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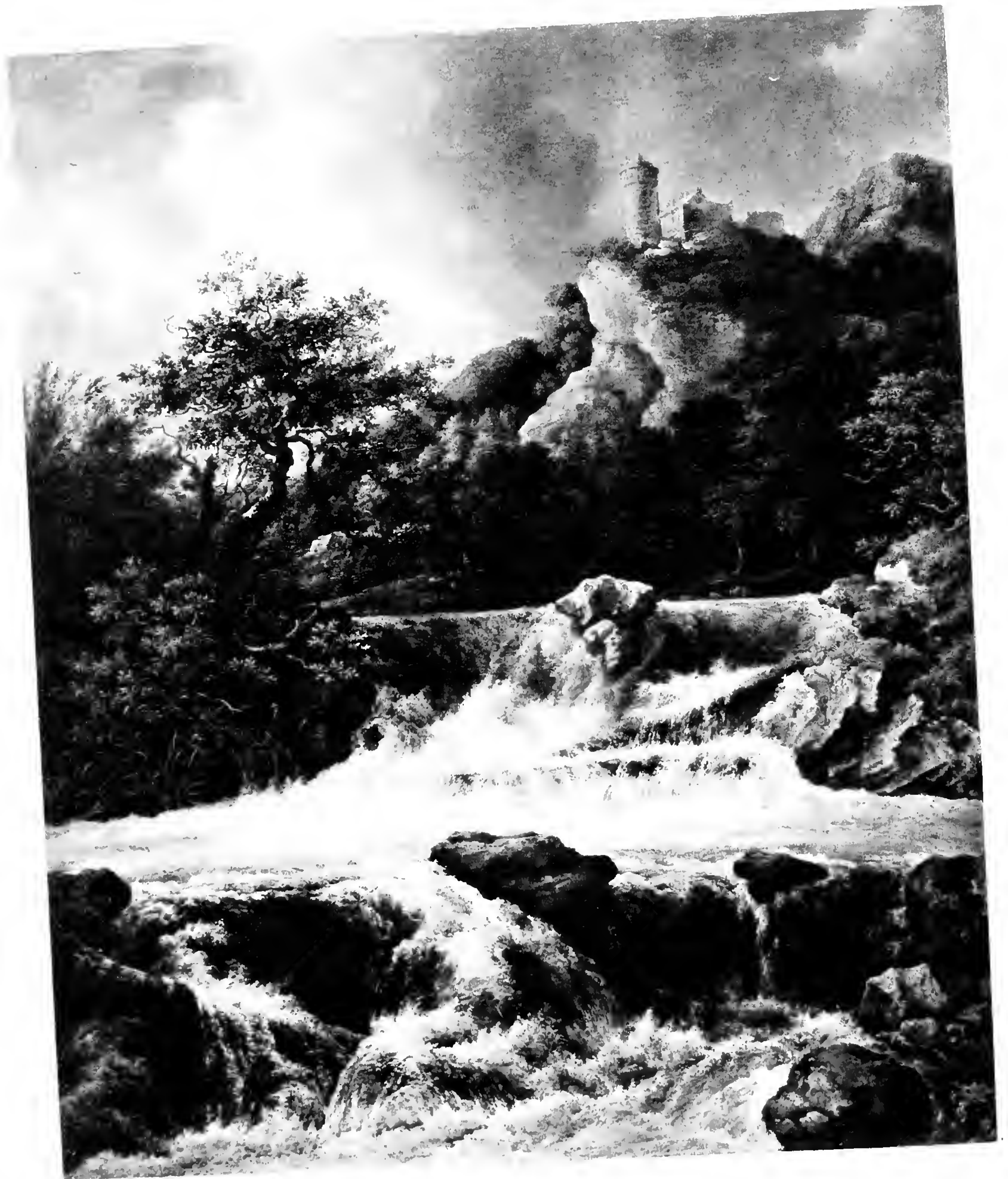

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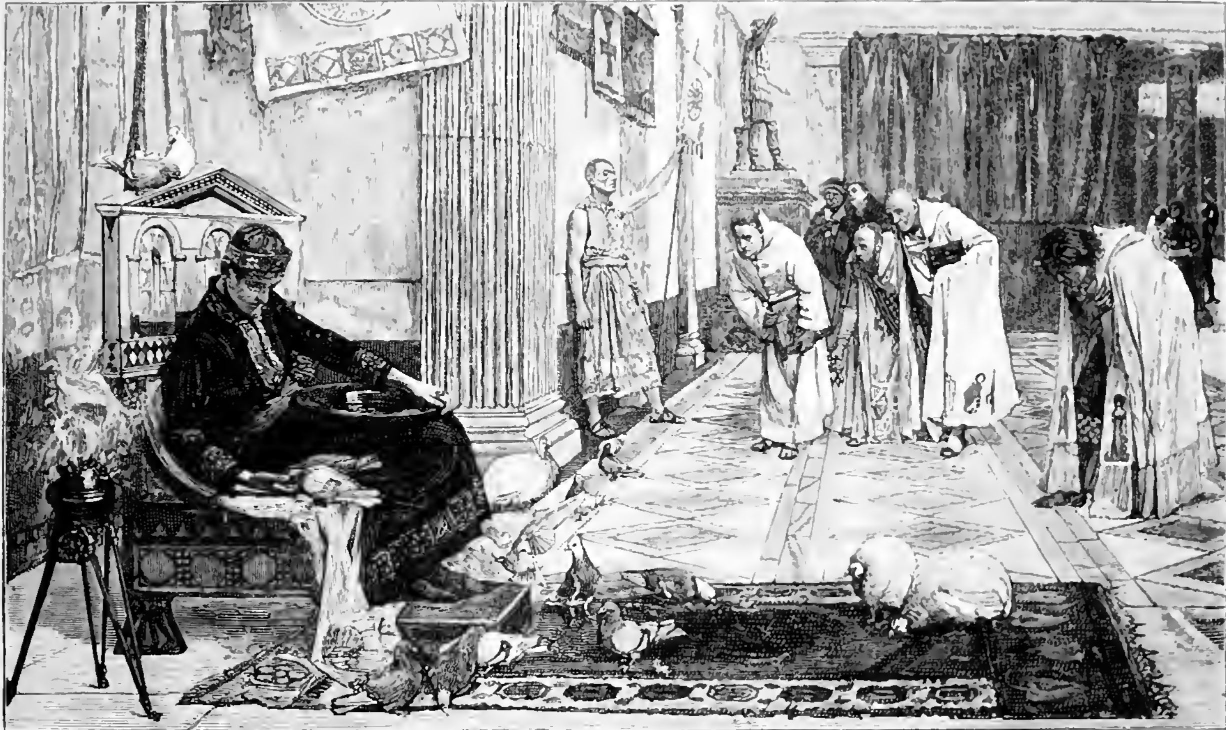


FAVOURITES OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS.

(Painted by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1883.)

J. W. WATERHOUSE, A.R.A.

THE honours of Associateship in the Royal Academy have not often fallen to men so early in life as to the painter of "St. Eulalia." With the exception perhaps of Mr. Gregory, he is the youngest of the A.R.A.'s, and his election is the more notable because his work has ever been distinguished by qualities that appeal more to painters than to popular tastes. His pictures, which are comparatively few, have been exhibited in unbroken sequence at Burlington House since 1874, when the artist first solicited public notice. Something like a dozen works form the solid justification of the Academy's choice, and these almost wholly represent the art-work of as many years. These facts must be ever present to any one who would rightly estimate the painter's individuality. Youth is naturally the period when production is most facile; then the warm promptings of the creative faculty are more irresistible than when the cold counsels of experience have disciplined the aspirations, and the lessons of art and life are in some sort learned. The very instincts of the young painter impel him at fervid speed on the road to over-production, with its perilous results of iterations, mannerisms, and other enslaving limitations. Thus of an unchastened passion are forged the bonds of servitude, and a mannered artificiality replaces style. This much may be urged, apart from the exuberance of precocity which is one of the rarest privileges of genius. The reticence of Mr. Waterhouse's work, with its measured and deliberate outcome and progress, is doubtless partly due to early education, though to a greater extent it proceeds from a certain

scrupulous conscientiousness, and conservatism of reverence, that are innate. These moral qualities are precisely those above all others that are the natural allies of the capacity for taking pains, the method of conception that involves a long process of preoccupation, the mental habit that delays execution until the whole process of conception is thoroughly exhausted. One thing which intimately concerns Mr. Waterhouse's work is very clear: works of art thus conceived cannot be produced with rapidity. To this mental habit of brooding introspection is due the comparative paucity of Mr. Waterhouse's works, with much that is fresh and virile and original in treatment.

Mr. John William Waterhouse was born at Rome in 1849. Five years later he first saw England, but ever afterwards he took the warmest interest in Rome and her history. The French occupation and the career of Garibaldi were, of course, the vaguest of memories; yet it is interesting to note, as anticipating the special direction of his subsequent studies, that when at school in Yorkshire he delighted in reading of ancient Rome and her heroic ages. As a boy he was wont to express to his school-fellows the most perfect confidence in the Roman soldiers, and was sure that they were equal to thrashing any fabulous number of moderns. Nor was this feeling limited to the ordinary hero-worship of boys. At eight years of age he acquired, through a friend of his mother, a veritable relic of Pompeii, a fragment of plastered wall, which the young archæologist treasured with unspeakable satisfaction. It was a precious link between the present and the Italy of his dreams. When subsequently, in 1877, his imagination was kindled by reading in the ruined streets of Pompeii the melodramatic romance of its last days, he could not but think of the small fragment of the lost city that stirred his boyish enthusiasm. Here was the chain completed that bound the land of his adoption to that of his birth, and henceforth Italy was for him what she has been to so many artists and poets. The artist himself would probably speak lightly of these boyish reminiscences, regarding them not as indications of spiritual impulse but as accidents; the biographer, however, is probably justified in investing them with a deeper significance, and in viewing them as evidence of the shaping divinity, not the mere trifles of which the round of life is made up. Be this as it may, they appear to me more significant than the fact that the boy showed a fondness for drawing, and like others who distinguish themselves, was not a bright and shining light at school. Cradled into art Mr. Waterhouse certainly was not, if the phrase implies that he displayed any precocious aptitude, or was nourished in a forcing atmosphere of culture. Though he was unlike the poet who lisped in numbers, he was not without the example that incites imitation, for on leaving school he worked in the studio of his father, where he mastered somewhat of the element of his craft. Even then, in the routine of studio work, assisting his father by painting in the backgrounds of portraits, he was not conscious of an all-compelling call to become a painter. He entered the Academy schools, but attended only the evening classes; and it was not till his twentieth year that he first felt moved to make art the serious study of his life. Previous to this he was not averse from professions little sympathetic with art, and towards engineering in particular was favourably inclined. Once formed, the resolution was adhered to with characteristic tenacity, and the painter pursued his studies with equal energy and conviction, till in due time the period of tutelage was passed, and he was emboldened to hazard the attempt of a first picture destined for the Academy.

It is tolerably clear that beyond a boyish taste for drawing, the early years of Mr. Waterhouse do not effectively illustrate the adage of Wordsworth. That he made no haste to reveal himself may be fairly assumed, for it was not till 1874 that he took part in the annual show at the Academy, when his picture, "Sleep and his Brother Death," was exhibited. The two figures recline side by side on a low couch, beyond which are the columns of a colonnade open to the night and touched with moonlight. The interior is lit by a lamp, whose light streams on the foremost figure, Sleep, whose head hangs in heavy stupor on his breast, and his right hand grasps some poppies. By his side lies Death in dusky shadow, with head thrown back, and the lines of the figure expressive of easeful lassitude. At his feet is an antique lyre, while immediately in the foreground is a low round table. The imaginative quality of this impressive picture lies in the poetical conception of the artist, in the subservience of the allegory, the unobtrusiveness of the symbolism. Of Death, the gloomy presence, and Sleep, the rosy infant, more than enough has been set forth in grotesque and allegory to deprive the old poetic idea of all its piquancy. To obtain great results from least suggestions, to re-inspire the outworn properties of ancient symbolism, to vivify with fresh and sufficing significance a trite and discarded theme, must be accounted among the high offices of the imagination. They, at least, animated the aims of Mr. Waterhouse in this striking presentment of Sleep and Death. The two figures are both young, and the beauty of youth belongs to one as much as to the other, even as death has its own beauty of bland and dreamless repose. The cunning simulation of death by sleep, the intimate correlation of the two so quaintly expressed in Sir Thomas Browne's assertion

that he died daily, are emphasised by the strange likeness and unlikeness of the recumbent figures. They might almost be two friends who have banquetted with Lucullus, from one of whom the spirit has passed in the night, while life in the other is expressed only by the less easeful poise of the head, drowsed as though by some opiate. It was but natural that a picture so suggestive and thoughtful, so serious in aim, and so charged with emotional power, should attract considerable attention.

After this first success, Mr. Waterhouse exhibited at the Academy in the following year a picture entirely removed in subject and treatment from his first work. The "Miranda" was in no sense a dramatic illustration of Shakespeare, but was rather, for all its pictorial effect, a purely academic study of the figure, set forth in a spacious aërial medium of broad, soft evening light suffusing sea and sky. In a foreground of sea-shore Miranda, lightly draped, is seated on a rock, watching with clasped hands and partly averted face the brave ship tossing in the offing; the blue sea breaks unheeded on the sand, her eyes being wholly absorbed by the vessel, which is yet to suffer through the magic of Prospero. There is no suggestion of the imaginative insight and exhaustive idealisation that are notable of the vision of Sleep and Death, though a satisfying potency of colour and a finely graduated brilliance of illumination give admirable force and relief to the figure. In 1876 the artist achieved the distinction of a place on the line with a picture entitled "After the Dance." The exhibition also included Mr. Tadema's well-known picture of the same title, a coincidence that much exercised the simple-minded. The picture shows a Roman interior, with a portion of the atrium and a peep into the court beyond. Two figures, a boy and a girl, recline on cushions, one sitting and the other languidly stretched on the tesselated pavement with a tambourine alongside. In the distance a group of minstrels on the extreme left complete the composition. The chief points of the picture are its simplicity of scheme, its dexterous lighting, the harmonious colour, and the graceful *abandon* of the two dancers. There is no pretence of archaeological display, nor any highly-wrought detail, or accessories introduced for the mere mastery of textures, that might disturb the impression of luxurious repose.

Between 1876 and 1883, in which year the artist was married, Mr. Waterhouse exhibited at least one picture annually at the Academy, and gratified the desires of his youth by re-visiting Italy. This visit established him in his old faith, and directed his studies in Roman historical subjects. In 1883 he produced a work which obtained more notice and criticism than anything he had yet exhibited. The subject of the Emperor Honorius feeding his pet poultry was, however, not suggested by Gibbon or the historians, but by a passage in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Antonina." This picture, which we are so lucky as to reproduce, is the most ambitious in scope of all the artist's works. For so many years historical genre had been in a sad way in this country, that the field was well open to an artist ready with a boldly conceived and serious example. Pure historical art being but a dead tradition, or in British art, at least, somewhat impotent and unthriving, the best substitute, perhaps, lies in honest treatment of such incidents as this of Mr. Waterhouse's choice. The subject was eminently adapted to stimulate the pictorial invention of the artist and exercise his equipment in the resources of the picturesque. He has certainly succeeded in telling the story with refreshing simplicity and directness, and that, too, with as strong an enforcement of its significance as was compatible with the limitations he has himself set.

In dealing with the superb cynicism of Nero fiddling while Rome burned, some pictorial suggestion of disaster might reasonably enter into the painter's scheme. The indifference of the Emperor Honorius is but a repetition of that grim theme in a minor key, less portentous in effect, less acutely tragic. Thus in Mr. Waterhouse's picture we have none of the evidences of disaster, no furious irruption of barbarians or panic-stricken citizens; only the blind infatuation of the Emperor who caresses and feeds the feathered bipeds of his little empire, heedless of the obsequious messengers and the destinies of Rome. A variant of this picture, which remains unfinished, differs in some essential matters from the exhibited work. The pose of Honorius suggests a peculiar insolence, an assumption of exasperating calm that is less forcible in the finished picture; the messengers of ill stand close about him, with only a brief space between them and the Emperor, occupied by the pigeons, guinea-fowls, and other objects of the imperial pleasure. The scheme of colour is warmer, more sumptuous, and in a livelier key, though the composition of the finished work is far more studied and pleasing.

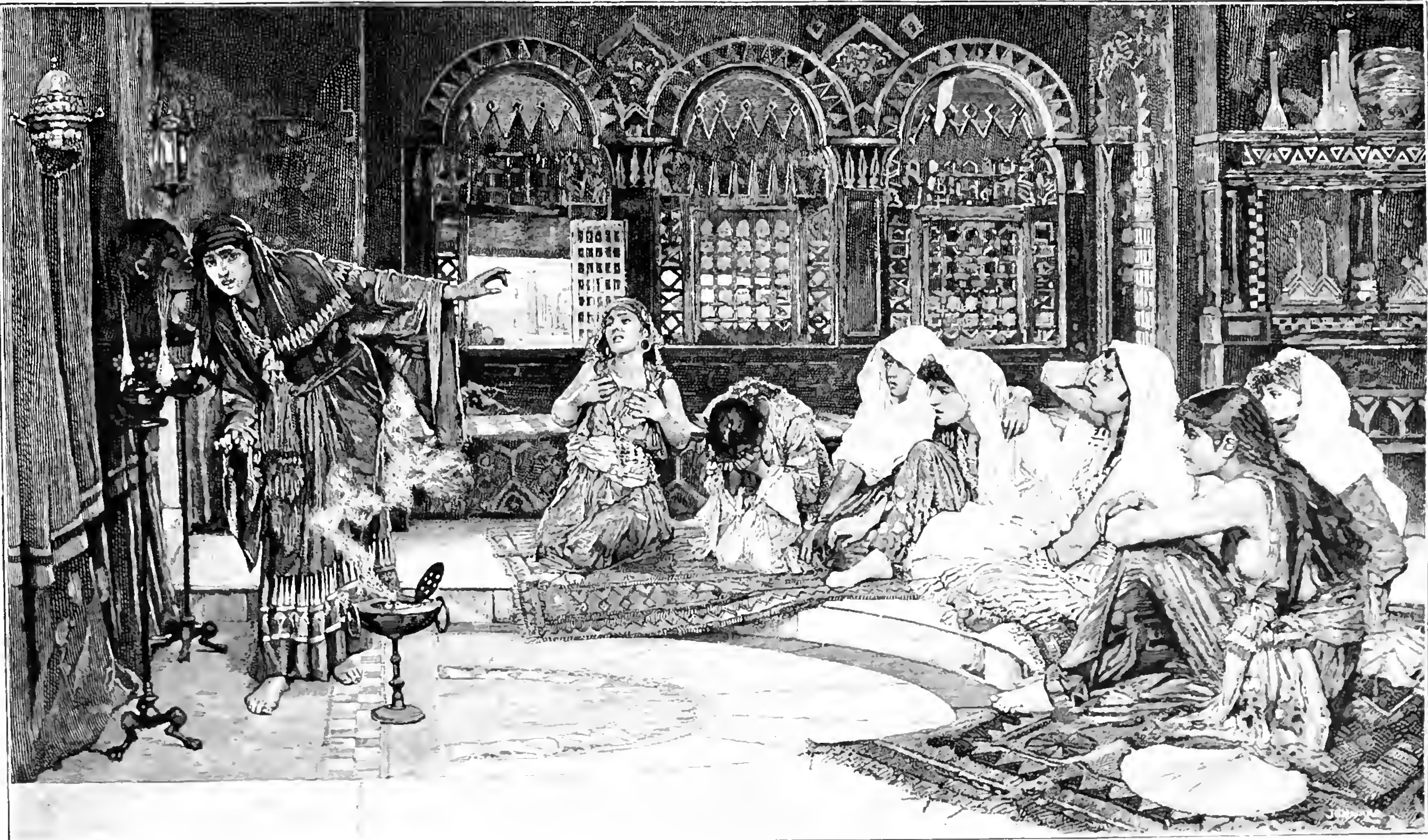
Our next example of Mr. Waterhouse's work is "The Oracle" of last year's Academy, one of those pictures sure of popularity, though entirely free from the sensationalism that is the common bid for popular applause. The semicirque of eager women, some pale, others flushed, all agitated, and the pale priestess with her ear to the mouth of the oracle about to deliver some mystery, are so potent with character, so sincerely human, so admirable for the varied expression of passion, that the popularity of the picture offers no enigma as popularity sometimes does. This year the artist is represented by the

"St. Eulalia," engraved and noticed in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for July, and by a single water-colour at the in the catalogue, but the figures in the drawing, with the details of their environment, are self-explanatory.

A BYE-WAY IN OLD ROME.

(From the Water-Colour Drawing by J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. Royal Institute, 1885.)

Institute, "A Bye-Way in Old Rome," which we reproduce. This charming example of vivacious, piquant colour and pure limpid tone appeared untitled Part of the present summer has been spent by Mr. Waterhouse in Venice, of whose architectural glories and silent water-ways he has recorded his impressions



THE ORACLE

in not a few brilliant studies. Whether he intends to enlist himself in the band of our modern Venetians there is no telling. It may be safely assumed of so conscientious and thorough an artist that if Venice has any share in his next work it will be essential to his design, not the picturesque adjunct to a study; Venetian, it will express something of the human interest, the immemorial attributes of the city of painters, not the superficial phases of life that enamour the tourist. J. A. BLAIKIE.

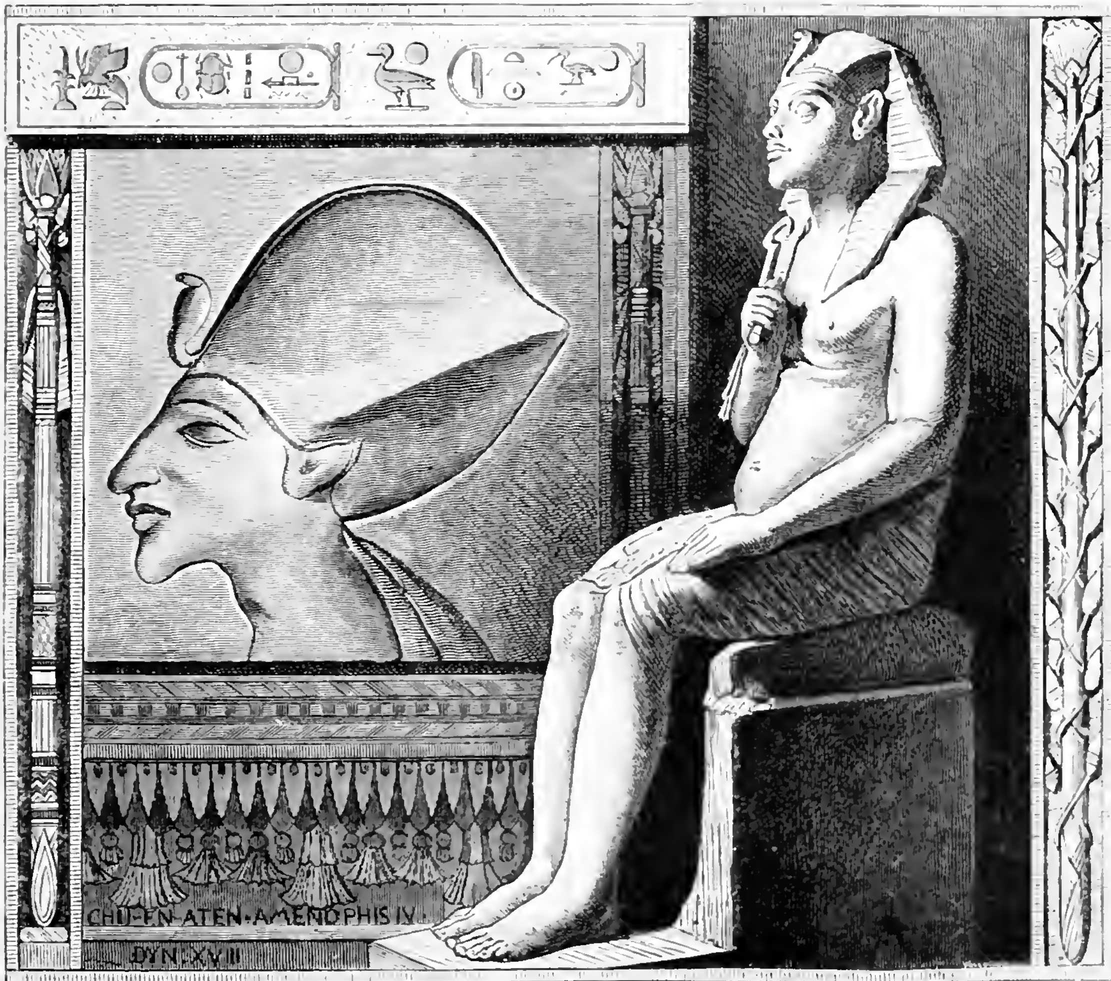
ART IN EGYPT.

IT IS only what might be expected from the nature of the case if we find impressed upon the handiwork of man the very tone and temper of his mind. The thoughts that task imagination and reason to the uttermost; the feelings that kindle his nature from its depths; above all, those intuitions "which, be they what they may," he yet consciously recognises to be "the fountain-light of all his day, . . . the master-light of all his seeing," are likely to reveal themselves on the canvas he colours, and on the stones with which he builds or which are shaped by his tools. For it is the glory of art to be born not of the physical part of us, but of our higher nature; in its highest forms it is the outcome of the soul in agony—striving to express the voices it has heard, the visions by which it is blinded, the emotions whereby it is touched or shaken. And it is for this reason that we prize it; a picture, a cathedral, a statue is dear to us just in proportion as it tells out for us better than we can say for ourselves some idea which has mastered us, or some feeling by which we are profoundly moved. Nor can we wonder that this relief has been sought in forms which are abiding; sighs and words are lost in air, marble is perennial; and the permanent vehicle is a necessity of men to whom the notion of death is abhorrent, and who shrink most sensitively from the contemplation of *that* perishing which they know to be worthiest in them. The press has accustomed later ages to the direct appeal of ideas (independent of form and sense), and confers an immortality upon unembodied thought; hence a loss from art of much which we are never likely to regain. The material has given place to the spiritual, the local and circumscribed to what is free and universal; but before there was literature, art was the sole enduring utterance of what was finest in humanity, and is to us a most eloquent disclosure of the inner life of the generations that have been. I propose to glance at her work as affected by these strong tides of human life, as receiving inspiration and significance from national characteristics, from philosophy, and from religion. The last, concerned with our personal relations to what is eternal and Divine, touches man most keenly, and will be found to have scored the deepest mark. It is religion that is prominent, even before we can speak of art at all, in the rude monolith on Syrian upland or on the downs of Wiltshire; she reared the colossal temples of Mexico and Burmah, of India, Chaldæa, and Egypt, and the beautiful shrines of Greece; it is her spirit that breathes in the palaces of pictures and the elaborate Gothic minsters which are still the crown of Western Europe.

The pristine civilisations had their rise in countries where the scale of nature is stupendous, and their religions were strongly coloured by the physical environment. The imagination was at once oppressed and inflamed by inaccessible mountain ranges, by boundless deserts, by the unending flow of the ancient river, by the subtle irresistible forces revealed in tempest or in plague, by the blazing sun, by the teeming earth. The scorching day, the vague vast night, the unwearied march of the stars, the recurring procession of the seasons, marked by such pomp and circumstance as we have never dreamed of, overwhelmed the mind with the two infinitudes of time and space; and man was compelled to communicate to the stone on which he wrought the grandeur and magnificence, the sense of mystery, the dread surmises which possessed his soul. This feature Egypt shares in common with the rest. The expanse of sandy wastes about the valley of the Nile, the abyss of the silent heaven that overarches it, find their counterpart in the enormous figures reared by the Egyptian sculptor, and in the vasty glooms into which the temples of the Egyptian architect rose and retired. But Egypt had her own mood in which to meditate on mystery, and to work at the problems of life and death; and her type of art is peculiar to herself. Until we come down to the cathedrals of the Middle Ages, there is no architecture in the world combining as does that of Egypt profound religious sentiment with daring conception, and that so mingles beauty with solemn majesty of execution. Her "note" is Calm—impassive, but not stolid; strong, yet sweet; the tranquillity is that of the man of thought; and of the thinker baffled—not bewildered—who can wait,

and *wills* to wait, longer than this life even, for the ending of his quest—if end indeed there be. This quiescence results from two causes. Egypt never entered the lists in competition with the great aggressive monarchies of the elder world; it was very late in her day when the instinct of self-preservation drove her into a rivalry, temporarily successful, with the threatening Assyrian power. Her development was self-contained. True, her walls teem with battle scenes, but the large majority of the exploits commemorated consist of the suppression of refractory Ethiopians, or of some tribe prone to pilfer copper or blue-stone in the quarries on her Sinaitic frontier; of a naval action only one representation has been found: it was clearly a defensive action, since the reigning Pharaoh shoots down his enemies from a station on shore. All her need was met by her internal resources, and the spirit of adventure and discovery, but seldom roused in her, was never sustained. This national inertia is embodied in the very posture and attitude of her colossal statues, and in the intaglios of temple and of tomb, which are crowded with monotonous mechanical figures, of which movement cannot be predicated, although the drawing defines the action unmistakably. But, again, her restfulness was not vacant: Egypt did not seat herself in indolence. She retired to the contemplation of nature around her, and of the spirit within, to metaphysical subtleties, to abstruse eschatological speculations, and to the elaboration of a theosophy which sufficed to set up successive nations. Very early had her doctrine of metempsychosis been perfected; no sooner in the shadowy vistas of her dynasties do we discern the figure of a king than we detect his Majesty writing a treatise on anatomy while Nimrod is "mightily hunting:" and this searching spirit, the meditative soul which went out into eternity, looks forth from the unconscious reposeful features, the dreamy steadfast eyes of couchant Sphinx, of seated Amenophis, of the recumbent ruin in the Rameseum—which seeing, see not: whose horizon is not bounded by the curving line of the melancholy desert, nor by any limit of this nether sphere.

The Memphian pyramids—the most stupendous



PORTRAIT STATUE AND RELIEF: AMENOPHIS IV.

structures ever reared by human hands, comprising memorials which Sir Gardner Wilkinson believes to be the most venerable in the world—constitute what is, however, the unique result of Egyptian speculation; and it is remarkable that they were not built in honour of the living, but of the dead: they are past question the sepulchres of the kings who piled them up. The hold which the hereafter had on the mind of the Egyptian was amazing: it dwarfed into insignificance all the pride of the present; with him palace and hut alike were but "places of sojourn," the sepulchres were "eternal abodes;" *here* we are shadows moving among shadows, *there* we enter on realities. Hence, while scarce a vestige of the ancient

THE MEMNON AT HIGH NILE.

THE PILLARED HALL OF EZNEH.

capital can be discovered, the desert and its fringe of rocks are populous with the remains of the spacious habitations provided for the dead. The hills were honeycombed with the tombs of the noble and wealthy castes, and are strewn with many a monument of burial. Of these excavations take as an illustration the posthumous palace of Meneptha at Thebes, explored by Belzoni: it was carried 350 feet into the solid rock; it went down 100 feet below the level of the entrance; it contained five pillared chambers, numerous corridors, and a hall (with a coved roof) in which was placed the sarcophagus. But the desert itself bears the most astounding memorials—those prodigious constructions, the sixty or seventy pyramids; massive bulks of limestone and of granite, here and there of brick, sometimes mere gigantic rubble-work, the hugest having a perpendicular height of nearly 500 feet, a side length of about 800 feet, a base covering more than 13 acres, and a solid content of masonry estimated at 7,000,000 of tons. They were threaded with passages, galleries, colonnades, and furnished with halls, sometimes isolated, sometimes *en suite*—the most imposing being the sepulchral chamber, as large as a duke's drawing-room or a palace banquet-hall. Such were the "vasty halls of death" reared for themselves by the kings of the Fourth Dynasty, the inheritors of a power consolidated by monarchs bearing the significant titles of "The Stable," "The Striker," "The Terrible," "The Smiter of the Peoples." Without doubt the pyramids tell a tale of haughty sovereigns isolated from the life of the people, doing their pleasure with undisputed will and unlimited resources, reckless alike of treasure and of the toil of depressed multitudes; but still more emphatic is the testimony they bear to the grip of the established religious belief. Absolutism may command prodigious performances, but it cannot command that elevation and boundlessness of conception such as we observe in simple form in the Memphite necropolis, and elaborately consummated in the temples of the Thebaid. That can only come from within; and on so surpassing a scale only from thoughts that strongly stir the soul, and in presence of which the whole nature surges and dilates. The myth which incarnated Osiris in the monarch was early matured among the Egyptians, and might well account for the marvel of the regal sepulchre; but, more generally, the life of the spirit was mysteriously associated by them with the continuance of the body, to which, after 3,000 years of discipline in other forms, it was destined to return. No effort, therefore, to arrest natural decay, or to prevent violation (such as might be wreaked by foreign foe or by a hostile dynasty), could be too extravagant; hence the care and cost lavished on the embalment of the corpse; hence the pains to entrench the mummy within impregnable bulwarks—to secrete its place of burial far within walled-up door and behind adamantine barrier; hence, too, the choice of form which presents the most defiant front to the shocks of war and to the ravages of time.

Such was the Egyptian tomb. In Lower Egypt its importance, both ideal and actual, altogether overshadowed the temple; in Upper Egypt the reverse is the case—here, as we have seen, the tomb is spacious and splendid, but it is an excavation, not a construction. It is not overstating the fact to say that the temples of the Thebaid are unapproached for grandeur of conception and of execution, and for the combination of solemn splendour in the broad effect, with grace of form and beauty of detail. Even the pyramids are said to be unimpressive at first sight, and they may seem to stand in need of writing up; but it is not so with El Uksur, with Karnak and its pillared halls, with the august session of imperial shapes in the hewn shrine of Aboo Simbel. These, like the sublimities of nature, flash their glory at once on the beholder, and elicit the spontaneous tribute of awe and admiration.

The requirements of public worship and an imposing ritual suggested and regulated the general plan. The hypæthral courts resulted in a dull predominance of horizontal lines, which were broken up, and their flat monotony dissipated, by the introduction of the obelisk—often a huge monolith, usually placed in pairs in front of some temple which they overtopped; some suppose it to represent the sunbeam. The great breadth of the massive pylons, or wings, the crowding of colossal columns, the contrasts of light and shade in hall and crypt and cloister, the effect of brilliant colours, so harmonised that the decorated walls look dusky rich—

"Hued like an Indian moth"—

may be seen at their best in the Thebaid. The famous temple at Karnak exhibits every characteristic feature in its highest development; while the memorial palace-chapel of Rameses II. at Thebes marks the culmination of artistic work. The former—it being the product of successive dynasties, and the treasure-house which accumulated whatever of richest and rarest century after century devoted to religion—resembles the great Dom of Cologne, which, however, may be dropped into its Hall of Columns with room to spare. Its dependent sanctuaries, with their connecting pylons, its vast halls, its plain and colonnaded courts and cloisters, its obelisks and colossi, its avenues of confronting sphinxes which extend for miles, its walls and banks and embankments, occupy such an area, and constitute such a scene of architectural magnificence, as dwarf the proudest site the world can show into insignificance. But it owes

most to the Empire, the Augustan era of Egyptian art, of which the Rameseum at Thebes will serve for type. The precedent periods are well marked. The great pyramid builders of the Fourth Dynasty exhibit in their structures conscious strength and solid simplicity, crude ideas worked out with faithful care, but with more of technic than artistic skill. Under the Sixth Dynasty, of which the temple at Denderah is an example, there was a less conscientious style of sculpture, less care in the excavation of the tombs—it was a time when national force was dissipated in campaigns undertaken for territory or for spoil. The grottoes of Beni Hassan illustrate the epoch of the Twelfth Dynasty; life had then become more complex and luxurious, and an art more free and flexible attended it; the gigantesque was touched with grace, and immovable strength was refined by an unwonted delicacy. By the conquering emperors of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Dynasties Egypt was carried to the very height of her renown and to her utmost stretch of domination; I have already spoken of the Rameseum as expressive of this culminating period. The naturalism of the Fourth Dynasty and the æsthetic finish of the Twelfth alike are gone; but there abides the unwearied patience with material and great fidelity in detail. We are more than ever amazed with the expanse of surfaces, with enormous bulk, with the boundless mechanical resource; but the transcendent marvel is the presence of a true art triumphing on this Titanic scale, and of beauty pervading height and space. Beyond this point the native genius never passed; in the Sixth succeeding Dynasty the spoiler had come up among the gorgeous temples and the glorious tombs, the barbaric hordes led by Cambyses were ruining throughout the country, and the attempted revivals of sculpture under the Ptolemies and Cæsars were but stages of decline which made it plain that when Persia struck at Egypt she dealt the death-blow to art in that enchanted and enchanting land.

QUEEN NEFERTARI.

The artistic capacity shown in the monuments is very considerable; genius and power are everywhere conspicuous. Think of what is involved in the detachment and rounding of the column, the tapering shaft, the gracious curves of the bell-capitals, the variety of treatment of the few simple forms of the papyrus—stalk and leaf, bud and flower. Then, if French and German pictures can be trusted, observe the contrasts which subdue masses of glaring colour into harmony, and the elegance (scarcely inferior to that of Etruria) of the vases and amphoræ. What accurate observation! how thorough a grasp of essential features! how exact the knack of indicating them in vivid outline! How the artist hits off the physical characteristics of race. There is no mistaking the nationality of a single figure out of the myriads which throng upon wall and shaft and obelisk; he distinguishes with equal clearness every variety of dog; and, though shy of foreshortening, his quadrupeds when thus represented are excellent; occasionally the prevalent quietism is broken by a slight infusion of vivacity. Nevertheless, he knows nothing of perspective, he is innocent of grouping, his composition is infantile, and his delineation of the human form always and everywhere is deplorable. In profile he never escapes from a stiff conventional type of figure, and in an unusual attitude or position the drawing is wretched. Strangest of all, the lapse of 1,000 years leaves the artist in this respect just where it found him: he has not advanced one step. Where are we to look for an explanation? What was it cramped the inherent faculty and vigour, and prevented all development along this particular line? It appears—we are indebted to Plato and Synesius for the information—that from the very

earliest times there existed a religious censorship of art; the rude anthropomorphic models of the gods became established by law; and from these sacred archetypes of an archaic age it was made penal to deviate even in the age of highest culture. Thus the mimetic arts were fettered in infancy by a hieratic canon, and the sinister influence could not, of course, be restricted to the domain in which it directly interfered; in no department could Egyptian art, even in her acme, emancipate herself from the effect of the faulty traditions she had been compelled to conserve. Hence the wonders she has wrought do but leave us regretfully pondering what might have been; that she attained to their magnificent proportions is a perpetual miracle, confounding every feebler age. Assume that the Ephesian Council had combined the power and the will to tie the European drama for ever down to the level of the Passion play of Gregory of Nazianzen, where would have been Shakespeare and Racine, with the illustrious lines of French and English dramatists? Where the Talmas and Rachels, the Garricks, Macreadys, Kembles of the stage? The vigour with which the enactments of the priesthood were enforced by the Twelfth Dynasty was in some sort compensated by the superior elegance and harmony which were the note of that time; but not for the efflorescence on one side can we condone the artificial blight upon the other, which reduced the spacious genius of the Egyptian artist to the suggestion only of life and action, and paralysed his power of expression, so that there is no consummation of an act—animation cannot even be said to be suspended, for his forms have never received a living soul. The violence done to him, and the thought of what the world has lost thereby, excites a grudge against the entire sacerdotal order. True, in mediæval times it was the conservator of art; it became her shelter in wild weather, and rendered her essential service; but not even Fra Angelico, nor many such a Friar Pacifico as Longfellow has shown us at work in the scriptorium of the Hirschau Convent, can make us forget or forgive their predecessors, who all but strangled in its cradle the gigantic genius of Egyptian art. Those cruel swaddling-bands must have been fatal had that art been of the earth, earthy; the secret of its vigorous yet stately life lies here: in that—as its divine calm and mysterious immensities assure us—it was essentially spiritual in motive and scope; its impulse and its inspiration were drawn from the world that is unseen and eternal.

THE ROCK TEMPLE OF GIRSHEH.

WILLIAM HOLMEDEN.

AMERICAN SILVER-WORK.

TO any person whose patriotism is catholic enough to embrace the arts and manufactures of his

I.—A LOVING CUP; SILVER.

country, as well as her arms and politics, it must always be painful to feel that she is inferior to other nations in those respects, and perhaps even more painful to confess it. But painful though the confession be to him who makes it, and distasteful as it may perhaps prove to those artists and manufacturers whom it may concern and who may notice it, the avowal had better be made in time that we may not within the next few years be utterly distanced in the race. The bitterness of the confession may prove a healthful tonic. The writer of this article cannot hope that what he says will very greatly influence in any way the producers of our artistic manufactures, but it may call the attention of a thoughtful two or three to a rival who, without drum-beat or *fanfare*, has in one or two branches of production in which we were at one time pre-eminent, for years been forging ahead of us. I refer to America.

Accustomed as we all are to the genius of America in mechanics, witnessing her mighty engineering works, and knowing the boldness of American thought and invention, and the ingenuity and skill which her citizens apply to the carrying out of their conceptions, we have been rather too apt to overlook the advance they have made in the arts and in the application of them to their manufactures. Whilst crediting them with the greatest skill in the invention and production of all labour-saving contrivances, and in the making of articles of daily use and service by new and improved methods, we have been blind to the great strides they have been taking in recent years in the manufacture of those articles to which art is applied, and in the production of which there must be, at least, some knowledge and feeling for design, of which till lately the old countries believed they possessed the exclusive monopoly.

In the first busy centuries of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, when the rude forces of the continent had to be conquered, and the whole of men's energies was devoted to the development of the natural resources of the land and to the procuring of the daily necessaries of life, the young country had no time for the formation of a national style in art or letters. The good old methods of the mother-country sufficed for them, and the people were content to run in the lines that their parents and grandparents had followed. But with advancing civilisation, with the greater wealth, and the consequent leisure that it brought, came the time for them to assert their independence otherwise than politically. The day of imitation had ceased, and American taste began to be no longer the mere echo of European culture.

II. VASE; HAMMERED IRON AND APPLIED SILVER.

Perhaps the manufacture to which American art is applied most characteristically, or as characteris-

tically as to any, is that of the silversmith and the worker in the more precious metals, and it is to this subject that I would wish to call the attention of our English makers, in the hope that they will, for once, lay all trade jealousy aside, and be willing to take a hint from their Transatlantic rivals. It is not of the great pieces of silversmith's work, the large priced articles which only the very wealthy can buy, that I wish to speak, but of the silver-work of commerce, the spoons and forks, the sugar-basins and tea sets, that are retailed daily in the open shops. It is in these that the superiority of the American design and manufacture is apparent.

It was not until the Paris Exhibition of 1878 that we in England knew there was such a thing as artistic American silver-work. Even many Americans themselves had to go to Paris, where they could compare the best produce of all the nations with their own, before they could credit that in their very midst they had manufacturers whose work rivalled in their own field the best productions of Cristofle, Elkington, and the other great makers of London, Paris, and Vienna. Since then the American silversmiths have not been content to stand still; every year a steady improvement has been apparent in both design and workmanship. Doubtless this has depended greatly upon the artistic sense of the well-to-do middle-class American, that class which in England we have presumed to consider utterly Philistine and inartistic, but to a great extent the supply has created the demand. By producing articles in advance of the prevailing taste, and placing them before the public, the great makers have educated that public and taught it to appreciate and buy the more beautiful goods.

Although there are several leading silversmiths in the United States who manufacture very beautiful work, it will be more convenient for me to instance the productions of the Gorham Manufacturing Company—with whose methods and with whose design I am both best acquainted and best pleased. It is very certain that had we in England the chance of buying spoons and forks as beautiful as those engraved (VI.), at the same price that we pay at present for the hideous articles procurable here, we should do so. But what choice have we? If we go to one of the first London silversmiths and ask for spoons and forks, we are met at once with the smiling query, "Yes, sir; fiddle or old English?" Fiddle or old English! If we decline both those chaste designs we are assured that there is still a large selection of patterns remaining. The "Lily," the "Beaded," "King's Pattern," and "Queen's Pattern." There, perforce, our choice must end: these designs of that period of pure taste, George the Fourth and early Victoria, being the alpha and omega of English taste in that one direction. I believe that one or two enterprising firms have gone a generation or two still farther back, and have produced the rat-tail forks and spoons of Queen Anne, and that a certain amount of elegance which they possess has, for want of something better, given them a large sale.

Mark the difference, in this one article, between the supine conservatism of the English manufacturers and the alertness and constant progress of the American maker. For instance, the company whose forks we present would not be satisfied unless it produced every year two new patterns, nearly all of which are beautiful, and of which they will produce a complete set of all articles for table use from a salt-spoon to a soup ladle. And not content with the custom of making the handles of all the different articles exactly alike, as prevails in England, in some of the services no two articles are alike, there being as many as a hundred and forty designs for the various forks and spoons of the set. Only a technical man can know the enormous increase of time and trouble that this entails. Expensive steel dies are cut for such articles as are not cast, and oftentimes new machinery is laid down, for not only will the great American makers have fresh designs, but they insist upon having the best workmanship and finish upon all their goods. The Medici and Fontainebleau patterns are typical examples of the care bestowed upon this one branch of the silversmith's business in the United States.

III.—A COFFEE-POT; PERSIAN TREATMENT.

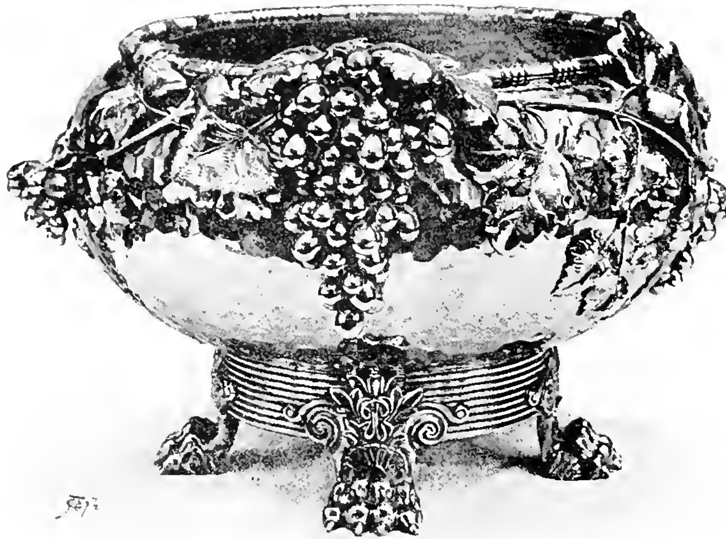
The reason for the beauty of the finish of American articles is that the great makers adopt the latest and most improved systems of manufacture. They cannot afford to have anything but the very best. Where manual labour is so dear, and often so difficult to obtain, it does not pay a manufacturer to have stampings come out of the die, or castings out of the sand, so rough and burred as to require hand-work upon them afterwards. Hence it is that their castings on leaving the mould are frequently sharper, cleaner, and more perfect than the finished article in England, and the spoon or fork that goes into the stamp a mere blank scarcely requires touching before it goes to the plating bath. It is not that their sand, as is often alleged, is one wit better than our own, but that they make and face the mould with three times our skill and care. By the excellence of their preliminary work they save themselves a great part of the labour bestowed upon an article in Sheffield or Birmingham; and thus the makers can afford to pay for good design and yet sell their goods at a cheaper rate than we. Does a labour-saving machine appear, even though it be but a slight improvement on what they already possess, that machine replaces their old one. They know that they cannot be behind the time with their appliances, and yet keep in the front rank with their productions.

How different is this in England. Smith and Co., "established 1815," or Jones and Brown, "the oldest silversmiths in England," go on employing the same appliances and working much in the same method as their grandfathers did before them; they use the old time-honoured stamps and dies and presses, or, at least, endeavour to convert some effete and worn-out model to newer shape or service. So many blanks out of every gross are "wasters;" so many castings "porous;" so many pennyweights in every ounce are "burr" and "waste;" and, consequently, so much time, the most expensive of all items in a manufacturing business, is wasted and irretrievably lost. Labouring under these self-imposed, or rather self-retained, disadvantages, is it surprising that our manufacturers are distanced by their American rivals? What is true of the masters is also true of the men. It is undeniable that not more than one out of ten English mechanics who emigrate to America knows how to use the tools placed in his hands. Any intelligent workman who has emigrated to the United States, and gone into one of the best workshops there, will acknowledge the fact. He thinks he knows his trade till he gets there, when he discovers that in most things he has to begin all over again.

Whilst upon the subject of the low state of taste in our present English silversmithery, the writer may perhaps be allowed to point out what he believes to be two of the chief causes of it. One, and perhaps the more fatal of the two, is the fallacious practice of buying our silver plate by the ounce. So long as a buyer asks the weight of a piece, and how many shillings the ounce, the maker will try to put in as much solid silver and as little workmanship as possible. Can anything more truly inartistic and sad be imagined? If weight of silver is required, in the name of heaven buy your metal by the ingot; but to go to an artist to buy his produce in the scales is insulting as well as foolish. Was it thus that Francis bought of Benvenuto, or Diane of Delaulne? The second cause is the custom, which we trust is on the wane, of melting up old silver by each generation, and having it made into new plate. This is probably the natural consequence of the buying-by-the-ounce system, but so long as this practice is continued we can hardly expect a workman to bestow upon a piece the loving care and constant thought that are necessary to make a work of art of it. No art can flourish under such discouragement, and so long as every heir, upon succeeding to his heritage, has his father's silver re-cast, and his mother's jewels re-set for his bride, just so long shall we have silver and jewellery worthy of such treatment. No man will put his whole heart into work which he knows to be ephemeral.

There is in England among our cultured classes an absurd and superstitious distaste for all artistic articles in the manufacture of which machinery has been employed. The fact of an object not being hand-made is sufficient to condemn it, though it may be entirely beautiful in itself. This foolish and little-thinking faction holds by that motto which appears upon a beautiful cup belonging to the Blacksmiths' Company, and dated 1655, "By hammer and hand all arts doe stand," and considers that the art of the silversmith can never truly be an art as long as machinery is employed in it. This, I think, is entirely a fallacy, and one worth the endeavour to remove. There is, doubtless, some good reason for the existence of this feeling, and I believe that it arises chiefly from the fact that the manufacturer tries to produce by machinery shapes that can only conveniently be made by hand, or that he endeavours to imitate in his machine-made goods effects that would only appear in hand-made ones. This gives an appearance of insincerity to the article which is fatally prejudicial to the right enjoyment of it. The fault lies entirely in the design, and not at all in the method of production. Did the artist better understand the capabilities and the limitations of the machine he thinks for, he would design an article entirely adapted to it. This is the most frequent fault on the part of our designers. They

have such slight practical knowledge of the tools or methods of the silversmith that their designs are rarely of service. In any case of competitive design

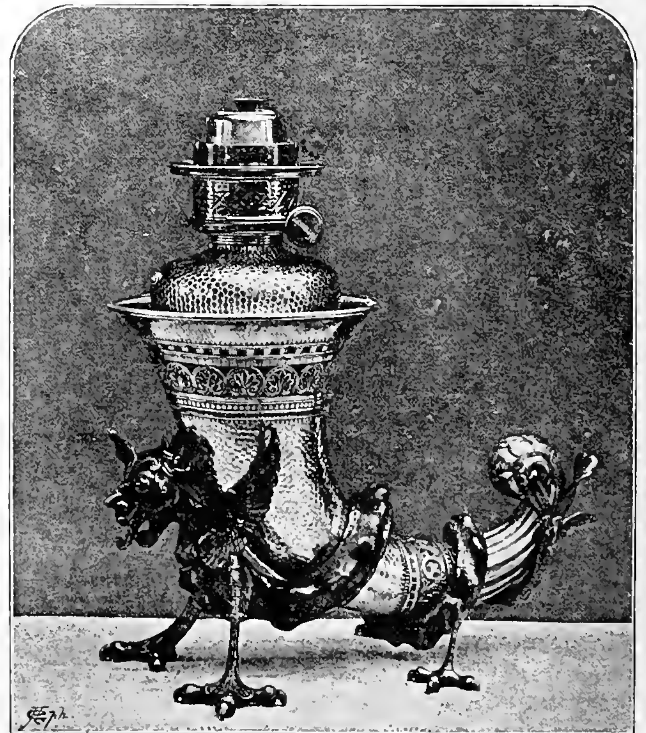


IV.—A PUNCH-BOWL; COPPER ON COPPER.

many of the seemingly most beautiful of the drawings are quite impracticable, or are only to be made at so great a cost as to be virtually useless. Now I think that the impartial reader will consider that the Gorham Company have succeeded in producing some very original and beautiful work, although they use machinery to so great an extent, if he will turn to our illustration of a loving cup (I.); and perhaps it may not be uninteresting to add that their chief designer, an Englishman by birth and education, is an eminently practical man, having at one time been engaged in business as a die-sinker. It is probably owing to this fact that so many of the Company's productions are so satisfactory.

Of late years the influence of Eastern art, especially that of Japan, has been very apparent in Western design, and this has perhaps been more particularly so in America. It can be traced very distinctly in many of the Gorham Company's patterns, but there is nothing slavish in the ready adoption of an idea. Even in a certain delightful tray of theirs, which is Japanesque, there is a naturalism which is quite Western in feeling. This readiness of adaptation is again seen in our illustration of a coffee-pot (III.), where the treatment is purely Persian. This very charming specimen is only one selected from several somewhat similar pieces quite as beautiful as it. Very noticeable in the goods of this and other American firms is the success with which handles are treated. They are usually light, elegant, and are always placed in quite the best position for service. This consistent appropriateness to use in American articles is one great reason of their beauty. But that this success in design does not lie in a servile following of Eastern forms is apparent in many hundreds of patterns, for many of which we wish we had space to engrave. The lamp (V.) is very far from being Oriental.

Although I have at present been speaking only of silver and electro-plate, the American silversmiths do not exclusively confine themselves to working in those metals. For instance, much of Messrs. Gorham's most charming and original work is in copper, and what is technically called "mixed metals." It is difficult to convey by words, or by illustrations in black and white, any idea of the great beauty of their copper goods, as their chief charm lies in the wonderful scale of colour the makers are able to produce in this rich metal by their novel and astonishing methods of bronzing. Most of the pieces, too, are admirably decorated with applied ornament of silver, the contrast of the bright decoration with the varied tones of the copper having an indescribable charm. Perhaps it is only a spray



V.—A LAMP; SILVER AND BRONZE.

of silver leaves and berries trailing across one side of the *martelé* copper pot or basin, which is of the bright colour of a newly-shelled horse-chestnut, or one or two admirably modelled fish or crabs swimming or crawling over a polished tray, which glows as crimson and warm as the sunny side of a peach; but, whatever it may be, the decoration is applied so gracefully and lightly as to be entirely delightful. On one little piece there is a charming bit of typical the manufacture has been discontinued. Nearly all the many specimens I have seen of it have been singularly artistic. Another department of the same manufactory is devoted to the working, carving, and staining of ivory, in which branches it holds an unrivalled position. As an example of American work in this branch we engrave the handles of a salad spoon and fork of stained ivory (VI.). The decoration in this case is purely Japanesque.

VI.—SPOON AND FORK HANDLES; IVORY AND SILVER.

American humour, the humour of incongruous juxtaposition. It is a small copper tray, on which an angular Japanese lady is listening with oblique-eyed wonder to the piping of a little naked Renaissance angel. It is quite exquisite in its way, and as utterly beyond the academic primness and propriety of our school-of-art-taught student of design, as it would be beyond the heavy-handedness of our British workman. We engrave (IV.) a fine specimen of this copper work, a large hammered punch-bowl, decorated with a sweeping wreath of vine. Illustrative of yet another branch of this Company's manufacture is a vase of tinted iron, decorated in *repousse* gold and vari-coloured silver. This style of work, beautiful though it be, did not prove a commercial success, and

To show what attention is paid to detail in America, I shall mention that even the cases and caskets for enclosing their precious goods receive the same artistic attention, and exhibit the same good taste and excellence of make. Instead of the heavy and clumsy cases of the usual dreary morocco, an endless series of the most beautiful fabrics that can be obtained is used for this purpose in America. It is needless to say that any little article purchased from them looks doubly charming when produced from the rich coloured silk or velvet bag in which the artistic taste of the management has caused it to be encased.

Before I end this paper I should like to say in what I consider the chief fault of this branch of

American art lies. It is not seen so much in the pieces here selected for engraving; but in many pieces of American silver it is apparent that the form is less thought of than the ornamenting of it, and that often in the desire for originality and novelty the designs degenerate into awkwardness and even ugliness. Restraint in both ways might often be employed with advantage. The new freedom slips at times into licence, and American decoration, though beautiful in itself, loses its subservient place, and becomes of more importance than the shape of the article to which it is applied. A. ST. JOHNSTON.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

SCULPTOR AND BRAVO.

THAT famous scuffle with Michelangelo was the beginning of Torrigiani's wanderings. He could no longer remain in Florence; banishment or imprisonment awaited him, and in the horror of the moment when the boy fell senseless under his blow, he probably imagined that he had killed his comrade. It was a ghastly scene of strife and passion to be enacted in a church, under the grave eyes of the reserved and self-respecting personages whom kind Massaccio and gentle Filippino had painted on the wall. Those saints and angels, those crowds of serious and earnest men had looked down on many a prayerful congregation, aye, and on many a copyist, before the Duke Lorenzo sent his two most gifted *protégés* to study the famous frescoes in the Calmine.

Thirty years later Torrigiani, talking of the affair to Benvenuto, said it was all done in a moment of passion, whose heat had been fanned by the biting, teasing words of Michelangelo; but Benvenuto adds that the conversation caused in him an unconquerable aversion to the fellow; and Vasari, who is seldom unkind, gives a darker version of the story. Torrigiani, he says, "was by nature of an excessively choleric and haughty disposition; powerful and robust in person, he was so violent and overbearing that he was perpetually offending his fellow-students, to whom he not unfrequently offered outrage in deed as well as in word. He could never endure that any should surpass himself, and often set himself to spoil with his hands such of the works of his fellow-students as he perceived to display a degree of excellence to which he could not attain; when, if those whom he thus attacked resented the injury, he would often assail them, and that with something harder than words. He had an especial hatred to Michelangelo, but for no other reason than because he saw him to be studious and devoted to his art. Moved by a bitter and cruel envy, therefore, Torrigiani was constantly seeking to offend Michelangelo, both in word and deed, insomuch that they one day came to blows, when Torrigiani struck Michelangelo on the nose with his fist, using such terrible violence, and crushing that feature in such a manner that the proper form could never be restored to it."

But no matter how evil Torrigiani's nature, that must have been a fearful moment, when, as he expressed it, he "felt the bone and cartilage of the face crush as though they had been a wafer biscuit," and when he, the big robust young Hercules of twenty, saw the lad of sixteen fall down lifeless at his feet. Michelangelo was carried out like one dead, but Torrigiani probably did not wait to help to bear him away. That lifeless form, that crushed and bleeding face, shapeless and hideous, awakened within him terror as well as remorse—he must escape the wrath, not only of the duke, but of Buonarotti's many friends and his own many enemies. He hurried on to Rome, where Pope Alexander VI. was then adding the Torre Borgia to the Vatican, and on the stucco decorations of the new building the clever young sculptor found employment. The work, however, was monotonous and wearisome. Torrigiani's blood flowed quickly; he was young, and the desire to see life and the world possessed him, so, with others of his townsmen settled in Rome, he joined the forces of Duke Valentino, who was then making war in Romagna. Although a bully, Torrigiani was no coward; he bore himself very bravely in the campaign, and afterwards under Paolo Vitelli in the war against Pisa, and fought under Piero de' Medici at the action of Garigliano, where he obtained a pair of colours, with the reputation of being a brave standard-bearer. Still, either because his other duties were less satisfactory than his fighting, or because that outrage on Michelangelo was yet remembered, the rank of captain was withheld from him, and, after nearly twenty years of service he left the army in disgust, and, at the age of forty, without a penny in the world, he once more resumed business as a sculptor and modeller. He probably settled in Florence, for it was to Florentine dealers that he sold the bronze and marble statuettes which he then commenced making, and after a time he was invited by one of these dealers to go over to London, where there was

a splendid opening for a sculptor. Whether Torrigiani went over expressly to erect the tomb of Henry VII., or whether the order was given him after some residence in England, we know not, but it was in 1516 that "Peter Torrysany, of Florence, graver, but now living in the parish of St. Peter's, Westminster," was commissioned by Henry VIII. to make the tomb of Henry VII. and his queen Elizabeth of York, to be finished before Nov. 29th, 1519, and for the which the said Peter Torrysany was to receive £1,000.

On the whole Giustiniani's picture of England is quite as pretty and as civilised as Cellini's picture of Italy at the same period. There is, perhaps, more feasting and stately jousting, but, though Henry presided in London and God's Vicar on earth in Rome, infinitely less intriguing with your neighbour's wife, and less stabbing and scuffling in streets. But those were not Henry's evil days; he was only between twenty-four and twenty-eight, and he was still married to his brother's widow, Katherine of Arragon. The queen, we are told, was thirty-five and very plain, but the picture of the young king is delightful. "His Majesty is the handsomest potentate I ever set eyes upon; above the usual height, with an extremely fine calf to his leg, his complexion very fair and bright, with auburn hair combed straight and short, and a round face so very beautiful that it would become a pretty woman, his throat being rather long and thick." "Nature could not have done more for him!" cries the enthusiastic ambassador; and again he declares that "This most serene king is not only very expert in arms, and of great valour, and most excellent in personal endowments, but is likewise so gifted and adorned with mental accomplishments that we believe him to have few equals in the world. He speaks English, French, and Latin, understands Italian well, plays almost every instrument, sings and composes fairly, is prudent and sage, free from every vice." Such was the monarch Torrigiani undertook to serve. The court was as gay as the king. Again and again Giustiniani expresses his satisfaction, and exclaims with wonder at the magnificence of the brocades and jewels of Henry's Court. The bodyguard, too, were all very handsome men, and "By God! they are all as big as giants!" Biggest of men, finest of silks, largest of jewels, swiftest of horses, found their way to the Court of the cultured and luxurious young athlete, who after tiring out ten horses in a day's hunting, would end the evening with very stately jousting, and as the night closed in take up his mandolin and sing to it verses and tune of his own improvisation. We would give much to know what the big Torrigiani thought of the bodyguard of giants, the banquetings, the picnickings, and May-day feasts at Greenwich, when the queen and twenty-five young girls, mounted on snow-white palfreys caparisoned with gold, met the king and his archers in the flowery wood, whose bowers were filled expressly with singing birds which carolled sweetly during the inevitable feasting. The nature of his work must have brought Torrysany into close contact with Wolsey. "The Cardinal," writes the Venetian, "rules not only the king but the entire nation. When we first came over he would say, '*The king will do so and so*,' then it became '*We will do so and so*,' and now it is '*I shall do so and so*.'" How, we may wonder, did our sculptor agree with this not too gentle ecclesiastic? But at least Torrigiani was not idle; in 1519 the tomb was finished and cast, and Henry, pleased, as well he might be, with the work, ordered the sculptor to make him drawings and a model of a monument for himself and his queen, Katherine of Arragon, to be completed on a scale one-fourth larger than that of his parents.

Before beginning this great work Torrigiani returned to Florence to seek out young men to help him to complete it. It was at this time that he met with Benvenuto Cellini, who was then in his twentieth year, and who Torrigiani was desirous of taking with him to London. "This Torrigiani then," writes the younger artist, "was a handsome man of consummate assurance, having rather the air of a bravo than of a sculptor; above all, his gestures and his sonorous voice, with a peculiar manner of knitting his brows, were enough to frighten every one who saw him; and he was continually talking of his valiant feats among those bears of Englishmen." But for some unknown reason Torrigiani returned no more among the English bears, but went to seek his fortune in Spain, whose nineteen-year-old king, Charles V., had just been crowned Emperor of Germany. Charles and his courtiers were patrons of the arts and devout sons of the church, and between princes and prelates Torrigiani found abundance of patrons. Among the most ardent of these was the Duke of Arcos, for whom Torrigiani undertook to make a replica of a certain Madonna, which was accounted his masterpiece. To obtain this statue the duke made so many fine promises that Torrigiani believed himself about to be enriched for ever. On the completion of his work his hopes amounted to conviction, for the duke sent him such a quantity of those coins called maravedis that two men staggered under the weight of them. How best to invest these riches was now Torrigiani's chief care, and in this matter he consulted a fellow-countryman who was settled in Spain—consulted him only to learn that so worthless are the maravedis that the whole weight of them did not equal the value of thirty ducats. To be cheated thus was

hard, to be befooled and a laughing-stock was past endurance. Torrigiani took his mallet up, he strode out, and went to where the statue was, then with one blind, furious blow he shattered it into a thousand pieces. It is now the duke who will look foolish, for he has paid thirty ducats for a lot of broken potsherds. But, Master Sculptor, were you not aware that the image of God's Mother is a sacred thing, and to lay violent hands on it is sacrilege? It is to be feared you are a heretic; we must assure ourselves of your orthodoxy before the Holy Office.

The days are long in the dark and noisome cell; but each day the prisoner is taken forth and questioned before the inquisitors. It all ends one way · the doors of the Inquisition all open on to the stake. Torrigiani knows it; he is sunk in deepest dejection, even before his doom is pronounced. He is judged worthy of the most awful death. He will not bear it. No one shall kill him; he will die. He does not eat, he does not drink. He was strong once; but he cannot lift his hand now, he is weak and faint, and the world is dim and far, far off. But his will is still strong; he will not moisten his parched tongue, he will not yield to his craving stomach, to his feverish, mad thirst. He will not bear the shame of a public death. No man shall see and laugh at his dying agony; and so one morning when the jailors visit him they find him dead.

F. Mabel Robinson.

THE LOWER MEDWAY.

If it were not true that things are more valued for being far off, so many profound moralists would not have made the remark. Taking this virtue of distance for granted then, it may be asserted that the places which are counted near. You pass it comparatively early on a journey to Margate or to Dover, and, as a rule, you pass it without in the least knowing how well it is worth seeing. Tunbridge, Maid-

LONDON STONE: LOOKING SEAWARD.

Medway would be a very much more popular river if it were only five or six times as far from London as it is. The virtue of remoteness it does not possess. On the contrary, it is less than half as far off as many stone, and Rochester, at which three places the river is crossed by railways, are all within an hour or so of London, even for trains of very moderate speed. But though the majority of sightseers hurry over it, the

Medway is as worthy of a careful visit as any river in England. It would be rash to assert that no other has an equal variety of scenery to show; it would even be foolish, with the Thames at hand. Not a little of what is most characteristic of the lower at Sheerness. Working up from this latter place to the other, you pass from a flat marsh land of sea-walls and dykes and fat pastures to a hilly upland of cornfields and woods. Between the two points are the several gradations which lead from one extreme to the other.

ROCHESTER, FROM STROOD.

Medway, for instance, is also part of the larger river, and it would be impossible to say what belongs to the one, and what to the other. Still, after making all allowances, it may be said of the Medway that it has as much change of scene to show as any other. The highlands of Scotland and the flats of Holland cannot be more different than are the banks of this river at Penshurst near the borders of Sussex, and its banks

As for human associations, without which scenery is apt to pall on certain persons, the Medway abounds in them. It starts with literature and ends with it. By beginning with Sidney at Penshurst, and ending with Dickens at Rochester and in the marshes, a man might survey no inconsiderable part of English life, and its history and romance. At the source these associations lie thick. Groombridge itself was once

the home of the Wallers. At no great distance from this charming village and its beautiful moated house is Tunbridge Wells. How large a part that place has played in literature it is surely unnecessary to say. There are the "Mémoires de Grammont:" for, after all, Hamilton belongs as much to us as to anybody: with their scenes of the Court of Charles II.; and, to mention no other writer, has not Mr. Thackeray written about it much, and with affection? In the present case, however, we are beginning at the other end, to work up the stream and not down it.

Of the literary associations of the lower Medway the strongest are, and will be, those connected with Dickens. He not only wrote about it, coming back on it again and again, but he was born on it, and died within a couple of hours' walk of Rochester. Not the worst scenes of "Pickwick" are laid in that town or near it, as everybody knows, and they also know that "Edwin Drood" was to have passed in the same place. Neither are the marsh and river scenes of "Great Expectations" things familiar only to a few. The Medway valley is accordingly full of the memory of Dickens and of his work. There is not a ploughman for miles round Gad's Hill who does not know who lived there, and why visitors come from far and wide to look at it. The "Sir John Falstaff" is full of tales, some of a pathetic kind, about wayfarers, young and old, who have come and even wept before the railings of the house. At Cobham they direct you to the "Leather Bottle," because it was a haunt of Mr. Dickens's. In the room where Mr. Tupman was found consoling himself for the flight of the maiden aunt, pictures of the study at Gad's Hill, and a portrait of Mr. Sam Weller, the gift of his creator, hang alongside of works of art supposed to be portraits of former landlords or landladies. Perhaps they are, if only one could see for the dirt. At Rochester you are reminded of the benefactor of the country-side in a manner not quite so satisfactory. The inn where the military doctor challenged Mr. Jingle is there, with its staircase and its assembly room unchanged, and the enterprising landlord does well to remind his customers of the fact. There are, however, ways and ways of doing it. When it comes to putting big tickets on washhand-stands, announcing in large black letters that this article of furniture came from the sale at Gad's Hill (it probably was in the servants' quarters), the customer is not thereby moved to reverence of Mr. Dickens, but to quite another sentiment. That sort of thing reminds you not of "Pickwick," but of a certain hideous placard which used to disgrace London hoardings a few months ago, and in which the author of "Pickwick" was made to do duty as part of a rebus puffing somebody's goods. One does not like to be hit in the eye by way of having one's attention called to books one knows tolerably well without the assistance of landlords.

Dickens will, of course, be first in the mind of whoever looks on the mouth of the Medway, or even on the stream far up beyond Rochester; but there are two others, masters in their way too, who must not be forgotten. Pepys has much to say about the river and its dockyards, and Marryat has put the opening scene of the "King's Own" off Sheerness. That naval station is seldom used by him as a background. For one mention of it which comes to mind on thinking over the sea stories, there are a score of Portsmouth, Malta, or Port Royal. Still, Sheerness is not forgotten, and Marryat is entitled to his place among the authors who have written of the Medway. In common civility, it must be supposed that whoever looks over the river from the marshes where Pip grew up between the excellent but likewise feeble Joe, and the "fine figure of a woman," and was lectured on the beauty of gratitude by Mr. Pumblechook, and taught elocution by Mr. Wopsle, thinks more or less of the events recorded by Pepys and by Marryat. They are withal worthy to be remembered, unpleasant as they are. Sheerness and Chatham have been the scenes of the most shameful disaster which ever befell this country, and then, later, the most terrible danger which ever threatened it was seen at the Nore. In 1667 the Hoos and Upnor Castle on one side, Sheerness and Upchurch on the other, saw a Dutch fleet pass up to Chatham, and there break the boom and burn the ships. Thanks to Pepys, it does not require much imagination on our part to realise what the event looked like to contemporaries. It is all alive in his "Diary" to this day. Not that Pepys saw any of it with his merely bodily eyes, for he never came any nearer than Gravesend, "where I find the Duke of Albemarle just come with a great many idle lords and gentlemen, with their pistols and fooleries, and the bulworke not able to stand half an hour if they (*i.e.*, the Dutch) come up." Pepys was not the man to trust himself too near De Ruyter's guns in the company of "idle lords and gentlemen," with no better tools for fighting than "pistols and fooleries." He kept to town, and got his money together, with an eye to the "portable property" which would have been approved by Mr. Wemmick, and sent Mrs. Pepys off with £1,500 in bags, but, nevertheless, stuck to his office work, in spite of "frights and fear," in his usual way. But what went on in London must have been only a larger and more diluted version of what happened at Chatham; for, after all, the Londoners, though they were cruelly scared, were not actually bombarded. Now the people of Chatham were, and the worst of it for them must have been that they not only heard of the approach of the Dutch, but naturally saw them for days. In all this region the

ground is so low as to be in many places below the high-water mark on the embankments. Even the red sails of a barge can be seen across the fields a long way off, looking exactly as if they were growing out of the ground. The country people must have seen the Dutch feeling their way up for miles, and from the rising ground below Chatham it was possible to get a bird's-eye view of all their proceedings. As for their actual goings-on when they got to Chatham, they are too painful a subject to be dwelt on. They broke the boom and smashed the yard—a very small one in those days—and burnt several ships, and carried off one. An impudent Dutch trumpeter played "Joan's Placket is Torn" on his instrument by way of expressing derision of the conquered English, and then De Ruyter sailed off, and the people of this country were considerably surprised he did no more mischief. The one bright spot in the disaster was the conduct of Mr. Pett, the builder. He ran, it is true, but he carried off his models, and when he was asked by angry official persons why he did not try to save the king's stores, answered that the Dutch would have found his ideas, as shown in the said models, more

NEAR SNODLAND.

valuable than any stores. There was, I think, a fine artistic vanity about that which ought to keep Pett's memory green.

In the days of the Mutiny at the Nore the flats round the Medway may have been full of fear, but at least there was no panic. On the contrary, there were red-hot shot and batteries full of soldiers waiting for the mutineers. Poor Parker's "floating republic" rode at anchor out of gun-shot range, or cruised round the Nore to stop the colliers, but it never dared to try and force a landing. The game was too desperate, and one after another the mutinous crews lost heart, broke away from the rebellious fleet, and ran under the batteries at Sheerness. The Medway itself never saw them. The shore must have been an unpleasant sight to the mutineers. Gibbets adorned the banks in those days, and the skeletons of pirates gyrated about them. If Parker's men ever caught sight of those ugly-looking objects through their telescopes, they must have been quickened to look elsewhere. Poor fellows! many of them came to the same end. Indeed, an odour of gallows and prison hung round Sheerness then and long afterwards. Along the marshes were anchored the hulks, used as receiving ships for the convicts who were to be shipped off to Botany Bay. Out of one of these ugly yellow monsters (there is nothing in the world more hideous than a hulk) Abel Magwitch made his escape by swimming across to the east side of the river apparently, and so nearly got off. It would be worth while to go down to those marshes merely to see the scene of his

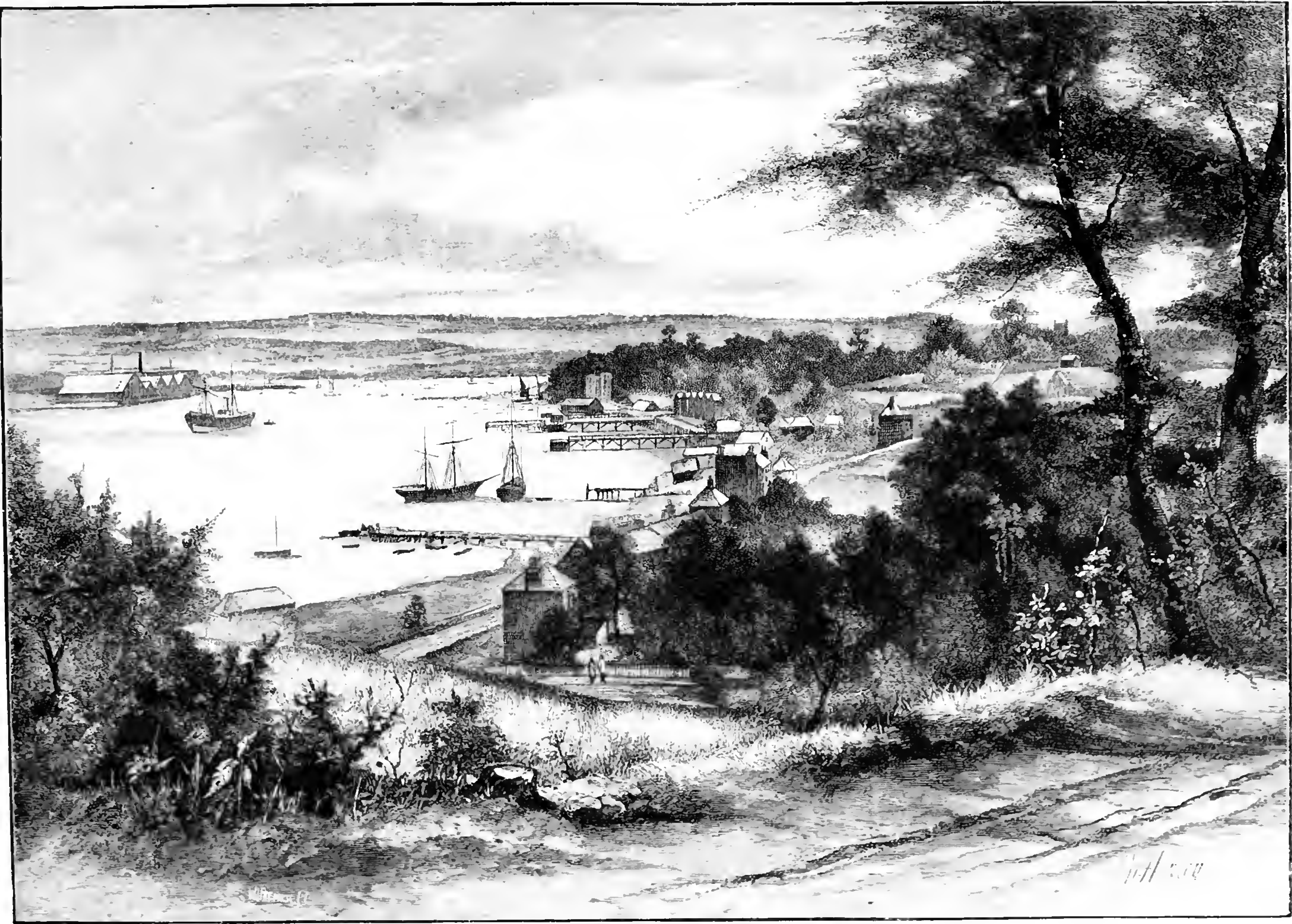
meeting with Pip, of the chase in the mist, and of the dreadful struggle between the convicts. There is nothing more terribly vivid even in Dickens.

Pool. If a man wants to see ships of all kinds and nations he can do it for a few pence by taking a river-boat at London Bridge and going down to Woolwich.

AT CUXTON.

Only a guide of great dishonesty would promise the traveller up the Medway the sight of beauty all the way. Among its varieties there are undoubtedly some of an ugly kind. To be sure, nature is not responsible for the worst of them. Some years ago, when I do not know, but after Pip's days, enterprising business men took to building cement works on the river. Now, works of all kinds are ignoble to look at, unless it be at a very great distance. The gas-works on the Essex side of the Thames, seen across the river from the high ground above Plumstead, are not without merits. In a fine sunset, and when the big meters are very low, they have a faint resemblance to the ruins of Palmyra, as seen in books of travels. By making believe very much, they may be made to bear a certain look of romance, but then you must see them only at a distance. Nothing but boredom and disgust is to be got out of cement works a stone's throw off, and it must be acknowledged that there is a considerable stretch of that sort of thing to be gone through on one's way up the Medway. Chatham, Rochester, and Strood, three places which run together, so that human ingenuity has some difficulty in discovering where one ends and the other begins, present very little to the river where it twists round above Upnor but works, wharves, and warehouses. Of course there are ships on the river—all manner of steamers, lighters, barges, row-boats and coasting craft. Wherever these things are there is, if not beauty, at least something striking and picturesque; but then the same sort of thing can be seen to far greater advantage in the On that piece of the Thames every kind of craft which crosses the ocean, and most kinds which never leave our coast, may be found by the thousand. They not only swarm on the river, but seem to have got inland an indefinite distance on either hand. Compared with that scene of vast industry, the crowd of masts and funnels on the Medway is small indeed. It is not until you are above Strood Bridge that it is possible to begin and enjoy the beauties of the Medway again. At this point the cement works and factories are fairly well shaken off for a time, and a fine stretch of river between rising hills takes their place.

Rochester has many attractive points for the delectation of visitors who can wander about it—quiet little bits of old brick houses, including one perfect specimen of Elizabethan architecture, and a cathedral which can be looked at with satisfaction from one point of view; but as seen from the river Rochester is the castle. All that is visible of the cathedral had infinitely better be away. It is only the shameful central tower, an absurd thing stuck up by a pious restorer half a century or so ago. The good man, or his architect, replaced the old tower by a square affair which has the appearance of having been made with a minimum of stone, and has two starved-looking windows on each face. A queer twirligig adorns each corner. Happily, the old keep overpowers this lamentable object altogether. The rest of the town is much hidden by the works and grounds of the castle. As much of it as does show from the river above the bridge is not at all worthy of the



BY LONDON STONE: LOOKING LANDWARD.

ancient building, and the discrepancy has not been removed by some recent well-meant efforts in the house-building way. There are two or three houses just down on the river, which are distinctly "architectooralooral." Happily, they are few. As for the castle itself, it looks so simple that the wonder is anybody cannot do just as well. There is an oblong block of stonework, with its flanking towers, and a smaller mass of building jutting out at one corner. It stands in a court of no shape in particular, and round this again is a wall much battered, but still lofty in parts. Out of these very few elements the old architects contrived to make a most imposing building. From the river, or from the hill-side on the east bank, the tower looks not so much strong and massive as light and elegant. At the foot of its walls it looks heavy enough, and inside it is rather terrifying than otherwise. Standing on the ground of the basement, and looking up to the sky—for there is no roof, and the floors have vanished long ago—is rather like being at the foot of an immense shaft. The height of the tower is not very great. It is only a hundred feet or so, which is little as compared to many church towers; besides, there is a good wide space of some fifty feet by five-and-twenty inside between the outer walls and the dividing partition. Still, the opening overhead looks wonderfully small, and imposingly high up. This sense of the castle's height does not diminish when you clamber aloft. Quite the reverse. The ascent is, by wit or accident, so arranged that it takes a little journey to get to the top. Passages through the wall, which is twelve feet thick, lead to shaky-looking wooden bridges over corners, and they again to dark bits of stone or mere broken masonry. In reality it would require quite an effort to break one's neck, for the bridges are perfectly solid, and the town has provided stout railings to keep visitors safe; but everything looks so high, and the consequences of falling are so obvious, that some little strength of head is needed to make the ascent with complete comfort. Then the wind rushes round corners as if it were capable of blowing the whole place down, and could sweep an ordinary "human" off like a fly. Once well up there is a reward for courage. The view from the windows which overlook the river is, indeed, noble. The Medway at Rochester, and for a good way above it, is a tidal river, and varies in beauty accordingly. When the tide is out there is rather too much mud-bank, but when it is full there is a splendid stretch of water to look at, and still better to look down on. The misdeeds of cement-makers and such offenders have not been perpetrated here, or at least they are not obtrusively visible. The works, which begin again higher up the river, do not spoil this view. What is visible is a fine sheet of water, not transparent by any means, but bright and clean-looking, lying between rounded hills. On either side are hop-grounds, and pasture and corn-land, and woods. In this part of Kent there is wood everywhere. It is a land where everybody seems to have been always prosperous, and rich enough to have trees standing in the hedges, and along the roads. There are no big fields cultivated to the last square inch, cut off by stone walls, and looking abominably like eligible sites for houses, such as are to be found elsewhere in this island on both sides of the Border. The farm land seems to melt into the park.

It is obvious that there are two ways of seeing the Medway above Rochester. One is by going up the river with the tide, the other is by walking along it. Though there is an air of paradox about the statement, it is none the less true that the best way to see a river is to keep off it. In a boat, whether pulling or being pulled, you see far more of the banks than the river. Now, the beauty of a stream is never so imposing as when a long stretch of it can be seen at once. Therefore, to see the lower Medway valley well, as good a way as another is to walk over from Rochester to Maidstone. The distance is not ten miles as the crow flies, but it can be indefinitely lengthened by the help of digressions. There is no reason why the walker should miss either Cuxton, or Snodland, or Aylesford, or Allington.

For much of this part of the river the distant view is to be recommended, and from the eastern bank. The ill-advised walker who follows the bank on the west side soon makes up his mind not to do it again. He pays for his experience by spending a couple of hours or so in what the guide-book justly describes as "a northern manufacturing district." From above Cuxton up to New Hythe lime works follows lime works, funnels and furnaces and ugly sheds succeed one another. The road is blackened with coal dust, and a grimy deposit defiles the old red-brick houses and antique-looking cottages which are scattered along the river. Avoid that walk. Here, if ever, is a case for acting on the rule that a river is never so well seen as from a distance. On the west bank you can get a noble view by turning away to your right at Cuxton and walking along the high level road to Wrotham, which the good Kent man calls "Rootum." This line has the defect of drawing you too much away from the river. A better road to take is that by the eastern hill, which stretches almost all the way to Maidstone. It is a long pull up, but then the valley of the Medway lies rolled out before you, a splendid expanse of corn-field, hop-ground, and wood. The river bursts through the middle, and at a distance is not too much spoilt by the triumphs of industry. At night the furnaces may even have a certain beauty.

At New Hythe it is again possible to enjoy the river without having recourse to the precaution of keeping at a distance. From this point the tow-path can be walked along with pleasure. The Medway is still a tidal stream, here and till beyond Aylesford, but it has already much of the character which it keeps during the rest of its course. It is a narrow river, and a deep and a green. An ingenious writer on art who has recently discovered that there is an unpleasant colour naturally offensive to mankind would rapidly grow tired of the Medway. Not only are the banks green with every shade of greenness, but the water itself is of a very deep tone of the same colour. There is something solid, and slow, and rich about the water, which is in keeping with the Kentish man's traditional prosperity. It is the river of a county which gave its yeoman such a satisfactory yearly rent. As you approach Aylesford the trees grow thicker on the left bank, and come down so low that their branches touch the water. At high tide the banks are full to the very top, and barges are to be met from time to time being towed up or down by tugs, or even by the laborious bargee himself. The bargee has many vices, and when he is heard carrying on a slanging match with a countryman on the opposite bank, one is strongly tempted to think him a mere nuisance. Still he is entitled to some consideration. When a man has to spend hours going along, bent forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, with a rope over his shoulder, and a barge at the other end of it, he must accumulate a stock of irritation which needs to be worked off by violent courses of some sort.

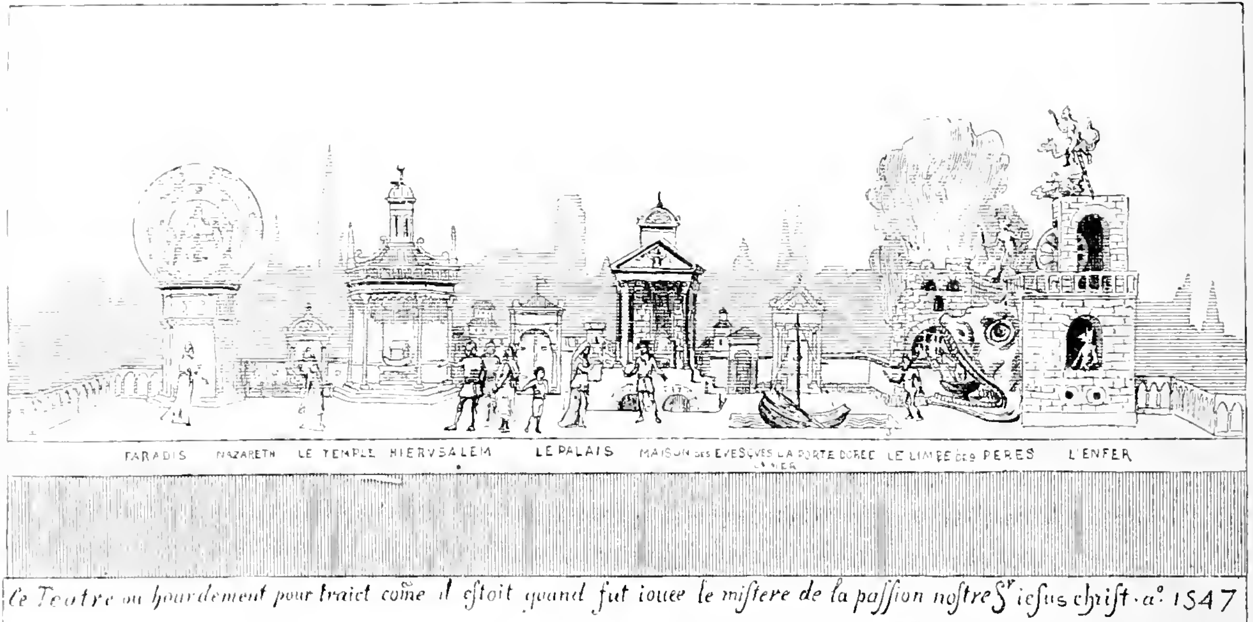
Aylesford itself is an altogether delightful little town. As you come on it along the tow-path on the right bank, you have a fine stretch of well-wooded country to look into across the river. Great trees stand in rows or in clumps. Just before the town itself is reached there is Preston Hall, "a modern Elizabethan house," standing on the very water's edge. The rather thick-looking green river washes the walls, and the trees stand so closely round it that the newness of the building is kindly hidden. One only sees bits of well-toned wall and patches of red roof. A little farther and you stand in front of the town. A row of red-brick houses, not ancient, but of decent shape, run along the river. When the water is high it touches the foundations or walls of their gardens. At the end is the narrow old bridge with its pointed arches. There is an old-world look about Aylesford, though the actual remnants of antiquity are not numerous. Its Friary has been built into a modern residence, and its hospital rebuilt, but the modernity is not glaring. If you leave the river behind here and turn to the hills, you come upon remnants of an antiquity which surpasses the Friaries. The field of the countless stones (there are about four with a few little trees) and the cromlech, Kit's Coty, are remnants of the Druids, or at least of the builders who are remembered by that vague name. For the rest, the district seems to have been full of the tombs of that early race. Above Aylesford the river does not change in character, and the lower Medway may be said to end at the first lock below Maidstone.

DAVID HANNAY.

A FRENCH THEATRICAL MUSEUM.

It is not a little curious that one of the most interesting of the many museums of Paris is scarcely known either to the inhabitants of the city or to the strangers within its gates. Nor is it described adequately in any of the numberless guide-books which make life miserable to the traveller. And this is the more curious in that the museum is situated almost in the exact centre of the strangers' quarter, and in that the objects collected in it are likely to be of especial interest to that very large proportion of the visitors to Paris who are attracted there by the variety and charm of its theatrical entertainments. This museum is attached to the library of the Opéra, and it is now installed in the majestic left wing of M. Garnier's masterpiece. The Opéra is perhaps the most characteristic monument of the Second Empire. Its bold magnificence and its showy splendour are thoroughly typical of the time when it was planned. By imperial edict the building was begun about ten years before the imperial power was broken. The architect, by order, designed a stately pavilion to serve as a private entrance for the imperial party. In this pavilion there was a spacious reception-room for the Empress; there were smaller rooms for the suite; and there was even ample accommodation for the escort of cavalry which guarded the imperial carriage. Access was had to this pavilion by a carriage-way which curved up gracefully from the level of the surrounding street, so that the imperial opera-goers, when once they had alighted from their state-coaches, would have only a few steps to walk to the imperial box. But before the Opéra was completed the Empire was finished. In the new Republic the chief of State

had no use for the imperial pavilion with its carriage-way and its reception-room. At the Opéra the President of the Republic had, in fact, just what Charles X. once declared that he, like any other Frenchman, had at the Théâtre Français—only a seat in the stalls. There was no one to pass through the imperial entrance or to occupy the imperial pavilion. It happened that the space reserved in the Opéra for the library and the archives was ample and commodious, but very difficult of access, as it was close up under the lofty roof. The eye of the archivist, M. Charles Nuitter, fell upon the imperial pavilion, and he rested not until he had succeeded in getting its useless splendours made over to him for the more accessible display of the chief treasures of the library and the archives. These treasures had been largely increased by the addition of many exhibits, *maquettes* of scenes, and models of theatres prepared for the special theatrical exhibition, which was one of the most original shows in the Exposition Universelle of 1878. The western wing of the Opéra has been legally set apart for the library; the circular reception-room of the Empress has become a reading-room; an ante-room contains a selection of the *maquettes;* and a long gallery, originally intended as a smoking-room, serves admirably to display the pictures, busts, and so forth.



THE MYSTERY OF VALENCIENNES.

(*Drawn from the Original by Sandoz. Musée de l'Opéra.*)

It has been epigrammatically remarked that the only institutions of Louis XIV. which still survive are the French Academy, the Comédie Française, and the Opéra. Of these three the Opéra has had by far the most chequered career. Managers have been bankrupt; opera-houses have been burnt; and revolutions have shaken it to its foundation. No wonder is it that its early archives have been scattered and lost. The Opéra began its performances in 1671, but the earliest series of registers now in the archives is not anterior to 1735. For the last century and a half, therefore, the Opéra is in possession of its own documentary history; and for the earlier years of its life it has been possible to reconstruct the archives, in some measures, from the official papers preserved in the other government offices. In 1749, when the Opéra was placed under the care of the city of Paris, the papers were carefully preserved. As they were stored outside of the opera-house itself they escaped the fires of 1763 and 1781. Although they increased in bulk they were not classified or cared for. M. Nuitter cites a report of 1815 which declares that the archives fill the attics of the theatre, and that they cannot be put in order for want of space. But although this report demanded an immediate amendment of the disorder, nothing was done; and even in 1860 the immense mass of old papers were heaped together in the attics over the public lobby. When the new Opéra was planned in 1861, it was prescribed that there should be due accommodation for the library and the archives. In 1866 an archivist was appointed whose duty it was to set in order all the documents, and especially to preserve and catalogue the designs of costumes and scenery. The archivist is M. Charles Nuitter, the librettist of many well-

known operas, and the author of a most interesting and instructive account of the construction and

THE LONG GALLERY, MUSÉE DE L'OPÉRA.

(From a Drawing by Sandoz.)

arrangements of the new Opéra (" Le Nouvel Opéra." Paris: Hachette et Cie.). The librarian who has charge of the scores and of the mass of music, printed and in music, is M. Théodore de Lajarte, a composer of merit, and the author of an admirable analytic catalogue of the treasures in his care.

Of the value of these documents it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. The history of music in France and the history of the French stage cannot be written without their assistance. Every minister, from

MM. de Maurepas and d'Argenson down, is represented by many autographs, so M. Nuitter tells us. During the Revolution the authority of the household of the king gave place to that of the Committee of Public Safety. A little later, "from the year XI. of the Republic to 1807, everything, even to the smallest authorisation of expense, is signed by the hand of the First Consul or of the Emperor. Then, as under Louis XIV., the management of the Opéra was under the personal charge of the sovereign." Letters abound of every composer, librettist, singer, and dancer. "The most celebrated names can be read at the bottom of these letters, doubly curious in that they turn nearly always on self-interest and self-love." Nor are the purely business documents of less interest than the literary and artistic correspondence. The register of receipts lets us follow day by day the popular success of every opera. We are told of the presence of the king and queen; and then a few years later we read of the performances given "by and for the people." M. Nuitter records that on the 18th of prairial, year four, the Opéra had a gross receipt of 1,071,350 livres; but then those were the days of limitless and irredeemable paper-money, and a single seat in the boxes was worth 9,000 livres; the real value of the "take" was only a thousandth part of its nominal value. Other series of papers are interesting in other ways. For example, under the old monarchy the boxes were let by formal leases before a notary; and the preservation of all these leases enables the student to draw up a full list of the noble box-holders at the Opéra in any year between 1728 and 1780. Again, it was the custom to require from all those who desired to supply the Opéra with stuffs of any kind—silks, cloths, ribbons, &c.—samples of these attached to their proposals. These samples, still affixed to the letters declaring their prices, are now in the archives, where they will be of great use to the future historian of textile fabrics who may seek to know the exact retail cost of any given stuff in any year, before the introduction of improved machinery destroyed hand-labour and lowered the market price. When the Salle Ventadour, the home of Italian opera in Paris, was torn down a few years ago, the Opéra acquired its documents, including—with only a few breaks—the registers, &c., of the Italian comedy from 1716 to 1832.

The library is open to the public free every day from 11 to 4. The entrance is by a little iron gate at the extreme western end of the Opéra. On this a hospitable sign declares that there is free admission. The visitor walks up the broad and gently-bending carriage-way; from this he passes into a spacious vestibule, and then up a single flight of stairs; advancing along a passage, he soon finds himself in the tall and narrow two-storeyed library, lined with bookcases and guarded by a single attendant. Before him is the little room where the *maquettes* are displayed, and beyond this is the long gallery containing the pictures and busts. To his right opens the ample circular room intended originally as a reception-room for the Empress, and now furnished with broad tables where the reader may consult the books he needs, and on which he will find ready to his hand the chief musical journals of the world. From this circular reading-room open the private offices of M. Nuitter, to whose courtesy I take great pleasure in here expressing my obligations. The chief objects of interest in the reading-room are the models of the Roman Theatre at Orange, and of the stage of the Mystery of Valenciennes. These were made for the theatrical exhibition of 1878, to accompany the *maquettes* of scenes of the Opéra. A *maquette*—there is, unfortunately, no exact English equivalent for this technical term—is the model of a scene, drawn to scale, and submitted by the scene-painter to the manager, the stage manager, and the dramatist, before the painting of the scene itself. The scenic models of every scene painted for the Opéra have been preserved in the archives since 1861. When the theatrical exhibition of 1878 was determined upon, it was arranged that certain of the *maquettes* of the Opéra should be set up and lighted, so that the public could see them, and that they should be accompanied by other models of scenes in earlier operas, reconstructed either from the actual scenes in use at the Opéra, or from drawings, or from the stage descriptions in the libretti. The aim and intent of this act was to show in a series of *maquettes* the history of the art of scene-painting, and indirectly to reveal the great changes which have successively taken place in the accepted conventions of the acted drama. To this end there were adjoined to the *maquettes* of the modern drama, reproductions of the classic theatre, and of the stage whereon the mediæval mysteries were performed. In order that these latter might convey an exact idea of their difference from the more familiar theatres of to-day, they were made in exactly the same proportion—three centimetres to the metre, or about the scale of $\frac{1}{33}$. The classic theatre chosen for reproduction was that of Orange (Arausio), closely akin in size and shape to the theatre of Pompeii. This theatre, the walls of which are still standing, although stripped of their marble, had been elaborately studied by M. Caristie; and in the making of the model of the theatre as it probably appeared to the Romans, MM. Garnier and Heuzey availed themselves freely of M. Caristie's suggestions. The immensely greater size of the antique theatre when compared with any of ours is

shown at once when this model is seen in conjunction with the *maquettes* of the modern opera drawn to the same scale. The stage of the Orange Theatre is sixty-one metres wide, while that of the Opéra is only sixteen. As striking as this contrast between the earliest and the latest is the contrast between either of these and the intermediate mediaeval stage. From a MS. in the National Library, MM. Duvignaud and Gobin executed a model of the long and narrow decorated scaffolding upon which was acted the Mystery of the Passion at Valenciennes in 1547. In the antique drama there was little or no change of place, and in the modern drama one scene succeeds another as necessity arises; but in the rude drama of the Middle Ages all needed places were set before the spectator side by side, and the actors moved along the platform from Paradise to Nazareth, and thence to the Temple, Hierusalem, the Palace of Pontius Pilate, the House of the High Priest, the Sea of Galilee, the Golden Gate of the Temple, until finally they came to "Le Limbe des Pères," and to "L'Enfer." The names of these places were inscribed on the draperies which hung from the edge of the scaffolding; and there were primitive efforts to reproduce the places themselves by rude scene-painting, and by the use of "practicable" doors and houses.

In the exhibition of 1878 there were three *maquettes*, unfortunately not now shown at the Opéra, in which there was a fine confusion of scene. The first was the set required for "La Folie de Clidamant," a play of Hardy's acted about 1619. It was reproduced, under the direction of M. Emile Perrin, the present manager of the Théâtre Français, after the MS. of the register of Laurent Mahelot, preserved in the National Library. "There must be," said the MS., "in the middle of the stage, a handsome palace, and on one side the sea where appears a ship with masts, where appears a woman who throws herself into the sea, and on the other side a fine chamber which opens and shuts, where there is a bed well covered with cloths." The *maquette* represented this comprehensive view as exactly as might be, and the following *maquettes*, giving the sets of Rotrou's "L'Hypocondriaque ou le Mort Amoureux" (1631) and of Corneille's "L'Illusion Comique" (1636), are, it is natural to find, only a little less complicated.

At the Opéra now, the models of the Theatre at Orange and of the Mystery of Valenciennes are in the circular reading-room; while ten *maquettes* line the walls of a little ante-room connecting the main library with the long gallery. They are mounted and lighted by gas, so that the spectator seems to be looking at a real stage. They include a scene from "Guillaume Tell" (1829); the marvellous set of the cloisters and graveyard by moonlight, designed by Cicéri for the third act of "Robert le Diable" (1831); the scene of the gardens of Chenonceaux, with its ample flight of stone steps, as shown in the second act of "Les Huguenots" (1836); the original and effective street scene of "Faust" (1869); and the exterior of Elsinore, as shown in the first act of "Hamlet" (1868)—a most elaborate set, the separate pieces of which are given one by one in M. Arthur Pougin's "Dictionnaire du Théâtre"—that the reader may see for himself how much detail may go toward a simple total effect. A comparison of these *maquettes* one with another is most instructive to the student of the stage and to the admirer of the art of scene-painting. Here one may see the limits of the art; beyond what there is here, it is not needful to go; these are the work of the great masters of the craft, who have known best how to combine construction and painting. And while it is a comparison of these modern *maquettes* one with another which is most fertile to the dramatist and the dramatic critic, it is a comparison of these *maquettes* with the models of the mediaeval and ancient theatres which is most suggestive and fruitful for the student interested in tracing the evolution of the drama, and of the effect on it far larger than most writers are ready to admit—of the physical conditions of the stage.

Beyond the little room in which the *maquettes* are displayed extends the long gallery, originally intended as a smoking-room to be open to the public during the performances of the Opéra. It serves now as the museum, yet it is possible that it may be restored to its original purpose without, however, abandoning its present employment. Upon the walls are hung half a dozen portraits and pictures of operatic scenes. In glazed cases at the sides are grouped a selection of plans of opera-houses, of the most striking sketches of costumes and of designs for scenery, and of the most curious playbills and posters. In a glazed table before one window are musical MSS. in the autographs of Lulli, Rameau, Haydn, Grétry, Glück, Méhul, Rossini, Cherubini, Sacchini, Gossec, and Spontini; and on the other side of the gallery stands the piano which Spontini was wont to use in composing, presented to the Opéra by Mme. Erard. In a second glazed table are more MSS. by more modern composers, Auber, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Hérold, Adolphe Adam, Victor Massé, Halévy, Félicien David, M. Ambroise Thomas, and M. Charles Gounod. Yet a third table displays various musical curiosities, miniatures, old instruments richly decorated, and a Hispano-Mauresque tambourine given by Mlle. Fonta. Up and down the gallery, on pedestals at irregular intervals, are busts in marble and in terra-cotta of certain of the celebrities of the Opéra. Here we see Roger, the tenor, and among the *prime*

donne Mmes. Cinti-Damoureau, Pauline Viardot, Miolan-Carvalho, and Gabrielle Krass. The bust of Mme. Viardot is by M. Aimé Millet, and that of Mme. Krauss by M. Jules Franceschi. Perhaps the most vigorous of the busts is one of Mlle. E. Fiocre, the dancer, done in terra-cotta, by M. Carpeaux, the sculptor of the group "La Danse," on the front of the building—the group over which, when it was first displayed, some energetic art-critic, protesting too much, ventured to break an ink-bottle. Two other divinities of the dance are also preserved here in marble: the hapless, the graceful, the sympathetic Emma Livry, who was burnt to death by the catching fire of her light ballet-skirts, and immortal Cerrito, the last of the great race. Beside these three ballet-dancers is one ballet-master, Gardel (1754—1840), one of the true geniuses of the choregraphic art. Over against M. Carpeaux's picturesque bust of Mlle. Fiocre, as though to protest against the dance of time and to declare the monotony of art and life, stands a mummy, the inscription upon which sets forth that when alive and in the flesh it was a noble lady, Ar-Bast-Uza-Nivou, daughter of Ka-kai-t, chief singer of the Pharaohs and of the King Takelotis.

There is a complete card-catalogue to the ten thousand volumes which now compose the theatrical library. In modern dramatic criticism and histrionic memoirs, and in full files of theatrical and musical journals, the library is especially rich. It is M. Nuitter's desire to complete this collection in time, as far as may be, and to assemble here all the books about the stage in whatever language they may be written. The musical library is also growing rapidly; it contains nearly thirty thousand volumes. Among its treasures are many unpublished and almost unknown airs, overtures, and fragments of all kinds from operas by the great composers of the French school. There are, for example, at the Opéra, at least fifty full operatic scores of musical dramas never either performed or published, not written by novices, but by composers as distinguished as Sacchini, Philidor, and Hérold. Cuttings from "Guillaume Tell" and "Robert le Diable," and other chips from the musical workshop of Rossini and Meyerbeer, abound, and are little known even to special students of the works of these composers. Among the other treasures of the library is a full collection of the designs for the costumes of every piece produced at the Opéra since the year XII.; most of these were by the artists attached to the establishment, but some are from more distinguished pencils—by Louis Boulanger, for example. From the Baron Taylor sale in 1876 the Opéra was enriched by an important collection of designs of Eighteenth Century operatic costumes by Boucher, Watteau, Eisen, and their fellows; and in 1879, by an exchange with another government department, the Opéra gained an interesting series of designs of the costumes and scenery of the Opéra in the Seventeenth Century.

Space fails me to set forth all the riches in M. Nuitter's care, or I should like to dwell for a moment on the curious masks worn by all ballet-dancers until 1770, made of leather on wooden moulds. From M. Hallé, the representative of the firm which has made masks for the Opéra for now more than a century, M. Nuitter received one of the wooden moulds on which M. Hallé's ancestors have been wont to make these masks; and in showing it to me, M. Nuitter pointed out the strong likeness existing between this harlequin's mask and the mask of the old Greek drama; nor are the masks of the Japanese theatre at all dissimilar.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

BALLADE OF DEAD ACTORS.

(Poem by W. E. Henley. Design by Elihu Vedder.)

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy was established in 1768, but the idea of it had flourished long before. Kneller's drawing academy was started in London in 1711 by "some gentlemen painters of the first rank;" but its career was brief and stormy. Jealousies rapidly grew; the president and his party were obstructed and caricatured; so they locked out their opponents and shut up the shop.

The chief of the parties into which this "academy" had split was headed by Sir James Thornhill, who submitted to the Government a plan for a Royal Academy, which "should encourage and educate the young artists of England." The plan involved the erection (at the upper end of the King's Mews, Charing Cross, and for rather more than three thousand pounds) of "a suitable building, with apartments for resident professors." Lord Treasurer Halifax supported the proposal; but the Government refused to find the money. Rebuffed but undaunted, Sir James started a drawing academy at his own house. Here again dissension bred apace. A certain Vandrebank led the opposition, and presently withdrew with his adherents to an old meeting-house, which he converted into an academy, "and introduced a female figure, to make it more inviting to subscribers." Nevertheless the subscribers did not pay, and the sheriff's officer finished what Vandrebank began. Sir James Thornhill's academy was carried on till 1734, when it died with him.

The next attempt was more successful; but it was no more than a drawing school pure and simple. It owed very much to Hogarth, who lent his father-in-law's furniture for the purpose, and helped to establish the school upon an unpretentious, practical basis. It was a private undertaking, conferred no degrees, asked for neither public notice nor public money, and strove for no distinction beyond the rare one of teaching well. It flourished for several years; and it educated most English painters of the time.

In 1749 the Dilettanti Society, after an existence of fifteen years, found itself an institution of influence, and passing rich. The establishment of an academy of art was just the kind of thing to tickle its imagination and flatter its self-importance. Accordingly it "took steps" to acquire a site, and negotiated for the purchase of Portland stone wherewith to erect a building planned after the temple at Pola. At this stage, however, it seems to have perceived that it were scarcely wise to build an academy of art until you are sure of your artists. The Society, therefore, asked the School of Painters in St. Martin's Lane to co-operate. The painters refused to aid in the formation of an academy of art which was not to be governed by artists. The Society, on the other hand, declined to pay for the foundation of an institution, in the management of which it was to have no share; so the negotiations suddenly ceased.

But the idea had taken root. In 1753 several artists met at the "Turk's Head," in Gerard Street, Soho, to discuss a new scheme. The affair was a complete *fiasco;* its projectors were ridiculed and caricatured on every hand. Still the notion lived. In 1755 a committee of artists took up the quest once more. This time there was more of guile in their proceedings than hitherto. They appealed to the sympathies of the public at large. They proposed to get their academy started by aid of public benevolence —as if it were an almshouse or a charity school. They proposed further to apply for a charter of incorporation, the terms of which charter they published. They remembered the substantial cash assistance formerly offered by the Dilettanti Society, and they took care to mention it handsomely in the prospectus. The bait took. The Society renewed its offers, and forthwith commenced negotiations with the artists' committee. Never had success seemed nearer. But the artists wrecked their own scheme. While the Dilettanti Society displayed "that generosity and benevolence which are peculiar to greatness," the artists were mainly inspired by "motives apparently limited to their own views and ambition to govern." The project collapsed, and with it disappeared nearly all hope of a national academy of art.

By quite other means, indeed, was the rise of the Royal Academy brought about. In 1740 Handel enriched the Foundling Hospital by the performance of his works; and in the same year Hogarth presented it with his portrait of Captain Coram, and designed a decoration for the entrance. Five years later was completed the west wing of the present building, when many other artists, following Hogarth, gave or promised examples of their work. The collection thus formed was the talk of the town. The Foundling Hospital became the fashionable lounge. All the wit and beauty of the time went to see the pictures, and realised in some sort that here were a number of Englishmen who could really paint respectably. The painters on their side discovered that here was a public disposed to interest itself in them and their works, and that might be induced to pay for the privilege. For some years they eagerly watched this new phenomenon; and year by year

more sanguine grew their hopes. At last, in 1759, they met again at the "Turk's Head," and resolved that once in every year they should publicly exhibit their performances, in order to obtain money for the support of artists "whose age and infirmities or other lawful hindrances prevent them any longer from being candidates for fame." A committee of sixteen was appointed, and promptly got to work. The Society of Arts, then some five years old, lent its rooms (then in the Strand), but stipulated for free admission; so the committee "admitted the public gratis," and charged sixpence for the catalogue. The first exhibition was a great success. The rooms were crowded; sixty-nine artists contributed one hundred and thirty works; 6,582 catalogues were sold; and the committee were enabled to pay all expenses, purchase £100 consols, and hold a balance in hand. A significant circumstance, however, marred the general satisfaction. The Society of Arts asserted its rights by hanging among the masterpieces of the redoubtable sixty-nine the drawings with which certain of its students had won gold medals and other prizes. The multitude persisted in regarding these prize drawings as the works which the *cognoscenti* had adjudged the best in the show, and accordingly worshipped them. The newspapers, too, bestowed their praise upon these obnoxious young prize-winners, and ignored the "mature professors of art." This, combined with the sudden superfluity of riches, led to dissensions and jealousies. The original intention had been to spend the profits on distressed painters; but a party arose and fixed its eye upon the £100 consols and the balance in hand, and demanded that the money should be devoted "to the advancement of art." It was agreed, however, that the question should stand over until £500 had accumulated. But the dispute with the Society of Arts eventually broke up the association of artists. Several of the latter wished to continue with the Society; the rest were irritated at the conditions the Society imposed. Especially were they annoyed by the intrusion of the prize works of the Society's students; and they complained that the exhibition had been "crowded and incommoded by the intrusion of persons whose station and education disqualified them from judging statuary and painting, and who were made idle and tumultuous by the opportunity of attending a show." It was proposed, therefore, to charge in future a shilling for the catalogue, without which no one should be admitted. To this the Society refused assent, the result being that a large section of the artists, including the committee of sixteen, hired an auction room in Spring Gardens, and held a show of their own in the merry month of May, 1761.

Thenceforward London revelled in two exhibitions. The exhibitors in Spring Gardens styled themselves "The Society of Artists of Great Britain," and were governed by the wily original committee of sixteen. Hogarth and Hale embellished their catalogue with designs suggestive of their Spartan determination to devote their profits to the relief of the distressed. Thirteen thousand copies of it were sold (you could not get in without one); and this, their first exhibition, brought in £650. The timid remnant in the Strand continued on much the same lines as before, but, though they were "enrolled of record," and honestly distributed their profits in charity, they never recovered, and eventually died out.

