnt by the rioters in 1780, and part of Barnard's Inn, as I have said, was destroyed, Staple Inn escaped unscathed, and as some houses seem, like some men, to be lucky, we have reason in hoping—albeit too quaint and precious to be let alone—for its long preservation.

W. J. LOFTIE.

OLD CHURCH PLATE.*

ONE of the objects of the writers of this book is to discourage the too prevalent practice of exchanging old church plate for new; which traffic, if allowed to continue, would ere long make as clean a sweep of Elizabethan church plate as was made in Elizabeth's reign of mediæval church plate—*i.e.*, of what had survived the spoliation of parish church goods in the last year (1553) of the reign of Edward VI. From MSS. preserved in the Record Office, and quoted in the Appendix to this book, it appears that the royal commissioners in 1553 took away all the church plate they found in the counties of Westmorland and Cumberland. But "Bishop Gardiner, on Mary's accession in July, 1553, having been restored to his diocese, and appointed Lord Chancellor, lost no time in ordering, on October 22, 1553, the redelivery of all the plate which Edward VI.'s commissioners had taken from the parish churches of Westmorland." With a single exception, presently to be noticed, it doubtless finally disappeared during the Elizabethan crusade against "monuments of superstition." What it consisted of we have no means of knowing, since the Westmorland portion of Edward VI.'s inventory of church goods, taken in 1552, is not extant. The Cumberland inventory, the original MS. of which is still extant, describes the goods of one hundred and five churches. "Of these churches eighty-seven had each but one silver chalice, fourteen had each two silver chalices, and four had each three. Eight had tin chalices; and two had none at all. Nothing else of silver was in any of the churches, except one broken cross and one pyx. There were but three other pyxes, one of which was of copper gilt, and another of latten; the description of the third is


1.—BRIDEKIRK.

* "Old Church Plate in the Diocese of Carlisle, with the Makers and Marks." Edited by R. S. Ferguson, M.A., F.S.A. (Carlisle: C. Thurnam and Sons. London: G. Bell and Sons.)

torn off. Only one church had cruets, and those of tin, for the wine and water at the altar. Twenty churches had candlesticks of brass or latten. No paten or cover is mentioned. Nor is the weight of anything specified." This was but a poor amount of church plate compared with what is recorded in the inventories of most other counties. Nevertheless the commissioners were not above taking it all "for ye kinges use." Nor was it, like the Westmorland plate, restored immediately after Mary's accession. Commissioners appointed in 1555–6 by Philip and Mary reported it as then "remayninge in the custodie of Lady Anne Musgrave, wid, and other executors of Sr Richard Musgve, Knight," who had been one of Edward VI.'s commissioners for Cumberland. But what ultimately became of it there is nothing to show. Not a single specimen of it now remains in the county.

The sole surviving article of Westmorland pre-Reformation church plate is a chalice (VI.) at Old Hutton, the real character of which was unknown before it came under the observation of Miss Goodwin, when preparing one of the four papers which she has contributed to this book. It is almost a fac-simile of the famous Nettlecombe chalice, for description of which, illustrated with coloured lithographs, see "Archæologia" (vol. xlii., page 405). "The difference consists in some of the details: *e.g.*, in the place of the heads of our Saviour on the Old Hutton knop the Nettlecombe chalice has 'lion masks,' the flowing tracery being exactly the same in the two; the designs of the crucifixion are as nearly as possible alike; the hands in both are drawn up over the head to adapt the figure to the form of the compartment, but that at Nettlecombe was executed in enamel, while the other is engraved on the silver. The small pierced feet are only found at Old Hutton, and they form such a graceful finish to the chalice that, supposing the two were by the same maker, it is probable they indicate this to be his later work." It is nearly 6 inches high, and weighs 6 oz. 8 dwt. It has no hall marks, but may be assigned—the date of the Nettlecombe chalice being 1459—to the middle of the Fifteenth Century.

Cumberland possesses a single example of pre-Elizabethan but post-Reformation silver plate in the Bridekirk communion cup with cover (I.), both of *repoussé* work, bearing London marks for 1550–1, maker's symbol a leg in armour. The cup, 5½ inches high, weighs 8 oz. 4 dwt.; the cover, with button 1 inch high, weighs 2 oz. 8 dwt. 10 gr. This cup, believed to have been given to the church by

2.—ST. BEES.

Sir Joseph Williamson, Secretary of State in Charles II.'s reign, whose father had been rector of Bridekirk, is "of great interest as the oldest known example of silver plate, ecclesiastical or secular, in the county of Cumberland." If Sir Joseph gave it, "he probably caused an ecclesiastical stem to be added to its ancient bowl and foot."

An interval of seventeen years separates this cup from the communion cups of Great Salkeld (Cumberland) and Crosthwaite (Westmorland), which, besides being the oldest examples of hall-marked ecclesiastical plate in Carlisle diocese—*i.e.*, supposing the Bridekirk cup to have been originally secular—are moreover "interesting as being, with two Yorkshire cups of the same date (1567–8), the oldest of the very few examples as yet found of York-made plate prior to the Seventeenth Century." The Great Salkeld cup, here illustrated (VIII.), is 5¾ in. high, and weighs 5 oz. 2¼ dwt.; the cover paten weighs 1 oz. 2 dwt. 19 gr. Both have the same three marks:—(1) Roman K, upside-down, in a stamp which follows the shape of the letter, York date letter for

3. BOLTON, HAYTON, AND IREBY.

1567–8; (2) the old York mark; (3) maker's initials, T. S. The old York mark was formerly supposed to be a fleur-de-lis dimidiating a crowned rose, and is so described throughout this book, though Mr.

4.—ST. MARY'S, AMBLESIDE.

Cripps has doubted whether what looks like a half rose is not really a half leopard's head crowned ("Old English Plate," 2nd ed., p. 75); which suggestion of Mr. Cripps has recently been verified by Canon Raine from the books of the York Goldsmiths' Guild ("York Church Plate," by T. M. Fallow and R. C. Hope, p. 3). Later by but one year comes the Newton Reigny cup with cover (IX.), of London make, date letter small old English l for 1568–9, maker's symbol a bull's head. The cup, 6½ inches high, has a floral band close to the rim, with no interlacing of the fillets, and below the band a projecting hoop round the bowl, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The cover paten, 3½ inches in diameter, has a floral band on its upper side close to the edge.

Next we have a batch of sixteen cups, five of which are of the date 1570–1, and eleven of 1571–2, historically interesting as closely following upon the appointment of Bishop Barnes to the see of Carlisle in 1570, who seems to have speedily enforced, and perhaps anticipated, the injunction of Grindal, Archbishop of York, who in 1571 required his clergy "to minister the Holy Communion in no chalice, nor in any profane cup or glass, but in a communion cup of silver, and with a cover of silver appointed also for the ministration of the communion bread." Three of the cups of 1570–1, by three different makers, belong to St. Bees, one of which, illustrated in the text (II.), was originally in possession of Grindal himself, who left it by will to "St. Begh's," his native parish. It is 8 inches high, has a floral band thrice interlaced in hour-glass fashion, and bears London marks, including date letter, small Old English n, and maker's symbol a fleur-de-lis without shield. Elizabethan communion cups, of which the three cups at St. Bees are characteristic specimens, are for the most part "so alike in shape and style, except for small differences and local peculiarities, that it is somewhat wonderful, as Mr. Morgan remarks, that no authority or direction for their formation has ever

5.—ST. MICHAEL'S, APPLEBY.

been found" ("O. E. P.," p. 153). It will be noticed, however, that the York cup at Crosthwaite has an unusual band, and the shape of its bowl somewhat differs from the regulation Elizabethan pattern. The same remark applies to the Newton Reigny cup, though it bears the symbol, a bull's head, of the maker of one of the St. Bees cups, which is of the regulation shape and style.

Of Elizabethan communion cups there are (including those already mentioned) thirty-nine extant in the diocese, twenty-three of which are of London make, three of York, three of "unknown assay," and ten are conjecturally assigned to Carlisle, where an assay office, if one ever existed there at all, must have been irregular. Four of the latter, bearing the initials E. D., and a four-petaled rose, but no date letter, belonging to Bolton (III.), Ireby (III.), Cliburn, and Longmarton, were exhibited in the temporary museum at Carlisle, during the visit of the Archaeological Institute, where they attracted much notice from the peculiarity of their make and ornamentation. "The mode of manufacture of the bowl is very rude. A small sheet of silver has been rolled into the form of a truncated cone open at both ends, to the smaller of which a shallow cup has been joined: the sheet forming the cone overlaps for about an inch; the hammer seems to have been the chief tool employed." To the same class belongs the unmarked Hayton cup (III.), which is but 4 inches high, and weighs 4 oz. 2 dwt. The remaining six cups assigned to Carlisle, varying from 5½ to 6½ inches in height, are all unmarked, but have each a floral belt, generally close to the rim. All of them, like the three here illustrated (III.), display what seems to be a crack where the ends of the silver sheet have been soldered together. The whole ten probably belong to the 1570–1–2 period of Barnes's episcopate. A cup at Scaleby, 5⅝ inches in height, with London marks for 1600–1, baluster stem, bowl and foot covered with bunches of grapes and ivy leaves, originally secular, was presented to the church in 1803. At Cartmel Fell there is an unmarked cup, 6 inches high, with figures of birds engraved round it, apparently Elizabethan, which is described as of "white metal," but was found, when exhibited in the temporary museum, to be silver. Most of the Elizabethan cups in the diocese are indebted for their recognition as such to the work of exploration set on foot by Mr. Ferguson, which was just in time to save some of them from being relegated to the silversmiths' windows, and to bring about the return of others to churches from which they had been already discarded.

7.—BROUGHAM.

6.—OLD HUTTON.

Of post-Elizabethan plate of the Seventeenth Century the diocese contains ninety-eight examples, fifty-seven of which are from London, twenty from York, nine from Newcastle-on-Tyne, eight doubtful; whilst Dublin, Hull, Nuremberg, and Cartagena each contribute a single example. Among these is the cup at St. Michael's, Bongate, Appleby (V.), of London make, date 1606–7, mentioned by Mr. Cripps as a "tall cup, with cover ornamented by open steeple work" ("O. E. P.," p. 208). The height of cup and cover is 21 inches, of cup alone 13¾ inches; weight of cup 19 oz. 16 dwt., of cover 9 oz. 18 dwt. Its maker's initials, C. B., are found on a considerable quantity of valuable plate of the early part of the Seventeenth Century ("O. E. P.," pp. 278–283). A terrier of 1730 says that it was presented to Bongate by Dr. W. Nicolson, Bishop of Carlisle from 1702 to 1718, having been "committed to

his lordship's disposal by the worshipful Gilfrid Lawson, Esq." It is "a fine example of a distinctive fashion of cup much in vogue between 1611 and 1628, with occasional later examples."

8.—GREAT SALKELD.

Similar cups and covers, also of London make, are at Holme Cultram, Ambleside, and Westward, of the years 1613–14, 1618–19, and 1635–6. The Ambleside cup (IV.), though of date 1618–19, was not presented to the church till 1684. It stands, without the cover, 12¾ inches high, and weighs 21¼ oz.; the cover is 7 inches high. Probably these four cups were made for secular purposes. The single example of Nuremberg plate in this diocese is at Brougham (VII.), a cup, 6¾ inches high, weighing 5 oz. 9 dwt. 9 gr., presented by James Bird, steward to Anne, Countess of Pembroke. It has maker's initials, P. S. in monogram, and a Roman N (Nuremberg town mark) in a circle, but no date letter. Mr. Cripps assigns it to the early part of the Seventeenth Century. The Cartagena example, an alms-dish at Kirkby Ireleth, presented by Colonel Richard Kirkby in 1698, bears an inscription stating that it was "taken from the French, who had just before plundered Cartagena in New Spain." Inscriptions, investing many of the cups with historical associations, form one of the most interesting features of the book.

It is worth noticing, in connection with Seventeenth Century plate, that in Carlisle diocese Newcastle plate begins at about the time when York ends. Newcastle was appointed an assay town as far back as 1436; nevertheless old Newcastle plate is exceedingly rare, no example of it having yet been discovered of earlier date than 1664, and very few examples of earlier date than the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, so that even the nine examples found in this diocese are a welcome addition to the previously known examples of Newcastle Seventeenth Century plate. All told, there are but twenty-seven examples of such plate as yet known to Mr. Cripps and the writers of this book.

Since the year 1700–1 the marks on provincial plate have been the same as on London plate, with the addition of the arms of the provincial towns; but before 1700–1 the provincial marks were ordered by the mayor of each assay town, and were not only different in different towns, but were not always the same in the same town, especially at Newcastle, where the goldsmiths seem almost to have used what marks they pleased, even the same maker in some instances varying his marks. Thus William Ramsey, who was evidently the principal goldsmith at Newcastle during the latter half of the Seventeenth Century, "sometimes adds a five-petaled rose to the town arms (three castles), sometimes omits it, and once, at St. John's, Newcastle, repeats it thrice, omitting the castles." Mr. Ramsey was sheriff of Newcastle in 1687, but was deposed by mandamus from the king (James II.), mayor in 1690, and died at the end of the century.

9.—NEWTON REIGNY.

Of the twenty-seven known examples of old Newcastle plate, as many as seventeen bear his initials. Some curious information is given in the Appendix of the way in which Newcastle goldsmiths, especially one Eli Bilton, persisted in making plate, and getting it assayed at Newcastle, during the

period (1697–1701) when the provincial assay offices were supposed to have been abolished, having been suppressed by Act 8 and 9 Will. III.

Passing on to the Eighteenth Century, we meet with specimens of what is known as the "Britannia" period. Many persons, when they see the figure of Britannia and the lion's head erased, in the place of the familiar lion passant and leopard's head, think that plate bearing such marks must be of base metal, whereas it is purer by 8 dwts. in the pound than any other silver. The standard for silver plate was raised in 1696-7 above that of the coin of the realm, in order to prevent the melting down of the coin for the purpose of making plate, and new marks were appointed for the new standard, which ceased to be compulsory in 1720, chiefly because plate of the new or higher standard was found to be less durable than that of the old or lower, which being restored in 1720 has continued ever since, though not to the total exclusion of the new ("O. E. P." pp. 11–2). Of Britannia church plate the diocese possesses fifty-six examples, forty-three of which are from London, twelve from Newcastle, and a single example is from Chester. Among these examples is to be noticed the frequent occurrence of patens, as distinguished from the cover patens of the earlier centuries, and a frequent discrepancy between the date of manufacture and that of presentation, many of these patens or salvers having been originally secular, and given to churches late in the Eighteenth Century.

Of post-Britannia Eighteenth Century plate, the diocese has eighty-eight examples; of which forty-four are from London, thirty-six from Newcastle, six from Chester, and two from Dublin. Two of the Newcastle examples belong to the period (1720–5) during which "for some unexplained reason the Newcastle assay office turned the lion passant to sinister." The examples of Nineteenth Century plate are all from London and Newcastle. The assay office at Newcastle in the present century seems to have been curiously averse to change; retaining George III.'s head as its duty-mark all through the reign of George IV., and William IV.'s head down to the fourth year of Queen Victoria; retaining also the same alphabet (Roman capitals) for date letters, with precisely the same outline of stamp, for three cycles, from 1791 to 1863; and to this day retaining the leopard's head, a mark rendered unnecessary for provincial offices by Act 12 Geo. II., c. 26; moreover retaining the crown on the leopard's head, whereas the London leopard was discrowned in 1823.

From earliest times the communion cups in this diocese, as elsewhere, have been almost invariably silver; but it is curious to notice that several ancient cups owe their preservation to ignorance of this fact on the part of their custodians. Old provincial plate, like that of the Britannia period, on account of the strangeness of its marks, has often been mistaken for base metal. Mr. Ferguson mentions a cup "of old York silver, worth a considerable sum in the market," which has only escaped being sold "because no one understood its marks, and it was supposed not to be silver." An old Newcastle cup, thought to be tin, was relegated twelve years ago to the parish chest. Two of the Britannia patens in the diocese, had they been known to be silver, would ere now have been exchanged for new. Entire absence of marks is sometimes as efficacious as unfamiliar marks in saving an ancient cup from forming "part price" of its successor. The Hayton cup, illustrated above (III.), was superseded by a plated cup in 1822, and "has remained ever since in the parish chest, protected from the crucible by the belief of successive churchwardens that, having no marks, it was not silver." The Old Hutton chalice itself, which is unmarked, "was last used on Easter Day, 1874," and has been succeeded by a "modern silver cup." Even old standard London marks have failed to reveal to some church authorities the true character of their plate. A paten at Kirkoswald, for instance, bearing London marks for 1641–2, though commended by Bishop Nicolson in 1704 as part of "communion plate better than ordinary," and correctly described in a terrier of 1749 as "the silver patten double gilt," figures in the terrier of 1865 as a "brass patten." Of the very few pewter communion cups shown by the terriers of 1749 to have once existed in the diocese, a single specimen is extant, and still in use, at the ancient and interesting church of Over Denton, in Gilsland. It has a baluster stem, no marks, stands 7½ inches high, and closely resembles the example, "circa 1640," engraved at page 154 of "Old English Plate."

Almost as great a rarity as a pewter cup, in this diocese, especially in Cumberland, down to quite recent times, was a silver flagon. "Only four parish churches in Cumberland, twelve in Westmorland, and two in the part of Lancashire now belonging to Carlisle diocese, had silver flagons before the Nineteenth Century; and only four, all in Westmorland, had such before the Eighteenth." The earlier flagons were all of pewter; some of which were really handsome vessels, *e.g.*, the two here illustrated (x.), belonging to Brampton, near Carlisle. They are each 13 inches high to lid, unmarked, and bear no inscription, but are assigned on satisfactory local evidence to the beginning of the Eighteenth Century. Mr. Cripps, speaking of communion flagons, whether silver or pewter, from

the reign of Elizabeth downwards, says that "they are usually found in pairs." As a rule, however, in Carlisle diocese, especially in parishes near the Border, it was customary to have but one flagon, generally an ordinary pewter tankard with lid, about $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches high. These tankards are mostly unmarked; but some have inscribed dates. Pewter patens, sometimes ordinary plates, sometimes standing on a fluted stem about 2 inches high, formerly abounded in the diocese; many of which, now disused, still remain. These nearly all bear pewterers' marks, fully described in this book, but not interpreted, the writers having no clue to their meaning.

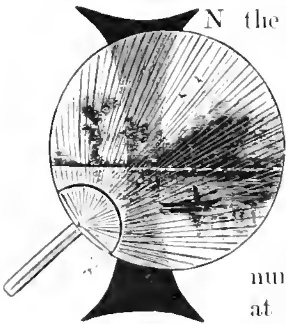
10.—BRAMPTON.

A word of praise is due to the publishers for the excellent style in which the book is got up, and for the woodcuts and lithographs with which they have studded its pages; and I here tender them my best thanks for their kindness in allowing the use of their wood-blocks for the illustration of this paper. It is at present unique, but will not long remain so, as it has set an example which is already being followed in several other dioceses; nor will its interest and value be lessened, but will rather be increased, when it ceases—as I have noted that in no great while it will—to be the only work of its kind.

H. WHITEHEAD.

"ST. AGNES' EVE."

FROM THE PICTURE BY ADOLF SCHWEITZER.



IN the "St. Agnes' Eve" of Keats there is nothing white but the heroine. It is winter, and "bitter chill;" the hare "limps trembling through the frozen grass," the owl is a-cold for all his feathers; the Beadsman's fingers are numb, his breath is frosted; and at an instant of special and peculiar romance—

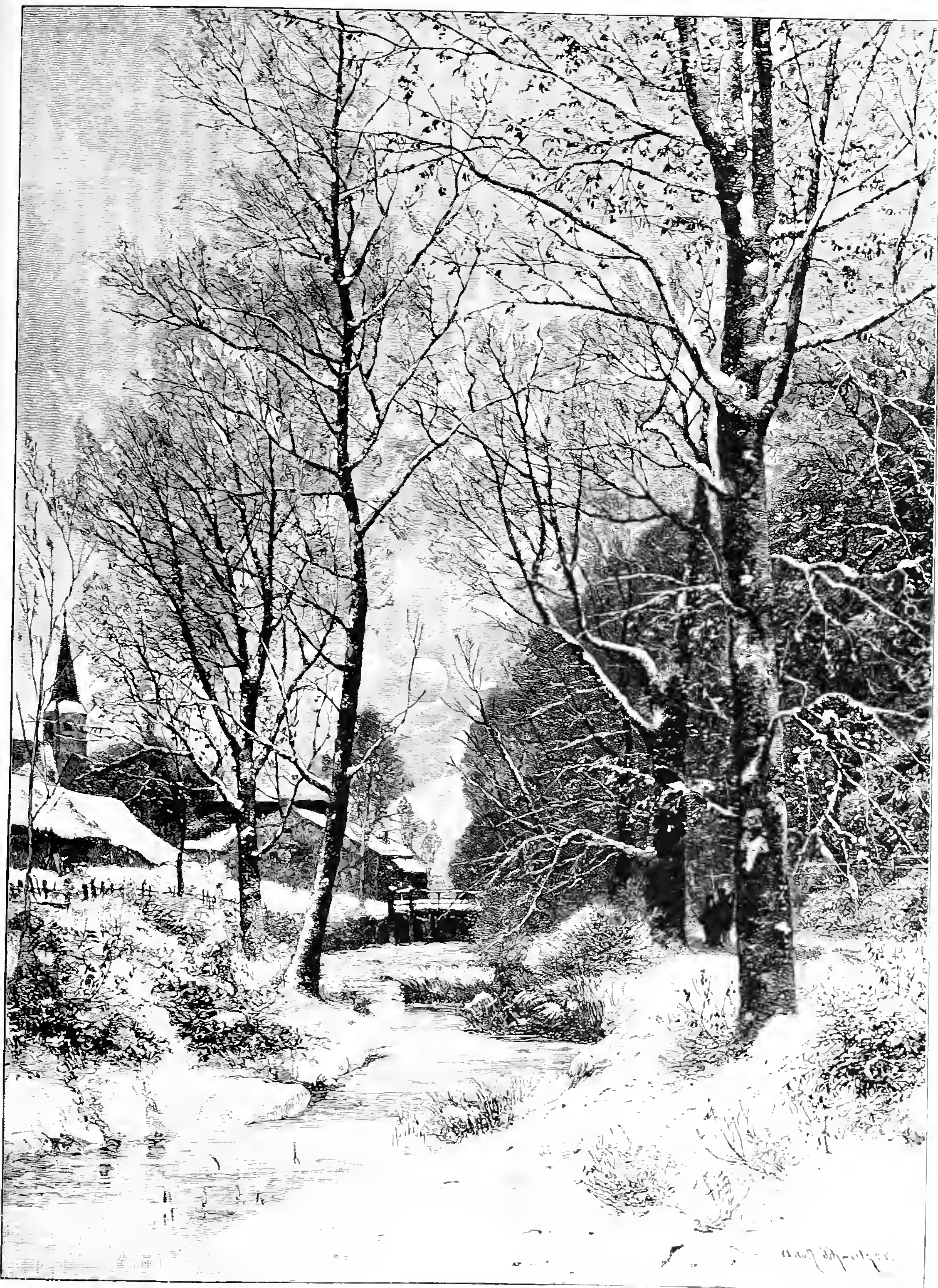
> "The frost-wind blows
> Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
> Against the window panes."

But there is no snow. The poet composed and painted his picture like the rich and puissant colourist he was; it "blushes with blood of queens and kings;" it glows with "splendid dyes," like "the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings"—"warm gules," and "rose bloom," and "soft amethyst;" it is loud with music, and luxurious with "spiced dainties," with "lucent syrops tinct with cinnamon," with "manna and dates," the fruitage of Fez and "cedared Lebanon" and "silken Samarcand." To the Laureate, on the other hand, "St. Agnes' Eve" is an ecstacy of colourless perfection. The snows sparkle on the convent roof; the "first snowdrop" lies in his heroine's virginal bosom; the moon shines an "argent round" in the "frosty skies;" and in a transport of purity the lady prays:—

> "Break up thy heavens, O Lord! and far,
> Through all the starlight keen,
> Draw me thy bride, a glittering star,
> In raiment white and clean."

It is all coldly, miraculously stainless: as somebody has said, "the true symphony in white major."

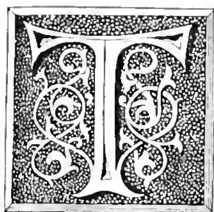
Herr Schweitzer's pleasant "snow piece" is evidently nearer Tennyson than Keats. A great work it is not. But it is vigorous and sincere; it has the sentiment of frost, of silence, of cold and shrewd discomfort. A study in white, it is in its way an epitome of winter, and withal a good picture.



ST. AGNES EVE.

(From the Picture by Adolf Schweitzer.)

DERBY CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT.



THE show-room of the "Crown" Porcelain Works at Derby is such a resplendent repository of art, that for a space the eye is bewildered with an *embarras de richesses*, kaleidoscopical in its changes of contour and colour. It is not until the visitor ceases from beholding the show as a whole, and begins contemplating its individual constituents, that he gets an appreciable idea of the extent and variety of the keramic ware produced at the Derby factory.

While the promoters of the revival of the manufacture of Derby china have respected with becoming reverence the artistic traditions of the "old Derby" school, and reproduced its more famous patterns, they have not been content to remain mere plagiarists in porcelain. They have "struck for honest fame," and achieved successes on lines not dreamt of by Duesbury's deft craftsmen. In the matter of style it may be said that the "old Derby" productions were pretty much limited to what obtained in the Eighteenth Century. A distinguishing feature of the work of the first firm was what is technically denominated "the Japanes," so called from the style of ornament and manner of colour being derived from Japan. It consisted of deep mazarine blue, red, green, and gold. These patterns have been revived with signal success. The mazarine blue was thought to be a lost colour; and for a time, no doubt, this deeply dark cobalt belonged to the past; but it has been very much "found" at the new works. The "Japanes" depend upon an opulent scheme of colour; whereas the other Eighteenth Century patterns, such as the "Kedleston vases" and the "Newcastle vases," rely on beauty of shape, delicacy of mould, purity of "body," skill in gilding, and grace in painting panel and festoon, to satisfy the refined taste. This latter class of work has also been resuscitated. The plaques are larger than those attempted at the old works, those from the pencil of Mr. Landgraff (recently deceased) being paintings of exceptional delicacy of drawing and colouring. The "figures," too, of the new factory are larger than those of the past, and the modelling more correct. While the old quaint and grotesque patterns, such as Dr. Syntax, the Mansion House Dwarfs, &c., have been revived, something more than mere replication in this direction is aimed at. For instance, there is an original series of statuettes, representing "Tribulation," "Supplication," "Resignation," and "Adoration;" with one or two spirited essays in the classic; and certain droll illustrations of "Force" and "Persuasion," in which a monk and a mule are the leading characters. A pair of these last pieces Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Home Secretary, secured on the occasion of his visit to the works, and promised, at an early Cabinet Council, to submit them to the members of her Majesty's Government, with special regard to Imperial policy in Ireland.

In decoration "modern Derby" altogether distances the productions of the past. Raised gold work is a favourite form of decoration at the present factory. It combines nearly all the porcelain decorator's method for gaining richness of effect: opulent ground-colour, gold, burnished and dead, gem-like enamelling, and so forth. This raised-gold treatment is applied to dinner and dessert services, likewise to tea-ware; but it is displayed with the most lavish advantage in the luxurious fish and game plates, of which wealthy Americans are the largest purchasers. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin would regard some of this gorgeously gilt work as barbaric in its sheer splendour. It is certainly more effulgent than any production of the old factories, and for culinary purposes mocks with derision the viand it is supposed to serve. The mere catalogue description, "fish and game plates," conveys no adequate idea of these elaborate pictures in porcelain framed in gold. The pictures are of fish and wild-fowl; Landseer-like suggestions of stag and moorland; dainty seascapes lit up with a snowy bit of far-off sail; dreamy bits of river-scenery where the kingfisher flies like a patch of rainbow over voiceful streams, wooed by hanging greenery; sheeny water in whose liquid light the fish are seen swimming, and cool green weeds growing from a bed of pebbles and shells; alluring sketches of the haunts of the grouse, the partridge, the pheasant, and the blackcock—the birds painted feather for feather, with naturalistic minuteness. These scenes introduce not only ideal landscapes, but actual transcripts of nature brought home by the artists of the factory, who are sent out into the country direct for their inspirations. Nor is home-scenery attempted alone. Prominent are services of raised-gold dessert plates enriched with Venetian vignettes, the design of which, I should note, is due to Mr. Richard Lunn, the art director of the company.

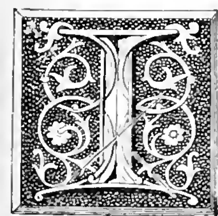
Another style of treatment that separates the "old Derby" from the "new" is the rich Persian

decoration, which entirely covers the service of the article decorated. Divers schemes of colouring are brought into requisition, and the intricate ornament is in raised gold, sometimes jewelled. "Egg-shell" is still another pattern, the delicate fragility of the ware being well described by that designation. This is produced in fancy cups and saucers, rich in gold and enamel, and will withstand water heated to the highest temperature better than stouter porcelain. "Ivory" ware is a dainty imitation of the material which it assimilates; while "perforated" china—graceful and basket-like—is another happy departure from conventionalism. The Derby works of to-day have also achieved a creditable triumph in "stained bodies" of delicate mauves and greens, an art absolutely unknown to the old masters. The art directorate of South Kensington has encouraged the Derby factory by ordering reproductions of blue Rhodian and Persian rice dishes, bottles, and other objects. These duplications are intended for loan purposes for provincial galleries and museums, and have been represented with so cleverly close a fidelity that the copies might be easily mistaken even by an expert for the originals. Such reproductions have been attempted in Germany and France; but the authorities of South Kensington are best satisfied with the Derby transcripts. Among these replicas for South Kensington may be cited an ambitious vase of Imari ware. The original was made at Arita, in the province of Hizen, in the Seventeenth Century. It was purchased by the South Kensington Museum for something under £100. The Japanese, wakening up to the pecuniary value of their art, are now wishful to get back the finest specimens of their old work. They have offered £1,000 for the large Arita vase. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen has warmly eulogised the skill and success with which the Derby men have reproduced this masterpiece, and the result of the experiment fully deserves the panegyric of so discriminating a judge.

The influential patronage which was extended to the "old Derby" factory has not been wanting at the new works. Wealthy Americans are, perhaps, the largest purchasers of modern Derby. An opulent tourist will pay four or five hundred pounds for his decorated Derby dinner service. Of this the Derby firm will probably receive a couple of hundred pounds. The Custom House of New York, with its prohibitive import impost on works of art, and the profit of the American dealers divide the balance. But modern Derby china does not appeal to the millionaires of the New World alone. A dainty dinner service has been supplied to the Prince of Wales; and from the Derby "Crown" Porcelain Company came the historical dessert service which workingmen of the Liberal party presented to Mr. Gladstone: with landscapes by Count Holtzendorf, the chief artist of the Derby factory; a series of floral medallions and initials painted by Mr. James Rouse, an octogenarian (who was a noted flower-painter at the old factory half a century or more ago); and a general design by Mr. Lunn. Other Derby artists whose work gives evidence of present capacity and future potentiality are Mr. James Hogg, the modeller, Mr. Platts, Mr. Dickon, and Mr. Keene, the younger.

EDWARD BRADBURY.

VITTORE CARPACCIO.



IN all who know Venice, the name of Vittore Carpaccio awakes a host of pleasant recollections; for Carpaccio belongs solely and entirely to the silent city. There, and there only, can you learn to love his work. And so it comes that his name is dear to us—for its own sake, certainly; but also because more than any other it recalls a fairyland of lapping waters, and bright colours, and southern sunshine tempered and freshened by soft winds of the Adriatic Sea.

There is a painting by Carpaccio in our own National Collection; it is well worth seeing. I believe, too, that there is one in a private English gallery. There are several works of the days of his immaturity or decadence in other cities of Northern Italy. But to know the real Carpaccio you must go to Venice, and arrive at the Academia or the Scuola di San Giorgio in a gondola. Venice belongs to summer and warm days; we must banish the thought of snow on the Fondamenti and east wind cutting down the narrow draughty streets. Carpaccio's Venice is a summer city, where the streets are narrow for coolness, and the high white houses are surmounted with a pennon of blazing sky; where the quays are piled with peaches and grapes and melons, and crowded on the shady side with bead-threading girls and gondoliers, and where naked urchins play about the sunny steps and live but to splash and swim in the cool canal. The landing-stages are piled up with the black hoods of gondolas, which are replaced in summer-time by striped awnings that flap in the

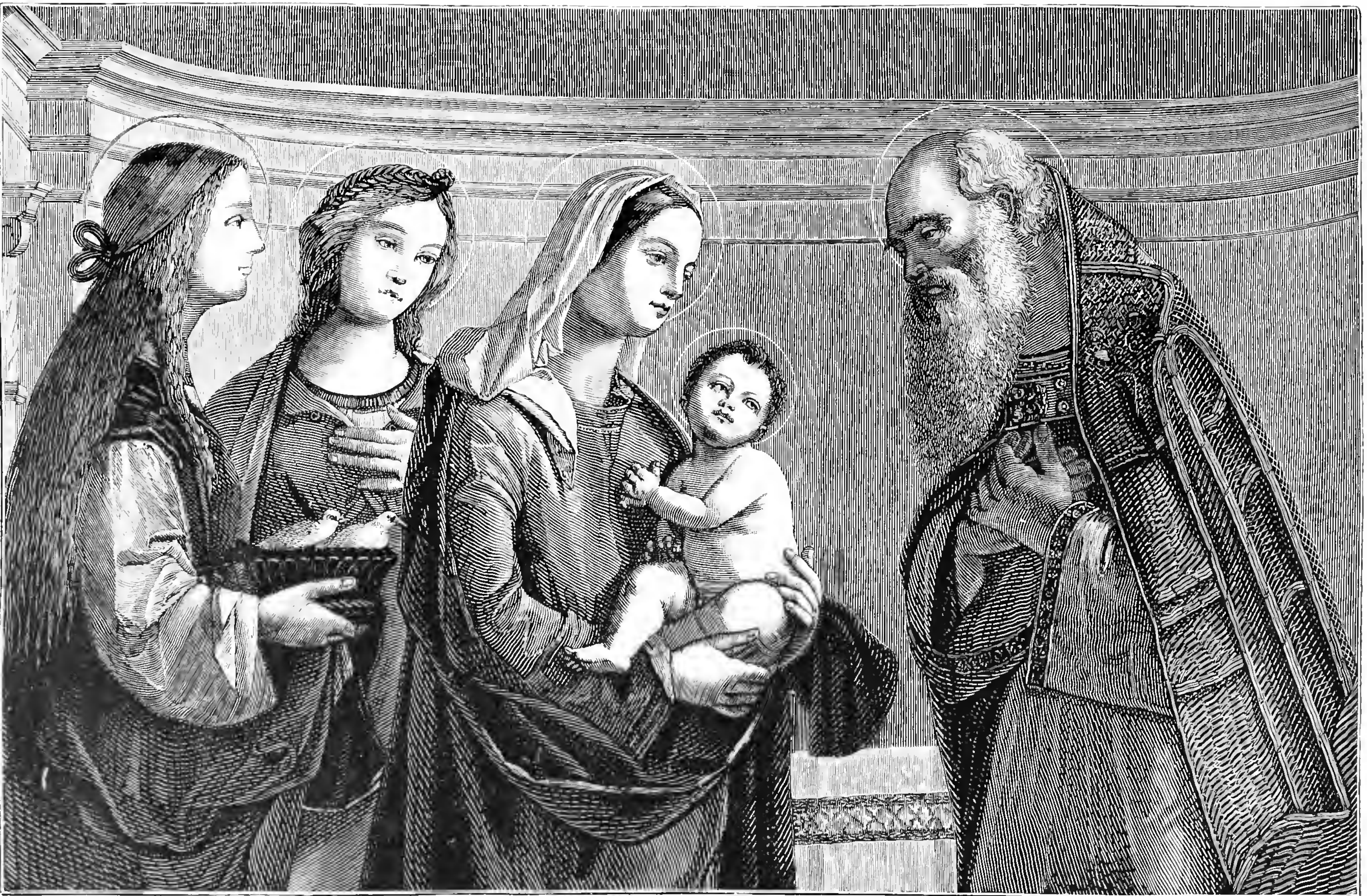
slight breeze with the soft sound of sails. The gondola skims through the water with that rocking movement dear because it is a part of Venice, and the flap of the curtains and the lapping of the ripples against the sides give a strange feeling of dreaminess and silence. Yet the city is far from silent. There is no rumbling of cabs, and no clattering of carts; but other sounds assert themselves. The dreamy city, the Venice of enchantment, exists only in our fancy. In the Venice of reality gondoliers are quarrelling across the wide canal; there, too, for all the space of empty water, fruit-barges run into each other, and the owners indulge in vigorous abuse; from all the quays, from all the streets, rises a noise of busy humanity, of men and women selling cheap wares, chatting, scolding, and gossiping; of little children playing and crying—for of all places, Venice is the place of children's voices.

AN ANGEL: FROM "THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE."

(Painted by Vittore Carpaccio.)

Glowing, warm, and beautiful, full of colour, of rareness, and of enchantment, yet teeming with homely detail, with human nature in its least exalted phases—such is Venice. Such, too, is the art of Carpaccio, for there is a great kinship between the spirit of the Venice of to-day and of the art of our Carpaccio who lived four centuries ago. Venice, in her isolation, is more full of human life and human voices than any other city; just as Carpaccio is fonder of suggestive detail and human interest than almost any other painter. Our woodcuts do but faintly illustrate him in his homely and domestic vein; they show us Carpaccio in a mood as far above his ordinary temper as Venice of a Sunday morning above Venice of a week-day noon. They are Venice and Carpaccio still—beautiful, homely, and prosaic—but exalted by a devotion which is none the less true and dignified for keeping such tight hold upon the rather mundane quality of common sense.

In the Academia, with Titian's somewhat theatrical "Assumption" and Veronese's Sixteenth Century Patriarchs and Apostles, hangs Carpaccio's masterpiece, as far removed in feeling from the dramatic ecstacy of the one as the gorgeous worldliness of the other. From this magnificent "Presentation in the Temple" two of our illustrations are taken; but they give only a slight idea of the beauty of the work, which Mr. Ruskin has hardly overpraised in calling it "the very finest in the whole Academia of Venice." In the "Presentation" indeed there is a dignity and loftiness of conception worthy of the subject, and touchingly remote from the humorous quaintness with which the painter's work abounds. The principal figures stand in a vaulted alcove, so lofty that the heads come but little more than half-way up the canvas. They are seven in number, for behind the aged Simeon are two cardinals (omitted in our woodcut), and balancing the attendants who stand behind the Blessed Virgin. Like all Carpaccio's figures, they are short and a trifle thick-set—are one in race with the men who steer the gondolas so deftly, and the women who trudge so sturdily about the town under their load of great copper buckets full of water. But the faces are of a more exalted race than is usual either in Carpaccio's art or in the working class of Venice. The head of Simeon, with the dignity of righteous age and the humility of man in the presence of his God, is unsurpassable; while the sweet girl-faces of the adoring



ST SIMEON, WITH THE VIRGIN AND CHILD: FROM "THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE."

(Painted by Vittore Carpaccio.)

damsels are worthy of Raphael himself. The Virgin is simple and womanly; and it is no doubt designedly that Carpaccio has emphasised the motherly tenderness of the Madonna, as typical of the human quality in her Son. For in the figure of the infant Christ there is an inspiration of divinity rare in religious art, and there is not in all Venice another Christ-child to compare with this—so holy, so beautiful, so full of divinity and love.

These figures are wrought out as carefully as they were conceived. Their draperies, and the architecture which surrounds them, while duly subordinate in importance, are of the most exquisite finish. The steps of the alcove are occupied by three of those boy-angels which form one of the most delightful features of Venetian art. To the right and left are charming little musicians playing on flute and viol, and in the centre is the enchanting child whose presentment we have reproduced. "They are," says Mr. J. A. Symonds, "more earthly than Fra Angelico's melodists, and yet they are not precisely of human lineage. It is not perhaps too much to say that they strike the keynote of Venetian devotism, at once real and devoid of pietistic rapture."

What manner of man, we wonder, was this earnest old Venetian painter, with his hours of inspiration and his years of tender earthly humour, with his passion for bright colour and for detail, and his rarer love of nature. It was said that he was born at Istria, but when and where is not known. All that is certain is that he was, with Gentile and Gian, the pupil of old Bellini. Like his fellow-students he painted in early life in tempera, and like them he afterwards changed his medium for oil. Many believe that when Gentile Bellini went in 1479 to Constantinople, Carpaccio went with him, and that his love of Oriental costume is the outcome of this journey. Whether it be so, or whether it arose merely from love of bright colour and the influence of his friend Gentile, none can say. That friendship was of long duration; and for many years Carpaccio refused to take part in any competition in which the Bellinis would be his rivals. He does not seem to have suffered much from this generosity. Work in abundance was assigned to him; and in 1490 he had a commission to paint for the school of female orphans a series of pictures from the life of St. Ursula, the patroness of school-girls. The foundation is long since gone to ruin; and Carpaccio's decorations, some greatly injured by time and restoration, hang in the Academia.

The legend of St. Ursula is a charming story, and in many ways Carpaccio was the very man to illustrate it. It gave full scope for his tenderness, his power of portraying character, his love of bright costume, and his extraordinary skill in perspective. Once upon a time, so runs the legend, there reigned in Brittany a certain king Theonotus, who was, with his wife, a Christian. They were blessed with one daughter, whom they called Ursula. The princess was not only wonderfully beautiful; her mind was a perfect storehouse of wisdom and knowledge; she had read about the stars and the courses of the winds; all that had ever happened in the world from the days of Adam she had by heart; the poets and the philosophers were to her what childish recreations are to others. "To these rare accomplishments were added all the Christian virtues." So that when she was a woman grown, many princes desired her in marriage. But she had made a vow of perpetual chastity, and refused all offers.

"Not far from Brittany, on the other side of the great ocean, was a country called England, vast and powerful; but the people were still in the darkness of paganism;" and the king of this country sent ambassadors to Brittany to demand Ursula in marriage for his son Prince Conan. Here it is that Carpaccio begins his story, for the first of his series, and one of the finest, represents the King of Brittany, splendidly enthroned, receiving the embassy. His canvas, in the quaint old fashion, is divided into three partitions. In the centre is figured the reception; to the left, a lower hall, wherein a group of admirably drawn pages and attendants await their masters; and to the right the private apartment of the King of Brittany. The monarch is perplexed and sad; he leans his face on his hand, for he knows of his daughter's vow, and at the same time he fears to offend the mighty Majesty of England by refusing his request. Before him, dignified and sumptuous, stands the Princess Ursula; she is trying to console her sire by a promise that on the morrow she herself will give the ambassadors their answer. This Carpaccio has left undone. But the legend tells that Ursula accepted Prince Conan on three conditions:—"First, he shall give me, as my ladies and companions, ten virgins of the best blood in his kingdom, and to each of these a thousand attendants, and to me also a thousand maidens to wait on me; secondly, he shall permit me for the space of three years to honour my virginity, and visit the holy shrines, where lie the bodies of the saints; and thirdly, I ask that he and his court receive baptism, for other than a perfect Christian I cannot wed." "Now you shall understand that this wise Princess Ursula made these conditions, thinking in her heart, 'Either the King of England will refuse these demands, or, if he grant them, then eleven thousand virgins are redeemed and dedicated to the service of God.'"

In the second picture Theonotus is dismissing the English courtiers; and in this, as in most of the series, nothing is more remarkable than the perfect

correctness of the perspective, and the varied and naturalistic grouping of the figures. In the third—the Vision which appeared to Ursula, telling her that the glory of martyrdom awaited her and her company of virgins—we have Carpaccio in his most charming mood, a mood of loving, tender humorousness, which for its quaint witchery is like nothing so much as Hans Andersen's in the best of his delightful stories. Ursula lies sleeping in her room, which is just such a one as becomes a maiden who is at once a princess and a saint. It is lofty, and, though the furniture is good and finely carven, a little empty; the walls above the wainscot are of a pale colour, which gives it a certain air of purity. By the bedside on the light wall is a little shrine; and beneath it hangs a lamp; save for that and the flying figure of Mercury above the door, the walls are bare. The door, thrown wide, leads to an outer room, from whence there enters a stream of pale light and the chill air of dawn; the dawn, too, whitens the oriel window, and makes the plants on the sill cut black against its whiteness. Under the window, just in its proper place, lighted to the left and back of the student, stands a little writing-table so piled with books that there is scarcely room for hour-glass and ink-horn: pushed back slightly, just as the girl had left it when she rose, is a three-legged stool, and within reach there hangs a small shelf of books. Near us is the bed: high and wide, with four carved posts, and a magnificent bed-head. On the near side sleeps the maiden, her head on the pillow, and one arm outside the sheet. Hers is a small figure for so large a picture, yet is it all-important by reason of the wonderful look on the fair young face. In a doorway to the foot of the bed stands the appearing Angel, bright in a flood of morning, and beautiful in his flowing draperies; yet were he not visible, we should know that the room were tenanted by some heavenly presence, so pure is the atmosphere, so holy the face of the little sleeper. Still, every detail is carefully and lovingly painted; even the shoes have their toes turned towards the bedside, a sure device, all children know, for seeing visions and dreaming sweet and miraculous dreams.

On the next canvas Carpaccio has painted the arrival of the newly-baptised prince in Brittany; and in another, the embarkation of Ursula with her husband and her eleven thousand maids. The pilgrims wished to sail for Rome; but "by no mistake of theirs, but by the providence of God," they anchored off Cologne instead. Another of Carpaccio's architectural triumphs shows their arrival in the Rhenish port. Here Ursula saw another Vision, and she learned that on this spot she and her companions should suffer martyrdom on their return from Rome. To the eternal city the pilgrims, guided by six angels, went on foot. Their miraculous journey does not seem to have inspired the painter, for his next picture is of their halt outside the walls, where they were met by the Pope Cyriacus and his bishops and cardinals. After this holy company had performed their devotions at the shrine of Peter and Paul, Ursula, yearning for her fate, gathered her virgins together and set out for Cologne, accompanied by Cyriacus. When they came there, they found the city besieged by a great army of barbarians, who fell upon the saintly host and destroyed it utterly. Carpaccio has portrayed the tragedy with sincere but unpleasing truth. To the right of the same canvas is pictured Ursula's funeral; she lies upon a bier, her golden hair shed to her knee. The last of the series (our third illustration) shows us St. Ursula in glory, surrounded by her virgins, her husband, the martyred Pope, and all his following. The composition is not of the happiest, but any lack of grace is amply atoned for by the fervour and sincerity of the worshippers. But admirable as is the Ursula series in its present time-worn state, we cannot realise the enthusiasm it excited when in its first freshness it was set up in the place for which it was painted. Zanetti tells us that he used to hide in the chapel to notice the expressions it evoked on the visitors' faces, and "I myself," he says, "could hardly turn away my eyes from that charming figure of the saint asleep on her maiden couch—all grace, purity, and innocence. She seems, by the expression on her beautiful features, to be visited by dreams from paradise." Still the pictures have their defects. The most serious is the varying personality of the heroine: for the stately lady of the first canvas is not the gentle girl of the Vision, who in her turn has nothing in common with the round-faced substantial maid of the Beatification.

After this immortal achievement, Carpaccio spent some years in the production of single pictures, of which the most remarkable is a "Patriarch of Grado Casting Out a Devil With the Help of the Relic." The figures herein are rigid and dry, and, as is usual with the painter's work, are short of proportion; but the perspective of the Rialto is perfect, and as a view of Venice at the close of the Fifteenth Century the whole picture is extremely interesting. Carpaccio was next commissioned to decorate the walls of the hospital for distressed Dalmatian mariners, known to us as the Scuola di San Giorgio. The little refuge exists to this day, and Carpaccio's pictures still adorn its walls. There, at the back of the quay of San Giorgio, in the glowing twilight of a summer afternoon, you may still study them. They are the most undecorative of decorations; for all their wealth of realistic and sym-

THE BEATIFICATION OF ST. URSULA.

(Painted by Vittore Carpaccio.)

bolical details they are, in this dark old chapel, as decoration a failure. To study them you must climb to the scaffolding-planks arranged along the tops of the high-backed seats. From this unsteady height you will see much that is quaint and simple, and much that is true and exquisitely beautiful. Their beauties and their merits and their meanings have been pointed out and described by Mr. Ruskin in his "Place of Slaves" and "Place of Dragons." All, and most likely a vast deal more than all, the

honest old Venetian meant by his elaborate detail is therein explained, so that he who runs may read. But in justice to Carpaccio I must note that, great as was his love of detail, there is not in all his works a single example of the sacrifice of breadth and mass. Few painters of his age had so fine and true a feeling for landscape, for atmosphere, for aërial and linear perspective; far greater, indeed, than Carpaccio's love of things small and quaint and highly finished was Carpaccio's love of the larger truth. His was a true Venetian mind—a mind not specially spiritual, but dwelling with passionate fidelity on the world in which it wrought. And, withal, he was one of those few happy souls for whom there is no commonplace. And as it is most true that "love greatens and glorifies what was mere earth before," this quality it is of lovingness for every-day things in their every-day aspect that endears to us the name and work of Vittore Carpaccio.

F. Mabel Robinson.

"Arthur in Avalon."

From the Picture by T. Archer, R.S.A.

I. *Stricken of man, and sore beset of Fate,*
He lies amid the groves of Avalon;
What comfort mete ye unto Uther's son,
O mournful Queens? What styptic to abate
Life's eager stream? Alas, not theirs to sate
His soul with earthly vision! he hath done
With mortal life, and chivalry's bright sun
Is darkened by the powers of hell and hate.

ARTHUR IN AVALON.

(From the Picture by T. Archer, R.S.A.)

Lo! now, the garden of his agony
Is very sweet, though dread the hour, and drear
With utterless spell of horrid potency;
The barred east beyond the brightening sea,
Thick with portentous wraiths of phantom fear,
Is flushed with triumph, stirred with melody.

II.

"Glory of knighthood, that through Lyonesse
Was as a lamp, O selfless soul and pure,
What though thy visionary rule endure
So ill the assault of envy? Not the less
Thy victory, though failure thee oppress:
Not sterile thy example, and most sure
The seeded fruit; with might thou shalt allure
For evermore through life's embattled press

Thy spiritual sons to follow thee;"
The mystic Four their solemn vigil keep
Until day break, and eastward silently,
Over the kingless land and wailing deep,
The sacrificial symbol fire the sky;
Then they arise, no more to watch and weep.

J. Arthur Blaikie.

A PAINTER ON COMPOSITION.—I.

PICTORIAL composition is an art-quality of the highest importance, and its absence is felt by those who understand art as much in a portrait, in a landscape, or in the simplest subject of "still-life," as it is in the most elaborate historical subject. It is a quality, however, about which the vaguest ideas are entertained. Many will talk of "a capital composition," or "a poor composition," as the case may be, thus applying their blame or their praise to the subject-matter of the picture in question. But painters never talk as if "subject" and "composition" were synonymous terms. Far from it. To them "subject" signifies the fact recorded or the image embodied; whereas "composition" means the more or less artistic arrangement of the component parts of a picture—means, in other words, the method adopted by the artist to give pictorial embodiment to his ideas, whatever those ideas may be. No true artist will deny that the nobler the ideas depicted the better the picture; but, on the other hand, no artist will admit that it is possible artistically to embody in a picture the very noblest idea, if it does not admit of being clothed in material beauty. Material beauty of some sort is for the painter an absolute necessity. From the point of view of art nothing is a fit subject for a picture that does not afford the painter the opportunity of producing beauty—of form or colour or light and shade.

Our illustrated papers and periodicals are full of clever woodcuts, conveying to us in pictorial form a vast amount of useful and interesting information. But a pictorial chronicle of facts is not necessarily a work of art. For work of this sort there is ample excuse; but for a painter to elaborate on canvas any subject that can by no possibility result in a work of pictorial art is sheer waste of time and talent. A good subject, then, is not the same thing as a good composition. The mission of art is to elevate and give noble pleasure, but not to teach directly. For good or for evil the influence of a powerfully painted picture is far reaching and subtle; but its influence is indirect; the attempt to preach in paint has always ended, as it always must end, in *artistic* failure. A picture whose only merit is the moral it conveys can only be condemned as bad art. Whether we are practical painters, or lovers of art able intelligently to enjoy the pictures painted by others, we must be able to distinguish clearly between matter and manner, and praise or blame accordingly. A flagrant instance of bad composition, a really hideous example of an artist mistaking his function, is seen in Cruikshank's "Worship of Bacchus." As moralists, we can but admit it to be a valiant and passionate protest against the evils of intemperance; from the point of view of pictorial art it is merely a gigantic failure. Had Cruikshank uttered his warning in a series of delicate etchings, he would probably have produced some valuable little works of art; but a work of art Cruikshank most emphatically failed to produce when he covered all these square yards of canvas with that chaos of caricature.

Painting is nothing more or less than language in which the artist talks to us about the things that he likes best. If he is a "realist" he will talk to us about objects; if he is an "idealist" he will discourse to us about his ideas. In either case the first question he should ask himself in selecting his subject is, "Will it make a good picture?" or, as he would probably phrase it, "Will it paint?" Artists know only too well that many of the most beautiful scenes and effects in nature, many of the most cherished ideas that possess their imaginations, are outside the range of pictorial representation.

The subject of a picture is either something that the artist has seen, or something that he has imagined; and what he chooses to paint depends partly on his temperament, partly on his taste, chiefly on his opportunities. The subjects selected

by so-called "realistic" painters are those natural and accidental arrangements of forms, arrangements of colour, and arrangements of shadow and light, which impress them as pictorial. In fact we may say that their subjects choose them, and are by them translated into paint with as little change of any sort as is possible. On the other hand, each picture elaborated by a so-called "idealistic" painter is from first to last a matter of selection and alteration—in a word, of composition.

The composition of a picture then is the result of the painter's choice and arrangement of the material means by which his idea has to be expressed. We have distinguished between "subject" and "composition." But there is an intimate connection between the two: so intimate indeed, that when once the subject is chosen it should determine the composition or putting-together of all the component parts—arrangement of forms, treatment of background, scheme of colour, effect of light and shade, and all accessories. It is self-evident, for instance, that the masses of form employed by the painter to embody a graceful subject must not be rugged, nor the colouring crude, nor the lights and shadows too startling. Again, if the subject of the picture be lively, the forms must certainly not be tame, nor the colours too delicate nor too sombre, nor the atmospheric effect too weird. Or again, should the subject be solemn, its pictorial embodiment admits the use of no trivial forms, no colour that could be called gaudy, and no fantastic light and shade.

The first principle, therefore, of good pictorial composition is unity of idea and execution—*i.e.*, harmony between the subject and the forms, colours, and illumination by which that subject is set forth. But excessive unity degenerates into monotony. In art monotony is fatal to all pictorial effect, and must be avoided by the introduction of contrasts—decided or delicate, as the taste of the artist dictates. For example, in pictures, portraying the most violent action or the most passionate emotion, a little repose for eye and mind is absolutely necessary somewhere in the composition; the gloomiest subjects must be enlivened by some touch of humour or some glimmer of light, and the subtlest harmonies of form, or the tenderest gradations of colour, require the presence of some strong note to give them their full artistic value. Again, if a composition consist chiefly of curved lines or of rounded surfaces, their uniformity must be interrupted by at least one straight line, or one angular surface, whilst a picture made up mostly of straight lines and level surfaces must at least be diversified by one curved line or one rounded surface.

But no composition is artistically complete without the presence of a certain amount of mystery. The value of mystery can hardly be overrated in any branch of art, but it is a resource especially valuable to the painter, because a picture above all things is made to be looked at, and one is scarcely provoked to look twice at anything which one can thoroughly see and understand at the very first glance. On examination it will be found that every attractive picture contains some amount of mystery—mystery of form, which is managed mainly by the treatment of the masses of light and dark, or mystery of colour. Mystery of form there must be in a well-painted picture, because no form can be pictorially interesting which is absolutely defined, which separates itself sharply at all points from its background; besides which, even if not unpictorial, it would be unnatural, since forms in nature are rarely revealed to us quite distinctly in all the complexity of their varied surfaces. The painter who is over-anxious to be exact in "making out" every detail of his subject is almost certain to produce an unpleasant and unpicturesque effect of "hardness." And just as no form is attractive that is absolutely defined, so no colour is pleasing that is very "positive." In fact, to those who have a natural feeling for, or who have acquired the faculty of appreciating, refined colour, the most enjoyable colours are often the strangest: such, for example, as we can only suggest by such roundabout phrases as "pearly-grey," "mouse-colour," "gold-in-shadow," "olive-green," "turquoise-blue," "salmon-colour," "mother-of-pearl." and so forth. All of us have a vague idea of the beautiful undecided hues which each of these terms suggests, but that is all; for who can definitely describe, or even imagine, the ever-varying colours of pearls or gold or turquoise, much less the exquisite tones of the plumage of peacocks or the delicate greys of a mouse's fur?

Nothing, indeed, in any branch of art is very interesting to us that is not partly veiled in mystery. For instance, if we knew beforehand exactly how such or such a character in a tale or drama is sure to act in any given combination of circumstances, our imagination is not aroused. It is the same in music. Airs that are so "striking" that we carry them away with us at the very first hearing, as quickly lose their charm; whilst Beethoven's melodies are a perennial fount of delight. And it is the same with pictures, whether they represent natural scenes, or whether they embody the ideas or fancies of the painter. We have no impulse to analyse in detail any picture of which all the elements of the composition are, as it were, on the surface—the artist has left no play to our imagination; whereas a picture in which there are passages of mystery draws us unconsciously nearer, and beauty after beauty unfolds itself as we gaze.

Every picture that is painted is the result either of the imagination or of the observation of the painter. The power, therefore, of pictorial composition is in exact proportion to the power possessed by the painter of observing and remembering natural or accidental arrangements of form, of colour, and of light and shade, so as to be able to re-combine (or re-create) them in his own imaginary compositions; or else it depends on the painter's power of modifying and adapting to the necessities of his art the innumerable suggestions for pictures which are everywhere around us, and which are the common property of all who have eyes to see them. But whether a picture is the result of something that the painter sees, or of something that he imagines, the composition of any picture that impresses us by its originality must have been instinctive. For if we arrange the component parts of a picture on any system derived from the practice of other painters, however famous, instead of distributing the forms, light and shade, and colour with the single-minded aim of representing our own idea or our own impression of nature in the most direct and simple manner possible to us, our composition—an effect, not of creation, but of imitation and rule-of-thumb—can scarcely fail to be conventional and correspondingly uninteresting. BARCLAY DAY.

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE PARIS OPÉRA.

LIKE the Théâtre Français, the Académie de Musique is a foundation of Louis Quatorze and a national institution. Like the Théâtre Français, too, it is of its kind the most illustrious house in Europe. It has a history over two centuries long. It dates, in fact, from 1669, when Perrin, the aboriginal Impressario, got letters patent from the Great King, and so was authorised to establish, in Paris and elsewhere, "une académie pour y représenter et chanter en public des opéras et représentations en musique et en vers français." Perrin's machinist was the eccentric Marquis de Sourdéac, his musician the forgotten but estimable Cambert; and with their assistance he produced, at the Hôtel de Nevers first of all (it is now, says M. Adolph Jullien, the Bibliothèque Nationale), and afterwards in an old tennis-court in the Rue Mazarine, at the sign of the Bottle, the first French opera. It was called "Pomone," and it had an eight months' run, and made Perrin the richer by some 30,000 livres. It is a far cry from the tennis-court in the Rue Mazarine to the gorgeous and sumptuous edifice with which M. Garnier has filled up the Place de l'Opéra; but the story, long as it is, is perhaps the most illustrious in the annals of music. Here it was that Lully produced his "Atys" and Rameau his "Castor et Pollux." Here Gluck, the Beethoven of musical drama, gave forth his "Orphée," his "Alceste," his "Iphigénie en Tauride," his "Armide," the four masterpieces—the Pitt, the Regent, the Orloff, the Kohinoor—of opera. Here is the home of Meyerbeer—with "Robert" and the "Huguenots" and the "Prophête;" here Rossini appeared as the musician of "Guillaume Tell" and Auber as the maker of the "Muette de Portici." Here Spontini, greatest of the moderns, stood forward as the master of "Fernand Cortez" and the "Vestale," and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was mightily hissed, and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" came utterly to grief, and Gounod was made more or less immortal in "Faust," and Ambroise Thomas became in

DAUBERVAL AND MLLE. ALLARD IN THE "SYLVIE" (1766) OF BERTON AND TRIAL.

(From an Engraving by Carmontelle.)

RAMEAU.
(*After Restout and Benoit.*)

some sort illustrious in "Hamlet." The earliest *prima donna* was Mlle. Aubry, who sang Pomone in Cambert's opera; and since her time the stage of the Opéra has witnessed the triumph of some of the most famous singers in musical history—of Mlle. St.-Christophe in the Cybèle of Lully's "Atys," the Medée in Lully's "Thésée;" of Mlle. Le Rochois in the Angélique of Lully's "Roland," the Thétis of Colasse, and the Issé of Destouches; of Mlle. de Maupin, heroine of one of the most notorious of modern romances, and Jélyotte, the Mario-Roger of Eighteenth-Century song; of Sophie Arnould, the original Iphigénie and the original Eurydice in Gluck's great operas, and of Mlle. Le Vasseur who created, as they say, the master's Alceste and Armide; of Legros, the tenor, and Mlle. St.-Huberti, and Mme. Branchu who was Spontini's Vestal (1807) and his Amazily (1809); of Stoltz and Cinti, Nourrit and Duprez, Falcon and Levasseur, Gardoni and Roger, Alboni and Viardot-Garcia, and Faure and Gabrielle Krauss—all the great singers, in fact, of the golden age of dramatic music, from its beginnings under Lully to its murder at the hands of Wagner.

To be really incomparable the roll, it need hardly be added, should include a hundred other names of men and women illustrious in song, from Farinelli and Carestini to Malibran and Jenny Lind. The annals of the dance are open to no such criticism. From first to last, from Noblet and Beauchamp—

> "De même que Beauchamp, d'un brodequin chaussé,
> Sous les habits d'un dieu, dansait, seul, à Versaille,
> D'un pas majestueux, la grave passacaille"—

to the St.-Léons downwards, the Opéra, from the point of view of choregraphy, has been the premier theatre of Europe.

J.-B. LULLY.
(*After Mignard and Roullet.*)

It was the creation of a dancing age, and its ballets are famous and influential even now, when the art has ceased to exist, and even its traditions are passing rapidly away. Louis XIV. loved to dance, and Lully, writing to please his sovereign, is said to have written his best. It is small wonder if, under such an impulse as theirs, the Académie de Musique went on as it began, and cherished the ballet as an integral element in the art in whose service it was established. The ballet music of Gluck—who wrote the Chaconne in "Iphigénie en Aulide" at the express solicitation of Gaetano Vestris—is in some sort better known than his operatic music proper; the ballet music of Rameau is all that has survived of him; the ballet music in "Guillaume Tell" and "Robert le Diable" is as important a factor in the composition of these operas as it was in that of "Atys" and "Roland;" Berlioz, much as he detested such work, was obliged to adapt a ballet to the "Freischütz" (it was to this end that he scored his famous orchestral arrangement of the "Invitation à la Valse") to fit that masterpiece for the Opéra stage; it is said (by ardent Wagnerites) that the damnation of "Tannhäuser" was solely due to the fact that the ballet of the Venusberg was improperly placed—in the first act, where nobody wanted it, instead of in the third, where everybody expected to find it. Effects like these could only spring from a mighty cause; and that, as I have said, is the true glory of the Opéra. Under Lully it was figured in the persons of such artists as Beauchamp and the egregious Pécourt (the Bathyle of La Bruyère's savage portraiture) and Mlle. La Fontaine, the first *première danseuse* in French history. Under Campra, to adopt the divisional order introduced by M. Théodore de Lajarte, in his excellent "Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra" (Paris: Jouaust), its representatives were Mlle. Subligny, and Prévost and Balon who invented the *ballet d'action*, and Mlle. Sallé and the young Camargo. Then under Rameau comes the reign of Vestris, "Dieu de la danse," and Allard and Dauberval and Peslin and Gardel, and the incomparable Guimard, and Mlle. Heinel, whom Grimm delighted to honour, and Noverre, the first (they say) to achieve the combination of pantomime with choregraphy, and half a dozen famous artists besides. Their reign, it is to be noted, is a long one, for it includes the greater par of the Eighteenth Century, and it was continued, through the Revolution and on into the Empire, by their descendants, the younger Gardel and Auguste Vestris, son of Gaetano and Mlle. Allard. Under the Restoration, as Miss Fudge has told us, the stars of the Opéra were "divine Bigottini and dear Fanny Bias," and they in their turn give way to Montessu and Noblet, who were outdanced by Taglioni, the greatest artist of them all, who was presently replaced by Carlotta Grisi, who was succeeded by Fanny Ellsler, who yielded the stage to Cerrito and her husband, St.-Léon. With these the kingdom of the dance may be said to have come to an end. There have since been many excellent gymnasts but no dancers—much capital agility but of the "poetry of motion," the expression of beauty and dignity by gesture and in action, little or none. The Minuet is dead, and the Gavotte, with the Sarabande and the Passacaille; dead and departed are the perfect art—the grace, the decency, the distinction, the noble style—of Taglioni, the exquisite energy and fiery imagination of Carlotta Grisi, the delicious fantasies of Fanny Ellsler, and Cerrito's brio and invention and charm. Last year M. Comerre painted us a portrait of a contemporary *danseuse;* it was only (as some one said) "an Arrangement in Impudence and White;" this year M. Clairin has given us a portrait of Mlle. Zucchi, the inspiration of which is much the same in quality as that of the "Étoile" of M. Comerre. To contrast these works with Lancret's "Mlle. Sallé," or even Carmontelle's engraving of Dauberval and Mlle. Allard in their historical *pas de deux*, is to understand that a revolution has taken place in all the arts alike, and that *chic* and *chien* and a sort of sparkling vulgarity are the poorest substitutes imaginable, both in painting and the dance, in music and in letters alike, for the reticence, the grace, the dignity of the greater style affected by our forefathers. Marie Allard "inspirait la joie dès son entrée"—was the muse of gaiety and whim, excelling in the Gavotte, the Rigadoon, the Tambourin, and above all the "Gargouillade;" while Mlle. Sallé (it would seem) practised what was called "la danse noble," and professed a style that was already classic. Of Mlle. Allard, who died in 1802, after dancing in twenty years of ballets—to the music of Lully, Rameau, Campra, Mondonville, Philidor, Berton, Gluck—this is how Dorat, "the glow-worm of Parnassus," could write :—

> "Que n'ai-je le génie et le pinceau d'Apelle,
> Allard! à mes esprits ce tableau te rappelle.
> Jamais nymphe des bois n'eut tant d'agilité;
> Toujours l'essaim des ris voltige à ton côté.
> Que tu mélanges bien, Ô belle enchantesse,
> La force avec la grâce et l'aisance et l'addresse!
> Tu sais avec tant d'art entremêler tes pas
> Que l'œil ne peut les suivre, et ne les confond pas.
> Le papillon s'envole avec moins de vitesse,
> Et pèse plus que toi sur les fleurs qu'il caresse."

'Twas in this same strain—measured, elegant, superb—that Mlle. Allard danced. As for Mlle. Sallé, Voltaire, applauding the irresistible Camargo, remembered her in terms like these :—

> "Ah! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante,
> Mais que Sallé, grands dieux, est ravissante!

Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux!
Elle est inimitable, et vous êtes nouvelle;
Les nymphes sautent comme vous,
Mais les Grâces dansent comme elle."

And Mlle. Sallé had danced at the fairs! Think how M. Gustave Nadaud (for instance) might write of Mlle. Zucchi, or how M. Richepin (let us suppose) would berhyme the lady painted by M. Comerre; and the contrast—the ghastly and perplexing contrast—is made distressingly apparent. Mlle. Sallé (Lancret *pinxit*) represents an age of good breeding and refinement; she dances with majesty, in a classic landscape, a youthful shepherd (Cupid in disguise) piping hard by; Poussin (it is evident) is not long dead, and Claude (it is certain) is close at hand. Mlle. Three-Stars (signed "Clairin" or "Comerre") is painted in mid-theatre, bold-eyed and short-skirted and immodest of attitude and mien. The age of decorum has passed; the age of vulgarity has come in. "The king is dead! Long live the king?" Of course! only somehow the cry sticks in one's throat.

Now, as always, however, the Opéra is a national institution. It has outlived two or three monarchies, a couple of empires, a certain number of republics, and survived the chances of any number of revolutions; and, like the Maison de Molière, it is an attribute of France. Of course, like all French glories, it has been the subject of a host of books. Unlike its compeers, however, it has created no good literature. The best work I know about it is indicial: like M. de Lajarte's "Catalogue" and M. Campardon's useful and curious collection of documents, "L'Académie Royale de Musique au Dix-Huitième Siècle" (Paris: Berger-Levrault). Inferior to these, but good and entertaining in its way, is M. Adolph Jullien's "Paris Dilettante au Commencement du Siècle" (Paris: Firmin-Didot), which has served as a peg whereon to hang these desultory remarks, and to which I am indebted for my several illustrations. M. Jullien knows the Opéra so well that there seems to be every reason why he should, and there is no apparent reason why he should not, undertake its history, and so produce something definite and final on a subject about which nothing final or definite has yet been written. What he has achieved in the present volume is the reverse of this. It is only a bundle of reprints. I hasten to add that it is nearly always entertaining, and that it is instructive very often indeed. In one essay, for instance, M. Jullien treats of Weber in Paris: of the frightful mangling suffered by the "Freischütz" and "Euryanthe" at the hands of the ingenious Castil-Blaze, the craze of admiration of Berlioz, the artful and elaborate insincerity of Rossini, and a multitude of curious matters besides. In another, "Scribe et Rossini," he tells the story of the epidemic of enthusiasm generated by the appearance of the Pesarese master in Paris, and how Eugène Scribe, author of twenty volumes of so-called "plays" (which nobody can read, but which everybody should study), produced a heavy, rather stupid, and very obvious skit, and quizzed the Rossinians with all the strength of his dexterous but somewhat common mind. In a third, it is question of the production at the Opéra of Mozart's "Magic Flute," "Figaro," and "Don Giovanni." The second of these, put on (1793) as a stop-gap for a "Siège de Thionville," was played five times in two months, and then lapsed into nothingness. The first, horribly mangled by Lachnith the musician, and fitted with new words, new situations, and new meanings by the poet Morel, was, as the "Mystères d'Isis," prodigiously successful (1801); while the third and last, transmogrified by Kalkbrenner the pianist (1805), was played some twenty

HABENECK.

(*From the Caricature by the Younger Dantan.*)

times (twenty-eight, to speak by the card) in a space of four years. In "Les Salles de l'Opéra" M. Jullien describes the several theatres in which the music of France has been housed; from the tennis-court in the Rue Guénégaud and Molière's old stage in the Petit-Bourbon to the palace built by Garnier and decorated by Paul Baudry. In "Ingres Musicien" he chats about the great French musicians) and Lully: the one from Benoît's engraving after Restout; the other from Roullet's transcript from Mignard. Not a whit less interesting is his caricature, after the younger Dantan, of the great conductor Habeneck, who did excellent work for many years at the Opéra and the Conservatoire, and to whom France is indebted for her first taste of Beethoven, and—perhaps—for such

MLLE. SALLÉ.

(From the Portrait by Lancret.)

painter's passion for music, his worship of Mozart and Haydn, his reverence for Gluck, his conquest by Beethoven; and narrates his relations with Cherubini, which resulted in the production of one of the noblest portraits of the century. If you are not interested in the Opéra his work is dull. If you are it is the exact antipodes. Here, as everywhere else, the point of view is everything.

M. Jullien's illustrations are perhaps more curious than his text. Of his "Dauberval and Mlle. Allard" and his "Mlle. Sallé" I have already spoken. I reproduce on another page his portraits of Rameau (whom he regards as the greatest of artists in orchestral governance as Berlioz, and after him, MM. Lamoureux and Colonne. He is the conductor of Balzac's Paris, of the Opéra of MM. de Marsay and Rastignac, and of the Duchesse de Langeais and Mme. de Sérizy; and the great novelist (who seems to have "got up" his music rather religiously than well) in a dozen places writes of him with enthusiasm. Berlioz, who belonged to an opposite faction, and had reasons for considering himself a victim, is more critical. Habeneck, albeit only half a Frenchman at most, is dismissed in Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music" in less than forty lines.

W. E. H.

CAUGHT TRIPPING.

(*Painted by A. W. Bayes. Royal Academy, 1884.*)

CURRENT ART.—IV.

HISTORICAL subjects and popular renderings of home-life and character find abundant illustration at the Academy. Some of the latter most effectively represent the old traditions of the English school, works that country folk still cluster around and applaud with delightful innocence, works that exist apart from all foreign influence and in despite of the Old Masters, and to which every Briton may proudly point as indicative of his country's supremacy. Certainly no academic body on the Continent will be prepared to dispute the unparalleled distinction of a number of works in the Academy whose quality is best conveyed by the convenient label—British school. Others are better. Of Mr. Frith's four pictures the most successful is the "Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Siddons," though the famous actress is scarcely so impressively rendered as the doctor; the incident is of the simplest kind, and very slightly tasks the artist's dramatic power. In "Beatrice and Benedick," Mr. Frith is decidedly tame, and in his "Cruel Necessity" he is strangely wanting in spirit in illustrating a curious and deeply suggestive anecdote of Spence which should have fired the historical painter with glowing inspiration. In Mr. Yeames's "The Toast of the Kitcat Club," the deficiencies of the interpretation extend even to the merely pictorial quality of the work, which is flat, ineffective, and uninspired. Mr. Seymour Lucas's "After Culloden" is animated with the vivid actuality this last-mentioned subject requires, effective in composition, the group quite cleverly disposed, and the execution very sound and thorough. The lucidity with which the incident is rendered, the accuracy and harmony of the *ensemble*, the clearly-defined action, and the high technical merits, make this Mr. Lucas's best painted as it is his most important work. Mr. Crofts's "Wallenstein" is ambitious and rather disappointing: the presentment of the great Imperialist is not impressive nor individual; the smoke and confusion and turmoil of the battle-field are suggested with more force; but the want of concentration is greatly felt in the composition. Mr.

Caton Woodville's "The Guards at Tel-el-Kebir" has more power and animation, more of the movement of real action than the "Wallenstein;" but it is vivid without being impressive; and that, in a battle picture, is a bad fault indeed.

Mr. Orchardson is one of the few modern painters whose colour is ever harmonious. At the Academy he has achieved in his "Mariage de Convenance" a masterpiece of harmony realised in his own peculiar style; there is nothing sumptuous, no strong assertive contrasts, yet the harmony is truly subtle and inexpressibly grateful. Its technique far transcends that of the "Napoleon," and merely in this respect it is the most masterly work of the artist. With all its technical charm it possesses also the distinguished merit of appealing with irresistible force to the most diverse minds; the multifarious qualities, didactic and otherwise, with which it has been invested by critics are significant of its powerful attraction. Mr. Orchardson's Grosvenor picture, which we have taken for our frontispiece, is a departure from his favourite genre, his *salons* of gallants and ladies, of polished floors, brilliant candelabra, and a world of buhl and ormolu. "The Farmer's Daughter" is a superb creature, whom to call buxom is to ignore the distinction of her bearing, her lordly gesture, and the majestic poise of her head. The figure is remarkable for force and solidity, the pose exceedingly spirited, the draughtsmanship excellent. The facile dexterity with which the pose is presented, its living grace and freedom, the absence of the least suggestion of constraint, are very noteworthy. The agreeable harmony of colour is characteristic: the effect is rich, mellow, and seductive, the general warmth of tone is notable; the pigeons that feed in the straw-strewn yard are fawn-coloured, and the two or three blue birds among them are barely suggested among their companions. The perfect accord of thatched roof and red tiles, of the barn doors and all the surroundings, is attained without any of the over-refinement that tends to monotony; the bird on the arm of the farmer's daughter is as strongly painted as possible, but neither it nor aught else is in the least degree disconcerting. Whatever the pleasure derived from the admirable harmony of the work, the figure is the vital actual attraction, to which all else is duly subordinate; she is the farmer's daughter as presented in fiction. Thus Bathsheba might be imagined, in Mr. Hardy's novel, before love involved her in other and more perilous paths; and thus was Mrs. Kendal in Mr. Pinero's play.