The Society in Spring Gardens was active. The committee had been increased from sixteen to twenty-four; and, wielding an absolute despotism, began to think themselves a sort of governors for life: a view of their position which led to some trouble. For their catalogue in 1762 Johnson wrote an address, declaring that "the purpose of this exhibition is not to enrich the artists, but to advance the art; the eminent are not flattered by preference, nor the obscure insulted with contempt." We write our catalogues differently now. There was set forth, however, an ingenious plan for appropriating the profits that rather contradicted the Doctor's rhetoric. A committee was to review the works, and secretly set a price on each and all. At the close of the exhibition the works were to be sold by auction. If they sold for more than the secret valuation, the artists were to receive the increased amount; if for less, the deficit was to be made good from the profits of the exhibition. The result of the first (and only) trial this pretty plan received was the disgorgement of upwards of £120 to artists whose works failed to fetch the prescribed figure. Still, on the whole, the Society had no reason to complain. By 1764 their receipts had risen to £760, and but for their committee they might have prospered even more. The arbitrary exercise of power by the committee disgusted many members; discontent was rife. Not a few of the most eminent artists refused to take office, while others already on the committee seem to have neglected their duties. The most active committee-men were the least capable artists; and into their hands the whole government of the Society was lapsing, at a time when it had no definite legal status, when its constitution was vague, and when it was growing rich without its property being properly secured. These important points were clear to many members; and at a general meeting it was proposed to ask the Crown to incorporate the Society by charter. The committee opposed with might and main; but the general body won the day. The charter was granted on January 26, 1765. In substance it was all but identical with the charter proposed ten years before. It did not limit the number of members, or "Fellows," as they were

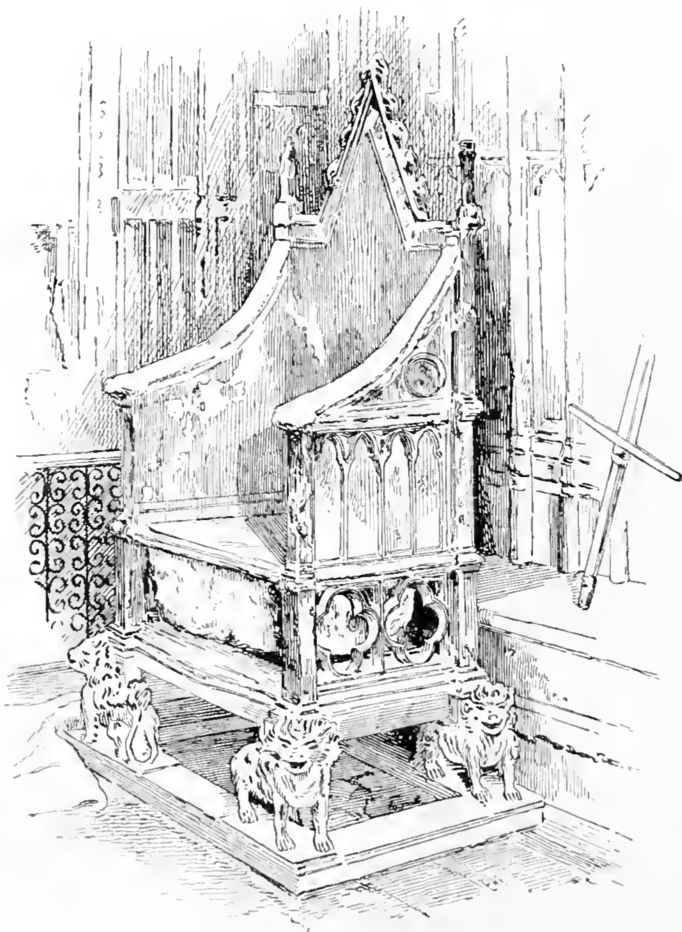
thenceforth called; the managing body were to be styled "Directors;" the association was entitled "The Society of Incorporated Artists of Great Britain," and rejoiced in arms, a crest, a constitution, and the power to hold land to the yearly value of £1,000, to sue and be sued, to make bye-laws, and to elect (every St. Luke's Day) Directors to serve for the ensuing year. Over two hundred artists signed the roll.

But having so far gained their ends, the Fellows proceeded at once to stultify themselves. Their first act was to elect as Directors the very committee-men who had already given them so much trouble. Thus did they ordain the downfall of their own Society, and pave the way for those intrigues which resulted in (but did not end with) the establishment of the Royal Academy.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

A CHAPTER ON CHAIRS.

IN this present year 1885, chairs are numerous, and they can be bought in London and elsewhere for very moderate prices; but if we look back to the days when Phœnician traders bought copper, tin, and bronze from our southern coasts, chairs were by no means common. Our ancestors made themselves wattle huts in the forest and worshipped trees and idols; they were probably but poor joiners. They drove chariots drawn by hardy forest ponies, and some amount of carpentry there must have been amongst them. They could cut circular wheels, probably surrounded by tires of bronze, for it is certain that they were no mean artists in that metal. Could they make seats and chairs of bronze such as were used among the civilised people to whom the Mediterranean traders sold their Cornish metal and enamel? It is possible; but nothing of the kind has ever, to our knowledge, been unearthed from any British tomb.



I.—THE CORONATION CHAIR.

(*Westminster Abbey.*)

We come then to Saxon times, of the customs and habits of which we have many historical evidences. The reader should bear in mind that before the Saxons settled in the country it had for a long period formed a portion of the Roman Empire. Roman troops had been withdrawn, indeed, before the Saxons came, so consuls and governors were no longer sent hither, nor was Rome what it had been; but civilisation, the elements of orderly administration, the arts of peace, had been introduced into the country. London, and other walled towns, and numerous villas remained as evidence of the beneficent rule of the Roman Empire. The architecture of the Saxons, of which we have many remains, is a rude imitation of that of Rome. Other arts, even to that of dress, agreed with those that were contemporaneous in Gaul and Italy. Neither should it be forgotten that learning and many branches of art were cultivated in the cloister, and that abbots and monks made frequent journeys to and from Rome.

Some of the earliest evidence of the shapes of chairs in these Romanesque times are to be gathered from old ivory chessmen. A

curious set now in the British Museum were found in the Isle of Lewis, amongst which is a bishop

II.—POMPEIAN.

(South Kensington.)

seated. Bas-reliefs of ivory sculptured with sacred subjects, dating from the Fifth Century to the Tenth, give us other examples of seats in various shapes. Some are in the shape of the Roman *bisellium* (II.); some with massive arched or gabled backs and rude arm supports. Of the ivories here noticed, some have been carved in the south of Europe, and others in the north, but they may safely be taken as evidence in their own day of the types of chairs of which we are in search. They were derived from the Roman fashions of the later centuries of the Empire.

The Bayeux Tapestry was made in the Eleventh Century. A reproduction of it can be studied in the South Kensington Museum. We there see King Edward the Confessor seated on a throne (IV.) made like the Roman *bisellium*. The ends of the framework are carved into the heads and claws of animals. Harold has a seat of similar character; the chair is made of bars, the ends of which are carved into heads of wolves or other animals. In this instance it is the corner posts. They rise above the seat, and perhaps have been connected by straps of leather from back to front, which would form rests for the arms. The chair of the Duke of Normandy is of the same kind. Evidently such chairs were used by chiefs and kings on both sides of the Channel.

A chair much used by the ancients was jointed, and could be folded and carried in the chariot (*curulis*). Many, if not most of them, were of metal, as is the *bisellium* of our woodcut, and damascened with silver and gold. The pattern is discernible in many varieties of mediaeval chairs, as seen in ivory carvings and illuminated MSS. They were made with the cross trestles on the sides, and a seat of leather thongs hung between. The bars could have backs attached to them by prolonging one set, or by curving them so as to bring the back pieces up conveniently. The type corresponds with or survives in many of our folding garden-seats in the present day. Another form of chair has been noticed, that of the massive episcopal chairs of cathedral churches. Some of these were movable, as, for instance, the olivewood and ivory chair of St. Peter in Rome; others were of stone or marble, and formed portions of the architecture of the churches to which they belonged. This architectonic character is traceable in our Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey (I.).

It was made for Edward I., in the Thirteenth Century. It is of oak; the back rises into a gable with small pinnacles on each side of it. They are now damaged, but were probably surmounted by small seated lions or other animals. The sides of the chair are arcaded panels. Curved braces, on which to rest the arms, connect the sides with the upper part of the back. It is probable that couching lions or bosses of foliage stood on the front ends of these braces to support the arms when resting on them; but the arms are padded, so that there is no means of verifying this supposition. The framework of the seat is open, the quatrefoils on the sides which

III.—SIXTEENTH CENTURY ITALIAN.

strengthen the frame are pierced, and we see the "coronation stone" within. This stone, an unhewn

mass, was brought from the Abbey of Scone, in Scotland, by Edward I. It was believed to be the stone which the patriarch Jacob set up after he had slept upon it, as related in the book of Genesis. There is a rectangular groove on the upper surface, which has probably been filled by a metal plate, engraved with some legend or record of this tradition. The stone was removed by Edward, as a matter of policy, from the chair in which it had been placed to his new chair at Westminster. The whole surface of the woodwork was formerly gilt and painted. Traces of this decoration still remain. It is laid over a well-prepared ground of fine plaster, and the gilding has been elaborately tooled. The chair is mounted on four carved lions, but these are modern work. During coronation ceremonies the chair is covered with costly hangings, raised on a platform, and placed under the central arches.

Chairs have been described as connected with the exercise of authority in the State or in the family. During the Middle Ages, as every one knows, most of the lands and houses in the country belonged to feudal barons, who enjoyed certain rights and jurisdictions under the Crown; all of them were in consequence treated with a certain amount of deference and ceremony. One of their privileges was to erect a canopy, embroidered with armorial bearings, over the chairs in which they administered justice or sat at ceremonial dinners. The cloth of estate, as the canopy was called, survives in the canopies of throne-rooms in our royal palaces.

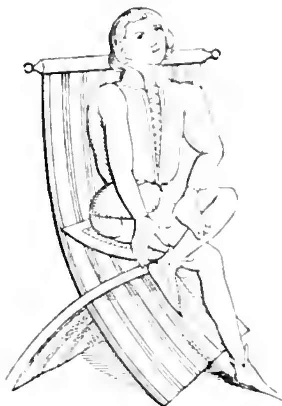
These woven canopies were replaced in some instances by a panelled back and a projecting canopy of wood. The seat was wide enough to contain the lord of the mansion and his wife, and this piece of construction contributed to their comfort at meal-times. The great halls of mediæval castles and manors admitted a good deal of cold air. The "high" or principal table was at the upper end of the room. It was often lighted by a projecting oriel window, reaching to within three or four feet of the floor; the window-glass was leaded, and not as weather-proof as our modern sheets of plate glass. A panelled back protecting the body and the head was not only a stately and decorative addition to the seat, but it was also an element of comfort in those vast and draughty apartments. These panelled seats are still to be met with, reduced and simplified, in the form of those old wooden settles which our readers may see for themselves in old-fashioned country public-houses. Other persons sat at meals on stools, or on long benches, which can be seen any day in the dining-halls of our old colleges and inns of court.

Seats much more elaborately carved and decorated are to be met with in the stall-work of cathedral and capitular churches. They remain at Winchester, Manchester, and in many other cities. I need not refer the reader to any more distant from our editorial office than those in Westminster Abbey. These stalls in King Henry VII.'s Chapel are those of the sovereign and the knights of the military order of the Bath. They belong to the latest period of mediæval art, but for elegance of design in the tabernacle work, of the canopies overhead, and for ingenuity and skill in the carvings under the seats, they are unsurpassed. The slabs which form the seats turn back on a pivot, and are provided with a carved bracket, which can be used as a partial seat or rather rest when the occupant is standing. It is on these brackets that the best carving will be seen. As for the canopies, they are miracles of lightness as well as of stately composition and arrangement. They represent spires or lanterns, pierced with little windows, supported and surrounded by buttresses and pinnacles in accordance with the elaborate architectural structures of their day.

Mediæval parlours, in which the ladies of the family sat and entertained company, were provided with lighter chairs of wood after the type of the coronation chair, and with folding chairs (v.) such as have been already discussed. These chairs could be carried on journeys, and were taken out into orchards and gardens in which the company sat in fine weather playing chess, draughts, tables (backgammon), and other games. Cushions and cloths to hang over the back of chairs were common additions. The art of weaving was thoroughly understood, and embroidery was one of the usual occupations of ladies even of the highest rank.

IV.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S CHAIR.
(*Bayeux Tapestry.*)

A curious chair, the construction of which has been reproduced by hundreds of examples, is known as the "Glastonbury Chair" (VI.). It is, if I remember rightly, preserved in the palace of the bishop in Wells (Somerset). It is made of two square panels morticed at the corners into a pair of trestles, and two narrow boards unite the top corners of the back to the front corners of the seat. They are conveniently hollowed out in the middle to rest the arms. The turning-lathe has been in use from time immemorial, and chairs were made up of turned bars during the Middle Ages. There is in the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford a chair triangular in shape, with turned posts on the angles, a row of turned upright rails under the seat, and another supported on the back post, and connected with the seat and fore posts by diagonal bars. All are turned in the lathe. It is called the chair of Henry VIII. So far as to the chairs of the Middle Ages.


V.—FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The Renaissance was a movement in the arts that affected the designs and ornamentation of furniture as much as it did the painting and sculpture of the great masters. During the time of Elizabeth there was a considerable affectation of Italian fashions in this country. Portraits of the later Sixteenth Century represent chairs made of plain square bars with knobs or balls at the end of the arms, and on the angles of the back, handsomely covered with velvet and fringed with gold. It is perhaps from this period that upholstered chairs came into general use. Heretofore furniture was covered with cushions or hangings that could be removed and put away when families moved from one house to another; for it was rarely that the owner of several kept more than one furnished with any kind of completeness. Now times were more settled, life was more luxurious and comfortable, and furniture was padded and upholstered.

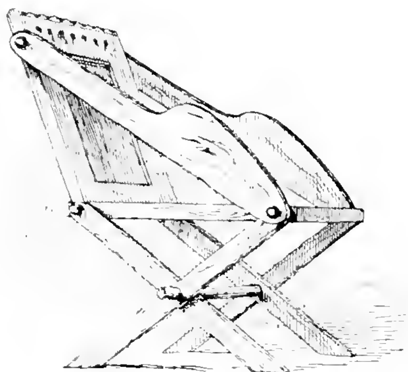
We owe to the times of the Stuart kings, perhaps the early years of the Seventeenth Century, the first examples of those narrow, high-backed caned chairs which are still commonly met with in houses called Elizabethan. The frames are of walnut or beech, the front legs bulge and are carved, the back legs rise in turned posts, and support a panel or frame of rather coarse carving, and filled with neatly plaited cane-work. Sometimes the panel is divided vertically; indeed these high, cane-backed chairs form a numerous family, of which most readers will be able to call many different examples to their recollection. The illustrations of endless tales and romances represent such chairs occupied by ancient grandmothers in hoops, high head-dresses, black mittens, a crutched stick, and other stock properties.

The bars of these chairs assumed the shape of a spiral twist. This change is perhaps due to the turners of Germany, who also developed eccentric action in the lathe, and machinery which could be adapted to it, with astonishing ingenuity. The chambers of Whitehall and other palaces were furnished during the Stuart reigns with chairs turned in this fashion, but substituting a comfortable, square upholstered back for the inconvenient, high, and narrow panels of carving and cane-work. It will be seen by the accompanying illustration (III.) that no space is wasted when rows of these chairs are set together round a table or against a wall.

It must have been during the Stuart reigns, but in remote country houses, that the heavy oak chairs we occasionally meet with were made. I refer to those with solid panelled back, with a sort of pediment on the upper edge made of curved volutes, rudely carved wings adding width to the back; and heavy projecting arms. Dates are sometimes found on them; that of 1670 is on a specimen now in the English furniture court at South Kensington, and it is a thoroughly representative piece. These arm-chairs are heavy and scarcely convenient, but the dark hue of the wood and the archaic rudeness of the carving give them a certain "ancestral" character.

The Eighteenth Century was a period of change. Old fashions of the Stuart reigns, partly national, partly borrowed from the French Court, which influenced those of this country, were dying out. The times of William and Mary saw the introduction of Dutch architecture and furniture to a considerable extent. The legs of chairs of the early Eighteenth Century are massive, bulging outward with rounded shoulders, and contracting as they reach the ground, often ending in carved stag hoofs. Amongst other changes marquetry of coloured woods, pieces of ivory, and mother-of-pearl came into use. During the Sixteenth Century inlaying with pear, lime, and other light-coloured woods on the sides and lids of cabinets and chests was not infrequently practised in this country, but marquetry, the process of covering whole surfaces with patterns made up of a complete coating of thin veneer, was of later introduction. It had long been practised in Italy, to which country it was probably imported by Venetian and Genoese merchants from Persia and India. Here it came into fashion along with Dutch furniture. Chairs were made with high backs, not of cane, but of plain wood

covered with marquetry, and sometimes the shoulders of front legs, and the front of the bed of the chair as well as the back. The wood of which these chairs are made is walnut, occasionally oak.

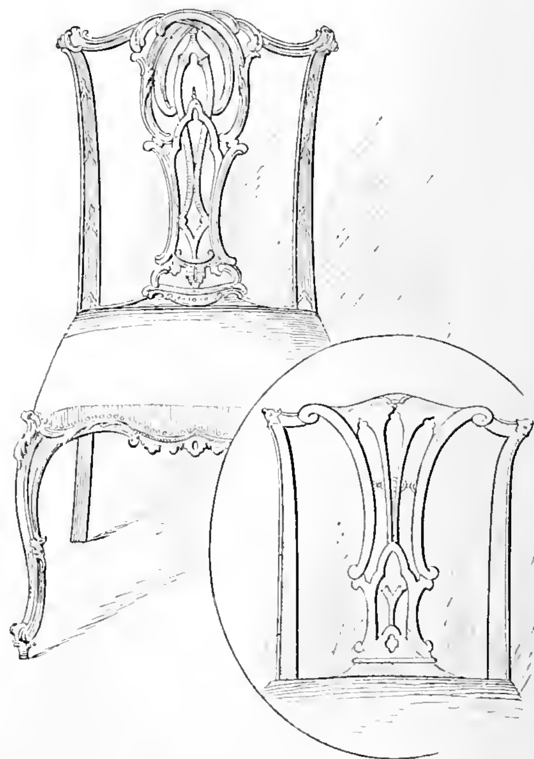


VI.—THE GLASTONBURY CHAIR.

Mahogany was regularly imported in the Eighteenth Century, and the admirable qualities of the wood led to its general adoption for furniture of all sorts, and for chairs in particular. For many years chairs continued to be of the massive form we have described, notwithstanding the greater heaviness of the material. The bulging legs were sometimes covered with delicate acanthus-leaf carving, sometimes plain with only fine beads on the edges. The backs were pierced with various patterns, the more costly covered with acanthus carving delicately cut so as not to interfere with the comfort of the sitter. Cushioned seats covered with morocco leather, or with the decorated stamped leather commonly called Spanish, were dropped into the bed of the chair in a frame prepared for it. Other chairs were plain with small panels of carvings counter-sunk below the surface. As far as I have seen, such little carving is generally of some Chinese design, a fret, or imitation of lettering. Occasionally the work has been executed in China, to order, on furniture sent out for the purpose and re-imported. A little later, chairs made of beech and other woods, and carefully carved and prepared for gilding, were made expressly to have seats, backs, and elbow-pieces upholstered with tapestries imported from France and the Low Countries, or woven at Soho or Mortlake.

Gradually mahogany chairs less cumbrous in size and with lighter details were made by cabinet-makers, the names of whom are well known. Thomas Chippendale (VII.) published a book of his designs in 1769. A. Heppelwhite, Thomas Sheraton (VIII.), are names of other cabinet-makers of the time. Matthias Lock published furniture designs (1743?). These books can be consulted. The chair-backs are of many patterns; some represent fanciful knots and bows of ribbon, others a series of curved bars radiating from a carved centre, the whole forming a shield-shaped composition of open work. Others are interlaced straps in various patterns.

A remarkable design may be noticed in some of the chairs at South Kensington. The backs contain a carved classic lyre, of which the strings are represented by brass rods. In the case of arm-chairs the arms are supported by brass rods connecting them with the bed of the chair. It is worth notice that these pierced mahogany chairs are sometimes cut into cusped tracery like that of the later pointed architecture. A sort of "Gothic" revival is discernible in many kinds of furniture made during the latter part of the century, and we shall have to call attention to it in dealing with other objects as well as chairs. In examining mahogany chairs of the cabinet-makers we have named, one is struck by the excellence of the workmanship and the careful selection and preparation of the material. The evenness and consistency of the grain, as well as the proper storing and drying of the wood, have been attended to by those experienced workmen in the appropriation of particular slabs of wood for chair-making. Modern imitations very often fail in these particulars; the selection of wood, the seasoning and the



VII.—CHIPPENDALE.

exactness in cutting and fitting the whole of each tenon or bar into the mortice prepared for it, so as thoroughly to unite the various members of the

construction together, are just the details in which these productions are found deficient.

A light, straw-coloured wood called satinwood was imported during the last century, and was a good deal used by joiners and cabinet-makers. The reader will see chairs veneered with satinwood in the South Kensington Museum. Satinwood chairs are generally inlaid with medallions of marquetry on the larger surfaces. Chairs will be occasionally met with veneered with satinwood and decorated with flowers, wreaths, peacock feathers, &c., painted and carefully varnished and hand polished.

A remarkable revival of classic furniture took place under the guidance of Robert and James Adam, brothers, architects and designers of all kinds of decorations. Their ornamentation is light, with a tendency to wiriness; but there is much elegance in the carved mouldings and acanthus leaves of their design. Chairs with square legs, with beaded edgings, little oval medallions filled with acanthus leaves, and similar ornament, are still to be met with in houses built by the brothers Adam. They published designs not only of the houses they built, but of the furniture which they were proposed to contain.

VIII.—SHERATON.

(South Kensington.)

Handsome dining-room chairs of mahogany were made some eighty years ago quite plain, the hind supports raking backwards, having a single horizontal board or bar some nine inches deep on the back, concave to receive the shoulders, the seat upholstered with morocco. They are absolute copies, except perhaps the morocco seat, of chairs such as were used by the ladies of ancient Athens at meals. A more curious revival was that of the "Gothic" pierced and carved work executed late in the last century, and at Windsor Castle and elsewhere during the early years of the present. As long as elaborate window tracery could be shown on chairs and table frames it was considered that the manners, at any rate the furniture, of our mediaeval forefathers were adequately represented.

Windsor chairs have the seats of elm-wood hollowed out, the legs turned in the lathe, and the backs formed of yew and other tough woods, bent round by boiling, with upright turned or hand-shaped rails. The backs are further supported by a pair of sloped rails, which fit into a projection which stretches behind the seat, and is a part of the slab out of which the seat is made. These chairs are common furniture in the bars and parlours of old-fashioned public-houses, and are made, along with various kinds of cottage chairs, at High Wycombe. Admirable chairs made of ash, the frames turned in the lathe, the backs made up of thin horizontal boards, and with seats of light wickerwork, are met with in farm-houses and country cottages. They are neat and handy, and though light, I need hardly say are well made and durable.

We have discussed in the foregoing lines only those leading types of chairs which have developed into the drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom chairs, and those luxurious stuffed arm-chairs that might with propriety be called beds cut short or half couches, ordinarily used at the present day. Many of these types survive, many others have been reproduced to satisfy the general thirst for novelty, for old things seem new when they are drawn out from the oblivion into which they have fallen, and to produce novelties is one of the great efforts of manufacturers. As regards chairs, a large part of each one is made by machinery, and though great exactness can or ought to be secured by such agency, really good chairs are not too common.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

REPRODUCTIONS OF PICTURES IN THE BRUNSWICK GALLERY.

THERE is one thing, if there are not many, on which the student of art has cause in these present days honestly to congratulate himself: and that is the progress made towards perfection in the means of mechanically reproducing old pictures for the purposes of study. For a long while the works of the ancient masters almost baffled the resources of photography. With the exception of a small number of very simply coloured or particularly well-preserved examples, the results obtained from their works by that method were distressingly inadequate. A series of chemical and mechanical improvements led up by degrees to the production, by the best German and Italian photographers (from which class must unluckily be excluded the Venetian), of very passable reproductions of the contents of the chief European galleries and churches: passable at least as souvenirs and memoranda for the student. But even the best of these, from the very nature of the photographic product, and its qualities of colour and surface, were little pleasing in themselves as objects of beauty and taste. MM. Braun of Dornach within the last few years went a great stride farther. They fairly conquered those chromatic and other difficulties of photographing faithfully from the coloured, and often *dis*coloured, time-mellowed or time-corroded surface of an ancient picture, which had been too much for an earlier chemistry. By sheer perfection of the photographic art, and without any illegitimate process of tampering with or retouching the negative, they succeeded in getting the lens to translate accurately and vividly the finest and most evanescent, as well as the most forcible, effects of the painter's handiwork; and actually in some cases to bring out intricacies of definition and subtleties of tone and relation in the originals exceeding the power of the human eye to detect.

We have often in this Magazine had occasion to praise as they deserve the series of masterly reproductions successively issued by MM. Braun after the pictures at Madrid, St. Petersburg, Dresden, and the National Gallery. For the special student who can afford them, these are and are likely to remain, from their size and their precision and fulness of detail, the most completely faithful and satisfactory records of the originals he can procure. But all processes of direct photographic printing, including even the carbon process as practised with so much skill by MM. Braun, are subject to certain disadvantages. A smooth and shiny poverty of surface, a want of richness and "quality" in the lights and shadows, and of pleasantness in the colour, are inevitable shortcomings in the results of every such process considered as objects of art and fancy in themselves. However admirable as translations of the original, no one would care to possess or to hang up either the best carbon or the best silver-printed photograph for its own sake and as a thing of beauty. Not so with the results of the various processes called by the names of *photogravure* or *héliogravure*. In these, as is well known, the image procured by the original photographic negative is transferred to a bitten or electro-deposited metal plate, from which impressions can be taken with all the advantages of colour, quality, and appearance, of brilliance in the lights and velvety richness in the darks, that belong to a true etching or engraving. We are all familiar with the fine reproductions of modern pictures—usually chosen, if not executed, with a view to this particular purpose—that have been produced according to one variety of the photogravure process by MM. Goupil. It has been reserved for the Berlin Photographic Company to apply another variety of the same process to the works of the Old Masters, and to apply it with extraordinary success. We give a specimen of their results in the "Waterfall," after Ruysdael, which illustrates our present issue. This is taken from one of the early numbers of a series of reproductions of the pictures in the public gallery at Brunswick, which the Company are now in course of producing. This publication really opens out a quite new prospect for the study of the old schools of painting. Here we have, at an extremely moderate price, what is to all external appearance a set of excellent small mezzotint engravings, possessing every charm of colour and quality that belongs to that art, and produced by purely mechanical means (if, as is alleged, no retouching has indeed been used upon the negatives or plates) from originals many of which one would have expected to defy mechanical reproduction altogether.

The choice of examples given includes the rough with the smooth, and has been made by the editor, Dr. Hermann Riegel, who is also the director of the museum, with a view exclusively to the historical or artistic interests of the originals. The Brunswick Museum is not as well known to lovers of art and curiosity as it ought to be. Of the comparatively small number of English travellers who visit that picturesque and delightful old German city, the majority probably go for the sake of the town itself

and its associations rather than for the study of its art-collections; which are, nevertheless, of much importance and singularity. The picture gallery consists in the main, with certain subsequent additions, of those portions of the ancient ducal collection of Salzdahlum which were either saved at the time of its dispersal and spoliation in 1806, or else recovered (from Paris, Cassel, and elsewhere) at various intervals afterwards. It contains upwards of nine hundred examples, of which by far the greater part are by Dutch and Flemish masters. The more admired, proud, and graceful schools of Italy are not numerously represented. Venice, indeed, contributes one classic masterpiece in the shape of Palma's beautiful "Adam and Eve" (of which it is hardly possible to conceive a more satisfying reproduction than is given in the present publication), and one capital female portrait by Veronese, the plate after which is also very successful. But the great riches of the collection are in the works of the rarer second-rate and third-rate painters of the northern schools: works of which the interest is great for the special student, but for the general visitor relatively slight. Thus, while of Rembrandt himself the collection contains four or five doubtful and as many genuine pictures—among the latter, two masterpieces of his later time—it is particularly strong in the works of his less-known Dutch predecessors, as Ravesteyn and Michel Mierevelt in portrait-painting, and Lastman and others in history: while of his best pupils and followers, as De Wit, Eeckhout, Victors, and Bernhart Fabritius, several can be properly studied, and appreciated at their true value, in this gallery and in this gallery almost alone.

Of all the pictures and painters of these schools at Brunswick, a painstaking and in general trustworthy account has been published by Dr. Riegel, in the second volume of his "Contributions towards the History of Art in the Netherlands." Unluckily Dr. Riegel is on Italian painting a somewhat less competent authority, maintaining, for instance, the obsolete attribution to Giorgione of Palma's aforesaid "Adam and Eve." An important first step was taken towards the pictorial illustration of the gallery ten years or more ago, when Prof. Unger first published his spirited set of etchings after some score of its more important works. But the present undertaking is on quite a different scale of completeness. It is to consist of a hundred plates in all, selected in the proportion of eight from the Italian school, three from the German, one from the French, twenty-one from the Flemish, and sixty-seven from the Dutch. The examples hitherto published serve to show with what success the process employed can be adapted to examples of the most opposite methods of execution. Nothing can be more unlike the delicate modellings and finished and blooming flesh-surfaces of Palma than the summary methods, all hurtlingly rough and careless-seeming as they are, but full of science and of magic, used by Rembrandt in a masterpiece of his advanced life like the celebrated red-and-tawny "Family Picture" at Brunswick. But both are rendered in this series with equal success. Not less so is the sober workmanship of Frans Floris (for in portrait the foolish extravagant bombast of Floris's manner in historical painting left him) in a study like that of the "Falconer;" nor the touch, at once fiery and firm, of Rubens in his portrait of the Marquis Ambrogio Spinola, with its concentrated energy and astuteness of expression, and its brilliancy of costume and detail; nor the minute and wiry handling of the Flemish landscape-painters, as Breughel, Abraham Goyearts, and Josse de Momper. It is surprising in the examples of the last-named class, or in one like the wood-landscape of Cornelis du Bois, how well the vivacity and sparkle of the foliage lights are preserved, and how little is lost of the delicate gradations of the sky. And in quite a different scale of effects nothing can be either more brilliant, or more true to the original picture, than the relief of Rembrandt's profoundly expressive and pathetic figures of Christ and the Magdalen, in a concentration of quivering supernatural light, against the inscrutable, but nowhere really opaque, mystery of the wooded background.

We have named some of the most characteristic and mutually dissimilar of the masters whose works at Brunswick have been produced thus far in the series under discussion. For a group of examples of especial artistic and historical interest, showing how the influence of Rembrandt transmuted, in the case of some of his pupils, the native dramatic and human instinct of their race with a touch of higher poetry—poetry both of sentiment and of atmosphere—let the student turn to the "Tobit and Tobias" of Eeckhout; to the admirable "Christ in the House of Cornelius" of Bernhart Fabritius; or even to the "Annunciation to the Shepherds" of Ostade. The large Roman subject by another distinguished follower of Rembrandt, Ferdinand Bol, is on the other hand, though one of his most important works, an example showing how the master's outward tricks of costume and fancy could be caught by a pupil to whom the inward fire of his spirit failed to communicate itself. It is to be hoped that the experiment thus made with one of the less known and less popularly attractive provincial galleries of Germany may be rewarded by a success sufficient to encourage the extension of a similar treatment to some of the more famous collections of that country, and ultimately to those of Italy also. The gain to the student of art and the advantage to popular culture would be alike great. SIDNEY COLVIN.

OLD VENICE.

(From the Picture by F. Bodenmüller.)

ARTISTS' HOMES.

MR HARRY FENN'S, AT MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY.

A SANGUINE New Yorker, speculating on the future of his city, will generally refer to the Orange Hills in New Jersey as its natural boundary towards the south-west. The slopes of this range, he thinks, and the rolling country just beyond them to the upper course of Passaic river, will yet be occupied by a rich and populous suburb. There are already in this quarter so many pleasant villages and scattered residences, that the idea is not without a colour of probability. Looking from the crest of the hills towards New York, one sees the great plain, through which the Hackensack and the Passaic glide, already so thickly sprinkled with dwellings that the confines of the cities of New York and Elizabeth and Jersey City are hardly recognisable from this distance. When one considers that those cities themselves are but adjuncts of New York, and that a large part of the male population of the country as far as the eye can reach is composed of men who are New Yorkers during business hours; when one considers, too, that the city itself is barely out of sight, its position being indicated by the towers of the Brooklyn Bridge, which are visible on a clear day from several of the Orange summits, it hardly seems improper to speak of the district as being, even now, a suburb of New York.

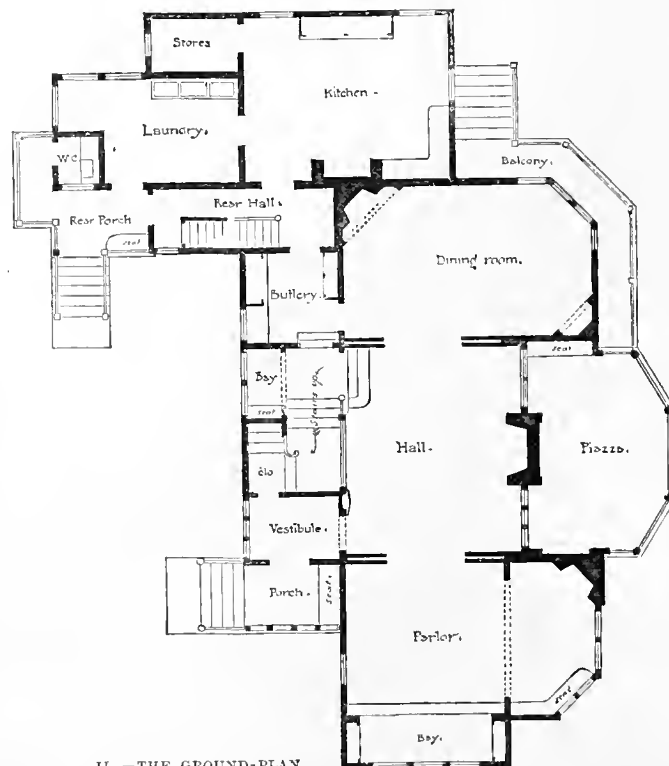
1.—THE COTTAGE, NORTH AND SOUTH.

This nearness of the city on the one hand, and to unspoiled nature on the other, has made the district a favourite sketching-ground with New York artists, and several of them have, at one time or another, resided there. There is no telling how often these dells and crags, these meadows and apple orchards, foregrounds rich with wild flowers and bits of faint blue distance, have been painted. Quite a long list it would be that should contain the names of all who have visited them, season after season, with crayon or brush. And a conspicuous place on it would be that which should belong to Mr. Harry Fenn. Through the medium of the illustrated magazines everybody has been made familiar with his drawings.

It is needless, therefore, to say anything more about them than, simply, that their subjects have been taken more often from the neighbourhood of the Orange Hills than from any other locality. The old mills, the streams fringed with willows, the spring bloom of the orchards, and the autumn fields full of golden-rod and purple asters and scarlet sumach, have laid hold on him more firmly than on Bolles or Drake or Moran, perhaps his foremost rivals. Hence, no doubt, it is that, after having travelled extensively, in America and out of it, he has returned to the Orange Hills to make there his home.

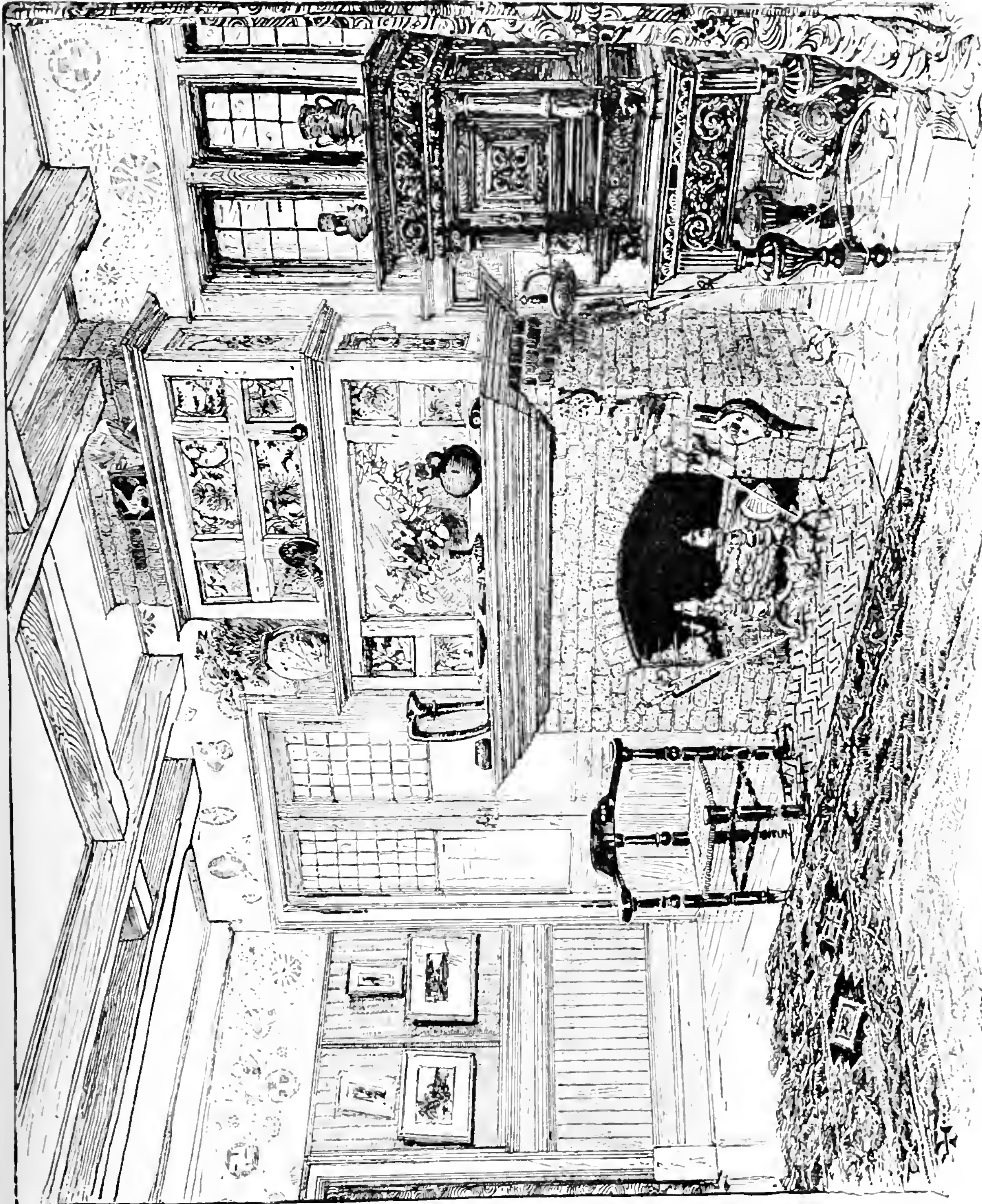
With this project in his mind, it is not strange that, of all the many changes which had taken place during his absence, none should have made such an impression on him as those connected with the progress of American domestic architecture. There are few who, like him, have recently spent some time abroad, who have not remarked this change. And, although improvement is less evident in private than in public buildings, though the drawbacks such as accompany every change are most perceptible in modern country houses, still, even in these, great progress is visible. The older country residences along the Atlantic sea-board are, in many respects, well adapted to the climate, and not insusceptible of artistic decoration. They are, however, better adapted for summer than for winter weather, and it is difficult to supply the colour and the appearance of comfort demanded by modern taste without detracting from their somewhat Quakerish elegance. One fresh from European experiences can hardly but feel that the beauty of colonial mouldings and carvings has been somewhat exaggerated, while a uniform coat of white or grey paint, indoors and out, is apt to strike him as rather chilly in effect. The common disposition of the main hall, wider than in England, adds unnecessarily to the discomfort to be experienced in an old-fashioned American house in winter. Running athwart the building, from front to rear, it occasions an increasing current of cold air through the middle of the house, which may be moderated indeed, but only by double doors and at a considerable expense for fuel. Now, although the younger architects of America, as might be expected of men who have broken with tradition, have quite generally fallen into an unchastened, mongrel style, full of affectations and overladen with bad ornament, still this much may be said for them, that they have almost as generally sought to secure comfort and convenience as well as a picturesque outline, and a warm and harmonious scheme of colour as well as an abundance of rather cheap decoration. Here and there, indeed, common sense and good taste have so far prevailed, that only a carping criticism can find much to decry. It is because it belongs to the smaller class, and may afford a good idea of what American architects are aiming at in domestic design, that it has been thought well to give here a description of Mr. Fenn's house, illustrated by drawings furnished by himself.

Like most American country houses, alas! the building is wooden. We Americans have hardly, as yet, arrived at the stone age. As will be seen by reference to our illustration (I.), it has two main storeys, with a basement and a roomy attic. The two views here given show the house to be as picturesque as it is really desirable it should be, standing, as it does, among such picturesque surroundings. But a comparison of them with the ground-plan (II.) will show that its interesting projections and recesses result logically from the most convenient possible disposition of the space to be roofed in. Considering that, in the American climate, the piazza is as important as the chimney, a happier disposition can hardly be imagined. You enter by a porch sheltered on two sides by the building itself, and on the third and fourth by the rising slope of the hill and by a skilfully-arranged screen of evergreens. The roof of this porch makes one



II.—THE GROUND-PLAN.

continued curve with the gable which crowns the projection containing the stairs with which it communicates. From the vestibule you advance into the square hall (III.), which, as a hall should, gives you immediate entrance to parlour and dining-room, piazza and staircase. The roof above the hall rises higher than that of any other portion of the building, and is further distinguished by the turret-like



III.—THE HALL FIREPLACE.

cap of the two-storeyed piazza, which is really an adjunct of it. The attic under this roof is Mr. Fenn's studio, and the space under the cap of the tower is utilised for storing canvases, &c. Exteriorly, the woodwork of the cottage is painted a dark brown; the plastered surfaces, plainly indicated in the drawing, have, unfortunately, been disturbed by some meaningless incised forms, intended as ornament; but these may be easily covered up by a fresh coat of plaster. Some vines, which have only just been planted, will eventually hide a good part of the exterior surface in any case; and their fresh green will make an acceptable contrast with the brown and grey of the building.

The colour-effect of the interior is already all that could be wished for. Much of it is undoubtedly due to the artistic arrangement of Mr. Fenn's choice though small collection of *bric-à-brac*, and to the draperies of doors and windows. But, as it left the hands of the architect, Mr. Ficken, it must have appeared a pleasant and inviting interior. The wainscoting of the hall, its ceiling, and the woodwork of the stairs are of Georgia pine varnished to a fine golden hue, which strikes the keynote for all the three principal rooms. The wall above the wainscoting is a cream tint, with panelling of yellowish matting. In the dining-room (IV.) this last is replaced by the painted surface of the wall, here a light salmon colour; and a frieze is simulated by placing, on a narrow shelf, a row of blue-and-white Delft and Spanish-Moorish platters. A few fine pieces of old Nankin blue-and-white porcelain may be admired on the mantelshelf of the dining-room; and a number of prints in red ink, after drawings by Mr. Burne Jones, occupy the remainder of the wall-space. The drawing-room is mostly in warm greys, corresponding with the Japanese *portière* with its pattern of waves and tortoises in black and white, and with the window of opalescent glass, and bookcases curtained with Japanese brocade. The unplastered brick of the hall chimney should be remembered when forming a conception of the harmony of warm, subdued tones furnished by the architect, to which Mr. Fenn has added little but blue and green and gold, his share of the decoration culminating in the tail of a magnificent stuffed peacock, which depends from its perch on the staircase window-sill. The over-mantel, as shown in the drawing, is in stamped and gilt Japanese leather.

IV.—THE HALL, LOOKING INTO THE DINING-ROOM.

The upper rooms are all in the same light golden-yellow tone; but each has its individual effect, due to its outlook or to its decoration, or to both. From a railed platform on the roof of the wing which contains the offices and the servants' rooms, a view may be had almost as wide as that from the summit of the neighbouring hill.

R. RIORDAN.

A POLISH VILLAGE: NOVEMBER.

(From the Picture by A. Wierusz Kowalski.)

"A POLISH VILLAGE: NOVEMBER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY A. WIERUSZ-KOWALSKI.

THIS picture has at least the interest which attaches to new material. Poland is practically virgin soil for the most of Western Europeans; and to read of it—or of that part of it which has inspired the admirable talent of M. Sacher-Masoch—is literally to take a plunge into the unknown. Morals, manners, types of character, scenery—everything is new and strange; and the general impression is almost dreamlike in its vivid unreality. In the present work we are shown a village street in November. Being primarily a landscape—a presentment of weather and atmospheric effect—it does not affect us with any of the romantic influence which would breathe from a similar motive in the pages of Sacher-Masoch. Still, its effect is novel and peculiar, and the types with which it is peopled are worth study. The composition is a little tumbled, and the conception a trifle confused; but it is fair work of its kind.

ARCHÆOLOGY *v.* ART.

"ALTHOUGH not clean past the season of youth," as honest Jack Falstaff says, I am yet old enough to have been a witness to a momentous change in the treatment of ancient art in its revived forms. A quarter of a century ago a great part of the architect's pupilage was spent in the lawyer-like pursuit of getting up precedents. A form of Gothic not according to knowledge had developed into such obvious travesties of ancient work, that as the only remedy men set themselves sedulously to work to study the older forms, in order that the secret of their success might be educed in the process. The most painstaking measurements were made and the minutest details of mediæval structures were recorded and classified with method and precision. Sharpe's "Parallels," Paley's "Gothic Mouldings," &c., were the text-books of the tyro, and woe betide the youth who employed in his designs a moulding of a later date, a cap or base which was not of the character in use at the time when the original work he was endeavouring to reproduce was in vogue. The explanation of this jealous regard for precedent was of course the distressing unlikeness to ancient work which resulted from originality of any kind. But although it may be conceded that in the early stages of the Gothic revival it was prudent to stick to the beautiful details of the earlier builders, it is difficult to account for the passion for employing one particular period of Gothic for an entire building, a practice the antithesis of that of mediæval architects.

While giving the fullest credit to the exquisite beauty of Salisbury Cathedral, almost the only instance of a great work carried out entirely during the prevalence of a single phase of Gothic art, it may be doubted whether for pictorial and artistic effect it is not inferior in many respects to buildings which exhibit the whole range of our native architecture from early Norman to Tudor. Our painters, at any rate, prefer the latter, and they should be the best judges in such a matter. Take the pictures of David Roberts as a class, and you will find—what one might expect—that with a painter's true instinct he selects for his subjects precisely those works where the divergence of style is most marked: where the great simple vaulting of the Thirteenth Century is "set off" by the elaborate Cinque-cento stalls of the choir, their black oak telling against the grey walls, and the huge pulpit of fantastic—debased if you will—outline and detail standing out boldly and grandly from the more reticent early work surrounding it. Our cathedrals and parish churches throughout the land afford excellent instances of the artistic or pictorial charm which results from even an incongruous juxtaposition of elements, if only they are seen to have a history and a *raison d'être.*

By a mere accident a case has arisen which affords an example of the ancient method in modern work. The cathedral at Truro is designed by Mr. Pearson in that simple and severe phase of quasi-Continental Thirteenth Century Gothic which he knows so well how to treat effectively. It was, however—and properly—essential for the satisfaction of local sentiment, that St. Mary's Church, or a portion of it at least, should be retained. And accordingly a part of the old Perpendicular work was in Mr. Pearson's scheme placed side by side with his own "Early English," with the effect obtained

by the Russell and Longland chantries at Lincoln, about the value of which no one will dispute. Instances of the skill with which our ancestors fitted the new work to the old, such as in fitting the Perpendicular tracery to the Norman transept arch at Norwich, will occur to every reader.

Nor can it, I think, be doubted that, from an artist's point of view at least, the gain is on the side of the combination, always provided that the attempt be controlled by taste and the liberty be used with discretion. If, however, the testimony of the ancient edifices be not admitted on the score that, Topsy-like, "they growed," and were not deliberately built of many styles, but that their authors always confined themselves to the prevailing style of the time, I would reply that their case and circumstances were different from ours. They were original authors; we are at best but skilful adapters. We have the whole of their work before us, and see, or think we see, that a great part of its charm, pictorially —and that is mainly how we are affected by it —is due to the fact that it is made up of many and various styles, all acting and re-acting on each other to their common advantage. We know the ancient builders felt no scruple in adding their own prevailing style to the earlier work which they might more easily have simply copied, and if they felt no incongruity in the result we may infer that it would not be so very dreadful in us. The austere Norman and graceful Early English have their respective merits heightened by the playful fancy and exuberant ornament of the later Tudor, and this in turn finds in the earlier work a foil or setting which gives point and force to its peculiar charms. And if, notwithstanding what I have said above, I fail to convince my readers that a little latitude should be allowed our church architects in the selection of more than one style or period for our buildings, a latitude recently denied to the writer, and that such latitude would place in their hands sources of effect from which they now debar themselves, let me point to the practice of domestic architecture for confirmation of my general theory that such a liberty of treatment would lead, if wisely used, to greater pictorial excellence in our modern work.

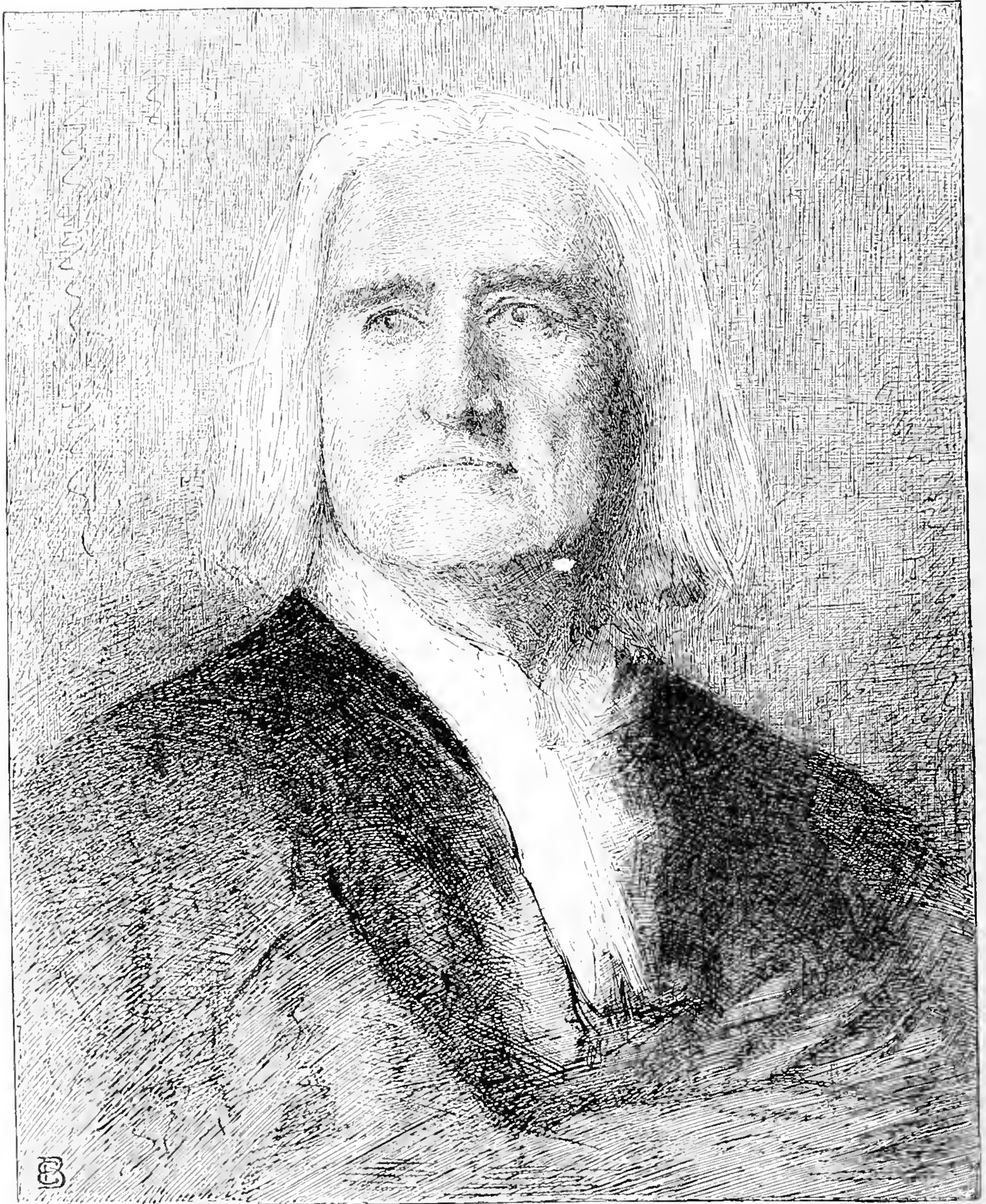
Most architects—and I think I might safely say all painters—would agree with me if I were to name a living R.A. as the most successful and skilful designer of English dwellings of the better class. His name and works will occur to all my readers. What is his method? Precisely—in his most successful efforts—that which I have been advocating. Taking a plan of Fifteenth Century type, with its great hall, open fireplace, open timber roof, &c., he throws across it an oaken screen of Jacobean design. A half-timbered gable of black oak shows here and there among the Tudor stone fronts with their mullioned windows and jutting oriels, their embayed doorways of four centred arches and elaborate armorial enrichments. From Elizabethan work he culls the plaster ceilings and the ample staircases which lend such a charm to so many old English houses. His mind is open to the beauties of all the native styles, and he rejects none of them. The English classic of the Renaissance finds a place in the *ensemble*, and every phase of English art down to our own time—with Morris's papers and the electric light, so only that they be good of their kind—are comprised in this truly Catholic art. The purist may inveigh against all this, and I grant that there is something to be said from his point of view. But the fact remains that after all there are at the present day no houses so enjoyable, so full of incident, so interesting, and so comfortable as those designed upon the liberal principles which I have indicated above. And unquestionably there are none exteriorly so picturesque and attractive.

The question which I wish to raise is whether by a similar treatment our church architecture might not be rescued from that monotony which seems to attach invariably to our modern ecclesiastical work, and whether the time has not now arrived—we having learned perfectly our "archæology"—to attempt the application, in the painters' sense of the word, of a little "art." E. INGRESS BELL.

FRANZ LENBACH.

AMONG the portrait-painters of modern Germany, the first place belongs incontestably to Franz Lenbach; and, indeed, in the grave and noble style which he affects, and which is that which in former days raised the art of portraiture to the very first rank, it would be difficult, at the present moment, to find his superior in Europe. In saying this, no disrespect is meant to the really great portrait-painters of modern France: men for the most part either little known, or exciting but a languid interest in England —such, for instance, as the mighty Bonnat; Paul Baudry, hardly surpassed even in this branch of his art; the grave and pathetic painter-sculptor, Paul Dubois; the exquisitely subtle Elie Delaunay; or

Bastien-Lepage, unrivalled in the delineation in a small space of the essence of a personality, no less than of its material envelope. Each of these is preeminent in his own way, and has certain qualities of technical power, grace, and refinement to which the German does not lay claim, or which he rather purposely relegates to the background. Perhaps his mode of looking at humanity, and his endeavour, above all things, to evolve the main outlines of a human personality, are nearer to those of our own Watts than to the aim of any other modern; though the technique of the two painters is widely different. Both, however, are distinguished for largeness of view, and for a power which amounts to genius, of expressing the more permanent and essential side of a personality distinguished in politics, art, or letters.



FRANZ LISZT.

(Drawn in Pastels by Franz Lenbach. From a Sketch by Edgar Barclay.)

OTTO VON BISMARCK.

(Painted by Franz Lenbach.)

Herr Lenbach has never willingly undertaken the delineation of feminine loveliness, either scorning a task which is rather that of the painter *par excellence* than that of the psychologist and the diviner, or justly judging his powers to be unsuited to the undertaking. In such portraits of women as he has produced, though they are not lacking in his usual qualities of breadth and dignity, we find just a shade of that conventionality, that *emphase*, which are so conspicuously absent from his greater works in the category of male portraiture. To a somewhat celebrated friend of his, noted for her commanding beauty and her fanatical worship of Wagner, he is said to have replied, when she expressed a wish to sit to him: "Your beauty has in it nothing which inspires my art; if you were an old man, upon whom time and suffering had set their mark, how much more willingly would I have undertaken the task!" Although Herr Lenbach has attained the first rank in one branch only of his profession, and is in so far inferior to the great French and English painters with whom we have paralleled him—all of whom have attained very high rank in other branches of their art—he has essayed other styles also, with fair, though not transcendent, success. Some early specimens of his excursions into landscape and *genre* are contained in the gallery of Count Schack, of Munich, who also numbers among his treasures many portraits, as well as an unrivalled series of copies by the artist after works of the Old Masters.

If we take into consideration his original works only, it is not to the category of the splendid painters of *portraits d'apparât* that Franz Lenbach belongs. He has little kinship in point of view with the majesty and outward magnificence of Titian, with the exuberance and cheerful brilliancy of Rubens, or with the aristocratic charm and gentle melancholy of Van Dyck: that is to say, with the more usual moods of these great men; for they, too, have shown how fully capable they were, on occasion, of sacrificing everything to a due understanding and expression of the idiosyncrasy of the model. Neither does Herr Lenbach altogether belong to that class of portraitists whose aim it is, above all things, to seize upon salient outward characteristics, and infuse into their creations the suggestion of life and movement; who strive especially to show us human beings through whose veins the blood yet seems to course, upon whose lips the breath yet seems to linger. Such was the incomparable realist, Velasquez, to whom the moderns, and especially those of the Latin schools, have vowed an almost fanatical adoration; such, too, that supreme master of the brush, Franz Hals; such our own Gainsborough; and such also, in his own way, was the great *pastelliste*, Quentin de la Tour. Rather should we place Franz Lenbach in a category which might be made to include such various painters as John Van Eyck, Antonello da Messina, Giovanni Bellini, the younger Holbein, Lorenzo Lotto, Il Moretto, and especially Moroni and Rembrandt; to which class, as portrait-painters, even Lionardo da Vinci and Raphael may be said to belong. These have, each in their different way and with the widely-varying technique of their age and school, sought, above all things, to penetrate the outer mask of the personality which they attempt to present, and to attain, besides a reproduction of the purely physical type and character, such a suggestion of the mental characteristics and general idiosyncrasy as almost to open a window into the soul, and to lure on the gazer to an attempt at unravelling the life and destiny of the being portrayed. The first and greatest aim of such painters is, not so much to produce such an image as will cause the beholder to exclaim, "It lives and breathes, it will step down from the canvas and walk," as we are tempted to do before a sombre cavalier of Velasquez, or a Dutch *élégant* of Franz Hals. It is rather to guide us in divining the very workings of the mind, as in the marvellous "Lionardo Loredano" of G. Bellini—that unrivalled picture of unsubdued mental force galvanising into vigour a worn, emaciated body; to enable us to study both the individuals and types of a period, as in the Windsor series of nobles and worthies by Hans Holbein; to inspire us with an irresistible sympathy, such as a Giambattista Moroni commands for his "Tailor" or "Schoolmaster." There can be little doubt which is the higher, the subtler achievement, the one to attain which the most triumphant technical skill is insufficient without the intuition of genius. Though we have ventured, in order to illustrate our meaning, to cast the great protagonists of portraiture roughly into the divisions above indicated, it must not be understood that we would deny to the greatest among them a measure of each distinctive quality which has served to mark out the attempted division; but only that their most distinguishing characteristics are such as we have sought to indicate. It is, then, under the last division that we must class Franz Lenbach. In his determination, above all things, to set before us the man, not only as a living being, but chiefly, as a personality, distinctive no less for its mental than its physical characteristics, and having its place as a factor of the humanity of the time, he has, with almost undue severity, sought to subdue and eliminate the charms of colour which his copies of well-nigh magic power would lead us to believe that he must possess; deeming, rightly or wrongly, that the grave subjects chiefly affected by him would lose dignity and character by a richer treatment. His rendering of the carnations is certainly open to

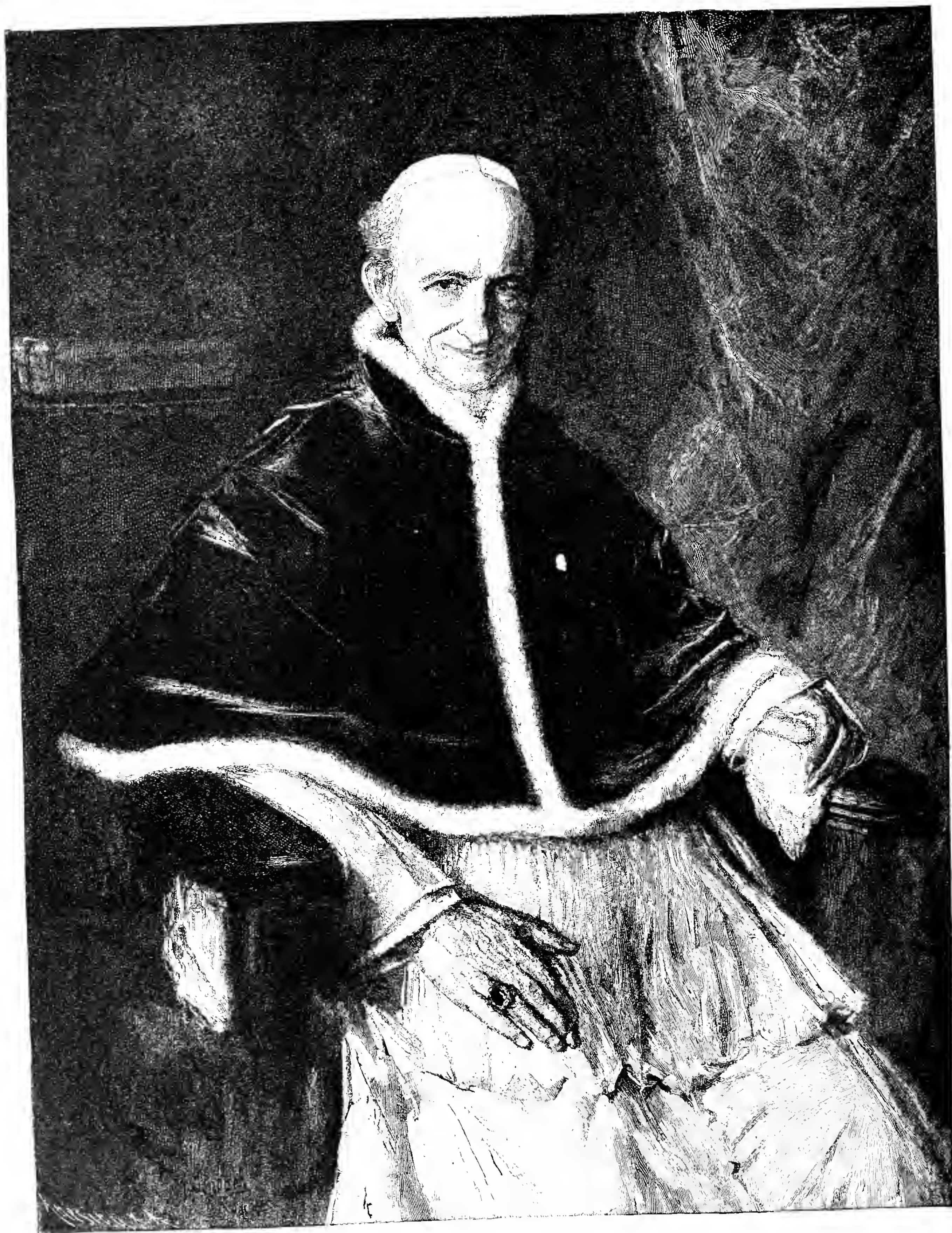
the charge of a want of freshness and charm; the tones being often unduly brown and muddy, and the general handling, although remarkable for breadth and freedom, being distinguished by a certain looseness which detracts from the power and certainty of the effect. In this respect, however, his latest pictures show a marked improvement.

Among the earlier of his works which excited general notice and admiration was his own portrait, exhibited in Paris in 1867, and now in the Schack Gallery. Although it is low in tone, and almost achromatic—so much so, indeed, as to have exposed the painter to the reproach of aiming at a wilful *pastiche* of certain Old Masters—it has an irresistible truth and charm; the homely features are illumined by the penetrating, kindly glance, while over the whole is thrown a vein of gentle, contemplative melancholy which recalls, though without any suggestion of imitation, the sympathetic creations of Moroni and his master Il Moretto, to which we have more than once referred. Less completely satisfactory, though admirable in conception and insight, are the two presentments in the same gallery of its owner, Count Schack, though these are the definite outcome of the very numerous efforts of the painter to satisfy himself by the production of an adequate portrait of his earliest patron.

The Wagner villa at Bayreuth contains, among other works from his hand, a bold and striking sketch of the Abbé Liszt (re-drawn, and here engraved), in which has been suggested rather the power than the rare refinement and charm which characterise the features of the great virtuoso. But it is by his portraits of German statesmen, warriors, and intellectual leaders that Herr Lenbach has won his chief renown. Lysippus was not more exalted above his compeers as the portrait-sculptor in ordinary of Alexander the Great, than is Franz Lenbach as the painter *par excellence* of the great diplomatic conqueror, Prince Bismarck. Among the earlier of the series of well-known portraits, one of the best known is the admirable half-length of the Prince, in a civilian costume, and holding a felt hat, to which the equally remarkable portrait of Count Moltke forms a pendant. Both appeared at the Munich Exhibition of 1879, and after having been shown in many places, have found a final and highly appropriate resting-place in the National Gallery of Berlin. Most recent, and perhaps most remarkable of all, are some portraits of the great soldier-diplomatist, executed in the latter part of last year from sketches made at a number of sittings which the Prince, conquering for the nonce his pronounced aversion to such inflictions, vouchsafed to accord to his favourite limner at Varzin. Apart from the noble vigour and simplicity of these works and their unsurpassable characterisation, they acquire an added interest from the fact that they had their origin, it is said, in a desire expressed by Pope Leo XIII. to possess a portrait of his great opponent in the "Kulturkampf" commenced with his predecessor. No incident more piquant or appropriate could mark the now approaching close of this strange contest, the only one from which the founder of German unity has not issued absolutely triumphant. The Prince, in the most important of these last portraits (which we reproduce), is represented standing at ease in the civilian costume of a Prussian country gentleman, loose, capacious, and convenient. Though his features show unmistakable evidence of the wear and tear resulting from hard work, advancing years, and acute suffering, the expression is still one of indomitable energy, tempered by calm self-reliance; and it is conveyed without an approach to over-emphasis or conventionality. Another portrait of the same series represents the Prince with his features seen in the half-shadow of a huge overhanging hat. Still later in date is the admirable portrait of Pope Leo XIII., seen in profile, of which an engraving accompanies the present notice.

At the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878, although one whole class of the painter's works was necessarily excluded, he was represented by four canvases, among which was one of his masterpieces, the admirable presentment of Dr. Döllinger, renowned as the main opponent of the dogma of Infallibility proclaimed by the last Œcumenical Council at the dictation of Pio Nono. This is unsurpassed for subtlety among the artist's productions, and may take rank among the great achievements in portraiture of modern times, though its attractions lie entirely in the pathos and keen psychological power of the delineation, and are not in any degree due to charm of colour or virtuosity of execution.

Something more must be said in conclusion as to Herr Lenbach's unique powers as a copyist. It was Count Schack who, astonished at the technical perfection and intuitive sympathy evidenced by the then very youthful painter in a copy made after the "Helena Forman with her Child" in the Alte Pinacothek of Munich, specially employed Herr Lenbach to make for him, first in Rome and Florence, and afterwards in Madrid, a whole series of copies of representative masterpieces. Thus were executed reproductions of the exquisite "Concert" of the Pitti; of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love" and "Venus of the Tribune;" and, above all, the astounding copy of the same master's "Charles V. after the Battle of Mühlberg," in the Madrid Gallery. Rarely, if ever, has a copyist so absolutely succeeded as in the last-named instance in im-



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

(Painted by Franz Lenbach.)

parting to his work the very flame of inspiration, the *élan*, of an original masterpiece of the very first rank; all the lurid splendour of the colour, all the intense pathos of the delineation, are here, and exercise a spell scarcely inferior to that worked by the picture itself. In like manner, and with the same intuition, the melancholy charm and sober, profound harmonies of the Pitti "Concert" are given. Again, in the portraits after Rubens—notably in that of the master himself, the original of which is in the Pitti—the clear brilliancy of the carnations, the self-reliant ease and firmness of the handling, are imitated to perfection. Less supremely successful—though only, perhaps, by comparison—is the "Philip IV. in Hunting Costume" by Velasquez, at Madrid.

It is not hyperbolic praise to say that Herr Lenbach's success as a copyist is without parallel in modern times; and, in expressing such an opinion, we bear in mind the magnificent reproductions executed by Paul Baudry after portions of Michelangelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel and of Raphael's Stanze and Cartoons (École des Beaux-Arts, Paris). The secret of this unique success is, first, his remarkable intuition and sympathy with the aim and inner meaning of the masters whose works it has been a labour of love for him to reproduce, and, next, his successful endeavour in each case to adopt the very school and technique of the painter to whom he is for the time being devoting himself. This *tour de force* could only be accomplished by a born painter and a true colourist; so that we are left to guess at the reasons which impel Herr Lenbach to be so chary in imparting to his own works the charms of colour and brilliant execution which he knows how to render again with such unrivalled success. This same power of absolutely truthful, yet bold and free, reproduction, combined with the retention of so much of the subtle essence of the work copied, cannot be paralleled with the exuberant power and individuality of a Rubens, which, whether he sought to render even the "Prophets" of a Michelangelo, the "Battle of Anghiari" of a Lionardo, or the "Triumphs" of a Mantegna, could not be repressed, but burst forth and unmistakably revealed itself. Neither can it be more fitly compared with the peculiar powers of another Northern artist, David Teniers, who has been, perhaps, somewhat overpraised as a mere copyist; for in his quaint miniature reproductions, especially of the works of Italian painters, his own grotesque Flemish types slily peep forth amid their strange surroundings, and not seldom lend to the works so reproduced a certain amusing air of travesty. One work of the best period of the Renaissance shows pre-eminently the peculiar power of which Herr Lenbach possesses so large a measure, and that is the famous copy which was executed by Andrea del Sarto after the "Leo X. with Two Cardinals" of Raphael (in the Pitti Palace), and which finally came, with the Farnese Collection, into the Museo of Naples—a copy so marvellous that it deceived Giulio Romano himself, when it was shown to him at Mantua.

Herr Lenbach was born on the 13th December, 1836, at Schrobenhausen, in Upper Bavaria, and is said to be the son of a master-mason, and to have received preliminary training in the same craft; though, if this be the case, his subsequent progress must have been extraordinarily rapid, as we find that in 1859-60 he occupied an important position at the new art-school of Weimar. He received his artistic training chiefly at Munich, and has since been somewhat of a wanderer, residing alternately at Rome, Munich, Madrid, and Vienna. Of late years, however, he has divided his time between Munich, where he possesses a studio rich in works of the Italian and German Renaissance, and Rome, where he occupies a noble suite of apartments in the Palazzo Borghese, above the gallery where in former years he laboured so assiduously and with such supreme success.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S "INSTRUMENT," AND HOW THEY GOT IT.

THE Fellows and the Directors of the Incorporated Artists were inspired by totally different ambitions. The former, finding that the school in St. Martin's Lane was private and inadequate, desired to found out of their Society's funds a high-class public academy that should be more generally useful alike to the profession and the country. The Directors, on the other hand, led by Chambers and Payne (both architects, observe), proposed that the funds "should be laid out in the decoration of some edifice adapted to the objects of the institution." In this the Fellows declared they as a Society had no interest; and in 1767 they resolved "that it should be referred to the Directors to consider a proper form for instituting a public academy, and to lay the same before the meeting in September next."

Here was a "poser" for the Directors; but they rose to the occasion. It appears that one Dalton, who combined the duties of treasurer to and director of the Society, and of librarian to the king, with the labours of the insignificant artist he was, had shortly before put "another iron in the fire," by establishing a print warehouse in Pall Mall. The speculation was a sorry failure; and the speculator found himself paying heavily for empty premises. In this state of affairs he conceived an idea worthy of his genius; what is more, he contrived to gain for it the support of the king. Accordingly the Fellows were informed that His Majesty had resolved to institute a public academy under royal patronage. So delighted were they at this prospect, that they immediately repealed the resolution above quoted; and amidst universal rejoicing Mr. Dalton painted out "print warehouse" over his door in Pall Mall, and painted in "Royal Academy." It was then represented to the subscribers to the useful, comfortable school in St. Martin's Lane that, as they would thenceforward have free access to the Royal Academy, their school would be superseded, and their furniture useless. So they assigned to Mr. Moser their busts and lamps, their chairs and statues and anatomical figures, to be removed to Pall Mall; and they never got them back again. The royal establishment in Mr. Dalton's warehouse was a signal failure. The king gave nothing; the Directors refused to spend a farthing; the Royal Academy was to support itself. The artists had been "done," and expressed their feelings in heated terms. The struggle between the Directors and the Fellows was renewed in a bitterer, fiercer spirit, and became a public scandal; but it terminated, so far as the Society was concerned, on October 18th, 1768, when the Fellows elected sixteen of their number to supersede as many of their opponents, the rest of whom resigned in a body on the 10th November. Thus, after eight years of autocratic rule, devoted to their own advantage and not the Society's, these twenty-four gentlemen found themselves defeated and disgraced. To that they could not submit. They promptly and secretly decided to found a new society and crush the old.

Some of the leading members of the Incorporated Artists held aloof from these disgraceful intrigues and squabbles. Reynolds, in particular, refused to take part in the Directors' meetings; and when they separated from the Fellows and raised "a schism in the arts," he declined to exhibit with either party. West also withdrew; and "these indecent bickerings" coming to the notice of the king, His Majesty asked him for an explanation (which West gave after a fashion), and declared that he would "patronise any association formed on principles calculated to advance the art." This royal declaration was carried by West to three ex-Directors—Chambers, Cotes, and Moser—who instantly acted upon it with cunning, secrecy, and despatch. Chambers was the king's architect, and "towards the latter end" of November, 1768, "waited on" His Majesty to say that "many artists of reputation, together with himself, were very desirous of establishing a society that should more effectually promote the Arts of Design than any yet established;" but they knew that their scheme "could not be carried into execution without His Majesty's patronage." The king, in reply, said much the same that he had said to West; with the result that "a memorial was drawn up, signed and presented in form," on November 28th, by Cotes, Chambers, Moser, and West. After praying for the king's "gracious assistance, patronage, and protection," this document set forth the "two principal objects" the memorialists had in view, namely, "the establishing a well-regulated School, or Academy of Design, for the use of Students in the Arts, and an annual exhibition open to all artists of distinguished merit." The king received the memorialists very graciously: said that the culture of the Arts was "a national concern," that they "might depend upon his patronage and assistance," and asked for a full explanation of their intentions. Chambers then hurriedly drew "a sketch of a plan," which ("having shown to as many of the gentlemen concerned as the shortness of time would permit") he presented to the king on December 7. The king perused and revised, and directed that the document should be drawn up in proper form. This was done; the king signed it on December 10; and the first meeting of the Royal Academy took place on December 14, 1768. Mark the rapidity with which this affair of "national concern" was arranged. The entire business was settled in less than six weeks after the Incorporated Artists dismissed their committee. Is it likely that if the instigators of the affair—the disgraced Directors—had really meant to establish the arts on a national basis there would have been this unseemly, unnecessary, and, as the sequel shows, mischievous haste? The truth is that what they had at heart was not so much the interests of art as their own petty ambitions. Their object was to wreck the Incorporated Artists, and by dint of spite and sharp practice, aided by what Haydon truly called the "basest intrigue" screened and shared in by a well-meaning but dunder-headed king, they achieved it. And then the backstairs secrecy of it all! Kirby, the President of the Incorporated Artists, was His Majesty's teacher of perspective, and constantly at the palace; yet he never heard a whisper of what was going on, and assured his Society, in his inaugural address, that the king

would not countenance the renegades. Not till everything was ripe did the secret come out; and it came out dramatically. West was painting the "Departure of Regulus" at the Palace—or, according to some renderings, at Windsor Castle. The canny Quaker was at work one day, the king and queen looking on, when Kirby was admitted and introduced to West, whom he warmly congratulated on the picture. Presently Kirby said, "I hope, Mr. West, that you intend to exhibit this picture?" To which West: "It is painted for the palace, and its exhibition must depend upon His Majesty's pleasure." "Assuredly," said the king, "I shall be very happy to let the work be shown to the public." "Then, Mr. West," said Kirby, "you will send it to my exhibition." "No!" exclaimed the king, "it must go to *my* exhibition—*to the Royal Academy!*"

The news created consternation among the Incorporated Artists, as well it might. Sir Robert Strange proposed a petition plainly stating the injury which the Academy's illiberal constitution and its threatened monopoly of royal support would do, not merely to the Society, but to artists in general. This, however, was overruled, and a petition of a more cautious and mealy character was presented. The king, in a manner as mealy, but disingenuous withal, declared that the Incorporated Society already had his protection; that he "did not mean to encourage one set of men more than another," but to patronise the arts; and therefore they "might rest assured his royal favour should be equally extended to both." But His Majesty did not keep his royal word. He was seen at the Society's exhibition only once afterwards, and gave them only one donation more; but he constantly visited and petted his Royal Academy, and presented it with upwards of £5,000. The Incorporated Artists made a gallant fight of it, but in vain; their existence gradually became more fitful and precarious; they exhibited for the last time in 1791; and in 1836 the last surviving member handed over the books, documents, and charter to their conquerors of the Royal Academy.

The document drawn up in such extraordinary haste, and so foolishly sanctioned by George III., is called the "Instrument." It is probably the most unconstitutional parchment in existence. It sets forth that certain painters, sculptors, and architects having solicited the king's assistance in establishing a society for "promoting the arts of design," and the utility of the plan being demonstrated, His Majesty did thereby institute and establish the said Society under the name and title of "The Royal Academy of Arts in London." And then in twenty-seven clauses it provides for the constitution and government, and nominates the original members. At the end is written in the king's hand, "I approve of this plan; let it be put in execution. GEORGE R." It is innocent alike of seal and attestation, and neither it, nor the bye-laws and regulations made upon its authority, afford legal basis for a national institution: regarded strictly in its light, the Royal Academy is simply an artistic club patronised by the Sovereign. Such a condition has advantages, and it is significant that every proposal to place the Academy on a really legal national basis, every effort to strip its position of the mischievous and anomalous ambiguity which is its chief characteristic, has been resisted with consistent pertinacity. True, in their evidence before the Commission of 1863, several Academicians individually desired a more definite status; but the Academy as a body has actively or passively resisted every attempt to define its position and fix its responsibilities. More than this, it has not scrupled to trade upon the uncertainty of its constitution: as Mr. Westmacott candidly confessed, when it wishes not to be interfered with it is private; when it wants anything of the public it is public.

The Instrument itself is witness to the narrow, selfish spirit in which the Academy was established. It expressly declared that its members should "not be members of any other society of artists established in London"—a rule obviously aimed at the association with which it entered into social and commercial rivalry, and at the personal antagonists of the famous Committee of Sixteen; and a rule which, though since forced into abeyance, has never been repealed. The effect of it was, of course, to place monstrous restrictions upon artists generally, and to exclude several notable men from the Academy's honours and advantages: men, to wit, of such commanding ability as Sir Robert Strange (the greatest line-engraver these islands have produced), as Grignon and Woollett; as Allan Ramsay, the king's serjeant-painter; Hudson, who taught Reynolds; Romney, who rivalled him; and Wright of Derby; to say nothing of Edwards, Farington, Humphrey, Wheatleigh, Smirke, Mortimer, Scott, and others. No doubt in the end some of them were connected with the Academy; but they were deliberately excluded from it in the beginning, and their places filled by a ragged regiment of coach- and sign-painters, and no fewer than ten foreigners. It is remarkable, too, that though Article II. of the Instrument says: "It is His Majesty's pleasure that the following forty persons be the original members:" only thirty-six are named, and the list was not completed until 1772—four years after the Academy was born. More remarkable still is the fact that though this Instrument expressly defines the Academy's object to be the promotion of "the arts of design," it also expressly shuts out all arts but painting, sculpture, and archi-

tecture. Engraving—on wood and metal—which are "fine" arts, and ceramics, metal-work in iron, silver, and gold, and various other "arts of design," have no place in its provisions; and though they elected Bartolozzi and other engravers, and some purely industrial artists, they did so in direct contravention of their own Instrument, and in order to insult Sir Robert Strange, who had been in the forefront of the opposition to the Committee of Sixteen. In short, the facts unmistakably show that the chief object of the originators of the Academy was not to promote the arts of design (for to do that would have been to honour their opponents), but to promote themselves.

HARRY V. BARNETT.

ART IN ASSYRIA.

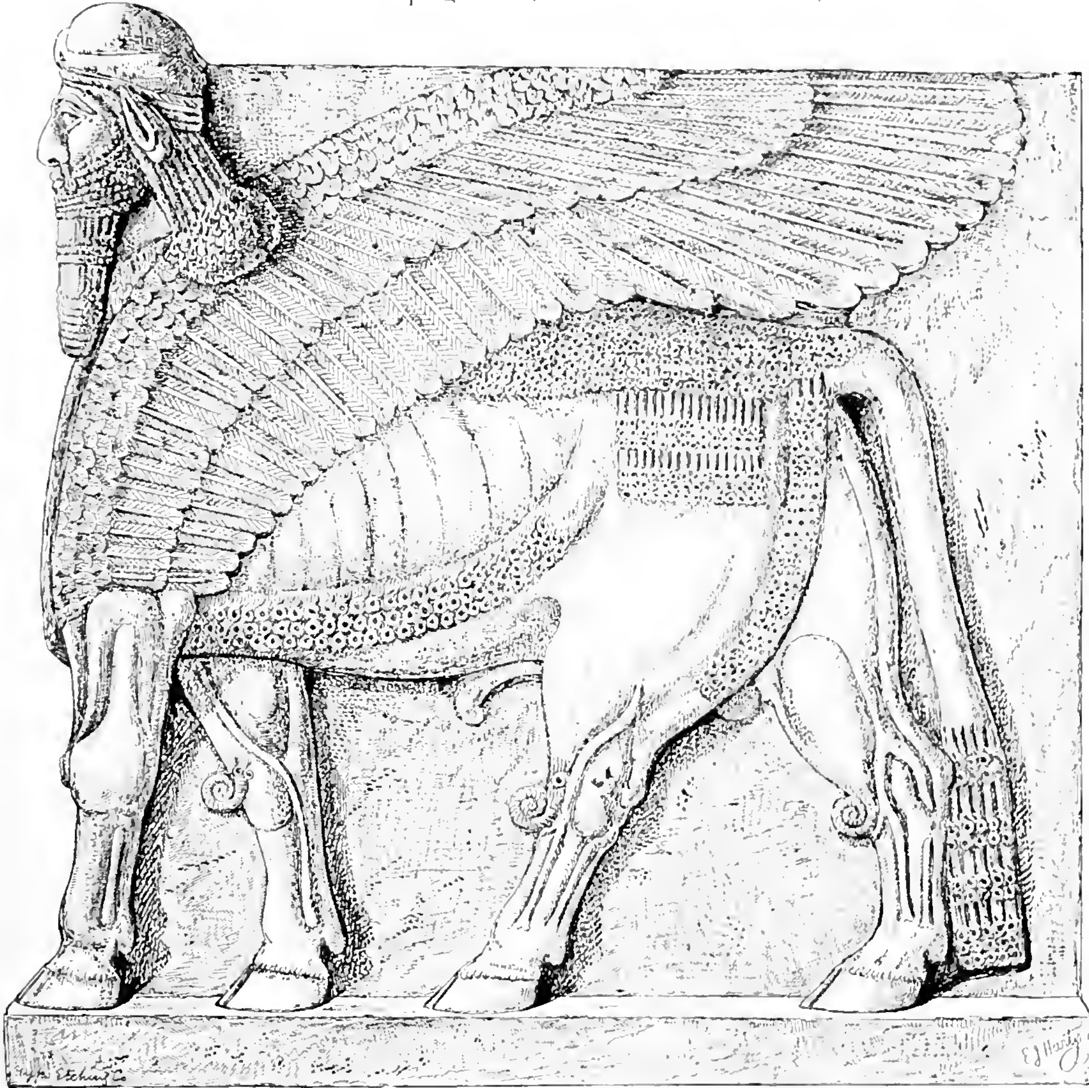
THE activities of the spiritual nature constitute an essential condition of originality, progression, and fruitfulness in art; apart from these there can be none that is supreme. This the art of Egypt eminently was. The land whence it grew was the seat of a contemplative and profoundly philosophic cast of mind, whose foremost exponent, about the time that Moses was establishing the Theocracy among the Hebrews, was unfolding his "Principia" in three myriads six thousand five hundred and twenty five volumes—so, at least, Manetho says; her priests were the teachers of the great masters of thought in Greece; upon her soil, equally with that of India, mysticism found its native home; in her congenial air Greek metaphysics became reconstructed; and in her schools the memorable attempt was made, which was for centuries to corrupt the Church, to fuse this intellectual product of cultured paganism with the super-sensual side of Christianity. This inmost soul of the land lives in its art. Dreamers they were who gave the inspiration, their dreams yet haunt the stone; the men who gaze upon it feel even now the impulse of the thought of ages long departed, and are set dreaming still. It matters not whether it be at Karnak, under the glare of an Eastern sky, or among the gathering shadows of an autumn afternoon in the British Museum; the pillared temple or the calm face will lure the soul from within and set her at large in a world that is ideal, until she lose herself in infinity or in eternity.

I.—EGYPT.

Art of a very different order now awaits us, though at first sight it may strike us as familiar. There is equal daring in conception, equal boldness in execution, equal magnitude of scale; but it does not set us dreaming, excites no awe, awakes no reverence. It simply moves our wonder—so massive, so vast; but there an end: it is mere bulk, and almost nothing more. Here (I.) is a gigantic head. The spell it exercises we may not be able to define; the touch that makes the

difference between it and the one we are about to look at may be imperceptible and indescribable, but it is there, and the difference is real. In its presence we are hushed and solemnised, perchance appalled; but the spirit kindles, and is deeply stirred: baffled by those inscrutable eyes, yet fascinated; and held to them in their unsleeping watch, before it—not for a moment abashed; and we resent and despise the pride and state which have nothing in them dignified or noble. The first had birth by the Nile; the second is the outcome of Mesopotamian genius. In the national history and character lies the explanation of the contrast which strikes us.

In the Armenian mountain country two historic rivers have their rise; one on the northern side, the

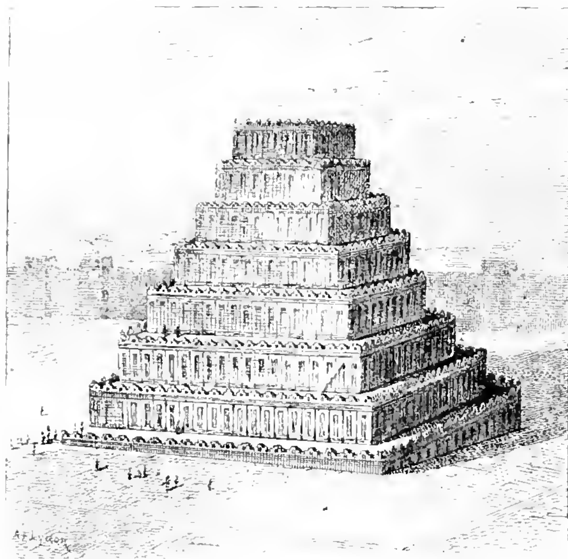


II. ASSYRIA.

or drawn out after them on their endless quest. Here (II.) is another quite as huge; but while we admire we are not interested in the face: it is commonplace and hard, and without any meaning—any at least that excites our enthusiasm. "There is no speculation in those eyes;" the haughtiness of the features is not that of an inborn lordship, native, habitual, unaware, but that rather of the *nouveau riche*, self-conscious, coarse, and vulgar. The power is sheer brute force; the command that of material resources only. We are not the least afraid

other on the southern, of the Niphates range, and after rolling south for some 700 miles or more mingle their mighty floods for a further course of about 100 miles, which is ended in the waters of the Persian Gulf. They are the Euphrates and the Tigris, which washed the hoary capitals Babylon and Nineveh; and the territory enclosed by them was the seat of the primitive empires of Chaldæa and Assyria. It resembles a wedge, with its narrow end on the sea and its broad base on the mountains; the whole tract being divided by nature into three distinctive

regions. The base rests on the line of Masius leading up to the snowy heights of Niphates; this is a hilly highland of limestone, broken by arid interspaces, intermixed with rich plains and fertile valleys. It



III.—TYPE OF SQUARE ASSYRIAN TEMPLE.

breaks down suddenly upon a great expanse of lowland—a wide, dead flat, now a wilderness, once crowded with famous cities, and thronged by dense populations. This, in its turn, gives place to a rich alluvial plain, literally the gift of the rivers, of old unsurpassed in fertility.

This riverine deposit was occupied some 2,300 years B.C. by a race of Cushite immigrants, in whom mingled a strong Turanian strain, who founded there the more ancient civilisation, the Chaldæan Monarchy, whose cities were Babylon (Babel), Ur (Mugheir), Erech (Warka), Larsa or Ellasar, Sippora (Mosaib), and Calneh (Niffer); and hence in aftertimes went forth the colonists whose settlements on the northern upland became, when consolidated, the overshadowing Assyrian empire; having its strength in Nineveh, Resen, Calah, Asshur, Arbil, Dursagina. These settlers early yielded to the influence of foreign peoples on their borders, Syrians, Parthians, Kurds, Medes, Elamites, Arabs, Aramæans, Hittites; and became entirely Semitised before they made any name in history; more gradually the Chaldæans succumbed to the same forces, and in eight centuries after their rise became practically indistinguishable from the Assyrians, who, two centuries later, won both independence and supremacy; holding the mother country thenceforward as a suzerainty until their power fell about B.C. 630. But the Chaldæans could never forget that they were the more ancient state, and had been the more important; they could not acquiesce tamely in the loss of prestige, and their native viceroys were in frequent revolt, more or less successful; thus maintaining the national spirit which survived the overthrow of Assyria, and upheld the empire for another century.

This slight outline, geographical and historical, illustrates the national character and the conditions of the national art. That of Assyria is the more considerable; she was the paramount Mesopotamian power for nearly seven centuries, and that when the civilisation of the empire was at its height; she had sculptors at her service, for stone was abundant in her rocky highlands and her mountain frontier; and she developed a skill and finish and vigour of execution of which there is no trace in the crude work of the earlier Chaldæan builders. But she had no artistic impulses; she originated no art; and in the way of ideas she added nothing to her primitive Accadian inheritance. This she adopted bodily as her model, and simply worked upon with better material and more practised hands, enriching it in scale and pomp, but impoverishing it by the elimination of spiritual conceptions and by the degradation of its purposes. We must first glance at this bare, bald, unimaginative art of ancient Chaldæa, which indeed can only be called art at all when viewed as the immense advance it is upon mere savage life, yet has in it an element transcending all the magnificence of her more superb yet degenerate descendant. The Chaldæans, given to physics rather than to metaphysics, and without the culture and philosophy of the Egyptians, were, like them, religious. They honoured the gods; they believed in a life hereafter; and their poor memorials are redeemed by these considerations. As by the Nile, so by the Euphrates, the temple and the tomb predominate, but the Chaldæan cult was immeasurably inferior. Around the mounds which mark the sites of their chief centres, miles of desert are populated by their dead, coffin being piled on coffin throughout this immense area in depths varying from 30 to 60 feet. Their notions of a future existence seem to have been much the same as those embodied in the Hebrew Sheol or the Homeric Hades, and in harmony with these elementary ideas their burials were attended by comparatively "maimed rites;" there is no sign of the solemn processions and dolorous pomp so common throughout Egypt. Neither did they rear such massive prisons for the soul as cumber the plains of Ghizeh; instead of the imperishable mummy and elaborate mausoleum, we find only in spacious brick vault, or clay jar, or under its clay cover, the naked skeleton which crumbles at a touch into finest dust, and by a breath of outer air is mingled with the desert sands. But there it is; it has been reverently interred, and is

attended by the cruse and paten which contained its modest viaticum. This earth was not the whole; there was some journey for the soul to enter upon, and a life beyond death to be sustained.

The poverty of design and absence of decoration which mark the tomb are equally characteristic of the temple. So far as the remains admit of reconstruction, it consisted of three storeys. The first, a huge parallelogram (its angles correspondent to the cardinal points), whereon was imposed a similar but somewhat smaller stage (coincident as to position of angles, but not as to centre), and this was surmounted by a sort of tower, wherein was the image of the god, and upon the inside of it all of adornment which the building possessed was lavished; colour, metal, and showy stones being profusely employed for this purpose: access to the shrine was from the basal platform by means of a broad external staircase. The lowest stage was flanked by massive buttresses and pierced by numerous air-holes; but there was no exhibition of resource, no reach after design, no appeal to the sense of beauty. The long side of the structure measured about 200 feet: the total height was probably 100 or 150 feet; and it is clear that the builder relied upon mass and height alone for his effects: on the dead flats, as we may judge from the great heaps of their ruined cities, these rude piles breaking the dull expanse, and climbing up among the stars, could not well be without a simple and stern grandeur.

WM. HOLMDEN.

SOME JAPANESE PAINTERS.*

It is a truism that the theory of Japanese art which has all along obtained in Europe is merely a result of ignorance, or, at all events, of an imperfect and desultory acquaintance with some few isolated facts. It is a truth that with the appearance of Mr. Anderson's two books—the admirable "Catalogue" which he has compiled for the Keeper of the Prints, and the magnificent publication with which we are immediately concerned—we can have no longer any excuse for our ignorance. For Mr. Anderson has given us a complete history—the first of its kind—of pictorial art in Japan, from its beginnings under Kanaoka to its latest development in the hands of the heirs of Hokusai and Ganku: with an exhaustive account of the several schools which have been its expression during the last twelve hundred years; of the ideals and tendencies by which it has been governed, the aims at which it has been directed, and the innumerable motives — Buddhistic, conventional, mythological, popular, legendary, naturalistic — which have inspired its scarce less innumerable professors. Whoever is responsible for what may be done hereafter will have to take Mr. Anderson's work as the basis of his own. Thanks to him, we may study the three or four thousand numbers in the British Museum collection with some understanding of their literary and historical quality, and develop an appreciation as intelligent and an idea as complete and serviceable of the Yamato School, and the varying styles of the Ukiyo-Yē Riu, as of the Umbrian School itself, and the several phases of English caricature.

The "Descriptive Catalogue" and the treatise —"The Pictorial Arts of Japan"—while independent of each other, are very largely complementary, and should properly be studied together. For the present, however, it will be well to confine ourselves to the latter, as the more popular and less scientific of the two, as well as the more sumptuous and the richer in plastic interest. The matter of this the first section (which is reviewed from the advance sheets) is altogether historical. It is devoted, in fact, to a rapid sketch of the art of painting in Japan, from the earliest to the present times. The Japanese themselves, it appears, are not averse from referring its origins to the Fifth Century. Then, it would seem, a Chinese painter of royal descent, a certain Nanriū, came over to the Court of the Emperor Yūriaku, and dying in the fulness of years and honours, bequeathed his place and his practice to a long series of descendants, the fifth of whom was graced by the Mikado with the title of "Yamato Yeshi," which is, being interpreted, "Painter of Japan." What is significant in this tradition is the frank and resolute confession of a Chinese source for all Japanese painting. China, indeed, is the very *fons et origo* of the artistic inspiration of Japan. Her influence began in the Sixth Century, and it is living even yet. She imposed her conventions, her ideals, her styles, her processes, her materials. From the Sixth to the Seventeenth Centuries her example was literally the dominating influence in all Japanese schools; and though since then she has fallen behind in the race, and seen her dominion pass with the passing of her strength, it is none the less a fact that the artistic practice of the Tokio and the Yeddo of to-day

* "The Pictorial Arts of Japan." By William Anderson, F.R.C.S. (London: Sampson Low.) Section I.: Historical.

is indebted, in some of its chief essentials, to precepts that were maintained by her, and achievements that she wrought, a thousand years ago.

BISHAMON AND THE MINISTERING DEMON.

(Popular School. From a Drawing by Isai: Nineteenth Century.)

In the beginning the Chinese teaching was mainly in the direction of religious art. As the Buddhistic invasion had passed from India into the Middle Kingdom, so, in the fulness of things, it passed from the Middle Kingdom to Corea, and from Corea to Japan; and as in the one case, so in the other, art was the handmaid of religion. Then was invented the "Butsu-yé," the *cliché* of the Buddhist picture, which has survived into our own times, so that Mr. Anderson is able to quote as typical an example painted by the Abbot of Zōzōji in the present century. Then, too, were produced those magnificent achievements in wood-carving, to the merits of which the two "Deva Kings," Brahma and Indra, now at Kubukuji—perfect in anatomy and construction, superb in gesture, heroic in design—still bear such astonishing witness; the tremendous bronzes—the "Yaikushi," and the "Vâirôchana," yet standing in Nara—that affect the beholder with something of the awful grandeur of the greater master-works of Egypt. The evolution of Buddhistic art is divided into three periods. The first, from the Sixth to the Ninth Centuries, was one of education; the second, which extends to the close of the Fourteenth Century, is dominated by the tradition and example of the famous Kanaoka, who may be described as the Japanese Giotto, and is further illustrated by the practice of the great men of the Yamato School, the Kosés and Takumas and Kasugas who essayed to modify the conventions received from Wu-taotsz' and the masters of the T'ang dynasty, and create a school of genuine native art. As for the third expression of Buddhistic painting, it is altogether due to the genius and initiative of the monk Cho Densū, a contemporary of Angelico, painter of the five hundred disciples of S'âkyumuni, in the temple of Tofukuji, at Kioto, whose example, it would seem, remains in working order down to the present day, when the school is in decay, and the inspiration under which it worked is passing gradually into nothingness and mere oblivion. Of the Yamato, afterwards the Tosa, School, which is contemporary with the second and third periods of the Buddhistic, Mr. Anderson remarks that it is simply "the oldest and most characteristic, but the weakest and most conventional, of the Japanese modifications of Chinese art." It was founded, in the beginning of the Eleventh Century, by a certain Kasuga Motomitsu, on the basis of a set of peculiarities, the invention of Kanaoka and his pupils. Its

THE RISHI LI TIEH-KWAI DISPATCHING HIS SPIRIT TO THE MOUNTAIN OF THE IMMORTALS.

(From a Picture by Kano Tanyu: Seventeenth Century.)

"main principles of design" were Chinese, with exaggerated conventionality and diminished force; it drew neatly and daintily, and its colouring was "as decorative as the use of gold and

brilliant pigments could make it;" it dealt in themes Buddhistic, ceremonial, romantic, epic, legendary, biographical; but its treatment of the figure was conventional and feeble in the highest degree. Till the end of the Fifteenth Century it reigned supreme; but then it suffered change. Chinese art, a long while in abeyance, arose once more in the person of the priest Jō-setsu, who, "after a profound study of the pictures of the celebrated artists of the Sung and Yüen dynasties," established a monastic academy, and had the honour to number among his pupils three of the greatest artists of Japan, the great master Shiū-bun, the inimitable Sesshiū, and the famous Kano Masanobu: "the founders of three out of the four schools which monopolised the attention of the artistic world down to the middle of the last century."

The leading spirit of this Chinese Renaissance is the artist-monk Shiū-bun. "His pictures," says the *Honchō Gwashi*, "were representations of landscapes, figures, flowers, and birds, sketched in ink, or lightly coloured, after the rules of Ba-ka-gan. He was perfectly versed in the most profound principles of Mokkei and Giokkan, and had studied under Jō-setsu. He never painted in the Yamato style. In modern times the followers of Sesshiū, Oguri, and Kano used Shiū-bun as a ladder by which they might attain the altitudes of the Sung and Yüen dynasties." His teaching—supported in their several directions by the practice of the Kano and Sesshiū academies—continued in full force till the end of the Seventeenth Century; was revived in the middle of the Eighteenth by the arrival in Japan of a number of good Chinese masters, and has resulted in the present day in the production, by the amateur Ina-gaki, of the "Thousand Carp," a picture of a shoal of swimming fish, which is one of the best things in Mr. Anderson's selection. Of the two fellow-students of Shiū-bun, one, Sesshiū, a kind of Japanese Claude, excelled in landscape, and has left us compositions which are touched with a "grand simplicity," and whose "extraordinary breadth of design," "illusive suggestions of atmosphere and distance," and "all-pervading sense of poetry," move our author, as may be seen, to genuine enthusiasm. The other, Kano, is illustrious as the father of his son Motonobu—pre-eminent in imagination, unsurpassed in technical skill—one of the greatest names in art, and the true founder of the Kano School. He was the ancestor of a long line of painters, one of the most famous of whom, his great-great-grandson, Kano Tanyu, may be studied in the extraordinary work which we have quoted from Mr. Anderson's pages. His manner, it should be observed, is said to resemble, not Motonobu's, but Sesshiū's, and his descendants exist to paint until this day. They exist, however, to little or no purpose. Meanwhile, the Ukiyo-Yē Riu, the Popular or "Worldly" School, which was to swamp all others, and to which the world is indebted, among other things, for those achievements in xylography, which constitute the best known and the best liked part of Japanese art, had arisen (Sixteenth Century) under Matahei, a pupil of the aristocratic Tosa academy, and withal the direct ancestor of Hishigawa Moronobu, and through him of Hokusai; while the theory of naturalism in art, which has riv.lled even the success of the Ukiyo-Yē Riu, had found its first expression (1732—95) at the hands of Maruyama Okio.

Mr. Anderson's illustrations are remarkable enough to merit a special chapter. From those in the text we have selected two for reproduction: one, by a pupil of Hokusai, as an example of the Ukiyo-Yē Riu; the other, by Kano Tanyu, as a specimen of the Kano School. Of the twenty *hors texte*—in etching, xylography, chromo-lithography, and *photogravure*—we can say little or nothing save that they are admirably produced, the chromo-lithographs in particular being quite the best we have seen. They form a series which has a certain historical completeness. The first are presentments of the wonderful "Deva Kings" at Nara, and of a certain number of antique bronzes and wood-carvings. Then come examples of the art of Wu-taotsz', Mokkei, and Meichō; of Shiū-bun, Sesshiū, Motonobu, and Sesson; of Ina-gaki, Haruki Naminei, Hokusai, Itaho, Bunrin, Yosai, and Mori Ippō. The last, a light of the Naturalistic School, is represented in our frontispiece, which is a reduced copy of the exquisite chromo in Mr. Anderson's book. W. E. H.

THE UPPER MEDWAY.

THE mile and a half or two miles of towpath from Aylesford to Allington are not of a striking character. The water continues to look remarkably solid at all times, though of a thicker consistency at low than at high tide. The banks are green, and there is no want of trees; but withal everything is on a subdued scale, and at places a little spoilt by the subordinate belongings of barges. The barge in itself, under sail or being towed, full or empty, is generally a pleasing thing to meet; but,

CRANES.

(Painted, circ. 1830, by Mori Ippō. British Museum.)

after all, a landing-place with a crane is seldom picturesque; neither is a store. It is also an unfortunate truth that coals are carried in these barges, and landed on those banks, whereby the fine white of the Kent chalk is at places not a little defiled. At Allington better things are to be found.

The Medway Lock is, I believe, a thing very much by itself. In what respect it differs from other locks in its mechanism—if it does differ—is not easy to be understood, and still less explained, by the mere picturesque tourist, who does not understand these things. Happily, there is no need to understand the mysteries of these locks, even if you have to go through them. You float in, you float up, and you float out in the usual way, or what looks uncommonly like it. Perhaps the main difference is, that there are no lockmen on the Medway. Bargees and boatmen open the gates with a crowbar for themselves. When you are rowing up the river a simpler, and infinitely less tedious, course is to carry the boat over the weir. The lazy boating man will always find a country fellow, or two of them, at hand ready to do the job for him, and quite satisfied with a pint for their labour. At Allington the lock is exceptionally pretty. With the weir it makes a good stretch of water, and on the right bank there is a mass of green foliage which supplies a happy background. When a barge is coming through the lock, and a group of men working, or pretending to work, or merely looking on at other people working, is standing about the black bars of the lock gate, the whole makes a pleasant picture. The English countryman, who is one day to be again the English yeoman, seems to have a fine gift of loafing. That he does work sometimes is manifest: the fields, the hedges, and the fine condition of the teams of horses show that he is not always idle. What he does do, however, is done in a thoroughly leisurely fashion—at least it looks so; and when anybody else is working in the neighbourhood, a handful of stout-looking fellows can always be seen gazing as intently as if no such thing had ever before happened in their experience. It may be that this tendency to loaf is not a thing to be praised, but it has a redeeming quality. Thanks to it, locks and bits of river-bank, and benches in front of old red-brick inns, are supplied at all times with their due allowance of appropriate figures. At the proper time and season loafers of another kind are to be seen about Allington. Young men in white flannels, with caps and jackets of more or less gorgeous colours, stand about and sit about, and perch themselves on rails, and smoke. It is to be presumed, also, that they sometimes go in boats, though on rare occasions. For the most part their function in life seems to be to enliven the sombre greens and browns of Allington Lock with patches of white and crimson, and here and there a touch of aniline dye. To see all these things and enjoy them, it is well to go to the Malta Inn, which is close at hand on the left bank, and sit on the first-floor balcony. There is in this part of Kent much jolly good ale and old. The prudent tourist will provide his own tobacco.

MAIDSTONE.

Leaving behind Allington Lock, the Malta Inn, the bargees, loafers, and young men in white flannel, you may stroll along the left bank of the river towards Maidstone. Here, for a goodish stretch, the surroundings of the towpath are all they should be: a good green bank, a full river, and over it a set scene of fields, well-grown hedges, and fine trees. About half-way between the lock and Maidstone there is one of the most charming bits of the river. In a bend, which is almost in the shape of a horse-shoe, stands the ruin of Allington Castle. As seen from across the water, it is a great straggling mass of masonry, fallen in and battered, as a matter of course, but still preserving the appearance of a building, and not reduced to mere heaps of stone with a melancholy fragment of wall surviving in a corner, which has been the fate of even more famous holds. The flanking towers, the gateway, the chapel, the two courts, all stand more or less, and, strange to say, perhaps the best of the whole is a comparatively modern addition. A farm-house has sprung up among the ruins, and has added beauty to them. At one point of the wall, which is itself a little loftier than the rest, the peaceful modern building shoots up square, narrow, and high, like a watch-tower. The roof of red brick harmonises admirably with the colour of the ruins, and the rest of the building has been fitted into corners, and perched on ledges of masonry, and has generally adapted itself to circumstances in a manner utterly fatal to *la sotte uniformité*. One of the literary associations which are so abundant round the Medway belongs to Allington. It was for a time the property of the Wyatts, and Sir Thomas,

PENSHURST.

the poet, was born within its walls, and lived there much.

> "Courtier of many courts, he loved the more
> His own gray towers, plain life, and letter'd peace,
> To read and rhyme in solitary fields;
> The lark above, the nightingale below,
> And answer them in song."

So does Lord Tennyson make his son say. This son, the younger Sir Thomas, was in his time a famous man, the rebel of Mary's days, who "kept touch" at the gate of the city. The same authority tells how he started on his unhappy march to London from the noble old house:—

> "Ah, gray old castle of Alington, green field,
> Beside the brimming Medway, it may chance
> That I shall never look upon you more."

He saw it never again. Allington (we use the double "l" now) passed to other hands, and was allowed to fall into ruins. It was a dangerous thing for a house to produce stirring men in those times, when the rebel who bravely ventured was held to have justly forfeited his life.

After Allington, again, there is a little bit of industry to be gone through before Maidstone is reached. Wharves, storehouses, and such-like must

be hurried through, and then pleasanter surroundings are reached. Maidstone itself is worthy to be the county town of Kent—a clean, well-built place, with good remains of old times and a flourishing present. The barracks are not too ugly, and the red-coats who live there brighten up the streets. Small groups of boys, who will one day be men and soldiers, walk about or dawdle on the river-bank in tunics of that conspicuous colour wisely made loose enough to give them room to grow. The inns have not yet become hotels according to the new model. Of course they have kept up the good old tradition of high prices, but then you can take your ease in them, and the waiter who serves you is not a German, as he commonly is in pretentious northern hotels, but a well-shaven Englishman with a reasonably rubicund face, who looks and moves and talks as if he had done leading business in John Kemble's time. Besides his imposing appearance, he has the not insignificant merit of waiting well and quietly. The past of Maidstone, which is not a noisy one, has left a fair heritage in the shape of handsome buildings. Once the town saw hot work. In 1648, in the second Civil War, it had a visitation from General Fairfax. He swept down on it from Blackheath, driving the divided forces of the Royalist Earl of Norwich before him, and carried the town after sharp fighting. Norwich was not there, having taken the road to Rochester, whence he ran away over the Thames into Essex, and got shut up with Sir Charles Lucas in Colchester, which "was not glad of their company," and had little reason to be. What is most conspicuous in Maidstone from the river is the Church of All Saints, with its college. The church, in a state of obvious but not offensive restoration, stands close on the river, with its college stretching along the bank beside it. It is an imposing specimen of the Perpendicular style, not very attractive, but grand, or rather, in the best sense the word can bear, grandiose.

OLD BRIDGE, NEAR THE POWDER MILLS, TUNBRIDGE.

Once clear of Maidstone, old and new, the tourist, in a boat or on the towpath, can follow the river into country pure and simple. There is a railway on the right bank, but it is hidden, and the trains go blowing and screaming out of sight. At the first

bend beyond the town you are again struck with the greenness of the Medway and all its belongings. The water is green, and so are the banks. On the right the fields of corn-land break the prevailing tone with strips of pure yellow, or yellow with a strong dash of red; but on the left the alder-trees hide the fields for miles, and grow to the very edge of the water. To see this part of the Medway in all its glory it is necessary to go along it when the hops are just ready for picking. The long poles are covered to the very top with the deep glossy foliage of that noble plant. They can be seen to perfection from the river. Though of a fair breadth, the Medway is deep, and there is no need to be on the look-out for shallows. Up to the very bank the water has cut its channel well into the soil, and you can look right into wide fields of hops. In the autumn season also you have a chance of seeing something of, perhaps, the most curious of what little wild life remains in England. The hoppers are everywhere.

The race of hoppers is not unknown to the most superficial of newspaper readers. Their sins and misfortunes are a fertile theme, and the paternal legislator has taken them in hand. Considered from the picturesque tourist's point of view, the hopper is an unconventional-looking person, who camps about on the river-bank in a manner not unsuggestive of the aboriginal savage. "Camps" is exactly the right word, for rows of tents placed in a line of military precision are to be seen in the fields. Here the hopper—just come from Whitechapel—cooks his dinner at a gipsy-fire, and his squaw mends rags close by. In other places the gipsy-fires and rag-mending go on under a convenient hedge. Elsewhere two old women, of witch-like features, may be found, with half a dozen children about them, squatting under the protection of a steam roller. Three crooked sticks propped up against one another over about as much fire as would fill a moderate-sized saucer stand in front, and at this kitchen they are cooking something mysterious in a passing strange fashion. Hoppers are of all ages, of both sexes, and, as far as can be seen, of various ranks. The great majority are ragged enough, though even about them there is a vague something which suggests that the rags are at least partly voluntary. Many are obviously too well fed to belong to the utterly poor who go half-naked; and if their attire is of the roughest, it may be partly because they are too wise to camp out in more decent raiment. They have bundles, obviously full of something, with them, and a large variety of pots and pans. Now and then one sees men, and even women, among them who belong, apparently, to the class of work-people in pretty regular employment. At times, to be sure, one catches sight of a close-cropped bullet head, suggestive of a very recent "six months;" but it is the exception. On the whole the hoppers give one the impression that they are a much more orderly body than seems consistent with the nomadic nature of their trade. For many of them, indeed, the work is regular enough. There are some families which come yearly to the same farms, and write carefully beforehand to ask when the hopping is to begin. On the whole the hopping season seems to represent their month at the sea-side — a holiday of work under healthy conditions. In rainy weather they must have a bad time, particularly those who are lodged in tents. A large proportion are put into long outhouses, built for the purpose, and used for no other. These sheds are wind and water tight, and abundant clean straw is supplied for beds. Though not luxurious, these houses are not actually indecent, and are decidedly superior to an average London slum. Doctor Johnson, who believed in the healthiness of Londoners, would have been gratified to learn that the Kent farmers prefer the town hoppers to the country, or, as they are called, home hoppers; because the former stand bad weather better than the others, who have been accustomed to an open-air life all their days. In point of character, the hopper reaches to a certain level of respectability. He or she belongs to the race of Autolycus. They cannot resist any trifle they find lying about, but they seldom meddle with serious thieving. Violence is not unknown among them; but in the remoter parts of Kent, which may be said to include the Medway valley, it is reported to be the exception.

From hops to hop farms seems a natural transition. Even if one knew anything about it, this would not be the place for imparting useful information as to the working of one, but the outside of the farm belongs to the things of the Medway. It forms, indeed, a very conspicuous part of the scenery. Nobody, as far as I know, painter or poet, has ever done full justice to the oast-house. None the less, it is a picturesque object. The round brick tower with its pointed top, pretty much in the shape of a steeple-crowned hat, is pleasing, even when one stands alone. When a number are grouped together, their merit is increased. The whole block standing among trees or tall hedges, which are never wanting in Kent, has a very distant look of being something much more romantic than a prosaic place for drying hops in.

Over Farleigh Lock, above Maidstone, one pulls along on the "brimming Medway" between "the green fields." When my Lord Tennyson has given a landscape an adjective let no literary gentleman presume to change it. Brimming, indeed, exactly describes the river, and, for that matter, many English rivers. Big or little, they have this to distinguish them from the Scotch, that they are full and silent. Right up to the Border the difference is marked. Stand at the spot where the Till falls

into the Tweed, and you will see the widely various nature of the two countries' streams. The Tweed flows swiftly along, broad, shallow, clear, rippling over its pebbles, or roaring over its weirs. The less famous Till is narrow and sluggish, but far deeper; and one sees at a glance that it has come through rich soil, and between highly cultivated fields.