THE NEW FOREST: NEAR LYMINGTON.

(Painted by Thomas Collier, R.I. Royal Institute, 1884.)

"Caught Tripping," the original of our first illustration, is one of the few works at the Academy

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

(Painted by W. Q. Orchardson, R.A. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)

whose fresh unforced humour relieves the general dulness. Mr. A. W. Bayes has not only given humorous expression to the situation he depicts; he has also invested it with piquancy and attraction. The sour Puritan who is entering with book under his arm, and steeple-crowned hat, is disagreeably surprised by the levity of his handmaidens who are so prettily engaged. The neglected knitting and closed Bible on the chair are doubtless additional aggravations to the unseemly show; he may yet learn, if not past discipline, that however you pitchfork Nature through the door she will return by the window. Soberly clad in grey, with white kerchiefs and aprons, the more accomplished of the three demure maidens is teaching her delighted companions the profane pastime of dancing; the pleased childish pride of the performer and the unrestrained wonder and interest of the others are takingly rendered. Pleasantly painted throughout, "Caught Tripping" is happy in conception and cleverly realised.

Mr. Jacomb Hood's "La Cocarde Tricolore," reproduced as our third illustration, is one of the most attractive of the class of genre works in which the Academy abounds. The figure of the woman who is sewing the tricoloured cockade is expressive of the portentous hour, of the revolution that streams without, of the genius of the time; her face is full of mingled hope and longing, almost radiant, and she has paused in her work from excess of enthusiasm only to derive fresh resolution from the animated scene outside. She is instinct with faith in the coming millennium and in Lafayette, its prophet, and the sentiment that inspires her irradiates the humble interior. Behind her on the weather-beaten shutter is inscribed in chalk the legend "Vive la Liberté," and she little dreams of the vile uses of chalk on prison doors by the myrmidons of Robespierre. All is hope in her little household as elsewhere; the old gossip behind the door is garrulous with the new gospel, the child in the cradle seems to express the universal credulous confidence, and the woman regards the tricolour as the symbol of consolidation, of the happy alliance of the three Estates. The technique of the picture is good—is very different from that of the "historical" pictures of Mr. Frith; the figure is solidly painted, the gesture animated, the poise of the head quite eloquent and expressive, and the *motif* conveyed with force and emphasis. The artist has happily avoided the representation of a typical woman of the Revolution; his heroine is what most women were at that early stage of upheaval, but there is sufficient character and enough that is enigmatical in her expression to make it possible she may play any part, heroic or otherwise, in the tremendous future before her.

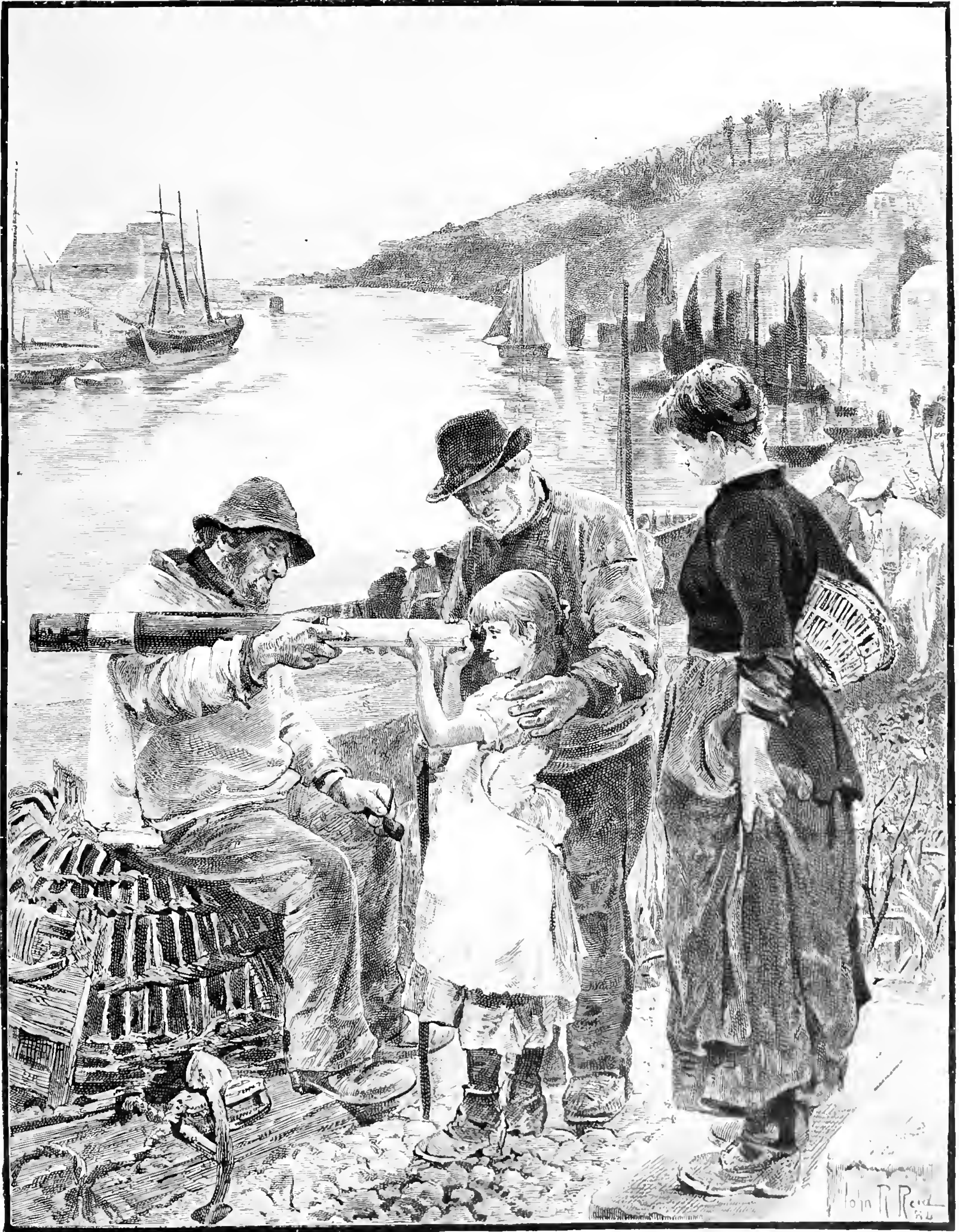
Mr. J. R. Reid has put forth his full strength, as colourist and composer, in his two contributions to the Academy and the Grosvenor, the second of which, "The Rival Grandfathers," is here engraved. The Academy picture, "An Ugly Customer," is very similar to this in colour, in subject, in scope; but in some other respects it suggests a comparison which is full of interest as very effectively illustrating the artist's method and the dangers that especially beset colourists. Both these works are excellent pictures and not merely studies of figures set in a framework of landscape; the figures are inseparably associated with the atmosphere and tone of their surroundings. Both are powerfully wrought, skilfully composed, luminous in lighting and atmosphere, strong in colour; in both the figures are full of force and admirably characterised, yet with all these according excellences "The Rival Grandfathers" is superior in technique and in harmony to its companion. Mr. Reid's sense of colour is something intuitive, something so native, so intense, that it overwhelms sometimes the other artistic faculties, or at least dominates and benumbs them. There is some truth in the saying that the highly-developed sense of colour affords also mastery over form; but it as often involves slovenly execution, ill-distributed force, and defective harmony. The inequalities of much of Mr. Reid's early work are palpable: crudity displacing strength of colour, seas and skies without corelation, powerful distance and foreground with a debatable land midway, we have seen more than once. In "An Ugly Customer" an old fisherman is exhibiting a huge lobster to two children, the elder of whom is tickling the monster's protruding eye with a straw, while the fair-haired younger child looks on half afraid with arms stiffened and fingers drawn back with disgust. Excellent in humour and character are the three figures, beyond whom stretches the deep haven and the shipping, to the round green hill that guards the entrance to the port, with its cluster of trees, its grey cottages, and the long many-arched bridge spanning the estuary. The distance is admirable, the sense of space and sea-air is finely suggested; the water, however, is spotty in effect and woolly in texture, while on the left a quay is represented with the substantial figures of a woman and a lounging fisherman. The distant bridge has all the solidity and colour that the near quay is absolutely deficient in; the latter is vaporous and devoid of texture, the blurred indication of a massive stone post and the two powerful figures adjacent are mutually antagonistic, and the result is a curious mingling of force and ineptitude. There are no such technical disparities in "The Rival Grandfathers," no sacrifice of things essential,

though secondary, to the emphatic presentment of the figures. The scene is one of those deep land-locked havens frequent in South Devon and Cornwall. From a garden delightfully suggestive of the situation, the happy possessor of two grandfathers pipe in hand, is a rare character, ready with a yarn, full of quips and humours, and strange of speech; he and his companion, whose huge brown hand nearly covers the child's back, are the most successful of Mr. Reid's fishermen, redolent of sea-air

LA COCARDE TRICOLORE.

(*Painted by Jacomb Hood. Royal Academy, 1884.*)

is looking through an old brass telescope which is supported on the arm of one rival, while the other, a kindly, ruddy-faced old salt, is caressing his grandchild. The mother looks on with pleasant approbation, and the child's expression is full of interest. The old fellow seated on the creel, tobacco- and odours, admirable for nature and humanity. The water is more liquescent than in "An Ugly Customer," while the distance, the steep hillside, the various craft alongside the quay, are treated with equal power and truth. The whole work, in colour and composition, is finely harmonised; it is



THE RIVAL GRANDFATHERS.

(Painted by J. R. Reid. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)

also equal in concentration and force to anything Mr. Reid has produced, and superior in accomplishment, in unity, and *ensemble*.

In speaking of Mr. Clausen's Academy picture, "Labourers after Dinner," we deprecated the common verdict, too glibly iterated, that condemns his work as merely expressive of French influence. In this work, and still more emphatically in his "Hoeing Turnips" at the Institute (a sketch of which, reproduced in fac-simile from the artist's own drawing, we give), he is free from the implication of mannerism. The latter drawing is distinctly a transcript from English fields, the figures are English, the treatment and interpretative method are Mr. Clausen's; in this powerful and vivid little work he has completely emancipated himself from an influence which was once undoubtedly potent. "Hoeing Turnips" is a drawing that demands study, not because it is required to vindicate the artist's originality, but on the broad grounds of its individuality, its profound and healthy naturalism. Another drawing at the Institute that deserves study is Mr. T. Collier's landscape, "The New Forest: Near Lymington," reproduced on our second page. The more obvious merits of this work we have previously noted, its breadth and freedom, its noble sense of space and aërial depth, its admirable vapour-laden sky. It is seldom in water-colour that we are offered a drawing in any true sense a landscape, a well-conceived, thoughtfully wrought, and comprehensive transcript, with all the elements of a picture. Frequently an elaborate, or over-studied, group of trees occupies the greater part of the foreground, the distance is immediately indicated, and there are no intermediary gradations; many so-called landscapes more properly should be designated studies for landscape. Mr. Collier's "The New Forest" possesses the attributes of genuine landscape; besides the literal quality of a transcript it has the pictorial quality, the interest, and charm that render it individual, the inspiration that vitalises, the distinction that elevates.

The scene depicted in our last illustration is familiar to summer visitors to the western coast during the fine still weather so necessary for successful drift fishing, and Mr. Bartlett's "Hauling Launces"—"Hauling Cants" as the Grosvenor catalogue misnames it—vividly portrays an interesting operation as well as the right atmospheric conditions. The motionless clouds hang in the calm sky, the sea and the boat with its fishermen glow under the warm sun, and all things suggest a good haul; a great influx of fish has swept into the bay—mackerel, or whiting, or some smaller fry—their visit has been proclaimed by the flight of hovering sea-birds, or by the scout on the cliffs, who has observed the white shimmering shoal approach the shallower waters, and has signalled the event. The fish are circumvented, the nets set afloat, and gradually the boats draw shoreward. In Mr. Bartlett's picture the moment is near when the spoil is safe in the boat, and the man on the shore has a shrewd idea of the nature of the haul. The life and movement of the sea are capitally suggested, the incident is set forth with vital force and fulness, and the figures are excellent; the men who are engaged in hauling, and the boy who keeps the stern of the boat off and prevents her drifting ashore, are well contrasted and full of character and truth. The peaceful and idyllic aspect of the fisherman's occupation is here represented, and it is the occasional sight of these pleasant pursuits that supply the landsman with his sentimental view of the fisher's life and vocation. He lazily contemplates such delightful phases in an existence of toilsome anxiety as if they were permanent, and not rare accidents dependent on the caprice of weather; he forgets the stern and precarious labour of those engaged in deep-sea fishing, the work of the Brixham trawlers and the Mount's Bay luggers. The summer visitor who enjoys his red-mullet caught and landed under the circumstances Mr. Bartlett depicts would have other thoughts of the fisherman's life were he to spend a night or two in a trawler down Channel, or a week off the Dogger Bank. Considered with his "Soft Persuasion," another contribution to the Grosvenor, it is impossible not to recognise the versatility displayed, and the advance in accomplishment over all his previous achievements.

Reviewing the whole field of production at the Academy and the Grosvenor, it is impossible not to arrive at conclusions unfavourable to the former. It is even less obvious that the show is bad at the Academy than that the manner of its presentment is inconsistent with the status, aims, and profession of the Academical body. At the Salon and elsewhere the line is the true test of excellence. If this is so at the Academy—as it should be—then, indeed, the exhibition is bad. Moreover, a patient survey of much of the work skied or ill-placed considerably modifies this impression and terribly increases the effect of misrepresentation achieved by the garnishing of the line. Hence it happens that judged by this, the common test of exhibitions, the Grosvenor represents contemporary art in a higher and completer sense than the Academy. We have previously noted the quality of the pictures most accessible to light and criticism, the works the Academy have delighted to honour, the chosen and elect of the line; and we are forced to conclude that so far from having promoted the true interests of art, they have dealt discouragement on all sides.

An absolute reversal of the position of most of the prominent pictures would considerably mitigate the bad general effect of the show. To note that these offences are committed in the exercise of privilege only accentuates the sense of injustice. If by these practices good work is skied—as is undoubtedly the case — the Academy practically permit such work to lie under the ban of their condemnation, and its authors to suffer in purse and reputation accordingly. It would be better in future to carry cynical indifference a little further, and when fearlessness and justice are impossible, to reject altogether. There is no question of the existence of the privilege we allude to, nor of the legal right of the Academy to enjoy it; this year, however, its enforcement is gross enough, we cannot but think, to justify the sharpest reproof. Judgment, indeed, has been pronounced from all quarters with resolute and happy accord: *voce concordi, unanimi consensu, unâ voce, unâ mente.*

One more matter of import remains. It is felt that the administration of the fund placed at the disposal of the President and Council of the Royal Academy by Sir Francis Chantrey demands inquiry. Effusive self-patronage might well be supposed to attain its utmost bounds as displayed this year on the line; the purchase of a picture by Mr. Pettie, who is himself a member of the Council, "under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest"—and therefore a trustee—effaces even that display. The Bequest enjoins that the works thus purchased should be "of the highest merit;" and furthermore, the President and Council are directed to have regard "solely to the intrinsic merit of the work, and not to allow any feeling of sympathy with an artist or his family, by reason of his or their circumstances, to influence them." No one can pretend that more than one-third at the very most of the works of art in the Chantrey Collection at South Kensington are works "of the highest merit," and this year's purchases—which might, if all tales be true, have been even worse than they are—justify the strongest expressions of public disapproval of the Academy's discharge of its trust. Mr. Lucas's "After Culloden" is an able picture, and is representative of the artist's work; this cannot be said of Mr. Murray's commonplace landscape, nor of Mr. Pettie's "Knight's Vigil." To describe these, and two-thirds of those pictures already collected, as having been purchased in accordance with the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, is at the best an irony; they have indeed been purchased with the moneys left by Sir F. Chantrey, but there the relation ceases. It is especially provided that there is no obligation to

HOEING TURNIPS.

(Painted by George Clausen, R.I. Royal Institute, 1884. From a Drawing by the Artist.)

annual purchase: just as there is none to ignore the existence of work exhibited elsewhere than such aptitude in emulating the tactics of Mr. Facing-both-ways—now posing as a private guild

HAULING LAUNCES.

(Painted by Walter H. Bartlett. Grosvenor Gallery, 1884.)

at Burlington House—at the Grosvenor Gallery, say, or the Royal Institute. When the year's product is poor the Council can wait till more propitious times. As the Royal Academy have displayed and anon as a national and representative institution—there remains but one correction to the present state of things. That is, as everybody is saying, a Royal Commission.

A CARTOON BY LIONARDO.

A WELL-KNOWN and much-frequented street in Florence, leading straight from the Cathedral Square to the Piazza dell' Annunziata, still bears the name of the Via de' Servi. The brotherhood from which it originally took its name was in mediæval days one of the most interesting and popular institutions of Florence. Its foundation dates back to 1239, several years before Dante's birth, when seven members of illustrious Florentine families agreed to join together in works of charity, and to meet every evening at six o'clock in a chapel without the walls, to say an Ave in honour of the Virgin. Soon the little band forsook the world, and the Servi di Maria, as the members of the new community were called, built themselves huts on the barren heights of Monte Senario, in the Apennines, where they might devote themselves to contemplation in solitude. A certain Filippo Benizzi, a young medical student, joined their number in 1247, and, becoming famous by his zeal and eloquence, obtained the confirmation of the order from the Pope, and died in 1285, its first general. From that time the servants of Mary took a leading place among the religious communities of Florence, and were distinguished by their liberal patronage of the arts. The brothers had a singular

LIONARDO'S "CHRIST."

(Reproduced in Fac-simile from the Original in the Brera.)

talent for discovering the best artists, and, if we are to believe Vasari's stories, a still happier faculty of securing their services at the cheapest rate. We all know how good Fra Mariano induced the young Andrea to paint his frescoes of Filippo Benizzi's miracles in the Court of the Annunziata for ten crowns each, and how cleverly he pointed out the advantages, both earthly and heavenly, which the young painter must gain by decorating so popular a resort, and winning the good graces of the Blessed Virgin at the same time.

As early as 1300 the Servites had a chapel in the heart of the city, and under their auspices, in the course of the next two centuries, the splendid church of the Annunziata arose with its many chapels and cloisters, and became one of the richest and most popular shrines in Florence. To this day the group of buildings which surround the Piazza dell' Annunziata charm our eyes by their grace and harmony of line. On the right is the Foundling Hospital, with Brunelleschi's noble façade and Andrea della Robbia's babies, each more charming than the other, in their blue and white swaddling bands and smiling innocence. To the left is the convent of the Servites, fashioned by Antonio San Gallo as nearly as possible on the model of the hospital, and the cloistered court designed by the Piagnone architect Cronaca. Before us is the great church with its graceful Renaissance portico, also Antonio's work. Above the doorway we see Ghirlandajo's mosaic; within we find Andrea del Sarto's frescoes. But the feature of which the brothers were proudest was the spacious choir, which Leo Battista Alberti reared for them on the pattern of the Pantheon. This building, a rotunda crowned by a cupola, was erected between 1451 and 1476, at the command of his patron, Lodovico Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua and Captain-General of the Republic's armies, to receive the trophies of his victories. During the latter part of the Fifteenth Century the foremost painters and sculptors of the day were employed to decorate the chapels and altars of the Santissima Annunziata, and amongst others Antonio San Gallo carved a crucifix, which was pronounced by the best judges to be unsurpassed in artistic merit. A painting for the high altar was still required, and after much deliberation the Frati, exceedingly anxious the work should be entrusted to some great artist, assigned the task to Filippino Lippi. The contract was signed for the Convent in 1503 by the sacristan Fra Zaccheria, who agreed to pay Filippino two hundred gold crowns if the picture were ready by the following Whitsuntide.

But scarcely was the agreement concluded when Lionardo came to Florence with the fame of his great works in Milan, and the glory of his lately-finished "Last Supper" fresh upon him. He was intimate with Lorenzo de' Medici's favourite architect and engineer, Giuliano di San Gallo, who had given him valuable advice about the Sforza equestrian statue, and through him and his brother Antonio he would naturally hear of the works that were going on in the church of the Servites. When he knew that the altar-piece had been undertaken by Filippino, he declared that he himself would gladly have accepted the commission, upon which Filippino, the most courteous and amiable of painters, at once gave up his contract, and the work was handed over to Lionardo. The Servite brothers were overjoyed at their unexpected good fortune in securing the services of so distinguished a painter. In their eagerness to obtain the altar-piece, they received Lionardo and his whole household, including his favourite Salaï, the boy with the beautiful wavy locks he loved so well, and perhaps other pupils, into their convent, and entertained him at their own expense. But it was long before the great man would set to work. "He kept them waiting on him a long time without making any beginning," says Vasari, charming them, as he charmed all men from the highest to the lowest, with the delights of his conversation and the fascination of his presence, but trying their patience sorely by his habit of procrastination. It was not that he was idle. That marvellous brain of his never rested, whether he followed strange faces that caught his fancy up and down the streets until he knew their every line by heart, or covered sheets with grotesque heads or studies of angels and horses and flowers, of bones and muscles and engines, or pondered over the movement of waves or the construction of canals and tunnels. Even when he was in the right mood, and succeeded in fixing his attention on the subject before him, his progress was invariably slow. No man was ever less easily satisfied with his own work. It was not that he distrusted his powers. "I can do all that is possible to man," he said to the Duke of Milan, "and as well as any living artist either in sculpture or painting." But the idea he had formed in his own mind was so perfect that he could not be satisfied short of the actual realisation of his dream. The Windsor Drawings, covered with every variety of study and design for the horse of the Sforza monument, show us how unweariedly he toiled to attain that perfection which ever seemed to elude his grasp. It was years before the head of Judas could be made to express what he would have it express; and the face of Christ—we give the original sketch for this noble conception, still to be seen in the Brera, and the more valuable now that the fresco itself is utterly ruined—was left unfinished because he could not hope to see it except in Paradise. He would stand for hours with folded hands before his fresco,

in the refectory of Milan, and perhaps depart without touching it. Again, when he was engaged in modelling the colossal horse of bronze, he would leave the citadel where he was at work, and hasten through the streets in all the heat and glare of midday, because a new thought had struck him, and he must add one touch to his fresco in the convent, and then return as rapidly as he went.

At last, however, a moment of inspiration came, and the monks had good reason to be satisfied when Lionardo produced a cartoon with half life-size figures of the Madonna, St. Anna, the infant Christ, and the young St. John, drawn in black chalk on white paper. It was only a design, and a very unfinished one; the hands and feet of St. Anna and the stones in the foreground were but roughly sketched in, but there could be no mistake as to the exquisite beauty of the group. Resting herself on the knee of her mother, the Virgin looks down with drooping eyes as she watches the happy smile of the Child in her arms, springing towards St. John, who stands at her feet, while St. Anna turns to her with a joyous look of congratulation on her face, pointing upwards with one hand, as if, in Vasari's words, she would express the delight she feels "in seeing her earthly offspring become divine." Each separate head is admirable both in form and expression; but the jewel of all is the Virgin's face—the perfect loveliness of the soft outline shaded by its rippling hair, the strange sweet smile which rests on her lips and tells of a deeper joy than even St. Anna can understand. All his life long Lionardo had been looking for that face. From the day when in his boyhood he modelled smiling women-heads in terra-cotta, this mysterious expression had haunted him, vexing his soul with its sweetness, appearing now in one form, now in another, but never altogether what he sought. It is the same smile which we recognise on the lips of Monna Lisa, and in a hundred other of the women-heads which he and his pupils sketched. But nowhere else do we see it so pure and guileless, so entirely free from all suspicion of treachery and wile, so infinitely tender and beautiful as here. For once in his life the perfect thought stood present before him, and for a little while he was satisfied.

That the Servite brothers were more than content we know. In the joy and pride of their possession they did not wait for Lionardo to paint the picture, but, opening their convent doors, they allowed the people to come in and see with their own eyes the wonders which he had wrought. "For two days the room in which the cartoon stood was crowded by men and women of every rank and age; such a concourse, in short, as one sees flocking to the most solemn festivals, all hastening to behold the marvel produced by Lionardo, which excited the amazement not only of every artist who saw it, but of the whole people." Never, since the days when Cimabue's "Madonna" was borne with rejoicing shouts through the streets of the Borgo Allegri, had the like enthusiasm been known. Florence might well wonder; for before or since not one of her children has equalled the Virgin which stood that day on Lionardo's easel in the hall of the Servi brothers.

But alas for the impotence of man! The cartoon which was to have been only the beginning of a great work remained the end. Nothing is stranger or sadder in art-history than the singular fatality which has attended Lionardo's sublimest conceptions. Inventions and portraits have alike disappeared; the fresco of the Last Supper is a mere ghost of what it once was, and will soon have vanished altogether; the wonderful wall-painting of the "Battle of the Standard" has been lost; the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza was never cast, and even the model became a target for Gascon archers. And now the execution of this work, which had been commenced so brilliantly, never reached its accomplishment. Not even the exulting applause of Florence could urge the great painter to action or enable him to complete his task. It was far, far easier for him to think than to work, to design a cartoon than to paint a picture. Other enterprises were making large demands on his time and thoughts; new commissions came pouring in from all sides; many unfinished portraits were on his hands; and, to crown all, the Signory gave him and Michelangelo each the honourable task of painting a large historical composition in the council hall of the public palace. The idea of entering into competition with his great rival stimulated Lionardo's zeal; and from the moment that, early in 1504, he received the order from the Signory, we may be sure the monks had no chance left. They waited and waited, and at length, seeing that their expectations were utterly fruitless, they turned from Lionardo in disgust, and again had recourse to their old friend Filippino. Ever willing to do others a service, the gentle-hearted painter set to work at once on a fine panel of the "Descent from the Cross," which he had selected as the subject of his altar-piece, and which, to judge from his beginning, would have succeeded nobly. But before the upper half of the picture was completed, Filippino died of an acute attack of *angina pectoris*, which carried him off in a few days, to the deep grief of his countrymen, who followed him to his grave with universal signs of mourning. This sad event took place on the 18th of April, 1504, and the poor friars must have thought their altar-piece doomed to incompleteness. But with unwearied perseverance they renewed the attempt in the following year, and in the August of 1505 they persuaded Perugino, then in the height of his renown, to finish

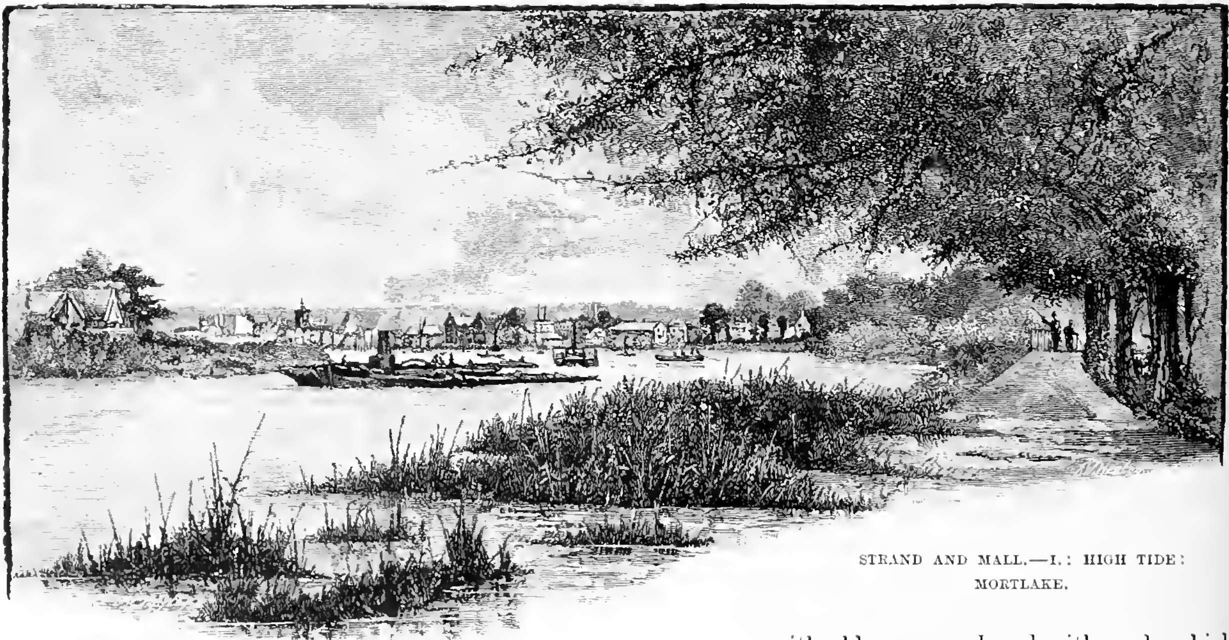
Filippino's work. He completed his task, well and skilfully on the whole, if not altogether to the satisfaction of critics in Florence, who accused the Umbrian master, not without reason, of repeating figures and faces which he had used elsewhere. And at last the picture was placed on the high altar of the Santissima Annunziata, and the monks beheld the fulfilment of their long-cherished desire.

And what of Lionardo's drawing—what of the cartoon which had roused all Florence to wonder? When he went to France some years later, he took it with him, and others besides the Florentines marvelled at its beauty. His royal patron Francis was most anxious that Lionardo should paint a picture from it; but already the great master's health was failing, and, Vasari says, he only brought fair words, not deeds, to satisfy the monarch. After his death the famous cartoon found its way back to Italy, and in 1584 Lomazzo tells us that it was at Milan, and had become the property of Aurelio Luini, the son of the painter Bernardino. And now it hangs, a little soiled and darkened, but in fairly good preservation, and still marvellously beautiful, in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy, where we may all of us see it at almost any day and hour. It can scarcely be said that the sight of it moves the whole of London to a rapture of joy and wonder as it stirred all Florence of old. The room where it hangs is not thronged with exultant crowds. And of all the multitudes who jostle each other on the steps of Burlington House between the months of May and August, it would be curious—and mortifying—to know how many have turned aside for one moment from the modern show to look once in their lives at the cartoon which Lionardo drew long ago for the monks of the Annunziata.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

STRAND AND MALL.

THE picturesqueness of the Surrey strands is something altogether different from the picturesqueness of the Middlesex malls. The two banks of the Thames, between Hammersmith Bridge and Kew, might indeed be a hundred miles apart, so little are they alike. From Hammersmith to Chiswick Church the malls are full of a succession of shadow-pictures as vivid as any upon the wharves of Dort or Hoorn. These quaint old river-paths are full of odd surprises. There is no "river-front" here as on the facing bank, no low shore thickly



STRAND AND MALL.—I.: HIGH TIDE: MORTLAKE.

grown with alders or cumbered with reeds which bend rhythmically to the breeze. Over there upon the Surrey towing-path the tide swells up level with the land and floods it constantly. The Cockney Sunday-outer arriving at Kew Bridge on the top of a dusty omnibus, or packed like a sardine on the broiling deck of a wheezing steamer, some-

times finds the short cut to his beloved tea-gardens practicable only on stilts. But here, within hail of Hammersmith Bridge, the greed of the snatchers of foreshore has effectually prevented such inconvenience. No foreshore remains to be inundated. Save a few strips here and there, it is covered with quays and wharves, timber-yards and depôts for drain-pipes. This is unlovely enough; but happily it is not all. For these western malls are a queer amalgam of the sordid and the squalid, and the survivals, sometimes beautiful, but always picturesque of the grace and elegance of a day that is gone. As the malls were a hundred years ago Thackeray would have revelled in them, for no man of the Nineteenth Century has made the powder and patches, the hoops and the clouded canes of the Eighteenth more exquisite. As they are, however, the broad, vivid, moving contrasts of Dickens would be more descriptive. A tall house of Jacobean red-brick, with massive window-frames, ragged lawn, and battered but still elegant gates of hammered iron, topped by a fragment of a once emblazoned escutcheon, in which a pair of starlings have made their nest, is elbowed by a tavern on one side and a squalid cottage on the other. A pretentious Georgian house, with a panelled hall wide

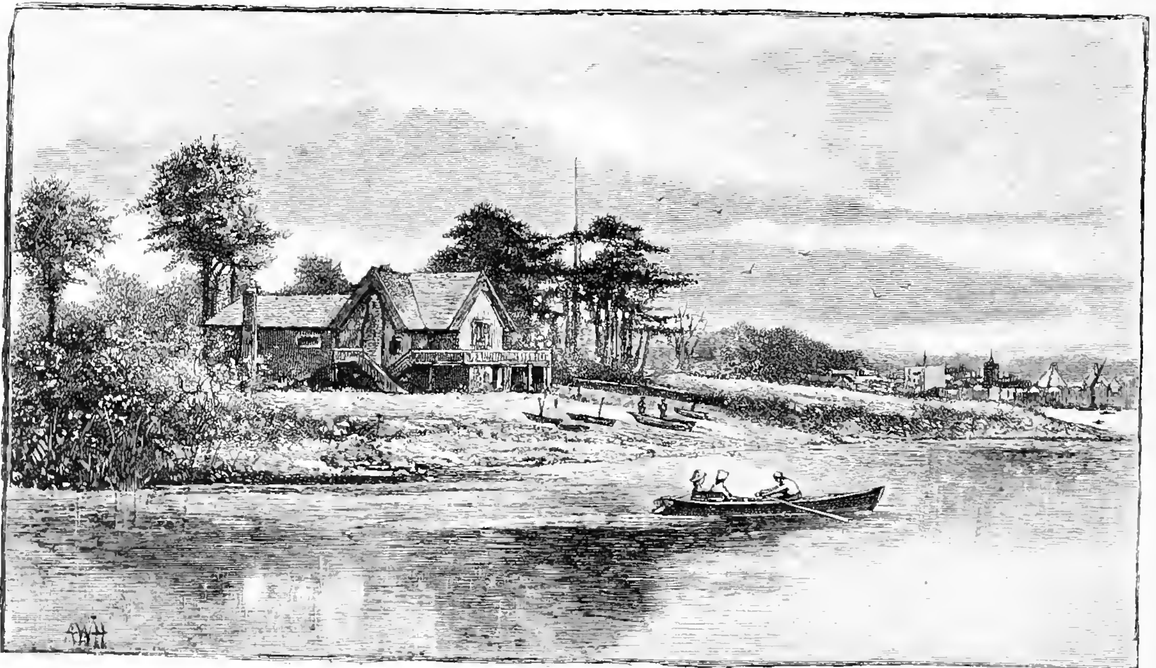
STRAND AND MALL.—II.: WEEDS AND WATER: KEW.

and low, and two long wings, looks, through its old iron railings and its hand-wrought gates, point-blank upon a smoky factory, where once was a delicious scene of bright and swirling water, and reed-grown banks across to the pleasant Surrey meadows, with their background of distant shining hills:

> "For the Surrey hills have a plume on their crest,
> And a scarf of sunshine athwart their breast."

Contrasts like these meet one all along the malls. Sometimes they are so vivid as to be almost grotesque. Not far from Hammersmith Bridge, facing one of the few unencumbered bits of foreshore, dwells Mr. William Morris in a house which looks as though it might have been enticing in some early day before its face was ruined and disfigured. Despite its air of tumble-down, Kelmscott House is a home of culture. From its doors issue poems, pictures, and new designs in wall-coverings, varied by occasional expressions of emotional socialism. Not many yards from the abode of all this sweetness and light is a miserable purlieu where ragged urchins play upon an unsavoury pavement. This alley really forms part of the mall, and it abuts upon a slimy creek, where at high water a picturesque. But if you stand upon that bridge at midnight in a gusty rain when the moon is waning or is hidden behind a bank of clouds, your sensations will be somewhat eerie. The river swirls sullenly past the entrance to the creek, the rain patters dismally upon the water, and one recalls with a shiver gruesome stories of mediæval tragedies upon Venetian lagoons. Collapsible bridges and dungeons which lead to the water's edge are bad things to muse over at bed-time; but one thinks of them involuntarily when seeking for river-side romances at midnight.

This long and tortuous strand, full of prim, decaying Jacobean and Georgian houses, jostled by beer-shops and factories, full of life and colour and picturesqueness, is not, however, my particular concern just now. This lower end of the "course" from Hammersmith to Kew finds no illustration in the sketches which Mr. Henley has drawn. The Chiswick ferry-boat, boarded under the very shadow of Hogarth's tomb, takes us across to Barnes, with its memories of Pepys out for an airing, of the Kit-Kat Club and their meetings in old Jacob Tonson's house at Barne Elms. Barnes is not a romantic spot now whatever it may once have been;



STRAND AND MALL.—III.: THE BOAT-HOUSE: GROVE PARK.

barge will occasionally put in. A wooden bridge covers this little creek, and it is shut in by dank green walls built down into the mud and ooze. The scene upon a bright day, when the water is up and the sun intensifies the gaudy greens and yellows of the barges lying under the bridge, is extremely

but each of these river-side villages is delightful in its way, and Barnes is not without its charm. The trim, old-fashioned Barnesian villas, with their cool balconies and verandahs, their ample semicircular bays, wreathed in wisteria and Virginia creeper, are very pleasant to look upon. A still summer

evening, when the purple of the sunset and the after-glow which promises fine weather on the morrow have merged in the grey which precedes the twilight, is the accepted hour for a stroll along this peaceful Surrey strand. All along from Barnes to Kew we are within gunshot of six or eight railway stations, mainly on the Middlesex side of the river, and within that mile or so two railway bridges cross the stream; yet the towing-path, save in the immediate neighbourhood of the houses, is so little frequented, except on boat-race days, that it is easy to fancy oneself far away from the noisy accompaniments of civilisation. The trains thunder and pass on, heedless of these sweet nooks alongside the world's busiest river. Barnes and Mortlake and Strand-on-the-Green remain as primitive as before these great reddish-brown bridges were built, nor is the unsuspecting nightingale affrighted by the rushing trains.

STRAND AND MALL.—IV.: OLD HOUSES AND NEW: STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN.

Walking on towards Kew we leave Barne Elms behind. This is perhaps the most interesting spot in the neighbourhood of Hammersmith and Kew, for Barne Elms was famous in three centuries. Elizabeth was always delighted to take barge to Barnes, and at Barne Elms Walsingham many times banqueted his royal mistress with all the splendour and luxury of that splendid epoch. In the Seventeenth Century Barne Elms became the resort of Pepys and his boon companions, and was the scene of one of the most scandalous chapters in the history of the duello. "In a close near Barne Elmes" the Earl of Shrewsbury fought the Duke of Buckingham, who had carried off his wife—the "wanton Shrewsbury" of Pope's epistle to Lord Bathurst—to "Cliveden's proud alcove." The duel was triangular, the duke having for his seconds Holmes and Jenkins, who fought Sir John Talbot and Mr. Bernard Howard, the seconds of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The result is cynically summed up by Pepys, writing the next day: "My Lord Shrewsbury is run through the body from the right breast through the shoulder; and Sir John Talbot all along up one of his armes; and Jenkins killed upon the place, and the rest all in a little measure wounded." The monstrous story runs that Lady Shrewsbury, disguised as a page, held the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he butchered her husband. Whether this be true or false, the duke and his minion were certainly well matched, for they were two of the most finished graduates in the Whitehall school of morals.

Jacob Tonson was assuredly not the ideal bookseller; but most of the famous men whose books he published gathered round him at Barne Elms when the Kit-Kats met there on the long summer evenings. The river hereabouts must then—Tonson died in 1735—have been as seductive as it still is in its upper reaches. A hundred and fifty years ago the Thames was still bright and pure and a gay highway for business and pleasure; these western shores were thickly timbered; and where the towing-path is now Pepys and after him the Kit-Kats were wont to picnic. Suburban to-day rather than rural, these spots charm us still with their retirement and tranquillity within sight of thickly-peopled suburbs and with their quaint air of having been forgotten by the builder. The towing-path winds with the river on to Mortlake of the many memories. Here life is more silent than at Barnes. The straggling old High Street transmits no hum of traffic to the river bank, where the reeds and rushes grow in thick profusion, as Mr. Henley has shown us in his second picture. Here are some counterparts of the old-fashioned villas of Barnes; but they are fewer, larger, more dignified. One or two are new, but designed to look old.

There is a reposeful air about Mortlake which is soothing to troubled nerves. The residents take

STRAND AND MALL.—V.: GROVE END: CHISWICK.

life easily. Early morning trains have no terrors for them, since Mortlake lies in a forgotten corner, and is not much affected by business men. This interesting old place makes a pretty picture from the river, and Mr. Henley in his first illustration shows us how picturesque the river is here, especially when the tide is in. The houses along the Strand command pretty views across the Chiswick market gardens (not in themselves very romantic) to the thick belts of trees which hide the Duke of Devonshire's Palladian villa from the gaze of the vulgar. Hidden in an alley leading from the towing-path to the High Street is the old Mortlake Tapestry House, which was restored, so far at least as concerned the exterior, by subscription in 1879. A tablet upon the façade states that the manufacture of tapestry was commenced there in 1619 by Sir Francis Arne, and that the cartoons of Raphael were brought to England on purpose to be copied here. Royal patronage, however, failed then, as it has failed in our own time, to restore tapestry to favour. Popular it never can be. Apart from its exceeding costliness, tapestry demands for its worthy display rooms of generous proportions; and it is assuredly more appropriately hung in the gloomy chambers of a feudal castle where the light falls dimly than in the bright airy rooms of a modern country-house. The Mortlake Tapestry House, which is now divided into three private dwellings, is within a few yards of the much-rebuilt parish church, with its memories of Dr. Dee and Sir Philip Francis. Dr. Dee is the most romantic personality associated with Mortlake. He was the father of the modern "Zadkiels" and "Old Moores," and had queens and nobles for his customers and dupes. He lived long at Mortlake, and he no doubt found that its retirement and tranquillity were favourable to his communings with the spirits of good and ill. The powers of darkness can be more conveniently invoked in a secluded spot, secure from prying eyes, than amid the distractions of the crowd. Magicians and astrologers, in common with coiners and forgers of bank-notes, have always affected solitude, and no doubt from somewhat similar motives. Dr. Dee's residence at Mortlake was carefully selected for his purpose. It adjoined the churchyard, which thus became what a modern house-agent would term "an element of value" in the astrological business. The canny doctor, whose name smacks somewhat of ayont the Tweed, did very well indeed there. He drew fearsome circles on the floor and burned red fire to some purpose. The mystic virtues of his magic wand, the unknown tongue in which his incantations fashioned themselves, and, chief of all, the supernatural powers of his renowned crystal mirror, brought him a crowd of Elizabeth's gay and frivolous courtiers, with some

more potent and reverend persons, who had still a sneaking belief in the black art. Those were great days for magicians. While Elizabeth was secretly visiting Dr. Dee at midnight, Catherine de Medicis, in a lone tower of the Tuileries, was sticking pins into the waxen images of the men and women who never told. Possibly there was nothing to tell. Readers of Dumas will recall the graphic description in "La Comtesse de Charny" of a similar interview between Marie Antoinette and Cagliostro. Elizabeth and Dr. Dee died within a few years of each other, and the magician was buried at Mortlake in

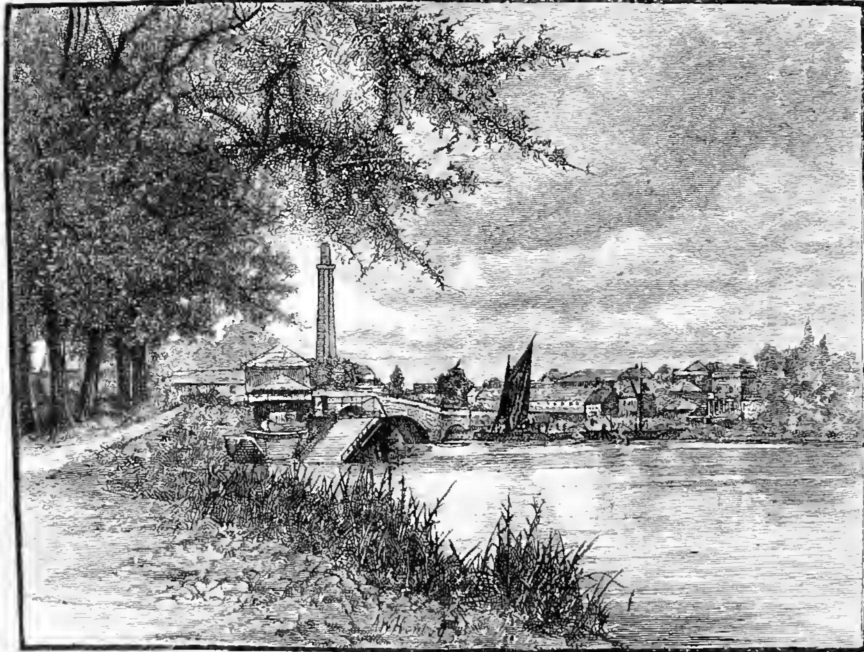
STRAND AND MALL.—VI.: THE EYOT: STRAND-ON-THE-GREEN

were righteous enough to hate her. All over Europe kings and princes were dabbling in the mysteries of microcosm, diapason, and all the rest of the astrological shibboleths. The story runs that Queen Elizabeth once came over at midnight from Barnes, to see the future revealed in Dr. Dee's mirror of magic crystal. The woman who, although she had "the heart and stomach of a king," was still weak enough for this, took the fateful glimpse beneath the shadow of the churchyard wall. What she saw she

1608; but the wondrous mirror, I fancy, still exists Horace Walpole, who had a prodigious appetite for such things, bought it, or what was reputed to be it, for his collection of old rubbish at Strawberry Hill. It was sold at the great dispersal in 1842, and now, I believe, it assists the gentleman known as "Zadkiel" in the casting of his moving horoscopes. Dr. Dee does not monopolise the astrological interest of Mortlake, for he was succeeded, after a long interval, by Partridge, whom nature had intended for a shoe-

maker, but who blossomed, under royal patronage, into a maker of prophetic almanacks, an interpreter of the stars, and ultimately into a court physician. Swift poked much of his sand-paper sarcasm at "Partridge the magician." Like his more famous predecessor, Partridge is buried at Mortlake. His course was more uniformly prosperous than Dr. Dee's, for in 1583 the country-people, taking the doctor for a wizard (what else did their betters think he was?), broke into his house, burned his magic wand, broke his crucibles, and destroyed his astronomical instruments. An historic tomb in the ivy-covered church is that of Sir Philip Francis, one of the many men who have been accused of writing "Junius." The upper end of Mortlake, in the direction of Kew, is uninteresting. This is the spot where the Philistines propose to build sewage works, and to ruin Mortlake and Old Chiswick for evermore. Already, nearer Kew, the speculating builder is seeking his opportunity, and gigantic painted boards announce that land is to be sold for building.

Between Mortlake and Kew the river is at its prettiest hereabouts. The Surrey shore is fringed with alders and water-side growths down to the river's edge; bushy luxuriant hedge-rows separate the towing-path from fields and market-gardens. Over on the Chiswick bank are rustic boat-houses and trim villas, with ample lawns shaded by old trees. Our third illustration depicts one of these boat-houses—that of the Grove Park Rowing Club—with a glimpse of Mortlake in the distance. In the grey gloaming of an autumn evening the soft haze which here hangs over water and sky produces an effect which must be strangely like to the hues of the Indian summer. The Grove Park Boat-House is backed by a thick belt of trees, behind which is a delightful nook known only to the initiated—what our grandfathers would have called a "bosky dell." A deep and silent pool, dotted with water-lilies and swarming with pike, lies under the shadow of beech and elm and silver-birch. A rude grotto of uncemented stones, overgrown with mosses and creepers, is a relic probably of the days when the dell was promenaded by ruffled dukes and silken duchesses from Grove House hard by. This little plesaunce almost adjoins the grounds of Grove End, Mrs. Pullman's French-baronial villa, pictured in our fifth cut. Opposite the Eyot, which Mr. Henley has sketched for us (VI.), and on the Chiswick bank, is Strand-on-the-Green (IV.), the oddest surely of the far western malls. Here there are the same alternations of substantial old houses and humble cottages as on the Hammersmith malls; but they have nothing else in common. Decay has lightly touched the quaint forgotten old strand. The large houses are gay with flowers and creepers and brilliantly-striped sun-blinds; the cottages are gaudily painted and ambitiously named. They also have floral attrac-



STRAND AND MALL.—VII.: KEW BRIDGE.

tions: marigolds, virginia-stock, and a rose or two. Everything here is wondrously clean and bright, and squalor finds no place. The strand is really a miniature dock, and is indeed a port in a small way. Most of the barges which lie hauled up here on a Sunday are the property of amphibious Chiswickians in blue jerseys and sou'-westers, who drink beer brewed in the parish out of shining pewter pots, in river-side hostelries with aquatic names—the "Ship," the "Steam Packet," and the "City Barge," not to mention the poetically named "Indian Queen." The "City Barge" was so named, I think, in honour of the state barge of the London Corporation, which is brought up to Strand-on-the-Green early every summer to be overhauled. These bargemen affect the airs of those who go down to the sea in ships; some even wear rings in their ears. But most of them are natives and land-lubbers. The strand indeed makes a brave effort to look nautical. There is a litter of cables and ropes, and more mysterious seafaring gear of which the uninitiated cannot safely discourse. During the spring tides the residents along the strand have a damp time. A tide a very few inches higher than usual floods the forecourts of the houses, and stilts and pattens become prime domestic necessities. Zoffany, the painter, had a great affection for the straggling strand, and he lived there for some years in a large house which still bears his name. He was the actor's painter, was Zoffany; and his portraits of Garrick as Sir John Brute (disguised as My Lady) and of Macklin as Shylock were by no means the least interesting numbers in last winter's "Old Masters."

It is but a few steps hence to Kew Bridge (VII.), grey and sharply arched and narrow — a terror to those who for their sins have frequently to scale it. Strand-on-the-Green is in full view of passers over the bridge; but of the hundreds of thousands of holiday-makers who cross it every year it is rare indeed that one turns for half an hour out of his way to explore this unbeaten path. It is, indeed, almost unknown save to residents in the immediate neighbourhood. The tea-gardens are all over the water. Just where our stroll ends is Kew Green, one of the completest bits of the Eighteenth Century anywhere near London. Its red-brick houses, not too lovely, buried in lilac and laburnum, its Georgian church, where Gainsborough sleeps and Handel's own organ still swells to psalm and litany, are graphic reminders of the vanished days when the later Georges essayed to make of Kew a clumsy German Versailles.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

A Child's Fancies.

IV.—FOREIGN LANDS.

Up into the cherry-tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie,
Adorned with flowers, before my eye;
And many pleasant places more
That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking-glass;
The dusty roads go up and down,
With people tramping in to town.

If I could find a higher tree
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships,

Or where the roads on either hand
Lead onward into fairy-land,
Where all the children dine at five,
And all the playthings come alive.

V.—GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

Children, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewild'ring,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in [illegible]
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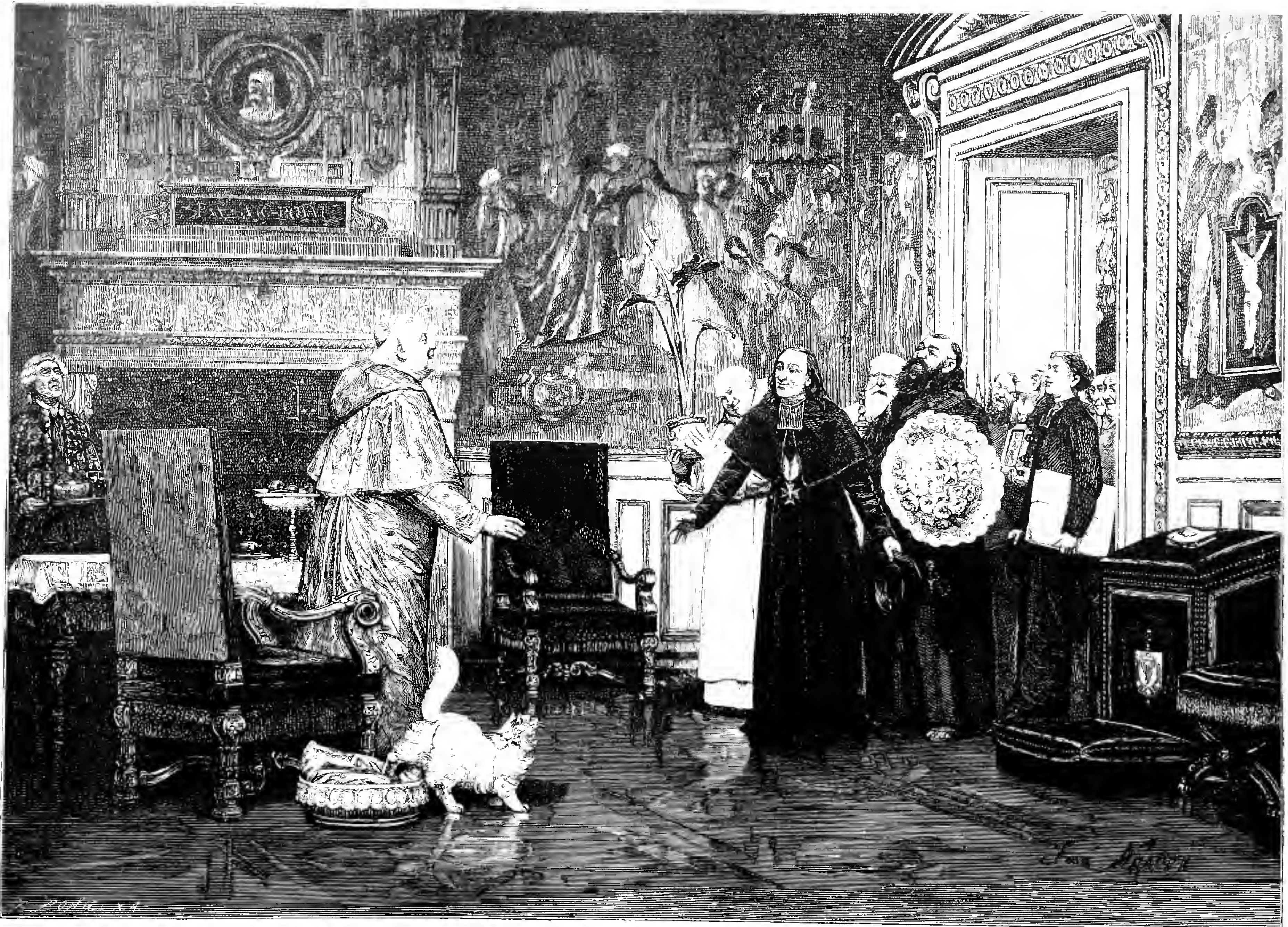


HIS EMINENCE'S BIRTHDAY.

"HIS EMINENCE'S BIRTHDAY."

From the Picture by Frappa.

THE scene is a Roman palace; the occasion is a social solemnity; the personages are His Eminence, His Eminence's cat, and a crowd of clerical hangers-on laden with gifts and good wishes, and come to congratulate their patron on his natal day. It is a good enough picture of its kind. It has plenty of character and expression; it is well invented and well composed; and you may be sure that the surfaces and textures, the stuffs, and *bric-à-brac* and furniture, the Persian's fur and the cardinal's gown, are all neatly differentiated and very prettily painted. In Munich and Rome good craftsmanship is abundant; and though the ideals there are material enough—are ideals, as it were, at so much per yard—one must not be too scornful or intolerant of them for that. "Quand on n'a pas ce qu'on aime, il faut aimer ce qu'on a." When heroic art is not, we must console ourselves as we may with "His Eminence's Birthday" and work of the same kidney. In Dickens's absence, and Scott's, and Dumas', one gets to know the worth of romances like "Sunrise," and novels like "A Foregone Conclusion."

'Tis the plague of modern work that it is nearly always exceedingly clever, and very rarely anything besides. Not in some sort to admire is commonly difficult; to respect or wonder is mostly impossible.

ART IN FRANCE.

M. JULES CLARETIE is a pleasant writer on art and artists. His notices in the second series of "Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains" (Paris: Jouaust, Librairie des Bibliophiles) contain light and enjoyable gossip rather than severe discrimination of schools and method. As he thoroughly sympathises with his artists, and enjoys and believes in their work, he easily stimulates the interest and curiosity of his readers. But he is so kind a critic, and so lavish of comparison with the Old Masters, that he does not always convey a just or definite idea of the sort of excellence to be expected from some of

1 —EVENTIDE.

(*Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by Jules Dupré.*)

his painters. Those who do not know modern art, its aims, and its technical departures, and who have formed on other and older schools their notions of charm, beauty, sentiment, distinction, and accomplishment, might be led into expectations that an exhibition would fail to realise. It is a vice of criticism that it is impossible to admire a man for doing well what he wished to do, without either praising him for aims he never had, or blaming him for the absence of qualities he avoided and an ideal he does not appreciate. A man has in him to do what he sincerely feels, and only that well; criticism which is out of sympathy with his point of view only embitters the war of schools, and misleads and discourages the individual. We in England have stood aloof, admiring and fostering quite a different aim in art from that which Paris since 1830 has been teaching to students of every other country in the world. Even now the climates of the Channel and the Mediterranean do not differ more than English art atmosphere and French; and before the Paris Exhibition familiarised each country with the art of its neighbour the case was worse. I had to spend many years in French studios and artists' colonies ere my eyes were opened to the real French opinion of English paintings and painters. This might have warned me that in England I should hear views on French art for which I was hardly prepared. Those French artists whom their fellows delighted to honour I found ignored or condemned, and the palm given to those I had learnt to consider finicking pedants, or merely "base, common, and popular."

M. Claretie writes on Meissonier, Paul Baudry, J.-L. Gérôme, Henner, Gustave Doré, Léon Bonnat, Carolus Duran, Jules Dupré, Vollon, Louis Leloir, and Detaille. J.-P. Laurens and (we may hope) Puvis de Chavannes have yet to appear. The first series (already reviewed in these pages) contained many interesting names, but they are all of men dead between 1870 and 1880. Gustave Doré was undoubtedly the French artist best known this side the Channel. Indeed, he was a much greater man in London than in Paris, where he was slighted as a painter, and chiefly honoured as an illustrator. Though his ambition was to succeed in painting, and to succeed in France, yet, like Berlioz, he never lived to see himself fully acknowledged in the city of his education and his first success. Still, he was personally very popular in Paris, and M. Claretie, who was among the number of his friends, seems to expect a greater recognition of his work now he is dead. It would be pleasant could we hope for Doré the same enthusiastic revulsion of feeling that spun France round some few years after the great composer's decease. Unfortunately, in spite of that admirable power of invention which made Doré in some sort the prince of illustrators, his imagination, or realising power, was not very sound, nor had he sufficient technique and sincere appreciation of the facts of nature to save the situation. His big pictures only astonish those unaccustomed to large canvases, and the frequenters of the Salon are not of that number. Frenchmen have always been wont to exercise themselves on a large scale, and in places like Barbizon and Cernay even landscape-painters will make you "ten-footers" from nature by way of essay, and to get over a certain shyness of paint. Those who have seen Doré's vast compositions in the Salon, as well as beneath the chimney lights of the exclusive show in Bond Street, must admit how much they lack real feeling for the proper use of the material. They are enlarged coloured illustrations, wanting the special plastic conception necessary to success in that great field of historical art for five hundred years the arena and tilting-ground of heroes mighty in execution and imagination. M. Claretie yields to no one in admiration for Doré's sculpture and his illustrations, especially those to the "Contes Drôlatiques;" but I am not so sure that he equally admires his pictures. It is difficult to judge of values in a perfect blaze of light; yet in the high key of praise M. Claretie habitually employs, certain less decidedly eulogistic phrases are remarkable, and seem to show that he holds the common French opinion of Doré's painted work. He says: "J'ai souvent discuté Doré peintre, je me suis toujours incliné devant cet admirable artiste. Au salon de 1874 Gustave Doré donnait des 'Martyrs Chrétiens' qui était loin de me satisfaire complètement, mais qui dénotait une rare puissance de coloriste et (ce qu'on n'a jamais refusé à Doré) une réelle vigueur de conception." After this, moreover, he goes on: "Je le répète, c'était un beau décor de théâtre, et ce baisser de rideau allait faire fureur à Londres, où la peinture de Gustave Doré était fort appréciée des compatriotes de ce Martinn (*sic*), que je citais tout à l'heure, et à qui le peintre du 'Golgotha' et des 'Martyrs Chrétiens' cherchait évidemment à se rapprocher." These are M. Claretie's extreme notes of severity; but as they are spots on a sun of general praise, they become quite noticeable. Comparing canvases which have been likened to Michelangelo's to drop scenes and the works of "ce Martinn," savours of delicate derision, especially to English ears. The Doré drawing which we quote (6) is a pretty fair example of his merits and defects. There is an immense amount of ingenious invention, of curious line and detail, spent upon a conception somewhat vaguely and incorrectly realised.

Gérôme and Meissonier are perhaps better known to the English public (Mr. Legros is a

naturalised Briton, and does not count) than any other French artist except Doré. Bouguereau and Ary Scheffer run them pretty close; but M. Claretie has no article on either of these, and although Bouguereau just missed the grand medal this year, one hears them spoken of among the French artists much as we speak of certain members of the Academy in England. Meissonier even, a representative example of whose more popular and less artistic work we give (3), scarcely escapes some severe handling, as the "king of bourgeois painters;" and Gérôme, though he is professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, seems not to have retained the loyalty of many of the young men he has helped to educate, for one often hears his clean-licked, polished style abused, and his handling denounced as wanting in "le sentiment de la forme." These youthful desperadoes demand more *pâte* and a more evident execution, and those who have not discarded all tradition appeal in support of their arguments to the example of Rubens, Veronese, and Velasquez. It is true that this sort of execution has found favour with the majority of great men of the best epochs, men whose work was anything but commonplace. Yet it by no means follows that a cheap effort of imitation can suffice to lift out of the commonplace a mere unintelligent follower of the broad and significant method of brushwork, or that the smooth and careful painter must of necessity remain "bourgeois." Raphael and Claude are surely never "bourgeois;" yet they did not always lay on their paint in a suggestive and expressive manner. Sincerity of intention is the one thing indispensable in the artist, and of that we must allow the educated public to judge for themselves: their verdict will certainly be in favour of representatives of both styles. Carolus Duran and Léon Bonnat, both comparatively young, are the pioneers and guides of the many who like solid, broad, and suggestive painting. If Gérôme a little resembles Mr. Alma Tadema in choice of subject, scholarliness of research, careful selection of type, costume, and accessories, and in his truly conscientious realism, MM. Duran and Bonnat, the portrait-painters of the day, are the Millais and Holl of France. Carolus Duran is not more than forty-seven, and his studio was only opened to pupils in 1872 or 1873. His classes are specially interesting to us, as his students are chiefly American and English. Duran is not well known here; indeed, with the exception of a sketchy head in the *Graphic* Gallery and the portrait of the Countess of Dalhousie in last year's Academy, I do not know any work of his that has been publicly exhibited in London. Some of his pupils have already done noticeable work, and most conspicuously Mr. J. S. Sargent, who has exhibited at one or two Academies, and one year at the Grosvenor Gallery, but who is better remembered by his contributions to an exhibition, held by the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, of work by English and American contributors to the Salon. He sent, among other things, a portrait of Carolus Duran, and a gigantic sketch called "El Jaléo" (engraved in this magazine) which was the subject of much discussion. Duran is called "élève de Souchon" in the Salon catalogues, in virtue of the graceful tradition which makes men throughout life acknowledge the name of their master at a public exhibition. I have heard him say that he afterwards attended the old Atelier Suisse, that nursery of so many famous artists. It was a free sort of place, without "patron" (or master), and where a vast deal of work, noise, smoking, and practical jesting was carried on in an atmosphere that I have no hesitation in describing as the worst in the world; the thirst it engendered I never can forget. It was a place established in the days of our fathers, perhaps of our grandfathers, and remained in its original quarters, close to the Pont St.-Michel, till it ceased to exist. Whatever truth there

2.—PORTRAIT OF THE PAINTER.

(Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by Léon Bonnat.)

may be in the accusations of pose and histrionism constantly brought against Carolus Duran, I must say that he keeps it all for his rivals in position and talent, and never shows it off to his pupils. Henner (that excellent painter of the nude) used to be a frequent visitor to his class, when I remember it in the early years of its institution. As he agreed with Duran on the essential qualities of painting and the first principles of teaching, his great difference of style made his co-operation decidedly beneficial to the studio.

3.—THE CHESS-PLAYERS.

(Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by Meissonier.)

Duran's great rival, Bonnat, is now about fifty-one. His portrait of Victor Hugo, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery this summer (1884), gives an admirable idea of his powerful life-like realisation of a sitter, his superb modelling, his solidity, his contempt for insincere colour and meretricious ornament. A slight sketch of himself, a very truthful rendering of a common effect of light rather than a striking portrait, is here quoted (2) from M. Claretie's notice as an illustration. Bonnat is, like Carolus Duran, a pure figure-painter also, but in that capacity, I believe, he would hardly satisfy English tastes. His "Job" was exhibited at the Salon à Londres in Leicester Square, and many people must know his "Christ" in the Salon of 1874, now, I believe, in the Salle des Pas Perdus at Paris. Both are wonderfully powerful and conscientious studies of naked men in certain positions. They are logical, and they most thoroughly convince you that a real figure seen under such conditions of light and position could not look in any way different. The distance of Job's hands behind each other and from the floor, every square inch of space and every undulation of surface are made, without any niggling, as patent as if the thing were really in three dimensions instead of two. Yet you go away, and have not the slightest recollection of the man of Uz, his sufferings, his expression, or anything that is his, and knowing no more of him than that he was a deplorably ugly and fairly vulgar patriarch.

Many French artists have risen from the poorer classes, and the account of their struggles with every kind of difficulty is not the least interesting part of this book. Carolus Duran went through a good deal of trouble, and ate pretty freely of the "vache enragée;" but that and everything else recorded by M. Claretie in the same vein pales before the achievements in misery of M. Paul Baudry. He was sent to Paris by the town of

Bourbon (Vendée) with 400 francs a year, out of which had to come 25 francs a month for studio expenses. Sometimes he would save his 25 francs, and work at home in his garret; but even thus, much as I know of the shifts and devices of French students, I fail to see how he ever contrived to keep body and soul together until the happy moment when he took a prize, and his allowance was raised to 1,200 francs a year. Courage, force, and devotion to art have never deserted Baudry, and they stood him in good stead during the two or three years he spent on the gigantic task of decorating the Opéra. A facsimile of one of his studies for the head of Psyche in a picture of his is reproduced on another page (5). The reader must not expect style in a sketch from the model, as a note for further use. In his digested work Baudry is, unlike many modern French artists, conception, Baudry has profited religiously by the lessons of the past. Another painter with the quality of style is Louis Leloir, whose graceful sketch for an illustration of the "École des Femmes"—Arnolphe, in passionate pleading with the faithless Agnès—we are able to reproduce (4). He escaped those difficulties that Baudry and others encountered in early life, for his father had already made his mark as an artist. As he died this year, at forty, we can only be glad that so short a career at least was started fairly. M. Claretie has given such a charming and sympathetic portrait of Leloir, so intimately associated with the description of his illustrations to Molière, his water-colours, and his other work, that the notice is not only the best written, but the most touching and agreeable of the whole ten.

4.—ARNOLPHE AND AGNÈS.

(Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by Louis Leloir.)

what we are obliged to call a "stylist." I do not mean to quarrel with those who claim a certain style for the most emancipated modern work. In this case I merely mean that those who understand in the received manner the words composition, and beauty in colour, form, and selection of type, will find that, with all his originality of

Perhaps the most triumphant "stylist" and the most masterly craftsman of them all is Antoine Vollon. His work descends in direct line from Rembrandt's "Bœuf Écorché" in the Louvre. It may surprise many that he is a painter of still life. But surely it is in still life, if anywhere, that a man should be an artists' painter? There, where

the art is purely for the art's sake—is only, so to speak, a symphony in the material — there we must demand style, dignity in the very putting on of paint, and all that is meant by the term "maëstria." But the people who have rushed in to make music tell stories; those people who see no beauty in sound, form, and colour for themselves, have laid their "mildewing hand" even on still life, and would have it babble of green fields, or tell any tale but that of its own special beauty. Each of these notices contains, besides a fac-simile of an original sketch, a portrait of the artist, and that of Vollon seems particularly good, to judge from a life-size oil sketch of him on the wall of the inn at Cernay. He is a calm, strong, blonde man, like Pelouse, and like him the very picture of a landscape-painter.

We now come to Jules Dupré, the *doyen* of landscape-painters (4). He and Français, the founder of the colony at Cernay, are the oldest of the lot. They both have the honour of having appreciated and helped through his early difficulties a greater man than themselves—Théodore Rousseau. Dupré lives retired in his forest of Compiègne, as Millet did in his of Fontainebleau, caring for neither fame nor money, living for art and posterity. Of him Alexander Dumas *fils* has said — very happily—"He is the last of the sincere artists." Dupré, besides all the actual help he generously gave to Théodore Rousseau, with a rare modesty always acknowledged the younger painter's superiority. The notice of Dupré is full of the most interesting details of his opinions on art and of the places, England among the number, where he sought subjects for his pictures. He first exhibited in 1831, in the full fury of the Romantic renaissance, and he lived on through the glorious crowd that sprang from it, whose name is legion, and of whom he is almost the sole survivor. That Eighteen-Thirty of which such men were an outcome was a movement in favour of many of the qualities that have been successfully striven for by our greatest Englishmen—Shakespeare, Turner, Crome, Constable, Rossetti, Wordsworth. But we have always thought and written about our art in a different spirit from Frenchmen, and it may be that our few triumphant successes in the very highest art are owing to our dogged attachment to our own views. M. Claretie, though not so much as most French writers on art, yet more than most Englishmen, comprehends and praises the work of the men he writes about from the point of view of the material in which their thoughts are conceived. He revels in terms descriptive of colour, form, and states of paint. These he considers make the picture, as phrases and rhythms make the poem. A picture is not either beautiful or ugly as you can or cannot find exquisite language to describe it, or a poem bad as it is difficult to illustrate. This attitude is owing in a measure to a difference between English and French aims in art, and it is a subject too immense and too difficult for me to venture to say much about it. French art has been accused of aiming at technique rather than at idea, of being rather clever than full of deep feeling, more coarsely strong than delicate, and aiming rather at crushing other work than at expressing a sentiment of its own. This is true only of the stupider set of artists who in every country do but follow the leaders, and fall into the defects lying in wait upon the excellences they copy. Instead of no ideal, we may rather say that French artists have a different ideal from that of English ones, and that their literary contemporaries have fallen into their view of the legitimate objects and capabilities of art. The English wish beauty to be something unattainable, or at least undefinable: something connected with, but floating above the material of any art; a soul linked to a body, but quite different and independent, something transcendental. Hence their struggle with technique, their essays of all kinds in it, their great variance of opinion on it, their impatience of control about

5.—A STUDY FOR THE "PSYCHE."
(*Reproduced in Fac-simile from a Drawing by Paul Baudry.*)

it, and their frequent fear and disgust of its hampering their imagination, which so often impel them altogether to resent its necessary limitations. The French hold that each art has its own beauty inherent and inseparable from its material; that the conception of a work of art is in the terms of the sense supplying that special art; and that there can be no imagination outside of and independent of all these several plastic modes. In this case the soul is a function of the body, and has no life outside it. To the French the conception of a beauty must be in words, in clay, in colour, in sound; or it is a conception of nothing, a mere vague sentiment—an empty feeling, ready to mould a conception, but formless and void till exercised on something concrete.

6.—IN SPAIN.

(Drawn by Gustave Doré.)

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

HEAD-GEAR IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—I.

THE hat, at least in Christendom, has always been regarded as a symbol of power and authority. The story of Tell refusing to do homage to Gesler's hat, whether legendary or not, shows clearly enough mediæval ideas on the symbolic character of the hat. In the Church, from which the State borrowed so many of its ideas, the giving of a hat signified the elevation of its recipient to an authority and dignity only one degree below the highest in Christendom. Thus kings and ladies, as rulers in their respective spheres, alone remained covered. It was one of the signs that a revolution was at hand, when at the opening of the States-General of France in 1789, a great number of the deputies of the Third Estate put on their hats the moment that the nobles put on theirs. The king, who was present, saw the dilemma, and to compel all to uncover took off his own hat. It was highly significant; despotic power declared itself at an end. But in the Fifteenth Century its time in Europe had just dawned, and its advent was well typified by the general adoption of the hat. Not that the hat was really a new wear in Europe. We

1.—THE BONNET.

2, 3.—FASHIONS IN HOODS.

know, for instance, that the Anglo-Saxons used hats: *fellen haets.*

The supposition that hats appeared for the first time in the Fifteenth Century has arisen from the fact that hardly any kind of head-gear but the hood was worn in Western Europe when the century opened, while at its close the varied fashions in hats were legion. Under this notion a distinction has been made between hats and caps which originally had no existence, and of which I see no trace in this century. That the terms *cap* and *hat* were synonymous may be seen by an enquiry into the group of words that cover both in the languages of those countries from whence Europe derived her fashions in dress. The term *chapel* among the French of the Middle Ages embraced all kinds of head-gear, whence French hatters have always been called *chapeliers,* and their trade *chapellerie.* That the word *chapel* was not unknown in England in the general sense of a covering may be seen from its use in "The Taming of the Shrew," where "an old rusty sword" is described as "chapeless," that is, without any scabbard or covering. It is evident that the words *cap, cape, cope,* and their congeners in Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, German, French, Spanish, all have a common origin, and are from the land which was the source of fashion in mediaeval Catholicism. The Italian *cáppa, cappéllo, cappuccio* repeated themselves in the languages of Catholic Europe.

4.—CAP AND ROUNDLET.

The words *hood* and *hat* had a different origin; they are only found among the Teutonic nations, being *hæt* and *hod* in Anglo-Saxon, *Hut* in German, *hœd* in Dutch, *hatt* in Swedish. Thus the former group of words is of Italian and ecclesiastical origin, the latter being Teutonic and lay. This renders it easy to understand how the words cap or hat, cape or hood, were originally synonymous terms, and how they were long used indiscriminately. In course of time there came to be a distinction, but, as far as I have been able to find, it is not recognisable in the Fifteenth Century.

5.—A BURGESS OF COLOGNE.

The term *bonnet,* as descriptive of a particular kind of head-gear, was already known under various forms in the dialects of Western Europe. According to Littré it would seem to be a word originated by fashion, since as early as the Twelfth Century we read of a *chapel de bonet,* just as we have *chapel de castor,* that is, a head-covering made of beaver. He thinks, therefore, *bonet,* like *castor,* described the material of which a particular head-dress was made, and that in all probability it had special reference to the quality of the material. However this may be, bonnet seems generally to have meant a cap of a soft material without any rim, and worn constantly in-doors and out.

6.—THE ORIGIN OF THE FANTAIL.

The habit of wearing some covering to the head in the house seems to have been common in the Middle Ages, and when it was necessary to put on extra protection, the hat or cap was often worn over it, as we may see in certain of our illustrations, *e.g.,* our sixth. No doubt, too, the simplest forms of out-door head-gear also took the name of bonnet. Lacroix gives a figure of Olivier de Clisson, Constable of France under Charles VI., wearing what we should call a skull-cap. It covered the upper part of the head, and curving down upon the middle of the forehead was adorned with a chaplet of precious stones and a frontal ornament. Malcolm, in his "Manners and Customs of London," under date 1399, gives a citizen in a similar bonnet but of a smaller and simpler make (1). This was a common style of head-gear from the beginning to the middle of the Fifteenth Century. The Doge of Venice, whose portrait by Bellini is in the National Gallery, is a doge of this century, and he wears a white skull-cap with a peculiar protuberance like a horn at the back, and a broad gold band over the forehead. This portrait affords another example of the common habit of wearing an under-cap.

At this time elderly men were still wearing the hood in its original shape (7). Strutt gives such a hood made of some material of a red colour, striped with yellow and black, and apparently lined with fur, which formed a sort of frame

for the face. In Hartshorne's metrical tales, edited by Fairholt, we read of

"A blak furred hood
That well fast to his cheek stood,
The typet might not wrye."

Paris, especially among boys. The hood of the Fifteenth Century was capable of being loosened from the cloak and worn separately. In the pictures we have of the way children played the game of hoodman blind, we see the front of the hood pulled

7.—THE HOOD PROPER. 8.—A HOOD ECCENTRIC. 9.—AN ITALIAN DANDY. 10.—AN ENGLISH STEEPLE. 11.—THE WHITE HAT OF THE COUNT OF FOIX. 12.—FUR AND FEATHER. 13.—FROM AN "ADORATION" OF BOTTICELLI. 14.—HAT-BAND AND JEWEL. 15.—A GERMAN NOBLE.

A head-gear formed out of the hood was the most common wear of all classes in the five countries from which our illustrations are mainly taken: Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, England, and France. The hood was originally the pointed capuchin or cape of the cloak, intended to be drawn over the head in cold or wet weather. It is in common use to-day in down over the blind-man's face, while the other players have taken theirs off, and are using them to buffet him. The form of the hood when made of a stiff material was that of a sugar-loaf, and it had an opening for the face, as depicted in the accompanying diagram (2). During the latter part of the Fourteenth Century, when people were ever

seeking new whimsicalities in costume, some one stuck his head into this hole, and then gathering up the portion meant to cover the shoulders, called the tippet, he bound it in an erect position by twisting the long tail round the head and tucking in its end (3). Thus Chaucer, in the "Reve's Tale," describes the miller of Trumpington as walking before his wife in the holidays,

"With his tipet ybounde about his hed."

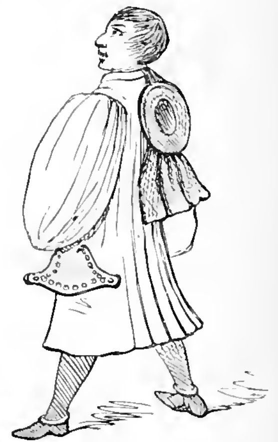
16.—AN EARLY TRENCHER.

This fashion lasted during the century, and the varieties resulting from taste or caprice are innumerable. One of our figures (8) is a specimen of the fan-like forms it was sometimes made to take. This, copied from the head of a serjeant-at-arms, given by Lacroix, is certainly of the very earliest part of the century, possibly of the latter part of the Fourteenth. But for the ordinary forms as worn in Germany, England, and the Low Countries we cannot do better than go to the pictures from the early Flemish and German masters at the National Gallery. In the portrait of Roger van der Weyden by himself we have a good example of the way the hood was turned into a turban, and in No. 222, by Van Eyck, a similar example tied in a more careless manner. Of how preposterous a size these turbaned hoods rendered the head we have an example in the central figure in Uccello's "Battle of San Egidio" in the National Gallery.

17.—CHARLES VII.

Later on the twisted hood, thus turned into a turban, developed into a cap with a crown closely fitting the head, and having for a border a padded roll styled a roundlet, the remains of the tippet of the hood being preserved in a broad piece of cloth which depended from one side of the roundlet, and was sometimes long enough to be caught up round the chin, carried over the head, the end dropping over the shoulder at the ordinary length. Our example (4) is taken from Lacroix, and represents the head-dress of a French nobleman in the first half of the century: the colour is pale red. The portrait of "Marco Barbarigo," by G. Vandermeire (1474), in the National Gallery, is an example of this mode. The dependent piece or tippet was frequently scalloped, or cut into forms of leaves or other fanciful devices, a form of ornamentation sometimes carried through the entire costume. Occasionally the dependent piece became a long streamer hanging down nearly to the feet, as in our example (17), which is taken from Hefner-Alteneck, and represents Charles VII. of France. In a similarly dressed figure of Henry VI. of England, the long tippet or liripipe does not descend beyond the knees. In the "Exhumation of St. Hubert," ascribed to Dierick Bouts, at the National Gallery, there is a figure at the altar wearing this long liripipe. A more reasonable way of wearing the hood is shown (5) ; this cut represents the head-gear of a burgess of Cologne. Here the liripipe is used for the purpose of keeping the hood fast and protecting the throat. It is not strange that during this period, when men bandaged their heads up in this manner, they should have cropped their hair very close and shaved their faces clean. At the opening of the century we find old men with a beard and whiskers, but by the time of Henry V. the cropping seems general in England, while the clean shaving continued to be universal to the end of the century.

In the latter part of the century, when hoods began to go out, they were slung by the liripipe over the shoulder to be worn at pleasure (18). In course of time this mode of wearing the hood was confined to the costume worn on ceremonial occasions by learned and ecclesiastical personages, and was intended to mark their degree and dignity. Thus we see the Fifteenth-Century hood hanging to the back of the officiating clergyman to-day in the same awkward and uncomfortable manner in which it came to be worn when from a useful article of dress it finally drifted into being a merely ornamental appendage.



18.—THE END OF THE HOOD.

Another relic of this custom was the solemn hatband of crape or silk, which was until recently worn by all who followed a corpse to the grave. It may be seen in Picard's "Cérémonies et Coutumes religieuses" in almost its original form on the heads of the mourners in a funeral procession in England

at the early part of the Eighteenth Century. Under the old name of tippet it is said to be still in use, or until recently to have been used, as part of the recognised mourning for royalty. The scarf worn over the shoulders at burials also represents the remains of the Fifteenth Century hood, descending, we suppose, by a different tradition. Thus in order to satisfy the love of extravagant funeral pomp two forms of an ugly and unmeaning fashion have been piled one on the other.

The first caps made in France were composed of the refuse of wool or hair, not woven but pressed, or by some means prepared so as to form felt. The invention of this material for caps and other articles of apparel is attributed, according to a legend, said to be current among continental hatters, to Clement, fourth Bishop of Rome. Being forced to fly from his persecutors, he suffered in his wanderings from blistered feet. Putting a little wool between them and his sandals, he found after a time that it had got worked into a uniformly compact substance. Struck with its useful nature, he caused a similar substance to be manufactured, and applied to various articles of apparel. St. Clement's Day was no doubt celebrated by London hatters in the Fifteenth Century, as up to our own times has been the custom in Roman Catholic countries.

Notwithstanding the universal use of the hood, hats or caps were not entirely discarded at any time. At the very opening of this century, if we may trust Malcolm's illustrations to his "Manners and Customs of London," some citizens wore a felt hat with a very broad brim, which was turned up both in the front and at the back, and attached to the crown by a button. He also mentions that in the year 1400, caps with triangular crowns, and others large, high, and round, were introduced. Other Londoners of the same period wore a hat exactly resembling that of our coal-heaver's (6). It was worn over the head, and was no doubt looked upon as a surplus article of dress, for it is in this light we find caps regarded at this period in France. People there only used caps when they went into the country. Later on under Charles VII., a contemporary of our Henry VI., they put them on whenever it was wet, and by the time Louis XI. came to the throne, coeval with the reign of Edward IV., hats and caps had become the general wear.

The first caps which were not adaptations of the ordinary shapes in which felt hats and caps again and again appear, had some resemblance to the stuffed roundlet and crown (1) which marked the first efforts to turn the twisted hood into a permanent structure. We give here a German specimen from Hefner-Alteneck, which may be described as a round trencher apparently stuffed tightly (16). In a French specimen from Lacroix it is clearly allied to the roundlet and is ornamented with precious stones. But these hybrid forms of the hood and cap give place with the ruin of the House of Lancaster in England, with the reign of Louis XI. in France, and with the rule of the Medici in Florence to quite a new epoch in head-gear, the leading idea of which is the ever-growing importance of the hat, that is of a covering for the head which has no connection with the hood or cape, but is rather a revival of an article of dress, distinct in itself and known in all times as a hat.

There was a time when nothing so excited the ire of Oxford undergraduates as the appearance of a white hat on Commemoration day. It was supposed to be the badge of radicalism. But I can remember, as no doubt many others can, when the white hat was supposed to indicate communistic ideas on the rights of property, and its unfortunate possessor was constantly saluted with the cry, "Who stole the donkey? the man with the white hat." Now it is curious that the white hat should in the Fourteenth Century have been the symbol of a party in Ghent who probably had many affinities with our modern radicals, if not with Nineteenth-Century socialists. Froissart represents John Lyon, a popular leader in Ghent, thus addressing his followers: "All ye good people, that be here present, ye know and have seen of late, how the white hats have better kept your franchises than other red or black hats have done, or of any other colour, be ye sure and say that I said it, as soon as the white hats be laid down, by the ordinance that the earl would have it so, I will not give for all your franchises after,—not three pins." Our first specimen (11) is a white hat of the Fifteenth Century as worn by a Count of Foix. Our next (14) appears to be another form of the felt hat, the peak being raised straight up above the forehead, and ornamented with a prodigious gold brooch set with precious stones; while one side is turned up in similar fashion, the other is pulled down. This hat is red with a broad gold band jewelled. The colour of hats reminds us that in commercial Italy bankrupts were compelled to wear green hats. Yellow with blue bands running round the crown was the colour of the English steeple hat (10). It had a flat, round, wide rim, and in the "Chronicle" from which it was taken by Fairholt, it is spoken of as "a high, small bonet for airing of the crown." It belongs to the reign of Edward IV. and was evidently a popular shape, for it was still to be seen on the heads of old countrywomen in the last century.

But the form of hat characteristic of the Middle Ages, especially in Italy, was more of the shape of our thirteenth example (13). This hat is taken from the "Adoration of the Magi," attributed to Botticelli

or Filippino Lippi, where quite a crowd of varieties in head-gear may be found. This particular hat has a green crown; the rim is lined with some material of a faint straw colour; the feather is red, and the chaplet and trimmings on the crown are of gold. The bicocket, or official hat worn by great personages on state occasions, is of somewhat similar shape, but evidently takes its name from the Italian *bicocca*, "a little castle situated on a hill." The example we give from the head of Tanneguy de Chatel, a courtier of Charles VII., has a certain resemblance to the outline of a *bicocca*. Dr. Murray in the *Athenæum* has shown that the old chroniclers and dictionary-makers have fallen into great confusion about this word through Hall or his printer putting "abococket" for "a bicocket;" but I cannot see with Dr. Murray that Hall misunderstood Fabian when he described the bicocket as worn by one of the king's followers, Fabian's words bearing that interpretation, and the circumstances hardly allowing any other. Planché tells us that he finds the bicocket mentioned as part of the apparel for the field of a "Baron in his Sovereign's company;" and it is specially stated of Tanneguy de Chatel that he was so closely attached to his king that he did not quit him dead or living. This, I take it, puts the question beyond doubt.

19.—THE BICOCKET.

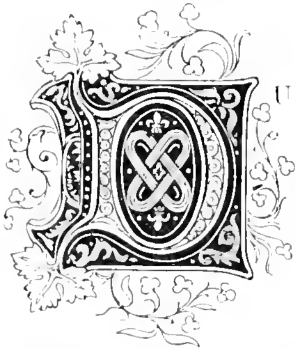
Among the official hats of the Fifteenth Century that called the *mortier* or mortar, from its shape, is worthy of notice. It was carried as the insignia of office before the Chancellor of France and the Presidents of the Parliaments, who were hence called presidents *à mortier*, or *au mortier*, as some maintained it should be. The same form of hat prevailed among English officials, as we see in Strutt's "Dress and Habits of the People of England" (20). The lord mayor's cap of maintenance would seem to be this hat, and its being worn by the sword-bearer, to accord with the custom we have noticed as to the royal cap of estate being worn by some important courtier.

20.—THE MORTAR

RICHARD HEATH.

"ALSATIAN PILGRIMS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY M. FENERSTEIN.



DURING the Franco-German War, and for some time after, Alsace, of all European provinces, was the most famous and romantic. To begin with, like the Poland of the poet Bunn it had been ploughed by the hoof of the ruthless invader, and its napery and its clocks, its spoons and forks and covers, had been transformed into "purchase," and started for Berlin. And then the delightful artists known as Erckmann-Chatrian had achieved a popularity not less sudden than universal. Everybody was reading "Madame Thérèse," and "The Blockade," and "Waterloo," just as everybody of late is reading "Called Back," and "Treasure Island." Old Alsace, French at heart but German in speech and manner and aspect, was made familiar to us as the Barsetshire of Anthony Trollope; and when Mr. Henry Irving produced his Matthias, and appeared as an Alsatian burgomaster who, some years before, had had the misfortune to rob and murder a certain Polish Jew, he was scarce more strange to his audiences than as Digby Grant or Alfred Jingle.

In these days the romance of Alsace is faded and gone; its picturesque quality has somehow ceased from interesting. Nobody cares for its burgomasters and pedlars; its blue-eyed maidens and buxom housewives charm no longer; from its pleasing costumes and quaint ancestral furniture and patriarchal ways the glory has departed, and the light of common day is upon them all. That such a fortune is unjust and undeserved, that in capable hands they are still attractive as ever, our picture is witness. It has character and expression; it is an excellent study both of costume and manners; it is human in sentiment and pleasing in effect. No better illustration of Erckmann-Chatrian has been made.

ALSATIAN PILGRIMS.

(From the Picture by Feuerstein.)

A PAINTER ON COMPOSITION.—II.

UR subjects and our treatment of them must be emphatically our own, but nevertheless every student of art owes it to himself to get what help he can from the study of the works of the great painters who have gone before. His object should be to notice not only how natural appearances of form, colour, and light and shade have been modified or, as it is technically called, "treated" by painters of acknowledged fame, but also why this was done. No painter who has in him any spark of originality will directly repeat any effect that has already been painted, but an earnest student can only benefit himself by trying in a measure to look at nature from the point of view of the masters of his art.

In carefully analysing the composition and arrangement of the pictures of the great painters, one of the first things that strikes us is, that they knew what *not* to do, and where to stop in the elaboration of their subjects. In fact the absolute necessity of compromise and sacrifice is one of the earliest and least pleasant experiences of every successful artist. Every skilful master of composition knows that he must sternly surrender to the exigencies of art any detail, however beautiful in itself, that in any way mars the effect of his picture as a whole. Few important pictures are produced, during the painting of which the artist has not consciously or unconsciously had to decide what he could best give up to ensure a picturesque effect. Form, colour, and light and shade are the very elements of which a picture is composed, but even these have often in a measure to be sacrificed to one another, as the works of the great masters abundantly show us. Titian valued colour beyond all other art-qualities, and therefore we find that he never hesitated to forego refinement of form —of which, when he tried for it, no painter was ever more capable—when he thought that the attempt to get it might sully some exquisite passage of colour, any more than he hesitated to sacrifice truth of aërial perspective in order to secure those forcible and glowing backgrounds with which he delighted to support his figures. Turner loved colour too, but light he loved more, and therefore whenever he found it impossible to combine brilliancy of light and truth of colour in the same composition, he consciously sacrificed colour to light, as did Rembrandt also in a different way. Raphael's early work shows that he had a delicate sense of colour, but we look in vain for this in the work of his maturity, in which everything is sacrificed to secure beauty of line and a somewhat conventional grace of form. Van Dyck was a master both of form and colour, but both were constantly exaggerated by him to get that courtier-like elegance and stately bearing for which his portraits are remarkable. Rubens again and Velasquez understood form as few artists but Michelangelo have ever done before or since; in their respective keys of golden and silvery hues there are no grander colourists than these two, and yet we frequently find both form and colour sacrificed to some extent in their admirable and immortal works. By Rubens this was done the more forcibly to depict palpitating life or passionate action, by Velasquez to realise startling individuality of expression.

Another fact that the study of the best pictures will reveal to us is, that in spite of all the learned and elaborate rules or "laws of composition" which have been laid down for us by the critics, the simple truth is that "composition" (like most of the fancied "secrets" of art) is chiefly a matter of common-sense, and that the faculty of elegant or effective pictorial arrangement is nothing more than the power of putting the right thing in the right place. Good composition, as far as picture-painting is concerned, is making the best of things; and an artist makes the best of objects he paints when he so arranges them in his pictures that the attention of the spectator is drawn to their most beautiful or most characteristic features, whilst their less picturesque or more commonplace qualities are merged in the general mass.

The first necessity of every well-composed picture, however humble or ambitious the subject, is unity of design. The painter must select some one object as the chief point of interest—as that part of his subject, in fact, on which he desires the eye chiefly to rest; and he must have the courage to subordinate everything else in the picture so as to enhance the effect of that selected object, and this must be so thoroughly and so skilfully done, that no reasonable doubt can remain in the spectator's mind as to which the principal object in the picture is.

Suppose there is but one figure or group (no matter what) in a picture; the first question to be decided, after the size of the object in proportion to the space has been fixed, is "whereabouts shall it be placed?" It is the chief subject of our composition, and our first impulse probably is to put it in the centre of the picture. Experience, however, shows

artists that an object so placed is not so attractive in its effect as when placed a little nearer to one side of the picture than to the other, and when there is more space above than below it, or the reverse.

In a picture containing a solitary figure, each part of that figure is of importance to the general effect. In nothing is thoughtful arrangement of parts more necessary than in portrait-painting, for not only the artistic effect of the picture, but also the resemblance to the sitter is dependent upon such things as the pose of the head, the turn of the neck, the direction in which the eyes are looking, the massing of the hair, the arrangement of the hands, and the disposition of the drapery. Those who have never painted a portrait would be surprised how all these apparently trivial matters have to be thought out, and how many changes are generally necessary in them before the best pose of the head, body, and limbs, the most suitable background, and costume, and the most characteristic effect of light and shade can be decided upon. The portrait-painter's triumph is when the ultimate effect seems so simple and so natural, that apparently no *other* arrangement than the one actually adopted was possible.

In a masterly portrait-picture everything is so arranged that our attention is infallibly drawn to the face, the true object of interest, but it is a clumsy expedient to focus the effect on the face itself. The great portrait-painters have generally placed their strongest light on their strongest dark, or their most brilliant bit of colour in the composition — their strongest emphasis, in a word—upon some part of the costume near the face: just as in stately pageants our attention is aroused by a shrill flourish of trumpets, and then quietly in walks the king.

The artistic "composition" of any single figure depends very much upon the "action" or general direction of the several limbs, which may be arranged to produce an effect either of symmetry or of picturesqueness. A picturesque action is produced by a somewhat angular arrangement *contrasting* the inclination of the various parts; a symmetrical action results from a gradual and harmonious flowing into one another, as it were, of the separate parts, and is the peculiar charm of the finest Greek statuary. Sometimes this symmetrical arrangement is spoken of by artists as "beauty of line," the beautiful "line" being an imaginary one flowing through a figure or a group from end to end, something like the contrasted curves formed by the back of a breaking wave, or like the undulating motion of leaping flames; such curves—living and subtle—as we see in the free and unconscious movement of all graceful creatures.

When a composition consists of several or of many figures, it is of far less importance that each individual figure should be picturesque or graceful, than that collectively they should produce an interesting or beautiful group. The position of this group and its proportion to the whole picture should be pleasing to the eye, nor must it be forgotten that the shape and size of the spaces round the chief masses of form are second in importance only to the proportions of the forms themselves, the appearance of which they influence in a degree undreamt of by those who have not practically attempted the composition of pictures.

A few experiments will convince us that the least effective method of arrangement is to dot objects about the picture at more or less equal distances from one another, and that the best effects are the result of concentration. We shall find too that, roughly speaking, the surest method of producing a pleasing effect is to mass our material in one of the following ways: (1) We may concentrate our figures in an oval mass somewhere near the centre of the picture. (2) We may compress our composition more or less into one angle of the square or oblong formed by the picture, so that the chief interest of the subject may be said to be contained within a line drawn diagonally from one of the upper to one of the lower corners of the picture. (3) We may so mass the chief group that it shall rise from a broad base and diminish as it ascends, something in the form of a pyramid, which may be flat or pointed. (4) In landscape composition a variation of this last arrangement is very effective, the triangular mass jutting out from one side of the picture like a wedge, instead of rising from its base like a pyramid, as is more usual in figure subjects. (5) In sylvan subjects, a dark dome-like mass against a light background of sky is found to be a very picturesque arrangement.

But whatever form we prefer, we shall find that no good artistic effect is producible without concentration. And we shall find, too, that the more we concentrate or intensify any element of our composition, the less we shall want of it. For instance, if a dark is intensely dark, it is the natural equivalent to a very large amount of light, as Turner has shown us in many of his pictures; whilst a small light, if very brilliant, will assert itself against a great mass of shade, as perhaps no other painter has ever so well realised as Rembrandt. In the same way, a small form that is put in with decision may be made to draw the attention from, or to "balance," a large mass of vague confused forms: as we often see in marine pictures, where sometimes a solitary sea-gull or small boat, standing out clearly against its background of sea or sky, serves as sufficient foil to a forest of masts. A crowd of figures, too, on one side of a composition may not only be "balanced," but even made subservient to a single figure placed

emphatically alone on the opposite side. Anything isolated naturally attracts attention, and therefore a small object, light or dark, standing quite by itself, will "tell" more strongly in an effect than a much larger one that is more or less broken by or blended with its surroundings. In painting it is just the same as in talking or reading. Shouting out a word or a phrase will not give it more, if as much, importance as the simple device of pausing before and after uttering it—isolating it, in point of fact, from whatever may have gone before and whatever is to come after.

BARCLAY DAY.

MENZEL AND FREDERICK THE GREAT.

IN my former article, in which I dealt with the general activity of the great German artist, Adolf Menzel, only cursory mention could be made of his illustrations to the works of Frederick the Great. They deserve, however, more detailed notice, not so much from the fact that they are among the best things Menzel has done, as because a narrow-minded exclusiveness has for some time kept them out of reach and sight of the general public, so that people may be well acquainted with the artist's work and yet never have looked upon his *magnum opus*. It was in 1843 that Menzel, already known as having saturated himself with lore bearing upon the one Prussian hero, was commissioned by the art-loving King Frederick-William IV. to illustrate the voluminous works of his great ancestor. Menzel accepted the commission, and in six years it was possible to issue the thirty volumes that comprised the complete works of the sovereign who loved ink no less fondly than he loved gunpowder. Only a very few copies were printed, and these never penetrated to the public, but were reserved exclusively as presents for crowned heads, who may or may not have enjoyed their Menzel, but who assuredly left unread the stilted, dreary, antiquated productions indited by the Philosopher of Sansouci.

1.—THE COMING STORM.

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great.")

It certainly was cruel to a great artist thus to bury his best things. Whether from a sense of this injustice, or from a desire to propagate his ancestor's fame, I know not, but in 1882 the present Emperor was pleased to sanction the publication of Menzel's woodcuts, with an explanatory text from the pen of the Berlin art-critic, Ludwig Pietsch, and without the scribblings of the soldier-king. As was the artist was that none of his illustrations should exceed twelve centimetres in height or width, an absurd and meaningless restriction, which must often have cramped the worker's imagination. To this he refers on the title-page, where he represents a chubby boy standing within the shelter of a compass, around which is written "twelve centimetre maximum," while below runs the line "Hic—hic saltus." He

2.—FREDERICK THE POET.

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great.")

inevitable, this new edition is by far the more delightful. But, unhappily, it also was limited in number, and though the price asked was a high one, the three hundred copies of which it consisted were soon exhausted. At present there is talk of a cheap reprint, so the masterpiece will not long remain, as it was, practically invisible to the general. What is more to the purpose is that an English edition is contemplated. I therefore purpose to try and furnish some idea of the book to English readers. That we are able to illustrate this article with a few reproductions from a work so jealously guarded from eyes profane (our third and sixth pictures, I should note, are taken, for the sake of contrast, from Kugler's "History") is entirely owing to Messrs. Wagner, the royal booksellers at Berlin.

The initial condition imposed by the king upon was happily further told that the woodcuts need not necessarily be illustrations. Here the royal Mæcenas probably made a virtue of necessity, for Frederick's writings by no means lend themselves to illustration. Menzel's pictures therefore took the form of interspersed vignettes, marginal notes, and head and tail pieces; but even so the task was no easy one, and how subtly, slily, at times even wittily, Menzel got over his difficulties can hardly be told. His pictures are full of *esprit*, plastic incisiveness, covert—often, I am sure, unconscious—satire, and are executed as a rule with rare excellence of draughtsmanship. The pictures, two hundred in all, divide themselves into five main groups—namely, portraits, historical and military themes, genre and miscellaneous, ancient history, and allegorical and burlesque. Of all these there are probably not a dozen that can be strictly

classed as "illustrations." They are mostly inventions, based on suggestions found in the king's writings, and, when these are wanting, as they often were, pictorial presentations of thought, in which the artist seems not only to have read between the lines, but into the very soul of the royal scribbler. The emblems are the most numerous, probably because the artist felt that here he had widest scope.

Let us turn over Frederick's works in the order in which his royal heirs have collated them. We find first his "Memoirs of Brandenburg," a glorification of his ancestors from the earliest times. Very specially does the philosophical king linger over his descriptions of their love for philosophy, and therefore quite in keeping with his fad is Menzel's picture of Leibnitz walking in the trim gardens of Charlottenburg in converse sage with Queen Sophia Charlotte. He is in full-bottomed wig, court-dress and sword; she is *décolletée*, and with a *tête*. Maids-in-waiting and a page walk behind the couple, who may be supposed to be engrossed in matters vast and transcendental, for the thirst for knowledge of this lady, who founded the Royal Prussian Academy, knew no limits. Leibnitz, of whom she daily asked questions, once remarked, "Madame, you are not to be satisfied, you want to know the *why* of everything?" This perhaps is the moment adumbrated by the artist. To Frederick's "Essay on the Army, from its Introduction into Prussia till the Time of Frederick William," Menzel appends a portrait of Frederick as Crown Prince riding beside his father. They have gained the summit of a hillock, whence they overlook the plain where a great army parades. This is to illustrate the foundation of Prussia's might and pride. An "Essay on Superstition and Religion" gives Menzel latitude for a fine symbolical conception of the three leading Christian sects: three fanatics fighting and wounding each other unto death in the very shadow of the cross. In his essay on "Manners and Customs under the Rule of the Hohenzollerns," Frederick writes: "Our good days too will come, as they have come to others, and our demands are the more just, because we have paid toll to barbarians some centuries longer than the Southern peoples. These precious centuries proclaim their proximity by the great number of great spirits of all kinds that are born at the same time." Menzel illustrates this with a representative of Germanic barbarism clad in sheepskins, staring amazed at the great men Germany had brought forth within the last three hundred years—Luther, Leibnitz, Thomasius, Duke Leopold of Anhalt, Frederick's father, and a crowd of others. Frederick's commentary on the new and old government of Brandenburg is annotated with a cannon mounted on its carriage, whose wheels have shattered a mediæval armour; in the background among the clouds is seen a Bible, a field-marshal's staff, and an electoral crown.

Frederick's most important works are his "History of My Own Times" and his "History of the Seven Years' War." He commences the former with a resolution that he will make his position a great and inspiring one. Menzel has therefore, as a key-note, prefixed his portrait to the book. Young, ardent, and proud, he is standing, sword in hand, in his ancestral vault beside the coffins of his last three forebears, whose ghostly figures rise to harangue their ambitious scion. The second chapter deals with the treaty concluded in 1741 between England, Russia, Holland, and Poland to divide Prussia, which gave the signal for a European war. The god of war, holding a flaming torch and a new-whetted scythe, bursts open the Janus temple and illuminates the ghastly heads with which each panel is decorated, heads terrible in their gruesomeness. Above hang swords and other instruments of warfare. One of the finest portraits is that of Cardinal Fleury, whom Frederick stigmatised as the disaster of France: "Under Mazarin there were heroes, under Fleury there were sybarite courtiers."

The first chapter of the "History of the Seven Years' War" sets forth only the thunder-growls of coming troubles. Menzel illustrates this by a lovely rural landscape, in full harvest-time (1). All is peace and happiness; apparently there is nothing to announce disaster. But this is not so; a mounted hussar is dashing along the high road that winds between the tall waving corn. His pockets are stuffed with dispatches, his face betokens important and grave tidings; it is evident that the days of peace are numbered. The sixth chapter of the history deals with 1759, when the king was ringed round with enemies, and his fortunes alternated between defeat and victory. Menzel draws him riding on his mare at the head of his troops, thoughtful but not depressed, confident in himself and his warriors (5). To this book also belongs a fine portrait of Elizabeth of Russia triumphing in Frederick's reverses. Her personality is sharply and insidiously defined. Even the very wood-carvings of the chair on which she sits contribute their quota to the elucidation of her character. The last chapter deals with the great results as well as the hideous horrors of war. Here is a town ruined by bombardment, a mere mass of ruin; out of holes and crannies creep forth the few survivors who have lain in hiding. Frederick himself tells that the loss of men during the Seven Years' War was so great that scarcely one hundred soldiers remained over at the end of those who had served at the beginning. Menzel illustrates this by a picture of the obelisk raised to the memory of the fallen: a troop of infantry marches by; an

old invalid, himself a victim of the war, stands aside leaning on his crutch. He seems to read the inscription at the base of the monument: "Pro patriâ et gloriâ morte egregiâ defunctis."

In Frederick's "Memoirs from the Peace of Hubertsburg to the Partition of Poland," Menzel illustrates the text with pictures of the retilling of the land, the rebuilding of houses, and the other acts of peace. Very happy is one simple but eloquent emblem: the brawny arms of a warrior, who with a mass of laurels is wiping blood off a sword-blade. Admirable, too, is another symbolising Prussia's low and broken state: a bandaged right hand striving to don a mailed glove. The correspondence on the Bavarian successes is illustrated by two splendid eagles seated upon a rocky ledge high up among the clouds. The Prussian bird is double-headed, but is so skilfully drawn that it does not look unnatural; the Austrian is double-bodied. Each portrays the character displayed in the letters of his patron: the Prussian's were filled with firm, dignified, resolute intelligence; those of the Austrian couple were overbearing, pugnacious and conceited. Frederick's attempt to create a league between the various innumerable princelets of Germany is symbolised by a shield covering various sceptres, spiritual and temporal, inscribed with the words, "Concors—Vigil—Fortis." In the centre, in bas-relief, are carved three pairs of horse's legs, kicking vigorously, after the method of horses to protect themselves against a common foe.

Of course many of these pictures are purposely drawn in the rococo spirit, for of the bizarre absurdities of that style Frederick was in some sort a noteworthy representative. Especially did this tendency come to the fore in his writings, and in those more particularly in his "Lobreden," a species of composition that would answer to the modern obituary notice. All these were read by Frederick to the Berlin Academy, on the death of any eminent man in whom he was interested. Menzel had to illustrate them with the rest, and here again he seized upon the general spirit rather than the special theme. The Voltaire vignette is peculiarly happy. It pictures an incense-burner upon a stand profusely decorated with the most florid rococo arabesques; clouds of sweet-scented smoke almost envelop two cushions suspended above, on which lie respectively a laurel wreath and a royal crown; but about the base winds a hissing snake. Here the artist refers to the king's words, in which towards the end of his speech he brands the hierophants, who "are worthier to live with the peoples of Taprobane than with the French nation, and who are so blinded by false zeal and drunk with fanaticism that they will hinder the last duties of humanity from being rendered to one of the most eminent men France has ever possessed."

Menzel's vignettes, indeed, are often as philosophical in conception as the writings they illustrate. He has not only conceived the very spirit of the age he illustrates by preference, but this spirit has become part of his own being. Take, for example, his elucidation of the essay on Bayle: a portrait medallion of the French thinker enclosed in a highly-ornamental frame, supported on one side by a boy with a devil's head and pointed devil's wings, trying in vain to shield himself behind a tall cross upon which a boy of more angelic aspect is bringing to bear the focussed rays of a burning-glass. The freedom in religious matters that so nobly distinguished Frederick, and to which Macaulay does gross injustice in that brilliant but more than commonly one-sided essay of his, was

3.—"AVE, CÆSAR!"

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From Kugler's "History of Frederick the Great.")

expressed in the preface written by Frederick to Fleury's "Histoire Ecclésiastique." The king contended that the various forms of Christianity were severally the work of its different priests, who, following on the pure faith of the Apostles, had thought it their duty to withhold from man the undiluted light of truth. Menzel points this moral with a tall portico, probably meant to open on a vast temple; beside one of its flanking pillars stands an Apostle, his back to the door, his eyes raised in ecstacy; next to him is a Catholic priest carrying past the Host, and next to him again is a Lutheran pastor, showing his opened Bible, but pointing towards the closed door as who should say, "Thus far, but no farther." None perceive that above the door shines the glorious sun of Truth, though it can only illumine the tops of the columns, the capitals, and the beams.

4.—MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great.")

That the German monarch was no believer in German letters, that, indeed, he rarely even employed the German tongue, is well known. He wrote, however, an essay on German literature as it then was, its faults and the means of improving them. Menzel has drawn an exquisite illustration (7), scarcely, however, quite conceived in the king's spirit. This is one of the occasions when, as I have said, I suspect Menzel of making fun of his hero. Here is a fine robust little genius couched on a bear's skin; fantastic leaves and weeds are wound under and about him; and in one of the florid scrolls is a note of interrogation. This refers to Frederick's final words, "When will this genius wake?" Doubtless he asked them in the mocking spirit of Father Bouhours; but Menzel has taken them *au sérieux*, and hints that when his genius does awake he will be no despicable personage.

Writing prefaces was a favourite weakness of Frederick's. Thus he indited one to the "Henriade," in which he sets Voltaire far above Virgil or Homer, a parallel, by the way, easy for him to make, as he was perfectly ignorant of Greek and Latin. Menzel's picture is quite in the exaggerated and pompous vein in which Frederick and Voltaire respectively represented their heroes. There is no end to Menzel's invention and versatility, and no end to the facile pen of his royal taskmaster. Thus Frederick indited an "Anti-Machiavel," according to Macaulay "an

edifying homily against rapacity, perfidy, arbitrary government, unjust war, in short, against almost everything for which its author is now remembered among men." Frederick, in truth, as so many besides, misunderstood Machiavelli; and in his book he paints him in the most hateful and loathsome colours. A later generation has been juster, and Menzel reminds us of this in his vignette, by putting the date 1840, and a wreath of laurel and oak above the pillory to which Machiavelli's portrait is nailed. Under the picture is written "Frederic 1740." Frederick ends his last chapter with fervent thanks to God that there no longer exist princes like the Borgias, Louis XI., and Alexander VI.; and Menzel draws us a bare muscular leg and foot trampling down a couple of snakes, in the circle made by whose writhing bodies are Cato's words, "Cæterum censeo." Lampoons and libels, too, were generally the theme of Frederick's denunciation; and this explains why Menzel has drawn a hideous harpy rising from her lair beneath a huge stone buried amid thistles; she has snakes for hair, and her wings are compacted of quill pens.

It would not be in the Prussian spirit nor true to Frederick's ideas and aims if military matters did not play some part in his writings. One can but wonder that, all things considered, the part is not larger. There is, however, one whole section devoted to the science of tactics; and Menzel's ingenuity in finding matter for illustration in this sterile theme is really beyond praise. Here is one example. Frederick writes of the manœuvring of cavalry; Menzel draws a cavalryman and horse both wounded in the leg. The royal instructions do not note "how the cavalry soldier should act" in such an eventuality. To Frederick's words that the Prussian state is based on the army, Menzel appends a vignette of a compass with the card resting on a rim supported by crossed swords, their hilts entwined with laurel. Military glory, wrote Frederick, was the pole towards which the needle of the Prussian compass must ever point.

5.—THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great.")

We all know that Frederick could pour out reams of poetry at the slightest provocation. Indeed, want of due appreciation of the merits of the royal poet was among the many causes of his rupture with Voltaire. In season and out of season did Frederick rhyme his odes. Thus, during the Seven Years' War he indited one to his brother Henry, after a long day in the field, at his night quarters in a peasant's house. In Menzel's illustration (2) we look in through

the blindless window, and lo, the king! wrapt in poetic ecstasy, showing how even in moments of danger a really great soul can and will soar above petty human things. While the monarch is thus

6.—HORSE AND FOOT.

(Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From Kugler's "History of Frederick the Great.")

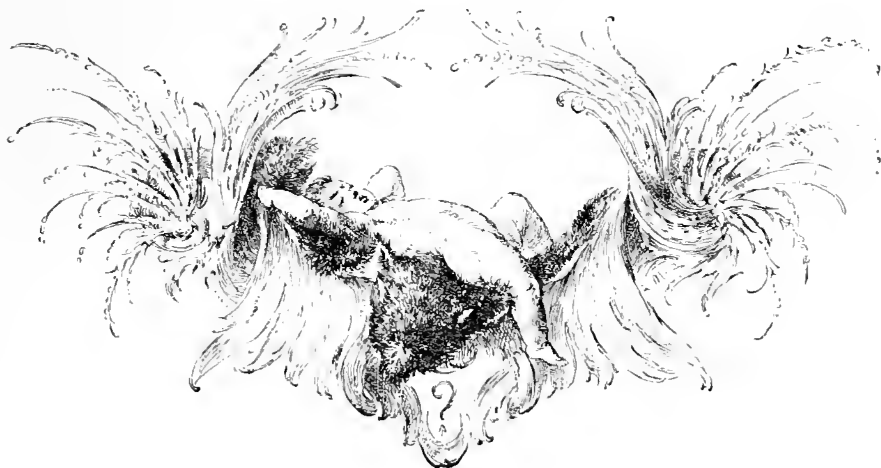
occupied, the sentry, cloaked from the bitter weather, mounts guard outside. To the same brother was written a letter on the futility of human wishes. This Menzel illustrates very charmingly by a picture of a wooden bird-cage, in which has been placed a freshly-gathered cherry-branch studded with fruit to please the little prisoner; but he clings to the bars of his prison and regards them not, longing for the liberty that is denied him. Meanwhile another bird who is at large beats against the cage from without, eager for the luscious fruits within.

One of the best poems Frederick wrote was a satirical epic called "The Palladium." The argument is that after a heavy supper and a yet heavier drinking bout there appears to the Austrian general, Duke Charles of Lorraine, the national saint Nepomuk, who reveals to him that the true cause of the Prussian successes over the Austrians is that they possess a palladium in the person of a certain fat French marquis sent them by Saints Hedwiga and Genoveva. Only by ravishing him from them can the fortune of war be changed. The poem then goes on to deal with the duke's endeavour to possess himself of this victory-ensuring marquis. Menzel's designs are all in the right mock-heroic vein. He has also endeavoured to give them a certain angularity, so as to convey the notion that they belong to an Eighteenth-Century chap-book. This delusion is further enhanced by presenting each picture with jagged edges, as though worn and torn by many fingers. In one we see the Austrian in his bed and his night-mare file before his eyes: the fat Frenchman of his dream is borne out of his reach by a file of grinning Prussian grenadiers. In another the maiden-saints hand down from heaven, for Prussia's protection, the sword wherewith Samson slew the Philistines, while the fat marquis waddles along, the Genius of Victory buttoned up inside his ample coat; only his head is seen, for since there was no room for his wings, the marquis has taken them off and stuffed them into his coat-pockets. One night, knowing that his enemies intend to kidnap the marquis in his sleep, Saint Genoveva advises him to change bedrooms with his secretary. The picture is divided midway: on one side is the midnight raid on the luckless scribe; on the other the marquis, aroused by the clatter of armed men and horses, springs up alarmed, and rushes about the room naked save for his white wig, while Saint Hedwiga, stooping to his rescue, veils her face with her fan, and envelops her favourite in a cloud of smoke.

Letter-writing with a public, moral, or satirical aim was also a favourite pastime with the king, and his letters are incorporated in his collected works. One, of a highly didactic quality, admonishes a youth to keep in the straight paths of virtue. Menzel appends to this a picture of an old man preaching to a stripling whose eyes wander across a well-spread board whereon champagne and hock glasses are executing wild dances; a possible reflection of what is passing in his brain. There is a humorous letter to Jordan, wherein the king pretends he came to call on him, and, finding him out, discovered that his authors were holding a masquerade. Menzel shows these venerable writers all clad in more or less sumptuous bindings: Homer wraps a sheepskin

round his shoulders; Saint Augustine is enveloped in rich ecclesiastical garniture; Voltaire in dainty French morocco; and so forth. Very wicked is a feigned letter written by Frederick as from the Marquise de Pompadour to the Queen of Hungary. It was a lampoon penned in camp in 1758, when one would have supposed the king to be occupied by graver cares. Its purport is an eloquent appeal to Maria Theresa to relax the stern moral laws she supports against the doctrines of social freedom, and forms a satirical *apologia* for unbridled licence of costume. Menzel's commentary (4) may take rank among the best portraiture of the work. It seems drawn in a graceful rococo mood that would not disgrace Boucher; but the satire it sets forth is Hogarthian in its bluntness and force.

Even to describe, however briefly, all the illustrations would very far exceed our limits. They are nearly all more or less excellent, nearly all more or less interesting. Even Homer nodded at times; and so Menzel's invention occasionally flags or strains. But on the whole we are astonished that this occurs so rarely. A word of sincere admiration is due to the four artists responsible for the engraving. Their work is characterised by a precision, an intelligence, and a care really beyond praise. HELEN ZIMMERN.



7.—THE GENIUS OF GERMAN LITERATURE.

(*Drawn by Adolf Menzel. From "The Works of Frederick the Great."*)

"THE MINISTER'S GARDEN."

FROM THE PICTURE BY CECIL LAWSON.

STRIKING and interesting as Lawson's work is, it was, almost from beginning to end, tentative, incomplete, and to a large extent reflective of a sedulous study of certain Old Masters. And yet, with strong reminiscences of Hobbema and Rubens, and in a less degree of Ruysdael and Constable, he combined an impressionism which is pretty much his single claim to originality—an impressionism as passionate as it was ambitious and melodramatic. This quality, pre-eminent in the "Bardon Moors" and in the "Storm Cloud," is almost wholly absent from "The Minister's Garden." Just as the "Pool"—to our thinking by far the best thing Lawson did—could never have been painted if Hobbema had not shown in more ways than one how to paint it; so it is difficult to conceive "The Minister's Garden" being produced anywhere else than in front of the landscape it purports to represent. It is a deliberate record of facts, rendered with a fidelity not altogether remarkable, perhaps, but with a breadth and vigour rare in such youthful work. That the picture has its faults it were idle to deny. Even Mr. Gosse, friend and biographer of the painter, has been constrained to deprecate the size of the cabbages as individuals, and their odd projection from true perspective as a mass. One is tempted to wish, too, that the general colouring had a little more of the grateful warmth of the noble Rubens which Lawson seems to have had in his mind—the "Château Stein" in the National Gallery; and it is open to remark that the sentiment suggested by the very happy title seems to find no positive expression in the picture itself. These matters notwithstanding, the work remains a fine one, full of strong and generous colour, of patient and effective realisation, and of a vigorous if somewhat vague imagination.

THE MINISTER'S GARDEN.

(From the Picture by Cecil Lawson. Corporation Gallery, Manchester.)

"BETWIXT TAVERN AND TAVERN."

NOTHING shows the changes that are almost weekly taking place in London, and transforming the city so much, as the rapid disappearance of its old inns. Only eight or ten years ago these were nearly all in existence, unaltered and undisturbed. Two picturesque specimens—the "Old Tabard," in the Borough, and the "Warwick Arms," close to Paternoster Row, would have found admirers in Nuremberg or Rouen. The latter was a remarkable specimen from its size and elaborateness, with its huge roof and rambling galleries and crannies, cavernous dark shadows and general air of mystery. The tiled roofs of these buildings seemed to grow bent and warped from age and weakness, and fall into those wavings and twists which form an element of the picturesque. The old wood of the balustrades grew black and grimed, and it was wonderful how what appeared so crazy should have held together so long. The "Tabard" was less pretentious, and though it did not date from Chaucer's day, as many innocently fancied, it was a genuine structure of the Seventeenth Century. The wonder, in truth, is that any of these fragile structures should still be in existence. Perhaps the most remarkable and most interesting of the old inn-yards was that of the "Four Swans," which stood till some eight or nine years ago in Bishopsgate Street. This was considered the most perfect and best preserved of all, having more galleries, and having been the scene of a stirring adventure during the Roundhead and Cavalier wars. Its neighbour, the "Green Dragon," was levelled about the same time. What a pleasing twang, it may be said, is there about the titles of these hostelries, which contrast with the more prosaic designations of latter-day life!

1.—THE "GEORGE."

This is the romance of the "Four Swans," as told by its present proprietor. During the bad times of the Civil War it became vital that a dispatch should be sent from London. It was necessary that Sir Edward Dering, who had raised a gallant force in Kent from among his own numerous tenantry, and those of Brydges and Knatchbull and Deedes, and many another famous man of the old hop county, should communicate with his commander-in-chief, Lord Goring, who was with the royal army in Essex. A young captain of horse volunteered to carry the dispatch; and with half a dozen followers, all born on his estate, he threaded dangers innumerable as he rode from Sittingbourne. He made his way, however, to London, and with some ready answer of mercantile affairs was permitted to cross the bridge

and proceed through Gracechurch to the Bishop's Gate, where he and his troop halted at the "Four Swans" for a night's rest ere prosecuting their journey into Essex. It would seem, however, that an incautious word of one of his followers in the public room excited suspicion as to the real character of the travellers, and, the traitor being about, an attempt was made to arrest them. The first party that arrived with this intent were driven out of the courtyard, and the devoted landlord closed his gates, determined to stand siege. And not too soon; for hardly was everything made secure before Ireton himself, with a party of the Ironsides, demanded admittance, but was refused. For seven hours the unequal struggle was waged, and then the gates were battered down. But the headlong rush of the Roundheads was checked, as they were received in the courtyard with a steady and well-directed fire from the little band of Royalists. Ireton, enraged, ordered his men to fire the house; but, before the order could be carried into execution, the seven men of Kent made a vigorous charge through the besiegers. Three were unhorsed and killed, but the other four, all wounded, broke through. It was a flight, not for life, but for duty, and the Cavaliers' horses, after their rest in the stables of the "Four Swans," were fresher than those of their pursuers. They got clear away through Norton Folgate, and, passing through Shoreditch, made for the village of Hackney. Here the horse of one of them fell lame, and he was overtaken, killed, and searched, but to no purpose—he did not bear the dispatch. The others, turning off to the right, crossed the Lea, and struck boldly across the marshes in the direction of Romford. As they rode through the little market-town the foremost of their pursuers was close on their heels, and raised the place against them. Fast horses were at the Roundheads' disposal, and soon another of the three fugitives was out-paced and slain. But their leader, with one companion, held on through Epping and Brentwood, with an ever-increasing crowd behind them. Just beyond Brentwood, while panting up a hill, a volley of musketry was fired from behind. One shot killed the last of the troopers, another disabled the right arm of the leader, and a third grazed his head. But he still held on, his horse answering to his efforts, until at Ingatestone he rode into Lord Goring's camp, handed his dispatch to the general, and then fell headlong from his horse, spent with pain and loss of blood, but happily not dead.

For this outburst of loyalty the unfortunate landlord of the "Four Swans" was heavily fined; but thanks to powerful connections in the Common Council (of which he was himself a member), he escaped any more serious penalty, and, doubtless, the house had a brilliant and prosperous career when the king had come to his own again. Certainly it remained a flourishing inn, and throughout the last century was a famous posting-house for travellers to the eastern counties, being especially patronised by both dons and undergraduates of Cambridge University. It is related of a party of the latter that they "issued out from the 'Four Swans' to the number of seventeen, and did fall upon and grievously maltreat the watch; and thereupon being opposed, did attack and destroy the watch-house hard by the church of St. Botolph." It was after this feat that Alderman Townsend built the watch-house which still stands in the corner of the pleasant garden into which St. Botolph's churchyard has been converted. Nor is this all. Hobson, the philosophic horse-dealer who originated the famous "choice," was a diligent frequenter of this old hostelry, where his portrait used to be preserved. Now a new "Four Swans" has risen, whose glory rests on a beefsteak pudding offered to its Saturday guests.

Of these old inns, with their yards and galleries, there are but two or three in which the business of entertainment is carried on. There is the old "Bell Inn," a grimed, caked, red-brick, ancient building, with its sign of the Bell, a china shop in front, and an archway according to the old pattern. Entering, there is the true old-world flavour—the galleries, the tumble-down stairs fashioned of wood-panelling with projecting eaves, the rows of bells outside, the kitchen to the left as in a foreign hotel, strange little rickety stair-steps as from the cabin of a ship, with also the occasional appearance of a figure in one of the galleries. The inn life here, from these arrangements, is certain to correspond—every one is, as it were, in evidence. You can hardly dream of the noisy Holborn just outside. It is very different in the regular hostelries, where every one is at the top of the house or at the bottom, not, as here, all round about it. London has many of these quaint surprises for those who wish to see them. Even to stand at noon near the Monument or at High Change on the space near the Bank gives an idea of something mediæval and Flemish. There is the low arch, under which the coaches and waggons drove into the inn-yard, with its galleries running round, from which chambermaids looked down or called to those below. Even now it seems a strange order of things and a quaint arrangement, and you wonder how business is carried on at such places. Nor should I forget that gem of carving—like some enlarged Louis XV. cabinet—the house of Sir Paul Pindar, a beautiful and artistic production, but looking in rickety health, and as if ere long it will have to be taken down.

It is, however, when we cross London Bridge and enter the Borough that we come to the region

of inn-yards. Here ended the road to Canterbury, and here the waggons and coaches arrived with their goods and passengers; and we are at once struck with the innumerable yards and small enclosures into which these vehicles used to drive. There were a large number of these inns, most of which remain in some shape, surviving at least as public-houses. There are the old "King's Head," the old "White Hart" (3), the new "White Hart," the old "George" (1), the "Queen's Head" (2), the "Nag's Head," and the "Spur." Four only of the old pattern remain, and their days, or hours in one case, are certainly numbered. The first is the old "King's Inn," of which a fragment—some thirty or forty yards long—still stands all ruinous and forlorn, with its two ancient galleries or balustrades in a sadly tottering state, its anatomy exposed in a heartless fashion at each end. One could be sentimental and mournful over it, much as was Mr. Sterne over his old decayed *désobligeante*. It is surrounded by new spick and span brickwork, and a new "King's Inn" insolently confronts it and seems to flourish mightily.

"In the Borough," says the author of "Pickwick," "there still remain some half a dozen old inns which have preserved their external features unchanged. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases, wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish materials for a hundred ghost stories. It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the 'White Hart' (3)—that a man was employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots:" the introduction, as the world knows, of Mr. Pickwick to the immortal Samuel Weller. The yard is then described: "It presented none of that bustle and activity which are the usual characteristics of a large coach inn. Three or four lumbering waggons, each with a pile of goods beneath its ample canopy about the height of a second floor window of an ordinary house, were stowed away beneath a lofting which extended over one end of the yard; and another, which was to commence its journey in the morning, was drawn out into an open space. A double tier of bedroom galleries with old clumsy balustrades ran round two sides of the straggling area, and a double row of bells to correspond, sheltered from the weather by a little sloping roof, hung over the door leading to the bar and coffee-room. Two or three gigs or chaise-carts were wheeled up under different little sheds and pent-houses."

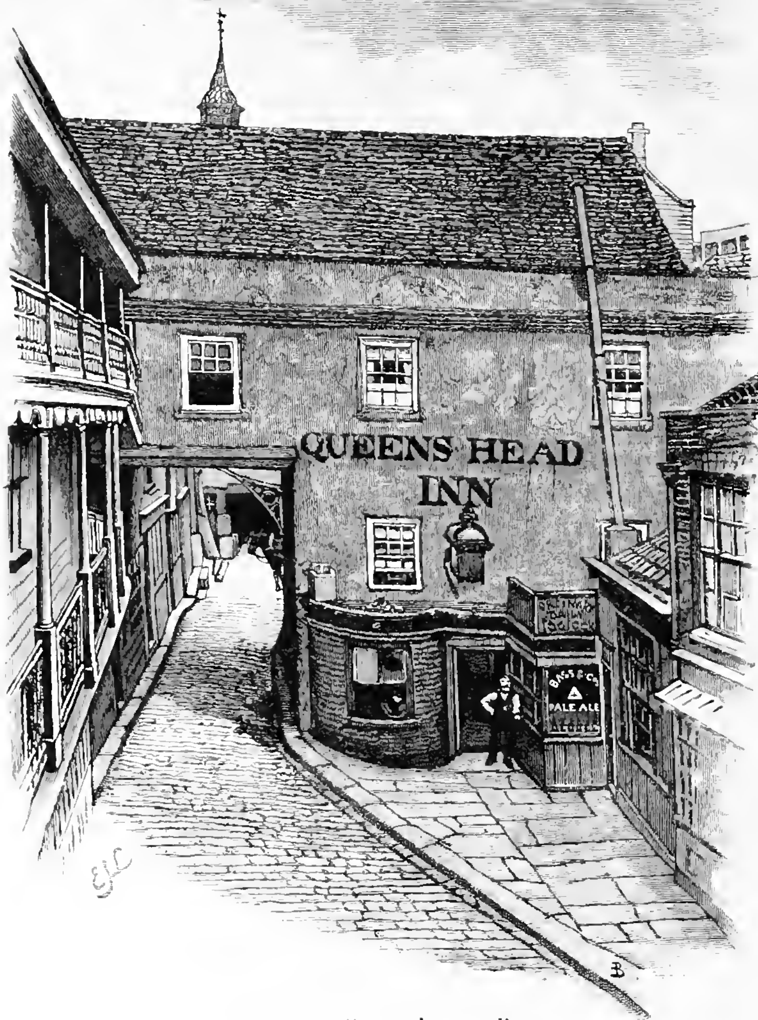
The guests, it would appear, slept in rooms giving on the galleries all round; for, we are told, "a loud ringing of one of the bells was followed by the appearance of a smart chambermaid in the upper sleeping gallery, who after tapping at one of the doors and receiving a request from within, called over the balustrade" to Sam. Presently the "bustling landlady of the 'White Hart' made her appearance in the opposite gallery, and after a little vituperation, flung a pair of lady's shoes into the yard and bustled away."

It is curious to think that this scene was a description of what was going on about forty years ago, and was renewed for many years after "Pickwick" was written. The picture of that morning—the chambermaid coming out of the room in the gallery, the landlady throwing the boots down to Sam—still rises before us as we turn into the yard. Two sides of the enclosure now remain, but it shows how imposing an establishment must have been the house that in Dickens's time would be called "the *celebrated* 'White Hart Inn.'" The huge tiled roof is there, and the double tiers of galleries, with the doors of the guests' chambers. But a wooden shed has been built round the lower portion, close to where Sam stood and was questioned by Mr. Perker and Mr. Wardle. Clothes-lines hang across the galleries, and squalid women look down and survey the intruders, just as the chambermaid and landlady looked down upon Mr. Weller. A waggon lies up in ordinary in the corner, as it did in Dickens's day. The whole is black, grimed, rusty, and decayed, and fills the mind with a sort of melancholy, as things "fallen from their high estate" do. Up by the right rises a flight of stairs leading to the gallery, close to which is a quaint, short balcony, on which a waitress leans her elbows and looks over and down. Such is the old "White Hart," or all that is left of it, which, however, still accommodates a certain number of tenants. On the other side is the newer "White Hart," with its long row of glass windows, seeming a comfortable place enough.

Our next halt is at the "George" (1), which has really a bright and bustling air of business. It is a not unpicturesque courtyard from its very irregularity, the old wooden galleries being alternated with buildings of a different pattern, some projecting forward. The galleries are gay with paint and plenty of flowers: and altogether one might seem able to take one's ease in one's inn here very fairly. Even more picturesque is the "Queen's Head" (2), a little lower down, a very effective gathering of irregular buildings. It has its two galleries on the left, but another portion has been boarded in for greater room and comfort. A tall archway in the centre block offers a De Hoogh-like glimpse of another court beyond, while a bow-windowed bar-parlour has been built out in front, and suggests a Captain Cuttle flavour. Here, too, is the heavy tiled roof, over which rises a little peaked cupola, not without effect. One hardly hears the hum of the Borough without Who

"puts up" at these places? What sort of "entertainment for man or beast?" How long do the guests stay? These are questions of high mystery. The people who dwell here must have ways of their own, and be influenced by the dispensations under which they abide. This conversing from aloft, with occasional pausing to look down and see what is going on, lends a sort of vitality to what would otherwise be a sleepy and antiquated kind of existence. To this antique arrangement it is that, as is well known, we owe the form of our theatres. The old inn-yard being a favourite place of entertainment, the guests would gather in the galleries to look over; the floor suggested the later pit; while the stage was set up, facing the archway, at the far end.

One of the most effective bits of architecture in London is the Inigo Jones loggia that runs along two sides of Covent Garden. The beautiful and true proportions of this colonnade have been brought out in a very striking way, from being contrasted with a newly-erected portion, which has been modified, or reproduced on an enlarged scale. Here the height has been increased with infinite loss of effect. But in this old original part are found two old inns of a thoroughly Pickwickian sort, with the bars and snuggeries which are fitting background for a gathering of Dickens's men and women. These are "The Tavistock" and "The Bedford," in high favour with country bachelors. They must be as old almost as the colonnade itself; while the "Bedford Coffee House" has quite an history of its own, resplendent with the names of Churchill, Hogarth, the steak-ordering Duke of Norfolk, and many a son of fame besides. Still flourishes also the "Hummums," where Parson Ford saw the ghost, as described by Dr. Johnson; but it has been beautified and refaced, and possibly rebuilt.



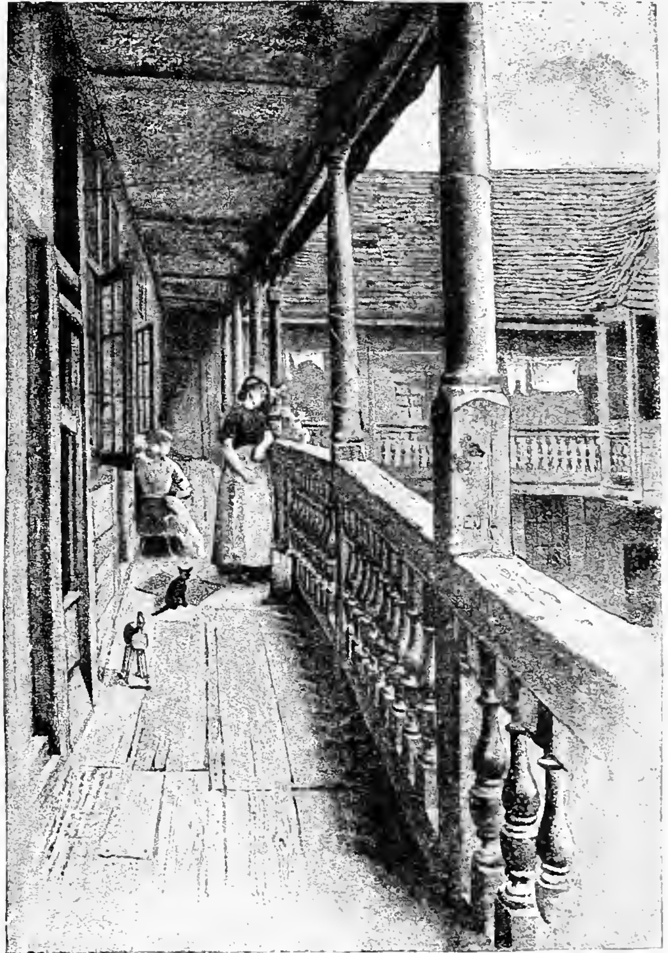
2.—THE "QUEEN'S HEAD."

On the top of Hampstead Heath, and situated in a most picturesque spot, is "Jack Straw's Castle," a little inn which has a reputation of its own. 'Tis said to be the highest point in the quarter, and though so close to town, it has an antique and truly rustic air. The pleasant Hampstead mornings, with the keen air of those northern heights, the glimpses of cheerful old red-brick houses, the vicinity of Church Row, one of the most effective "bits" of old brick architecture in the country, the delightful undulations of the Heath, all make "Jack Straw's Castle" a most acceptable hostelry, though John Sadler was found hard by with his silver poison cup lying some yards away. Readers of Forster's "Life of Dickens" will recall the many rides of the novelist, accompanied by his "trusty" friend, to this inn, and the pleasant *tête-à-tête* dinners that followed. Indeed, a pleasant volume might be made on "The History of Old Inns, and Those who Frequented Them." One of the most famous is of course the "Red Lion" at Henley, where Johnson and Boswell stayed, and

Shenstone wrote the quatrain—

> "Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his wanderings may have been,
> Will sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn"—

which, at "an excellent inn at Chapel-house," the sage, says Mr. Boswell, repeated "with great emotion," and which his approbation has gone far to make immortal. Johnson, indeed, had a particular predilection for taverns. He was one of their most ardent votaries; he remains their most eloquent apologist. In the inn at Chapel-house, after "triumphing over the French for not having in any perfection the tavern life," he went on to enlarge upon them in a discourse which has become historical. "There is no private house," he declared, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that every body should be easy; in the nature of things it cannot be: there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him; and no man, but a very impudent dog indeed, can as freely command what is in another man's house, as if it were his own. Whereas, at a tavern, there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome: and the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do, who are incited by the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, Sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced, as by a good tavern or inn." Thus did he discourse to Boswell; while to Hawkins he asserted that a tavern chair is the throne of human felicity.



3.—THE "WHITE HART."

In such a book as I have imagined there would be much to say of the "Mitre," dear to all lovers of the same great and good man; much of the "Devil," where Jonson quaffed and thundered; much of the "Mermaid," beloved of the Nine, for Beaumont's sake, and Fletcher's, and the memory of Keats's odelet; much of the "Cock," where the Laureate drank that famous pint of port; much of many a haunt I have not space to name PERCY FITZGERALD.

A PAINTER ON COMPOSITION.—III.

IN the composition of a picture, form, colour, and light and shade are so inseparably united that a mental effort is necessary to think of one of these elements alone, as for a moment we must do for the purpose of analysing our subject.

The instinctive perception which enables a painter to get what is technically called fine "quality" into his colour is by no means the same faculty as that inborn taste which suggests to an artist that such or such colours placed together will produce a beautiful effect. There are painters who have such an accurately-delicate insight into the variety of tone and hue into which, if carefully examined, most masses of natural colour are found to be "broken up," that they can translate at sight, as it were, into paint any "bit" of beautiful colour which they see. But

painters gifted with this appreciation of the subtleties of colour are not always gifted with imagination; and so it happens that, unless they have the good fortune to see some accidental combination of colour requiring no artistic "treatment"—that is, no transposition, omission, or addition of any of its tones or hues to make it beautiful—their pictures never specially appeal to us as delightful harmonies of colour. On the other hand, there are painters whose perception of the varying hues of natural colour is not sufficiently keen to enable them to paint the brilliancy of flesh-colour, or the transparency of white draperies, or to produce a very tender grey, or a really gorgeous bit of red, yellow, green, or blue, who yet invariably arrange their masses of colour with such judgment and taste that their pictures are always attractive as colour-compositions.

It need scarcely be said that these two faculties are rarely found united in any remarkable degree in the same painter. When they are so united, the result is a Titian, a Paul Veronese, a Tintoretto, a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, a Turner. The power of analysing colour seems more frequent amongst those who are termed "realistic" painters, whilst the power of arranging colour more often than not appears to belong to painters whom the critics call "idealistic," as to the understanding eye a glance round any of our innumerable annual exhibitions will show.

It is waste of time to theorise about the "composition" of colour, for when all is said, it comes simply to this, that an artist can put his masses of colour together on either the principle of harmony or the principle of contrast, or, as more frequently happens, he can arrange them on a combination of these two principles. Thus, in one picture we can arrange a harmony of hues of the same colour; in another picture we can arrange a harmony of warm colours; in another, a harmony of cold colours; in another, a harmony of light tones of various colours; in another, a harmony of dark tones of various colours: or we can arrange in one picture a contrast of two or more colours; in another picture we can arrange a contrast of strong and delicate tones of similar colours; in another, a contrast of strong and delicate tones of dissimilar colours; in another, a contrast of the relative sizes of different masses. All these variations of the two principles of harmony and contrast we can employ at will, guided in our arrangements only by impulse or individual feeling.

A few experiments will show us that colours of equal intensity of tone, and masses of colour of equal size, never look well together. Contact with its "complementary" heightens the effect of any colour, but, unless used in the smallest proportions, no two colours that are exactly complementary to one another produce a pleasant or artistic effect. The juxtaposition of pale rose colour and pure pale green, for example, which are actually complementary, will not afford a refined contrast, though it will be found that all tones of a rosy hue look their best against backgrounds tending to dark olive-green, which are deeper and duller tones of their complementary colour. Again, pale tones of absolute blue look crude contrasted with pale positive orange, whilst all delicate tones of blue look beautiful relieved against dark masses of bronze or russet-brown. Again, bright yellow and bright violet is a vulgar, however startling, contrast, whilst pale greenish-yellow and dark puce-coloured purple give a refined combination of colour.

The knowledge of the exact hue and strength of colours that will harmonise together, and of the relative proportion of each which is wanted to enhance the beauty of all, seems to be almost an unerring instinct with most Eastern peoples, and we colder-blooded Westerns would do well to improve our taste in colour-composition by studying, amongst other things, those beautiful arrangements of colour masses so often displayed in Indian and Persian rugs, and in those splendidly-embroidered silken robes which are worn by the nobles of China and Japan.

But many a picture painted originally in various colours is found to gain greatly in artistic effect when translated into simple "black and white." Landseer's works are striking examples of this. Indeed, it is the relative position and proportion of its masses of light and dark, rather than any other quality in a picture, that first of all attracts us towards it from a distance. It is clear, therefore, that this element is of the utmost importance in pictorial composition.

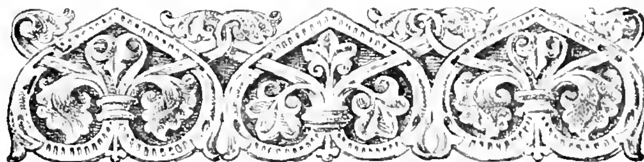
The first idea amongst painters of arranging the masses of light and dark in their pictures naturally was to relieve dark objects against light backgrounds, and light objects against dark backgrounds. But this device is decorative rather than pictorial, and is apt to make objects look flat, by lessening the effect of their "modelling." The next idea was to relieve the light side of an object against a dark, and the dark side against a light, background. This produces a very decided effect, but the artifice is too evident to be often adopted. Then painters made use of the device of supporting the light side of an object or a light object in a picture with a light background, or of supporting the dark side of an object or a dark object in a picture with a dark background. A great effect of unity, or, as a painter would say, of "breadth," is attained in this way: too much breadth, in fact, unless at the same time sufficient contrast is afforded by variety in the hues of the colours; unless, for example, an object of a light warm colour can be relieved against an object of a light cold colour, or

the reverse, or an object of a dark warm colour against one of a dark cold colour, or the contrary. It happens sometimes that the resources of colour available in a picture will not allow of such an arrangement of light and dark as this without too much confusing objects with their backgrounds.

At length the great painters of Venice, Giorgione, Titian, and Tintoretto, combined the several methods till then adopted of arranging masses of light and dark. By so doing they obtained effects of sufficient breadth and mystery without sacrificing any necessary relief, and so first of all produced not only decorative but pictorial results. Sir Joshua Reynolds felt that there must be some general principle of proportion of light and dark upon which the Venetian masters, consciously or unconsciously, arranged the masses of their pictures, and after a careful study of a number of their compositions, he came to a conviction on the matter, which he has communicated to us in the following words: "Without regard to drawing or subject, the most effective general rule seems to be to allow not above one-fourth of the picture for light (including principal and subsidiary lights), to keep another quarter as dark as possible, and to reserve the remaining half for middle-tint or half-shadow." This was more or less the principle on which Sir Joshua himself arranged his effects after his visit to Italy. It may be observed that Rubens also, after his residence in Italy, worked more or less upon this system, except that he preferred to have rather more than a quarter of his picture composed of light colours. Rembrandt's favourite arrangement of light and dark was very different, for few of the pictures painted by this great master of effect show a proportion of much more than one-eighth part of light. Turner, on the other hand, when he came to the maturity of his power, may be said to have reversed the system of Rembrandt, for he flooded his canvases with light or with luminous middle-tint, leaving barely one-eighth of his composition in shadow. The simple fact is that no painter of genius allows himself to be trammelled by precedent, but relies implicitly upon his instinct in arranging the effects in his pictures; but if a timid composer must work on some theory of light and dark, he cannot adopt one more generally serviceable than this of having one-quarter of his picture dark, one-quarter light, and two-quarters of middle-tint. In working on this system, however, it is by no means necessary that these masses of light, dark, and middle-tint should be of the same strength throughout, or that they should each be concentrated in one part of the picture. On the contrary, it is best to get as much variety and gradation as possible into darks, lights, and middle-tints. A good effect is produced by splitting up both light and dark into two or three unequal masses of varying intensity, so as to secure a principal light and a principal dark, with several subsidiary lights and darks, and to get as much interchange as possible.

It is an effective arrangement to place the chief light and chief dark in a picture in close proximity, and so produce what is technically called a "focus." To focus or lead the eye of the spectator to that part of our subject or to that object in our picture, or to cause his attention to rest on that sentiment or quality, for the sake of which the picture was painted, is the ultimate end and aim of all pictorial composition. What that object or quality is depends entirely upon the taste and feeling of each individual artist. It may be grandeur of form and dignity of action, as it was with Michelangelo; it may be grace and beauty of line, as it was with Raphael; it may be glow and glory of colour, as it was with Titian; it may be mystery and solemnity of shadow, as it was with Rembrandt; it may be brilliancy and glamour of light, as it was with Turner; but whatever be the effect which a painter wishes to express, it can be produced only by means of harmony, contrast, and mystery: pictorial art has no other resources than these three.

The very best composition undoubtedly is instinctive; but the faculty of pictorial arrangement may be dormant, and may be developed by studying the accidental groupings of all sorts of objects that we see in nature, and by trying to reproduce something like them in our pictures. The secret of success is to paint only the effects and arrangements that are sympathetic to us, without troubling ourselves about whether other painters have done anything like that before. If an artist feels anything deeply, and honestly does his best to render what he feels, there is little doubt that he will succeed in showing at least some of its beauty to others. BARCLAY DAY.



THE AMERICAN SALON.

1.—THE OLD CANAL, DORDRECHT.

(Painted by Frank Myers Boggs. Salon, 1884.)

If we except the more imaginative though scarcely more poetic contribution of M. Puvis de Chavannes, it is incontestably with Mr. Whistler, whose portrait was the finest thing in the Exposition of 1883, that rest the real honours of this year's Salon also. By "real honours" is not meant, of course, the esteem of either the popular or the medal-awarding jury—which are in France, besides, as nearly as possible identical. Nevertheless it is certain that the two portraits sent this year were not only extremely successful among the younger and untraditional French painters who are glad of any ally, and especially one of Mr. Whistler's strength, in their continuous warfare against the Philistines, but appeared to the important class known as "les esprits délicats" eminently *hors concours* in the Salon competition. They were the portrait of Carlyle, already engraved in this magazine, and long as familiar to many of its readers as any description could make it, and a full-length portrait of a little girl—"Miss Alexander"—painted some dozen years ago, and once rejected by an admission jury, according to rumour. It is as fine in its way as the "Carlyle"—less grave, of course, and of course without the touch of melancholy which in the latter seems to have dictated the tone and the accessories, and thus to bring them into a subtle harmony with the character of the sitter. It lacks too, naturally, the personal interest which—quite legitimately expressed in the painting, not imported into it by the observer's imagination—characterises the "Carlyle," and makes of it a majestic historical portrait as well as a beautiful piece of fine art. On the other hand it is more decorative, its key is higher, its quality of

gaiety is as agreeable as the quality of solemnity in the "Carlyle" is impressive. The soft greens and yellows with which the pervasive argentine quality is tinctured; the delicate way, palpably sensuous, in which even the extremes of black on the one hand and white on the other are brought into tonic relation without effacement of individual accents; are conspicuous merits of the canvas. They will be easily missionary function which it may perform. And even to the younger French painters who profess an entire sympathy with him, and who fancy they are making warfare on the Philistines at his side, Mr. Whistler will probably prove a help if he continues to contribute to the Salon, by convincing them that whereas, like them, he is untraditional, unlike them he combines the positive worship of beauty with his

2.—A QUARTETT.

(Painted by W. T. Dannat. Salon, 1884.)

imagined, however, by Mr. Whistler's admirers, and as praise of them is at this date commonplace, so criticism of them in detail—to suggest, for example, that the brilliancy of the face suffers from our attention to the general harmony—though legitimate enough in itself in an article about the Salon, would simply evince a defective sense of proportion and fitness. In any collection of modern paintings in which a picture by Mr. Whistler is found, to do more than note its excellences, its superiority, is to commit this error. One is disposed rather to reflect upon the protestantism, and that it is best never to lose sight of the ideal, even in one's revolt against formalism, and even in one's eccentricities always to have a positive motive.

Mr. Sargent's portrait, on the other hand, was certainly a mistake. For a time it was a sensation, but its character was really too pronounced for enduring success of sensation even, and before long proved fatiguing. Mr. Sargent is absolutely and integrally an artist; and the reason of his failure this year is probably to be found in his fundamental incapacity

for painting portraits *à la mode*. Despite their popularity his portraits all have the grand air, a distinction due to the way in which they are conceived, as well as to the manner of their presentation. If they are not at bottom thoroughly poetic and sympathetic, they are equally far from being portraits *à la mode*. This year the painter's subject did not lend itself to considerations from the art point of view. A successful, or in current phrase a "professional," beauty, the lady herself was superficially a work of art, and for the proper, or at least the satisfactory and complimentary, treatment of the artificial surfaces she exposed, a method quite different from Mr. Sargent's naturalistic method was needed. The convention which obtains so widely and with such unaffected sincerity in the *monde* of which Mr. Sargent's sitter is the most admired ornament—the convention, namely, that *maquillage* and *décoloration* are an appropriate painting of the lily and an added beauty to beauty itself—this convention, when one is painting a portrait *à la mode*, needs to be frankly recognised and treated by the medium of that other recognised convention, in virtue of which the work of such a portrait-painter *à la mode* as M. Chaplin, say, is made to stand for artistic beauty and lovely quality. Mr. Sargent being a painter quite without conventions, indeed almost defiantly free from them, was foredoomed as it were to disappoint the admirers of a beauty of this kind—a beauty distinctly of Salons and *soirées*. It was amusing to tarry near his picture and overhear the varied constatations of his failure. "Quelle croûte!" "Voilà les plus belles épaules de Paris!" "A-t-on jamais vu une horreur pareille!" The portrait became an "incident." Its artistic interest was quite lost in its social interest. Was it after all a social or rather a sociological interest that the painter took in his work? Did he become Hogarthian, so to speak, for the moment, and was his work dictated by the impulse of painting a beauty *à la mode* in all the unbeautiful aspects of such a product of the art of society? Certainly this is a plausible induction to be made from the overpowering insistence of the portrait on the artificial peculiarities of the sitter. And though nothing is further removed from Mr. Sargent's genius than the characteristics which may be called Hogarthian, it is not unnatural to suppose that any artistic modification of the Hogarth point of view—namely, artistic rather than moral repugnance to *maquillage* and *décoloration*—really presided in the inception of the work in question. Another hypothesis is perhaps tenable. The Manet exhibition of last winter gave a renewed impulse to the realistic cult, and may have influenced even a pupil of Carolus Duran. Under this impulse—singularly powerful among painters, even to the point of producing here and there positive optical modifications in their way of looking at the object to be rendered—Mr. Sargent may have fancied he was reproducing exactly and literally "les plus belles épaules, et le plus beau profile de Paris," as they appeared to him, and not as, by convention, they appear to the numerous admirers of his model. But in this case it is difficult to account for the discrepancy between the painting of the exposed and the draped portions of the figure. The latter were admirably rendered. Mr. Sargent has never done anything better than the dress and the table on which the lady leans. Their quality is Dutch, with an added largeness and freedom quite the painter's own. As Mr. Sargent's best work often does, the handling recalls Velasquez. The left arm, too, is superb in line and weight, and the disagreeable and uneasy twist of the right is perhaps a consequence of the pose, which is chosen to display the profile above alluded to. But the face is a mere section, quite without modelling, and perfectly resembling a painted paper doll's. This is not Manet; it is the reverse of naturalism, it is evidently and exaggeratedly *voulu*. It may have had, in nature, no natural or local colour, but it must have had form; and a realistic painter, especially if he be painting realism *à outrance*, is bound to make round objects appear round. From any point of view the individuality of the sitter is quite lost, which is bad portraiture; the general aspect is displeasing, which is bad art; and the face is essentially and visibly unreal, which is bad naturalism. And the real reason for the failure is probably, as I have intimated, the complicated motive of the work.