Not the least of the services rendered by a great poet to such as write articles is that he saves them so much beating of the thicket of what they call their

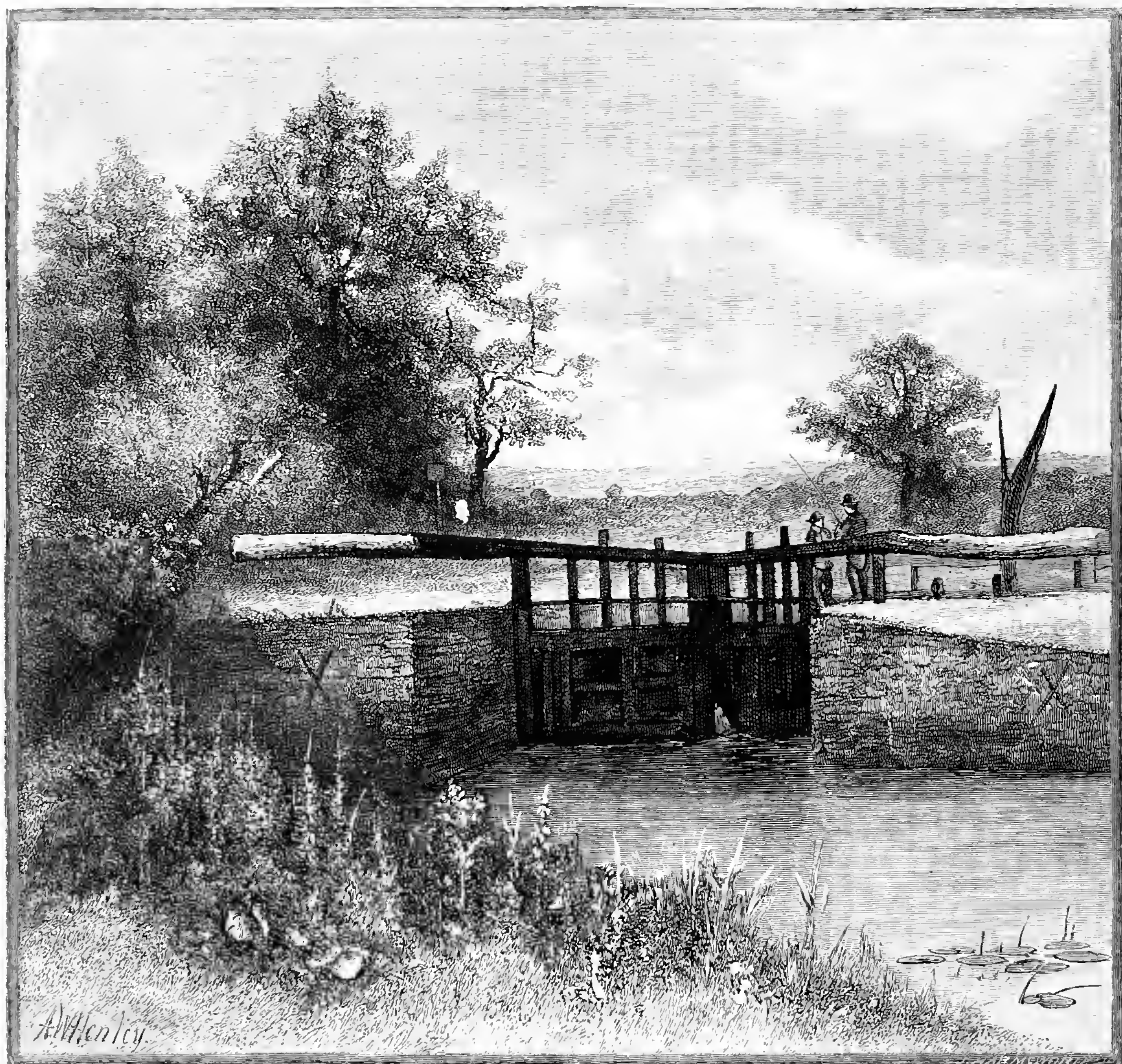
TUNBRIDGE.

brains in search of epithets. For the rest of the Upper Medway brimming and green will suffice. How shall the pleasures to be got from it be told? You must row on it, scramble over its weirs, lie about on its banks, look at its fields, and then carry away the recollection of them all. The historical and literary beauties of the river, which bear telling better, begin to come thick again when Tunbridge is left behind. This town itself is a paler Maidstone; but due south lies Tunbridge Wells, not on the river, but near it on two sides, to the north and to the west. Concerning the Wells itself, is there not much written in the book of the "Memoirs of Grammont," and elsewhere? It does not directly belong to this chronicle, but I should advise the picturesque tourist to skip the river at this point, and reach it again over the high country round Tunbridge Wells. If he does, unless he carefully goes wrong, he will pass by Groombridge, a place to envy. It is a moated house, still complete: restored, indeed, but so long ago that the restorations are themselves of a respectable antiquity. Scholarly information abounds concerning Groombridge. It was the prison of Charles of Orleans, a beautiful one, but no cage is pleasant—*malgré* the beard of Colonel Lovelace—and particularly not when it holds its man for years. No small part of that debt "des arrerages de Plaisance," which Hope owed Charles of Orleans in his life, was run up at Groombridge. In time there came another poet from the moated grange. It belonged to the Wallers. The all-accomplished tourist, who knows everything, goes from Groombridge thinking of Waller, to see Saccharissa's walk at Penshurst, where he knows he has to think of the more famous and even less read Sir Philip Sidney. Considering how much the tourist has to think of, it is wonderful how easily he seems to succeed.

When the Medway is about ending, according to our route—that is to say, very nearly at its source—lies Penshurst, which may be best approached from Bidborough Down. The road, after running along the crest of the Down, with views—not of the Morris kind—on either hand, takes a curve, and dips into Penshurst, so as to show a picturesque cluster of red roofs, spreading meadows, park, and white park gates lying below. Then it goes past some careful imitations of antiquity, in the shape of cottages, to the entrance of the churchyard, an archway under an ancient timber-built house. Passing under the arch, you come opposite the somewhat ugly church steeple, and beyond that the great window of the gallery of Penshurst Castle stands out to the right. Near the walk round to the gateway of Edward VI.'s time stood, but stands not any longer,

> "That taller tree, which as a nut was set
> At his great birth, where all the muses met."

The "he," as nobody needs to be told, was the great, the beloved, the stainless Sir Philip, to whom from Dickens it's a fair journey upwards.



A LOCK, NEAR TUNBRIDGE.

People who like visiting what the guide-books call "seats" should enjoy themselves thoroughly at Penshurst. There is a well-preserved great hall, "very fine and lofty," with the original open timber roof, and large windows, with the flowing tracery known as "Kentish." There are fine old fireplaces, screens, a Queen Anne ballroom, a Queen Elizabeth room, family portraits and family heirlooms, a tapestry room, and a gallery. In short, it is a little museum, and you are marched round it in the proper way with a fluent person to instruct you if you like that sort of thing. Some there are who prefer the outside of such places, and dislike tramping about other men's houses. The outside resources at Penshurst are abundant, and if the tourist feels inclined to address the house of Sidney, or what remains of them [and it], let him quote Ben Jonson:—

> "The lower land that to the river bends,
> Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed;
> The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
> Each bank doth yield thee conies; and the tops,
> Fertile of wood, ashore, and Sidney's copse,
> To crown the open table doth provide
> The purpled pheasant with the speckled side;
> The painted partridge lies in every field,
> And, for thy mess, is willing to be kill'd:
> And if the high-swoll'n Medway fail thy dish
> Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish."

It must have been a pleasant thing to be a great noble in Queen Elizabeth's time, and to be flattered by Ben Jonson.

DAVID HANNAY.

BALLADE OF A CHOICE OF GHOSTS.

(Poem by Andrew Lang. Design by Harry Furniss.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE LOST "CUPID" OF MICHELANGELO.

THE making of the "Sleeping Cupid" towards the close of 1495 marks a memorable epoch in the history of Florence and in the life of Michelangelo. Three years before this the young sculptor's promising career had received a momentary check by the death of his first patron, Lorenzo the Magnificent, and for him Florence was now a changed place. The insolence and caprices of Lorenzo's son, Piero de Medici, soon disgusted the friends of his house, and Michelangelo was not the man to serve a patron who at one moment commanded him to make a statue of snow, and at another declared that he held him second to the swift-footed Spanish groom who belonged to his household. Accordingly he left Florence for Bologna, and did not return until the summer of 1495, when Piero and his friends had fled before the partisans of the reforming friar, Girolamo Savonarola. In spite of his early connection with the Medici, Michelangelo was known to sympathise with the Piagnoni or friends of the Frate, and in the general enthusiasm which now prevailed he was summoned, along with Lionardo, Cronaca, and the first architects of Florence, to supply designs for the new hall, where the popular council was to meet, and where by a strange fate, four hundred years after, another and greater assembly, the Parliament of United Italy, held its first sittings.

During the summer of that memorable year, when Michelangelo was in Florence consulting with his Piagnone friends, and hearing those marveilous sermons of Fra Girolamo, which rang in his ears to his dying day—in those stirring times it was that he one day carved a statue of a winged Cupid, lying asleep, with quiver and torch at his side. Perhaps, like the mask of the Faun which in his boyhood first attracted Lorenzo's attention, this "Cupid" was a reminiscence of some well-known statue in the Medici Gardens. But, whatever first suggested the idea, Michelangelo's new work so closely resembled an antique, that one of the Medici, Lorenzo di Piero Francesco, who still remained in Florence, told him jestingly that he need only break off one of his "Cupid's" arms and bury it underground to make it pass for one of the ancient statues then so much in request. The jest was actually turned to account by a dealer named Baldassarre del Milanese, who bought the "Cupid" for thirty ducats, and carried off his prize to Rome. Here he buried it in his vineyard for a short time, and then digging it up again sold it as a newly-discovered antique to Cardinal Riario di S. Giorgio for the sum of two hundred ducats.

Before long the cardinal, who, although he shared the fashionable craze for collecting antiquities, was no skilled connoisseur himself, was informed of the trick which had been played him, and at once returned the "Cupid" to the agent, and insisted on recovering his ducats. At the same time, however, he sent a gentleman of his suite to Florence to bring back the young sculptor whose genius could deceive even practised eyes; and on the 23rd of June, 1496, the great Florentine for the first time entered the city where his mightiest works were to be done. No sooner had he arrived than he sought out the agent who had so basely defrauded him; and, laying down the paltry sum which had been paid him, requested Baldassare to restore him his "Cupid." This the indignant agent refused to do, replying very roughly "that he would rather break it in a hundred pieces than give it up; that he had bought it for his own, and meant to keep it." The letter in which Michelangelo describes the interview is the best proof of his own innocence in the matter. It is dated July 11th, 1496, and written to Lorenzo de' Medici, but sent under cover to the painter Sandro Botticelli, who, like Michelangelo himself, had friends both among the Medici and Savonarola's followers. It was apparently not yet considered safe to write openly to one of Piero's family in Florence, and it is worthy of note that Michelangelo begins this letter to a Medici with the Piagnone watchword of *Christus!* After this failure Michelangelo ceased to vex himself about the statue, and Baldassare soon found a purchaser in Cæsar Borgia, Duke of Valentino, and son of the reigning pope, Alexander VI., who, like the cardinal, seems to have taken the Tuscan painter's work for a genuine antique.

Under this impression he sent it, with a torso of Venus—of real antiquity—as a present to Guidobaldo, Duke of Urbino, whom he was desirous to conciliate. For already he was casting covetous eyes on the fair province of Romagna, and, with this object in view, it was necessary to disarm the duke of watchfulness by false assurances of friendship. So Michelangelo's "Sleeping Love" passed from the Florence of Savonarola and the Medici, from the halls of the Vatican and the Eternal City, to that famous little principality between the Apennines and the March of Ancona, which flourished under the paternal rule of the house of Montefeltro, and where even then in the hilly street of the mountain town the boy Raphael was growing up.

There, if ever since Arthur's days, the world saw a model court held by a blameless prince, and the palace on the rocky heights of Urbino became the home of that brilliant company which Castiglione's regrets have made immortal. There the finest scholars and the brightest spirits of the age met, attracted from all parts of Italy by the charm of the place and the noble qualities of the duke and duchess: Guidobaldo himself versed in all knightly arts and classical learning, who in days of exile and sickness found solace in the company of poets, and died with a line of Virgil on his lips; Elizabeth, the friend of Castiglione, of Mantegna, and of Raphael, whose divine beauty and goodness have been the theme of a hundred writers. Even Bembo's frigid periods grow warm when he speaks her name, and we feel the stirrings of his heart under the weight of his pompous rhetoric when he tells us, many were the women remarkable for certain excellences whom he had seen and known, but one alone there lived in whom all virtues and all graces were united.

That famous palace of theirs still rears its airy turrets and balconies, like some enchanted castle, above the blackness of the old town. Those marvellous collections of pictures, of tapestries, and MSS., of which Giovanni Santi and Bembo and Castiglione all wrote in turn, which so filled the vast halls that it seemed less a palace than a city, have all vanished. But still, as we wander through the desolate rooms, the medallions of Federigo and Guidobaldi, the eagle of Montefeltro, the garter of England, borne by two dukes in turn, meet us everywhere among the dancing Loves, the roses and carnations, carved in delicate relief on marble doorways and mantelpieces. At every step we are reminded of some page of the "Cortigiano." We recall the glittering pageants, concerts, and dances, the plays and pastorals, which these deserted halls witnessed. Bibbiena's "Calandra," Castiglione's "Tirsi," we think of them. We pause before a high-arched window to look on the purple mountains, and suddenly we remember that it was here the perfect Gentleman watched Elizabeth singing Virgil to the sweet strains of her lute. We think, above all, of that summer night when Madonna Emilia led the conversation in the chambers of the duchess, and Bembo grew rapturous in praise of love: till the short hours of darkness had fled, and the dawn broke rosy over the snowy peaks of Monte Catria in the far east, and through the open casement came the morning songs of the waking birds.

Many were the renowned guests, soldiers and scholars, architects and painters, who, as they paced these corridors and tapestry-hung chambers—where "nothing but what was finest and most excellent" might enter—must have paused to look at the new statue. Perhaps the duke's own niece, Vittoria Colonna, saw it as she played, a fair-haired child, in her uncle's halls, all unconscious of the love, stronger than death, that was one day to link her soul with that of the master whose hand had carved the marble. And, perhaps, one greater still stood there, and lingered a moment to gaze on the Borgia's gift—an angel-faced boy, with deep-set brown eyes and square-cut fringe, as we see him to-day in his father's fresco up at Cagli, a great favourite with the duchess for Giovanni's sake, and already giving promise in the early bud of that perfect flower that was destined to make Urbino illustrious among all other cities in the world. It may be that Raphael came and gazed with those earnest cherub eyes of his on "the winged boy held fast in the bonds of eternal slumber," and then went back to his home in the steep Contrada del Monte to paint his own "Sleeping Knight:" that little picture as exquisite, as tender in its mystic poetry as a dialogue of Emilia and Castiglione; of all the great master's works, the one which most clearly owes its inspiration to the courtly and chivalrous influences which haunted the atmosphere of Urbino.

But there was another visitor at the ducal palace who looked on Michelangelo's "Cupid" with more than common admiration in her critical eyes. That was Isabella of Este, Marchioness of Mantua, and sister-in-law to the Duchess Elizabeth. This remarkable woman, who played a distinguished part in political events, and was in correspondence with all the leading scholars and painters of her day, had a passionate love for works of art of every description, and spared no pains to gain possession of whatever object took her fancy, whether it were a picture by Titian or Perugino, a Greek statue, a rare musical instrument, a choice edition of Petrarch or Virgil fresh from the Aldine press. A frequent guest at the Court of Urbino, she looked with longing eyes on the new "Cupid," and secretly wished she could carry it off to her own museum in the Castle of Mantua, which, under the name of the "Grotto," was destined to attain a world-wide renown.

But graver and sadder thoughts soon came to mingle with these in Isabella's mind. Her keen eyes saw more clearly than those about her the storm which was fast gathering round the duke and his brilliant Court. From the first she had looked with distrust on Borgia's advances, and in April, 1501, we find her writing to her husband, Francesco Gonzaga, that she trembles to hear of Duke Valentino's progress in Romagna: not that she bears him ill-will personally, but that "this poor signor and his faithful people are worthy of a better fate." Borgia's gift was, in fact, only part of a deep-laid plot. One by one the petty lords of Romagna had been compelled by force of

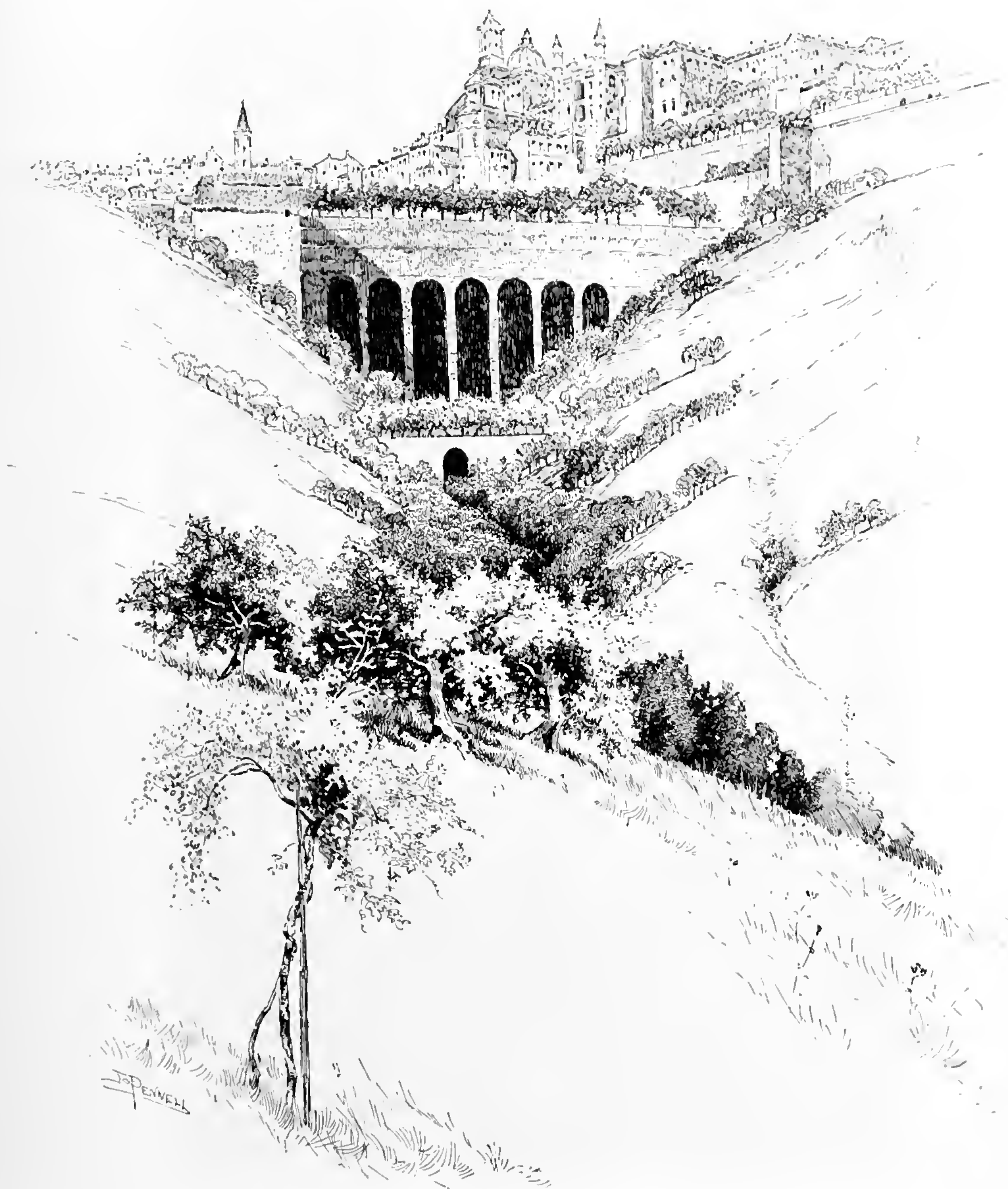
arms or treason to open their gates to him. Year by year and week by week he advanced nearer to the borders of Guidobaldo's territory, while all the time he redoubled protestations of friendship and devotion to the duke himself.

ISABELLA OF ESTE.

(Painted by Titian. Belvedere.)

In February, 1502, on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Valentino's sister, Lucrezia Borgia, with Alfonso of Este, Isabella's brother, the bride passed through Urbino with an immense suite. She was royally entertained by the Duke of Urbino, and the duchess herself accompanied her to Ferrara, and was present at the nuptial festivities which followed. Meanwhile Guidobaldo remained at Urbino, receiving daily assurances of brotherly love and good-will from Valentino, whose hired bands were fast closing round the little state. On the 20th of June the duke, "supposing himself in perfect security," was supping in the orange groves of the Franciscan

convent without the walls of Urbino, and enjoying the peace of the summer evening, when a messenger arrived in hot haste to warn him that Borgia was marching upon Urbino at the head of 2,000 men. That morning, in the early dawn, he had taken horse at Spoleto, had marched through the rocky defiles of the Furli Pass, up the great Flaminian way, and along the Metaurus valley as far as Cagli, the little white-walled town on the cliffs above the rushing stream, where we pause to-day to look at Giovanni Santi's fresco and Raphael's portrait; a few hours more and he would be at the gates of Urbino.



URBINO.

(From a Drawing by Joseph Pennell.)

It was too late now to think of defending the town; already Borgia's mercenaries were advancing in every direction, the passes of the Apennines were guarded, a price had been set upon the duke's head. Yielding to the entreaties of his servants, Guidobaldo fled, and, after many perils and narrow escapes, suc-

ceeded in reaching Ravenna. ("I have saved nothing but my life, my doublet, and shirt," he wrote, eight days afterwards, from Mantua to his kinsman, Cardinal della Rovere, afterwards Pope Julius II., in a letter giving a graphic description of his midnight flight, and of the treacherous words by which Borgia had deceived him. "Such ingratitude and treachery," he adds, "were never before known among men.") By sunrise next morning Valentino, or, as he now styled himself, the Duke of Romagna, reached Urbino, and the citizens had no choice but to surrender. Arrayed in a splendid suit of armour, the conqueror strode into the palace of the Montefeltri, and there installed himself on the ducal throne. The few of Guidobaldo's faithful subjects who dared offer any resistance were stabbed or strangled, During the next few weeks a long train of mules were seen wending their way down the steep hillside, laden with gold plate, with tapestry, and pictures. Marius Sanuto estimates the value of the booty carried off by Borgia at 150,000 ducats, about a quarter of a million. It included Michelangelo's "Cupid" and the torso of Venus, which he himself had presented to the Duke of Urbino, and which now became a second time his property. A few days after there came to Urbino Lionardo da Vinci, then in Cesare's pay, who employed him to inspect the fortifications of the cities in his dominions. A drawing of a dovecote in the palace and one of its splendid staircases, with its different doorways, preserved in his note-book, bears witness yet to his visit.

For awhile the tyrant kept possession of Urbino; and after one ineffectual effort to recover his throne, Guidobaldo, abandoned by his allies, and enfeebled by illness, resigned himself to his fate. Both he and the duchess remained in Venice, courteously entertained by the doge, and consoled by the society of their learned friend, the printer, Aldus Manutius, who dedicated his Xenophon to Guidobaldo, and complimented him in elegant Latin on a certitude, which would have satisfied Plato that the wished-for day had come, and that at length the world beheld a king who was a philosopher, and a philosopher who was a king. Then came the tragic death of Pope Alexander VI., and in a moment the whole aspect of affairs was changed. Before long Cardinal della Rovere ascended the papal throne, and Cesare fled to Naples. The people of Urbino rose as one man against the usurper, and went out in processions, bearing olive branches, to welcome back their beloved duke and duchess. Guidobaldo and Elizabeth returned to reign once more over a loyal and grateful people, and to enjoy many years of unclouded peace and prosperity. The library of MSS., the tapestry, and most of the treasures which Borgia had plundered were restored to their former place. A yet more brilliant company met in the duchess's chambers to talk of love and philosophy through the livelong night. The dancing and the masquerading began again as of old, and those halls rang once more with the voice of laughter, of music, and of song. But the "Sleeping Cupid" of Michelangelo came back no more. Thereby hangs a tale, stranger, perhaps, than all that has gone before. On the 21st of June, 1502, Borgia had entered Urbino; on the 28th the exiled duke wrote the famous letter in which the story of his wrongs is told, from the Castello of Mantua. Two days afterwards (30th June, 1502), from that same Castle of Mantua, where the fugitive had been welcomed with open arms by the marchioness and her husband, Francesco Gonzaga, Isabella of Este, wrote thus to her brother, Cardinal d'Este, in Rome:—

"The Lord Duke of Urbino, my brother-in-law, had in his house a small antique Venus in marble and also a Cupid, which were formerly given him by His Illustrious Excellency the Duke of Romagna. I am certain that these have fallen into the hands of the said duke in the revolution of the State of Urbino. And since I am at great pains to collect antique objects to adorn my studio, I desire exceedingly to possess them; and this does not seem to me inconvenient, since I know that His Excellency has little taste for antiquities, and would, therefore, be the more ready to oblige others. But since I am not intimate with him, and cannot, therefore, assure myself that he will do me this pleasure, it seems best to me to make use of Your Most Reverend Signory, and to pray you of your grace to ask for this said Venus and Cupid, both by letter and messenger, in so efficacious a manner that you and I may both be satisfied; and I shall be very well content, if so pleases Your Most Reverend Signory, that you should say you wish to have them for me, and that I have asked for them very urgently and sent an express messenger, as I do now; for, believe me, I could receive no greater pleasure or favour either from His Excellence or from Your Most Reverend Signory, to whom I commend myself," &c. &c.

The letter, in its frank, straightforward tone, is very characteristic of the writer. A high-minded accomplished woman, a true friend and a generous patron, she was singularly unscrupulous in the means she employed to gain possession of the works of art upon which she set her affections. We all know that piteous tale of Mantegna's beloved "Faustina," how she haggled with the dying man over his beloved marble, "la mia cara Faustina," until at last she secured it for a low price, and in so doing broke the great master's heart. And now she did not hesitate to ask a favour of the unprincipled man who had driven her own kinsman from his rightful throne by an act of treachery so infamous that, even in those reckless days, it had aroused universal indignation throughout the whole of Italy. It is true she herself would not stoop to ask this favour of Borgia in person—"Non ho domestichezza con lei;" she is not on sufficiently familiar terms with him for that. She had made no

secret of her aversion to her brother's marriage with Lucrezia Borgia, as we learn from her letters to her husband, but she is none the less ready to avail herself of the connection with the tyrant's family to gain her end. Her brother, the cardinal, complied with her request, and Borgia, who was above all desirous of conciliating the Marquis of Mantua, hastened to gratify his wife's fancy. On the 22nd of July Isabella wrote joyfully to tell her husband that the precious marbles were safe in her possession. "I need not speak," she adds, "of the beauty of the 'Venus,' because I believe you have already seen it, but I can tell you that for a modern thing my 'Cupid' has no equal." And so, after all its wanderings, the great Florentine's Sleeping Boy found a home in the old citadel on the reedy banks of Mincio.

Grim and frowning without, cut off from the outer world by the sleepy waters of the vast lagoon which bathes its walls, the stern old castle had little of the sunny brightness, the fairy charm, which still lingers about the fair palace of Urbino. But within no pains had been spared to make the Castello di Corte a residence worthy of the Gonzagas. One of Isabella's chambers at the top of the castle, commanding a beautiful view over the lake and Mincio, was known as Il Paradiso; the other, on the ground floor, was called the Studio della Grotta, from the grotto-like niches, placed between its marble columns, each adorned with Isabella's name and motto. In this famous studio, "Quel loco che la Grotta il mondo appella," described alike in prose and verse by scholars of her Court, the "Sleeping Cupid" was now placed side by side with the finest antiques and the noblest works of the noblest living artists. There were bronzes and cameos and bas-reliefs, busts of Roman Cæsars, Apollos, and Ledas, Satyrs, and Tritons, Mantegna's "Faustina," a "Sleeping Cupid" by Praxiteles. There were Perugino's "Triumph of Chastity," and the great Andrea's more wonderful allegories, the "Parnassus" and the "Vices Expelled by Mercury;" here was his pupil Lorenzo Costa's painting of Isabella herself, holding her Court, and crowned by the hands of Love. Here, in after days, were placed the masterpieces of Gian Bellini, of Titian, and of Correggio. Here, too, were priceless vases and dishes of majolica, plates of ruby lustre from Gubbio, Urbino cisterns, adorned with classical myths and rich arabesques of pearly white or tender blue. And, as in that meeting-place of celebrities, Urbino, the greatest scholars and first Hellenists of the age were frequent and familiar guests.

The Latinists of Naples, Pontanus and Vergerius, and the great Venetian printer Aldus, were Isabella's chosen friends. Ariosto came to read within her chamber cantos of his "Orlando" aloud to the ladies of her Court. Castiglione, whose palace still stands on the opposite side of the piazza, was one of her most devoted subjects, and wrote epigrams on the statues in the Grotto, before he left his native city of Mantua for love of the Duchess Elizabeth, and followed her to Urbino. From him Isabella heard afterwards of the great fame to which the sculptor of her "Cupid" had attained in Rome, and after her husband's death we find her writing to Castiglione, to inquire if Michelangelo would design a tomb for the dead marquis. But Michelangelo was away in Florence at the time, and the project seems to have been abandoned. The "Cupid" she kept to her dying day, and it is duly entered in the inventory taken in 1559, twenty years after her death.

After that we have no more certain information of our statue. It may have been, as some writers have supposed, the "Cupid" shown to the French traveller De Thou in 1573; but after the sack of Mantua and dispersion of the vast Gonzaga collections we never hear of it again.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

"SUMMER."

FROM THE PICTURE BY SICHEL.

THERE is allegory and allegory. There is, for instance, the allegory of Mr. G. F. Watts, who in "Love, Time, and Death" has fixed the plastic sense of an eternal human truth. Again, there is the allegory of Mr. Burne Jones, whose "Days of Creation" are the expression of an intense and peculiar imagination acting under the stimulus of a tremendous tradition. Herr Sichel's is of a very different type. Here the model is everything; the idea, the conception, the truth to be expressed, are afterthoughts at most, or have no real existence apart from the title of the picture. Herr Sichel has draped and posed an average young German woman; painted her a lap full of flowers; stuck a butterfly on her finger; called the arrangement "Summer;" and so achieved his allegory. That the result is hardly to be distinguished from the cheaper forms of *genre* is not the painter's fault but his misfortune. It is a paradox that who drives fat oxen must himself be fat; it is a truism that he must have at least some touches of imagination who would paint imaginative pictures.

SUMMER.

(From the Picture by Sichel.)

BEDS AND BEDROOMS.

BEDS in some parts of the world—in Persia and the far East—have very generally served as couches, and even as thrones of state during the day-time. Those of the ancient Persians were of gold. The bed on which the Sultan of Turkey used to receive ambassadors in the porch or "sublime porte" (gate) of his palace is still shown, and is overlaid with plates of pure gold set with jewels, and covered by a tester on golden posts. Western nations have not made a display of their riches in such a shape as this. The beds of our ancestors were bags filled with straw or leaves (litter, from the Latin *legere*, to collect; *lectum*, a bed), like the modern palliasse, but not upholstered or squared with modern neatness. The bag could be opened and the litter re-made daily, as the travelled reader will have experienced with the mattress of old-fashioned inns in Italy. There were few bedrooms in the houses of ancient England. The master and mistress of the Anglo-Saxon house had a chamber or shed built against the wall that enclosed the mansion and its dependencies; their daughters had the same. Young men and guests slept in the great hall, which was the only noticeable room of the house, on tables or benches. Woollen coverlids were provided for warmth; poles on which they could hang their clothes, or hooks projecting from the wall; perches were provided for their hawks. Attendants and servants slept upon the floor. Bedding of this rough kind could be stowed away during the day, and as many guests could be accommodated as there was room for in the hall. All the rooms of the house, such as the hall, the chapel, the sleeping-rooms against the wall, the offices, were on the ground floor. After a time a room was built above the hall, called the solar, a chamber which admitted the sun freely, and had occasionally a gallery or terrace on which to take the air. It was approached by outside steps, and the terrace was probably a long landing-place or open-air passage.

I.—A MEDIÆVAL BED AND BEDROOM: FROM VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

The beds of the master and mistress of the house, those of personages of distinction, were stout frames, supported by four posts, turned in a rude lathe, or carved (II.). On this frame sacking was stretched, laced with cords or thongs passing through rings running along the bars that formed the framework.

Over these was laid a palliasse or sack of straw, leaves, or herbs. Early illuminations do not generally indicate separate pillows, but show that the mattress was long enough for one end to serve as a pillow, propped on the bar at the head of the bed. The curious reader will see in illuminated MSS. and carved ivories numerous compositions representing the death of the blessed Virgin, or other scenes, in which a bed occurs—*e.g.*, amongst the fictile ivories at South Kensington, No. 64, 48. There the mattress is brought up beyond the head and a mat is laid above it, valances of drapery are hung below the bed-frame, and it is covered by an elaborate tester or canopy, supported on four tall corner posts. The ivory in question is of Byzantine workmanship, and represents a piece of furniture and a refinement of manners far in advance of what was to be looked for in England at the time at which it was carved—viz., 900—1100. It shows, however, what sort of bedding was then in use all over Europe. In our illustration (II.) there is an embroidered or woven carpet, hung from the bed to the ground. A coverlid with embroidered border, and lined with fur, serves to keep the sleeper warm, and he has, besides the end of his mattress, a small square pillow, covered with white linen and embroidered at the four corners, under his head.

II.—ANGLO-SAXON.

Bed clothing so complete was far from common. Old Anglo-Saxon wills, however, make occasional mention of bed clothes: "curtain, sheet, and all that thereto belongs;" "all the bed clothes that to one bed belong." King Edward the Confessor's bedroom in the Bayeux Tapestry (III.) is a small building erected against the enclosing wall of his palace. Curtains protected the Anglo-Saxon bed from draughts. The doorway could be closed by curtains—if, indeed, it was not, as appears in some instances, an opening without doors. Window-glass was all but unknown, except in churches, in Anglo-Saxon times; windows being small and closed at night with shutters. Hangings that would draw across the room and completely shelter that part of it which was occupied by the bed were, therefore, of supreme importance to the comfort of the occupier. Anglo-Saxon bedsteads were sometimes made with solid sides like great cradles, and with sides made up of rows of turned rails.

Beds of a later period of the Middle Ages were comfortably made and handsomely furnished (I.). Castles, houses, and manors of the Thirteenth or Fourteenth Century were built of two, three, or more storeys. The bedrooms were small, but as the floors of the rooms over them, whether leaded platforms for defence, or granaries and store-rooms, were of oak, and the rooms not ceiled, the joists could be carved or painted, and beds were furnished with testers, stretched by cords to the joists above. Curtains with rings running on iron rods could be drawn round the bed at pleasure. Edward I. married a Spanish princess, and the decencies and luxuries of English houses made great advances during his reign. His son, the first Prince of Wales, was born in Carnarvon Castle. The little bedroom in which he was born, and the window from which, on the shield of his warlike father, he was shown to the Welsh chiefs and people, is still to be seen. During the reign of Edward all sorts of splendid materials were used for curtains. It has been maintained that tapestry woven with historical scenes was introduced in Edward's reign, but woven tapestry and embroidered canvas such as the Bayeux Tapestry (worked with the needle) had long been in use. Tapestry, with historical subjects woven in the loom and not needlework, might have become common during the Thirteenth Century. Arras, in Flanders, was one seat of manufacture of this tapestry on a large scale. Carpets of Oriental origin of the sizes we now know under the name of rugs found their way to this country from the East, perhaps also from the Moors of Spain.

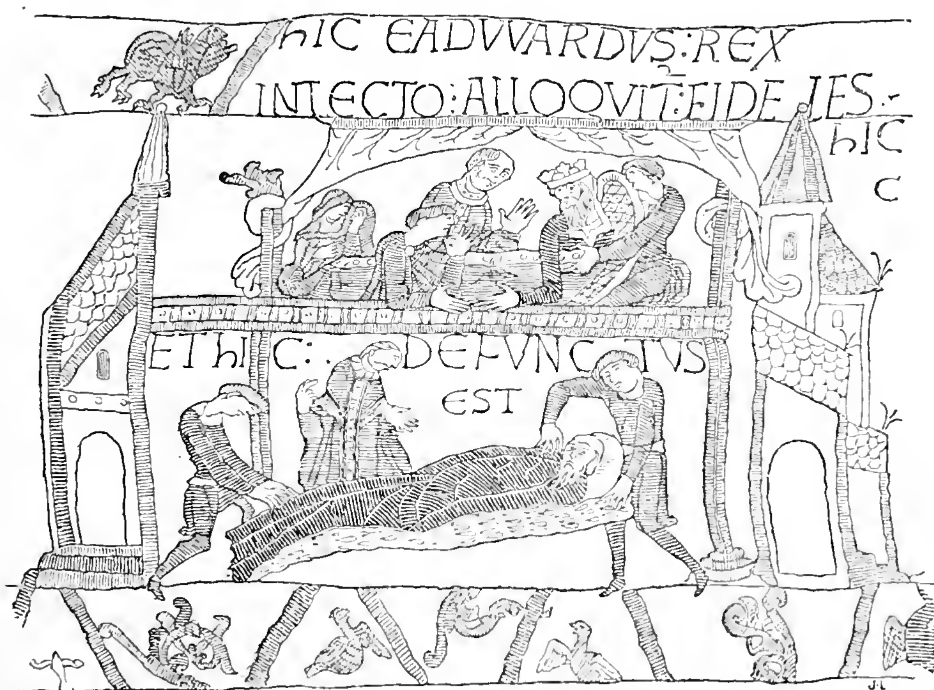
It is worth notice that in many MS. illustrations of that century, besides the bed and its curtains, linen sheets (originally made at Rennes, in Brittany) and embroidered coverlids are represented, together with a rug or carpet in front of the fire; benches, arm-chairs, a toilet-table with a cloth on it, a water-jug, drinking-vessels and perfume-pots. Mediæval beds were not unfrequently placed in recesses of the wall provided for them—whence the names cot, crib, and stall. Ezechias is said to have "turned his face to the wall" to shut out the sight of the persons and things around him, and the phrase occurs often in narrations of the last actions of dying men. It would seem to imply that beds

were often made in some such recesses. It became a fashion in French houses to arrange the bed at the end of the room which, by drawing a curtain across that portion of it, was shut off from the remaining space. Old-fashioned houses in France retain this arrangement still, leaving passages at the head and foot of the bed, shut off from the room by doors. These passages are used for washing and dressing closets. It ought to be noticed that in the Fifteenth Century beds were made of panelling, the bed being sometimes formed into a chest or receptacle for dresses below. The whole room was lined with oak panelling, and the bed was made to agree with the walls, benches, and other furniture. Carved corner posts supported a panelled tester or canopy, and this fashion continued through the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, probably till it was driven out of use by the continental fashions which became popular from and after the period of the restoration of Charles II.

A plain stump bedstead on which the unfortunate Edward II. was murdered is still shown in Berkeley Castle, Gloucestershire. Other rooms in it contain, I should note, fine examples of Tudor bedsteads of the Sixteenth Century.

Here is a description of a set of bedrooms prepared in 1472 by order of Edward IV., in Windsor Castle: "Three chambers of pleasure, all hanged with white silk and linen cloth, and all the floors covered with carpet; a bed of as good down as could be gotten; the sheets of Raynes (Rennes) cloth, and fine festoons (valances?); the counterpane of cloth of gold furred with ermine, and the tester and ceiler also of cloth of gold; the curtains of white sarcenet. The bed head and pillows were of the queen's own ordering. In the second chamber was likewise a bed all white, knit like a net, and there was a cupboard" (a small buffet, with cupboard below and shelves over, on which plate was placed). "In the third room was ordained a bayne (bath) or two, which were covered with white cloth."

A curious account has been preserved—in a MS. by Peter le Neve Norroy, King-at-Arms—of the way in which the bed of Henry VII. was made in his palaces of Shene and elsewhere. It is so much to our purpose that it may be quoted here. From his time court ceremonial, and perhaps it may be said in general, modern manners were brought under some kind of definite rules. The old feudal system came to an end on Bosworth Field. Old families had been destroyed or decimated by the civil wars. Henceforth kings were supreme. Renaissance manners were in full swing all over Europe. This is the way His Majesty's bed was to be made—"The curtains must be drawn (the spelling is modernised), and a gentleman usher must hold the curtains together; then must two squires of the body stand at the bed's head, and two yeomen of the crown at the bed's feet, and

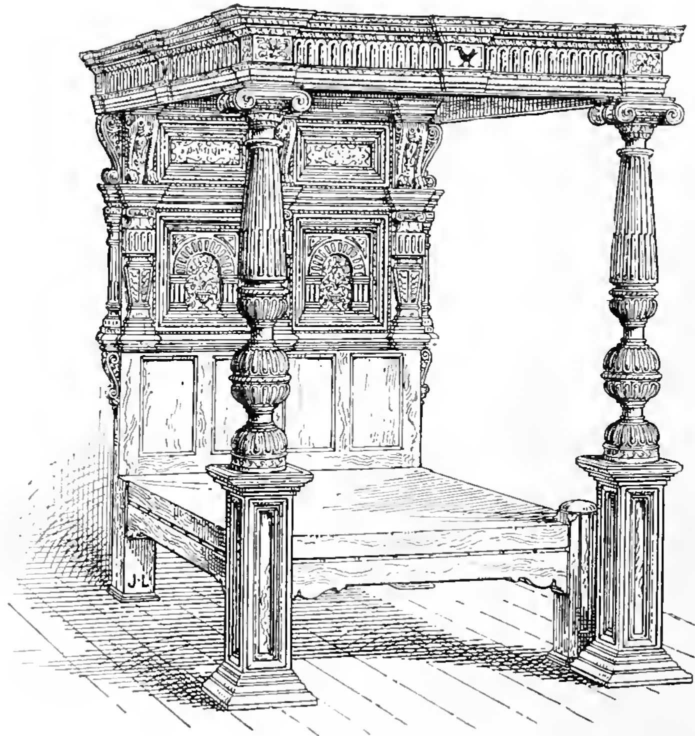


III.—EDWARD THE CONFESSOR'S BEDROOM.

(Bayeux Tapestry.)

all the stuff laid safe at the bed's feet on a carpet till the contents of the palliasse (which was open in the middle) were re-made. Then a yeoman to leap upon the bed and roll him up and down and array the litter; then to lay down the canvas again, then the feather bed, and beat it well and make it even and smooth. Then take the fustian (under blanket) and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles, and the sheet in the same wise." Then follow directions regarding the sheet, how it is to be stroked smooth, tucked under the feather bed, over it is to be laid "t'other stuff," upper sheet, blankets, and fustian, and over that a covering of martin's fur and ermine. "A yeoman to beat the pillows and throw them up to the squires to lay them on the bed head, as pleaseth the king's grace." A sheet of Rennes was passed under the pillows, falling over loose in front (no pillow case), over that a rug of ermine. The bed clothes were then to be brought well up to the pillows, and turned down the space of an ell. It is added that when all was done these functionaries withdrew behind the curtain that divided the room and had a drink all round.

A curious precaution was observed during the Middle Ages with regard to queens about to be confined, and probably to all ladies of rank. They were secluded in bedrooms of which the bed curtains, tester, tapestry, or wall hangings, were carefully chosen, so that there might be nothing in them to dazzle the eyes or awake gloomy thoughts in the mind. Figure subjects were not allowed on the tapestry. Elizabeth, queen of Henry VII., retired on Allhallows' Eve, 1489, to her chamber in Westminster. After mass and communion, for which the Earl of Salisbury held the towels, the corners of which were embroidered with gold, she was led to an anteroom, where she waited under her cloth of estate (throne canopy) and partook of a void (refreshments). Her chamber was hung and ceiled with blue arras cloth with golden fleurs-de-lys on it. The pallet had a canopy of velvet of many colours striped with gold, and garnished with red roses. An altar was made, furnished with relics; a cupboard, the top shelf furnished with gold plate. She commended herself to the prayers of the lords, the chamberlain drew the curtains of the "traverse" which parted off that portion of the room, and after that no manner of officer came within the queen's chamber, but only ladies and gentlewomen after the old custom.



IV.—ELIZABETHAN, CARVED OAK.

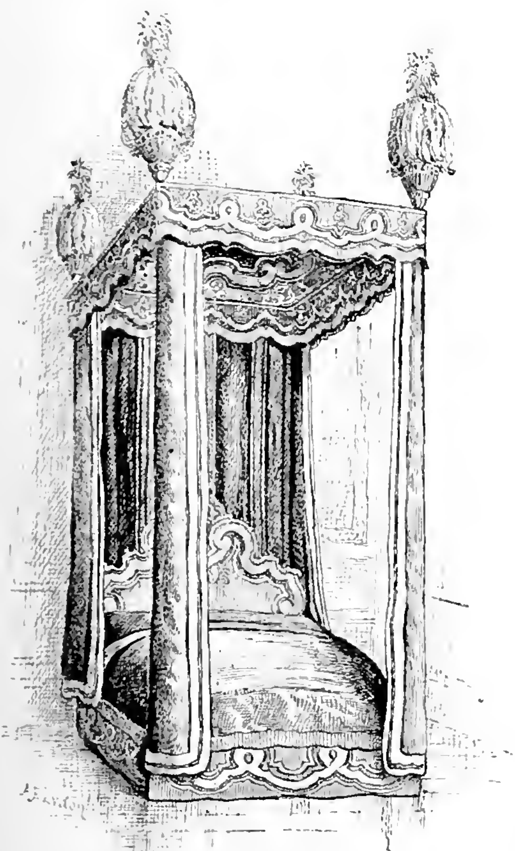
(South Kensington.)

The cradle of King Henry V. is preserved in Monmouth Castle. It is not unlike the old cradle in South Kensington (VI.). It is a crib, panelled, swinging on two posts, one at each end, rudely carved into falcons. There is no half-tester over the head.

The Elizabethan bed (IV.) is still to be seen in many varieties. It stood under a canopy or tester, on four stout columns, two of which formed the framework of the bed head. Sometimes the actual bedstead was within the panelled enclosure, and could be drawn out and pushed back without disturbing so large a structure. It was derived from the panelled bed of the Middle Ages, to which reference has been made. On the columns of the older beds were figures or half-figures of the four evangelists. A mediæval ballad mentions "the four gospellorus (gospellers or evangelists) on the four pillorus" (pillars), and heads of angels "all of one mould." The tradition of these old beds survives in the invocation still used in some country places. "Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, bless the bed that I sleep on. Two angels at my head, four angels round my bed; two to watch and two to pray, and two to carry my soul away," &c. After the Reformation this old usage died out. The columns of the Tudor bed have square dado bases, acorn-shaped central bosses, and in general character

resemble balusters on a large scale. The bed head is supported by caryatides, or terminal figures, and panelled with arched or square recesses sometimes containing figure-carving of some merit. The tester is panelled, and all frame pieces, wherever set, are carved with decorative mouldings of many kinds. Many beds made of oak for the English market were imported from Flanders, the bed heads and feet composed of many tiny open arches. Bed testers, finished with details representing hanging fringes and decorative detail borrowed from drapery, may generally be set down as of Flemish origin: English beds of this date are more massive and ruder in execution. Shaw's "Ancient Furniture" contains an engraving of the great "bed of Ware," in Hertfordshire. It is in the Tudor style, twelve feet square, and bears a date (but not authentic), 1460.

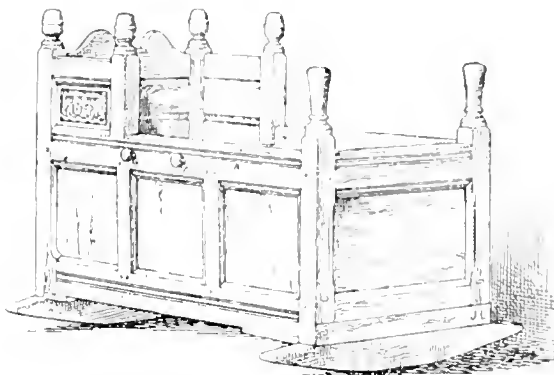
The Stuart sovereigns borrowed many fashions from the Court of Louis the Magnificent. Beds were still four-posters, had taller supports, and were of lighter build; the frames of oak, later of mahogany, and both the heads and the testers were upholstered in rich materials. Armorial shields were



V.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(Hampton Court.)

embroidered at the head, plumes or ornaments made in upholstery, in imitation of ostrich feathers, set off the four tops of the corner posts, and



VI.—AN ANCIENT CRADLE.

(South Kensington.)

fringes and other trimmings bordered the valances. Fine examples of this fashion of beds are to be seen at Hampton Court in the state bedrooms (V.). They were introduced in the reign of William and Mary or of Anne. They are not structures of oak, but light frames upholstered with costly curtains of Genoa velvet, Lyons or home-made brocades. Ladies of rank in this country during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries took a pride in their skill with the needle, and embroidered the white dimity curtains of their beds with crewel or worsted work in bold and effective designs. These curtains are found in many old country houses, and they have been reproduced in the royal schools of needlework at the present time.

The last century saw the introduction of what was called "rococo" carving into this country, wood carved and pierced with grotesque curves and openings, little sprigs of acanthus leafwork and fantastic edgings, calculated to show off the shine of gilding, which was used on furniture of every description. Old-fashioned bedsteads have cornices or crowns to sustain the tester carved in this way; sometimes gilt, sometimes white with gilt or coloured edges. Bedsteads of this period are sometimes so high, and the amount of mattress and feathers piled upon them so considerable, that it requires a flight of steps to reach them. Later on we find testers rising to a centre, the curtains hung from a gilt crown, and the tester neatly plaited with a rosette in the middle, or they are lined with a circular looking-glass, a French fashion. The bedsteads have high upholstered heads and feet, the corner posts carved and gilt. An old bedstead of this kind, French, in the South Kensington Museum, has the posts carved into quivers full of Cupid's arrows.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

PROFILES FROM THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

JEAN GOUJON.

LITTLE is known of the life of Jean Goujon, the greatest sculptor of the French Renaissance. He lived and worked; he died and left his country a tradition of Italian grace united to his sharp and dexterous touch. Beyond these facts, a few dates, and fewer rumours, we know little of his history; and his influence is more apparent than his life. It is, however, probable that he was born in Normandy about the year 1520. A posthumous and doubtful portrait certainly gives him the quality of "Parisien," but this goes for little; and our first authority is the mention of Jean Goujon's name in the building accounts of St. Maclou, at Rouen, where it is recorded that in 1540 he carved and designed certain capitals and columns for that church. His touch was good. Next year we find him promoted to carve, for the Cathedral at Rouen, a statue of Georges d'Amboise Bussy, which has been mislaid and lost somewhere long ago. In the cathedral ledgers the youthful sculptor is still described merely as a stone-cutter and mason. To those biographers who pretend that Goujon learned his art in Italy, it should occur that in 1541 he was still a simple stone-cutter at Rouen, and that from 1540 until 1560 there is some record, often bare enough, for every year of his career.

Jean Goujon began like any of the great anonymous sculptors who preceded the Renaissance. He chipped his shafts so well that his masters gave him a capital to carve; and from that he rose to some subordinate figure—some inconsiderable image; thence to a master's art. No training in the studios of Italy for him. A simple mason, he learned a mason's work; and if any master taught that right hand of his its cunning, it was no greater sculptor than a certain forgotten old Maître Quesnel, of Rouen, who wrought the leaden statue of the Virgin in the cathedral there, and who carved two of the figures round Louis de Brézé's tomb.

From his early master, the French provincial mason, Goujon learned a certain fidgety and broken trick of drapery, which he never quite got quit of. And no doubt in the cloisters of Rouen he first acquired that austere and youthful gravity which should always qualify his least claustral work. There, perhaps, also he learned the frank and sharp execution which gives so truly French a touch to the Italian forms that he admired. And having studied to good purpose, in 1542, being it is supposed a little over twenty years of age, he left his Norman home and came to Paris. Here he went at once to work at St.-Germain-l'Auxerrois, then being restored by Pierre Lescot. Jean Goujon and this sublime young person there began a life-long friendship, or so, at least, tradition has it. It is certain that Goujon was a great admirer of Lescot's exquisite sense of style and grace. A rood-screen at St. Germain, designed by the one and decorated by the other, sufficed to bring both architect and sculptor into the full light of fame. Thus, two years after Goujon, "an image cutter," was entered upon the ledgers of St. Germain, he left that church to go to Ecouen, and serve there, under Bullant, as architect and sculptor to the Constable of France. He was no longer a mere sharp young Norman mason. He had before him a great career, and he had a great ambition. Not content with the gifts he possessed, he set to work to learn the science he had not, reading and translating Vitruvius, studying books, and comparing monuments, till the self-made man (independent, plain-spoken, as we find him in his famous preface) became no less an artist, if anything too exquisite in his fastidious grace.

Even at Ecouen, in this early work of 1544, we see how great an influence the Florentine masters have had upon this Norman lad. If in the sharp-cut frieze of thorns and lances we detect his touch so purely French, so different from the large rounder manner of the Italians, none the less in the beautiful figures of flying "Fame," in the grandiose "Evangelists" of Ecouen, there is a certain Italian style—style without character—recalling Primaticcio and Bronzino, a style which, at its best, has a distant and translated echo of the genius of Raphael. There is no doubt that Goujon was profoundly affected by the Italians of Fontainebleau: Benvenuto, and Rosso, and especially Primaticcio, with his models after the antique and his traditions of Raphael. From them he learned his languid, long-drawn grace, his love of ornament and of elaborate coiffure, his almost too fastidious sense of elegance, his appreciation for the nude. There is, in our National Gallery, a Bronzino which offers the perfect type of Goujon; and it is known that Monsieur Lenoir had in his possession a design of Primaticcio's for the Fountain of Diana at Anet

so exactly resembling the work of Goujon that it is possible the Norman sculptor merely copied the Florentine design. It is vain to assert that Goujon delivered France from the Italians. He did a wiser thing. Taking such qualities of theirs as he could use, he made of them, by his sharp and vivid touch, by his northern gravity, a new and different art, and one best suited to his time and country.

He did not work many years at Ecouen. In 1547 he passed from the service of the Constable into that of the King, and returned to Paris to decorate the Louvre, which Lescot, his early colleague, was re-creating with admirable simplicity and distinction. The old King was dead (François, the enemy of the Constable), and Henri had ever been the firm ally of Montmorency. It was natural that he should choose his sculptor at Ecouen. Thus Goujon passed into the service of a very constant master, under whose protection he should execute the noblest of his work. The Caryatides of the Louvre, the "Diane Chasseresse" of Anet, the beautiful "Fons Nymphium," the staircase of Henri II.—all that we have most characteristic of our sculptor was wrought in the brief eleven years of Henri's reign. The note of his genius, graceful, precise, with a certain grave tenuity of its own, was admirably consonant with the tastes of Henri and Diane. The nymphs of the "Fons Nymphium," with their singular self-conscious and *recueilli* piquancy; the playing children, lanky, overgrown, yet gracefully humorous; the sapless heroes, the prophets, elegantly lachrymose, with wind-inflated draperies, all the charming long-drawn figures of Jean Goujon's decorative fancy, have that elaborate grace, that faintly artificial delicacy, that came into fashion with the pale witch of Anet. His talent belongs, by nature, to that solemn court of black and white, to that atmosphere of faded but still potent charm.

Henri II. was then not thirty years of age, virtuous, very strong, his only excess an almost Platonic affection for a woman twenty years his senior. There seemed every chance that France would prosper many years under the rule of his gentle obstinacy, his mediocre idealism. He was not brilliant, splendid, a knight and a poet, like his father, but there seemed a happy future possible for him and for France. A second Renaissance, narrower, trimmer, less impulsive than the first, arose in his Court; and Ronsard and Goujon, and Lescot and Delorme seemed no unworthy successors to the Rabelais, the Marot, the Calvin, the Vatable of the past. All seemed well. Ronsard wrote his odes, and Goujon displayed his irresistible grace, and with every day showed a rarer sense of beauty. Lescot built his Louvre (from which, a little later, Charles IX. was to fire upon the people of Paris), but underneath this fair Armida's garden of art and grace fearful earthquakes were inevitably brooding. Suddenly, in 1558, Henri died, and almost immediately the disasters of France began.

She was divided between the Guises and the Huguenots. Catherine, the queen-mother, equally hating and dreading either party, gave her support first to one, then to the other. Suddenly, in 1562, after the death of François II., when Marie Stuart was no longer the formidable patron of the Guises, Catherine shifted over to the Catholics, and a great massacre of the Huguenots took place at Vassy and at many other towns. "A foreign woman, terrified herself, and without friends or confidants, never hearing a single word of truth, I would rather pity than accuse her," writes the Venetian Giovanni Correr. There was as yet no massacre in Paris, but all the queen's heretic servants were dismissed from her employ; and with them, no doubt, Jean Goujon. An unbroken tradition records his adherence to those Huguenot doctrines which attracted so large a portion of the genius of France. And, whereas, till the end of the year 1561 his name constantly recurs in the ledgers of the Louvre, after that date we find no record of him there. Dismissed from the palace, he worked at the Hôtel Carnavalet, carving the splendid archaic lions of the portal. He worked also on the allegorical figures of the façade.

The ledgers of the Hôtel Carnavalet are lost, and we have no record of Jean Goujon after his dismissal from the Louvre in 1561. We cannot specify the year of his death; but a singularly vivid and complete tradition records that in the terrible August of 1572, on the second day of the St. Bartholomew, Goujon returned to his scaffolding, confident in his popularity and in the eminence of his position. Yet, or so at least the rumour has it, Queen Catherine had sent to Goujon bidding him stay at home that day. She had, we know, the Médicis respect for artists. But Goujon did not stay; and, standing on his scaffolding, chisel in hand, he was struck by a bullet shot from an arquebus, and fell a martyr, who had lived the sculptor of the Court. It has been objected that we have no record of his death. But we must remember that, great as was Goujon in his art, we have no evidence that he was specially prominent in religion; and, moreover, the records of the St. Bartholomew were collected absolutely without system or exactitude. The king, alarmed at the incompleteness of the *coup d'état*, at the horror of the tragedy for which he stood responsible, wrote to the President of Parliament, commanding him to hush the matter up. "Since there are always those," writes Charles IX., "who love to meddle with writing, *I beseech you let nothing be printed, neither in French nor in Latin*."

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

"A MOMENT OF PERIL."

From the Bronze by Thomas Brock, A.R.A.

Exhibited, we believe, in 1880, this spirited work was bought at once for the Chantrey

A MOMENT OF PERIL.

(From the Bronze by Thomas Brock, A.R.A. Chantrey Gallery.)

Gallery, where it now is. It has some good sculptural qualities. The modelling is sound; there is a real intention of drama; the action is taken at its climax; and though the snake is not altogether so unconventional as could be wished, there is plenty of evidence of the study of nature in the horse and his Indian rider. Perhaps the worst point about the work—apart from its carelessness of pure beauty—is the motive. Violent action is not meant (it is said) to be eternalised in three dimensions: the agony of the "Laocöon" marks a decadence in art and in intelligence, as the inscrutable calm of the "Aphrodité" of Melos is significant of a culmination in both.

The Screen in the Lumber Room

Yes, here it is, behind the box,
That puzzle wrought so neatly—
That paradise of paradox—
We once knew so completely;
You see it? 'Tis the same, I swear,
Which stood, that chill September,
Beside your Aunt Lavinia's chair,
The year when....
...You remember?

Look, Laura, look!
You must recall
This florid "Fairies Bower,"
This wonderful Swiss
waterfall,
And this old
"Leaning Tower:"
And here's the "Maiden
of Cashmere,"
And here is
Bewick's Starling,
And here's the dandy
cuirassier
You thought was—"such a
Darling!"

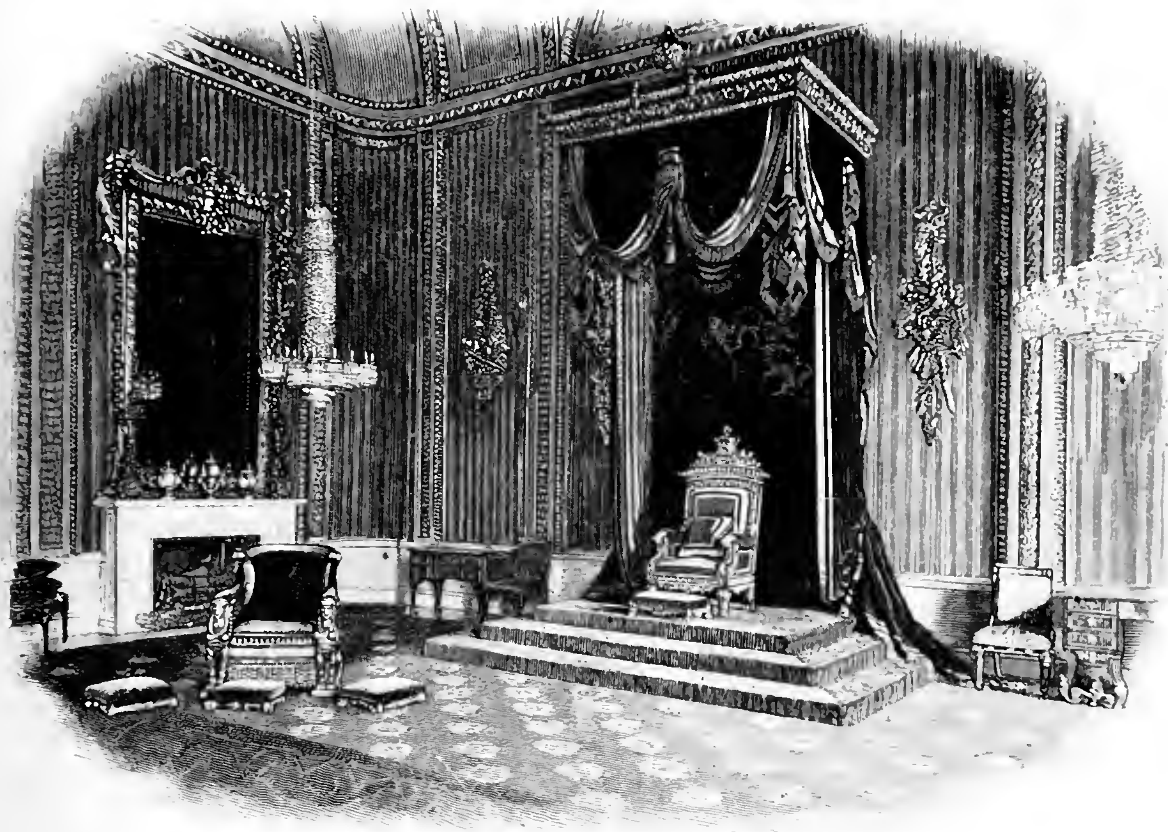
Your poor, dear Aunt! you know her way.
She used to say this figure
Reminded her of Count D'Orsay
"In all his youthful vigour:"
And here's the "cot beside the hill"
We chose for habitation
The day that.... But I doubt if still
You'd like the situation!

Too damp—by far. She little knew,
Your guileless Aunt Lavinia,
Those evenings when she slumbered through
"The Prince of Abyssinia,"
That there were two beside her chair,
Who both had quite decided
To see things in a rosier air
Than Rasselas provided!

Ah! men wore stocks in Britain's land,
And maids short waists and tippets,
When this old-fashioned screen was planned
From hoarded scraps and snippets;
But more—far more I think, to me,
Than those who first designed it,
Is this—in Eighteen-Seventy-Three,
I kissed you first behind it!

THE SCREEN IN THE LUMBER ROOM.

(*Written by Austin Dobson. Drawn by Randolph Caldecott.*)



BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE THRONE-ROOM.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

As an example of the architecture of the Victorian age, Buckingham Palace is not a building of which we can feel very proud. The additions which make it the largest of English royal residences were designed at a very unfortunate period in our art-history. Architecture had just then fallen between two stools, the Gothic style and the Classical. Classical architecture itself was also divided, and the Greek, or supposed Greek style, was contending with the Palladian. So that, literally, there were three incompatible schools of design—not one of which, by the way, was understood by a majority of its professors. No wonder, then, if the design of Buckingham Palace, in spite of its immense size, deserves above all other adjectives that of "trivial," whether "trivial" means, as Dr. Johnson says, "vulgar," or is connected with Latin words referring to three ways. There were three possible styles in which Buckingham Palace might have been built; and it may safely be said to be in none of them.

The site occupied by Buckingham Palace and its extensive gardens has a history which reaches back a very long way indeed. This will be apparent when I say that it stands actually upon the original Watling Street: not the diverted Watling Street, of which a distorted fragment remains in the city, but the real, old, direct Watling Street, which led the ancient Briton and his Roman master from Chester to Dover, before London was heard of or London Bridge built. This road passed down what is now Park Lane, and crossing what is now Piccadilly, ran straight to Westminster, where there was probably a ford at low water, which led the traveller to the other section of the road at Stangate. Between Piccadilly and Westminster the ground was marshy and was watered by two streams, the Westbourne and the Tyburn, which just at Hyde Park Corner approached very near to each other. There was a bend on the Tyburn at a place called before the Norman Conquest "Bulunga Fen." Here the Watling Street descended from the hill—Constitution Hill. Here, with its front actually on the old course of the Tyburn, and with its north-western corner actually on the old course of the Watling Street, stands Buckingham Palace.

The oldest map which gives the features of this locality in any detail is one in the Crace Collection at the British Museum. It is a survey of the estate of Mrs. Mary Davies—misspelt on the map "Dammison"—made in 1675, by a certain Henry Morgan (whose method of spelling the English language was peculiar to himself). He shows us Hyde Park Corner, which he decorates with trees and calls "Brooke shot." A road skirts the Brookshot having on its western side open fields labelled "Pastuer." The road passes close to "Gorin" House, and an alternative name is also recorded—"Arndall" House and Garden. This stands for "Arlington" House. Behind it on the western side is "Mr. Thomson Pasteur, with a brick wall called Gorin Garden." The brick wall enclosed a hexagonal plot, which very nearly coincides with the forty acres of the present Palace Garden. Nearer the road, to the north of "Arndall House," is the "Mulberry Garden."

Here, then, we have the beginnings of Buckingham Palace. Next we have to account for the local names, the Mulberry Garden and Goring or Arlington House. Soon after the accession of King James I. the great importance to England of the newly established silk manufacture caused an attempt to be made in many places to feed the silk-producing insect at home. The French some years before had made not unsuccessful efforts with the same object, and ignoring the differences of climate, our "British Solomon" issued to his subjects a circular in which he recommended them to plant mulberry trees, and himself set the example by walling in four acres of the Green Park, then called "Upper St. James's Park," and establishing a Mulberry Garden. The first keeper was William Stallenge, who appears either to have been successful, or, at least, to have persuaded his patron that he was so, and he had a patent granted him for seven years. Eventually, however, the office of Keeper of the Mulberry Garden became more or less a sinecure, and evidently not a very rich one, as it was sold by one official for the modest sum of £406. The buyer was George Goring, a favourite of the king, who was made a peer, as Lord Goring, in 1628. He built a house on land adjoining the gardens, and seems to have made it his residence. He was raised by Charles I. to the earldom of Norwich,

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE PRINCE CONSORT'S MUSIC-ROOM.

(*From a Photograph by H. N. King.*)

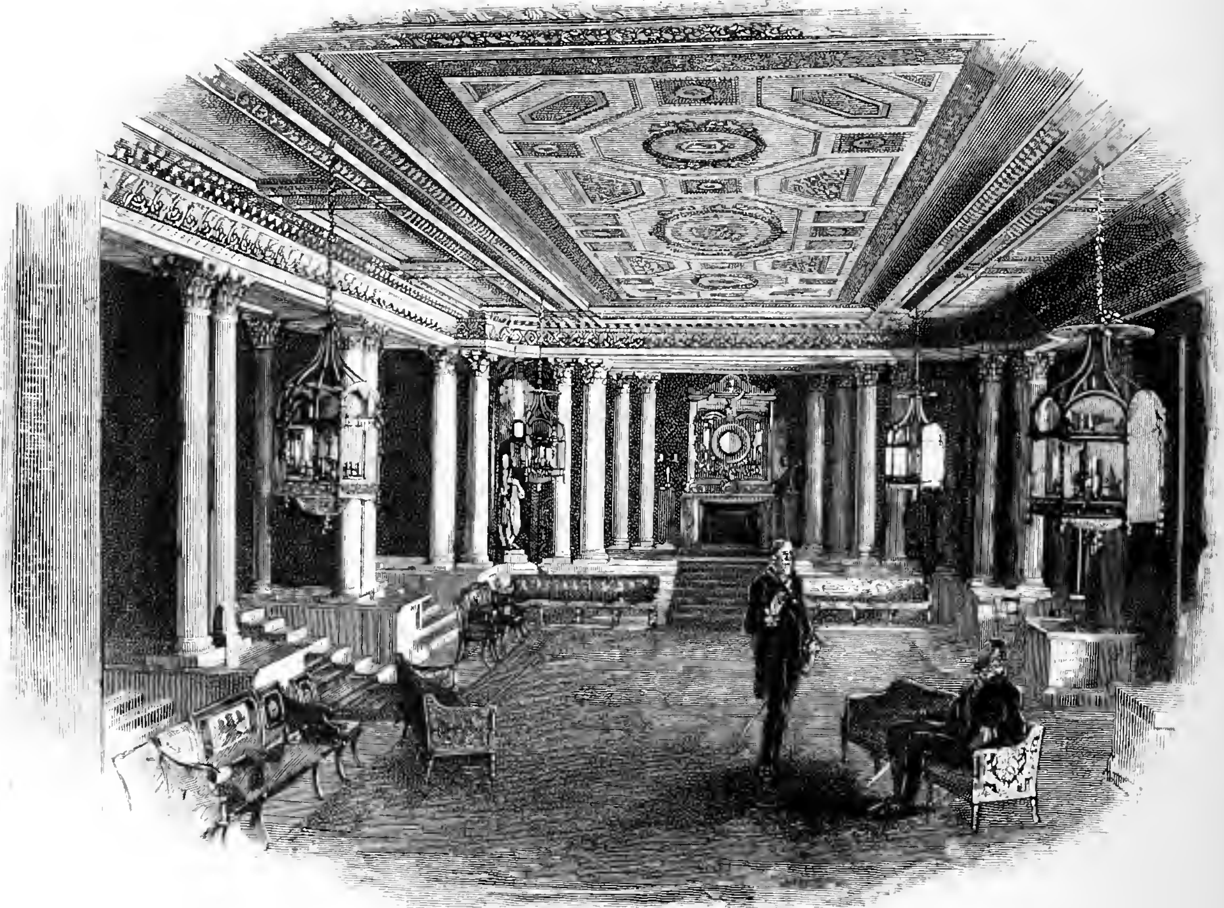
a title which had been his maternal uncle's, but he seems to have been called Lord Goring to the day of his death. His house, during the Commonwealth, was rented by Lenthall the Speaker, and after the Restoration by Lord Arlington, of the "Cabal," who had also a house and grounds at the opposite side of the park, where they are still commemorated by Arlington and Bennet Streets. When the second Earl of Norwich died childless in 1671, Arlington obtained a Crown lease, and he had, therefore, been about four years in possession when Henry Morgan made his survey. Views of Arlington or Goring House are extant. One of them, an anonymous etching, is in the Crace Collection, and is dated in 1663. It shows a good, plain design of the Inigo Jones type, with a high cupola in the centre and an arcaded portico. It is quite possible that some remains of this house are still existing in the fabric of Buckingham Palace. Meanwhile the Mulberry Garden became a place of public amusement. Both Evelyn and Pepys in their immortal "Diaries" speak of its attractions. It seems to have been a resort of fashion even during the Protector's lifetime, and was furnished with a place in which to dine and a good cook. Pepys, in April, 1669, much admires a Spanish dish—he calls it an "olio"—of which he partook, visiting the garden twice on the same day. The plays of the Restoration period contain many allusions to it and its convenient arbours, and the trees must have been productive, for Dryden loved the mulberry tarts.

The gardens were probably closed to the public before Arlington House passed into the possession of John Sheffield, Marquis of Normanby, who, in the same year, 1703, in which he rebuilt it, was created Duke of Normanby, and, a few weeks later, Duke of the county of Buckingham. He is known in history by the title, and the form of it, which he preferred; for he signed his name not "Normanby and Buckinghamshire," nor even "Buckinghamshire," but simply "Buckingham." And this form is still retained in the official name of the palace. The architect employed was Wynde, a Dutchman.

Arlington had died in 1685, leaving only a daughter, and the duke seems to have bought the lease of 1671. In his will he speaks of it as if it was a freehold. Buckingham is an interesting character. His chief vices were the vices of his time, added to an inordinate family pride. He had, it was said, proposed to marry the Princess Anne, and being refused, retired for a time to the Continent; but he got over his disappointment, and eventually, by a curious fate, married as his third wife her step-sister, Lady Catherine Darnley, one of the acknowledged children of King James II. When Anne became queen she remembered the compliment Normanby had paid her, and very shortly after her accession conferred the two dukedoms upon him, and made him also Lord Privy Seal. In 1703 he put a new front and two wings on his house in St. James's Park, and about the same time he laid out the gardens, which, strictly speaking, can have only in small part been on the site occupied by King James's mulberries. In 1706, on account, perhaps, of some slight to his vanity, he resigned his office, but did not, as he writes to his friend, the Duke of Shrewsbury, go away from London. "You accuse me," he says, "of singularity in resigning the Privy Seal, with a good pension added to it, and yet afterwards staying in town, at a season when everybody else leaves it, which you say is despising at once both Court and country."

The difference which one hundred and eighty years have made in the appearance of the west end of London cannot be better illustrated than by some of the sentences of this letter. The garden is able to suggest, by the advantages of its situation, the noblest thoughts that can be, for it presents at once to view "a vast town, a palace, and a magnificent cathedral." Considering that London was then all to the eastward of his house, that the palace was St. James's, and the "cathedral" Westminster Abbey—in which, by the way, he was destined to be buried—this is rather a high-flown description. But he goes on to say that the commonest shrub in his garden excites his devotion more than a church, as the works of nature appear to him to be the better sort of sermons. "The small distance of this place from London," he continues, "is just enough for recovering my weariness, and recruiting my spirits so as to make me better than before I set out." He then enters on a minute description of his house, with its hall "paved with square white stones mixed with a dark coloured marble;" its "parlour, thirty-three feet by thirty-nine, with a niche fifteen feet broad for a *beaufette*, paved with white marble and placed within an arch with pilasters of divers colours, the upper part of which as high as the ceiling is painted by Ricci;" its "staircase decorated with the story of Dido, and domed with the figures of gods and goddesses; a saloon, thirty-five feet by forty-five, also painted;" and a "closet of original pictures, which yet are not so entertaining as the delightful prospect from the windows." He laments, however, "as an instance of the mind's unquietness under the most pleasing enjoyments," that he misses a pretty gallery in the old house which he pulled down to make way for a saloon. The gardens, as has been observed, seem to have pleased him as much as anything, and he tells his friend of the broad walks, the tall lime trees, the tubs of bays and orange trees, the terrace four hundred paces long, and the canal six hundred yards long, with a double

row of limes on each side. The most interesting sentence in this part of the letter is that which mentions the view over what is now Grosvenor Place and Belgrave Square:—"A wall covered with roses and jessamines is made low to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just under it." Under the windows of his book closet "is a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales."



BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE MARBLE HALL.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

The exterior of the house itself is hardly mentioned by the duke; but it seems to have been but little altered even after its occupation for many years by Queen Charlotte. It was of red brick, with stone dressings, had a Corinthian portico, and two wings connected by curved colonnades with the centre. An appropriate Latin motto was on the entablature, referring to the charms of the situation; and on the garden front were the words, now so hackneyed, "Rus in Urbe." There were statues and fountains and other embellishments of the kind, most of which disappeared after the duke's death in 1721. He left the house to his widow, who survived him till 1743. In 1761 it was bought by the young king, and in 1775 was settled on the queen when Somerset House, in the Strand, was given up for public offices. The price paid to Sir Charles Sheffield, the duke's eventual heir, was £21,000.

George III. made Buckingham House the head-quarters of his immense literary collections. We must remember that London in those days was but scantily furnished with libraries. The nucleus of the library at the British Museum was only formed in 1757, when George II., shortly before his death, gave the old library of English kings, in all about ten thousand volumes. There were libraries at Syon College and St. Paul's for clergymen, and in Queen's Square for dissenters. A few other small collections were open to the public, but do not seem to have been much used. So liberally did the young king go to work to start a new royal library in the place of that given away by his grandfather, that though

BUCKINGHAM PALACE: THE GRAND STAIRCASE.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

he only ascended the throne in 1760, and was then, as is well known, but eighteen years of age, he had already, six years after the purchase of Buckingham House, collected a library which, to use the words of Johnson, as reported by Boswell, "was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the king had employed." Barnard, the king's librarian, was much beholden to Johnson for a long letter, in which he gave elaborate instructions as to the formation of a library. It would have been interesting to read this letter, but Boswell could not obtain it from Barnard, who thought it would detract from his own merits. The great foreign collection of "Consul Smith" contained books and MSS. as well as pictures, and new rooms had to be added to the old house. Pyne gives the interiors of two of them, as well as views of several other rooms, the hall, staircase, and saloon of the duke's building, evidently not much altered since he wrote his letter to the Duke of Shrewsbury, though by 1818, when Pyne's drawings were made, Wyatt the elder had been at work. The libraries were plain, their ornaments consisting of books alone; and it is interesting to imagine the uncouth figure of Samuel Johnson standing by that tall wire fire-guard or sitting in one of those comfortless arm-chairs with an Aldine *editio princeps* close to his nose. Mr. Barnard, we are told, "took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience while indulging his literary taste in that place." The king heard of it, and desired that he should be told of Johnson's next visit. The minutes of the conversation were submitted to the king for his approval before publication. At the time of the interview George III. cannot have been twenty-five years of age, and considering the poverty of the education he had received, and the slight knowledge he can have had time to gain of his newly acquired books, his remarks are surprisingly safe. The books collected here form now a very important part of the library at the British Museum, to which between sixty and seventy thousand volumes were conveyed by an arrangement with George IV.

All the children of Queen Charlotte, except the Prince of Wales, were born at Buckingham Palace, and, after the king's final illness in 1810, she resided here occasionally until her death in 1818. The scheme of making this the head-quarters of the Court instead of St. James's was one of the favourite ideas of George IV.; but as there was considerable difficulty in obtaining funds from Parliament, it was determined, ostensibly at least, only to repair and enlarge old Buckingham House. Enormous sums were, however, expended by Nash, with a most unsatisfactory result, for the height and proportions of Wynde's design were retained, although wholly unsuited to the new dimensions. This may be seen from our picture of the Marble Hall, which is far too low for its great extent.

The buildings, including a magnificent marble arch, subsequently removed to Tyburn Turnpike, a little higher up the Watling Street, were not completed till shortly before Her Majesty's happy accession, when the house was found so inadequate as a royal residence, that further alterations had to be made and a new front built. This was done by Blore, with the result we now see. The additions were almost finished by 1848, but the decorations of the interior went on for many years, and, as our woodcuts show, are in some ways worthy of a better building.

W. J. Loftie.

A Song of the Road.

The Gauger walked with willing foot,
And aye the Gauger played the flute;
And what should Master Gauger play
But Over the Hills and Far Away?

Whene'er I buckle on my pack,
And foot it gaily in the track,
O pleasant Gauger long since dead,
I hear you fluting on ahead.

You go with me the self-same way—
The self-same air for me you play
For I do think, and so do you,
It is the tune to travel to.

For who would gravely set his face
To go to this and t'other place?
There's nothing under heaven so blue
That's fairly worth the travelling to.

On every hand the roads begin,
And people walk with zeal therein;
But wheresoe'er the highways tend,
Be sure there's nothing at the end!

Then follow, you, wherever hie
The travelling mountains of the sky,
Or at the streams in ocean moan
Direct your choice upon a road.

For one and all, or high or low,
Will bring you where you wish to go;
And one and all go night and day
Over the Hills and Far Away.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

DAVID NEAL.

ALBERT WOLFF said of Munkácsy: "Il est un peintre français né en Hongrie," an expression which has been paraphrased to describe the subject of this sketch as "a German painter, born in America." David Neal is, however, an American artist by more titles than the accident of birth. While a pupil and master of the Munich school, and an exponent both of what it has accomplished and of what it aims to reach, he has preserved an individuality which possesses, at least, a flavour of his native soil. Unlike most of his fellow-countrymen who have studied art abroad, he has neither fallen into imitation of his masters, nor lost his way in a vain pursuit of originality.

He was born, 1838, in the city of Lowell, Mass., which has been called the Manchester of New England. Here his childhood was spent up to the age of fourteen, when his father, who had met with reverses in business, died; and he was left at that tender age to begin the battle of life, almost alone, and with but little preparatory training for the struggle. Friends procured him, however, a situation in New Orleans, for which place, many hundred miles distant, he sailed from Boston, and became, on his arrival, leveé or wharf clerk, with a firm dealing in mahogany and other woods from Honduras and Brazil. In this employment he did not continue long, but at the end of a year, with the earnings he had saved, started for California, *viâ* Chagres River and Panama. He must have been a surprise to the older Jasons who were his fellow-passengers.

Arrived at San Francisco, accident threw him in the way of a friendly wood-engraver, who took an interest in him, and proposed to teach him his art. From his earliest youth he had been devoted to drawing, and he gladly accepted the kind offer and congenial occupation. He was not destined, however, to achieve his education in it. His talent as a draughtsman was more valuable than his dexterity with the graver, which was soon taken from him, and his work confined to making the Indian ink drawings upon the blocks. In this his proficiency and facility were such that he soon became the draughtsman for all the engravers in the city. His success encouraged him to attempt higher flights, and he began to paint portraits, and was employed by the police to sketch the likenesses of criminals in the courts, for a Rogue's Gallery, without the knowledge of the involuntary sitters. At the end of two years of profitable labour he had saved a certain sum. With the true instinct of genius, he threw up his increasing employment, made the long voyage back to New England, went back to the forms of a private school at Andover, New Hampshire, and remained upon them as long as his funds lasted.

Money spent, or rather exchanged for its equivalent in learning, he returned to his home in the Pacific, where he found his old places open, and again went to work, devoting every leisure hour to study. Among his friends and associates of this period was Thomas Bret Harte, then, like himself, unknown to fame; another was Charles Nahl, a German artist, the painter of the "Wallenstein" in the Stuttgart Gallery, who gave the young draughtsman his first instruction and encouragement, and decided his impulse towards art as a profession. Indeed, he had already embarked on that voyage, and called his workshop a studio.

Here entered one day a well-to-do citizen, who, watching for a few moments the young man at work, abruptly asked him—

"When do you intend to go to Europe?"

The youth flushed at the thought. "As soon as I have the means," he replied.

"How much have you?"

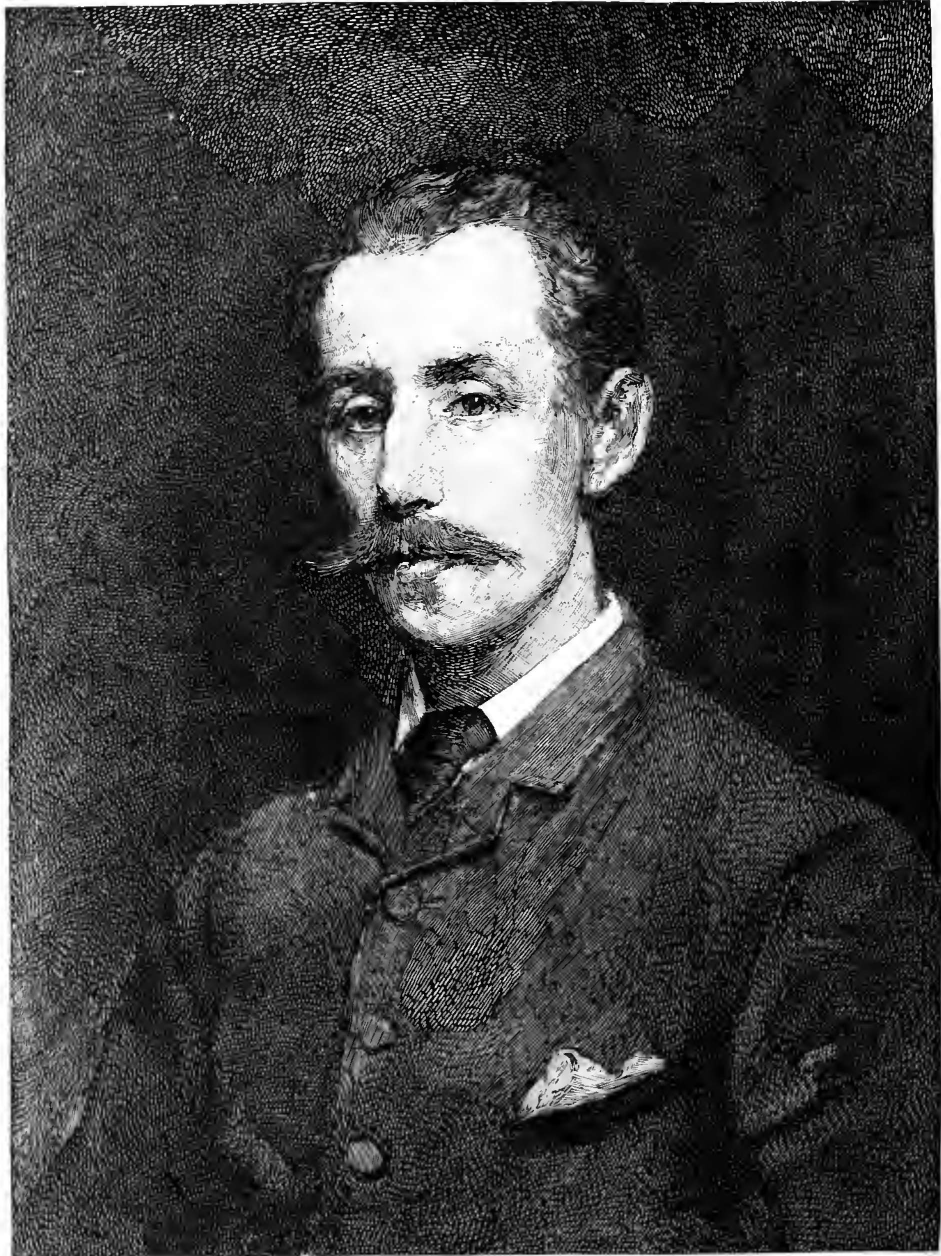
"Eight hundred dollars."

"Well, my wife and I are going to New York by the next steamer. You had better go along."

With Neal it required but little time to make up his mind. His friend secured him his passage to New York at half fare.

At New York he took a German steamer for Hamburg, where he arrived on New Year's Eve,

1862, his ears greeted by music on the shore, of good omen—"Heil dir im Siegerkranz!"—as he sailed up the Elbe. He passed on without loitering to Munich, and began to work there at the academy under Kaulbach. Here, like Benvenuto Cellini, "about this time he fell in love," a circumstance which resulted in his marrying the daughter of the Chevalier Ainmüller, the Director of the Royal Glass-painting Academy, the reviver of that brilliant art, esteemed lost for four centuries, and well known in Great Britain by his great works in St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, St. George's Chapel, Windsor, the Parliament House of Edinburgh, and the Cathedral of Glasgow. This alliance, made romantic by difficulties and objections overcome, had important results upon the young painter's evolution. At that time the painting class in the academy languished under the feeble direction of Professor Anschütz, who was himself conventional and methodical in an ultra-academical degree. He mixed, for instance, all the tints upon his palette before beginning his work, which was carried farther, "line upon line,



FRANK G. MACOMBER.

(Painted by David Neal.)

MR. OLIVER CROMWELL OF ELY VISITS MR. JOHN MILTON.

(Painted by David Neal.)

and precept upon precept." Mr. Neal had the good fortune, therefore, instead of entering this class, to become the pupil of his father-in-law, with whom he studied also the principles of architecture and perspective. When Alexander Wagner, however, took the painting class, he returned to the academy, and made, under that genial master, rapid progress. Here Ainmüller's influence secured him, in 1869, admission into the *atelier* of Piloty, made famous not only by his own works, but by those of his pupils, among whom, at this time, were Makart, Gabriel Max, Kurtzbauer, Grützner, Hermann, Kaulbach, and Defregger, some of whom have since gone beyond their teacher. Wagner's final advice to his pupil is worth quoting, for the advantage of other young artists: "Use large brushes and stand up to your work!"

Mr. Neal's first exhibited works were painted under the directions of his father-in-law—himself an architectural painter of distinction. The subjects were "St. Mark's, Venice," and "Westminster Abbey." For the first he made a journey to Italy, and for the second to England. At Westminster he began his studies in the abbey, with the ingenious unconstraint with which he had worked at St. Mark's, greatly to the indignation of the vergers, who exerted their authority to prevent it, until, armed with a letter from a London architect to Dean Stanley, he petitioned for admission, which, at first withheld, was finally granted, in consideration of the long and expensive journey he had made for the purpose. Thenceforth he entered the abbey by the dean's private door, and finished his studies without molestation. The paintings were sent to New York, and exhibited at the National Academy, where they were received with favour, and drew upon the artist the attention of Emanuel Leutze and Albert Bierstadt, both of whom exerted much valuable influence in his behalf.

The characteristic of the young artist which had led him to return to school influenced his farther development. Cautiously feeling his way, advancing step by step, his next composition was one in which "still-life" was prominent, and the human figures introduced, while more than mere *staffage*, of only secondary importance. It was, in the main intention, a "study" on a large scale, but was ingeniously combined with pictorial effect and interest. The picture was shown at the exhibition of the works of the Piloty School at the Munich Royal Academy, for the benefit of the wounded soldiers of the Franco-Prussian War in 1871, and was quoted as one of the two most attractive works exhibited, the other being "The Wrestlers" of Defregger. It was called—to give the child a name—"Retour de Chasse," and represented a richly covered table, littered almost with mediæval *objets de luxe*: inlaid arms, a glittering huntsman's horn, and a tall jug. In the foreground a hound watches over a display of dead game, protecting it from the incursions of an impudent spaniel. Behind the table, lolling in a high-backed easy-chair, is the young lord of the manor, who holds out a wine-glass to a pretty maid bringing in a flagon, and to whom he is evidently offering a compliment more or less discreet.

This work gave the artist a local reputation; but it was not until his next picture was exhibited that his fame extended beyond the Iser, a result due in part to the fact that the work found a purchaser in the then Lord Mayor of London—Sir Benjamin Phillips. It was his first firm step towards high art, since convention has consecrated that term to historical painting. It was his "James Watt," a subject calculated to touch the popular heart: one of those anecdotes which, giving as they do a glimpse into the evolution of genius, the world never tires of contemplating. The idea of the picture had been one of the earliest formed by the artist, and was conceived subjectively, and imbued with his own personality and experience, both being in felicitous accord with the motive. The dreamy, meditative boy, so lost in the study of the mysterious force issuing harmlessly from the mouth of the kettle, as to be deaf to the reproof, or the invitation, of his aunt calling him to the meal, at which the other members of the family are already gathered, is but a reflection of himself. Such day-dreams had he dreamed, and from them, equally, might be expected some kindred realisation. The picture was in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1874.

It is in one sense a mortifying confession, but in another a natural tribute—the fact that the American public is accustomed to echo English opinion in matters of taste. Any artist—be it in literature, on the stage, or in painting—who has received the "hall mark" of British favour, awakes at once to find himself famous in the United States, and this benefit accrued to Mr. Neal. His was not a head to be turned with success, however. He worked with the more fervour, and with a conscientiousness which barely escaped timidity. He now began his "First Meeting of Mary Stuart with Rizzio." The subject was once more an advance in pretension, a higher goal of ambition. It presented new technical difficulties to overcome, a deeper psychological moment to express; it called for more thought, and demanded the creative force of imagination. It was years upon his easel. Fortunately by this time his means allowed him to make haste slowly. He painted elaborate studies for every detail of costume and accessories. The fortuitous arrival in Munich of Marie Gordon — a charming compatriot, herself

an artist—furnished him the model for his lovely heroine, hitherto sought in vain. The "authentic" portraits of the unfortunate Queen of Scots, the one at Abbotsford, for instance, were not of a kind to inspire an artist who had made his own the dictum of Ingres: "L'art ne doit être que le beau et ne nous enseigner que le beau;" and he availed himself of a permissible poetic licence in the treatment of a poetical theme. He took the same liberty with the features and figure of Rizzio, which are certainly truer, in an æsthetic sense, than if he had followed the facts given by possibly prejudiced contemporaries. The result was a beautiful picture, too well known from prints and photographs to require description. The great gold medal of the Bavarian Royal Academy crowned the work, which had a popularity almost exceptional. The study head—rather than portrait—of Miss Gordon (Mrs. Raymond) had, proportionately, equal success. In photographic reproductions it has had a vogue surpassing even that of the celebrated portrait of the Countess Potocka.

The "Mary Stuart" was first exhibited at the "Kunst-Verein" of Munich in 1876, from whence it made almost the tour of Europe and America before reaching its final destination, San Francisco. For some time afterwards Mr. Neal exercised himself, as an athletic preparing for a race, in a sort of technical "training," painting numerous female heads, before he began his next work, the motive of which was drawn from the lines in Uhland's noble ballad, the "Ulme zu Hirsau"—

> "O Strahl des Lichts, du dringest
> Hinab in jede Gruft"—

which he sought to carry out in the minutest detail in the spirit of the Tenth Century. For the architecture of the background, which is Byzantine, he made studies of the crypt of the cathedral at Freising, built in the year 824. This picture, which Frederick Pecht called "a little masterpiece in grey," represents a youthful nun at prayer, her beautiful uplifted face glorified by a beam of golden light from the chapel window, which makes a fine contrast to the cooler tones of the rest of the composition.

In 1877 he visited the United States, partly to exhibit his paintings, but principally to fill a number of commissions for portraits. He was received with great warmth, not merely by the citizens of his native place, but wherever he went, "far beyond," he modestly declared, "anything I deserve—complimentary dinners, receptions, &c. I have nearly worn out my swell dress-suit!" He returned to Munich in November, 1878, from whence he wrote: "Mrs. Neal met me in Paris. Had it not been for the exhibition nothing could have kept me from hurrying home by the first train, such was my longing to see my babies. My arrival there was the occasion of a great festival on the part of the children, who had the rooms you know so well handsomely decorated. They all seemed at first to be at least a head taller, but after a week they managed to get back to their old proportions. Thirteen months are a great deal upon a child's head." While in Paris he saw and was greatly impressed by Munkácsy's "Milton," which was "one of the finest pieces of colour" he had ever seen. He admired Makart's "Charles V." also, but he confessed that French art had an elegance and purity of taste that no other nation can approach. "The German pictures," he thought, "looked heavy alongside the French."

He made a subsequent trip to Paris a few months later, with the approval of his master and other counsellors. It was, however, to a certain extent a disappointment. "I have found here," he wrote, "everything so different from what I anticipated, that if I conclude to return it will be upon quite a different principle." Still, he profited greatly by his stay, short as it was. Among other pictures painted while he was there was "La Châtelaine," head and bust of a young lady in the costume of the Seventeenth Century, with a tapestried background. It cost him seven weeks of hard labour and study, a proof of the thoroughness of the latter. His model he described as one of the most charming young persons he had ever met, "a poor, unfortunate girl who actually died of a broken heart, whose history would furnish material for the saddest romance."

Once more at home, he occupied himself with studies for several large works, a "St. Mathilde," which was laid aside for his "Cloister," and the still more important "Visit of Cromwell to Milton." His work on these was interrupted for a time in 1881 by another journey to Paris, where he remained three months. This time he felt "ripe" for it, and wrote enthusiastically of the progress he made. While there he saw Munkácsy's "Pilate," which more than realised his expectations. "I have come to the conclusion," he wrote, "that there are only two great artists living—Richard Wagner and Michael Munkácsy!" During this visit, the object of which was evidently a special one, he made a sketch from a picture of Delacroix in the Louvre: "as complete a symphony in colour as Beethoven ever put into music."

In May, 1883, the "Oliver Cromwell of Ely Visits John Milton" was finished, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in Berlin. In this picture, as in the artist's "James Watt," his Puritan sympathies, and the nature and perceptions of a "self-made man," are apparent, accounting in both cases for the successful comprehension of the principal figure. It was another of his early conceptions, dating back to the

influences which surrounded his childhood, and associated with the familiar objects of his life in New England, painted wood furniture, &c., which had been handed down from the time of the *Mayflower;* hence the interior and accessories are not of the conventional Renaissance. His representation of Cromwell private life, and for accurate portraits of his features. The account given of him by Carlyle appeared the most valuable, although it overthrew most of the old traditions. On the one hand, he admitted, this made his task lighter, by allowing his imagination more latitude. He procured all the known likenesses,

NUNS AT PRAYER.
(*Painted by David Neal.*)

was that of the farmer and brewer, but with a suggestion of the possibilities of the future, which admitted giving to the work a character foreboding the great political events it had in store. While too modest to call his picture an historical one, preferring rather to apply the German phrase *Episoden Malerei,* he neglected no means of giving to it the verisimilitude of history. He sought, with his usual tenacity of purpose, for authentic details of the hero's "each one of which differed entirely from the others;" nor was the resulting confusion lessened by the plaster mask, said to have been taken after the Protector's death at Whitehall, inasmuch as it was over life-size. The picture is, in composition, and above all in colour, the artist's masterpiece. "A symphony in blue" it might be called in Grosvenor Gallery jargon. In technique it is superb, leaving out a little abandon—a concession to the taste for *bravura*

—which has the result, however, of concealing the labour and painstaking with which the thoroughness of the work was obtained. The greatest stress is placed upon the "values" and force of colour. Every part was painted *prima*, and the mosaics were skilfully joined, thus preserving crispness and freshness, breadth of light, and clearness of tone.

One other work, his latest, the "Nuns at Prayer," exhibited on the eve of his last voyage to America, and inspired by the passage out of Longfellow's "Golden Legend":—

"The peace of God that
passeth understanding
Reigns in these cloisters and
these corridors"—

remains to be briefly noted with regard to its scheme of colour. It is one which has become a favourite problem of modern painters—white upon white—what Mr. Whistler might call a "sonata" in that colour. The nuns are clad in white, and painted against a background of purest white, their dress broken only by the draping of the black *scapuliers*. On the left of the picture is a gleam of blue sky, against which the grating and the foliage of the convent garden stand out in bold relief. The work is more than a *tour de force* in colour, however, and the differentiation of the three types of devotees is full of subtle psychological study.

DAVID NEAL.

(From a Photograph by Kruell.)

A review of his work would be incomplete which omitted a reference to his portrait-painting, in which branch of art he has met with singular success, a distinguished authority having even declared it to be his *forte*. It has been the motive of his frequent voyages across the Atlantic of late years, and it has no doubt been beneficial to his development, by drawing him out of the over-anxious perfection of his work, and making his execution more magisterial and rapid. His portraits, without being idealised, are yet far from the inanimate facts of the photograph, or the brutal realism of some modern French masters. They are like and living, and apart from the resemblance to the sitter, have a distinct value as works of art, and as such are calculated to be treasured by posterity long after the affectionate interest of friends and family in the originals has passed away. They bear, to my thinking, the impress of the study of Van Dyck, although perhaps more at second than at first hand—through the works, as it appears to me, of Franz Lenbach.

JOHN R. TAIT.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

A FAITH-HEALING ACADEMICIAN.

IN Chiswick churchyard, near the empty grave of Ugo Foscolo, is the ponderous and vastly inelegant tomb of a painter who was once deemed to be a considerable personage. Philip James De Loutherbourg, R.A., has lain in the same churchyard with Hogarth for three-and-seventy years; and he has been forgotten for two generations, despite the confident assumption of immortality which some undiscerning friend placed over his head. In his day, De Loutherbourg loomed large in the firmament. He revolutionised scene-painting; invented a pictorial kaleidoscope; originated the absurdly-named "expressive" style of landscape-painting; and cured the deaf, the dumb, and the scrofulous under grace of Mesmer and Brothers the Prophet. Yet not all these "qualities and proofs of genius" have sufficed to save him from oblivion. His artificially-natural manner as a painter did not

long survive him; the elaborate scenery he painted for Garrick at Drury Lane has, of course, disappeared, and only the tradition of it remains; the kaleidoscope was a dismal failure; the faith-healing was the most melancholy incident of all. These things being as they were, De Loutherbourg was, of course, an Academician.

De Loutherbourg was an Alsatian, and Strasburg gave him birth in 1740. His father, like himself, was a painter of mediocrities—a thing not to be wondered at, seeing that he was principal Court Painter to the Prince of Hanau-Darmstadt. Both his parents had the good sense to perceive that the worst use to which they could put their son was to make an artist of him. The father thought he could push him on in the engineering department of the army; while his mother was so impressed by his youthful holiness that she set her heart upon making him a Lutheran pastor. But the young man was determined to paint; and, sorely against their better judgment, they sent him off to Paris to study under Carle Van Loo. For a long time after that, Philip's confidence in himself was fully justified; for at two-and-twenty he was elected to the Paris Academy of Painting, despite that the earliest age of admission was fixed by the statutes at thirty. Precocity was De Loutherbourg's bane. His early success, naturally enough, developed an appreciation of his abilities which other generations have been unable to endorse. It was inevitable that his work should suffer in consequence; and it may be that had success come somewhat more tardily his reputation would now be less neglected. Flushed with these Parisian honours, young De Loutherbourg travelled for seven or eight years through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. At first he restricted himself to landscape and portrait-painting; but when he reached Italy he was fired to extend the sphere of his art, and commenced painting sea-scapes, still-life, and battle-pieces—an imprudent attempt to do what many of the greatest had, with good reason, shrunk from. He was thirty-one when, in 1771, he came to England, and he lived here uninterruptedly until his death, more than forty years later. His success in London was even greater than it had been in Paris and at the little Germanic Courts, where he was condescendingly patronised by the *Hochgeboren*. Garrick wanted a man at Drury Lane who could improve upon the olden scene-painting, and, De Loutherbourg seeming to meet his need, "Davy" engaged him at the really handsome salary for a century ago of £500 a year. That was the "basis", of which Mr. Howell's Bartley Hubbard was so enamoured; and De Loutherbourg turned it to good account. The Drury Lane engagement kept him constantly in view; and it is clear that he is entitled to be considered the father of modern scene-painting. His scenery, indeed, was as surprising to playgoers, who had been accustomed to the utmost crudity in the local colour of the stage, as Garrick's acting had been when he burst upon the town and upset all the traditions of the player. There is general agreement that the scenery he painted for the revival of "The Winter's Tale" was his best effort in that direction. How long De Loutherbourg's connection with Drury Lane continued is a little uncertain; but it lasted for some time after Garrick's death. In 1782 he became at once a Showman and an Academician. The show was called the Eidophusikon—a sort of kaleidoscopic panorama—and was intended to "unite the machinist and the painter by giving natural action to perfect resemblance." The aim was not a particularly noble one, and nobody, save perhaps its inventor, can have been very sorry when in a few weeks, despite the undeniable attractions to the Briton of a brass band, the exhibition had to close its doors. Landscape was found to be much more remunerative than the opening of peep-shows, and in that field De Loutherbourg, albeit the butt of Peter Pindar's ribald comparisons, worked industriously until his death. Many of his pictures are scattered about in old country houses: a former Duke of Marlborough had several at splendid White Knights, near Reading, long since demolished. A few of them, such as, for instance, the "Review at Warley," the "Victory of Lord Howe," and the "Siege of Valenciennes," trespass upon ground where the painter was not in the least at home.

For the last twenty-seven years of his life De Loutherbourg lived in Hammersmith Terrace, a row of gaunt, featureless houses facing the river at the commencement of Chiswick Mall. When he first went there the terrace had probably not been built more than twenty years; the Thames washed the lawns in front, while meadows and orchards extended close to the little gardens at the back. To the south there was a fine view across Barnes and Mortlake to the Surrey Hills; to the north, beyond the perfumed orchards and the rugged common-land about Shepherd's Bush and Acton, were the historic heights of Northern London. The river-front of Hammersmith Terrace still has a certain ragged picturesqueness. In De Loutherbourg's time it was mainly occupied by artists, authors, and singers. Arthur Murphy, the actor and playwright, who wrote, *inter multos alios*, "The Grecian Daughter," and compiled an inadequate life of Garrick, lived at No. 15, and was constantly visited there by the leviathans of his time—Johnson, Goldsmith, and the rest. Mrs. Mountain, the vivacious actress and singer, lived at No. 5. De Loutherbourg's house was No. 13. It appears to have been originally two houses, since it is double the width of the others

in the terrace, and rejoices in the luxury of two front doors; the second having been put in by De Loutherbourg as a state entrance for George III., who frequently called upon him. Shortly after he commenced his long residence on the Mall, De Loutherbourg turned alchemist and began to dabble in the black arts. He laid in a stock of crucibles and retorts, and sought diligently for the Secret of Secrets. He did not find it, and the experiments came to a violent end, for one fine day Madame sailed into the laboratory and smashed its contents. Had she been versed in the traditions of the occult sciences she need not have given herself so much trouble, since the laboratory into which a woman enters is thenceforth unholy, and no experiment attempted therein will succeed. Foiled as an alchemist, De Loutherbourg was too much fascinated by the occult to abandon association with its professors. He studied Mesmer and became the bosom-friend of Brothers the Prophet, who professed to remove alike congenital infirmities and organic disease, either by touch or by sympathy. Sharpe, the engraver, who lived lower down on the Mall, at Orford House (demolished only in September last), was of the same company, which was joined a little later by the redoubtable Mrs. De Loutherbourg herself, who, although she drew the line at alchemy, was a sturdy believer in faith-healing. She and her husband believed, honestly enough perhaps, that they had been Divinely granted power to make whole, and no time was lost in proclaiming the possession of the miraculous gift. The pair seem to have "cured" more often by sympathy than by touch, for the sufferer was frequently in another room, and sometimes, indeed, in a distant house.

Soon the fame of the Loutherbourgs spread over London, and early in 1789 the number of patients had become so great that systematic arrangements had to be made for their reception and treatment. A room in the house at Hammersmith Terrace was set apart and called the "Healing Room." Certain days in each week were fixed for the attendance of the half-witted persons who were anxious to be cured so easily and pleasantly; and these arrangements were regularly advertised in the newspapers. Horace Walpole, who, however little he knew about art, assuredly had a keen eye for the follies of his time, mentions these faith-healing *séances* in a letter to the Countess of Ossory: "Loutherbourg the painter has turned inspired physician and has three thousand patients. His sovereign panacea is barley-water; I believe it is as efficacious as mesmerism. Baron Swedenborg's disciples multiply. I am glad of it: the more religions and the more follies the better." On one occasion the whole of the three thousand patients surrounded the house at once; and when the fame of the healings first began to spread, the crowds outside were frequently so large that the "inspired physician" found it difficult to enter or leave the house. In 1789 a Mrs. Mary Pratt wrote, under the *nom de guerre* of "A Lover of the Lamb of God," a pamphlet full of details of Mr. and Mrs. De Loutherbourg's cures. These pious recipients of what Mrs. Pratt calls "the Divine manductions," had at that time cured blindness, deafness, lameness, cancer, loss of speech, palsy, and the king's evil, to say naught of more trivial misfortunes. A boy suffering from the king's evil had been discharged as incurable from St. Bartholomew's Hospital; but in five days De Loutherbourg, without seeing him, had nearly completed his cure. Then there was a feminine personage who made matters unpleasant for her friends when they called upon her. She was possessed of a devil, and was in the habit of biting and scratching those who came near her, very much in the fashion of an insane Grimalkin. She, Mrs. Loutherbourg cured in a trice. A Chelsea news-carrier had an abscess in his side: the Academician placed his right hand upon the sore, and in thirty seconds it was completely healed. Almost as rapid was the giving of hearing and speech to two deaf and dumb girls. A pass of the hand, in the mode of Mesmer, cured an obstinate case of gout in the stomach; and a withered arm was made whole in a few minutes.

During the six months that their fame was at its height the pair "cured" two thousand persons. The "Lover of the Lamb of God" was quite prepared to fall down and worship the two Divinities; and she called upon the Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom she dedicated her pamphlet, to compile a form of prayer to be used in all churches and chapels "that nothing may impede this inestimable gift having free course." By that time the faith-healers had been pulled down from Olympus and had narrowly escaped being lynched. One of the miracles failed, it is said, but it is more probable that the silly creatures, who, in a beatific ecstasy, had imagined themselves cured, were beginning to find that, when the exaltation passed away, their last state was worse than their first. "I have heard people cursing," wailed the "Lover of the Lamb of God," "instead of returning thanks." De Loutherbourg and his wife prudently retired to the country for a time; and I cannot find that the "Healing Room" had many occupants after their return. No fee was charged; but a very good business indeed was done by some clever people who obtained free tickets of admission and sold them at prices ranging from two to five guineas each. The ridicule of his mesmeric healings was not severe enough to drive De Loutherbourg away. He painted industriously during the remaining quarter of a century of his life, and died in Hammersmith Terrace in 1812.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

BEATRICE.

(From the Bust by A. Léonard. Salon, 1885.)

BEATRICE.

From the Bust by Léonard: Salon, 1885.

THIS, an ideal bust of Dante's Beatrice, was M. Léonard's contribution to the Salon of '85. It is a good work of its kind. The type is not unduly lofty; in the expression sweetness is tempered with dignity; the execution, while fully accomplished, is touched with a certain refinement. In the Salon it attracted, we believe, not much attention. In the Royal Academy it would have seemed a masterpiece.

But the French are better sculptors than we. Among them the sculptural tradition has from the first lived vigorously and been highly honoured. Between the Renaissance and the Salon of to-day there is an unbroken chain of excellent achievement. It begins (let us say) with Jean Goujon; it passes on through Puget and Coysevox and the Coustous, through Houdon and Caffieri, through Barye and David D'Angers; and in the present it is illustrious in the work of such masters as Cranck and Falguières, Mercié and Dalou, Chapu and Paul Dubois and, above all, Auguste Rodin.

TABLES AND TABLE CUSTOMS.

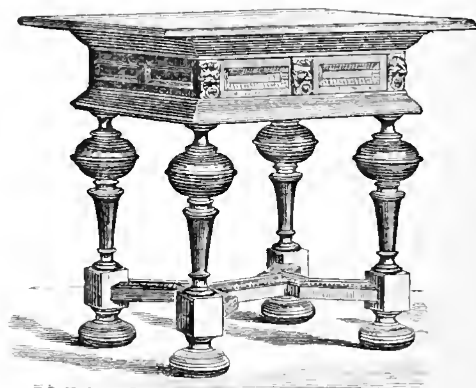
MODERN habits have necessitated the invention of tables of many varieties and shapes—tea-tables, library-tables, writing-tables, kneehole-tables, billiard-tables, work-tables, to say nothing of dressers and tables for the kitchen, and we make them of wood. The ancients made tables in many materials. There are casts of table supports in the South Kensington Museum taken from the originals of bronze in the Museum of Naples; objects discovered in the excavations of Pompeii. The British Museum contains folding tripod-trestles, or table-stands of bronze (iv.) on which was laid a table or board of wood, or a slab of marble. For personal use the slabs of antique tables seem to have been generally made of wood, carefully selected from logs in which the grain was fancifully figured, and from wens and the heads of pollard trees. Roman tables were to be met with in the early centuries of our era in many countries as distant from Italy as our own. Various pieces of furniture are drawn in Anglo-Saxon MS.—now in the British Museum and other libraries—a table, *e.g.*, standing on three lion legs, such as some

I.—SIXTEENTH CENTURY.
(*South Kensington.*)

of those already mentioned; a table of this kind is a copy of an old Roman table, perhaps an actual example still extant when the drawing was made. The dining-table was a board or set of planks, tongued, glued, and held together by battens, fastened on two pair of trestles. Linen table-cloths came very early into use, and they are seen in MS. drawings knotted at the corner of the table. Dr. Rock, in his "Textile Fabrics," assures us that flax was cultivated before Saxon times by the ancient Britons, though not used for clothing, since no shreds of it are found in British tombs.

Ordinary Anglo-Saxon houses having had but one room for general use—such bedrooms as there were being mere sheds and outhouses, mere sleeping berths, and no more—small "occasional" tables must have been in use. Most of them, again, were probably boards hinged and folding, laid on trestles like the large family dinner-table, and movable. If there was but one general or common room, the large table or set of tables at which the lord of the mansion, his family, guests, and servants sat at meals (for all dined together), must have been made so that they could be stowed on one side during hours devoted by the family to their ordinary occupations. Food from the dinner and alms were distributed after meals, to the poor, by the lady of the house in the porch; from which honourable work she derived her style as the "loaf-giver"—(*hlæfd-ige*)—in old English, *Leved-y*, *Ledy*, Lady.

The Bayeux Tapestry represents Harold seated at table drinking with his henchmen and friends. The table is a segment of a circle. The Norman invasion did not, probably, change the customs of the English for a considerable time; indeed, the Normans more generally conformed to theirs. Norman castles were of enormous solidity in construction, and contained storeys one above another reached by turret-stairs. They contained separate rooms for the men and women of the family, bedrooms, wardrobe-rooms, store-places. But the large hall of our Saxon fore-



II.—FLEMISH: EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

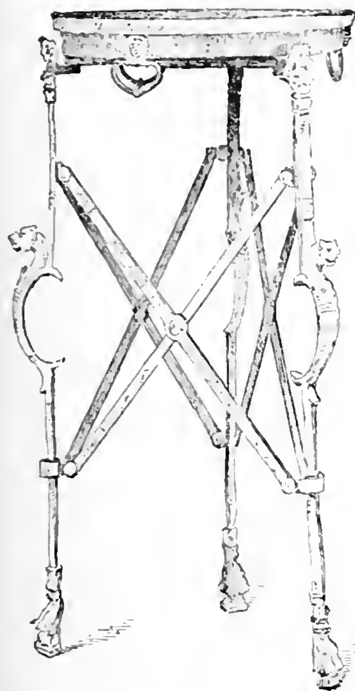
fathers kept its place, and it forms the principal feature of all houses in the Middle Ages, secular as well as religious.