In every way a contrast was Mr. Wyatt Eaton's "Portrait of a Lady" (3), which had no sensational success at all, and which was in some respects the very finest canvas in the Salon. His way of working is entirely personal, and an intimate reflection of his habit of observing, which is careful and tranquil rather than rapid and incisive. The quality of his pictures is one which attracts and attaches. It is sympathetic rather than stirring. One must be prepared to meet it part way—must be in a receptive mood rather than in an observant mental attitude. The sharpest condition of the merely intellectual faculties might easily miss its charm, which is softly penetrating and not at all masterful. So much of the best painting that is now popular has qualities so opposite, qualities so striking and obviously admirable, that, unless one stops to think, one is driven to accept it as the only painting which is positive, and to apply to more subtle and delicate work epithets which seem negative for the very reason that they describe something essentially unobtrusive by contrast with the popular emphasis everywhere triumphant and palpable. Thus of this portrait one is inclined to notice first of all its absence of clever painting, its complete freedom

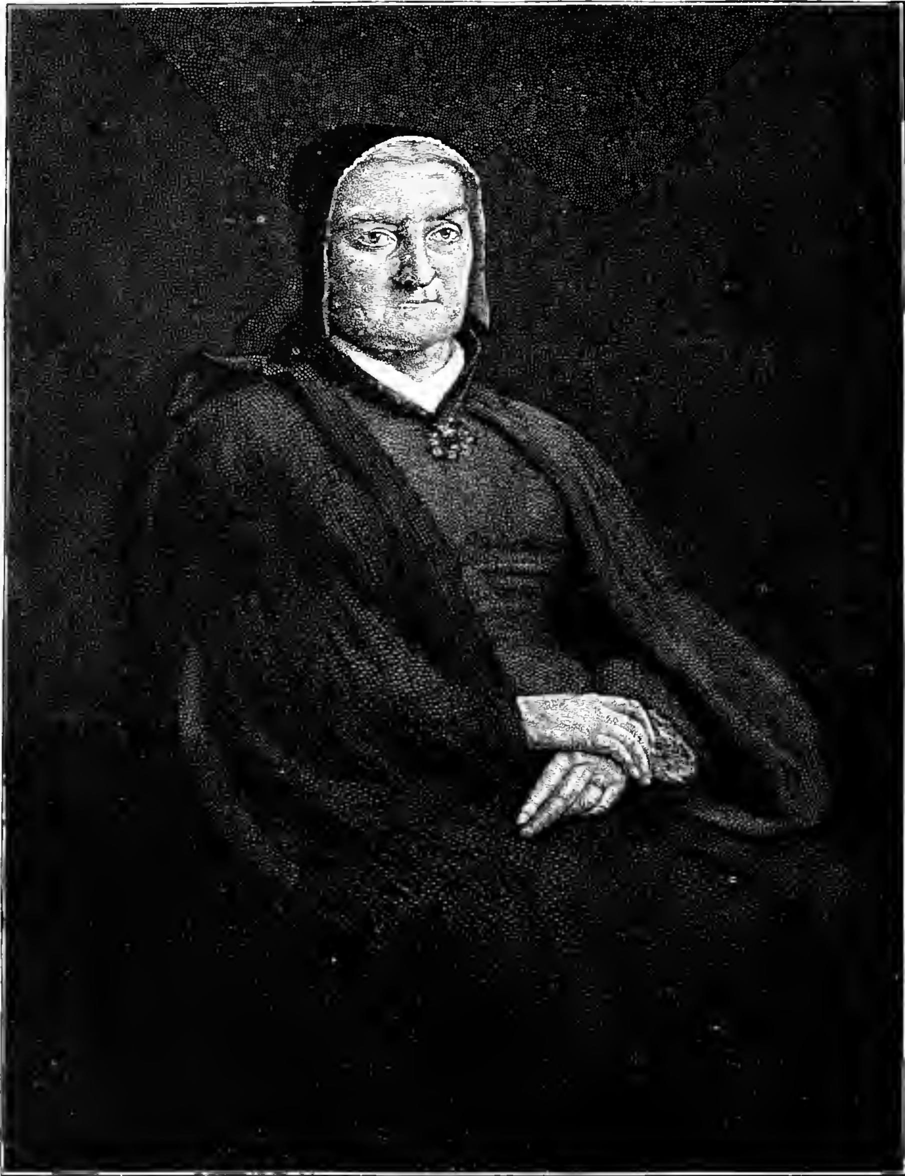
THE BATH AT HOME: CAIRO.

(Painted by F. A. Bridgman. Salon 1884.)

from vulgarity, its lowness of tone, its reserve. In contrast with very excellent Salon work it seems subdued, almost pensive; whereas in reality and judged positively it is as frank and blithe as the most *criard* of its competitors. Removed from such competition one feels of course its delicacy and chaste repose as entirely positive qualities. And to these qualities the technique is adjusted with sympathetic nicety. That is to say, Mr. Eaton's manner is his own and interprets his genius directly, and is not at all a technique caught up in the schools and imperfectly assimilated, as is the fact about the manner of not a few painters of the present generation, whose individual force has proved altogether inferior to their appreciation of some one of the masters of technique. It is possible that from the painter's point of view Mr. Eaton has done better things. Perhaps he felt that he was getting his general tone a little too grave, and when he came to put the last telling accents into the face, got these a little too high. The defect is at all events that the face is over-brilliant in comparison with the hands, which are nevertheless nearer the spectator; and in comparison with the whole remainder of the canvas, which is very rich and quiet, it certainly strikes a note a little too sharp and clear for the general tone. And the tone given by the luminous black and soft dark green of the drapery, and so justly conserved and accentuated in the beautifully drawn hands, is too fine to need "keying-up" even at the centre of interest, which in a portrait is of course always the face. However, this defect or any other of the mere painting hardly detracts from the unusual spiritual interest of the work, and in no degree obscures the admirable presentation of noble and dignified character which makes it a marked portrait.

But one can hardly be too much on one's guard about becoming "subjective"—the temptation is so strong, and yielding to it leads so inevitably to the domain of mere speculation where nothing is real, or at least ascertainable, and which is therefore a wholly profitless field of exploration. There is certainly no temptation of the kind in contemplating Mr. Dannat's "Quartett" (2), or Mr. Harrison's "Crépuscule," both of which had marked success, the French Government offering to buy them, the critics proving generally eulogistic, and the public, or by no means the least discerning portion of it, echoing these judgments. Very clever painting, certainly, is one's first word about each of them. Beyond that, however, one's praise grows hesitating, because in the first place one's interest diminishes, and in the second the kind of clever painting stimulates a reflective mood, in which the pictures themselves are a little lost sight of. It is elementary nowadays that on a small scale and applied to small subjects, still-life, or rather what is called *trompe-l'œil*, is bad art. As soon as the truth becomes recognised—that from this as well as from so many other points of view scale makes no difference—their *trompe-l'œil* will not assist the popularity of even works of the importance of this "Quartett" and "Crépuscule." It is true that there is in each a certain largeness of handling adjusted to their larger scale, and that this is extremely agreeable. It is infinitely preferable to conventionalised painting—such as Gérôme's, for example, or Lefebvre's, which seems quite justly *passée* by comparison. But it can never succeed in achieving even its own modest aim—the aim, namely, of simply reproducing nature. Bastien-Lepage or Lhermitte, or others of the younger French school, wholly given over to literalism as they are, do not paint in this way; and it is only a common error to suppose that they do. Their literalness, however minute and painstaking it may appear, is nearly always broadened and relieved, quickened and elevated by the generalisation which makes of their apparent and even professed *imitations* the *correspondence*, as the Swedenborgians would say, which real art is in its relations to nature. As for creative art, for which nature, with its infinite variety of structure and surfaces on the one hand, and of moral significance on the other, is the material, it is time wasted to reproach such clever painters as Mr. Dannat and Mr. Harrison for not giving us much of that. The current is, in France, at all events quite in the other direction. Mr. Harrison's water looks remarkably like water from the *trompe-l'œil* point of view. The observer remarks the resemblance and immediately infers the reproduction of the general effect of the natural scene which has furnished the model; of this natural scene, familiar as it is to every one who knows the sea-shore at all, he is, if a person of any sentiment, extremely fond; association reproduces familiar and agreeable emotions, and his induction is that the painter has admirably caught the spirit and sentiment of the sea-shore during twilight. This is the mental process, I imagine, of most admirers of this canvas and of Mr. Dannat's, and they include, as I said, many of the more discerning portion of the public. It is only the lapse of time which shows even discerning observers who are indisposed, or little habituated, to reflection, how insecure such a basis for their admiration really is. But the lapse of time is fatally enlightening, and it is certain to convict of unsatisfactoriness the clever painting which is essentially *trompe-l'œil* on a large scale, associated though it be with broad and masculine technique, just as it has already proved fatal to similar painting on a small scale and petty in manner, and to the painting which is based on convention. It is no eulogy to an artist of Mr. Harrison's merit to dwell

on his superiority to conventionality, and to praise his stretch of water and sand, softly lighted by a rising moon and quietly luminous atmosphere, for not being what such a scene would have become in the hands of one of the academic painters. But after all and essentially there is something akin to conventionality in just such painting as this. There is indisputably something very like conventionality in all painting of which one's first and last word is that it is clever. Reflection assures us when we come really to think about the matter that it is only not the conventionality to which we have become habituated with which we are sated, and which therefore we recognise at once as conventionality. A painter who is fundamentally a student of nature, who is a sincere worshipper and adorer of natural structure and surfaces, never rests content with the superficial semblance, the counterfeit presentment which merely deceives the eye for a time and produces its effect by association. He is not content with simply exchanging the studio for out of doors, but feels that no study of the object can be too careful and intimate and prolonged. If Mr. Harrison has made a prolonged and intimate study of wave-forms, if he has not been content with simply "painting direct from nature," if his brush has not



3.—PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

(Painted by Wyatt Eaton. Salon, 1884.)

1.—A FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

(Painted by J. L. Stewart. Salon, 1884.)

been guided by an unconscious conventionality, so to speak, he is certainly not a painter of the capacity he appears to possess.

Mr. Dannat's Spanish picture (2) falls naturally into the same category. It is an extremely successful *tour de force*, and certainly has qualities and defects of its own. It is finely effective; the four figures are admirably painted; every detail of them is in fact conspicuously well painted, and though, even if there were a central point of pictorial interest, this detail would probably distract attention from it, still there is undeniably what is called a totality, or at any rate a singleness, of effect which dominates the distributed emphasis of the detail. This unity, however, proceeds rather from the similarity of the parts than from their organic relations. There is almost no composition in the picture, hardly any convergence even of line or mass. It is, in fact, picturesque rather than pictorial, as Spanish pictures by foreign painters are apt to be—as Sargent's "El Jaléo," for example, emphatically was. It comes, of course, from the circumstance that to a foreigner the natural picturesqueness of Spanish material seems so attractive that he makes no attempt to deal with it pictorially; the endeavour to reproduce it interests him sufficiently. But the result of his endeavour never permanently pleases the beholder, who demands something more than to be "carried back in imagination" to Spanish scenes and picturesqueness. In art nothing pleases permanently which is not openly or in disguise in some degree artistic. Fortuny, Villegas, Madrazo, see their national material artistically, not with the delighted enthusiasm of the impressionable newcomer, and viewing it with native sympathy make of it real pictures. Sooner or later, clever and even brilliant as they are, when cleverness and brilliancy become, as they are constantly becoming, less unusual characteristics, when we come to accept them more as matter of course, and before long we certainly shall come to so accept them—sooner or later such *tours de force* as have won so much applause for Mr. Dannat and Mr. Harrison this year will, if they are painted at all by painters who are clever and brilliant, be even popularly considered as misconceived and misused memoranda properly belonging in the painter's portfolio.

The other American pictures attracted little attention, though nearly all held their own with entire satisfactoriness among their respective neighbours, and some escaped remark by reason of the delicate nature of their motives and treatment. Of this latter number, two small and wholly unpretending canvases by Mr. Reinhart were particularly worth the notice which their very character prevented them from receiving — "La Pêcheuse de Moules" and "La Plage à Villerville." They should have been sent to an exhibition where the competition is less brutal, that of the Société Internationale, for instance. The old mussel-gatherer was especially good. Mr. Reinhart's excellence in drawing and his knowledge of the figure have long been familiar to every one who follows current literature, in the illustration of which he has certainly done as much as any one to demonstrate the potential dignity of such work considered as fine art. But that he is as good with his palette as with his pencil—unlikely as this might seem when one remembers the vast and essential differences between drawing and painting, between black and white and colour—this little picture of itself very definitely attests. It is especially good in the qualities which belong especially to painting—in atmosphere, in colour, in soft hues and transparent tones. It discloses the true landscape sense—appreciation of the real aspects and subtle beauties of sea and sky and sand, and chance reflections and pervasive luminousness. The Villerville beach is in its way quite as good, and though less elaborate, insists with agreeable sincerity upon its own simplicity. The two canvases are, in fact, admirable realisations of really charming motives, and exhibit with refinement and delicately just the qualities which the open air school of the day most esteems—namely, a careful observation and sympathetic rendering of values which, treated with regard to their more positive aspect of colour, would hardly show any variety at all. Similarly unpretending and equally just in its rendering of delicate values was a tiny canvas by Mr. Twachtman, of which, moreover, the sentiment was poetic as well as pleasant, and positively beautiful as well as true. It was a snow-scene called "L'Hiver en Amérique;" and, "skied" as it was, must have escaped every one who did not search for it. Still another among pictures one would really like to own was Mr. R. W. Curtis's "Une Fainéante Vénitienne"—a mere sketch in importance, but charming in sentiment and charmingly painted.

Of the rest I merely transcribe my notes. Mr. Blair Bruce's "Temps Passé" exhibited the new clever technique applied to illustration of the old commonplace genre. Mr. Boggs's "Old Canal at Dordrecht" (1) was true enough no doubt in tone, but pale and whitey-grey; and his Thames view was decidedly wan: similar subjects, but painted in colour by Lépine, a Frenchman just pushing his way to the front, are worth Mr. Boggs's attention. Mr. Bridgman—whose principal contribution is the original of our frontispiece—and Mr. Pearce sent work, entirely capable of course, but (equally of course, need one add?) showing no abrupt departure from the entirely capable work by the same hands that had preceded it. Mr. Coolidge's "Portrait of a Lady" was grave and rather rich in colour, the face broken up

by a surplusage of shadows, the hands feeble, and the white literally colourless. A portrait by Mr. Kenneth Crauford was very well painted and good in character, though without artistic interest. Mr. Davis's "Village dans la Plaine" was, except for a tendency to stippling, an excellently rendered landscape effect: rather colourless, but of a very agreeable light tone and evidently just values. Two canvases by Mr. Dellenbaugh displayed a good deal of originality in both sentiment and handling, the "Campement sur Mer" being rather unpleasing in its monotonous browns; but the "École Buissonière" was very good genre indeed. Mr. Clifford Grayson's "Boat, Ahoy!" (5) was delightful; the same qualities applied to a more important work would make the painter talked about. Mr. Penfold's "Veuve!" was a perfectly respectable bit of school genre, its noteworthy feature being the successful preservation throughout of its grey-green tone. Two American landscapes by Mr. W. M. Picknell, though a trifle fixed and inelastic in treatment, nevertheless attracted attention and excited interest by their sunny freshness and their colour, which was nearly brilliant without apparent loss of truth. Two Low Countries landscapes by Mr. Pilatt were, on the other hand, cold and clear and striking in virtue of being very real. Perhaps the best landscape, however, was Waugh's "Gelée Blanche," which was extremely pretty in composition and colour, and entirely original and unaffected. Mr. Stewart's "A Five o'Clock Tea" (4) is here to speak for itself. Mr. Vail's "Le Port de Pêche: Concarneau," interesting from its excellent manner rather than its motive, is the last that need be mentioned in this place.

5.—BOAT, AHOY!

(Painted by C. Grayson. Salon, 1884.)

W. C. Brownell.

HEAD-GEAR IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—II.

THE mortar shape is evidently ancient and official. Among Fifteenth-Century head-gear an example appears of a Count of Holland thus arrayed. In an example (29), taken from a picture by Van Eyck, we see the same mortar-shaped hat with the addition of a huge brim. The worthy man who wears this vast head-piece has the face of a mystic, and both in visage and costume might pass for a precursor of George Fox. That he was so, those who are acquainted with the Low Countries in the Fifteenth Century will admit to be a not improbable conjecture, and were it possible of proof, it might be another example of the fact that a similar inward life will find a similar outward expression. In a picture by Piero della Francesca (1415—1492), a painter of the Umbrian school, we have a figure, probably intended for a lawyer,

wearing the mortar-shaped hat on a very gigantic scale (32).

During the latter half of the century a form of hat, cap, or bonnet shaped like the Mohammedan fez was much in vogue in Western Europe. Its universal acceptance may be gathered from the figures I give representing this hat as worn in England (22), France (24), Germany (25), the Low Countries (23), Italy (26), and Spain (27). From an art point of view it would be difficult to find a less objectionable form of head-dress, especially when associated, as it was at this time in England, with a free growth of hair. However, it excited, in common with other articles of costume more open to criticism, the indignation of those who cared for the commonweal:

21.—DEMENTIA. ENGLISH, 1415–80.

> "Ye prowd galantts hertlesse,
> With your high capps witlesse
> And your short gownys thriftless,
> Have brought this lond in gret hevynesse."

We can sympathise with these moralists, for they lived in the end of an age when the old society was going to ruin and the new was not formed, and everywhere in the midst of the anarchy despotic governments were growing fast. The sight of a hat which came direct from the Moors and was the very symbol of Mohammedan despotism could not but stir the bile of the liberty-loving, conservative Englishman. It was just when the fez was becoming universally popular that Machiavelli was learning at Florence the arts by which a despotism might be evolved and maintained.

The fez-shaped hats, as our illustrations bear witness (22—27), were of various heights, and were worn very differently on the head. Sometimes they appear to have been gathered up at the crown and to end in a piece of thread or string just where, in the modern fez, the tassel comes. This is the character of the bonnet worn by Hans Memling in the portrait by himself in the National Gallery. Among the Italians a hat of somewhat similar form, only more bell-shaped, was worn. It was made in ten quarters, and had a button on the crown. A specimen of this cap may be seen in the "Adoration of the Magi" by Filippino Lippi, at the same gallery.

28.—ALAIN CHARTIER.

It was in Italy that the hat of the Fifteenth Century became not only a work of art, but was produced in an endless variety of forms and with all kinds of luxurious ornamentation, specially of feathers and precious stones. In a picture by Pisano in the National Gallery representing St. Anthony and St. George, we get the latter in an immense broad-brimmed straw hat worthy of a planter (36). As Shakespeare causes Iris in the "Tempest" to tell certain "sunburnt sicklemen of August" to put on their "rye-straw hats," we conclude that this cool wear, so well known and so beautifully made in the Italy of the Fifteenth Century, soon found its way into England, if it was not already there.

ADAPTATIONS OF THE FEZ: 22, ENGLISH; 23, FLEMISH; 24, FRENCH; 25, GERMAN; 26, ITALIAN; 27, SPANISH.

But if we examine one of Filippino Lippi's "Adorations of the Magi," in which he has collected representatives of all the wealth and luxury of his age, we shall find abundant evidence of the varied and curious forms of the hat which now prevailed in Italy. Here are not only the hood simple, or turned into a cap; not only the plain fez, and the fez rising into something like a tiara, looking as if three fezzes had been placed one on another, the whole supported on the head by a double roundlet; but all kinds of fantastic forms. One resembles a magnifi-

cently gilded twelfth-cake ; a second may be likened to a collection of melons poised on the top of a turban ; a third is a blue sugar-loaf with the hood tied round its base, the point cut off, and the round space painted red ; a fourth suggests one of those enormous shells which mark a mariner's home ; a fifth is shaped like a beehive, being nothing but a long dancing through dark streets at the head of a procession in carnival time. Thus the spirit of evil sought in the Fifteenth Century to create in Italy a merry-andrew world, and so to turn men's thoughts from fastening too seriously on the dissolution which threatened their national life and liberties. It was one of the arts of despotism to encourage every

29.—A PRECURSOR OF GEORGE FOX. 30.—A FLORAL FANCY. 31.—THE VANITY OF FEATHERS
32.—AN UMBRIAN LAWYER.

roundlet twisted six times to the form of the head and finishing at the crown in a kind of tendril. Others have enormous fan-like brims coming out on either side of the brow and streaked so as to look like the petals of a gigantic sweet pea (34), or the same brims are seen with tall crowns covered with gilt braid. And if we may trust Uccello, still more fantastic was the head-gear of Italian soldiers. In one of his battle-pieces at the Louvre the hats of the combatants come out from the black ground like so many great and marvellously streaked Chinese lanterns fashionable vagary, and Leo the Magnificent exercised his finest and rarest gifts in order to corrupt the people he wished to enslave.

His contemporary, Louis XI., tried more solid methods, and the despotism of which he laid the foundations lasted far longer. He appealed to the bourgeois spirit, and the little old fur hat he wore, stuck full of sacred images, aptly represented the parsimonious thrift and the care to be well in with all the powers, known and unknown, temporal and spiritual, which marks the founders of great com-

mercial houses. The little fur hat of Louis XI. (37) is one of the commonest shapes of the time; in the gallant, however, it became more pointed and was often ornamented with one or more feathers stuck in the band or in an aiglet over the forehead, or it had borders turned up on both sides and shaped like a mitre. A figure quoted in a former article (9) represents the head of an Italian dandy of the period, when the hair was allowed to grow over the back and shoulders; this, combined with dresses as close-fitting as an acrobat's, gave men the look of the modern French poodle. The English fop in the reign of Edward IV. cultivated this fashion to such a ridiculous extent, that he was half-blinded by the quantity of hair that fell about his eyes. These finer-shaped hats must have been made of felt, but hats were often made of fur, as in an example I select (33), where the crown is heavy and square and the border in accordance. This is from Hefner-Alteneck and of the early part of the century. The same fashion appeared in England, for we read of "hattes powdered with armyns." Another form of hat made from some coarse fur is given by Strutt (38) in two different plates, and we have it again from a different source by Fairholt. Pilgrims wore this kind of hat; the old traveller Mandeville is represented with it in a MS. copy of his travels in the British Museum. It was sometimes dropped on the back, being held by a ribbon over the shoulders. But this fashion of carrying a hat was common. Lacroix gives a figure of Alain Chartier, the French poet, author of "La belle dame sauns mercy," with his hat in this position (28)—a fashion adopted, I believe, by Miss Faucit as Rosalind in Arden.

33.—ALL FUR.

34.—FILIPPINO LIPPI *PINXIT.*

The beaver hat was early introduced into England, for the merchant in the "Canterbury Tales" is described as wearing "a Flaundrish bever hat." An inventory of the hats belonging to Sir John Fastolf (1459) gives some idea of the head-gear of a gentleman of this period:—"j hatte of bever lynyd withe damaske gilt girdell bokkell and penaunt with iiij barrys of the same;" "ii poyntys of a hood of skarlot, j blake rydyng hoode sengle, ij strawen hattes;" "ryding hoode of blakke felwet, j prikking hat cover'd with blake felwet." In Froissart we come upon "hattes of biever and eustrydes fethers." In an illustration quoted in my first paper we have an example (12) of what appears to be the tail-feathers of a hawk or falcon, or possibly of some kind of eagle. Towards the end of the century feathers became ostentatiously tall and numerous. We see it especially in the Milanese hats, where every effort was made by ribbons and aiglets and ostrich feathers to render them as magnificent as possible (31). In some cases the plumes were so numerous and so long as to over-topple the bonnet, and the cap figured in our example, underneath the hat, was evidently used as a means of securing it to the head. In making these hats the costliest materials were used, cloth of gold and silver, velvet and satin; they were slashed and puffed and decorated with a profusion of jewels, spangles, and other ornaments. Their forms were varied; sometimes the head-dress looked absolutely Oriental, occasionally a man's head looked like the foliated capital of a column.

35.—FRENZY. ENGLISH, 1415-80.

The luxuriousness which is especially apparent in Italy and England towards the end of the Fifteenth Century descended as usual to the servants. In a song on "Serving Men," given in Fairholt's edition of "Satirical Songs and Poems on Costume," an English serving-man is described as wearing a "bonet of fine scarlett," and having "here as black as geitt." If I remember rightly, Sebastian Brandt in his "Ship of Fools" attacks his countrymen of all classes for their luxury in dress, and is especially severe on the lower orders for the way they ape the dress of those who have swung themselves up to the higher rungs in the social ladder.

36.—PISANO'S ST. GEORGE.

However, the German serving-man seems a more incorruptible character than the satirist was disposed to allow. In vol. ii., p. 52, of "Hefner-Alteneck" we have a servant attending on some ladies riding; he carries in his hand a cap like one very generally worn both in France and Germany in the present day. From this persistence it is fair to suppose that it was universal in the Fifteenth Century.

37.—LOUIS XI.

Again, the hat worn by the German noble which I quoted a month ago (15), and taken from Camille Bonnard, is said to bear a close resemblance to the hat of the modern Austrian soldier. Another form of hat worn by the German noble (30) is taken from a figure in an early German painting. The material of which the crown is made is a rose-coloured plush with a gold button and tassel. The foliated rim is a pale cabbage green, and worked with streaks so as to imitate the leaf. If the original painting is examined it will be found that not only the hat but the material of other parts of the dress was woven and coloured so as to imitate the surface of leaves and flowers. It would lead us into depths to which this article has no pretension to go, if I were to speak of the cause: suffice it to say I believe it may be found in the peculiar mysticism of which the Dominican Master Eckhardt was so distinguished an exponent.

To have an idea of the various forms of head-gear worn by the people of Germany in the Fifteenth Century, the specimens from the "Nuremberg Chronicle," given by Mr. Adey Repton in vol. xxiv. of the "Archæologia," should be examined. It will be seen that the square-shaped hat was very common among the people, but that there was plenty of room for the most whimsical to indulge his fancies. The German head-gear is distinguished by the characteristics which afterwards appear in Albert Dürer's figures. Homely even to ugliness, they cannot be denied a certain picturesqueness, while in our land the head-gear is utterly without that redeeming quality. What, for example, could an artist make out of such head-gear as we have figured (21, 35), which are taken from Planché, and which represent hats in the time of Henry V., Henry VI., and Edward IV.? Are we as a people incapable of recognising what is ugly? One would think so to behold the persistence of the well-pelted chimney-pot. This is a serious question, and worth serious enquiry. Its answer might involve a reversal of the generally-received opinion that the history of England has been one of ever-increasing light. To be blind to ugliness is surely an indication of moral obliquity, while sincere delight in the beautiful is a note of unity with the essence of truth. That note I am unable to discover in any kind of head-gear worn in the Fifteenth Century, save in the simple and most ancient chaplet of flowers.

In the "Roman de la Rose" Idleness is thus represented:

> "Of fine orfrays had she a chapelet,
> And fayre above that chapelet
> A rose garland had she set."

Young girls not only wore such chaplets of roses, but made them for their lovers. In the same romance the original says:

> "Et sa mie lui fit chapeau
> De roses, gracieux et beau."

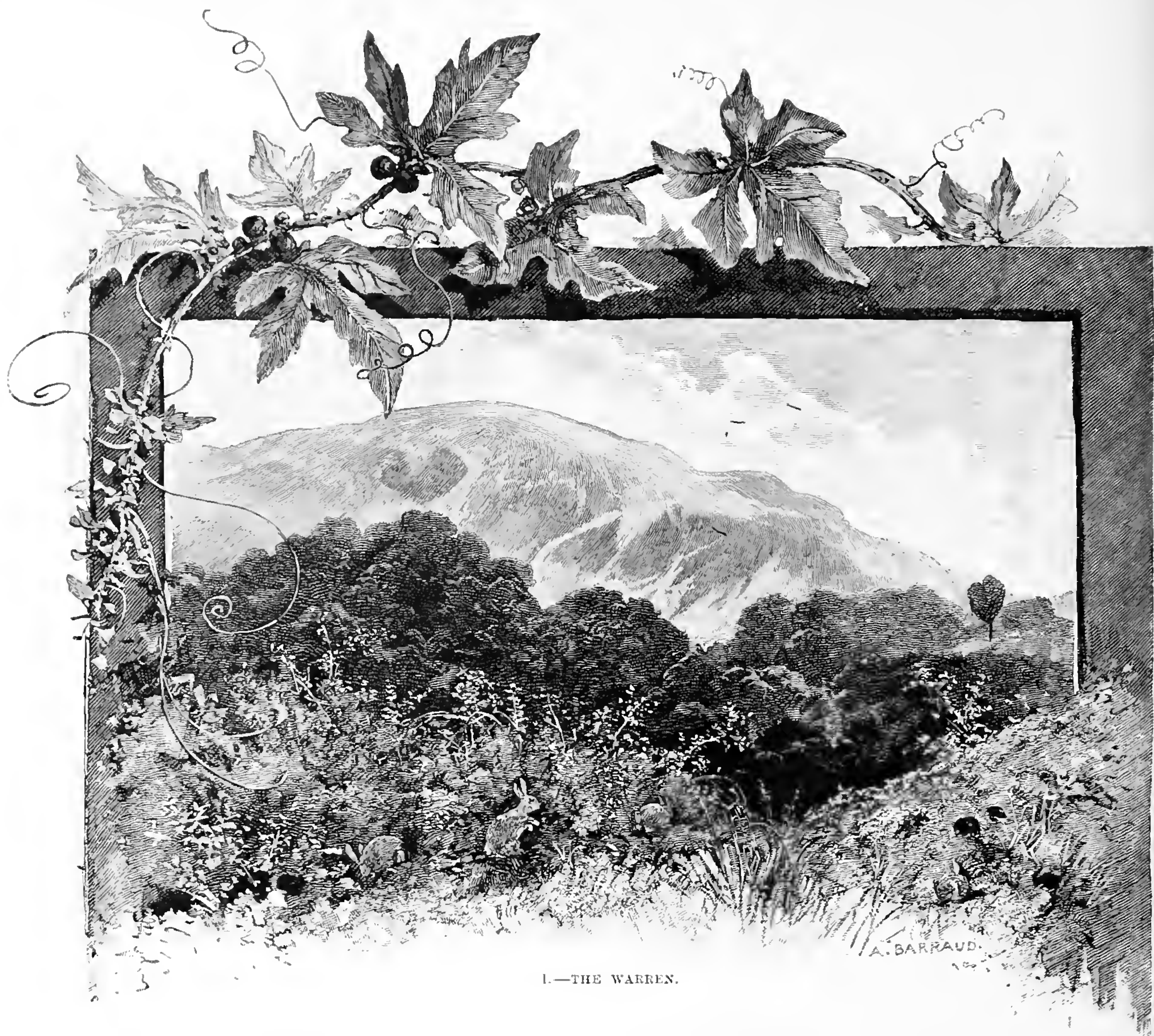
These garlands were worn in France both by brides and bridegrooms on their wedding-day, and sometimes a chaplet of roses was the sole dowry a girl received. Such chaplets were the ordinary head-gear of the troubadour, but on important festivals they sometimes wore the *chapel de paon*, which was a head-dress ornamented with broidery-work and peacock's feathers.

38.—A PILGRIM.

The custom of wearing floral chaplets was far from being confined to France. In Germany the guests at parties of pleasure were crowned with flowers, and in Italy not only were the guests so adorned, but the cups and glasses were thus wreathed. The floral chaplet was not merely a festal ornament; it was sometimes bestowed and worn as a mark of honour. When Charles VIII. of France made his entry into Naples, the Italian ladies crowned him with a chaplet of violets, and it was one of the privileges of the Constable of France to serve the king with a chaplet of roses on his head.

The rose being the flower most commonly used in making chaplets, the hatters of Paris were in every way protected from interference in its cultivation. They were free to raise rose-trees in their own houses, or to take roses out or bring them into the city, without being subjected to the *octroi* or any other dues. The reasons for this special exemption is given by Étienne Boileau, who says "their trade was established for the benefit of the gentlefolk." If a chaplet of roses was ever part of male attire in England, it was only in rare and exceptional instances.

RICHARD HEATH.



I.—THE WARREN.

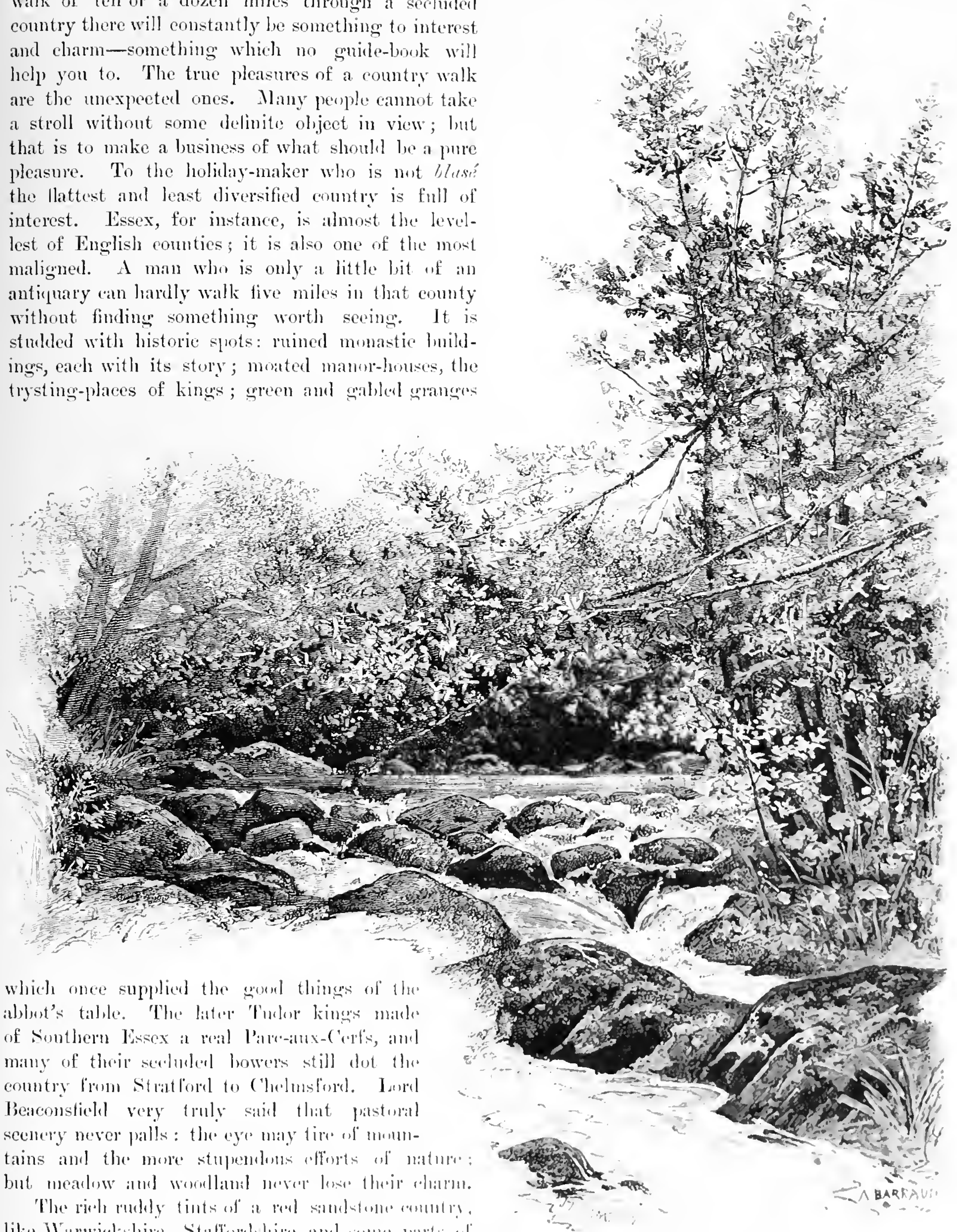
BY STREAM AND CHASE.

THE world is sadly unmindful of the delights of an inland holiday. As Lord Chesterfield was at pains to point out, it is a very desirable thing to see men and cities; but every man out of whom civilisation has not crushed the individuality gets tired of his kind upon occasion and longs for the wilderness. There is always Paris, the Rhine, or the seaside for those to whom excitement in some form is a necessary part of a holiday. Crowded hotels and brass bands charm them; even barrel-organs and shrimps fail to make them morose. But your contemplative man must needs have somewhat of solitude for his true recreation. His guide is rather Richard Jefferies than Murray or Bædeker. The brawl of a trout-stream is more musical to his ears than the dinner-gong of an hotel; an exhilarating spin over the heather is more grateful to his soul than languid strolling through *hôtels de ville*, or the climbing of tortuous staircases in palaces of the Inquisition. By all means let us take our holidays in the fashion which best pleaseth us; but it is a sure thing that one of the most charming vacations can be spent in what may seem the commonplace occupation of exploring country lanes and dallying beside bubbling rivulets.

There is no time like the autumn for seeing the country. The heat and burden of a hot summer in town are worth enduring for the sake of the russet delights of an autumnal holiday. Long walks can be undertaken without fatigue; there is no compulsion, as in July, to take a prolonged mid-day rest. If there be neither haymaking nor reaping to watch, at least there are compensations. The whirr of a covey strong on the wing is a diversion which you shall hear while yet the beaters are afar off; not infrequently a rabbit will send across your path; you

may lean sometimes at a gate into a plantation and watch a sleek predatory tom cat poaching on the preserves of the lord of the manor. In a leisurely walk of ten or a dozen miles through a secluded country there will constantly be something to interest and charm—something which no guide-book will help you to. The true pleasures of a country walk are the unexpected ones. Many people cannot take a stroll without some definite object in view; but that is to make a business of what should be a pure pleasure. To the holiday-maker who is not *blasé* the flattest and least diversified country is full of interest. Essex, for instance, is almost the levellest of English counties; it is also one of the most maligned. A man who is only a little bit of an antiquary can hardly walk five miles in that county without finding something worth seeing. It is studded with historic spots: ruined monastic buildings, each with its story; moated manor-houses, the trysting-places of kings; green and gabled granges which once supplied the good things of the abbot's table. The later Tudor kings made of Southern Essex a real Parc-aux-Cerfs, and many of their secluded bowers still dot the country from Stratford to Chelmsford. Lord Beaconsfield very truly said that pastoral scenery never palls: the eye may tire of mountains and the more stupendous efforts of nature; but meadow and woodland never lose their charm.

The rich ruddy tints of a red sandstone country, like Warwickshire, Staffordshire, and some parts of Derbyshire, are exceedingly delightful. George Eliot is the only writer who has described these peculiar tints to perfection: more faithful transcripts of scenery were never written than those in "Adam



2.—A TROUT-STREAM

Bede." The lanes of Kent and Surrey are famous for luxuriance of foliage and for the rich variegation of the hedgerows; but the Warwickshire lanes are at least their peers. The sandstone is seen in everything. The glaring white of the southern counties' roads is replaced by a rich loamy red which tints the dust and highly colours the mud. Wild flowers and endless varieties of ferns sprout brilliant from the interstices of the rocky moss-grown banks. The elms and oaks arch into a canopy overhead, for the lanes are often very narrow. The windings of these ancient ways, made before General Wade and McAdam had revived the lost art of roadmaking, are picturesque in the extreme. They follow the true line of beauty. The Roman roads which the pedestrian will strike here and there are still the best to walk upon; but they are too painfully straight to be enjoyable. A straight path seems tiresome and endless; one that winds and curvets possesses all the attraction of the unknown, for round the corner there is always the possibility of a wild bank, a wood, or a park avenue, with the solemn restful caw of its rooks. But the wayfarer who would make the best of his tour must be ready to forsake the road now and again, and be prepared to incur penalties for trespassing. The painting of warning-off boards must be a lucrative business, particularly within hail of London and the great northern and midland towns; but the number of field-paths which he who listeth may follow is infinite, and it will usually be found that even actual flagrant trespass, provided fences and so on be not damaged, will produce no very dire consequences for a respectably-dressed person with a shilling in his pocket. Keepers are very human, and a stroll through a plantation which takes your fancy is worth the risk and the shilling. If your way should haply lie through a wildish furzy country there will often be woods, commons, and plantations to enjoy without law-breaking. I know just such a stretch of country—a great wild chase, bushy with broom, pink with heather, all in a golden blaze of gorse, fringed by the thick woods of many earls whose fathers and grandfathers fenced in hundreds of rugged acres in days when less fuss was made about such matters. The fences now are green with time and moss, and the trees flourish stoutly amid a lovely undergrowth quick with half the beautiful living things of nature. The bushy, hilly chase almost touches at one extremity the grim outposts of the collieries and ironworks which blacken the air southwards for five-and-twenty miles. Due north stretches the heather, skirting the stately-timbered parks which were carved out of the king's chase in the days of the early Edwards. On one side the chase dips almost to the edge of a classic river, which marks the meeting of the midlands and the north. Izaac Walton angled there sometimes, and doubtless mused upon the many gallant bands, sheeny in mail, brilliant in plumes and trappings, who crossed its olden bridges on their way to fight the Scotch, to join in the struggles of York and Lancaster, and not so far removed from our own times, to strike a blow outside the walls of York for Charles I. Close to the river the chase touches the pales of one of the very oldest deer-parks in England. The ancestors of its present owners dwelt within it at the Conquest. From the chase into the park is a deer-leap, an aperture so constructed that deer may enter the park from the unenclosed land, but cannot return. The leap is useless now, for the chase has long since lost its deer; but it is religiously preserved, for the right of deer-leap was very sparingly granted, and the park which contains one is to the antiquary and the lover of vert and venison what a black pearl or a blue diamond is to a dealer in gems, what a black tulip should be to a lover of flowers. You needed to be high in the favour of the Plantagenets, or to have discretion enough to make them a handsome donation, to get the coveted licence.

In a corner of this wilderness of heather, where the chase tapers off to an angle backed by a great hill, a landmark for many miles, lies a bushy dell so screened by the furze and bracken as to make a natural rabbit-warren (1). You do not come upon it unexpectedly; you simply would not know it was there had you not an exploring turn of mind. The tall undergrowth shuts away intruders, and the rabbits nibble and gambol unconcernedly, as may be seen from the scarps of the big hill. An attempt to get to close quarters is not successful. The trampling down of the furze alarms bunny, and he is in concealment before his domain is really invaded. But the nook is so delightful that a quiet lounge and perhaps a meditative sandwich are irresistible. The air of this lovely common is not keen and cutting like that of the northern moorlands; it is balmy, though it makes the blood dance. Presently we strike the high-road again, and are soon discontented. The chase has spoiled us for straightforward travelling for that day. Before we have walked far, however, we find the picturesque in plenty. The road dips deeply about half a mile from the entrance to a village where we know an inn—a small, cosy, genteel hostelry. The way dips between high banks of the beloved red sandstone, topped by russet hedgerows. Tall elms and branching chestnuts, their mingled leaves making a springy carpet beneath, overarch the road for a couple of hundred yards. Against the bank, green with moss and stained with the rain-drippings from the trees above, is that almost extinct object, a milestone. It is much

to be hoped, now the popularity of cycling has restored "the road" to something of its old importance, that milestones will again come into fashion.

One of the greatest delights of a country walk is to come unexpectedly upon a pretty stream (2). The most charming nooks and backwaters are always remote from the road, and it is worth while to stroll a mile or two along the banks of a little river on the mere chance of discovery. After the exhilaration of a tramp across the moorland, through heather and stubble, nothing is so calming and restful as a lazy stretch beside a tumbling brooklet haunted by the speckled trout. Every fly-fisher knows half a dozen of these little foaming streams; but all of them may not be so lovely as ours. From a glassy lakelet the water plunges into a rocky channel, foaming round the boulders, covering them playfully with spray as it dashes merrily on, falling in little cascades over the greater stones which bar the passage-way. In the autumn the bubbling water carries with it a lightsome burden of leaves, green and yellow and russet: some stricken by the winds before their time; some brown, curled, and sapless, which have fluttered gently into the burn. For alder, willow, and silver-birch lean caressingly across the water which nourishes their roots. If you be a fly-fisher, your thoughts after the first shock of delight will be intent upon business; if not, you will be content to sit still and watch the foam and the bubbles and the lights which dance upon the boulders as the swaying branches make the flecks of sunlight come and go. Then you will think upon the lyrics of streamlets, and long for words to photograph these haphazards of nature. The museful man who loves to dwell upon the romance of the bygone will find abounding charms in those fat valleys which were chosen, as much for their capacity to provide the good things of the nether world as for their remoteness from the haunts of men, as the sites of religious houses. Many a trout-stream tumbles on within sight of the grey walls whose scars have been hidden by kindly nature beneath festoons of ivy. Many is the old monastic fish-pond in which the monks kept the carp, the tench, and the redoubtable jack, which cunningly stuffed and baked, delicately furnished forth the abbatial table. Sometimes on a southern slope near a monastic ruin the open-eyed stroller will find traces of the vines whose fruit was expressed in the wooden wine-press at the grange. These ruined abbeys and priories, which come upon the pedestrian like fairy visions, are delightful incidents of a day's walk. Most of them are accessible, although many lie in corners so remote that only the voyager after the unexpected ever visits them. I think of one as I write, the approach to which along a by-road is by a perfect "Lovers' Walk," such as one may see in a Gainsborough. The narrow path runs through an ancient wood, the solitary survival of a great forest which once covered the country for miles around. There, in early times, the great Mercian prelates hunted the stag and the wild boar; there, in later days, scowling melancholy John Lackland consoled himself in the excitement of the chase for the concessions which the barons wrung from him. The little path beneath the trees is all mossy and overgrown; the silence and solitude are as complete as though no foot had ever trodden the wood. The insect hum and the occasional chirp of a bird are the only sounds. At the end of the winding way is a gate which admits to the precincts of a ruined Cistercian priory. Built seven hundred years ago, it has decayed for three centuries. Its walls, broken down and ruined a dozen feet from the ground, are one great mass of glittering ivy and golden honeysuckle. Within the walls is the olden burial-place of the Roman Catholic community of the country-side. Upon the simple head-stones occur the same names generation after generation, for a couple of hundred years. There is a savour of poetic justice in the members of a proscribed faith thus finding sepulture inside the walls from which its living professors were ejected. If an extraordinary accident should some day put us in possession of the detailed histories of these almost forgotten monastic houses, our literature will have added to it the most glowing and picturesque chronicles which have ever been printed. The records of these houses are in the Vatican Library, that grave of history.

Should the pedestrian ramble in a maritime county—especially in the more northerly of the eastern provinces—he will find many odd and unsuspected things. A week or so in an old smuggling village is extremely entertaining to the lover of ancient yarns, also an excellent opportunity for filling a cigar-case. Smuggling is popularly supposed to be extinct; the chairman of the Board of Customs will tell you a very different story. This old mill (3), which stands out so picturesque and darksome against the twilight sky, has beneath it huge cellars, cut in the rock, communicating with the miller's house hard by. In the old days, when the favourite method of smuggling was "running a bit of a carg'y," these caves have often been crammed with rum, hollands, and cognac, with bales of silk and many an ell of delicate point and Mechlin. Increased taxation has made tobacco and cigars more profitable to the smugglers than "right Nantz" or French silks. The cellars of the mill are empty now of contraband, and the moon, as she coyly shows herself side-face through the clouds, will not see a cargo "run" to-night. For, indeed, Will Watch is dead and gone,

3.—THE MILL BY THE SEA.

and the dark men in petticoats who fought at his back, and made such havoc of their natural enemies the coast-guards and preventive-men, have disappeared into space, and are nowadays unknown to the very stage. Where is T. P. Cooke? and where the terrible O. Smith? and Fitzball of the hundred melodramas? and Ben Brace, and Jack Rattlin, and Tom Binnacle, and all their gallant confraternity? Only in the mansions of Skelt, his heirs and successors, do their semblances exist and their manly ghosts still walk. The modern smuggler is a poor unromantic imposture; and to consider him after his heroic ancestry is to be unworthy of the name of Briton.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

"PRINCE HENRY BEFORE JUDGE GASCOIGNE."

Painted by H. G. Glindoni.

HISTORY abounds in anecdotes which painters love though historians contemn. This, the legend of Prince Hal's indignation and Judge Gascoigne's rebuke, is one of the most famous of them all. As painted by Mr. Glindoni, it is easily and pleasantly recognisable. Here, on the bench, is the Lord Chief Justice, grave, majestic, superior to insult, superior to his prince. There, at the bar, is Harry of Monmouth, sword in hand, and with such a backing of blackguards—buffoon and parasite and pander—as in his unregenerate days he is said to have affected. His Highness raves; the Court looks on unmoved; the spectators—lawyer and client, lounger and officer and clerk—are wrought to interest and amazement. The picture, in a word, has character and life, and is touched with real drama. That is much; and for that the painter may be praised.

Historical genre, it is to be noted, has of late lost not a little of its vogue. It is felt to be essentially artificial; it is feared and avoided as an opportunity of unveracity and uncorrectness. It survives, but in a state of decrepitude. The example of Constable, as reflected in the practice of Rousseau and Millet, has begun to take effect. It is perceived that art is no mere studio business; that nature is inevitable and irresistible; that anecdotage is not precisely inspiration, nor are "properties" and models the painter's best material. To all this, it is true, the Academy says no. But, then, the Academy is not what it was; and what it says is not much, perhaps, to the purpose.

PRINCE HENRY BEFORE JUDGE GASCOIGNE.

(Painted by H. G. Glindoni.)

HELLAS AT CAMBRIDGE.

ON the mind of the Turk, we are told, archæology has, as a science, no hold. His religion teaches him to consider but the present; the future lies in the hand of Allah, the past is unprofitable. As regards one branch of classical antiquities, the art of Greece as distinguished from its literature, the mind of the English scholar has until recent days been touched with certain Turkish misgivings. This word "unprofitable" was lurking in his mind. He could not deny that a knowledge of Greek art added some grace to literary proficiency; but such knowledge was a matter rather for the elegant leisure of the amateur than for the daily toil of the student, a pastime for holidays in Greece, not a life-work for England.

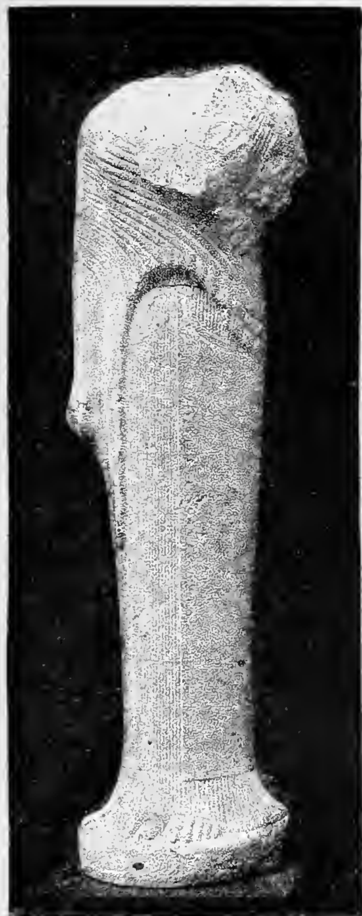
There was much of justice in this latent prejudice. Greek art, *quâ* art, will probably always be somewhat of an exotic in our Teuton climate. We are not a nation of artists, and we can scarcely share the hope of one sanguine speaker, who prophesied that the establishment of the Cast Museum at Cambridge would stir in some undergraduate of the future the hidden spring of hereditary faculty and wake the artist in him. It does not seem that our national function is the creation of art; it is much if we understand the creations of others. But it is not primarily to the æsthetic instinct that this museum of casts appeals. If it did I should prophecy failure. If, however, as a nation our senses are not quick to perceive, our intellect is eager to know; and it is in the main to this scientific instinct that the new museum responds.

It is not my purpose in the present paper to examine the relation of ancient art to ancient literature. Mine is a pleasanter task, to notice the contents of the museum itself. Still, so momentous is this new departure which Cambridge has made, so certain to be fruitful in results, that I cannot but pause at the outset, to guard against one certain error. The study of Greek language and literature has long reigned supreme and well-nigh alone at Cambridge. No wonder therefore that Cambridge is at first somewhat inclined to patronise Hellas, the new-comer—to make a place for her courteously, indeed, but with a tinge of only half-suppressed contempt. "Archæology," a great philologist was heard not long ago to say, "is a very pretty study." Some of us are tired of hearing that Greek art is the handmaid of Greek literature, that ancient texts receive new light from ancient monuments. Only ten years ago these terrible words were spoken at an inaugural lecture: "Classical archæology treats especially of the existing remains of Greece and Rome, and *considers them as illustrating Greek and Roman literature.*" This sort of statement would be excessively irritating if it were not simply ignorant. Art and literature are two means of utterance for the national mind. Neither can be studied to the best advantage without the other; either must necessarily confirm the evidence of the other, but neither is subordinate or supplementary.

1.—THE "NIKÉ" OF ARCHERMOS.

Indeed, if one is to be chosen as handmaid, let it be literature. It may be questioned whether in literature Greece stands supreme; it can scarcely be doubted that in sculpture she knows no rival. Archæologists do not say that the tragedies of Æschylus are deserving of study as illustrating the marbles of the Parthenon; but if they did they would only emulate the unconscious impertinence of purely literary scholars. Happily not of all literary scholars. It is her good fortune that Cambridge has reared among her alumni one Hellenist who holds aright the balance between literature and art—not disallowing the one that he may reverence the other. Professor Colvin, the work of whose life this museum has been, and without whom it would surely never have existed, in his opening speech pointed out that the study of Classical Archæology had not only peculiar joys, but also an especial educational

efficacy. It stood midway between the humanities and the natural sciences, not taxing reason less because it also trained perception. He prized the study highly; not merely for the new life and light that it might give to the old classical training, but as an independent field for serious study—a field in which the harvest is plentiful, but, alas! the labourers few; and the reward he looked to was that these should be more. That is the true spirit: as far from the Turk's as from that of the "great philologist."



2.—THE SAMIAN "HERA."

Let us feel, then, at the outset that Greek art is to be studied for its own sake as an utterance of the Greek mind, as a thing in itself sufficing a lifetime, not for purposes of illustration, not as subordinate or in any way subservient. Once recognise it as a study, and in these modern times the method of that study will not tarry long. It must be historical, scientific; hence the necessity for this historical sequence of casts. If Greek art were to be approached merely on æsthetic grounds, then better a few originals or even a selection of casts of sculpture of the perfect period to train the artist eye. But the modern mind is not content with contemplation. The student must learn not only to perceive, but to discern; not only to contemplate, but to classify. He must above all seek out the beginnings of things, the cause, the sequence, the consummation, even the close. Things artistically valueless become historically precious. Efforts of archaic art, which to some are, when isolated, repulsive, become to all attractive in relation. All human industry consists, I believe (according to some political economists), in "placing things." Certainly the human mind takes a pleasure hard to analyse in the mere process of labelling and classifying. It is this scientific basis as a condition and confirmation of æsthetic verdicts that the modern mind imperatively demands.

Accordingly the Cast Museum takes us far back to the early, half-inarticulate strivings, the incunabula, of Greek art. But not too far. There is, or should be, a limit even to the modern mania for *origines*. A mere accident of space has placed under one roof with the Greek gods and goddesses a collection of prehistoric and anthropological specimens. It was necessary, of course, on the opening day to pay some courteous compliment to the "squalid savage" with whom Hellas is thus perforce unmetely mated; but I do hope the matter will rest there, and that no unfortunate undergraduate will think himself bound to begin his studies in Greek art with a course of Fiji islanders. Let him remember he is heir of all the ages, and has no call to "herd with narrow foreheads." For me it is enough if in fancy, as I stand at the door of the Cambridge Museum, I fare back to Delos.

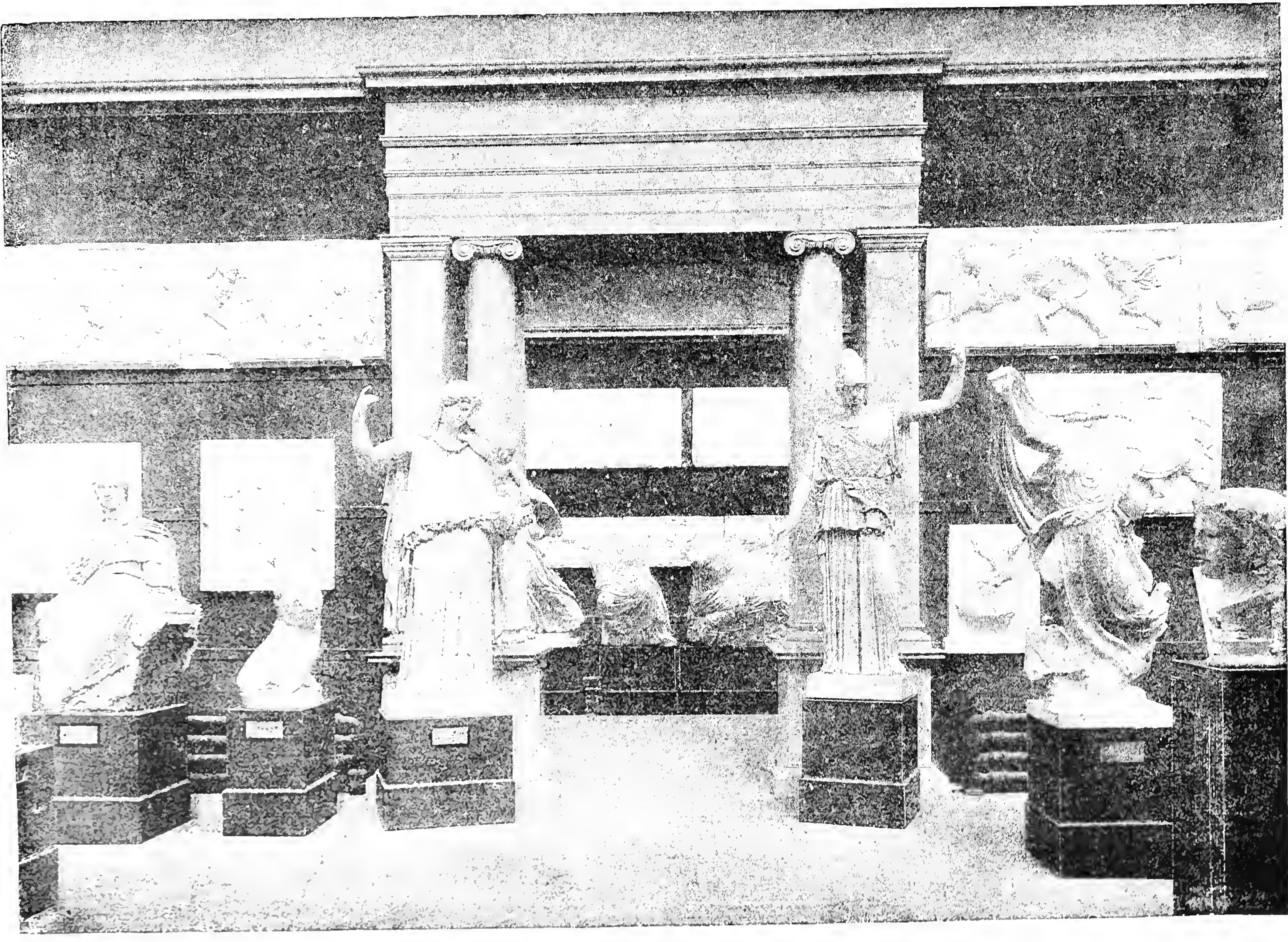
The name of Delos stirs some fibre in the dullest heart. There to the honour of Apollo did the long-robed Ionians assemble; for though the god loved many an island, and had temples many and wooded groves, and though all heights were dear to him, and jutting capes of lofty hills, and rivers that flow to the sea, yet in Delos did his heart take the most joy. "On Delos," says the ancient poet, "so often as they hold thy festival, they celebrate thee for thy joy, with boxing and dancing and song. A man would they were strangers to death and old age evermore, who should come on the Ionians thus gathered: for he would see the goodliness of all the people, and would rejoice in his soul, beholding the men and

3.—THE "NIKANDRE."

the fair-girdled women, and their swift ships and their great wealth, and besides, that wonder of which the fame shall not perish, the maidens of Delos, handmaidens of Apollo the Far-Darter. First they hymn Apollo, then Leto and Artemis delighting in arrows; and then they sing the praise of heroes of yore and of women, and throw their spell over the tribes of men."

We know now what the poet never told us, the name of one fair lady who came with the throng of worshippers, and we have seen the gift that she brought with her to offer to Artemis, the goddess delighting in arrows. Nikandré was the lady's name, and this rough stone figure (3) is the offering she brought with her as she sailed in a black ship from Naxos. We can fancy how glad she was that day, and how, when the feast was ended and the offering made, she sailed home with a solemn peace at her heart, for was not the goddess well pleased to own this fair thing, this *agalma*? As the centuries went by, joy ceased out of Delos, and a later poet sings: "Ye desolate isles, poor morsels of the earth, girdled by waves of the sounding Ægean, ye have lost the brightness that was of old. Verily ye are all exampled of Delos, of her who was once fair with marble, but was first to see the day of solitude." How many centuries the votive statue of the lady Nikandré had lain beneath the earth we do not know. It was in the month of July, 1878, that M. Homolle, of the French School at Athens, found the image buried deep down not far from the temple of Apollo, and on the left-hand side of the straight simple dress he read: "Nikandré dedicated me to the Far-Darter, the archer-goddess, Nikandré, daughter of Deinodicus the Naxian, she the best of all, and the sister of ——, and the wife of ——." Here the inscription breaks away. I have translated it into dull prose, but it runs in three hexameter lines somewhat proudly, as befits this lady who boldly and simply writes on her offering such frank tribute to her own conspicuous merit. We naturally ask what does the statue represent? is it the lady Nikandré herself, or is it an image of the goddess Artemis she worships?

4.—THE "DIONYSOS" OF TIVOLI.



THE CAST MUSEUM AT CAMBRIDGE: THE CENTRAL GALLERY LOOKING TOWARDS THE PARTHENON ROOM.

Either might well have been acceptable as an offering. We know that the Greeks at first worshipped their gods in very rude and simple form, some mere symbolic shape, a board or a post; certainly this stone figure is not a little board-like. So reverent, so conservative in art and religion were the Greeks that, long after their sculptors had attained maturer skill, they yet copied in stone the old primitive wooden types. It may be that we here have one of their stone copies of a wooden original. Greek legend told of a sculptor Dædalus, whose mission it was to breathe life into the dead stone, to open the closed eyes, to set free the shackled hands and feet. This image offered by the lady Nikandré is of a pre-Dædalian type. Behold the remnants of her hands fast glued to her sides; the feet are rigid and close together; the eyes, which we can no longer see, were probably sealed. Yet very simple and lifeless though she is, there is about her nothing rude, nothing savage; there is the promise of after-shapeliness, and a certain sense of proportion in the limbs which leads us to forecast the end in the beginning.

We do not know what sculptor made this statue for the lady Nikandré; perhaps his name followed at the end where the inscription breaks off. We are more happy with respect to another stone lady found not far away on this same island of Delos (1). Time has dealt cruelly with her, so cruelly that it requires long looking and a little thought to restore her aright. Both arms are broken away; the head has been severed from the body, and both the legs are mutilated; but the face is fairly preserved, and smiles back to us with the fine old-world kindly naïveté. The lady's hair is elaborately dressed in stiff curls over her forehead, and six long formal curls are displayed to the best advantage to the front. She wears a diadem and a necklet. Her gown is very simple and straight, somewhat tight apparently across the chest, and girt in round the waist by a belt. If we are accustomed to think of the early Greeks in long flowing drapery, this lady's straight attire will somewhat surprise us. Her attitude is at first—if our eye is unaccustomed to archaic poses—not a little astonishing. She seems to be kneeling, but in reality the bent knee does not touch the ground. If we examine the back of the figure we see the secret of this gesture: distinct traces of wings are found—large high curled wings on the shoulders, smaller wings attached to the ankles. She is supposed to be moving in rapid flight; the kneeling gesture only indicates swift motion. If the figure of the lady Nikandré seemed stiff and stolid, here, at least, we have abundant life and stir. Again we ask, whom does this quaint figure represent? Again we are obliged to return an uncertain answer. On the inscription below the figure we have full details of the sculptor's name, of his work—probably the figure was a type familiar to the worshippers who thronged the temple of Delos. The inscription tells us that it was dedicated by two men of Chios—Chios of old time famous for its fragrant wine, more famous still for its sculptured marble. These men were father and son, sculptors of great note in early times—Mikkiades and Archermos. One tradition has come down to us about the son, Archermos. He, says Pliny, was the first artist to give wings to Niké, goddess of victory. We should like to fancy that in this quaint stone figure, with her remnants of curled wings, we have this very Niké flying for the first time to crown the victor, running rather with added swiftness, scarcely able yet to use her unaccustomed wings, which adorn her rather as symbols than means for actual flight. It is a pleasant fancy, but we cannot be altogether sure: archaic art loved these quaint winged figures, and it is often hard to fix their personality. Winged symbolic figures—not figures in actual flight—abound we know in Assyrian art; it was from the East that the Greek artist borrowed them, and it was his delight gradually to give these adjective forms a substantive existence, to make the figure that symbolised swiftness actually fly, to vitalise the dead dogma with a living personality. Here in this statue by Archermos and Mikkiades we have the transition stage—be she winged Artemis or be she Niké, this goddess is something more real than a thing that means swiftness—she is a real person, and trying at least to fly. It is this actuality, this genuine striving, that give their charm to these ancient figures. They are, or at least would fain be, thoroughly alive. They are not so finished, not so competent, as the kings and demons of Assyria; they have nothing like the dexterity of technical detail. But there is within them the stirring of the spirit that giveth life; and what do we care if the artist blunder in the letter that killeth? There is this stirring, and there is also a certain feeling after beauty, after symmetry, which rejects such deformity and monstrosity as is dear to the Fijian. There is also, lastly, and perhaps this constitutes the chief charm—a perfect unconsciousness about these early figures which is at once very dignified and supremely attractive. This ancient lady is very little concerned what we think of her; she turns her simple face upon us with a frankness unconscious of criticism, and away she moves to the right, intent on her proper work.

Some sixty miles away to the north-east of Delos lies the island of Samos. The name recalls a host of associations: we all remember Polycrates, the too happy tyrant of Samos, with his wondrous ring. But there are associations earlier and more sacred. Here it was beneath the shadow of a clustering agnus castus that Hera, queen of heaven, was born, and

on this same island was accomplished her sacred wedding with King Zeus. On the Samian coinage we have the image of "Dame Hera's shadowy bird," and the head of the goddess herself appears. To her honour the pious Samians upreared a fair temple, and it was not far from the precincts of this temple that our third statue (2) was found. It now stands in the house of its possessor, a gentleman of Pagouda. In some respects it contrasts strongly with our two Delian monuments. It is of much more advanced work; instead of the sparse, straight drapery of the Nikandré figure, we have an elaborate intricate system, the details of which are a little hard to unravel. Four distinct robes are discernible, and we are forcibly reminded that rude though the old temple images were, yet their toilette was complicated. An inscription has been found at Samos which details minutely the wardrobe of Queen Hera; it is no scanty one. Naturally we ask, can we associate this stone figure in any way with the Samian goddess? On the border of one of her four robes near the waist is written, happily for us, these words: "Cherames dedicated me an offering to Hera." The figure is of a woman; it cannot be the figure of Cherames the worshipper. We may dare to hope that we have here the first stone semblance of the Queen of Goddesses—

> "Even she that hath the Heaven for canopy,
> And in the arms of mighty Zeus doth sleep."

Her gracious head is gone utterly, and the left arm broken away. In the left hand she once held some attribute and clasped it to her breast; perhaps the pomegranate, the sacred symbol of marriage.

I have lingered long over these three ancient images, partly because of their peculiar attraction, partly because it is the peculiar merit of the Cambridge Museum to possess them. Even from the magnificent cast museum at Berlin they are as yet absent. But though I gladly would tarry always in this pure archaic atmosphere, history compels me to advance. In the distance (5) we are allowed one glimpse into the world of Pheidias, the stately row of maidens advancing, and the youths bearing the sacred vessels—figures all thrice familiar. Below them, in striking contrast to their calm serenity, the Phigaleia frieze, with all its storm and tumult, its fierce barbarian fight. On the right-hand side of the entrance Athené guards, as it were, the portals of her own Parthenon; while on the left Eirene (Peace) holds the child Ploutos (Wealth): a group of special interest to us now, because we know it to be a copy of a bronze work by the hand of Cephisodotos, father of the great Praxiteles. The walls on either side of the door would take us to Asia Minor, where Amazons contend with Greeks round the tomb of Mausolus, and Greeks and Persians are at war on Lycian tombs. Each statue, each frieze has its long story; but I can only pause to look at one graceful youth who has but lately been given back to light from his long sleep in the Villa of Hadrian (4). He is just such a figure as was dear to later times, soft, dreamy, luxurious, very delicately self-conscious. His beautiful, effeminate hair marks him as the wine-god Dionysos; on his shoulder he wears the nebris. It is difficult to place him in art. He seems nearer to Praxiteles than to any other sculptor whose style we know; and yet there is a mannerism about the statue which raises the suspicion of eclecticism—*chi lo sa?* Perhaps the riddle may be read by some student trained in this very museum.

JANE E. HARRISON.

EARLY ENGLISH PAINTERS.

PICTORIAL art in England was of very late development. This can hardly have proceeded from any want of artistic faculty in the English race, for the illuminated missals of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were remarkable for their beauty and executive skill, and in many other ways the English of the pre-Norman period showed an unmistakable aptitude for high-class work. But, in the first instance, the long and difficult process of amalgamation by which the Saxon and Norman elements were combined into one nationality, and afterwards a variety of internal revolutions, together with that separation from the larger life of the Continent which results from an insular situation, and which, owing to dynastic antagonisms, seems really to have been greater after the Conquest than before, produced a condition of mind not favourable to the development of the painter's genius. While, therefore, Italy, Germany, and Flanders were enriching the world with works of enduring power and beauty, England was doing little or nothing. The Tuscan school (more generally known as the Florentine) arose early in the Thirteenth Century; Germany had painters of mark at the same time; and in the Netherlands the Van Eycks did wonderful things in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries. But in England we can hardly be said to have had any native painters until the reign of Elizabeth. The illumination of MSS. was

continued by the mediaeval English with a success equal to that of their Anglo-Saxon predecessors, and it is very probable that some of the pictures in the churches and other important buildings were by native hands; but these things were not sufficient to constitute a school of painting.

The Wars of the Roses, which lasted from 1455 to 1485, reduced England almost to a state of barbarism. Twelve princes of the blood were slain; the old nobility were nearly destroyed; a hundred thousand of the gentry and common people were prematurely cut off: large districts of the country were devastated; towns were depopulated, and industrial pursuits brought to the verge of extinction. Whatever pictorial art existed in this country during earlier times was blighted by the fierce breath of civil strife; and, after the battle of Bosworth Field, Henry Tudor succeeded to the wreck of a once flourishing kingdom. Thierry regards the direct influence of the Norman Conquest as having lasted up to the accession of Henry VII.; and certainly that accession marks an epoch in English history of a very distinct character. It would perhaps be more correct to say that it was the transition period from the mediaeval to the modern world; but at any rate it was a time of change. The politic Welshman did much towards restoring the prosperity of England. He encouraged commerce, he accumulated riches; and with riches and

1.—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

(*Painted by Isaac Oliver.*)

commerce came art. But the art at first was the art of foreigners. The Flemish painter, John Mabuse, was for a time employed by Henry VII., and the son and successor of that monarch retained the services of Holbein and of Antonio Moro. Those admirable painters educated the English mind in the perception "drawer of story-works in black and white; one for his skill worthy to have been sergeant-painter to any king or emperor, whose works in that kind are comparable with the best whatsoever in cloth, and in distemper-colours for black and white; who, being very poor, and belike wanting to buy fairer colours,

2.—ROBERT DEVEREUX, EARL OF ESSEX.

(Painted by Isaac Oliver. From a Print in the British Museum.)

of artistic excellence, and prepared the way for the native artists of the next generation.

The Continent continued to send us painters during the short reigns of Edward VI. and Queen Mary; but the name of one Englishman is mentioned—John Bossam, who has been described, in a MS. of Nicholas Hilliard discovered by Vertue the engraver, as a man of great and original powers, a wrought therefore for the most part in white and black." Of this neglected artist Hilliard further records that he was "only unfortunate because he was English-born; for even the strangers"—meaning, doubtless, King Philip of Spain (the husband of Queen Mary) and his fellow-countrymen—"would otherwise have set him up." In later life he abandoned his thankless profession, and became a reading

minister of the Church of England. We know nothing more of Bossam than this; but it is curious to find that, as far back as the reign of Queen Mary, complaint was made, as it has so often been made since, of the disregard of English talent.

The first English painter who attained a recognised position was this very Nicholas Hilliard, who wrote so generous a tribute to the merits of John Bossam. He is described as limner, jeweller, and goldsmith to Queen Elizabeth, and afterwards to King James I. There is no period in the history of our country in which the genius of the English people was asserted so strongly, or in so many ways, as during the reign of Elizabeth. The alien influence proceeding from the Norman Conquest had spent itself, and the true English race—product of many races kindly commingled—started freshly on a great career. The population was compact and concentrated—not yet weakened by diffusion, nor injured by the competition of other fellow-subjects. With the final triumph of Protestantism, and the deliverance of the nation from the menace of Spanish predominance, a period of singular vigour and creativeness ensued, and Englishmen were no longer neglected because they were not foreigners.

Hilliard was a son of the high sheriff of Exeter, and was therefore a native of that county, which has produced an unusual number of painters, and which thus appears to have assumed a certain priority at the very commencement of modern English art. He was born in 1547, and was brought up to the trade of a jeweller and goldsmith. When he afterwards took to painting in miniature, Hilliard studied the works of Holbein, whom he always regarded as the most admirable master in what at that time was called "limning." His manner, consequently, was to a great extent that of the illustrious German; but he was no servile copyist. He was fortunate in succeeding to a condition of the public taste which had been educated to a sense of art by the great foreigners who had settled amongst us. The numerous references to paintings—mostly of the pure Renaissance type—in the works of Shakespeare show how much was thought of pictorial art in those days. But the kind of painting they describe was not at all in Hilliard's manner. It was mainly as a portrait-painter that he distinguished himself. When quite a young man he delineated Mary Queen of Scots; her great rival, Elizabeth, sat to him often; and at a later time he drew James I. and the short-lived Prince Henry. He also made many portraits of ladies, and had certainly no cause to complain of want of encouragement. England was prosperous and at peace. The austere, semi-barbarian chieftain of the feudal ages had been succeeded by the ornate and sumptuous noble. The baronial castle—a fortress rather than a dwelling—had given place to the manor-house or the palace. The Renaissance, born of the intellectual stimulus proceeding from the dispersion of the Greeks after the fall of Constantinople, and affecting the Continent before it reached our island, had thoroughly penetrated the upper circles of English society by the time of Elizabeth; and the gentry became elegant in ceasing to be warlike. Hence there was plenty of work for Hilliard, who had attained so high a position in the reign of James I. that that monarch granted him a patent, or monopoly, which set forth that—"Whereas our well-beloved servant, Nicholas Hilliard, gentleman, our principal drawer of small portraits, and embosser of medals in gold, in respect of his extraordinary skill in drawing, graving, and imprinting, &c., we have granted unto him our special licence, for twelve years, to invent, make, grave, and imprint any pictures of our image or our royal family, &c., and that no one do presume to do, without his licence obtained," &c. Under this patent, Hilliard engraved many small plates with the heads of the royal family, and sold licences for others, by which he gained considerable riches. He died on the 7th of January, 1619, and was buried in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where lie a good many other artists of distinction.

Hilliard had many pupils, of whom the most illustrious was the celebrated miniature-painter, Isaac Oliver. As to the parentage of this artist there is considerable doubt. It is not improbable that he was of French origin, for although in his will he spells his name Oliver, it appears Olivier on his drawings. Yet it seems tolerably certain that he was an Englishman by birth, for he is mentioned as such by several writers near his own time, and he wrote in our language a "Treatise on Limning," a portion of which was printed in Sanderson's "Graphice." Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painting," says that in his pocket-book was a mixture of French and English; and it may be that he represented in himself a combination of the two nationalities. The portrait of him, from his own original, engraved in Walpole's volume, has something of a foreign look; yet the point, after all, is doubtful. It has even been stated that Oliver belonged to a family holding lands at East Norton, in Leicestershire. Whatever his genealogy, however, he practised in London during the second half of the Sixteenth Century and the earlier years of the Seventeenth. The date of his birth was 1556, and he was therefore only nine years younger than Hilliard, from whom he received his chief instruction, though he also studied under Zucchero. As a painter of portraits in miniature he has never been surpassed. He had a touch of exquisite delicacy, and drew from the life with remarkable truth and skill. Like his master, Hilliard,

he painted Mary Stuart, Queen Elizabeth (1), Robert Devereux (2), and other persons of high position; and we are indebted to him for portraits of two of the greatest men of that great period, Sir Philip Sidney and Ben Jonson. Walpole says that the head of Jonson is unlike others that have come down to us; but, in the case of so consummate an artist as Oliver, the presumption would be in favour of *his* work rather than the productions of inferior men. The portrait of Sidney is a full-length, and represents its subject sitting under a tree in an attitude of meditation. This picture has been often engraved, and seems to realise one's conception of the chivalrous Sir Philip — that splendid combination of knightly heroism with poetic sensibility. It is matter for deep regret that it never fell in Oliver's way to make a portrait of Shakespeare. We should then have been delivered from the monstrous uncouthness of the Droeshout engraving, the clumsy disproportions of the Stratford bust, and the various apocryphal heads we know. Posterity would have known what Shakespeare was really like.

3.—SIR NATHANIEL BACON.

(Painted by Himself. From an Engraving of the Picture at Gorhambury.)

The work of Isaac Oliver was chiefly that of portrait-painting; but he executed a few pictures from sacred history, and occasionally painted in oils, though water-colour was his usual vehicle. He died at his house in Blackfriars in 1617, or perhaps a little later, and was buried in the church of St. Anne—an edifice which was burnt down in the great fire of 1666, and has never been rebuilt. Several miniatures of him, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, are preserved at Montague House, and others exist in private collections. This admirable artist left behind him a son, Peter Oliver—whose "Sir Francis Crane" we have engraved (4)—who was born in London in 1601, and who, equalling his father in the special walk of miniature-painting, surpassed him in the wider range of his artistic practice. His works were very numerous, and it is recorded that he usually made duplicates of them, reserving one copy for himself. Comparatively few, however, exist at the present day. A curious story, with respect to them, was related by Theodore Russel, the portrait-painter, who is said to have been a connection of the Olivers, and who was certainly a nephew of Cornelius Janssen. Charles I., it appears, had a large collection of paintings by both the Olivers. These were dispersed during the Civil War and the days of the Commonwealth; and Charles II., being desirous of recovering them, made many inquiries, after the Restoration, as to their whereabouts. At length he was told by one Rogers, or Progers, that both the father and son were dead, but that the son's widow was living at Isleworth, and had many of their works. Accompanied by Rogers, the king went privately to see them, and asked the widow if she would sell her collection. She replied that she wished the king to see the pictures first, and that, if *he* did not purchase them, she would be ready to entertain another offer. The king then discovered himself; several pictures, not often seen by any one, were produced; and it was finally proposed that Mrs. Oliver should have the option of £1,000 for the best part of the collection, or an annuity of £300 for life. She chose the latter; but some years afterwards it came to her knowledge that the king had given most of these pictures to his female favourites. Upon this she remarked that, had she thought his Majesty would have bestowed them on ladies of that description, he never should have had them. The words were of course reported to the king, as such words always are; and the annuity of the widow Oliver was thenceforth stopped.

The limnings of the two Olivers which Charles II. had not purchased, and which were probably less excellent or less interesting than the others, fell into the hands of Mrs. Russel's father. It is to be feared that many of the works of Peter Oliver are irretrievably lost. Several are thought to have been destroyed in a fire at White's Chocolate House (after-

4.—SIR FRANCIS CRANE.

(From a Drawing ascribed to Peter Oliver. British Museum.)

wards White's Club House), in April, 1733. Sir Andrew Fountaine had hired two rooms in the house as a place of deposit for part of his collection of miniatures, valued at £3,000, or more; and it is probable that works by both the Olivers were included in the set. But a great number of paintings by father and son were discovered in the second half of last century in an old house in Wales, belonging to a descendant of Sir Kenelm Digby. The latest of these bore date 1633, and all represented Sir Kenelm, or members of his family. Horace Walpole purchased them, and speaks enthusiastically of their matchless beauty. Peter Oliver died in 1660, and was buried near his father, to whom he had erected a handsome monument and bust in the church of St. Anne, Blackfriars. In addition to a great number of portraits, he made miniature copies in water-colours of historical works by the great masters. Of the elder Oliver it is recorded that he was a skilful draughtsman with the pen; of the younger, that he could etch as well as paint.

Some amateur painters of the time of Elizabeth and James I. have contrived to escape oblivion. One of them appears to have possessed abilities of a very high order. This was no less a man than Sir Nathaniel Bacon, a younger son of the Lord Keeper, and half-brother of the great philosopher. He travelled a good deal in Italy, where he studied painting; and, had he been compelled to earn his living by the practice of art, would probably have attained a distinguished position. As it is, he has done some excellent work (3). A portrait of himself, holding his plumed hat in his hand, is really masterly for character and expression. The face bears a resemblance to his illustrious brother, and is full of eager power and sensitiveness. He painted landscapes, figure-subjects, and mythological pieces; and he had also the credit of drawing plants with great cleverness, and of being instructed in their virtues.

Even after the time of the Olivers, foreign artists —chiefly natives of the Low Countries—continued to settle in England in large numbers, and the history of design in this country during the whole of the Seventeenth Century is to a great extent a history of aliens. Yet the impetus given in the first instance by Hilliard, if not by Bossam, never died out, and English painters of genius appeared from time to time. Among those whose very names are now almost unknown was John Hoskins, who painted a

5.—A STUDY.

(From a Drawing by John R[illegible]y. British Museum.)

good deal in miniature, and of whom Sir Kenelm Digby records that by his productions of that nature

he pleased the public more than Van Dyck. Charles I., Henrietta Maria, and many of the English nobility were among the subjects whom he drew; and the brothers Alexander and Samuel Cooper (his nephews) were two of his pupils. The Coopers are much more famous, especially the younger. Alexander went abroad, and followed his profession in Holland and Sweden. Samuel likewise passed some portion of his life in foreign lands, but also practised in his own country, where he painted a famous likeness of Cromwell, and, subsequently to the Restoration, made portraits of Charles II., Catharine of Braganza, James of York, and other persons of distinction. Like his predecessors of the English school, his great excellence was in miniature, and his portraitures are in little unrivalled for truth, delicacy, and grace.

William Dobson, who was styled "the English Tintoret" by Charles I., and who succeeded Van Dyck as sergeant-painter to that monarch, is also a conspicuous figure in the history of English art. It is greatly to the credit of Van Dyck that he was the means of bringing forward this artist, one of whose pictures he saw accidentally exposed for sale in a shop-window on Snow Hill. At that time Dobson was so poor and obscure a man that, when sought out by the great Fleming, he was found at work in a mean garret. Van Dyck recommended him to the king, and he rapidly acquired a high reputation. His fortunes, however, were ruined by the Civil War, and his reckless habits involved him in debt. He died in 1646, at the early age of thirty-six; but in the course of his short life he did enough to make for himself at that period a name second only to that of Van Dyck, whose manner he imitated. Among the most interesting of the portraits executed by Dobson are one of Milton, and another of Milton's friend and fellow-labourer, Andrew Marvell.

Hoskins, Samuel Cooper, and Dobson were in the main Cavalier painters. The chief artist on the Republican and Puritan side was Robert Walker, who was much in favour during the days of the Commonwealth, and painted not only the Protector himself (6), but the principal officers of his army. Very little is known of him, but his portrait, engraved by Chambars, represents a face of extraordinary earnestness and intensity. Henry Stone, one of a family of sculptors and architects, distinguished himself as a painter in the reign of Charles I., and copied Van Dyck with so much skill that some of his reproductions fetch large prices as originals. Gibson the Dwarf, who married a lady of his own diminutive size (Charles II. giving away the bride), showed evidence of good abilities, but failed to attain a first position. John Greenhill, an artist of great promise in the second half of the Seventeenth Century, was regarded as the best of Lely's pupils: but, like many other men of genius at that time, he was addicted to wild and dissolute habits, and, dying disgracefully at twenty-seven, left only a few signs of what he might in time have become. More distinguished, and in every way of greater account in the history of art, was John Riley, who painted Charles II., James II. and his queen, and their successors, William and Mary. Some portraits by him are to be seen in the National Portrait Gallery at South Kensington, and they display the hand of a master, both in design and colouring. Our example (5) is from a drawing in the British Museum. The last English artist of eminence in the Seventeenth Century was Henry Cooke, who died in 1700, at the age of fifty-eight. He did less in portraiture than most of his contemporaries, but was much employed in painting the staircases of great houses. He is known at the present day chiefly for having repaired the cartoons of Raphael.

6.—OLIVER CROMWELL.

(Painted by Robert Walker. From a Print in the British Museum.)

Jervas, Hudson, Richardson, and Thornhill were all men of parts; but they were the painters of a complete decadence. With their successors, Reynolds and Hogarth, Gainsborough and Wilson, it is otherwise. Under these our native school of art recovered its dignity.

EDMUND OLLIER.

FRENCH FURNITURE.*

ONE of the most useful results of loan collections of all kinds, and especially of works of art, is the subsequent publication of an historical catalogue or notice, founded on the knowledge gained by the study of objects side by side which never have previously been together. Minute differences appear which had never been before observed. Delicate similarities of workmanship become obvious for the first time, and lead to the tracing of the sources from which particular styles are derived. And above all, opportunity is given for seeing specimens of art in surroundings similar to those for which they were designed. A good illustrated notice of a well-ordered collection thus becomes a most valuable book of reference, containing within its own limits all the information necessary for a general grasp of its subject. The set of papers entitled "Les Arts du Bois, des Tissus et du Papier," which is the official description of the exhibition held at Paris by the "Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs," is an admirable example of such an illustrated notice, and corresponds in interest to the magnificence and richness of the exhibition of 1882, to which it refers. The first part is somewhat wrongly entitled "Le Bois Appliqué au Mobilier." Brass applied to wood would perhaps be a better description of the bulk of French furniture; and indeed in many of the specimens illustrated we have the brass without the wood. This, however, is a detail arising from the fact that the last exhibition having been of metal-work, it was necessary to pretend that this one was of woodwork. The historical description of the furniture is clear and straightforward. It is written for the public and not for the collector, thus giving rather a general grasp of the changes through which decorative art passed than the minutiæ of qualities, often artificial, from which particular pieces have derived an extravagant value. For this we cannot be too thankful. The constant tendency of collectors, and of the public which follows them, is to judge furniture solely by certain peculiarities selected for their rarity, peculiarities which, as a rule, arise from the maker having acquired some strange trick of manipulation which has enabled him to depart from the natural use of his material. Such a man has a completely distorted vision of art. He may be able, by his experience and keenness of vision, to detect the handiwork of a particular master, his eye for the traces of marvellous skill may be unerring, his antiquarian knowledge of his subject may be complete; but if he sets an artistic value on the objects he collects at all in proportion to the money he spends on them, his opinion, except as a technical connoisseur, is absolutely worthless. To say this does not imply a want of appreciation of beautiful workmanship, of magnificence, or of cunning skill. But there are qualities of art above these, such as naturalness (not naturalism), straightforwardness, beauty, and many others. These form the real basis on which our judgment should first of all be founded, and if to these are added the consummate skill of workmanship, the object will be perfect indeed.

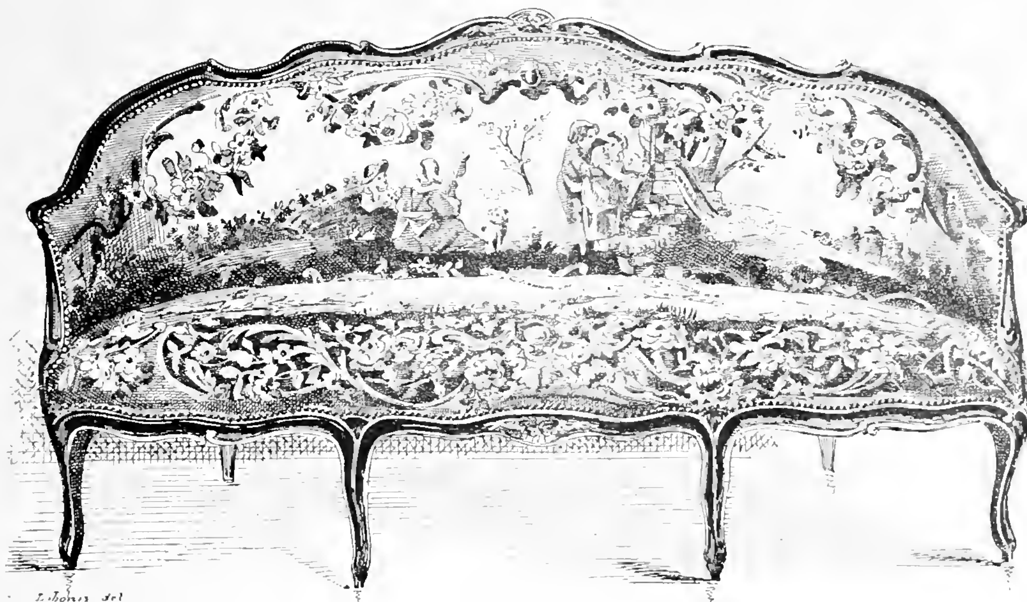
1. EPISCOPAL THRONE: ITALIAN.

(*Récappé Collection.*)

Of furniture, in the modern sense of the word, during the Middle Ages there was little. Benches, tables on trestles, and chests formed the chief

* "Les Arts du Bois, des Tissus et du Papier." (Paris: Quantin. 1883.)

movable pieces of woodwork in houses, and these, though sometimes elaborately wrought, were rather the work of the carpenter than the cabinet-maker. In fact, the cabinet-maker first made his appearance during the Renaissance. In the Gothic centuries, however, there always existed a school of sculptors in wood, whose skill, both in design and execution, reached its most splendid development towards the end of the Fifteenth and the beginning of the Sixteenth Centuries. A splendid example of their work is shown in our picture (3). Flanders was the centre from which the first workmen of this style spread into England and Germany as well as into France. The features of this school vary of course with the country in which we find the works, nor must we suppose that other schools besides the Flemish did not exist. The change from the Gothic to the complete Renaissance was both slow and sudden. That is to say, it took a considerable time for the new style to penetrate completely into the art of even such a versatile nation as the French, whilst in particular cases we find perfect specimens of Renaissance at very early dates. This is true of France, Germany, and England, nor is the reason far to seek. The example set by Italy made itself felt in two ways, first by particular specimens of work being purchased, or individual craftsmen being brought over by rich men; and secondly by a general but slow influence which changed forms little by little. A man, for instance, like Cardinal Wolsey might easily send to Italy for carvers or furniture-workers for some particular piece of work in which he might be specially interested. The work when done would stand out in contrast with its surroundings as, for instance, in the case of the screen of King's College Chapel at Cambridge. Some particular craftsman in the neighbourhood, employed perhaps to assist the foreigners, would easily catch enough of the new fashion to produce very respectable imitations of it, which, however,



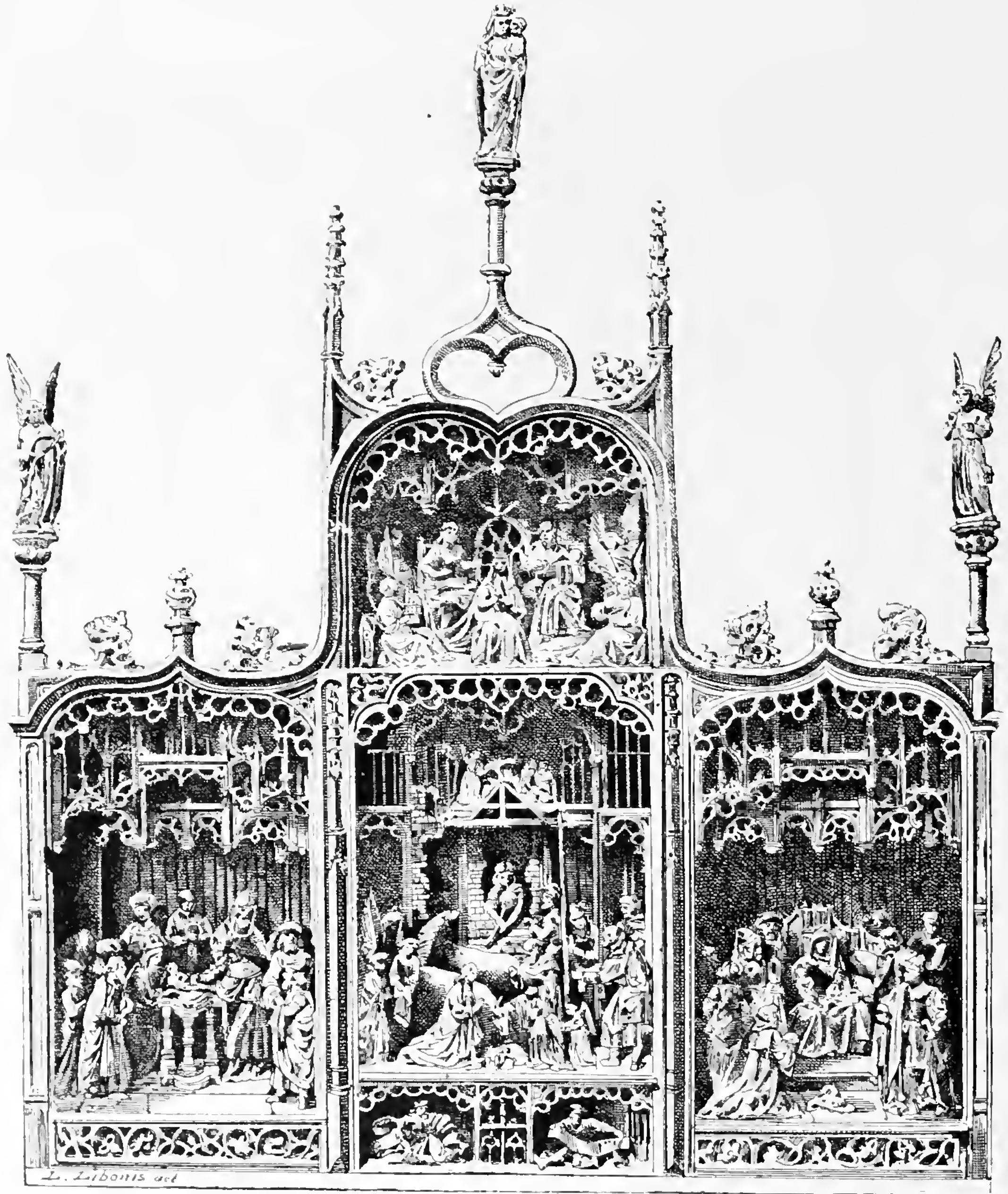
2.—SOFA: FRENCH; LOUIS XV.

(Mobilier National.)

would still be tinged, in most cases, by his previous habits of work. This individual influence would thus be quick, whilst a slower but more general effect would have been produced on a much wider circle. We give (1) a good example of this sudden change. The piece in question is an episcopal throne. The style is pure Italian, without a trace of Gothic feeling in a single feature of its design.

Up to the middle of the Seventeenth Century the French simply carried on the development of the Renaissance forms on these lines, their work becoming more and more Italian in character; and their artists, content with simple materials and straightforward workmanship, produced works in the best taste and of the highest order. The Flemish influence seems, however, to have been very considerable also, and produced many of those ebony cabinets with mouldings and carvings in low relief remarkable for the perfection of their designs and the delicacy of their workmanship. But in the reign of Louis XIV. new and more purely national influences came into play. In the year 1662, under the direction of the court painter Lebrun, the royal factory of all kinds of objects of decorative art was established at Gobelins. The desire of the king was for

magnificence at all hazards, and magnificence was produced by the yard. "They abandoned," says M. de Champeaux, "the ancient side-tables and chests made of native products, to which time has given such harmonious surfaces, preferring foreign woods which the discovery of India and America had just introduced into Europe. Rarity of material assumed costly substances, to treat them with care, and to use up the smallest pieces. These special conditions gave birth to the fine art of cabinet-making, which was the result of this new advance in industry. A gulf was fixed between the old-fashioned carpenter faithful to the carving of native woods, and the cabinet-maker whose care was to produce objects

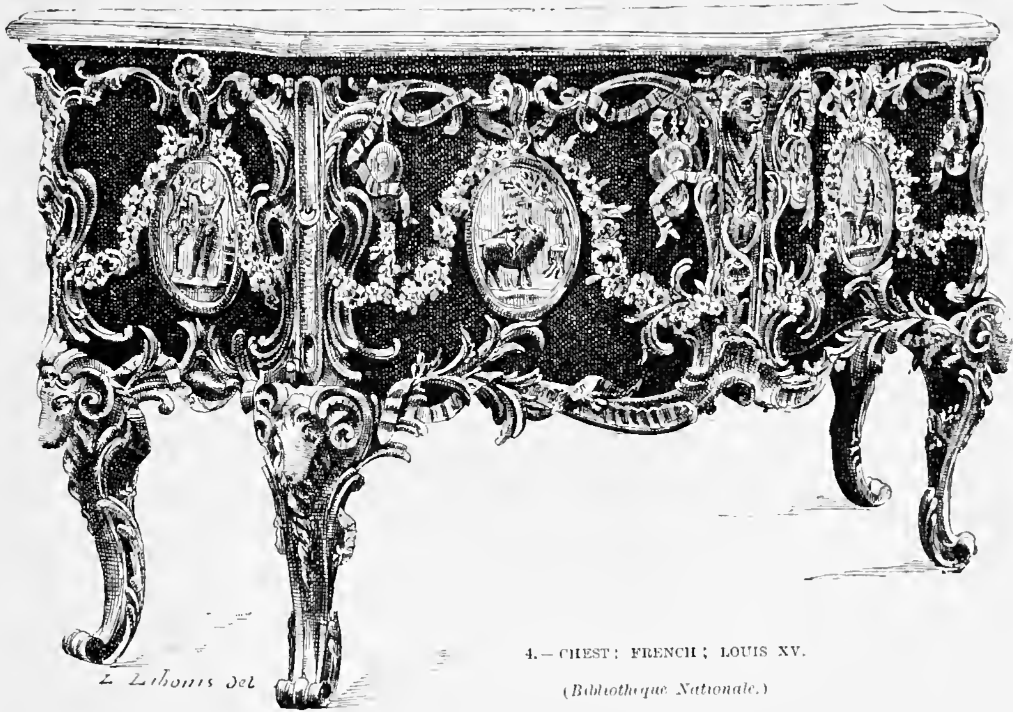


3.—ALTAR-SCREEN: GOTHIC.

(Pillet-Will Collection.)

an overwhelming importance, to the detriment of artistic composition, which had up till then occupied the first place. Consequently the conditions of the work changed: it became necessary to employ of magnificence." In other words, one of the most essential elements of vulgarity was introduced, namely, the employment of brilliant and costly materials solely for the sake of their brilliancy and

costliness, and not as servants of art. This is the standpoint from which all the French furniture of the last two centuries should be regarded. And if we once realise this, we can, without fear of misjudging its true value from an artistic point of view, admire to our heart's content the marvellous invention and skill which have been lavished upon it, the fancy and variety which characterise its designs, the minuteness of the workmanship, the inlaying of its surfaces, the graving and chiselling of its brasses, the ingenuity of its construction, and its expense.



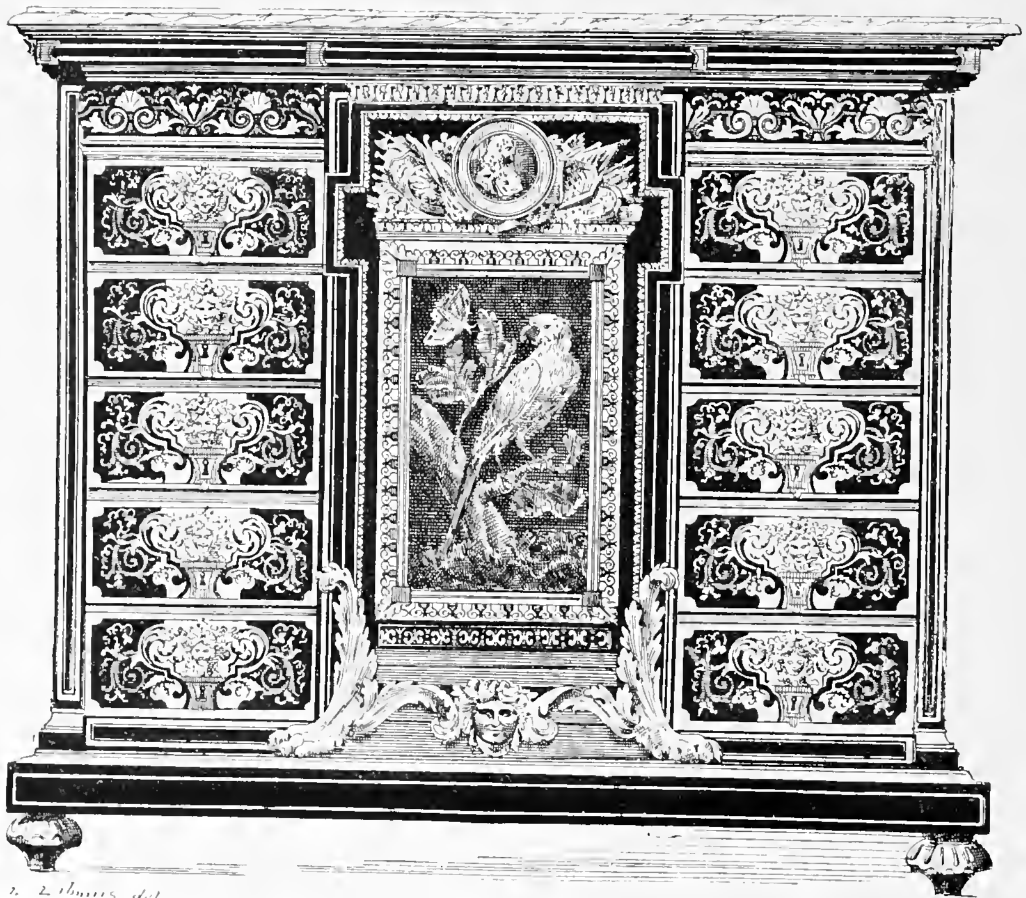
4.—CHEST: FRENCH; LOUIS XV.

(*Bibliothèque Nationale.*)

French furniture subsequent to 1662 is roughly divided into four classes, corresponding to the monarchs under whose influence the manufactures were carried on: Louis XIV., Louis XV., Louis XVI., and Napoleon I. As in all cases of subdivision into periods, the styles belonging to each are found to overlap each other, so that the distinctive characteristics of each do not apply with certainty. In the case of the art before us, however, the dividing lines are unusually clearly drawn, and we have, as it were, progress by jerks rather than by an even flow of change. The reason of this seems to be that each style was the result of a court fashion which depended essentially on the taste of each monarch. Louis XIV., who was the originator of the school, loved somewhat pompous magnificence. Ebony inlaid with tortoiseshell and brass, and mounted with ornaments of gilt bronze, as manufactured by Boulle and his school, was the most characteristic material of the time. Cabinets, tables, clocks, pedestals, and other objects were made in enormous numbers in this manner during the reign. The effect of the contrasts of these materials is very gorgeous, as may be gathered from the chest of drawers we quote (5), in which case the effect is further heightened by a central panel inlaid with coloured woods. It is impossible, of course, in a drawing to give any idea of the sharpness and vigour of the chiselling of the mounts, or the delicacy of the workmanship in the inlaid portions. "In the earlier work of Boulle," says Mr. Hungerford Pollen in his admirable introduction to the catalogue of the collection in the South Kensington Museum, "the inlay was produced at great cost, owing to the waste of valuable material in cutting; and the shell is left of its natural colour. In later works the manufacture was more economical. Two or three thicknesses of the different material were glued or stuck together and sawn through at one operation. An equal number of figures and of matrices, or hollow pieces exactly corresponding, were thus produced, and by counterchanging, two or more designs were obtained by the same sawing. These are technically known as 'Boulle and counter,' the brass forming the groundwork and the pattern alternately. In the later, or 'new Boulle,' the shell is laid on a gilt ground or on vermilion. The brass is elaborately chased with a graver." During the reign of Louis XIV., especially during its earlier years, the forms of Boulle furniture maintained a certain vigour and severity of form which saved them from sinking into mere gaudiness, and which was the

result of the still lingering influence of the Italian Renaissance. But the charm of form gave place altogether to the desire for effect. We see none of that loving appreciation of nature which shines through the most conventional pattern of the period before. The skill in the production of decorative effect and the mastery over untractable and difficult material seem to have given sufficient satisfaction. These remarks will apply also to the carved and gilt furniture of the same period.

Whilst the style of Louis XV. possesses all the brilliancy of execution belonging to that of Louis XIV., it lacks almost altogether, at least in the earlier part of its existence, whatever of dignity was to be found in the latter. One is sometimes inclined to think, when looking at these rococo productions, that the designers must have been out of their minds. It is quite impossible to take some of the specimens a combination of contortions. It is, indeed, very difficult to understand how any clever designer, such as the French undoubtedly had at this time, can have consented to put up with such forms as those in this example, and it is equally difficult to understand the state of mind of a modern collector who, attaching value to the products of art, consents to spend a small fortune on such extravagances. The reasons are probably the same, however, in both cases. Good specimens of Louis XV. furniture have two qualities which go far with many people who, while having a keen eye for detecting technical triumphs of workmanship, have little love for beauty for its own sake. Firstly, the actual skill of the men who handled the tools is marvellous. Whether they were working in metal or wood, the best workmen of that day had at once a freedom and a force combined with a delicacy and a finish which have

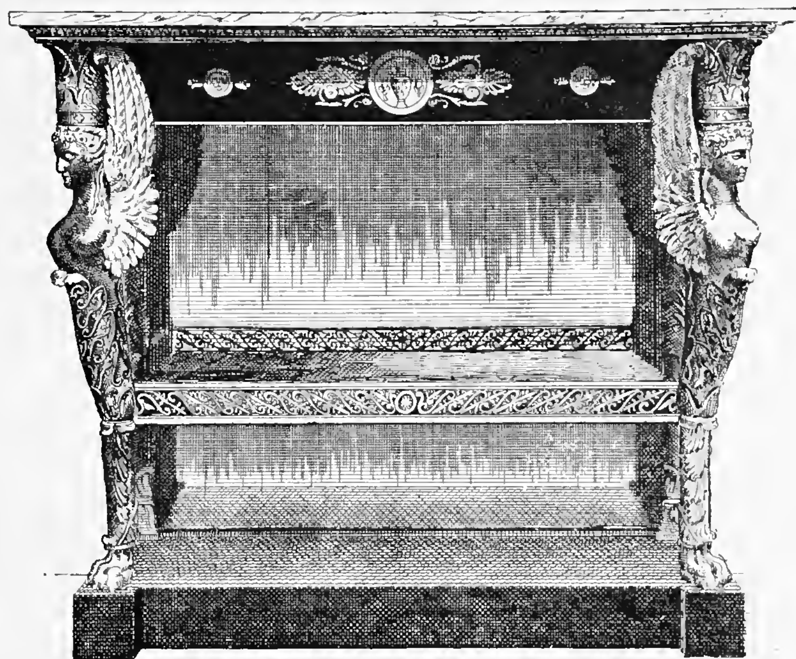


5.—CHEST OF DRAWERS: FRENCH; LOUIS XIV.

(*By Boulle. Palais de Versailles.*)

seriously. The chest, for instance, shown in our cut (1) not only has no beauty of form, but every line, every surface, every flower, and every ornament of it is apparently purposely made extravagantly grotesque. It is a chaos of inconsistent carving, probably never been equalled. Secondly, these pieces of furniture are what is called marvellously "decorative." A room furnished with them is very gorgeous, and it is usually also cheerful. These twists and twirls, unmeaning as they may seem,

have an object, if not a very high one. They make the light glance off from the gilded metal in a thousand different ways and from a thousand different points, whilst the high relief gives plenty of dark shadows amongst the brightness. These are the reasons why this style has been successful in the past, and why such quantities of a bad imitation of it are still poured into the market and apparently sold. From this sweeping condemnation, however, we must except to a certain extent the type of furniture represented in our second picture (2). The contours are still composed of purposeless fiddle-shaped curves, but there is a certain sense of refinement about it which may be best described by the old-fashioned word "elegant." The woodwork, in fact, of these sofas and chairs is merely used as a frame for the tapestry, which always has in itself a certain charm.



6.—JARDINIÈRE: FRENCH; EMPIRE.

(Mobilier National.)

Towards the close of the reign of Louis XV., however, a reaction set in against these absurdities. This change was due, no doubt, partly to the continuance in any extremely extravagant course for more than a certain time, but chiefly to the wider knowledge of Roman art that was at this time spread through Europe. The reaction of Eighteenth Century classicism was more marked and more complete in England than in France: a fact which was due partly to the influence of Adam, who himself was one of the first to make original investigation amongst the Roman remains in Italy, and partly due to the absence of any previous English style of furniture as important as the French. The result, however, was the very charming style of Louis XVI. If in this, as in the corresponding English style of Sheraton, we find a certain want of life, at any rate we find good taste. The forms are simple and severe, and the lines suggest the construction. All the rococo ornament of the previous period was dropped, whilst delicate scrolls and varieties of classical frieze took their place. There is less of the massiveness of the style of Louis XIV.; but there is on the other hand much greater attention to refinement of proportion.

The style of the Empire, of which our example (6) will serve as a type, was, like the court itself, a vulgar application of classical ideas. The workmanship of the best pieces was splendid, and the intricate elaboration of the decoration was often unequalled. But one can never lose the sense of the unreality of it. There is no true grasp of classical genius, only the combinations in endless variety of figures and forms mechanically copied from Roman models. The art is that of a *parvenu*, and the splendour that of a *nouveau riche*.

EUSTACE BALFOUR.

"THE TWO ORPHANS."

FROM THE PICTURE BY KARL MARR.

THERE is a passion in rags, it would seem, and only in cottages does the true stuff of art appear to abide. Of late—especially since Millet showed the way—there have been many painters of the poor. Courbet and Legros were in their day among the best and manliest of all. Now we have M. Jean Béraud to paint us the riff-raff of Paris; and M. Jules Breton and his following to portray the idylls of harvest and the time of gleaning; and Heer Israels, who is the poet of that hopeless

melancholy which comes upon all men living by the inexorable sea; and Mr. Clausen, who is doing his best to give England a Millet of her own; and a score besides, who are generous observers of the poor man's works and ways, and generous commentators

THE TWO ORPHANS.

(From the Picture by Karl Marr.)

on the facts of his spiritual and material history. One—and by no means the worst—is Herr Karl Marr, the painter of "The Two Orphans."

'Tis a picture of misery—of misery absolute and unrelieved. The scene is a cottage of the wretchedest type; the furniture is meagre and squalid; the place, from broken floor to smoked and grimy rafters, breathes wholly of penury and discomfort; the naked walls, the scantly-furnished shelves, the bare table and empty chest, the poor little cross itself—all speak of such poverty as is hardest to bear, of the poverty known only to the poorest among the poor. The two heroines seem of a piece with their surroundings: half-fed and half-clad, barefooted and bare-armed, they are utterly dejected and forlorn. But their fitness is rather apparent than real. They are face to face with the sternest of mortal experiences, a prey to the keenest of mortal sorrows; and they have the interest that attaches to misfortune, they are touched with the dignity of grief. The sentiment indeed which they are made to express is profoundly human and sincere; and in comparison the facts of their environment are as nothing.

The Chronicle of Art.

ART IN OCTOBER.

THE Royal Academy Winter Exhibition will comprehend a large collection of the works of P. F. Poole.

AT the British Museum the Luther exhibition and the exhibition of Raphael reproductions have proved completely successful. An exhibition of reproductions of drawings by Michelangelo is arranging while we write. At the National Gallery a fragment of fresco has been framed and hung on an easel in a room where are the Cimabues and Margaritones and Uccellos. It represents the faces of four members of a sisterhood, with white brow-cloths and black hoods, and reverential expression.

MR. SHIELDS is designing for Mrs. Rossetti, mother of the painter-poet, two lights in stained glass, for the little window which overlooks her son's grave at Birchington. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A., has completed in the clay the bust of Coleridge, which is to be placed in marble in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Brock's bust of Longfellow has reached the same stage of execution, and will probably be ready for the Abbey about the same time.

SIR GEORGE BIRDWOOD has been awarded the diploma of honour for his art collection and handbooks in the ethnographic section of the Indian Department at Amsterdam.

THERE seems a tendency to visit the sins of Wyatt's ridiculous "Wellington" upon Decimus Burton's arch. This would not be reasonable in any case; and as Burton's arch is really a handsome and artistic structure, it is absurd. Burton left a set of drawings and models of his complete design which, besides the arch, included sculptures of a Victory in a chariot with fast galloping horses. These materials are in the possession of the architect's representatives, who, it is said, would gladly lend them for public exhibition. The Royal Academy has been suggested as a fitting place, the coming winter exhibition the opportunity; and there is every reason why the idea should be carried out. It might be at least one step towards retrieving our blunders in the matter—blunders which almost surpass our mistakes over Alfred Stevens's monument to the Iron Duke in St. Paul's.

THE French are reproducing Da Vinci's drawings and manuscripts; and the English collection of such treasures ought not to be neglected. At Holkham and Windsor, in the British Museum and elsewhere, are some extremely important documents, which should find a place in facsimile by the side of those splendid transcripts *in extenso* begun in Paris. It has been pointed out that the official photographers at South Kensington might be worse employed than in taking negatives of the two Lionardo books in the Forster library; whilst the practised photographic artist at the British Museum might be directed to take that collection in hand.

TRANSPOSITION is the order of the day at the National Gallery. The Turners above the line in the Long Room are to be lent to other museums, as authorised by the recent Act of Parliament; the large "Christ Washing Peter's Feet," by Tintoretto, bought for £125 at the Hamilton sale, has been hung over Titian's "Bacchus and Ariadne" in Room XVI. It is very rich in tones of golden-brown, and is an acquisition of veritable importance. In Room XII., Van der Neer's "Canal Scene" and Van Dyck's "Emperor Theodosius Refused Admission into the Church" have been cleaned and hung anew; and Rembrandt's "Jewish Rabbi" has been removed for cleaning. It is said that Botticelli's "Coronation of the Virgin" is to be hung in Room XVI.

MR. MACBETH has been engaged on an etching of Pinwell's picture of the children in the "Pied Piper of Hamelin." Mr. Dunthorne is the publisher. The Venezuelan sculptor, Rafael de la Cova, has all but completed the model of his large equestrian statue of Simon Bolivar, which is to stand in the New York Central Park. It represents the Liberator cheering on his men at San Matéo.

WHILE excavating for the extension of the buildings known as New Courts Chambers in Chancery Lane into Southampton Buildings, the workmen came upon some chalk walls and glazed tiles. Mr. John Sachs, of the Middlesex Archæological Society, was at once communicated with; and careful investigations revealed two portions of undoubted Roman walls of chalk and cement, with some tiles of red material, glazed with yellow, and beneath a deposit of charcoal, doubtless a landmark, for which purpose such deposits have been frequently used from their imperishable nature. The surmise that this is the site of the first home of the Knights Templars is borne out by the quantity of human remains that have also been found, it being well known that the Knights removed their most important monuments to the Temple, leaving less important remains behind. Quantities of old Saxon pottery, in fragments, also came to light. It is expected that more discoveries will follow.

In the "Chronicle of Art" contained in our September issue that excellent institution the Royal School of Art-Needlework was said to be in a condition by no means flourishing, the receipts for the past three years having steadily declined. We are happy to note that our information was incorrect, and that the case is the very reverse of that which was stated. During 1880 the receipts for work sold amounted to £9,731 4s. 11d.; during 1881, to £10,507 5s. 11d.; during 1882, to £11,897 13s. 2d.; and there is every reason to believe that the balance-sheet of the present year will be equally good and satisfactory.

The Loan Exhibition—of Old Masters and National Portraits—held in the Edinburgh Royal Institution was eminently successful. The walls were a little crowded, and the exhibits—which numbered over six hundred and fifty—were a little indiscriminate. The attendance, however, was large and steady, upwards of twenty-nine thousand people having visited the rooms. Close on seven thousand catalogues were sold, and it is expected that the receipts, which amounted to some £1,500, will cover the expenditure.

The new Museum of Classical Art and Archæology at Cambridge will be completed this autumn. The main cost of the undertaking is being defrayed with the savings of the Fitzwilliam Fund; but as these will barely cover the expenses of building and providing the minimum number of casts and models strictly necessary, Professor Colvin is endeavouring to raise by subscription a fund sufficient to furnish the new museum with an adequate library of chemical archæology, as well as with additional casts and models. The list has been headed by the Duke of Devonshire with £250, and includes Earl Powis, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, Mr. Beresford Hope, Professors Darwin, Adams, Kennedy, and Humphry, and Mr. Balfour, M.P.

The Autumn Exhibition in Manchester, the first under the rule of the Corporation, is perhaps the most complete and interesting of its kind ever seen in the provinces. It presents in one collection not only much new work, but thoroughly representative pictures from the Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the two great water-colour shows: with one or two good specimens of Continental art. Mr. Val Prinsep, who has assisted the committee in selecting and arranging the pictures, sends his portrait of Mrs. Kendal, in the "Falcon," painted for the Garrick Club; Mr. Millais is represented by the "Grey Lady" and his portraits of the Bishop of Manchester and the Duchess of Westminster; Mr. Holman Hunt, by his "Professor Owen," and "The Ship;" Sir Frederick Leighton, by "Yasmeeneh" and "Memories;" Mr. Herkomer, by "Grandfather's Pet;" Mr. Leslie, by "The First Day of the Holidays;" Mr. Burne Jones, by a "Cupid's Hunting Fields," and the pathetic portrait, "Philip Comyns Carr;" Mr. Poynter, by "The Ides of March;" Mr. Holl, by his portrait of Mr. Tenniel; Mr. Macbeth, by "Sheep-Shearing;" Mr. Watts, by "The Mid-day Rest," and "Katie," and "Love and Life;" Mr. Briton Riviere, by his "Genius Loci;" Mr. Whistler, by the admirable portrait engraved in our October issue; and Mr. Gregory, by his "Piccadilly." Then there are studies of sea and sky and weather by Mr. Henry Moore; the "Forest on Fire" and "Royal Windsor," by Mr. Keeley Halswelle; a number of sketches and one important landscape by Leslie Thomson; the excellent and original "Pastoral" of Mr. Hennessy; several Madox Browns; some good flower studies by Mrs. Cecil Lawson; one or two of the broad, imaginative, and truthful pictures of the Campagna, by Arthur Lemon, including the "Ponies at Pasture" of last year's Academy; Mr. Charlton's very vigorous and spirited "British Artillery at Tel-el-Kebir;" Mr. Napier Hemy's "Old Putney Bridge" and "The Ferryman;" the "Last Look," by Mr. F. E. Cox; the "Admonition" and the "Banquet," by Mr. Linton; the very remarkable portrait group of the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, painted by Mr. Walter Wilson; Mr. Collier's "Professor Huxley;" with works of merit by Messrs. Yeend King, J. R. Reid, W. Small, Arthur Hopkins, G. L. Seymour, Arthur Hughes, Logsdail, Yglesias, Munn, Colin Hunter, Stewart Lloyd, H. M. Paget; and pictures by Mrs. Butler, the Misses Montalba, and H.R.H. the Princess Louise (who sends an unfinished study of the coxswain of H.M.S. *Comus*). The sculpture, as in London, is of little account.

In accordance with the wishes of his deceased brother, Mr. Thomas Agnew has presented to the Art Gallery at Manchester Mr. Holman Hunt's large picture "The Shadow of Death." Mr. Val Prinsep's "The Golden Gate," engraved in our last volume, has been presented by Mr. W. A. Turner. The Art-Gallery Committee has bought "The Ides of March," by Mr. Poynter; "Prince Arthur and Hubert," by Mr. Yeames; and "On the Elwy," by Mr. R. G. Somerset.

At Nottingham the Autumn Exhibition has been a great success, especially in its water-colours. Of about a thousand exhibits, it is only possible to mention the most notable. First comes a sketch by Mr. A. J. Melville, whose "Call to Prayer" we recently engraved; with the "Wild Swans" of Mr. John Scott, also reproduced in our pages. Two drawings by Mr. Wyke Bayliss show his fine achievement in ecclesiastical interiors. Chief among the women's work are "A Hazy Winter Morning in Venice," by Clara Montalba, and some studies of "French Peasants," by Bertha Newcombe. Mr. Henry Moore sends one of his fine seascapes—"Studland Bay;" and the "Surrender" of Mr. J. D. Linton—engraved in these pages—is a prominent feature of the show. Mr. E. H. Corbould's elaborate talent is displayed in "The Death of Edward the Martyr," and a "Canterbury Pilgrims." Mary Weatherill's excellent "St. Mark's" we noticed when exhibited, with other Venetian pictures, at the Fine Art Society's rooms. Foremost among local artists is Mr. Andrew MacCallum, who has turned his attention to "The Upward Path of Life," in three divisions: (1) A boy in a woodland path—early spring; (2) a Hercules pressing up a hilly way in the heat of noon; and (3) a venerable person strolling at even near a churchyard. Less pretentious are some studies by Mr. E. Crosland, junr.—"Cottages near Bradgate Park;" and "Nottingham from the Hills—near Tollerton:" the latter ambitious, but far from unsuccessful, and showing advance on previous work.

The Tenth Annual Exhibition at Brighton is probably the best ever held there. Mr. W. H. Overend's "In the Trough of the Sea" is colossal and a little stiff. Mr. Walter J. Morgan's "A Summer Visitor"—a gaily dressed damsel from town meeting a country youth fresh from the hayfields—is clever comedy. Mrs. Jopling sends a

"Little Red Riding Hood" (with a Piccadilly fringe); Mr. Henry Moore, a vision of summer haze "Off Falmouth;" Mr. Yglesias, two attractive canvases; Mr. Sant, a well-drawn "Bacchante;" Mrs. S. Anderson, a good study of an old seaman. Mr. Clem Lambert's "Wanderers" is effective, and not without pathos; Miss Alma Broadbridge presents an admirable "Gossip on the Sands"—a little cold perhaps, but true in effect and well handled; F. Andreotti's "First Violin of a Village Choir" is a very able performance, with a world of suggestion about it—half humorous, half pathetic. Some admirable studies of flowers by Mrs. Heckstall Smith deserve mention; whilst a very able drawing by Miss Marion A. Sterling is in many ways the best piece of still life in the exhibition. It is quaintly called "A Little China Pot, with Ferns," and gained the National Gold Medal at the School of Art.

At the Nottingham Art Museum, in February, will be held an exhibition of the works of Richard Parkes Bonington, and the Sandbys—Paul and Thomas, Notts men by birth. Bonington, who died at twenty-seven, is French by training and repute. He painted landscape, marine, and figure, and in all three he showed extraordinary ability. An exhibition of his works, though it must needs be small, must needs be interesting. Paul Sandby has been called the father of water-colour art. At all events his name is first on the records of that art as we know it now. He was drawing-master to the children of George III., and also to the Military Schools at Woolwich; he was one of the original members of the Royal Academy; he also engraved in aquatint. There are examples of his work at South Kensington. His brother Thomas, an architect of some note, was one of the original thirty-six of the Academy.

In December will open the long-talked-of Calcutta Exhibition, and about the same time will appear the first number of the new *Journal of Indian Art*. The periodical, which promises to be of much interest and importance, has been projected chiefly by Mr. T. S. Kipling, the principal of the Mayo School of Art at Lahore, and Surgeon-Major Hendley, who is in medical charge at the Eastern Rajputana States. The work will be patronised by the Government of India; and the first number will be illustrated by lithographs and chromolithographs by Mr. W. Griggs, whose name is associated with the best English art of the kind.

The artistic event of the month has been the opening at Paris of the "Exposition Nationale des Ouvrages des Artistes Vivants." It is intended to complete the annual Salon, and numbers upwards of 700 representative pictures, 300 sculptures, and 150 engravings, all produced in the last five years, the idea being to summarise in one exhibition the whole of French art during that period. Of the interest of the gathering nothing need be said; of its importance, its lessons, and its warnings there is much indeed to say. For the moment we must content ourselves with recording that it includes M. Rochegrosse's "Andromaque;" M. Vibert's "Funerailles de M. Thiers," "In Pace," and "Le Récit du Missionnaire;" M. Roll's "Grève des Mineurs;" "César s'Ennuie," by M. Motte, his "Les Oies du Capitole," his "Richelieu sur la Digue de la Rochelle;" M. Liebermann's "Maison de Retraite;" "Une Chasse," by M. Melin, the admirable dog-painter; M. Moreau de Tours' "Une Extatique au XVIIIe Siècle;" the "Psyché," two portraits, and the "Yvonne" of M. Jules Lefebvre; the "Muse du Nord" of M. Hébert; and first-rate examples by MM. Mesdag, De Nittis, J.-P. Laurens, Lhermitte, P. Robinet, Protais, Dantan, E. Feyen, Pelouse, Meissonier, and Bastien-Lepage. Sixteen thousand persons were admitted on the "varnishing day."

At Raincy, near Paris, the local Société des Amis des Arts has had a very successful exhibition of works by Géricault, Corot, Troyon, Carle Vernet, J.-P. Laurens, Yon, Dubufe, Lefebvre, Henner, and others. It is reported that the brothers of the painter Manet are organising an exhibition of his works at L'École des Beaux-Arts. At the Académie des Inscriptions M. Louis Fould has founded a prize of 20,000 francs for the best history of the arts of design—their origin, progress, and transmission, down to the age of Pericles. A commission of five (three from the Académie des Inscriptions, one from the Academy of Science, and one from the Academy of Fine Arts) is to sit in judgment on the competing works, which must be delivered at the Institut before the 31st December. Delacroix's "L'Entrée des Croisés à Constantinople" is to be returned to the Louvre from Versailles, where a copy will take the place of the original. A marble bust of Taglioni is to be placed in the "Couloirs de l'Orchestre de l'Opéra," Paris: and a bust of Dessaix, on a granite column, has been set up at Riom.

We record the deaths respectively on the 7th and 9th ult. of Mr. George Cole, one of the oldest members of the Society of British Artists, and Mr. Alfred P. Newton, the water-colourist. Mr. Cole was in his seventy-fourth year. Self-taught, he commenced at Portsmouth as a portrait-painter. He was also a successful animal-painter. In fact his talents were versatile, but on his removing to London he finally settled to landscape-painting. He first exhibited in 1840, and frequently afterwards at the Old British Institution. A "Don Quixote and Sancho Panza with Rosinante in Don Pedro's Hut" attracted much attention there. Amongst his many popular earlier works may be mentioned "Pride and Humility" (the property of the late Countess Waldegrave), an engraving of which was published by H. Graves and Co.; "A Welsh Interior," "Ebenbergh Castle," "Llandogo on the Wye," "Homestead in Caernarvonshire," and "The Last Load." His more recent works will be fresh in the memory of the visitors to Suffolk Street. He was elected a member of the Society of British Artists in 1850. Mr. Newton was a well-known member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and died at Rock Ferry, aged fifty-three. His lake and mountain views, though not without the mannerisms of himself and his school, were very popular in Pall Mall; and he rarely failed to contribute to the exhibitions of the society. M. Louis Merlet, sculptor and medal engraver, is likewise dead. Born in 1815, he was a pupil of David and Pradier, and of the École des Beaux Arts. He received several medals of honour.

The late M. J. Wilson, of Brussels, who bequeathed his two Constables to the Louvre, has founded in the Belgian capital, near which his large industrial establishment had long flourished, an institution for the promotion of the arts of design, including a museum, for the maintenance of which he has left 300,000 fr. He has given to the city many pictures notable in recent public exhibitions.

We lately noticed a remarkable pamphlet by Mr. Alfred Harris on art-education in England. Another contribution to the literature of the subject has appeared in the shape of some special reports appended to the general report of the Department of Science and Art. The Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction sent certain officers of the Department to the Continent to examine the provisions there made for instruction in art. The result of their investigation generally confirms Mr. Harris's statements. Money is more liberally voted by foreign municipalities and States; in some centres instruction is quite free, and in the others the charges are nominal. In the École des Arts Décoratifs the visitors—Messrs. Armstrong and Bowler—found the average in the life classes better than that at South Kensington. In the Munich elementary schools writing and drawing are taught together to the youngest classes, whereas in England drawing is not taught at all in 75 per cent. of our elementary schools. "The artist and the art-workman in Paris, in Munich, in Dresden, and in Nuremburg have the start of us, and it would be foolish not to realise that in some respects we carry extra weight in the race." All the same, Messrs. Armstrong and Bowler do not think that the main scheme of art-education here can be changed with advantage. Certain it is, however, that something must be done, and by the manufacturers as well as the State and municipal authorities. In Germany, Sunday teaching is an important feature. The Sabbath is the great day for instruction in the Fortbildung schools at Munich. It is a common practice in Germany for masters to give their workmen liberty to attend art-classes on Thursday afternoons. Might not we follow their example? It is clear that one, if not the chief, cause of the depression of British trade, is the lack of art in British manufacture; and it behoves our manufacturers to stir themselves much more than they have done hitherto. We do not believe that either French or German artisans can be more easily trained as art-workmen than their English prototypes; but it is certain that they have greater educational advantages, with the incalculable benefit which results from the existence in their midst of good art-traditions in England. The traditions of industrial art are virtually dead.

A second series of Mr. Edward Hulme's "Flower Painting in Water Colours" (Cassell and Company) is pretty sure to meet with the wide acceptance it deserves. These books are mainly for beginners, and are intended as an introduction to the more difficult study of Nature. As in the first series, Mr. Hulme gives ample hints to the student; and his directions are practical and judicious. His plates are very true in colour; and they are conveniently interleaved with drawing-paper.

In the "Philosophy of Ornament," issued by Mr. Ruskin's publisher (Allen, Orpington), Mr. W. Gershom Collingwood offers to those interested in the development and significance of ornament a thoughtful and instructive little handbook. He gives an interesting sketch of the succession of decorative forms through Oriental and mediæval art to the "epidemic hysteria," as he calls it, of the modern æsthete. It is urged once more that decoration, whether in architecture or wall-paper or carpets, must *mean* something if it is to be vital and artistic, and not merely silly. There are interesting suggestions, too, as to the original significance of trite conventional forms which are passed over by the modern eye, dazed and deadened by the debased reproductions of the day; we gain a better judgment of the beauties of a Persian rug or the mouldings of a Gothic capital, as well as of the sheer imbecility of the wall-papers and fabrics of the common furniture-shops. There is sound advice as to the banishment of house-decorator's ornament from our homes, and the concentration of taste upon ornament which will add definitely to the pleasure and brightness of life. It is a pity that Mr. Collingwood goes astray after Mr. Ruskin's hopeless economic fallacies; but it is a good little book for all that, and not the less attractive for its interesting illustrations and pleasant printing.

"Decorative Painting" (L. Upcott Gill) is a highly practical and comprehensive volume by B. C. Saward, whose writings on artistic needlework are well known. Its descriptions and instructions, its hints and rules, apply to painting on every sort of textiles, on pottery and porcelain, on paper, vellum and leather, on glass and wood, and on stone and metal. It deals with oil and water-colours, stencilling, and certain sorts of decorative etching. Altogether a useful two hundred pages of well-written, well-digested advice.

Mr. John Batty has revised, enlarged, and reprinted his essay on the "Scope and Charm of Antiquarian Study," originally published in the *Antiquarian Magazine*. A development of an address to a country debating society, it is issued as a pamphlet in response to the recommendation of its author's literary friends. The essay may be read with pleasure and profit, and in its present guise is a specimen of Mr. George Redway's excellent typography.

In "Les Amours de Gombaut et de Macée" (Paris: Charavay Frères), we have a study of certain tapestries in the museum at Saint-Lô, by M. Jules Guiffrey. The work—which is a beautiful example of the best modern typography, and is illustrated with five heliographs, and nine fac-similes of old prints—is of singular interest to the students of French literature and social history. The romance which these tapestries illustrated was at one time highly popular; and, as readers of Molière's "Avare" know, the tapestries themselves were well and widely known. Story and fabric, however, have long been forgotten; it is the author's object to revive interest in what he describes as a monument of the language and the manners of his country. In his first part M. Guiffrey proves the popularity of these doggerel rhymes for a space of two hundred years; in his second he describes the subjects of the designs, and reproduces the verses inscribed upon them, with the variants; and in his third part he briefly examines certain questions concerning the origin and date of the poem. He has done his work extremely well; the result, from the several points of view of the antiquary, the artist, and the art-critic, is eminently interesting and desirable.

The author of "The Country of Millet," in our September issue, is Mr. Hugh de T. Glazebrook; not "Henry," as, by a printer's error, the article was signed.

ART IN NOVEMBER.

At the Grosvenor there will be an exhibition of the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among the exhibitors are the Dukes of Portland, Bedford, Cleveland, and Hamilton; Earls Amherst and Spencer; and Lords Morley, Powis, Albemarle, Sheffield, Yarborough, Warwick, and Essex.

Mr. Watts has painted his "Duke of Devonshire" for the University of Cambridge; repainted his "Love and Death" and his "Manning;" and completed a couple of noble landscapes. Mr. Millais' "Henry Irving," painted for presentation to the Garrick Club, is being engraved by Mr. Barlow; Messrs. Elkington are reproducing for the Humane Society the same painter's famous picture, "The Rescue," as a medal to be given for succour from fire. Mr. Long has painted a "Flight into Egypt." Mr. Van Haanen has sold to Messrs. Agnew a picture representing a milliner's work-room (Venice) during the dinner-hour. M. Detaille has painted for the Théâtre-Français a portrait of the actor Sevestre, killed at Buzenval. Herr Makart, represented at the Salon Triennal by a "Comtesse Duchâtel," has received the Legion of Honour; and so have the sculptor Tilgner and the painters Carron and Von Angeli.

Professor Legros has introduced the study of equine anatomy into the curriculum of the Slade School. There are four classes a month, equally divided between the male and female students, who draw from the living model.

A colossal "Wallace" will be erected, at a cost of £3,000, at Aberdeen. Mr. G. F. Watts's "Hugh Lupus" has been cast in bronze, and will presently be set up at Chester. A "Tannahill" has been unveiled at Paisley; a bust of John Rogers, the editor of Matthew's Bible, at Birmingham; a "Michael Glinka" at Smolensk. Oudinot's "Ingres" is being put into marble for Versailles; a left-handed "Henri Regnault" is ready for the Hôtel de Ville, where Dalou's "La République" has already been set up. Ludovic Durand has completed a "Pinel" for the Place de la Salpetrière; Dalou has finished a realistic "Blanqui" (on his death-bed) for the subscription memorial to the old anarchist; Villers-Cotterets proposes to subscribe for a replica of Doré's "Dumas," unveiled but now on the Boulevard Malesherbes; a memorial to Millet and Rousseau has been set up at Barbizon; Mme. Paul de Musset has left a hundred thousand francs for a marble monument to her husband and his brother, the poet of "Rolla" and "On ne Badine pas avec l'Amour." This last suggests a monument to the two Corneilles—Pierre the immortal tragic, and Thomas the industrious hack. The Duchess of Galliera has presented Monteverde's "Jenner" to the magnificent hospital built by her in Genoa; the Veronese have unveiled a monument to the poet Aleardo Aleardi; Professor Costa has completed a "Don Juan Lavalle" for Buenos Ayres, and a "St. James" for the Duomo of Florence; Bolivia has determined on a memorial pillar on Mount Tayo to Dr. Crevaux and his fellow-victims. It is obvious that, whatever the supply of heroes, there will be no lack of statues.

With a mass of rubbish at the Dudley there is not a little good work: Breanski's "Return of the Fishing Fleet," for instance, bright, gay, effective; several admirable dog-pictures by Thomas Blinks; and some landscape sketches by Adrian Stokes, true enough and strong enough to merit the highest praise. Miss Hilda Montalba's "Marshy Coast," too, is excellent as colour, tone, light, sentiment; and Mr. Bridgeman's "After the Bath" is an accomplished study of the nude. Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson's "After Sunset," though very badly hung, is a true impression, full of suggestion, and a fine feeling for colour; and some sketches by Mr. Rickatson are first rate of their kind. Possibly the best figure study is C. E. Bentwood's "State Conspirator;" but J. H. Lewis in "Seaside Pastimes" has rendered very pleasantly the unconscious gestures of children at play. Mention must be made of good work by Arthur Lemon, C. Stoney, Kate May (whose "Queen of the Night" shows original treatment of flowers, good colour, and broad handling), W. Hutton, W. A. Ingram, Claude Hayes, and Fliteroft Fletcher. A knocker and door-handles in bronze by S. P. Cockerell, though not quite first rate in design, are a step in the right direction.

As usual, Mr. Wallis's exhibition contains much of interest. First and foremost is Corot's "Martyrdom of St. Sebastian;" which, having been hidden in England since the artist's death, is now going the way of Corots—to America. It is, for Corot, unusually large; but it is elegant as ever. Its imaginative tone has never been surpassed; its silver-lighted sky is Corot at his best; and the figures, weak as they are, have a certain touch of human and tragic significance. Mr. W. H. Bartlett is excellent in a "Bit of Old Chioggia:" Ad. Moreau has achieved a charming scheme of delicate colour and graceful drawing of the figure in "Japanese Theatricals;" "Venetian Boats Preparing to Anchor" is the best work by Clara Montalba that we can call to mind, fine in colour and not particularly manneristic. Réné Gonse's "Moisson de Roses" is a positive masterpiece, painted with great strength and understanding. Munkacsy's original study for the "Christ Before Pilate" is merely interesting in point of method and manner. In landscape there are some good Heffners; an excellent Linnell; a first-rate Leader, in his literal manner; and a clever but rather dry and unsuggestive "Gale," by Th. Weber. Genre, of course, is largely represented: Bochmann, Grosemann, Kauffmann, Chevilliard, Thédy, and Mr. H. S. Mowbray being well to the fore. Perhaps the best of the kind, however, is Seiler's "Pride of all the Spains," which is excellent in conception and execution alike.

NOTWITHSTANDING that plenty of Englishmen are represented, foreigners hold their own at Mr. M'Lean's exhibition of water-colours. A couple of Mesdags are amongst the best he has done; and Heilbuth, in "The Appointment," is piquant, clever, even original. Hernandez's "Tired Dancer" is a very bold attempt to storm a difficult position; but it is not quite successful, and the results are equally ugly and uninteresting. "Venetian Lawyers," by Villegas, is merely a coarse study. The same artist's "Fête Day, Florence," in the Sixteenth Century, is exceedingly clever, with some brilliant and novel colour; but the flesh-tones are deadly, and the draughtsmanship is by no means sound. B. Galofre's "Neapolitan Fisherman" is the nearest approach to true imaginative figure work on the walls; it is very striking and very picturesque. Harpignies sends a delicate and original "Village on the Seine;" and there is good work by Tofano, Maris, Bernard Evans, Herkomer, A.R.A., Thomas Collier, and Miralles.

THE Female School of Art shows a very creditable prize list for the year; and the exhibition contained plenty of good and promising work. The school, of course, is under the sway of South Kensington, and dominated by the cramping rules of the Department of Science and Art. Nevertheless, some respectable individual achievement was shown; such, for instance, as the designs for playing cards and tiles by Miss Hind; the chalk studies of heads by Miss Ottilie Brodé, which have a touch of character and expression, and, consequently, human interest; and the very artistic design for tapestry by Miss Lilian Young—on the whole, the most original production of the year, and specially good in colour. A few months ago lithography was practically taken up here; and already the students are working for the trade, both designs and actual work on the stone being executed in the school. The results exhibited were excellent. Utilitarian art of this sort might be more practised than it is, with a variety of advantages to all concerned. The school, we understood, requires additional premises; for which Miss Gann is about to ask the British public for £5,000.

THE people of Derby are holding an autumnal collection at the new Corporation Art Gallery. The autumnal exhibition at Derby is a good representative gathering both of paintings and decorative work, prizes being given for the best examples of the latter by Derby craftsmen. Among the exhibitors are Mrs. Allingham, the P.R.A., Mr. Millais, Mr. Albert Moore, and M. H. Fantin. The gallery also contains Wright's "Alchymist," bought for the town.

AT Dundee the Seventh Annual Exhibition may be looked upon as one of the most important held out of London. Last year the sales exceeded those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and this year's gathering will probably produce a larger total still. It includes many of the finest pictures shown during the past season at the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and the Royal Scottish Academy: among them works by Hodgson, Sir Noel Paton, Phil. Morris, McWhirter, Sir W. Fettes-Douglas, Erskine Nicol, M'Taggart, Smart, Clark Stanton, Edwin Hayes, Tom Graham, Blommers, Artz, John Burr, and others. Vicat Cole's Academy picture of "Windsor" is on view, as are also John Pettie's "Jester's Merry-Thought" and Orchardson's "Queen of Swords"—all three purchased in Dundee. Several striking portraits by James Archer are hung; notably one of the late Lord Kinnaird, presented to the Permanent Collection. The exhibition will remain open till the end of the year.

AT Hawick (with a population of about 17,000) the first Fine Art Exhibition has been a great success. Opened on the 13th of August, and closed on the 21st of October, it contained over 800 works: among them Sir Noel Paton's "On Guard;" "Summer in the Borderland," by W. D. McKay; "On the Maas," by D. Farquarson; Hugh Cameron's well-known "Errand Girl;" and works by Messrs. W. P. Frith, J. McWhirter, Herdman, Hole, Fraser, Perigal, and many others. Among local artists, Messrs. Laidlaw and Steele, and Mrs. and Miss Watson, came well to the front. As over sixteen hundred pounds' worth of pictures have been sold, there is every reason to believe that the experiment will be repeated.

THE death is announced of the Düsseldorf painter, A. Siegert, a pupil of Schadow; of the sculptor Arnaud; of Fedór Jordan, the engraver, rector of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and keeper of the prints at the Bibliothèque Imperiale, St. Petersburg; of the painter Bellay du Poissat, a pupil of Drolling and Flandrin; of the German caricaturist, Albert Hendschel; of J. H. Chamberlain, professor of architecture at Queen's College, Birmingham; and of John Newton Mappin, who has bequeathed a fine collection of pictures to the town of Sheffield, with £15,000 towards the cost of a house to put them in.

THE Marchesa Medici, widow of the late General Medici, has given 5,000 francs towards the completion of the façade of the Duomo at Florence. Meanwhile the Annual Exhibition at the Brera has been more than usually attractive. Cassioli, Ferroni, and Rinaldo had each some fine works. Mugioli's "Marriage Offering" shows his usual vivid realisation of classic subjects. The Fumagalli prize of 4,000 francs was awarded to Morbelli for his "Last Days," a crowd of aged paupers awaiting relief. There was a great deal of clever painting, but little else, and many connoisseurs think the prize might have been more worthily bestowed. The Humbert Prize was given to Boggiani for his "Under the Chestnuts." The king has purchased Rinaldi's "Last Moments of Michelangelo."

THE Committee for the Preservation of Monuments has decided to remove to the Uffizzi Gallery three pictures by Verrocchio and Ghirlandajo, much injured by damp from repeated inundations, from the ancient Cistercian Abbey at Settimo. The Florentine Galleries have within the last three years been enriched by purchases to the amount of 240,687 francs: among them a terra-cotta bust by Donatello, good pictures by Carpaccio and Lorenzo Monaco, and several admirable Etruscan antiques.

THE Hermitage Autotypes (Paris: Braun. London: The Autotype Company) are always incomparably good. In the last *livraison* special mention may be made of a Titianic "Danae;" an admirable "Holy Family," by Andrea del Sarto (26); a wonderful bacchanal (551), and a "Shepherd and Shepherdess" (591 *bis*), by Rubens. Among

the portraits are capital examples of Bol (848), Van Dyck (628 *bis*), and Franz Hals (771); and among the landscapes a very noble Ruysdael (1,141). Rembrandt, however, is again the king of the gathering: with a wonderful "Holy Family" (796), and that "Portrait of a Man" (811) of a detail of which we spoke in our first notice.

WE have received from Messrs. Askin, Gubbeters, and Killick (Sackville Street, London) a reduction in plaster of Mr. Richard Pinker's spirited and clever bust of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Royal Academy, 1883). It is a good likeness, and its cost is trifling.

THE Christmas Cards this year show plenty of good workmanship, but very little originality of design. Chief among the many produced by Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner is the prize (£200) triptych, designed by Miss Alice Havers from scenes in "Patience." It is well grouped, well drawn, well composed, and admirably printed and produced. It can hardly fail of popularity. Even prettier is Mr. Ernest Wilson's fourfold screen (7,192), painted with fans and mirrors and flowers. Messrs. Couldery's kittens (176 and 156) are ever charming, never new. Mr. E. K. Johnson's prize set of "Female Figures" seems hardly worth the £150 it won. Mr. Henderson's "Geese" (126) are very much better; so are Mrs. Duffield's "Floral Cups" (3); so are Miss Havers' "Fairies" (220); so are some of Mrs. Muckley's studies of flowers (207). Mention may also be made of Mr. Hodgson's "Rustic Courtship" (128), "Hare and Hounds" (42), and "Cricket" (61). Of Messrs. Raphael Tuck's productions, the gems are certainly the fringed cards, 9,260 and 7,350, particularly the latter. Very good indeed are the white flowers on white satin, designed by Eden Hooper. Among the bird-subjects, the best, which are capital, are the four designs of storks (958). Of the designs of child-life, which are many, we prefer the set numbered 861—a quadrilateral of Millaisish little ladies in landscape backgrounds, with borders of dead gold and white flowers. The floral subjects are innumerable: mention may be made of a set of white flowers on silver (900), the series of wreaths numbered 941, and the series of crosses numbered 677. Messrs. Tuck's wares are, as usual, wonderfully well produced; not a few of them, however, are exquisitely inappropriate as well. The productions of the Artistic Stationery Company—name, dance, memorial, and Christmas cards—are, as always, tasteful in design and excellent in execution.

QUITE the prettiest in the season's novelties is the "Fairy Album" of Messrs. Marcus Ward. It is a good-sized quarto, excellently bound and clasped, and contrived to hold a host of cartes-de-visite, large and small. The principal point about it is the illustrations. These, some ten or twelve in number, all ablaze with colours and gold, are pictures of life and manners in the land of Faëry. On one page is the moonlight march of Oberon and Titania. On another an Elf, perched on a mushroom, touches the light guitar to a Fay, enthroned aloft in the calyx of a flower. In a third a train of Elves career, on superb night-moths, among spiders' webs and stars. All are prettily imagined, prettily drawn, and prettily printed; and most people will like to have them by.

A CAPITAL toy-book is "London Town" (London: Marcus Ward), by Mr. Thomas Crane and Ellen Houghton: pleasantly imagined, pleasantly written, pleasantly illustrated, and pleasantly produced. Of exceptional excellence, if only as specimens of colour-printing, are "Sixes and Sevens" and "Told in the Twilight" (London: Hildesheimer and Faulkner), both written by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, and illustrated, the one by Miss J. M. Dealy, the other by Miss M. E. Edwards and Mr. J. Staples. We prefer the second; but both are acceptable. Of the "Maids of the Lea" and the "Men of Ware" (same publishers) the effect is pretty; but in both (with plenty of cleverness) there are too many reminiscences of Mr. Caldecott. In Miss Troubridge's illustrations to Miss Peachey's translation of Hans Andersen's "Little Thumb" (London: Mansell and Co.) there is more originality. Drawn in outline, they are graceful and fantastic both; the book, moreover, is novel in design and effect. In "Daisy Dimple's Scrap-Book" (Cassell and Company) the effect is of another sort. Here are hundreds of pictures—comic, serious, sentimental; of land and sea; of life in all its aspects, fantastic and real. Never that we know has such a hoard of interest and entertainment been given to the general nursery.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN (London) have followed up their re-issue of John Newbery's "Goody Two-Shoes" by a set of fac-simile reprints of "The Butterfly's Ball" (by Mr. Roscoe), "The Peacock at Home" and "The Lion's Masquerade" (Written by a Lady), and "The Elephant's Ball and Grand Fête Champêtre" (by "W. B."), which is "intended as a companion to those much admired pieces," the aforesaid works by "Mr. Roscoe" and "A Lady." All four are illustrated with "elegant engravings;" and of all four it may be remarked (with the former publisher) that "they have been purchased with avidity and read with satisfaction by persons in all ranks of life." Speaking for ourselves, we shall but add that they are exceedingly curious and entertaining, and that their re-issue could hardly be too highly commended.

THE "Artist's Edition" of "Gray's Elegy" (London: John Slack) is an exceedingly pretty book. Originally published by Lippincott and Co. (Philadelphia), it is well printed, well designed, and well produced; and it is, to boot, a good specimen of the American style of wood-engraving. Of the illustrations, the best are certainly the landscapes. The figure-subjects smack a little too much of Mr. Abbey, and Mr. Abbey is hardly satisfactory at second hand; while the smoothness and fineness which are characteristic of American wood cutting give them a monotony, a uniformity, an evenness, suggestive not so much of delicacy and distinction as of feebleness and insipidity. It is otherguesswork with the landscapes. They are often pretty in themselves, and they are always prettily and appropriately engraved. The best is probably Mr. J. F. Murphy's "To meet the sun upon the upland lawn." An admirable contrast is assuredly the new edition of Fergusson's sonorous ballad, "The Forging of the Anchor" (Cassell and Company). Herein the work, both drawing and engraving, is English. The effect is completely satisfactory. To contrast the two books is to see that the English style is in many ways the best style yet.

MR. E. W. GOSSE'S "George Tinworth" (London: Fine Art Society) is something more than a skilful and pleasant essay in artistic biography. It is illustrated (by the Goupil process) with thirty plates, which set forth some forty or fifty of the sculptor's works; and in virtue of these it may be recommended as certainly one of the handsomest, and perhaps the most interesting, of the season's books. In their very peculiar way the panels of Mr. Tinworth are often touched with genius, and that in such a measure and of such a type as can be discerned in nothing else in modern English sculpture. The types they set forth are popular and common; they are utterly lacking in that distinction of style which makes great literature of the "Pilgrim's Progress" and great art of the peasant-pictures of Millet; they are often mannered, and they are still more often inadequate and merely quaint. But, for all that, they are remarkable work. Mr. Tinworth is an artist born. He sees in reliefs; he has the instinct of observation, the gift of composition, the talent of gesture and expression, the right dramatic imagination, the very genius of sincerity. His range is limited, his ambition peculiar, his achievement when all is said—eccentric and debatable. But he stands alone in modern art, and what he has to say is never quite meaningless or uninteresting. It is easy to deride him; but it is impossible to ignore or to deny. His work abounds in human interest of a certain sort, and is the sincere expression of an original mind and a genuine artistic faculty. We shall have said enough if we add that to have Mr. Gosse's book is the next best thing to having the sculptor's own work.

A VERY splendid gift-book is the new edition (London: Sampson Low and Co.) of Poe's famous poem "The Raven," with a "comment" (which is quite readable) by Mr. Clarence Stedman, and six-and-twenty admirable woodcuts (by famous American engravers) of designs by Gustave Doré. These drawings are, they say, the last the famous Frenchman ever made; and we can well believe it. None of them will take rank with his best work. Many of them are striking, and one or two—as, for instance, the churchyard, which has been suggested by the poet's "Wandering from the Nightly Shore;" as the picture of his dreadful Visitant hovering with outspread wings as he taps at the window lattice—are imaginative and suggestive. But the general impression is one of an exhausted imagination—of a talent worked down to its last threads. Of course when the talent is Doré's its expressions are always in some sort remarkable; and there will doubtless be many to whom "The Raven" thus accompanied will be tenfold more significant and affecting than ever before. That was Doré's peculiar gift: he stood between the poets and the people, and he brought them nearer together by his commentaries. After "Don Quixote," after the "Inferno," after the "Contes Drolatiques," this magnificent folio is yet another proof of it.