With the enlargement of the house and a greater amount of retirement and privacy, the manners of our mediæval society were gradually moulded into the shape they maintained till the Middle Ages may be said to have come to an end, and, indeed, till long after. The Normans were more temperate at the table, and did not sit drinking to the same extent as had been the custom of the Saxons. They were more lively movers, perhaps, and tables were removed after great dinners that the company might join in a dance. Thirteenth Century houses had also a parlour or talking-room, to which guests might retire, and where conversation, songs, chess, and other games might be carried on. The mediæval hall was in close proximity to the kitchen; an open drain from the scullery sometimes ran through it. It was during the reign of Henry III. that Westminster Hall was drained underground. The hall was not panelled till his time. Tables were arranged along the upper end of ancient halls, and long tables from this one down the sides of the room. The upper or "high" table was on a raised floor, or daïs, a step above that of the body of the room. Here were seated, in the centre, the lord of the house, his guests, and family. At a later period this part of the hall was lighted by an oriel window, as at Hampton Court.

This was the general arrangement of tables for meals and those ceremonial

III.—A ROYAL DINNER-TABLE: FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

feasts or banquets of which mention is frequently made in old records. Coronations, marriages, baptisms of heirs to the throne, the granting of civic privileges, truces, reconciliations with turbulent provinces or factious corporations, were celebrated by joyous feasts. Concessions are always more easy when hearts have been softened by plenteous food and good old wine. On such occasions a room like Westminster Hall scarcely sufficed. The whole of Palace Yard was sometimes covered in with booths, and open house to all comers kept for a fortnight. Knights and lords rode into their places on horseback, sometimes abandoning the horse to the first citizen who caught him.



IV.—ROMAN: BRONZE.

(South Kensington.)

Mediæval tables (III.) were laid for guests on the outer side only; the inner was reserved for service. There are records of round tables, that is, narrow tables running round a circle in the way already alluded to, as shown in the Bayeux Tapestry; the inside left with openings for attendants to serve the guests who sat on the outer side. King Arthur held his court and entertained his famous knights round such a table. When Edward III. had instituted the Order of the Garter, he held high festival at Windsor Castle with tournaments and dances. He built the Round Tower for the use of the fraternity. The Chapter-House was to have been two hundred feet in diameter, and to have held a round table at which he and his twenty-four knights could be seated. The shape of the table was intended to show the absolute equality of the knights of the order. It is said that a large oaken table was found some years ago in the Round Tower; whether it is there now we do not know. Cathedral Chapters assembled in a round or octagonal building, and dined at a round table, to show the equality of the members of the Chapter.

The tables of the Tudor age, which we still possess in our ancient halls, are solid, hard to move, with huge baluster legs, carved sometimes with leaf-work, sometimes with strap-patterns. Before touching on the smaller tables proper for parlours and withdrawing-rooms, a word must be said about sideboards. In great halls sideboards were slabs (boards) placed in convenient places for cutting up meat, or for resting plates and dishes. Others were arranged at the end of the room opposite the high table, to hold silver or gilt or other plate; generally in two, three, or more stages, according to the family splendour in that respect. A recognised rule seems to have prevailed in France. So many degrees, steps, or shelves were allowable for counts, so many for dukes, princes, and so on. The reader will recall to mind pictures of Paolo Veronese (the feast in Levi's house, to wit) in which rows and rows of silver salvers and dishes are ranged against the wall, as was the custom in the painter's day on great occasions. Such structures were literally *side boards*. In Wolsey's palace at Hampton Court the sideboard, or cupboard, as it was called, at great banquets was "as long as the chamber was in breadth." (The inner hall, we may presume), "with six 'deskes' (shelves) garnyshed with guilt plate, and the nethermost deske was garnyshed all with gold plate." A pair of silver-gilt candlesticks with lights (branches). "This cupboard was barred round about." There was abundance of plate for use during the meals, and these costly objects were not required to be taken down from their places.

Sideboards, with receptacles closed with doors, were used for smaller rooms. There are several examples at South Kensington. They have little

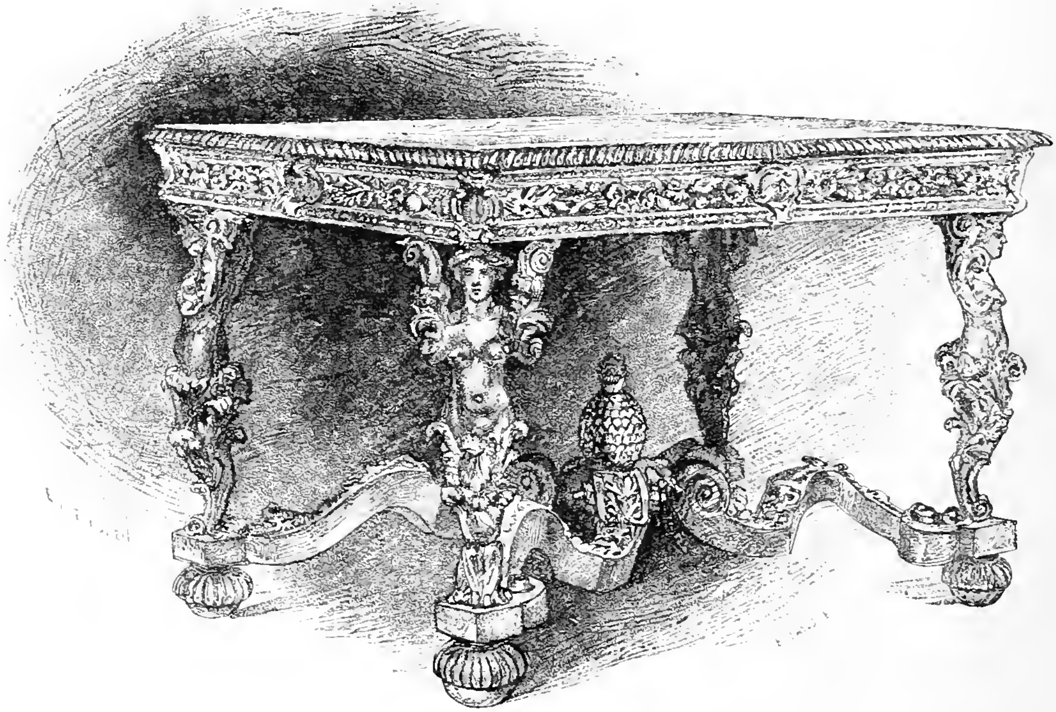
V.—ELIZABETHAN.

(South Kensington.)

presses, one set above another, the doors covered with carving, sometimes with figures of saints or of the cardinal virtues; after the Renaissance, with classical

goddesses or allegorical figures. Most of these buffets are made with one, two, three, or more shelves above them, on which upon occasion plate and so forth can be displayed.

We have seen, in the chapter on beds, that a small buffet of this kind was generally a part of the furniture of bedrooms in the later mediæval times. In Flanders we meet with such a buffet, closed with doors above as well as below—a mere press—but with the upper door made up of little arches, constructed to admit air and to keep food. They are called, I should mention, after the Beguines, or Sisters of Charity, each of whom keeps her own food.



VI.—SILVER.
(*Windsor Castle.*)

Small tables for daily use were made in many shapes—some supported on thick boards at each end shaped into cusped arches; others were on one central support, as in a certain sort of card-table, from which has grown a complete family of tables supported on a stem branching into three stems, the tea-tables of a former generation. Here (v.) is one of Elizabethan date on three legs; it is made to turn up, and the top is secured to one of the legs, which is hinged, by a socket and peg. English tables were often made with two thicknesses, the lower pulling out at each end, and resting on supports drawn out from the bed of the table; others again with hinged flaps, and tables of this kind we still use. Beautiful Sixteenth Century tables (I.) are to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, supported on a central row of arches, the two end supports spreading out horizontally to give a firm footing. It is important to note that these shapes survive in what are called Pembroke tables.

We ought to notice here the silver tables of the Seventeenth Century. Tables of the precious metals are heard of in mediæval records. Joanna, daughter of Henry II., claimed as legacies from her husband, the King of Sicily, a chair and footstools of massive gold, a table of the same metal, twelve feet long on trestles. These were portents in the way of costly furniture. But in the Seventeenth Century, Louis the Magnificent in his Versailles, and the Stuart princes in this country, made themselves much silver furniture, tables amongst them. Two or three still belong to the royal plate closet in Windsor Castle (VI.); one was made in the reign of William and Mary. In the last century fine ladies had their small Chippendale tea-tables covered with a large silver salver as large or larger than the table, and tea, then a costly beverage, was served upon it. Chippendale is a name connected with tables as with chairs. We meet with Chippendale tables of which the raised edge is in broken curves, and moulded in imitation of the great salvers just mentioned; others are surrounded with little galleries made of

tiny balustrades; others again are of extraordinary lightness, and called spider-tables. The workmanship as well as the material are admirable. Tables covered with veneers of fine-grained woods, very finely figured

VII.—A CHIPPENDALE DRESSING-TABLE.

(*South Kensington.*)

pieces of satinwood, rosewood, and other materials, were made during the latter quarter of the last century. A little satinwood toilet-table can be seen in the South Kensington Museum (VII.). The front is shaped like Cupid's bow, with a heart-shaped mirror over. It is painted with garlands and other decoration, and with little figures in medallions, the work of the fair Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, and other artists, employed eighty years ago. Work-tables, the tops hinged and with a silk bag below; loo-tables; whist-tables; standard-tables of marble with hammered iron supports; tables on classic trapezophoras, or on lion-head, and leg supports, need no comment. Every reader will have seen these and other varieties in scores of houses with which he is acquainted. They follow the traditions of other times, for modern inventiveness has produced little that is actually new in table construction. J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

ALDERMAN BOYDELL.

JOHN BOYDELL, Alderman and Lord Mayor of London, born in 1719, was brought up as an engraver. The art, with the exception of portrait engraving, mostly in mezzotint, was almost entirely confined to book illustration, and largely in the hands of foreigners. We may estimate the position of the ordinary practitioners from the character of the designers and their rate of remuneration. The general price of a design was one guinea; Samuel Wale, a Foundation Member of the Royal Academy, thought himself most liberally dealt with when on one occasion he received half-a-crown extra per design; and Hayman, enjoying the greatest reputation among them, rarely, if ever, got more than two guineas. Nothing but slovenly work could be expected under such circumstances, nor was it likely that anything but wretched productions of the graver could be inspired; progress seemed hardly possible. Hogarth had, however, already done something in this direction. On the publication of the "Harlot's Progress" in 1733, it is said that there were but two printsellers in the whole of London; the success of this work provoked many piracies, and, in 1735, Hogarth obtained from Parliament a Copyright Act, for the protection of engravers. This gave the inventor or designer an exclusive right of publication for fourteen years, a penalty being laid upon all who should pirate such works or any part of them. Thenceforward the trade in prints became more secure, and the business a flourishing one, as exemplified in the increased number of publishers. But when Hogarth required other hands than his own upon his work, he could find no native assistant of sufficient ability, and had to have recourse to foreigners. The outlook for an engraver, especially one of mediocre talent, was anything but promising, yet eventually Boydell not only achieved a fortune for himself, but exerted a most beneficial influence on his own and the sister arts, and materially aided, as I shall have occasion to show, the development of very many young men of talent.

In 1741 he began to publish a collection of landscape views, which, though very poor stuff in themselves, and which a little later would hardly have been vendible, obtained at this time a very considerable success, and inaugurated those extensive enterprises which, in the end, raised him to the highest civic dignity in the City of London. He quaintly alludes to this in a letter to Mrs. Carey, sister of Sir Joseph Banks, on presenting her with the engravings in question:—"Alderman Boydell's respectful compliments to Miss Banks, desires her acceptance of a collection of prints. The author does not claim any merit in the execution of them, but presumes it may be thought worthy of remark that it is the only book that ever had the honour of making a Lord Mayor of London. Cheapside, 29th March, 1792."

He continued the publication of folio prints, at one shilling each, from 1741 to 1755; and not content to progress himself, he embarked the proceeds in various artistic speculations, which at first took the form of employing the best of his brother engravers in the reproduction of the Old Masters. At the outset the success of such a career must have seemed somewhat dubious, though the position was certainly improving with rapid strides. Strange, in 1750, began to publish on his own account his celebrated prints from masterpieces of art. During the next year or two Knapton and Dodsley produced a series of historical prints from designs by Hayman and Nicholas Blaikey, the first series ever published, be it noticed, of English historical engravings from English designs. Dalton began his publications in 1752, but employed foreign engravers chiefly, and in 1755 Stuart began his famous work on Athens. Thus Boydell's speculations were well timed. He gave employment to some of the best men we have produced, as Woollett, Earlom, Heath, Baron, J. Smith, Val. Green, Fittler, J. McArdell. One of his most important undertakings was the publication of the celebrated Houghton Gallery, afterwards sold to the Empress of Russia, which, besides employing the engravers, also kept busy the pencils of George and Joseph Farington, who made most of the drawings. Among other draughtsmen engaged on this important work were George Robertson, Martin, Haide, and Greese.

Perhaps the most famous of all the prints with which Boydell was concerned was William Woollett's masterpiece, "The Death of General Wolfe," after West, and by far the best picture he ever painted. Undoubtedly the subject, naturally flattering to the *amour propre* of the nation, had much to do with the extraordinary success of the plate. Woollett himself received between £6,000 and £7,000 for it, and Boydell estimated his own receipts for this single work at £15,000. Single impressions sold for nineteen and a half guineas as early as 1824 (Masterman Sykes Sale). While on this part of the subject I must not omit to mention that the great and continued success of the "Wolfe" plate tempted Boydell to indulge in that most reprehensible practice, the

working up the worn plate, and selling impressions as the engraver's original work, in this case as "unlettered proofs." The discovery of the deception led to a clever satirical letter from an anonymous writer, purporting to come from the deceased Woollett. It begins thus:—"From the Banks of the Stygian Lake, 1791. My Lord,—It is rumoured by the numberless shades of famished artists who daily arrive in these gloomy regions, that an attack has been made upon the reputation I left in the upper world, of a nature so grievous, that, even at this distance from the busy scenes of life, it has quite destroyed my peace, and hindered me from passing into the happy bowers of Elysium, the grim ferryman refusing me a passage from these dreary shores till my 'perturbed spirit is at rest.'" It ends, "I, therefore, humbly take my leave for the present, trusting in your Lordship's goodness, and that the money you have so generously subscribed towards erecting a monument to my memory on account of my having executed those very works which have been so basely spoiled, will now be employed towards bringing to condign punishment the wretch who has so shamefully imposed upon the liberality of a generous public, and who, by cruelly defacing the print of the 'Death of General Wolfe,' has destroyed the only monument desired by the injured—WILLIAM WOOLLETT." This was sufficiently severe; but the incident referred to was, I believe, the only flaw in the commercial character of the publisher; otherwise his dealings with artists were marked, not only by liberality, but also by the strictest integrity, to which testimony is not wanting. Woollett's first important plate for Boydell was the "Niobe," after Richard Wilson, in 1761. This brought the publisher over £2,000, and the engraver not less than some £120.

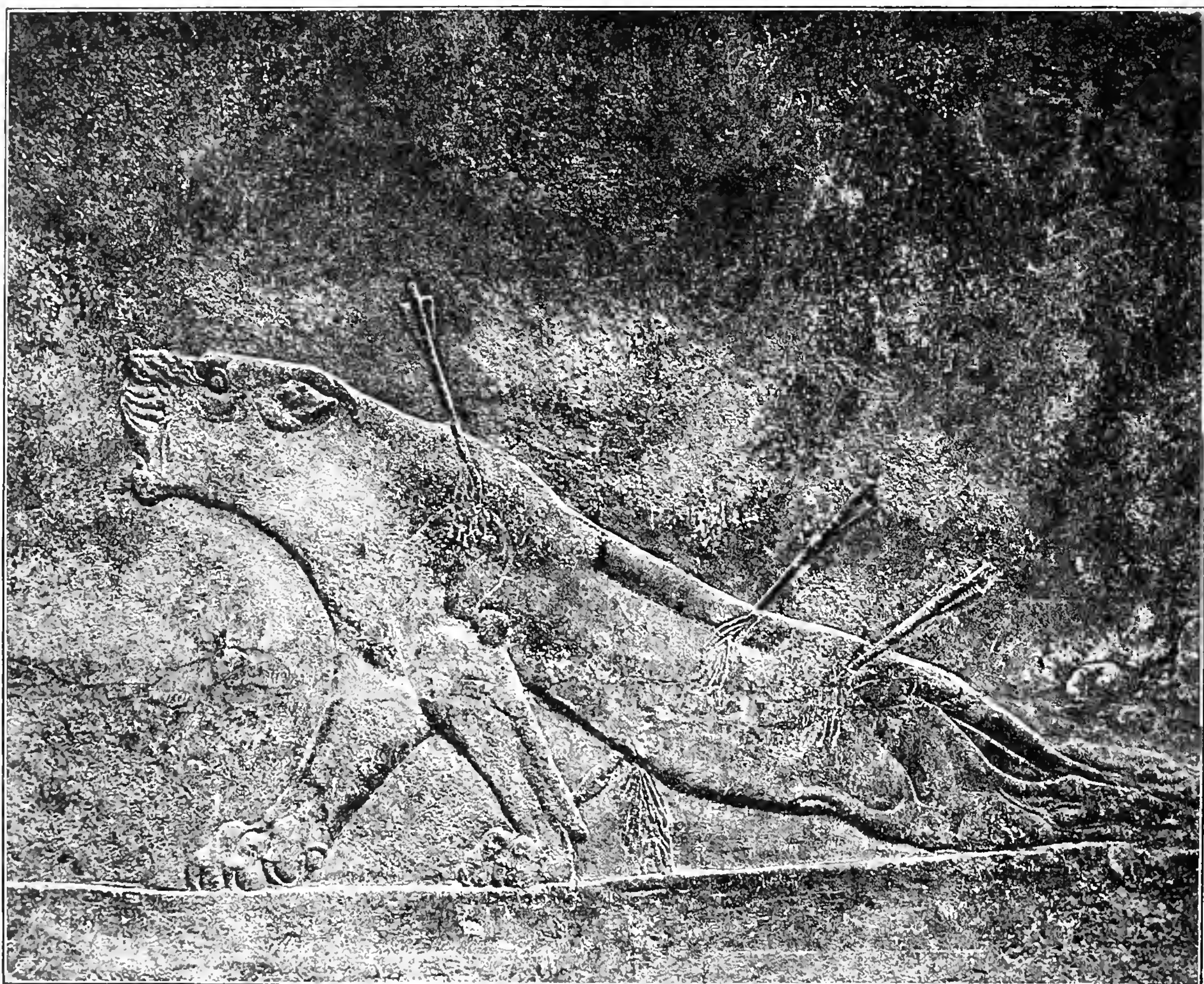
In all Boydell's enterprises success followed rapidly upon success. The distribution of his publications, including very many reproductions of English paintings, was not confined to our own country, but the fame of our engravers spread over the whole continent. A trade of remarkable extent grew up, completely reversing the position of half a century previous. The Earl of Suffolk stated in the House of Lords, during the debate on Boydell's Lottery Bill, that the revenue coming into the country from this source exceeded, at one time, £200,000 per annum. It was the general opinion that much of it was attributable to the operations of Alderman Boydell. Here is further confirmation:—West, in Prince Hoare's "Academic Annals," says: "Nor here should be wholly omitted the name of Boydell, who, with a laudable commercial enthusiasm, spread by engravings the celebrity of British art through the civilised world."

While Boydell had been making a fortune out of engraving, the position of painting in England had wholly changed. Hogarth, though flouted and despised, had shown that England could produce a painter. In 1752 Reynolds returned to England, and though greeted by Jack Ellys with "Kneller in painting and Shakespeare in poetry (!)," soon earned a European fame. Gainsborough had built up a reputation at Bath, and found a career ready for him on settling in London; Romney became the acknowledged rival of both; Opie, the "Cornish Wonder," and "English Caravaggio," thought of investing in cannon to keep the crowd from his door; West was receiving a prodigality of royal patronage, amounting in the end to fully £40,000; Morland was earning and squandering a large income. This remarkable outburst of talent soon placed England in a foremost position in art. There was one department, however, which was still insignificant—historical painting. Reynolds, West, Barry, and others offered to paint the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral gratuitously, but Bishop Terrick refused the offer as a Popish project. Barry painted the great room at the Society of Arts with the "History of Human Culture," hoping for no other reward than the advancement of the arts of this country, and existing meanwhile, he says, mainly on bread and apples. With the same end in view, Reynolds painted the designs for the great window at New College, Oxford. But still historical art languished, equally with landscape; Wilson had starved on his fame, and Gainsborough would have done likewise had he not painted portraits. Those like Barry, who relied on history and disdained "face painting," found life a path of thorns indeed. Years later Northcote attempted to dissuade the ill-starred Haydon, then an ambitious youth, full of hopeful enthusiasm, from entering upon the career. "You want to be an historical painter? Then you will starve! You must paint portraits here!" Probably the painters themselves, apart from the question of capability, were somewhat to blame in this matter. There was a general tendency to subjects of horror; in the effort to be tragic they became morbid. It will be remembered that Sir Richard Grosvenor insultingly refused Hogarth's "Sigismunda," which he had commissioned, on this very ground. By-the-bye, the picture, which is now in the National Gallery, was bought by Boydell at the sale of Mrs. Hogarth's effects. Of Reynolds's few historical efforts, three are horrible: the "Death of Cardinal Beaufort," the "Death of Dido," and "Ugolino;" the most prominent works of Opie and Northcote were murder scenes; and the same, I regret to add, may be said generally of almost every painter of the time who attempted history.

ALFRED BEAVER.

MORE ABOUT ART IN ASSYRIA.

HERE is a people amenable, as we have seen, to great ideas, and possessed of an inherent energy which outlived the warring and conquering Assyrian power; how are we to account for its art being so heavens mainly as a province to be measured and mapped out, and the consequence is that while he did wonders with them, they could do very little with him. His religion was real, but not spiritual in a

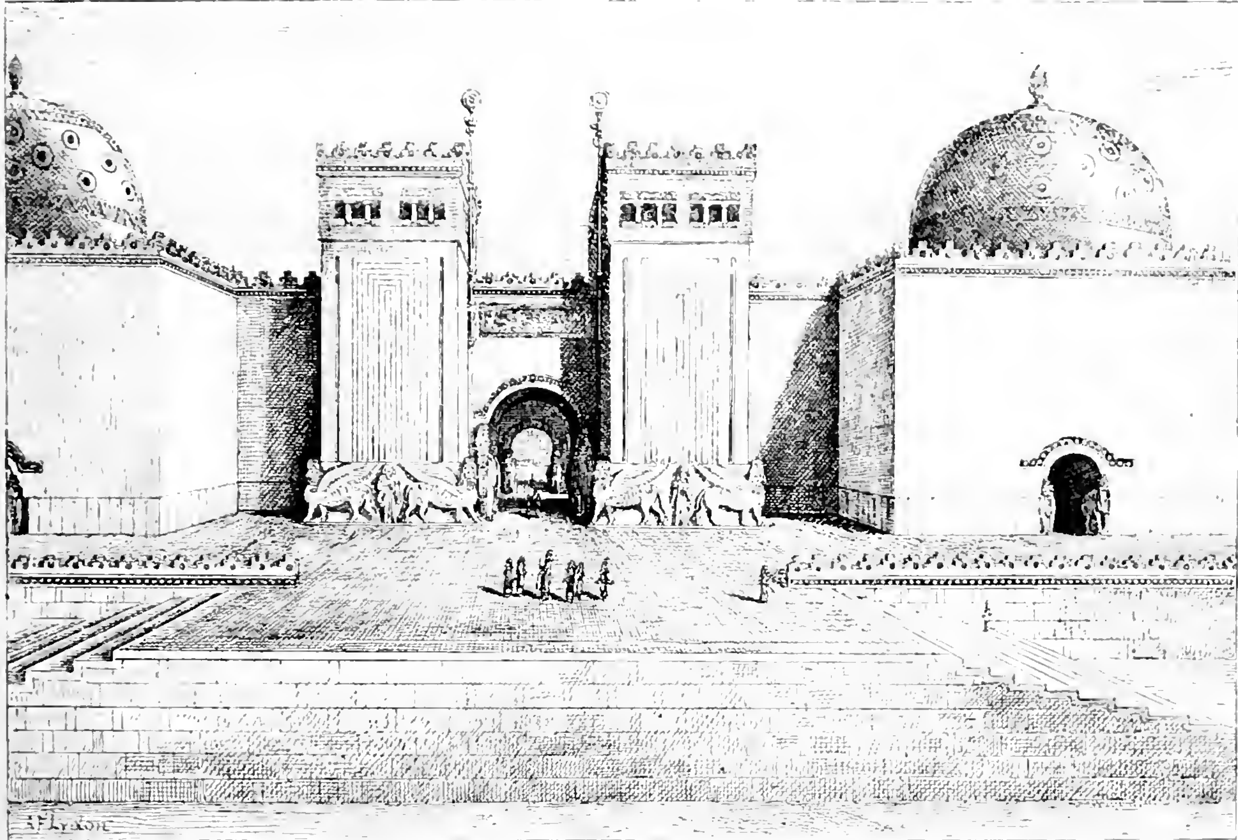


IV.—A WOUNDED LIONESS: FROM THE HUNT OF ASSUR-BANI-PAL.

(*British Museum*)

very mean and meagre? The Chaldaean heard, as did Egypt, the voices of the vast desert solitudes and of the illimitable skies, luring the thinker to a cause and end behind and beyond nature; stirring his soul to impatience of restraint, and urging it past all confines. To these voices, too, he yielded; but he did not yield enough. Reason in him fettered imagination; his genius was outward, scientific, critical, rather than introspective and receptive: he regarded the high sense; and his speculations were not of things unseen: there was no growth or expansion in what he deemed of life and death. Otherwise he might have triumphed over a natural restriction, which, like the hieratic canon in the case of the Egyptian artist, was allowed to stunt his very vigorous vitality. He had no stone; hence sculpture must always have been to him an unknown art; and he was deprived of one powerful incentive to attempts at architectural

elevation. His alluvial level supplied no quarry, and the difficulty and cost of transport from the rocky fringe of the Arabian desert rendered stone practically inaccessible; the explorer therefore looks in vain for any fragment of pillar or capital or architrave. The architect, the builder, of Chaldæa had to content himself with his mud, which made excellent bricks; but we can understand how the limitation to this mean material "froze the genial current of his soul;" and how in his land design and execution were inevitably repressed and pauperised.



V.—SARGON'S PALACE, KHORSABAD: THE SOUTH-EASTERN GATE.

Now it is extremely curious that this art, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," was not only transferred wholesale by the Assyrians to their own soil, but slavishly imitated and piously perpetuated by them, without development and almost without improvement, throughout their time of empire. His land traversed midway by the Sinjar Hills, and with inexhaustible treasures of stone in Masius on his northern and Zagros on his eastern bounds, this master of the world went on building with clay, and feasting his æsthetic soul upon an "endless meal of brick!" True, in the course of centuries stone did make its way in, bringing with it a richer style; but there was no advance whatever in the principles of construction, nor variation in the main outlines. The notable result of its introduction is that the Assyrian became a sculptor, and from the artist's point of view herein is his renown; it is this alone which has saved him from contempt. Critics make three periods: the first, that of Assur-nassir-pal (*circa* 860 B.C.), marked by simplicity, spirit, and heavy execution; the second, terminating with Esarhaddon (670 B.C.), in which elaborate backgrounds appear, and rich and complex grouping. The third is the culminating era, in the reign of his son and successor, Assur-bani-pal, where the drawing is improved, and we find good foreshortening and a return to plain backgrounds. Still, there is no perspective properly so called, and the growing luxuriousness and effeminacy is shown in the introduction of scenes from the harem.

I have said that the Assyrian impoverished the art which he "conveyed" by emptying it of spiritual conceptions, and that he degraded it by applying it to baser uses. His religion seems to have been a state affair, altogether formal and ceremonial; there was no belief associated with it by which life was in any degree lifted out of its material environment: with him earth was all in all; and his art, in sad contrast to that of Egypt, was secular, realistic, and

base. It strikes us as incredible that a great nation should have been absolutely careless of its dead; and since no vestige of a sepulchre has yet been discovered in their land, it has been suggested that the Assyrians made use of the vast cemeteries in Chaldæa—a practice not without historic parallel. However this may be, no memorials or inscriptions distinctly Assyrian have been found in them, and for all that is yet known it appears that they dismissed their dead from sight without record, "without emotion, hope, or aim," having no questions to ask about them, no anticipations to cherish. The essential earthliness, worldliness, indeed, of the Assyrian is shown also in the circumstance that while the early Egyptian magnified the tomb and the primitive Chaldæan the temple, his chiefest buildings were palaces of extraordinary magnitude and magnificence, to which the temple was a mere (sometimes an insignificant) appanage, the quarters consecrated to the deity being a small fraction of the area appropriated to the monarch's harem. The royal hall of Sardanapalus I. at Nimrud was 160 feet long by 40 feet broad; that of Sennacherib at Koyunjik, 180 feet by 40 feet; his son Esarhaddon constructed one of 165 feet by 62 feet, but the insuperable difficulty of roofing it compelled the builder to spoil the effect of this space by breaking it up with central bits of wall. In Sargon's palace at Khorsabad (v.) were five halls ranging from 87 feet by 25 to 116 feet by 33. The ground-floor had seldom fewer than forty or fifty chambers; sixty-eight have already been excavated at Sennacherib's palace, and a great part of it remains unexplored. The extent of this residence almost rivals that of the temple at Karnak. But the restorations of Fergusson and Layard show these courts and halls, however imposing in area and in colossal statuary, to be utterly destitute of inventiveness or of artistic charm. There are no glooms or shadowy recesses, or suggestive expedients or decorations; all is open, staring, glaring, barbaric, and tawdry. Guarding the entrance of hall or corridor are huge winged bulls; beside them, on the perpendicular panels of the wings, are hawk-headed divinities, and the horizontal panels of the side walls are filled with representations of mere matter-of-fact every-day incidents taken from battle, from the chase, from court ceremonial; or the great winged bulls occupy the centres of the side walls, and the other figures and scenes are set around them as before, all being in relief. These arrangements appear to have prevailed with a tiresome monotony, and all the details are equally uninteresting. The temple was not comparable with the palace; but so far as it went it was made splendid. The description of the Temple of Bel at Babylon reads like the sort of heaven to which Miss Kilmansegg would like to go when she dies. It was a pyramid of eight square stages, the basement being 200 yards each way. In the shrine at the summit was a golden image of the god 40 feet high, two other statues also of gold, a golden table 40 feet long by 15 feet broad, with many other colossal objects likewise golden. The basement contained a second shrine, with two images and a table, all of solid gold. Outside the chapel were two altars, and of these the smaller was of gold. It is a relief after this to go into the suburbs. Out there, at Borsippa, is a similar temple of seven stages, each coloured to represent the planetary spheres, the azure of the sixth (Mercury) being obtained by the vitrifaction of the bricks after the stage had been completed. Assyria has little else to show us. She could never deal with stone as the Egyptians did. Her columns and her pilasters are small and feeble; their capitals are devoid of grace or beauty; their bases bad, rounded at bottom, and resting on a flat slab or on the depressed back of a couchant, or, stranger still, of a walking, beast. It is supposed that Assyria gave the Greek his Doric and Ionic forms. It may be so; but, at all events, the Greek dealt with them as Shakespeare with old plays, so irradiated and transfigured them as to make them unrecognisable to their own authors. Neither did she distinguish herself in the matter of obelisks. Few have been found. There is one of black basalt, 7 feet high, in the British Museum. She, however, appears to have known, and to have applied on a small scale, the principle of the arch.

In the representation of natural figures better may be said of her. It would be strange if the violent activities provoked by her incessant campaigns, and the military vigour which, under Esarhaddon, achieved the unsurpassed march of nearly 1,000 miles from his capital, 280 of which lay through arid desert, had not found expression in the artist's work. His men and beasts are all vitalised, and exhibit an unusual animation. The rapt and dreaming faces are here wide awake and vigilant, the couchant figures have sprung to their feet, the forms once seated are eager and alert; and though the spell is broken, though all is disenchantment and disillusion, we must note the fact and interpret its significance. The warriors are of exceeding thew and sinew, stalwart of frame, brawny of limb; they hurl their whole force into their action. All that can be done they do with a thoroughness not to be surpassed. When they must be still they throw their irrepressible energy even into inaction, and human beings and colossal lions and bulls thrust their feet down on earth as though they would take root in it, and stand,

"Like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved."

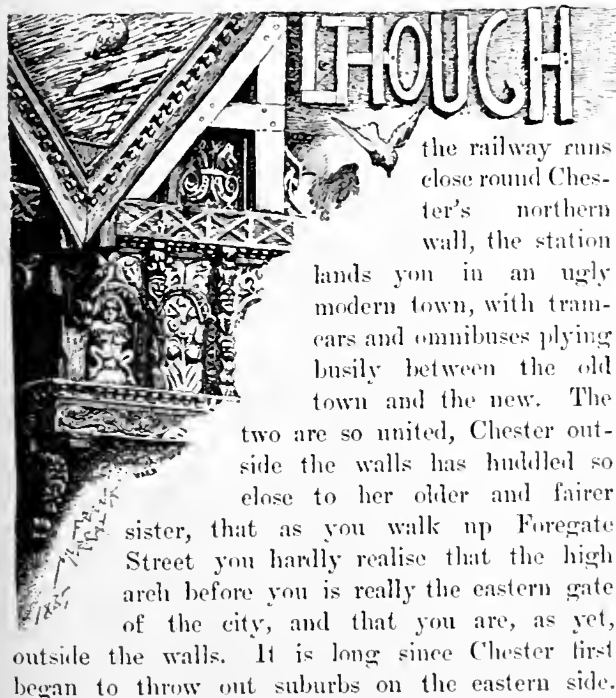
The hunted beasts run or fight with all their might; the dying lion dies hard, with contorted limbs, with

extended claws, gnashing his terrible teeth and growling in rage and resentment (IV.). There is no mistaking, as we gaze, the stern, strong, swift Ravager among the peoples, the lion with eagle's wings of Hebrew vision, the Romans (as they have well been called) of the ancient world, with might to pull down the nations under them, and with force to keep them there. We understand the steady extension of her domination until it swept from the Halys to the Mediterranean, and from the Persian desert to the Caspian Sea. Yet there is much coarseness about it all, and the brag of Rabshakeh is clearly a distinguishing feature of the national character. The forms moulded in clay surpass the products of the chisel, and evince an accurate eye and a practised hand; nevertheless Egypt, excelling always in descriptive outline, never could have done anything so bad as some of the Assyrian delineations, where rhinoceroses and antelopes have the same type of frame, the same stout legs, the same massive muscles, thighs, and hip-joints, and all sorts of monkeys can scarcely be distinguished from the "human form divine." Nor is the Assyrian grouping or perspective other than pitiful. In matters like these, involving reach or faculty, she fails.

Not for want of energy nor of power, there is superabundant evidence of both. They were enormous builders, the Accadian settlers on the marshy lowland, the Semitised colonists of the hilly highland. Ctesiphon gives an area for Babylon, with her hundred brazen gates, which is five times that of London. The wall of Nineveh was 150 feet high in the time of Xenophon; a four-horse chariot could turn about on that of Babylon; and Nebuchadnezzar's palace was girt by a wall seven miles in circumference, while trees and flowers were grown on terrace above terrace raised on successive tiers of arches to a height of 75 feet. Why, then? She was handicapped, no doubt, by the strange obstruction inherent in Semitic blood; but the Arab showed that he at least was capable of fine architectural achievements. Is it because perennial war and centuries of conquest left no leisure for thought and culture? Greece led a life of constant stir and tumult; but this never restrained her intellectual and spiritual development. The cold, indifferent pride of the Egyptian countenance does not promise more than the hard, grim cruelty of the Assyrian features; yet the art of Egypt fascinates all ages, it touches what is deepest in the human heart, while that of Assyria rouses no enthusiasm, and is chiefly of interest to the historian and the antiquarian. I trace the infinite difference to this source: the Egyptian had the capacity for great questions and for high aspirations; whereas the Assyrian had no thought or care beyond this present life.

WM. HOLMDEN.

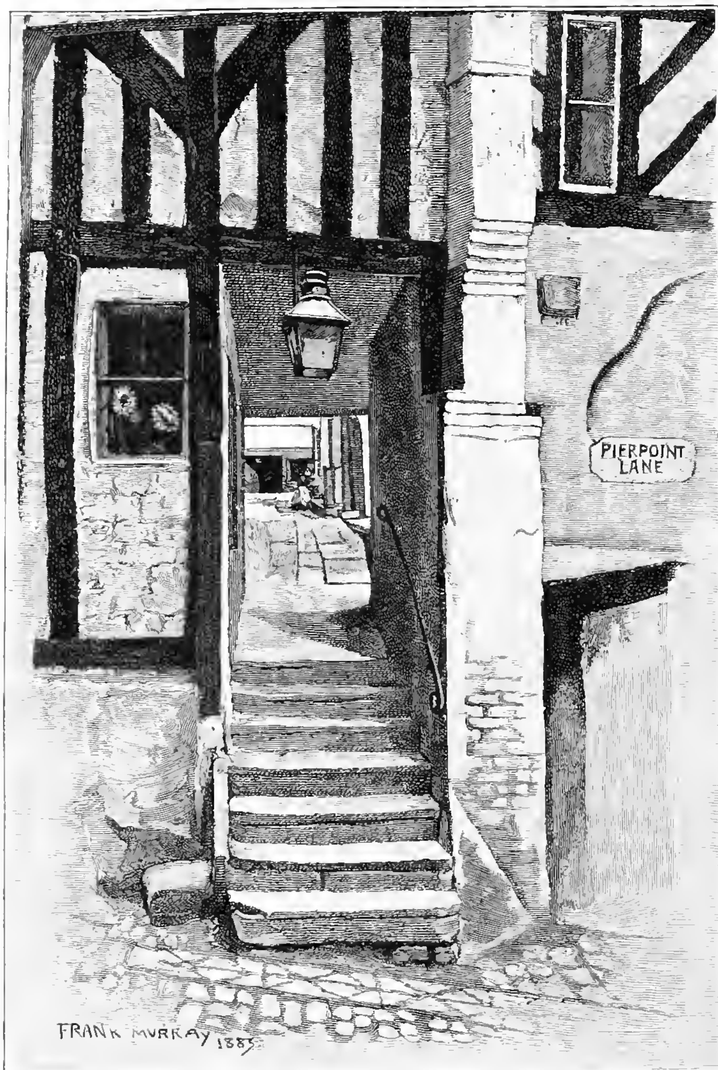
CHESTER.



[A]LTHOUGH the railway runs close round Chester's northern wall, the station lands you in an ugly modern town, with tram-cars and omnibuses plying busily between the old town and the new. The two are so united, Chester outside the walls has huddled so close to her older and fairer sister, that as you walk up Foregate Street you hardly realise that the high arch before you is really the eastern gate of the city, and that you are, as yet, outside the walls. It is long since Chester first began to throw out suburbs on the eastern side. There was already, in the days of Charles I., quite a town outside this wall—a town which was fortified by outworks, and which was of such importance that when the Parliamentarians possessed themselves "of all the city outside the East Gate," it was felt that the end was near because the Roundheads could now draw the mouths of their cannon to the very gates, and concentrate their force on the walls of the city. All day the cannon roared against barricaded East Gate; all day the Roundheads, with guns and scaling-ladders, attacked the walls, but every head as it appeared above the height was thrust down into the depths, and the breach at last effected was stealthily repaired by night, so that, despairing to subdue the dauntless heart of Chester, the Cromwellians changed the siege into a close blockade, and starved into submission those who could not be overcome by force.

The walls, still standing and complete, are Chester's pride; they are the only walls in the kingdom that are preserved entire, and in such repair as to serve for a public walk. There is a staircase to their

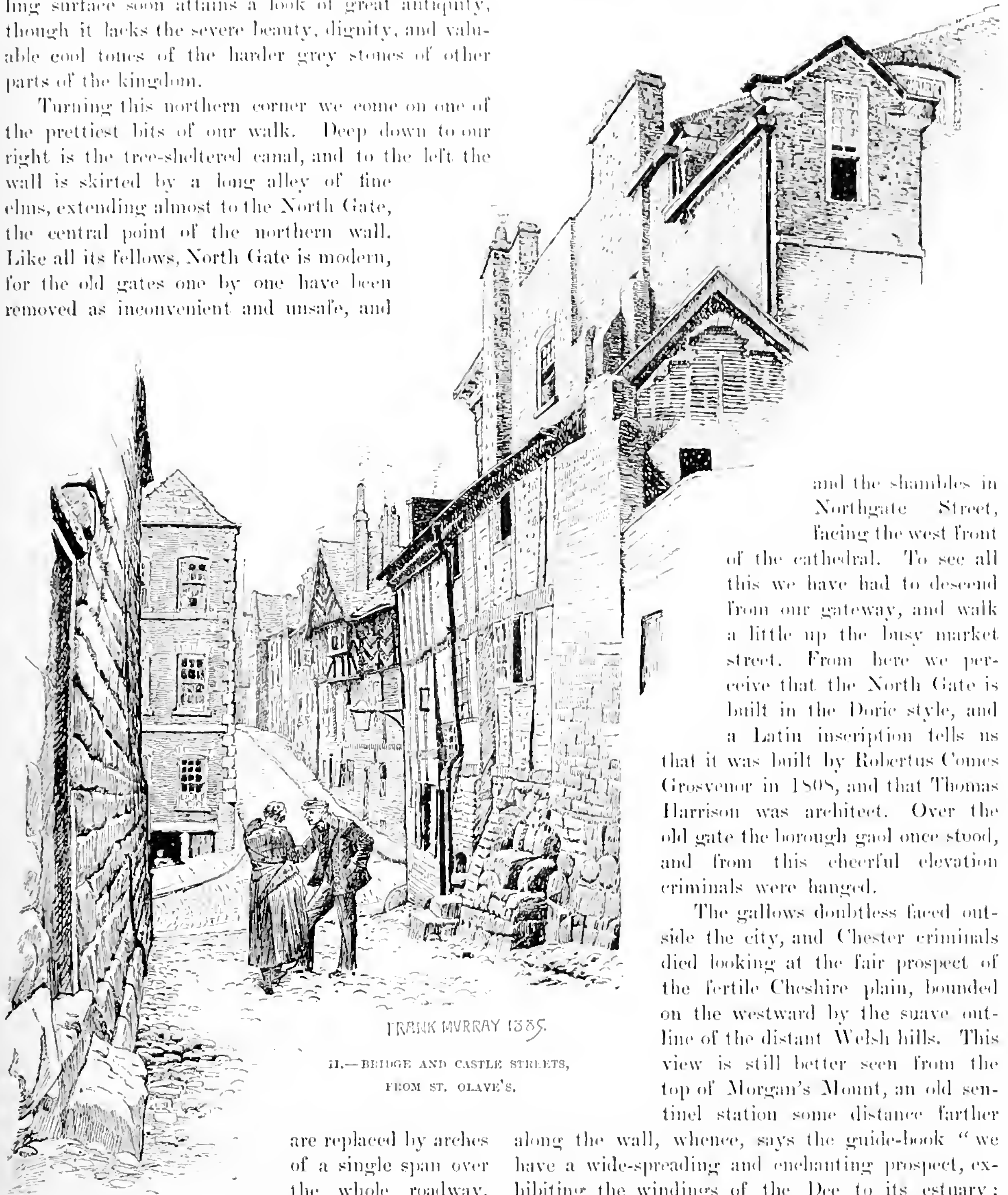
summit just by East Gate, so we will go up and stroll around these walls that still stand on the foundations the Romans laid for them more than eighteen hundred years ago. Warfare and time have played havoc with them, and it is only here and there that the antiquaries find a few stones of Roman masonry; those we walk on date for the most part only from the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, and these needed restoration after the siege of the Seventeenth. They have quite lost their warlike look, these walls, railed in on either side and flagged, and at every step you see some ragged little urchin imperilling his life by strange gymnastic feats around the iron bars. Then there are groups of trippers and tourists (with whom, of course, we have no part): women with little wicker baskets suggestive of luncheon; men with satchels hanging from their shoulders, and the orange binding of Cresty's "Chester Guide" very visible. Such is the present aspect of Chester walls. Only a few yards to the north of East Gate we pass the cathedral, a fine specimen of ornamented Gothic, too recently restored for perfect picturesqueness, but charming with its accessories of green churchyard and trees (v.). Near by is the Abbey Square, the only square Chester can boast, famous as the scene of the old Whitsun plays, and in whose gateway the Chester martyr, George Marsh, was imprisoned until he was burnt for heresy. The cathedral and the square lie within the walls, and therefore to our left. The Phœnix Tower, from whose summit Charles watched the defeat of his cavalry, turns its face outwards, and now looks down on nothing more warlike than the Chester and Ellesmere Canal, whose silent waters glide along the base of the whole of the north wall. Like the cathedral and St. John's, like the walls themselves,



I.—IN PIERPOINT LANE: A STAIRWAY LEADING TO THE ROWS.

and, indeed, all the great buildings of Chester, the Phenix Tower is of red sandstone, whose soft crumbling surface soon attains a look of great antiquity, though it lacks the severe beauty, dignity, and valuable cool tones of the harder grey stones of other parts of the kingdom.

Turning this northern corner we come on one of the prettiest bits of our walk. Deep down to our right is the tree-sheltered canal, and to the left the wall is skirted by a long alley of fine elms, extending almost to the North Gate, the central point of the northern wall. Like all its fellows, North Gate is modern, for the old gates one by one have been removed as inconvenient and unsafe, and are replaced by arches of a single span over the whole roadway. From them you get good bird's-eye views of the four main streets which meet in the open space where St. Peter's Church marks the site of the Prætorium; where the market cross and pillory once stood, and where the bull-baiting and marketing took place. But even the marketing is now removed to the new market-place, that stands shoulder to shoulder with the town-hall and the shambles in Northgate Street, facing the west front of the cathedral. To see all this we have had to descend from our gateway, and walk a little up the busy market street. From here we perceive that the North Gate is built in the Doric style, and a Latin inscription tells us that it was built by Robertus Comes Grosvenor in 1808, and that Thomas Harrison was architect. Over the old gate the borough gaol once stood, and from this cheerful elevation criminals were hanged.



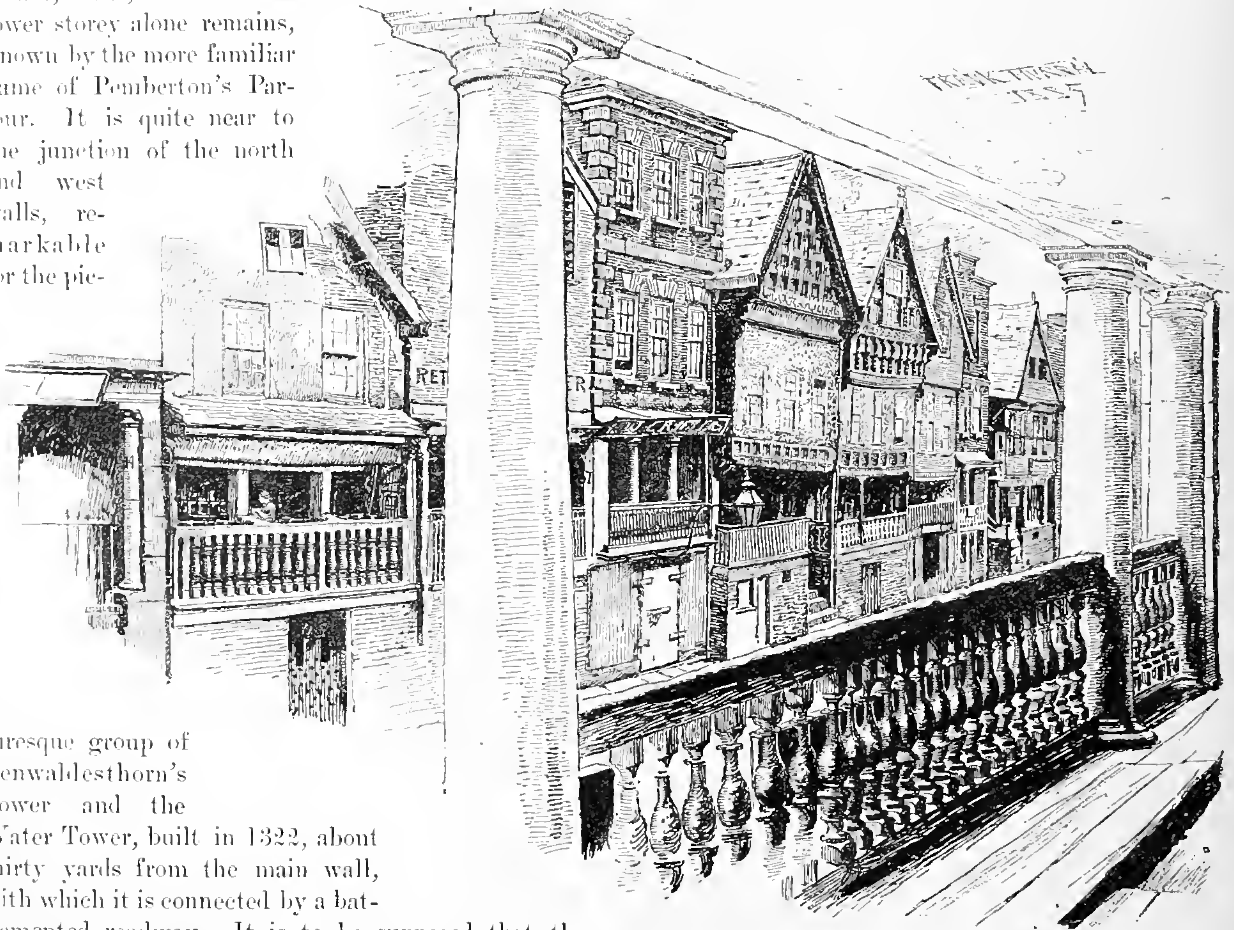
II.—BRIDGE AND CASTLE STREETS, FROM ST. OLAVE'S.

The gallows doubtless faced outside the city, and Chester criminals died looking at the fair prospect of the fertile Cheshire plain, bounded on the westward by the suave outline of the distant Welsh hills. This view is still better seen from the top of Morgan's Mount, an old sentinel station some distance farther along the wall, whence, says the guide-book "we have a wide-spreading and enchanting prospect, exhibiting the windings of the Dee to its estuary; Flint Castle; the Jubilee Column on Moel Famman; the lighthouse at the Point of Ayr; the beautiful range of the Clwyddian Hills, and the Church and Castle of Hawarden." That all these things are to be seen I doubt not; but they do not thrust themselves upon one's notice with the vivid self-assertion that

the description implies, and to all save the very enterprising tourist these landmarks will remain veiled in the soft haze of distance, and Morgan's Mount be merely a pleasant place where one may rest awhile, noting the dreamy vaporous stillness of the plain.

A little farther you come to the remains of another watch-tower, once called the "Goblin's Tower," but, now that its lower storey alone remains, known by the more familiar name of Pemberton's Parlour. It is quite near to the junction of the north and west walls, remarkable for the picturesque group of Benwaldesthorn's Tower and the Water Tower, built in 1322, about thirty yards from the main wall, with which it is connected by a battlemented roadway. It is to be supposed that the Dee had already receded some distance from the main wall, for the Water Tower was intended as a defence against marine invaders; but it now stands high and dry, with a tiny public garden and a whole network of railway lines about its base, and quite a distance of streets and fields before we come to the narrow waters of the sandy Dee. Nature has borne her full share in the changing of Chester: the Dee has moved far from this western wall; where the harbour once was streets and fields are now; large ships can no longer enter Chester Port, and Liverpool has taken into the ampler Mersey the commerce that once came to the city on the Dee.

But in the old times Chester doubled the parts of Liverpool and Holyhead. Here Dr. Cole rested when bearing Queen Mary's commission for the prosecution of Protestants in Ireland, and here Mistress Mottershed, of the "Blue Posts Inn," abstracted the said commission from the dean's luggage, substituting in its place a pack of cards, which the worthy man produced with much effect and astonishment before the Lord Deputy and Privy Council at Dublin Castle. Here, too, Charles's forces landed during the Civil War when he withdrew them from Ireland, and for many years the duties on Irish linens brought into



III.—BISHOP LLOYD'S HOUSE AND WATERGATE ROWS.

this port sufficed to pay for keeping the walls and gates of the city in repair. We have to call these facts to our memory to realise how Watergate came by its name, for there are now streets without as well as within, and a range of green low-lying meadows between the Watergate and the river. Chief among these meadows is Chester race-course, the old Roodeye, where city games used to be held. This meadow-land bounds the outside of the wall till we come to that point where the river makes a sudden curve, and flows in its old course close under the south wall. At this point Chester Castle overlooks the wall, but it is merely the modern successor to the historic Chester Castle, to which Richard II. and the Earl of Salisbury were brought prisoners, mounted "upon two little nags not worth forty

frames," and where the gallant Earl of Derby was imprisoned and condemned.

The Dee still skirts the southern wall. Bridgegate and the beautiful Thirteenth Century Dee bridge still command the river—wide here, and shallow—fringed with trees, and decorated with tiny piers and all the pretty accessories of pleasure-boating. Ahead of us, on the Dee side, and outside the walls, is the grand, though mostly ruined, pile of St. John's Church, Chester's Norman and most interesting church. Now we have turned the corner; we are once more on the east wall, where there is as much town without as within; houses butt up against the wall on either side, and from this arch, looking up and down, we see a fine broad street, busy with life and movement. Within the walls it is named Eastgate Street, but Foregate Street without, and this arch is East Gate, where we began our walk less than an hour ago. Shall we go down and enter the Roman city? At first there is little savour of antiquity. Eastgate Street has been much modernised; old houses have been pulled down, and new ones, some of them more antique than the old, built in their stead; but through all changes Chester has remained as faithful to its "rows" as to its walls.

The origin of Chester "rows" (IV.) is a fruitful source of speculation. Some tell us they are a survival of the Roman arcades, and that in the north-west corner of Trajan's Forum there are rows nearly akin to those of Chester. Others affirm that they were intended as an internal fortification against the Welsh; but, as the Welsh never once succeeded in passing the walls, it is improbable that the Cestrians took such timorous precautions against an enemy who had never proved really formidable. Perhaps the peculiar form of rock on which the town stands may have suggested the peculiar form of house, for towards the middle of the city, where the rows are, the rock rises so rapidly that the four Roman streets are hewn out to a depth of from eight to twelve feet. On this excavated level are the lower row of shops, shallow places without back buildings, and with the surface of the rock sheer behind them. Thus the level of the rows is the real level of the houses. We walk on the roof of the lower shops, but we are on the natural level of the ground: the kitchen premises are behind the rows, and the roof above us is the floor of the first-floor rooms, though the appearance of the houses would lead us to believe that the rows were on the first floor, and the space we walk in the place where the first-floor front rooms would naturally be. The rows are entered at either end by flights of steps, and at short distances stairs like those in Pierpoint Lane (I.) connect them with the street below.

Eastgate and Bridge Street Rows have been much modernised. The roofs are raised to an even height; cast-iron has supplanted the solid oak supports, and plate-glass shop fronts have superseded the flap shutters that of old formed the sole protection of the shops within the rows. Here are the best shops in Chester: shops smaller, but as good as any in London, and as utterly unpicturesque. But Lower Bridge Street, near the gate, still keeps a flavour of antiquity, and boasts some gabled and half-timber houses (II.). Here the "Falcon Cocoa-house," a modern version of the "Falcon Inn," one of the oldest and quaintest houses in Chester, shows its charming, if reconstructed, gables, and the "Albion" and "Bear and Billet," both really ancient, though reasonably restored, recall the days when Blue Ribbonites were not. In Lower Bridge Street, too, Charles I. tarried for his two days' visit in Chester, and it was through Bridge Gate that the defeated monarch with five hundred horse rode away to Flint Castle. But though Lower Bridge Street is not overmuch modernised, it is in Watergate Street that there is most to charm the artist. Some of the houses have had to be rebuilt, and it must be confessed that they have been reconstructed rather too much in the style of the Old London street in the South Kensington exhibitions. Still, on the whole, Watergate Street is a wonderful specimen of Seventeenth Century work.

A picture (III.) reproduces the outlook from Watergate Rows, whence is seen that quaint block of buildings which contains the elaborately carved house built by Bishop Lloyd in the year 1615, and still called by his name; and the even more popular "God's Providence House," so called from the inscription, "God's Providence is Mine Inheritance," which the inhabitants painted across its façade to commemorate their merciful deliverance from the plague of 1652, which devastated the city. Unfortunately this house has fallen into the hands of a dealer in antiquities, and has been so entirely rebuilt as to retain little of its original character.

I had heard that the old house of the Stanley family is in Watergate Street, but for a time I failed to discover it, till after much inquiry I was directed up an exceeding narrow entry, past a row of small modern houses, which entirely conceal the old Derby House from the street. The fine gabled house, with its carved front, is now the dwelling of several poor families, but it has escaped the restorer, and its character is unspoiled. It still retains its carved beams and gables and broad oak staircase. Among its inhabitants is a little maiden, who showed us a tiny loft wherein she said the Earl of Derby lay hidden for six weeks. Dates are stubborn things, and refuse to let those six weeks fit in at all, for we know that Derby was with Charles II. at Worcester on the 3rd of September, 1651, and that he accompanied his prince to a place of safety before making his own escape to

Chester, where he surrendered himself, under a promise of quarter. This was soon disregarded, for, as early as the 1st of October, Derby was tried in Chester Castle and sentenced to be beheaded at Bolton. But even without those six weeks of weary hiding, Derby's career is romantic enough. His defence of Latham House, his long-sustained siege of the Isle of Man, his imprisonment and death for loyalty, make an impressive outline whose details are among the most touching of the romantic stories of the Civil War; though, perhaps, did we but know them, the less famous Sir Timothy Featherstonehaugh and Captain Benbow, who suffered death in Chester market-place on the same day that their leader died in Bolton, were as devoted, brave, and tender as he.

IV.—BRIDGE STREET ROW.

To visit the cathedral we must retrace our steps up Watergate Street and turn down busy Northgate Street. Here the rows, built chiefly of wood, are raised only a couple of feet above the level of the street. They are of all rows the humblest, serving for the most part for cobblers' stalls and fruit shops, and in some places they are impassable by reason of fruit and fish-stalls reaching out into the street. Therefore the street, though a busy one, is a better walking place than the rows, and soon brings us to the rust-brown pile of the cathedral. This—so the legend tells us—stands on the site of the temple of Apollo; but Chester was early converted to Christianity, and as early as the Second Century the temple was replaced by a monastery dedicated to SS. Peter and Paul, "which was the burial-place to all Chester and seven miles about Chester, and continued so for the space of three hundred years and more." To this abbey the remains of St. Werburgh were brought in the Ninth Century for safety in the event of an invasion of the Danes, and here an abbey church was built to her memory, which grew and changed till it became the Chester Cathedral of to-day. Among those who had endowed it was Hugh Lupus, founder of the house of Grosvenor, who thus sought to make his peace with God, and who, stricken with sin and sickness, entered the abbey three days before his death. He was laid in the burial-ground, but early in the Twelfth Century his nephew Randle, Earl of Chester, built the Chapter House, and laid his uncle's bones within it. We enter the Chapter House from the cloisters, which are of exceptional picturesqueness (v.). Like the chief part of the cathedral, they date from the Fifteenth Century, but parts of the church are as late as the time of the Tudors, while there are also considerable Norman remains. But Chester's Norman church is the beautiful but unfortunate St. John's, which was founded towards the close of the

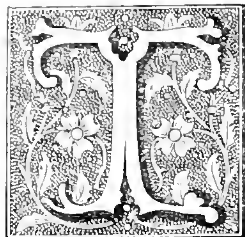
Seventh Century by King Ethelred, who, "minding to build a church, was told that where he should see a white hind there he should build a church, which white hind he saw in the place where St. John's Church now standeth, and in remembrance whereof his picture was placed in the wall of the said church, and fern growing in its lofty pillars, and a soft turf covering the spot where no altars stand. For eleven years no effort was made to save any part of the ruin, but at length that portion now used for Divine Service was roofed in and restored, forming a large and very beautiful Norman church. The steeple was for

V.—THE CLOISTERS.

which yet standeth in the side of the steeple towards the west, having a white hind in his hand." Alas, the steeple is no more; with it began the series of disasters which have befallen St. John's. In the middle of the Fifteenth Century it fell in, destroying a great part of the choir. It was rebuilt, but a century later both it and the western steeple fell, destroying most of the church. The greater part remains unroofed, unfloored to the present day, with moss safety brought down, and only the tower left standing. But even this precaution was unavailing; in the great storm of October, 1881, the tower fell, crushing a great part of the ruins, but mercifully sparing the church. Towerless, spireless, St. John's must be now safe from the wind, its most pitiless enemy; and stunted, ruined, spoiled though it be, it is still one of the fairest and most interesting monuments of old Chester.

F. Mabel Robinson.

THE PROFESSION OF ART.



HE distinction between artist and artisan is not altogether insular; it is becoming everywhere more and more marked; but it is among the nations least favoured with artistic sensibility that it is most distinctly pronounced. In Italy or France, we know, the word artist has a broadly catholic significance compared to which our interpretation of the term is narrow, even to sectarianism. Our fathers, and their fathers before them, looked upon art as so much elegant trifling. They had no conception that it was the natural outgrowth of earnest craftsmanship, and that, as such, it belonged to it once and for all. They inclined to separate art from everything but picture-making; and to that inclination may be attributed, in great measure, the low condition to which art fell in their day—a condition which might almost tempt one to think that there would have been no great harm done if the devil had answered the call of the philosopher, and promptly flown away beyond recall with the "Fine Arts."

For, indeed, the lofty profession of art has helped to stifle the thing itself. Art is not a profession. You may oust it from trade and handicraft, but you cannot make it anything but what it is. Try to squeeze it arbitrarily into the shape of professionalism, and you only disturb its natural and healthy growth. Is it natural or healthy that workers in art are now compelled to over-tax and over-stimulate one side of their nature, and that one the emotional or inventive side, which can least bear the strain? The artificial stimulation of what should flow spontaneously from the workman happy in his work—a would-be remedy worse than the disease—is in itself enough to account for all that is morbid in art.

The due exercise of a faculty leads duly to its development, our powers increasing by use; but this professionalism, which is only one phase of modern specialism, makes abnormal demands upon men, to which they are not, and cannot possibly be, equal. The effort is too great. For a moment it may raise us above ourselves, to a height from which we only fall the sooner below our natural capacity.

All the evil resulting from that process of chopping up a craft into the smallest possible pieces, which the economist entitles "the sub-division of labour," is acknowledged in so far as it affects the artisan. No one—no artist at least, denies that it is to his irreparable loss that he is condemned to do only the mechanical part of the work, or may be only one minute portion of that. It is not so generally recognised that the gain to the artist who is relieved of this mechanical labour is more than doubtful. Man may be a mere worm on the face of the earth, but he is not so lowly organised that he can be thus minced without hurt. There is something of drudgery in every art, which, when once a man has gone through it all, he may well wish to be rid of, and which might fairly be left to apprentices, pupils, "improvers," and assistants; but to relieve him altogether from the mechanical, commercial, and other cares common to craftsmanship, is, so to speak, to cut off all communication with the base of his operations, and to leave him in isolated enjoyment of his scarcely tenable professional position.

In every walk of art and life we see the ill effects of separatism. When the poet comes to adopt poetry as a profession, does he then write better poetry because it is his business to poetise? They are not his later poems that we prize the most, all the merits of maturity notwithstanding. Technical perfection is no equivalent for inspiration lost. Perhaps there are few poets whose works would not be better known if a good half of them were suppressed. It is much the same with the novelist. How full of meat his first books are compared with his later efforts! Once set up in the profession of letters he begins to see that a much thinner kind of thing will answer all professional purposes, and he spreads out the substance of his brains accordingly. Many a one becomes so skilful in the art of spreading you scarce see that the stuff is running short, and that the art which once merely gave consistency to brain-work now serves to hide the absence of any such ingredient. One could show similar results from professionalism of whatever kind. The professed thinker is in danger of settling into a pedant, the professor of this or that science of developing into a prig; and this because he confines himself exclusively to what should be only one side of his life's work. One thinks less truly when one knows that it is expected of him to think. One's words are heavier as they begin to carry weight with them.

It may be said that all this is the result of the age we live in, and the high pressure at which we live; but if that is so, and if the result is prejudicial to art, is it not as well that the artist should look into his position betimes, and see whither this spirit of the age is leading him, and how far he

is compelled to conform to it? Or does man count individually for nothing in all this? Surely the spirit of the age is neither more nor less than the sum of your intelligence and mine and others; every man must count for something; and it is not the majority who lead but the strong who lead them.

That the high pressure of modern life and the piecemeal cutting-up of labour consequent upon it have done harm to art, is everywhere obvious. We find, for example, in modern literature—the literature, that is to say, which has been affected by the railway pace at which we go—those writers whose works have suffered least are they who have been strong enough (of purse or of character) to resist the demands made upon them, and to produce only in response to the pressure from within. Others, again, who have been partially engaged in work of different, and perhaps lower, kind, have been able, thanks to it, to maintain the high level of their art; because, not being altogether dependent upon it for a livelihood, they were in so far free from the temptation either to force or to degrade it. It is, I take it, indisputable that the world owes something to the circumstance that Shakespeare had his craft as actor, his business as manager, to fall back upon.

If the case of the painter is not exactly parallel, if we cannot quite say that any modern painter owes much of his fame to a similar determination to go at the pace his powers prescribed, no matter what was asked or expected of him, at least we can point to the better work of men who were wont to go at a more natural pace, and to the degradation of many a modern artist's work, in obedience to popular demands.

There is no denying the force of the public current; but it does not follow that men must be content to swim always with the stream, like so many dead things, without will or energy of their own. It is not an edifying sight to see how such of us as have to earn a living, or to make our own way in the world, are driven in these days, whether we will or no, to the lowering of our art—and this partly through the raising of it to the rank of a profession. The very necessity of doing always something that is "fine," something that is even "art," is prejudicial to our work. We should think better of it if we thought less of it. If we held it more as a craft, more as a trade even, we should be by so much the less induced to lower it. For we cannot go on producing at the higher pressure; the attempt to do so makes art a weariness to us; and at last we come to look upon it as a trade and nothing more. That is the end of our endeavour: it would be more wholesome, and more hopeful, if we were to begin at that point. For instance, if the painter thought of himself more as a painter, whether of walls or panels, the sculptor as a carver, the architect as a builder, the decorator as a wall-painter, the ornamentist as a pattern-designer, and so on, a good workman might then possess his soul in peace. He could nearly always be sure of keeping up to the level of good craftsmanship; and if he were an artist (not every painter, sculptor, architect, or decorator is an artist) there would always be about his work some artistic character, whilst at times the art in it would blossom into something worthy of the name of "fine art"—supposing that to be of any consequence. So far from his art suffering through this lowlier ambition of the artist, it would greatly gain. If the man had breathing space, the artist time to mature himself, this could not but become manifest in the repose and dignity of his designs. The common work which had no great pretensions to art, but which yet was not without artistic charm, would be a relief from the strain of producing continually something of the nature of fine art; and whilst he was doing mere journeyman's work, but doing it well, he would have leisure to revolve in his mind noble schemes of design, which a period of comparative rest would give him strength to accomplish worthily. This is not altogether an Utopian idea. It is not proposed that artists should accept a lower sphere of art, or lower price for it, but simply that instead of "pot-boilers," which after all may not sell, a man should resort to journey-work, done to order, the price of which would enable the young painter to bide his time, and so secure his own price for work of a higher character. There certainly was a time when this was possible, when this actually was; is it possible now? Surely it is less impossible than the perpetual production of masterpieces!

The splendour of great epochs in art has dazzled us. Modern artistic aims and aspirations have been directed with dangerous persistency towards the strongest light; and its brilliancy blinds us to the fact that the glorious summer weather rules turn and turn about with dark and dreary winter days. We act now as if we lived in a paradise where art was always in full flower—a fool's paradise! What would our art appear in the eyes of a Greek of the age of Phidias, or of an Italian of the time of Michelangelo? In those days there were giants. But we are adopting a theory of life which will not hold when we think all to walk after this manner. (The giants among us will grow soon enough to their natural height—no fear of that—and we may safely leave them out of the question.) In men of merely manly stature the "professional" swagger is not only ridiculous, but a hindrance to progress. There is even danger that it may end in ignominious downfall. Maybe some such disaster is necessary, that we may find our level.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE ART OF SKETCHING.

MANY workmen, each one of them knowing nought of the use of the parts they fabricate, may co-operate in making a machine; but every inch of a picture must be done in conscious relation to the entire conception. By a stretch of possibility blind co-operation towards an artistic end can be conceived. Suppose that twenty artists in mosaic are engaged to make a picture four yards by five on the floor of a large hall. Suppose the subject to be the landscape seen, from a marked spot on the floor, through a window of the same shape as the picture. Suppose the window and the picture divided into twenty squares; and suppose each worker entrusted with a square yard of floor representing that part of the landscape which is visible through the corresponding square of window. Give these men years; grant them all possible skill and patience; and imagine the general effect—imagine the appalling jumble of keys, tones, and methods of treatment!—that would result. Just such a confusion may be perceived in the work of painters who see small objects more readily than the large divisions of effect to which they belong. Such men are hardly responsible for the idea or the general aspect of their picture. The *ensemble* achieved is not what they worked for—is not an outcome of organised intention. It has been fortuitously produced, in the process of finishing a number of little objects in a blind and isolated manner. The antithesis of such work is sketching.

It may be defined as the art of jotting down, without regard to accidental facts, an *ensemble* in drawing, chiaroscuro, or colour, or in any one alone. In sketching, only the greater facts are relevant, only the complete scheme is essential. It is idle to consider alternately both the small and the large divisions of a subject, inasmuch as, owing to difference of focus, the impression is different, and impression is the painter's material. If you look, for instance, too much at the incidental curvatures and departures from the general tendency of a long line, you will infallibly exaggerate them and lose the swing, the greater truth, of the whole. In the same way, if you look closely into the small modellings on a given surface, you will assign to them an unreal importance, which will destroy the suavity and greatness of the larger undulations. If

BY THE SEASIDE.

(*From the Prize Sketch, "Figure," by Walter Shannon. Lambeth Sketching Club. 1885.*)

you too carefully spy out and match your local colours, you will see them more strongly than is consistent with the effect of the aërial envelope. In fact, in thus focussing all minor points with equal fulness of attention, you are mentally putting a frame round each of them, and conceiving it as a picture, to the prejudice of the larger picture, the true one, to the proportions and design of which everything component should always be mentally referred. I have seen men come into a studio of painting unable to see or suggest rightly even the broadest and most evident effects, yet capable of making, with mechanical neatness, a yard-long chalk drawing from the antique. Every area of surface the size of a threepenny-bit would be full of careful modelling, while masses as big as a soup-plate would be broken up into non-existence, or, if acknowledged and presented, would be in glaringly wrong relation to the rest. Of necessity the painters who produce such work have yet to learn the elements of their trade.

THE BUILDING OF THE HOUSE.

(From the Prize Sketch, "Design," by C. S. Ricketts. Lambeth Sketching Club, 1885.)

In a picture which stands for months upon the easel you may faintly hope, by scumbling and glazes, to better the effect of masses of elaboration which are out of all relation to each other; or you may blot them out and establish your masses aright by means of a broad and sketchy "lay in." But the sketcher from nature has no time for such resources: he is bound to attain at once his object of recording the big constituents of a scene, or effect, while it is still before him. A sketch proper, then, is always the record of an impression: if from nature, of an *ensemble* perceived; if from *chic*, of an *ensemble* imagined. The latter process, of working "from the head," should seem more conducive to unity of impression than that of generalising in the presence of multitudinous nature. But even in this case, the uneducated, or the over-educated in a school of false finish, proceed alike from small object to small object, realising each one separately, and without conceiving the aspect of the whole. It is the way of

certain writers to go on from sentence to sentence without knowing what is coming, without considering either the dimensions of the subject or the constructive harmony of the plot. But in the painter's case the artistic fault is more serious, and the consequences are more damning. The writer's work at least is read progressively, as he conceived and wrote it; the painter's is seen in a glance, entire, as he ought to have conceived it, but has not. Again, the writer has no fixed limits, his volumes may be of any size you please; but the painter must pre-consider his composition, and so conceive it as a whole that in his mind's eye he may behold it framed—complete in unity of ambition and effect—before it is begun.

In fact, the qualities that go to make a good sketch are the basis of all true pictorial art. The chief rule of painting, "to get the relations of the masses right at first," is the one secret of the sketcher's procedure. Every picture ought to pass through a sketch stage. Some, indeed, were better left there, but that their authors may learn by pushing them farther. In these cases the works themselves must suffer, for those who only feel the large effects of nature can be but ill served by the quality of intelligence, when they have got beyond the guidance of their natural sentiment. It is often said that an artist must learn first to finish minutely, and may then, as it is admitted most good men have done, proceed to work broadly. But this is putting the cart before the horse; for if one does not begin by acquiring some power of rapidly seizing the constituents of an effect—some capacity of presenting one's masses aright—how can one ever attain to the perception and the representation of true relations among groups of dependent objects? It is the aim and end of a sketching education to teach one to render this broad first draught continually more satisfactory and complete. The artist, therefore, who begins by working more minutely than he ends, is pursuing a false system of progress: he does not understand enough of the principles of his art to see that he is painting at a loss of truth and effect; and he only afterwards discovers the true measure of his powers, his aims, and his materials. It is a mistake to suppose that there are many painters who are capable of high and artistic finish, especially in landscape. A great number are constrained to attempt a sort of finish by the clamour of specialists, scientific or æsthetic, who prefer an extra cow, or a few more flowers, to the larger facts of nature and the eternal principles of art. Hence the familiarity of the public with those examples of prim and petty art which are the picture-dealer's joy: pictures containing an amount of sham finish which, if real, would supply two Constables and a dozen Whistlers with a superabundance of facts.

If learning to sketch boldly, broadly, and justly from nature and memory were held one of the first constituents of a painter's education, we should seldom hear the absurd yet common complaint: "I cannot see things largely; I must see every leaf and every stone." Rightly interpreted, its significance is no more nor less than this: "Like the mass of mankind, though not blind, I receive no artistic impressions from nature." Detail, thus seen through the ordinary eye, uninformed by any inward sentiment of a general impression, is referred to no organised whole, has no artistic significance, and, by occupying the mind with its labyrinthine triviality, tends to delay the arrival of appreciative artistic vision. The word "seeing" is misleading. All men, from Corot to a common botanist downwards, can see, by prying about, whatever is visible to ordinary sight. But the painter's sight is not thus roving and inquisitive; it is a sort of receptive reverie, wherein only what concerns some peculiar sentiment is accepted. Not till the artist has begun to feel and express essentials can he hope to acquire effectively the only valid sort of finish: that completion of an artistic idea in which detail is used in subservience to feeling, and impression is emancipated from the tyranny of the ordinary habits of vision.

At the present day fidelity and sincerity to personal impression are valued above the rival qualities of imagination and style. And there is an extreme and logical section of sketchers to whom subject and composition are indifferent; to whom any motive is welcome that affords fresh opportunity of feeling broadly and noting rapidly the action of light in revealing objects. Side by side with such men, however, is an extremely illogical sort who, whilst pretending to serve art, shrink from the real work of art—the subordination of natural facts to the record of man's impressions. They serve that imaginary tyrant "Nature," and by the vain and slavish attempt to copy whatever she sets before them, they expect to get into their picture the poetry they hear of along with all the little sticks and stones they see. But it is not in the jumble of facts called "nature," but in the qualities and relations of the impression made on man, that human sentiment consists; and it is in the record of that impression, not the record of its cause, that the poetry will be made manifest.

Sketching from memory, as it strengthens the imagination and turns the attention to style, is likely to neutralise these faulty and unfruitful tendencies. But no original imaginative work can be done by those who have never stocked their brains with personal impressions acquired directly from nature. Work from nature may be best improved by the example and criticisms of others, in every stage of emulation and production, on the same spot. This it

is which makes certain French villages, frequented by good artists with no desire to pose as superiorities, such excellent schools for the painter at a certain stage of development. In London, as in Paris and other large cities, sketching from the head is practised in regular clubs, started *ad hoc*. Some are associations of artists among themselves for amusement and practice. Such used to be the Latin Quarter Club in Paris; such is the Langham in London. In the former no work was done at the club, which only met to discuss in a friendly way, over pipes and drinks, its sketches and studies from nature, as also its notes of ideas for pictures and statues. At the Langham sketches are done on the spot in two hours, and are then submitted to the criticism of the club. Of school clubs—used as a direct means of education, supervised by professors, and kept going by a system of competition and reward—are the Lambeth, the Gilbert (St. Martin's), the West London, and the South Kensington. For twelve years past competitions have taken place among these clubs and others. An award of honour has been given to the winning body, and prizes in various branches open to members all round. The Lambeth and the Gilbert, the earliest in the field, have taken most of the awards: the former, which was founded in 1861 by Mr. Sparkes of South Kensington, having decidedly the best of it. The movement is a good one; and, provided that the sham design which, without the qualities of a sketch, is a poor imitation of a picture, be rigorously discouraged, it cannot fail to be productive of good.

Many of the judges have been specially suited to their duty; all have been men of reputation. The third rule provides that "all works sent for competition must be kept within the definition of a sketch;" and most conclusive as evidence of the utility of these clubs and of their right direction are the merits of the prize sketches. Two of these we engrave—Mr. Shannon's under the head "Figure," and Mr. Ricketts's under the head "Design." Mr. Shannon's, more distinctly seen as a whole than Mr. Ricketts's, has greater unity of impression, and, with less padding, contains fewer weak spots. He has devised rather an ungainly line of distant hills, unnecessarily black and unnecessarily high; it would not have been amiss, too, for some of the wreck to come against the sky. One might add that, for the sake of a certain grouping, he has made the action of the figures carrying the body somewhat capricious and unnatural. It would, however, be wrong to attach much importance to all this in a sketch; such points can be remedied by thought and study in a picture without departing from the general sense of the rough draught. Mr. Ricketts, though more unequal than Mr. Shannon, exhibits in places somewhat stronger and more realised work. The distant hills and architecture are keenly felt, and represented with breadth and spirit. The group in the foreground has considerable animation, and some of the modelling is very accurately realised; but as a whole it is not seen under the same conditions of strong Oriental sunlight as the distance. The masses of light and shade in the group might be more broadly contrasted, the cast shadows darker and firmer, and the near architecture more illumined with reflected light. In fact, the *ensemble* is less distinctly felt and less exclusively aimed at than in the work of Mr. Shannon. However, as these artists have competed for different prizes, and have aimed at different objects, any close comparison of their merits would be manifestly unfair.

R. A. M. STEVENSON.

THE AGE OF LOUIS XIV.*

IT is something that M. Genevay should write with clarity and point. It is more, perhaps, that he should always be at the pains of thinking for himself, and that he should have a strong disinclination to take either facts or opinions at second-hand. In "Le Style Louis Quatorze" he has produced a book of singular interest. He is a master of his subject to begin with; and he has not permitted his subject to master him. His admiration for Le Brun, "the Louis Quatorze of decorative art," as some one has called him, is tempered by discretion and good taste. He is prepared to admit the services to art of King Phœbus and his minister Colbert; but he is of those who look behind the event, and he can see that there were great men in France before Colbert, and artist-kings before Colbert's master. The possession of these excellent qualities imparts a peculiar merit to his work. It is in some sort brilliant, and at the same time it is eminently trustworthy. There was room for it in the literature of art-criticism; and now that it has come, there is space beside it for not much else on the same subject.

It is, or used to be, a common superstition that French art, like the French opera and the French

* "Le Style Louis Quatorze." Charles Le Brun. Par A. Genevay. (Paris: J. Rouam, Librairie de *L'Art*. 1886.)

drama, dates from Louis XIV., and from Louis XIV. alone. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the sort. The Académie Royale de Musique, the Théâtre Français, and the Académie Royale de Peinture are all three his foundations. But of the three arts of which these institutions are the concrete expressions, only one, the art of opera, was actually begun in his reign. The origins of French drama as we know it are referable, not to Molière and Racine, but to Rotrou and Corneille; and the origins of French art as we know it are the creation, primarily speaking, of François I. That admirable blackguard it was who opened France to the influence of the Italian Renaissance, and prepared the way for the triumphs of the later generations. He was a poor enough ruler, a bad general, a clumsy and unsuccessful diplomatist; but he was an artist to his finger-tips, and, as Miss Robinson has for months past been telling us, his initiative in art is one of the great and abiding facts in French history. He built, he bought, he patronised, he imported; he brought in Lionardo, Benvenuto, Andrea del Sarto; he did his best to make the France of the Valois equally glorious with Medicean Florence. And his example was sustained by his descendants. The Valois, as M. Genevay remarks, were miserable failures as kings; but as artists they were worthy of their sire. They continued his tradition; they worked hard to make their France a second Italy; they spared neither money nor interest; and it is not their fault that they failed. With Henri III., the last of their line, the Valois went out, and the Bourbons, in the person of Henri IV., came in.

THE YOUNG LOUIS XIV.

(From a Bronze "à cire perdue." Wilkinson Collection.)

But the chain was by no means broken for that. M. Genevay reminds us, and none too soon, that Henri IV. was in his way as good and enlightened a patron of the arts as any Valois that ever reigned. He had to contend with the narrow ideas and the rigid morality of Sully, "génie borné s'il en fut jamais," and to persuade that excellent cashier turned minister that even the France he administered could hardly live by farming and breeding alone; and, difficult as was the task, he succeeded. He re-established the manufacture of tapestries, and found room for it in the Louvre; called in a couple of good craftsmen from Flanders, ennobled them, and set them up in a

MOLIÈRE AS JULIUS CÆSAR IN THE TRAGEDY OF "POMPÉE."

(Painted by Mignard. Engraved by Thiriat.)

workshop in the old Palais des Tournelles; created in the Savonnerie a carpet factory of the first order; and encouraged his foundations by a system of protection vigorous enough to blacken its author to all time in the eyes of every good free-trader living. More than that, he surrounded himself with craftsmen of every kind. The Louvre was crammed to the attics, says Sauval, with sculptors, watchmakers, perfumers, knife and sword-smiths, engravers, gilders, ciseleurs, artists in damascene work, mathematical instrument makers, and carpet and tapestry weavers—all "the most renowned of their kind." It was his wish to fill the palace at once "with the greatest lords and the rarest masters of his kingdom, to achieve as it were an alliance of intelligence and the fine arts with nobility and the sword." And all this he did, not for himself, but for the honour and glory of France. He began the work of Colbert and Louis XIV., but without the magnificent egotism which inspired these latter in their undertaking. He died too soon, and left his work unfinished; and his reputation is that of a kind of French impersonation of Robert Bruce, with the addition of a certain triple talent—

> "De boire, et de battre,
> Et d'être vert-galant"—

peculiar to himself. Louis XIV. outlived his opportunity and his fame; died old, ruined, hated, and contemned; and is principally remembered (outside Dumas' incomparable romance) as the patron of Sully and Molière, the employer of Boulle and Le Nôtre, and the origin, through Charles Le Brun, of a particular style of furniture and decoration.

He began, as we know, by ruining Fouquet, confiscating his enormous property, and enlisting under his own flag the noble troop of artists of every sort whom the magnificent superintendent had had the wit to discover and the good taste to attach to his fortunes. There is no doubt that Fouquet was a bad and criminal minister, and withal a man presumptuous even to madness: as there is none that the primary cause of his downfall was, not the king's sense of justice, but the king's vice of jealousy. But, in his way, he was one of the most enlightened amateurs that have ever lived; and for a long while Colbert and his master could do little more than follow in his traces, and work as he had begun before them. He had discovered Le Nôtre; and the gardens of Versailles were but an adaptation of the gardens at Saint-Mandé and at Vaux. He had discovered Le Brun; and the Gobelins, the famous factory of tapestries, to which are owing all the greater masterpieces of the art, was but an amplification on a large scale of the factory which Fouquet had established at Maincy, with Le Brun at the head of it, and the best craftsmen in France to take his orders and execute his ideas. His device, a rising sun, with the legend "Quo non ascendam," was less arrogant than it seems. Had he but kept his head, he might have vanquished even Colbert, and shone with a lustre scarcely second to Louis' own. It is fortunate for France and the world that he did not: that Louis, albeit a complete and superb representative of the duties of his calling, was not much of a gentleman, and in the matter of egotism could have given points to Napoleon himself. Colbert, a man of the middle classes, was a man of the first order of genius: he gave to France a fleet, and a mercantile navy to do business in its shadow; he made roads; he dug canals; he encouraged industry; he filled the country with good craftsmen; he protected his creations with an energy that would scandalise the Cobden Club; he made his king magnificent and his people happy; he was so to speak an industrial Richelieu. Moreover, he had served an apprenticeship under Mazarin, the greatest collector—of pictures, medals, antiques, sculptures, books, jewels—of his time; and being an intelligent man, and a vigorous temperament, he had developed a kind of artistic sentiment. But he was, in this sense, a common banker in comparison with Fouquet. It is another proof of his immense intelligence that, Fouquet ruined, he did not scruple to continue Fouquet's work. It has to be admitted that he centralised his achievement a great deal more than Fouquet would have done; but he took his lieges with him, and made the arts a national concern, and not, as Fouquet would have made them, the matter of a great person's avocations.

The secret of the Great King's greatness lies in his fashion of understanding the duties of kingship. "I am the State," he said; and he meant it, and ruined himself and his people in the attempt to live up to the expression. Under him Versailles was *umbilicus Galliæ*—the very navel of France. In him everything was centralised; from him everything proceeded; he was the cause, and his kingdom only an effect. Condé and Turenne were personal emanations from him; Molière and Racine were but his expressions in drama; in Boileau he wrote verse; he governed in Colbert and Louvois; he painted in Mignard and Le Brun. Whatever was done was not only done in his name but depended absolutely upon his influence. He made a man minister for a good stroke at billiards; for how could his nominee do wrong? His life was a perpetual apotheosis. He surrounded himself with reminders of his glory; among pictures of his divinity, among heroic statues of himself, among trophies of victory so insolent that they could only be avenged in war, existence moved for him in a solemn procession of self-worship; and

when he turned from the consideration of these anticipations of immortality, it was to meet the adoring eyes of men and women whose hearts he could, and did often, break with a single frown. In the contemplation of his own dignity he lived and moved and had his being. It was the principal fact of the universe; and he imposed it as such upon his intimates and his people alike. There was no flattery so gross as to seem unnatural, no adulation so fulsome as not to be appropriate and welcome. The kings, the heroes, the gods and demi-gods of antiquity had lived, it seemed, but to be honoured in his likeness and admired in his adornments. He was Apollo, he was Hercules, he was Jupiter in turn: one after another all the greatnesses of the past were presented in his image, like him high-nosed, and like him bewigged; M. Genevay has even seen the legendary perruque introduced as an attribute of God the Father. To such a man the spending of blood was as natural as the spending of money. In one year he flung away on Versailles alone over 15,000,000 of francs; the Dragonnades, the Edict of Nantes, and the wrecking of the Palatinate cost him no more than a mere scratch of the pen.

A despot himself, Le Brun was the very man to serve a despot. He came at the right moment, and he took almost at once that place at the head of artistic France which he kept, almost without contestation, till the end of his life. Simon Vouet was dead; Poussin was domiciled in Rome, and was a Roman in everything but the name; Philippe de Champaigne was sixty years old. The ground was clear for Le Brun, when at six-and-twenty he returned from Rome, where, under the patronage of the Chancellor Séguier, he had painted, under Poussin, for some three or four years; and at twenty-eight (1648) he had luck and enterprise enough to found the Académie de Peinture, which broke the influence of the old Maîtrise, the Painters' Guild, for ever. He was indefatigably active; bold, pushing, adroit; gifted with an incredible facility of conception and design; intelligent as few men of his time; a good courtier, a fine diplomatist, an incomparable *chef d'école*; and his success, inaugurated by this masterstroke of policy, was instant and complete. Fouquet, after filling Saint-Mandé with his work, appointed him chief painter at Vaux-le-Vicomte, at a salary of something like £2,000 a year. He was the inventor and director of all the great amateur's *fêtes galantes*; he organised, directed, and administered the tapestry works at Mainey; within and without he furnished and decorated Vaux as completely as he was afterwards to furnish and decorate Versailles. Three years after (1661) Fouquet was hurled down from his place, and Le Brun changed masters. His function, however, remained the same. He was translated from Vaux to Versailles, and from Mainey to the Gobelins. As before, he painted, he decorated, he designed; as before, he invented pageants, and ceremonies, and shows; as before, he was the central inspiration of a crowd of artists of all sorts—painters, sculptors, decorators, cabinet-makers, carvers, founders, gardeners, tapestry weavers, and draughtsmen. The crowd was thicker; the work was on a larger scale; his masters were Colbert and the king; that was the only difference. He was eminently the man for the work. He invented and perfected, in all its component parts, what is known as "Le Style Louis Quatorze." No problem was too complex for him, no detail too trifling or too small. Working for the king at Versailles and Marly, at Sceaux for Colbert, he did for the interiors of these places what Le Nôtre could not do without his help for their outsides. They were his personal creation, and without him they could have had no individuality at all. The general scheme was his, and his were its constituents. Mouldings and trophies, hangings and tapestries and carpets, ornaments and ceilings, pictures and statues, gildings and lustres, woodwork and bronzes and furniture—all was of his designing, or at least was designed under his inspiration and immediate superintendence. He seems to have never acknowledged, save in the case of Mignard, the existence of such a vice as jealousy. If a man could do good work, that was enough; painter, sculptor, engraver, *ébéniste*, he was at once enlisted in the phalanx under his command. At the Gobelins he had control of a company of fifty artists—painters of history, animals, battles, landscape, architecture, the figure. In the decoration of Marly and Versailles, and the celebration of his master's achievements, his *aides* in all departments of art were the best men of their time. Caffieri and Girardon, the Anguiers, the De Marsys, Abraham Desjardins, Coysevox, the Coustous, Jean Warin even, assisted him in sculpture; the Kellers cast his bronzes; he was associated with Le Nôtre in the production of those masterpieces of landscape gardening which are perhaps the best and highest expressions of the plastic genius of his age; Berain, the incomparable designer, was his right-hand man in the work of ornamentation, Boulle, the incomparable *ébéniste*, his right-hand man in the production of furniture; in engraving, he had the help of Edelinck, Israel Silvestre, the brothers Loir, Sébastien Le Clerc, and Gérard Audran; his goldsmith was the illustrious Claude Ballin; in painting he was served by such men as Van der Meulen, the two Yvarts, Noel Coypel, the Testelins, Baptiste Monnoyer, Jean Jouvenet. His master had said, "I am the State;" with as much truth so might he have said, "L'art c'est moi." When Colbert's influence declined, and Louvois came to the front, he

had to suffer somewhat from the rise and ascendancy of Mignard. But this was the only check he ever encountered. With his royal master he remained till the end almost as great a favourite as Le Nôtre himself. And among his fellows, whom he ruled with a combination of *bonhomie* and absolutism which made him absolute master, his leadership only disappeared from being with his life.

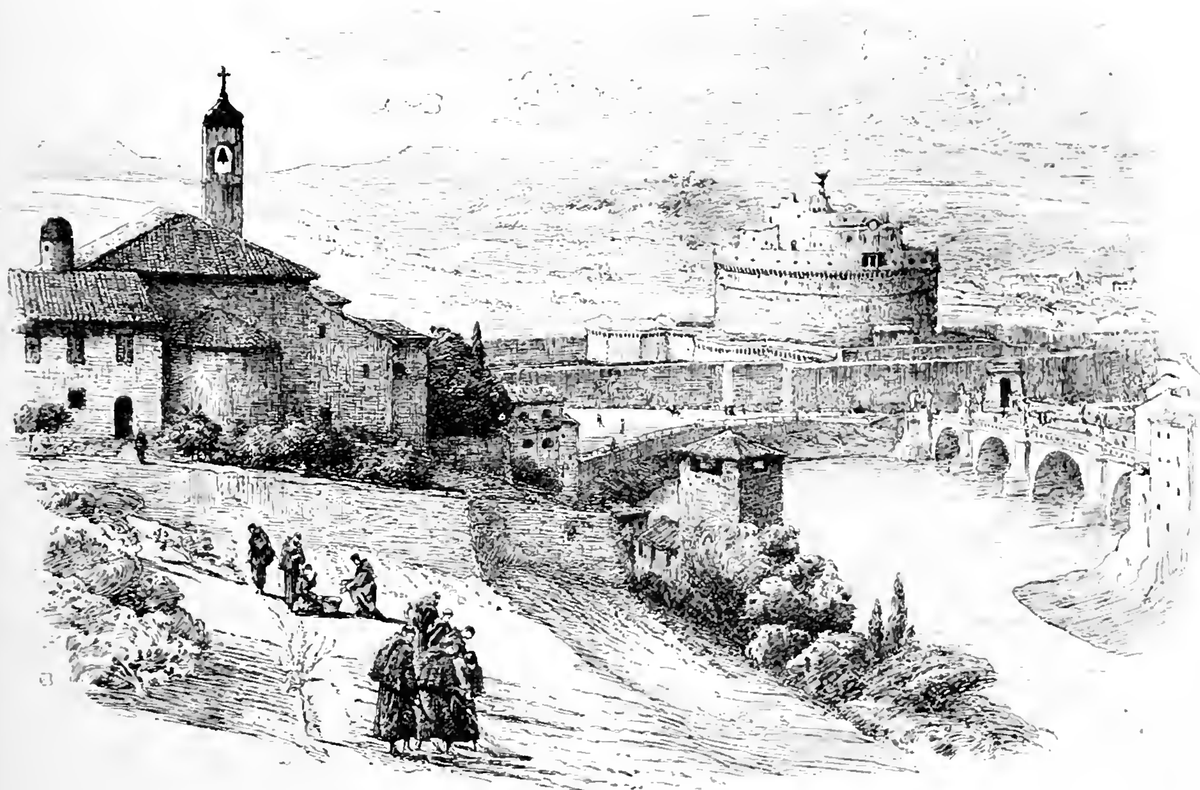
PARNASSUS.
(*From the Picture by Nicolas Poussin.*)

He left some six-and-twenty pictures and upwards of two thousand drawings and designs. But his great claim to our regard is as the inventor of a style. It was pompous, a trifle stilted, a thought too gorgeous, a little heavy; but it was rich, harmonious, noble, eminently personal and appropriate; and it places its author among the great masters of the art.

W. E. H.

THE TIBER: OSTIA TO BAGNOREA.

THE pilgrim of the Tiber who would trace it from its mouth to its source will first find himself at Ostia, on the sea-coast, fifteen miles from Rome. A desolate region lies around. The horizon line is unbroken save by some solitary tower, relic of ancient Rome or the Middle Ages. Solitude and melancholy reign undisturbed over its forlorn cane-brakes and watery morasses. The Tiber has here two mouths, forming a triangle with the sea, and interest which belongs to the works and lives of vanished generations, who have lived and laboured but to find oblivion. The most striking of these ruins is a temple, supposed to be that of Vulcan, which raises its bare brick walls, stripped of their marble covering, defying time and the rude forces of the elements. Another conspicuous object is the mediæval fortress built by Sangallo (II.) for the war-like Pope Julius II. It comprises a good part of the



I.—ROME, WITH SAN ONOFRIO.

enclosing the Isola Sacra of former days, now the pasturage of herds of semi-wild cattle. The upper or more northerly of these two streams is now the navigable one. It is a canal, formed by the Emperor Trajan, in consequence of the silting up of the natural bed of the river, an extensive port being established at its mouth. The ancient seaport Ostia is now left far inland, three miles from the sea. It must have been a considerable town. Its ruins have been opened up of recent years: streets, shops, houses, and temples having the pathetic modern hamlet, several miserable residences being included within its walls. Not far from here is the gloomy region of Castel Fusano, on the borders of a pine forest stretching to the sea. This spot is sometimes made the rendezvous for parties of pleasure from Rome. Such parties, however, must take their merriment with them, for they will not find it there. There is a solid and lonely house of the Chigi family, with towered corners, rarely inhabited. Miasma lurks at its angles and hangs about its scowling front. The neighbourhood is beautiful,

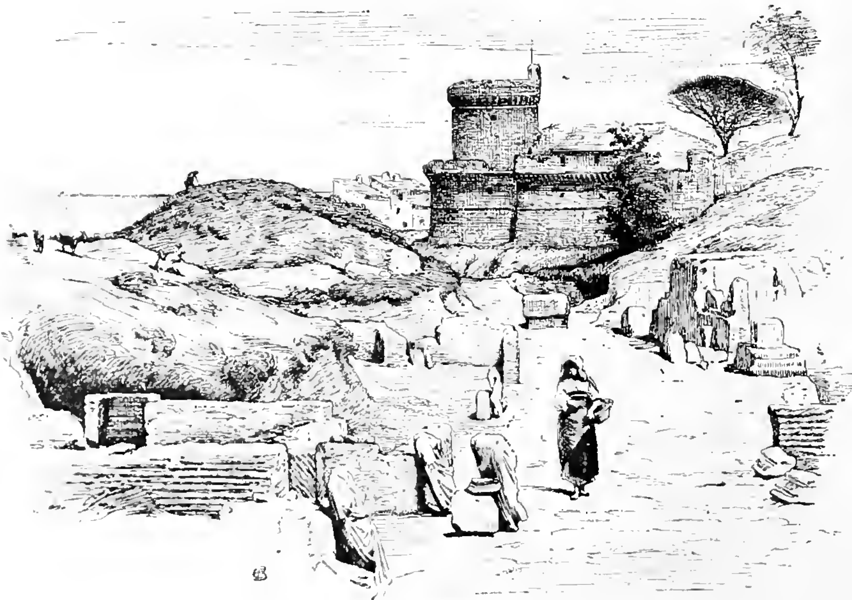
but its beauty is of a large and solemn kind, as is the beauty of the children of death.

A holiday steamer will take the traveller from the sea-side hamlet Fiumicino along the upper branch of the river to Rome. There is little to arrest the attention on the upward journey, excepting some broken sepulchres in the banks, and the everlasting beauty of the Campagna, which, with its tender lines and expansive undulations, leads the eye to the distant mountains by which it is bounded. Presently we are in sight of Rome. Shortly before entering its walls the remarkable Church of St. Paul is passed, whose columned marbles and classic proportions recall all we are told of the magnificent temples of antiquity. But not assuredly in external architectural features does its beauty lie.

The first object presented to us on entering Rome is Monte Testaccio, a considerable mound formed of the broken pottery of ancient times, in the neighbourhood of which there was probably a manufactory. Near here is the Protestant cemetery, in which repose many who came hither to seek a little rest and found the eternal one. The traveller will find, in the shade of lofty cypresses and near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, two graves which will always be held sacred by Englishmen—those of Keats and Shelley. As we arrive at the quay, the modern port of Rome, the Aventine is seen to rise on the other side, with its churches and gardens. This is the most considerable of the historical seven hills left to the modern city. Every day fresh alterations are made. Soon, in the process of change and levelling, the "seven hills" will be a tradition, and nothing be left of the greater part of them but the name. The Aventine, once the site of several important temples, is now surmounted by three churches: those of Santa Sabina, Sant Alessio, and the one called Il Priorato, from the circumstance that there was attached to it a priory of the famous Knights of Malta—their English centre still remembered in Clerkenwell—some of whose tombs and monuments decorate the church. The beautiful legend of St. Alexius, whose name is given to one of these churches, may be read in Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art," and it is worth reading.

Just beneath the Aventine are the remains of the old Sublician bridge, which Horatius Cocles is said to have defended so valiantly, and in its neighbourhood the ancient and modern marble-wharf of Rome. Some time ago antique marbles, partly worked, were found here. A little higher up we come to the small round temple, one of the most completely preserved left to us, called the Temple of Vesta. This, however, has long been known to be a misnomer, the site of the Temple of Vesta having been discovered, as was anticipated, in the recent excavations about the Forum. It rises over the exit of the large underground structure, the Cloaca Maxima, or main sewer of ancient Rome, and it is picturesquely backed up by the fine campanile of Santa Maria in Cosmedin, commonly called Della Bocca della Verità, from the ancient mask still preserved in its portico, the mouth of which was supposed to be a test for liars, whose hand placed therein suffered mutilation or disablement.

The next step brings us beneath the broken bridge, on the site of the ancient Pons Æmilius, to the island of the Tiber, held sacred in ancient days because it was surrounded by the river, which here parts into two streams, which are shortly re-united. A singular cause of its origin is given in a legend, which says that a certain portion of ground higher up the stream was dedicated to the god Mars—the district still retains the name "Campo Marzio"—which was seized upon as personal property by the last of the tyrant kings, Tarquinius, and sown with corn. On his banishment it was not thought right to make use of the produce of the consecrated ground, so it was cast into



II.—SANGALLO'S CASTLE, OSTIA.

the river, and afterwards, accumulating amid-stream, it formed the nucleus of the island. The sacred serpent, subsequently brought from Epidaurus, according to the Delphian oracle, here taking refuge, the island was by means of masonry, remains of which still exist, converted into the form of a ship, was consecrated to the divinity Apollo, and became the site of the Temple of Æsculapius, to which the sick resorted for cure. The fine Church of S. Bartolomeo now occupies what was probably once the site of this temple. A modern hospital in the neighbourhood commemorates its ancient uses.

III.—BORGHETTO AND THE PONTE FELICE.

From this point upwards the old houses with loggia and balcony, the fragments of ancient ruin, the hanging gardens with their golden oranges glowing through the dark green leaves, and the quaint jetties, are all being fast removed to make way for a terraced embankment, which is ultimately to go through the whole city. Perhaps the Romans are only reasonable when they ask why their city of living men and women should be left as the archæological museum of Europe; but to a stranger coming here in a studious and thoughtful spirit a feeling of pain and regret at the devastation produced by modern changes will be just as natural.

Leaving the island, we pass on the right the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter. Crowded and dirty as is this part of the city, it is said to be the most healthy in Rome. Certainly it is of most unwholesome aspect, but picturesque withal in a high degree. It is strange that behind its squalor and filth it should hold treasures of costly stuffs and other articles of value. It abuts on to the gloomy walls of the Theatre of Marcellus, whose ancient porticos are the workshops of artisans and the stores of vendors of smoke-begrimed wares. Its cavernous arches are often reproduced on the canvases of painters. A picturesque vista, too, gives us the portico of Octavia and the old fish-market. From here, after passing the Ponte Sisto and the palace of the Farnesina, the treasure-house of the well-known frescoes of Raphael, we come upon a fine view of the heights upon which are built the Church and the Monastery of S. Onofrio (I.), in which Tasso spent his latter years and where he died. In this part of the river the remains of the ancient Pons Triumphalis are seen at low water, just before we arrive at the Ponte S. Angelo, in face of the mighty mausoleum of the Emperor Trajan, the history of which is that of Rome itself. Perhaps those interested in artistic lore will first recall to mind on seeing it the account, given by himself, of the braggart Cellini, once confined within its walls, and the graphic narrative of his escape from it. From here the dome of St. Peter's, with its majestic curves, is seen at its best. Madame de Stael says that St. Peter's is the only work of art which ever impressed her with the same sense of grandeur as the works of nature, a sentiment which many will re-echo.

Leaving here and skirting the Prati di Castello, now being fast covered with buildings, we reach the wharf of the Ripetta, formed of stones taken from the Colosseum, and the ugly modern bridge, which it is to be hoped will ere long be rebuilt; and so we pass out of the limits of the city, near the Porta del Popolo. Then it is worth while to turn for a few moments to take a farewell glance at the noble range of the Vatican and St. Peter's, as they stand out in grey relief against the sunset sky. The vast dome seems to be buoyed up in the air, as if it belonged more to heaven than to the earth, as the last rays of day surround it with a corona of glory. The gloomy mansion near the bridge, under the heights of Monte Mario, is the Villa Madama, built by Giulio Romano for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici. The view from the hill above it is very fine,

and has been celebrated by Martial in one of his most charming descriptions. At Ponte Molle, the ancient Pons Milvius, we fairly enter upon the Campagna, and every step in this neighbourhood is rich with memories of the past. This bridge, built upon the old foundations, has a place in history, as the spot on which the ambassadors of the Allobroges, concerned in the Cataline conspiracy, were arrested by the order of Cicero. From this bridge the depraved Emperor Maxentius fell into the river associated with the earliest history of Rome. Still the ancient tombs are to be seen in the rocks. In the far distance a blue range of mountains rises, together with the broken peaks of the celebrated Soracte. Perhaps there is no spot in the neighbourhood of Rome in which the witnesses of the past rise so thickly before us. Fragments of masonry stand up from the turf like the gravestones of buried memories. Everything is gone; only here and there a lonely *tenuta*, or farmstead, marks this once so populous region.

IV.—CIVITÀ CASTELLANA.

after the battle of Saxa Rubra, and perished. As we arrive at the mineral springs known as the Aqua Cetosa, an expansive panorama lies before us. Yonder low range of rocky cliffs to the left are the Saxa Rubra, in which was probably the tomb of the family of Ovid, the Latin poet. The cave is still to be seen, but the paintings and other indications in it have perished. Beyond these, and some distance away, is what remains of old Veii, once the formidable rival of Rome. This plain was the scene of many a terrible sight. Yonder elevated table-land was the site of the ancient Antemnæ, from which the Roman warriors robbed their first wives. It is identified from its situation, being exactly where the Arno, flowing from "watery Tivoli," falls into the Tiber. Farther yet in the same direction the farmstead, Castel Giubileo, on a bluff overlooking the river, indicates the position of the city of Fidenæ,

We now abandon altogether the Campagna, its untilled pastures giving place to well-cared for fields and plantations. From the river-plain a range of low hills slopes upwards, many of them crowned with highly picturesque little towns and villages, whose grey walls are dominated by a tall campanile, or sometimes a quaint tower or two, relics of the feudal ages, and then we reach the hamlet of Borghetto (III.), whose only feature of importance, in addition to the few houses of which it is composed, is an old mediæval castle, or rather the broken fragments of one, forming a picturesque object from the plain. Near here is the Ponte Felice, which occupies the site of an ancient bridge, built by the Emperor Augustus, connecting Umbria with Etruria. Here the river ceases to be navigable, and our course henceforward must be prosecuted, for the most part, on foot or on horseback, where no road follows the track,

as is the case in many parts. Our resting-place lies at Civitá Castellana (IV.), connected with the Tiber by a small tributary called the Treja. Rarely visited by foreigners, this picturesque town keeps a modest seclusion. Its principal feature is a sturdy old fortress, built by Sangallo for Pope Alexander VI. process of time. In these walls square towers occur at intervals around the city. Two arched gateways still remain. Within the walls the city has vanished; only a few ruins here and there marking the position of former buildings. The drooping ivy, the desolation, the sighing of the wind, as if to mourn the

V.—ORTE.

It is most romantically situated, bounded on three sides by a deep natural foss or ravine, which served it well in the old fighting days. The chasms are crossed by two bridges leading into the town. Signs of stupendous volcanic action are visible everywhere. At the bottom of these ravines a stream runs which turns several quaint mills. The sides have in many places been excavated for tombs, long since dislodged of their inhabitants. Not far from this town, on a plain overlooked by the towering Soracte, now in our neighbourhood, is the old Roman Falerii, its walls almost uninjured through the long long decay, affect the mind with a sensation of profound melancholy. A church of very beautiful construction in the Lombardese style of architecture of the Twelfth Century, together with a monastery, now the abode of labouring peasants, occupy one extremity of the area. The roof of the church fell in more than half a century ago, and it has never been repaired. There are several columns of fluted marble, relics of the old city, and a noble white marble portico by the famous Cosmati brothers, all suffered to fall into unreclaimed decay.

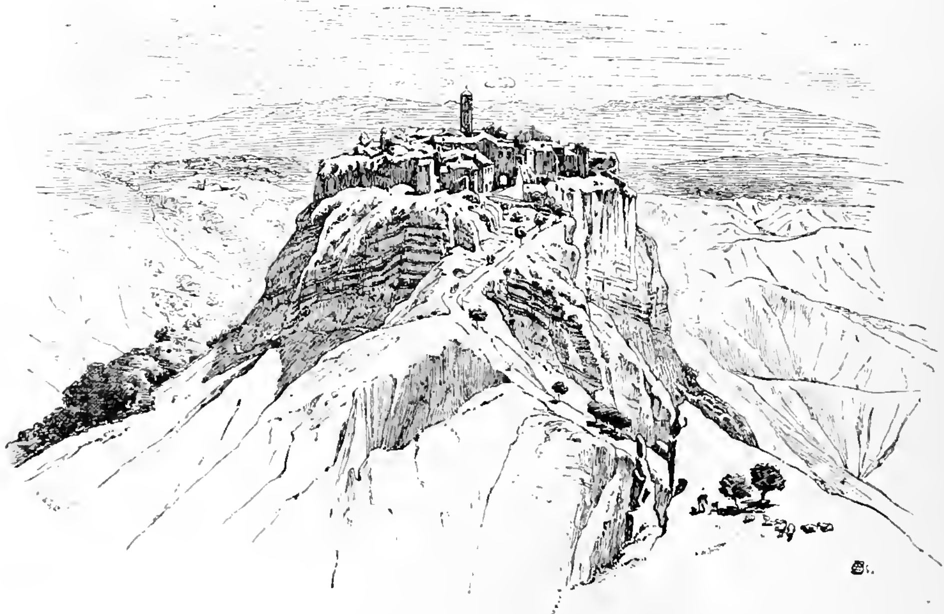
Passing the village of Otricoli, the ancient Ocri-

culum, and the junction of the Nar with the Tiber, we arrive at Orte (v.). The traveller by rail through Central Italy will remember to have seen this picturesquely-situated town in the distance occupying the crest of a lofty elevation. He would not be disappointed were he to visit it. The approach to it is striking. As the road winds upwards the houses are seen rising from the rocks, as though they formed a part of them—old, weather-stained, frowning gloomily from their elevation on the world beneath. One must go back to the old Etruscan time for its origin. Even yet it retains some of the Etruscan character in its architecture. Its life is its own. One wonders what it has to do with the outside world, for no modern use or invention appears to have touched it. Nor is this its only charm. The river as seen from the town is marvellously beautiful. It goes winding through the plain beneath like a silver serpent.

The morning hour is the hour for travel in an Italian summer. As we wind down the hill the night mists still linger in the hollow. Following the course of the river, broken mediæval towers stand up here and there on the rocks from the old belligerent days, their name and history forgotten. Still more beautiful beneath the fastnesses of Bassano, the river winds by groves of poplar, where shepherds in patriarchal fashion watch their flocks, leaning upon staves, or the peasant maiden sits spinning in the shade. So through a lovely wood, soothed by the songs of many nightingales, after passing a lazy little town called San Michele, we reach the wonderful town of Bagnorea (vi.).

This strange place is situated on the edge of an enormous gorge, or rather basin, from the centre of which rises a vast cone, connected with the mainland, so to speak, by several walls or pathways of a harder material, which has remained when the more friable substance has fallen away. Upon the table-like summit of this cone an old, old city stands, now almost abandoned for its more convenient rival on the brink of the crater; for, undoubtedly, it was once the crater of an enormous volcano. This isolated town is called Cività Bagnorea. It was the Balneum Regis of ancient times, celebrated for its hot mineral springs, which have now ceased to flow from the frequent earthquakes which have occurred there. It had a troubled mediæval history, too long to recount here. It is celebrated as the birthplace of John of Fidanza, known as Bonaventura, the "Seraphic Doctor," who is introduced by Dante in the "Paradiso," and is represented in Raphael's "Disputa," a remarkable man in his day, and of worthy after-fame. One regrets to have to add that nowadays his noble system of Christian philosophy is too much forgotten.

William Davies.



VI.—CIVITÀ BAGNOREA.

THE INSTITUTE.

THERE can be no doubt that, in spite of the Royal Academy and all its works, the prospects of British art are steadily brightening. The old faiths are waning, the old ideals have lost their charm; only for such as are either too old or too self-satisfied to learn do they prevail. It is now seen that what has been called the Bible and Spectacles school of art is, on the whole, a poor thing; that there are other walks in landscape than those in which so many academical renowns have been won; that, after all, there should be something more than sentiment in a picture, and that a painter is none the worse, but very much the better, for knowing how to paint. Of this, such collections as those in Piccadilly and at Suffolk Street afford much satisfactory confirmation.

Art, of course, is not necessarily a mission. Time and circumstance combining, it may well be one, no doubt. But it is not to be denied that in these days, and for the vast majority of those who practise it, Art is primarily an amusement, or, at all events, an amusing way of making bread and butter. There are plenty of people to whom this view of things will seem gross and abominable. But if the testimony of the artist himself is to be believed, it is the true one, for all that. It is incontestable that the artist is not made, but born. But it is just as incontestable that a great proportion of the multitude who are given over to the practice of art never can be artists in the high sense of the word, and might do better and more usefully, perhaps, in banking or soap-boiling. They are called, as the saying is; but the call is not particularly serious; were soap-boiling or the criticism of novels as pleasant and exciting to pursue as painting, they would probably have inclined to obey such summons with the dogged alacrity they now display in Art. The fact is, indeed, that what is called artist-life—we use the term in its broadest sense, and with no after-thought of clay pipes and velvet coats and passionate models—is of all modes of existence the one best suited to the terms of modern life. It has been decreed that what we call our individual realities are precious; that the theory of citizenship, besides being old and narrow, is one to be interpreted in divers ways; and that the go-as-you-please-or-as-you-can style is the alpha and omega of human experience. This being the case, it is not surprising that there should be so many to prefer the painter's life above all others. It is one of intelligence and of enjoyment; it abounds in agreeable experiences; it is honourable in itself; and, if fortune only hold, it has such possibilities of honour as are contained in the compass of but few of the careers open to the sons of men. Did not Charles V. pick up Titian's brush for him? Was not Sir Peter Paul Rubens, the chief of painters, one of the wariest of ambassadors and one of the most famous of men? Is not Mr. Whistler the companion of dukes and editors? And does not Sir John Millais make as much as £20,000 a year? Against all this there is to be set the fact that dealers are commercial men, and that, paint he never so well, the aspirant after such credit and renown as paint can bring may find it convenient to be on familiar terms with his frame-maker, and put up with more ill-feeling on the part of his colour-man than he would endure from anybody not a buyer or a count of the Holy Roman Empire. But, all things considered, it is not at all surprising that the painter's should be just now a popular profession. What is surprising is that, as the Institute exhibition and others will prove, there should be so many who are content to paint for painting's sake, and with no thought of the loaves and fishes: that there should be such a number who are content to produce work which, however satisfying to the artistic conscience, must, until the public is so far educated, of necessity remain unpopular and unremunerative.

But Art is free; at least to those to whom she has elected to speak more privily; at least to those who have seen in her something more than the dealer's best disguise. In England here we have always been averse from her influence. We have preferred ourselves above her: the accident above what Carlyle would have called the Eternal Verities. To the English mind it would seem that, outside politics, such things as order, governance, law, are the accursed thing; that we can only exist in the light of our own personalities; and that anything done in deference to convention is, and must be by the very nature of things, a backsliding from the truth. We must still believe in ourselves; for, if we do not, we have nought else to believe in, and are atheists. In art, morality, politics, what wins us is,

not principle, but personality; not convention, but individual eccentricity. With cheerful stolidity we set our Turner over Claude, Hugo above Dumas, however halting, to speak the unspeakable, and it shall affect us any number of times more keenly and lastingly than the most complete expression of

A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

(Painted by C. Burton Barber. Institute, 1885.)

Wagner over Gluck, the slipshod rhapsodies of Shelley above the perfect achievement in the balancing of sense and style of Pope. We are stirred to admiration far less by the plastic than by the spiritual qualities of art; give us an attempt, a palpable truth. *Omnibus hoc vitium;* 'tis the national weakness, and, as good Britons should, we contemn the French because they do not share it. They have the logical gift, the instinct of style, the formative if not the creative intelligence; and we

THE GRANDDAUGHTER.

(Painted by F. D. Millet. Institute, 1885.)

have no patience with them. Better the rant, the fustian, the ignorant inspiration of the Elizabethan drama than the exquisite achievement of Racine, the admirable completeness of Molière; better, as has been said, the romance of Turner at its wildest than the perfection of Claude at its broadest and noblest. It is not the least significant sign of the times that of late years there should have been something of a change of parts. We, on our side, are beginning to understand that art is not made of individuality alone; they to perceive that it is far easier and more soothing to the sense of vanity to make laws for oneself than to work in obedience to laws already made by greater men.

At the Institute both these tendencies, the old and the new, are very fully and fairly represented: the one for the most part on the line, the other for the most part underneath the line. Evidently the young men are learning, as evidently the older men are not forgetting. Mr. Stevenson's "A Gray Morning" (6) displays, for instance, a sequence of exquisite values, within the limits of a general scheme of tonality which is scarce less narrow in fact than it is refined and delicate in quality; while Mr. Hemy's "The Chart" (13), conceived and done in a most liberal, not to say florid, vein of colour, is occasionally hard and glaring, and shows the artist's sense of values to be very frequently at fault. Mr. Birge Harrison's "A Wave" (44), the sketch for his Salon picture, is the model of what a sketch should be: broad in effect, bold in handling, fresh and brilliant in colour, and touched with vigorous evidences of the artist's capacity of selection; while "A Home Scene and a Heart Study" (78) of Mr. S. J. Solomon is—with its hopeless confusion of values, its conflicting lights, its incoherent jumble of masses—a model, in spite of some passages of clever painting, of what a finished picture should not be. Or take the case presented by Mr. Hargitt's "A Dorsetshire Moor" (161) in opposition to the "Fen Country" (164) of Mr. J. S. Hill. The one is a large picture, of a composition which is meant to be broad and imposing, and would succeed had the artist been content to see what is essentially his principal effect. This, however, he has not chosen to do. It has seemed right to him to break up his foreground into half a dozen small pictures; and the result is that, by sheer hard niggling—by the anxious observation and the patient rendering of certain constituents of his *ensemble* in preference to his *ensemble* itself—he has seriously disturbed the impression he desired to produce, and failed in his purpose of painting a really satisfactory and complete picture. Mr. Hill, on the other hand, has worked on a better principle of selection; has taken his subject on its larger lines and in its essential masses; has painted as broadly as he has seen; and has produced a very admirable little work. The same qualities are shown in another tiny canvas hard by, the view, "Near Coniscliffe-on-Tees" (162), of Miss A. M'Lachlan; so that in this corner of the exhibition is material for profitable study. In such material, however, the Institute abounds. The student may take, for instance, in this same room, such work as Mr. Bloomer's elegant and aërial "On the River Colne" (159); as Mr. Leslie Thomson's excellent "Lock on the Kennett" (228); as Mr. Way's most true and beautiful impression of moonlight (128), which to our thinking ranks with the good things of the gathering. Another comparison, and we have done with the work. Mr. Arthur Lemon and Mr. E. L. Brewtnall may both be studied on the same wall, at a couple of paces' distance: the one in "An Autumn Morning" (655), the other in "Outlaws" (686). Mr. Lemon's little canvas—with its vigorous yet finely studied horses in the act of ploughing, its excellent achievement of values, the charm of its fresh, simple colour, the real romance of its distance—is a gem of sincere sentiment and good craftsmanship. Mr. Brewtnall's robbers are of the stage, stagey; their tights are new, their action is suggestive of rehearsals and the model; and they are set in a landscape illuminated, as with magnesium wire, in such a fashion that the confusion of values is at laast as distracting as that in Mr. Solomon's unhappy essay in city and suburban romance.

Mr. La Thangue is one of the good exhibitors. He sends but a single contribution (390), which he is content to describe as "A Study;" but this "Study" of his is so finely observed and so admirably painted as to be, to our mind, in some sort the best thing in the gallery. Mr. Millet is represented by a couple of canvases. One, the larger, "The Granddaughter" (450), we engrave; the colour is sober and refined, the craftsmanship accomplished, the general effect attractive and uncommon. The other, "The Amanuensis" (7), is, on the whole, the better of the two. It is a capital study of character and gesture; the tone is rich; and, save for a touch of hardness in the rendering of certain objects in the corners, the effect is unexceptionable. Miss Dealy's "A Dutch Bargain" (101) is original in conception and in style. The two mites of figures are really humorous in themselves; more than that, they are painted with as it were a Dutch precision and firmness which, in combination with the free, loose, broad treatment of the landscape behind them, makes the work remarkable in a flavour—a good one—of its own. Mr. Kennington's "Poverty" (48) has good qualities of sentiment and observation; it is, however, a little too clean in effect, and a little too sleekly painted, to be wholly satisfactory. Mr. T. H. Farrer's "Jewels of the Adriatic" (42) is

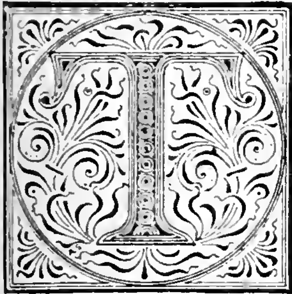
MISS FARREN

(Painted by Lawrence. Engraved by Bartolozzi.)

distinguished by good harmonies of tone, and by a rich warmth of colouring. Mr. John Reid's "Windmills" (23) is not suggestive of nature; but it is couched in a strain of genuine colour, and is capital decoration. Mr. F. H. Parker's "A Snake Catcher" (550) has a fine blonde atmosphere. Mr. Maccallum's "Prawning in the Scilly Islands" (101) is truer in atmosphere and less garish and glittering than some other works of his which we remember. Mr. Bale is represented—less happily than last year—by a "Skylark" (347), strong in style, and showing good work with the palette-knife. Mr. Walter Crane is responsible for a wan, lean, dreadful "Fiammetta" (761). Mr. Clausen (178), Mr. Barnard (671), and Mr. Seymour Lucas (291) are much the same as usual; Mr. Wyllie (215, 502) is not nearly so good as he ought to be. Mr. Henry Moore has taken a new departure (3), and has not yet got the trick of it. Finally, to bring this brief enumeration to an end, Mr. Burton Barber, in "A Song Without Words" (667), which we engrave, contributes a good type of the anecdotic school, in examples of which it may be that the exhibition is all too prodigal.

MISS FARREN.

Painted by Lawrence. Engraved by Bartolozzi.



HIS portrait was painted the third year of young Lawrence's residence in London, he having barely attained his majority, and was living in rooms at 41, Jermyn Street. Here he was visited by his fair sitter. As she entered the studio, and began to unfasten her white John cloak, he was so impressed with her graceful pose that he begged her to keep it. So he saw her, and so he painted her. The picture was exhibited the next year (1790) at the Academy. It was the turning-point in the painter's fortune. Reynolds, already half-blind, had resigned his Presidency; Gainsborough was dead; Romney had retired from Cavendish Square to Hampstead. At a bound Lawrence became the fashionable portrait-painter, though Hoppner contested the race with him till his (Hoppner's) death.

The picture is now in the possession of Lady Derby's grandson, Lord Wilton. Our frontispiece is reproduced from the rare and much-prized engraving. Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, in the revised edition of his elegant book, "Bartolozzi and his Works," regrets to have discovered that the plate, hitherto considered one of Bartolozzi's *chefs-d'œuvre* in stipple, was in reality the work of Charles Knight. It is evident that Knight etched the groundwork, and that on the picture becoming famous as the portrait of the year, a more fashionable engraver was employed to finish his work with the burin. As anything that will tend to elucidate the matter is of interest, I shall append the inscriptions upon impressions that have come within my notice. (1) Earliest state: trial proof of the etching. "C. Knight, sculpt., 1791." "Miss Farren" (in open script lettering, very slight). "London, published February 25, 1791, by J. Jeffryes, Ludgate Hill." (2) The finished proof, the "C. Knight, sculpt." erased; the name of the painter, "Lawrence," added; no engraver's name; publication line same as No. 1. (3) "F. Bartolozzi, sculpt." added: otherwise same as No. 2. (4) Publication line shifted to top of space, parallel with painter's and engraver's names; date altered to 1792; otherwise same as No. 3. (5) On March 8th, 1797, Miss Farren became Lady Derby. No time was lost in altering the title of the plate, as it now appears, "published May 15, 1797, by Bull and Jeffryes, Ludgate Hill." The print obtained new value and interest from the nuptials of "Darby and Joan." The title was erased; and proofs and curious states were carefully prepared for the confiding collector: "proofs before the title;" "proofs with the arms added," *etched;* "proofs with the arms added," *filled in;* "open letter proofs," with the title "The Rt. Honble. the Countess of Derby." (6) The plate has changed hands: "published March 26th, 1803, by J. P. Thompson, Gt. Newport and 51, Dean Street, Soho," the other lettering same as No. 5; the letters of the title are filled in; the plate has been repaired, but is much worn in the face.

Bromley, in his catalogue of portraits, compiled the year after the plate was engraved, attributes the "Miss Farren" to Bartolozzi. He is certainly an authority. Mr. Woodhouse, who was an early patron and friend of the engraver, and made a collection of his drawings as well as his engravings, also ascribes it to Bartolozzi in his catalogue (collection sold by Mr. Christie, January, 1801). And I have seen a proof similar to No. 2 from the famous Sykes Collection, on which Sir Mark had pencilled, "Rare proof by Bartolozzi."

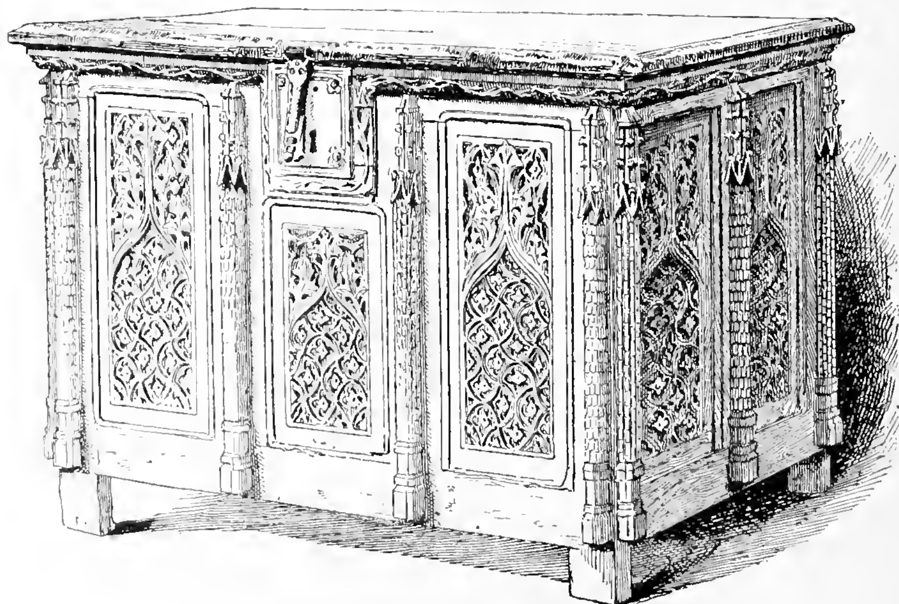
E. Barrington Nash.

CHESTS AND CABINETS.

IN a primitive state of society there is but little personal property that requires safe-keeping; or it is gathered into a few hands. Our forefathers, in the days of King Alfred the Great, had not many jewels nor any considerable amount of ready cash. There were powerful and wealthy persons amongst them, but their power consisted in the number of serfs and dependants who tilled their land and were bound to obey them; and their wealth lay in herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and wool in abundance—in short, all kinds of agricultural produce which the farming of the day could get from the land. The fruits of the earth were theirs, but the precious metals were scarce. Still persons of authority and wealth were not altogether without personal ornaments, and what we should call valuables. To keep these they had chests and boxes of oak. These chests of theirs were massive and heavy, strapped and hinged with heavy clamps, and secured by long bolts and padlocks.

When society became more numerous, land better cultivated, manners more refined, and town and country under more strict and careful management, personal wealth increased. Amongst the guilds, or associations who taught apprentices and gave their sanction to masters of trades, that of the chest or trunk-makers became an important body. Old parish churches still contain chests of the Middle Ages fastened with two or more locks, kept in sacristies, tower-chambers, and other safe places connected with them, in which registers of births, marriages, and deaths are locked up to this day. The older of these chests are, in a great measure, held together by iron hinges prolonged into clamps, and by other clamps which, in fact, fasten the boards in their places as by iron chains, adding enormously to their weight. The wood is otherwise unornamented, merely oak planks pegged or nailed together at the edges. A chest of the time of King John, richly decorated with plates and strap-hinges of hammered iron, is preserved in the Castle of Rockingham.

Chests of later date, those of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries, are lighter and better made. They are framed and panelled. Generally the corner upright stiles or posts are prolonged so as to form legs to lift the bottom of the chest some few inches above the floor or pavement. The rails or framings of the panels are carefully ploughed into lines of moulding, and in some instances little buttresses of architectonic character are carved out of their thickness. It is in the Fifteenth and earlier part of the following century that the more elaborately wrought wooden chests were made. The panels were carved with tracery, often elaborate and beautifully



CARVED OAK; FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(South Kensington.)

finished. The lock-plates are often pieces of finely-worked iron. In many instances, it should be remarked, the plain parts were painted and gilt.

We must not forget that this sort of skill was not only promoted by the guilds of workmen. The travelled monks brought back many accomplishments. In the cloisters of their monastic buildings they had schools in which they taught their pupils the art of sculpture in stone and wood, joinery, and other crafts. Naturally the finest productions of these arts and crafts were devoted to the decoration of churches and altars, and to the furniture of sacristies. There remain some quadrant-shaped chests for copes now in Wells Cathedral, in Somersetshire. Churches and sacristies were furnished not only with chests such as these, but with elaborate structures subdivided into cupboards or closets, drawers and pigeon-holes of every sort of shape and size, made for containing vestments, the various sacred vessels, linen, and other requirements for public worship; in which they could be stowed.

PEARWOOD AND MARQUETRY: EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

(*South Kensington.*)

As for chests, they have been so generally destroyed that we usually meet only with fragments and panels, unless we tumble upon them in old granaries where the oakwood acts as a preservative from the rat, and where they are used for corn and flour bins. In the darker recesses of the Kensington Museum are many fragments in proof of the care once bestowed on these receptacles. Besides serving as safe or convenient places to hold clothes, medieval

pictures show us the chest placed at the foot of the bed, and husband and wife using it as a seat. The Kensington Museum contains more than one old chest with a chess-board inlaid on the lid.

At an early period in the Middle Ages, certainly, and frequently during the Fifteenth Century, it was customary to import chests made of cypress-wood to keep tapestry and other woollen goods in. The aromatic smell of that timber was considered as a specific against moths. In the corners of these imported chests, and in those of native make, we find little receptacles covered by flap-lids, in which small articles could be kept. Some chests have nests of these contrivances round their inner sides. Italian chests of this kind are often elaborately painted, and show that they were given (as they were also in our own country) to daughters of the house.

MERCHANTS' WARES: FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

(From a Manuscript.)

Before leaving the subject of chests it is worth notice that in the Middle Ages houses, castles, and manorial residences, scattered at considerable distances, often belonged to one owner. It was generally the case with regard to princes and great feudatories. They were rarely all of them furnished with anything like completeness, nor were they ready for immediate occupation. Furniture, therefore, had to be packed in rough chests called "standards," and carried on pack-horses, asses, or carts.

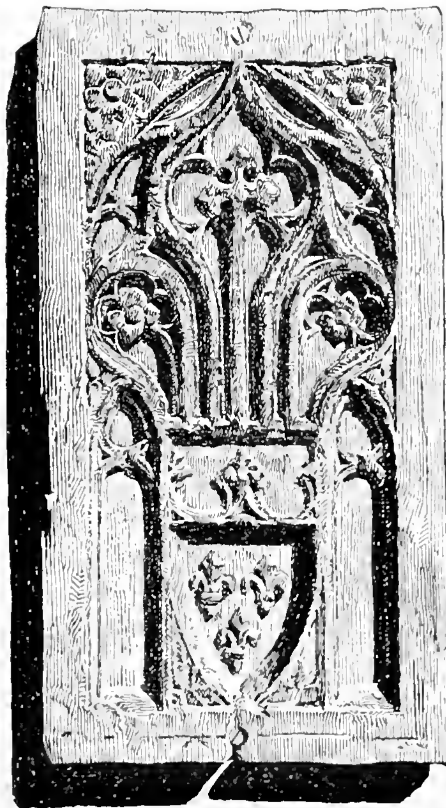
Mediæval potentates and most private persons possessed small boxes or caskets in which precious objects were carried or put away. They were kept about the personal luggage, or were entrusted to faithful dependants; were hidden, or buried, or conveyed away with the utmost secrecy in times of peril. Fortunes might depend on the documents or papers they contained, or on the valuables enclosed in them. Romances are sometimes made to turn on the finding of such caskets, and it is certain that elaborate skill was often devoted to the ornamentation of such precious receptacles. The jewel-case of Richard of Cornwall, King of the Romans, is now in Vienna. It is made of oak, with hinges, clamps, and lock of wrought-iron, and bosses of metal enamelled with heraldic shields.

It is to be observed that the castles and palaces of the Middle Ages had a special chamber called the "wardrobe" room. It was fitted with shelves and closets, and was under the charge of a separate servant or officer, who kept his own—often elaborate — wardrobe accounts. The office survives in name at the present day—that of Mistress of the Robes. Not only was the decorative furniture of the house kept in the wardrobe, such as hangings, but winter dresses, &c., when not in use, and the groceries and stores now commonly kept in the still-room—wax, raisins, spices, no doubt jam-pots, honey, and sugar as well. Sometimes these wardrobes were fitted up with decorated wood and iron-work. Very elaborate accounts of the wardrobe administration under Elizabeth are still preserved in MS. in the Lord Chamberlain's office.

When times were more settled, the personal comfort of princes and subjects was better consulted, and presses were made, sometimes standing out in the room, sometimes consisting merely of doors fitted in front of a recess in the wall. Some are elaborately carved: one, for instance, in the museum at Vienna. A fine, upright wardrobe, said to have come from the royal palace of Theobalds—ruined by Cromwell in 1650—was exhibited in the South Kensington Museum some years since. It is now in private hands. The front is divided by three tall pilasters of baluster shape, and between them the space is panelled with little niches for figures one above another, reminding one of the decorative designs of Holbein. In the Sixteenth Century we meet with those more elaborate structures to which the name of cabinets (literally little houses or rooms) has been given. The cabinet may be said to have grown out of the chest by a power of development of species. Many of the older cabinets found in our modern museums, the Spanish cabinets in the Kensington Museum to wit, are chests, sometimes fitted round with little drawers, with an outer or covering lid to close them in, and mounted on a stand made of carved or turned rails, so as to bring it up to a convenient level for use. A great number of cabinets made in many countries are chests of drawers mounted in this way and opening horizontally. One of the most elaborate in the Kensington collection is that known as the "Tudor" cabinet. It stands on arches, and the arches on a platform inlaid on the surface with the badges of

the Tudor family. The upper part is made up as an architectural model of a triumphal arch or a small temple, the doors and ends being arched panels filled with carved classical battle-pieces. When opened the interior is also an architectural frontispiece with columns and bases, and the whole filled by a nest of drawers of various size. The architrave above the arches of the outer doors also opens and discloses five small drawers behind it. All the drawer-fronts are covered with bas-reliefs of figure sculpture of admirable execution.

From and after the Tudor period cabinets of various design became not only the most useful, but the most elaborate and decorative pieces of furniture that were made. A great number of carved cabinets in the Kensington Museum may be compared with the one described. Some are like two chests superimposed one on the other, generally with an open space below the lower chest or lower division. Into this open space vases and vessels not in immediate use, or liable to damage from exposure, could be safely placed. The lower shelf, however, was often enclosed, and the cabinet, instead of drawers in the upper part, consisted of one or two sets of closets above, and a third below. Other cabinets opened like the presses described as wardrobes, with large doors showing shelves within. Sometimes they have a row of little drawers under the central shelf. Cabinets of this kind, during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, in all countries have a strong family resemblance. In Italy and in Holland, cabinets of the time had not only an architectonic exterior, but arcades, balustrades, black and white floors, ingenious looking-glasses to multiply the apparent extent of them. As to those made in England, they were more nearly allied to the cabinets of the Low Countries, Flanders, and the busy cities of Belgium. Great numbers were even made in Flanders for the English market; the fronts only, leaving the interior and the ends, or flanks, to be fitted in England. These designs were copied and reproduced in various parts of the country. Old farmhouses in Wales and remote counties still contain examples of the same design, made and decorated by provincial joiners. Caryatides with Vandyck beards and moustaches are often parts of the composition, and they are further inlaid with coarse marquetry.



A PENELOPE: EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

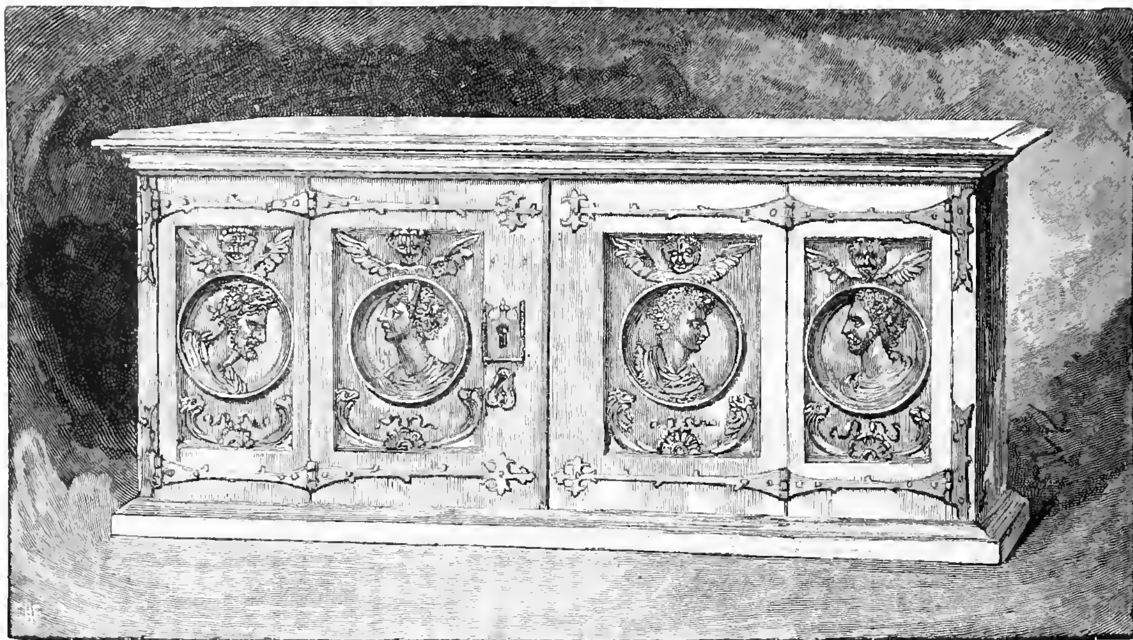
(South Kensington.)

Carved-oak cabinets gradually gave place to such as were decorated with marquetry, or pictorial mosaic, made up of very thin slices of veneer, or thin wood of different colours, fastened down with glue. The shape of the cabinet, too, underwent a change. The "bureau" consists generally of three parts: a shallow cupboard (closet) or bookcase, a writing-desk with a sloping flap that folds down and becomes a table, and with a chest of three or four drawers below. The back part of the centre is a cabinet in small, has pigeon-holes and drawers, not unfrequently secret drawers, ingeniously hidden, and when released by moving some sliding division of the woodwork starting out with a spring. The present writer has known an ancient family bureau on receiving an accidental shock disclose a drawer lined with old spade guineas; but such happy discoveries are probably very rare. The earlier bureaus are commonly not made of oak, but of walnut-wood. Sometimes the doors of the upper part are sheets of plate-glass, silvered for mirrors, or plain. These glasses are generally cut into curves of various shapes on their edges, and bevelled, showing that they have been made at Lambeth, subsequently to the erection of the glass-works by the Duke of Buckingham in 1670. Walnut-wood was imported and used towards the close of the Seventeenth Century in considerable quantities.

Many of the bureau fronts and fronts of chests of drawers of the Eighteenth Century have undulating surfaces bulging out in front. These surfaces are generally veneered with some pattern, or simply with wood of fine grain—foreign walnut, for instance—the substance being of oak. Some have marble tops. They are difficult of execution, and are more commendable as proofs of skill than as improvements. Curious dressing-tables were made in the last century, when mahogany had become the recog-

nised wood for furniture. They contain, in a compact form, every article then required for the toilet. They are, however, dressing-cabinets rather than tables.

The enterprising spirit of the last century, which led to such extensive colonial expeditions, in fact the establishment of an empire in the East, and of factories and settlements in many distant lands, could not fail to affect the national fashions. No small quantity of furniture was imported from India, China, and other Oriental countries. The great chests of teak, and sometimes of cedar (these are less commonly met with), and of Chinese lac-work which were brought over by merchant captains, are still met with in country houses. The large Chinese chests are sometimes plain, sometimes covered with lac, with incised and painted decoration. Chinese cabinets consisting of chests of drawers on legs, and closed by folding-doors, are not uncommon. They are black, well decorated with lac-work, and have finely cut and chased clamps and lock-plates of gilt metal, sometimes of silver. It is presumable that such cabinets as these have been made to order, as furniture often was by Chinese workmen. Nor are these lac cabinets the only objects made in the east or south for English use. Now and then we meet with a complete bureau, book-case top, drawers below, slanting centre, fitted for ledgers and account books, evidently made from a bureau sent out, but in teak or in Indian walnut, and inlaid with ivory in designs of great beauty, perhaps Persian.



CARVED IN THE STYLE OF HOLBEIN.

(South Kensington.)

The designs of Chambers and of the Adam brothers were taken up by some admirable joiners and cabinet-makers. Their names have been already quoted in connection with chair patterns. They also made "Chinese" furniture, light pagoda-shaped cabinets, with the sides of glass, to keep porcelain and other fragile curiosities. To this fanciful taste we may attribute the imitations of Chinese lacquer which were then made; little cabinets, clock-cases, and the like. Cabinets were occasionally made of ebony, and carved; but ebony cabinets were more rarely made in this country than in Holland.

The Adam period saw the introduction of satinwood. It was brought into use by the cabinet-makers of that day, and cabinets made of it in quaint shapes as well as cupboards and book-cases. Rows of shelves, but the shelves higher in the centre than on the sides, and having the tops curving up to a clock-stand, are occasionally met with of satinwood, and of admirable workmanship. They coincided with the gay furniture of the Louis XVI. period. Most of this old satinwood furniture is decorated with medallions of marquetry, the ground being of some dark wood, tulip-wood, rosewood, or mahogany. Another kind of decoration connected with satinwood has been noticed in a former paper, viz., miniature paintings by Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani, and other decorators. This may be called a "Vernis Martin" process. Wedgwood medallions were sometimes inserted instead.

J. H. Pollen.

BLACK NIGHT

A WAYFARER on the wold,
Black the air and the ground;
On he goes through the dark,
Over marsh and mound,
Like death-bell, his heart has toll'd
One groan, no other sound:
He has fallen from a verge—he lies... stark!
And a creeping wind on the wold
Whistles through pitch-black air
For Will o' the Wisp to hold
His flickering lantern there.
Where the moveless face lies bare,
With sightless eyes a-stare.
But the wind is not so bold
As to touch his blood-wet hair.

Merely a fireside fancy?—No,
A thing that happened, years ago,
On this very moor,
Nigh this very door.
Draw the window-curtains close,
Blackest night is round the house;
The cat purrs loud, the crickets sing;
Shadowy sweet our tranquil ring.
The wind's in the chimney, and below
The whispering fire sheds dusky glow.
Hush!—a knock. Open and see.
Who's there? "A Wayfarer."
Welcome is he!

W. Hennessy   R. Taylor Sc

A BLACK NIGHT.

(Written by William Allingham. Drawn by W. J. Hennessy.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE MAIDEN AND THE TOMB.

THE story begins in a hall in the Palazzo Venezia, at Rome. The Venetian ambassador, Cavaliere Zulian, has invited a party of artists to dinner, that they might give their opinion on the merits of a group of sculpture, "Dædalus and Icarus," which has just been sent from Venice. It is the work of a very young artist whom the ambassador has brought to Rome for a few years' study of the ancient masters.

The artists are all assembled in the hall of the palace, waiting the entrance of their host. There are Gavin Hamilton, the Scotchman, who is quite the Ruskin of his day, and Volpato, a fine-minded Italian engraver, with Cades, Angelini, and several others; while outside, in the loggia, a group of three pace anxiously to and fro beneath the arches. They are the young artist himself, nervous at his first artistic ordeal, his friend Antonio D'Este, a fellow-sculptor, and the Abate Foschi, a learned priest who has set himself to train the young man's intellect up to a level with his art. "Who knows what they will say?" sighs Canova; "I might have spared myself this ordeal, after all."

At length the ambassador enters and salutes his guests, and the group is unveiled. No one dares to speak, for this is quite unlike the posturing nymphs in flying garments to which they have become accustomed; the disciples of Bernini scorn its natural simplicity, the academicians think it too free from classical canons of art. Only Gavin Hamilton dares a free and loyal criticism; he is afraid of nothing which is true to art. "Signor Ambassador," he says, "the group wants nothing but a stronger style and a little knowledge of the maxims of the antique masters. He who, out of his own inspiration, has brought art to this point must undoubtedly be a genius." Then he proposes that, now the artist has seen the masterpieces of the Vatican, and has had the beauties of Greek art brought before him, a piece of marble should be given him to make any statue he pleases, so that his power may be judged better. The other artists second this, and Canova is made happy by the general praise. The ambassador, turning to Volpato, gives him a commission to obtain the marble and have it sent to Canova's studio, and while the artist begins to dream of his "Theseus," the stately host leads the way to his dinner-table.

This scene was the beginning of many friendships to Canova, especially those of Gavin Hamilton, who became an artistic conscience to him, and Volpato, with whose friendship is connected the short story of Canova's love. For Volpato took a great fancy to the earnest young artist and asked him to his house, which was situated in the Vicolo Barazzi, now "La Bocca di Leone," near the Piazza di Spagna. Volpato's house was a very pleasant one to visit, for he had several sons and daughters, and among them one named Domenica, such a beautiful young girl that Canova fell straightway in love with her. For a long while he admired with a distant reverence, and the girl little knew all the feelings which were hidden under the quiet exterior of her father's new *protégé*. No doubt his quaint ways afforded amusement to the lively young Roman maidens, for the Cavaliere Zulian was no longer ambassador, and Canova, released from the bonds of court life, had a pension from Venice, and was able to carry out his own mode of life, and unique enough it was. He avoided easy-chairs, and limited his hours of sleep on the hardest and most simple of beds. Before he dined he plunged into a cold bath, and after dinner he reposed for half an hour. Rising at sunrise, he spent the first hours of day in drawing from a model; after breakfast he modelled in clay. His marble-work was done in the afternoon, and often the finishing and polishing were executed by candle-light. He worked with his taper in one hand and his file in the other.

Volpato was so pleased with the model of "Theseus Victor," which he had watched grow under Canova's hands, that their friendship grew into intimacy, so that the young Canova had opportunities of seeing his admired Domenica almost daily. At length he summoned courage to ask her father (through a friend, of course, for such is the Italian etiquette) if he would be willing to give her to him as a wife. Volpato was delighted; the girl not unwilling, the *dot* was arranged, and the betrothal took place. Canova was allowed the regulation interviews in the presence of the family, and joined the supper party every evening two hours after sunset. The lover's artistic prospects were also brightening, for Sig. Carlo Ghizi had spoken to Volpato of a sculptor for a grand tomb he wished to erect to the late Pope Ganganelli (Clement XIV.), and Volpato had secured the promise of the commission for his son-in-law elect. Such a work as this would place Canova at once in a foremost rank. Yet such was his conscientiousness that he would not accept it

until he had written to Venice to ask permission, "for," he said, "Venice is paying my pension, and has the prior right to my labour." The Republic, without hesitation, sanctioned his acceptance.

Meanwhile, as the wedding day drew nigh, the lovely Domenica grew more and more cold in her responses to Canova, and "he saw no more on her countenance the sweet and complaisant smile so dear to him." Neither could he penetrate her motive for the marked change which troubled him so much. A friend, however, discovered that which was hidden from the lover. The Vicolo Barazzi was narrow, and the windows of the opposite houses were near. From one of these windows the handsome face of a young Polish painter often looked out, and the face had betrayed so much admiration for the pretty Domenica that a Romeo and Juliet affair ensued, and the words which should have been addressed to the serious Canova were spoken more warmly from window to window after he had left. When Canova was told this he said he would not believe his love guilty of such perfidy, unless he saw and heard with his own ears. His life's happiness being bound up in it, he thought it his right to make use of any means to learn the truth, and decidedly the means he chose were both romantic and *bizarre*. He one evening engaged a very robust young baker, who was accustomed to carry out the bread in a tall basket on his back, and made him wait at the corner of Via della Croce, on which the house of Volpato abutted. He had been so gay at supper that evening that Volpato remarked to his daughter he was "pleased to see Canova in such good spirits." When he left the house he disposed himself in the bread-basket, and listened until he heard a low voice speak from one of the windows. "Now," he whispered to the baker, who forthwith swung the basket up on his shoulder and walked with his load down the "vicolo," where he stopped to rest his burden just under the window.

"Why should we lose time?" pleaded the handsome Pole; "in a little while you will be married to Canova, and then all hope is over." And the voice of Domenica was heard responding, with a sigh, "Yes, it is true I must soon wed Canova; but it is also true I only do so because I must obey my father." Canova had heard enough; he struck the side of the basket as a signal to move, and the baker, hoisting him up again, carried him out of the street. Little sleep did he get that night; but after long and sad thought he wrote a letter to the girl herself, saying, "I cannot but admire your strength of resolution, which would have allowed you to unite yourself to me as an eternal sacrifice, only out of filial obedience. I ought to thank God that he has made this known to me in time to release me from the unhappiness which I was by chance going into, and that I can see how I have been deceived. Such a marriage would have been quite contrary to my hopes, which were to give myself entirely to you, and have your whole love and care for me in my domestic life, if God had seen fit to fulfil them. I need the care, for out of my art I am nothing, and cannot take heed of small worries. . . . ." This letter was given to one of Volpato's scholars for Domenica. She showed it to her father, who, understanding Canova's character better than herself, said, "My child, the affair is over; we can never make this right again; however, I will try to pacify Canova. But his honour is concerned, and here he is rigorous to an extreme point."

Volpato's surmises were correct. Canova refused his overtures, but with such true reason that Volpato's regard and respect for him were not lessened one whit, and he showed that he also had a strong idea of honour, for when the commission of the tomb of Pope Clement XIV. was decided, he gave it as he had promised to Canova, in spite of the melancholy affair of the broken marriage. As for Domenica, a few years later she married Raphael Morghen, the engraver, who was one of her father's pupils.

Canova gave up thoughts of love from that moment; he got his aunt to come and keep house for him, and declared that henceforth he had only one bride—Art. He set to work earnestly at the tomb of the Pope, and no doubt the sadness of his own spirit was partly expressed in those personifications of grief, the statues of "Meekness" and "Temperance" which stand before the effigy of the Pope. His studio was open at all hours to the public, for it pleased him to hear every one's criticisms, saying "that a chance word had often given him a new idea or a fresh turn to a thought." A painter of great reputation in those days was Batoni, but he was leader of the school of Bernini, and, consequently, not likely to appreciate either simplicity or classicality. Canova, however, coveted much to hear his opinion of the model, and Gavin Hamilton one day brought him to the studio. He gazed in silence for some time, then said, "Bravo! bravo! one can see that you have talent, but you are still a long way out of the road which many great men have trodden. Go back to St. Peter's," he added, "and study the works of Bernini and Algardi. I need not say more; take courage, and remember that we are in Rome—that Rome which is full of fine models."

This to an artist who had given his soul to the purest Greek models!—to be sent to Bernini for instruction! It required all Hamilton's best arguments to put Canova right with himself after this; and when he ended with, "You are young, and have to fight

against artistic prejudice, against men who lie asleep in false art, and against the decadence of sculpture," the young artist was more tranquillised. The models finished, Canova went to Carrara himself to choose the marbles, and when they arrived he set to work with incredible energy, so much so that he made himself ill, and had to go to Tivoli to rest and recover. In April, 1787, the mausoleum, which was placed in the Church of S. Apostoli, was unveiled, and Canova sent his friend, Antonio D'Este, to hear the critiques on it. The followers of Batoni had, of course, many faults to find, but the general opinion was favourable. A sculptor named Bergondi was very bitter in his censure; but a bystander remarked, "This gentleman, who is such an immeasurable critic, is the sculptor of those angels," pointing to some figures near, "which, if you observe them, have a great likeness to frogs;" so Signor Bergondi's criticism was silenced. A wit posted a notice on the café in the Piazza di Pietra, saying, "Whoever has found the leg of Temperance, and will carry it to the sacristy of S. Apostoli, shall be rewarded." It is true that there is but slight indication of the left limb of the statue of "Temperance," but the drapery is so full and graceful that it might not be noticed. Caneva obtained 10,000 scudi for the monument, with which he redeemed his grandfather's property in Possagno. Soon after he had the commission for the still finer monument to Pope Clement XIII. in St. Peter's.

LEADER SCOTT.

AN "ATELIER DES DAMES."

ONE never thoroughly realises the prevalence of the artistic mania, or the thoughtless manner in which it selects its victims, unless, leaving the beaten track a little, one investigates the contents of any of those "Ateliers des Dames" with which Paris is crowded.

AT WORK.

The doctrines of selection and survival of the fittest must operate most effectively among men. A man must, as a rule, have a very decided talent before he will adopt a profession which demands more and gives less than any other. In short, the average man has to earn enough to buy bread to eat, and the average art-student finds it as much as he can do to save enough to buy bread with which to clean his drawings. But with women the case is different. There are numbers who, having just enough money to live quietly abroad, and pay the very moderate studio fees, discover that art is an excellent weapon to kill time withal; that a studio makes a very pleasant club;

that you can never tell if you have a talent or not until you try; that it is so nice to be able to paint pictures of your friends; and, in fact, that trunk for an evening-dress, and give up an anatomy lecture or *aquarelle séance* at the studio. In fact, it is a life "the world forgetting, by the world

A PROFESSIONAL MODEL.

you might as well join Z's studio—just to see what it is like. This irrevocable step once taken, the victim rarely if ever recovers; and, even if temporarily cured, she is sure—unless some very strong counter-interest is introduced into her life—to relapse, and find the world a very sorry, empty place unless she can rejoin her old haunts.

It certainly is a very fascinating existence. There is a mixture of freedom and restraint about it, of independence of all rule and serf-like obedience to your particular master, of monotony of routine and variety of detail. You ignore society, yet take the most unreasonable interest in all the sayings and doings of your fifteen or twenty fellows. The great question of dress resolves itself into what is the best material for painting-blouses and how to get painting-rags; and a dance or a party of any kind is only regarded by the genuine enthusiast as an unpleasant occasion for which you must ransack your forgot;" and no one who has not tried it can realise its peculiar charm. The actual teaching is not, perhaps, the strong point so much as the regular work, and the advantage of working amongst others, which, in some studios, where the average of achievement is high, is of infinitely more practical use than any number of lessons, when the student sees no other drawings than his or her own.

A studio is a republic; but it has its recognised leaders, and there is not unfrequently one who by sheer force of will has established herself as autocrat, and takes upon herself to regulate everything, from the model to the clock. The autocrat is not always what is known as a "strong worker," *i.e.*, one whose powers in drawing and painting might entitle her to take the lead. Her only qualifications need be self-confidence, a capacity of early rising, and a temper—especially a temper. In no place more than a studio is it true that the early bird gets the worm; but in

a studio that bird must be prepared to defend her spoils. Thus it is a great thing to be among the first to pose the model at eight on Monday morning; but unless you are prepared to fight for the continuance of your pose, you will find that each comer will want to alter it to suit her particular taste. Unfortunately, malcontents have the right to put the pose to the vote; and it not unfrequently happens that after you have patiently blocked in the figure during the first hour, at nine o'clock, when the crowd arrives, a fresh and totally different position is voted for and carried by an exasperating majority, and all your labour is lost. It is at such a juncture as this that the powers of the autocrat really come into play. She makes her sketch; and, having once done so, she takes upon herself the entire arranging and correcting of the model. What does she care if he was relaxing one limb or stiffening another at the moment she drew him in? She gives one searching gaze at her canvas; glances with scorn at those of her neighbours; calmly observes, "The model has moved; I will re-arrange him, as I have got him all in;" and insists on her pose being maintained for the rest of the week.

In contradistinction to this type, which is always self-reliant, and generally argues with the professor, is the harmless, imbecile, but ladylike student. She begs every one to criticise her work, and resents nothing in the way of comment. She is amply supplied with every possible artistic necessary, from white chalk (which every one borrows, to mark the position of their easels on the floor) to a large piece of fresh bread. She has more charcoal, a better "fil-à-plomb," and more measures and compasses than any one else in the studio. She is always amiable, and ready to give out of her abundance to her needy neighbours. She never misses a day's work; but she cannot draw, and she never expects to be able to do so. She is a striking example of our want of acquaintance with the laws which govern the selection of art-students: all her tastes seem in direct opposition to the somewhat untidy casual life of a studio; but year after year you find her there, always nicely dressed, always humble, and always a trifle silly. Appealed to as to whether the model is right or no, she says, piteously, "Oh, *please* don't ask me; I *never* know!" She invariably makes the eyes too large, and, as a rule, prefers to draw only the head, three times larger than life, on tinted paper, in crayon, and with a good deal of stump.

Tinted paper and a stump are not "serious," so the hard-working element says. The hard-working element is mostly composed of Finns, Danes, and Norwegians: northlanders to whom art is a terribly earnest thing, and who rarely if ever mingle with the more frivolous French, American, and British sections. During the ten minutes of repose which is allowed to the model every hour, these serious ones collect in little knots, and in curious languages (which sound vaguely like German cut up and hardened into cakes for exportation) they discuss each others' work, or else one poses, and the others make pencil sketches of her. It is curious what a large percentage of these northerners there are in nearly every studio. They are almost all "serious," *i.e.*, they work with a definite object; their average of work is consequently high; and, although they do not join in the general "frivol" of the studio, they are always ready to help a struggling beginner, or to give a timely criticism to any one in difficulties.

There are generally two professors, who come twice a week to correct the students' work, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Their arrival is looked forward to with a fearful joy. You hear a heavy step on the stair. "C'est lui!" says some wag near the door, and every one begins to rub out suddenly-found faults with frenzy, as Jacques, the *garçon*, comes in to make up the fire, or an unkempt Italian puts in her head to know if a model is wanted. However when, after many false alarms, the professor really appears, the joy of anticipation is lost in the horrid discovery of the mistakes which seem to break out all over your drawing as you feel the master coming nearer and nearer; and when you dismount from your high stool to allow him to ascend in your place, your terrors have not unfrequently so quickened your eye that you know instinctively that he will correct parts with which you were blandly pleased before he came. It would be interesting to know if this is an instance of thought-reading on the part of the pupil, or merely the working of an unnaturally stimulated conscience. The professor's criticisms are usually very short, and most frequently severe: "Pas assez bien construit. Ça manque un peu d'envéloppe. Pas assez naïvement vu." And he passes on, leaving what had been a sufficiently self-satisfied young woman a broken-hearted ruin.

The atrocity of some of the drawings makes it difficult sometimes for M. le Professeur to find anything to say, but I have only once seen a master absolutely silenced by bad work. One Monday morning, on arriving at the studio, we were all much surprised to see a very old woman in the heaviest widow's weeds, in the act of trying to arrange an easel. We concluded that she was making preparations for some grandchild or great-grandchild, or, as her age could not have been far short of ninety, some great-great-grandchild even; but to our astonishment it soon became evident that she had not been working in the interests of any descendants, for she climbed nimbly enough on to her stool, produced a carton and a sheet of common brown paper, and began to

draw. She made the quaintest figure possible on the top of her high stool, in her poke-bonnet and long cloak, and with her rusty old umbrella hanging on the back of her easel.

Every one was longing to see her work; the general rumour was that in her day she had been "excessivement forte," and was coming to amuse herself in her old age: as a veteran polishes up the old sword which he will never wield again. For the first two days it was impossible to find out what her drawing was like. We could see nothing but the big bonnet nodding backwards and forwards, and a little knotted claw in a black mitten moving industriously over the sheet of brown paper. If any one approached the corner in which she had established herself, a long pallid nose would emerge from the recesses of the bonnet, and a pair of bright eyes would be anxiously fixed upon the intruder; while the little claw would furtively draw a piece of white paper over the study on which it had been so busily engaged. One day, however, the opportunity came to me. The old lady dropped her crayon-holder; and I picked it up before she had time to get down for it. I talked to her for a few minutes, and at last plucked up heart to remark that "doubtless Madame had already studied a great deal?" "But no, Mademoiselle," was the reply: "I only now begin. I wish to copy at the Louvre; and it is always well to learn to draw a little before beginning." At this point my curiosity got the better of my politeness, and, stepping behind her easel, I saw her work. She had drawn in the figure with ordinary lead pencil. She had picked out the nostrils and lips with red chalk, and in the centre of each eye was a dazzling pip of white. Every law of proportion had been shamelessly violated; it was absolutely bad; and she was waiting for my criticism. I was dumb, no words would come to my rescue; but at length I framed a guileful compliment, and was beginning to stammer it out in response to her pathetic look of enquiry, when the sudden arrival of the professor sent me back to my own easel, and I was spared the utterance. We all watched him as he came up to the old lady. I knew what he was suffering. Had I not endured it myself a moment before? He gazed at the drawing, then at the bonnet, then at the drawing again. He was a tender-hearted young man, and reverenced old age; but the situation was too much for him. He glared distractedly round the room for inspiration; and, finding none, he managed to gasp out a wild "Continuez, Madame," and literally turned and ran. The old lady looked rather disappointed, but she applied herself to her drawing, and at the end of the week she departed and did not return. We heard that she thought the professor's counsels not very useful, and so went straight to the Louvre.

In some few studios the proprietor or "patron" supplies a piano for the use of the students. There is always a musical element in every studio. During the pause some enthusiast produces a ragged copy of Beethoven's "Symphonies à Quatre Mains;" a fellow-genius who reads music at sight is evolved from the crowd by the mere opening of the piano; and then, as Kingsley says somewhere, "there begins a murder grim and great." The executants both count out loud, each in different languages. Beethoven is battered about the keyboard by the light-hearted players, whose one object seems to be to out-din the din of talk which arises the moment the music begins. The noise is indescribable: until some one fortunately notices that the ten minutes of grace have expired, and manages to shriek above the turmoil, "C'est l'heure;" when the uproar subsides. Now and then some quiet Russian or Swede or Pole will play charmingly, when, for once, the indefatigable duettists have left the piano in peace; and it sometimes happens that a stern-faced English or Scotch woman will sit down and unflinchingly go through all the known variations upon "Home, Sweet Home" or "Ye Banks and Braes." But the execution is not generally equal to the intention. There is very little time for practice, when you have to be at work from eight to twelve and from one to five every day. Then, after work, there is always some shopping to be done: canvases to be ordered, brushes to be chosen, or, possibly, dinner to be bought. Numbers of students, whose means would not permit them to live in a hotel or *pension*, find that, by taking a room and buying and cooking their own victuals, they can live better, and for far less than they would have to pay *en pension*. Generally two or three girls club together, and while one undertakes the important position of cook, the others act as kitchenmaid and caterer respectively. What triumphs of the art have I not seen produced upon a small petroleum cooking-stove! And how admirable is the chop which you have cooked yourself, over a fire which is also the work of your own hands, and whose building, in the iron basket which is the Parisian apology for an open grate, requires as much architectural skill as that of a cathedral! The cost of living in this way is more than one-third less than the prices of the cheapest *pension*, and there is a delightful, picnickish, hand-to-mouth flavour about it that gives a peculiar interest to every meal.

The principal excitement of studio life, and the one perhaps which exercises the students most of all, is the question of the model. At most places they have one in the morning and another in the afternoon, each of whom keeps his (or her) respective pose for the whole week. Bad or disagreeable

models have a great deal in their hands. One of their most powerful weapons is the temperature of the studio. The model will declare that he is dying with cold, and keep on heaping coal upon the stove until the room becomes like a furnace; and if, goaded to desperation, some one opens a window, the practised model will shudder skilfully through his entire frame, and so make drawing an impossibility till the window is shut again. This is the model who wants to be disagreeable; but, on the other hand, there is no serener joy than that you experience during the spell of a pleasant model. It is perfectly amazing how some of them will not only remain quite motionless, but will recover their pose day after day for a whole week, and never change the position of a muscle. But these paragons are rather the exception than the rule; and the model only too often justifies the cry of anguish which I once heard: "The fifteenth change in one hour! Oh! this isn't a model—it is a panorama!"

It may therefore be easy to understand the general interest on Saturday afternoon, to know what is to be the studio's fate for the following week. If the "patron" is so rash as to appear, he is besieged with questions, or entreaties for some special favourite. It is a noticeable fact that the feebler the student the more determined she is to have a difficult subject: as, for instance, a child for the whole figure, or a pretty woman's head to paint: and the more indignant if she is refused her wish. The venerable and patriarchal type is generally in great demand. The patriarch is, as a rule, simple in colour, and also "characteristic;" his long grey beard is effective; and if he has not got the palsy, and does not go to sleep too frequently, he sits well. "Le Père Fusco," one of the oldest and best known of Parisian models, is a fine specimen of the genus, and has, at one time or another, sat for every saint in the calendar.

THE PROFESSOR SPEAKS.

The models have a whole street to themselves in one part of Paris—and their name is legion. They are almost all Italians, and form a distinct and ever-increasing class. They begin their professional career as little children of two or three years old; and if they have the good luck to have a good figure, or characteristic features or colouring, they will probably continue it until they die. One man, who posed for us as an abbé, assured me that he had sat for every picture and bust of Napoleon I. that had been produced for fifteen years. Another was always employed for religious subjects, and had been the model for Christ in many famous pictures. One dark-browed Italian woman was in all the exhibitions as Judith; and another was the conventional Mary for a convent altar-piece. With these there are also a few negroes, who are always in great request. By dint of much bullying of the "patron," we secured a most interesting barbarian for one week. He was well worth the trouble we took to get him. Again, there are studios where the work is confined exclusively to soldier-subjects. Here the models are almost always genuine soldiers.

But soldier-models are sometimes a delusion. Here is a case in point. We were to have for the afternoon *séance* a real cuirassier. Every one invested in stately long canvases whereon there would be room for the entire warrior; every one was ready as the clock struck one—but where was the cuirassier? We waited, feeling lower and lower every moment; and at 1.30 the "patron" appeared, and broke the cruel news that, in consequence of the Chinese

War, the odious Government had summoned every available man for active service, and our soldier

AN AMATEUR MODEL.

—our hero—instead of going *on* canvas, was going under it, and had deserted our colours for those of France. It was a terrible blow, and one for which the commonplace Italian model who took his place quite failed to console us. What were to us his academic poses and exaggerated muscular development? Dispiritedly we put our canvases away, and tried to forget our sorrows in an every-day charcoal drawing and unlimited abuse of the Minister of War.

E. Œ. SOMERVILLE.

PROFILES FROM THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

DIANE DE POICTIERS.

ON the 3rd of September, in the year 1499, was born that great Diana, whose dubious moon so long should light the Renaissance of France. Her father, Jean de Poictiers, Seigneur de Saint-Vallier, was a prince in Dauphiné, and one of the greatest nobles in the kingdom; and in 1512, being then thirteen years old, she was married to the hereditary great Senesehal of Normandy, Louis de Brézé, an even greater noble than he, but already a widower, and fifty years of age.

No life could well seem less eventful than that of a great provincial lady, married to a man much older than herself, and secure in her Norman manor-house against the temptations of the distant Court. For more than ten years the beautiful Grande Sénéschale did indeed pursue this tranquil existence, living at home with her elderly husband and her two baby girls; and hiding in the greenery of the lush Norman country the marvel of her face. In this seclusion her beauty ripened to its prime, and her magnificent health, which no future anxieties or triumphs should ever break, developed its secret of continual youth. She became a creature without nerves; without the sudden illnesses and fever-fits of a town-bred woman. Rejoicing in hunting and a free open life, she was now the mere Diana of the forests, who later should become the magical Diana of enchantments, the moon that filled the windy skies of France.

But, though Norman in her home, she was no ruddy Norman in the type of her beauty. An exquisite creature; mysterious, exotic, with eyelids strained a little tightly over the long full eyes, with narrow lips shutting closely over their secrets, with a rounded forehead pale under the abundant tresses of the curly deep black hair; and yet, for all this air of secrecy, with something strong and noble in the pillar-like throat and straight pure angle of the face; and with something purely feminine in the small nose, delicately prominent in profile, and in the forehead, which was round as that of a Virgin by

Andrea. This contradiction of expressions, the secret lips and noble defiant carriage of the head, the deep pallor of the face with the elastic strength and energy of gait, had a larger part in the singular charm of this incomparable woman than even the delicate beauty of her features.

But in the autumn of 1523 the long discontent of the provinces came to an end, and, espousing the cause of the young Constable de Bourbon, the Emperor's ally, the greater part of the provincial nobles rose against King François in a rebellion, which threatened to degrade their country into the mere divided appanage of Germany and England. Diana's father, Saint-Vallier, was at the very front and head of this ill-omened rising, in which her husband also was involved. A few months after this, the Constable had retreated into the Emperor's camp before Provence, and Saint-Vallier, with many other nobles, was a captive at Loches, in the holding of the king. To most of these offenders the chivalrous François, that gallant, tinsel Amadis of Gaul, was as generous in pardon as any victor in a romance of knight-errantry. But Saint-Vallier was too eminent and dangerous a rebel to be spared. On Tuesday, therefore, the 17th of February, 1524, after dinner, he was taken to the Grève, riding pillion with an archer, who held him fast. In a simple robe of serge and fox-fur he stood there, bare-headed, his hands bound together behind his back. Then the collar of the Order of the King was taken from him, and his name struck out of the army roll. This done, and all prepared for death, he kneels, his hands still bound, praying his last prayer; when the crowd hears a great crying, and one of the chancellor's servants is seen flying rather than riding on a galloping horse, and crying hoarsely, "Holla, holla! Cessez, cessez! Voilà la rémission du Roy!" Louis de Brézé, it was explained to the crowd, the pardoned Seneschal of Normandy, had obtained from François a commutation of Saint-Vallier's sentence to one of perpetual imprisonment. But the crowd soon learned an explanation, more conformable at any rate with what it knew of the character of the king. The old Seneschal had hardly been so eloquent; but his young wife was one of the loveliest women in France. She had pleaded with François for her father's life. And at what cost had she induced him to spare it?

But of the innocence or of the pardonable guilt of Diane we have no exacter proof. And we must admit that we know nothing of her from the remission of her father's capital sentence in 1524 until the death of Louis de Brézé, in 1531. We know that then his widow mourned him well, that she raised for him in the cathedral at Rouen a priceless monument, that she never quitted the weeds of black and white which she wore in mourning for his death. We know, too, that she lived for some years in a sort of sober splendour, full of dignity, inaccessible, beyond the breath of scandal, occupied with the future of her two young daughters, and engaged in arranging becoming marriages for them. For herself, also, did she but know it, for this wise and matronly woman of six-and-thirty, the future had its strangest gifts in store.

They met, her Endymion and she, at Ecouen, the Norman manor of Montmorency, not yet transformed by Bullant into historic beauty, but a country house, strong and large and simple, as befitted the dwelling-place of a great soldier. In that year of 1535, partly because he felt his interest grow weaker on the king, and partly from a real sympathy of temperament, Montmorency had begun specially to ally himself with the king's second son, Henri, Duke of Orleans. Henri, sixteen years old, silent, melancholy, and phlegmatic, was no favourite with the volatile king; it was of him that François had said, "Je n'aime pas les enfans sourdauds et songeards." Over this lad, with his taste for the ideal, his strong Catholic fervour, his narrow judgments unmodified by reality, his weak will—over this young prince the dogmatic Constable acquired a great ascendancy. In him the Constable saw the possible salvation of France from the hands of Huguenots and unbelievers. But to secure Henri it was, according to the Sixteenth Century theories, necessary to give him a mistress. Nothing as a rule more easy, nothing in this case more difficult; for this young son of the most dissolute prince in Europe had no love of women. Lately married to the child, Catherine de' Medici, he had taken in aversion this lively and chattering little Florentine *bourgeoise*. As yet he had not found the remote Egeria of his dreams; but the shrewd Constable perceived that, once discovered, her reign would be profound and durable over that melancholy heart.

In 1535 the meeting took place; and almost at once that strange and passionate friendship began, which during four-and-twenty years united this young prince to a woman twenty years his elder, in a union to be broken only by death. There was little, indeed, of common love, in the sense in which that word was used in the Court of Paris, between these strangely-matched lovers; but the influence which Diane exerted over her devoted worshipper was to mould the whole civilisation of her time. The type of her face and form, the type of her mind, delicate and cold and artificial, inspire the poetry and the art of twenty years in France. Her chill, intolerant temper is reflected in the ruling of her lover. With her predominance the early movement of the Renaissance, impetuous, all-questioning, humane, is vanquished and extinguished. That sun is for ever set, and in

its place, dubious and cold, there rises the moon of Diana.

And soon her influence began to widen. In 1536 the early death of François, the young Dauphin, left Henri heir to France, and made Diane a great personage at Court. Round her pale and stately presence all that was conservative, all that was Catholic, correct, and "bien pensant," began to rally. It was pretty certain, though never quite certain (until the Revolution should find and desecrate the little graves at Anet of her infant children), that Diane was the mistress of Prince Henri; people said that she had been the mistress of his father. And yet so strongly did this strange creature impose herself on her surroundings, that in all the Court of France there was no woman so respectable as Diane. Among the brilliant ladies of the Court she moved pale, inaccessible, wearing her weeds of black and white: even as among the sparkling, twinkling, blue-and-red darting little stars the white moon sails. By her side the good, imprudent, impulsive Queen of Navarre looked almost improper, and Madame D'Étampes a vulgar little chatterbox. Such charm there was in her magical serenity that the common people, remembering the witch Diana of the forests, declared that she had used herbs and philtres to distil this enchantment.

No wonder the other women did not love her. Wit, youth, beauty, learning, were vain weapons to use against her. Day by day this cold creature grew more powerful in France, till at Court there were two factions, the party of the Dauphin and the party of the King, and already the prudent began to attach themselves to the younger, the solemn, decorous, and Catholic faction. Vainly those of the older fashion threw at the enchantress their ridicule and insult, calling her "La Vieille," making her presents of false hair, asking after imaginary ailments which they gave her, trying to make her old and superannuated. Nay, it was they, rather, who were superannuated: it was the flimsy chivalrous François, the gay, hare-brained Duke of Orleans, the learned and humane Queen of Navarre, and brilliant Chabot, all the audacious, free-thinking, and free-living champions of the modern world, whom this pale enchantress should subdue with her chill wand and her spells of romance and dreams.

In 1547 François died; his younger son was buried with him, his sister scarce survived him; the old gay chivalrous France was dead with them. Now Henri reigned, and at his side Diane. There was, indeed, another woman whose throne was placed beside him: the ingratiating, timid, servile little Catherine. But she was of slight account, a mere handmaiden of Diane's. For it was by the protection of the king's mistress that his wife was not divorced from him; and in every illness of Queen Catherine's it was Diane who became her nurse.

The moon was full now, and flooded all the skies. In 1548 Henri made her Duchess of Valentinois, and a great fortune came into her hands. Much of it she spent at Anet, where Delorme built for her a princely hunting manor, and where the business of the State was usually contracted, and much at Chenonceaux, where her most charming chateau was. Diane, cold-natured, fond of power and influence, and perhaps not quite satisfied with the devotion of this dull and dreamy lad who made her great—Diane found a great pleasure in favouring the arts. Goujon made a statue of her; Rosso painted her at Fontainebleau; and her face and form abound in medals and bas-reliefs of the time. For, by a fortunate concurrence, the beauty of the most important woman in France was precisely of the type which Primaticcio and the Italian artists had lately introduced there. This double influence imposed the features of Diane as the model of French art, and, through the masterpieces of many men, has secured her face to us for ever.

Great in art, building chateaux, fostering the frigid pseudo-classic genius of Delorme, inspiring the delicate artificial masterpieces of her time, Diane becomes the patroness of the exquisite in monochrome. Not less was her influence on politics; and this we may believe, without endowing her with any great penetration, or even with the passionate interest in living history which distinguished such a woman as Marguerite of Angoulême. For, in the Sixteenth Century France, there was one short way out of political difficulties. Were you for the wide diffusion of learning, for the printing-press, for a qualified Huguenotism? Then you approved a liberal foreign policy: you were for uniting France with England, Denmark, Protestant Germany, Venice, and Turkey in a great defensive alliance against the Inquisition and the Empire. On the other hand, were you Catholic? In that case you hated all these things: you wished to centralise and circumscribe the vital force of France, to keep her free of foreign and especially of heretic influence, while for all-powerful Spain you felt an admiration tempered by jealousy. Diane, of course, belonged to the second party.

During four-and-twenty years her influence grew and widened. She lost her beauty as she grew, at last, an old woman, a woman sixty years of age. Her later medals show us the sad, almost shocking face of the whilom beauty: the lined face with a double chin; the wrinkles round the thin lips, and the drawn and pointed nose; the crimped hair suspiciously abundant above the withered brow; the long eyes faded and sunken under the eyebrows, grown too thick and ridiculously arched. But though her enchanted beauty went, the magic of her influence

remained; not even then could any venture to foretell the end of her reign.

At last, in 1559, a sudden accidental wound in a tourney gave the death-blow to Henri II. As he lay a-dying, Queen Catherine, with the servile pleasure in tyranny of all feeble creatures, sent for Diane, and bade her leave the palace, and restore the jewels which the king had given her. "Madame," said the old enchantress, "are you sure he is dead yet?" And, being told there still was left some breath in his body, she continued, "As yet, then, I have no master. Let my enemies know I do not fear them. For when this prince is dead I shall be too busy mourning him to heed the sorrows they would heap upon me." Thus, sober and calm as ever, Diane quits the stage of the world.

For this, in truth, is her final exit. That night King Henri died, and Diane at once repaired to Anet, giving, with a contemptuous magnanimity, her manor of Chenonceaux to Catherine the queen. At Anet she lived on another seven years, keeping absolute silence, holding no relations with the world, save with the family of Montmorency, into which her daughter married. She must have watched, amused, indignant, contemptuous, the uncertain fortunes of France in the weak capricious hands of her rival. But no counsel, no caution, ever came to Court from the silent woods of Anet. There, still mourning, in such devotion as that fickle age should never see again, she died in 1566: leaving behind her the memory of a woman not bad, and certainly not base, who had done more, perhaps, than any other to impoverish and sterilise the destiny of a great country.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

DIANE DE POICTIERS.

(From a Portrait by Bellard.)

A REVERIE.

(Painted by Solomon J. Solomon. Society of British Artists, 1885.)

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

WE English have played a strange part in the history of Art during this century. After initiating a renaissance which, based on the work of the Low Countries, was yet as national and original as the Italian art domesticated in Belgium by Rubens, we suddenly discontinued our march in landscape, and our search for the true relations of a figure to its environment. In a word, after Constable, Crome, Gainsborough, and others had pointed out the road of modern research, their successors went astray into by-paths and strange quags, and foreign schools received the impulse thus avoided. And in this way it

came to pass that, whilst abroad the school founded in 1830 was pursuing possible and legitimate aims on canvas, in England, the *fons et origo* of the development, all manner of cliques of painters were wholly giving themselves over to representing a variety of subjects—anecdotic, symbolical, and philosophical—quite uncongenial to the medium of paint.

No wonder, then, that the school which grappled boldly with the visible attributes and beauties of things became European; that, occupied with abstractions fit only for spoken language, the insular school got to be incomprehensible, or by reaction stupidly commonplace; and that Paris, and not London, became the *atelier* of the world. Amidst all the achievement of this period: whether frankly commercial work—painted stories of dogs, babies, sweethearts, covenanters or Bible-reading elders—or archaic revivals by poets and archæologists: England's most vital effort was in the art of illustration. The few good examples of the real art of picture-making were scouted at important exhibitions; whilst a sort of enlarged Christmas cards were offered to the closer inspection of the enchanted public. Unquestionably the worst sign of English art in this century has been a timidity that seems to freeze all original or unauthorised endeavour and render all experiment suspicious. Let a man have been trained in however bold and however broad a school, once fairly under the spell of the English art atmosphere, he is apt to become anxious about small artistic proprieties, and fearful of the very inspiration which formerly redeemed his faults.

For in England, be it noted, many worries await the artist. As a man of business he must pose amongst his fellows, must be like prosperous people, and not indulge in the eccentricities proper to his craft. Even frames must be uniformly gilt, and pictures uniformly finished, according to a cheap standard, so as to present no point of weakness to the common person who cannot distinguish between the beauties and emotions of art and the beauties and emotions of life. The English can make a good suit of clothes, because they cut them after a common pattern, avoid novelty of design, and seek to dissemble individual taste and position, whilst satisfying a conventional standard of propriety. Unfortunately, a picture is not like a suit of clothes, but is meant to attract the eye and to enforce an impression of the artist's personality; and Continental work became for this reason as unmistakable in our galleries as a foreigner in our streets. So many were sick of commonplace neatness, cheap story-telling, and complete disregard for dignity, *ensemble*, atmosphere—all, in fact, that goes to make a picture noble or decorative! But there has been an awakening in artistic England. Once roused, none is more subtle and original in perception than the reserved, slowly-moved Anglo-Saxon race; and nowadays one hears, as a reproach, that most young men of talent paint in a more or less Continental style. The truth is, of course, that, owing to our long period of insularity, the accusation only means that they are paying attention to breadth, value, and relative importance, as did Constable and Crome before them.

Perhaps in Suffolk Street more effectually than elsewhere, you may judge of the variety and originality of the sentiment and practice of those young Anglo-Saxon painters who have acquired technique—and technique only—from the example of foreign schools. The exhibition of the Society of British Artists is no longer eaten up with timidity and respectable commonplace. Work trivial in aim may still be found there, but it no more constitutes the bulk of the gathering. Not, as once, can this gallery be justly dismissed with a reference to one or two exceptional pictures; not, as once, is original and experimental initiative derided as dangerous and unsafe. At last real art—art large in aim and worthy in sentiment—is being preferred to mere purblind patience, flimsy pretence, and catchpenny cheapness of subject.

Doubtless this revolution, so desirable in effect, so rapidly accomplished, is due in a measure to the boldness of the many new associates whom the Society has had the prevision to take in. Mr. Whistler's election—Saul among the Prophets—gave rise at the time to much wondering comment. It has probably been the most influential of all in the right direction. He, Mr. Legros, and Rossetti have pursued their own paths, and their marked personalities have given them tremendous influence for good or bad. Their very different styles all trench more decidedly upon the general background of English art than do those of any other contemporaries. With Mr. Legros we are not immediately concerned. As for the art of Rossetti, keen and original as it was, it came from himself, was based on no tradition, and can hand down to posterity nothing palpable save a peculiar and very faulty technique. Mr. Whistler is a painter to begin with: in amusing himself, he instructs and delights as many of his fellow-craftsmen as have eyes to see, and his work, derided at first for its exclusion of all popular and literary qualities, has come to be regarded as a sort of high-water mark of style. He exhibits as many as nine works, some of them those very small sketches with which he tickles his public as "Notes" and "Harmonies" and "Caprices." His "Caprice in Red" (570), a water-colour, is a good example of the genus: only what is absolutely necessary to indicate a graceful pose and give a pleasant suggestion of colour is admitted. Characteristic also of

the artist's small figures done in pastel is a "Note in Violet and Green (568), from which the committee (it is hard to say why) have removed the apt and amusing motto, "*Horsley* soit qui mal y pense," originally written on the frame. "An Arrangement in Grey" (151) is more important work; low-toned and unobtrusively modelled in a sober brownish key without affectation or exaggeration, it is an example of Mr. Whistler at his best. The "Arrangement in Black: a Portrait of Mrs. Cassatt" (362) in a riding-habit, is, however, his largest and most serious contribution. Painted on a basis of black, and very low in tone, it recalls by its general aspect several of his previous works, and especially that splendid portrait of Señor Sarasate which we lately had the honour to engrave. But there are differences not of the most excellent sort. The artistic convention is not so well concealed, the general tone is not so luminous and aërial, the texture is not so vibrating, the modelling is not so simple and true, as in the "Sarasate;" nor has the touch, in important places, that delightful precision and refinement which told with such effect in the general atmospheric vagueness of the "Lady Archibald Campbell." In the matter of composition, too, we cannot help feeling a certain stiff and affected inelegance about the lower part of the figure and the hang of its draperies. But there are, to make up, felicities of colour in flesh-painting the like of which even Whistler has not often attained.

The rich simplicity of its flesh-painting, the striking yet sober wholeness of its effect, and the strength and subtlety of its modelling made Mr. Dannat's "Portrait of Eva Haviland" (225) remarkable even in last year's Salon, that gigantic collection of bold attempts and technical masterpieces. Here at the British Artists' its mellow and creamy unity of colour at once attracts the eye; looked at from the far side of the large room, the main masses of its modelling are right and effective; the "Portrait of Léonie Haviland" (123), somewhat similar in its general appearance, without being a whit stronger, seems coarse and hard in comparison. His study for the head of that "Aragonese Smuggler" which we engraved has a totally different aspect: its main division is the light and shade produced by a strong effect of sun; its tone is somewhat cold, and its modelling is a mosaic of broad square and very cleverly expressive touches. Mr. Harrison's "Study: Bathing Scene" (71), the sketch for the large picture which illustrated our "American Salon," is but a rough note of the general scheme: in the completed work the harshness of relation between shadow and sun on the sands was much modified, the figures were relieved more delicately and without such evident spots of dark, and in general the colour was more refined and harmonious. Mr. Harrison, one may note, has the rare power of perfecting his ideas in his pictures whilst preserving the freshness and vitality of his sketches: his sketch of a wave in the Institute is better than this one in the British Artists', yet the large Salon picture surpasses it in the qualities of air and freedom, and in the sense of liquidity and movement. Mr. Stott's "Portrait of my Father and my Mother" (107) is unpleasantly stiff and heavy in colour, and, in spite of its undeniable merits of draughtsmanship and character, has a disagreeable affectation of dreariness. His landscape, "Moonrise" (292), is otherguesswork. Simple and solemn in aspect, it is a large and aërial picture of moonlight quivering over a vast and hardly-perceived lake and mountain district. Mr. Stott has thought the general action of this sort of light a worthy enough subject, without descending to the delineation of objects which, on such a night, come and go indistinctly, or at least appear to have but an unimportant existence. In unpleasant exception to the general breadth of treatment is the somewhat wiry foreground: little spider-legged islands and promontories break on the solemnity with complications unnecessary, and too small in size to balance the main masses; broader blocks, with but a spike or so for character's sake, would have rendered the picture less eccentric as well as more suave in composition. Mr. Wally Moes's large canvas, "His Mother's Prop" (275), is in a style but little admired in England, and in France less common now than it has been. Paint piled on roughly, anyhow; impasto the result of accident or sincere effort to improve tone; and colour naturalistic if not coarse—these are giving place to elegance of manipulation even at the cost of sincerity in the representation of the subject. It is strange that this rudely sincere art has never taken root in England, where the general disdain of technical cleverness would have left the searcher after truth quite unembarrassed by other considerations; but it is rare among us that a sober, rough, and sincere presentation of anything has ever been carried out without being spoilt by the introduction of inappropriate "prettinesses" of colour and sentiment. Mr. R. J. Gordon's "Ophelia" (207) is, however, good strong work, owing little to any foreign example; the handling is loose, "sloppy," and quite unconventional, and though the structure and modelling are not as sound as Mr. Dannat's (for instance), the rich scheme of gold and green is fascinating in colour. Another of our illustrations is taken from Mr. Solomon's "A Reverie" (12), which, if one may judge from his picture in the Institute, is none the worse, in spite of occasional flimsiness and hardness, for lacking his usual square and smartly

conventional touch. If he displays in Suffolk Street less cleverness of handling, at least by a careful search after values, he produces a broader and more logical effect than in his larger picture aforesaid. Mr. Dunsmore's little portrait (352), though rather black, is soberly and effectively painted, as is Mr. Gotch's "Portrait of a Lady" (129). Mr. J. J. Shannon in "Thoughts" (267), and Mr. Pennington, aim more at elegance of handling and more marked impressionism than these others. Mr. Pennington's "Two Ballet Girls" (605) is an exceedingly graceful pastel; though the drawing is firm and elegant, neither it nor the modelling is as searching or accurate as is the study of values and relief. But Mr. J. E. Blanche's "Little Jane at the Seaside" (48) is an example of thorough-going impressionism in figure-painting: it is true in both tone and colour, and handled with immense spirit and breadth.

OPHELIA.

(Painted by R. J. Gordon. Society of British Artists, 1885.)

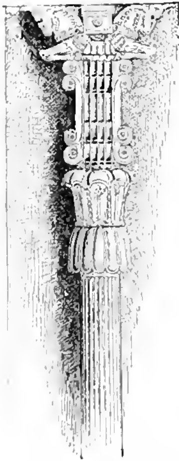
AGAINST HIS WILL: "MALGRÉ LUI"

(Painted by Henry E. Detmold. Society of British Artists 1885.)

Frenchmen, even when they have become careless about the truths whose expression originally made it necessary, are generally desirous to preserve the characteristics of broad handling, as more conducive to a beautiful and expressive technique. In this way Mr. Detmold's "Malgré Lui" (204) is, to a certain extent, French: the broad square technique is almost mannered, in that the artistic feeling seems lavished on the handling more than on the truths of nature and the constructive side of art. Mr. Leslie Thomson's solid and noble "Skylark" (308), and Mr. Aubrey Hunt's big marine, "Wood Carriers, Brittany" (218), are both as true, perhaps truer, to nature; but the presentation is more naïve: their handling has some of the cumbrousness which must occur in the work of men always ready to sacrifice perfection of technique to a closer rendering of truth. The tone of Mr. Thomson's sky is, however, so luminous and so true, his manner so sincere, broad, and unaffected, that no one could wish him to gain elegance and ease at the loss of any of these more important qualities. Mr. Hunt has succeeded best in his "Cloudland" (342) in rendering the atmospheric quiver of large empty space: dealing with blue sky, white clouds, and objects high in tone, he has avoided anything metallic, and has given us a singularly simple and luminous work. Mr. Edwin Nichol's "Sunlight and Shadow" (49) is broadly handled, but without any affectation of style; it has a large and noble decorative aspect, with its great division of light and shadow, its towering mill, and its huge rolling cumuli. Mr. Percy Belgrave's "December Afternoon" (301) shows the same big manner of working employed on a solemn grey subject, affording no trenchant division or opposition of colour. Strong work in a similar vein comes from Mr. Edwin Ellis, Mr. H. Wilkinson, Mr. Bloomer, and many others. Not unexceptionable in execution, Mr. J. S. Hill's "The Avon, Christchurch" (370), has a poetry of its own and a solemn mellowness of general effect which make it one of the most pleasing canvases of all. Among landscapes more personal and impressionistic may be mentioned Mr. Toovey's "Cornfield" (307)—blonde, aërial, skilfully smudged in; Mr. Sickert's "Breakwater" (222), and Mr. Peppercorn's dark and heavy Corot (245).

In sculpture, Mr. Nelson Maclean's "Yes or No" is a very graceful terra-cotta bust, and is, with Mr. Lee's bronzes and Mr. Onslow Ford's portrait of the Rev. Newman Hall, the best thing in the room.

ART IN PERSIA.



1—A CAPITAL.

Eastward of Assyria, as far as Carmania and the Caspian, in the tract between the Aras and the Persian Gulf, dwelt a race of hardy mountaineers, sprung of the great Aryan family. This territory was divided laterally by a desert which separated the Medes in the north from the Persians in the south, but between the two peoples it is very hard to draw a sharp ethnographical line; although they first appear under separate and independent monarchies, it is almost as difficult to distinguish between them historically. Their land was very varied in character, and had every variety of climate: mountain and plain; forests and pasture-lands; arid wastes of rock and salt and sand swept by pestilential winds; fertile valleys watered by beautiful streams and bright with a thousand flowers, or with gleaming orchard-groves. Played upon by these influences, a character was developed in which strength and grace, limited by a crude barbarism, reflected the environment. Vigorous and brave, the race was yet savage, and defaced its conquests by unrestrained lust and ferocity; but it maintained throughout its record the courage which won the highest place in the body-guard of Mardonius, which conferred on the Mede the fatal pre-eminence of leading the attack at Thermopylæ, and bore down before him all the might of Babylon; while its independence and its hardihood are conspicuously illustrated by the resurrection, all unchanged, of the Persian government and religion after six hundred years of foreign domination, and the survival of its monarchy until this day, notwithstanding the fierce ravages of Saracen and of Tartar. There was also a true love of beauty and earnest effort for its realisation. Mede and Persian are not by any means to be confounded with the mere hunters and wasters of mankind; yet to a true civilisation (such as that of Egypt, for instance) they never attained, and to the world's science they have added absolutely nothing.

These characteristics—fair fine instincts arrested and rendered abortive by an ineradicable barbarianism—find expression in their works of art. The source of their inspiration was not nature but Assyria, and their monuments exhibit an æsthetic taste quite

unknown to the latter, but have none of the charm imparted to those of Egypt by her unity and "cast of thought." The magnificence is fantastic, the appeal

II.—SHAHPUR I. AND THE EMPEROR VALERIAN.

is still to wonder; mass is relied on for the effect on the spectator. Still prominent are colossal forms and huge winged creatures in relief (III.); sphinxes and gryphons still haunt the palace walls, or stand as warders at the entrances (V.). But there is a very vigorous individuality in the treatment of them. The native Medo-Persian energy and endurance is shown in the superior accuracy, fulness, and animation of her figures. Egypt is no better in delineation, Assyria has nothing like her carven lions and bulls; the very posture and attitude of them is without precedent either at Thebes or at Nineveh. It is seen also in the imaginative force which gave birth to new ideals; not only are the sphinxes not Egyptian, and the human-headed bulls not Assyrian—notice the backward and upward turn of the tips of their wings—but there are numbers of strange shapes, undreamed of in the other philosophies, compound in body of bird and beast,—sometimes one, sometimes the other predominating—we have never seen the like before. But it is most evident in the remarkable fact that when Cambyses returned from the conquest of Egypt, bringing in his train a host of captive artists, these had to work under the prompting of the Persian priests. Nothing can subdue the dominant Persian style and tone in architecture and in sculpture. Their effort after beauty is seen in the shape and proportions which they gave the column, of which more hereafter; but no sooner had they reared it to its airy height than the woe came up into their palaces and made its home on the very top and crown of them. We have seen the happy genius with which the Egyptian sculptor wrought out for his capitals manifold beautiful adaptations of his favourite lotos; but where the flora was innumerable of form and hue, where every shape of shoot and sucker and leaf was exquisite, the Persian made no attempt to wreathe them round the pillar, or to lead them in subtle gracious twine through and about the masses of his capitals. His lovely shapes, and they are lovely, culminate in a double gryphon or a double bull.

But two distinguishing features of Persian architecture demand particular notice. It was impossible that a people of so much inherent force should ever be mere reproducers of a foreign model. The Assyrians and Babylonians reared their palaces upon platforms of considerable elevation, which, however, were nothing more than vast flat base-plates; the Persians adopted the same principle, but made their platforms a pile of lofty terraces, and asserted their individuality by the artificial ascents which thus became indispensable. The Persians were the greatest builders of staircases which the world has seen; plan and scale and decoration were alike superb. In them, as also in the platforms, stones of enormous bulk were used, and the spaciousness of the design throughout is

III.—BAS-RELIEF, FROM PERSEPOLIS.

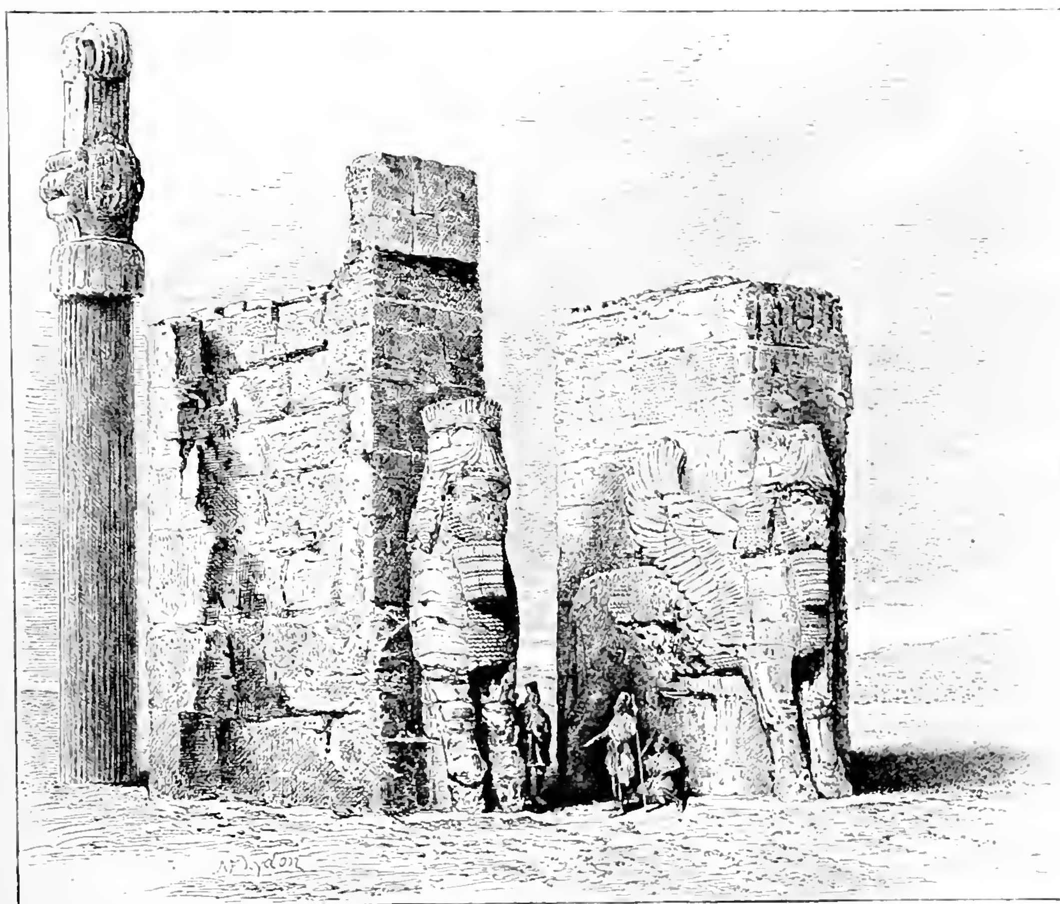
quite in keeping. The grandest example (VII.), having regard to dimensions, occurs in the palace at Perse-

polis. This staircase leads from a plain in the beautiful valley of the Bendamir to the summit of a terrace, out of which it is taken. It consists of two sets of two flights of stairs, each with a broad landing-stage between them; the two lower flights diverge to the level of the foundation, the two upper converge to a common landing-place at the top. The shallowness of the pitch, each stair being only three or four inches in height, constitutes an ascent so easily graduated that horses may be ridden up and down, while the width of 22 feet admits of a cavalcade of ten abreast. Less noble in size, but distinguished by the character of its ornamentation, is the next staircase which opens to the view, somewhat out of line, when that just described has been mounted. It conducts to the summit of the central terrace, and is composed of four single flights: two of them being central, and facing each other, the other two standing on either side of these at about 21 yards distance from them. The entire length is 212 feet, the width 16 feet, and there are thirty-one steps in an ascent of 10 feet. It is flanked by an immense parapet wall, surmounted by a massive rounded coping of elegant carven-work, which overlaps the wall on the inside; the ends and the entire face are covered with sculptures, and exhibit a long procession of colossal guardsmen armed with spears. There is a central projection divided perpendicularly into three compartments; the spandrils on either side exhibit a lion devouring a bull—a favourite Persian device, understood to be symbolical of the conquest of Assyria—the centre is occupied by eight colossal guardsmen; above the spandrils is a row of cypress trees, and above these a narrow border thick-set with rosettes. Elsewhere are represented court officials, monarchs receiving tribute, and similar scenes. An inscription on a slab informs us that this magnificent structure was the work of "Xerxes, the great King, the King of Kings, son of Darius the Achæmenian."

IV.—FIRE ALTARS, NAKHLI-RUSTAM.

But it is not her imperial staircases which give its true distinction to Persian art. This is seen in her successful effort to supplant the hitherto dominant horizontal style of architecture by the aspiring perpendicular. The instinct of the Egyptian made him conscious of the depressed effect of his long level lines, and he had sought to dissipate this by the clumsy expedient of the obelisk; the Assyrian—a true Philistine, in the modern sense of the term—probably cared nothing at all about the matter; there is no indication that he recognised any deficiency in the unbroken flat style, to which at all events he accommodated himself with entire content. The constructive use of the arch was not yet understood; but what the Persian could do, he did, and his work is the world's wonder even now. Among these barbarians first appeared a genuine pillar architecture, a new order,

which the Greek afterwards made perfect in beauty. It is more than probable that the incentive was supplied by Media, where timber was so freely used that the remains of what she wrought are but few, and those few exceptionally incomplete. In the towering trunks of poplar and of pine, of elm and plane and cedar, which beautified the slopes of Zagros and flourished on his upland plains, the Mede found the column ready to his hand, and caught at the suggestion of nature. A similar course might have been adopted by the Phœnician; but the forests of his Lebanon failed to prompt any impulse of the kind in him. It is the honour of the Persian that he seized on the idea and worked it out in stone. With imaginative daring and large mechanical resources he piled gigantic blocks up in lofty taper shaft, slender, yet firm, carrying them to a height not surpassed by any, not so much as attempted by the Greeks (who, however, could do a better thing); crowning them In Egypt, where it had been reared on a colossal scale, grandly wrought, and delicately enriched, it was at best but the remnant of stone allowed to stand, when the wall of rock about it had been cleared away; nor did the primitive notion of it attain to higher development than the imitative production of a massive turret. In Persia it became the fulfilment of a fresh idea, of a constructive thought; and rose under the hand of her builders from broad and beautiful base, in gradual diminution, to full and well-poised capital. The later base is frequently a repetition of the inverted and elongated lotos leaf; this form abounds in Persepolitan remains, which belong to the maturity of the Empire; but there is a much simpler form in the ancient ruins of Pasargadæ, which is very noble as well as singular. "It exhibits at the side a semicircular bulge, ornamented with a series of nine flutings carried entirely round the base in parallel horizontal circles;" and with



V.—THE PROPYLÆA OF XERXES, PERSEPOLIS.

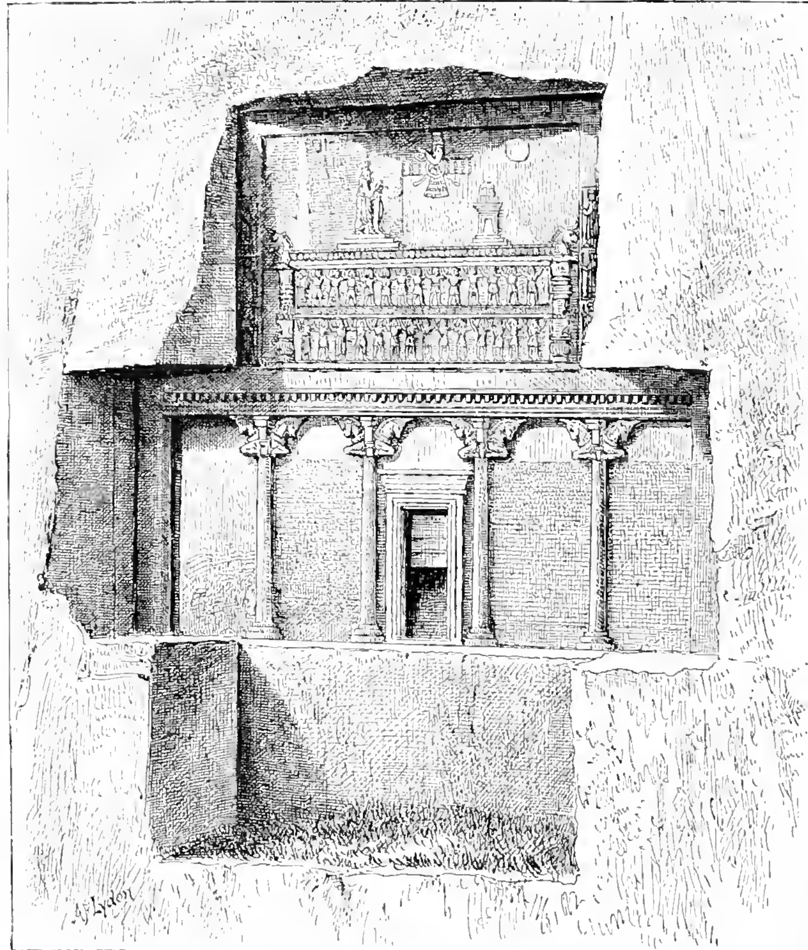
with enormous proportionate capitals (I.), and leaving them in and about their palaces to excite the amazement and admiration of successive ages.

For the true column had not been seen before.

the plain dignity of this design well accords the brief bold inscription on an adjoining stone, "I am Cyrus, the King, the Achæmenian."

The finest illustrations of Persian architecture are

found at Persepolis: the ruins of the magnificence destroyed by the victorious Macedonian, in a moment of brute exultation when the long revel had made him a mere "fury slinging flame." Of the great splen-



VI.—THE TOMB OF DARIUS, NAKHLI-RUSTAM.

dour of these palaces, aglow with gold and colour, we can but form a guess; but their vastness in respect both of area, and of height, is capable of realisation. The Hall of a Hundred Pillars, the Tschil Minar, was an enormous rectangle, outmeasuring the Great Hall of Columns at Karnak, larger than any temple of classic times, or than any mediæval cathedral except that of Milan. Here, supporting the expanse of roof upsprung a grove of glorious columns, firm and fair, rising to an altitude of 65 feet; the length throughout being elegantly fluted; the bases formed of the pendent lotos leaves in triple row, the shaft spreading fan-wise with hollow outward curve at top, and surmounted by the Ionic volute set on end instead of being imposed horizontally, the whole disfigured aloft by the monstrous double bull or double gryphon —an uncouth anti-climax which detracts from the full effect of the mingled strength and grace of the structure, introduces that discordant element which civilisation could never eradicate, and disappoints us with a sense of incompleteness and incongruity.

But where is the temple? and the tomb? It would be too much to say, as of snakes in Iceland, "There are none;" but they are far between and unimportant. The explanation is not, as in the case of the Assyrian, worldliness and irreligion; on the contrary it is religion and other-worldliness. The Mede began with an archaic worship of Nature-Powers, which became to him spiritual personalities; and this conception attained a strangely pure height, being resolved into an idea of a Supreme Deity which differed from the severe monotheism of the Jews not so much in principle as in the inferior measure of the revelation. The later form of Zoroastrianism became Dualistic; the universe was regarded as the perpetual battle-ground between the Good Spirit and the Evil Spirit, who were almost evenly matched, the balance of advantage being, however, with the former. Each,

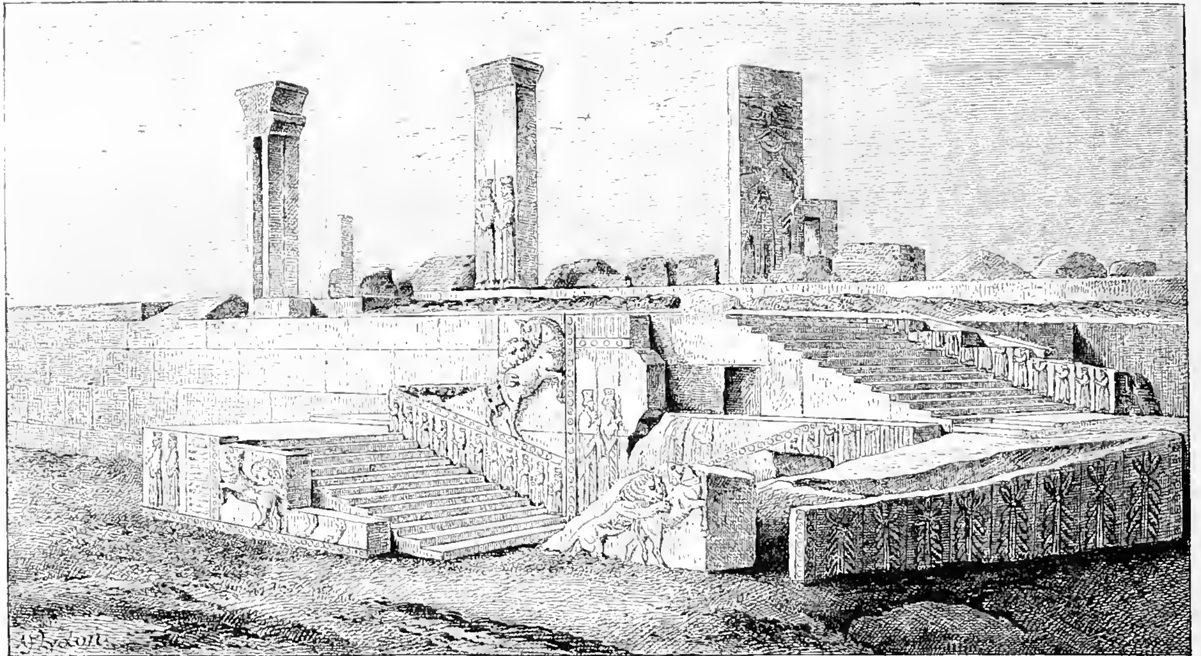
in time, came to be attended by a host of partisan Paladins, and it is considered that the mature creed concerning angels fallen and unfallen, held by the Jews, was due to Persian influences. At this stage we note in Media a belief resembling, and perhaps more respectable than, the Calvinism of "Paradise Lost," to which not even the gorgeous imagery, the sonorous music, the cadences so solemn yet so sweet of Milton's majestic verse can ever reconcile us. At first crude, the Median religion was always spiritual, and to it idolatry was utterly repugnant, so that one incitement very provocative in the old world of superb temples and of carven images was wanting here; nor in its last phase did this religion clothe itself more in form. Upon the conquest of the Scythians, the victorious Medes adopted the Magianism of the vanquished, grafting it upon, or weaving it in with, the doctrines derived from Zoroaster. This cultus of the elements needed no temple any more than did the ubiquitous spirits; the earth was floor for them, the sky their roof; their sanctuaries were the rock and the mountain crest, and there their altar-fires were kindled (IV.). Under it, moreover, the tomb was religiously excluded: a corpse might not pollute earth by interment, fire by cremation, or water by submersion; therefore the bodies of the dead were exposed for a prey to wild bird or brute, and by these they were consumed.

This religion was practically that of the Persians, but with a difference. Having once allowed the articles of beaten foes to be received, the practice was repeated; and when Persia had adopted the lascivious rites of the Babylonian Venus—primarily a nature goddess—the door was open for idolatry in its most debasing forms, and temples came into requisition. Such memorials are, however, insignificant; the genius of the people was inimical. Again, to the belief in immortality, held firmly by the Medes, it is maintained that the Persians added the expectation of the resurrection of the body—but it would appear that they practically limited this hope to their kings. The tombs that are known are royal (VI.), and the ritual of sepulture was probably performed with considerable pomp. The lifeless form of the monarch was deposited in a coffin of gold, fitted with a close lid; and secluded either in a monumental pile reared upon the soil, or in an almost inaccessible cavern hewn out of the face of some mountain or towering rock; and the aperture was carefully blocked and barricaded by cyclopæan stones; the wide surface of the flat front was decorated with carving, often elaborate, and enriched by a mask of columns with entablature.

Whatever of profound, or opening upon the illimitable, existed in the faith of Egypt, we come upon in the creed of Mede and Persian also; and yet, grand and artistic as was the work of these, there is no touch in it of the perennial enchantment felt in the shrines of the former, which awes while it allures. The secret of failure is the inveterate coarseness latent in the Persian nature, which imposed strict limitations on his capacity to advance, nor permitted him to perfect any kind of culture. The Persian had a spiritual religion, but he was unequal to fine thinking in relation to it; never realised its scope, or made it subserve that expansion of mind and soul which would have uplifted his whole life, and infused into his art some sense of mystery and the infinite.

The same deficiency, or irreclaimable border-land around his nature, seems inherent in the race. The literature of modern Persia has been both abundant and brilliant in every department, but the religious part of it is not so much speculative as didactic. It is great in wise maxims and proverbial moralities. There was a deep vein of mysticism in his creed, but the Persian never worked it as like material was worked by Egyptian or Hindu. It was broken into in the *mathnawís* of that prolific genius Firdausi, whose poem, the "Sháhnáma," deserves, say some, to rank with Homer's verse; and whose light was caught by many lesser suns—the moralist Abí Saïd, the rationalist Omar Khayyàm, the mystic Hakim Sanái, Attár, and the Sufie pantheist Jelal-úddin-Rumi—who appear to have taken hold of the popular mind to the extent in which, in their writings, spiritualism overshadowed spirituality, and according to the measure in which their fancies were undisciplined, marred with wild eccentricities. Sheikh Sădì of Shiráz, whose "Bústán" (or fruit-garden) and "Gulistán" (rose-garden) are said to be full of wit, refinement of thought, and spirituality, was as a voice crying in the wilderness; he attracted few, and provoked no imitators. The stately *mathnawí* gave place at last to the *ghazul* of that epicurean genius Hafiz—the elegant utterance of a cultivated but eminently artificial life. The Persian went forward to a point of æsthetic excellence which like a prophetic dawn told that the radiant day was near; but there he paused; he could not lead it in, or see its glory. Look at his column (I.), a wondrous invention; yet his unchaste fancy could deface it with that *bizarre* capital. The Egyptian conveys always the impression that he had seen far beyond what it was possible to express; the Persian always seems greater in accomplishment than in inspiration. Yet within his bounds he is great. His hardihood and endurance are writ in his memorials; his fixity of purpose is consonant with the unbending rigour of his code. The force that gave the world a columnar architecture is to the front in Persia's story. To whatever cause we assign her liberation of the Jews: whether to a Divine compulsion not to be resisted (albeit we know it worked unconsciously); or to ardent sympathy with pure monotheism; or to the political exigencies of the time, which made much to

be desired that a friendly nation bound to her alliance should be interposed between her and a great rival like Egypt, or an uncertain dependency like Phœnicia: whether we give weight to any or to all of these considerations, it argues a deep strong nature that can admit and give free play in such fashion as this to a spiritual impulse, to its religious affinities, to a policy so far-sighted and (for any age and nation, more especially for an old Oriental despotism) so daring in idea. Persia, I would conclude, inaugurated a new era in art; she exhibits a phenomenon absolutely unique in history. WM. HOLMDEN.



VII.—THE PALACE OF XERXES, PERSEPOLIS.

THE BOY MUSICIAN: "LULLI ENFANT."

FROM THE PLASTER BY GAUDEZ. SALON, 1885.

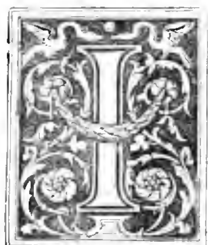
THIS is a happy and elegant example of what may be called *sense* in sculpture—of anecdote in three dimensions. It recalls, we are told, the "Young Mozart" of M. Barrias; but as few or none of us are privileged to have seen that work, the suggestion is of little consequence. We can look, and we can enjoy; and that is enough. We can see that M. Gaudez is scarce less fortunate in his subject than remarkable in the technical ability he has displayed in the treatment. It was much to see that the costume of the *marmiton* is one that lends itself to the requirements of sculpture; that is the part of the artist. It was as much (in a way) to hit upon a means by which a sculpturesque exhibition of the *marmiton* should be made interesting to the general public; that is the part of the man of reading and *esprit*. To us English Jean-Baptiste Lulli is little but a name. To the French he is a sort of hero of art romance. He began as a scullion in the kitchen of La Grande Mademoiselle, and he rose to be not merely the friend and colleague of Molière (to whose widow he behaved disgracefully), but the founder of the Académie de Musique, the author of French ballet and French opera, and the originator of a tradition in music which flourished for a hundred years without a break, and is still audible in the work of Meyerbeer and Gounod.

M. Gaudez, for the rest, is an accomplished artist, and had it only been produced as "The Boy Musician," his "Lulli Enfant" would still have been assured of popularity. It is one of those works which, at once decorative and suggestive, at once artistic and *spirituel*, thrive admirably in the hands of dealers.

THE BOY MUSICIAN: "LULLI ENFANT."

(From the Plaster by Gaudez. Salon, 1885. By Permission of M. Houdebine, Bronze Founder, Paris.)

ART IN AUSTRALIA.



I HAD an opportunity last spring of seeing two of the three largest cities in Australia, and was both pleased and surprised at the intelligent interest in art everywhere displayed. I could not visit Sydney, but I received an illustrated catalogue of the picture-gallery there, and had much conversation with people well acquainted with it. On the whole, the conclusion was reluctantly forced upon me that, in spite of the intelligent interest, in spite of vast sums expended, in spite of very strong efforts, Australian art is not flourishing as it should in such good circumstances. I know that this Magazine is much read in Australia. It was to be seen at Adelaide and Melbourne in the shop-windows, and in private houses, just as at home. The few remarks I have to make will therefore, it is to be hoped, reach those for whose benefit they are humbly intended; and I wish I could think that they should be accepted as, however inadequately, acknowledging the great personal kindness with which I was welcomed.

The need of art and the beauty art brings into home-life is even greater there than here. The daylight in Australia is, to any one accustomed to London, a feature of the country in itself. Except in Nubia, I never saw such brilliant illumination. Colours and tints are visible there which are invisible here. Even the nights are not so dark as here, and the stars throw strong reflections when there is no moon. So, too, the distance is not bounded, as here, by mistiness, but only, as in Egypt, by the rotundity of the earth. From a high hill the view is marvellously extensive, because marvellously clear. At the same time, there is a great want of natural colour, owing partly to the dryness, which leaves very little blue in the distance, and partly to the greyness of the foliage and brownness of the grass. In botanical gardens, and in a few other places after recent rain, we find the same kind of verdure as here, but in small quantities. The fronts of houses in Adelaide are often, indeed usually, except in the business streets, covered with climbing plants of great beauty; and there are evergreen firs, and a large-leaved tree like a very formal laurel, which is universally called the "Ficus," planted along the streets. In short, there is evidence everywhere that the colonists are aware both of the intensity of the daylight and the drabness of the landscape; they have a deep interest in art, and in all the variety and pleasure which art in such conditions would afford to them. They are, collectively, very wealthy; whatever else may be wanting—rain, population, building stone, verdure—money is always to be had, especially for public purposes. Therefore the craving for art, which undoubtedly exists, finds a vent in lavish expenditure on two branches of artistic production, namely, architecture and painting. There is little or no sculpture. The most ambitious public group is that of Burke and Wills, in Collins Street, Melbourne, which, though in many respects an affecting monument, is hardly sculpture.

The architecture surprised me. It seemed as if the Australians had recognised that as building is costly, for want of good stone, and on account of the high price of skilled labour, it had better be done well, if done at all. Collins Street is another Pall Mall, but longer than Piccadilly; and Swanston Street, at right angles to it, is almost as fine. Of course, in such a multitude of handsome buildings, all are not in equally good taste, but the Post Office and the Law Courts are admirably designed, and the Houses of Parliament already promise well. I only saw one building at Melbourne in what we should call the South Kensington style, an extinct exhibition. At Adelaide, too, architecture flourishes. The Post Office, the Town Hall, a dozen banks, and other buildings crowd into my mind as I think of King William Street. I did not visit Sydney, as I have said, but many people are familiar with the splendid Gothic of the University, and with the solid gravity of the Museum and the grace of the new Post Office. In these things there is a wholesome rivalry between the different colonies, and whether they have been fortunate in securing good architects, or have instinctively selected the best designs, they have certainly contrived to decorate their cities with houses worthy of their prosperity. It struck me over and over again that no one could walk through these cities without seeing that architects had been employed and designs had been prepared: unlike our own great city, nearly every street of which has been built or rebuilt contemporaneously with Collins Street or King William Street, and where ornament has had to do duty for design, and costly materials for proportion.

Seeing, then, that the exteriors were so good, and knowing, as I did, what fabulous sums had been spent on pictures for the public galleries, the disappointment I felt when I entered was keen. The purchases have been ignorantly or mistakenly made. In Australia the rudiments of an art-education have to be learned from third and fourth rate modern works—

works which the student hears have been bought at high prices, and which he must persuade himself to admire. One might have thought that a few great pictures, especially pictures by Old Masters, which are only half visible in our hyperborean twilight; some careful studies of form and figure, to show how real artists go about their work; a few European landscapes, with sheep and corn, to show the Australian how to make picturesque drawings of the staple productions of his own country: one might have supposed, I say, that such things as these would have been bought, that so, as years go on, the colonists may be able to provide pictures for themselves, and of themselves, and of their surroundings. But I failed to find anywhere that this idea had guided the purchasers in their choice. In the first place, there were no Old Masters at all; in the second, the pictures were, with two or three exceptions, by inferior artists; in the third, the prices given were excessive. The case of the Irish National Gallery in Dublin comes into my mind as I think of the three great Australian collections. Mr. Henry Doyle, C.B., has never had half or quarter the money to spend in a single year that has been spent in any one of the three. Yet he has gathered a representative collection of almost all periods of art, and has, moreover, contrived to obtain so many rarities, that already we have to cross the Channel to study certain painters who are best represented in Merrion Square. I do not know with whom the blame lies; but I have no hesitation in saying that, if the object of the public-spirited Australians who have found the money was to provide examples calculated to teach art, and to buy what will increase in value as time goes on, they have been woefully deceived.

Here are brief enumerations of the principal works in the three galleries mentioned. It will be apparent at once that certain good—I cannot say exactly instructive—pictures have found their way to the antipodes. At Sydney, the "great gun" is Sir F. Leighton's "Wedded," which is, so far as I know, the best work of the kind in Australia. For this, I believe, £1,500 was paid. For Mr. Fildes's "Widower" the colony paid £2,000, and the same sum for De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift." Now, however much I may admire some of these pictures, I admire the prices much more; and I venture to assert that in the three there is not as much material for the instruction of students as might have been bought at Christie's for one of the five thousands. They have, in addition, at Sydney, a picture by Mr. Madox Brown, a cattle piece by Mr. Cooper, the "Gordon Riots" by Mr. Lucas, Mr. Topham's "Savonarola," some French work, and Mr. Colin Hunter's "Salmon Fisheries on Loch Fyne." This last-named artist figures at the top of the Adelaide list with a view of the Bass Rock. It is impossible to believe that his peculiar method of painting the sea can convey any idea whatever to the Australian mind. No student born and brought up in the colonies can ever have seen such effects; and this picture of his might be hung upside down for any idea it can convey to an Australian. The finest picture in the Adelaide Gallery is undoubtedly Lefebvre's "Chloe," a great nudity in the worst French taste, which the authorities have skied; but a student might learn something about both drawing and colouring from it. Signor Nono's "Prayer" is a pretty picture, and was much praised in one of the Haymarket exhibitions some years ago, but it was hardly worth the trouble of exporting. Nothing else calls for notice except Mr. Waterhouse's "Favourites of the Emperor Honorius," one of the best and wisest purchases of the committee, yet not very instructive or suggestive to a student who has never seen a really great picture. At Melbourne the amount of money spent has been also very large. For it they have secured two Baxters—does any one here remember Baxter's pretty faces?—two Longs, one of which is the "Gipsies Dancing before the Inquisition"—and two very fine battle scenes by Mrs. Butler. There are two screens covered with good water-colours, chiefly French; and I am inclined to think that these are more instructive than anything else in all three galleries.

These remarks are offered with the greatest diffidence. I should be extremely sorry if they give offence to any of my kind Australian friends. If it had not been that, first, I remember money is the last thing that has been grudged, and secondly, what has been done for Dublin under precisely similar circumstances—e cept that very little money was forthcoming—I think it a duty to those whom I remember with gratitude to offer them my opinion of the result of their lavish expenditure. It is disappointing and depressing to see so much trouble and so much money laid out on what will not help Australia to produce a single great artist, and indeed, I may add, on what would not, if put up in a London auction-room, fetch more than half what has been paid for it. For the £2,000 paid for De Neuville's "Rorke's Drift"—I specially select this picture, for obvious reasons—the Sydney Gallery might have bought a couple of genuine Sir Joshuas, and a good Gainsborough, and two or three representative Italian pictures. It would be easy to name ten really valuable, because really representative and instructive, works, which have fetched less, collectively, at Christie's, than the New South Welsh have given for a battle piece which will never teach anybody anything, and which will never fetch the same money again.

W. J. Loftie.

AT THE SPRING.

(From the Picture by E. Munier.)

I.—SLYFIELD HOUSE: THE GARDEN FRONT.

SLYFIELD, SURREY.

BESIDES the well-known examples of the domestic architecture of the English Renaissance which in almost every district of the country maintain something of their original splendour, and continue to serve the purposes for which they were first built, there are abundant instances of mansions mutilated or decayed, degraded from their former state, or uninhabited and forlorn. The age must indeed have been prolific which produced not merely those works which have been maintained to this day by their unbroken connection with the fortunes of august families, and remain similarly imposing and famous, but those also, such as that about which I propose to speak to-day, whose glory has long departed, and whose original scope may be no more than conjectured from fragmentary remains. The fate of such monuments of former days has been very various. Occasionally the magnificence of the original enterprise was such, as for example at Audley End, that a mere portion of the entire scheme is fit to rank among the first-rate mansions of the country. In other cases the building has been degraded to a lower use. The home of the great family, the family having become extinct, or possibly impoverished by the lavish architectural ambition of the founder of the edifice, has become the abode of the yeoman or tenant-farmer. In his hands it has often been reduced in size, mutilated in its features, and may retain but a few hints of its former estate. This is pretty much the condition in which we find Slyfield at the present moment. Originally it must have ranked in the second class of family mansions—in no way comparable to Hatfield, Blickling, Bramshill, &c., but scarcely less removed from the scale of the manor-house. Only a little more than half of the original house remains. The quaint gable to the left of our illustration (I.), that of the garden front, probably formed the central feature of the façade. The entrance, which is now at the side of this wing, was probably opposite to this gable when the house was

complete. The dining-hall doubtless occupied a considerable portion of the wing now destroyed. The house, as it stands, has been reduced to little more than the scale of the tenant-farmer's residence, but is fortunate in retaining many features and details which belong to the more sumptuous type of Seventeenth Century architecture.

Not only has the main building suffered. The outbuildings also have been greatly reduced in size, and it is difficult to trace their original design. Our illustration (VII.) shows what remain of these. The pilasters by the left angle of the front probably flanked an entrance gateway, the main approach to the house, and this, surmounted by some quaint gable, may have been the central feature of the façade. The entire range of these outbuildings would then have formed an extensive line, and must have given, as well as ample stable accommodation, lodgings for a considerable staff of retainers.

The main interest which attaches to the domestic architecture of the Seventeenth Century is the fusion of the Gothic tradition with the classical features and ideas which as a result of foreign travel had lately become fashionable. This combination appears in very various types and very different proportions. In most cases, up to at least the middle of the century, the Gothic element predominates. It is seen in the mullioned and transomed windows, in the steep roofs and the quaint moulded chimney-stacks. Not unfrequently the older style rules in the main building, while the later is exhibited only in a projecting porch, in the pedimented gables, or in the balustrades occupying the position proper to the Gothic parapet. The principle involved in this kind of fusion of styles, by which the essentials of the design retain the earlier form while the more accidental and purely ornamental features follow the influence of the new fashion, is one which is traceable in almost all architectural periods. The reason of it is obvious. The new type being more or less experimental, was at first reserved for features of least importance. For example, in the days when the semicircular arch was established for constructional purposes, it would seem to the builders of the later part of the Twelfth Century to involve less of risk to employ the pointed arch for wall-arcading only, and in later periods of Gothic art the newer style would be more easily handled in purely decorative features, such as the canopies in stained-glass windows, or in a more malleable material, such as oak, than in the solid stone. At all events, it is usual to find the course of development from the earlier to the later style following the order I have described.