THE set of designs prepared by the late David Scott, in illustration of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," has been probably as much over-praised and over-written as any work of the kind in existence. This, at least, is the conclusion forced upon us by an examination of the new edition of Coleridge's poem and Scott's illustrations sent out by Messrs. Nelson and Sons (London and Edinburgh). The designs, it is true, are reduced in size from the originals, and their effect is somewhat impaired thereby. But they have—to us at least—so little in common with the poem as to be, in any size, a hindrance rather than an aid to its interpretation. They are at once feeble and pretentious. They neither realise nor suggest. In the facts of romance—the feigned expressions, gestures, landscapes, circumstances of light and air and movement, which make the imaginings in which they occur the most vivid and abiding of created things—they are altogether deficient. You read the poem, and believe; you turn to the illustrations and wonder how belief was possible. There is the difference between the poet and the painter.

MR. J. H. INGRAM'S "Oliver Madox Brown" (Elliot Stock) deals with the brief career of one whose achievements in literature were of great promise. The merits of "Gabriel Denver" and "Dwale Bluth" are indisputable. The story of their author's life will be read with interest by all readers of romance. It is a pity, however, that the opinion of his most intimate friend, Mr. Philip Bourke Marston, respecting his correspondence should not have received Mr. Ingram's respectful acquiescence. A simple and affecting narrative suffers from the triviality of letters of no biographical value whatever. The book is illustrated by autotypes, one of which—a portrait of Oliver by his father—is excellent.

"ITALIAN MASTERS IN GERMAN GALLERIES," by Giovanni Morelli, translated from the German by Mrs. Louise M. Richter (George Bell and Sons). Mrs. Richter has done good service in translating this book by the celebrated Italian critic who, writing for the most part under the name of Lermolieff, and in German periodicals, has done more to disturb received opinions as to the attributions of works by the Old Masters, and to found a scientific method of study, than perhaps any other critic. If art-criticism could ever be made an exact science, Morelli's method would be perfect; as matters are, it is still a most rational and valuable one for the art-student. But to be useful it must be taken in its entirety, and must embrace the study of all known facts with regard to the painter, his race, the character of his native region, the plan of his education, his masters and associates, together with a minute comparison of his works in chronological order. Unfortunately there are not many with leisure or strength of purpose for so long and arduous a course; and, still more unfortunately, the materials are by no means complete. It is disappointing also to find that those who may be presumed to have the necessary qualifications do not always agree in their results. There are peculiar errors, too, from which even Morelli is not exempt. The student is no more a mere machine than the artist, and his opinions are likely to be influenced more or less by his peculiar mental and physical qualities. The evidence on nearly all these points is indirect and uncertain, and the judgment has to be formed on a balance of probabilities which will have different weight to different minds. These considerations do not, however, in the least detract from Morelli's position as one of the first of critics. His art-sense is too acute and his view of art-history too broad and deep for his mind to be narrowed by that constant attention to minutiæ which his system demands—a danger against which his followers should be much upon their guard.

ART IN DECEMBER.

THE Royal Academy, roused to energy by the action of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, is building new rooms for the exhibition of water-colours and drawings. They will not, however, be ready before 1886, so the Institute has at least two years of life in it yet. The old rooms for drawings and water-colours will, in 1886, be devoted to the exhibition of pictures in oil, so that the improvement will be lasting and considerable. To be really equal to the occasion, however, the Academy should abandon water-colours altogether to the Institute, and dedicate its new buildings to the service of painters in oil.

MR. MILLAIS has been painting landscape in Scotland. Mr. Seymour Lucas's picture, "The Famous Game at Bowls," has been bought for the National Art Gallery, Sydney: to keep company with the President's pretty and popular "Wedded." Mr. Leslie is painting two pictures of the Thames: one, a ferry in Oxfordshire; the other, a young girl and a cat, in a window-seat overlooking the river nearer London. Mr. Shields's two designs for the Rossetti Memorial Window at Birchington are, (1) "Magdalen at the Feet of Christ," adapted from Rossetti's picture, and (2) "Christ Leading the Blind Man," which is the artist's own. Mr. Madox Brown has designed a headstone for Rossetti's grave; it takes the form of an Irish cross, with sculpture of the Tree of Knowledge and the Serpent—which is as a woman from the waist upwards—at the point of intersection; and with three panels: of St. Luke, the patron of painters; of the Ox, the emblem of St. Luke; and of a design symbolical of Dante's "Divina Commedia." Mr. Watts has painted another landscape—a view of Cos from an island hard by; with a great and lofty allegory of the Genius of Greece. Mr. Poynter, after finishing the billiard-room ceiling at Wortley Hall, is hard at work on a large picture of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and on a "Diadumene"—a Greek damsel, nude, and filleting her hair, in the attitude of the "Diadumenos," the Greek canon of proportion. Mr. Alma Tadema has painted a "Well-Remembered Footsteps"—a Roman lady in a Roman interior listening to the arrival of a Roman lover; and "The Garland-Weaver," a sequel, in water-colour, to the "Question" in last year's Grosvenor; the "Question" inspired Herr Georg Ebers with a novel of antique life; the "Garland-Weaver"—or rather a description of it in a daily paper—has inspired Mr. J. A. Symonds with a poem, adapted from a number in the Greek Anthology. Mr. Herkomer has opened his new art schools at Bushey; the band of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance. Messrs. Clayton and Alfred Bell have been appointed glass painters to the Queen.

MISS E. M. OSBORN has nearly completed a life-size portrait of Mdme. Bodichon for the hall of Girton College, Cambridge. The portrait is presented by the sitter's friends, in grateful recognition of her efforts in the cause of the higher education of women. Miss Hadsley Gossden, after two years of hard work, has completed the decoration of Widford Church, and her pictures have been dedicated. On the chancel roof are ninety-six designs; over the choir-seats are the symbols, garlanded, of the Twelve Apostles; on the flat part of the roof are six highly-finished panels—Perugino's "St. Francis," "St. Martin;" Giulio Grandi's "St. John the Baptist," "The Dove," "The Crucifixion," and the "Agnus Dei;" while "immediately over the sanctuary," where the panels are smaller and more numerous, the roof, says the *Academy*, is "one mass of designs."

MESSRS. FIELD AND TUER announce an illustrated catalogue (the edition limited to 125 copies) of Mr. Loftie's unequalled collection of Egyptian scarabs; preceded by an essay by the collector. Mr. D. C. Thomson, author of "The Life and Works of Thomas Bewick," is preparing a similar book on the life and works of Hablot Browne. Messrs. Williams and Norgate announce an English edition (of 100 copies) of Dr. Lippmann's selection (Grote: Berlin) from the Durer drawings in the Berlin Museum, and the collections of Messrs. Malcolm, Mitchell, and Frederick Locker (ninety-nine reproductions in all) at £12 12s.; also the preparation of a second series of 100 drawings (Grote: Berlin) by the same great master. Mr. Algernon Graves announces the publication (by subscription, at 31s. 6d.) of his dictionary of "Artists Who have Exhibited Pictures at the Principal London Exhibitions of Oil Paintings, from 1760 to 1880;" it will give a list of 16,000 artists—"their first place of residence, their special class of art, the years between which they exhibited, and the number of their works at each exhibition." Messrs. Colnaghi are publishing a second edition—revised, corrected, and enlarged—of Dr. Hamilton's catalogue of the engraved works of Sir Joshua. Mr. Quaritch will publish, by subscription, a new and important work, for artists and art-students, by Mr. G. C. Haité on the forms of plants. A quarterly journal of the Renaissance is starting at Berlin.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY has received a "Mrs. Somerville" (1848), by James Swinton, the gift of the sitter's daughter; busts of Lord John Russell (Francis; from the Duke of Bedford) and Lord Castlereagh (Chantrey; by purchase); a bust of Mrs. Jameson (by transfer from South Kensington); and (by transfer from the National Gallery) Lawrence's "Kemble as Hamlet," "Mrs. Siddons," and "J. Fawcett;" Hoppner's "Pitt" and "Mrs. Smith;" Jackson's "Sir John Soane" and "Kitty Stephens;" Stuart's "Woollett," "Hall," and "Benjamin West;" Archer Shee's "Martin, the Dramatist;" Kneller's "Smith, the Engraver;" Gordon's "Brewster;" and Sir Joshua's "Wyndham" and "Sir W. Hamilton." The two rooms on the upper floor of the British Museum, set free by the removal of the Zoological studies, have been handed over to Dr. Birch, one for a collection of Assyrian antiquities, and the other for a collection

of Egyptian mummies and sepulchralia. At South Kensington there have been set up—at a cost of £500—"a Turkish Room," and a "Seventeenth Century House from Cairo." The Marquis of Bute has presented the Royal Cambrian Academy with a sum of money towards the purchase of a house at Cardiff; other subscriptions are needed and requested. After innumerable delays and an infinite deal of nothing in the way of discussion, a sum of £5,000 has at last been guaranteed, and the treasures in Mr. Ruskin's Museum will presently be properly housed, not in "Walk-Leg" suburb, but in the town of Sheffield proper.

The Exhibition of British Artists is characterised by much affectation and the rashness of wrong endeavour. There are some works of merit—even of excellence; but not a few are vicious or naturally insipid. All round you are crudity of colour, the determination to attract notice at any expense, much improvisation and experiment. The chief offenders are members of the Society. Mr. W. C. Symons can do good work, as in his "Sunday Morning;" but he can also perpetrate a portrait—"Commander Hiddell, R.N."—that is mere caricature, raw and repulsive in colour. Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Mad March" represents a sea of rank indigo and green, and a jetty-head to correspond. Mr. Yglesias' "On the Coast near Berwick," Mr. Fraser's "The Dog Watch," the foreground of Mr. Elliot's "Old Mill," and even Miss Amphlett's "Under a Cloud" all display the same predilection for denaturalising colour. Mr. John R. Reid's "Old Harbour, Cornwall," is wanting in truth, tone, and atmosphere, and gross in colour to boot. Among works that owe something to the artistic conscience, Mr. Arthur Hill's "Dancer"—a sound and careful study from the nude—is conspicuous; painting and drawing evince knowledge and care, and the modelling is excellent. Mr. Brewtnal's "Young Sea Dog"—a boy launching a toy-ship in the surf—is vigorously painted and attractive. Mr. J. S. Noble's study, "Helping Themselves"—a horse and donkey feeding—is powerful. Mr. W. C. Symons's "Main Deck of H.M.S. *Worcester*" is a clever and vivid transcript from nature, full of the actuality of life. Other good works are Mr. John White's "Young Bud," pleasing in colour and sentiment; Mr. Carlton Smith's "Waur o' the Wear" and "In Doubt;" Mr. Haynes King's "Getting Granny's Opinion;" Mr. P. Pavey's "Moorish Chief," a finely painted head, unsatisfactory in parts; and Mr. Yeend King's "Loiterers"—two young girls among the sand-hills on the shore of a summer sea under a sultry sky, with the sense of glowing heat and lassitude rendered with power and breadth. The landscapes are not remarkable, and the sculpture is poor.

At Messrs. Agnew's, Mr. Keeley Halswelle exhibits a series of eighty pictures of Thames scenery, the result of six years in a house-boat. They are the best he has done. They display wonderful wealth of colour and variety of scene, with some superb handling and great versatility of treatment. "A Dewy Morning" is particularly distinct; is a delicious harmony, full of "silent silver-lights" and subdued radiance. "Goring Lock" is rich and sombre, and painted with masterly truth. Very noble, too, is "The River from Shooter's Hill," where the stream is shown at the base of the semi-cirque of the hill, the middle distance under some massive cumulus, and the heavy summer foliage of the opposite shore mirrored in the glassy stream. In No. 35 the rich gloom of the long receding line of chalk-hills is, perhaps, a little too low in tone, beneath the deep blue and radiated cirrus of the sky. Very beautiful in colour is "A Rainy Day," with its laden sky and scant watery sunbeams, its troubled silver-lit water and swaying sallows and rushes. Distinct and unique is "The Valley of the Thames" (38); remarkable for bold realistic treatment of the river's course and comprehensive grasp of detail, and noble in feeling as it is true in perception. The exhibition is one of quite peculiar interest and value.

The popular idea of "Phiz" centres in his association with Dickens and Lever. The Fine Art Society's interesting exhibition shows his humour to have been more complex and his range more extensive than was suspected. His humour was indeed individual, and his fancy vivacious and keen. As divergences from his better-known work we may mention the series of "Hunting Scenes," which abound in rollicking fun and rich invention. The quaint drawing in which the legend, "Les Trois Vifs et les Trois Morts," is applied to Rotten Row is a grimly happy conception. Another is "The Old Pillion-Rider:" Death on a horse embracing two riders from behind. The Irish sketches are delightful: full of point and spirit and vivid life. Some of the drawings are instinct with grace: as, for instance, "The Watch," where a young father is dangling his watch before the infant on his knee, while the drooping figure of the mother touches his shoulder. Altogether a good show.

In the Burlington Gallery a novel and interesting exhibition of water-colours illustrates sport on the Canadian rivers and lakes and the prairies of the North-west. Mr. F. A. Verner is the chief contributor. His work is a little epic of adventure in which the bison looms with heroic largeness. We see him under all possible aspects; and very vigorously and well portrayed he is. One very striking drawing, "Rainy River" (176), shows an Indian burial-place: the swathed corpses hoisted on poles placed crosswise; beyond a mysterious river, and, around, forlorn despondency. There is much beauty in the drawings of river scenery: particularly "Muskowa River" and "On the Ottawa," both exquisite in colour. Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the President of the Royal Canadian Academy, in his "Vache Caille Rapids," successfully treats swirling waters in a rocky channel. Mr. Martin's "White Trout Lake"—strange and unfamiliar to English eyes—and Mr. Lotts's "Entrance to the Wind Cave, Niagara," are both noticeable.

In the Nineteenth Century Art Society's Exhibition (Conduit Street) there are some fairly good works: Mr. Philip Pavy's "Street Scene in Boulak," truly eastern and felicitous in colour; Mr. J. McLure Hamilton's "Sola"—a Spanish girl dancing—notable for good technique and harmonious colour; Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Ship Builders," full of subdued force; and a vigorous little study of "An Aragonese Peasant" by Mr. Dannat. The best of the landscapes are by Messrs. R. A. M. Stevenson, Theodore Verstraete, J. E. Grace, Lindstrom, H. Campion, Edwin Ellis, and F. Hine. Mr. F. Barnard's character-drawings of Mr. Henry Irving are spirited and clever.

At M'Lean's exhibition of water-colours (Haymarket) are some small but characteristic examples of Israels: "Watching and Waiting," beautiful, and having an abiding

sense of sadness; "Little Housekeepers," lugubrious and melancholy, and a trifle unchildlike and untrue. Galofre's "Neapolitan Fishermen" and "Team of Oxen, Rome," are forcibly painted and abound in strong attractiveness. Miss Montalba's "Venice" gives the city's normal aspect—glowing, yet tempered with truth. Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Stag Rocks" is the best of a series of Bamborough studies: a finely-painted sea racing on the slant rocks of the shore under a grey rainy sky. Mr. Herkomer's "Eventide" presents effectively the interior of a workhouse, with old women about the fire, drinking tea, dozing, dreaming, working. Here are also some good works by Mesdag, Tapiro, Collier, and Villegas.

MESSRS. GLADWELL BROTHERS (Gracechurch Street) have on view some drawings by Mr. Parsons-Norman, illustrative of Norfolk scenery, in which still water and foliage are treated skilfully, and with much breadth; also a series of the English cathedrals, vignettes by Birket Foster; some good sketches in Belgium by W. T. Winter, and meritorious drawings by G. S. Walters, C. Pyne, T. R. Macquoid, C. Rowbotham, and others. Among the etchings are Waltner's "Sibyl," after Burne Jones, and Slocombe's "A Sylvan Road" and "Milton's Cottage."

IN the drawing-room of the Egyptian Hall, Mr. Henry Cook exhibits some interesting work in oil, and some suggestive sketches of Italian and Tyrolian scenery. Some of the Venetian scenes are powerfully treated. Mr. Cook is particularly happy in dealing with large architectural effects, with dome and pillar and arch in liberal space and light. A picture of Fortuny's studio, from a study made in Rome, is interesting. Some large landscapes are individual and striking. A portrait of Cardinal Howard has considerable personality, and is a capital likeness.

AT Messrs. Dowdeswells' are some water-colour drawings of distinct character. Mr. Walter Langley's studies are firmly and solidly painted, notably some heads of fishermen and old women: "In the Orchard" represents a French peasant, who, her red pitcher in the grass, leans reading in rather a studied attitude against the inclined stem of a mossy apple-tree; in the shadows of the foliage her head appears against the grey lichened trees; her blue skirt and the vivid young grass are cleverly harmonised. Mr. C. Robertson's series of the "English Coast" are of the Birket Foster school; the most that can be said of them is that they are of high technical finish. Mr. Bernard Evans's landscape, "Cannock Chase," is mannered and harsh; his rather ambitious "Light and Shade" unhappily realises the divorce and not the concord of these essentials. Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Moonlight on a Yorkshire River" is full of weird poetic feeling. The best of Mr. J. Donne's "Alpine Views" are those in which he has not attempted to depict the rarer and more *bizarre* of nature's moods.

MESSRS. LIBERTY'S Exhibition of Eastern Art Needlework is very representative. It embraces modern and ancient embroideries, and fabrics from China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, Crete, Cashmere, and India. The adaptability of these embroideries to modern decorative ideas is infinite. The exquisite modern embroidery from the school at Constantinople, founded after the war by the Turkish Compassionate Fund for poor women and children, is a proof of this. A piece of Fifteenth Century Japanese embroidery is marvellously worked and of ravishing colour; and there are some splendid old Japanese brocades. For perfect harmony of colour, ingenious and elaborate work, and exquisite taste, the Cashmere embroidered shawls are most remarkable.

MR. McDONALD'S collection of painters' portraits—now forming at Kepplestone, Aberdeen—promises to be interesting and valuable in no mean degree. The several canvases are all of one size, and will each contain a single figure in modern costume. Messrs. Armitage, Watts, Poynter, Jules Breton, Fildes, Davis, Gregory, Marks, Israels, Leslie, Hodgson, Wells, Millais, and Val Prinsep will paint themselves; and so, of course, will the P.R.A. Mr. Ouless will paint Mr. Barlow; Mr. A. C. Gow, Mr. Woolner; Mr. George Reid, Messrs. Hook and Calderon; Mr. Millais, Mr. George du Maurier; Mr. Calderon, Mr. Briton Riviere; and Mr. Cope, Messrs. Cousins and Ansdell. When the gathering is complete it will be exhibited in London.

AT the coming Salon, besides the magnificent "Hugo" engraved in this number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and at present on view at the Institute, M. Auguste Rodin will probably exhibit busts of Dalou the sculptor, and Henri Rochefort the journalist. M. Guilbert has been commissioned to carve a "Columbus" for San Domingo. M. Colin, the painter, and the draughtsman, M. Edouard Riou, have received the riband of the Legion of Honour. M. Mercurj, the Roman engraver, has been elected a foreign associate of the French Académie des Beaux-Arts, *vice* Herr Felsing, deceased. Four busts—of Lafayette, Carnot, Arago, and Lamartine—have been ordered for the Sénat; of MM. Carrier-Belleuse, Crauk, Bourgeois, and Roulleau. M. Turcan has finished his "Michelet" for the École Normale Supérieure. MM. Barrias, Falguière, Chapu, and Idrac are at work on four statues for the Prefecture de la Seine. M. Oliva's bust of Chevreul has been purchased for the Institut. A department of Oriental Antiquities has been added to the Louvre: for sculpture from Palestine, Cyprus, Phœnicia, Chaldea, and Assyria. The Manet Exhibition will be held this January at the École des Beaux-Art; as the Rossetti Exhibition was held last winter at the Royal Academy.

AT Florence, Mr. Arthur Lemon has painted two good pictures: one of foals in the Maremma; the other of a highwayman on Exmoor. Tommasi exhibits three landscapes: "The Whistle of the Train," "Summer," and "Winter;" the story of each is told in the figures, in which there is some very good painting, but of real interpretation of nature there is none; the lines are straight, the greens crude and uniform, the sunshine cold and electrical. Some landscapes by Mr. W. Griffith present an admirable contrast; Mr. Griffith has also been doing some charming portraits. Mr. Selinger, an American, shows some portraits very good in tone; especially one of his wife, in crimson velvet against a grey background. Mrs. Selinger, also an American, has some extremely free and masterly work in floral decoration. Among the American sculptresses, Miss Helen Reed has in her studio a graceful statue of "Lorelei," some delicate portrait reliefs and busts, and the sketch of an "Elaine," with Lancelot's shield, which promises very well. Miss Nevin, who shares her studio, has also a sketch of an "Elaine," less conventional than

Miss Reed's, but also less refined; she has just sent a colossal statue to America. Among the sculptors, Mr. M'Lean has distinguished himself by a good bust of M. Meyer, banker and collector of china.

THE seventh *livraison* of the Hermitage Autotypes (Braun, Paris; Autotype Company, London) is perhaps, as a whole, less interesting than its predecessors. It includes some wonderful things, however. Among the portraits are two admirable Rembrandts—the "Painter's Mother" and "An Old Man;" an example of William Dobson—the "Abraham Van der Dort"—which is better than a good many Van Dycks; a Velasquez—one of the innumerable busts of Philip IV.; Lucas Cranach's lusty and imposing "Frederick the Wise;" a singularly good and charming Van Dyck—the painter Snyders and his wife and child; and two excellent examples of Rubens—a full-length "Helena Forman," and a powerful study of an old man. The one landscape is Claude's "Night"—a wonderful and beautiful work. The Snyders—"A Dog-Fight"—is brutal and masterly. The Tintoretto, a "Nativity of John the Baptist," is simply amazing: not for its beauty, but for its vigour, its humanity, its drama, the magnificence of its composition, its sense of life and movement and passion. The Botticelli, an "Adoration," is less striking; the picture is crowded with figures, and the reproduction is too small to do more than suggest it. The Raphael is most lovely and august—is, in fact, the "Connestabile Madonna."

AMONG Christmas wares those of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer (London) deserve special mention. They include, for instance, a couple of portfolios of pretty etchings (3,005 and 3,006) by Mr. Wilfred Ball, of scenes about Stratford-on-Avon and scenes on the Isis. Some three-fold cards (12,254 and 18,253, for instance) are good in colour and arrangement; and the two-fold "Sprigs of Holly" (300) are really charming. A calendar card (318) has merit; so have some "Japanese Fans and Vases," whether plain (257) or edged with feathers (15,257); so have the cards of Christmas groups (228); so, in their comic way, have the "Chicks and Ducklings" (243); while the floral designs in general (307, 309, 312) are particularly happy—in colour, composition, and effect alike. It is needless to say that all (they are innumerable) are very well printed and produced. Of Messrs. Schipper's (London) many issues the greater number are highly coloured to a degree. The best are certainly the flowers (751, 828, 662) on card or on satin; these are excellent. Their "Terra-Cotta Plaques" (785), their "Four Seasons," their "Sketch-Books," and their "Pretty Faces" (on an easel), are also commendable. Of the wares of Messrs. Marcus Ward the principal characteristic (rare in such things) is a certain delicacy and distinction of colouring. Their flowers and butterflies are exceedingly pretty. A four-leaved screen—of the Nativity and Childhood of Christ—is excellent.

AMONG the new Christmas books the newest and daintiest and prettiest are "Bygone Beauties" and "London Cries" (Field and Tuer). Mr. Andrew Tuer is responsible for the text—which is curious and interesting—of both; their illustrations date from the last century. The first is a reprint, from the original plates, of "Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion" (1799), engraved (and published) by Wilkin, from Hoppner's originals. It is excellently produced and printed, and the portraits themselves are as delightful to look upon as they are exquisitely engraved. Hoppner's craft was full of flattery and full of charm; or our grandmothers, as in Mr. Locker's famous song, were fair among the fairest. A better book in this age of *cartes-de-visite* to have—or give away—can hardly be conceived. In "London Cries" the attraction is twofold—is grotesque on the one hand and graceful on the other. Element the second is supplied by a set of reprints of the "Six Charming Children," published in 1819, by S. and J. Fuller. In execution they are marvels of stippled elegance; in design they are Ciprianesque and pretty and sentimental. Element the first we find in some ten or a dozen fac-similes of prints in Rowlandson's "Characteristic Sketches of the Lower Orders" (1820); in impressions from blocks the glory of the Catnach Press; in woodcuts by the author of "Chap-book Chaplets;" in reprints from Hone's "Every-Day Book," Harris's "Cries of London" (1804), Lumsden's "Moving Market" (1815), and so forth. Like "Bygone Beauties," "London Cries" is admirably produced; and like "Bygone Beauties," though for very different reasons, it is certainly a book to have.

OF four toy-books published and printed by Messrs. De la Rue, the best is certainly "The Fairies," an edition illustrated—and very well illustrated by Miss Gertrude Thomson—of Mr. Allingham's fanciful and pretty ballad. In the "Fairy Horn," both text and pictures are by Mr. S. Theyre Smith. The verse is better than the drawings, which introduce us to a Fairy Prince who seems to have come straight from tending the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque. In Mr. Lawson's "Clever Hans" there is an obvious imitation of the manners and tricks of Mr. Caldecott. They are fanciful and clever, though, and they will please the children. The last of the four, "The Baby's Début"—a reprint of the parody of Wordsworth, in the "Rejected Addresses"—is illustrated by Gertrude Konstam and Ella and Nella Casella. They have been unlucky in their poem for one thing; and for another they have imitated Mr. Caldecott unwisely and far from well.

MR. CALDECOTT, in "A Frog He Would" and "The Fox Jumped Over the Parson's Gate" (Routledge), is in his best and pleasantest vein. In the first, the Frog and the Rat are real creations; the *rôle* assigned to Anthony Rowley displays dramatic invention of a high order; the assault of the Cat and her Kittens suggests the Balaclava Charge. In the second, the best things are the Fox (his escape from the Hounds is really heroic), the Parson (a hunting parson, you are sure), and the Bride and Bridegroom. Miss Greenaway, in her "Almanac," her four "Calendars," and her "Little Ann" (Routledge), is, if possible, prettier and more like herself than ever. She has the eternal charm of an old delightful tune—the tunes which are perfectly familiar, yet never weary or pall. It is difficult to say which is the sweetest of her works. Two of the "Calendars"—that with the Months and that with the Changes of the Moon—are delightful. But so are many of the pictures in "Little Ann." So—emphatically—are the zodiacal babies in the "Almanac." There is so little choice that the best way is to take all. It is but fair to add that Miss Greenaway and Mr. Caldecott both are admirably served by their printer, Mr. Edmund Evans. He produces them as they deserve; which is saying much.

ART IN JANUARY.

THERE is no doubt that the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is one of the finest gatherings of modern years. It is admirable from any and every point of view. On all concerned in it—save, perhaps, the babbling pedant responsible for the catalogue—it reflects the highest credit. It abounds in interest of several kinds—artistic and personal and historical. It bears testimony to the worth of English art at its best and soundest, and to the beauty and nobility of the English character at its highest and most distinguished. Above all, it sets Sir Joshua before the multitude on a pinnacle which, until now, has been his in the eyes of only a few.

HITHERTO we have taken Reynolds too much as a matter of course. When we have seen him, it has been only in instalments—not always interesting nor happily chosen—and in the company of stronger and greater men. Here he is all our entertainment; we can parallel him with none but himself. Here are no Van Dycks to suggest a higher perfection of breeding, a rarer distinction of manner and aspect; no Rembrandts to bring us face to face with deeper mysteries of character and more commanding and romantic ideals of expression; no Titians to recall us from the London of Walpole and the Gunnings to the Italy of the Renaissance. It is all Eighteenth Century England, and to escape from it is impossible. The host is Sir Joshua, and his guests are the men and women whom he knew ere he painted them. If you shut yourself up for a month with Boswell and Fielding, and "Clarissa," and Horace Walpole, the old-world impression would still be less authentic and complete.

SUCH an admirable artist as Reynolds appears, and is, has not since essayed himself in portraiture. He is the last of the great limners of men and women: the last in whom are allied the many master-qualities—of expression and ideal, of dramatic perception and the plastic sense, of understanding and sympathy, of accomplishment and style—which make the true portrait-painter. There is a certain family likeness between his innumerable children; but his mannerisms—such as they are—are as nothing in contrast with his extraordinary variety. Each of his portraits is the presentment of a distinct individuality; his moods are as many as his models; he changes with occasion, and is the interpreter of all alike. He has dignity, distinction, urbanity, good breeding, temperance of habit, an admirable sense of the purely plastic elements of portraiture—the treatment of flesh, the science of pose, the manipulation of textures, the co-ordination of parts, the management of accessories; and to nearly all he does these qualities are common. But you do not often catch him twice at the same trick of expression. Over-ingenious (as in the "Muscipula," the "Felina," the "Circe" even) he may be; but stereotyped and same he is not. His men and women and children are all themselves: you know them, under certain aspects, as if you had lived with them; he has given an active immortality—of a kind—to a whole society.

To mention them all is impossible. You pass from Abington as Prue (7) to delightful Mrs. Pelham (9) among her chickens—a kind of Farmyard Muse; from Mrs. Nesbitt as Circe (11)—cold, brilliant, fascinating, dangerous—to the three fair Waldegraves (27), the Graces of Domesticity; from charming little Muscipula (29), an incarnation of infantile delight and wonderment, to Lady William Gordon (35), who reminds you of Clarissa Harlowe in person. Here is Sheridan (30), with wit and humourist and man of genius in every line of his brilliant face; and here (43) is the Marchioness of Camden, a type of the purest English womanhood. Here, between enchanting little Miss Cholmondeley and her dog (57) and his miniature Highness Prince William Frederick of Gloucester (53), is Siddons (55) as the Tragic Muse—beautiful, august, almost heroic. Here (86 and 87) are the "Strawberry Girl" and the "Viscount Althorp;" here (92) is the "Felina;" here (97) is Sam Johnson—vigorous, intense, commanding—like the king of mind he was. Here are Perdita and Warren Hastings; and Baretti and Malone; and Kitty Fisher and Anne Bingham and Thrale; and handsome Errol and brilliant Garrick and black Thurlow; and little Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick ("La Collina") and Master Philip Yorke; and Cumberland, and the Beckfords, and Angelica Kauffmann, and the mother of the Landseers, and a world of fair women and brave men besides. Here is Georgiana, Countess of Spencer, and her baby daughter (157); and here (81), in a masterpiece of invention and character, of movement and gesture and accomplishment, is the baby daughter grown to womanhood and with a baby daughter of her own—is, in fact, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. There are scores more; but of these we have no space to speak, and of these Sir Joshua must be left to speak for himself.

THE Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours is interesting. The average of merit is high, and the range slight. There is, perhaps, more than the usual amount of mere prettiness; but, on the other hand, much sound conscientious work. Mr. Charles Gregory's neat and very clean representations of Rye are a trifle tedious seen in sequence. His "Squire"—an attractive village scene, with some good figures—is preferable. Mr. Brewtnall's three studies for pictures are full of happy intention and spontaneity. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Declamation" has the well known qualities of his work. Mrs. Allingham's contributions have but little of her old charm; her "Stray Cat," with two beautiful little figures in an old fashioned garden, is the most attractive. Mr. J. D. Watson and Mr. Henry Moore are in their different styles disappointing. Miss Montalba has some good studies of

Dutch canal scenery, the "Zwyndrecht" being remarkably fine in colour. Mr. Danby's "Ferry Point, Llanstephan," is the best of his landscapes—a good effect of broad noon-day light. Mr. Frederick Tayler has a capital study of horses. In Mr. Holman Hunt's vignettes the sober harmonies of English landscape assume a bewildering intensity, and glow "with new-spangled ore." In genre, Mr. Glindoni's "Deceived," Mr. Wainwright's "Wandering Minstrels," and the humorous study, "Le Monde Où l'On s'Ennuie," are clever, if ambitious. Other fairly representative works are by Sir John Gilbert, and Messrs. Arthur Hopkins, Charles Davidson, E. K. Johnson, T. J. Watson, E. A. Waterlow, R. Thorne Waite, Albert Goodwin, and Field.

MR. ARTHUR LUCAS (31, New Bond Street) has on view a series of forty water-colours, illustrative of the scenery of "The Lady of the Lake," by Mr. David Law. From these the artist has selected ten for reproduction in etchings uniform in size. The general excellence of the one exhibited —"Stirling Castle"—promises well for the series. Most of the drawings are of good quality, and full of careful sound work. Mr. Law excels in depicting water. The limpid purity of the still water in "The Brig o' Turk," and the racing torrents in other drawings, are notably truthful.

MR. G. A. ROGERS, at the Studios, 175, Bond Street, exhibits a suggestive collection of wood-carvings, delightful to all who are interested in the revival of this fascinating art. Here are excellent specimens of ecclesiastical wood-carving, traceries and mouldings from screens, stalls, and so forth, of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, so well exemplified at Ulm and Milan; also of Grinling Gibbons's exquisite work, and the peerless delicacy of Bonzanigo and other great carvers of the age of Louis XVI.; with some wonderful bits of grotesque, German and Flemish. Certain panels of French artists carved in very low relief are surprisingly delicate. Excellent examples of the work of the late Mr. W. G. Rogers are shown, and some promising pieces by the exhibitor's pupils. The wide range of the art is fully displayed. A large dark panel of oak is the latest addition, carved in high relief with a number of grotesque figures representing scenes from Scripture—Jacob's dream, and a quaint Abraham about to slay Isaac, while an angel seizes the uplifted sword. Italian and Spanish work are well represented, and there are curious relics from old Egypt.

MR. LONG, R.A., in his new picture, "Anno Domini," now on view at 168, New Bond Street, presents a fresh but ineffective illustration of the Flight into Egypt. In an immense canvas (sixteen feet by eight) the Holy Family is seen confronting a prolonged line of procession, composed of priests and minstrels, issuing from an Egyptian temple. The little group is cleverly introduced and happily disposed in the foreground, and the contrast between the new-born religion and the gorgeous ceremonial of old Egypt is suggestive in its way. The scene is lit by a glowing sunset, which touches the heights of the distant pyramids, the walls of the temple, the uplifted images of the gods, and the swaying arms of the musicians with a warm glory. Other groups to the left of the Virgin are unduly insubordinate, and rather awkwardly arranged; the whole composition suffers through their over studied and self-conscious position. A large canvas certainly tests a painter's invention and powers of composition. While there is much of the former to admire and much mere dexterity in Mr. Long's work, the latter are lamentably inadequate, and the technique throughout is merely Academical.

AT the Fine Art Society's Gallery are some attractive water-colour drawings by M. A. N. Roussoff, of such out-of-the-way little nooks of Venice as Mr. Henry James so well describes. They display delicate appreciation of the mystery and colour discoverable in odd corners of intricate water-ways, the recesses of doorways and markets, the glory and gloom of sombre arches and narrow sea-green canals. Such charming bits of colour are frequently a surprise to the sojourner in Venice, only the broader and familiar aspects of the city being visible to the tourist.

THE exhibition of Mr. Samuel Cousins' engravings at the Fine Art Society is, on the whole, very creditable to the veteran engraver, but not greatly complimentary to the English school. One lingers with pleasure over even the Lawrences, and is not quite happy until the mid-Landseer period is passed and we come to some unchronological but welcome Sir Joshuas. How much the charm even of the later work after Millais owes to the first President of the Royal Academy it would be unkind to point out; but the empty-headed beauties of the last look sadly vapid beside the spirited if artificial graces of Greuze. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" after Landseer is perhaps the engraver's greatest triumph; but some portraits of the Ashburnham family, drawn by him at thirteen, are perhaps his most wonderful performances.

AT the exhibition of works by the students of the Royal Academy Schools, the vast majority of the drawings and pictures and sculptures were feeble, not so much because they were dull or silly in idea as because the methods practised are clearly based on a narrow view of art and life. The gold medal and studentship (£200) for historical painting was well won by Mr. W. M. Loudan, whose work, already known, if we are not mistaken, in London exhibitions, almost amounts to a challenge of the precept and example of the Academicians, for it is solidly and simply French. The parallel prize for composition in sculpture was even better won by Mr. Henry Bates, whose achievement is altogether strong, original, and of singular promise; and Mr. J. E. Breun was distinctly first in the life competition with studies which are not merely accurate, but touched with imagination. For the Turner Gold Medal a subject was set which would severely try the genius of the greatest painter who ever lived; it is no wonder that the result was disheartening. The Creswick Prize was awarded to H. A. Oliver, whose work was possibly superior to the rest, with one remarkable exception: a presentment of "An Old Country Inn," by Mr. Wilkinson, which is not merely the best piece of painting and colour in the entire show, but one of the best landscapes by an Englishman we have seen for some time. In the "Design for a Cartoon" the silver medal and prize were given to Mr. Griffenhagen for a drawing which certainly has merit, but is utterly devoid of the dignity and reserve which the subject—a classic one—demands. Something of those qualities, something of Greek severity, and a much stronger and less strenuous expression of the idea were visible in the cartoon by Mr. Margetson, who was favoured with an extra

medal, but ought, it seems to us, to have been honoured with the first. The main impression created by the exhibition is that the best of last year's students are those who had strength and spirit enough to go their own way in spite of academical instruction and academical ideals.

AT Messrs. Goupil's, New Bond Street, is a collection of sketches of considerable merit by Mr. Frank Myers Boggs, an American artist, and a pupil of Gérôme. They are distinguished by powerful realism and clean and spirited execution. Mr. Boggs has studied the canals and harbours of Holland, and the lower Thames, and the quaint craft of the North Sea. His treatment of the Thames is full of distinction. "Near the West India Docks" is a characteristic example. "The Ferry-Boat at Poppendrecht" shows a forlorn tumbling sea and old landing-stage lit by the garish level light of a day that has been dull, beneath a steely sky whose blue is more felt than discovered through the attenuate cloud. The force and truth of this are nature itself. "The Canal at Poppendrecht"—with its breezy sky brilliant with broken light—is another excellent example of rapid and skilful manipulation; while Nos. 16 and 19 display a fine feeling for the beauty and mystery of landscape.

AT Liverpool the results of the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition are extremely satisfactory. Over £8,000 worth of pictures were sold, and over 63,000 persons paid for admission; there were some 10,000 free entries. The extensions of the galleries will be opened in September next with an exhibition on a scale hitherto unattempted in the provinces, except at the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester twenty-six years ago. They are finely proportioned, and are lighted and ventilated by the newest methods. A special feature will be a central hall for sculpture.

WE have to record the death of Richard Doyle, a son (and a pupil likewise) of "H. B.," and one of the pleasantest of modern English humourists. He had an abundance of invention; he was very witty, and he was kindly in his wittiness; he had an excellent faculty of observation, and a peculiar talent of graphic stenography, at once veracious and whimsical, at once fantastic and exact. His was one of the brightest talents enlisted in the service of the *Punch* of five-and-thirty years since. To that print he contributed both series of "Ye Manners and Customs of ye Englysshe," a certain number of the experiences of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, and innumerable initials, caprices, grotesques, and caricatures of men and things. For Thackeray he illustrated "The Newcomes," and produced, in the *Cornhill*, a set of "Bird's-eye Views of Society" which rank with his best work. He was, in later years, the painter of faëry; but in this capacity, though his achievement was multifarious and large, he was not much regarded by the public. He had held aloof from popularity so long that we can hardly be said to be losers by his death; but in his way, and in his day, he was an artist of great account. In later years he missed his vocation. It is, however, by his early work that he has to be judged; and judged by that he is as yet the wittiest and most fanciful of English caricaturists.

THE death is also announced of J.-B.-C. Lesueur, one of the best architects of modern France; of Antonio Tonetti, a pupil of David; of the Munich sculptor, J. Schonlaub; of the French sculptor, Aimé-Napoléon Perrey, medalled in 1852, 1861, and 1868; of François Lenormant, the eminent antiquarian, archæologist, and art-historian; of the landscape-painter, William Gosling; of Francis Lambe Price, late secretary to the Arundel Society and the Artists' Benevolent Institution; of Ulysse Butin, the excellent painter of coast scenery and of fisher life; of the French sculptor, Sanzel; and of the Düsseldorf painter, Adolf Siegert.

PROFESSOR MARSHALL'S "Anatomy for Artists" (Smith, Elder, and Co.) has reached a second edition. This is as it should be. The text is a marvel of lucidity and correctness; the illustrations, two hundred in number, are exceedingly well drawn (by Mr. J. S. Cuthbert), and are very clearly and carefully engraved (by Messrs. J. and G. Nicholls). The book, in fact, is probably the best of its kind in existence. Two excellent technical manuals are "Trees, and How to Paint Them in Water Colour," by W. H. J. Boot, and "China Painting," by Florence Lewis (Cassell and Company). Each is the work of an artist in his peculiar craft; both, the latter especially, are illustrated with chromo-lithographs of the best type; and in both instruction is conveyed in the clear straightforward terms that make practice easy. Mr. H. H. Robertson's little treatise, the cheapest published, on "The Art of Etching" (Winsor and Newton) is clearly and intelligently written, and is illustrated, moreover, with a couple of real etchings—light, facile, skilful, effective; etchings in the right sense of the word. Six numbers of "Poynter's South Kensington Drawing Book" (Blackie and Son), devoted to the forms of plants, are worthy of commendation. Mrs. Morrell's little handbook of china painting (Kennedy and Brown: London) may be studied with advantage. The new volume of "The Year's Art" (Sampson Low and Co.), by Messrs. Marcus Huish and Thomson, an invaluable publication, is an improvement upon its predecessors, good as they were.

THE "History of Ancient Art" (Chapman and Hall, Limited), by MM. Perrot and Chipiez, has grown two volumes larger since we spoke of it. The first issue dealt with antique art at its foundations, in the temples and tombs and palaces of old Egypt. The second—which makes this indispensable work four volumes long—is devoted to the art of Chaldæa and Assyria. The translation, as in the case of the "History of Art in Ancient Egypt," is the work of Mr. Walter Armstrong; it is excellently done—in a plain workmanlike style, yet in good clear expressive English; so that—what can be said of few translations—the book may be read with pleasure in its new guise. Of the illustrations, some four hundred and fifty in number, fifteen are steel plates printed in colours; the others are process blocks. They comprehend some wonderful restorations—a square double ramped Chaldean temple, for instance—by M. Chipiez, and a number of admirable drawings of Assyrian antiques by M. de Saint Elme Gautier. The erudition of the book is vast; its excellent lucidity, its admirable expository and descriptive quality, are worthy of the highest praise. It is a masterpiece of arrangement and deduction alike.

THE first part of Mr. G. A. Audsley's "Ornamental Arts of Japan" (Sampson Low and Co.) appears in the form of a portfolio, inscribed with a flying crane in gold on a dark green ground, with a great sun in scarlet, and a

legend in Japanese characters. Complete, the work will certainly be one of the costliest produced for many years. For the present we must content ourselves with noting the appearance of this first part (which is apparently half a volume), and with remarking that some of the three-and-twenty plates it contains (they are produced by Lemercier) are quite admirable. The arts they illustrate are painting, embroidery, textile fabrics, lacquer, encrusted work, cloisonné enamel, and metal-work. Here is a *kakemono* of the Bodhisattva of Eternal Benevolence, with Fudô the Flame-God on his right, and on his left, on a crouching demon, the Dêva sovereign Bishamon, Warden of the North. Here is a swimming duck, a masterpiece of painting, dyeing, and embroidery, the work of Nishi Mura, of Tokio. Another striking and peculiar picture shows us—in ivory and lacquer and gold—a red-headed demon (the general colour of him bronze), a kind of infernal pedagogue, grinning and threatening a boxful of impish things, all in an ecstacy of excitement and escape; one has got off, and is whirling through the black air; others are bursting out through the top and sides of their prison; a horned long-nosed Thing is sprawling and crawling on the lid; an awful toad—prodigious of bulk and evil-eyed—squats and leers hard by; while a quaint monster chuckles and grimaces in the distance.

OF "Gnats," by A. Mann (London: Fine Art Society), there were much to say had we but space to say it. In a series of real etchings—simple, fanciful, suggestive—Mr. Mann has set forth his experience of landscape-painting, and the plagues that beset the path of him that would go forth with Corot and Rousseau and Claude. He has the etcher's talent and the true sentiment of etching; he is good at landscape and good at gesture; here and there he is a little overcharged, but he has real humour. In "Gnats" he has produced the only set of comic etchings which have appeared for many years.

LIKE Millet and like Hugo, the late Samuel Palmer was passionately interested in Virgil. In his "English Version" of the "Eclogues" (Seeley and Co.) we have a work which, if incomplete, is exceedingly interesting. The translation is hardly Virgilian; of the Roman poet's supreme felicities of phrase it has few or none, and little or nothing of his matchless suggestiveness of diction and rhythm. It is sincere, however, and it may be read with pleasure. The illustrations (fourteen in number) have greater significance. A few are wholly the author's own; some have been finished by the editor, his son; others are fac-similes of the author's designs. All are interesting; some are admirable. Palmer, a devotee of Claude and the greater Poussin, was, after Millet's death, the man of all contemporary men best qualified to give us a graphic commentary on the most modern—and the most perfect—of the antique poets. There are many to whom his designs will appeal but feebly; few to whom they will seem altogether unworthy.

CHIEF among M. Quantin's later publications are "Les Arts du Bois, Des Tissus, et du Papier," and the four new volumes of his priceless "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," M. Max. Collignon's "Mythologie Figurée de la Grèce," the "Peinture Flamande" of M. A.-J. Wauters, the "Monnaies et Médailles" of the late François Lenormant, *facile princeps* among the archaeologists of minted metal, and M. Bayet's "L'Art Byzantin." The first, a handsome quarto, badly sewn, but excellently written and completely illustrated, is an outcome of the admirable exhibition (1883) of the Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs. It sets forth, with point and fulness, the results of that famous display: and to those who are interested in the arts of decoration and furniture it is simply indispensable. The four others are worthy of their predecessors. The "Monnaies et Médailles" is perhaps the best; for M. Lenormant's erudition and experience were unrivalled. But there is little to choose between them after all. We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the policy of including them in their library, and of possessing themselves of the admirable series to which they belong.

THE two new numbers of the "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art" (Paris: J. Rouam) are Mrs. Mark Pattison's "Claude Lorrain," and "Les Della Robbia," by MM. Cavallucci and Emile Molinier. Both are excellent, the first especially. Since Mr. Ruskin set the fashion that way, much nonsense has been talked about Claude, and even more has been written. For all that, however, the fame of the great master of Nancy has never dwindled; his work has remained priceless as it is unique; to most of us, as he was to Turner (who knew his trade), he is the prince of landscape still. To all who are interested in the art of Claude, and in the qualities—grace, elegance, distinction of utterance and sentiment, nobility of soul, perfection of style, completeness of method—of which his work is a consummation, Mrs. Pattison's work will "arrive most welcome." It is exhaustive considered as material; and considered as criticism it is more or less sympathetic. It serves its purpose excellently. Of its illustrations the best are by Armand-Durand: all, however, are useful and significant. Those in "Les Della Robbia" (which is capital work: sound, careful, and exact) are less satisfactory.

FROM the Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris: 338, Rue Saint-Honoré) M. Jouaust sends out the initial volumes of a new series, the "Bibliothèque Artistique," which is as delightful to have and to handle as anything he has produced. The two first numbers are a reprint of "Le Roi des Montagnes," About's brightest and wittiest novel—with a portrait and seven illustrations etched by Mongin from designs by Charles Delort—and a selection from the fresh and graceful "Contes" of Alphonse Daudet, with seven etchings (one, a portrait) by Eugène Burnand. The new volume of the charming "Bibliothèque des Dames" contains the irresistible "Souvenirs" of Mme. de Caylus—a little masterpiece in every sense of the word. To the famous "Édition Jouaust" two volumes have been added; they set forth some ten or a dozen of Hoffmann's best stories—the "Sandman," the "Cremona Fiddle," "Mlle. de Scudéri," the "Cooper of Nuremberg" among them; and they are illustrated with a dozen skilful etchings by Lalauze. Treating of current art are Edmond About's "Quinze Journées au Salon"—sparkling with wit and fun, written in About's best and freshest vein—and a new number of M. Gaston de Lafenestre's art-annual "Le Livre d'Or du Salon"—beautifully printed, admirably produced; illustrated with etchings by Waltner, Toussaint, Mongin, Duvivier, and others; the most sumptuous publication of its kind in existence.

ART IN FEBRUARY.

Mr. Colin Hunter has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. With the single exception, perhaps, of Mr. Albert Moore, the Academicians could hardly have made a better choice. It is to be hoped that the new Associate will justify them by a return to his earlier and better inspiration, and an abandonment of the stereotyped effects to which he has of late restricted his fine talent. Mr. Oakes has been elected an Honorary Royal Scottish Academician. Messrs. Poynter, Stacy Marks, H. M. Marshall, J. W. North, Brewtnall, and C. Gregory have been elected Members, and Mr. Henshall an Associate, of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. John Forbes-Robertson has been appointed Fine Art Commissioner in the British Section of the International Exhibition to be opened at the Crystal Palace at the end of April.

This year the P.R.A. will not exhibit his "Sluggard" (the sketch of which is said to have singular merit); he has, however, worked much on his "Cymon and Iphigenia," and his contribution will probably include at least three portraits and studies of single figures, of the kind we know. Mr. Frank Holl has painted portraits of Mr. and Mrs. George Rae. Miss Margaret Thomas is at work on a bust of General Jacob. M. Meissonier has been commissioned by Mr. Vanderbilt to paint a picture six metres square for £40,000; an exhibition of some hundred and fifty of his works is in preparation by M. Georges Petit. Mr. Woolner's "Edwin J. Field," in marble, has been set up in the North Corridor in the new Law Courts. Mr. Watts is following up his "Hugh Lupus" with a second great romantic statue, of an armed and mounted warrior—a personification of the spirit of enterprise. Mr. Madox Brown has been commissioned by the Manchester Corporation to paint six other frescoes illustrating the history of the town; his "Work," in some respects his best picture, has been purchased by Mr. Armitage, of Manchester. Herr Von Angeli's portrait of the Queen has been copied (under Her Majesty's immediate supervision) for the National Portrait Gallery.

Messrs. Dowdeswell propose to etch the late George Manson's "What Is It?" engraved in our last issue, by their permission, for Mr. Monkhouse's note on "Some Pictures of Children;" also Mr. Burton Barber's "Coaxing is Better than Scratching," now exhibiting at the Institute. Messrs. Goupil are receiving subscriptions for an etching of M. Lefebvre's "Psyche." The President's "Memories" and "The Vestal" are in the engraver's hands; his "Summer Moon" is reproducing in photogravure for Messrs. Colnaghi. Mr. Dawson is at work on a plate from the Stratford bust of Shakespeare. Mr. Quaritch announces a portfolio of 160 atlas-quarto plates (at £10 10s.; subscription price, £7 15s.) of "Ornament of Textile Fabrics," designed and edited by M. Frederick Fischbach, Director of the Art Industrial School at St. Gall; also "The Old Stone Crosses of the Vale of Clwyd," by the Rev. Elias Owen. Mr. Josiah Gilbert has finished a treatise on landscape art down to Claude and Salvator. Mr. Elliot Stock announces the publication, in volume form, under the editorship of Mr. Stanley Lane Poole, of the series of articles on coins which the staff of the Medal Room at the British Museum has been contributing to the *Antiquary*.

The Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is this year of exceptional interest. The First Gallery is devoted to the English masters. Here is Reynolds, for instance, with his "Ino and Bacchus," his "Hope Nursing Love," his "James M'Ardell," his "Sir Sampson Gideon," his "Charles James Fox"—a superb example—his "Gibbon," his "Countess of Ilchester," and half a dozen others. Here is Gainsborough, with a dashing "Lady Gideon," an admirable "George Canning," a "Ferry Boat," and a fine romantic "Landscape" (29). Hogarth is represented by a couple of conversation pieces of no particular merit; Zoffany, by portraits of Garrick as Sir John Brute and Macklin as Shylock; James Ward, by a good "Dalmatian Dogs" and a "Fall of Phaethon" of surprising energy and picturesqueness; Turner, by a "Sea Shore" and a "Fishing-Boats Entering Calais Harbour"—a capital piece. Then there are two first-rate specimens of Bonington, a "View near Rouen" and a "French Coast Scene;" Constable's brilliant and romantic sketch for the famous "Salisbury Cathedral;" an Old Crome—a sunset landscape which is a marvel of colour and sentiment and craftsmanship; and five or six delightful and commanding examples of Richard Wilson—an "On the Tiber," full of charm and grace and glow, a lovely "River Scene," a "Lake of Nemi" (57) which has the enchantment of a magic dream.

In the Second Gallery are the Dutchmen and the Flemings. Rubens is here as the painter of two landscapes—an "Atalanta and Meleager," which is magnificent, and a "Farm at Laeken"—and of two excellent portraits. There are some delightful specimens of Teniers—gay, silvery, charming; half a dozen capital works of Cuyp; a noble Hobbema—an anticipation of half the secrets of modern landscape; some good Ruysdaels, Backhuysens, Van de Veldes, Van der Heydes, Van de Capelles, and Van der Neers. Of the brilliant, masterly, soulless art of Jan Steen here are three or four quite representative pieces; here are three Terburgs—all quite admirable, one, the "Letter," a perfect masterpiece; here are a charming Berghem, two fine examples of Franz Hals, and a Rembrandt, a "Portrait of a Lady," of itself enough to make the exhibition memorable.

In the Third Gallery is a tremendous apotheosis by Rubens; a masterpiece of composition and invention, and full as can be of energy and ease, of daring and spontaneity, of life and movement and accomplishment. There are

three Claudes—one, a "Philip Baptising the Eunuch," of singular merit; there is an admirable Wilson, a "Falls of Tivoli," suffering little, if at all, from the neighbourhood of Wilson's master; there are some brilliant and charming Guardis; there are a couple of good Murillos; there is a Ruysdael, "The Storm," which we know not where to equal; there is a Turner—"The Nore"—of Turner's best; there is a bird and flower piece by Rubens of extraordinary brilliance and vigour. Apart from these, the interest of the gallery is almost wholly an interest of portraiture. It contains, for instance, a (so-called) Velasquez—majestic, sombre, masterly—and two good Van Dycks; some notable Tintorets, and a Moroni not much, if at all, inferior to the Moroni in the National Gallery; a first-rate Murillo and a magisterial Andrea del Sarto; Reynolds's gallant "Colonel St. Leger," and Gainsborough's brilliant and daring "Parson Bate;" a "Mrs. Jordan" in Romney's best vein, and a "Flaxman Modelling the Bust of Hayley," altogether in Romney's worst; a good Bronzino, a "Luigi Gonzaga," and a Sir Joshua, the famous "Mrs. Sheridan as Saint Cecilia," which is a masterpiece in every way; a "Nancy Parsons"—gallant, luxurious, irresistible—signed "Gainsborough," and a swaggering and sensuous "Lady Byron" signed "Lely."

In the Fourth Gallery, which is given over to the Pre-Raphaelites, there is much to wonder at, not overmuch to admire. A "Sigismund Malatesta," attributed to Piero della Francesca, is admirable work. A dozen heads, from a frieze in the palace of the Gonzagas at San Martino, are of great interest and charm. There is a wonderful little Jan Van Eyck; there is a fine triptych attributed to Rafaellino del Garbo; there are pictures ascribed to Crivelli, Buffalmacco, Squarcione (a most curious work), Previtali, Orcagna, Beccafumi, Giorgione, Masaccio even. There is a (so-called) Holbein, "A Banker," a masterpiece of painting and character and expression; there is a painted jest of Rubens—an outstretched hand presenting an empty purse; there is a singularly good and perfect Zucchero, a portrait of Margaret Arundel Lady Weston. The rest is silence.

In the Fifth Gallery is a collection of pictures by the late Paul Falconer Poole, R.A. Their interest—to us at least—is rather literary than artistic. They aim high; they are careful and conscientious in everything—drawing, colour, composition, sentiment, imagination, inspiration; here and there, as in "Solitude" (a striking little work) and the picture of Chaucer's Constance adrift, they are touched with real poetry. But they have, as a rule, the great defect of being more or less lifeless. They are elaborate; but, save as expressions of academical romance, they have very little real existence. They prove their author to have been earnest and high-minded, but, as it appears to us, to have had too loose a hold upon the real to excel in the romantic—too incomplete a mastery of fact to go far and fare well in the realms of the ideal.

The Fine Art Society's exhibition of works by Mr. Alfred W. Hunt is interesting and very representative. The paintings cover a period of thirty years, and notwithstanding considerable modification of the artist's old faith they all possess peculiar individuality. In the early "Debatable Land" Pre-Raphaelite influence is clearly shown; the lustrous tints, the excess of colour in detail, the absence of breadth and *ensemble*, are the result of painting nature according to the precepts and preconceptions of a school. The "Whitby—Morning" and the "Loch Maree" are distinctly Turnerian. The latter strikingly recalls Turner's method during the "Ulysses" epoch. In more recent works—*e.g.*, "The Sands of Coquet" and "Unto this Last"—are greater independence, a juster apprehension of truth, and a larger style. The drawings merit much study.

Mr. Dunthorne has exhibited in his rooms in Vigo Street a small but interesting collection of water-colours by Walker, Pinwell, and Mr. North. Walker's replica of his Academy work—"A Harbour of Refuge"—was painted in 1875; notwithstanding faults of drawing (too obvious in the young man mowing) it presents that admirable combination of landscape and figures, of natural fact and human feeling, which gained him fame and position. This picture of a quaint homely almshouse, with its quiet garden and pathetic groups of old and young, is amongst the best of his achievement. Here, too, were Pinwell's illustrations to Mr. Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamelin," showing (1) the magic stranger piping away the children, who are ill-drawn, monotonous in character, and wooden-gestured; and (2) the charming of the rats, which is by far the better of the two. The former has been etched by Mr. Macbeth, but the plate will not compare with his "Harvest Moon," after Mason, as the delicate tones and distance of the original are missed, and the darks enforced to a quite needless pitch. Mr. North's drawings are always attractive, and the three or four gathered here proved the rule better than ever. Still, the best thing in the gallery was a very strong and able "Study of a Head" by Mr. W. Strang, so far certainly the finest thing this promising young artist has done.

At Messrs. Goupil's, in Bond Street, is Lefebvre's "Psyche," from the last Salon—excellent flesh-painting, and not much beside; with a large study of sea and a solitary fisher by Israels—grey, wet, misty, pathetic. Better than either of these, and more moving, are several Daubignys and a Diaz or two; a couple of Corots—one new and lovely, the other noticed here some time ago; several studies by Mr. Boggs; a Van Marcke, sheep and a cow, and trees as usual, but less than usually mannered; an admirable sketch of forest-land and twilight by Mr. J. L. Pickering, particularly good in tone and colour; a couple of canvases by Du Chattel, whose work, new to us, is excellent in every way; and a work by Van Essen, a young Dutch painter, who has admirable technical ability (founded mainly on the example of Corot), a true imagination, and a sentiment at once pleasant and grave. There are also (both on the walls and in portfolios) several water-colour sketches by various artists. Altogether the collection affords an instructive glance at what was and what is in Continental landscape; whilst a curious contrast is presented in the very French "Psyche" aforesaid and the erudite, brilliant accomplishment of Professor Müller, as seen in an elaborate picture of Cinque-Cento Venetians before St. Mark's—not its author's best work, but still respectable in point of colour, texture, and character.

Chief among the figure-paintings at the Glasgow Institute are Mr. Millais' powerful and brilliant study of an Italian peasant, "Pippo" (1876), and Rossetti's superbly coloured "Fazio's Mistress." The solidity and luminosity of Troyon's work are seen to advantage in a "Cattle Piece,"

and by Jules Breton we have a dignified figure of "A Gleaner" lifting aloft a sheaf which flushes into ruddy gold in the last rays of the setting sun. In "The Mid-day Meal" of Israels, the "French Peasants" of Billet, the "In the Wind" of Artz, and the "Interior: French Cottage" of Lhermitte, we have examples of the beauty and fidelity with which Continental artists treat the life of peasants. The French landscapists are represented by an unusually delicate and tender river-scene by Daubigny, and the French flower-painters by a noble group of "Peonies" by Fantin. Mr. Pettie shows a portrait of the Rev. W. Boyd, and his "Isaac Walton." Mr. Henry Moore contributes two of his excellent sea-pieces. Important in size, but with little distinction of style or execution, is Mr. T. Faed's "Waefu' Heart;" "Always Tell the Truth" is an example of Mr. Erskine Nicol's humour. Mr. M'Taggart shows two eminently successful portraits, and Mr. D. Murray in several of his landscapes deals in a tender and poetic way with delicate effects of orange evening light. In the Water-Colour Room we have a charming little grey drawing, a village scene, by Sam Bough; a small example by De Wint; and five of the refined figure-pieces and street scenes of George Manson. The conventional and restricted art of Mr. Albert Moore, busied so exclusively with problems of line and colour, is displayed in "Advice," a study of two standing girls; and Mr. A. Melville contributes several of his brilliant scenes of Eastern life.

The new Schools of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours were opened at the temporary premises in Great Ormond Street on the 4th ult. They are the first schools formed with the specific object of affording gratuitous instruction of the highest kind to students in water-colour painting. The aims of the Royal Institute were succinctly set forth by Mr. J. D. Linton, the vice-president, who, in speaking of the question of medals and prizes by which emulation is stimulated, alluded to the generous support of Mr. Thomas, of the *Graphic*. Instruction is offered to all students whose applications have satisfied the committee that they are duly qualified by their draughtsmanship to receive it: mere elementary tuition being beyond the scheme of the schools. Students will have the option of choosing any one, or more, of the departments of study—the Figure; Landscape, including architectural or marine subjects; Still Life; and Black and White: the various classes being presided over by well-known members of the Institute. Started under excellent auspices and with such clearly-defined aims, the enterprise merits success: it is satisfactory, too, as an indication of the large view of its functions held by the Council.

The death is announced of Henry Brittan Willis; of W. P. Burton, the water-colour painter; of Padre Bruzza, the epigraphist; and of Francis Holl, A.R.A., the engraver.

The three Caffieri busts—of Rotrou, Piron, and Corneille—engraved by us for Mr. Hake's first article on "Sculpture at the Comédie Française," were specially photographed for us by Braun and Co., by permission of M. Émile Perrin, under whose charge the famous theatre has done so much and prospered so well. So far as we know these masterpieces of portrait sculpture had never been photographed before. As they may now be procured in autotype, we conceive that all who are interested in such work are equally indebted to M. Perrin with ourselves.

Mr. Sharpe's engraving of "The Tuileries: 20th of June, 1792" (painted by Alfred Elmore, R.A.), is very skilful and good. In its way the picture is impressive and vigorous; and the Directors of the Art Union of London have done wisely in giving their subscribers a chance of possessing Mr. Sharpe's reproduction.

The new issue of the Hermitage Autotypes (Braun, Paris; Autotype Company, London) is of exceptional interest and variety. Chief among the reproductions of Italian pictures are those of the Titianic "Saviour" (95), an essay in right heroic art, and a detail from the Lionardo "Portrait of a Lady" (15 *bis*). The art of Spain is illustrated by a superb Alonso Cano (352), a "Virgin and Child," excellent in conception and execution alike, and charged with a spiritual significance not often encountered in Spanish art. Among the Flemings are Rubens with a large and lusty "Shepherd and Shepherdess" (591), and an admirable heroic portrait (574), a "Charles de Longueval, Comte de Bucquoy," and Van Dyck with a charming group of children from the "Vierge aux Perdrix" (602), and a portrait (623) of Nicolas Bosschaart, in his very finest manner. Among the Dutchmen are Hals with a magnificent "Portrait of a Man" (772); Ruysdael with a "Forest" (1146); and Rembrandt, at his strongest and most imperial, with the "Sweeper" (826), the "Old Soldier" (814), and the wonderful "St. Thomas." Other works of moment are Claude's incomparable "Evening" (1430); a curious "Venus and Cupid" (461) by Lucas Cranach; a tremendous Velasquez (424); and a most masterly and interesting "Erasmus" (465) signed Hans Holbein.

Of Mistral's "Mireille," the sweetest and strongest and most eloquent of modern pastorals, an *édition de luxe* has at last been prepared and published by Hachette and Co. (Paris and London). The volume is a comely quarto, with broad margins, and pages decorated with a frame of red line for the text—the Provençal verse of the poem, and the French translation by the poet. The illustrator is M. Eugène Burnand. He has contributed some twenty graceful drawings, reproduced by the Gillot process, for chapter headings and tail pieces, together with five-and-twenty etchings, some of which are excellent in every way, and all of which have the merit of really illustrating the text. M. Burnand knows his Provence, and loves it; his etchings, if they have much to be desired in the way of human character (his Mireille, his Vincent, his Ourrias, are the merest shadows), are good and suggestive considered as landscape and topography. He gives us the great wide waste of the Crau, the sandy stretches of the Camargue; the heat and light, the tall black cypresses, the mulberry closes and vineyards and olive gardens of the south. Among the best are "Les Deux Vanniers" with its excellent touch of Provençal landscape; the "Cueillette" a delightful orchard; the "Descente des Troupeaux" a stretch of arid hill country, white with sunshine, and over scattered with flocks of goats and sheep; the "Lutte" with a fine Millet-esque impression of wrestling men and the great mysterious expanse of the Crau by night; and "Mireille Evanouie" an excellent picture of the sands and waters and fierce sunshine of the Camargue.

Chief among the publications of the Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris: Jonaust) is an edition of M. Gustave Nadaud's amusing "Idylle," illustrated with eleven etchings of designs by Albert Aublet. The woes of those who go down into the country in search of peace and innocence and happiness have not often been more wittily and pleasantly told than here by the singer of the famous "Deux Gendarmes." M. Aublet's designs are full of a certain modish spirit and appropriateness. They are real illustrations; and they are touched with vivacity and ease and truth. They form a pleasant commentary on a pleasant book. Another noteworthy re-issue is that (in the "Bibliothèque des Dames") of Demoustier's famous "Lettres à Émilie sur la Mythologie." These light and gallant discourses on the myths of Hellas and Rome are amusing even yet. M. Jonaust has printed them prettily and equipped them neatly; and his three volumes are furnished with frontispieces by M. Lalauze—most indefatigable of modern etchers—which, in point of invention and effect, are among the best things the artist has done.

Edited by Professor Mahaffy, the first volume—in two parts—of M. Victor Duruy's famous and admirable "History of Rome" (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.) is worthy of mention in this place as an illustrated book. The illustrations—some of which are in colour, while by far the greater part are process blocks—have been selected with much intelligence. Most of them are reproductions of antique originals; some are from photographs of localities; some appear to be from drawings, landscape and architectural; one or two—"Hannibal's Passage of the Rhône," and "The Geese of the Capitol"—are from pictures by modern artists, as Lamotte and Leroux. No more useful and appropriate descant on M. Duruy's brilliant text could well be imagined. Of greater interest and attraction from the point of view of art is the "History of Ancient Sculpture," by Lucy M. Mitchell, produced by the same publishers. The author is familiar with the latest authorities; she writes with ease and propriety; her views are intelligent and sound; she may be read with pleasure and with profit. Her illustrations—some hundreds in number—are mixed in quality and varied in interest. Some are really good; some are but fairly satisfactory; others are mere examples of American wood-engraving, rather pictorial than exact, not so much suggestive as amusing, often stupid in intention and mistaken in effect, and in most instances thoroughly out of place in a work which, for all its pretensions to popularity, is conceived in something of the scientific spirit and compacted of scientific results.

Messrs. Bell and Sons (London) are issuing a new edition—revised, corrected, and enlarged—of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," to be completed in twelve monthly parts. Complete the new issue will be twice the length of the last. Among the contributors are Dr. J. P. Richter, Mr. W. B. Scott, and the late Mrs. Heaton. There is no doubt that, indispensable to the student, the work will take rank with the best books of reference on art and artistic subjects in existence.

In "Norfolk Broads and Rivers" (William Blackwood and Sons), Mr. Christopher Davies paints a pleasant and striking picture of the wildest part of wild England—of a district to which, without any sense of dissonance or impropriety, we may still apply its Anglo-Saxon name. He knows his subject *sur le bout des ongles*; he loves it as well as he knows it; he writes of it with great freshness of feeling and some expressiveness and vigour of style. The result, as may be imagined, is a singularly taking book. Not the least interesting feature in "Norfolk Broads and Rivers" (which, by the way, are probably as good painting ground as exists in England) is the illustrations, which are photo-engravings by the Annam Process, from negatives taken on the spot and printed straight on to the copper. Some—as, for instance, "Rockland Broad," the "Wherry on the Yare" "Breyden Water," and "Wherries Waiting for the Tide"—are really suggestive and pictorial. Others—as, for example, the several views of a decoy pipe, and the "Swan Pit"—are plainly photographs, and are neither pictorial nor suggestive. Still, they serve their purpose fairly well, for they really illustrate the text.

Lady Eastlake's "Five Great Painters" (Longmans) is a reprint of five essays published in the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. They deal with Da Vinci, Raphael, Titian, Michelangelo, and Dürer—a conjunction which would test the ablest of writers, the most profound of critics. Lady Eastlake's talent is chiefly a talent for the discovery of anachronisms, combined with a keen pertinacity in hunting out the minor facts of history and biography. Her book, therefore, is useful to the student, and to readers who, whilst they are not wholly uninformed, may never see the works which are her texts. But as critical essays in the large and right sense of the term, we cannot commend them. They are often narrow, and to our thinking mistaken: as when they assert that the figures of Michelangelo are neither beautiful nor expressive. In short, Lady Eastlake's facts are useful, her narrative is often interesting; but her opinions are neither catholic nor sound.

Mr. John Sleigh's "History of the Parish of Leek" (Bemrose and Sons), the first edition of which has become very valuable, has been republished in a luxurious style, richly illustrated with fac-similes of old prints, portraits, and admirably coloured coats-of-arms. The subscription to the very limited issue of this sumptuous volume was so rapid that it also may be considered as out of print.

Of singular interest to architects and students of art—especially of the art of carving in wood—is Mr. Bliss Sanders' "Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork from the Houses and Furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" (London: Bernard Quaritch). Mr. Sanders, who is his own artist, is far less successful with the pen than the pencil; he has plenty to say, but he is addicted to sentiment, to poetry, to the practice of Ruskinism. Of course, however, he knows his subject thoroughly; and he has only to be merely practical and didactic to become worth listening to at once. Among his illustrations (which are twenty-five in number, all well drawn and neatly reproduced) the most striking, perhaps, are the "Perspective View" of the wonderful old half-timbered house at Langley; the "Oak Drawing-Table" at Shibden Hall; the several aspects of the "Oak Bedstead" (Dr. Robertson's) at Buxton; and the "Staircase" at Park House, Egham. All are good, however, and all are interesting and useful.

ART IN MARCH.

Mr. Orchardson (with "A Social Eddy" and "Napoleon on Board the *Bellerophon*"), Mr. E. J. Gregory, and Mr. R. Macbeth are the three Englishmen invited to exhibit at the next Exposition Internationale, which is to be held, not in the Rue de Sèze, but in the Palais des Arts Décoratifs. Mr. J. D. Linton has been elected President of the Royal Institute, *vice* Mr. Louis Haghe, resigned; the new Vice-President is Mr. J. H. Mole; while on Mr. Haghe the Institute has conferred the title of Honorary President. Mr. W. Beattie Brown has been elected a full member of the Royal Scottish Academy. Our contributor, Mr. J. M. Gray, has been nominated curator of the National Portrait Gallery, presently to be opened in Edinburgh.

Mdlle. Rosa Bonheur is very much better, and has left Paris for her house, the Château de By, in the forest of Fontainebleau. There is talk of a "Wellington," by Mr. J. E. Boehm—who by the way has produced a bust of Herbert Spencer—for Hyde Park Corner, but none of the completion of Alfred Stevens's monument. Mr. Watts has painted a "Judgment of Paris" and a "Nymph of the Spring," a variant on the "Source" of Ingres. Mr. Brock's "Longfellow" has been placed in Westminster Abbey; the "Erasmus Wilson," on which he is at work, is for the library of the Royal College of Surgeons. M. Blanchard is engraving Mr. Alma Tadema's "Oleanders" and "A Parting Kiss." Mr. Ouless has painted a portrait of Mr. Bancroft, the actor, and a "Dr. Kennedy" for St. John's, Cambridge. Mr. Calder Marshall has completed a "Psyche" for the next R.A. Exhibition; together with a "Bo-Beep," and a statue of a girl caressing a dove. Mr. Legros has painted a picture of women at prayer. Mr. E. J. Gregory will exhibit a picture of two ladies on a house-boat in the Thames. Mr. Wyllie's next Academy—or proposed Academy—is called "Give Us a Little Help," and represents a hulk and a gang of convicts in snow time. Mr. Millais has painted a "Marquis of Lorne" for the Royal Canadian Academy. Mr. Seymour Haden has mezzotinted his popular etching of Turner's "Calais Pier." Mr. Woolner will exhibit an alto-relievo called "The Water Lily;" Mr. Linton, the last of his series of pictures illustrating the life of a mediaeval soldier: Mr. Hollinsford, a "Cromwell Before the Picture of Charles I.;" and Mr. Henry Moore, a "Porpoises" and an "Off the Lizard." Messrs. Gladwell are selling re-mark proofs of Mandel's masterpiece, the engraving of the "Sistine Madonua," at £45 a-piece.

English artists are invited to exhibit at the Fine Art Museums of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York, from next September to the March of 1885; the museums will undertake the cost of framing and exhibiting; the time for sending in will be some time in August next; the exhibits will include Rossettis, Masons, Pinwells, Walkers; Mr. Henry Blackburne is the English intermediary. The Burlington Fine Arts Club propose to form and exhibit a collection of architectural drawings by deceased British artists. Lady Ruthven has presented her collection of Greek terra-cottas, lamps, vases, and coins (over 3,000 objects in all) to the Edinburgh Museum of Antiquities, which is too small to contain the gift. A hundred and thirty pastels and sketches by Cluseret (the fighting man of the Commune) have been on view in Paris. Mr. Wentworth Wace, late manager of the Crystal Palace picture galleries, has been appointed director of the fine art department of the Albert Exhibition Palace, Battersea. An exhibition of Art Manufacture by past and present art students is announced for this year at South Kensington by order of the Lords in Council.

The Dudley Gallery Exhibition is strong neither generally nor in individual examples. It is singularly weak in genre and figure studies, and there is a large amount of work that is respectable, but in no sense striking. In W. A. Ingram's "Silver Sea" the delicate grey tones and silver lights of the atmosphere are expressively rendered; "Parting Day," by the same painter, has much poetic feeling and refinement, recalling A. W. Hunt in colour; O. Rickatson's "When Autumn's Gone" is rich and harmonious: A. W. Weedon has some good drawings—"Southwold Common," breezy and fresh, and "Walberswick" and "Stacking Hay," both (like T. Pyne's excellent "Ploughing") simple and truthful; Edwin Ellis's "In Fold" is a forcible impression of solemn eventide, marred by the discord of a violent and preposterous sky; and R. Goff's "Scheveningen Beach" is fine in atmosphere and colour. Other meritorious landscapes are W. S. Cooper's "Whitchurch Hill;" Arthur Powell's careful but somewhat trite "Leith Hill;" J. T. Watts's study of "Burnham Beeches;" A. G. Bell's powerful study of "Old Slate Houses;" H. Caffieri's "Spring," a charming conception; E. S. Calvert's "Approach of Night;" and A. de Breanski's "Gwonan Lake." J. M. Donne's bold naturalism in treating mountain scenery is well contrasted with Walter Severn's more conventional compositions. Among flower-painters Mrs. Cecil Lawson is a long way to the front with her "Purple Iris:" "Chrysanthemums," by Jane M. Dealy, has decorative value, and is good in colour. Walter Langley's "The Old Story," "A Quiet Pipe," and "The Last Chapter," are characteristic examples, natural in feeling and full of literal force; while Mary Eley's "Gone," with much careful and good work, is conventional, and lacks vitality and vigour.

Amid much indifferent matter there are a few notable pictures at the Nineteenth Century Art Society's Exhibition. Leslie Thomson's "Grey Morning" and "Winter" are foremost among the landscapes for distinction, colour, and harmony. V. P. Yglesias's vivid and powerful "Low Tide, Ryde," is more satisfactory than his large view of

Rye, in which the sky does not accord with the capital landscape. A. M. Lindström's "Twilight" and "Winter Evening" abound in delicate feeling, and Edwin Ellis's two sea pieces in the well-known qualities of his vigorous personality. In a series of studies, of which "West Horsley" is the best, A. D. Peppercorn continues to emulate Corot, with general infelicity. For the rest, a portrait by W. C. Symons is full of strong actuality; J. McLure Hamilton's "Ready for the Fair" is a brilliant and attractive transcript from Granada; Florence Small's "A Study" is of excellent technique; "The Domino" is a fascinating study by A. Ludovici; and Ada E. Tucker's "A New Acquaintance"—three pert kittens contemplating a snail—is good in execution and humorous in treatment.