In the example we are considering, the case is different. The designer of Slyfield, whoever he was, appears, as regards the exterior at least, to have started upon a fixed idea. To him the Renaissance meant mainly pilasters. In the front we are considering there appears to be no aim but one, to introduce as many of these, and of as large a size as possible. These features, whether they be considered in themselves, or in relation to the façade, are of the strangest, their details of the crudest type. They are brought right to the projecting eaves without entablature or cornice, and answer apparently no purpose in the design except that of being there at all costs. In the gable the plain pilasters are surmounted by a rude pulvination and cornice, which is strangely and awkwardly broken in upon by the circular-headed window, the whole being surmounted by a very simple and rather quaintly-shaped gable.

II. THE STAIRCASE.

As regards the exterior, then, there is little enough to admire as design, though the work has the

charm which antiquity rarely fails to give, and is suggestive of interesting conjecture how in the world it came to be so. For the case is truly somewhat exceptional. It is by no means the rule that the features of classical architecture were crudest when first introduced. On the contrary, in some of the earliest examples the design is most carefully and elaborately studied, even though it fails to follow the strict grammatical rule. In this case we may imagine, if we choose, with some degree of probability, that the founder of the house had travelled, possibly in the Low Countries, and having returned with pilasters on the brain, had forced the hand of his rather bucolic architect or builder to realise his fixed idea as best he could.

If so, he must at all events have either increased his knowledge of art, or had recourse to fresh advice, before he tackled the interior of his house. As evidence of this I would merely ask my readers to look from the first to the third illustration (III.), which represents the interior of what was probably the withdrawing room in the original house. Here everything is duly ordered, harmoniously designed, and executed in the most refined and perfect detail. The mantel is a very pleasing example of the well-known transitional type, in which the stonework scarcely varies from the antecedent Tudor fashion, and the oak sides and superstructure are of a fully-developed Renaissance type. The wall-panelling, too, shows the same fusion of styles, the small panels recalling the Gothic, and the well-proportioned pilasters spaced at intervals showing the later style. The ceiling, of which enough is shown in the cut to indicate the full design, is set out on very bold lines, but in detail shows less refinement than the woodwork. It is, however, well worthy of study, especially as an example of vigour and breadth of treatment, of which character too we shall find a further example later. I am inclined to think, in contrasting the woodwork in this room with that of the rest of the house, that the designer must have had some direct aid either from foreigners, or possibly from examples of foreign work, in this portion of the enterprise.

The room in question opens into a hall of moderate size, from which the staircase starts (IV.). This

III.—AN OLD ENGLISH DRAWING ROOM.

side of the staircase the hall is spanned by an elliptical arch carried on quaint though rather clumsy pilasters. A curiously rusticated lintel surmounts the arch, from which drops a heavy key-block. Notice to the right the strange rusticated door jambs and lintel; then, in front, the dog-gates at the foot of the stairs. Possibly some of our readers may not understand the purpose of these, of which not very many examples are extant to my knowledge, though they may be seen *in situ*, or their position made out in some few old houses, notably at Hatfield, at Haddon, and in the original President's lodging at Brasenose, Oxford. I may then inform the ignorant that in a more primitive state of civilisation, the dogs, which were many, had the run of the entire house, but that certain disadvantages were found to attach to their occupation of the bedrooms, and it was thought desirable to limit them to the hospitality of the ground floor. For this purpose gates were hung to the lowest newels of the staircase.

This feature, of which the continuation is shown on another page (II.), is of a well-known Jacobean character, very similar to that at Rowdon House in Hertfordshire. The newels are rusticated in the manner of stonework in Renaissance architecture, another example of the manner in which change of style first showed itself in a purely ornamental and unconstructional manner. These are carried to a

considerable height above the massive hand-rail, and terminated by urn-shaped finials, while the balustrade is formed by open carved panels between perpendicular pilasters, of which the rustication is made to follow the rise of the stairs. Though the features are excessively substantial, the whole effect of the staircase is exceedingly quaint, dignified, and satisfactory, open no doubt to numerous critical objections, such as the lavish and unnecessary abundance of material, the imitation in woodwork of features properly appertaining to stone, &c., but possessing a degree of character which is seldom attained, at any rate, in contemporary work.

IV.—THE HALL AND STAIRCASE.

The first-floor landing opens on various bedrooms, some of which still possess a portion of their original woodwork, the most notable being that to which belongs the curvilinear-headed window in the exterior gable in our first picture. This room, which was no doubt the chapel, is panelled to the full height of the perpendicular wall, and is covered by a wagon-vaulted ceiling—a ceiling which is one of the very best I know of, and which I should unhesitatingly put down as the gem of the entire house, and the feature which makes it best worth a visit (v.).

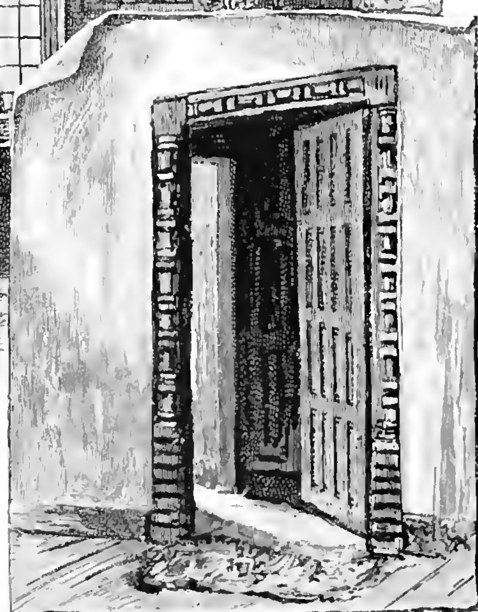
The types of ancient plaster ceilings are many and various, their earliest forms being traceable to the Gothic type, in which heavy main timbers supported the ordinary joists, which were also exposed to view. When plaster ornamentation superseded the timber ceiling, the lines of the latter were preserved. Then these developed into more varied forms, still adhering to the rectilinear. Gradually greater freedom obtained; curves took the place of straight lines, and these developed into bold and broad patterns, such as we have seen in the drawing-room illustrated above. Finally, as in the ceiling at present under consideration, all restraint of geometrical form was thrown aside, and the design obtained perfect freedom of movement, thus at last fulfilling the conditions, and developing all the resources of the material.

Simultaneously progress was made in other directions. The heaviness which is typical of the earlier ceilings, which retained much of the solidity of the

V.—AN OLD-FASHIONED CEILING.

antecedent type, gave way to delicate and low relief, whereby lightness and refinement, which are especially valuable in a ceiling, were secured. For one of the first requisites for the satisfactory treatment of a ceiling is that it should be quiet and unobtrusive. The position is not one which lends itself to forms of decoration which require for their appreciation elaborate or attentive study. Much as we admire the powers which were brought to bear on painted ceilings, such, for example, as those in the palace at Mantua, we feel equally sure that they are not best to live with. Though we can never ignore them, they are too conspicuous and too valuable for that; it is not conducive to unalloyed pleasure to be continually performing gymnastics in order to appreciate them, and to lie on our backs with binoculars is a performance which may reasonably be reserved for special occasions.

The conditions, then, of a satisfactory ceiling seem to be that if the effect be by colour, it should be quiet; if by relief, it should be low and delicate; that the lines should be harmonious, and easily blending with one another without violence of form or conspicuous angles. With the single exception of the amorini, which, being in much higher relief, are rather too conspicuously detached in the *ensemble*, the ceiling here illustrated (v.) seems to me to fulfil all the conditions of a thoroughly appropriate decoration. There is sufficient interest without obtrusiveness, generally low relief, but with considerable variety, the swags of foliage being charmingly contrasted with strap work which forms the base of the design—a perfect harmony of graceful curves. I do not know where to look for a better example, nor, indeed, do I think that there is much need to seek one.

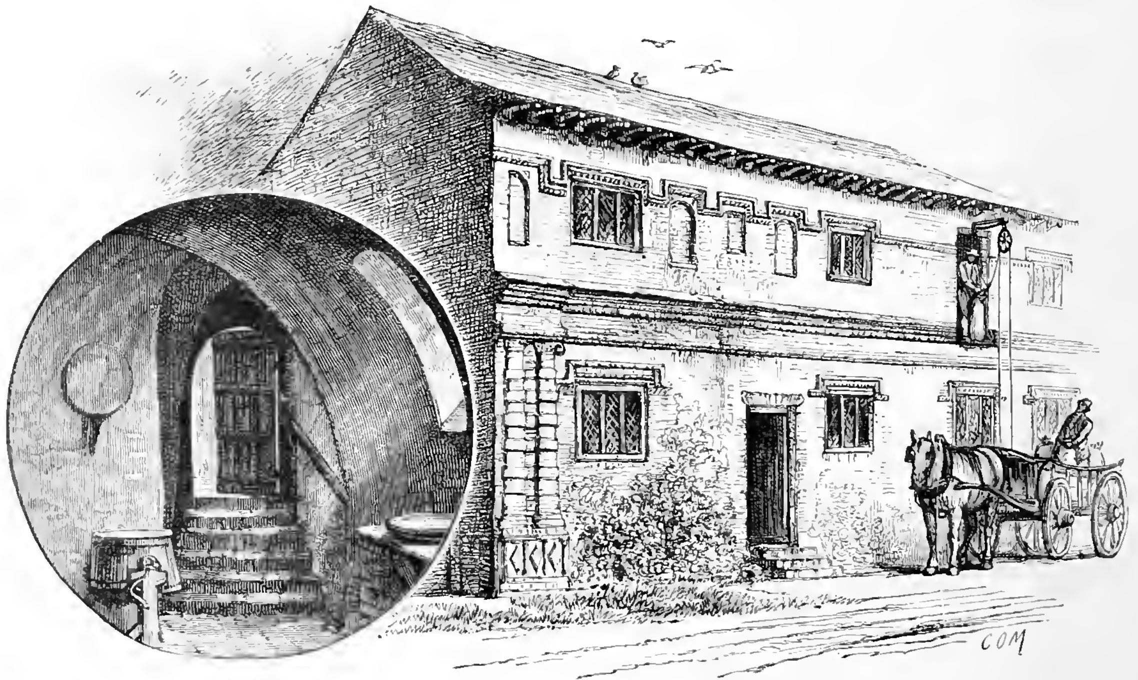


VI.—ONE OF THE DOORWAYS.

One word about the various methods in which plaster ceilings are and were executed. In the present day the usual trade method is to lay a foundation of perfectly level plaster, and to plant on it the ornamental design worked out in *carton-pierre*. This is an easy and cheap contrivance, but one that

gives a hard and wooden effect totally at variance with the character of ancient ceilings. A better method is to model the entire ceiling, or such portions as repeat themselves, in clay, and to cast in plaster from moulds taken from the clay. The great advantage this has as compared with the former method is that, instead of standing out from a hard level surface, the ornament has a slightly undulating and varied background. The outline of the ornament is brought into relief as much by the depression of the background adjoining it as by its own prominence, and the general effect as regards relief is somewhat similar to that of stamped leather. A third method is to model the entire design on the ceiling itself in the plaster while it is soft. This last has all the advantages of the second method (unless it be that it is more costly), and secures the additional advantage of enabling the workman to study the effect on the spot, under all the special conditions of light and shade. There is little doubt that the ancient method was generally similar to this last, though doubtless the second was employed to some extent. I have seen cases in which imperfect or superfluous castings of portions of a ceiling in one of the most important rooms of a house were used up in some subordinate room. In all probability the method was generally somewhat similar to that of which we find traces in mediaeval wall and roof decorations, where the salient features were stencilled, and the subordinate portions completed by freehand painting. So with plaster ceilings, probably portions of the designs, especially those which occurred more than once, were cast and fixed on the background, and the intermediate portions modelled on the spot, the entire ceiling being completed while it was soft and malleable, so that the variations of the background, so essential to the effect, might be obtained.

Of actual history in connection with Slyfield I cannot find very much. It belonged to an ancient family of Slyfields, who had been in possession of it in the time of Henry VII. The last owner of this name was Edmund Slyfield, who inherited in 1598, and sold the estate some forty years later to Henry Breton. Edmund Slyfield must have been the builder of the house we see. The style shows that it could not have been built before the date given above, and as the arms exhibited are those of the Slyfield family it must have been finished before it passed away from them. It is a reasonable conjecture that Edmund Slyfield, like many another ambitious dabbler in bricks and mortar, overburdened his estate by his enterprise, and was forced to sell it in consequence. From Henry Breton it passed to George Shiers, whose heir, his mother, devised the estate to charitable objects, endowing Exeter College, Oxford, with a considerable share. It was occupied as a private residence until about 1720, when a large portion was pulled down and the rest occupied as a farm, as it is at the present moment.



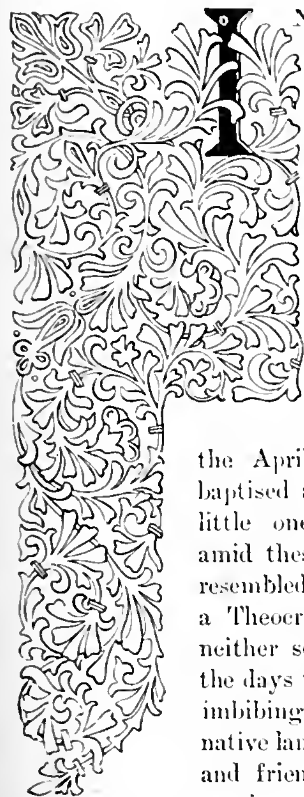
VII.—THE FARM BUILDINGS.

SUSI.

(Painted by Franz von Defregger.)

Any one who wishes to visit it will find it within a moderate walk of Leatherhead, some four miles, near the boundary of the parishes of Great Bookham and Stoke d'Abernon, and pleasantly placed on a pretty reach of the Mole. The present occupants are ready enough to show it, and seem to appreciate the interest which its antiquity arouses—a state of mind which has the further advantage of affording some sort of security against the destruction or mutilation of its ancient features. BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

FRANZ DEFREGGER.



IN the fair lands that cluster round the water-shed of the Adriatic; in the home of the Minnesinger Walter von der Vogelweide; within easy reach of Titian's country, under the shadow of giant dolomites — lies many a sunny green alp, stands many a lonely farmstead. In one of these was born to the peasant proprietor, in the April of 1835, an only son, baptised as Franz Defregger. The little one's childhood was passed amid these idyllic surroundings, and resembled for all the world that of a Theocritan shepherd. He knew neither sorrow nor care as he spent the days tending his father's goats, imbibing the while a love for his native land, and modelling his flocks and friends in dough or clay, or carving them out of potatoes and carrots. The gift of a pair of scissors led him to cut landscapes out of paper; the return of his father with the fairing of a pencil marked an era in his career. For miles around no wall or door was safe from the young artist; he even imitated a bank note so skillfully that he came near to being accused of forgery. Tall and robust at fifteen, his father began to employ him as his labourer, and after this Franz was too weary when the day's work was done to give time to drawing. When he was twenty-two the elder Defregger died suddenly, and Franz found himself the owner of the stately homestead. He soon proved himself incapable of managing it, selling cattle and goods at a loss, and being cheated right and left. He cast about how he could rid himself of his lands; he even contemplated emigration to America. He resolved, however, to be a sculptor. Disregarding the outcry of his relatives, he sold his farm, and, armed with a letter from the village priest, sought Innsbruck and the head-master of its technical school. The professor received him kindly, but told him, after he had studied under him a few months, that his talents were better suited for painting than sculpture. He therefore proposed that Defregger should accompany him to Munich, where he would introduce him to Piloty.

This was in 1860. Piloty was just painting his famous "Nero," which made as deep an impression upon the raw Tyrolese as the appearance of a stalwart yokel, clad in his native leathern knee-hose and embroidered jacket, demanding to become a pupil, made on the Munich artist. Piloty could not receive him, for his lack of elementary knowledge, but he indicated the course that should be followed, and for some time Defregger worked industriously at Munich. Its capricious climate, however, told on his health, and, seeing after awhile that his art also made no progress, he listened to a friend, and went to study in Paris. Ignorant of the language, he profited little by the instruction given, but he saw much that cultivated his eye. After a year, his health restored, he spent a summer in his native village. Here he painted portraits of all his friends and relatives, made studies after nature, and began his first picture—that of a poacher who staggers into his cottage severely wounded, just as his wife is bathing their little one. He took it to Munich in 1864, and, after seeing it, Piloty admitted him into his studio.

"Speckbacher and His Son Anderl," the picture that created a certain *furore* in 1868 and laid the foundations of his fame, was the first he began in Piloty's studio. The scene is laid in the village tavern, the head-quarters of the insurgents, a party of whom has just returned from the fray. Among them is the ten-year-old son of the gallant innkeeper and ally of Hofer, Joseph Speckbacher, who, in defiance of his father's interdict, went forth to battle with the oppressors of the fatherland. The characterisation of each face is excellent; the whole leaves a powerful impression on the mind. It is this alternation between pure-minded sentiment, pathos, naïve humour, and the heroic that is the strength of Defregger, as it

is also the characteristic of his countrymen, of whom he is an absolutely typical representative. His art is free from all trickiness, all seeking after meretricious effect. He strives but to be true, to tell his story with concrete simplicity. There are better colourists and surer draughtsmen, but few artists surpass him in that easy natural idealism of temperament which shows us the man through his art.

SISTER AND BROTHERS.

(Painted by Franz Defregger.)

His next picture, "The Wrestlers," was followed by "The Brothers," another of his world-wide successes. This takes us into a well-to-do Tyrolese peasant parlour, where we see a fresh rosy lad of some fourteen summers, just returned for the holidays, greeting the little brother who has appeared in the paternal home during his absence. There is something gently ironical in the mode in which each, the unconscious babe and the half-conscious boy, sums up the other. His next effort was a departure from *genre*—an altar-piece dedicated to his native church of Dölsach, a Madonna enthroned, with St. Joseph reading at her feet. There is a purity and an innocent archaism about the work that recall the Bellini school; and there is, besides, so much of true religious feeling that many have deplored that Defregger has not farther pursued this department of art. It would seem that he has not himself abandoned the idea, and that the painting of religious pictures is what he would ambition above all.

IN THE TYROLESE HIGHLANDS.

(Painted by Franz Defregger.)

Meantime Defregger had left Piloty's studio, and, seeing that painting brought him not only fame but means, he married and bought himself a house in the neighbourhood of Munich. It was not long after that a misfortune befell him, which threatened permanently to check his activity, and kept him a prisoner on the sofa for two years. It was an attack of rheumatic fever, which at last vanished in eight days under the treatment of a peasant at Botzen. Grateful for this cure, delighted with the climate and aspect of the sunburnt half-Italian town that is nestled away under the dolomite peaks of the Jassathal, Defregger here bought himself a villa, where to this day he goes to spend the summer holidays, and where at that time he stayed for two years, painting in the happiness of his new-found health. Here, among other works, he produced his famous "Ball on the Alp," his "Last Muster," and his "Italian Beggar Musicians." This last is especially attractive for the delicate variety of types and of expressions introduced; it is also a graphic representation of the inherent differences 'twixt the downright simple Tyrolese and the arch, innately-refined Italians, who, even as beggars in filthy rags, bear about them that indefinable air which is given to them by the centuries of civilisation they have had in advance of their rude northern neighbours. "The Ball on the Alp" is pure Tyrol. The moment chosen is doubtless the end of the summer, when the flocks are led down again to the valley and the huts are shut up for the winter. Then shepherds and shepherdesses, their produce garnered, their herds successfully reared, meet to celebrate their return to the haunts of men and the relative civilisation of village life. The picture breathes a robust gaiety. But "The Last Muster" is the best, artistically, of all—is in some respects the painter's masterpiece. It represents a scene in the wars of the Tyrolese liberation when it was found needful to call out to active service even the veterans who can only be called to arms on an emergency of life and death. The scene is a village street, through which these patriarchs are

Franz Defregger

defiling, armed with reaping-hooks, scythes beaten straight, ploughshares, and pitchforks. The women and children of the hamlet watch them eagerly and anxiously. There are no men left but a cripple and one desperately wounded. It is a moving work, but it is entirely free from any attempt at depicting pathos, that sentiment to which the peasant is a stranger. It is a sort of folk-painting, as certain heroic ballads are folk-songs.

Defregger returned to Munich, where he bought for himself a house and large garden in the palatial Königstrasse. In this garden he built a studio, and here he painted fast and well. With a number of *genre* scenes, of life in the Tyrolese Alps, he produced the "Visit," which found such favour in the Paris Exhibition of 1878: two women who come to call on their friend's first baby; a conventional theme saved from insipidity by the artist's naïveté. Far more worthy and important is "The Return of the Victors," a sort of pendant to "The Last Muster," by which Defregger is represented in the Berlin National Gallery. Here again the heroic character of the Tyrolese is depicted with masterly knowledge; their deep seriousness, their unselfish devotion. The street through which they pass is much like that of "The Last Muster"—long and narrow, bordered by the half-stone, half-wooden houses of the Alps, with a luscious peep of green fir-woods and glistening glaciers beyond.

The success of this picture, completed in 1876, enabled Defregger to gratify a long-cherished desire, and paint the last moments of his hero, Andreas Hofer. To this end he produced a series of studies which are among his most powerful attempts. In the picture itself all his love for simple heroism, for ideal moments, found full scope. It has been said of him with great truth that he is the optimist among painters; he never limns vice or vulgarity; he knows how to extract from the lowest village scene its higher essence. In its details the work is perhaps not so wholly successful as its predecessors; but the principal figure, of the hero marching to his death, is one that graves itself indelibly into the memory. It is significant that the picture was bought neither in Austrian nor in the Tyrol, but wandered into the Königsberg Museum. The second Hofer picture was, however, painted by order of the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of his silver wedding. It represents Hofer in the Castle of Innsbruck receiving a general's commission from the Emperor. Although excellently carried out, the whole impression is neither as harmonious nor as elevating as that of the first work.

The execution of Defregger's pictures is at times a little careless, notwithstanding his great technical skill. His colour is that of the Munich school, rather pronounced and a trifle hard. His greatest gift, after his good heart, is his power of dramatic representation. Another of his qualities is that he has not only humour but a genuine spirit of fun. He is not less attractive in his smaller works than in his more ambitions. A deep feeling for and sympathetic insight into the poetry of family life distinguishes him. As for his insight into the character of animals, especially of dogs and horses, it might have made him the Landseer of his country. Whether he will yet carry out his desire to turn from all these themes and become a purely religious painter remains to be seen. It seems to me doubtful. The world does not make it easy for a successful man to change his course, to take up a new line of activity; it demands from a finished master that which it knows and is assured will prove excellent. Defregger is now fifty, his family is growing up around him, and in modern society there is no demand for religious art.

I have said that it is in the Königstrasse of Munich that Defregger has made his home. This street lies near the lovely part of the town known as the English Garden, and consists of a single row of detached villas, each of which the owner has built according to his idiosyncrasy. Defregger's is in the style, half Italian Renaissance and half Tyrolese homestead, that distinguishes the houses around the Adige valley. The interior is decorated with early German furniture, such as the Tyrol shows to this day: old carved cupboards, majolica vases, painted earthenware stoves, brass and pewter pots, and what not besides. One of his rooms is an actual fac-simile of a Tyrolese peasant parlour.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

A CHAPTER ON FIREPLACES.

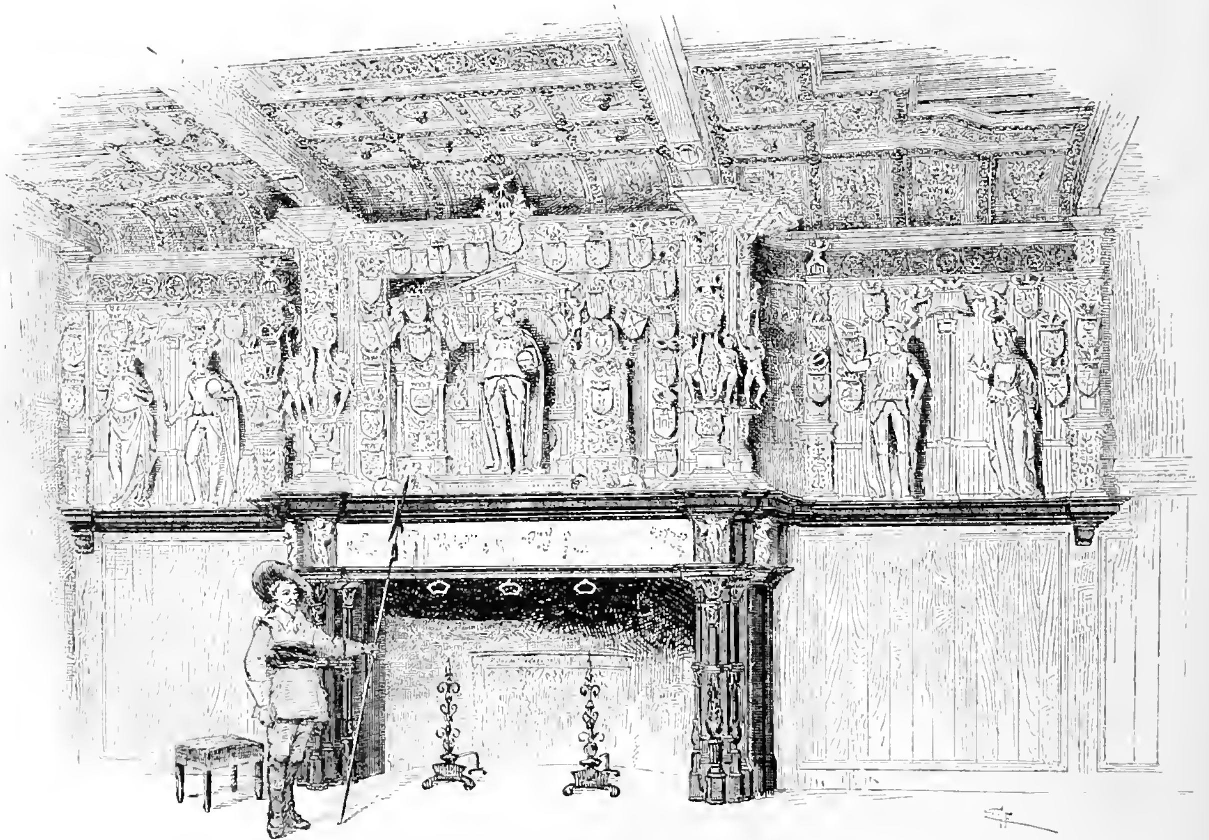
IN discussing a hall or a room, whatever its uses are to be, the fireplace will hold the foremost place. Generally it is the one and only *structural feature* in any room. Windows are more ornamental from the outside than from within; and doors and doorways are only in rare instances treated with *structural* additions of the nature of porches.

It is not very certain at what time chimneys were first made in this country. In ancient halls the hearth was raised in the middle of the hall, paved

with brick or tile, and dogs to hold logs of wood. Hearths were preserved in this position in many instances down to the Sixteenth Century. The College Hall in Westminster School retained one down to recent times (if, indeed, it does not to this day). There are some few instances in private houses. Is not there such a hearth in the hall of Penshurst, in Kent? To hearths of this kind there was, of course, no chimney, only the lantern over the middle of the roof, through which the smoke, after hanging like a grey pall over the company, gradually made its way out. It acted as a potent antiseptic, and is the cause of the dark hue, the "black oak," of many old hall roofs.

Some few examples there are of chimneys to sacristies of churches. Early in the Thirteenth Century, perhaps earlier, Henry III. made many reforms in the architecture of his houses and castles. In his time chimneys were built at Westminster and Windsor. The ruins of Fountains Abbey, in Yorkshire, and of Glastonbury Abbey, have still the kitchen fireplaces entire. That of Fountains is an arched recess in a wall; that of Glastonbury a building square below and octagonal above, carried to a high domed roof of noble construction, and there are fireplaces across the four corners. An example of an old mediaeval fireplace still in use may be seen in the kitchen of Christ Church, Oxford, but it is not older than the time of Wolsey. It resembles the earlier fireplaces already noticed, which are merely arched undecorated recesses, being only kitchen fireplaces.

In habitable rooms fireplaces were contrived to come as far forward into the room as was conveniently possible (that no more of the heat of the fire should be wasted than was absolutely unavoidable), and were often covered by a hood of stone projecting at an angle from the wall. Many old farmhouses in the south of England have the kitchen fireplace in a wide arched recess, with just such a hood stretching over the fire so as to bring the draught of air and the smoke of the fire up into the chimney; they are of brickwork. The stone hoods of the Middle Ages were carved with heraldic devices, or with niches, tabernacle work, and figure sculpture (I.). There are in the Kensington Museum some casts of fireplaces from the ruined castle of Tattershall, in Lincolnshire. They are wide depressed arches of the Fifteenth Century, abutting on side-piers, and with rows of panels filled with admirable heraldic shields and badges.



I.—FROM THE SALLE DES FRANCS, BRUGES: OAK AND BLACK AND WHITE MARBLE.

The fireplaces of which we have so many beautiful examples scattered up and down the country are Elizabethan—some are of stone, all with jambs and arches of stone or marble; but the decorative features of most are of carved oak and panelling. Most of them derive their architectural composition and decoration from the remains of classic Rome. Elizabethan house-fronts, college gateways, and similar surfaces are generally treated as a sort of section of such a building as the Colosseum. Others are representations of the triumphal arches, then, as now, striking objects in Rome. These arches—that of Constantine and the others—were complete buildings on a small scale, and well suited for representation in such a composition as a fireplace front. The cabinet-makers of the day were following immemorial tradition, for the buildings of the pointed style of architecture furnished models for the woodwork and metal-work of ecclesiastical and civil use. The Elizabethan fireplace front, when panelled, is generally a pedimental frontispiece, or a set of three arches divided by columns or pilasters. The chimney opening is a depressed two-centred arch, with moulded edges, and encased in a structure of timber. They are of many dimensions—from five to twelve feet wide or more. The woodwork bridges over this wide opening, and rests on detached columns standing on the floor, or on terminal figures carved into busts and heads—on which the capitals rest—or on huge baluster-shaped supports. Instead of detached columns or figures in the round, some fireplaces have only pilasters, or figures which are only in half relief and so on. From capital to capital of these piers runs a massive architrave, with a cornice supported on carved modillions or brackets. On this stands the superstructure of more or less architectural panelling: a set of arches, or of square panels, generally with a second storey, or an attic above the first cornice, and a second architrave frieze and cornice over the whole. Figure sculpture, or foliage ornament resembling the flowers and flower-pots so common in Persian decoration, fills the panels; or they contain heraldic decoration, or are flat and inlaid with simple patterns of other woods. The running mouldings are bold and effectively carved, after the patterns found on old Roman architecture.

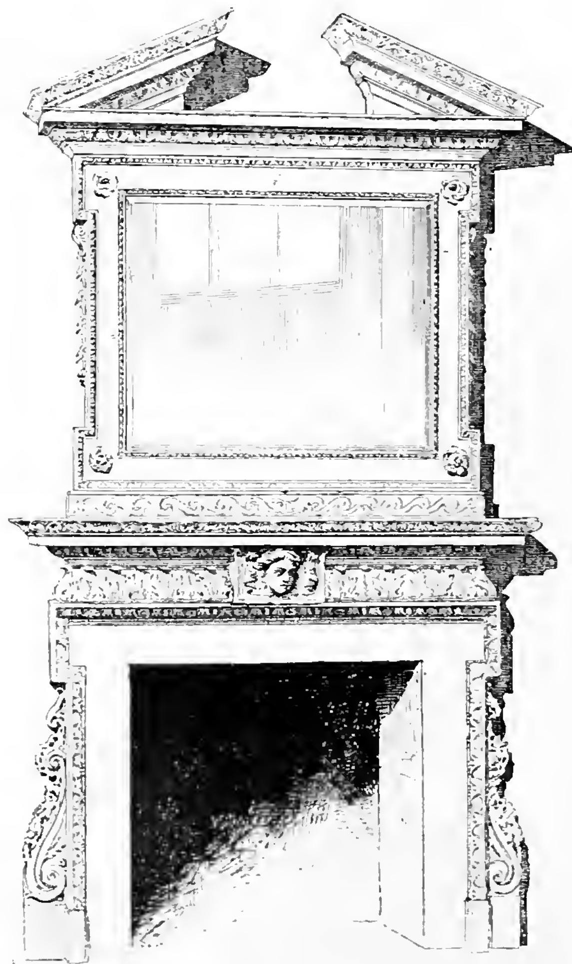
II.—FROM SPEKE HALL: ELIZABETHAN.

Often, besides these carvings in the panels and on the framework, chimney-fronts are decorated with a

cresting of pierced carving, supporting coats-of-arms. Of extraordinary lightness when considered as wood carvings, they show a certain playfulness and opulence of decoration wanting in the sober production of the Vitruvian Jones and his contemporaries. Like many other features of Elizabethan architecture these details are contrary to some recognisable laws of architectural propriety; they are only justified as we see them in their results. The fireplace in Speke Hall, Lancashire (II.), from its great size, is one of the most imposing of its kind.

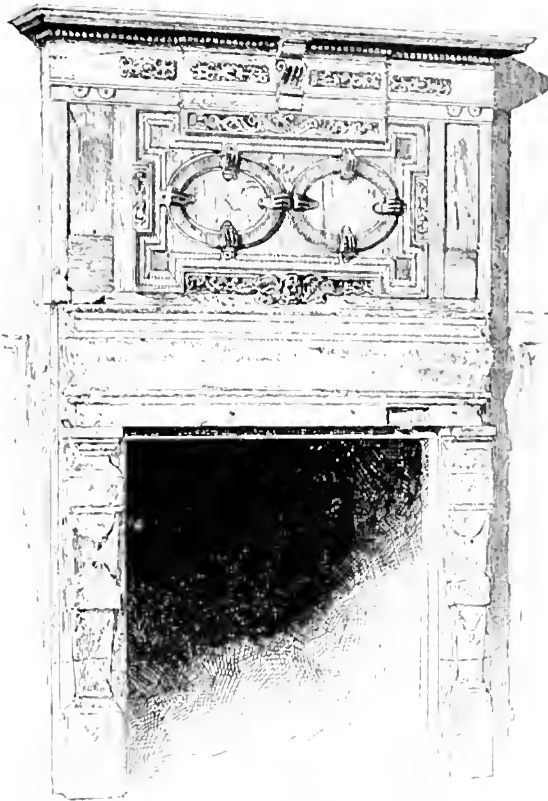
The *decorative* designing of heraldic carving was understood by the Elizabethan carvers as it has never been understood since. It plays so important a part in fireplace decorations that a word or two may be devoted to this part of the subject. Heraldic insignia are of no beauty. They are so many arbitrary hieroglyphics, bends, chevrons, lozenges, mullets; are no more susceptible of artistic treatment than alphabets. Even animals so used—lions, eagles, hounds, and so forth—are used not as natural representations of nature but as hieroglyphics. Still, this hieroglyphic language can be set out in such a way as to chime in with the lines, curves, breaks, and so forth, which require relief and animation among the severe lines of architecture, even when the attitude of animals is a stretch on the efforts of nature. All over Europe this decorative treatment of heraldry was well understood in the age we are discussing: and nowhere better than in North Germany, the Low Countries, and by the schools of Dürer and Holbein. When the Stuart reigns came to an end, and by the time that the massive columns, arches, and cornices of the two great architects of Whitehall and St. Paul's had displaced the rude but spirited caryatides, the terminal brackets, the scrolls in which animal heads formed bosses or ends of rolling stalks, heraldic carving became naturalistic, tame, and tending to heaviness. Only a few features of natural life are expressed in heraldic animals; their different attitudes show what different families the same animals are made to represent; and these characteristics have to be discernible at once and from a distance. Heraldry is a feudal tradition; the signs and letters of its *legenda* connect us with mediæval national life: with historic tenures of lands and forests, castles and towers of romantic interest. There is all the difference in the world between the heraldic carvings of a period during which mediæval traditions were living and fresh, and those of a later day when the claims of dignitaries or of families are embodied in printed statutes, or in wills that any one can examine for himself in Doctors' Commons.

The fireplaces of Inigo Jones were of marble, or, if of wood, were painted white in imitation of marble. Plaster (of excellent quality) was used to decorate chimney-pieces or fronts with swags, wreaths, or similar ornaments. These were in addition to bold mouldings, either of white marble or of wood. The space above the fireplace was panelled in one important panel, the frame of a family portrait by Rubens or Van Dyck, flanked by pilasters, and surmounted by a pediment enriched with carved mouldings. Wren was favourable to the old-fashioned British oak, cut in large panels, and unpainted. His chimney-fronts also were generally intended for a picture. It is on his chimney-pieces that we meet with swags carved by Grinling Gibbons, an artist of mixed nationality, who worked in Deptford and in London. He lived in Belle Sauvage Yard, the very spot (or close to it) on which these sheets are printed. Festoons, birds, bunches of flowers, and fruit, make up the decoration of most of Wren's pieces. The reader who will spend an hour in the rooms built by him in Hampton Court Palace will see specimens of his work over many of the fireplaces. The carving is executed in lime and other light-coloured woods (generally lime), and the brush of the profane varnisher has generally been carefully kept afar.



III. FROM CAREY STREET: CARVED WOOD.

It should be observed that Renaissance architects introduced into these panelled fronts a broken pediment, the point being cut out, leaving a space for a bust, which thus stands up above the pediment, the slopes of which lead the eye up to it and set it off with good effect. Some of these pediments are segments of a circle, kept entire or broken with the same intention as those already described. Sometimes, when on a small scale, the broken ends of the mouldings are rolled round into Ionic volutes. The panel over the fireplace is often flanked by a sort of buttress curling over into a large volute, and decorated with swags or garlands of carved work. As the Eighteenth Century wore on, smaller fireplaces were made up of one bold decorative cornice and architrave, resting on small side pilasters, over which are placed blocks carved into brackets or capitals. Within these features come the marble jambs, enclosing in three sides a picture-frame of egg and tongue moulding, often a richly decorated piece of carving.



IV.—FROM A HOUSE IN LIME STREET: CARVED OAK AND STONE.

Wren has left many of his fireplaces of a very plain character: as may be seen in Greenwich Hospital. The jambs are of white marble, moulded in the shape of the Greek wave, which rolls inwards in a bold *torus* with two small mouldings, a *cyma recta*, and a slight *cavetto* on the inner side. The outer side rises into a quirk and a small *torus*. These small mouldings on the inner and outer edges contrast with, and set off, the bold wave and *torus* which form the chief features. This particular set of mouldings, or something of very similar outline, is found in French fireplaces of the same date, built during the reign of Louis the Magnificent. Wren's houses have occasionally a corner fireplace, such as can be seen in one of the small rooms at Hampton Court. They are built up in rows of shelves, with moulded rims, or galleries, to hold porcelain, and generally rise up to a pedestal or bracket, for some large piece.

Kent and other architects kept up the tradition of fireplaces of this kind during the first half of the last century. The flat architrave under the mantel cornice has generally a wide key-piece projecting from the centre, and a mask on it; rococo carving found its way to various parts of the structure; the panel above became a mere picture-frame, with fret mouldings round it. A good deal of variety is shown in the carving of the egg and tongue mouldings round the marble jambs of the fireplace. Altogether, there is a good deal of variety amongst the fireplaces of the school of designers who succeeded Wren. Varying in many details, and with much inventiveness, the examples follow certain recognised outlines. There are many standing still in the dingy purlieus of legal London, once the quarter in which the dignitaries of the law had not only their business chambers but their homes; and great numbers have been removed during the course of recent reconstructions, and passed through the hands of stove-makers and cabinet-making firms.

Sir William Chambers settled in town about the middle of the last century. He built many houses in and around London (including the modern Somerset House). His work is pure "classic," less massive and bold than that of Wren; and his chimney-pieces are usually elaborate cornices of white statuary marble. As I have said elsewhere, he brought decorative artists over to England; they were well trained in small decorative sculpture, and in inlaying with hard pebbles and coloured cements. His fireplaces were supported on Corinthian columns of the finest Parian marble. The flutings were cut and polished, sometimes inlaid with coloured marbles. The keystones in the middle of his architraves were sculptured with little figures representing classical myths, the four Seasons, Æsop's fables, and the like. The same workmen seem to have been employed by the Adams. Their decorative work is nowhere better seen than in their marble fireplaces. An elaborate example was removed from Northumberland House a few years ago.

The Adam fireplaces can be studied in the published designs of the brothers. To the initiative of these architects we may trace the elaborate grates made partly in case-hardened steel with brass additions. There are obelisks, urns, medallions, and various other decorations. Bright steel fenders were designed to accompany these grates. The older fenders were upright bands of iron, shaped out in curves, or kept in place by heavy pieces of brass-work at the two ends. Of all the fireplaces designed by the brothers, that intended for St. James's Palace, and engraved amongst the published plates, may be taken as one of the most characteristic.

V.—WEDGWOOD AND ALABASTER: EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

We should not forget the plates of embossed iron which used to be placed at the back of the old-fashioned hearth. These plates were cast in the Sussex forests, in which iron ore is still found in considerable quantities. One in front of us, as we write these lines, bears a spirited "CVRSIVS" (M. Curtius riding into the gulf in the Roman Forum). He is in the armour of a cavalier of the Seventeenth Century. It is signed "I. M." and dated 1650.

Grates in the form of square baskets, with lion's feet, not set as fixtures but movable, are found in some old London and country houses. They are probably anterior in point of date to the middle of the last century. After the accession of William and Mary, Dutch tiles came into fashion for the lining of the fireplace recess. If we can but be rid of the ignoble Brummagem stove-grate with its casings of iron and heavy architectonic decorations, these tiles round simple hob-grates are fresh, clean, and cheerful.

As for stoves proper, they are, happily, confined to the kitchen and to entrance passages. They are almost universal in Germany, and are common in France. May they long remain unused in our living-rooms! In any case they are independent pieces of furniture, and do not come under a notice on fireplaces.

J. H. POLLEN.

WITH A DRAWING BY BOUCHER.

(Written by Cosmo Monkhouse. Designed by T. Blake Wirgman.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE YOUTH OF HOLBEIN.

UNHAPPILY for us, Germany has no Vasari: still more unhappily, Holbein did not possess those literary gifts so general among his Italian contemporaries, and which have made the domestic manners and modes of thought in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries in Italy as familiar to us and those of our own time and country. France, too, is well provided in this respect, and the inimitable gossip of Cellini's autobiography gives us, on one canvas, an admirable picture of Court and domestic life in the two countries. But Germany, Switzerland, and even England, before the time of Elizabeth, are known to most of us chiefly in an historic way: of domestic chronicle and gossip we have little, and it is just this that inclines us to indulge in the futile wish for a German Vasari, and to speculate on the sort of chronicle that a German Cellini would have left to us. Save in this most important matter of literary gift, Holbein was the Benvenuto Cellini of Germany, and he occupied at the Court of Henry much the same position that his Italian contemporary held in the service of François I.

About the year 1494-5, when the Great Maximilian was Emperor of the West, Hans Holbein the younger was born in the imperial city of Augsburg, wherein his father, his uncle, his mother's father, and, indeed, most of the family, were in business as painters and decorators. Those were the great days of Augsburg; the city, on the direct route to Italy, was the richest commercial town of South Germany, and it was also the frequent halting-place of Maximilian, his Court, and his armies. Its intercourse with Italy, too, had great influence in the development of artistic ideas; and though one or two mediæval buildings heighten the contrast, Augsburg is essentially a city of the Renaissance. During the childhood and early youth of Hans Holbein, the building of Augsburg was in progress: Renaissance churches and palaces were rising on every side, and the streets echoed with the ring of the trowel and the chisel, and the louder clang of the hammers of the metal-workers; and among it all was the incessant bustle of merchandise, the importing and storing of spices, the whirr of the spinning-wheel, the clattering of the looms, the rumbling of the great carts that carried away the linens. Amid all this noise and bustle the painters worked at their less noisy trade, painting quaint, coarse, hard-featured portraits, decorating house-fronts, designing signboards, and ornamenting furniture. The elder Hans Holbein took both his boys—Ambrosius and Hans—into his studio, and the three worked together until the year 1516. The work was, for the most part, done in common, but a book of sketches by the younger Hans, preserved in the Berlin Museum, shows us that he was already a better draughtsman than his father. In this book we find portraits of the Fuggers and other city magnates; and among the sketches are those of a man on horseback, "Der Gros Kaiser Maximilian," and a lad, "Herzog Karl vō Burgundy," bearing on his wrist a hawk, against which is written, "Kaisers Falk." This title, Duke of Burgundy, proves the date of the sketches, for it was not conferred on Charles till 1515, and he became King of Spain in 1516.

In that year the three Holbeins went to Basle, but wherefore, or with what intention, we know not. Ambrosius at once entered the Painters' Guild, and Hans remained for about a year in the capital of Berne. Basle was at that time a centre of learning and enlightenment. It was its boast that every house contained at least one learned man; and in those days, when printing-presses were few, and publishers and authors had not learned to be antagonistic, the great Amerbach press must have been an immense attraction to men of letters. When Holbein arrived in Basle, the Amerbach press had been founded twenty years. John Amerbach had recently died, and business was carried on by his still more famous partner, John Froben. Froben and a forgotten schoolmaster were Holbein's first patrons, and the well-known printer's mark that adorns so many of the Froben press books was designed by him on his arrival in Basle. He also found another powerful patron in Jacob Meier, the first commoner who ever held office as burgomaster of Basle, and under whose rule the reformation of the city laws was so peaceably carried out. But the local magnate, powerful in his time and city, is remembered chiefly as the original of Holbein's first portrait painted in Basle, and as the art-patron for whom the Meier Madonna was painted eight or nine years later. With two such influential patrons as Froben and Meier, Holbein's position must have been assured; but either from a love of travel, or a wish to leave the field clear for his brother, he left the city in 1517, and spent two years in travel. At Lucerne and Altorf he left traces of his passing, but nowhere else do we follow him. It is said, on doubtful authority, that he never set foot in Italy; but the astonishing development of

his powers suggests that he must, by a sight of some of the masterpieces of Italian art, had a new ideal suggested to him about this time.

In 1519 Ambrose Holbein died, and we know that in this year Hans returned and settled in Basle, for the portrait of Boniface Amerbach, son of Amerbach, the printer, bears this date. This is an important landmark in Holbein's history, for it is the first work showing the full development of his powers. It is interesting, also, as a likeness of the gentle and serious scholar who made that magnificent collection of Holbein paintings, drawings, and sketches, still preserved in Basle, and for whom Erasmus entertained so great an affection and respect that he made him his sole heir. Holbein's portrait represents Amerbach as a grave, handsome young man, with dark hair and beard; and in the background he has painted a signboard setting forth the virtues and qualities of this friend of his, this learned, stainless youth, of whom Erasmus said that his only failing was his too modest estimate of his own qualities and value.

The next year, 1520, so important in history as the year of Luther's excommunication, of Raphael's death, and of the meeting of Henry and François at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was also an important year in Holbein's life. In it he became a citizen of Basle and a member of the Painters' Guild, "Zum Himmel;" and in it Erasmus, after an absence of six years, returned to Basle, and returned as a resident. The learned Dutchman, the first man of letters since the old days of Rome, had accepted the post of editor and publisher's reader to his friend, John Froben, in whose house he was to make his home. The return of Erasmus was a public event; he was publicly received by the citizens, and we may be sure that a no less hearty welcome awaited him in the printer's house, where all the learned youth of the city assembled to meet him. There was Beatus Rhinanus, the future biographer of the sage, and there was young Amerbach, honoured and abashed by the great man's preference for himself; there was the kind square-faced host, his homely features beautified by the honest smile and look of kindly intelligence; and there, no doubt, was our friend the handsome young painter, feeling a little out of place in the midst of so much learning and Latin conversation, but observing and enjoying the variety of character expressed in the thin, neat, refined, vain features of Erasmus, the broad, plain sincerity of Froben's homely face, and the sensitive, high-minded nobility that was stamped on the endearing countenance of young Amerbach. Between Holbein and Erasmus some sort of friendship quickly sprang up, a friendship founded rather on mutual admiration than the intimate interchange of ideas; for Erasmus spoke no modern language except his native Dutch, and by the inscriptions on his portraits Holbein betrays an ignorance of the Latin language and a capacity for phonetic spelling, tempered by German pronunciation, that are truly astonishing. But despite this ignorance of Latin, Holbein did undoubtedly enjoy some measure of intimacy with Erasmus, and the sketches with which he illustrated "The Praise of Folly" prove that by some means he managed to get at the meaning of Latin books; and this and the well-known affection of Erasmus for young men suggest the pleasing fancy that the talk and book were alike translated by Amerbach at Erasmus's social fireside. For such talking and reading Holbein probably had ample time; the tendency of the Reformation was unfavourable to art, and but for the patronage of Meier, Holbein would have received no important commission in Basle. Easel pictures of this period are rare; a few portraits we have of Froben and Erasmus, but Holbein seems chiefly to have been employed in designing for stained glass, decorating furniture, and illustrating books. The impressive, terribly realistic "Dead Christ," painted in 1521, and now in the Basle Museum, was probably not a commission, but painted merely as a study. To the student of Holbein it has a peculiar interest, for it strikes a note that the painter never played on again. Stark, rigid, straight, the solitary figure is awful in its deathliness; but this deserted corpse, almost revolting in its livid grimness, has a solemnity and dignity that raise it far above an anatomical study, and make it worthy of its subject. Never again did Holbein depict death with such solemn dignity. The whole point of the "Dance of Death" is in the malicious pleasure with which Death beholds the consternation of his victims: pope, emperor, preacher, nun are alike unready for his coming; rich and poor, young and old, make the same desperate, vain resistance. Only, in the little series of the "Alphabet of Death," a baby in its cradle stretches out chubby arms and crows at its grim visitor with the unconscious courage of innocence; and from one picture of the large "Dance of Death" Death is absent: the beggar on the dunghill outside the city gate, of all mankind, is alone without fear of Death; to him alone of all humanity is life so joyless that his eyes, dimmed with tears, cannot see the terrors of the grave. The "Dance of Death," like the Bible illustrations, are undated; but the drawings must have been made some time before 1527, for in that year Hans Lützelberger, their engraver, died, leaving his work unfinished, and for more than ten years the publication was delayed, it being impossible to find a wood-engraver competent to render the action and expression of the tiny faces. The dramatic feeling, the raciness, the grim humour and abundant fancy of these little masterpieces, as well as the

extreme care of their composition and drawing, prove that Holbein must have thrown himself heart and soul into their composition.

But book-illustrating was poorly-paid work, and as time went on, Holbein found the difficulty of living increase. He had, moreover, added to his cares by marriage with a widow, Elizabeth Schmidt, a woman some years older than himself. Once only before her marriage with the painter do we find mention of the widow, and on that occasion she sues Hans Holbein, painter, for debt incurred for goods supplied to him by her late husband. The curtain falls, and when next it rises it is lifted by Holbein's hand, for in the Basle Museum is a magnificent painting of Mrs. Holbein with her baby on her knee, and her eldest son, Franz Schmidt, standing at her side. A plain, worn woman, long past youth, with a look of querulous sadness on her large face, she does not look the woman to gain and keep a young man's love; and so, perchance, there may be some truth in the legend that Holbein was driven by his wife's tongue from Basle. But the real reason of his leaving was probably that mentioned by Erasmus to More, the want of money. So, bearing this one letter of introduction from Froben's editor to the Speaker of our House of Commons, Holbein went forth one summer morning of 1526 to seek his fortune in a strange land. F. Mabel Robinson.

THE TIBER: FROM BAGNOREA TO THE SOURCE.

FROM Bagnorea to Orvieto is a distance of about ten miles. The country between is of an almost ideal type of the rural kind. The oxen are yoked in pairs, and regard each other with so much affection that it is with difficulty they are separated. Wheels are unknown, or unused: the produce of the fields being drawn on sledges over the roughest of roads. Just before Orvieto we pass a quaint little mediæval town or village called Porano. It is surrounded with strong walls, and is entered by a gateway flanked with towers, which has, no doubt, had its uses in the quarrelsome Middle Ages. Then

I.—TODI.

the valley of the Paglia is reached: the Paglia, a tributary of the Tiber, which it joins a little lower down; the ruins of an old abbey are passed; and, crossing the river (III.), we begin to ascend the height on which is built Orvieto—

> "Remote and high,
> Which from the ancient Romans had its name,
> Who thither went because the air is pure,"

as Fazio degli Uberti says in his "Dittamondo."

II.—FRATTA.

It was the ancient Etruscan town Herbanum, spoken of by Pliny, and subsequently bore the name of Urbs Vetus, of which the modern one is a corruption. On the side of the valley opposite to the city are many Etruscan tombs: some decorated with very remarkable paintings. They are generally formed like architecturally constructed chambers, beam and rafter being cut in the solid rock. The position of the town is very picturesque. It stands on an elevated table-land, rising from the plain of the valley, as it might be a natural fortress. It was the place of refuge of Pope Clement VII., at the siege and sack of Rome by the Constable Bourbon; he was here visited by an embassy from England, sent by Henry VIII. to plead his divorce from Catherine of Arragon. The history of its vicissitudes during the Middle Ages, from war, famine, earthquakes, and pestilence, reads like a romance. It seems wonderful that any one survived to tell the tale.

By far the noblest monument in Orvieto is the famous cathedral. It was built, as is said, to commemorate the miracle of blood dropping from the host to convince an unbelieving German priest, painted by Raphael as the "Miracle of Bolsena." Indulgencies being granted, the citizens themselves and many pilgrims helped in the construction with might and main. It is assuredly a noble building. The outside is covered with mosaics and sculptures, representative in their kind, whilst the inside is more than beautified by the sublime frescoes of Signorelli.

The course of the Tiber from Orvieto to Todi, a distance of rather more than twenty miles following the stream, may be said to be almost undiscovered land, as far as the visits of strangers are concerned. Truly it passes through a strange, wild country: where deep shadows brood from ledge and precipice, where no sound is heard save the dull complaint of the river or the voice of some wild animal or bird. In one place a little village, Corbaro, glares from the rocks, apparently inaccessible to man, as if it were the sombre abode of some powerful enchanter. Thick brushwood entangles the path, for road there is none. Then, when the stream plunges into a black gorge, impenetrable to any footstep, one ascends, up, up, to the summit of the hills, and, turning to look back, a vision of beauty is seen far below: the river wending its way through a varied landscape for many a mile. Descending once more, Todi presently becomes visible, as it were on the top of a lofty mountain, beautiful as seen through the shimmering foliage of a summer afternoon. Crossing a serviceable modern bridge, the ascent of an hour brings one to this little town (I.).

As it is entered by the winding road, the first object that meets the sight is a singular church of clustered domes, built by Bramante, and perhaps his masterpiece. The town is clean and cheery-

III.—THE PAGLIA, FROM ORVIETO.

looking. The ancient Roman Tuder, it was the site of a famous temple of Mars. There are extensive remains of ancient walls of Etruscan origin to be seen in various parts. The modern city, as it is still called, is surmounted by a mediaeval castle, and surrounded by walls, with square towers built into them at intervals. It has four or five thousand inhabitants. Some straggling streets, a piazza, a town-hall, and a substantially-built cathedral dating centuries back, constitute its main features. Its most attractive spots, however, are the terrace walks laid out for a public promenade. These command the whole river valley, and a most delightful scene it is, especially at the evening hour. A strange effect, too, is conveyed to the mind by the wild songs of the peasants labouring below, as they answer each other in the *stornelli*, or improvised versicles peculiar to the country. Apart from a turbulent mediaeval history, common to all the towns of Central Italy, Todi has little to render it remarkable excepting that it was the birthplace of Jacopo de' Benedetti, called Fra Jacopone, the author of the "Stabat Mater," with other hymns and verses: many of them bright and clever enough, though he was, or by way of penance he assumed to be, half-witted.

The distance between Todi and Perugia, twenty-seven miles, is not marked with anything of remarkable interest. The river flows through a flat country, well cultivated, and pleasant to look upon. Indeed, this is one of the most fertile parts of Italy, with orchards and vineyards, olive groves, and rich pastures. Only Diruta is passed, of memorable fame in the production of fine majolica, and soon we begin the ascent to the pleasant little capital of Umbria, Perugia, which Fazio degli Uberti describes as "allegro e bello," because, as he says, it is situated on a hill. Nor will the stranger disagree. Particularly in the summer months will the inhabitant of the larger city of Rome or of Florence find its cool breezes refreshing, and the prospect which lies below him charming. It commands views of the whole valley of Foligno, extending almost forty miles from its foot: little villages sparkling here and there or glimmering on the distant range at the other side of the valley; quiet homesteads embosomed in trees; tiny campaniles starting up at intervals; groves of trees, spreading fields, winding roads: spread out like a map before the eye; and, through it all, flowing in shade and sunshine, creeping out and in amongst the foliage, the farms and the villages, the Tiber, wandering away "at its own sweet will" (IV.) towards the city of the Colosseum and of St. Peter's.

It is difficult to point out to the traveller the most worthy object of interest in a city containing so much. He will not fail to visit the Peruginos in the old Cambio or Exchange. Then he will pass round the quaint market-place, and spell out with loving attention the vanishing sculptures of the old fountain, so human, so full of vitality through the crumbling stone. And so he will wander from church to church, not forgetting that of S. Pietro for its wood-carvings and lovely intarsia work, and from street to street, until the moment arrives when

IV.—AT PERUGIA.

he must bid it farewell and pursue his onward journey. Before leaving the neighbourhood, how-

ever, as the pilgrim of this ancient river, he should not fail to visit Assisi, the city of St. Francis and of Metastasio, connected with it by a small tributary. It is situated on a spur of the Apennines, with much the same prospect as is seen from Perugia. The noble church, which is the substantial monument of the man, of so large an influence in his day and subsequently, whose name it bears, contains some of the finest works of Giotto, and particularly his "Marriage of St. Francis with Poverty by our Lord." Connected with the Tiber, not far from here, is the Clitumnus, a stream famous in ancient days as the seat of a temple, still standing, in which prophetic oracles were delivered; it gushes out at the foot of a mountain and flows away as a considerable stream. The white oxen of Umbria were said to owe their immaculateness to being washed in its waters. However that may have been, they have not yet lost their characteristic in that respect.

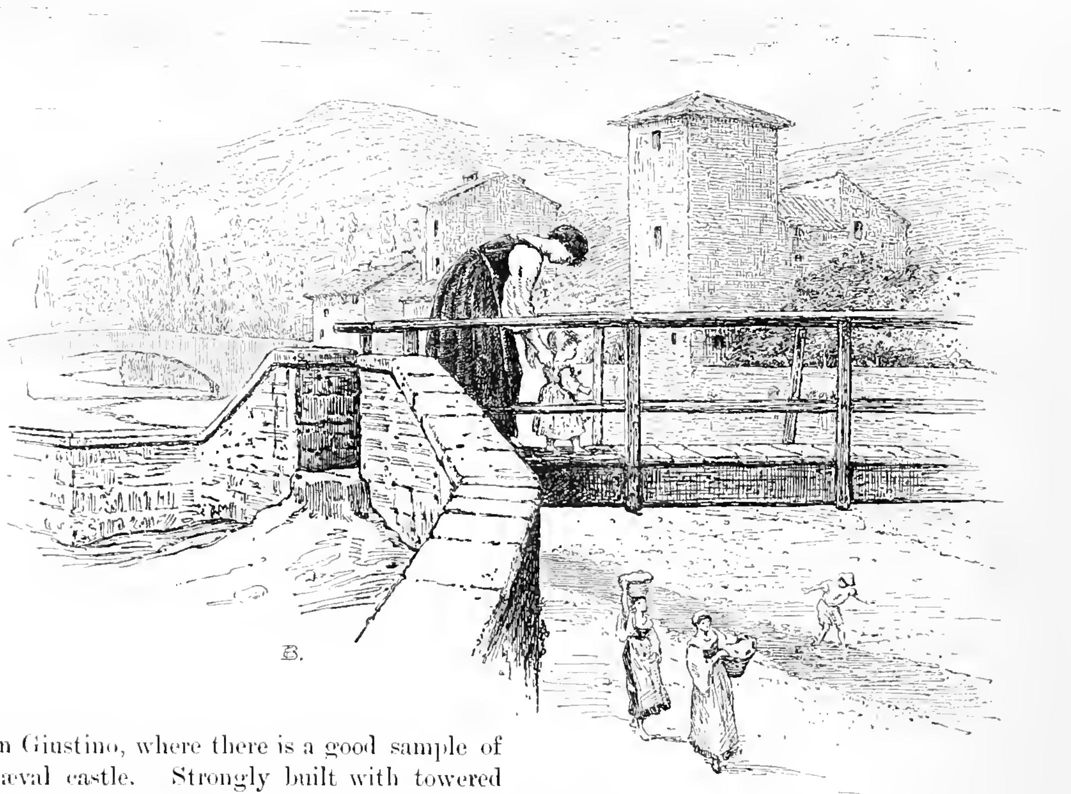
V.—AT CITTÀ DI CASTELLO.

Returning from these digressions, happy will that traveller be who, in the blossom of early morning, pursuing his northerly journey, descends the hill of Perugia on the other side of the range, and sees opening before him the expansive prospect there revealed; so aërial, so fine, so tender, it looks as if a breath would blow it away. Here and there the river lies in still pools reflecting the blue sky in patches of amethyst. Yonder is a tall tower, and beyond a frail bridge looking as if suspended in air. Now the sun begins to send shafts of light through the thin mist which beautifies without hiding the view. An old castle takes the first touch of sunshine; then farm and homestead and each jutting peak and promontory sparkle in the ray; and the world is once more alive.

At Fratta (II.), now called Umbertidi, we need only stop for a mid-day meal on our way to the larger and more important Città di Castello (V.). Towards the town the stream is much diminished. In the summer-time it is inconsiderable, but when the wintry snows melt upon the mountains, and the clouds are big with seasonable rain, it becomes augmented into a torrent, and sometimes carries havoc and destruction in its course. Città di Castello is on the site of the ancient Tifernum, and it was here that the younger Pliny, as inspector or conservator of the upper stream, had that villa which he describes in such graphic terms in a letter to his friend Apollinaris. He says that in his day the Tiber was navigable from here to Rome in the winter and spring, and that it was used to transport the land produce to Rome. The history of Città di Castello in the Middle Ages is closely connected with the Vitelli family, who were its rulers or governors. Their possession is still attested by several gloomy old palaces bearing their name. But the once active and energetic little city has fallen into a state of torpor. Scarcely does one know it is inhabited. In some parts grass grows in the streets, and the silence is unbroken.

After leaving Città di Castello the river waters

a fertile plain skirted by a range of hills, some of them surmounted by quaint little towns or the fortresses of former days. We pass a little village called San Giustino, where there is a good sample of the mediæval castle. Strongly built with towered battlements, a surrounding moat, now dried up, completed its fortification. A tall clock tower commands fine views of the surrounding country, whilst a delightful garden, with an abundance of lemon trees, alleys of clipped box, a maze like that of Hampton Court, and long avenues of laurel, add to its charms as a summer residence, for which the owner has adapted it.



VI.—PIEVE DI SAN STEFANO.

By the wayside to Borgo San Sepolcro are innumerable religious symbols: shrines and black crosses with the emblems of the Passion attached to them. It is a characteristic little town surrounded with bastioned walls. The tradition of its origin is that here, on a rocky mound in the midst of a vast forest, some pilgrims returning from the Holy Land fell asleep, and in a dream were commanded to build a church on the spot. A small chapel was formed in which they deposited their relics, which, being resorted to by the country people round, finally formed the nucleus of the present town. Art-lovers will remember this as the birthplace of Piero della Francesca, a remarkable man in many respects. Like the children of his generation, he excelled in many things. He was one of the best of painters; and Vasari says he was the first mathematician of his time. His noble "Resurrection" here decorates the Monte di Pietà. Never was a religious subject painted more unconventionally; never with more sincerity. And there is beautiful work besides. Attached to the river which directs our course by a tributary, the Singerna, is Caprese, the birthplace of Michelangelo. This notable spot, known to few of his many biographers, and to fewer still of the pilgrims to his shrines, is situated on a lofty cone of volcanic ashes in the midst of a wide valley. A few wretched houses, a small chapel, a ruined castle, and the municipal buildings are all that mark the summit. It was in these latter that one of the greatest artists the world has ever known first saw the light. The chamber is still to be seen in which he was born. His father, a man of note in his day, had been appointed *podestà*, or governor of the district, for one year, and returned to Florence after the term had expired.

At the foot of the Apennines, where our goal lies, is a bright and homely little town called Pieve di San Stefano (VI.), running along the side of the river in the midst of a country rich in corn and grain. This is the last of our pilgrimage. Beyond it only a few scattered cottages lie in the way to the heart of the Apennines. A cheery little town it is on market-

days, when the youths and maidens come from the wide surrounding districts, perhaps as much to see each other as to make purchases or to drive bargains. A sad disaster happened to it in 1855. An enormous landslip occurred, a little lower down the river, which choked up the stream, and so flooded the town that the inhabitants had to leave it until the water was liberated. A deep artificial cutting now marks the site of the catastrophe.

Ascending the bed of the river we reach a most picturesque point. In a deep and gloomy gorge, called Val Savignone, the river twists, and almost encircles a table rock on which are built a few black-looking houses and a grotesque old mill. Lashed by wintry torrents, remote from fields and woods and the airy abodes of men, one wonders what must be the nature of the inhabitants. Then we skirt La Balza della Donna—the Woman's Rock—a local name which commemorates the legend of a woman who threw herself over its steep and precipitous sides from disappointed love. And so, finally, we arrive at Le Balze, where a few rude houses limit the domain of man. We have now reached almost the summit of the Apennines. Craggy points rise around us, the highest of which, above our heads, is called Monte Fumajolo; it is said that from some of them Rimini may be discerned on a clear day. On the other side of the watershed, not very far from here, the Arno takes its rise. In our course upstream from Ostia and San Gallo's castle—proceeding by the very highway of history; among the vestiges of the grandest and the most imposing of the civilisations of antiquity; by storied cities, and places of romance, and ruins once centres of art and life and war—we have traversed a distance of upwards of two hundred and fifty miles. Now we are near our journey's end. Leaving the last vestiges of human residence, we enter a beech-forest of profound shade, with ancestral trees in the reclining attitudes of age on every side, always following the course of a garrulous brook, which falls sparkling over broken ledges of rock. Soon it splits up into a number of branches. We trace, under faithful guidance, the longest of these. It creeps in hollows, it gurgles under bushes, it sparkles in the sun, and hides itself in shadow; and still, where it goes, we follow—follow. Presently we emerge into an open space. The trees form an amphitheatre around. Surely here, if anywhere on earth, should be a temple to the river-god? Surrounded by delicate flowers, fringed with the fine embroidery of the woods and fields, a little fountain of crystalline water gushes from the sod (VII.), and this is called the Tiber in Rome.

William Davies.

VII.—THE SOURCE.

THE ANNUNCIATION IN ART.

THE Annunciation is more common than perhaps any other subject in early Italian and German art. Pictorially, the scene adapted itself easily to any decorative purpose; while as a primary symbol of the Incarnation it was the basis of Catholic theology.

Sometimes it is the central subject of the altar-piece; often it forms one of a triptych, with the Nativity and the Adoration of the Magi; still more constantly the separate figures of the angel and Virgin are painted on the outer side of the shutters or side-panels. Often we find them set in the framework of the picture, in lunettes or medallions, surrounded with traceries and arabesques. Sometimes they are divided by the opening of the chancel arch, as in Giotto's chapel at Padua; elsewhere they are represented to the right and left of the altar. Whether carved in stone or painted in fresco, whether worked in mosaic or in terra-cotta, the Annunciation appears constantly above church portals and cathedral gates; within it meets our eyes again, on marble font or screen, set in the jewelled hues of stained glass, or else wrought in the gold and silver and precious enamels on altar shrines. It formed the subject of votive pictures offered by rejoicing parents on the birth of a child. In the streets of old German towns you may still see statues of the Virgin and archangel carved on opposite angles of the house. Again and again you find it in the stately chambers and corridors of the Vatican; on the frescoes which adorn the walls of humble convent cells; painted on tabernacle doors and sacristy chests; or preserved for us in the pages of missals and choir books.

Niccolò, the Pisan, placed it first among the reliefs of his famous baptistery pulpit; and in the noble sculptures which adorn the façade of Orvieto there is no fairer scene than this of Gabriel saluting Mary between adoring angels. The greatest of Florentine churches took its name of Santa Maria del Fiore from the lily of the Annunciation, which Florence adopted as her own device; and to this day we see the figures of the archangel and Virgin carved in the spandrels of the massive arch which upholds the bridge of the Rialto. Among the mass of sculpture on the portals of St. Mark's, at Venice, the Annunciation is conspicuous, and we enter to find it again pictured in mosaic on the burnished gold of the storied vaults within. It appears frequently in Venetian and Lombard tombs, and is carved side by side with the Resurrection on the sarcophagus which holds the ashes of Can Grande, on the open square of Verona.

It was not, however, until the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries that the Annunciation became a popular motive in Christian art. It is seldom seen in the earliest ages, and once only in the catacombs: this is in a fresco of St. Priscilla's cemetery, where the angel, a youth without wings, and simply draped in pallium and tunic, stands erect before the seated Virgin, and raises his arm in the act of delivering the message, which she receives with modest looks and a gesture of surprise in her uplifted hand. Again, in the mosaics on the triumphal arch of Santa Maria Maggiore (A.D. 433), the Annunciation forms one compartment of the series on the life of Christ; the Virgin, richly apparelled, but as yet without nimbus, sits in a chair, with two angels behind her; Gabriel stands before her, while in the upper part of the composition he appears again flying, winged and nimbed, through the air towards the Virgin. In another mosaic, in the apse of the Duomo of Parenzo, in Istria, the Virgin is seated at the door of a small cottage; and in a curious ivory diptych of the Sixth or Seventh Century, instead of being represented in the house, she is drawing water at a spring, and turns round as if startled at the sound of the angel's voice. This conception owes its origin to the "Protevangelion" or apocryphal Gospel of St. James, which relates how one evening the youthful Mary went out with a hydria to draw water, and as she knelt at the spring, heard a voice behind her saying, "Ave, gratiâ plena." It has been followed by several old German and Dutch engravers, and acquires new interest as painted by Dante Rossetti.

About the Eleventh Century we first find the Annunciation in old stained glass and sculpture, but not till the Thirteenth does it seem to come into very general use. To this date belongs the miraculous picture preserved in the church of the Santissima Annunziata at Florence, with the Virgin's head said to have been painted by St. Luke, who, according to tradition, took the brush which dropped from the hand of the artist, and while he slept filled in the outline. The Virgin is represented sitting with folded hands, her book lying at her side, meekly listening to the message which the kneeling angel delivers, while the dove floats towards her on a ray of light proceeding from the Father.

In Cimabue's "Annunciation" the angel stands,

and with lifted hand seems to emphasise the words of his salutation. The Virgin is also standing; but in pictures of this date is just as frequently represented either kneeling or sitting with arms meekly folded on her breast. Both angel and Virgin kneel in the noble and touching fresco by Giotto at Padua; while in his pupil Taddeo Gaddi's "Annunciation" at Santa Croce, Mary is seated on the ground, and looks up devoutly with clasped hands at the heavenly visitant descending towards her.

In one version which Fra Angelico painted in a convent cell of St. Mark's, the white-robed angel stands, and the sweet-faced Virgin kneels in lowly worship; while in a second, in a corridor of the same convent, Mary is seated, and the archangel bends one knee before her. In a third, belonging to a series painted for the plate-chest of the Servite monks in the sacristy of the Annunziata, both Virgin and angel kneel between the arcades of a pillared court where cypresses grow in straight stiff rows. In fact, notwithstanding the supposed theological reasons which have been assigned as the cause of these variations, no rigid rule seems ever to have governed the attitude of Gabriel and Mary, and in all probability the painter followed his own or his patron's taste, or suited the grouping of the picture to the space at his command. But whether sitting or kneeling, the expression of the Virgin in the works of these early artists is almost always that of lowly submission, the spirit of loving trust that breathes in the words of her answer, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according unto Thy word."

The painters of the Siennese school, from Simone Memmi down to Pacchia, represent the Virgin as shrinking back timidly at the sight of the archangel; and Botticelli and one or two other Florentines give her the startled look common in the earliest Byzantine pictures. There is a charming little work by Lorenzo di Credi, in which the Virgin raises one hand, and looks inquiringly at the adoring angel bending before her, while the round arched portico under which she stands opens on a sunny garden with avenues of shady trees and clear streams.

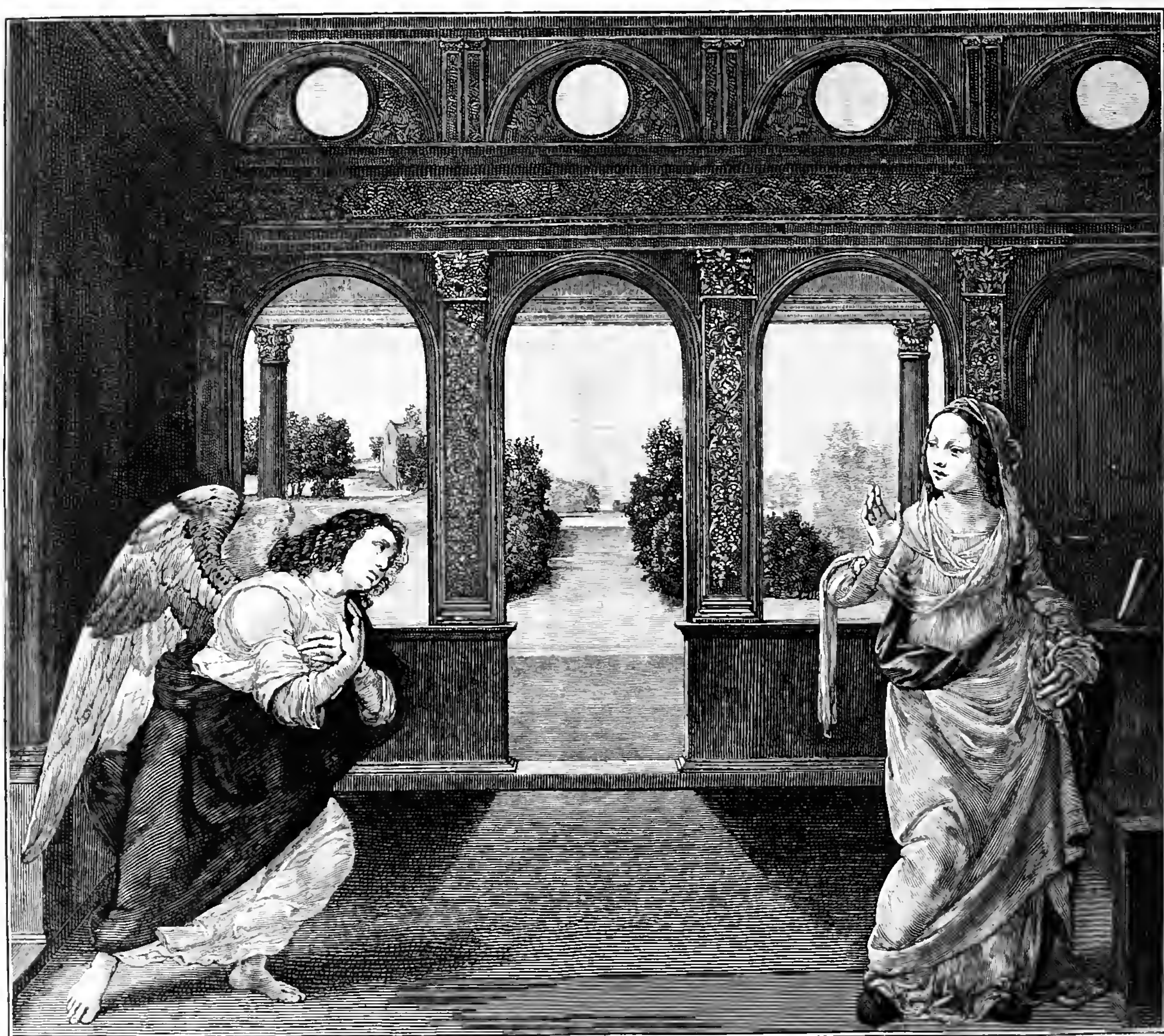
THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Painted by Meister Stephan. Cologne Cathedral.)

Generally the Virgin is represented either reading the Scriptures or pondering silently over them, agreeably to the tradition recorded by St. Bernard, who says that the angel appeared to her as she was musing over Isaiah's prophecy: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son." If she kneels, the open book is laid on a desk before her; and if she is seated, it rests on her lap or lies at her side. Sometimes, as in Giotto's fresco, she holds the closed book in her hand, and her finger marks the place. If a second book lies closed and sealed at her feet, as in the famous Cologne *Dombild*, by Meister Stephan, an allusion is probably intended to the sealed book spoken of by Isaiah. The desk at which she kneels is sometimes a draped table; in later times it became elaborately ornamented, carved in the shape of a lyre, or worked with cherubs and lilies and allegorical subjects.

The dove, as emblem of the Holy Spirit, is almost always present, flying towards the Virgin or hovering in the air above—sometimes, in old German designs, actually settling on her brow. In Angelico's picture it is seen descending between symmetrical rows of pillars and cypresses, and forms the central point which gives unity to the whole.

German and Flemish masters generally place the scene in a Gothic house with arched windows and gabled roof. Sometimes the building is of spacious size, crowned with turrets and cupolas, but more often it is a homely room, with chairs and cushioned seats, lattice window, and a four-post bed hung with heavy curtains. A pot of flowering lilies is commonly by the Virgin's side, sometimes a distaff, in a few instances a spinning-wheel; and pots and pans and dishes, or else candles and lamps, are often ranged on a shelf against the wall. In some Italian pictures a row of Florentine flasks and majolica dishes are introduced; and in Carlo Crivelli's altar-piece, in the National Gallery, a bright-coloured Persian carpet hangs over the plates and jars on the shelf, while on the floor we see a gourd and melon. A peacock spreads his tail on the edge of the wall, and white-winged birds hover among the topmost roofs against the blue sky; while the background is enlivened with richly-clad ladies and Venetian senators moving to and fro, and the courtyard is filled with figures.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Painted by Lorenzo di Credi. Uffizi.)

introduced, and implements for household use lie strewn about the floor. Sometimes a pitcher stands

The dress and attributes of the archangel were another point in which considerable variety was

allowed. It is curious that, whereas the lily is commonly associated with the Annunciation, Dante speaks of Gabriel as the angel who bore the *palm* to Mary. As the sign of victory it does appear in Gabriel's hands in one of Angelico's smaller "Annunciations," while the olive-branch, as the emblem of peace, is frequently given to him by Siennese and German painters. In most German works, however, he is represented bearing the herald's staff surmounted with a tiny cross or encircled with a scroll inscribed with the words "Ave Maria, gratiâ plena." In Florentine pictures the lily is by far more common. Often, as in Lippo Lippi's beautiful little picture, it is seen growing in a flower-pot as well as borne by the angel, and in later works we seldom see any other attribute. In older Italian pictures Gabriel is always clad in a plain white robe, with wings either white or studded with peacock-eyes; but in later times his raiment, as well as that of Mary's, glows with resplendent hues, and is patterned over with embroideries of elaborate design. Both German and Flemish masters generally represent him wearing a rich gold-embroidered cope, as type of priestly office, fastened by a jewelled clasp in the shape of a dove or heart.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Painted by Angelico. San Marco, Florence.)

In the roof-bosses of Norwich Cathedral, probably the work of Flemish sculptors of the Fifteenth Century, the angel wears a cope of powdered ermine, scalloped and slashed, and the same fur is used for the lining of the Virgin's robe. In Martin Schöngauer's engravings Gabriel's brow is often crowned with flowers, and a small cross starts out of the centre of the wreath. His flowing locks descend on his shoulders, and he bears a staff or sceptre in his hand as he comes gliding in by a door in the background, unseen by Mary, who yet appears aware of the vision beside her. Closely akin to Martin's creations, in their touch of sweetness and spiritual feeling, are the pictures of the old Cologne masters, Meister Wilhelm and Meister Stephan. As in Van Eyck's "Annunciation," in the Ghent altar-piece, Stephan's Virgin and angel are both robed in white, and Gabriel's wings are relieved with a tender gleam of colour.

With the wood-carvers of Nuremberg the Annunciation was a favourite subject in the last half of the Fifteenth Century. Veit Stoss's masterpiece, the "Englisches Gruss" ("Angelic Salutation"), still hangs suspended by a swinging chain to the roof of the Lorenzkirche choir. It consists of statues of the Virgin and Gabriel, larger than life, surrounded by a wreath of gilded roses which enclose seven medallions of the joys of Mary. The feet of the Virgin are on the clouds, and the dove rests on her forehead; one hand is raised to her face, the other clasps the closed book, while with downcast eyes she receives the angel's greeting. Gabriel himself is an animated, vigorous figure; and a multitude of cherubs peep out of the folds of Mary's robe and start up under the clouds at her feet. Some hover in the air playing viol and lute, others cling to Gabriel's mantle, and one tiny form is poised on the tip of his wings.

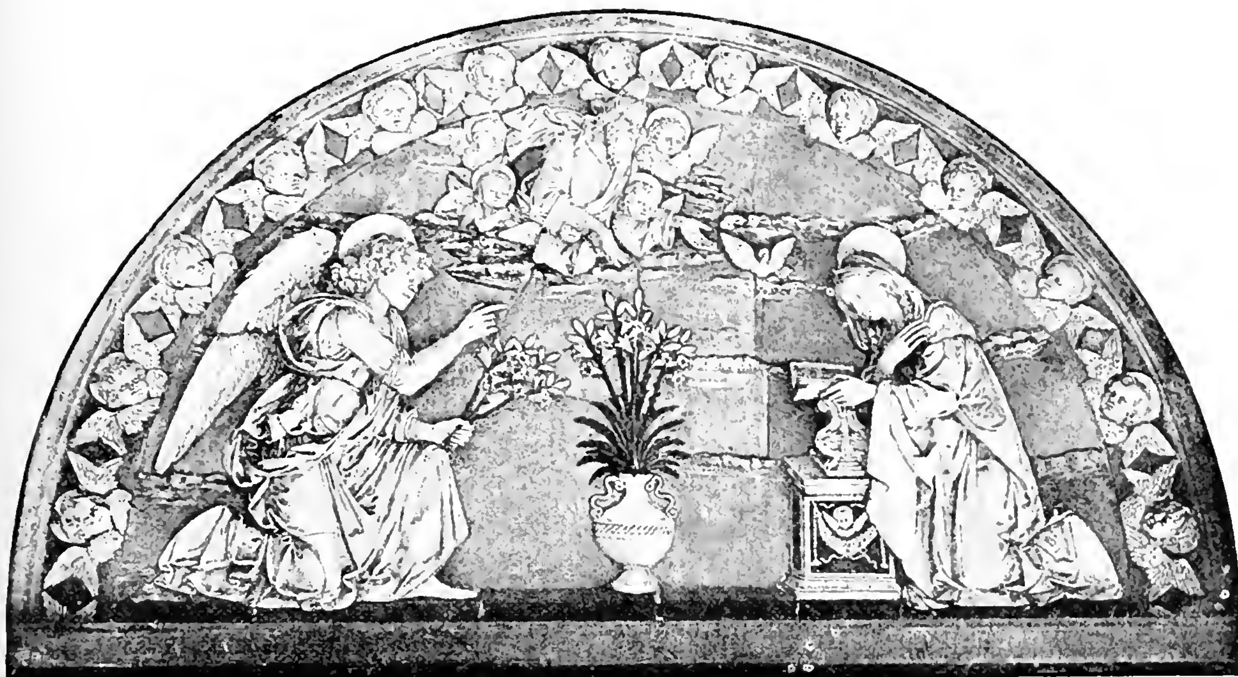
The Florentine sculptors in the same century told the familiar story in a very different manner. In every part of Tuscany and Umbria, on the mountain heights of La Vernia, in many a lonely village in the fastnesses of the Apennine, or in the valley of Arno, we come across Della Robbia's "Annunciations," exquisite in finish and purity, and as fresh and bright in colour as if they were the work of yesterday. One of the fairest is the lunette over the chapel door of the Innocents' Hospital in Florence, and is the work of Andrea, the one of all his family who carried his art to the highest perfection. A flowering lily in a vase of antique pattern divides the angel-ministrant, kneeling to speak his message, from the Virgin, whose pure young face and flowing draperies come nearer to Raphael than any master who lived before him in their simple grace; while the cherubs who float round the form of the Eternal and the wreath of baby-faces round the whole are instinct with joyous life.

With the Umbrian school it was a very favourite subject from the first. Indeed, there is scarcely an altar-piece by the older masters of Buonfigliæ Fiorenzo's time which does not contain the figures of the "Annunziata" and "Angelo Annunziatore" either on side panels or on the doors, or in lunettes and medallions in the upper part of the picture. Many very lovely examples are to be seen in the gallery of Perugia, that storehouse of Umbrian art, among them Niccolò Alunno's masterpiece painted for members of the confraternity of the Annunciation, whose portraits are introduced in the foreground: troops of sportive angels crowned with flowers and flowering rose-bushes divide the groups, and the whole composition is animated with a life and gaiety which the painter probably owed to his Florentine studies. In a picture by Bonfigli we find St. Luke seated in the foreground, probably as the recorder of the scene whether with brush or pen. The chief feature of these Umbrian "Annunciations" is the mystic devotion of the figures and the splendour of the architecture and accessories. The garments of Virgin and angel sparkle with gold and jewels, and the scene is laid in a stately portico, rich with marbles, friezes, and colonnades, opening on some fair Perugian landscape watered by cool streams and bright with soft sunshine.

Perugino and Pinturicchio painted more than one such picture, always with the same slender drooping forms and rapt faces; but the loveliest of all is the "Annunciation" which the young Raphael designed as a predella for his "Coronation" in the Vatican. The picture detached from the original is still in the Vatican; and the drawing, almost the more precious of the two as showing the very lines which Raphael drew, belongs to the Louvre. The Corinthian pillars of the double portico are not overloaded with ornament, and the joyous bird-like movement of the angel contrasts finely with the modest grace of the Virgin, as sweet and lowly in her deep devotion as that of any old Umbrian. The long shadows which fall on brown marble columns and tesselated floor remind us that it is the hour of the Angelus; and without, beyond the arches, the evening sunlight lights up hill and vale, and winding river and castellated towers—some memory of those highlands of Urbino which Raphael loved so well.

The "Annunciations" of Fra Bartolommeo—monk though he was—of Albertinelli, and of Andrea del Sarto, are based on new conceptions. The forms are fuller and more realistic, less attention is paid to expression and more to lines of drapery, to colouring, and effects of atmosphere. There is more movement in the group: the angel enters hastily, or descends on a cloud, followed by a playful troop of boy-cherubs; the Virgin turns round as in fear, or welcomes the messenger joyfully. Attendant saints are frequently introduced, and in some mystic representations the child Christ Himself is seen descending from the skies bearing His cross. Francia places his Madonna in a flowery meadow, gazing upwards with clasped hands at the vision of the angel, while adoring saints worship a little below her on either side. In a great allegorical composition by Rubens she kneels at the head of a flight of steps, with cherubs round her brow, and patriarchs and prophets at her feet. Later still animals are brought in to enliven the scene. Peacocks and doves had been admitted in all ages of art, and birds of every description now make their appearance, as well as the ape of the Ferrarese masters and Baroccio's altogether objectionable cat. Titian, with more reason, places a partridge at the feet of Mary. The subject

was scarcely suited to his splendid genius, although we know that on his journey to Cadore he often turned aside to visit a certain "Annunciation" by one of Gian Bellini's pupils in a church at Ceneda. His "Annunciations" are masterpieces of gorgeous colour and ingenious composition, the architecture is palatial, and the glow of light dazzles our eyes; but his dancing angels and startled Virgins fail to touch us as they should.



THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Bas-relief by Andrea della Robbia. Innocenti, Florence.)

Tintoretto's treatment of the theme is grand and original, as with all he painted. The scene is laid, not under a cottage roof or in a palace loggia, but in a dark ruined building, where Joseph the carpenter is at work with his tools, and the swift-flying cherubim come breaking through the roof on the astonished Virgin's sight. In Correggio's "Annunciation" at Parma, laughing boys gambol round the archangel's wings, while in Mochi's group at Orvieto the Virgin grasps her chair with a gesture of indignant surprise. As we follow the track of art on its downward course each representation becomes more painful, and there is no temptation to linger over Caracci's colossal pictures or Bernini's more odious statuary.

In a peculiar manner the subject seems to belong to mediæval painters, and in our own days we have only seen it adequately treated by artists who have owed their inspiration in a large measure to these masters. No one who has once seen is ever likely to forget the beautiful little "Annunciation" by Dante Rossetti, exhibited at Burlington House in 1883. Unlike all others before him, he has shown us Mary suddenly awakened from sleep by the vision of the angel. The grey morning light fills the room and falls on the folds of the coverlid and the worked lily on the red embroidery frame at the foot of the bed. What little colour there is in the picture belongs to this and a blue curtain behind. The angel wears a plain white robe, and is without wings or halo, but the flames, breaking out under his feet, speak of his celestial birth as he delivers his message to Mary, raising herself up on her white bed and opening her blue eyes as if suddenly aware of a strange presence beside her. The expression of her face is not fear, is not trouble, is scarcely wonder; rather is it the musing thoughtfulness of one who pondered all things in her heart. On a much larger scale, and far more highly finished, is the "Annunciation" of Mr. Burne Jones. Here the angel drops with quietly-folded wings on the boughs of a tree, while the Virgin stands below, with her pitcher beside her and a troubled look on her fair pale face.

Both these men have loved their subject and felt its beauty to the full. But it is characteristic of the times that while the Old Masters only show us the lowly surrender and willing response of the Virgin—"Ecce ancilla Domini"—the trouble, the perplexity, has been the side which the painters of to-day have chosen to set before our eyes. JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

FORWARD!

(Painted by Alphonse de Neuville.)

AMERICAN EMBROIDERIES.

IN America, through the efforts of certain artists, among whom Mr. John La Farge and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany were the pioneers, a closer connection has again been established between art and industry, to the evident benefit of both. It is one of the good results of the new movement in favour of decorative art. The pity is only that all this skill is expended solely upon private houses, since with us in the United States, no use has as yet been found for art in public life.

The art of embroidery may perhaps be said to have profited more than any other industrial art by the new movement, and to have attained to a degree of importance in the United States which it has not reached elsewhere. For not only has it been lifted up again from the low level into which it had sunk in the era of sofa cushions and slipper patterns and brightly-coloured Biblical pictures worked in Berlin worsteds and cross-stitch; it has even outgrown the period of sunflowers and cats' tails, cranes and lilies, and has once more assumed the position which it occupied in past centuries, of a branch of the fine arts with aims of its own. Nor has it been content to return to old examples, and to resume old ways of working; it has also struck out boldly in a new direction which tallies with the general development of decoration, and aims at a higher intellectual achievement. The outcome has been the invention of what is known to-day as Needle-woven Tapestry, a new means of artistic expression, the introduction and development of which must be credited to Mrs. Candace Wheeler, the President of the Associated Artists of New York—a band of women workers, formerly associated with Mr. Tiffany, but since some years independently established, and long favourably known for their embroideries. Here again we see

A ZUÑI GIRL.

(Designed by Rosina Emmett.)

the influence of a general artistic education upon an industry, for Mrs. Wheeler was an accomplished painter before she became interested in embroidery, and among those who have chiefly assisted her as designers are to be named Miss Dora Wheeler and Miss Rosina Emmett, both of whom have studied in the best schools of painting, in the United States as well as in Europe. Mrs. Wheeler has also found a valuable assistant in Miss Lyman, who has special charge of the Tapestry Department of the Associated Artists, and is the chief executant.

The method of executing these tapestries—which, as well as the material upon which they are worked, is covered by letters-patent in the United States and in England—is simple enough in theory. Upon heavy silk canvas of a rather coarse and loose texture the design is produced, or woven as it were, by introducing threads of the necessary colours either along the woof or the warp, as the case may be. The silk canvas which serves as a basis—specially made for the purpose by the Messrs. Cheney, the American silk manufacturers—is in itself very beautiful; and, as the woof and the warp are usually of different colours, develops a play of changing tints, which, aided by the rich gloss of the silk, gives it a life not to be otherwise attained. As the colour of the ground can never be wholly suppressed, it is easily seen that it fixes the keynote of the scale to be employed, and thus keeps the artist within certain decorative bounds, however pronounced may be his or her tendency towards realism. This is an important point, for although these works of the needle, as was stated above, may be said to have an aim of their own, they must always remain a means of decoration, and the wholesome restriction noted will tend to prevent their trying to dominate for their own sake. Within these bounds, however, the facilities which the new method offers to the artist are astonishingly great. The delicacy of gradation that can be obtained by the introduction of threads, either of one colour or of several colours twisted together, is quite extraordinary; and as metal threads can also be employed, while high lights or an especial emphasis of colour can be forced, if need be, by calling in the aid of actual embroidery, it is evident that the means at the command of the artist are sufficiently varied. As a practical advantage of these tapestries, it is worth noting that they are absolutely moth-proof, as nothing but silk, and occasionally threads of gold and silver, enter into their composition.

It is exceedingly difficult to give anything like an adequate idea of works of this character in words, even with the aid of the excellent engravings which accompany this notice. For it stands to reason that the designs, however meritorious they may be, are for the present of but secondary importance to the reader, since what he specially desires to gain is a knowledge of the means by which they are executed. The attempt must nevertheless be made.

The peculiar capabilities of the new technique are best seen in two wall-hangings lately finished, the subjects of which—"The Birth of Psyche" and "The Winged Moon"—may be classed as ideal. "The Birth of Psyche," or, as it might be very appropriately called, "Morning," is executed upon a salmon-pink ground, in shades of flesh tint and very pale green and white, and is surrounded by a border of butterfly wings. Psyche is represented by a winged female figure, arising slowly in a dreamily ascending line, like curling smoke, through the rosy mists of a warm morning, her garments still trailing along the earth, her gossamer wings—of a pale, broken green—expanding in the mild air of the new-born day. There is something very suggestive in the composition of the pure, almost unconscious voluptuousness caused by the passing out of one happy state into another. We have here an allegory, so graceful and so suggestive as to be free from the least trace of frostiness which usually makes similar attempts unpalatable. But there is besides in this conception an element of sensuousness, which line alone, without the aid of colour, could hardly express; and it may perhaps be said that the principal charm of the picture lies in its colour. This charm, however, is due in great part to the qualities imparted to the colouring by the medium in which the design is worked. There is a delicacy in it somewhat akin to that of pure water-colour washes, combined with a soft gloss and brilliancy which even such washes cannot attain.

The capabilities of silk as a medium of artistic expression are even still more triumphantly shown in the companion hanging. While in the "Psyche" we have the roseate hues of a morning veiled by the vapours arising from the earth, "The Winged Moon," although executed upon a ground of the same colour, calls up the feeling of a perfect evening. The composition is sufficiently shown in our engraving; as in the "Psyche," we have again a slightly draped female figure, this time with slender bird's wings. The latter, of pale yellow, are folded around and behind the figure, and assume a form suggesting the crescent of the young moon. The figure, thus bedded upon its own wings, floats in the calm evening sky, in which are slight indications of bluish or violet clouds, and of stars. Those who have watched the varying phenomena of sunset will have noticed on some rare evenings, when the sky is calm and clear, a combination of colours—pale blue, violet, pink, and yellow—which, under ordinary circumstances, and in unskilled hands, would be quite irreconcilable. In such a sky, however, they are the perfection

of delicacy and loveliness, and produce a quietly brilliant harmony which is positively soothing and refreshing. Painting, whether in oil or in water-colours, seems incapable of adequately rendering such super-terrestrial beauty. In this creation of the needle and the loom, however, there is a very potent suggestion—the best yet given—of these glorious effects. The colours are there, with the exception of the pale blue of the upper sky; the harmony is there, and as much of the tender brightness and glow as material means may attain.

It is interesting to inquire how this result is reached, and thus to arrive at a clear understanding of the advantages of the new technique. Without a doubt it is due to the nature of the silk employed, and the loose way in which it is woven. The coarse surface of the silk canvas offers to the eye a multitude of minute spots of high light, of half light illuminated by reflections, and of shadow, all closely interspersed. The half lights are of extraordinary intensity of colour, owing to the repeated absorption of the reflected rays; and even the lights are not composed of purely white surface reflections, as silk seems to have some of the qualities of metals, which, as is well known, reflect a peculiar coloured light, even from the surface. It is this intensity of coloured light, combined with the intimate mixture of lights and shadows, and subject to changes upon the slightest movement of the tapestry—thus keeping the retina constantly employed without tiring it—which produces an effect remotely similar to the scintillations, the twinkling, of the light produced in nature by the movement of the air—an effect which it must necessarily be impossible to produce upon paper or canvas. It is as if the artist had caught some of the sun's beams to paint my lady's chamber with them. This new method of needle-woven tapestry has therefore enriched art with a means of expression which will be of great value, if the attempt is not made to carry it too far. In the two pieces described it produces an admirable effect, because it is content to be suggestive. The size of each, including the borders, is eight feet five inches in height, by five feet five inches in width. The designs are by Miss Dora Wheeler.

While these two hangings, the "Psyche" and "The Winged Moon," aim principally at the rendering of an effect, there are others also which offer more of a strictly pictorial interest, always, however, with due regard to their decorative character. Of this kind is the figure of a gleaner, executed, from a design by Miss Rosina Emmett, for Governor Alger, of Michigan. Another, very rich and deep in colour, worked upon an olive ground, represents a young girl in mediæval costume, feeding peacocks. Of more special interest, as illustrating a lately-awakened desire to utilise native Indian subjects and motives of decoration, are the two tapestries herewith figured, "A Zuñi Girl," designed by Miss Emmett, and "Minnehaha," from Longfellow's "Hiawatha," by Miss Wheeler. The former, being the more realistic of the two, is based upon studies made by Miss Emmett during a summer's residence in the Zuñi country. The border, adapted in colour to the delicate tints of the tapestry itself, but worked in glass beads, in Indian fashion, is borrowed from the designs on the pottery made from time immemorial, and still made to-day, by the Zuñis. The border around the "Minnehaha" is based upon designs used by the more northern Indians of the United States in the ornamentation of their blankets, painted skins, &c.: which were furnished to the artist by Professor Hitchcock, of Amherst College. It is almost unnecessary to say that the outer fringe on these tapestries, which is of leather, is also a feature of Indian origin. The "Zuñi Girl" and the "Minnehaha" measure each about seven and a quarter feet in height, by four and a half feet in breadth, borders and fringes included.

All the designs so far mentioned were worked from small colour sketches, the enlarged outline only having previously been traced on the material which serves as a ground. Frequently, however, the artists work from simple black-and-white sketches, or from photographs, supplying the colour, either from other studies, or from nature, from experience, or from the imagination. They may claim, therefore, to be truly considered painters with the needle.

The needle-woven tapestries represent the most ambitious achievement of the Associated Artists, but they do not by any means exhaust the list of their productions. There is no kind of artistic embroidery or decoration in which the needle is employed, which is not practised in the rooms at No. 115, East Twenty-third Street, in New York, and no means are there despised, so long as they will give the desired result. Occasionally these means are of a kind which, at first sight, would hardly seem suitable for artistic use of any sort. In the Veterans' Room of the Seventh Regiment, alluded to above somewhat critically, there are two portières, one ornamented with small brass rings, the other with an apparently still more unpromising profusion of brass and other metal buttons of the kind usually doing humble service upon the nether garments of the male sex. But in their *ensemble* these portières are quite effective, and fit excellently well into the strange medley of the whole scheme of decoration. Possibly, however, these are experiments belonging to a past period. Of a less eccentric but thoroughly noble character is a rich double portière, not very long ago completed upon the order of a wealthy American

THE WINGED MOON.

(Designed by Dora Wheeler.)

banker, made of imperial plush of what might be described as a low-toned ruby colour, embroidered with a conventionalised design of magnolia branches in gold-coloured silk of several shades, and metallic gold thread, with a heavy fringe in silk of two shades of red and gold. But the palm of loveliness, of extreme delicacy combined with richness, would no doubt be awarded to another double portière of cream-coloured silk canvas, with a realistic design of tea and blush roses running diagonally across the two halves, with a broad border around the central field embroidered in gold thread, an outside border of pale primrose plush, and a heavy fringe of the same colour. Evidently, America is not quite the land of machinery and of machine-work which it is reputed to be.

MINNEHAHA.

(Designed by Dora Wheeler.)

S. R. Koehler.

ART IN PHŒNICIA.

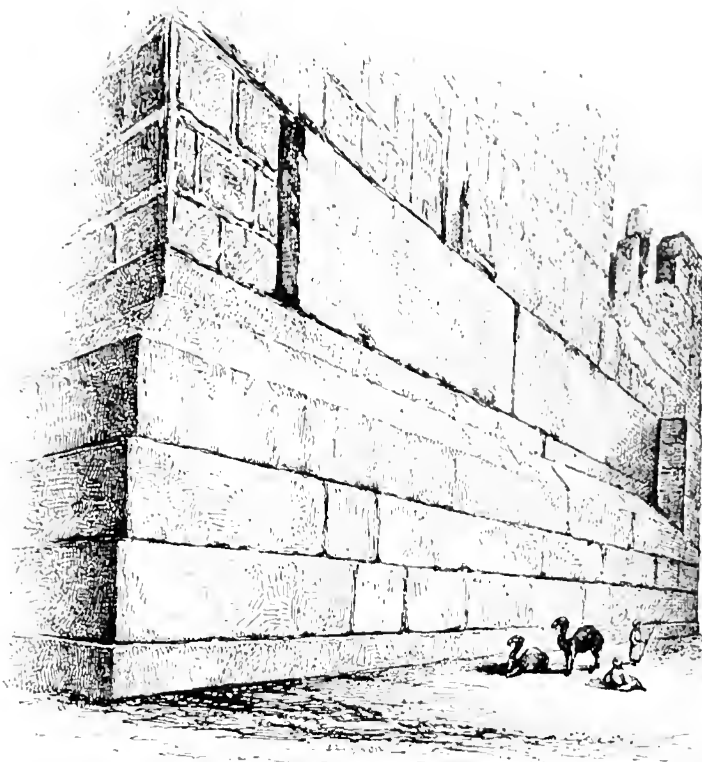
THE voyager along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean will not fail to note a rocky peninsula a little farther north than the limit in that direction of Palestine: it is the home of fishermen; it wears the melancholy aspect of almost unrelieved desolation, and is little more than a place for "the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." The rock was once an island, crowded with a wealthy population, and confronted on the mainland by a city more numerously tenanted, boasting a prosperity equally marvellous. The connecting wall has arrested the drift of sands which sweep that shore, and has caused the harbour to be silted up; it was built to be the bane of one of the most pampered and arrogant of ancient powers. Threatened on land, her children retired to the shelter and security of the sea-girt rock; but the army of Alexander made a causeway for its march after them, and Nature and Time have used their work to effect a ruin more complete than was inflicted by the exasperated conqueror. This is all that remains of Tyre, the mother of peoples. To this neighbourhood came, in the morning twilight of the nations, a company of adventurous colonists of Semitic blood from the Bahrein Islands, in the Persian Gulf. With unerring instinct they selected sites so admirably placed for trading centres, that not one of them has been utterly abandoned, nor within the stretch of coast which they appropriated has any new town been founded. Of set purpose, with deliberate intent to rely on an insular position and on maritime pursuits, they located themselves between the mountains and the sea, where there was no room on land, where the narrow strip of Syrian territory was often broken by the foot of some craggy height or by some westward spur of Lebanon thrust far and deep into the wave. Here, on promontory or on island rock, the Phœnician civilisation was founded in Arvad, Arka, Gebal (*Byblos*), Berytos (*Beyrout*), Sidon, Sarepta, Tyre, Accho (*Acre*), Joppa (*Jaffa*), and other towns more or less famous. Hence, in course of time, sailed the merchantmen, which having made every hole and corner of the Mediterranean their own, and studded all her coasts with Phœnician settlements, dared at the pillars of Hercules to pass out into the unknown world; to brave the dreadful swell of the Atlantic rollers, and the strange rocking of the ocean tides; to hold resolutely on until the Canaries and Madeira faded behind them in the East; until Africa had been circumnavigated and colonised as far south as Cape Nun, and in the north the woad-stained Celts brought to their emporiums upon the coast of Britain hides and metal, in barter for the productions of the Orient.

A COLOSSAL HEAD: ATHIENO.

(*Metropolitan Museum, New York.*)

Phœnicia soon covered the whole inhabited earth (so far as it could be known) with a network of commerce; the trade of the world was in her hands; she held the mines of the Caucasus, of Thrace, Sardinia, and Britain; her ships carried the wines of Greece, and corn from Egypt and Sicily; her camels brought wools and fleeces from Persia; her agents among the Tartar tribes sent her droves of horses and of mules; she had a monopoly of the excessively valuable produce brought down to the delta of the Nile; and from her position was enabled to divert to her own holds large part

of the business done by caravans from India and Persia over the Syrian and Arabian deserts to Asia Minor and Egypt. Her wealth grew apace, the riches of the earth were poured into her lap; but this was all she sought, with this, alas! she was content. No people ever had more splendid opportunities, or secured so distinguished a vantage ground whereon to win itself an everlasting name by services rendered to mankind. Alone of all nations the Phœnicians were free of the learned and of the unlearned, of the civilised and the barbarian: they carried to the ignorant and the rude a knowledge of the arts, and of the influences and appliances which tend to the refinement of life; to the uncultured they bore whatever of wise and wonderful the world possessed—the science of Chaldæa, the philosophy of Egypt. But of the magnificent career thus opened to them they appear to have been entirely unconscious; it never fired their imagination or kindled their enthusiasm, and they passed through the ages without the slightest "feeling of their business," rather without a feeling for anything except their business. The money that perished with them was the sole inspiration of their energies, the one object of their efforts; and this miserable end they pursued with a fraudulent meanness and a callous cruelty which made their name despised and execrated among the nations. They gave man what is, perhaps, the greatest intellectual invention of all time—the alphabet—but they alone made no good use of it; they have no literature; with them it was simply a code for ledger purposes, an antique shorthand much more convenient for calculations and accounts than the cumbrous hieroglyphics of Egypt, or cuneiform signs current in Assyria. When we think of what art is—a creation of the mind for the mind's delight—how should it ever come to the birth among a people such as this?



A SUBSTRUCTURE, BAALBEK: ROMAN PERIOD.

The Phœnicians have no art at all of their own; they borrowed all their forms, and almost all their decorative devices, from Egypt, Assyria, Persia, and, in the later stages of their history, from Greece; all they can claim is a curious inartistic jumble of these several styles, and a remarkable faculty of spoiling whatever they adopted by depriving it of all grace and nobleness. They were massive builders; but they did not waste this order of work on such unprofitable objects as temples or tombs: they put it all into fortifications and city walls necessary for defence. Their religion was not of a type to stimulate architectural effort; in its primitive form it was a simple nature-worship, with an *al fresco* ritual celebrated in forests and on hills. Mountains, trees, grottoes, rocks, springs, rivers, and certain stones were honoured as gods with prayers and sacrifices; as time went on an astral polytheism supervened, with indications of a dim surmise of the Divine Unity. They were not only congeners but near neighbours of Elijah and Isaiah; their language was almost identical, the teachings of the Pentateuch and of the Psalter, the lofty declamations of the Prophets, could be readily understood by them, and must have been familiar; yet they held aloof—their most recent interpreters and critics do not scruple to say—because they could not hope to reap any profit by spreading the religion of a God like the God of Israel, whose

law with regard to images would have been rejected by Greece and Rome, while it condemned one de-

PHŒNICIAN POTTERY.

partment of trade wherein they made much gain. Having quenched the heavenly gleam, they shaped the old belief into an adoration of the reproductive forces of Nature. They introduced a phallic cultus; sensual licence became a religious duty; and the most debasing vices were practised as a holy rite. And the foulness of Phœnician religion was equalled only by its fierceness: young children, new-born babes, were offered in fire to the solar element, and in times of disaster their holocausts of human victims were conducted on a scale which drew down the reprobation of the whole civilised world.

All high imagining was out of the reach of these men; they could form no ideal of majesty, their work could not possibly reflect any conception worthy of a god, and we are shocked by the dull, sensuous, vacant, or idiotic faces of their divinities, and by the meanness of their forms. The principal deity of the Carthaginians is figured with placid features as expressive, and in a posture as dignified, as a sleeping alderman's; yet Carthage was a most vigorous state, and, in an age of warriors, produced the most consummate general of antiquity.

In the common fate which attends all men, we feel a touch which makes us kin with the Phœnician, and we suspend our blame as we go with him to bury his dead. We have no record, either in literature or in sepulchral inscription, from which to learn his belief about the hereafter; but the remains which we are able to examine point to the conclusion that his notions did not differ widely from those of the Chaldæans and of the Syrian nomads. He appears to have held to the idea of a shadowy underground existence after death, but to have formulated no doctrine of immortality, or, indeed, of any larger life, though the myth of Psyche, often represented on the coffin, indicates hope. The skeleton is found surrounded with vases of exhaled perfumes, intended, probably, to arrest decay; with amphoræ containing a sediment as of evaporated wine; with philters and patens; with amulets and charms, as a protection against the unknown perils of the under-world; with rings and seals and statuettes. It is deposited in a spacious cave or vault, perhaps enclosed in a coffin of metal or of cedar; the chambers, whether subterranean or opened from the face of the rock, are very roomy, and constructed with extreme care; but neither these, nor the colossal piles in some places reared upon the sepulchre, have any indication of art, or any touch characteristic of the maker except

the restriction to what he deemed absolutely necessary. The only peculiarities are coffins made of massive plates of lead, moulded, and tightly soldered together; and what M. Renan calls the "anthropoid sarcophagi"—upon the lids is a swathed human figure, of which, for the most part, the face and throat only have been carven by the sculptor; but these, even where most highly finished, clearly find their motive in the Egyptian mummy case.

As a sculptor the Phœnician has left no legacy to the ages worth preserving, except for archæological and antiquarian purposes; and we must do him the justice to say that in the calcareous tufa of his country, coarse and loose in grain, full of little holes and shells, he had a material of which nothing great could be made. If he wanted marble, he had to import it; and in these circumstances it would be too much to expect him to develop genius. But he was under no such initial disability in painting; where he showed himself quite incapable of accurate delineation, and failed in making any adequate presentment of himself, he could not preserve even race distinctions in his features and figures. The truth is, that he was never a disciple of Nature; he was always adopting and adapting, with mercantile shrewdness and cleverness, those productions of foreigners which for the time chanced to be in fashion. It was in articles which could be bought and sold, the work of the artisan rather than of the artist, that the Phœnician is at his best: in form and in colour his glass and his earthenware demand our admiration; but, like other Orientals, he was more concerned with colour than with form, and his finest shapes remind us at sight of what we have previously witnessed in Egypt and Chaldæa. In quaint, queer, *bizarre* shapes, devoid of artistic worth, he excelled; and the Cypriot sites are, in this particular, "a little heaven below" to the *bric-à-brac* hunter.

The only services rendered by Phœnicia to art were indirectly and unconsciously rendered. She was not, in the proper sense, a nation; she was a federation more or less formal of independent cities, each with its own mode of government, and in this way she founded those municipal individualities which, taking root in Greece, did so much by mutual rivalries for the development of the arts in that fair land. Again, it is said that by the coarse insistence, which her religion prompted, upon the distinction of the sexes in all her figures, Phœnicia brought into prominence the human form, and gave an impulse to the study of it and of human nature, which resulted not only in the models of Phidias and of Praxiteles, and in the shapes that gleamed on the panels of Apelles, but led to the detachment of the brute from the conception of divinity, the perpetual banishment of sphinx and bull and eagle, and the establishment of the idea that if God is to be known at all of men it must be through the medium of the human.

It would be to miss one great moral of this melancholy story if, before it closes, we do not remark the suicidal character of the Phœnician policy. The Phœnicians gave themselves heart and soul to trade, they took no interest in anything beside; and this exclusive devotion to their one object was the ruin both of it and of them. As long as they were without rivals, so long things went well; but the time came when competitors appeared, who, however keenly alive to the advantages of wealth, were a people with ideas, and who put into their productions the charm of beautiful thoughts, of gracious culture, of æsthetic and artistic finish, that was inimitable and irresistible.

THE MEGHAZILS AT AMRIT.

Thus it came to pass that, when the Greek had acquired skill in navigation and entered into commercial relations with other peoples, the Phœnician, as Mr. Matthew Arnold has depicted in one of his most perfect illustrations, was easily beaten off the seas.

And by-and-by his western outposts were threatened also, and, indeed, all his trade in the Mediterranean basin. His greed had made him hated everywhere, and every tribe and country sided with his enemies; scarcely a station was secure. Tyre was the leading city, but Tyre could not fight. Neither she nor any other home state ever had an army; when they needed one they subsidised mercenaries from the countries round; besides, Tyre was exhausted by the ten years' siege of Nebuchadnezzar. In the hour of peril, her most dutiful daughter, the great colony of Carthage, compelled by her circumstances to maintain an army, entered upon aggressive tactics, and by her energetic action secured preeminence in the Western Mediterranean for three centuries more. But Carthage was "wiped out" at the fatal close of her long duel with Rome; and Tyre (having been for once proud instead of prudent) was destroyed by Alexander.