The collection of pictures of cathedrals, in oil and water-colour, by Mr. Wyke Bayliss, on view at Messrs. Dowdeswells', amply repays study. It is difficult in considering them not to mentally recall the work of other specialists in this fascinating subject — the exteriors of Prout, the "Burgos" and "Antwerp" of Roberts. Mr. Bayliss, however, has a method of his own, even as his aims are purely artistic and his draughtsmanship and technique individual. He occasionally appears in the paradoxical position of an artist who has a fine sense of colour and who is yet no colourist. The "Westminster" and the "Sainte-Chapelle" illustrate this, when compared with the "Chartres" (12), the "Coutances," and the large interior of St. Mark's, Venice. The former is cold and formal, void of its rich native tone and impressive dignity. The latter curiously contradicts the catalogue quotation :—

> "Soft the sunlight falls
> On the inlaid floor—the groined roof hangs dim
> In its own splendour."

The sunlight that floods the floor never could penetrate the crude opacity of the painted windows; the colour throughout is heavy and coarse, and the *ensemble* unpleasing. The "Chartres," with its lovely screen, its great rose-window blood-red in the dim light, its powerful light and shade, is excellent. So, too, is the "Coutances," with its admirable drawing and masterly effect of space, and breadth of treatment. The water-colour of Trèves is equally distinct and full of force and character. The large "St. Mark's" is very striking; the grey light issues through the large uncoloured rose-window, and is absorbed beneath the glowing cupolas and golden mosaics, and without any undue sacrifice of architectural detail the whole sumptuous interior is richly harmonised. All the smaller works merit full notice.

The third series of Mr. Pownall Williams's water-colour drawings at McLean's Gallery includes Venetian and Italian lake subjects as well as transcripts of the Riviera scenery. The best, though not the most attractive, is "The Church of Sta. Croce, Evening" (15), very luminous and delicate, fine in colour and exquisite in tone, with a quality of inspiration seldom attained. "Mentone from La Mortola" has breadth and strong realism; the dark tone of the sea is excellent. Excepting in these Mr. Williams shows his strength, as hitherto, in those drawings where he subordinates landscape to novel and brilliant decorative effects: —"In the Land of Roses" (8), sumptuous in colour; the garden scene at La Mortola (22), with its vivid and sunny foreground; "Evening Glow at La Galta" (29); and, better still, the "Evening in a Venetian Garden" (18), a study of vines, ripe fruit, and changing foliage, boldly projected against the solemn after-glow of the sky. "Sunrise after Autumn Snow" (40) gives an effect as striking as it is rarely witnessed; a mass of cirro-cumulus clouds, lit by the unrisen sun in a deep-toned sky, and whose glow the deeper lake reflects. "A Sunset" and "Fishing-Boats at Evening" are the best of the Venetian drawings, some of which are marred by indecision of touch and unsound colour.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie's series of water-colour sketches of the Thames from London to the Goodwins is a very pleasant addition to the Fine Art Society's exhibitions. We take it that no deliberate intention to illustrate this part of the river was in the artist's mind; but rather, the seventy odd drawings represent a selection from his folios and sketch-books. So regarded, they are interesting in many ways: as notes and transcripts of nature made on the spot by one who knows and loves his subject well; as bright and careful records of Thames life and work, of water-wonders and effects of sky and atmosphere. Many of them are capital examples of what nature-sketches, and an artist's memoranda, ought to be; some are excellent in colour; all are interesting as records of fact and as topography. But on these points we may have something more to say later on; meanwhile we note that "The Tidal Thames" is the name of a new work by Mr. Grant Allen, to be illustrated by Mr. Wyllie, and published (in 400 copies folio, and 600 royal quarto) by the Fine Art Society.

Messrs. Agnew's winter show of water-colours is scarcely so good as usual. It includes a large number of nothings (either ineffable or impudent); and the Old Masters are rather below the average. Some architectural Turners are interesting, in that they show a fine indifference to vertical perspective; and in a Copley Fielding there is a feeble exposition of a fine old Turnerian superstition. There is, however, at least one good David Cox, and a notable "Coast Scene" by Prout. Of several Rossettis one only is worth attention: "How the Princess Sabra Drew the Lot which Delivered Her to the Dragon;" which is one of the painter's best essays in colour, really dramatic, and much less profuse of mannerism than usual. Of work by more modern men, we noted some capital studies, and one large picture deep and right in feeling, by Wilfred Ball; several vigorous and pleasant drawings by Luigi Chialiva, whose pastoral comedies are original; one or two Caldicotts; an admirable effect by Roeloss—"On the Bank of the River;" a clever and laughable "Cymon and Iphigenia," by W. Hunt; a couple of goodish Keeley Halswelles; and a very able, broad, and breezy "Low Tide, Scheveningen," by T. B. Hardy. Infinitely better than all is a beautiful Danby—"The Ferry:" a veritable Claude in water-colours; exquisite in tone and delicate colour, full of majesty and distinction, and glowing with singular power.

The exhibition of furniture at the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, is interesting and suggestive. Messrs. H. and J. Cooper, of Great Pulteney Street, show how effectively we may orientalise our interiors: a result that can only be perfectly attained where rooms possess something of the proportions usual in the East. Galleries, and apartments that are of good length and not inordinate height, may be manipulated. Cairo lattice-work is ingeniously diverted from its original purposes and

adapted to screens, the decoration of alcoves and walls, recess-partitions, mirror and picture frames, &c. Combined with rich rugs and draperies the effect is very pleasing. Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s interior is seductive with arabesque brackets, punkahs, exquisite examples of Indian and Arab brass-work, and a variety of objects beautiful in themselves and harmoniously introduced. Other firms exhibit good reproductions of Sheraton and Chippendale furniture, besides some articles of new design in which it is satisfactory to note signs of original power. Reproduction is an excellent object; but the functions of design are not stimulated, nor is art encouraged, by exclusive attention to it. Some excellent modern cabinets by Mr. Christie deserve notice; and so does a remarkable fireplace of Persian tiles.

THE loan collection of water-colour drawings and sketches by Peter de Wint, at Messrs. Vokins' galleries, is a striking demonstration of the abilities of one of the best English masters. The selection is thoroughly representative. It demonstrates to admiration the artist's extraordinary simplicity of method, and the fact that he combined with this simplicity a beautiful unity of tone and effect, and (in some drawings) a harmony of colour scarcely to be surpassed. A study of weeds, for instance, is a beautiful instance of all these qualities; and there are several landscapes scarcely less striking. Here and there the massive feeling of Constable is reflected, especially in certain aspects of trees and sky. Some skies, indeed, are nothing less than triumphs of truth and skill—a light fleecy handling, something akin to that of Corot in oil. Messrs. Vokins announce a memoir of De Wint, to be written by Mr. Humphrey Ward, and to be illustrated with fac-similes of certain among these drawings.

MESSRS. ARTHUR TOOTH AND SONS have opened their new galleries with an exhibition specially strong in continental work. Bouguereau's "Meditation" is good average Bouguereau; two Benjamin Constants are excellent of their kind; and an "Ameer" by L. Deutsch is really a triumph of textures. L. Nono's "Prayer" is a good example of one sort of modern Italian art: original in its constituents and distinguished by a pathetic and very natural figure. A fair Keeley Halswelle is spoiled by the inartistic foreground: but the larger of two Julien Duprés, "Minding the Flock," if it is a reflex of Millet without Millet's commanding dignity and unity of sentiment, is striking work: the sheep are portraits, and the dog (a genuine study) is broadly and simply painted, whilst there is real impressiveness in the shepherd. Mr. Boughton's "May" is incomprehensible; but his illustration to Tennyson's "Break, break, break" is sympathetic, graceful, and in his best vein of sentiment. Mr. Hall's "Suspense"—one of his Welsh interiors—is dramatic and human, good in colour, and fine in light and shade. A rising American, Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, sends a strong and able "Across the Common"—quite Frenchified, of course; and a couple of Bretts, a Leader, a Vicat Cole, and several other works, including another mystery by Mr. Phil Morris, attracted notice.

AT Nottingham there has been an exhibition of drawings and engravings (275 strong) of the brothers Sandby, Paul and Thomas. The catalogue is not lacking in blunders; it is, however, carefully written, and, if we except its account of the Sandbys' relations with Hogarth (who was worth five hundred such fellows), it gives a fair enough idea of its subjects' place in English art. Representative the exhibition is not; for it includes but a very few of Paul Sandby's caricatures, and Paul, if he was not a caricaturist—and a gross one—was nothing. For all that, however, it is interesting and useful; and there is no doubt that the promoters have been well advised in undertaking it. To the general public it can hardly seem particularly exciting: but to the student of English art it is very valuable indeed.

THE Art Museum at Rugby is just now rich in a gathering of some seventy of the works, in oils and water-colours, of William Dighton; pictures of the Thames, of France, and of Egypt and the Holy Land; together with examples of Mr. J. R. Hodgson, a Morland, an Otto Venius, and the "Duke of Monmouth" of Sir Peter Lely. All these are on loan. There can be no manner of doubt that the establishment of the Art Museum was an admirable idea; and it is devoutly to be wished that it may be supported as it deserves. It should mean, for Rugby boys, the beginnings of culture; and collectors, whatever their degree, should delight to serve it and advance its interests.

AT Lisle House, Dublin, the Countess Spencer has opened an exhibition of decorative art, under the patronage of H.R.H. the Princess Christian. The exhibits—lace, china, embroidery, carved work, enamels, miniatures, screens, and so forth—are artistic in quality. Some half-dozen schools of art needlework competed for the prizes given by the Princess Christian; the gold medal was won by the Royal Irish School for a blue velvet panel. The Countess Spencer sent some crewel work mentioned by Horace Walpole; Lady Meath, a counterpane, the embroidering of which took the nuns of a convent a hundred years to do; Lady Bellew, the coronation handkerchief worn by Queen Adelaide; and Mr. Ruskin, some exquisite Japanese embroideries.

AT Florence Mr. Newman has just finished a "Bay of Spezzia," which has all his delicacy of tint, but might well be a tone or two warmer. Mr. Couper is having his "Coming of Spring"—a youthful figure in cloudlike drapery floating recumbent in air, over a mass of flowers—put into marble. The Società per l'Incoraggiamento delle Belle Arti is not much more encouraging than usual. The Impressionists increase and multiply: the landscapes, with few exceptions—Professor Senno's "Sunrise in the Apuan Hills," the Venetian views of Cecchini and Coen, and some by Marko and E. Nobile—being mere shorthand reports of nature. Bompiani has some clever water-colour studies of heads. The genre pictures are on the whole the most successful. The prize for sculpture has been won with Sodini's "Faith"—a withered blind old man, crouching on the ground and groping at a cross.

THE death is announced of Achille Newen, the *doyen* of French engravers; of Louis Leloir, the excellent painter in water-colours; of the Belgian sculptor, Louis Jehotte; of Gustav Lüderetz, the Berlinese engraver; of the French engraver, François-Théodore Ruhierre; of the Russian archaeologist, A. E. Lyoutensko; of Benjamin Ulmann, painter of a "Sylla in the House of Marius," now in the Luxembourg; of François-Auguste Bonheur, brother of the famous animal-painter, thrice medalled at the Salon; and

of Augustin Dumont, the *doyen* of French sculpture, the last on his father's side of four generations of sculptors, and, on his mother's, of the family of Coypel the painter.

Messrs. Harvey and Gore, of 126, Regent Street, are making necklaces, brooches, and so forth from the inner parts of watches made from eighty to one hundred and fifty years ago. In most watches of this period there is an artistic piece of pierced work covering the balance wheel, usually engraved, and often finely carved. The variety of these pieces is infinite; Messrs. Harvey and Gore state, indeed, that of the many hundreds which have passed through their hands, they have never seen two alike. In one are flags and helmets; in another, flowers; in another, a griffin's head surrounded with scroll upon scroll; a fourth, the work of a mason, sets forth the masonic emblems; a fifth is a romance of Harlequin. Of these plates Messrs. Harvey and Gore are making their brooches, chains, and ouches. They are interesting in themselves, and they have an elegant and comely effect.

By what is called the "Adolfi Process" any one who will may paint on satin or silk, assured beforehand that his work will stand. All that is necessary is an ivory point and a certain medium the secret of which has not been revealed. The ivory point is not important; the real essential is the medium. Its efficacy is unquestionable. To use it—and you use it much as you would use linseed oil—is to preserve your work—whether on silk or paper, on satin or on canvas —from cracking and ruining. The English agent is M. Emil Dünki (of 113, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.), who proposes to hold an exhibition *ad hoc*—of hangings and fans and napery; but the material may also be procured of Messrs. Rowney, and of Messrs. Winsor and Newton.

The long-delayed second volume of the "Liber Studiorum," reproduced by the Autotype Company, with comments by Mr. Stopford Brooke, is not calculated to arouse enthusiasm amongst Turnerians. It deserves the praise which should be accorded to all *bonâ fide* efforts with a worthy aim. It must be taken for granted that the autotype process could not make better imitations of the original prints, and that Mr. Stopford Brooke has devoted all the graces of his style and the charm of his sentiment to the composition of his sermonettes. With all their shortcomings, the former exhibit one of the most important elements of Turner's genius—his fertility of design; and the latter, if they show at times too blind a faith in Mr. Ruskin, are the genuine and often eloquent expression of a love born of long and reverent study.

As if to emphasise the failure of photography when employed to reproduce mezzotints, there has just appeared a certain series of engravings after Girtin. The "Liber Naturæ," executed about 1823-4 by that excellent engraver S. W. Reynolds, after some of the best drawings by Turner's early friend and rival, have all the qualities of richness, depth, and gradation which we miss in the autotypes. Messrs. Neill, of Haddington, by whom the work is now for the first time published, have had the plates quite admirably printed in a deep-brown ink. The original title-page bears upon it the portrait of the handsome young artist after Opie's oil-picture, still in the possession of Girtin's family. The engravings include the famous "White House at Chelsea" (which was the despair of Turner himself), the solemn views of York and Ripon Cathedrals, "Kirkstall Abbey," "Snowdon," and a river scene with a rainbow. There are twelve plates in all, which have been destroyed after printing 200 copies. Of little less interest are three additional plates left by Reynolds in a highly advanced but unfinished state.

It is somewhat strange that photography, while refusing to reproduce the finer qualities of a mezzotint engraving, can rival the art of mezzotint in reproducing a picture. This has never been shown more plainly than in a large *photogravure*, published by Messrs. Goupil, which has been taken directly from Sir Joshua's "Lady Cornewall." Its excellence and suggestiveness are really remarkable.

From "English Etchings" mention may be made of a couple of portraits: one, of Thackeray, by Mr. Barnett Smith; the other, by Mr. W. Strang, of Mr. Seymour Haden. The first, a fairly good likeness, is technically weak; the drawing is timid and insignificant, the modelling feeble and vague. The second is in every way good work—sincere in sentiment and vigorous in effect, well drawn, well modelled, well etched; an admirable Strang, and none the worse for certain reminiscences of Legros.

From Messrs. Batsford (High Holborn) we have received three volumes of Bailei's studies of birds, of which, it appears, they have received a limited number of copies from Japan. Baileï—one or two specimens of whose work were reproduced by M. Louis Gonse in "L'Art Japonais"—is one of the best of the latter-day Japanese artists. He is no mere imitator like Setteï and Company; his work has something of the vivacity and force, the excellent understanding of nature, of the older masters. In attitude and gesture and expression these birds of his—whether perching or soaring, swooping or brooding—are admirable. No pleasanter essay in the graphics of ornithology has been seen.

In "Les Portraits aux Crayons des XVIe et XVIIe Siècles" (Paris and Poitiers: H. Oudin and Co.) M. Henri Bouchot presents us with a complete *catalogue raisonné* of the innumerable crayon portraits which have come down to us from the France of the Valois and the first Bourbons. In a preliminary chapter he discusses the authorship of the various collections in existence. He then proceeds with the inventory of the largest gathering of all—the gathering in the Bibliothèque Nationale. This, which is some hundred and fifty pages long, is followed by catalogues of the portraits, in crayons and oils, preserved in other collections: at Arras and Blois, at Versailles and Azay-le-Rideau, at Beauregard and in the Louvre; the Castle Howard "Clouets," the waxes at Breslau, the crayons at St. Petersburgh and Hesse Cassel, the treasures hoarded by MM. Courajod and Fontelle—some 2,500 portraits in all. The scholarly completeness of M. Bouchot's work is really beyond praise; it fills a gap in art-history, and to students of iconography is merely invaluable. The illustrations are good and suggestive enough to make it a matter of regret that there are no more than two of them. The first is a charming portrait of Marie Touchet; the second, a singularly interesting and graphic presentment of the boy who was presently to conquer and reign as Henri Quatre.

ART IN APRIL.

Miss Mary Foster and Mr. Albert Moore have been elected Associates, and Mr. J. J. Jenkins, after thirty years of membership, an Honorary Retired Member, of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours ; and Messrs. Jacomb Hood, Wyllie, Walter Morgan, and Elliot, Members of the Society of British Artists.

Messrs. Boehm, Onslow Ford, Brock, and Longeterre will execute the four equestrian statues to be set up on Blackfriars Bridge. Miss Thompson's "Quatre Bras" has been bought for the Melbourne Museum. Signor Raggi will execute the colossal "Sir Arthur Kennedy" to be erected, by subscription, at Hong Kong. The sale of the Castellani Collection has been deferred ; the Roman municipality is negotiating, it is understood, for its purchase *en bloc*. Mr. Fulleylove is at work on a series of forty water-colours illustrative of London as it is. Mr. Elihu Vedder is illustrating the tetrastichs of Omar Khàyyàm for Messrs. Houghton and Mifflin, of Boston. M. Gisler has enriched the National Gallery at Brussels by a donation of three-and-twenty pictures, among them a couple of examples of Nicholas Maas and a fine Van der Helst. M. Flameng has etched Mr. Fildes' famous picture "The Widower"—engraved by us some months back—for the Fine Art Society. Mr. G. C. Schwabe, late of Liverpool and Henley, has given £10,000 and his superb collection of pictures to Hamburg. Wyatt's "Wellington" is to be removed to Aldershot.

This year the Painter-Etchers will hold their exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. A Loan Exhibition of Marbles and Inlays will be held at Matlock. The next winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery will be devoted to Gainsborough and Richard Doyle. The British Archæological Association will contribute to the Health Exhibition in the Albert Hall a gathering of articles connected with the chase, the table, the potter's art, and the art of personal adornment. The Salon—to which some 9,000 works are said to have been offered—opens as usual this 1st of May. Mr. Whistler is to have an exhibition—all to himself as usual—somewhere in Bond Street.

M. Hoepli, of Milan, announces a book on Raphael as an architect by Baron Enrico de Geymüller. Messrs. Bell will publish this 1st of May Mr. Algernon Graves's dictionary of exhibitors. The Cambridge Archæological Society have undertaken the production of an historical catalogue of the pictures belonging to the University and colleges. Mr. Ruskin announces the publication of Miss Alexander's "Roadside Songs of Tuscany"—the verses and drawings which he has celebrated in *Fors* and "The Art of England." The "Year's Art" has reached a second edition. Mr. Macgeorge, of Glasgow, is preparing an illustrated life of the late W. L. Leitch. Mr. C. C. Hodges is printing a work descriptive and illustrative of Northumberland and Durham mediæval tombs and memorials. Mr. Quaritch announces Mr. R. L. Kenyon's "The Gold Coins of England," the complement of Hawkins's "The Silver Coins of England," of which Mr. Kenyon is the editor. Mr. A. B. Wyon has in hand a catalogue of the "Great Seals of England," illustrated with autotypes.

At the Royal School of Art Needlework, South Kensington, the superb loan collection of ecclesiastical embroidery is arranged with great skill in a limited space. Some of the specimens are truly magnificent, others merely quaint and of archaic attraction, while others must prove the wonder and despair of modern workers. Of the latter may be mentioned a tiny and brilliant "Garden of Gethsemane," worked on a piece of paper which, revealing the needle-piercings, yet presents the same effect on both sides ; also a set of panels representing some wonderfully vivid events in the lives of the saints, and worked on a prepared wax-veneer with long silk threads so exquisitely laid as to give something of a true picture tone to the different subjects. Some sumptuous palls, lent by several City companies, display infinite labour, the whole of the elaborate borders, illustrated with scriptural subjects, being hand-worked. A splendid cope, from Stoneyhurst College, of gold tissue on crimson velvet pile, has a curious history, being traceable from Florence in the Sixteenth Century to Westminster Abbey, thence to St. Omer, and once more to England, in 1794, to Stoneyhurst. Some very massive and gorgeous mantles from the city synagogues are shown which formerly contained the scrolls of the law. A chasuble from Stoneyhurst, embroidered with some very vigorous grotesques of St. Dunstan and the Devil and other figures, with some exquisite plumariums and fine gold couchings about their medallions, is unsurpassed among the mediæval specimens. A vellum, lent by Mr. Smith Sligo, is ornamented with a beautiful Italian design of the "Lamb Sacrificed," very delicate in feeling. An antependium, from the same collection, contains a lovely central medallion of the Madonna and Child, and four little landscapes exquisitely worked with silk in a ground of waved silver thread. Some beautiful Belgian vestments—gold flowers and scrolls in bold relief on pale watered silk, with delicate spandrils in gold thread with metal spangles—are very remarkable and distinct. The exhibition deserves patient and thorough study. A subsidiary show of the Royal School of Art Needlework merits something more than a visit.

The exhibition of the Society of British Artists comprises several instances of foreign influence that strikingly diversify its well-recognised range of aspiration. The spirit of modernism animates Mr. Gadsby's clever portraits (13 and 208), where, with much force and invention and an admirable air of vitality, there is a want of reposeful harmony

in the colour; it is seen also in Mr. Elliot's excellent "Ploughing;" and it is still more pronounced in Leslie Thomson's "St. Vaast," a hot sandy road stretching into the level distance under the burning blue of a summer sky, a work that stands completely alone, remarkable for distinction and powerful realism. Edwin Ellis has painted nothing in landscape more intense in his own wayward style than his gloomy and imposing "In Fold;" Sidney Morris's sketch, "Becalmed," is pleasing in colour; H. Caffieri's "Summer Slumbers," a small child nursing a baby by a cottage door, is full of grace and charm; Carlton Smith's uninteresting sea shore (301) is redeemed by two admirable figures; G. A. Hoyle's "Solitude," though its composition is unhappy, expresses a dreary sentiment with power; Alfred East's "Evening after a Thaw" renders the mystery of twilight with truth, and is fine in colour. Other good landscapes are A. de Brianski's "Banks o' Doon," W. Rainey's "Arun," C. W. Wyllie's "Hadleigh Bay," and Leslie Thomson's harmonious view "Near Rye." "The Shell," by Arthur Hill, a nude figure at length on the sea shore, is beautiful in line, finely modelled, and delicately harmonised. F. Brown's "Haymaker" has a quality of actuality that is decidedly French; "A Politician," by John Burr, is a head of a ripe old man, full of character and quiet humour; and Miss Lizzie Reid's "Thochts Eerie" is suggestive of uncanny contemplation and original in style. A. Lodovici's "A Fantasia in White" is superior to anything he has done of late. Among the water-colours is a little picture (611) by Yeend King, which is characterised by that indeterminate imaginative quality usually termed poetic; it is an impression merely, but one worthy of record, and with rare and noble qualities of expression.

At Messrs. Goupil's a large canvas by Mr. Herkomer, "Pressing to the West," depicts a motley crowd of emigrants who have just landed in America, and throng the railway depôt. The central point of interest in the picture is a group composed of a mother and babe—the latter, perhaps, born on the passage—and the husband of the woman who, pale and exhausted, is declining with outstretched arm the food the man is offering. A series of characteristic portraits by the same artist is also exhibited. In another room are shown a small Delacroix, superb in colour and powerful in sentiment, the Virgin and attendant women bewailing the dead Christ; and an early Millet of the purest idyllic charm and lovely colour—a nymph in a woodland, partly draped in blue robe of Titianesque quality, led by a company of joyous Loves—a composition truly classic in grace, feeling, and simplicity. Besides these a pleasant Isabey, very rich and harmonious; an unusually fine Troyon; some charming Corots; a spirited but unfinished Fromentin; and good examples of Diaz, Daubigny, and Gérôme, besides a terribly vivid De Neuville. With these are two paintings by J. McLure Hamilton, both in their distinct styles notable for colour and harmonious *ensemble*. One is a portrait of one of Mr. Onslow Ford's children—a boy in dark velvet, with pale face and dark complexion, with hands clasped behind; the force and solidity of the painting, the vigour and novelty of the pose, the power with which the figure is projected, are masterly. The other composition—which is less remarkable—shows a fair-haired boy, with book in hand, studying a globe.

At the French Gallery is an admirable composition by P. Joanowitz, a Servian peasant teaching his little boy the use of the sword, while another veteran seated before him parries the juvenile's attack, the delighted mother with a babe in her arms and some neighbours looking on approvingly. The expression of interest is varied with surprising individuality, the composition is singularly happy, the figures are powerful with actuality. A. Echtler's "La Ruine d'une Famille" is very strong, melodramatic, sombre in colour, a trifle theatrical. Silvio Rotta's "Preparing for the Fête-Dieu" is a domestic interior of great merit; the quaint group of children is delightful for truth and simplicity. W. Leibl's "In Church," a Holbeinesque study of two old women and a girl, is remarkable for technique that is quite archaic, and a severe and literal truth that is almost repelling, though indisputably clever. "The Sisters," and a full-length of the painter's wife, are fine examples of Kaulbach's delicate sentiment. Besides these there are "The Sheepfold" of Israels, a moonlight of the tenderest poetic feeling, and lovely in colour; several small but exquisite Corots; a lucid and impressive evening landscape by Jules Dupré; a fine moonlight river-scene, by Daubigny; several of Heffner's very clever landscapes; some brilliant cattle-pieces by Van Marcke; a tolerable Meissonier and a good but very unpleasant Gérôme; a forest-scene by Diaz, very rich and fine in colour; E. de Blaas' "The World and the Cloister," an oft-told tale rather tamely transcribed; several sparkling Pradillas; a clever but not particularly original Benlliure; and a coarse, uninteresting example of Laugée.

At Mr. McLean's, English art is worthily represented by "The Morning Call" of Mr. Orchardson, one of our few native painters whose work loses nothing by competition and comparison with continental genre, and whose harmonious charm of colour is fully displayed in the present instance. "Olivia" and "The Daughter of a Knickerbocker" are good examples of Mr. Boughton's art; James Hardy's "Relief Party" is an excellent study of dogs. Edwin Ellis has two vivid and powerful sea pictures; and Mr. Wimperis a strong and very literal landscape. The most prominent works, however, are Jacquet's "Vivandière" and Bastien-Lepage's "Rustic Courtship," engraved in The Magazine of Art last year. The former is as unpleasant and vulgar in sentiment as it is attractive in technique and admirable in colour; in spite of its elegance and superficial refinement, the impression it produces is almost nauseous. Gérôme's "Keeper of the Harem" is a masterly study of a subject too revolting for art. Heffner's "Bavarian Landscape"—a flat stretch of flooded country under a luminous canopy of fleecy cloud—is a fine example of an artist whose well-defined limitations compel him to much repetition. Some interiors by Andreotti surpass anything yet exhibited by the Florentine painter in brilliant colour, wealth of detail, and dexterous imitation of textures; the cleverness of "The Appeal" and "The Music Lesson" is excessive, yet when the eye is surfeited there remains a sense of imposition. Of the same species is Conrad Keisel's "Artist's Model," in which, however, there is better harmony of colour and a gentle idealism and refinement of tone.

The lady artists are not strong this year. The lack of inspiration and power and individuality is so striking that the great majority of the works exhibited might easily have proceeded from half a dozen hands. Both in aim and execution there is an almost unbroken uniformity, expressive of little but puerility and hesitation; even the courage

that is ill-directed and the audacity of wrong endeavour are absent. Miss Clara Montalba's "Moonlight, near the Thames" is powerful and impressive in tone; Miss K. Macaulay's "Sailing out at Sunset" and "The Golden Hour" are fine in colour; and Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Little Knitter" is clever, the draughtsmanship firm and sound, the colour excellent. Mrs. Jopling has two pleasant studies of heads; Miss Hilda Montalba's "Swedish Landscape" displays a fine sense of colour and a deftly introduced figure; "From Damascus," by Miss Merrick, a figure study, exhibits knowledge and strength; Mrs. Schenk's "Sad Memories" is endowed with some force and feeling. In landscape Miss Annie Fraser's "Where the White Cloud Rests" is the most important: well composed and treated with breadth. Mrs. Naftel, Mrs. Marrable, and Miss O'Hara are fairly represented; there are also some good flower and fruit-pieces by Misses Eugénie Simpson, Florence Bonneau, E. H. Stannard, Fenn, and Florence Mann; and a clever study of "Old Pots" by E. M. Merrick.

At the Burlington Gallery a very interesting exhibition comprises a fresh series of water-colour drawings illustrative of buffalo hunts and other sports in the North-West and Canada, and some transcripts from the Yellowstone Park, the Yosemite Valley, and Niagara, by Mr. Washington Friend. These latter are characterised by a literal exactitude of delineation that is almost photographic; they are essentially views directly taken from nature and never studied compositions. The Niagara drawings are remarkably vivid. Of higher artistic quality are Mr. F. A. Verner's studies of the buffalo and the life of the wandering trapper and Indian, which abound in the charm of the unfamiliar, besides displaying facile draughtsmanship and keen sense of beauty. Some clever studies of animals in their native haunts are the work of Mr. J. Macpherson (whose "Sunset and Prairie Fire" is truly dramatic), Mr. W. A. Rixon, and Mr. A. Poney. One drawing of Mr. Poney's —"The Moose Hunted by Wolves"—is excessively spirited. "Early Spring on the St. Lawrence," by Mr. F. A. Hopkins, shows the great river full of drift ice under a delicate soft sky. Mr. Lascelles, in his "Yosemite Valley" (202), depicts two prowling bears in a landscape of considerable power, which renders the presence of the animals doubly impressive. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's studies of river and seashore scenery, and those of Mr. Allan Edson, are full of character.

Mr. Mendoza, of King Street, St. James's, has on view Sir Noel Paton's latest work, "In Die Malo," the Christian warrior, arming himself for the strife, accepting the sword of faith from an angel: a work hard and thin in colour, utterly devoid of imagination, and with much dry and patiently executed symbolism. In an interesting collection of black and white is a proof of Mr. Lowenstein's admirable etching after Mme. Ronner's "Recreation," a very beautiful and felicitous reproduction. The present exhibition is to be succeeded in May by one of modern oil-paintings.

At the Hyde Park Gallery Mr. Richard Elmore has exhibited a large picture of Stonehenge under the glory of one of those remarkable sundowns that made the early portion of the present winter memorable. The sun has set, and the after-glow floods the expanse of heaven, ruddy and golden on the flaked lines of cirro-stratus, fiery with stormful intensity on the lower vapours, while the higher region of cirrus is suffused with delicate iridescent hues, liquid and harmonious. The huge grey monoliths occupy a foreground slightly covered with drifting snow, which reflects the splendours of the sky, while over the darkening horizon a line of low grey land-vapour hangs heavily. The artist has treated a theme of great difficulty and complexity with power and without extravagance; his work is impressive, good in atmospheric quality, and sound in colour.

At the show-rooms of Mr. Baker, of Wigmore Street, may be seen some exquisite examples of modern art needlework, as applied to ecclesiastical embroidered vestments. The designs employed are chiefly reproductions or adaptations from mediæval work with fresh schemes of colour, though original design is not wholly neglected; the handiwork is excellent for finish and perfect surface texture. We cannot admire the somewhat slight rainbow-hued fringes that ornament some modern frontals. The old and heavy gold fringes possess higher decorative value and a distinction of effect no coloured fringe can give. A ground material of white or light-coloured brocade in the place of velvet is, however, shown to be admirably suited to emphasise and lighten the more complex and ornate embroideries in frontals and the richness of the stoles.

Mr. Gullick exhibits, at 103, New Bond Street, the capabilities of painting on mirrors as a branch of decorative art. The work displays to advantage the superiority of Mr. Gullick's method when compared with the modern Italian specimens, both in brilliance and richness of colour and in force of projection; in the Roman palaces and in the studio of Signor Capobianchi Mr. Gullick was enabled thoroughly to study the subject, and subsequently to perfect his own method. With the exercise of artistic reticence and taste interiors may gain greatly in enrichment and lighting by the introduction of this branch of art. It is elaborated, however, by Mr. Gullick, on a large mirror representing fruit and flowers, with a brilliance and force that have probably never been equalled. In this composition an arrangement of fruits and cups and salvers, in pyramidal form, is surmounted by a number of graceful amorini upholding vine branches. A design so complex and on such a scale can, of course, only be adapted to a large surface of glass; but it is capable of much modification and reduction.

The Loan Exhibition opened at Cardiff in aid of the Royal Cambrian Academy, contains pictures by Messrs. Aumonier, Watts, Herkomer, Alma Tadema, and other London painters; together with four examples of Paul Sandby—representing the Cardiff of a hundred years back —a number of Knellers lent by Colonel Tynte, some Old Masters from the collection of Lord Cawdor, and a gathering of water-colours the work of Cox, Fielding, David Roberts, Cotman, Turner, and others. Lady Wyatt sends a collection of châtelaines; Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. E. Seward, and Mr. Deane contribute some admirable porcelain—masterpieces in Old Worcester and Nantgarw; and there is besides a great display of armour, fans, tapestry, needlework, and engravings. The catalogue—a very good one—is by Messrs. Hughes and Thomas.

The Fifty-Fifth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy includes the President's "Phryne at Eleusis," Alma Tadema's "Death of the First-born," and Millais'

"Major James" and "Forget-Me-Not." Of the Irish Academicians Mr. Colles Watkins, Mr. Vincent Duffy, and Mr. Caterson Smith restrict themselves to Irish landscape; Mr. Bingham McGuinness, who is making rapid strides in his art, going to Wales, and Mr. Osborne and others abroad, for their inspiration, all with a good result. In the way of landscapes, however, the exhibition contains few works better than Mr. Ussher's bit of Arthog Moorland, full of feeling and sympathy with nature.

The exhibition of the Irish Fine Art Society consists to a great extent of water-colours, and is an exceedingly good one. Miss Currey, Miss Helen O'Hara, Miss Barton, Mr. Wynne, and others, contribute drawings which would be noteworthy in a far more pretentious exhibition. Miss O'Hara's studies of wild birds and Miss Currey's bits of nature are excellent; while the landscapes of Mr. Ussher, Dr. Boyd, and Miss Longfield have great merit.

At Dundee the Seventh Annual Exhibition has been the most successful ever held. The attendance was better than last year, and there was an increase of nearly £1,000 in the sales of pictures, which amounted (Dundee has only 140,000 inhabitants) to £8,200. One of the pictures exhibited, "A Message from the Sea," by W. M'Taggart, R.S.A., was purchased and presented to the Dundee permanent collection in the Albert Institute by Mr. J. G. Orchar, a member of the committee, who on previous occasions has given many other fine pictures in a similar manner.

The jury list for the coming Salon was headed by MM. Henner and Harpignies, with 1,313 and 1,251 votes respectively, and rounded off by MM. Jules Breton and Cannen, the one with 596 votes, the other with 568. M. Breton, together with MM. Baudry (757) and De Neuville (693), has declined to serve; and their places have been filled by MM. Renouf (553), Bastien-Lepage (552), and Van Marcke (531), the three gentlemen whose names are highest on the supplementary list. The president is M. Bouguereau; MM. Bonnat, Cabanel, and Busson are vice-presidents; the secretaries are MM. Humbert, Guillemet, De Vuillefroy, and Tony Robert-Fleury. They will have to consider 600 more pictures than were sent in last year, but a lesser number of enamels, china-paintings, and drawings.

At Christie's of late a Murillo realised 1,900 guineas; Ansdell's "Fight for the Standard," 800 guineas; and a Cima da Conegliano, the "Christ Bearing the Cross," 400 guineas: all three from Osmaston Hall. At the Crompton Potter Sale Romney's "Lady Hamilton" and "Mrs. Jordan" went for 530 guineas and 700 guineas respectively; the President's "Electra," for 900 guineas; Mr. Hook's "A Cornish Gift" and "Wise Saws," for 800 guineas and 1,250 guineas; Mr. Millais' "Vanessa" and "Stella," for 1,300 guineas and 1,400 guineas; Mr. Riviere's "Persepolis," for 1,000 guineas, his "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie" and "Cupboard Love," for 1,050 guineas each, his "All That was Left of the Homeward Bound," for 1,100 guineas, and his "Daniel," for 2,500 guineas; while David Cox's "Skirts of the Forest" brought 1,350 guineas, and his "Church at Bettws-y-Coed," 2,500 guineas. The total realised was £37,618 9s. 6d., of which £32,501 14s. was obtained for eighty-four pictures, and the rest for Chinese enamels and Oriental ceramics. At the Dent Sale of Engravings a Botticelli, the "Assumption," went—to Mr. Malcolm of Poltalloch—for £860. A complete "Liber Studiorum" has sold for £481. At the Hôtel Drouot the Fau Collection—of porcelain, clocks, bronzes, and so forth—realised over 490,000 francs; the Lucie Vernier—of tapestries, jewels, and furniture—some 257,000 francs; and the Dussol Collection—of modern pictures—upwards of 270,000 francs, the top prices being 10,100 francs for a Jules Dupré, 10,500 francs for a Roybet, and 13,000 francs for a Daubigny.

The death is announced of the portrait-painter, Samuel Lawrence; of the architect, T. Marsh Nelson, a pupil of Decimus Burton; of Leonard E. Valpy, a well-known collector; of Helen Cordelia Angell (*née* Coleman), the flower-painter, a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours; of the archæologist, Thomas North, F.S.A.; of the historical and animal-painter, William Huggins; of the sculptor, Amédée Jouandot, a pupil of Jouffroy; of the sculptor Maindron; the historical painter, Ad. Aze; Gustav Richter, famous above all as a portrait-painter; and the caricaturist, Gilbert Randon.

As a specimen of chromo-lithography the "Chinese Vase," produced by Messrs. Sale and Co., of Manchester, is hardly to be surpassed. The printing is in oils; the workmanship is due to special training in the Manchester School of Art. Six-and-thirty stones have been used; and the registering is so perfect that there is not a trace of overlapping throughout. The vase, which belonged to the late Mr. Crompton Potter, is admirable of its kind; but Messrs. Sale have done it full justice. Their presentment of it is proof positive that English printers can do as well as, if not better than, Lemercier and Firmin-Didot themselves.

In Mr. W. Swaysland's "Familiar Wild Birds" (London and New York: Cassell and Company) we have a series, near forty strong, of portraits, remarkable for the spirit with which they are designed and the fidelity with which they are presented, of such of "Nature's choristers" as make English woods and wastes melodious or romantic or interesting. We have, for instance, the Rook and the Raven, the Sparrow and the Wren, the Nightingale and the Thrush, the Gull and the Grouse—each in his habit as he lives, each admirably pictured in colours and also in black and white, and each described so that every one may know and delight in him. A better book for bird-fanciers—in the good sense of the term—it is not easy to imagine.

In "Manet," by M. Edmond Bazire (Paris: A. Quantin), there is little or nothing to praise save the illustrations—process blocks, heliographs, etchings by M. Henri Guérard—which are certainly interesting. M. Bazire's text is at once offensive and inconclusive; he hits hard, but hurts nobody: he writes vigorously but proves nothing, save that he believes in Manet, and has much to learn about art. It was Manet's fortune to suffer much from public opinion. He began by being greatly over-blamed; he is ending by being greatly over-praised. Time, no doubt, will do him full justice, and show that he was as far from being an idle charlatan as a great and illustrious artist.

ART IN MAY.

THIS month we can only speak of the Grosvenor Gallery in general terms. As was inevitable, the exhibition is rich in examples of Mr. Hallé's accomplishment and the inspiration of Miss Pickering, Mr. Stanhope, Mr. Strudwick, and Mr. Walter Crane. That being understood, it may be conceded that the gathering, as a whole, is rather above than below the average. What is more to the purpose is that it includes a pair of pictures by Mr. Burne Jones—"A Wood-Nymph" and "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"—which every one must find admirable, and which many will find heroic. However imperfect one's sympathy with the great painter's ideals, however incomplete one's appreciation of his effects, it is, we take it, impossible to consider his work in any spirit save one of extreme respect. Whatever he gives is touched with rare and peculiar genius, is charged with a lofty and intense imagination, is treated with the accomplishment of a master. His two new pictures are a type of his achievement, mannerisms and all. There are dubious passages of colour in the "Cophetua;" there are signs of effort, notes of artifice, hints of failure even; the melancholy of its inspiration is—to us at least—inexplicable and unwelcome; but, for all that, it is far and away the greatest picture of its year. For ourselves, we like it less than many of the painter's works, but the fact of its pre-eminence appears to us beyond question and beyond argument alike. The "Wood-Nymph," while quite as mannered, is smaller, less ambitious, less admirable, and on the whole perhaps more pleasing; it exhibits some passages of colour which are simply exquisite.

PROFESSOR LEGROS has an admirable classic landscape—so dignified in subject and style and so large and majestic in treatment as to recall the masterpieces of Nicolas Poussin; a "Miss Swainson" in marble, which is at once vigorous and full of charm; and an admirable portrait study of Mr. Thibaudeau; his other contributions are scarcely worthy of him. Mr. Watts is represented by a very spirited and taking "Lord Lytton;" by an ideal portrait—classic in style, romantic in sentiment—of the water-nymph Uldrea; and by a noble study of sunshine and cloud. Mr. Millais is responsible for a picture of Lord Lorne's fur coat; for a commonplace and careless portrait of Lady Archibald Campbell (Miss Nina Lehmann) as she is; and an admirable portrait of the same Miss Lehmann—glowing in colour, vigorous in method, rich and satisfying in effect—as she was some fifteen years ago, when Mr. Millais painted her, and when, moreover, he thought it worth his while to paint as well as he could.

MR. RICHMOND contributes two admirable portraits—a "Miss Mirlees," in green velvet, with a background of romantic landscape; and a "May," in yellow and white, seated at the piano, and perhaps suggested by Sir Joshua's "Saint Cecilia." The better of the two portraits sent by Mr. Alma Tadema is unquestionably the "Signor Amendola;" it is full of trick, and it is not altogether free from the reproach of vulgarity; but it is finely painted, very life-like and taking, and original in idea and effect. A surprising departure is shown in Mr. Calderon's "Birth of Aphrodite"—a naked person wantoning in the blue waves, from which (as the legend tells) she is supposed to be sprung but now. Mr. Calderon's Aphrodite is much more suggestive of Trouville than the antique ocean, it is true; indeed she is modern enough in type and appearance and style to remind us of Belot's Femme de Feu. Still, she swims joyously enough, and the waters about her are of the bluest blue, and are full of motion and swing; so that—especially if one remembers Mr. Calderon's academical work—the picture in which she appears is plainly one of uncommon merit.

ONE of the failures of the year is certainly Mr. Browning's bronze "Dryope." Mr. Browning is or has been a pupil of M. Rodin; but there is as little of that distinguished master in the "Dryope"—which is large, ambitious, ungraceful, and quite poorly and flabbily modelled—as there is in the "Hercules" of Mr. Natorp, also a pupil of his, which has somehow got worked into publicity through the Academy. Another of the failures is Mr. Sargent, whose single exhibit—an old work, it is true—appears to signal disadvantage, alike as sentiment and as style, as charm and as technical skill. The list might be lengthened almost indefinitely; but these examples, which are important and striking, will suffice.

To Mr. Hennessy's charming "Twixt Day and Night," graceful in sentiment, pleasant and suggestive in tone, original in colour and design, we shall presently return. Mr. Reid's "The Rival Grandfathers," a fresh and vigorous study of values in landscape and character in humanity, will find admirers innumerable. Mr. Arthur Lemon, in "The Highwayman," has painted a good grey landscape, a gallant horse, and some very life-like gesture. Miss Hallé's bas-relief, "Music," is beautifully modelled and very gracefully conceived. Of the rest—good, bad, indifferent—we must defer to speak.

THE exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours numbers over a thousand works, and in spite of this excess over last year's show it is of full average excellence. With few exceptions the notable matter proceeds from men whose work is as well known as easily recognised, the extensive admission of drawings by the large and ever-increasing circle of outside artists resulting in few examples of excellence. In landscape, Mr. H. G. Hine and Mr. Thomas Collier are strongly represented; the former by "Lewes, from the London Road," an impressive and beautiful transcript of the Downs, and also by some smaller

drawings even superior in distinction, poetic feeling, and harmony. Mr. Collier's contribution, "The New Forest," is of first importance among his works, largely conceived and nobly treated, the composition free from one discordant touch; the rich extent of woodland, the sandy knoll in the foreground, with its clump of heather, the uttermost ridge of the horizon, are indissolubly harmonised; the sense of unity is completed by the admirable drawing of the windy inconstant sky full of fitful lights and changeful mood. Among other good landscapes are Mr. Wimperis's "Old Mill," where literal truth is happily combined with tender sentiment; Mr. Mogford's "Coast near the Lizard;" Mr. Syer's "On the Exe;" Mr. Orrock's "Donnington Park," with a powerfully wrought group of oaks in the foreground, and an effective distance; Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Marshes near Southwold;" and Mr. Alfred East's "Glimpse of the Clyde."

The President, Mr. J. D. Linton, exhibits a charming little work, "Priscilla," the exquisite beauty of which, technical and imaginative, is subtly and gradually apprehended, rather than capable of definition. "The Graces," by Mr. Fulleylove, depicts an old garden with its trim clipped yew-hedges and statuary and green alleys, where "grove nods at grove," and Diana from one green angle is opposed to Priapus in another, and the Graces surmount the massive stone basin of the fountain. The rich colour and texture of the weather-stained masonry and the old bronze are excellently produced, the light is cleverly managed, and the drawing masterly. Another and smaller drawing by Mr. Fulleylove, "The Dial," is not less charming and more interesting on account of the group of figures. Mr. Charles Green's powers are well represented in his "Ruth and Tom Pinch," a good character study; Mr. Kilburne's "Encore" is elegant in a sentimental style; Mr. Staniland's "Faust and Margaret" is distinctly operatic in conception rather than romantic; Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of himself in "A Look at the Model" is exceedingly clever, audacious in design and excellent in drawing, and almost over-refined in colour. One other notable portrait is Mr. T. Walter Wilson's "The President," a work full of character and suggestion, as well as an irreproachable likeness.

Mr. Abbey's delightful drawing, "A Bible Reading," owes little of its charm to colour, and would probably gain force and expression in black and white; Mr. Frank Dadd's humour is well displayed in "Pigtails and Powder," which in other respects is a capital drawing. Mr. Bale's "Francesca" and "Il Piccolo Pastore" are picturesquely treated figures, very pleasing in colour. The sea pictures are not remarkable. Mr. Wyllie's "Funeral March of a Hero"—a battered man-o'-war in charge of tugs—is the most impressive. Mr. Clausen has nothing comparable to his work in oil at the recent show; his "Hoeing Turnips" is, like all he does, strong and literal, but it is deficient in subtlety and significance, and a little hard in execution. Nothing in the work of the younger artists is more striking than Mr. Walter Langley's large and important drawing "Among the Missing," which tells its tale with dramatic force, and treats a hackneyed theme with originality. The composition is singularly good, and the drawing excellent, and the broad presence of strong daylight and the sense of sea-air are powerfully indicated. Some small and finished drawings by Mr. H. R. Steer are notable for their subtle rendering of effects of light in interiors, and careful study of the gradation of colour under the varying play of light.

Mr. G. S. Elgood's studies of old English gardens have much of the charm of colour and harmonious repose of Mr. Fulleylove's work, though he does not attain the technical mastery of the latter. His "My Lady's Garden" and "The Fish-pond" are, however, accomplished drawings, and beautiful in colour and lighting. Mr. Huson's "Lingering Mists" is a poetical treatment of a broad valley in the heat of early morning, which may be compared with Mr. Hine's masterly "Dawn." Mr. Jackson Curnock's "Twilight," with much that is sumptuous in colour, is injured by a weak foreground. Besides its powerful treatment, Mr. Nash's "Satisfaction"—a dead duellist lying in a sandy hollow by the sea-shore—is successful in rendering its limited range of colour, dull blue to grey, without producing monotony of effect. Among the smaller figure studies Carlton Smith's "Taking it Easy" is excellent in colour and draughtsmanship, solidly painted, and effective. Mr. Wetherbee's "Overburdened" is a pathetic study of a woman who has gathered her bundle of faggots and is returning home. The snowy landscape and winter sunset excellently relieve the mournful figure and heighten the sombre sentiment. While Mr. Collier and Mr. Hine and Mr. Wimperis share the chief honours in landscape, there remain drawings that merit notice by others which only fall short of their excellence; among them are—Mr. Pyne's "Sluice Gate, Walberswick," Mr. McWhirter's powerful study, "The Lord of the Glen," Mr. Frank Walton's "World of Heather," Mr. Warren's "Haunt of the Fallow Deer," and Mr. James Fahey's "Chatillon." There are several curiously literal transcripts of places, such as the bright and picturesque "Yeldham Hall" of Mr. Earle, Mrs. Savile Clarke's sombre but truthful "Southwold Marshes," and a number of others.

At the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours the show is decidedly good; there is more diversity of aim than usual, and an extended range of achievement. Many of the members appear at their full height of achievement, Mr. Lockhart, R.S.A., and Mr. Glindoni in figures; Mr. Albert Goodwin, Mr. Thorne Waite, Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. Cuthbert Rigby—with a luminous drawing of billowy downs and distant sea—and Mr. George Fripp in landscape. Mr. Carl Haag shows a large drawing of Eleazer journeying with Rebecca, treated with his usual consummate art. Mr. Brewtnall's "Fatima," a good conception, shows more surprise than horror in contemplating the blood-stained key, and is rather too obviously studied. Sir John Gilbert's sense of colour has rarely been more finely displayed than in his scene from "Timon," a rich and sombre woodland very powerfully treated. Mr. Charles Gregory's clever drawings are, as ever, a little too elaborately neat and clean; even the lichen on his red-brick walls suggest conscious application rather than giving breadth and tone of colour. The old man and girl who are scanning the stormy sea in Mr. Arthur Hopkins's "Signal of Distress" are highly expressive figures, harmonious in line and emphatic in character. Mr. Henry Moore shows a sea-piece delightful in colour, full of tidal sway and influence, and very brilliantly wrought. A Highland landscape, by Mr. Hale, abounds in refined and delicate manipulation, which yet is ineffective through want of breadth; its sedulous labour is too manifest. Mr. J. W. North, with even greater elaboration of detail and laborious development of foreground, presents a lovely and piquant effect of colour in his wild orchard (33), with all his old charm and subtlety. For the rest there is a clever impression of

Kensington Gore, under a stormy sunset, by Mr. Marshall; a very pretty interior (238) by Mrs. Allingham; a vivid little street scene by Mr. Alma Tadema; and some good landscapes (as water-colour landscapes go) by Messrs. Glennie, Lloyd, and Watson.

The picture show in connection with the International Exhibition at the Crystal Palace is somewhat miscellaneous, particularly in the British section, which is far less interesting than the continental exhibits. Among the English works are the President's "Captain Burton" and "Psammathé;" Mr. John Burr's pathetic "Home Shadows;" Mr. Millais' popular "Little Mrs. Gamp;" Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Meg Merrilies;" and equally familiar examples of Mr. Herkomer, Mr. C. Green, Mr. Calderon, and others. Prominent among the foreigners is Schulz-Briessen, whose "Fight in a Dancing Room in the Tyrol" is a powerful composition, painted with energy and skill, and full of animation and character; Mr. Soyer's "La Grève des Forgerons," inspired by M. Coppée's poem, and medalled at the Salon of 1882, is another important work, thoughtfully composed and forcibly realised; the subject is sufficient to test the powers of any artist, and is treated on a scale commensurate with the number of figures introduced and the stormy interest of the situation depicted, which is set forth with not a little dramatic power. Derones exhibits an historical work more potent in *vraisemblance* than is usual with historical painters; his "Arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes" deals successfully with one of the most familiar and not the least strange events of the Revolution. Other continental schools are fairly represented; the drawings are of average excellence only; the etchings and engravings merit a visit.

An exhibition at the Fine Art Society of "one hundred paintings and drawings by one hundred artists" is interesting and agreeable, and comprises, besides, some good work by young artists. "Fording a Highland Stream," by J. Donovan Adam, is a clever well-composed study of shaggy cattle descending an incline to a ford. "A Weight of Care," by Miss Dorothy Tennant, is a capital study of babyhood; Miss Bertha Newcombe's "Through the Long Grass" is a spring landscape—whose crude cold greens are truly vernal—with two children straying through the grass; the figures are powerfully wrought, but the sun that lights them fails to illumine the clouds that hang in the low-toned sky. Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Evening" is full of reposeful charm and harmonious colour. Mr. S. Melton Fisher shows, in "La Bella Mora," an exquisite sense of colour, a study very delicate and subtle; and Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Naughty Girl," a charming Dutch subject, is very prettily finished. Mr. Collier's "Psyche" is scarcely the ideal of Mr. Lewis Morris; it is exceedingly well painted, however, and the modelling is remarkably good and satisfactory. There are good drawings by Alfred Parsons, H. Moore, H. G. Hine, Mary L. Gow, and Mrs. Allingham.

At Mr. Mendoza's exhibition, King Street, St. James's, are on view, with other interesting works, examples illustrative of the utmost extremes of contemporary art. From the two early specimens of Mr. Burne Jones, "The Annunciation" and "The Nativity," to Mr. Dendy Sadler's humorous transcript of life, in "A Pegged Down Fishing Match," is a very far cry. "The Nativity," an extremely quaint triptych, archaic in technique and inspiration, is a composition for adoration, and impossible to criticise. In "The Annunciation" there is a tangible appeal to the imagination, the sense of colour and harmony. Mr. Sadler's picture depicts with vivid and definite characterisation a modern angling match; the absorbed sportsmen, the little group intent on measuring the last-landed fish, and the rustic spectators are all well contrasted, and the scene admirably realised. Good examples of foreign art are to be seen in a finished and charming study by Prof. Vinea, a remarkably clever Uhdi, a graceful Favretto, a large and dashing Simonetti, and others. "Feeding the Pony," by Heywood Hardy, W. L. Wyllie's "Coal Barges" and "The Boat Builders," and several Spanish subjects by J. B Burgess deserve mention among works by English artists.

Rosa Bonheur's most recent work, "The Monarch of the Herd," now exhibited at Mr. Lefevre's, King Street, is among the most masterly and powerful of her works. The head of the bull has force, character, distinction, and is superbly painted, and of perfect technique. Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Alma Tadema—whose brilliant genre painting, "The Parting Kiss," is also on view—is more notable for vigour than artistic excellence; the likeness is good, though scarcely animated, and the pose characteristic, but it is a grave defect to represent the picture on which Mr. Tadema has apparently been engaged with so much prominence. As it is, the slave in the picture—the "Hadrian in England"—is so pronounced in modelling, that the figure almost competes with the portrait itself, and is at first sight distracting, thus inordinately projected beyond its rightful plane.

Mr. Richard Elmore exhibits at the Hyde Park Gallery a portrait of the late Rev. John Russell, the result of sittings to the artist some thirty years ago. The famous parson—familiarly known to all the country side as "Parson Jack"—is represented in clerical garb, and not, as in all other portraits, as he rode to hounds, and is depicted with excellent force and individuality. Mr. Elmore has happily caught the most characteristic expression, though the face of the genial sportsman underwent considerable change during the thirty years preceding his death, the period when most of his friends first knew him. All who see this portrait must regret that Mr. Elmore was unable to obtain sittings when, as Mr. Russell writes to the artist, the old cleric was "nearer ninety than eighty." It has been admirably reproduced by the Autotype Company.

The exhibition of historical costumes at Messrs. Liberty's, Argyll Place, possesses an interest and value beyond the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the specimens shown. The costumes are of genuine historic accuracy, produced from the designs and under the direction of Mr. E. W. Godwin. The perfect realisation of every detail in the classical and archaic costumes is not less remarkable than the exquisite beauty of line and charm of colour which distinguish them. The beautiful Twelfth Century dress which Mr. Godwin has reproduced from a figure in Chartres Cathedral is unsurpassed for taste, elegance, and refinement; there is nothing but the inexorable fiat of fashion, and, perhaps, the incomparable beauty of a design which appeals only to the unsophisticated, to prevent its instant adaptation.

Among other more sumptuous costumes—all becomingly worn by some of Messrs. Liberty's employées—must be noted a superb English dress, copied from a portrait of Lady Jane Seymour; a magnificent Venetian costume of rich crimson, with a sumptuous gold brocade train; and a charming dress of the Charles II. period, such as is familiar in Lely's portraits, very refreshing in its cool lustrous white and dark blue satin. A Spanish costume, with the long green sleeves of gauze, recalling the lady of the old ballad, was also very charming. Some Greek and Roman costumes, accurately copied from vases or sculpture in the British Museum, very forcibly realised the artistic superiority of the Greeks, as well as their possession of characteristics too commonly considered peculiar to our times.

HERR VON FALKE'S "Æsthetik des Kunstgewerbes" (Stuttgart: W. Spemann) is a well-written and comprehensive handbook—for home, school, and workshop—of the processes of the various industrial arts: keramics, ironwork, bronzes, jewellery, furniture, and so forth. It is well and copiously illustrated with examples ancient and modern, and might, with advantage, be translated for English use.

FROM the Librarie des Bibliophiles (Paris: Jonaust), with a couple of volumes of a new edition of "Faublas," illustrated by Paul Avril and A. Monziès, we have received a comely *plaquette*, the "Monument de Alexandre Dumas," with an etching of Doré and an etching of Doré's statue to the greatest and most prodigious inventor of the century. In addition to these we have reprints of the several speeches of MM. About, Halanzier, Camille Doucet, Jules Claretie, and others—delivered when the Dumas statue was unveiled, and the several copies of verse—by MM. Richepni, Aicard, Dorchain, Des Essarts—recited on the same occasion by artists like Porel and Sarah Bernhardt and Delaunay. Some of this literature is good in itself. All of it is notable in that it proves that Dumas, in so many ways the greatest and soundest artist of his generation, is reverenced and loved as he deserves. To those who have delighted in "Monte-Cristo," "Chicot," and the "Musketeers," this record of his fame should be most welcome.

MR. BULLEN'S reprint of "The Life of Peter Wilkins" (London: Reeves and Turner) is a model of its kind. Paper and type are delightful; the coverings, if a thought delicate and apt to spoil, are of the daintiest and soberest; the *format*—not so small as to incur the reproach of insignificance, nor so large as to prove unwieldy—is perfect. There are no impertinent notes; and there is a remarkably sound and judicious preface. Those who have not made the acquaintance of Peter and the charming Youwarkee could hardly do better than take advantage of Mr. Bullen's introduction, and seek them out as they appear in their newest guise. Their story is one of the most curious—and for a good while one of the most interesting—in English literature; and as here presented, just as Paltock wrote it, and with all the quaint and fanciful pictures of the original edition, it is like to run Gulliver hard, and to prove no contemptible rival to the narrative of Crusoe himself.

ALL the tunes in "Leslie's Songs for Little Folks" (London: Cassell and Co.) are easy and pretty; it was a happy thought to collect and publish them; they should—and probably will—be sung all the world over. They have been illustrated by Mr. Millais with seven drawings and by Mr. Selous with one. Very charming in their way are the famous painter's designs for "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" and the "Morning and Evening Hymn." But the best of all is certainly the "St. Agnes' Eve," which has been used as a frontispiece. It is in Mr. Millais' earlier and better manner—is touched, that is to say, with the master-qualities of sincerity and imagination.

IN "The English Flower Garden" (London: John Murray) Mr. W. Robinson has produced a useful and workmanlike treatise on the art of garden-making, and a kind of dictionary of garden flowers: with full information as to their culture, and much excellent advice as to their functions and positions. The book, being at once suggestive and exact, is likely to be of service to everybody who is interested in horticulture. Its innumerable illustrations, often excellent, are always at least sufficient.

MR. W. A. S. BENSON, whose graceful lamps have gradually made their way far beyond the little circle of friends who first appreciated them, has issued some interesting "Notes on Some of the Minor Arts." This little *brochure* is charmingly printed, and is illustrated with several of Mr. Benson's designs for the decoration of rooms, for lamps, and for furniture. Indeed, the motive of the "Notes" is to exhibit the principles upon which Mr. Benson hopes to improve the arts of furnishing, to produce work "original in style, of shapely form, and carefully designed for convenience of use." The pamphlet should be popular.

THE illustrated "Catalogue of the Art Department of New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute" (Boston: Cupples, Upham, and Co.) is remarkably well produced. The size is quarto; the paper is good and glossy; the type is clear and pleasant; the initials, head-pieces, and vignettes are in excellent taste; it is an excellent record of an interesting exhibition. The illustrations—some fifty in number—are not extraordinarily suggestive. The best of them are probably the albertypes. The literature, which is the work of various hands, is—as Americans would say—"rather mixed" in quality.

"THE KING'S MANOR HOUSE AT YORK" (York: *Daily Herald* Office), by R. Davis, treats of one of the most interesting specimens of Tudor and Jacobean domestic architecture in the country. Mr. Davis's essay is clear and good. It is illustrated with admirable etchings by Mr. A. Buckle. Some of them show a rare power of indicating in the simplest and clearest manner the peculiar texture and colour of old woodwork and weather-beaten stone, a d all are remarkable for broad and effective treatment of light. The Manor House, long the residence of the Lord Presidents of the North, is now occupied partly by the Wilberforce School for the Indigent Blind, whose interests the present publication is well calculated to serve.

AMONG educational works mention may be made of Vere Foster's "Simple Lessons in Water-Colour: Flowers" (London: Blackie and Son), which is neatly and clearly written and choicely and appropriately illustrated; and of "A System of Elementary Drawing" (London: Chapman and Hall), by Mr. W. K. Cubley, which is novel and yet sound in principle, and must lead to good results.

ART IN JUNE.

THE report of the Royal Commission on Technical Education has been received with an amount of satisfaction which it does not justify. A careful perusal of the two bulky volumes that have been issued so far, convinces us that the anxiety felt and expressed for some years past has been but too well founded; and the suspicion that South Kensington has not done more than touch the fringe of the question of industrial art is confirmed on nearly every page. It is impossible to escape from the conviction, forced home by the evidence gathered by the Commission:—that in most that appertains to industrial art-teaching we are at least a generation behind the leading nations of Europe; and that if this country is to maintain its position in the forefront of manufacture, our efforts in this direction must be carried on not merely with redoubled energy, but with much more intelligence and practicality than has hitherto been the case. The evidence set forth in the report, if rightly and earnestly acted upon, will assuredly help to this end—it shows where and in what we have erred. Unfortunately the Commissioners are optimistic to a degree in their view of present and future alike; and their optimism has been reflected by nearly all sections of the press. Nevertheless, their recommendations, if logically carried out, will really amount to a revolution of elementary education in England; and in that they are certainly right. The reforms proposed are many and elaborately described; we hope presently to discuss those among them which deal with art-teaching at greater length than is possible at this writing. But in the mean time we feel that the first volume at least of the report should be carefully read by every manufacturer and every manager and every foreman in the country, so important and useful are its contents, so vital and direct its bearings on our industrial prospects and position.

THE claims of art at the International Health Exhibition are represented in a popular rather than an esoteric sense, and the industrial arts more prominently than the fine arts. The decorative arts, applied externally as well as to interiors, are fully displayed in the collection of Doulton terra-cotta and faience; in the Burmantorf faience of Messrs. Wilcock and Co., especially adapted to architectural decoration; and in the street of furnished rooms, where the principal makers in London have very effectively illustrated the subject in a series of elaborately fitted apartments. A multitude of other artistic objects are also fully exhibited—wall-papers, carved oak furniture, Venetian glass, and so forth. Transcending all else as an achievement, as well as in point of interest, is the picturesque presentation of old London, erected under the superintendence of Mr. G. H. Birch. This charming reproduction of domestic architecture in the Middle Ages is certainly the most brilliant feature of the exhibition. The whole of these quaint houses and inns, as well as the church of All Hallows and the entry at Bishopsgate, are reproduced from Mr. Birch's drawings, and are singularly complete and realistic; they are all copies of buildings more or less famous in history, and though arbitrarily united in one street, the effect is very harmonious. The most interesting decorative features are the wood-carvings and the peculiar plaster mouldings, both excellently rendered. The grotesque supports of the first-floor projection in Dick Whittington's house and the ornate plaster designs on the front of the house once in Little Moorfields are highly characteristic. Nothing can be better than the illusive force of the whole achievement, in colour, texture, and tone.

THE display of dress embraces the costumes of the period, the designs of reformers, such as the Rational Dress Association, and a very interesting and complete collection of mediæval costumes, prepared from drawings by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. These latter are arranged on life-size wax figures, and in chronological sequence, so as to illustrate the subject from the Norman Conquest to the first quarter of the present century. Nothing in the exhibition, save the resuscitation of old London, is more full of suggestion and interest. The designs are mostly obtained from the British Museum and similar sources, from the Harleian and Cotton MSS., though a few, and some of the most striking, are from portraits from foreign libraries and cathedrals. A beautiful costume of green, combined with a dull reddish stuff, figured with a quaint design of birds and scrolls, is from a window in Fribourg Cathedral; one of the earliest is also one of the simplest and most effective—a woman's dress of William I.'s reign, very flowing and attractive, with voluminous girdle and long lawn head-dress. Among the portraits are the Lady Bacon, the flower of the Elizabethan costumes; Lady Chesterfield and the Earl of Bristol, after Van Dyck; several Commonwealth dresses, exceedingly sad and prim, after etchings by Hollar; Mrs. Pritchard in the "Suspicious Husband," from the portrait in the Garrick Club, very dignified in spite of her tremendous hoop; and a Hogarth carrying a muff. Nothing is fresher and more fascinating than the Queen Anne costume, the Abigail in purple chintz and cap and ribbons to match. Very pretty, too, is a rural costume of George II.'s reign, a yellow figured gown, moderately set off with hoops. The effect of the George III. costumes is sometimes almost ruined by the imposing height and elaboration of the head-dress; two wonderful specimens of these powdered edifices are shown, taken from prints of 1777, and not, as might be supposed, from caricatures.

THE superb collection of Eastern carpets displayed by Messrs. Vincent Robinson is in itself a very remarkable feature; and of hangings, tiles, glass, and all manner of household ornaments, there is a show which is sure to interest and more than likely to instruct. At Mr. New-

man's old English forge blacksmiths are busy with iron-work of very considerable artistic quality; though, perhaps, it is not as truly "old English" as is the shop in which it is made. The Department of Science and Art has a special exhibit of work done by the students in various art schools in the country. Roughly speaking, it consists of (1) studies and designs; and (2) examples of work executed therefrom by various manufacturers and by the students themselves. Lambeth and Nottingham appear to take the lead: they best understand the practical application of art to industry. But not a little respectable work is exhibited by other schools.

The exhibition of drawings in black and white at Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s is the most interesting and varied since the days of the Dudley Gallery shows. Of course all such collections make no popular appeal, and interest chiefly the amateur and collector; their understanding and appreciation are the truest test of artistic sympathy. Prominent in the collection are Mr. G. L. Seymour's series of drawings illustrative of the upper Thames, some smaller drawings of the Inns of Court, and figure studies of character and landscapes in the East. Of the former the luminous and brilliant "Aston Ferry," the "Henley," with its fine scene of diffused sunlight, and the "Bisham Abbey" are admirable examples; a little drawing of "Richmond" is notable, and so are two exquisite moonlight pieces, the "Putney Bridge," and the not less delicate and more subtle "Barnard's Inn." Mr. Blair Leighton's "Shillingford" and "Near Marlow" are tender and rich in tone; the figures in the former are charming. Mr. Clausen's "Dutch Child Life" and Mr. Davidson Knowles' "The Nightingale" are excellent realisations of character, accomplished in design, and imaginative in expression. The figure in Mr. Tarrant's "The Deserted Home" is highly dramatic. Mr. A. W. Henley's "In Fontainebleau Forest," a transcript of wild undergrowth and woodland, is rendered with subtlety and reverential feeling, and is lightly and delicately handled. Good work is shown by Mr. R. W. Macbeth, Mr. Barclay, Miss Mary L. Gow, Mr. C. Gregory, and many others.

Mr. Whistler's annual jest, the exhibition of "Notes—Harmonies—Nocturnes" (this year at Messrs. Dowdeswell's), differs in no essentials from its predecessors. The "Notes" are merely what they profess to be: memoranda of colour and effect gleaned from the artist's portfolio, fugitive for the greater part, and of very unequal value—they are not so named from their relation to the more elaborate "harmonies." This being so, it was scarcely necessary for Mr. Whistler, in some prefatory remarks, which he audaciously entitles "L'envoi," to discuss the nature of the finished pictures with his wonted gay and graceless impudence. The brilliance and power of many of these "Notes" are striking enough to insure recognition without any dust-throwing. Mr. Whistler's preface, in fact, is nothing but an idler's apology for his idleness, with a dark and enigmatic sentence of conclusion to make things appear dignified and artistic. We may grant that "the masterpiece should appear as the flower to the painter—perfect in its bud as in its bloom," but we must not confound the bud with the blossom, the perfect with the imperfect development. The consultation of a dictionary, as well as the study of the Old Masters, instantly annihilates Mr. Whistler's analogy. Many of his records of colour probably attain to his most intense power of expression. Such are the orange note—a very clever study of a sweet-shop; the blue and silver note—a bright and joyous impression of the blue sunny sea; the "Novelette"—a pink note, delightful in colour and expression; the harmony in yellow and brown, a lugubrious study of a respectable street, full of humorous character and truth. These and others equally admirable possess undeniable charm, and are doubtless from the painter's conception perfect realisations, but their perfection is not the perfection of the flower.

At the Dudley Gallery a number of works by modern French artists of the advanced school merit attention. The portrait of Victor Hugo, by M. Bonnat, stands apart: solid, admirable, expressive, full of force and personality, if not precisely inspired. M. Henry Gervex is represented by his large canvas, "The First Communion at the Church of the Trinité," which was purchased by the State; his brilliant "First Arrival at the Café des Ambassadeurs;" and a charming little portrait of a blonde child entitled "Chilly." Nothing in the collection is more masterly than the second work; it is a *tour de force* of ingenious and facile accomplishment. Three huge pastels by M. de Nittis are distinctly the fruit of the Impressionistic movement; they are immensely clever, but utterly unrelieved by the artistic feeling which used to animate the work of M. Degas. M. Lerolle's "Nook of Paris" is a charming and imaginative transcript, very tender and delicate in colour; the landscape in his "Flight into Egypt" is full of mystery and repose. The best of M. Roger Jourdain's lot is a clever interior, showing a young couple who have quarrelled: a work very happily conceived, the *motif* lucidly illustrated and incisively told. M. Roll's "Luncheon," a child being fed by his *bonne*, is distinguished by its humour; the expression of the child's face is irresistibly droll, yet natural and quiet. Other noticeable works are M. Ribot's saturnine "Young Girl;" M. Besnard's study of a girl "In a Catholic Church"—very demure in expression, though not without guile; two portraits by the same artist; and a luminous little picture by Armand Charnay, entitled "In Touraine." The landscapes, good as some of them are, do not compete in interest with the exhibits in portraiture and genre.

At the Nineteenth Century Art Society's exhibition, Conduit Street, there is far too much hasty, ill-conceived work, and not a little that is positively bad. Even that evidence of labour which Mr. Whistler deprecates is less noticeable than the impression of stale and unprofitable repetition, of unabashed and even self-satisfied mediocrity. Foremost among the better class of works is Mr. J. E. Grace's "Moorland Pool" (79), rich and sombre in colour, with its cloud-canopy full of aërial movement and solemnity. Mr. Alfred Conquest's "Path by the River" is vivid and fresh in colour, and excellent in execution; Mr. H. M. Page's landscape (181) has merit, but is unpleasing in tone; Mr. Lindstrom's smaller landscape (90) is preferable to his large "Winter Evening," which is a trifle exaggerated—the intense level light is too lustrous locally and ill-diffused; Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Evening" and Mr. Yglesias' "On the Forth" are powerful and characteristic examples; and Mr. Musgrave and Mr. Hollingdale exhibit landscapes of merit. Mr. Gotch's "Old Woman" is a clever and

uncompromising study; Mr. Yeend King's "Bather" has a certain elegance, despite technical defects; Léon Herbo's "Coquette" is a clever study of a head, piquant and expressive. "Travellers," by Maria Brooks, is very impressive, in spite of the unnecessary excess of impasto in its execution; the figure of the woman resting by the wayside is instinct with forlorn and affecting sentiment. Among the water-colours is a brilliant drawing by C. Polidori—some soldiers carousing with two buxom girls—vivacious in characterisation and vitality.

The transformation of the well-known firm of Howell and James into a limited liability company has, we are glad to see, made no perceptible alteration in the annual Exhibition of Paintings on China, which keeps well up to level in its best work, and rises above it in general average. It is a good sign for the progress of the art amongst amateurs that the most coveted prize—the gold medal of the Crown Princess of Germany—has fallen to a lady who for the first time this year has distanced all competitors. This decision of the judges—Messrs. Marks and Goodall, the Academicians—is justified by the skill and care shown in three female figures in various costumes. A plaque of "Birds and Flowers," pretty and decorative, has, with a clever "Conventional Design," won Miss C. J. Barber the "Princess Alice" prize, and the "Princess Christian" has been given to Miss Kate Kirkman for two rounds forcibly painted with crab apples and passion flowers. We are not sure, however, whether the purer decorative sense shown by Miss Dorothea Palmer in her "Daffodil" tiles and the beauty of her "Hollyhocks" are not even more satisfying. At all events, this lady well deserves the "Prince Leopold" badge. Miss Nellie Hadden, whose nest of young sparrowhawks gains the "Princess Mary" badge, shows an advance in skill. The birds are "magnified," we presume, and look more of the size of young eagles; but they are drawn with care and spirit, and the execution of the nest and fir branches is very good. The other amateur prize-takers are—Miss Bessie Gilson, Mrs. G. R. Smith, Miss Bertha Bradley, Mrs. Swain, Miss E. Cooke, Miss C. V. S. Westoby (door-plates of conventional birds and sprays, neat and pretty), Mrs. F. Hall, Miss M. L. Vaughan, Mr. G. R. Smith (careful but laboured landscapes), Mrs. R. E. Pownall, Miss C. M. Shepherd, and Miss F. L. Staines. The first prize for professionals is taken by Miss E. Welby, with works which fully bear out the description of this lady's talent in Mr. Monkhouse's article published in our April part. Her "light and graceful fancy," and "treatment of girlish beauties" in a spirit "more ideal and more purely decorative" than is usual, are conspicuous in her elegant figure of "La Mandolinata," and her admirable plaque "in the Italian style." The latter, with its fine border of Cupids and rich colour, has the place of honour in the large gallery. Of the rest there are too many to say much. If Miss Everett Green has "gone off," Miss Linnie Watt is as charming as ever; and if Miss Gemmell, Miss Spiers, and Miss Strutt have not specially distinguished themselves, and Mrs. Sparkes and Miss F. Lewis were "too late," there is yet much to admire. The foreign contingent is stronger than ever. Space alone prevents us from signalising the work of such masters as Léonce Mallet, Grenet, Gautier, Quost, Vialle, Clair, and Mme. Merkel-Heine.

"Elton Ware," a name which will be familiar to our readers, still exhibits not only vitality but development. The rooms of Messrs. Howell and James have nothing of greater interest and novelty than the last "bakings" of the Clevedon Pottery. The "shapes" are even newer and quainter than usual, and the colours as beautifully and strangely blended as ever. In the decoration Sir Edmund Elton shows the same large and appropriate feeling, treating natural forms with a freedom and fancy all his own. Although by some caprice of his kilns his finest "anchovy" reds have failed to appear lately, the want of them is made up by other unexpected and not less delightful tints.