So perished a great civilisation, a people of undaunted courage, of sublime endurance, of infinite resources, of noble daring, leaving only a name for detestation and for scorn. The world gained great benefits from them, yet the world loved them not. They lived but for themselves, and upon a very low level at that. Art cannot find a place among people of this calibre; and none can grieve for the fall of the renowned city, she that was glorious in the midst of the seas.

WM. HOLMDEN.

BOYDELL'S SHAKESPEARE.

IN a previous paper we spoke of Alderman Boydell's career as a publisher, and referred in general terms to the rapid progress of the arts in this country. The condition of historical painting prompted Boydell in 1786 to undertake another great effort—the publication of an extensive series of prints illustrating Shakespeare's plays. For this enterprise, truly gigantic for the time, he commissioned over three hundred pictures—many of large dimensions—in illustration of the various scenes, and the pencils of every painter of repute in the country were called into requisition. Reynolds furnished "Puck," the "Death of Cardinal Beaufort," and "Macbeth and the Witches." The first was one of the painter's numerous child fancies, fitted to the character at the request of Boydell, and is one of his most remarkable works; the others were painted directly upon commission, and are not to be counted among his successes; indeed, Reynolds—who has given us so many remarkable examples of portrait as "the only true history," to wit, the "Commodore Keppel," 1755, "Mrs. Sheridan as the Tragic Muse," or "Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia"—displayed very little talent in historical painting proper; and although there are not wanting evidences of poetical feeling in such pictures as "The Snake in the Grass," or "Venus Chiding Cupid," or of allegorical fertility, as in the Oxford window, yet on the whole the cast of his mind was un-imaginative, and there is no room for doubt that the taste of the time led him into his true sphere. Romney painted "Prospero and Miranda," "Cassandra Raving," and "The Infant Shakespeare," for the gallery, and the remarks upon Reynolds apply almost equally well to this painter. The faculty of imaginative composition had too long lain dormant to be brought out in its highest phase, at a stroke of the pen. The same conclusion had to be arrived at about half a century later, when another great effort was made, viz., the competitions for the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament.

Amongst the other names to be found in the catalogue of the Shakespeare Gallery are Smirke (26 pictures), Westall (22), Hamilton (23), Fuseli, Stothard, Northcote, Rigaud, Opie, Howard, Wheatley, Tresham, Peters, West, Barry, Wright of Derby, and Ibbetson. Northcote bears testimony to Boydell's treatment of artists in a letter to Mrs. Carey, October 3rd, 1821, in which he says: "My picture of 'The Death of Wat Tyler' was painted in the year 1786, for my friend and patron, Alderman Boydell, who did more for the advancement of the arts in England than the whole mass of the nobility put together! He paid me more nobly than any other person has done; and his memory I shall ever hold in reverence."

For the reception of these pictures, Boydell built a special gallery in Pall Mall, afterwards used as the British Institution. In the preface to the 1789 catalogue he says: "In the progress of the Fine Arts, though foreigners have allowed our lately acquired superiority of engraving, and readily admitted the great talents of the principal painters, yet they have

said with some severity, and I am sorry to say with some truth, that the abilities of our best artists are chiefly employed in painting portraits of those who, in less than half a century, will be lost in oblivion. Historical painting is much neglected. To obviate this national reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cause of the present undertaking. Upon the merits of the pictures themselves, it is not for me to speak; I believe there never was a perfect picture in all the three great requisites of composition, colouring, and design; it must not, therefore, be expected that such a phenomenon will be found here. This much, however, I will venture to say, that in every picture in the gallery there is something to be praised, and I hope sufficient marks of merit to justify the lovers of their country in holding out the fostering hand of encouragement to native genius." Although every one will sympathise with the expressions of the projector, yet a glance through the list of names is sufficient for the conclusion that the effort was beyond the capabilities of the executants. Really successful historical treatment did not come within the range of Reynolds, Romney, Barry, Fuseli, Wright, and Opie—the most capable of the list; Smirke possessed an undeniably humorous fancy, and Stothard, "the graceful," well merited the epithet bestowed on him by Walter Thornbury; but the remainder, though good enough in book illustrations, small pictures of domestic *genre*, or "conversation pieces" and the sentimental allegories then in vogue, had neither the mind nor the training that such a task demanded. Hence, in the light of its proposed intention, the enterprise cannot be regarded otherwise than as a failure.

But yet it was not wholly a failure; it at least stimulated many of our painters to an honourable ambition, directed their attention to a wealthy mine of noble subjects, and suggested to patrons a worthy line in which they might encourage native workers. In this last sense it bore much fruit, and during the next few years many collectors set themselves to the encouragement of English masters, among whom Sir J. Leicester, Bart. (founder of the De Tabley gallery), Thos. Bernard, Alex. Davison (who in giving commissions allowed the artists to choose their own subjects), T. L. Parker, Charles Hoare, and Sir F. Baring are honourably distinguished. Though it was many years before a real historical school began to grow up amongst us, and only after almost innumerable failures, yet the hard struggling times soon began to be a thing of the past. Though lacking the most essential elements of success, this last enterprise of Boydell was a healthy experience. To say the very least, the exhibition was not contemptible, and although the English school did not leap at one bound into historical power, yet it was evident that there was an array of latent ability well worth bringing out; and to the patrons we have mentioned above, with others, we owe much of the progress that was made in the early part of the present century.

In 1804 Boydell obtained the permission of Parliament to dispose of his property by lottery; in the scheme he stated that he had expended upwards of £300,000 upon the plates of the prints, over £10,000 upon the prints and drawings, and £30,000 upon the Shakespeare Gallery. The 22,000 tickets for the lottery were all sold out at the Alderman's death (Dec. 12th, 1804), and the lottery was drawn on the following Jan. 15th. James Tassie, the modeller, was fortunate enough to obtain the principal prize, the Shakespeare Gallery, and sold off the pictures by auction, when they realised only one-tenth of the sum that had been expended upon them. The disproportion between some of the prices paid and those obtained was enormous: thus Fuseli's "Macbeth and the Witches" (now in the collection of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts), commissioned at a thousand guineas, went for twenty only; West's "Lear in the Storm," at the same price, 205 guineas; Romney's "Prospero and Miranda," at 600 guineas, 50 only. The highest bidding was for the Reynoldses: 505 guineas for the "Death of Cardinal Beaufort," bought by the Earl of Egremont; 360 guineas for "Macbeth and the Witches;" and 205 guineas for "Puck." The last price, however, was exceeded by Smirke's "Seven Ages," 210 guineas. Some of the other prices are instructive. Thus, four of Northcote's contributions reached three figures: one of them—"Romeo, Juliet, and Paris in the Tomb of the Capulets"—going as high as 200 guineas. These pictures would, not improbably, now sell with difficulty at twenty guineas. Two large performances at the Knighton Sale last year fetched only twenty-four guineas between them. Three Wests (bought for the Philadelphia Museum) and a Tresham—"Antony and Cleopatra"—were the only others that passed one hundred pounds. Doubtless to-day the works of Romney, Opie, Barry, A. Kauffmann, Smirke, and Stothard would all take a higher place in the market than those of West, Northcote, or Tresham. An important piece of sculpture by Banks, "The Apotheosis of Shakespeare," was presented by Mr. Tassie to the family for a monument over Boydell's grave.

The pictures from the above collection were scattered through various private gatherings, and most of them are forgotten, not a few, probably, destroyed. The "Puck" is in Buckingham Palace; a Durno and a Hamilton, both very mediocre, are in the Soane Museum, and another Hamilton is at South Kensington. The engravings from the pictures have been recently published in photography.

ALFRED BEAVER.

THE MELON-EATERS.

(Painted by Murillo.)

BENJAMIN DISRAELI, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

A POLITICAL polemic and a careful biography of facts would be equally out of place as letterpress accompaniment to a series of portraits of a statesman whose death is so recent and whose political merits are so much matter of controversy as the death and the political merits of Lord Beaconsfield. Here, at least, there can be no desire to tread on any one's corns, and political discussion without such corn-treading is impossible. Here, moreover, there is no space for any but the briefest summary of the facts of a long and eventful career. That Lord Beaconsfield was twice Prime Minister of England and four times leader of the House of Commons, is fortunately not matter of contention. That he attained these dignities without any advantages of fortune or of family; and that for the whole of his lifetime he was conspicuously free from some weaknesses which have commonly beset those who, in constitutional countries, have without advantages of fortune or of family risen to the disposal of the wealth and power of a nation, may perhaps also be granted. It is not disputable any more that he won his way in spite of a considerable ill-will on the part of his own party, or that for more than forty years he had the

PAINTED BY MILLAIS. ACADEMY, 1881.

(By Joint Permission of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., and the Fine Art Society.)

singular ill-fortune to attract expressions of dislike quite different from those of mere party rancour. Finally, it is unquestionable that during the last years of his life, and ever since his death, he was and has been regarded by his admirers with a kind of veneration to which it is difficult to find a parallel in English history; while, except in the mere fanatics or the mere gutterbloods of politics, the general dislike which once attached to him has singularly declined, even among those by whom formal disapproval of his political methods and conclusions is nominally maintained.

After these *pacta conventa*, however, or at least after these propositions, which ought not to be matters of dispute, the would-be impartial historian is launched into a sea of difficulties. He cannot dwell on Mr. Disraeli's birth, on his ancestry, on his baptism, on his education and early pursuits, without a temptation to repeat or refute sarcasms, based on all. He may gravely record that his hero three times canvassed Wycombe, and once Taunton; but how (at least here) is he to discuss the question whether it was as a Tory or a Radical? Let him take refuge in the safe, the incontrovertible, and, to those who have ears to hear, the very suggestive statement, that it was always as a pronounced enemy of the Whigs, and always with pronounced Tory support. It was on the same platform that he canvassed and won Maidstone and Shrewsbury: it was not been shown that it was on one very different, if different at all, that he entered on his thirty years' tenure of Buckinghamshire. He answered O'Connell's Billingsgate in kind, and he requited Charles Austin's privileged libel with libel which, as it happened, was unprivileged. He was a dandy in his youth, and perhaps there is no feature in his history more remarkable than the combined testimony of every one, that he (whose personal appearance was later the favourite butt of satirists, somewhat at a loss for another mark) was strikingly handsome. His hair was as extraordinary as his taste in waistcoats, at a time when all men's taste in waistcoats was extraordinary. He wrote many books, which, as affording uncontentious matter, may be dealt with at greater length presently. He forced himself upon an unwilling Parliament by sheer strength of perseverance and genius. He waged political war almost single-handed for years, as far as championship in debate was concerned, in the cause of the most shattered and dispirited party that England has ever seen; first, against a Minister, powerful in the flush of the carrying of a vastly popular measure, and then against a coalition which for array of "all the talents" has never been equalled. He brought his party twice into office in minority; made at least a brilliant, if not a solid reputation in the most difficult and laborious of all Ministerial posts; kept the party during long periods of defeat unbroken and ready for action; conducted it through a minor revolution, and at last lifted it into the control of English affairs for six years, at the same time that England once more came into the front rank among the Powers of Europe. He underwent a great defeat with unsurpassed fortitude; and died, almost with the dramatic effect, and with much more than the political credit of Chatham, after pronouncing in the House of Lords a speech on matters vitally affecting the empire, the principles of which speech have been since proved to be correct by the course of affairs, and admitted to be so by the very official who was appointed, and who consented against his own now declared opinion, to reverse Lord Beaconsfield's Indian policy.

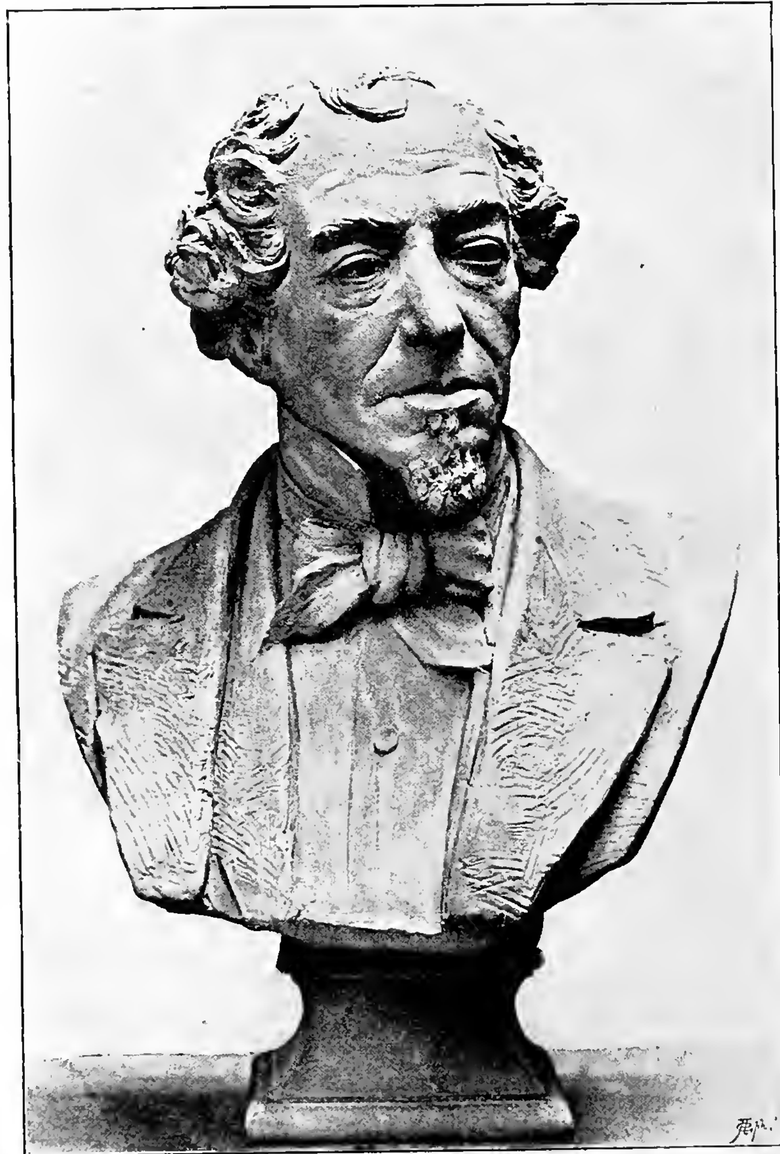
He had little or no history out of politics and literature, and the first being here in a manner "taboo," and only to be dealt with indirectly and in the way of general remarks on his character, his literary work may justly receive some particular attention. It is unfortunate that while that work in fiction has been collected in an accessible and satisfactory manner, some of his political and miscellaneous writings have never been reprinted at all, while none are accessible except in fragmentary and unco-ordinated form. The reproach ought to be removed, and the addition of some half-dozen volumes to the Hughenden edition of the novels would remove it. We should then have a uniform collection of literary work quite unique in character. It has been frequently objected to the authors of the present century that they are "not quotable;" that the jewels five words long, which they contain from the point of view of thought, as well as from that of style, are conspicuously few as compared with those of former ages, when the immense mass of the production, both of the whole period and of separate authors, is considered. This reproach may be true: there is, at any rate, some truth in it. But it is not true of Mr. Disraeli. The excellence of his separate phrases, of his epigrams, of his maxims of life, perhaps contrasts, and certainly has for the most part been thought to contrast, with the inequality and disappointingness of his works as wholes. Again, there is some truth in this. Except "The Infernal Marriage" I do not know any work of Lord Beaconsfield's which is entirely *par sibi*. In that respect even "Ixion" is inferior; and if the author had done more work of this kind he would have equalled (as it is, he has very nearly equalled in "The Infernal Marriage") the author of the incomparable volume which begins with "Baboue" and ends with "Le Taureau Blanc." In a very different way, I think, "Henrietta Temple" may be called a masterpiece, though it is a masterpiece, of course, in a conven-

tional style, and played upon few strings; in fact, upon only one. Of all the others, from "Vivian Grey" to "Endymion," a critic, that is to say a person who does not indulge in indiscriminate superlatives, must speak with certain allowances. "Vivian Grey" itself is a marvel of youthful brilliancy, but the brilliancy is decidedly youthful. "The Young Duke" contains one scene, the gambling party, which is not inferior to anything of the kind in fiction; but the author's apology for it as "a picture rather of fleeting manners than of perennial character," is its best description as a whole. "Contarini Fleming" is, no doubt, a book of great power, and I know critics, whom I respect, who rank it first of all the novels. But I suspect that, to rank thus, it ought to be read in youth; and by an accident I happen never to have read it myself till middle age, though I had long known all the others. "Alroy," good of its kind, belongs to a kind which must be better than good to be first-rate. "Popanilla" is inferior to "The Infernal Marriage" and "Ixion." For "Venetia," I have myself a peculiar affection, and it seems to me (contrary, I believe, to the general opinion) a very happy instance of the peculiar faculty which Mr. Disraeli had in common with all the great writers who have woven real characters into the characters of novels —the faculty of giving a certain original twist to the borrowed personality. Of the trilogy, I prefer "Sybil" to "Coningsby" and "Tancred," despite the unmatched political portraits of the second and the picturesque imagination of the third. I should call "Sybil" Mr. Disraeli's best novel, a judgment which is not incompatible with the judgment above given, that "Henrietta Temple" is a masterpiece; and finally, running contrary to the general judgment once more, I should prefer "Endymion" to "Lothair." But in all these books (excepting "Henrietta Temple," and not excepting "Sybil") the parts surpass the whole, and even make the reader lose sight of the whole. The inimitable social and personal judgments, the admirable epigrams, the detached phrases and scenes that bring their individual subjects before the eye as by a flash of lightning, dwarf or obscure the total impression. No doubt the author had definite purposes in writing all, or at least most of them, but the purpose is not the chief thing that impresses itself, nor the characters, still less the plot, or what does duty for a plot, which those characters combine (*tant bien que mal*, and it must be confessed quite as often *mal* as *bien*) to work out.

For the present purpose, however, the chief thing is to see what light these books and their author's other writings give us on his own character, and on that career which is otherwise illustrated by the gallery of portraits here collected. Undoubtedly the light which they give is not small. Perhaps the most remarkable illumination of all is that thrown by their combination of Voltairean wit with a singular imaginativeness, political and other, a considerable tendency to sentiment, and a distinct belief in ideals. Voltaire himself never wrote anything in his own peculiar style much superior to the description of the Elysians; but a Voltaire who could write "Tancred" or "Henrietta Temple" would have been (if Mr. Disraeli had not shown it in fact) an inconceivable thing. So, again, there is the other odd mixture (not the same by any means, though also to be illustrated from Voltaire) of a proneness to foppery of various kinds, combined with the keenest and most cynical delight in satirising the foppery of others. If there is one thing more noteworthy than Lord Beaconsfield's famous inclination to "upholstery," it is the certainty that Lord Beaconsfield must have known and laughed at this tendency himself.

One of the most interesting subjects of the whole life is Mr. Disraeli's connection with the Young England movement. The famous speech at the Manchester Athenæum, with "Sybil" and other documents, has naturally caused him—indeed, did naturally cause him at the time—to be regarded as a leader, if not the leader, of the whole movement. Yet is it no secret that the invention not merely of the name (that required no very great ability after Young Italy and Young France) but of the thing is attributed by many people who ought to know, to Monckton Milnes. A year or two ago I wrote something in one of the magazines on Young England —a something which did not pretend to any esoteric knowledge, and merely dealt with the generally known facts. The next time that I met Lord Houghton he said to me, "I wish you had told me that you were going to write that. I could have set you right on a great many things which nobody knows now except Lord John Manners." I pointed out to him that he could give the information at first hand a great deal better than I could possibly do at second, and that he ought to give it. "Well," he said, "I did think of writing something, but I am too old, and it is too much trouble." Let it be hoped that his literary executors will find that his first thoughts bore some fruit. The only point in the rest of the conversation which has relevance here was the remark, "He [Disraeli] knew nothing at all about it at first: he came in afterwards;" which, indeed, was already pretty generally known. It hardly detracts from Mr. Disraeli's genius that he did come in afterwards, and that, despite that drawback, he gave the school by far the most important literary and historical monuments that it is likely to have. As concerns Mr. Disraeli himself, the Young England matter, interesting as it is, is chiefly note-

worthy as illustrating the rapidity and success with which he would grasp any contemporary movement that showed signs of contributing to the general tendency with which he strove to inspire the nation. His whole life, his whole work, is full of such illustrations. The anonymous "Wit and Wisdom of Lord Beaconsfield" (which, though no one who reads it must fancy that he has exhausted the subject, is both a very useful introduction to that subject and a very convenient bird's-eye view of it to one who has quartered it over) will show how admirably he carried out the system. It will show, also, what a master of both wit and wisdom was lost in him. The spirit of epigrammatising occasionally led him, like all masters of epigram, into odd places. I never met any man of brains who was prepared to endorse the matter of all Mr. Disraeli's propositions. But, then, I never met any man of brains who could produce an even appreciable number of propositions which he could endorse from some of Mr. Disraeli's rivals. And the great charm of the book, which may be taken as a fair representation of the man, is that it is never *bête*. Of how many statesmen of our days can we say the same? and how many statesmen of our days could have signed the following?



FROM THE BUST BY EDGAR J. BOEHM, R.A.

(In the Possession of Her Majesty the Queen.)

"Nothing depresses a man's spirits more completely than a self-conviction of self-conceit."

CARICATURES FROM "PUNCH": 1844–1882.

(By Richard Doyle, Charles Keene, John Leech, John Tenniel, Harry Furniss, and Linley Sambourne. Selected and Re-drawn by Harry Furniss.)

"[They were] men who seldom stepped out of the sphere of their private virtues."

"He is a very learned man, though he despises history. He can chop logic like Dean Aldrich; but what is more remarkable than his learning and his logic is that power of spontaneous aversion which particularly characterises him."

But I give up in despair the attempt to make any anthology extensive enough to be representative and compact enough to be admissible. The description of "that very gentlemanlike person the Thug;" the extinct volcanoes; the short labels attached to the political characters in "Coningsby" and "Endymion;" the Professor in "Lothair;" a hundred other things universally known occur, and demand an impossible admission. Only, if I had to indicate a single test passage, I should repeat the indication of "The Elysians" as the best of all.

There remains, of course, the stale calumny, which must be noticed here, because it forms part of all hostile and most neutral criticisms of our subject, that Lord Beaconsfield was "an adventurer." The more intelligent persons who speak about the political adventures of Lord Beaconsfield are, naturally, not touched by the contempt which must fall on the precious phrase which has been briefed to them. They are convinced that Lord Beaconsfield was an adventurer, exactly to the same extent as Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz was convinced that Mr. Pickwick was a Lothario and a scoundrel. But the dupes, the platform orators, the rag and tag of the believers in the adventurer theory, what is to be said of them?

Lord Beaconsfield was an adventurer in politics in very nearly the same sense as Mr. Gladstone is an adventurer, and as Canning was. He was not nearly so much of an adventurer as Burke, and he was not very much more of one than Mr. Pitt. That is to say, Mr. Disraeli was not cradled and rocked and dandled into legislatorhood; he had no political sponsors in English politics, and he did not belong to any of the great houses which have governed Great Britain, on the whole for Great Britain's good, during the last few hundred years. On the other hand, he was so little of an adventurer that he entirely lacked, and never attempted to gain, the adventitious aids to political success which all the four distinguished persons above-mentioned possessed. He did not come into public life as a nominee of a great man like Mr. Gladstone and Canning, or as a useful "devil" like Burke, or as a freelance, subsidised by party hatred to a great minister, like Pitt. There is no Duke of Newcastle, there is no Marquess of Rockingham, there is no Duchess of Marlborough, in Lord Beaconsfield's career. He fought the fight with a barely sufficient independence of property, and with a great deal more than sufficient independence of character. It is a subject of some amusement to the critics of his detractors that these detractors, at the very moment that they decry Mr. Disraeli as an adventurer, quote with pride and joy the heartburnings of great Tory magnates over his friendship with their sons, and the flings of Tory members of Parliament at the gradual progress of this astonishing *autarkes*. What I wish to point out is that in English we don't call that kind of success the success of an adventurer; we call it the success of a genius.

VIVIAN GREY.

(Drawn by Maclise, 1833.)

Let us, to conclude, sum up the simple facts of

what this adventurer did. Without great fortune, without patronage, without popular agitation, without the popular subscription of money which two of his famous contemporaries, Cobden and O'Connell, did not disdain, he raised himself from a very ordinary, though not mean, station to the Prime Ministership of England, and to something which has been mistaken by men not altogether fools for the arbitership of Europe. I do not mention his earldom, because that has been attained by quite otherguess sorts of persons, and because it has been backsliding; that he put it in a state to maintain, if it chose, that position; that he ranked as a kind of pacific Wellington, as a bloodless Marlborough, as a restorer of English honour after a long eclipse. Very likely they were wrong: on that point it would be improper to offer the least opinion here. But who else that can be mentioned has ever spread such an opinion of himself and his actions not among the thirty millions, "mostly fools," but among the thousands or hundreds, some, at least, of whom are most certainly not foolish?

THE LAST APPEARANCE IN THE COMMONS.

(Drawn by Harry Furniss.)

suspected that at least one part of Mr. Disraeli's reasons for accepting it was good-humoured delight in feeling that the fact of his acceptance made a similar acceptance by other people, who would really have liked it much more, a political impossibility. As to what he did for England we get once again into contested matter. Let it only be said what the men before referred to, some of whom have not been deemed fools, *thought* he did for England. They thought—and it would appear have not ceased to think after seven twelvemonths and a day—that he raised the country once more to its proper position among European nations, after a generation of

I was walking not long ago with a friend of mine from whose society I find it difficult to cut myself off, despite the extraordinary and most provoking difficulty of finding out exactly what he means. The subject of *Judenhetze* had somehow or other turned up, and I remarked, perhaps rashly, "After all they have given us the greatest poet of this century." "Yes," he said, "and they have given us the greatest statesman too. Anybody with ordinary talents can direct a development. It is not everybody that can arrest a decay." I daresay we were both talking nonsense: yet there are moments when I doubt it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CEILINGS AND WALLS.

VERY little attention is paid by modern architects to the ceilings of the houses they build. Those, for instance, of costly London houses are generally decorated with some few stock patterns ordered from a plasterer's shop. Old houses in this country used to be better cared for in this respect, as can be seen by many and various examples. Now the ceiling of a room may be made of the same material that forms the outer roof, or it may be of stone or plaster. A ceiling of stone is, in plain terms, a vault: a continuous arch carried down in a cylindrical form to the side walls, or subdivided into quarters by building cross arches so as to divide the haunches of the vault into fours.

Plain cylindrical vaults are seen in perfection in the Pantheon in Rome, in the dome of St. Peter's, and in the shallow saucer-shaped dome of St. Sophia in Constantinople, all of which are half spheres, more or less exact; while the cross-vaulting or quadripartite is to be seen in the ceiling of Westminster Abbey, the Cathedrals of Norwich, Lincoln, and Winchester; King's College, Cambridge, and many other large churches. All these are vast rooms or halls, undivided by floors. In each case there is an external and distinct covering to keep out the weather, wholly independent of the stone ceilings as seen from within. The weight suspended overhead is so enormous that were we to vault several storeys, this could only be done in such buildings as the Tower of London, in which the walls are of enormous thickness, and the rooms of moderate size. The mass of the outer walls is out of all proportion to the cubic contents of the rooms, and the convenience of the inhabitants has to give way to the purposes of defence. Habitable rooms with vaulted ceilings are therefore rare.

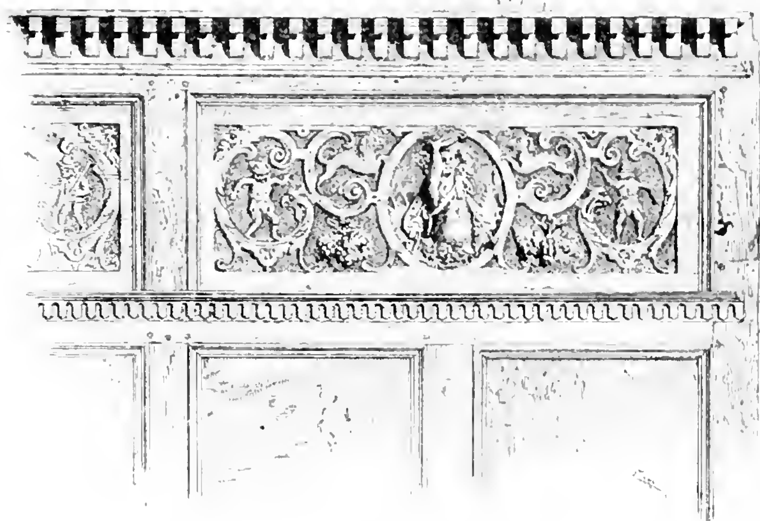
I.—AT BURTON AGNES: PLASTER. EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(*South Kensington.*)

Of timber roofs there still remain very beautiful examples all over England. In respect of them we are unsurpassed. They cover not churches only, but in the most beautiful and remarkable instances the halls and chambers of colleges, palaces, and private houses. We could see no finer examples than two which lie within easy distance of any part of London: those of Westminster Hall, and the Great Hall of Hampton Court. The walls of Westminster Hall are low as compared with the height of the roof. On the other hand, the walls of the hall at Hampton Court are lofty, and bear a much larger proportion to the roof, which is comparatively a flat one—not really flat, but of low pitch when compared to Westminster Hall. In both cases the entire structure of the roof can be seen at a glance, and it is in the decoration of this timber construction that the whole beauty of the roof consists. The roof of Westminster Hall being of great height and width—sixty-five feet—the rafters are long, and have a tendency to spread at the ends, which rest on the wall. The thrust is resisted partly by buttresses placed some way beyond the walls, and connected with them by bridges—called flying - buttresses. But the rafters are connected from side to side by ingenious ties of timber in the form of a series of arched girders, which intercept the weight and thrust of the rafters in the middle of their length. Upright timbers rest on the arches, and bring the weight of the rafter down upon them. These uprights form a com-

plete reticulation of small arches. A similar series of arches runs in the direction of the length of the hall from girder to girder. From these, again, a series of upright posts rise, and meet the longitudinal timbers or purlines on which the rafters are laid. The whole forms an orderly force of small and large arches of timber (probably chestnut). The main horizontal timbers which join the various parts of the arched girders to the rafters behind them, and the posts which rise from them, are finished with figures of winged angels with outspread wings, beautifully carved, as if sustaining the roof in air. If you look attentively at any one of the girders, the method of construction will explain itself. It is a multiplication of very simple units intelligibly combined; a superlative effort of the carpenter's art. The roof at Hampton Court is made on a similar principle, but the pitch of it is flatter, the rafters are shorter, and the arches are made up in less beautiful curves. There is a lofty roof of oak in the old palace of Eltham, in Kent; another, very similar to that of Hampton Court, at Christ Church, Oxford. The Westminster roof was made in the Fourteenth Century.

As such roofs as these can only be made over rooms with no floor above them, a very different disposition is required where houses are built in storeys, and where there is a floor immediately over the ceiling. Ancient mediaeval buildings in which there were first, second, and third floors were generally arranged so that the joists of the floor above should be panelled, or themselves be decorated with some kind of carving. The beams and joists were moulded on their edges, leaving the butt ends square, and with some sort of carving where they meet the wall. If, as was general, the beams did not enter the wall, but rested on short brackets built into the wall, then some carving (generally heraldic) was placed on the front of the bracket. I have seen bed-testers strained from the joists of a floor overhead. There are inconveniences in such an arrangement: footsteps are too easily heard; dust falls through the floor. Boards and some kind of panelling are needed to remedy such defects: in other words, the floor timbers require a lining; and this was often made in our old English houses. One simple way of doing this was by sheeting the whole space over with boards ploughed and tongued together, and then planting mouldings on the boards in some reticulated pattern —squares, diamonds, and the like. Where these pieces of moulding met, some little sprigs of carved-



II.—FROM A HOUSE IN EXETER: CARVED OAK.
(*South Kensington.*)

work—gilt, perhaps—were made to cover the points of junction. Such ceilings are still to be seen—at Kenilworth, and some few old Elizabethan houses; but more often in churches—in several of the Norfolk churches, for instance, which were built in the Fifteenth Century.

Early in the Sixteenth Century ceilings were made of lath and plaster, laid out in panels of every variety of fanciful shape and complication of design. The material lends itself to delicate modelling in relief; and these ceilings are beautifully decorated with flowery borders, sprigs of foliage, heraldic shields. Sometimes the panels are large, and are set in stout under frames, containing figure compositions in relief—the Virtues, allegorical compositions, and so forth. Under the name of *pargetting*, this kind of decoration was very commonly used on the walls of houses. There is work of the sort in many old houses in Maidstone, and in a hundred towns and villages all over the kingdom. These beautiful ceilings, sometimes gilt and painted, but perhaps most effective when left pure white (I.) continued to be made as long as the old type of the English house was maintained, and till the Versailles fashions and those of Holland displaced it. Inigo Jones and Wren began a fresh architectural reign, and these charming old-world methods were forgotten, as being altogether out of rule. Probably they became rare in London after the Fire, and had ceased to be made anywhere in England by the end of the Seventeenth Century.

Pictorial ceilings succeeded. Sir W. Thornhill

and his pupils and some foreign painters took possession of the ceilings of great houses. Hampton Court and Blenheim Palace retain these works of art, which show great skill in their treatment of perspective, but are rather awkward to see and study. The triumphs of Fame, the apotheosis of kings, generals, dukes, and other personages are favourite subjects. They are not such as all persons can understand—are not the common allegories, for instance, which had been so generally represented in older work; and they require a showman, with a story to be learnt by rote. Horses and chariots, and such-like, are not naturally drawn up in the air, nor are pictorial subjects ever comfortably seen in such positions.

Plaster ceilings laid out in the rococo style partly divided by mouldings, and with sprig and other fillings, became common in the Eighteenth Century. They are never cut up into regular subdivisions, but the whole ceiling is decorated as one large panel, and to lay out so large a space is not easy. The want of some kind of panelled subdivision is felt in most of them. To gather large busy spaces into special corners, or to subdivide the length and breadth of the whole by means of ornaments collected, balanced, and contrasted with plain surfaces, requires great knowledge and judgment, and is not often effectively done. The strength of constant straight lines, of definite and proportional subdivision by such lines, seems wanting in most Eighteenth Century ceilings, which have a tendency to sprawl. The cornices made up of rows of modillions are the most effective part of the ceilings of the period in question.

The Adam brothers designed many ceilings, and have published their designs. They are thinner, drier, more wiry than those just described. Their work is delicate—is *classic*, according to the latest antique discoveries of their day. It abounds in oval medallions, acanthus ornament (such as is seen on the friezes of the Roman temples now standing), swags of small buds, leaf-mouldings: small, crisp, well designed, but for the most part distinguished by minuteness, smallness of parts, want of sweep; a wealth of busy but rather petty decoration. Still the plaster-work of the Adams, like their architecture and furniture, deserves praise. The fineness of their work is appropriate in many parts of interior decorations, and they did their best to make known all the decorative motives they had learned from recent discoveries. As yet they have had no successor.

Turning our attention to the various methods of clothing or lining walls which have been in use, it may safely be said that no material is more appropriate for this purpose than wood. Wood is by nature neither hot nor cold, as would be walls of marble or couches of bronze. In Southern Italy, in Greece, and the far East, coolness, above all things, has to be sought for; but in our climate this is no object, and our furniture, tools, and utensils are of a material more agreeable to the touch. It is necessary to observe, however, that panelling was not of very early introduction into England. There is a notice of panelled rooms in the time of Henry III., and probably the fashion was all but unknown to our joiners and builders before. Walls used up to that time to be hung with cloth, embroideries, or tapestries and ornamented stuffs worked in the loom.

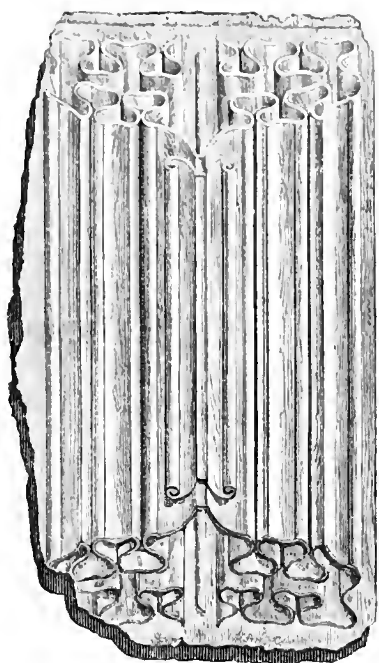
Wool has from immemorial time been a staple product of England. The art of dyeing wool, and weaving it into carpets and hangings, is of great antiquity, and so is that of embroidery. What is known as the Bayeux Tapestry (to which we are so often referring) is embroidery on linen. Tapestry in the Eleventh Century was, however, sometimes woven. Tapestry made in the loom was, in the Middle Ages, a special manufacture of Flanders. The Dukes of Burgundy ruled over the rich provinces of that country, and the towns were rich and prosperous. Wool was imported from England for their looms: Arras, Valenciennes, Tournay, Oudenarde, Lille, and Brussels were seats of guilds of tapestry workers. Tapestry was made also in England. Edward III. made laws for the regulation of the manufacture. Tapestry is named in the will of an Earl of Arundel in 1392. Hangings made by the monks of Canterbury, for their cathedral, are now preserved at Aix.

III.—A PANEL, LINEN PATTERN, WITH INITIALS.

(*South Kensington.*)

A manufactory was established at Barcheston, in Warwickshire, by one William Sheldon; another, by Francis Crane, at Mortlake, in Surrey, under James I.; hither the

famous cartoons of Raphael were sent by Charles I., who bought them from the factory in Brussels; it continued till 1703. Another was established in Soho Fields, London, and continued till the middle of last century. A curious piece with Chinese figures, of London make, probably from Soho, is preserved at Belton Hall, Lincolnshire. In the reign of Henry III. tapestry was kept in such quantities for the walls of houses that dukes and kings carried it about to set up in their half-furnished fortresses, or in their tents when on a campaign. Though panelling displaced tapestry in great measure, as less costly and more permanent, that material continued to be strained on drawing-room walls down to the later years of the Eighteenth Century.



IV.—A PANEL, LINEN PATTERN, PLAIN.

(South Kensington.)

Now let us turn to panelling. It is true that long before panelling had displaced the great use of tapestry which has been noticed above, it had been made in many instances, and rooms were partly furnished with it, leaving large spaces to be covered in the old method. Oak was not always the material used for room panels. Norway pine found its way to Holland and to England; and we hear of Henry III. ordering certain rooms in his Castle at Windsor to be panelled with it, painted and gilt. His great chamber at Westminster was "painted like a curtain," so that the idea of hangings was still preserved. The queen's bedroom was *freshly* wainscoted and lined (it had been wainscoted already) before her first confinement. The wood was painted with "images of our Lord and angels;" with incense-pots scattered over the border at intervals; with the Four Evangelists in another part. Window tracery was carved on panelling of later date; the doors, door-heads, windows, fireplaces being the parts most decorated. This kind of panelling is usually bordered with a long cornice carved with half-figures of angels, long scrolls lettered with pious prayers, names of saints, family mottoes and war-cries, and other *legenda*.

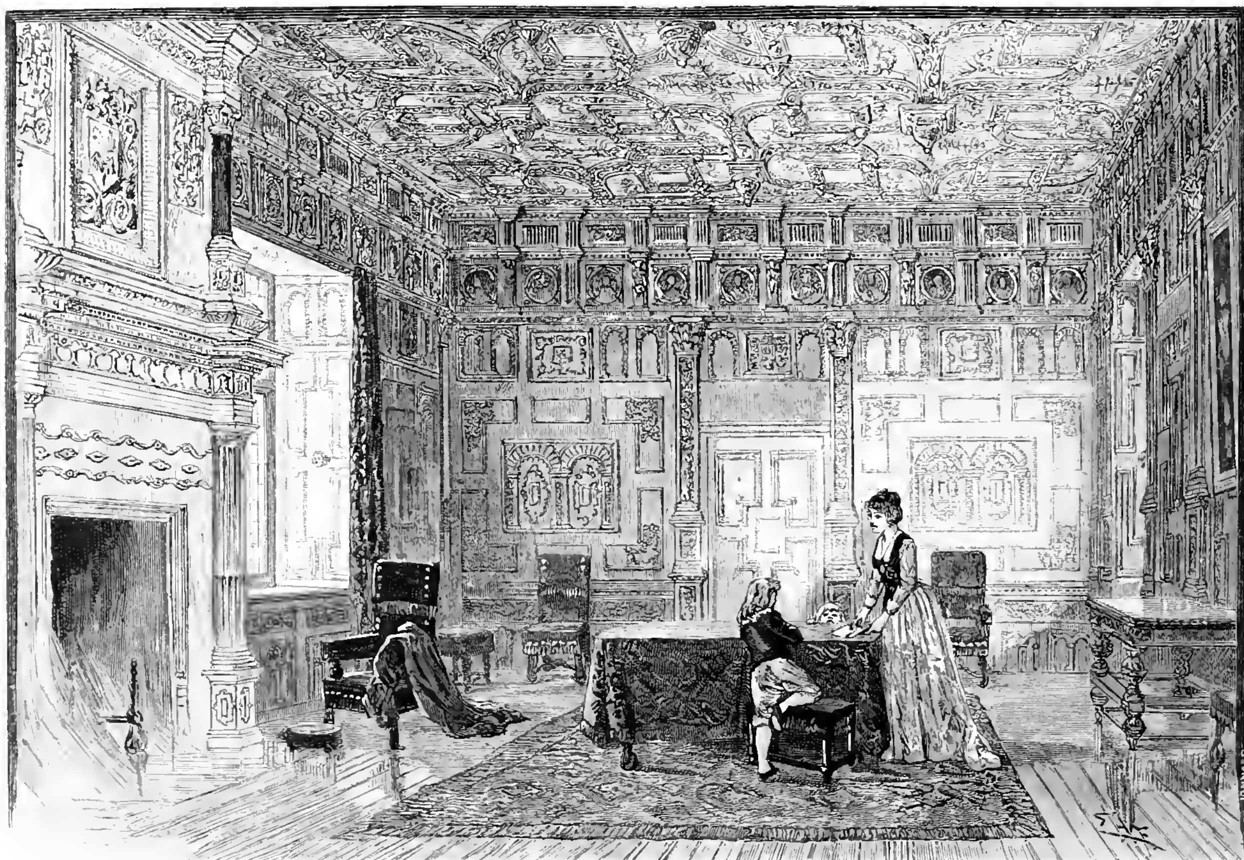
Traceried decoration went out of fashion in the Sixteenth Century. Then came the carvings called "linen patterns" (III. and IV.). The carving is a succession of salient and hollow mouldings ploughed with moulding-planes, and cut into such curves at the ends as to represent a napkin folded in and out. The linen pattern is found in many varieties—sometimes only one central spine with one bold undulating surface on each side, sometimes with a very large number of plaits or folds. Some have initial letters intertwined, as in our woodcut (III.). Several of the old halls of our colleges and Elizabethan houses and manors have panelling of the linen pattern still *in situ*. It seems to have come into fashion before the close of the Fifteenth Century. In England Renaissance panelling did not in the Sixteenth Century by any means conform to the large subdivisions and bold and salient mouldings of the Italian teachers. It continued for a long period to be in small divisions: a foot or sixteen inches broad by eighteen or twenty-two inches high, varying with the width of the heart-wood of the oak boards of which it was made up. The doors and the corners of the room were bordered by pilasters covered with arabesque carvings. The tops are finished with a border of long narrow panels, or with a continuous frieze. Here (II.) is part of a room said to have come from Exeter (now at South Kensington). The mouldings of small panelling of this kind are in very fine lines. The uprights seem to have been worked on the bench and then cut to the required length, while the top line and the weathering below on the base of the panel seem to have been worked with hand tools *after* the making up of the whole series. The lower weathering is a mere bevilling, meant to avoid the accumulation of dust.

The age of really imaginative panelling is that of full-blown Elizabethan architecture during its thoroughly national period, the Seventeenth Century. Panelling in many old halls of that time is made with arched headings divided by pilasters, straight or in bold baluster shapes; sometimes the panelling is oval. Whole screens were made up of large arched panels, the arch is enriched by bold carved mouldings, and the sides supported by rude caryatid or terminal figures. The cornices or upper finishing borders are surmounted by quaint crestings cut out in bold curves with little obelisks, fantastic urns, and a hundred curious motives of ornament. Much of this (V.), were we to take it to pieces, would justly be considered in its separate details as rude and barbarous; but seen entire, and over the bold panels of which it is the accompaniment, it would be difficult to imagine anything better, more spirited, or more

characteristic of the burly honest life of the period at which it was produced.

The more correct Renaissance panelling, borrowed from Italy, is made in large oblongs. On the best Italian panelling the mouldings, however large, are parts of the framing rails, and rarely project beyond them. The panel itself is of the same thickness, or nearly so, and is moulded where it begins to be bevelled down to meet the grooves into which it has to be framed. The frame mouldings are often finely carved—Wren's panelling, for instance, at Hampton Court. Generally panelling of his time is in two tiers, one of dado height—long panels—and a series up the wall, tall panels, with a cornice along the papers. We meet with specimens of old China papers, partly made by block-printing, partly filled in by hand—trees with bird-cages and brilliantly-coloured birds beautifully drawn. Such papers are still to be seen, first hung, perhaps, a hundred and forty or fifty years ago—certainly unsurpassed by any modern production. It is probable that Indian chintzes are the originals of our European papers. To this day, in spite of the destroying angel of Manchester, whose ultimate triumph is no doubt inevitable, the beautiful stained cottons of that country are far superior to most of our best productions.

The immense demand for cheap, and in consequence flimsy, decorations of this kind has driven



V.—WALL AND CEILING: PLASTER AND OAK. EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

(Chastleton, Oxon.)

top. The work of Grinling Gibbons was sometimes added to give richness to panel frames. Petworth House, in Sussex, and Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, contain fine examples of carved panel frames. This skilful and elegant decoration gave place to the rococo panel carvings, already mentioned, in imitation of the not very happy fashions of Louis XV.

By the end of the Eighteenth Century panelling had nearly gone out of use. Dadoes were retained, and walls were hung with silk brocades, finally with good designs out of the market, even out of the knowledge of most householders. Great honour is due to such artists as Mr. Morris, and to the pains taken in our national art-training schools to teach the pupils how to draw and to colour such materials as paper and cotton for decorative purposes. There is also a general stir on the subject. Let us hope it may help us to recover some of those simple and sensible traditions which are in no small danger of being lost.

J. H. Pollen.

IN MEMORIAM: WEETING, NORFOLK.

(From the Terra-Cotta by T. Nelson MacLean.)

AN ENGLISH SCULPTOR.

MR. MACLEAN'S exhibition last summer at Messrs. Bellman and Ivey's galleries in Piccadilly was interesting in more ways than one. Here were gathered some forty examples, in marble, bronze, or terra-cotta, of the work of one of the foremost of our younger sculptors, forming the most convincing demonstration of the artist's eminent claims to the honour of separate exhibition. One of the objects of Mr. MacLean's enterprise was to give practical exposition of the falsity of the

popular judgment that creates an impassable barrier between sculpture and painting. Much has been written of the dissemination of art in the home; yet in the majority of announcements of the new evangel the work of the painter, the potter, the engraver, and divers artificers in the industrial arts, takes precedence of that of the sculptor, even if the latter is not altogether ignored. That sculpture may be reproduced and published, just as paintings are, is something of a revelation to many who gladly hear the message that exhorts them to surround themselves with beautiful objects. At Mr. MacLean's exhibition this fact was clearly established, that by means of artistic reproduction in bronze the most beautiful creations of contemporary sculpture may take their rightful place among etchings, drawings, and other objects of decoration. If it were not for a wide-spread misapprehension of the decorative value of sculpture in the house there would be no obstacle to the circulation of fine casts from statuettes. But the old perverse view of art that limited the sculptor's functions to the production of portraiture is still largely prevalent; and portrait busts are still chiefly valued in proportion to the veracity of the individual likeness. That is the one merit that is instantly recognised, and it is for most people the sole justification of portraiture in sculpture. This being so, even in these days of grace, there is no difficulty in estimating the forces with which sculptors of Mr. MacLean's powers and convictions have to contend. It has been the pathetic fate of too many English sculptors that almost the whole of their life-work should have been rendered barren of imaginative art through the hard necessity that confined them in the lower branch of production.

The story of Mr. MacLean's first venture in the world of art, and of his subsequent career, full of incident and vicissitude as it is, is especially interesting as throwing an instructive light on the sources of the artist's idiosyncrasies, the characteristics of his style and technique. He is the only English sculptor of reputation, unless Mr. Onslow Ford is an exception, whose art-education was gained in the schools and studios of Paris. We add studios advisedly, not only to mark the distinction that exists between the French system and that of South Kensington, but because it is to his early studio-training that Mr. MacLean owes the practical experience which he confesses to be invaluable. Descended from a family long resident in Tiree, one of the southernmost of the Hebrides, Thomas Nelson MacLean was born at Deptford in 1845, and spent some of his early years at Birmingham, where his father was engaged in a manufactory. Thence he made one or two excursions to France and Belgium, travelling with his father, and while yet a boy manifested so strong a predilection for art that his father was induced to send him to Paris. There, at the age of fourteen, he entered the studio of Carrier-Belleuse, and commenced laying the foundation of knowledge in the most practical fashion, putting a ready hand to any of the odd and multifarious labours of an assistant—mixing clay or building-up, or bending irons and the like, and thus acquiring manipulative skill from the humblest beginnings. This exhaustive apprenticeship was followed, two years later, by his entrance into the École des Beaux-Arts, where he continued his studies until he became one of the assistants.

It has been well observed that the artist, whatever his material equipment may be, never suffers for long the intellectual privation and isolation that have wrecked the pride and hopes of the poet. Whatever measure of disappointment may be his eventual portion, the period of study is radiant with the joys of unreserved companionship and the confidence of youth. In this respect Mr. MacLean's student-life in Paris was eminently fortunate. He numbered among his friends the distinguished sculptors Falguière and Dubois; he worked in the company of men who have achieved the highest reputation—Mercié, the sculptor, the lamented Bastien-Lepage, and many others. In 1868 he commenced working on his own account, and in 1870 made his first exhibition at the Royal Academy, with a statue of "Clio," and a group in terra-cotta entitled "La Réprimande," both of which received most favourable notice. The outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War brought evil days to the sculptor, whose sojourn in Paris had not sufficed to Gallicise his individuality so far as to assure him from the unpleasant results of being an alien in a beleaguered city, although his artistic work was so distinctly French in style and quality. At length, after considerable hardships, in November, 1870, he successfully made his escape, and reached London, where for awhile he vainly sought employment in the studios of the leading sculptors. For a short period, however, he assisted Mr. Armstead, and produced in his favourite material, terra-cotta, a number of studies of single figures, being, at the same time, greatly hindered by the want of a studio. The much-needed studio was eventually found for him by Sir Henry Cole, who lent him a portion of the greenhouse in the garden of the South Kensington Museum in mitigation of the failure of the Royal Horticultural Society in carrying out the terms of a commission. This abortive scheme comprised in the first instance a design for a statue of Flora, eight feet in height. There was a competition, in which Mr. MacLean was successful, but the scheme fell through just as the statue was ready.

While at South Kensington the sculptor produced, among many smaller pieces and busts, three of the most important of his works, all of which, in their finished states, were exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1875. These were the group in marble of "The Finding of Moses," Mr. MacLean's first work in marble; the charming marble statue "La Fleur des Champs;" and "Ione," a conception of exceeding beauty and refinement, that at once placed the sculptor in the first rank of ideal artists. The circumstances in which this life-size statue took its final form are extremely interesting, being quite exceptional. The work was executed after the small sketch, itself a marvel of subtlety in modelling, which was shown in the Piccadilly exhibition, and was wholly produced—with the exception of a small portion of the back, where the supporting iron for the chair was fixed—from a huge mass of clay, kneaded and indurated by great pressure, not built up piecemeal: a reversal of the normal process that occasioned some doubt in Mr. Doulton's mind as to the possibility of successful firing. It did not fly, as we know, but emerged from the ordeal of the kiln in perfect condition. When the work at length found a purchaser willing to pay a £1,000 for an ideal statue by an English sculptor, the rumour of the sale provoked the incredulity of a famous painter and member of the Royal Academy. In those days the sentiment was not unnatural, in one whose experience of Burlington House sculpture was extensive and depressing, though it was immediately dissipated by a prompt visit to Mr. MacLean's studio. Among our illustrations is the sketch for "Sappho," the first stage in a conception to be finally worked out in life-size in marble. This fervid and inspired figure, which so eloquently realises the sway of lyrical impulse, in the rapt expression of the face and the dramatic gesture of the uplifted arm, is an excellent example of the spirit and freshness of a first impression. It is seldom given to the artist, in whatever material he works, to surpass the quick vitality of such spontaneous production. The statue of "Comedy"—which we engrave—and the companion "Tragedy," are figures of stately and noble presentment, reticent in treatment, unweighted by any symbolism. The severe and simple composition of the drapery, so harmonious in line and fold, is a conspicuous instance of the sculptor's masterly skill. Mr. MacLean is an enthusiast in the matter of drapery. His study of the subject has been continuous and searching; his works abundantly exemplify with what thoroughness he has mastered the anatomy of folds, the exhaustless problems of light and shade, the potentialities of drapery, whether treated decoratively and in repose—as in the "Comedy"—or as the medium of expressing rhythmic movement or accentuating emotion. Our first illustration, a monument in high relief, designed for Weeting Church, Norfolk, is one more instance of this. In no branch of technique do we find the soundness of Mr. MacLean's training more strikingly manifest, or his science more deftly and delightfully employed than in his treatment of drapery. In the Weeting monument the vesture actually contributes to the buoyancy of the ecstatic figure,

MEDITATION.

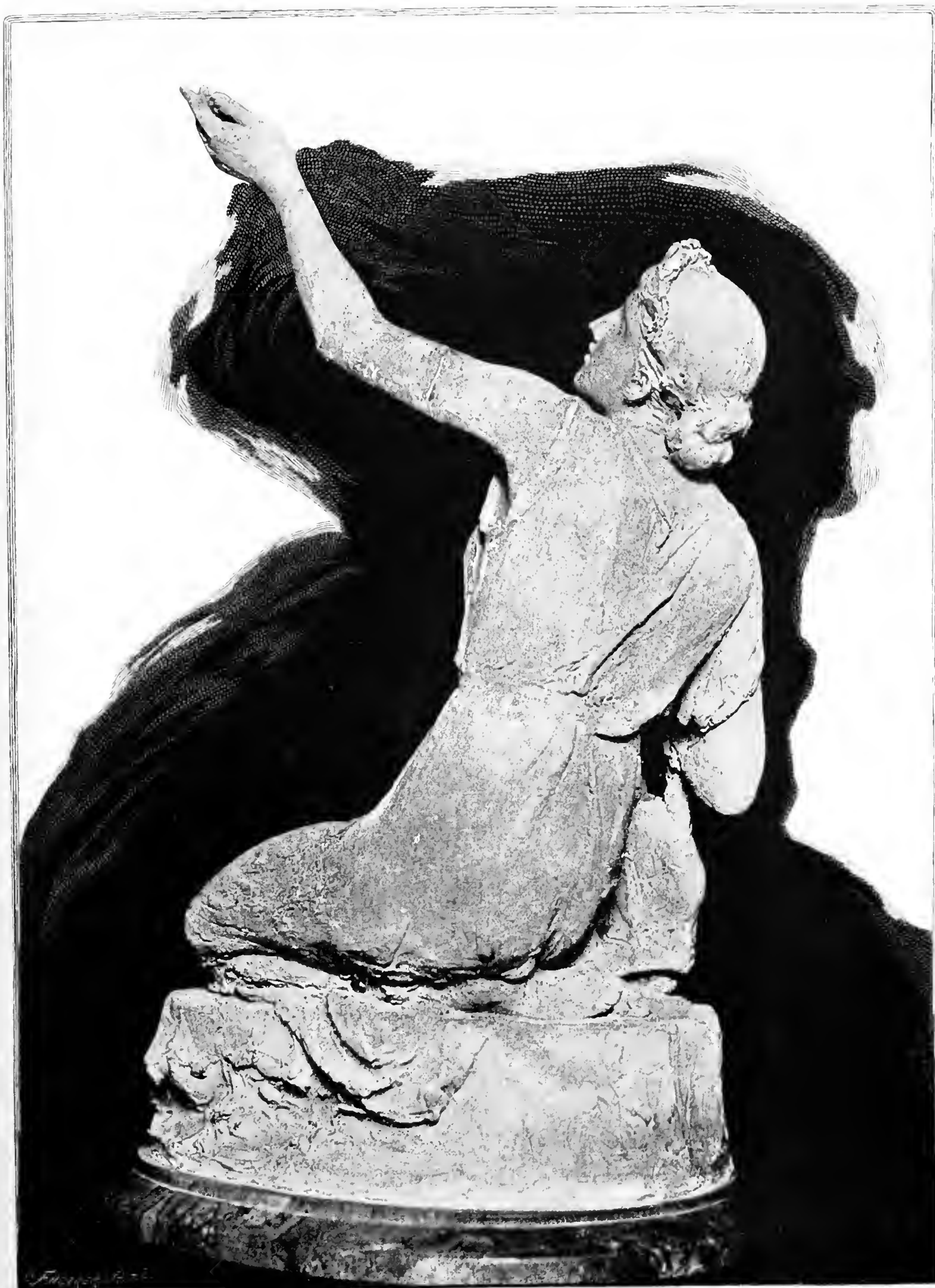
(From the Terra-Cotta by T. Nelson MacLean.)

and clinging, does not embarrass the upward movement, which is so happily realised. The progressive accentuation of the relief, from the recumbent figure of the dead, at the base of the monument, is a noteworthy feature in the treatment of a difficult subject. One of the most fascinating of Mr. MacLean's works is the ideal bust entitled "Meditation," the original of our second illustration, a charming conception, wrought in the silent poetry of form, and expressing with exquisite felicity the pure serene of happy contemplation.

Mr. MacLean's successful *début* in London did not prevent him extending his sphere of observation and study. Shortly after executing the statue of "Ione," he determined to settle in Florence in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the great Italian renaissance, whose influence, grafted on his French training, is perceptible in many subsequent works. Before starting, he had taken a plaster cast of "Ione," which was forwarded to Florence, but unhappily was grievously wrecked in transit, so that his Italian studio remained without any memorial of his most distinctive and popular work. It is almost needless to add that while in Italy Mr. MacLean was a diligent student of Donatello and the great precursors of Michelangelo, and by a natural affinity was attracted to the works of Della Robbia, and other artists in terra-cotta. His most important work at this time, "The Spring Festival," a life-size group in marble, suggested by Mr. Alma Tadema's well-known painting—occupied the greater part of four years, and was executed from a small model after the method of the old Italian masters. This vigorous and brilliant group formed the central object of Mr. MacLean's exhibition last year; differing greatly, as the subject does, from the quiet and unsensational types of the sculptor's previous

COMEDY.

(From the Terra-Cotta by T. Nelson MacLean.)



SAPPHO.

(From the Terra-Cotta by T. Nelson MacLean.)

work, it is excelled by none among them in execution. Like the others, it is reproduced and published in bronze, by the process known as *à cire perdue*, the modern practice of which is not precisely identical with the older; and, like them, it should have the success of popularity. J. A. BLAIKIE.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE BRIDE'S ROOM.

BOUT A.D. 1500 Salvi Borgherini bethought himself of building a family mansion. He did not "go in" for vastness, like Luca Pitti, nor for pre-eminence in the size of his building stones, like Cosimo de' Medici; but he determined that his Palazzo should be a work of art. So he took counsel of an architect who was also an artist, by name Bartolommeo Baglione (better known in the annals of art as Baccio d'Agnolo). He lived in the Via Santa Caterina, and was not only *capo maestro* in the restoration of the Palazzo Vecchio, but the architect of several of the finest houses in Florence, the gem of his designs being the Palazzo Bartolini, in the Piazza S. Trinita (now the Hôtel du Nord). He gave Borgherini the designs for his house, and being sculptor as well as architect, he carved with his own hands the lintels and architraves of the doors, and in the front he put a bas-relief of the Madonna and Child, which is to be seen to this day, as are the windows he designed, with the small round panes of glass, and their massive shutters decorated with brass nails.

The carving of the chimney-piece in the hall was confided to a young man of great promise named Benedetto da Rovezzano, who had lately come to Florence, and of whom artists said "the marble becomes flexible as lace-work in his hands." It is a fine piece of sculpture. The sides are composed of Raphaelesque scrolls and trophies of arms in relief; the frieze across the front apparently represents the story of the Maccabees. On the right is a king on his throne talking to a warrior; on the left two horsemen and a statue of a man with a bow; in the centre a stake and seven men burning. Above are two sphinxes, two genii, and the arms of the family surmounted by a vase of fire.

So stone by stone rose the palace of the honest burgher, and the impress of art was on every part. The house only wanted a mistress, and this Pier Francesco supplied in his betrothal to the young Margherita Acciajoli, whose house was just at the back of Borgherini's, and faced the Arno. It was a great match for Pier Francesco, for the Acciajoli were one of the most important families in the city. Their remote ancestors (as the name implies) were steel-workers, who had fled from Brescia to escape the tyranny of Frederic Barbarossa. Some of them had founded the monastery of the Certosa, and their sculptured effigies had lain there for centuries beneath the low arches of the crypt. Margherita's father Ruperto was one of the eminent men of the time. He had in 1510 been sent as Ambassador to the Court of Louis XII. of France, when he and his family gained the privilege of carrying a golden fleur-de-lys and the royal crown of France on the blue lion of their shield. In 1513 he was Ambassador to Rome at the Court of Leo X., and in the very year of his daughter's marriage (1515) he was called to Pisa to reform the University, which had rebelled against Florentine rule.

Having won so eligible a bride for his son, old Salvi Borgherini set himself to prepare a bridal chamber which should be worthy of her. Baccio d'Agnolo again took chisel in hand, and blocks of black walnut-wood were transformed by magic into the most exquisite furniture. Angels and loves disported themselves amidst the rich foliage on the great bedstead, and on the cabinets and "cassoni" (chests) which were to contain the wedding finery. The backs of the chairs and the long settees, called in those days "spallieri," were richly carved and inlaid with painted panels. The bedstead and cassone, and even the walls, had similar decorations; but what precious panels they were! Andrea del Sarto painted those for the walls. Granacci did the ones for the head and foot of the bedstead. Pontormo decorated the sides of a large "cassa." Bachiacca (Francesco d'Ubertino) painted a long settee. And on all these things the same tale was told in many scenes—that pathetic and wondrous story of Joseph. Andrea's finely painted pictures tell the tale of the Patriarch's childhood and his being sold into Egypt; Granacci's bedstead gives his serving of Potiphar and his prison life; while Pontormo paints his greatness as lord of Egypt, and Bachiacca's

"spalliere" shows Joseph's brethren bowing down to him in Egypt.

The bridal bower being ready, the marriage took place on July 15th, 1515, and though we have no special account of it, yet from the descriptions of other Florentine weddings we can portray the scene. A curious old painting in the Uffizi shows how the wedding guests were received under awnings in the street at the marriage of Boccaccio Adimari with Luisa Ricasoli in June, 1420. Sacchetti also speaks of this custom of guests assembling in the street; so Margherita's wedding guests probably meet on the banks of the Arno till the feast is ready. Here might be seen burghers in red luccas, knights in spurs and embroidered doublets, soldiers in buff, ladies in stiff brocades and pearls, with priests and doctors in sober black. Inside the house the feast is prepared in the great central hall, and here the guests are supplied with course after course, and drink the bride's health in wine from the Borgherini *podere*. Poets abound in Florence, and sonnets and odes are freely interspersed between the courses. In the kitchen there has been of course great stress of business for many a day. The larders are not large enough to hold the wedding gifts which take the form of eatables. Strange cooks have been at work making confections and marvellous pasties which take all kinds of artistic forms, for in those days design was not confined to the painters and sculptors; the very pastry-cooks modelled statues in sugar and temples in pie-crust, while sausages and cheese were materials for comic scenes. Barrels of wine have arrived from the country villas of the spouses; and in the kitchen are huge fires, with revolving wheels above them, on which scores of fat ortolans, dozens of pigeons and fowls roast all together, spitted in rows.

Margherita had a full appreciation of the artistic beauties of her bridal home, and preserved them with all her housewifely care till the troublous time of the siege, when she had to defend them almost with her life. By that time she had been married fourteen years, and sons and daughters were growing up around her. During the siege in 1529 Pier Francesco was away on some civic business at Lucca, so Margherita had to fight for her household gods alone; and bravely she did so.

François I. anticipated Napoleon not only in his passion for Italian art, but in the means he took to satisfy it. His agent in Florence was a certain Giovan-Battista della Palla, who thought to curry favour with a great power by laying his hands on many a precious work of art to send to Paris. He had long cast his eyes on Margherita's chamber, and coveted its unique furniture to adorn a room at Versailles—which he promised King François should surpass every room in the world; and he so worked on the Signoria as to obtain their consent to purchase the Borgherini treasures, and present them to the king. Armed with this permission, Giovan-Battista della Palla went forthwith to the house in Borgo S. Apostoli to make his proposals. But Margherita was equal to the occasion; her loyalty did not feel itself called upon to adorn her enemies' palaces, even at the command of the Signoria. "You are a bold man, Messer Giovan-Battista," she said, "vile broker that you are, to despoil the homes of gentlemen, and to rob the city of its richest and most revered treasures to beautify the land of strangers and our enemies. I do not wonder at you, low man and traitor as you are, but at the magistrates of this city who allow you to act so vilely. This furniture which you covet to make money out of was my marriage gift from Salvi, my father-in-law, and I revere it for his memory and my love for his son, and with my life-blood, if need be, I will defend it. Leave this house with your villainies, Giovan-Battista, and go to those who sent you and say that I will not have a single thing moved, and if they want to make presents to King François let them despoil their own houses—and—never dare you to enter this door again."

Della Palla retired; and the Borgherini treasures remained untouched. Margherita's descendants were not equally reverent towards their *penates*, for the beautiful things are now scattered far and wide. Two of Andrea del Sarto's panels and two of Pontormo's are in the Florentine galleries, for Niccolò Borgherini—Margherita's grandson—sold them to the Grand Duke Francesco in 1584. For those of Andrea he was paid 360 ducats, and for Pontormo's 90 ducats. Nothing now remains of the bride's home but the carvings of Baccio d'Agnolo over the doors, and the chimney-piece of Rovezzano, which is still in its place in the old house, now Palazzo del Turco in Borgo S. Apostoli. It is believed that a beautiful Madonna which Andrea del Sarto painted for a member of the same family—Giovanni Borgherini—is now in the possession of Major Oliver Day Stokes, of Cheltenham. Vasari describes it as "a Madonna, with a St. John giving a ball, emblematising the world, to the infant Christ, and a fine head of St. Joseph." Sig. Milanesi, the annotator of Vasari, says he saw the painting in a private house in Florence, where it was offered for sale in 1852, which is about the time it came into the possession of Mrs. Stokes' family from Italy. Two panels of the story of St. Joseph are in the collection of Earl Cowper at Panshanger; but these are more probably the ones painted by Andrea and Pontormo for the monks of S. Gallo, and distinct from the Borgherini series.

LEADER SCOTT.

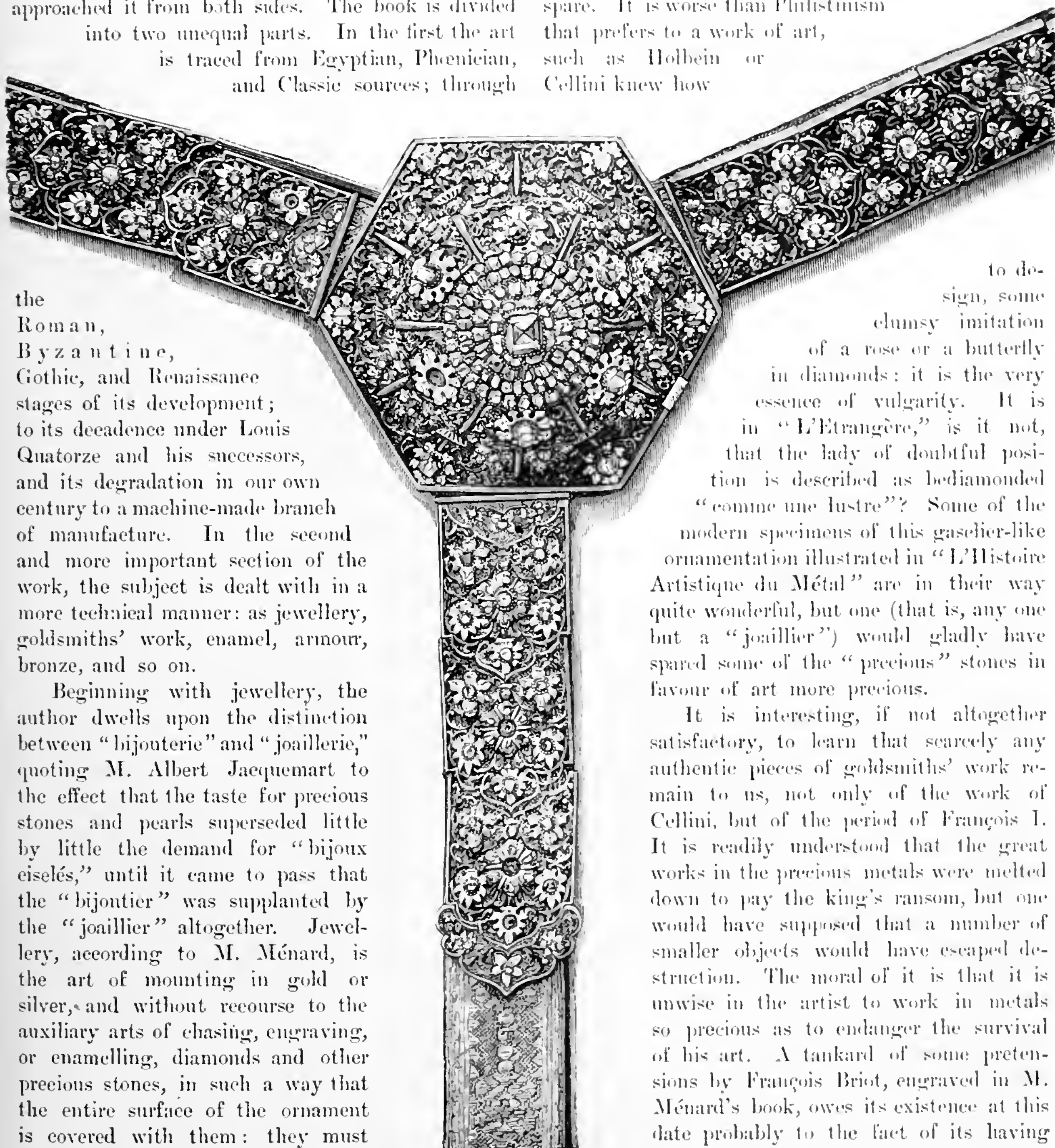
THE LIFEBOAT.

(Painted by A. Morlon. Salon, 1885.)

ART IN METAL-WORK.

ART in metal-work is a subject on which a great deal is to be said, either from the historic or from the artistic point of view. In his "Histoire Artistique du Métal" (Paris: Rouam), M. René Ménard has approached it from both sides. The book is divided into two unequal parts. In the first the art is traced from Egyptian, Phœnician, and Classic sources; through the Roman, Byzantine, Gothic, and Renaissance stages of its development; to its decadence under Louis Quatorze and his successors, and its degradation in our own century to a machine-made branch of manufacture. In the second and more important section of the work, the subject is dealt with in a more technical manner: as jewellery, goldsmiths' work, enamel, armour, bronze, and so on.

Beginning with jewellery, the author dwells upon the distinction between "bijouterie" and "joaillerie," quoting M. Albert Jacquemart to the effect that the taste for precious stones and pearls superseded little by little the demand for "bijoux ciselés," until it came to pass that the "bijoutier" was supplanted by the "joaillier" altogether. Jewellery, according to M. Ménard, is the art of mounting in gold or silver, and without recourse to the auxiliary arts of chasing, engraving, or enamelling, diamonds and other precious stones, in such a way that the entire surface of the ornament is covered with them: they must not only be in preponderance—they must be everything. Certainly it is a good thing to have distinctive terms for different things, and one could wish that the English language were equally explicit with the French on this point, but the *thing* described by the word "joaillerie" we could well spare. It is worse than Philistinism that prefers to a work of art, such as Holbein or Cellini knew how to design, some clumsy imitation of a rose or a butterfly in diamonds: it is the very essence of vulgarity. It is in "L'Etrangère," is it not, that the lady of doubtful position is described as bediamonded "comme une lustre"? Some of the modern specimens of this gaselier-like ornamentation illustrated in "L'Histoire Artistique du Métal" are in their way quite wonderful, but one (that is, any one but a "joaillier") would gladly have spared some of the "precious" stones in favour of art more precious.



I.—ORIENTAL HARNESS, CHASED AND ENAMELLED WITH GEMS.

(Imperial Collection, Vienna.)

It is interesting, if not altogether satisfactory, to learn that scarcely any authentic pieces of goldsmiths' work remain to us, not only of the work of Cellini, but of the period of François I. It is readily understood that the great works in the precious metals were melted down to pay the king's ransom, but one would have supposed that a number of smaller objects would have escaped destruction. The moral of it is that it is unwise in the artist to work in metals so precious as to endanger the survival of his art. A tankard of some pretensions by François Briot, engraved in M. Ménard's book, owes its existence at this date probably to the fact of its having been executed in pewter.

A very characteristic example of Sixteenth Century silversmith's work is a

hammer (III.) preserved in the Museum at Munich. It is a model of what such a thing should be, and of the way in which it should be illustrated, with details which give us the *thing* in its entirety, and not merely its pictorial effect. So many of the so-called illustrations of decorative objects suffer the fate of the ambitious frog in attempting to swell themselves out into pictures. A little more precision in the drawing of the actual details in this instance would not have been amiss; but one is loth to find fault with such workmanlike work. It is noticeable that the French publishers have the courage to produce a rougher and sketchier kind of drawing than would pass muster with us. The English public appears to care more about a certain sleekness, which is mistaken for finish, than about freshness and go in the drawing.

A somewhat catholic spirit appears to have directed the choice of M. Ménard's subjects, among which are some in very questionable taste. Any attempt at historical treatment of the subject necessitates this more or less. The question is whether we might not have had rather less of the work of the decadence. The author speaks with something more than approval of a "superbe terrine" with a head of celery appearing from under its forked feet, whilst "on the cover, disposed round an orange with natural foliage, are ortolans, oysters, truffles, mushrooms, artichokes, and fishes, modelled to perfection." And yet a similar French licence is revolting to the Frenchman in what he calls a German caricature of it. The monstrosities of the Green Vaults at Dresden are not to be endured; it is not the rococo, he says, which reigns there, but the *baroque*. The Gallic pot has scarcely the right to call the German kettle black, but of its blackness there is no manner of possible doubt. In the presence of all that imbecile extravagance, so amply illustrated in the Green Vaults, one realises to the full the degree of degradation into which a royal court could sink.

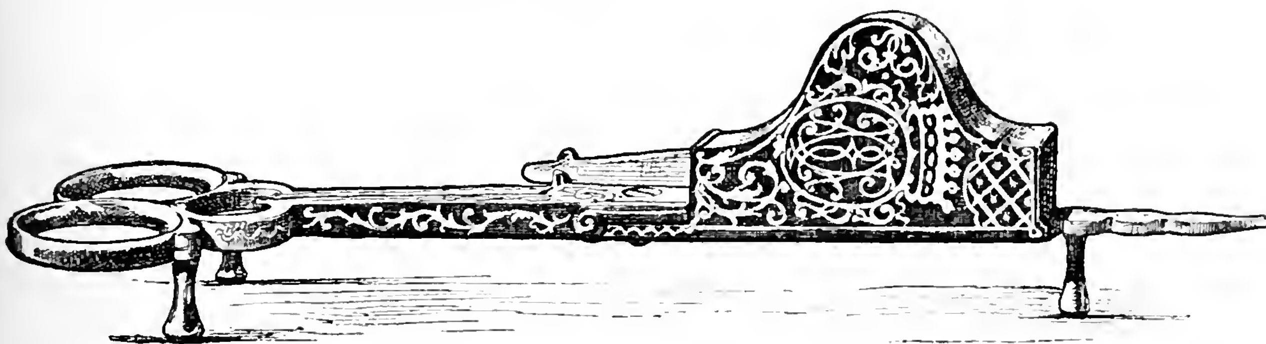
For English work of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries the author has not much to say. He quotes M. De Lasteyrie to the effect that, good as it is in certain technical qualities, of style or taste there is not a trace: it is Louis XIV. without grandeur, Louis XV. without spirit or originality. The return to forms more chaste manifests itself, we are told, "tardily, and moreover very incompletely, in England under the ultra-classic influence of Flaxman." There is truth in the remark that the general forms of English design were less elegant, and the ornament more meagre than in contemporary France; and the examples given go far to prove it. The immense strides made in this country between 1852 and 1878 are acknowledged, and due meed of praise is given to the American Tiffany, "one of those artists to whom the future belongs."

It appears that the examples of Indian art lent to the last Paris Exhibition by the Prince of Wales were something of a revelation to the Parisian metal-worker. Some superb pieces are reproduced in M. Ménard's book. For his remarks on this branch of art he is indebted mainly to Sir George Birdwood's handbook. He could not have gone to a more trustworthy source of information.

Arms and armour form a most important branch of metal-work, and some very splendid examples are given by way of illustration: elaborately chased sword-hilts of the Sixteenth Century, from the Imperial Museum at Vienna; shields of damascened or repoussé iron, from the galleries at Dresden (*not* the Green Vaults); and the so-called Cellini Shield, from the Armeria Reale at Turin; gala suits of armour, and the caparisons of royal chargers, chiefly of Italian or German workmanship, of the Sixteenth Century. Absolutely different from these, but not less beautiful, are the filagreed and jewelled arms of Persia and the East, splendid with pearls and precious stones, employed not so much for their intrinsic value as for the colour without which the Oriental eye will not be satisfied. Here, indeed, is a lesson in the decorative use of jewels (I.), if not in the design of weapons, a lesson that the "joaillier" might well take to heart. In wandering through the galleries of such an unrivalled collection as that at Dresden, the artist cannot but wonder how it is that modern arms are so invariably devoid of any decorative character. One can understand that, with the mitrailleuse in place of the arquebus, there can be no thought of decorating the horrible instrument; but in the case of the sportsman's gun it is imaginable that even in these days he might think it worthy of all enrichment that did not in any way impair its primary use. The faint hope of such a possibility, however, dies out when we remember the modern pace. A gun is no longer a precious possession; it is only a makeshift until some newer and yet newer breechloader is invented.

The art of the locksmith is another of those which we have allowed to die. We concern ourselves about the patent spring, and care nothing whatever about the escutcheon of the lock or the handle of the key. Perhaps this is why our author has given us no examples of the characteristic locksmiths' work of the Augsburg and Nuremberg smiths. Altogether there is somewhat scant justice done to the German craftsmen. The name of Holbein, for instance, is not mentioned in connection with goldsmiths' work, though he is responsible for probably the very finest designs of the kind that were ever produced. The works of Etienne de Laune, François Briot, and

others are well enough, but they are not to be compared to the designs of the incomparable Hans. One of the most tasteful bits of French smiths' work given is the pair of snuffers (II.), damascened in gold on blue steel, the original of which is to be found at South Kensington. Of iron grilles, gates, rails, and the like, we might have had more specimens of the simpler and earlier wrought work in place of the somewhat florid examples of one Jean Lamour, which smack, I feel constrained to note, a little of the trade catalogue.



II.—SNUFFERS IN BLUE STEEL, DAMASCENED WITH GOLD.

(*French; circ. 1700. South Kensington.*)

Bronze founding could not well be excluded from a work of this kind, but it is scarcely possible to do justice to it towards the end of a book traversing all the wide range of metal-work. Among M. Ménard's illustrations is an etching of a portion of Sansovino's bronze doors to the sacristy of St. Mark's, at Venice; and there is a still better one of a very rich candelabrum of the Sixteenth Century from Milan. Michelangelo is represented by the cover of a casket in high relief, and Benvenuto Cellini by his admirable bust of Cosmo de' Medici.

Among the minor metal-workers, Gouthière, "inventeur de la dorure mate," has a prominent place assigned to him among the workers who ministered to the magnificence of the later Louis. Examples are also given of the peculiar metal inlay introduced by Boulle, whose own work, by the way, is not of that stereotyped character which his imitators adopt. There is evidence of that in the Jones Collection at South Kensington.

Embroidery, it might be thought, hardly comes under the category of "art in metal," but gold is gold and silver silver, even in the form of gold or silver thread. Accordingly the work includes some sumptuous Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century altar-cloths and such-like, of Spanish and Italian workmanship, engraved with all the care the designs so richly deserve. In fact, the engravings throughout, whether on wood or by process, are as good as need be. This "Histoire Artistique du Métal" is produced under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of Works of Art, which, perhaps, explains to some extent how it is that such books come to be published in Paris, and not, as some Englishmen would prefer, in London.

Whatever the reason, it is an astonishing thing that costly and even sumptuous books on art are published in Paris which no English publisher would dare to produce. They must presumably pay, or they would not continue to be brought out. The French public is not, perhaps, much more educated in art than the English; but it appears to be more really interested in the subject, and the class of possible buyers is larger. The Continental artisan considers himself an artist, and is one, and he sometimes buys books on art that an Englishman in a similar position in life, and earning the same wages, would not dream of purchasing. For all that, one is inclined to wonder whether they "know *everything* down in" Paternoster Row, and whether works on art, as well done as they are in Paris, might not be successful also in London. That there is no great sale here for foreign publications is not a conclusive argument against such a possibility; for a man may well stand in awe of a French or German book on a subject which must be more or less technically treated who would yet eagerly welcome anything of the kind in his own language. The intermediate man between the producer and the public has not, as a rule, the ardour and enthusiasm of the artist. It is not to be expected that he should have the faith in a new thing which inspires the man who first imagined it. He believes mainly in the success of that which has succeeded. The masterpieces of literature have, not a few of them, gone begging for years before they could find a purchaser at any price, and it is quite possible that the publisher who had the pluck to produce books on art of a quality equal to the French might have equal success. But they would have to

be up to the high standard of Continental production—real books, not compromises. The faint-hearted producer sometimes ascribes to an unappreciative public the failure which is the result of his own attempt to combine things incompatible. A book that is at once too technical for the general public and too popular for the expert is altogether out of the running.

LEWIS F. DAY.

III.—A SILVER-GILT HAMMER.

(*Sixteenth Century. Munich.*)

AN AMERICAN GALLERY.

THE pictures of the late Mrs. Morgan, of New York, represent a collector who began very recently to buy; yet so many are noteworthy that a volume might be written on them. In this space only a bare numbering and naming would be possible; let me take a half-dozen, then, and note briefly what they are and who were their makers.

Than Delacroix no painter of his day bore more violent attacks; yet none had more unstinted praise from poet and novelist, essay-writer and art-critic. In 1863 he said, on his death-bed, "I have sealed Heaven; but always I wake again on earth, ever struggling, ever opposed." George Sand loved him; Alfred de Musset walked with him during the better part of a night, discussing art; Silvestre and Gautier marvelled at his creations; and Charles Baudelaire found his women above all things "distinguished." Mrs. Morgan's collection has the "Cleopatra," assigned by the last to those among the women by Delacroix, whom he tries to define as "femmes d'intimité." There is also a landscape; but the picture chosen for reproduction here is a wild beast combat just before actual hostilities have begun—a Tiger and Serpent picture which recalls the relations of Delacroix to Barye, the great sculptor of animals. There is, indeed, a strong resemblance between the work of these two friends and contemporaries: particularly as regards those water-colour sketches of animals which collectors of Barye bronzes like to own.

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

(Painted by J. Constable. Morgan Collection.)

Delacroix was both cause and effect in the ever-recurring quarrel between lovers of form and lovers

of colour, spirit-worshippers and body-worshippers, Platonists and Aristotelians. Yet he cared little for terms and phrases, occupied as he was in a constant struggle for expression. The very flood of impressions bearing in on him was so strong that he could not give to his pictures that calm, thoughtful, loving care which less original men do; the effort of creation spent even his strength. Born of parents agitated by the Revolution, he was soon enough awake to the beauties of art to marvel at the statues and paintings, the plunder of Italy, with which the Little Corporal bribed Paris. It is hardly enough to say that he was a Romantist; rather that Romantism was largely Delacroix. If one may believe that the emotions of the parents registered long before the day of birth leave their trace on the offspring, an explanation of the restless disposition of this painter is afforded—his love of peace yet constant occupation with scenes of war, and the anguish of his men and women. He is always haunted by the spectre of the Reign of Terror. It is an old mistake to suppose that he liked such scenes; rather judge that above all things he hated bloodshed, but was pushed to it by the fatal fibres of his composition, encouraged in it by an idea that he was a prophet and benefactor. He would not be the first who reasoned that all of art is not in sweetness and light, and that the lessons which sink deepest are those that hurt most.

Delacroix was a highly educated artist, a great reader, a capital writer. His learning fortified what reason continued and natural bent began. His brush appears to have trembled with the eagerness of the impulse to create, and it is said that his gait betrayed the passion within. Those whose respect for English literature partakes of the pride of ownership must regard him with uncommon interest, for by him great works of our language have been illustrated with striking originality. Let that man ridicule who will the conceptions of characters in Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, made by foreigners. The point of view of men like Victor Hugo and Delacroix should be examined with respect before it is rejected; for who knows whether or not the foreign mind, owing to the freshness of the impression on it, may see certain sides truer, certain depths more clearly, than one drilled by early associations, repetitions at school, ceaseless quotation? The "Cleopatra" is one of these impressions made by Shakespeare on Delacroix, as are other pictures too many to mention. The rudeness of brushwork in the master startles those who see it for the first time, particularly if they come upon it after some marvel of the brush, intricate as a carved cherry-pit. Haste and disdain of control show in many of his pictures, but it is safer to hesitate before pronouncing whether or not a given figure is well drawn or the reverse, until one has studied a number of his paintings.

TIGER AND SERPENT.

(Painted by Eugène Delacroix. Morgan Collection.)

GATHERING BEANS.

(Painted by J.-F. Millet. Morgan Collection, New York.)

Concerning Millet's share in this gallery much might be said, for, to speak of the smallest only, there is a little "Woman in the Kitchen," bigly painted, that is such a minim masterpiece as the aftercoming Memling might envy. Our frontispiece, Mr. Juengling's woodcut, shows a garden, in which stands a woman gathering beans (a portrait of the painter's mother), and in the background a cottage modestly shrinking away. It is not one of Millet's very greatest, but has a touch of the sombre-poetic vein of the man, of his aloofness from the common herd of imitators.

It is remarkable how many great French painters turn toward the art of Holland and Flanders for inspiration. Jean-François Millet recalls not only the Dutch landscapists, but also Constable, and not without purpose; the only example of the great English master in this collection has been included in our handful of woodcuts. Constable recalls the Hollandish influences on English art, though not without a measurable note of Claude, so that he forms an English cliff, upon which the strong clear notes from Holland reverberated into the sensitive ears of certain Parisian artists during the romantic revival. Constable, then, must stand for the centre around which this little band of workmen groups.

On Mrs. Morgan's walls American work was thinly represented, but signs are not wanting that she was beginning to realise the wealth, beauty, and variety of native art. A Boughton, a Knight, a Bridgman, mark the step toward her own country by way of the Europeanised painters. An Oriental scene by Church comes nearer home. But with the "Resurrection," by Albert Ryder, she found herself at last face to face with purely native art. She had already bought a charmingly naïf "Châtelaine with Greyhound," by Ryder, which has delicious depth of tone and quaint originality of composition, tenderness of sky, otherworld glamour over the landscape, when she found in the painter's studio a view of the tomb with Christ, risen, appearing to Mary Magdalene. The powerful contrast of light and shade in colours do not lend themselves to photography; but our engraver has done what is possible for the brushwork. We can admire in black and white the simplicity of the composition, which recalls the Cinque-cento masters, and note curiously the modern suggestion in the old-masterly picture, the analogy of the morning sun with that Saviour who has risen from hell to drive away despair. Seizing on certain parallels between Christianity and other great world-religions, the painter has made the streams of light that rush from the upcoming sun a natural aureole for Christ; for, like the sun, He has been below the earth in the regions of darkness, yet returns with fresh vigour, purified of earthly stains. He has placed on the right of his picture nothing that interferes with the effect; only a small vine near the yawning rock tomb speaks of the resurrection of the world in spring. Christ stands with the left hand in the act of blessing, and pointed to the skies, a simple gesture in most religions. Mary cannot believe her eyes, and her hands go instinctively toward the apparition. But the right hand of Christ bids her beware. Mr. Ryder's work has a strong family likeness to old Dutch and recent French landscape; but also he has the honour to evoke fierce discussions among painters and amateurs, and so recalls Delacroix and Millet.

THE RESURRECTION.

(Painted by Albert Ryder. Morgan Collection.)

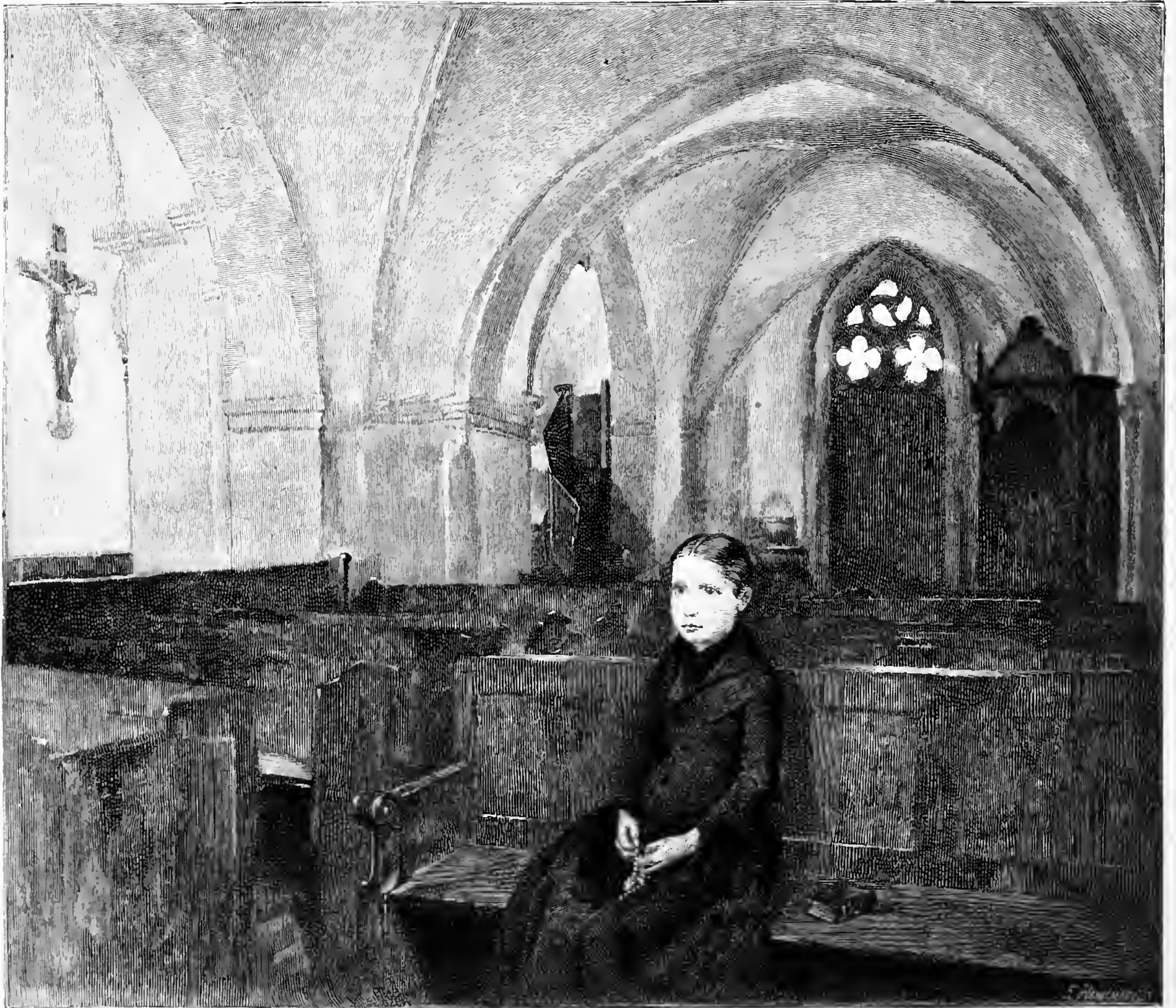
Since the death of Bastien-Lepage no very young painter (he is not yet thirty) rivals Dagnan-Bouveret in the quality of his work as regards thought and style. The "Orphan in Church," of which a woodcut is given, has not won the fame of "The Accident" and "Au Louvre," pictures that made no small stir a few years ago; yet it may be questioned whether either equals in fineness of sentiment, or quiet beauty of drawing and colouring, this delightful bit of work. Here, too, we see how strong is the influence of Holland. Delacroix felt it, Rousseau, Millet, and Corot turn that way; Albert Ryder makes you think of the Netherlands; and Dagnan-Bouveret's firm, broad, and thoughtful style in the church interior, with the impassive but sympathetic figure of a little orphan, betrays the same leaning.

In 1856 Silvestre complained that good paintings by Corot at the current sales would not fetch one hundred francs, and consoled himself by saying that the right to be foolish belongs to the public and to amateurs in art, literature, philosophy—in a word, to amateurs in everything. Perhaps nobody does more

to change that note of woe than collectors like the late Mrs. Morgan. She was a childless widow who cared for her heirs-at-law comparatively little. In her case there was no chaffering over a price; what the most fabulous art-dealer, what the most self-important artist asked, that she paid without wincing; having learned to value good work through the best European models, she was beginning to realise the fine points in native art. She had of Corot eight good examples, the largest of which is presented here. Surely among all beholden in one way or another to Claude, this one came nearest in spirit?

Hardly inferior to "The Wood-Gatherers" is the "Evening on the River," all water, air, and cloud. A somewhat wooden and awkward painter at first, a prolonged stay in Rome, where he underwent the "classical" influences to which the Poussins bowed, and many a forgotten French genius succumbed, followed by studies of landscape in Florence, Venice, Avignon, and other parts of Italy and France, was succeeded by a solid twenty years of work in and around Paris. In "The Wood-Gatherers" the figures, and especially the faces of the women, are wrought with a care and finish quite unusual. They add value to the picture because they register the triumph over Corot's natural weakness; but all lovers of his grey skies and shadowy woodlands will treasure far more in this magnificent landscape its cloud-values, its vistas into the wood to the right, its delicate adjustments of values. Frenchmen do well to love Corot; for he loved utterly the peculiar, sweet, monotonous colouring of France on the watershed of the Seine.

A strong passion seldom arises in old age unless circumstances have thwarted it earlier. Could this have been the case with Mrs. Morgan? Her wealth was so great that nothing need have stood in the way of an earlier quenching of that *sitis colligendi* which



THE ORPHAN IN CHURCH.

(Painted by P.-A.-J. Dagnan-Bouveret. Morgan Collection.)

befell her only during the last years. She indulged in some of the virtuoso's mistakes on beginning a collection without any wholesome restraints on the purse-strings, but she had the good sense to choose capable advisers, and presently showed that she had taste of her own. It is obvious that a gallery of pictures which runs into the hundreds, a compact squadron of specimens above the average from the foremost French, German, Dutch, Spanish and English artists, has pictures that appeal to so many tastes that it can be in all cases admirable to none. Mrs. Morgan had begun to take an international interest in her gallery, and to buy sometimes for the sake of owning a new name.

THE WOOD-GATHERERS.

(Painted by J.-B. Corot. Morgan Collection.)

Of Diaz there are no less than sixteen specimens, of Millet eleven, of Corot eight, of Meyer Von Bremen ten, of Rousseau seven, of Troyon and Van Marcke six each. It is hard to say no word of admiration for the delightful little blond view of Mont St.-Michel by Rousseau, an early work; for the "Symphony" of Jules Dupré; or for "Bazaars in Cairo," by Decamps, with its pale blue sky and quiet yet rich effects of architecture. The water-colour by Fortuny, "La Potiche," was never enjoyed by its late owner; indeed, death called before the decorations of her house were finished, and while artists and art-dealers were preparing to send in pictures she had bought. CHARLES DE KAY.

RUSSIAN OR SCYTHIAN?*

OF the four parts of Mr. Maskell's work the first two are the most important and interesting to us in this review, *i.e.*, those chapters which treat, first of the Kertch collection at the Hermitage, of our Siberian and Asiatic collections, and secondly of the objects of religious and domestic (essentially Russian) use. The remaining two parts, which speak of the Western European armour at the Arsenal of

* "Russian Art." By Alfred Maskell. South Kensington Handbooks Series. (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited.)

Tzarskoselo, and of the silver ornaments and plate of English workmanship preserved in Russia, are of course immeasurably less interesting and important to us, inasmuch as Mr. Maskell's book bears the title "Russian Art," and it is specially to this that our attention is just now turned.

Having undertaken to write on this subject, Mr. Maskell did not confine himself to such material as the electrotypes brought from Russia afforded him. Numerous as these were, ably as the selection had been made, they were yet far from supplying a complete representation of Russian art viewed as a whole, or indeed from giving a faithful idea of it. Whether Mr. Maskell was among us in Russia, visiting our museums in person and seeing with his own eyes our vast artistic treasures, I cannot say; but this is evident, that, in one way or another, he has acquired a great knowledge of our art and of our collections, and that he set about his task in the best way. He examined and studied all such works and publications having reference to our antique national art as were available for him, ignorant as he was of our language. Of course this does him the greatest honour; but at the same time the defects of Mr. Maskell's book are due to the very circumstance that he could only learn about our art that which had been written of it in foreign languages. This led him to adopt sundry incorrect views and opinions, without weighing in the opposite scale those really sound judgments which have been passed on questions relating to this subject by Russian savants. Mr. Maskell trusted chiefly to two French works — "L'Art Russe," by M. Viollet-le-Duc, and "Les Origines de l'Orfévrerie Cloisonnée," by M. de Linas—and very rightly, because these two authors are generally well informed and correct, and have taken pains to learn their subject as far as lay in their power; but with their ignorance of Russian they unavoidably passed over much, and could not help falling into various errors.

I.—GOLD MASK, FOUND AT KERTCH.

(Hermitage.)

The most important of these mistakes is their recognition of the Scythians as the direct ancestors of the Slavs. Of course this opinion is not new; it has prevailed long enough in Europe, and has even been upheld by more than one Russian writer, especially in bygone years; but of late it has become too inconsistent to repeat after all the linguistic, ethnographical, and archæological labours relating to the Scythians, so much so that M. de Linas, very well acquainted in numerous instances with historical sources, says not another word about the Slavism of the Scythians in his great work, "Les Origines de l'Orfévrerie Cloisonnée," but leaves the question of their origin undecided. M. Viollet-le-Duc, on the other hand, far less acquainted with written history and its sources than M. de Linas, has no hesitation in adopting received opinions. This is the more strange, inasmuch as M. Viollet-le-Duc is among the greatest authorities on the art of any nation, epoch, and style; he might therefore sooner than any one have freed himself from that baneful error, into which the majority in Europe have fallen, by the very artistic works themselves displayed before him. He had only to forget for a moment that antiquated but universally fixed idea, and compare existing works of Scythian art preserved at the present time with the oldest Slavonic, and more particularly ancient Russian, in order to convince himself immediately that between the one and the other there is neither resemblance nor affinity. And this is not wonderful, considering that all the conditions of life and habits of the Scythians and Slavs were always, according to what history tells us, entirely distinct. The Scythians were nomads, the Slavs (and particularly the Slavonic ancestors of the Russians) agriculturists. The Scythians were ruled by their Tzars and Tzarinas, the Slavs (particularly those of the East) never had any Tzars; their government was from time immemorial that of the *vétch*, or popular assembly. The Scythians were thoroughly

imbued, even long before the Fourth Century B.C., with Greek art and civilisation in its most flourishing period; while in the whole of "Slavism" (especially in the East) not the slightest trace is to be found of antique Greek elements, and even in all the productions of its prehistoric period we find any influences rather than Greek, antique, or classical. In order to prove the "Slavism" of the Scythians, reference has been repeatedly made to the dress and style of wearing the hair of the Scythians, as portrayed on the silver Nikopol Vase at the Hermitage, with its famous *genre* bas-reliefs. It has usually been said that the short "kaftans" (tunics) of the Scythians, represented on it folded across the breast, their hair cut circular fashion, and their long, wide breeches, accurately portray the very tunics, trousers, and style of wearing the hair hitherto in use among Russians, particularly in the south. But it is forgotten in the meanwhile that on other Scythian monuments—for instance, on the Koul-oba vase—the costume and arrangement of the hair are again quite different. Thus we observe bashliks on the head, kaftans and breeches embroidered with patterns, boots tightly fastened at the ankle, long hair hanging half-way down the back, armour thoroughly Asiatic, and so forth; besides which, it has always been overlooked, or perhaps never known, that the costume acknowledged as "thoroughly Russian," as we know it among Southern Russians (and therefore among the Cossacks), is not in the least ancient Russian, but of foreign introduction, having been adopted in Russia comparatively recently from the Asiatic nomads, partly of Turkish, partly of Iranian race, whose hordes roamed over Southern Russia for many long years in the mediæval period. The style of cutting the hair "round" or "heel-shaped" is generally mediæval, common all over Europe a thousand years ago, and characteristic not specially of Scythians but generally of Asiatics.

Of the costume of the Scythians I shall here repeat that, after investigating the Greco-Scythian monuments at the Hermitage, we must deny any possibility of considering the Scythians and Slavs

II.—BAS-RELIEF FROM THE KOUL-OBA VASE.

(*Hermitage.*)

—particularly the Russo-Slavs—as the same people. The difference between them in dress, in their whole mode of life, is enormous and decisive. It is usual to refer to a passage in Herodotus for the Slavism of the Scythians. But this text has the opposite meaning. Herodotus describes the Scythians as nomads, riders, a nation of horsemen, and this to such an extent that they were even buried with their horses. The Slavs, on the other hand, and more especially the Russo-Slavs, were not in the least nomadic tribes or addicted to horsemanship. There is not a single trait in our ancient history, nor in our character and habits in more recent times, which supports such a parallel.

The Slavs went chiefly on foot, and lived in settlements. If we may accept, as a few of our writers have done, and among these M. Zabielin (in his admirable work, "The History of Russian Life"), that the forefathers of the Russo-Slavs may be considered not the Scythians in general, nor the Scythian nomads, but those Scythæ-Aroteres who, according to Herodotus, were a subject race of native origin, and more autochthonous, and who were subdued by the intruding nomadic Scythians; in that case it should be remarked that this is merely presumptive, and is proved by nothing in the text of Herodotus, whose remarks on these Scythæ-Aroteres are unusually brief and wanting in details, which in this instance are particularly necessary. That the Scythæ-Aroteres, according to Herodotus, "sowed corn not for their own use but for sale," is no proof, as M. Zabielin thinks, that they were our forefathers, and at length became the root of our Russ. Between our remote ancestors and the Scythians how many tribes and generations may there not have been? But even supposing M. Zabielin to

III.—SCABBARD, FROM THE KOUL-OBA TOMB.

(*Hermitage.*)

be quite correct in his supposition, admitting his Scythae-Aroteres to be nothing but the Poliani-Kiani of Nestor and the root-stock of the Russian

IV.—THE KOUL-OBA VASE.

(*Hermitage.*)

people, nevertheless no Russian historian has the right to restore the costume of the Scythian Poliani-Kiani on the basis of that of their Scythian masters. Even by M. Zabielin's own admission, the two are separated by a whole gulf. The first are aboriginal natives, the second intruders. The first are husbandmen, the second nomads. It may be asked, What have they in common? What bond of relationship exists between them? Directed by his splendid excavations (of infinite value not only for Russian science, but for that of the world at large), by the representations on the bas-reliefs of our marvellous Scythian vases and other unique objects, M. Zabielin says, "The Scythian dress was evidently that of an expert horseman." This is perfectly true; it is only necessary to glance at the two vases, that of Nikopol and Koul-oba, as well as those well-known gold brooches and clasps, representing Scythians on horseback, in order to agree with him: the short and closely-fitting tunic or kaftan, the small boots fastened at the ankle and stretched under the heel, the narrow sleeves, the tightly-belted waist, the hood for protection against inclement weather and cold during long marches and nights in the open air.

All these details are best suited to the rider and the nomad. But they can have nothing to do with the husbandman or the settler whose work only lasts during a certain part of the day. No Russian agriculturist ever went on his land, even in ancient times, accoutred in boots, bashlik, and fur-trimmed tunic. Our agricultural labourer has always worn, and to this day wears, sandals or some light kind of foot-gear; he wears neither fur nor bashlik—without these the perspiration runs down his face and breast. Long trousers fastened at the ankle, narrow, almost tight (as on the Koul-oba Vase), covered too with stripes of embroidery, were apparently never heard of or seen in all the Slav-land, including Russian Slav-land. But what part in the life of the peaceful agriculturist is to be assigned to the figures of men continually portrayed with bow, shield, and javelin, lassoing the wild horse of the steppe, and dressing one another's wounds, or counting in one another's mouths the teeth broken during the battle or the foray? It is evident there is positively nothing here to harmonise with our progenitors the Kiani-Poliani of Nestor. We will only admit the possibility of transferring the dress of the nomad Scythians to the agricultural Scythians when it can be shown that the conquerors have departed from the dress belonging to their profession, and borrowed from their conquered subjects that previously worn by these. But this is not, nor could ever have been the case, since we find the dress of the nomad Scythians to have been only such as was peculiar to them and to their mode of life. Our doubts become even greater on attentively examining the details of our vases. Thus we find the Scythians to have had

V.—GOLD HELMET, FROM THE TOMB OF THE SEVEN BROTHERS.

(*Hermitage.*)

Tzars and Tzaritsas, a full court retinue, state chariots, military banners, many things of household use, rich and elegant, chiefly of metal, some few of gold and silver. Where is all this to be found among the Russian Slavs, a people evidently peculiarly democratic at their very root (judging from their invitation to the Varangian princes to come and rule over them), and quite unacquainted with luxury? Chariots, not merely of state, but of any kind, artistic bowls, flagons, gold bas-reliefs and fine ornaments, elaborate horse-trappings—these have surely nothing in common with the primitive manner of life of our Kiani-Poliani ancestors.

We therefore are perfectly justified in saying that until new, hitherto unknown monuments are brought to light, such as would portray the life and habits of our peaceful ancestors with precisely the same fidelity, accuracy, and detail, as the Nikopol, Koul-oba, and other monuments have done those of the warlike Scythians, we must altogether leave both kinds of Scythians out of the question as regards the character of the costume and mode of life of the ancient Russians. It will be far better in this case to confine ourselves to the cautious views expressed by some Western writers who have treated of the ancient Russian costume; of Weiss, for instance, who, in his admirable book, "Kostümkunde," finds a resemblance between the dress of the Southern Russians and Cossacks and that of the nomad Scythians, but does not argue from this that these people were our progenitors. He contents himself with observing that the ancient Russo-Slavs may have borrowed some portion of their costume from their neighbours, and, amongst others, from the Scythians. Resemblance we may speak of, but there are several ways of explaining this, and the chief of these—that the dress of the Scythians on the Nikopol and Koul-oba Vases is from a remote period that of the Iranian tribes. In support of this view, reference may be made to a terra-cotta statuette of Iranian origin discovered by Layard at Mosul. On comparing it with the Scythians figured on the above-mentioned vases, we shall find the same details of dress — the high-peaked hood or bashlik, the closely-fitting tunic folded across the breast and trimmed or lined with fur, the narrow sleeves with ornamental strips over the shoulder, the small metal belt tightly clasping the waist, and the booted feet. That the inhabitants of Southern Russia (from whom subsequently originated the Cossacks) may have borrowed all this from their numerous equestrian neighbours, and may have borrowed at a comparatively recent period the short tunic and long narrow breeches, without ornaments, however — that is not in the least extraordinary.

VI.—THE NIKOPOL VASE.

(Hermitage.)

To these considerations on the costume and mode of life there may be added, by the way (for this question, in order to be well and fully discussed, requires numerous and ample details and drawings), particulars concerning the architecture, confirmatory of the facts already adduced. The original and solidly-built monumental edifices of the Scythians, with their flights of steps narrowing as they ascend, supported on arches, have nothing in common with anything we know about the architecture, not only of the Russo-Slavs but of Slavs in general, and lead our thoughts back to the Asia of remote antiquity.

What then is the conclusion to all this? That

we have no right to regard the Scythian nation as the forefathers of the Russian people, or the Scythian art as the parent of Russian art. Nowhere in Russian art, as far as we know it, from its earliest origin, do we meet with the slightest trace of Scythian influence. Neither the Russo-Slav architecture, whether in stone or wood, nor the costume, nor any of the products of art-industry known to us from the earliest times, present any points of resemblance with all we know of anything Scythian.

The English were, therefore, entirely wrong in exhibiting at the South Kensington Museum copies of Scythian objects in a special Russian department, and in printing books entitled "Russian Art," a good half of which consists of a description of our Scythian treasures—priceless and exquisite as these doubtless are, and in the highest degree important and interesting, yet presenting nothing "Russian." Of course, this marvellous collection must occupy a most honourable place at the South Kensington Museum, only in its own special class, not in the Russian. Many have been the tribes who have passed over the soil of the Russia of to-day, and lie buried in the tombs and tumuli scattered over our land. Can the mere fact of their having lived here suffice to include them in our race, language, life, and art? No; they were only casual, temporary, foreign visitors to our land; its real owners, who had been in possession for ages, were and became by force of circumstances a people of quite a different race, who in course of time lost even all memory of the former early immigrants, and preserved in their habits and mode of life not the slightest trace of all that characterised their thoughts, taste, talents, and productions. If the example of the South Kensington Museum and its published handbooks were followed, the department of Russian art should include all Finnish and Turkish art, merely because the Finns and Turks, with their numerous tribes and nations, for a long time filled vast tracts of Russia; and this would be the more reasonable because Finnish and Turkish art exercised a great influence in forming that of ancient Russia, and impressed upon it ineffaceable traces.

Of these, however, our author says little or nothing. He certainly speaks in one part of his book of the pre-historic antiquities of Russia, discovered in various parts of the country and preserved in our museums, belonging for the most part to the Finnish world; but he does not enter upon an investigation of these, apparently because these objects were not reproduced by the electrotype process for the South Kensington Museum. Instead of this, Mr. Maskell, on the score of want of space, refers those interested in this subject to the celebrated work of Aspelin, "Les Antiquités du Nord Finno-Ougrien." Such an omission, both in the museum and the book, is a very important defect.

The Sassanide and Siberian antiquities (the latter also of Finnish type) are only investigated by Mr. Maskell to the same extent as M. de Linas has done in his book "Les Origines de l'Émail Cloisonné;" but this is far from satisfactory, inasmuch as M. de Linas confines himself in most cases to the description (partly technical) of the objects, and, with his usual timidity, does not venture upon deducing any conclusions. In this way the bond which unites Russian art with the Sassanide and Finno-Turkish of Siberia and Southern Russia remains entirely uninvestigated and undetermined by the valuable monuments of this kind at the Hermitage.

There is one other great error in Mr. Maskell's handbook, the blind and slavish imitation of M. Viollet-le-Duc, in his opinions on ancient Russian architecture and decorative art. That which is stated in M. Viollet-le-Duc's otherwise excellent work, "L'Art Russe," with reference to Syrian and Indian influences on our architectural and decorative art, is repeated by Mr. Maskell. He is ignorant of the criticisms of Russian savants on the opinions of M. Viollet-le-Duc, especially those of Professor Buslaief, Father Martynof, and Count Stroganof, and therefore repeats all those unfounded opinions which cannot have any significance for us. All this is a comparison of our antiquities with such elements and nations as were always very far from our fatherland and ancient art. Besides this, Central Asian elements have been wholly lost sight of, yet these, at all periods of our ancient history, acted with constant and most decisive manner in the formation of our national taste.

With reference to the department of various Russian artistic objects of the period between the Eleventh and Thirteenth Centuries, and down to Peter the Great's time, this should have filled the principal place both in the museum and book, because it is real "Russian art," the aim of the collections at South Kensington and the book. But few of these have been electrotyped by the English. In the whole handbook there are only seven illustrations of these objects, whereas the Scythian, Siberian, and Sassanide are numerously represented. But besides this, what has become of all the thoroughly Russian objects in wood, burnt clay, cast and cut glass, tin, bone, and so forth? Of these, Mr. Maskell (and apparently the collections at South Kensington) say not a word, though they contain a mass of Russian forms, ornaments, fantasies, &c. Was it then only necessary to obtain copies of gold and silver objects alone, and if none but these were reproduced, should not a handbook specially dedicated to "Russian" art have mentioned those other things?

VLADIMIR STASSOFF.

STUDIO LANDSCAPE.

IT is a commonplace amongst artists that a landscape painted on the spot is truer than a studio picture. This is partly the case, but when we come to analyse we find that the kind of truth obtained is superficial—is only an optical truth—and implies that nature is nothing for the artist but a combination of sense perceptions, and he no more than a healthy eye and skilful hand.

It is my object to show that the artist must be more than these, because nature appeals to more than the senses, though by means of them. It will then be manifest that a studio picture fails because the artist, by being thrown upon his mental resources, himself fails, wanting knowledge of the deeper principles in nature of which the external appearance is only the manifestation. Whilst, on the other hand, it will be manifest, that if the mind and heart of the artist are cultivated, then studio work will express deeper truths about nature than outdoor work, inasmuch as these qualities are more fully called out away from the spot.