At the Clarendon Galleries, 175, New Bond Street, an exhibition of china and fan paintings is combined with other decorative work, faience and tile paintings and tapestries. Some panels of metalised foliage are also shown, the treatment of palm stems and the bolder forms of rush and river grasses being exceedingly effective. The process might with advantage be considerably extended, so as to embrace still nobler and more exotic forms of vegetation, due care being taken to preserve the just measure of relief and to adhere to the laws of composition. The china paintings include some excellent landscapes by MM. Grenet, A. Schulz, and others; some charming idyllic pieces by M. Demoneeaux, very refined in colour and sentiment; "The Letter of Introduction," by M. Bertren, a harmonious work with some humorously conceived figures excellently painted; and a very suggestive study by Miss C. H. Spiers, entitled "Meditation," charming in colour and highly expressive. The flower pieces are generally good; some of the more decorative plaques by Miss Kirkman, Miss Florence Lewis, Miss Conway, and others, are particularly effective and well designed. Miss A. Holt's study, "Desdemona," is distinct and powerful. The fan paintings call for little remark; Pierre Coutzen's "Chrysanthemums" is richly harmonised, and other fairly good designs are Miss A. H. Lock's "Seagulls" and "Dandelions." Miss Verner's "Black and Gold" is striking; so also are Paul de Longpré's designs. Among the screens are some good work by Miss Shoesmith and some metalised leaves by Miss Pitman; and in the tapestry-painting section a copy, by Robert Tuffs, of Mason's "Harvest Moon."

The exhibition of engravings, by Bartolozzi and his pupils, at Messrs. H. and J. Cooper's, Great Pulteney Street, illustrates not only the decorative value of the engravings themselves when framed in the quaint gilt mouldings of the last century, but also when applied to articles of furniture, inserted in the panels of cabinets, and otherwise. The special interest of the exhibition lies in the material employed in these fresh impressions from the old plates: the rich satin, creamy in tone, upon which they are struck, produces excellent results. The necessary work of retouching the old copper plates has been executed with due artistic restraint, and in tone, light and shade, and fineness of contour and expression, the results are very satisfactory. The room in which the engravings are directly applied to furniture is a model of refined and harmonious propriety, without the least suggestion of anything alien to the admirable *ensemble*. The grace and prettiness of Bartolozzi's art, limited and feeble indeed, but possessing a charm engaging to many, are adequately displayed thus combined with Eighteenth Century furniture. The insertion of medallions in the panels of cabinets is productive of a pleasant effect, the

red or brownish tone of the designs harmonising well with the dark rich red of the wood; it is also adapted to screens and other articles with an art equally skilful and unstrained.

AN exhibition of Meissonier's works, to last two months, and "au profit de l'œuvre de l'hospitalité de nuit," began at Paris, May 24. In spite of the Salon competition, it was from the first tremendously popular. It had not only its art side, but a social interest as well, and besides the amateurs, who form a large portion of *le tout Paris*, every self-respecting patriot naturally looked upon a visit as a matter of duty. Meissonier is not only a superb painter; he is, like Victor Hugo, part of the *gloire nationale* of his country. The destruction—recently so notorious—of a portrait by him was taken as a sacrilege rather than as a bit of simple savagery even: it was "like robbing a church." And entering the present exhibition is not unlike going into some consecrated place. The deportment and aspect of the mass of visitors convey a distinct impression of the sacred character of the objects regarded. Certainly no other painter in or out of France could hope for a similar testimonial of admiration quite unmingled with affectation, and in no degree dependent on qualities which appeal to clique or even to "schools." The catalogue contains 146 numbers, and a few pictures have been added since its publication, and the exhibition is believed to represent about a third of Meissonier's work. It extends over a period of fifty years—from 1834, when a little canvas, entitled "Bourgeois Flamands," contributed by Sir Richard Wallace, was first exhibited, to the present year. Some important pictures are lacking, as, for example, Mr. A. T. Stewart's "1807," which some years ago was painted to order for 300,000 francs, and of which only a photograph and sixty-seven preliminary sketches appear. The most important contribution is, perhaps, that of her Majesty, who sends her famous "Rixe." There are several large canvases —a cavalry review, a photographic souvenir of the Tuileries ruins, an ambitious allegoric failure, entitled "Paris, 1870–71," and one or two others. "Polichinelles," "Vedettes," "Card-players," "Chess-players," and the rest of the well-known round of Meissonier subjects abound. In the general look there is perhaps something trivial, naturally inseparable from every large display of minute objects. But one's impression of Meissonier's real value, *i.e.*, his great skill as a practical painter, gains distinctly by this opportunity of examining one after the other so many, and, within their range, such various productions of his genius.

THE Union Centrale des Arts Décoratifs will hold its third exhibition, at the Palais de l'Industrie, in the Champ Élysées, Paris, from the 1st of August to the 21st of November next. Full particulars may be had of the Secretary, Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, W.C. The Liverpool Autumn Exhibition will open on the 1st of September next. It will be held, as usual, in the Walker Art Gallery, which (it is important to know) has been much enlarged, and possesses a far greater and better hanging space than before. Representative exhibits will be contributed by the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Institute, the Royal Society, the Painter-Etchers, the Institute of Painters in Oil, and other artist corporations and societies, so that the gathering will be the most important ever made in Liverpool. The Hanging Committee, it is added, will consider and judge the pictures painted in competition for the Fifty Pound Prize offered by the Eistedfodd for the best oil-painting on a subject from Welsh history, and the works themselves will form a part of the exhibition.

THE death is announced of the painter and draughtsman, Ercole Catenacci; of the painter of Alsatian landscape and manners, Gustave Jundt (by suicide); of Paul Mercuri, engraver of Leopold Robert's famous "Moissonneurs;" of the painter and draughtsman, Henry Scott; of the glass-painter, Leonard Faustner, whose art is represented in St. Paul's, in Glasgow Cathedral, and in the Edinburgh Parliament House: of the marine painter, Edouard Pinel; of the genre painter, Otto Gunther, a professor at Königsberg; of the portrait-painter, Victor Fontaine; of the Italian engraver, A. Paris; of the historical painter, Paul Balze, a favourite pupil of Ingres; of Alexander Lesser, the painter of Polish life and character; and, at Düsseldorff, of the animal and landscape painter, Richard Burnier.

A NEW number in the "Nouvelle Bibliothèque Classique" (Paris: Librarie des Bibliophiles), and one of the best and prettiest of all, is the prose translation by MM. Bergaigne and Lehugeur of Calidasa's "Sakountala." What Goethe said of this immortal drama—

"Willt du Den Himmel die Erde mit einem Namen begreifen,
Nenn ich, Sacontala, dich, und so ist alles gesagt"—

is true now as when it was written, and will always remain so. The translation, albeit a little formal and prosaic, is eminently readable; in shape and size and aspect the volume is unexceptionable; a more charming publication, in fact, is not often seen. In the "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique," a series on which M. Jouaust has expended an infinite deal of pains and intelligence, the new volumes are the three last of Louvet's "Faublas." Carlyle has said all that need be said of the book as literature. The present edition, illustrated with fifteen gallant and pretty etchings, by Paul Avril and Monziès, is by far the comeliest and most attractive in existence.

IN a very comely little plaquette, printed for private circulation, by Mr. Henry Daniel, best of amateur typographers, Mr. Coventry Patmore has produced the few verses and poems left by his lamented son. Henry Patmore died at twenty-three. That his death was a real loss to English literature as well as to his friends is, from this volume, distressingly evident. The son of one of the best and the most English of our poets, of an artist whose practice is based upon the old heroic fashions of Milton himself, he had much of his own to say, and a method of saying it which was his own likewise. Here are true felicities of thought, true felicities of phrase, emotional touches straight from the heart, and reaching the heart; enough, in brief, to make us know that in Henry Patmore we lost a poet who might have been great, and who would assuredly been English—English with his whole soul, and through every atom of his work.

"WALKS IN FLORENCE" (London: Smith, Elder, and Co.), by Susan and Joanna Horner, is a new edition—revised, enlarged, corrected, and completely recast—of a very popular book. In its present guise it is more acceptable than ever. The illustrations, we should add, are poor, and might with advantage have been omitted.

ART IN JULY.

CATS will always be a favourite study. Really fine characters amongst them are scarce; but the ordinary pretty, cruel, luxurious, supple creature—all eyes and fur and claws—has enough both of beauty and, if we may be allowed the paradox, of human nature also, to dispense with transcendental advantages. It is a child on four legs and a lion in miniature, the glass of passion, the embodied spirit of mobility. However you take it, it has a phase attractive to both the philosopher and the painter, to a Richelieu or a Lambert. To the artist its very difficulties are fascinating, and a good kitten in paint or clay is almost as rare as a good baby. To suggest life and form under a bundle of hairs needs thorough knowledge and comprehension of the animal. You must grasp your kitten no less than your nettle. In the present Academy Mr. Hamo Thornycroft shows he has studied a cat (as he has studied a mower) for its sculpturesque qualities—to him a cat is a lion in miniature. Rejecting detail and the individual, he gives us the feline in monumental terms. Miss Alice Chaplin, on the other hand, gives us the child on-four legs, the domestic friend, the familiar sight, *la vie vécué*—in a word, genre—animal genre—plastic genre. Is this not a wholesome, legitimate, and pleasant form of art—and a vital one? Is there not room for a Wilkie as well as a Raphael, for a Chaplin as well as a Barye? Any doubt of an orthodox character vanishes into thin air as we look at her life-like kitten (1,829) and her sleepy old mousers (1,821). The modelling of these little works is thorough and subtle, and the treatment of the fur broad and dexterous.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club, in choosing "Drawings of Architectural Subjects by deceased British Artists" for their present exhibition, have thrown a wider net than usual, but have still followed a wise and fruitful impulse. It depends upon the taste of the visitor whether the collection will be attractive principally from the pictorial, the architectural, or the archæological side. Here are ruins of old glories of Greece and Rome and Egypt by Cockerell and Müller, Sir Charles Baring and "Athenian" Stuart, and projects unexecuted for St. Peter's at Rome by Antonio di San Gallo, for St. Paul's by Sir Christopher Wren, for Whitehall by Inigo Jones. There are the precise pen-and-ink drawings of Old Westminster by Hollar, and daring effects of light and colour by James Holland; English abbey and church by Turner and Girtin and Hearne; foreign palace and cathedral by Roberts and Wild, by Street and Deane; interiors of English mansions by J. Nash, and continental street scenes by Edridge and Prout; drawings mainly topographical by T. Malton and J. Kirby, and glimpses of the fine art of Bonington and Dodgson; while for those whose whole interest in art is connected with literature and humanity there are the house and tomb of Petrarch by S. Prout, and the monument of Abelard and Heloise by Scarlett Davis. The greatest value of the exhibition is, perhaps, the means it affords of studying the growth of the English water-colour school from topography to art, from tint to colour, and especially the growth of Turner, from his boyish efforts in Mr. Hardwick's office, to the mastery shown in his splendid drawings of the interiors of Ely Cathedral and Westminster Abbey. The drawings lent by Mr. P. C. Hardwick, Mr. Stephen Winkworth, Mr. John Morris, and Mr. J. C. Jackson, will be of special interest to all students of the earlier stages of Turner's art.

SOME new works in terra-cotta by Mr. George Tinworth, recently exhibited at Messrs. Doulton's, Lambeth, abound in the sculptor's distinctive qualities without the least tendency in treatment towards the pure sculpturesque. This is remarkably shown in "The Last Supper," designed as a reredos for the church of Walton-le-Willows, a composition of surprising vigour and originality. The upper chamber is indicated by a background of carved wood lattice, such as is common in Cairo, against which the figure of Christ is seen standing with folded arms and closed eyes listening to the chorus of exclamations proceeding from the disciples. The table at which these are seated is the sole feature in the composition in any sense conventional; nothing can be more dramatic than their varied and expressive gestures. Energy of the most vital kind and a significance highly dramatic characterise all the figures; the seat of Simon is overturned, the face of Philip is charged with imploring anguish, even John is convulsed with pain as he averts his face leaning on the shoulder of Christ, and the figure of Judas is unsurpassed in all Mr. Tinworth's work for expressive eloquence. Of a very different degree of merit is a large panel in low relief illustrating Mr. E. W. Gosse's poem, "The Sons of Cydippe," which serves rather as an anti-climax to the native vigour and undisciplined inspiration of "The Last Supper." Scarcely less impressive are some smaller panels, one of which depicts Haman leading Mordecai on horseback through the streets, and renders the scene with wonderful truth and vivid actuality. The animation of the city street, the curiosity of the spectators, the disgust of Haman, are given by the artist with really amazing force and humour

THE Du Maurier exhibition at the Fine Art Society's rooms suffices to show at a glance the excellence and the limitations of the artist's work, and the exact degree of injury the designs have suffered by reproduction. Many will be surprised to find how considerable is the loss of refinement and expression, when the drawings are compared with the woodcuts in *Punch*; all, however, will enjoy the opportunity of studying work so fastidious, delicate, and characteristic, and which with all its limitations thoroughly merits the distinction of special exhibition. The particular phase of society Du Maurier illustrates is inevitably comprised within very rigid lines,

beyond which the artist's excursions, few though they be, cannot be considered in any sense remarkable. Mr. Henry James, in his readable but not very critical essay, apparently is willing to credit his hero with versatile powers. He perceives success where most can distinguish clear failure, and detects innumerable subtleties of expression and significances of detail that few will be prepared to find even with the light provided by his superior discernment. He considers Du Maurier's representation of what is called low life equal to his admirable series of transcripts of the drawing-room and the park, "allowing for a certain want of breadth in his humour." This large allowance it is impossible to make for the most obvious reasons. The example cited by Mr. James, "A Quartet," which shows two Yorkshire fishwives, is a singularly unfortunate selection for special illustration of his views.

In his picture, "Mary Queen of Scots being Led to Execution," at Messrs. Cowtan's, Oxford Street, Signor Priolo has attempted to give a dramatic rendering of a passage in Miss Strickland's history, rather than an impressive presentment of the beautiful queen. Mary is seen issuing from the hall of the palace with hands clasped and face expressive of grief and dismay, while behind her the throng of friends and attendants, the faithful Maries and the rest, press after her, but are restrained by the force of the guard. The incident is related with considerable animation and effect, and the work is well composed, though it is probable it would gain breadth and force in black and white, as it is weak and cold in colour, and hard and flat in atmosphere. It is an accurate commentary of Miss Strickland's prosaic passage, and makes no appeal to the imagination, and leaves the fancy unstirred.

Not much more can be said of M. Sucharowski's "Nana," at the Egyptian Hall, than that it is cheap, clever, and singularly impudent—a Salon picture of the vulgarest type. It is impossible to decide how much of the impression it gives is due to the admirable artifices exercised in presenting it—the raised stage, the mirror, the darkened room, the one side-light dexterously shaded—and how much is due to technique. No great work of art need shun the light of day; and "Nana" appeals not so much to lovers of art as to lovers of M. Zola's works—two very distinct divisions of mankind.

The specimens of tapestry-painting on view at the studio of M. Rischgitz, Cambridge Lodge, Linden Gardens, Bayswater, comprise many designs of high artistic merit, not merely charming in colour and composition, and of excellent decorative value, but capable of the most extended adaptation for practical purposes. This is well illustrated by a series of beautiful paintings designed for a boudoir by M. Rischgitz, embracing a portière, sofa and chair paintings, and so forth, and suggestive, in sentiment and the delicate harmony of colour, of the art of Fragonard and Boucher. The invention and fancy displayed in the Renaissance ornament of the borders of these paintings are remarkable for elegance and ingenious propriety, and evince the knowledge and experience gained by the artist in china-painting. The beauty and transparency of the pigments and the degree of absolute fixation attained distinguish these designs from ordinary tapestry-painting on canvas; without at all ignoring silk or satin, M. Rischgitz chiefly employs a wool rep-like texture with the most admirable results. Other designs by Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Hamilton Jackson, M. Grenié, and Mrs. Sparkes are also shown, and the general impression is of good augury for the future of this most fascinating art. In these days, when so many young artists of promise suffer rejection of their work by reason of competition and the congested condition of the exhibitions, it is opportune that so fresh and fair a field should be open to them, and one so truly favourable to the development of their powers. In England young artists are too apt, from diffidence or custom, to regard the channels of interpretation as rigidly bound, and that once a painter in oils is to be always a painter in oils, not accepting the broad view of their art common to continental artists. There is no doubt that M. Rischgitz's method of tapestry-painting offers abundant scope to artists the most gifted and versatile.

At the Hôtel Drouot the sixth and last section of the Firmin-Didot library has been sold for 122,949 francs. The top prices were 5,290 francs for an "Œuvre Peinte" of Jehan Foucquet, and 9,900 francs for a manuscript of the Koran. The Hetzel Gavarnis, 134 in number, realised a total of 94,000 francs; and the Virot furniture a total of 355,000 francs.

The sale of sales, however, has been that of the Fountaine collection, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. The total realised was over £91,000. Some of the individual prices are extraordinary. Thus, a Faënza plate (Sixteenth Century) brought 920 guineas; a Palissy cistern, 1,050 guineas; a pair of Palissy ewers, 1,510 guineas; a single ewer (the "Briot"), designed (it is said) by Benvenuto and produced by Palissy, 1,310 guineas; and a Palissy cistern, 1,820 guineas. Among the Limoges enamels, one ewer went for 1,250 guineas; another, by Jean Courtois, for 2,300 guineas; a dish, attributed to the same great master, for 2,800 guineas; and a dish by Léonard le Limousin, for 7,000 guineas. Of Henri Deux ware there were but three pieces, one a good deal cracked and chipped. One, a small *Biberon*, sold for 1,010 guineas; the second, a *Mortier à Cire*, for 1,500 guineas; the third, a small *flambeau*, for 3,500 guineas. After this the sensation prices of the sale were £903 for an oval cup in rock crystal, and £4,452 for an Italian ivory horn.

The death is announced of Pierre Richard, the sculptor (by suicide; after rejection for the Salon); of the painter, Anatole de Beaulieu, a pupil of Delacroix; of Alfred Benjamin Wyon, Chief Engraver of Her Majesty's Seals; of Ridgway R. Lloyd, the archæologist; of Arthur Perigal, R.S.A.; of William Henry Haines, the landscape and genre painter; of Professor A. L. Richter, landscape-painter and designer; and of E. T. Rogers, the eminent Egyptologist.

Some time back we commented on the serious consequences which might ensue if Mr. Ruskin's recommendation that young ladies should devote themselves to copying Turner were taken too much in earnest. It is only too probable that our fears were justified; young ladies are obviously copying Turner with zeal, and before long we may expect to find ourselves surrounded on all sides by the results. For sixpence the awful truth can be verified with ease. Let him who would visit the National Gallery on a

students' day, and direct his steps towards the Turner Room. If he wishes to see the pictures, he will not enter it, for his ears will tell him it is full of a busy throng. Of course they are copying Turner, and—what is worse—of course the copies will have to be sold.

Some time ago Mr. Long, R.A., produced a portrait of his brother Academician, Mr. Samuel Cousins, the eminent engraver. This portrait has been mezzotinted by the sitter himself, and is published by the Fine Art Society (London: New Bond Street). The engraving, as it seems to us, is very much better than the original picture. Mr. Cousins, a most accomplished craftsman, has put forth all his skill on the plate—has strengthened the drawing, improved the modelling, and given the whole a touch of individuality. The picture was feeble and common; the engraving is neither.

The eleventh *livraison* of the Hermitage Autotypes (Paris and Dornach: Ad. Braun. London: the Autotype Company) includes some magnificent work. Chief among the Italians is Raphael (38[2]), with the Child and the St. John from the "Vierge de la Maison d'Albe," a group whose inspiration is of the highest, and whose effect is simply incomparable. The "Paul III." (101) of Titian is a fine portrait; the photograph, however, appears to be the result of certain re-touchings, by which the lights have been unduly heightened, and which, if they have been practised, as we think they have, are very much to be condemned. The Luini (75), a "Virgin and Child," is mannered as always, and not so charming as usual. A Giovanni di Pietro (8) is singularly quaint, human, and sincere. Andrea del Sarto's "Santa Barba" (25), if a little coarse in type, is excellent in every way besides. Among the Dutchmen Rembrandt, as always, is supreme, with a part of the head and bust of his noble "Lieven van Coppenol" (808[2]); a wonderful "Old Woman" (823); and a "Portrait de Femme" (829), which is a culmination of romantic realism. The two panels from Heemskerke's "Calvary" (490[2]) are extraordinary; work so naturalistic, yet so charged with passion and imagination, is not often seen. The Ruysdael (1,139) is good, but not exceptionally good. To the others—Metzu and Teniers, &c.—the same remark applies. Among the Flemings are Rubens (583) with an admirable "Portrait d'une Jeune Dame"—sober, solid, masterly—and an excellent allegory (562), of the victories of the Cardinal Infant—large in conception, monumental in effect; and Van Dyck (628), with a "Portrait of a Young Man," a masterpiece of character, pose, craftsmanship alike. Of the Spanish school we have a fine Velasquez (419), a full-length "Philip IV.;" and of the French a typical Chardin (1,514), "La Blanchisseuse," good as composition, simple and true in sentiment, excellent in colour. Of the others—Murillo, Pijnacker, Antonio Moro, Van der Helst, Carlo Dolci, and so forth—we need say nothing.

The second part (vol. ii.) of Mr. S. A. Audsley's "The Ornamental Arts of Japan" (London: Sampson Low) is in some ways superior to the first. The examples chosen for illustration are mostly better, the text is less dubious and more authoritative, there is less scrappiness and more attempt at continuity. The printing is, as ever, admirable; in colour or in monochrome, of foukousa or sword-hilt, of bronze or lacquer, these reproductions (twenty-five in all) are one and all the best of their kind. The work, however, is still scrappy and unscientific—is rather a superbly illustrated catalogue than a serious contribution to critical literature. Prominent among the specimens of Japanese work illustrated by Mr. Audsley are the several foukousas—such achievements in the art of embroidery as we Westerns are incapable almost of conceiving, much less accomplishing. One (ii. 2) is an arrangement of white and gold upon blue, with a touch of vermilion to complete and exalt it; it shows a crane in the air and a tortoise in the sea, with a red moon over all. Another (iv. 2), a flock of cranes on the wing, is the most charming harmony imaginable of white and brown and gold on green. Another (iv. 3), woven in the loom, is a delightful "symphony in fans." The lacquers selected by Mr. Audsley are, as it seems to us, rather ineffective than otherwise. Some of the incrusted work, on the other hand, is unexceptionable: as, for instance (ii. 5), a panel of melumbium and chrysanthemum, in wood and ivory, lacquer and gold; and the panel (ii. 4), representing—in ivory, gold, mother-of-pearl, black and gold lacquer, and brown wood—a pair of fowlers plying their craft by night. Among the metal-work mention should be made of a magnificent gold jar (i. 6), from Nishi-hongwan-ji, the famous temple at Kioto; of a noble piece of bronze (v. 6) from the same hoard; and of Dr. West's group of cranes (vi. 14) in bronze and silver. There is only one drawing (iv. 1), but it is a very pretty one indeed. The cloisonné enamels are insignificant.

The "United States Art Directory and Year Book," compiled by S. R. Koehler (New York and London: Cassell and Co.), 1884, is the most comprehensive thing of the sort we have seen. Considering the immense amount of matter to be condensed it is also wonderfully clear. It has to deal with innumerable small institutions, distributed over a vast area of non-centralised country; and to register the doings, exhibitings, and addresses of that most cosmopolitan wanderer, the American artist. To say that it does all this successfully is to say everything.

The "National Academy Notes" (New York and London: Cassell and Co.), besides the ordinary catalogue with illustrations, which, by the way, is excellently got up, contains a short but extremely interesting history of the rapid rise of the American National Academy. Like many other Academies it seems to have trained but few of the best contributors to its exhibitions; they all hail from France or Germany. At the end is a list of artists' studio addresses, with the hours and days when it is most convenient for them to receive: an excellent custom, as much in artists' interest as in that of the public.

Miss Louise McLaughlin's "Suggestions to China Painters" (Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.) is a capital little manual. Amateurs will find it full of necessary information and valuable advice. The author wisely urges learners to study drawing, and not to rely on tracing, as they must inevitably draw with the brush when they begin to paint. Her first three chapters, which are preliminary and less special, are well worth anybody's attention, whatever branch of art he (or she) may wish to take up. Her remarks on conventional and naturalistic decoration are sensible and just. She advises the study of Japanese art, but she is careful to say that mere copying is

useless, and that the intelligent adaptation of nature to design is the special lesson to be learnt from all good Japanese work. The practical counsels on firing, colours, and so forth, are as ample as could be, without overburdening the learner with too much knowledge.

Mr. A. MacGeorge's "W. L. Leitch, Landscape-Painter" (London and Edinburgh: Blackie and Son), is the history of the struggles and final success of a man who had no special education in an art in which every one nowadays seems to require and to receive long technical training. Although we are advanced far beyond the Pre-Raphaelite movement (horribly abused, by the way, by Mr. Leitch and his friends, under the name of the "New School"), yet few of us will be able to avoid taking an interest even in Leitch's own art, and admiring the half-classic, half-Turneresque compositions so pleasantly reproduced for us here. Latterly Leitch never exhibited in the Royal Academy; his work, it must be noted, his oil-painting especially, would have been greatly at variance with the spirit of the time. It is curious to read of a landscape painter educated in a large town and chiefly behind the scenes of a theatre; it is a proof, though, that art is many-sided, and it is a hint that the naturalists had better make hay while the sun shines, for "man knoweth not the day nor the hour" when another revolution may upturn another facet of the wheel. In these days thorough courses of public instruction are taking the place of the old private lesson, and Mr. Leitch was one of the last great fashionable "drawing masters." That is significant. This book is dedicated to its subject's most illustrious pupil the Queen.

M. Carl Vosmaer's "Amazon" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), tolerably translated by Mr. E. J. Irving, and insignificantly frontispieced by Mr. Alma Tadema, belongs to that irritating kind of literature which under the guise of a story treats one to a sermon. From "Sandford and Merton" to "Romola" boy and man have risen against "amusement combined with instruction." M. Vosmaer has much to say on Art, and may possibly be able to write a story; but he is quite unable to render artistic the effort to do both at the same time. His book is more "superior" than Ouida's "Ariadne," but also duller; if the art criticism is sounder, the story is emptier. Van Walbrock, Aisma, and Marciana are happily more cheerful and better posted in Lemprière than Maryx, Ariadne, and the insufferable Cobbler. Together they thrash out all the burning questions of the various arts—"classic reticence," respect for tradition, legitimate realism, photographic naturalism, and vulgar sensationalism. Marciana is a poetess and Van Walbrock a general dilettante and special admirer of Horace; while Aisma practically illustrates every excellence on his canvases. In his immortal manifestations, "antique qualities" are combined with "modern depth of feeling;" at least M. Vosmaer combines them for him on paper. It all reminds us of the religious story with a moral: how one Farmer Beard goes out driving on Sunday with other men of Belial, and the whole crew perish miserably and inevitably within the year. One would like to see it in real life before saying much about it; that is all.

In "Euphorion" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) Vernon Lee explains the Renaissance—or rather certain aspects of the Renaissance in a manner which reminds one now of Michelet, now of Mr. Walter Pater, now of both and now of neither. The book is exceedingly clever and striking. It is extravagantly allusive, of course; its subject-matter is sometimes disagreeable; its conclusions are often dubious, and its flavour of culture is nearly always excessive. But it is written (its crowd of metaphor notwithstanding) with irresistible *brio*; it abounds in novel views and ingenious ideas; and though it is hardly anywhere convincing, it is nearly everywhere suggestive and illuminating.

The second volume (in two parts) of the Mahaffy translation of M. Victor Duruy's "History of Rome" (London: C. Kegan Paul and Co.) is better illustrated than the first. In the first part, with a couple of maps, are half a dozen chromo-lithographs, and some three hundred and thirty woodcuts and process blocks; in the second, four chromo-lithographs, three maps, and over three hundred cuts in black and white. Art, locality, portraiture, religion, architecture, armour, numismatics, are all suggestively and exactly illustrated, and the result is an added interest to the most interesting of books, an added value to the most readable and valuable of histories.

M. Edmond Bonnaffé's "Dictionnaire des Amateurs Français au XVIIième Siècle" (Paris: Quantin) is a model of its kind. It is admirably produced, of course; and it contains biographical notices of some eleven or twelve hundred collectors. To the amateur, whatever the object of his passion—ivories, drawings, enamels, Old Masters—it is invaluable and indispensable. Of the new volume in the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," M. Jules Martha's "L'Archéologie Étrusque et Romaine," all that need be said in this place is that it is one of the good numbers in a series of its kind the best in existence.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are, as usual, the publishers of Mr. Blackburn's excellent "Academy" and "Grosvenor" notes, and of M. Dumas' useful—or rather indispensable—catalogue of the Salon. Two new numbers of Mr. R. E. Graves's edition of "Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" (London: Bell and Sons) bring on that admirable work from "Cazes (Pierre-Jacques)" to "Gregorio Fostman." Mr. Stanley Little's "What is Art?" (London: Swann Sonnenschein and Co.) is a rhapsody in one volume, often amusing, mostly impassioned, and none the less earnest for being a little turgid in style, and a little dubious in ideal and ambition. The author, who strengthens his position with free quotations from Dr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Wyke Bayliss, Mr. Ruskin, and other eminent authorities, has found his hero-painter in the late Cecil Lawson. To say that is to say everything. Mr. Edward Bradbury's "Derby China: Old and New" (London and Derby: Bemrose and Sons) is pleasantly written, and contains some interesting matter about Derby ware in general, and the Gladstone Dessert Service in particular. Mr. Cartlidge's "Elementary Perspective" (London: Blackie and Sons), in the Poynter series of South Kensington Drawing Books, is, like most of its predecessors, a useful and helpful publication enough. It may, with advantage, be studied in conjunction with Mr. W. H. Cubley's "System of Drawing" noticed by us some months ago. In the same series honourable mention may be made of Books I., II., and III. on the figure, the models chosen being the "Venus of Milo," the "David" of Michelangelo, and the "Dionysos" of the Elgin Marbles.

ART IN AUGUST.

The President has been elected a Foreign Associate of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in room of Mercurj, the engraver, deceased; his rivals (unsuccessful) were Hans Makart, the Viennese painter, and Giulio Monteverde, the Roman sculptor. M. Hébert goes again to the Villa Médicis as the new Director of the Académie de France: this time he succeeds M. Cabat; in 1866 he succeeded M. Robert-Fleury. Mr. Henry Eyre retires from the Registrarship of the Academy, which he has held for six-and-thirty years. Mr. Scharf is to be asked to sit for his portrait: for the Board Room of the National Portrait Gallery. Dr. Von Sallet has been made Director of the Berlin Münz-Kabinet, *vice* the late Dr. Friedlander. M. Cabanel has been made a Commander, and MM. Benjamin Constant and Robert-Fleury have been made Officers, of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Arthur Evans has succeeded the late John Henry Parker as Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

It has been decided to hand over the decoration of Blackfriars Bridge to Messrs. Belt, Brock, Thornycroft, and Birch; it is hoped the decision is not final. Mr. Watts's "Hugh Lupus," for the city of Chester, has been successfully cast in bronze. Mr. J. D. Linton is at work again on his picture of the marriage of the Duke of Albany. Mr. Burne Jones is engaged upon a set of cartoons for the decoration in mosaic of the American Church (Street's) in the Via Nazionale, Rome; the figures are of superhuman size; the style is that of the Ravenna mosaics; the subject is "A Majesty with the accompaniment of Angels and the Angelic Host at large." Mr. Boehm has in hand statues of the late Duke of Marlborough, Darwin, Prince Leopold, Dean Wellesley, and Sir Ashley Eden. Mr. John Sargent has painted a portrait of M. Rodin, who is working upon busts of the painter and M. Antonin Proust. M. Lhermitte has made an etching of Rouen Cathedral. M. Gaillard has well-nigh finished his engraving of the "St. George" for the Chalcographie du Louvre, and has accepted a commission for the reconstruction and reproduction of Lionardo's "Last Supper." Mr. Shields has fitted Rossetti's "Passover" to a light in the memorial window in Birchington Church; the design for the other is Mr. Shields's own, and pictures Christ and the Blind Man going out by the gate of Bethsaida. The competition for the decoration of the Mairies of the Fourth, Fifteenth, and Twentieth *arrondissements* has been won by M. Comerre (50,000 francs), MM. Humbert and Lagarde (50,000), and M. Léon Glaize (64,000 francs).

M. Quantin announces "Son Altesse, la Femme," a new book by M. Octave Uzanne, illustrated by MM. Gervex, Lynch, Kratké, Gonzalès, Félicien Rops, and Adrien Moreau. The new numbers in the "Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art" (Paris: J. Rouam) will be devoted to a translation (in two volumes) of Carel van Mander, called "The Flemish Vasari," and to a "Musées d'Allemagne," by M. Émile Michel. With these the first series will close. Mme. Judith Gautier (Paris: 108, Avénue des Champs Elysées) invites subscriptions for her forthcoming "Poèmes de la Libellule," translated from the Japanese, with illustrations by Yamamoto. Messrs. Seeley and Co. announce the publication of Mr. Hamerton's "Landscape," which will be equal in size and importance with the same distinguished critic's "Graphic Arts," and will contain some forty illustrations after Turner, Van Eyck, Titian, Hobbema, Girtin, Corot, Claude, and other masters. Messrs. Cassell and Co. will shortly publish a "Romeo and Juliet," illustrated in *photogravure* from designs by Mr. Frank Dicksee. Messrs. Agnew propose to publish a mezzotint by Mr. Stacpoole of the Murillo they bought at the Leigh Court sale. MM. Braun are photographing in the National Gallery.

In Vienna, 125,000 francs have been subscribed for a statue to Mozart, which is to cost as much again. It is proposed to institute a competition. Foreign artists will be invited to submit designs, and there will be three prizes: of 7,500, 5,000, and 2,500 francs. In Paris they are subscribing gallantly for a monument to Delacroix.

Mr. D. R. Newman is an American artist of whose drawing Professor Ruskin writes in rapturous terms; and it may reasonably be assumed that the praise awarded to the drawings is not withheld from the large landscape of "The Bay of Lerici," exhibited at the Burlington Gallery. The work is full of delicate observation and refined artistry, evincing very thoroughly the painter's acceptation of Professor Ruskin's dogmas and the Turner legend. It recalls the early manner of Mr. Alfred Hunt; it has much of that artist's subtlety of colour, a remarkable atmospheric glow and depth, and an elaborate painstaking of the obvious kind that vexes the soul of Mr. Whistler. With some rare artistic qualities—with a distance of mountain range and sea horizon admirable for tone and exquisite in aërial force and truth—it just falls short of realising perfect harmony and a noble conception by its arbitrary composition and distressingly tortured foreground.

A small but interesting collection of ancient glass and silk and cotton fabrics from Cyprus is on view at Messrs. Liberty's, the antiquities being the property of Col. Warren, R.A., and forming a portion of the Chief Secretary's extensive collection. The glass comprises some fine examples, though it offers no special points of archaeological interest or striking novelty of form: a red glass plate is notable, and the iridescence of many of the vessels is very rich. More curious are some fragments of pottery, a large bronze mirror with a piece of the original cloth in which it was wrapped, and a portion of armour which is undoubtedly very old, possibly dating before the Christian

occupation. The silk and silk-and-cotton fabrics are such as are still made by the Cypriotes on their rustic hand-looms, and such as have been made by them without variation of type from remote times. They are quite unknown here, and should from their cheapness and durability and beauty and softness of texture prove acceptable. Some specimens of many-coloured sashes and scarfs are truly barbaric in crudity and violence of colour, and very characteristic of a primitive people.

The School of Photography established in Regent Street by the London Stereoscopic Company is quite a sign of the times. Here the amateur may obtain that practical knowledge which far outbalances all theoretical reading, and in one course of lessons—which are gratuitous—may execute work in which he may well take pleasure, besides thoroughly mastering the principles of the art. Indeed, more may be learned in one lesson at the school, by reason of the excellent practical method followed, than by the study of all the wilderness of manuals. The application of photography is now so extended and varied, and its practice is so simplified, that it appeals to all classes and professions, as well as to those who are attracted to photography for its own sake. It is equally useful to the architect and engineer, to the archæologist and the sculptor, the painter of landscape and cattle and the tourist who values his reminiscences of travel. With ladies, too, it is fast becoming a veritable hobby; it involves no risk of accidents, of burnt and blackened hands and injured dress. At the London Stereoscopic School the necessary apparatus may be had in the neatest and handiest form. In landscape the efforts of amateurs are most distinctly successful: as we have repeatedly observed, in some really beautiful negatives taken in the early stages of tuition.

As a first step towards the formation of the Scottish Portrait Gallery, a loan collection of Scottish National Portraits has been opened in Edinburgh. The exhibition includes examples of almost every Scottish portrait-painter of note from old Jameson, the "Scottish Van Dyck," to Watson-Gordon and Macnee. There are besides many fine pictures by Holbein, Van Dyck, Reynolds, Romney, and Raeburn. The walls are rich in portraits of Mary Stuart and her contemporaries. Of the queen herself there are no less than nine presentments by different hands, including the well-known Fraser-Tytler portrait, which Lord Seton bore as a gift to Queen Elizabeth. Of interest, too, is a "Lord Darnley," unfortunately of rather doubtful authenticity. Then there are John Knox, Cardinal Beaton, the Earl of Arran, Mary's unfortunate lover, who lost both his heart and his head; Gaetano's "Pius V.;" Mary Beaton, one of the "four Maries;" and the Regent Murray.

None of the Van Dycks are first-rate, all having undergone the act of the restorer; but there is a goodly show of Covenanting portraits, among them Lely's famous Strathmore portrait of Claverhouse and his admirable "Archbishop Sharp." Among the best of the Reynoldses are an eminently characteristic "Boswell," a delightfully vivacious head of Lady Minto, and a stately "Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch." Romney is seen at his very best in the large group of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, with her son the Marquis of Huntly, and in the magnificent head of "Ossian" Macpherson, the last especially standing quite alone in its quietude and simplicity and its thoroughness of workmanship. Then, there are fully a score of Allan Ramsay's portraits, several Wilkies, including the famous "Abbotsford Group," and nearly fifty Raeburns, among them the magnificent portrait of himself—his masterpiece—and the very graceful, seated figure of his wife. Neither of the two Gainsboroughs is good; and of the Lawrences the best and least conventional is a head of the witty Dr. John Moore.

The list of Scottish celebrities, literary, legal, and ecclesiastical, is too long to quote. But mention may be made of a "Burns," ascribed to Nasmyth; of portraits of Sir Walter Scott, by Sir William Allan, Raeburn, Sir Francis Grant, and Watson-Gordon; of Mr. Whistler's and Mr. Herdman's portraits of Carlyle; and of the portraits of Wilson, Jeffrey, Horner, Mackenzie (the "Man of Feeling"), Campbell, Lord Chancellor Campbell, Dr. "Delta" Moir, Hugh Miller, and Robert Chambers. The exhibition is supplemented by a carefully compiled biographical catalogue from the pen of Mr. J. M. Gray, the Curator of the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

A loan collection of the works of the late Sam Bough, R.S.A., has been held in Edinburgh. Bough was a water-colour painter *par excellence*, with distinct touches in his practice of the methods of David Cox. His oil paintings—studio work almost all—savour too strongly of the scene-painting of his earlier years, and have been built up on the work of other men. They are panoramic enough, but not tender in colour, nor original in idea, nor instinct with any of the higher essentials of landscape work. But his water-colour drawings, done directly from nature, stand alone in their freshness and simplicity and sweetness of colour. He showed an extraordinary facility in seizing the main facts of a scene, and noting them in a few bold, expressive washes. His sketches are flooded with clear, silvery light—for the light was always the main thing with Bough—and are full of dash and sparkle. The present collection contains much that is indifferent, with some good work, and not a little that is utterly bad. Here, for instance, is one of the very best oil pictures that Bough ever painted, "The Tower of London," a fine glimpse of the Thames, cleverly composed, eminently pictorial, and only faulty in its young and foolish craftsmanship. Among the best of the water-colours are a very lovely and delicate "Borthwick Castle;" a sparkling "Guildford Bridge;" good drawings of "Kirkwall" and "Iona;" and a "View in Cumberland." Mention should also be made of a quite exceptional sketch in oil, "Queen Mary's Well, Barncluith," which showed that now and then Bough could use the medium well, though, as usual, with a reminiscence of somebody else.

The exhibition of the Bradford Art Guild comprehends some hundred and seventy numbers: in oils, water-colours, and black and white. Among the first are Mr. Christie's "Jeannie Deans;" Mr. Stanhope Forbes's "At Quimperlé;" Mr. Holloway's "Westminster Houses;" Mr. Mark Fisher's "Sunny Pastoral;" Mr. Aumonier's "The Edge of the Common;" and a couple of portraits by Mr. La Thangue. Among exhibits the work of local artists, mention must be made of Mr. Boyes' "The Mower;" of "Haymaking and Lovemaking" and "The Old Gardener," by Mr. J. Charles; of a certain landscape (84) by Mr. Arthur Rigg; of Mr. Gelden's "Studley Park" and "Milking-Time;" Mr. W. B. Megson's "A Medley;" and Mr. Renard's "On the Aire."

AMONG the pictures sent on loan to that most excellent institution the Queen's Park Museum, Manchester, are Sir Joshua's "Death of Dido," Ary Scheffer's "Francesca da Rimini," Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Harmony," and Mr. Madox Brown's "Work." In one room is Mr. Tinworth's "Sons of Cydippe;" in another, Signor Argenti's "Tired Child." South Kensington has sent a quantity of patterns and specimens; there is plenty of tapestry; there are zoological preparations; there are reproductions of the Old Masters; and there are a model bedroom and a model parlour arranged by Mr. Morris and Mr. Benson. Altogether the Museum has made a good beginning.

MR. PHILIP HORSMAN has presented the town of Wolverhampton with £5,000 for a Fine Art Gallery, on condition that the foundation is stocked with pictures. A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition has been held with a view to raise the £10,000 required for this purpose. Over a thousand oils and water-colours, most of them lent by private owners, were on view: Mr. Goodall's "Sic Transit Gloria Mundi;" Mr. E. J. Poynter's "A Visit to Æsculapius;" Mr. T. Leader's "February Fill-Dyke;" Mr. Croft's "Marlborough after Ramillies;" Sir John Gilbert's "Rembrandt;" Turner's "Lake Avernus;" a number of David Coxes, De Wints, and Linnells; "A Raid of Uhlans," by Mrs. Butler. Among the Old Masters are a "Holy Family" and a "Nymph Hunting," by Rubens; a Quintin Matsys, and a Snyders. M. Bouguereau's "Bather" was shown; with examples of Faed, Boughton, Creswick, Maclise, and Frith.

AT the Salon this year a good deal less money has been taken than last—on the five-franc days above all. The free days, however, are twice as popular: 238,000 people having come in for nothing, as against 120,000 in 1883.

BETWEEN 1877-83 upwards of 50,000,000 francs were paid by American picture-dealers for French pictures. The account is thus distributed:—701,000 dollars, in 1877; 630,000 dollars, in 1878; 1,051,000 dollars, in 1879; 1,392,000 dollars, in 1880; 1,668,000 dollars, in 1881; 1,937,000 dollars, in 1882; and 1,754,000 dollars, in 1883. This, it should be added, is the Salon account, and does not include any of the innumerable private sales. One would like to see the Royal Academy account with the United States for the same period.

THE death is announced of the architect, Auguste-Maurice Ouradou, son-in-law and assistant of Viollet-le-Duc; of Jules Duvaux, the battle-painter, a pupil of Charlet; of the sculptor, Frédéric Combarieu (by suicide); of the sculptor Marcellin, a pupil of Rude; of the portrait-painter, Adolphe Hirsch; of Edouard Van Marck, a pupil of Delaroche, attached to the École des Beaux-Arts at Liège; and of the Belgian sculptor, Lambert Hayman.

AT Christie's the King Collection—of Sèvres and Chelsea ware, snuff-boxes, French furniture, and so forth—realised over £4,600. At the Hôtel Drouot the Virot Collection—of pictures, furniture, clocks, &c.—realised some 350,000 francs. At Christie's the Leigh Court Collection—for which, it is said, £130,000 had been offered and refused—went for no more than £45,000. A certain number of pictures were bought in: the three Rubens'—a "Holy Family," a "Conversion of St. Paul," and a "Woman Taken in Adultery"—for 5,000, 3,300, and 1,785 guineas respectively; the Domenichino, for £753; the Poussin, for £420; and a (so-called) Titian, for 1,680 guineas. The National Gallery secured a magnificent Gaspar Poussin for 1,900 guineas; a Giovanni Bellini (so-called), for £380 5s.; Stothard's pleasant "Canterbury Pilgrims," for £441; and Hogarth's delicious "Lavinia Fenton" (which we purpose to engrave), for £840. The biggest buyers, however, were Messrs Agnew, who took away with them the two famous Claudes and a "Holy Family" of Murillo's for 3,800, 5,800, and 3,000 guineas respectively. Sir Joshua's "Simplicity"—a portrait of Theophila Gwatkin—has been sold (by private contract) for £3,760.

THE appendix put forth by M. Eugène Plon to his admirable "Benvenuto Cellini" (Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) is identical in form with that sumptuous quarto itself. It is divided into two chapters. One deals with Benvenuto's *cire peinte* of Francesco de' Medici (a love-gift from the sitter to Bianca Capello), and is illustrated with an excellent reproduction of the work by the Dujardin process, and with two rather poor process portraits of Bianca after Bronzino and Allori, and reproductions of a couple of medals by Pastorino da Siena. The other treats of certain pieces attributed to Benvenuto, and is illustrated with a picture, in *héliogravure*, of a noble silver basin, and a process block of Mr. Cheney's "Pluto" besides. It need hardly be added that the "Appendix" is an integral part of the book, and that without it the book is incomplete.

THE new volume in the "Petite Bibliothèque Artistique" (Paris: Jouaust) is devoted to André Chénier, and is the best and handiest imprint of the poet we know. The editor is M. Eugène Manuel, who has helped himself from M. Louis Moland and M. Gabriel Chénier, and who has, moreover, the great advantage of coming after M. Becq de Fouquières. The edition, it appears, is not absolutely complete; it does not pretend, that is to say, to include every scrap of matter which Chénier wrote. But it is complete enough for all practical purposes. What is omitted is merely what is not worth retaining; and they who care to study André Chénier ("un lyre d'ivoire, une flûte de buis," says Ste.-Beuve) can hardly do better than attempt him in the guise in which he is presented by MM. Manuel and Jouaust. Of "Le Noyau" (Paris: Jouaust) there is not nearly so much to say. It is a monologue in verse by M. J. Redelsperger; it rejoices in a couple of illustrations—not very good illustrations—by Mlle. Lemaire; it is prettily produced and printed. *Voilà.*

AT St. Petersburg the *Messager des Beaux-Arts* is publishing a series of phototypic reproductions, the work of MM. Stein and Laptef, of the Greuze drawings in the Library of the Académie Impériale. Whether Greuze, an artist of a second-rate and rather commonplace type, is or is not deserving of much attention, is matter for argument. What is certain is that, as reproductions, the phototypes of MM. Laptef and Stein are excellent, and that the series will make a handsome (and rather cumbrous) publication.

The portrait contributed by M. Lalauze to Mr. Frederic Daly's "Henry Irving in England and America" (London: T. Fisher Unwin) is one of his feeblest—is, in fact, a bad likeness and a bad etching. Some facts apart, Mr. Daly's work is hero-worship pure and simple.

Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co. have published a new and cheap edition of both their series of "Selections from the Works of Robert Browning." Both are well worth having, the first especially so. It contains a great deal of the poet's best and most popular work: the "Flight of the Duchess," for instance, and "The Italian in England;" "Cleon" and "In a Gondola;" "Caliban upon Setebos" and "Childe Roland;" the "Toccata of Galuppi's," and "Fra Lippo Lippi," and "Andrea del Sarto;" and the Epistle of Karshish, and the story of Waring, and "Saul," and the exhortation of Rabbi Ben Ezra, and "The Last Ride Together," and a score of masterpieces besides. In the second there is more that is cramped and slipshod ("Mr. Sludge," for example, and "At the 'Mermaid,'" and the "Pizgah Sights," and much *ejusdem farinæ*) and less that is vigorous, direct, and moving. But we have the "Garden Fancies" and "Porphyria's Lover" and the "Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister;" we have "Blougram" and "Artemis Prologizes;" and we have "A Forgiveness" and—if we are in the mind for mysteries—"James Lee's Wife," and "A Death in the Desert"—if our bent is towards theology and the destruction of M. Renan. The "One Word More" we have not; nor does the Pope of "The Ring and the Book" declare himself. These, however, may come hereafter: as also, we trust, a volume made up of "Pippa Passes" and "Luria," and of these two only. Meanwhile, as we have noted, we have much to be grateful for.

In the two volumes of "English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon I." (London: Chatto and Windus) Mr. John Ashton tells the story of the savage picture war of which the heroes were Gillray and Rowlandson and Cruikshank on the one side, and on the other the national enemy and the great Emperor their chief. Complete the book is not: Gillray and Rowlandson were outspoken and unscrupulous even for their epoch, and even to hint at the nature of certain of the fantasies in which they expressed their own opinions and the nation's were to unfit one's work for eyes polite. But it is as complete as possible, and it is vastly entertaining. The reproductions with which it abounds are good enough as memoranda, but give little or none of the tremendous energy, the fury of hatred and contempt, by which the great originals are animated. Still, they are interesting and sufficient in their way; and to those who are accustomed only to the political caricature of to-day—to the gentlemanly japes of Mr. Tenniel, and the elaborate and kindly humours of Mr. Sambourne—they should be suggestive, and even surprising, in no mean degree.

In "Silenus" (London: Macmillan and Co.) Mr. Woolner tells the story of the tutor and companion of Dionysos the wine-god, from his loss of Syrinx at the hands of Pan to his death at the hands of Athena. Mr. Woolner has a poor opinion of Pan, and calls him many hard names, besides making him the soul of many dubious agencies. For Silenus, however, he has the highest possible regard; and in his hands Silenus becomes the noblest of demigods, the wisest of heroes, the most moral and intelligent of myths. His verse, especially in description, is often vigorous and fresh; and throughout his book there are airs of Arcady and romance. It may be read with something like genuine pleasure: not as a mythological exercise, it is true, but as a common poem.

The second and third *fasciculi* of the admirable "Glossaire Archéologique" of M. Victor Gay (Paris: Librarie de la Société Bibliographique) bring down the work to "Coutelier." There is no better book of the kind in existence. The descriptions are exact and clear; the cuts are sufficient; the references and quotations are well chosen, and are of the highest interest. To antiquarians and archæologists the "Glossaire" is indispensable.

It will be generally conceded that the first desideratum in a writer is that he should have something to say, and know how to say it, leaving the matter of his writing to the public and critics. In the "Century Guild Hobby Horse" (Orpington: S. Allen) there is absolutely no literary style whatever in any of the articles, nothing indeed to distinguish them from the most amateurish efforts, save some instances of deboshed Ruskinism in a criticism on two paintings by Margheritone and Cimabue. In discussing the "Virgin and Child" of the latter painter at the National Gallery the writer observes: "And then in the throne we get another interesting feature, where we see the conjoint elements of Northern and Southern art; Goth meeting Greek. But how softened and quieted are the pinnacles and crockets; their fitful and excited spirits laid to sleep in this soft, sunny air of Italy: the inlay again, how rich and gorgeous in the hands of the people who more than the Greeks delighted in colour." As it is proposed to deal with all art as exhibited at the National Gallery, "from Margheritone to Cecil Lawson," in a similar spirit of reverence and profundity, we may be certain the great masters will receive adequate attention, though we may well wonder how the exalted strain may be sustained through the centuries to be discussed. Perhaps then, however, the Hobby Horse may suffer metempsychosis into Pegasus, and disdain still more—and with a still greater enthusiasm of profanity—the bounds of English prose and common sense.

The educational value of Raphael's Cartoons is immense; and Mr. Poynter has done wisely to furnish forth from them a set of his "South Kensington Drawing Books" (London: Blackie and Son); he would have done more wisely still had he chosen his draughtsmen better, and so made his reproductions a little more representative than they are. The third edition of the "Illustrated Handbook to St. Albans" (St. Albans: Gibbs and Bamforth) is written (by Mr. F. Mason) as guide-books usually are, and is very cheaply and poorly illustrated. Mr. Pascoe Fenwick's "Better Dwellings for the Workmen of London" (London: Simpkins) teems with paragraphs and small caps., but is sensibly written, and may be perused with profit. The "Historical Sketch of ye Olde London Streete" (London: Waterlow and Sons), by Mr. T. St. Edmund Hake, is well written and prettily illustrated; it is published in connection with the "Healtheries," and will make a pleasant keepsake. M. Dumas' "Illustrated Catalogue of the Luxembourg Gallery" (London: Chatto and Windus) is singularly useful and appropriate; its English (as in all M. Dumas' publications) is atrocious; the illustrations are capital; no tourist, æsthetic or other, should be without it.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

It is reported that M. Munkacsy is seriously ill, with disease of the brain. Mr. Browning's "Dryope" has gone to the Brussels Exhibition; it was judged and accepted in the photograph, and sent in after date by special permission. Mr. Holman Hunt has "all but completed" his "Flight into Egypt," the work of many years. The President has painted four portraits: of a girl in green velvet and cream-colour, seated in a red-leather chair; of a lady in blue; of another lady in brown and black and yellow; and of Lord Rosebery's little daughter, in a white muslin and a blue sash. Mr. Herkomer is etching the late Fred Walker's "Philip at Church;" M. Bracquemond, her Majesty's famous Meissonier, "Le Rixe." M. Flameng's "Massacre de Machecoul" has been purchased by the Direction des Beaux-Arts; and the "Naufragés" of M. Étex (12,000 fr.), and the "Neréide et Triton" of M. Crauk (10,000 fr.), by the Conseil Municipal. M. Delaunay's contribution to the decoration of the Panthéon is an "Attila Marching on Paris." M. Adolphe Thabard, a sculptor of repute, has received the Legion of Honour. A Menzel Exhibition is preparing in Paris. M. Kaempfen has increased the price originally agreed upon for M. Rodin's doorway for the Palais des Arts Décoratifs: according to M. Dalou, it will be "un des morceaux, pour ne pas dire le morceau de sculpture le plus original et le plus étonnant du XIXe siècle."

This year the Grand Prix de Rome has fallen to M. H.-L. Pinta, a pupil of Cabanel; the Premier Second to M. Paul Leroy, also a pupil of Cabanel; and the Second Second to M. E. Cabane, a pupil of Bouguereau and Tony Robert-Fleury. For sculpture, the Premier has been won by a pupil of Falguière and Chapu, M. P.-D. Puech, and the Premier Second by M. J.-A. Gardet. For engraving, the Premier has been awarded to M. Sulpis, and the Premier Second to M. Barbotin. In architecture, the Premier fell to M. Despony, a pupil of M. Dannet; the Premier Second to M. Debrie, a pupil of M. Gaudet; and the Second Second to M. Devienne, a pupil of MM. Coquart and Ghérard.

For the National Gallery Sir Frederick Burton has purchased a "Christ on the Cross," which appears to be a good example of Antonelle da Messina. The great additions to the Gallery are, however, the Marlborough Van Dyck and the Marlborough Raphael, which have cost the nation £17,500 and £70,000 respectively. A number of rare and precious Oriental manuscripts, bought at the Gobineau sale, have been added to the British Museum collection. The latest addition to the Print-Room is a drawing, signed and dated, by Martin Schongauer. Mr. Walter Perry's superb collection of casts (begun with funds supplied on Lord Beaconsfield's motion) is now open to the public: it is one of the finest in Europe. Mr. Scharf has published his report on the National Portrait Gallery. In 1882 the collection was visited by some 60,000 people; in 1883, by upwards of 146,000. Among the additions are portraits of David Brewster and William Pitt; the engravers, Smith, Woollett, and Hall; the actors, Fawcett, Smith, and Morton; John Milton, John Kemble, Miss Stephens, and Mrs. Siddons; and Benjamin West and Sir John Soane; with Reynolds's "Wyndham"—all on permanent loan from the National Gallery. Then there are a "Mrs. Somerville," a "General Wolfe"—a drawing by William, Duke of Devonshire; Gibson's "Mrs. Jameson;" Honthorst's "Duke of Buckingham and Family;" Reynolds's "Edmund Malone;" Kneller's "Sarah Jennings;" a "Sir William Waller," a "Captain Bourchier," a "Benjamin Franklin," an "Admiral Codrington;" and portraits, from Barnard's Inn, of Petyt, Lord Burghley, Sir William Daniel, Sir J. Holt, and Thomas, Lord Coventry. Among the additions to the National Gallery of Ireland are a Bakhuizen, a Gainsborough (a "View in Suffolk"), a Morland, a Rossetti ("Study for a Picture of Queen Guinevere"), a Rembrandt ("Shepherds by Night"), and a pair of views of Dresden, by Canaletto—all by purchase; three portraits of Irish worthies—by presentation; and Wilkie's "Peep o' Day Boys," Landseer's "Waterloo," Mulready's "Young Brother," and Etty's "Duett"—on loan from our own overcrowded and congested National Gallery.

At a cost of 15,000 francs M. Tauzia has enriched the collection of drawings at the Louvre with a sheaf of drawings, eighty-two in number, by Jacopo Bellini, father of Giovanni and Gentile. The Thiers Bequest has been arranged, and is now on view in the same building; it is described as a museum of copies. The Musée de Cluny has bought from Holland a *plaque funéraire* in copper, the first of its kind in France: with eight large pavements (1548) from the Château de la Bâtie, the work of Mossest Abaquesne, "esmailleur en terre de Notre Dame de Sottenville-lès-Rouen;" and has received from the Minister of War a collection of twenty-five magnificent chimney plaques, of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries, from the Fort at Vincennes. The Luxembourg has been re-opened to the public. Thirteen pictures have been added to the collection: M. Harpignies' "Lever de Lune;" M. Barau's "La Suippe;" M. Vuillefroy's "Dans les Prés;" M. Demont's "La Nuit;" M. Delanoy's "Inde et Orient;" M. Jacomin's "Les Charmes, à Montfermeil;" M. Adam's "La Fille du Pasteur;" M. Montenard's "La Corrèze;" M. Salmson's "À la Barrière de Dalby;" M. Geoffroy's "Les Infortunés;" the "Portrait de Musette," by M. Amand Gautier; M. Deschamps' "L'Enfant Abandonné;" J. M. Frithjof Smith Hald's "Le Vieux Filet."

THE Russian Government has purchased, from England, the "Adoration of the Magi" of Paul Veronese; the price was £12,000; the picture is for the memorial cathedral to the late emperor. Count Sabouroff has sold his famous collection of antiques. Some £30,000 worth of terra-cottas have gone to St. Petersburg; the Berlin Museum, for forty-nine vases and sixty pieces of sculpture, has disbursed some £16,000; while the British Museum, contrary to report, bought nothing at all.

A SUBSCRIPTION bust of Poe, by Mr. R. H. Park, has been placed in the New York Metropolitan Museum. A bust of General Jacob, by Miss Margaret Thomas, has been presented by Mr. W. G. Marshall to the Somersetshire Valhalla. The American artists resident in Paris propose to present the city with a reduction in bronze of M. Bartholdi's "Liberty." M. Gautherin's "Diderot" has been unveiled in the Place St.-Germain-des-Près, Paris; and M. Aimé Millet's "George Sand," in Carrara marble, at La Châtre. At Valenciennes, on October 14th, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Antoine Watteau, will be unveiled a monument by Hiolle and a statue by Carpeaux. At Kensal Green a Cruikshank Memorial has been erected by the artist's widow. M. Aubé has finished a statue of General Joubert, for the Préfecture at Bourg. M. Oliva is at work on a bust of Montfaucon for Narbonne Museum. A statue of Chodowiecki has been placed in the vestibule of the Berlin Museum. M. Amy has been commissioned by the Direction des Beaux-Arts to execute a bust of Frédéric Mistral. The memorial in Père-la-Chaise to Victor Massé, the musician, will be the work of M. Charles Garnier. A statue of General Artigas will be erected at Montevideo. An "Edmond Morin," by M. Doublemard, has been unveiled at Sceaux. A "Dupleix," by M. Fagel, has been voted for Landrecies; a "Nicephore Niepce," by M. Guillaume, for Châlon-sur-Saône.

AT the time of writing it is announced that all the large-paper copies of Mr. D. C. Thompson's "Life and Labours of Hablot Knight Brown" (London: Fine Art Society) and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Thomas Bewick and his Pupils" have been subscribed in advance. The "Memorial Edition" of Bewick, projected and undertaken by the late Mr. Ward, will be published for his sons, the owners of the blocks, by Mr. Quaritch. It will consist of five volumes: two of "Birds," one of "Quadrupeds," one of "Fables," and one of "Memoir," edited and annotated from the original MS. and unpublished letters and documents, by Mr. Austin Dobson. It will not appear until next year. Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode will publish Mr. Jessop's new book, an illustrated edition of Ingoldsby's "Lay of St. Aloys." Mr. Randolph Caldecott's new picture-books are "Ride a Cock Horse" and "Come, Lasses and Lads;" Miss Greenaway's, a "Language of Flowers," an almanac for 1885, and a new edition of Mavors' "Spelling," with forty illustrations. Mr. Cochran Patrick's book on Scotch Medals, illustrated by thirty-six plates of some two hundred and fifty examples, will be ready in October.

DR. ANDERSON'S forthcoming book, "The Pictorial Arts of Japan," will probably be the most authoritative and important work on the subject ever issued. Its object is the description of the admirable collection presented by the author to the British Museum, and which, we are glad to know, will certainly be exhibited next year. The chromo-lithographs are some forty in number; of woodcuts (done in Japan) there will be upwards of eighty; and these will be supplemented by a number of photographs from Dr. Anderson's own negatives. The book will be published in parts, the first of which will be ready before Christmas.

THE annual exhibition of works selected by the prize-holders among subscribers to the Art Union of London affords a curious index to public taste. In the list of the fortunate are names hailing from all parts of the world, and a survey of the exhibition catalogue clearly shows the popularity of landscape painting. The exhibition includes some notable works of the year. The winner of the £100 prize has purchased Mr. W. L. Wyllie's "Funeral March of a Hero," shown at the Royal Institute of Water-Colours, and fifteen other water-colours prove that oil paintings are not to so great an extent as formerly the main attraction. Among them are Mr. T. Pyne's "At Walberswick," which was at Suffolk Street; the same artist's "Making Friends," from the Academy; and Mr. C. Davidson's "Sunset—Early Spring," from the Royal Society's exhibition. Among the oil paintings are Miss Flora Reid's admirable "Autumn," and landscapes by Mr. J. E. Grace and Mr. J. Whipple, all from the Grosvenor; Mr. G. H. Barrable's "Sleep," and a number of meritorious works from the Suffolk Street exhibition, which seems to have been most favoured by the prize-winners. Among other prizes is a selection of historical designs in photogravure after Cope, Ward, and Maclise.

OF the many forms of artistry in glass, that known as "cameo-glass" is perhaps the least familiar. This art has for some years been a speciality of the manufactory of Messrs. Webb and Sons, at Stourbridge, several specimens of their work having been shown at the last Paris Exhibition, and one very fine plaque being at Kensington. All these examples, however, are surpassed in size and elaboration by two large vases on view at Mr. Goode's in South Audley Street. They differ in effect, though they are alike in the true cameo character, in the depth and relief of the cutting, the excessive elaboration of design, and the process of manufacture. The process may be briefly described as the successive overlaying of three vases of blown glass of distinct colours fused together, ordinary glass usually forming the base. The difficulties of expansion and the liability to brittleness are overcome in annealing. The upper layer is scraped away, leaving only just sufficient tint to enable the artist to give the light and pale tint required for the more prominent portion of the design. The second layer is that to which the graver's work is chiefly applied, the design being produced by deep cutting and clearing away of this second white layer until the darker lower layer is revealed as a ground to the white and tender tint of the upper *couches*. Of the two vases at Mr. Goode's, one is of a dark olive and almost opaque, with a conventional design in white touched with pale yellow in the highest parts. The other is much more transparent, of a sea-green hue, white roses and foliage forming the design, the petals of the flowers being tinged with the pink of what is permitted to remain of the uppermost layer. The process is necessarily most laborious and the product costly. The least satisfactory points are the designs, which are of no particular artistic merit, and are much too intricate and elaborate to give full effect to the fundamental tone. There

is no reason why antique designs should not be copied: such, for instance, as the famous sardonyx, the "Apotheosis of Augustus" in the Imperial collection at Vienna.

The fourteenth annual exhibition of modern pictures in the Liverpool Corporation Art Galleries was opened on Monday, 1st September. The extension of the Walker Art Gallery is completed, and the space available for hanging is consequently doubled. The cost of the extension is to be borne by Sir Andrew B. Walker, who has now spent over £50,000 in providing Liverpool with art galleries. There are now fourteen rooms devoted to the autumn exhibition, and the present collection numbers nearly 2,300 exhibits, a rather larger number having been rejected by the hangers. Under ordinary circumstances there should be room for over 3,000 works, but a good deal of space has been lost. Every art corporation in the three kingdoms was invited to hang a room which would be set apart for its use, and the invitation was accepted by the directors of the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, the Institute of Painters in Oil, the Dudley Gallery Art Society, the Society of Painter-Etchers, the Liverpool Academy, and the Royal Hibernian Academy. Each society, thus put on its mettle, collected as far as possible its best exhibits in recent years, and the result, as regards the water-colour societies, is unequalled by anything of the kind ever seen, while the Grosvenor room is scarcely less remarkable. The Royal Academy, although not condescending to enter the lists in the regular way, has taken care to be strongly represented.

In the "Grosvenor" room, with 105 exhibits, are Calderon's "Aphrodite;" Alma Tadema's "Audience" and portrait of L. Löwenstam; Herkomer's portraits of Archibald Forbes, C. Villiers Stanford, and his father; E. J. Gregory's "Miss Galloway;" W. B. Richmond's portraits of Miss Mary Rawlinson and the Misses Dora and Rose Mirlees; Lawson's "Storm Cloud," "Doone Valley," and "The Pool;" Keeley Halswelle's "Forest on Fire;" Henry Moore's "Winter and Rough Weather;" G. F. Watts's "B. C. * * * *" (locally nicknamed "The Return of the Native"); and John R. Reid's "Rival Grandfathers." The last-named, reproduced in our September number, has been purchased by the Corporation. Messrs. Albert Moore, Burne Jones, and Whistler are not represented at all.

In the "Old Society" room there is a delightful Albert Moore—"An Alcove." There are six by Alma Tadema, including "Autumn" and "Wine-Drinkers;" five by E. J. Poynter, of which "Viola" and the study for "Venus and Æsculapius" are most noticeable. Sir John Gilbert is fully represented, and Henry Moore, Clara Montalba, and H. S. Marks send some of their best work. Among the most noted pictures are a brilliant and forcible figure study, "A Druidical Novice," by Carl Haag; "The Kingfisher's Haunt," by H. North; a charming effect of sunlight on trees and water, "A Cornfield," by R. Thornewaite; "A Champion of the Cross," by W. E. Lockhart—vigorous in drawing and colour; and "The Epicure," by J. D. Watson. Of the remarkable collection in the Institute room there is only space to name Herkomer's "Ruskin;" a lovely "Shepherd with a Lamb," by G. Clausen; "The New Forest," by Thomas Collier; "The Diver," by Walter Crane; and "A Bible Reading," by E. A. Abbey.

The Institute of Painters in Oil and the Dudley Gallery Society make a strong show. One of the best pictures in the former room is G. Clausen's "Labourers after Dinner." In the collection of the painter-etchers there is to be found, among much odd and purposeless work, a fair number of really sound and fine etchings. The Royal Hibernian Academy's gathering tends to justify the indifference to art in the sister isle of which the president, Sir Thomas A. Jones, complained in his speech at the Corporation dinner. It includes, however, some respectable work.

The Liverpool Academy, which came into being about the same time as the Royal Academy, has very respectable traditions; but of late years its existence has been forgotten. The room in the present exhibition, however, which is devoted to its work shows that it exists to some purpose. The figure work is least remarkable, the best canvas of this kind being W. Wardlaw Laing's "Whisper." In portraiture W. B. Boadle comes to the front with three canvases, in one of which a capitally-painted St. Bernard hound is cleverly introduced as an accessory. In landscape there is no lack of strong work, from which the Corporation have made a wise selection for purchase: *e.g.*, Isaac Cooke's "Golden Moments," a sunset effect on the Welsh coast, and James S. Morland's "Old Soldier," a good twilight effect with figures. Other good things are H. H. Stanton's "Breezy Day in June," a wave study, "An English Summer Day," by John Finnie, "Tal-y-Cafn Ferry," by Peter Ghent, "The Incoming Tide," by John McDougall, "A Pine Forest," by James Barnes, and "A Huge Rock," by B. Fowler.

Among the works attracting most notice in the general exhibition we have only space to name "The Gladiator's Wife," by Blair Leighton; "Afternoon Coffee," by Van Haanan; "Love and Death," by G. F. Watts; the President's "Letty;" "Lorenzo and Isabella," by J. E. Millais—painted in 1849 and just acquired by the Corporation; "Dante and Beatrice," by Henry Holiday; "A North-Easterly Gale," by H. Brett; John Pettie's "Vigil;" "A Field Handmaiden," by G. H. Boughton; and Melton Fisher's "After the Carnival."

The death is announced of the Belgian marine painter, Francia; of the French architect, Paul Abadie; of Léonard Lugardon, the Genevese, a pupil of Gros and Ingres, *ætat.* 83; of Alexandre-Joseph Pinchart, the archæologist; of Moritz Thausing, Keeper of the Albertina Museum, author of the standard book on Albert Durer; of the French landscape-painter, the Marquis Frank de Mesgrigny; of the historico-romantic painter, Sebastien-Louis de Noublin, *ætat.* 88, a Roman prizeman in 1825; of the comic draughtsman, Léonce Petit; of the archæologist, Albert Dumont; of Henry G. Bohn, the famous publisher; and of the distinguished Italian painter, Giuseppe de Nittis.

The interesting "Scènes de la Vie Juive" of Bernard Picart (1663—1733) have been reproduced in *héliogravure* by M. Dujardin and republished by M. A. Durlacher (Paris: 83 *bis*, Rue Lafayette). They are sixteen in number—seventeen with the portrait of the painter—and are well worth studying. Picart's manner is dry and formal, his draughtsmanship is inexpressive, and of emotional capacity

he has scarcely a single touch. But he is a good and careful reporter, and he knows his subject thoroughly; and, considered merely as a record of facts, his collection is valuable. His object was, not to portray character and life, but to report the aspect, so to speak, of certain of the more important rites and ceremonies of contemporary Jewry; and in this he succeeded. In one plate it is the "Schofar," the "Rosch Haschanah;" in another, the Circumcision; in a third, the "Succoth;" in a fifth and sixth, the nuptial ceremony according to the several offices of Portugal and Germany. Birth, death, marriage, burial, the feast of Palms, the Paschal meal—all find expression in his work None but specialists will care for it: but they will care for it a good deal: whether in its pristine form, or in the excellent and comely garb in which M. Durlacher has produced it.

Messrs. Rowney and Co. announce the publication of a set of fac-simile reproductions in chromo-lithography of the "Vignette Drawings" of Turner, from the originals in the National Gallery. The work, which is produced by Mr. M. H. Long, will comprise twenty-four vignettes, and will be issued in three parts. The first is now before us. It appears as a neat portfolio, containing eight reproductions, well enough executed and prettily mounted and lettered. The first eight are all selected from Turner's illustrations to the works of Samuel Rogers. Here, for instance, in an atmosphere of Turner and romance, is the Tower of London, with Traitors' Gate,

> "That gate misnamed, thro' which before
> Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More."

Here, like a corner of Venice, are "the splendid domes of Greenwich;" and, like nothing earthly, the spire of Salisbury Cathedral, and, beneath it—

> "A Wake—the booths whitening the village green
> Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen"—

the most fairy-like and impossible view of an English fair ever given to the world. Then comes the picture of St. Peter's—St. Peter's remote, abstracted, enchanted—

> "An empty tomb, a fragment like the limb
> Of some dismembered giant,"

says Mr. Rogers, with even less than his wonted neatness and propriety; and then "between the mountains and the sea," a certain batch of "Ruined Temples—Paestum," which makes one think of Piranesi, and that with regret and longing. The view of Galileo's villa ("justly was it called the Gem," exclaims our bard) is not particularly remarkable; that of Derwentwater and St. Hubert's Isle, "when evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue," has a glamour hard to resist; while that of Loch Lomond—romantic, vague, mysterious, variegated—is as good Turner as one can want to see. Mr. Long, indeed, has succeeded well in his most difficult task; the delicacy of his tints, the grace and prettiness of his effects are remarkable; and his achievement, to be genuinely acceptable to all true and good Turnerites, needs, we take it, but a preface by Mr. Ruskin, the best and truest Turnerite of all.

Of "Artists at Home"—photographs by Mr. Mayall and text by Mr. F. G. Stephens—we have received the first five numbers. To us, we confess it, the publication, if in some sort useful, is absolutely devoid of interest. Mr. Stephens's text is not much more than catalogue; and Mr. Mayall's photographs—or rather, the photo-engravings on copper plates reproduced therefrom—are singularly lifeless and dull. Everybody looks as though he were sitting for his portrait; the very furniture is posing; and over all is that terrible and tremendous presence, the photographer's light, "the light that never was on sea or land." Mr. Calderon affronts the camera with much sternness; Sir John Gilbert has the sun in his eyes, and comes out very white and vague; Mr. Boehm, sitting desultorily among busts and statues, seems to have been caught in the act of reading the paper; while Mr. Alma Tadema, as unlike himself as possible, leans boldly and airily on the chimney-piece, and Mr. Frank Dicksee, austere yet frightened, does even as Mr. Alma Tadema, and Mr. Val Prinsep turns from his picture with a frown, as if he felt inclined to wring the photographer's neck. Other artists presented to the public are Mr. Webster, the President (a sufferer, but resigned), Mr. Redgrave, Mr. Cousins, Mr. Millais, Mr. Pettie, Mr. Marshall, and Mr. Marcus Stone. The book, which is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, is written with all Mr. Stephens's wonted emphasis of intimacy and exactness, and will probably be quite as popular as it deserves.

From the Librairie des Bibliophiles (Paris: Jouaust) we have received two new numbers of the "Peintres et Sculpteurs Contemporains," reviewed by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson in our last issue. They are devoted, the first to J.-P. Laurens, the painter of ecstasy and death, and the second to Charles Jacque, the painter of cocks and hens and sheep. The portrait of M. Laurens is one of the worst of the set: it represents him as a kind of idiot; one learns a hundred times more of him from M. Rodin than from M. Lalauze. The Laurens drawing is mystical, vigorous, and a little obscure. On the other hand, the portrait of M. Jacque is spirited and good; while the Jacque drawing, though clever enough in its way, is of no great moment or interest. The new number in the "Bibliothèque des Dames" (Paris: Jouaust) is a reprint of Mme. de Krudener's "Valerie:" a mystico-sentimental romance, which Ste.-Beuve has praised, and which has secured the author a kind of immortality, but which is as unreadable, and not so vigorous and complete, as "Sir Charles Grandison." The forthcoming volumes—Mme. Roland's "Mémoires" and Fénélon's "De l'Education des Filles"—will be far worthier of consideration.

The new volume of the "Parchment Library" (London: Kegan Paul) consists of the discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a dexterous, but rather patronising, preface by Mr. E. W. Gosse: and by the same gentleman a certain number of notes, which include some amusing rubbish by William Blake. Sir Joshua had a very great deal to say, and in his grave and stately way knew how to say it. In these days of realism, naturalism, impressionism, he is, above most others, a man to know; and this edition of his discourses should be in the hands of all who are interested in art.

In "Notes on Pictures in the Old Pinacothek" (London: Longmans and Co.) Sir Charles Eastlake presents us with a complete and valuable catalogue and guide to one of the best collections in Europe. Of criticism the book contains not much. There is plenty of description, however, and the cuts by which the text is supplemented are useful enough as memoranda if they are poor as specimens of reproductive art. Visitors to the old Pinacothek can hardly do better than take the book with them, and place themselves under its conduct.

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