Suppose, for instance, a painter has a scene before him of distant mountains and a near foreground: his eye at once marks the value of the one against the other and puts it down; while the mists and clouds are all so many values and tints, and are transferred to the canvas by a process akin to photography. But suppose, when the study is considered in the studio, it appears that the parts of the natural scene do not arrange themselves satisfactorily (as they scarcely ever do entirely), but that the eye would be better satisfied by some being left out, some modified, or some introduced from elsewhere. Then comes the difficulty; for the eye is only dissatisfied, it cannot see what is wanted, it can only say of an alteration after it is made that it is good or bad. The artist makes experiment after experiment, but has nothing to trust to but good fortune, and he ends in a result which he justly regards as inferior to the study done on the spot.

But is he right, therefore, in condemning all studio work? Does not his failure rather show that he is the failure, and that his way of studying nature is defective? For even his transcript of nature, he feels, lacks something to the eye; and ought he not to be driven to the conclusion that he has missed her deeper meaning? and that it wants a heart and mind as well as an eye to penetrate her mysteries?

A transcript of nature is but an optical delusion, and wants feeling and composition, owing to the artist appearing simply as a copying machine. But if the artist has a heart and a head, then the more he digests and assimilates the material supplied by studies from nature, the more like nature in her higher attributes will his studio pictures be. For, like Turner, he will paint his impressions and keep his eye efficient by holding apart the general effect with the mind; or, by studying how one thing in the picture helps to express another by contrast or variety, he will be able to apply the same laws in his own composition; or if one part of an actual scene is more adequately brought out by some feature which is not actually found on the spot, but is a characteristic of the neighbourhood, he will know how to introduce it so as to harmonise with the surroundings, and give the wider truth of the locality.

A picture, then, will not be simply painted mechanically as an optical delusion, but there will be a tendency to suppress the lesser truth, which appeals to the eye only, in order to dwell more strongly on the deeper and wider truth, which the heart and mind see; and the right way, consequently, to look at a picture which shows signs of arrangement and composition is not so much with the eye as with the mind, and the strength of the work must be judged and valued according to whether it reflects a real mood or thought in nature. The importance also of the artist will be recognised more and more in work of higher merit; for as long as he is inspired by nature, the more of him in the picture the better.

If art is to be a complete language it will not only be the evidence of a healthy eye, but will speak of the heart of the man reflecting the moods of nature, and of the head reflecting her laws and complexities. And this leads to the consideration that art, viewed as a language, is not only the utterance of the whole man, but is a language which all can understand who love nature; and that from its involving so much of the personality of the artist, his weakness or strength is much more vividly felt than in any other kind of speech about nature.

To sum up: a picture implies two things—an aspect of nature and the man who saw it; and these are the two sides to be considered in estimating the quality of a work of art: its likeness to nature, and what faculties it shows in healthy activity in the artist. And my conclusion is that no work in painting, unless it exhibits thought and feeling reflecting the same qualities in nature, is worthy of the name of picture.

AUDLEY MACKWORTH.

A VENETIAN NOCTURNE.

(Written by A. Mary F. Robinson. Designed by Clara Montalba.)

SOME NEW BOOKS.

ILLUSTRATION, in the good sense of the word, is the plastic artist's commentary on the work of the artist in speech or the artist in sounds. The musician makes melodies for the poet's rhythms and rhymes, and in the same spirit the painter produces his descant in two dimensions on the work of one or other, or both. Of such, for instance, is the last of our three illustrations. The author of "Faust" was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. But, as it stands in German, "Faust" is not a play, but a poem in dialogue. To fit it for the stage there was necessary the intervention of the practical dramatist, so it was taken in hand by MM. Barbier and Carré (if we remember aright), who produced a literary illustration of it which has done more, perhaps, for Goethe's popularity than Goethe's own work. This effected, it was the turn of the musician, and M. Gounod stepped in, and (Berlioz aiding, and his immortal "Damnation") there was produced that opera of "Faust" which, in French or English or Italian, has made the round of the civilised world, and is now as fresh, or almost as fresh, as the day it was heard for the first time in the Académie de Musique in Paris. The next step was for a painter to make, and our picture, "Le 'Faust' de Gounod," was the result. Fortuny heard and saw, Fortuny painted his impression, and we know the issue. Mr. Low, an American, a pupil of M. Carolus Duran, has read and descanted upon Keats's "Lamia" in the same free and liberal spirit, and the result (Phila-

THE FIVE SYNDICS.

(Painted by Rembrandt. Amsterdam.)

delphia: Lippincott) is one of the good things of American art.

Mr. Low, who dedicates his "work in this book" to Mr. R. L. Stevenson, "in testimony of my loyal friendship and of a common faith in doubtful tales from fairyland," has the advantage of most illustrators (so called) in that he is able to draw, that he has the sense of beauty, and that he has a sound and definite theory of illustration. Moreover, he is always original. What he sees he sees for himself—through nobody's spectacles, through nobody's eyes but his own; and if he is sometimes ungraceful, he is always sincere. Of his author, that incomplete and undeveloped heir of Shakespeare—his wealth of colour, his luxuriant imagery, his prodigality of whatever is sensuous and human, his passionate sense of emotion and the "liveableness of life"—he does not give us much. The commentary with which he is inspired has a certain grave and even academical sweetness, which is scarce to be recognised as the master-quality of "Lamia." All the more, therefore, do we praise him for the independence of his interpretation, the large and liberal terms in which his appreciation is conveyed. Perhaps his age is a thought too much for him: perhaps his types are a trifle too modern and too highly civilised, too highly cultured; perhaps (in a word) he is touched, though never so slightly, with cockneyism, as his poet is; assuredly he lacks the passion, the thrill, the "note émue," which in his author makes so many rough places plain, and reconciles us to innumerable disparities. But, for all that, his "Lamia" is original as the "Lamia" of Keats is original. He has seen, felt, imagined, worked for himself alone; and the issue is a set of variations on themes from Keats which should make him known wherever Keats is read.

M. Lalauze, the most accomplished and intelligent of translator-etchers, has finished at last his task of interpreting, in black and white, the La Tours of the gallery at Saint-Quentin. The result—"L'Œuvre de Maurice-Quentin de La Tour au Musée de Saint-Quentin" (Paris: Dupont; Saint-Quentin: Triqueneaux-Devienne)—is one of which he may well be proud. 'Tis impossible to know La Tour, says M. Abel Patoux, in his excellent note on the great master of portraiture in pastel, unless you know the Saint-Quentin gallery. At the Louvre he is imperfectly represented by a number of official portraits, and he is, moreover, badly quartered and badly hung. At Saint-Quentin, on the other hand, you have the master's own collection, bequeathed by him to his native town, and constituting a complete expression of his genius at its brightest and its best. It includes a certain quantity of finished work, but for the most part it is composed of "preparations" and studies of faces pure and simple: "des masques, rien que des masques," says M. Patoux, "étincelants de vie, de mouvement, de lumière . . . pêle-mêle charmant, où tous les rangs sont confondus, toutes les distances rapprochées, vrai cénacle des Grâces, où, pour être admis, il suffit d'apporter l'appoint d'un sourire, d'une œillade, d'une fossette épanouie au coin des lèvres." Here, he goes on to note, is Mme. de Pompadour, "sérieuse et digne" as becomes the mistress of a king; here Camargo, the incomparable dancer, "pimpante et souriante;" here are the delicious Puvigny, the irresistible Mondonville, the enchanting Favart; here is the Fel whom the painter loved so long, who sang in Lulli and Rameau and Rousseau, and whose disdain brought Baron Grimm nigh unto death. Here is Louis XV., "éclectique . . . grave comme dans un conseil des ministres;" here the "pompous nullity" of farmer-general La Reynière, and the "sourire enigmatique" of D'Alembert, the painters Restout and Chardin, the clown Manelli; here are Rousseau and D'Argenson, Moncrif and Maurice de Saxe; here, in fact, is the France of the Eighteenth Century. There are seventy in all; so that any one who is lucky enough to possess the work—the edition, it should be noted, is limited to three hundred copies—will have, as it were, the Saint-Quentin collection at his elbow. That M. Lalauze is invariably successful we shall not take it on ourselves to say, any more than that his La Tour is altogether the La Tour of Saint-Quentin. But the task he set himself to accomplish—the task, that is, of interpreting in black and white the work of a painter at once the boldest and subtlest, the strongest and the most *spirituel*—was one of prodigious difficulty. To reproduce the whole of La Tour there was needed nothing less than La Tour's own genius; and, in the inevitable absence of this particular condition, M. Lalauze has done as well as could possibly be expected. Technically his work is excellent; and he has caught and rendered a great deal of the inspiration—compacted of *verve* and charm, of vigour and intelligence—peculiar to his immortal original. To say that is to say much; and it may be said with perfect truth. We can heartily echo the suggestion of Paul Lacroix—who contributed a charming preface to M. Lalauze's first *livraison*, which contains, perhaps, the best and most interesting portraits of all—that he should present his plates to the La Tour museum, on condition that thirty years hence they should form "la calcographie du Musée, qui en fera tirer des épreuves à vendre au profit de l'école de dessin de Saint-Quentin."

In the life of the great *pastelliste* there are two periods. He began as the most brilliant artist in portraiture of his time; and he ended as a kind of visionary, disgusted with his earlier work, absorbed in metaphysical speculations, and abandoned to the pursuit of an ideal of universal happiness. It is much

to his credit that, as M. Patoux reminds us in his excellent note on the artist's last years, he was not content with the theory of benevolence, but was resolute in its practice as well. He is found presenting a sum of 6,000 livres to the municipality of his native town, "destinée à secourir les artisans infirmes, âgés, et hors d'état de gagner leur vie;" establishing a free school of art for his fellow-townsmen; and—perhaps, as a recent writer in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* has tried to show, in remorse for a sin of his youth—endowing a lying-in hospital for the poor and unfortunate among his fellow-townswomen. More than that, his foundations were for years the principal business of his life. M. Patoux shows him "wigging" his first drawing-master, interesting himself devotedly in the conduct of his charities, and in active communication with the committees charged with the administration of his gifts. Meanwhile, however, his mental health was steadily waning. He left his studio in the Louvre, and went to live at Auteuil, under the supervision of Marie Fel, his old mistress; and in 1784 the trouble of his brain was such that his brother had to take him in charge, and remove him, by stratagem, to Saint-Quentin. The town turned out in his honour, and he entered it in triumph, with cannon firing and the bells all ringing, like a king returning from a glorious campaign. But his mind was a wreck. He could talk of nothing but his prodigious wealth and his prodigious age. He had lived, he said, for millions of years; only the Emperor of China was as rich as he; and he went about offering two or three thousand a-year to everybody he met. It was recognised that he was utterly mad—"dans un état de démence absolue;" and, after an interview with authority, which consisted on his part in the utterance of language and sentiments totally unfit for print, he was placed under restraint. He seems to have been happy until the end, and until the end to have remembered Marie Fel. He died in 1788, and was buried with all the honours. And then, says M. Patoux, "le silence se fit pour longtemps autour de cette grande et chère mémoire." With Watteau and Boucher, and the *dii minores* of his age, the "great enchanter," as Diderot called him, was rejected and contemned. He was nothing less than Roman; and he suffered for that excellence. It is only of late years that he has been recognised for one of the great artists in portraiture. That in the future he will be found indebted to M. Lalauze seems unquestionable. Let us hope that in the Elysian Fields he will recognise his liability, and behave as is incumbent on the royalty of genius.

It is only some two or three years since Mr. Colvin reviewed in these pages the English translation of M. Eugène Müntz's "Raphael," and already here is a new French edition of the same excellent book (Paris: Hachette). It is entirely remodelled and recast, but it presents no abatement of enthusiasm in the learned writer, and only differs from the original in a nearer approach to completeness, a greater thoroughness of mastery, a more sustained and resolute determination to justify that absolute sovereignty in art which, after three centuries of criticism, is Raphael's still. The work, as we need hardly note, is one to be studied as well as commended. For the royalty of Raphael is no longer undisputed. There were no rebels in those days, and in these there are. Men had not then begun to play with paint for the sake of playing. There had been no Velasquez, no Hals, no Tintoret, to show what splendid things might result from the preference of the medium of expression to the idea expressed, from the mastery of material pure and simple as opposed to the combination of material with human sentiment. It was not then a dogma that painting is all the better for being nothing but painting, and that the best picture is that which says the least to humanity at large, and is only to be regarded as paint *et præterea nil*—as an essay in style, and an essay in style alone. Raphael and his contemporaries had not been educated up to such niceties; they had not been civilised to such a point of barbarism. Nowadays we have changed all that. Velasquez, like Hugo's Judge Jefferies, "a fait des petits;" Hals has been edited down into a whole library of duodecimos. To make music without melody, to write verses without meaning, to paint pictures which are only delightful as combinations of paint—as a Persian rug is delightful, or a *fukusa* from Japan—these have been discovered to be the true ends of art. 'Tis an Alexandrian age, as it were—a period which atones for lack of thought by so-called perfection of workmanship. The idea is less than nothing; the expression is more than everything. The painter in Rembrandt is "complicated" with a great poet; in Velasquez what is best is the pure craftsman; painting begins with Tintoret and ends (for the present) with Mr. Whistler. The public, it is pleasant to reflect, has not begun to take up with painting pure and simple as a substitute for painting combined with literature. It is spasmodically affected, no doubt; but for the present it is still faithful to its old ideals. And in this frame of mind it should be prepared to make much of M. Müntz's estimate of Raphael. For him the "School of Athens" is a work that "recule les limites de l'intelligence humaine," and "forme comme le dernier mot de l'art:" a work in which the painter "traduit les idées les plus abstraites avec une clarté et une eloquence qui tiennent du miracle." He holds that in certain other pictures "le dramaturge porte l'expression des passions à

sa suprême puissance;" that Raphael, by virtue of a "mélange de naturalisme, de distinction, et de mysticisme," is "le peintre par excellence des madones;" that in the "Baldassare Castiglione" and the upper part of the "Transfiguration" he is, "même comparé à ses successeurs, un coloriste du premier ordre;" that it was his, in fine, to fill "de sa pensée l'Europe entière," and, what is more, "la Renaissance entière, que l'on aurait peine à se representer privée de ses modèles, de ses lumières." Delacroix was the least Raphaelesque of painters, but he confessed that he dared not think too much of Raphael's "admirable entente des lignes . . . . de peur de jeter tout par les fenêtres." His successors are less discerning and more self-satisfied; and it is as well that M. Müntz and the public to which they appeal should be acquainted.

A DANCER.

(Drawn by P.-P. Prud'hon.)

The nearest English analogy with the series called "Les Artistes Célèbres" (Paris: J. Rouam) is presented by the excellent series of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley. In both there are, or seem to be, mistakes: in both, that is, the editor's touch is sometimes at fault, the editor's choice might well have been better. But in both there is noticeable the same determination to do as well as possible, to maintain a high standard, and to appropriate to every author his peculiar subject. In the one case the result has been what we know: such admirable work as Mr. Colvin's "Landor," as Mr. Cotter Morison's "Macaulay" and "Gibbon," as Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Johnson," as the editor's "Burke." In the other, so far as we have yet gone, the result is equally satisfactory in its way. The editor, M. Eugène Müntz, has the qualities of his function. He knows how to pick his men, and how to distribute his subjects. He himself has taken Donatello; and his "monograph" on the illustrious artist is one at which only specialists can cavil and only pedants pick holes. To M. Burty he has given Bernard Palissy; he has made M. André Michel responsible for an excellent study of Boucher; while Rembrandt has fallen to the lot of M. Émile Michel, who is completely in

sympathy with his subject, who is posted in all the latest discoveries, and who has given us a piece of work which any art-critic or art-biographer might be proud to sign. M. Marius Vachon is responsible for a picturesque biography of Callot; M. Charles Yriarte for a sympathetic study of Fortuny—an artist whose place in art is not yet made out; and M. Pierre Gauthiez for a capital account of Pierre-Paul Prud'hon—a painter too little known in England, and (perhaps) too warmly appreciated in France. Thus much for the present. There is every whit as much to look for in the future. We could well spare, it is true, the "Edelinck" of the Viscomte Henri Delaborde; the "Puget" of M. de Montaiglon; the "Mino da Fiesole" of M. de Corrajod; M. Duplessis' "Les Andran;" even M. Havard's "Van der Meer." In these the interest is either local or limited; and in their room we should gladly welcome such men as Poussin and Corot, as Millet and Claude, as Raphael and Rousseau, as Crome and Hobbema and Rubens. They will have their turn, no doubt; but 'tis pity that it comes so late. On the other hand, we hasten to note, there is plenty to anticipate with pleasure and with interest: the "Decamps" of M. Charles Clément; Mr. Hamerton's "Turner;" M. Euphrussi's "Dürer;" Champfleury's "De la Tour;" M. Collignon's "Pheidias;" the "Diaz" of M. René-Ménard; the "Gros" of M. Dargenty; the "Jordaens" of M. Paul Leroi; M. Véron's "Delacroix;" Mr. Hobart's "Constable;" the "Botticelli" of M. Georges Lafenestre. It remains to add, that the series is excellently designed and well produced; that the illustrations, of which we quote three specimens—a renowned masterpiece of Rembrandt, a spirited and taking design by Prud'hon, and an odd and altogether uncharacteristic fantasia of Fortuny—are sufficient; and that the price of each number is small enough to bring the series within reach of everybody interested in art.

W. E. H.

GOUNOD'S "FAUST."
(Painted by Fortuny.)

IN MEDIÆVAL ALMAYNE.

IT is easier to keep a dry eye at the sight of the pictures illustrating "La Civilisation et la Vie Seigneuriale en Allemagne" (Paris: Quantin) than to turn over the pictures in an old copy of Quarles's "Emblems," and retain a shred of deportment. To say this is to say little; for it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a reader to deny himself indecorous merriment over the "Emblems" done for Quarles's charming verse.

The book in hand is, of course, a great way behind the "Emblems" in the quality of the amusement it affords, yet it encourages a few genial moments too, in spite of, or by reason of, certain serious aspirations set forth in the preface. None of the text of the original MS. (dating from the Fifteenth Century, and preserved in the archives of the noble house of Wolfegg) is vouchsafed to us; and, as it is said to contain every sort of information necessary to further "the career of a mediæval baron living alone and isolated in his castle," a little of it might not be unwelcome to a modern reader, even if afflicted with an equal want of solitude and of castles. The volume, then, contains the illustrations only, accompanied by explanatory notes serving as guides (so the preface remarks) to these "occasionally strange pictures," and "facilitating a readier enjoyment of their originality and simple charm." It goes on to say that they unfold, "as in a panorama, the vices, virtues, manners, customs, and ideas of the time, in a succession of scenes—pastoral and warlike, tender and terrible, joyful and melancholy, familiar and solemn, lofty and simple:" the whole breathless catalogue being calculated to "instruct the beholder, and to help him to enter on and enjoy as it were a mediæval existence of his own;" and it concludes with the opinion that the volume "will appeal to all who are interested in the progress of art and humanity."

Thus far and boldly the preface. Humanitarians and lovers of art will judge for themselves to what degree their hearts and heads echo back the call; but what is decidedly open to question is whether the notes do indeed increase the significance of the pictures. The first design, taken from a pleasing and quaint old miniature, is merely described as a "landscape, with jugglers, wrestlers, and gladiators." So much as this is apparent without any note, for here are strange games—serpent-training, fire-breathing, back-sword playing and foining—while grave mysterious antics are being solemnly performed by fat-faced mournful beings, placed at impossible elevations on a hill-top perilous steep. Other persons, also of the baser sex, are grouped together, at a little distance, watching the sports: their faces wreathed in an expression of something like stolid indifference. One more animated monkish form, with upraised hands, bends towards a stumpy loose-robed person, as though deprecating a perfectly invisible desire on the part of the stumpy one to join the dance with him. Faint baronial residences, flanked by occasional Noah's Ark trees, form a pleasing and sane enough background. But the intention of all else is gloriously uncertain. Indeed, the cause "for why" a distant horse and rider should conceive the idea of taking a stone wall at this juncture appears to an unprejudiced mind quite one of the burning questions raised by the pictures. There is in them, evidently, far more than meets the eye or the understanding; but the burden of explanation should rest on the writer of the promissory notes, if on anybody, and the note remains discreetly silent, exactly where a reader would have been inclined to accept its guesswork in good part. It is as well to state at once that neither the notes nor the preface fulfil their bargain. We are not contemplating an exactly gay view of the Middle Ages; but, from first to last, there is not a hint of the "horrible and awfu'" announced by our editor. The very hangings and givings in charge, so frequent in the "dear dead days of old," are robbed of their terrors. The malefactor (usually very shaky on his legs, from any cause rather than a moral one) rolls stupidly along to his fate, between a most amiable priestly personage and a thoroughly incompetent member of the constabulary. The slaying and flaying of animals, euphemistically explained in the text (it is impossible to imagine why) as "living familiarly with wild beasts," though seemingly a distressful and arduous calling to those connected with it, is by no means painfully impressive to a looker-on.

The book is arranged on an astrological plan, exemplifying the various influences exerted by mythological deities on the human race. One is inclined to be disappointed in a class of beings "under the influence of Saturn," who, by the way, mounts a

classically German steed in mid-air: they get the character of being "notably" and deplorably depraved; but for all their imputed iniquity and moral guile, which are complicated further with a deformed physique and a tendency to paralysis, they look nothing worse than querulous old children engaged in feeble revolt against nursery discipline. Thus a refractory couple in stocks, in a cave in a mountain-side, are not angry nor penitent, but only pouting at a senile old person approaching on crutches. If this be the dark oppression of mediævalism, a suggestion of the "smothered cry of the serf," it seems to us that the bitterest expression of it never amounted to more than a mild physical nausea.

A surprisingly pleasant if slightly incredible scene treats of the "noisy and quarrelsome offspring of Mars." Their "favourite occupations" are thieving and rieving, varied by incendiarism and assault and battery. Whatever be the "favourite occupation" of the moment (and everybody is engaged in his or her pet crime), the aggressor and "aggressee" seem equally pleased with themselves. Even a screaming old woman, receiving a charge of crockery at her head, enjoys the business nearly as much as the martialist with whom she is engaged. The stabbed and the stabber, the cavalier with the pedestrian, assaulters and assaulted—all enter into their parts with good humour. The dread assassin and robber makes off with the coveted circular cake of mediæval commerce (or the bird-cage, as the case may be) and nobody is the worse for it—not even "the murdered person." These often-repeated bird-cages were no doubt a peculiar lure of the mediæval Evil One. The cattle and pigs, stealing reproachfully away up a perpendicular hill, alone appear a good deal "put out" by the manners of the human crowd below them. But the cheery incendiary is the pleasantest feature of many an animated scene. On horseback, in the village street, and wearing a smile of unaffected gaiety, he halts to apply his torch to the house of a sympathetic neighbour in no other spirit than that of kindness. The neighbour looks on well pleased at his deft touch, whilst he of the firebrand remains to note the effect.

Was the gay and thoughtless nature of the mediæval incendiary a foreshadowing of the "nature artiste" of to-day? The Middle Ages, after all, had their charms. Our gloomy secret dynamiter is not to be compared with their incendiary. Their venerable women attacking bold horsemen and routing them with spindles are scarce to be matched in these days of female suffrage.

Of the corpulent well-behaved descendants of the Sun there is little to say. They are described as "intelligent, sleek-headed, and of keen intellect." I would only mention in passing that some of their number are certainly not (as our author says they are) "breaking stones," whatever else they may be about; they are engaged in what is technically called "putting the weight." Unlike the gentleman of the cabriolet in the French song, who addressed uncomplimentary remarks to the stone-breaker on his work, the writer of the note appears to consider stone-breaking a pleasant occupation, and one well suited to the intellectual classes. This may be a useful idea; but there are other subtle notions to be derived from the same source. The children of Mercury, for instance, have diverged so far and so sadly from the path of righteousness as to have acquired the habit of deliberate shop-lifting; and this pernicious custom is, in delicate innuendo, described in the note as "contempt for the laws of friendship." Kleptomania is surely but a coarsely scientific term compared to this. The human species, under lunar influence, make an agreeable picture, to our way of thinking; but our author's note is very hard on them. Yet their diversions seem harmless enough. Youths disport themselves in the difficult task of swimming up an inclined water-plane, whilst others seem no worse employed than in the "books and work and healthful play" of the poet. But the note says they are "swollen with pride," "enemies to the conventions of society," and generally intractable. So we turn to phases of Love and Spring in the Middle Ages, which are not without their charm; though the feminine ideal is almost too middle-aged for every taste.

There is a matter of some two plates devoted to tournaments (the love of tournaments on paper is only an acquired taste with some people, and never excessively well developed even in them); but amateurs will possibly see with pleasure some humorous things in horses and riders. There is also a picture, conspicuous for a conscientious "hunting of the stag," in the which is more cheery by-play amongst the hanged and hangmen of the epoch. From this point readers may easily pursue their course unaided: amidst maidens eloping with the bird-cages of the period; examples of mediæval machinery; washings and fishings in troubled waters; and many other seasonable delights. These so-called pleasures and occupations are now and then conducted with immense zest by the mediævalists, though they seldom relax the cramped and tortured attitudes they so often assume. Belonging as do these people to past history, it is difficult to be retrospective and to measure their thoughts and delights with any degree of accuracy. The conspicuous spinal curvatures visible in so many of them may be the mediæval wriggler's fixed manner of expressing the varied emotions of surprise and pleasure, and all other sensations; but this is mere guesswork.

KATHARINE DE MATTOS.

A GORGE IN THE HARTZ.

(Painted by Hellmuth Ratzer.)

THE HAY-WAIN

(Painted by John Constable. National Gallery.)

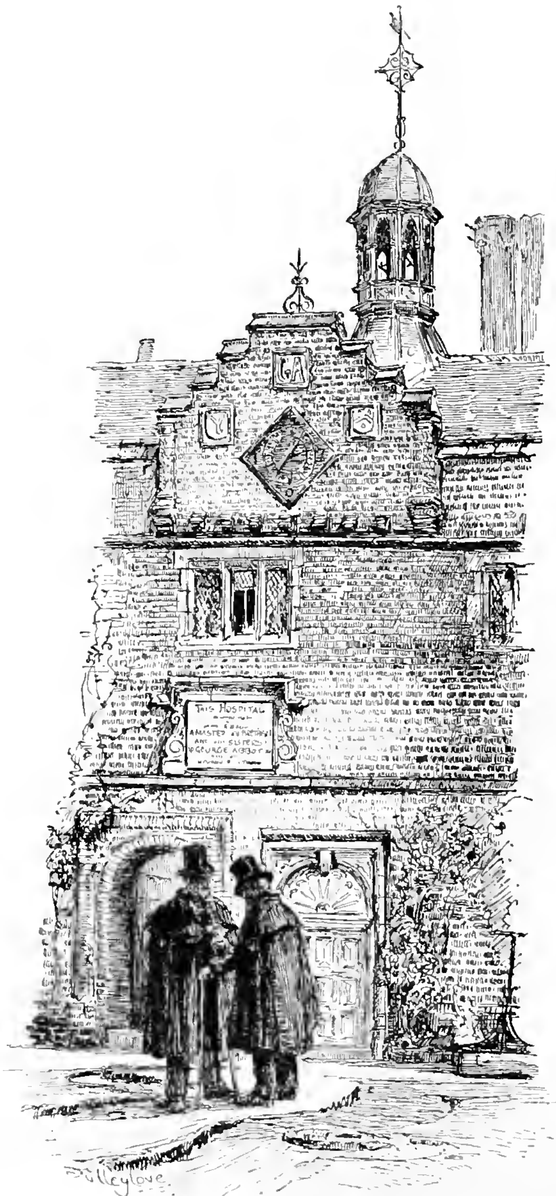
I.—THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

GUILDFORD.

II.—THE RAILINGS, HOLY TRINITY.

THERE are few fairer views in England than those which comprise the town of Guildford, on its two hills, with its river winding through the valley between. The name of the place is enough in itself to suggest all kinds of interesting historical questions; and the splendid situation, the antiquity of some of the architectural features, and the beauty of others, are enough to add association and picturesqueness to the many attractions of Guildford to the visitor. It does not seem to have been noticed, even in the guide-books, that Guildford is remarkably well off in good examples of domestic architecture; and besides old houses, it has a Norman castle, two very fine churches, one mediaeval and the other in the best style of the last century, to say nothing of St. Catherine's ruined chapel in the outskirts. Abbot's Hospital and the Town Hall are enough, without the castle or the churches, to make the place famous among architectural students; and it is surprising how little has been done to illustrate a place so easily accessible from London. People go to Gloucester or to Tewkesbury to look at patterns of domestic architecture, while Guildford is too near to be visible. There are some gabled cottages with high-railed steps, such as artists go to the Continent to sketch, in Park Street, close to the railway station. By the way, is it not strange that with so much worthy of imitation close by, such a structure as that same new railway station should have been erected to disfigure the old town? Unfortunately, similar buildings by the score are displacing the old houses. The cottages in Park Street will soon, no doubt, share the fate of their neighbours. Of a totally different character is a brewery close to the bridge, a plain, simple, well-proportioned red-brick house, such as Wren might have designed, with its little pediment and its deep

cornice. Up the hill also, toward the west, there are one or two similar houses, but not quite so good: and across the bridge, on the same side of the way, there is, at the corner of Friary Street, a remnant of what must once have been a very beautiful building, in the best Queen Anne style. The upper part still remains, and shows a deep cornice and carved capitals, but the lower part has been cut away for a shop-front. Turning aside into Quarry Street, and passing the truncated apse of the old church, said to have been pulled down to let the Prince Regent's carriage pass on his way to Brighton, we come on the right to two small houses (v.), which were originally only one, with curious plaster-work decorations, cross-mullioned windows, a carved wooden cornice, and other signs of age. They probably date from the time of Charles II.; but nearly opposite, at the castle gate, is a much older house, with a bow-window and an archway of Gothic form adjoining. This house probably dates from the time of James I., and replaces the still older Norman gatehouse, of which the buttresses still remain. Of Gothic fragments, besides St. Mary's Church and St. Catherine's Chapel, Guildford has a good store. The castle is very dilapidated, but there is a fine crypt under the "Angel" Inn, and, I believe, another on the southern side of the street. The Pointed style still flickers in the chapel window of Abbot's Hospital, and in the Grammar School (I.). But the prettiest buildings are more modern. I confess to a great admiration for Trinity Church, which is simple and dignified, and admirably suited to its purpose. The wide span of the flat ceiling, and the abundant light which pours through the arched windows, make the church a very good one in which to see and hear, as well as to worship. The contrast between it and St. Mary's is very striking, and even emblematic. The object of the mediæval builder was fulfilled if he could provide chantries and side chapels for altars, while daylight was with him quite a secondary matter, as the want of it, where candles were constantly provided by the faithful, need never be felt. Accordingly we have in St. Mary's the features we most admire in an ancient church—the same features which are so out of place in a modern building of almost any kind—low vaulted aisles, a "dim religious light" through small pointed windows filled with coloured glass, and walls covered with mysterious paintings of grim and ghostly saints. Most people like to see such things, in their proper place and in genuine condition, and St. Mary's is deservedly famous, while close at hand we may study the effect of similar features in the wrong place, and only to be considered in a genuine state where the copier has failed in his copy. Architects are, I am sorry to say, the last to acknowledge it; and when St. Nicholas, on the western bank of the Wey, was rebuilt a few years ago, during the prevalence of the mock-Gothic mania, it was made to imitate—at a respectful distance—the old Church of St. Mary, with its dark aisles and general inconvenience, instead of the light, wholesome, airy, and convenient Holy Trinity; such are the aberrations of popular taste. In the Surrey guide-book, written, I believe, by the late John Timbs, we read that Holy Trinity is "an ugly red-brick building, though of late somewhat redeemed by the removal of three forlorn clipped yews, and laying out the churchyard in cemetery style." By the way, some very charming old houses are at the back of the said cemetery, and the view from the top of the hill above should not be missed.



III.—ABBOT'S HOSPITAL: THE COURTYARD.

The prettiest houses in the High Street are not

the oldest. In May, 1661, Pepys passed through Guildford on his way from Portsmouth, and slept "at the 'Red Lyon,' the best inne, and lay in the room the king lately lay in." He visited the hospital and the school, and was "civilly treated by the Mayster." He mentions Guildford, and the "Red Lion," which still exists, on several other occasions, and in 1668 tells us of showing his wife "and Deb" Archbishop Abbot's Hospital, and his monument in Holy Trinity Church (VII.), and the rest of the tombs there, of which he remarks that they "are kept mighty clean and neat with curtains before them." This church was rebuilt in 1761, but, contrary to the practice of modern "restorers," the monuments were scrupulously respected. The Town Hall (VI.) is not mentioned by Pepys, and probably did not exist in his time, though much of it may be older than 1683, the date on the clock. It is greatly disfigured by a hideous banking-house, which was built up against it last year, blocking out the view from the east. I suppose the local authorities had no power to prevent the perpetration of this Vandalism, but the bankers in question should have taken care that no harm was done to the view. Perhaps an architect was employed, but even a local builder should have hesitated to carry out such a design in such a place. A few doors above the Town Hall is a very pretty house (IV.); it is of timber, painted white, and appears to date from the reign of Charles I. or thereabouts. The design is semi-classical, with flat pilasters between the beautiful cross-mullioned windows. As the whole front is perfect, and as it is of a kind very rare in England, where we are more disposed to admire the "half-timbered" cottage style, it seems well worth while to call attention to it. In Canada, New Zealand, and other countries where stone is dear and bad, and wood is cheap and good, such a design as this might be very suitable, especially when dignity as well as beauty is required. Timber construction does not often lend itself to anything but mere prettiness. Although I understand that the fortunate proprietor of this lovely dwelling takes worthy care of it, so little is it appreciated locally that I could not find a photograph of it in the town. There is some pretty

IV.—TWENTY-FIVE, HIGH STREET.

festoon work over the very correct Classical porch of No. 29, and on the opposite side of the street four houses, Nos. 125 to 128, form a very pleasing group (VIII.). The "White Hart" has been re-fronted, but dates from the time of the Stuarts, and there are remains of a handsome Jacobean gateway and some very ancient houses in the courtyard. A good specimen of "Queen Anne" is a little beyond the Grammar School, and another, dated 1731, long after Queen Anne's death, in North Street. But I cannot enumerate half the houses which make Guildford a museum of domestic architecture.

Perhaps the most interesting thing in the history of the town is its name. Guildford is mentioned in the will of King Alfred, so that we may assume that guilds were known as far back as his time. The high road from London here passes through a gap in the hills. As Mr. Clark has well put it in his "Mediæval Military Architecture," the great chalk ridge which forms the bulwark of London, and the southern limit of the Thames Valley, though generally unbroken from Reigate to Farnham, is traversed by two gorges about twelve miles apart, that of the Mole at Dorking, and that of the Wey at Guildford. The greater part of the modern town is on the eastern side of the river; but there are indications in the local names that anciently it was not so, and the building of the castle, probably in the reign of Henry II., may have attracted the inhabitants from the opposite bank. The chief thoroughfare, the High Street, is continued across the bridge, and thus exists on both banks of the river, a rare example. After the death of Ethelwald, King Alfred's nephew, to whom he had bequeathed "Gyldford," it reverted to the Crown, and so continued for some seven centuries, when James I. gave the castle to Francis Carter. The town had, in great part at least, been built on various private holdings, and was often reckoned the county town of Surrey. The wild downs which surrounded it, and the park on the western bank of the Wey, were no doubt a great attraction to the Norman kings. Henry III. also visited Guildford frequently, and we read of a great extension and repair of the castle accommodation in

his time, of apartments built for his son, afterwards Edward I., and of paintings executed in the hall, to wit, opposite the king's seat, "The Story of Dives and Lazarus," and also, on the seat itself, "a certain figure with beasts," probably heraldic. Latterly the castle became a kind of county gaol for Sussex as well as Surrey. It plays no further part in history until James I. gave it away in 1612, after it passing through various hands, and becoming sadly dilapidated, it was sold on the 8th of last July (1885) to the Corporation of Guildford for £2,000, and is to be laid out, as Rochester Castle has been, for the recreation of the people of the town. It occupies a natural platform of about six acres, but little is left except the walls of the keep, a rare example of a square tower on an artificial mound.

V.—QUARRY STREET, WITH ST. MARY'S.

had been for seven centuries at least Crown property. The grantee, the first private owner since the days of Alfred's nephew Ethelwald, was Francis Carter, and the family initials may still be seen over the entrance in Quarry Street. The castle was purchased by Sir Fletcher Norton, created Lord Grantley in 1782. He was Recorder of Guildford at the time, but it seems probable that the Carters were the last to use the castle as a residence. They made many alterations in the futile endeavour to fit a Norman keep for the habitation of a modern family. Their difficulties may be gathered from a single sentence in Mr. Clark's description: "The first or state floor was about thirty feet high." Imagine the wall-paper, curtains, and furniture requisite, to say nothing of the fuel, to make such gigantic halls comfortable for a middle-class household of moderate means. After

The town, in 1336, was granted by King Edward III. to the Corporation "in fee farm," and was thenceforth free, and grew in wealth and extent owing to its admirable position. It has still a largely attended grain and cattle market, and a whole quarter of new villas has grown up on the eastern heights. Abbot's Hospital (III.) is very conspicuous, and, with a very fine monument in the church opposite, keeps alive the memory of the three brothers, sons of a clothworker in the town, who rose to be respectively Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of Salisbury, and Lord Mayor of London, in the early years of the Seventeenth Century. It is often said that the archbishop built the hospital as an expiation for having accidentally killed a keeper while hunting deer in Bramshill Park. But the dates will not fit. The hospital was founded in 1617; the accident

occurred on Tuesday, 24th July, 1621. The archbishop was much distressed at what he had done, and retired here to the hospital for a time, and Tuesday, though he lived until August, 1633. The upper chamber of the entrance gateway was the temporary prison of Monmouth in 1685.

VI.—HIGH STREET, WITH THE TOWN HALL.

afterwards to one of his country seats; and on the 22nd November in the same year had a formal pardon from King James. But ever after he fasted on

There are some pretty old-fashioned rooms in the hospital, which should be seen, but they seem to be somewhat neglected and out of repair; and,

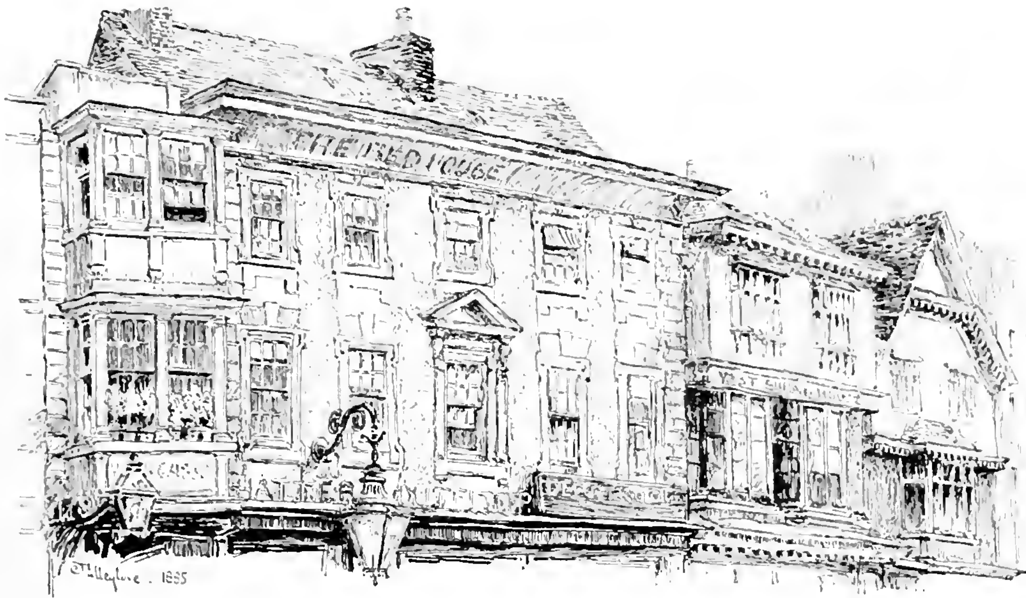
indeed, the whole place looked to me rather poorly kept and poverty-stricken. The hall and council chamber of the Town Hall ought also to be visited. They are both pleasing, and a chimneypiece, brought from an old house in the neighbourhood, is ornamented with curious allegorical figures and carving of a date earlier than the building itself. To show how greatly the modern people of Guildford have declined from the good taste of their ancestors, we have a courthouse "in the Gothic style" in North Street, and a militia barracks on the site of the old Friary founded by Queen Eleanor. I do not hesitate to declare that it would be difficult to find two uglier buildings in England.

Much has been written and asserted as to some curious excavations in the chalk near the castle. All kinds of silly theories have been started about them, as in these days are started about everything, but they are probably nothing but quarries, and may well be held to give a name to Quarry Street, which leads to them.

VII.—ARCHBISHOP ABBOT'S TOMB, HOLY TRINITY CHURCH.

Intolerance of good art is as much the sign of an inartistic age as the production of bad art itself. At Guildford the two destructive agencies, "restoration" and rebuilding, are very rife, and the present taste of the inhabitants being what I have described, I strongly recommend every one who likes to see pretty old houses to go soon. It was only in 1864 that Abbot's birthplace was pulled down; and its fate is very little worse than that of a number of houses which have been "improved." Mr. Norman Shaw has designed a few villas on the western hill and near St. Catherine's, so that the builders of the hideous new houses on the opposite heights have the less excuse. But if any one thinks that the recent agitation against so-called "restoration" is exaggerated, he has only to walk out eastward—a most enchanting walk for fine landscape—and see Merrow.

First, there is an old inn, the "Horse and Groom," which dates, or dated, from 1621, but has been terribly pulled about of late, and has few ancient features left. Close to it is the site of Merrow Church, a building famous for its beauty of situation and antiquity. Under the name of "restoration"—a name that covers more sins than charity itself—it has been wholly rebuilt, and now only dates from 1874. If there is any old architecture left the restorer has carefully disguised it.



VIII.—IN HIGH STREET.

W. J. LOFTIE.

ALEXANDRE CABANEL.

THIS master of what we may call the penultimate French manner is the companion in painting of M. Gérôme, a disciple in the same school and a teacher of the same technical principles. His work holds a position between the elevated art of Ingres and Delacroix and the painter-like *savoir-faire* of the younger generation: between the grave achievements, on the one hand, of men who considered subject in painting—thought, emotion, and incident—as altogether worthy of an artist's research, who aimed at lofty things, and who were learned rather than dexterous in execution, and, on the other hand, the successes, the triumphs, the manipulative victories of those contemporary artists in whose eyes painting is self-complete, and not only independent of the interest of subject, but even better without it. M. Cabanel, and those like him, carry dexterity to a point which has never been surpassed in its own qualities. If many artists may be divided into the two classes of those who aim at reproducing nature literally for nature's sake, and those whose object is to make a picture for a picture's sake, M. Cabanel may be said to take the middle place of one who seeks to produce a nature idealised, and a picture with its art at once consummated and effaced. Those of our readers who are not familiar with his art can best represent it to themselves by imagining it as that of a Leighton translated into French, and pushed a little further—refinement refined upon. Lucid faces of women with waves of impalpable hair flickering upon the white brows, the breeding, the bearing, and the dress of a Parisian *mondaine*—these are among the graceful visions which his name evokes; for M. Cabanel has done much work in portraiture. But whether in historical incidents, or in picturesque groups, or in portraits, one quality is manifest, and this is completeness. His art is complete in its beauty and in its science.

M. Cabanel was born at Montpellier, in the

department of L'Hérault, in 1823. At sixteen years of age he was victor in the local art competition at his native place, a success which gained him a scholarship for the pursuit of his studies in Paris. From the moment this first step was taken his devotion to his art never abated for a day; he never faltered in his confidence, or flagged in his aspirations and his labour. From such whole-hearted devotion have resulted two things—his own work and his teaching. The sum of his labours is very considerable, and was received with acclamation at the Salon of 1852, and a "Velléda" (also at Montpellier). To the same early part of his career belong also a series of twelve compositions representing the months of the year; these were placed in the Hall of Caryatides in the ancient Hôtel de Ville, destroyed by the fires of the Commune, and established him as an historical painter, at the same time that a fine portrait of a lady and her child fixed his position among the foremost portrait-painters of his time.

the extent of his influence is to be marked throughout the world of French art. He has had, perhaps, a larger number of pupils, and pupils of higher talent and of more distinguished position, than any other living master can boast. In 1845 he won the *grand prix de Rome* by his picture of "Christ in the Prætorium." From the Villa Médicis, whither this studentship took him, his principal works sent home were "The Preaching of St. John the Baptist," now at the Museum of Montpellier, the artist's native place; "The Death of Moses," which

The gravest subjects still occupied M. Cabanel's exquisitely graceful pencil. At the Universal Exhibition of 1855 he chose to be represented by "The Glorification of St. Louis," which is now at the Luxembourg, and by "Christians Discovering the Body of a Martyr on the Banks of the Tiber," which latter gained for the artist a medal of the first class and the cross of the Legion of Honour. To a less solemn class of subjects belong a picture painted in illustration of that poet whom artists of all nations have delighted to honour—"Othello Relating his

Adventures to Desdemona," "Michelangelo Visited in his Studio by Pope Julius II.," and "Aglaë and Boniface." These were M. Cabanel's contribution to the Salon of 1857; and the two adornments to secular architecture at least: the great Venetians, for instance, who are the masters for all time of this branch of art, were above all painters beautiful, their work being a banquet of colour, of

DESDEMONA.

(Painted by Alexandre Cabanel.)

following years were absorbed by the production of some of those mural paintings to which the luxurious and brilliant elegance of his work seems specially adapted. In all times beauty has been considered the first requisite for the success and fitness of such noble harmonies of tone, and of lovely form. Severity would especially be out of place on the walls of a Parisian hotel, though science is always appropriate, and in science this master's work never fails. Two magnificent houses were thus decorated by him at

about this time, one of them having a large ceiling painted with a beautiful allegorical composition, "The Dream of Life," and types of the four elements over four doorways. In 1861 M. Cabanel combined the religious, the mythological, and the mediæval in his choice of subjects, his three principal pictures being "St. Mary Magdalen," "A Nymph Carried off by a Fawn," and "A Florentine Poet." The second of these works is remarkable as containing one of the prettiest female faces in modern art, while the third is a fascinating composition of Florentines sitting or lying on long garden seats listening to the improvisation of a poet; a refined and delicate happiness is expressed by this charming group. Two portraits of ladies—Mme. Pereire (for whose house were executed some of the mural paintings of which we have spoken) and Mrs. Ridgway—attracted at the same time great attention by their distinction of style; but perhaps M. Cabanel's greatest success in this way was reached in 1863, when he exhibited the portrait of Mme. de Clermont-Tonnerre. In the same year appeared "The Florentine," a female study in costume, and one of the artist's most celebrated works, "The Birth of Venus." The goddess is represented, not as rising erect from the sea, but as rolled upon the beach by the long wave which is just retreating from her hair; the picture is full of grace, and, it need scarcely be said, much more French than Greek in feeling, the attitude being conscious and the face arch in expression.

In 1864 M. Cabanel was appointed Member of the Institute and raised to officer's rank in the Legion of Honour, and in the following year he exhibited his portrait of the Emperor Napoleon III. It is said that Hippolyte Flandrin had produced a noble portrait of the Emperor, but that the work fell out of favour on account of the sombre and brooding expression which the painter had given his model. In the system of the Second Empire the expression of a portrait was an important matter; to look happy was a point of some moment. Poor Flandrin's picture was suppressed; it was placed in several public institutions, but banished from each successively, and the artist's last days were saddened by the failure of a work which the best critics of his time had pronounced to be superb; its ultimate fate is matter of conjecture—it has disappeared. To M. Cabanel thereupon was entrusted the production of a portrait which should be more expressive of the stability, suavity, and prosperity of the Empire, and he not only succeeded in this, but produced a work which was in many solid qualities the finest example of his talent. A brilliant female portrait—that of Mme. de Ganay—being exhibited at the same time, the two successes won for the artist the medal of honour. "Ruth and Boaz" was painted in 1866, and this, though one of M. Cabanel's most interesting and expressive works, has never appeared in any public gallery; in the same year the artist completed his decoration of Mme. Pereire's house by painting six panels of "The Hours," in the large drawing-room. Needless to say that at the International Exhibitions M. Cabanel has carried off considerable honours; that of 1867 gave him its medal of honour for "Paradise Lost," a work which was executed for the Museum Maximilianeum at Munich, and the same distinction was awarded him in Paris some years ago. "The Death of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta" is the only figure-subject which occurs for some years among a large number of portraits; but in 1873 the artist accomplished one of his most important works in decorative design, the "Triumph of Flora," which was painted on the ceiling of the great staircase of the Pavillon de Flore. A remarkable Scriptural work followed; this was "The First Ecstasy of St. John the Baptist." The saint is represented as a child, thin, brown, and ascetic, rapt in a kind of trance, the hollow eyes being fixed, and the hair erect, and the effect of the whole being rather terrible than happy. The same Salon contained portraits as usual, that of Mme. Welles de Lavalette being especially admired. In this picture a slight affectation of attitude—two fingers of the right hand playing with the ring-finger of the left—is in keeping with the character of the attractive and unusual face.

"Tamar and Absalom" marked another of the artist's returns to Biblical themes. It differs from the artist's usual work, inasmuch as the colour is strong and positive, and full of sudden contrasts and combinations. He paints habitually with so limited, moderate, and subdued a palette that the change was the more remarkable. It was received by contemporary critics as evincing the artist's sympathy with the movement begun by Fortuny and followed by Regnault and others, and his readiness to renounce upon occasion the academic or official grey with which every one who knows French art is familiar. In the same Salon appeared "The Triumph of Venus," an ethereal study from the nude which was probably intended for a protest against a fashion for which M. Cabanel had less tolerance than for that of rainbow colour—excessive realism. His Venus, surrounded by doves, is going up towards a temple of which the marble whiteness appears against a pale blue sky. The goddess, holding a rose-coloured drapery, looks round with a languid smile; her head with its long fair hair is full of the beauty of which M. Cabanel is so complete a master. Of more vigorous quality was the portrait (that of Mme. de Gargan) contributed by him to the same exhibition. "The Shulamite," from the "Song of Songs," was

his Salon picture in 1876, and "Lucretia and Sextus Tarquinius" in 1877.

In the latter year M. Cabanel completed his great works for the left transept of the Pantheon at Paris. These must be considered the most truly national of all his paintings, being inspired by a religious veneration for the canonised king of ancient France, Louis IX. They consist of four large compositions, the last being a frieze of immense length which surmounts the three great pictures. The subjects are the principal events of the king's life: in the first he is a child receiving his instruction from his mother, Blanche of Castille, who is surrounded by her counsellors in the work of her son's education—the savants and prelates of her court; in the second Louis is dispensing justice and directing the foundation of the national institutions which rendered his name glorious; in the third he is in his tent, on

TAMAR AND ABSALOM.
(*Painted by Alexandre Cabanel.*)

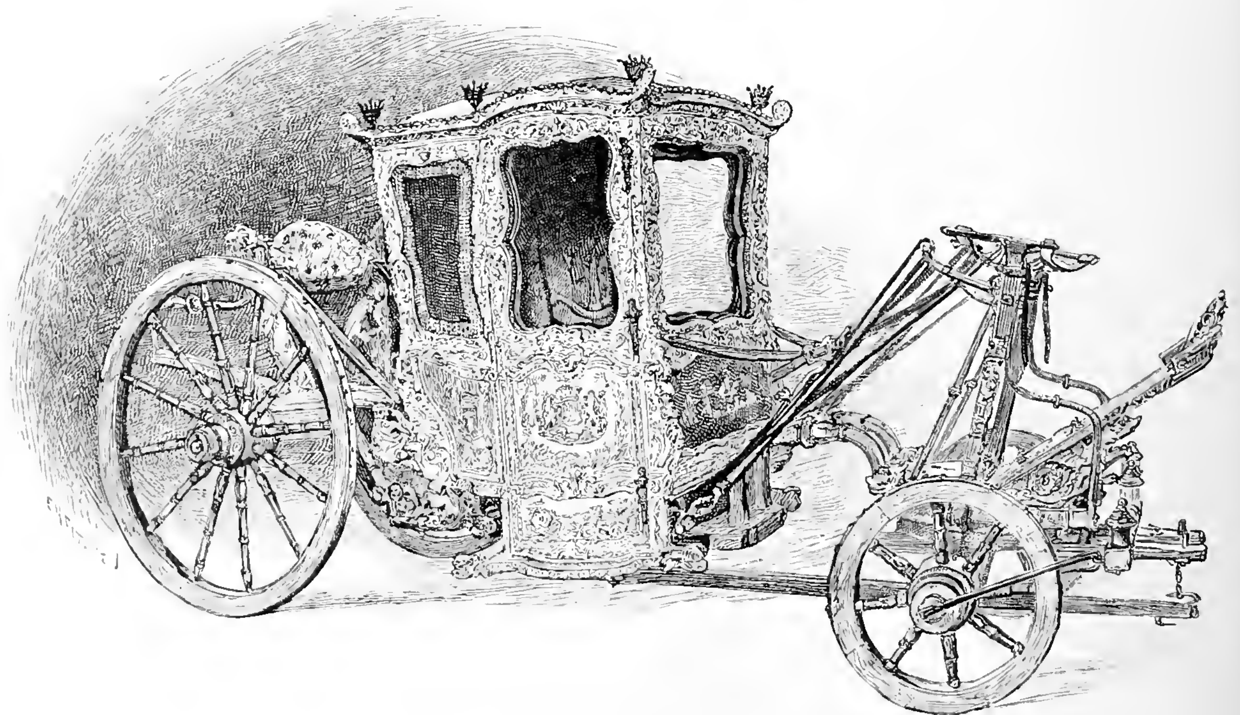
crusade; some Saracens enter in the hopes of propitiating the king by presenting him with the spoils of their own sovereign whom they have murdered. The frieze is a processional composition showing Louis walking barefoot carrying the relics of the Saviour. With these there are a number of portraits—those of Mr. W. Mackay and of Mme. Louis Adam being among the number—and at least one important composition, "The Sleeplessness of Phædra." M. Cabanel, like Sarah Bernhardt, has inevitably imbued his Racine with modern sentiment. The time, we take it, has gone by when either actor or painter can give form to the massive and monumental emotions of classic literature. Genius may do much, as with Rachel and Ingres; but Poussin and the Champmeslé are of necessity the contemporaries of Corneille and Racine.

Our list of the master's works has been a long one, nevertheless it comprises barely half of his achievements; for besides the pictures we have mentioned, all of which have been publicly exhibited, his untiring pencil has produced a mass of work which has been taken straight from the painter's studio to the rooms of its possessors. Nor is there any sign of failing in the productive power of an artist who has so long pleased and flattered the world, and whose studio has been one of the most important schools in Paris.

ALICE MEYNELL.

SOME ENGLISH CARRIAGES.

WE possess ample information as to the build and decoration of the chariots of the Egyptians alone in antiquity in their sepulchral paintings. They were probably the best built, and the most esteemed by the states of Asia. Carriage-makers are represented in Egyptian sculptures using the adze and spokeshave, showing that the most part of them was made of wood. The body was made of a frame of wood bent to the required shape, strengthened and decorated with leather bindings and metal clamps. The floor, made of wicker, rested on a frame rounded in front, into which the pole and the axle were set. The pole curved upwards and forwards some eight inches, and was then sloped forwards. The centre of gravity was not placed directly over the axle, but the back seldom projected beyond the centre of the wheel, and part of the weight was thrown on the pole, and evenly divided between the

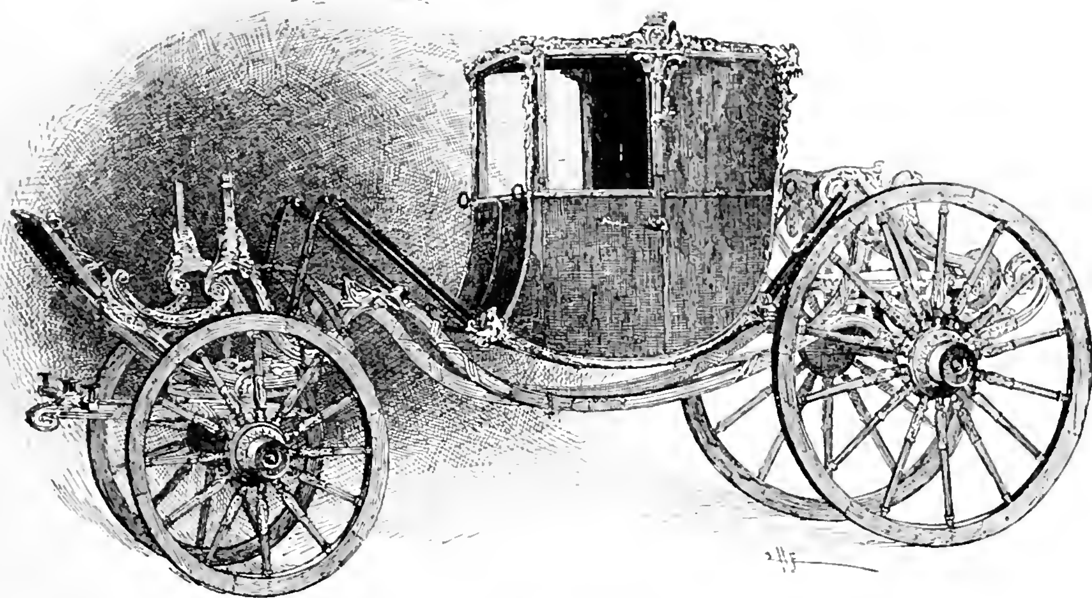


I.—THE DARNLEY STATE CARRIAGE: EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(South Kensington.)

wheels and the horse. The sides consisted of a light framework of bent wood, rising in a line with the centre of the wheel, sometimes curving backwards before following the rounded front of the floor, from which it received the support of a central upright. A thong of leather stayed it down to the pole. The front stood about thirty inches high in the centre, and to it were hung the warrior's quiver and bow-case. The whole was so light that it could be easily carried by one man. The pole was supported on a curved yoke resting on a small padded saddle placed over the withers of the horse, and furnished with girths and a breast-plate, and it was surmounted by an ornamental knob, and the bearing-rein was hitched on a small hook in front of it. The driving-reins passed through a thong or ring at the side of the saddle, and thence over the projecting extremity of the yoke. The same thong secured the girths if it was not attached to them. There was one brace to each horse on the pole side; the yoke sufficed to keep the drag even. The wheels for warlike chariots had six spokes, those for civic use had four. They were secured at the joints of the felloes with clamps or plates of bronze, and they were bound with a tire of that metal. The harness of the horses, the bowcase, the leather details of the carriage were dyed of a bright vermilion, with gold studs and fringes.

Ossian describes the cars of the Germans and Gauls as having a pole of polished yew, with gems set in the car and harness. The Gaulish chiefs were buried with their chariots and horses, their arms, and other personalty complete. Several tombs have been discovered in France in which there are fragments of such cars. Our British chariots were probably not unlike them. There is a cast in the Kensington Museum of a car found in Denmark (III.). It is six feet long in the body, and three feet eight inches



II.—THE THIRD GEORGE'S CHARIOT.

(*South Kensington.*)

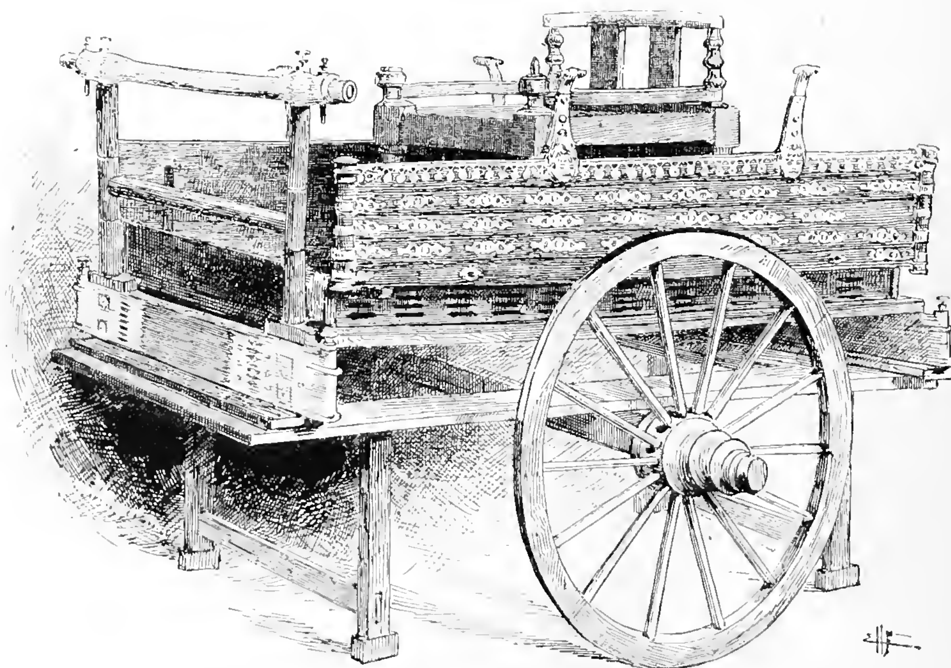
wide. There are two wheels, with fourteen spokes, and thirty-seven inches in diameter. It is assumed by the late Professor Worsaa to have been an idol car, on account of the bosses of gilt bronze with which the original is decorated.

Our British chariots resembled, probably, those of the Egyptians. The combatants could run out on the pole, which must have been wide, and retreat to the body of the carriage to attack, and they attached sharp blades to the ends of the axles, thereby obliging the infantry opposed to give them as wide a berth as possible. In the Battle of the Standard, A.D. 1138, a wagon on four wheels held the standard of the English army. A crucifix and the sacred Host in a silver case were fastened to it, and three banners floated from it at a lower part. This is one of the few instances of a mediaeval war-car. We have, too, an English family coach of the early Fourteenth Century. The owner and his family are seated in a long wagon, elegantly panelled on the sides, and covered by a tilt stretched over curved battens, the ends of the woodwork being carved. The awning is of rich material. There are windows in the awning, which can be closed by curtains. The carriage is drawn by a team of five horses, driven from the back of the wheeler, and attended by mounted servants. Carriages in which ladies of rank

were driven about in mediaeval England were called *whirlecotes*; one belonged to the mother of Richard II.

The first London coach-builder we read of was named Walter Rippon. He was employed by Queen Mary Tudor to build her a "turning coach," with pillars and arches. Presumably the fore-wheels turned on a pivot, as our modern carriages do. In 1584 he made a chariot for Queen Elizabeth, with four pillars, surmounted by an imperial crown, and with two lower pillars in front, surmounted by a lion and a dragon, her armorial supporters. The same sovereign is represented in one of her portraits in an open litter, borne by the great officers of her Court. It is from her reign that coaches (a name derived from Hungary) and carriages resembling those we now use came into fashion. For many years carriages were possessed only by the queen and the great officers of the kingdom; they were exceptional luxuries. Her Majesty's carriages were open at the sides. She was fond of progresses from one great nobleman's house to another, or to and from her own palaces, and wished her liege subjects to see her. The closed coach, as already remarked, was introduced from Hungary. It had a wooden top, plentifully garnished with gilt nails, and the sides were closed by curtains. The Emperor of Germany went to Frankfort to his coronation in such a coach in 1475. The German princes in the Sixteenth and following centuries seem to have been far in advance of other potentates in the number of their carriages or coaches. Henri IV. of France had but one, and he was in it when he was murdered by Ravaillac. The coaches or *carosses* of Louis the Magnificent were numerous and sumptuously decorated. According to Macaulay, a procession of a hundred carriages belonging to His Majesty and the Court was sent out to receive James II. when he took refuge in France.

Glass coaches, or coaches with glass panels instead of curtains at the sides, do not seem to have been introduced into England till the middle of the Seventeenth Century. Plate glass for the purpose was of Venetian origin. The manufacture was established at Fulham by the Duke of Buckingham, and it was used for carriage panels during the reigns of the Stuart sovereigns. The coach of the Speaker (IV.) is said to have been made for or used by Oliver Cromwell. It is of carved oak, similar in general outline to the state coaches of more recent times, but more upright on the angles and more compact in appearance. The body is hung by stout leather straps to iron standards, which rest on groups of well-carved figure-work, representing Jupiter, Neptune, the City of London, and Africa. Other mythological groups are carved on the driving box and at the back. It must be of enormous weight, as it measures nineteen feet in total length and fourteen from axle to axle. It is drawn by two horses only—etiquette does not allow the Speaker a larger number—so those two have to be of elephan-



III.—AN IDOL CAR: PREHISTORIC DENMARK.

(South Kensington.)

tive weight and strength. It is said that the second Buckingham was the first subject who harnessed six horses to his carriage; and that the proud Duke of Northumberland did thereupon proceed to harness eight to his.

The use of carriages increased enormously during the reign of Charles II. The number of coaches in and about London during his reign is stated to have been not less than six thousand. Hackney coaches had been started in London by a Captain Baxley in 1634. He began with four. They were directed to stand at the "Maypole," in the Strand; the drivers wore liveries, and had exact instructions as to the rates of fare which they were to demand. Other speculators followed, and the numbers increased rapidly. In 1652 there were two hundred; in 1694 they were limited to the number of seven hundred. The huge lumbering carriages of the Seventeenth Century did not carry bunches of footmen behind, as was the case with Eighteenth Century carriages. Footmen carrying stout staves walked or ran along the pavement or beside the carriage. The pace was not very severe. Running footmen used to accompany sedan chairs of fine ladies during the last century, and sometimes their carriages. Probably those functionaries were not wholly unknown in 1800. Captain Blood was able, in Charles II.'s time, to open the carriage of the Duke of Ormond in a street so central as St. James's Street, to drag the duke out and carry him off, with the help of one or two accomplices, to hang him at Tyburn.

During the reigns of Anne and of the first two Georges most persons of rank or wealth had carriages. State carriages of great men of the Georgian time are well illustrated by that of Lord Darnley, now at South Kensington (I.). The framework is admirably carved, and the top covered with leather, and with gilt coronets at the angles. The panels are gaily painted, and the hinges and other metal-work are modelled in bronze. The reader will remember carriages like it in the etchings and pictures of Hogarth. Sedan chairs carried by two men have been in use down to recent times. Persons of rank went to drawing-rooms and court receptions with a string of sedan chairs, accompanied by footmen, each containing one of the ladies of the family. Such a procession has been described to the present writer by an eye-witness as nothing uncommon eighty years ago. The tops of sedan chairs are hinged—are, in fact, lids which shut down over the front and sides, and keep them together when closed. There are specimens from other countries now in the Kensington Museum, for they were in use all over Europe.

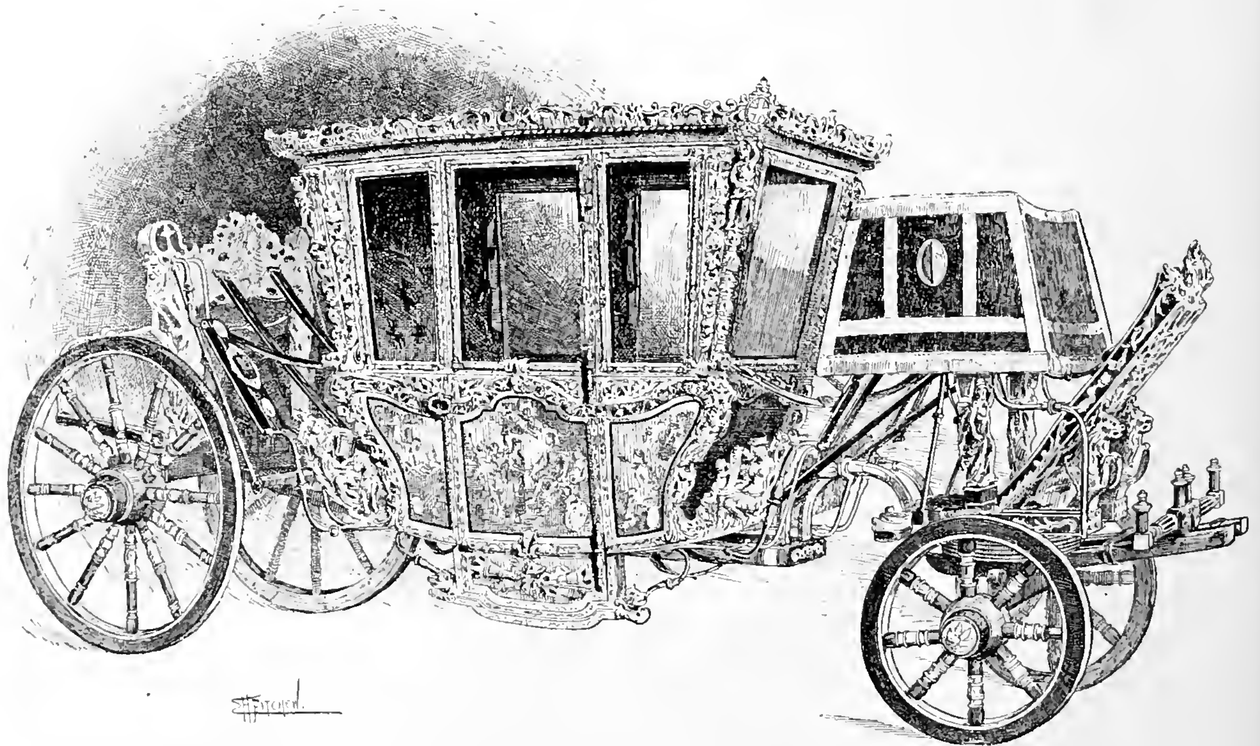
There are, besides the Speaker's coach already noticed, two other state carriages in London, both built in the last century, those of the Lord Mayor and of Her Majesty the Queen. The former was built in the reign of George II. It was first used during the mayoralty of 1757. The framework is carved in bold acanthus work, after the pattern of the Italian acanthus carving on looking-glass frames, &c., of the day. The upper panels are of plate glass. The royal state coach is of later date, more fanciful in structure. The bed of it is composed of four tritons, who support the body on massive cables of carved oak. The driver's box is planted on the two front figures, and he has a carved scallop shell for a footboard. The body is composed of eight palm trees, with trophies on the four angles. A crown surmounts the centre, upheld by three boys, representing the three kingdoms, and holding the sword of state and other insignia. The panels are of copper, painted in enamel; the upper panels are of bevelled Vauxhall plate glass. The painting represents groups of allegorical figures, Britannia, Victory, Abundance, and the Virtues. It is drawn by eight horses, but it has not been used since the death of the Prince Consort. It was designed by Sir W. Chambers, and the decorations were superintended by Pigalle, a sculptor, and by Capitsoldi and Vouers, decorators settled in London. Joseph Wilton superintended the painting; the carving is by Nicolas Collett; the chasing by Coit; the builder was Butler. The harness is of red morocco, with silver-gilt mounts, made by Ringstead. It measures twenty-four feet by eight feet three inches; the pole is twelve feet long.

Whatever may have been the skill of the coach-makers of Hungary, France, Italy, and other Continental countries during the reign of Louis the Magnificent and his contemporaries, it seems indisputable that from the reign of George III. London builders have held the palm in structures of this kind. They were the first to make carriages—good carriages—of lighter and more convenient shape. Englishmen bred the best horses, and had a passion for travelling fast. The state carriage of the Irish Chancellor (V.) is, though large, light in comparison with the older carriages we have described. A chariot (II.) made for George III. differs little from those old-fashioned chariots which have not wholly gone out of use, with C-springs and sword-cases. The sides are flatter, and the fore and hind parts of the bed are connected by two perches instead of one. During the last century good English carriages were bought by foreigners who wanted the best thing of the kind that was then to be had. There is one in the Hôtel de Cluny. Lord Macartney took English carriages as presents to the Emperor of China when he made his embassy to that potentate. They were found by our allies the French when they looted the Summer Palace of

the reigning emperor during the Chinese War, some few years ago. They were covered with dust, and it was believed that they had never been put into use.

Before adverting to the carriages now, or within recent years, in use, we may say a word or two as to the means of public travelling in this country. Stage-coaches were running on the great roads before the middle of the last century. The roads were bad, the journeys long, and beset by gentlemen of the road, well mounted, and more or less favoured by inn-keepers, whom they paid well. Walter Scott brings his hero, Waverley, after the disasters of 1745, to London by the "Northern Diligence," a huge old-fashioned tub drawn by three horses, which completed the journey from Edinburgh to London (God willing, as the advertisement expressed it) in three weeks. Some years later, four days was considered a reasonable time for a journey from London to York. Humbler travellers were contented with a seat on the straw of the broad-wheeled road-wagon, which continued as a regular institution during the immediately preceding the events of 1789. The Duke of Orleans and the young princes wore top-boots and "redingotes" (riding-coats), and drove fancy carriages of various shapes. French kings, indeed, drove after the hounds in their huntings. Louis the Magnificent had a chair or small *calèche* with four horses, and was a dexterous whip. But the dandies of Louis XVI.'s time took to driving as an outlet to the Anglomania by which they were fired, till the Revolution put an end to them. Gentlemen of George IV.'s time drove coaches, their own, such as we see in Hyde Park; and in some instances ruined dandies took to the road, and became paid drivers of stage-coaches. They are still remembered.

Omnibuses are said to have made their first appearance in Paris. They were in use in London in 1830, perhaps earlier. At first they were made up of a coach and a chariot together, or two coaches. The earliest cabs were in the shape of private gentlemen's cabs, with a narrow driver's seat built on



IV.—THE SPEAKER'S: SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

(*South Kensington.*)

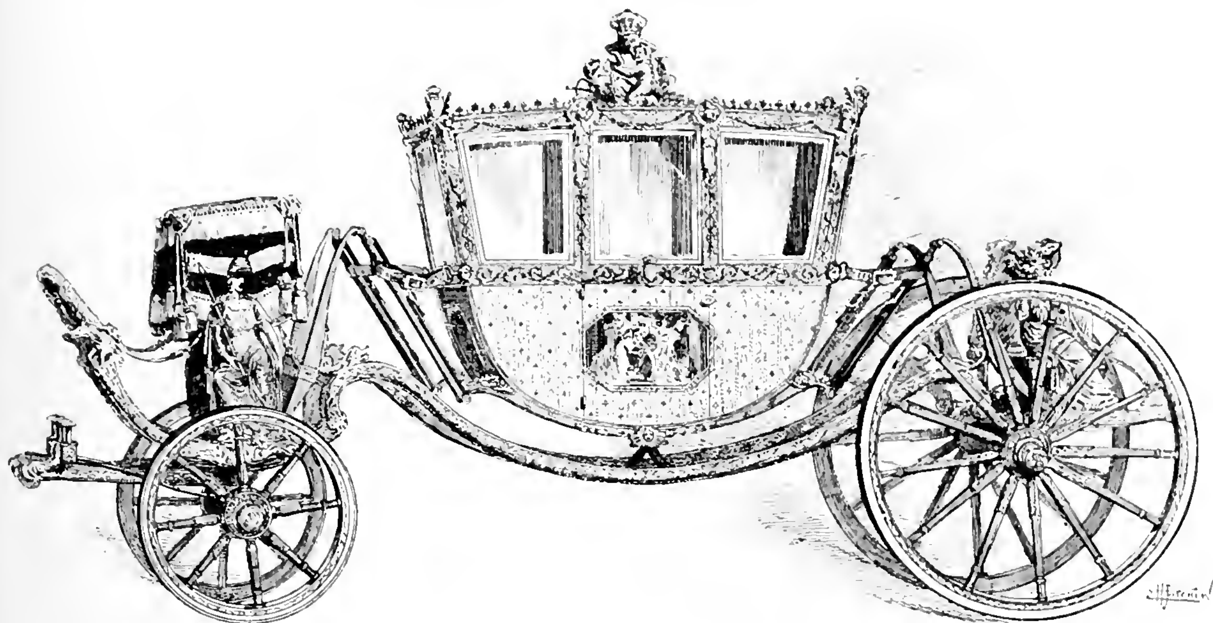
days of rapid coaching down to more recent times. The wagon was drawn by eight horses, two abreast, and the driver rode alongside on a pony.

During the youth of George IV. men of all ranks took to driving themselves. The love of sports of all kinds passed the Channel, and fired the minds of the French princes and dandies during the years

outside, a sort of excrescence; one is etched in an early number of "Pickwick." The first hansoms had a seat on the front of the hood, with a foot-board sloping down in front. In 1836 the Messrs. Hansom made improvements, and gradually brought out the hansom we now use. About the same time the modern four-wheeled "growler" came in, and

the old hackney coach or chariot, with one or with two horses respectively, disappeared from street life.

The clarence, the brougham, the open victoria, derive their arbitrary titles from august names. The buggy (a Hindustani word) is now rare. It is a near relation of the private cabriolet. The curricle more nearly resembled the Roman *biga* than any other modern carriage, had a pole, resting on a yoke, that fitted on small saddles on the backs of two horses. They are rarely seen nowadays. The landau (a coach the roof of which can be opened), the britschka (a barouche of which the hood can be shut in with glass), are of foreign introduction. Recent improvements—as, for instance, those of the Hoopers—have lightened carriages and increased their convenience. But there is a tendency on the part of builders to make one carriage serve many purposes, and they are far from successful in too many instances.



V.—THE IRISH LORD CHANCELLOR'S.

(*South Kensington.*)

Into the merits of dog-carts, two and four-wheeled, of T-carts, and other vehicles of the day we need not enter. The various kinds still in use have their prototype far back in carriage history. J. H. POLLEN.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE COTTAGE COUNTESS.

CLOSE to the gates of Stamford, that ancient city whose old churches, houses, and many quaint corners well deserve a visit, rises the stately pile of Burghley, "Burleigh House by Stamford town." We cross the stone bridge over the rushing stream which divides the two counties of Lincoln and Northampton, Spenser's "fatal Welland," which still to-day, as in times past, so often drowns the low-lying country around; glance at the Burleigh alms-houses, with their charming river-front, gables, and chimneys; and pass up the long street known as Stamford Baron, the Northamptonshire portion of the town, held of old in baronial tenure by the abbots of the great Benedictine monastery at Peterborough. And here, at the head of the street, is the entrance to Lord Exeter's park; and as we walk up the long avenues of aged oak and wych-elm, gorgeous on bright autumn days with their wealth of russet and gold, we see already the towers of this historic mansion.

Burghley, as its name denotes, belonged originally to the abbots of Peterborough: it was the *ley*, or pasture, of the great house of St. Peter, the Golden *Burgh*, as this wealthy and strongly fortified abbey was often called in mediæval days. In the early part of the Sixteenth Century it was bought by Richard Cecil, the father of Queen Elizabeth's favourite minister, and about 1577 the Lord Treasurer employed John Thorpe to build him this sumptuous

house, which a later visitor, King William III., pronounced to be too large for a subject.

Less majestic than Hatfield, the other palace of the Cecils, Burghley is none the less a fine and dignified pile, a good example of English Renaissance buildings. Classical forms mingle largely with late Tudor features, clustered chimneys and mullioned windows are combined with open-work parapets and cupolas. But, in the main, Lord Bacon's principles of building have been observed, and Burghley House has the inward court, the great and stately tower, the fair gallery and embowed windows—of such use in his opinion as "pretty retiring places for conference." The west front, with its square central tower, flanked by turrets and cupolas, is imposing, and without being by any means free from faults in design, the whole effect is striking and picturesque when seen in the sunlight: as Horace Walpole declares he could never see it, thanks to the abominable climate of Northamptonshire. Within its magnificence is unquestioned. Saving for one fine stone staircase with a richly-grained roof and pendants, little of the original work remains; but halls and doorways are panelled and wainscoted with oak, and adorned with the most elaborate carvings of birds, and flowers, and shells, and fishes by Grinling Gibbons.

As for the treasures it contains in the shape of oriental china, Delft vases, tortoiseshell and pearl mirrors, painted and inlaid cabinets, Chippendale furniture, tapestry, embroidered hangings, and *bric-à-brac* of every description, they are simply endless. "The china and japan are of the finest," said Horace Walpole, who explored every corner of the house, and boasts that Lord Exeter made every door-lock fly open for his benefit: "miniatures in plenty, and a shrine full of filigree, enamels, jewels, and trinkets of taste that have belonged to many a noble dame." All these are here, together with many relics of Queen Bess and other royal visitors.

Among many superb cabinets in which Burghley, as most great houses of the period, abounds, is the one painted by Rubens and his scholars, and first discovered by Horace Walpole, who informs us that, in return for Lord Exeter's civilities, he made him a present of a glorious cabinet, whose drawers and sides were all painted by Rubens. "This present," he adds, "you must know is his own, but he knew nothing of the hand or the value. Just so, I have given Lady Betty Germaine a very fine portrait that I discovered at Drayton, in the wood-house."

There are a few good pictures: a fine Rembrandt head; one of Andrea del Sarto's favourite type of "Holy Family;" two charming Claudes; a good Palma, with the blue hills and Venetian faces that we know so well; two excellent Bassanos, somewhat crowded with figures; a very interesting "Life of St. Augustine" by the Fleming Van der Goes, with one lovely scene—the Saint finding the Child on the sea-shore; and a still more curious panel ascribed, without much reason, to Cimabue, representing "la Gran Contessa Matilda" in a scarlet robe, holding a white rose in her hand. Unfortunately the Titianic "Madonna" (one of the best examples of the master's early style in England) is kept in the private apartments, and not shown to the ordinary visitor. The well-known Carlo Dolce, "Christ Blessing the Bread and Wine," is a poor compensation for this loss, and as Walpole remarked, "one gets a little tired of Carlo Maratti and Luca Giordano." Still worse are the giant gods and goddesses, angels and demons, which, painted by Verrio's hand, sprawl over ceilings and walls; and although a far better artist (Stothard) spent three years in decorating the great staircase, the effect can hardly be called satisfactory, fine in colour as many portions undoubtedly are.

Burghley contains, on the other hand, an admirable collection of portraits by Holbein, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Cornelius Janssen, Lely, and other painters. Cecils of every date and age abound, and not a few royal personages adorn the walls of the so-called Pagoda Room. Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Mary are all there, painted by the hand of Holbein. There, too, are Charles I. and his queen by Van Dyck; and their children by Stone; and Walker's portrait of Cromwell, sent by the Protector as a gift to Lady Exeter after he had battered the walls of Burghley with his shot. There, looking less sinister than we might have expected, is Ferdinand, Duke of Alva, splendidly painted by Veronese in his suit of black and gold armour. And there are Elizabeth's handsome favourite, Lord Essex; and the noble Cavalier lords, Newcastle and Southampton; and young Charles Cavendish, with his bright hair curling over his pale forehead, as he was found dead; and Isaac Newton and Thomas Hobbes; and Lady Rachel Russell, "that sweet saint who sat by Russell's side," painted by Van Dyck in a blue robe with a handful of roses on her knee. There, too, is the Lord Treasurer himself, very grand and venerable in his long white beard and high ruff, wearing the crimson suit and the collar of the Garter, and holding his staff in his hand, as we see him in his sepulchral effigy down yonder in St. Martin's at the bridge; there is Queen Bess herself, at the ripe age of sixty-five, painted and tricked out in youthful finery, with a peaked head-dress on the top of her yellow wig, and pink roses in her stiffly-starched ruff; and there are Lord Peterborough, and David Garrick, and Angelica Kauffmann, and the great landscape-gardener, Capability Brown.

But it is not for all, or any of these, that most people come to Burghley, not to see the noble founder,

nor yet the Holbeins, nor Queen Bess in all her borrowed plumes, but for the sake of one picture which hangs over the mantelpiece in one of the smaller rooms. It is a Lawrence: a family group, in which Henry Cecil, tenth Earl of Exeter, and first marquis, is represented with his wife and infant daughter. The earl, in a crimson coat, stands by the side of a pillar, with one arm round his wife, a fair woman with grey eyes, flowing locks, and refined, beautiful features, simply dressed in white, and gazing on the smiling child that stands at her knee. The portico where they are seated opens on a woodland scene where shady trees bend over a cascade of rushing waters.

Every visitor who comes to Burghley pauses before that picture, and does not need to be told its story. For that gentle countess, with the fair face and soft grey eyes, is the village maiden of Tennyson's famous ballad—a poem which has done more to make the lords of Burghley a household name than all the renown of the Lord Treasurer, and all the glories of his palatial home. Go where you will in Stamford town, the fame of that legend follows you: local guide-books and histories are full of it, and you read the Laureate's verses on every paper-bag in grocer or pastry-cook's shop. And here in Lawrence's picture is the "Cottage Countess" herself—as the Stamford people call her—the village maiden whom the lord of Burghley wooed and won for his bride.

In the year 1791, Henry Cecil, then a man of seven or eight and thirty, nephew and heir to the Earl of Exeter and lord of Burghley of those days, came to live in the quiet village of Bolas, on the banks of the river Tern, in a remote corner of Shropshire. While young he had been led into a marriage which had proved unhappy, and when he came to Shropshire had recently divorced his wife. In a melancholy mood he resolved to hide himself from the world, and, concealing his birth and rank, he assumed the name of Jones and the profession of a travelling artist, and lodged during some months in the house of a farmer called Thomas Hoggins. Here he fell in love with the farmer's fair young daughter, Sarah, and, with her parents' consent, made her his wife. The names of the contracting parties may still be read in the parish register of the Shropshire village, where the wedding took place on the 3rd of October, 1791. Upon his uncle's death, a year afterwards, Mr. Cecil succeeded to the earldom; and without telling his secret he brought his bride home to Burghley, where she learned it for the first time.

For this and all the rest we may go to the Laureate. It is true that the village maiden made a "noble lady, and the people loved her much," for not many years ago there were still living in Stamford more than one aged inhabitant who remembered the bounty and kindness of the Cottage Countess, and spoke with warm affection and gratitude of her charity. It is also true that from the time of her marriage she seemed melancholy and oppressed, and several who were personally acquainted with her bore witness to the unspoken sadness which seemed to bow down her spirit.

> "But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
> And perplex'd her night and morn
> With the burthen of an honour
> Unto which she was not born."

Of the three fair children which she bore her husband, the second was Brownlow, who was born in 1795, became the second Marquis of Exeter, and lived till 1867. The eldest, Sophia—the graceful child of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture—grew up also, and married the Right Honourable Henry Manvers Pierrepont, but died young, like her mother, in the year 1823. She left an only daughter, who married Lord Charles Wellesley, and was the mother of the present Duke of Wellington, so that the blood of the Cottage Countess runs in the veins of two of our most illustrious families at this moment. In January, 1797, she gave birth to a third child, Thomas Cecil, and in the autumn of the following year died, to the deep grief of her husband, who, all the same, consoled himself before long, and married a third wife, the Duchess of Hamilton. This lady, however, left no children; and the earl, after being advanced in 1801 to the rank of marquis, died in 1804, at the age of fifty, and was succeeded by Countess Sarah's youthful son, the last Lord Exeter.

Tradition says that the Cottage Countess was, by her lord's command and in fulfilment of her own last wish, borne to her grave in the lowly village maiden's dress she had worn on her wedding-day, "that her spirit might have rest." So they buried her one autumn day in St. Martin of Stamford—the old church on the Northamptonshire side of the river, where the Cecils of many generations sleep. Here, too, in seven years, her lord was laid beside her under a flat tombstone in a dark corner of the church.

The Lord Treasurer, we know, rests under a stately tomb of marble and alabaster with a richly-carved canopy and an effigy of himself in armour, wearing the red mantle and star of the Garter. Other monuments there are, too, of various date and form; but no splendid tomb or elegant inscription marks the resting-place of the Cottage Countess. Nor is there any need of such memorial. Her memory is fresh in the hearts of the Stamford people, while her fair face lives in glorious colours on the painter's canvas, and her story is enshrined in Tennyson's immortal verse.

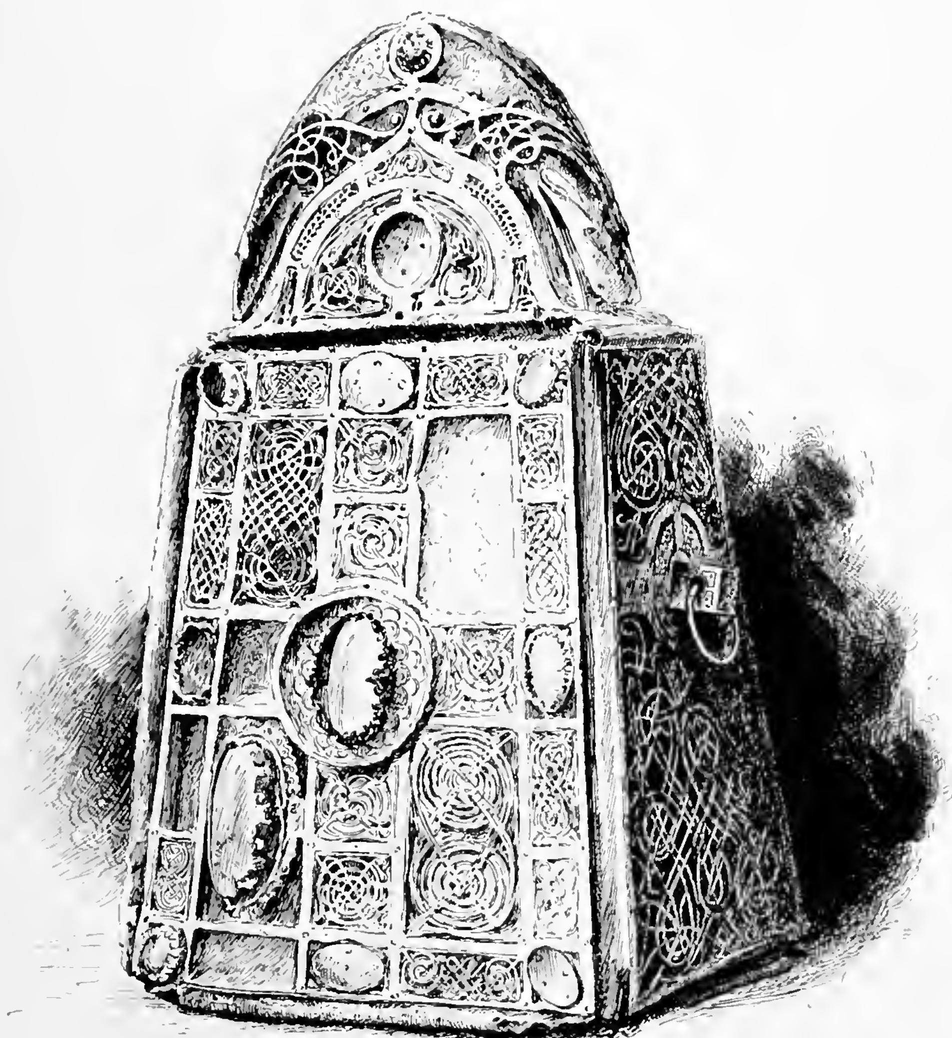
JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

DRIVING HORSES IN HUNGARY.

CELTIC METAL-WORK.

CHRISTIAN PERIOD.

THE first fact to be noted in comparing Pagan Celtic metal-work with that of the Christian times is that in the latter case the area where the objects are found is more restricted, being confined to Ireland and Scotland, instead of extending over the whole of Great Britain. This results from the Celtic people having been driven out of England at the time of the Saxon conquest. The specimens of Pagan Celtic metal-work which have survived to the present day have been derived chiefly from excavations made in burial mounds, and consist either of weapons used in warfare or personal ornaments. With the introduction of Christianity the practice of burying weapons and ornaments with the body ceased; and although Christian graves have not been the means of preserving relics of a past age, the superstitious reverence with which everything belonging to the Church was looked upon has fortunately prevented the destruction of the priceless treasures now safely deposited in our museums. They consist chiefly of *instrumenta ecclesiastica*, such as shrines for books, bells, or relics, croziers, chalices, and processional crosses; in addition to which personal



1.—ST. PATRICK'S BELL-CASE

(Royal Irish Academy.)

ornaments, such as brooches and pins, have been found, and also bronze bowls.

The decorative features of the metal-work correspond exactly with those of the sculptured stones and MSS. of the same date, being only slightly modified to suit the difference of material. The chief characteristics of the Christian Celtic style of art are the use of three particular kinds of purely geometrical ornament: (1) spiral patterns; (2) key patterns; (3) interlaced work, combined with zoomorphic decoration, consisting of lacustrine animals, with their bodies, limbs, and tails knotted and twisted in every conceivable manner. The ornament is invariably arranged in panels, each complete in itself, and surrounded by a frame or margin.

Celtic Christian art was founded on that of Pagan times which preceded it, some of the old features being retained, but with various changes and additions. The spiral forms of ornament are almost identical with those described in my previous article, and their adoption in later times shows that there was no real break in the continuity of the art-history of the country. The key patterns resemble the Greek fret ornament, but are thrown diagonally across the surface to be decorated, instead of being square to the sides of the border. The interlaced work is composed of a series of one or more bands passing under and over each other alternately with unerring precision, and forming twists, plaits or knots, repeated at regular intervals. The key patterns and interlaced work are not found on Pagan Celtic metal-work, and their origin must probably be traced to the connection with the East at the time of the introduction of Christianity into this country. The first idea of these patterns may have come from an external source, but the original elements were developed to such an extent as to constitute a special and original art. Besides the changes which took place in the character of ornamental details, there were differences in method. The production of decoration by means of repoussé work extending over large surfaces was almost entirely given up; and filigree work implanted on plates below, settings of rock-crystal in the shape of large bosses, pierced plates riveted one above the other, and incised work with triangular facets between the interlaced bands or spirals were introduced. Enamelling was still used, but generally confined to small circular settings, and not spread over a large surface.

When the early Celtic saints died, the books and bells which they had used during their lifetime were preserved in costly shrines or caskets, and became objects of superstitious reverence: being carried by the ecclesiastics in front of armies in battle to insure victory, and employed for healing the sick and for taking oaths upon. Each shrine had its hereditary keeper, who was answerable for the safety of the relic, and the history of many of them may thus be traced back from the present day to the time of the saints to whom they originally belonged. The oldest "cumdach" or book shrine now remaining is that of St. Molaise's Gospels, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin. It is known as the "Soicel Molaise," and has an inscription upon it showing that it was made for Cennfaelad, who was Abbot of Devenish, A.D. 1001 to 1025. The shrine was preserved up to 1845 in the family of O'Meehan, who for more than 500 years were the "Comarbas," or representatives of St. Molaise. It consists of an oblong case formed of bronze plates, and is ornamented with the symbols of the Four Evangelists, and panels of interlaced dragons and knotwork. The cover of the Stowe Missal, in the Ashburnham Collection, of the Eleventh Century, is made of oak, plated with silver. It is inscribed, and has small figures on the side, one playing a harp and others with a spear and crozier. The decoration, however, consists chiefly in plates fastened one above the other, the upper ones being pierced with openings in the shape of crosses, squares, or triangles, so as to show the ones below. This method of decoration is peculiar to Celtic art. Besides these two, there exist five others, all bearing inscriptions, and most of which have been repaired at different periods. That of St. Patrick's Gospels (Royal Irish Academy), known as the "Domnach Airgid," is possibly as old as the Tenth Century; but it was repaired about the year 1353.

The bells of the early Celtic Church were of quadrangular shape, getting narrower towards the top, and surmounted by a handle. Although in a few cases made of cast bronze, they were generally of wrought iron, riveted down the side like a sheep-bell. The case or shrine in which the bell was enclosed took the same outward form as the bell within—namely, that of a truncated pyramid with four sides. There are at present in existence at least seven Celtic bell shrines, varying in date from the Eleventh to the Fourteenth Century. The finest example is that of Armagh, or the shrine of the bell of St. Patrick's Will, now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy (I.). The bell itself is mentioned in the Annals of Ulster as far back as the year 552, but the present case was made about the year 1100. The body of the shrine consists of brass plates, upon which are fixed ornamental silver-gilt plates and gold filigree work. The front is divided up into a large number of small rectangular panels filled in with filigree interlaced work, and ornamented with large oval settings of rock-crystal. The back is formed of a plate pierced with cross-shaped openings, so as to show the plate beneath in the way already referred to in

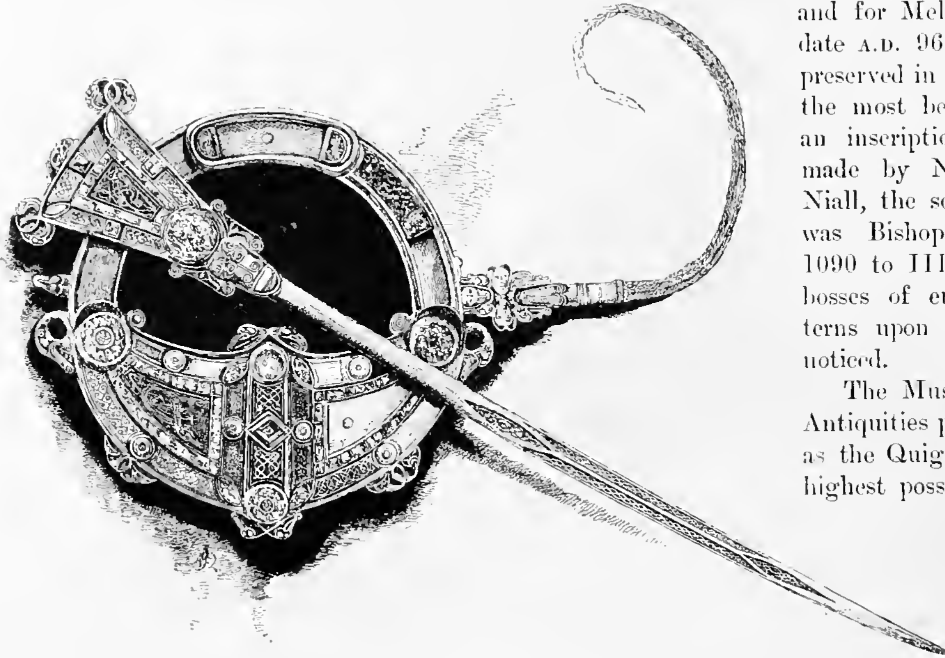
the case of the cover of the Stowe Missal. Round the edge is an inscription. The sides are ornamented with elaborate interlaced filigree work covering the whole surface, and in the centre of each is a ring handle. The bottom is a plain plate, sliding in grooves to allow the bell to be inserted. The top is arched to receive the handle of the bell, and is elaborately ornamented in a similar manner to the front. Another fine shrine is preserved in the British Museum enclosing the bell of St. Culan, the brother of Cormac, King of Cashel in the Tenth Century. The shrine is of the Twelfth Century, and is composed of bronze castings at the top and bottom, to which the thin metal plates forming the sides are riveted. Only one of these plates remains, and upon it is engraved a cross in outline. The upper part of the shrine is ornamented with interlaced patterns produced by enamelling instead of filigree work as in the case of St. Patrick's bell. The two Scotch bell shrines, one in the Edinburgh Museum of Antiquities, the other at Guthrie Castle, are both of late date, and possess none of the characteristics of Celtic art.

The third class of shrine with which we have to deal is that used for preserving relics of early saints. These caskets, or relic shrines, were generally made in the form of an oblong box, smaller at the top than at the bottom, and with a lid having sloping sides like the roof of a house, so that the whole bears a striking resemblance to the stone-roofed oratories of Ireland. One of the most interesting is that of St. Moedoc of Fearns (also known as St. Aidan), which is now preserved, together with its original leather satchel, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. It was kept for many centuries in the Church of St. Moedoc at Drumlane. It was occasionally lent for swearing the accused at trials, and in 1846 it was entrusted to a person named Magauran, who deposited the usual pledge of a guinea for its safe restoration. This person sold it to a Dublin jeweller, from whom it was bought by Dr. Petrie. It is formed of bronze plates and ornamented with bronze gilt plaques containing groups of figures. Three of these figures are female saints with long tresses of hair, and the others are males, nearly all having beards, and holding different emblems or insignia in their hands, such as swords, sceptres, crosses, &c. On the end of the shrine is a man playing on a harp, on which a bird is perched. The bottom and back are ornamented with plates, pierced with cross-shaped openings, as described in the case of other shrines. There are ring handles at each side. The leather satchel is possibly as old as the Eighth Century, and is decorated with characteristic Celtic interlaced work. Only three other such satchels are in existence. They were used by the priests for suspension round the neck when carrying about the shrines, and Curzon found similar satchels still in use in Coptic monasteries in Egypt.

II.—THE CLONMACNOISE CROZIER.
(Royal Irish Academy.)

By far the most beautiful relic shrine as regards design and workmanship is that of St. Manchan, now preserved in the chapel of Boher, King's County. It is probably the one referred to in the Annals of the Four Masters as having been made in the year 1166 by Rory O'Connor, King of Ireland. The framework is of solid boards of yew, placed in the shape of the roof of a house of steep pitch. At each of the four corners of the base is a bronze foot with a ring handle attached. The back and front are ornamented with large crosses of metal-work, having a central boss and four other bosses at the ends of the arms, all enriched with the most exquisite interlaced patterns of zoomorphic character. The arms are decorated with champlevé enamel, surrounded by delicate chevron mouldings. The spaces on each side of the cross are filled in with figures dressed in kilts, each figure being complete in itself and fastened on with a couple of rivets. The two ends and the borders of the sides are composed of a fretwork of interlacing animal forms. The most celebrated Scotch reliquary,

now at Monymusk House, in Aberdeenshire, and believed to be the Brecbennoch of St. Columba,



III.—THE TARA BROOCH.

(Royal Irish Academy.)

which was carried in front of the Scottish armies, is a very beautiful specimen of early Celtic metal-work of the best period.

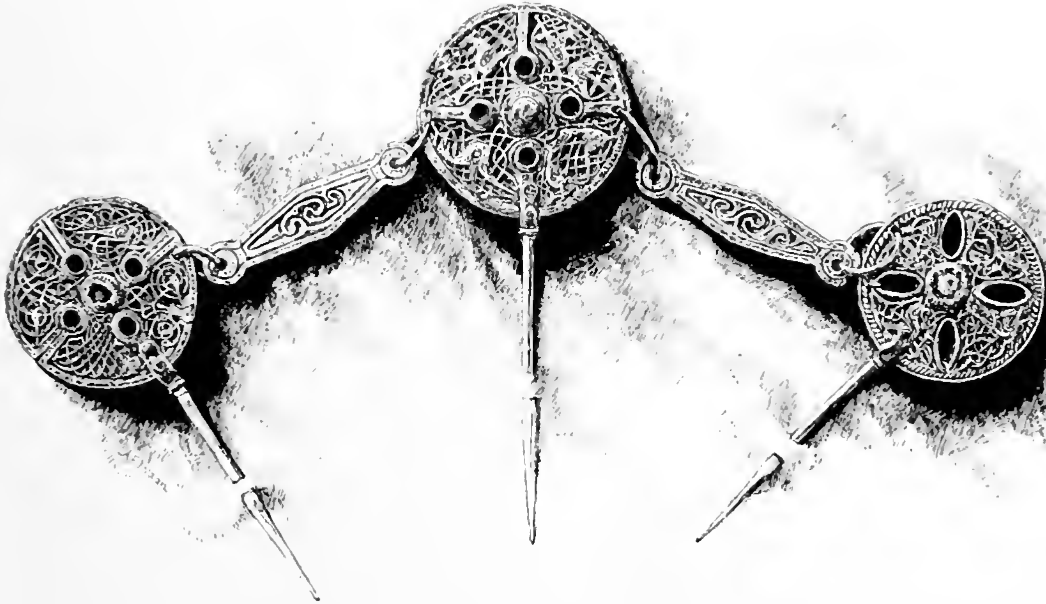
The croziers of the early Celtic Church were often elaborate specimens of ornamental metal-work, enclosing the plain wooden walking-stick or crook of some saint. The crozier of Kells, in the British Museum, may be taken as a typical example. It is made up of three pieces of hollow metal tubing, formed out of a flat wrought plate by bending and riveting up the side. These tubes are joined together with cast metal sockets. The uppermost piece is bent round like the top of a walking-stick, but instead of coiling round spirally it terminates in the characteristic straight flattened end. The curved top is surmounted by a cresting of ornamental metal-work. The two straight pieces of tube forming the body have crosses covered with interlaced patterns fastened on with rivets. The metal sockets which form the junction are all decorated panels filled in with chased interlaced work. At the bottom is a solid point of cast metal, enamelled, and with a curious triple tip. Under the crest of the top is inscribed, "Pray for Cuduilig and for Melfinnen," which fixes the date A.D. 968 to 1047. The crozier preserved in Lismore Castle is perhaps the most beautiful of all, and bears an inscription showing that it was made by Nectan, the artisan, for Niall, the son of MacAeducain (who was Bishop of Lismore from A.D. 1090 to 1113). The small circular bosses of enamel with chequer patterns upon it are specially to be noticed.

The Museum of National Scotch Antiquities possesses a crozier, known as the Quigrich of St. Fillan, of the highest possible interest. There is a document still extant, dated the 6th of July, 1481, in which King James III. grants the peaceable possession of the holy relic of St. Fillan, called the Quigrich, to Malise Doire (or Dewar), in the keeping of whose family it had been since the time of King Robert Bruce. In 1876 the relic was delivered over to the safe keeping of the Society of Antiquaries

IV.—THE TARA BROOCH: THE BROOCH PROPER.

(Royal Irish Academy.)

of Scotland, by Alexander Dewar, the last hereditary keeper. When the top was taken to pieces some years ago a most curious discovery was made, as it was found to contain an older metal crozier within. The Bachul More, or great staff of St. Moluag, another example of an early Scotch crozier, is in the possession of the Duke of Argyll.



V.—PINS FOUND IN THE WITHAM.

(British Museum.)

The two finest works of early Celtic art in metal are the processional Cross of Cong and the Ardagh Chalice, both in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy. The Cross of Cong is entirely covered with small panels of chased zoomorphic interlaced work of the most perfect design and execution, and is further ornamented with bosses of crystal and enamel. It bears an inscription showing that it was made by MacBratdan O'Echan, and fixing the date at A.D. 1150 to 1223. Nothing is known of the history of the Ardagh Chalice beyond the fact that it was dug up near the village of that name in the year 1868. The bowl is hemispherical, with a handle at each side, and is supported on a short cylindrical stem, resting on a conical base. The names of the Twelve Apostles are inscribed round the outside of the bowl, in angular capitals, on a dotted ground, as in the Lindisfarne Gospels (A.D. 698—721). The body of the cup is of silver, and the ornaments of gold and enamel. Round the bowl runs a band of plaques of interlaced work, alternating with bosses of coloured enamel. The interlaced patterns are produced by filigree of gold wire wrought on the front of a repoussé ground of the same metal. There is no branch of the art of the gold- and silversmith which is not here exhibited in its highest perfection.

Besides the objects of metal directly connected with the usages of the early Celtic Church, a large number of personal ornaments belonging to pre-Norman Christian times have been found from time to time, amongst which large penannular brooches for fastening the dress are most common. The typical form of such brooches is a flat ring, with a slit or break in its circumference, on each side of which the breadth of the ring is increased, so that although the outside is circular, the inside is more or less elliptical. A long pin is attached to the narrow portion of the ring, upon which it slides freely. In some brooches of this type there is no actual slit in the ring, although the outward appearance of one is still retained by the disposition of the ornament. The finest specimen of early Celtic brooch is one which was found by an old woman in Drogheda, in 1850, and is now in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, being known as the Tara Brooch (III. and IV.). No written description could convey an adequate idea of the extreme delicacy and beauty of this relic; but the ornament corresponds with that to be found in Celtic MSS. of the best period, such as the Book of Kells, and the gold, silver, niello, variously coloured glass settings and enamels are masterpieces of the jeweller's skill. The most celebrated Scotch brooch is that found at Hunterston, near Largs, in 1826, and now in the possession of Mr. Hunter, of Hunterston. It is decorated with the usual forms of Celtic interlacements and spiral

work, and on the back are scratched two old Northern Runic inscriptions, indicating the owners' names, Maelbritha and Olfriti, the former Celtic and the latter Norse. Many examples of Celtic metal-work have been discovered in Norway, where some beautiful specimens are to be seen in the Bergen Museum.

Metal objects with characteristic forms of Celtic ornament have occasionally been found in England; as for instance the beautiful set of three pins found in the river Witham, and now in the British Museum (v.), and the bronze bowls at Lullingston Park, Kent, and in the York Museum. J. ROMILLY ALLEN.

PROFILES FROM THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE.

CHARLES IX.

ON the 5th of December, 1560, a great anxiety filled the royal Castle of Orleans. The king lay on his death-bed, with clogged brain and heavy eyes—a plain, sallow boy, sixteen years old. By his side knelt his young wife, Mary Stuart, whom his death should launch at once upon a sea of sorrows. Behind her stood her uncles, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine, who ruled the kingdom absolutely so long as François lived. On the other side of her dying child sat the queen-mother, Catherine de Médicis, a plain, unwieldy woman of forty, with beautiful feet and hands, and the alertest step of any lady at the court. She passed for a very timid and irresolute creature, of little character or enterprise; yet she endured her sorrow calmly. She knew her son would die, for Nostradamus had foretold the early childless deaths of all her children. François would die. She would be regent; and she would at last outwit the insolence of the Guises, and be quit for ever of Mary Stuart, her detested daughter-in-law. So the two queens watched and waited with different hopes and fears. Behind them the Guises also waited; and in his prison cell their enemy, and the Huguenot Prince of Condé, condemned to death if they remained in power. Before night the Guises were merely nobles, Mary of Scotland a widow, the Prince of Condé free, and the shopkeeper's daughter regent of the kingdom. The new king was a child of ten years old: a brilliant, eager, valorous, handsome little fellow, most unlike the memory we keep of Charles IX.

The letters and records of the Venetian envoys are full of his gaiety and courage. He had the vivacity, the ardour of François I. From his babyhood he talked of war and soldiers, and at nine years old he planned with his generals an expedition to recover Milan. The French found their old ideal in this light-hearted young prince, never weary, hunting all day through the forests of his kingdom, playing at every game, forging swords on his own anvil, writing verses scarce less elegant than Ronsard's, singing the quaint church-like music of De Caurroy and Orlando Lassus, and still keeping a sense of the caution that befits a king. Soon after his accession, in the thick of his fever for Milan, a courtier said to him in the audience chamber that it would be well to conciliate a certain Milanese. "Do you think I forget it?" cried the child; "but now that I am king we do not speak of such things in public!"

The queen-regent was, however, most unwilling that the child should cultivate his taste for kingship. She kept him absolutely in her power, and gently influenced him to spend his energies on hunting and the arts. The child loved fatigue and violent exercise; and as he grew older became overgrown and very pale, with something odd and fatal in his white face, with his father's singular great eyes, with the weak Medici chin, and the temples delicate and drawn beneath the shock of his ruddy hair.

The people complained that the king was forging his own death upon his anvil, that he hunted his own life away in the continual chase; but his mother did not find this exercise too violent for his slender health, and no one could hint that she was not a careful mother. For years the young king slept in her bed-chamber, and she was with him all day long. She accompanied him even to the chase, dragging her enormous form through thicket and brush-wood, even as in her slender girlhood she had hunted hour after hour with King François I.: "hoping," Brantome says, "to win his secrets from him."

The years passed on, and at fourteen the king was nominally of age; but Catherine still kept the reins of government very firmly in her hands. The king had other duties. He did not inherit the taste for building of his ancestors, but he loved painting and sculpture; the works of Clouet illustrate his court, and Pilon, the sculptor, has left a strange dramatic portrait of his handsome, terrible young head. "He is generous, noble, and an enemy of vice," write the Venetian envoys, "eating and drinking little, and he does not care for women." Indeed, we know the only woman that he loved was Marie Touchet, the

daughter of a judge at Orleans. For this equable half-Flemish *bourgeoise* the young king nourished a love more faithful than that of his father for Diane. His life was sober enough, with its violent exercise and simple living; but it was not the life of a king.

"They talk of the king, but they look towards the queen," writes Correro, in 1569. In the letters of these Venetians we notice a growing respect for Catherine. Lamentably inexperienced at first, disliked and despised by the arrogant French nobles, friendless, timid, and irresolute, her address and indefatigable industry conquered every disadvantage. "She eats, walks about, and almost sleeps with a secret whispered at her ear," writes Barbaro. "Her address is marvellous," says Michiel; "she is a born Medici, and well knows how to feign and to dissimulate." In 1569 Correro tells us how obedient this impulsive Charles has grown. He is very pale and thin. They say he is afraid of this mother who is always at his side. And we remember how another son of Catherine should choose for her the ghastly nickname of *Madame Serpente*.

Evidently there would be no interference from this crushed and gaunt-eyed son. The livid and enormous figure of Catherine fills the political horizon of France. While she was pitting the Catholics against the Huguenots, giving her favour now to Condé, now to Guise, the young king tried to lose himself in the music of De Caurroy and the love of Marie Touchet. Civil warfare racked his kingdom—and he dared not take a side, poor involuntary Nero, compelled to fiddle on among the flames.

In 1570 there seemed a clearing in the sky. Peace was made between the Huguenots and the armies of the League. Coligni came to court, and was greeted with every flattery by the queen. Palissy, the Huguenot potter, was making his celebrated grotto for the queen's garden. Catherine talked seriously of marrying her second son to Queen Elizabeth of England. The lion appeared to lie down with the lamb. It was even suggested that the king's sister, the charming Margot, should marry the Prince of Navarre, head of the Huguenot faction. But this the Protestants would not believe. The queen, they said, is a clever woman: "she stanches our hunger with smoke!"

It is probable that for the moment Catherine herself believed in peace. She held the Italian theories of a balance of power; and we know how she shifted her protection now to the Huguenots, and now to the Guises. When in 1570 she married Charles IX. to the daughter of the emperor, and sought to marry Henri to our Elizabeth, she had, no doubt, some notion of an equilibrium in her mind. One child should be the head of the Catholic world and one of the Reformed. Notwithstanding the Protestant distrust of her, notwithstanding the speech reported by Barbaro in 1563 ("in the end, you shall see, I will make every sort of pious demonstration"), the more we know of Catherine, the more it seems decided that this idea of an equilibrium occupied her fancy for some years. She meant to distribute her children among the heads of both factions. In 1572 she was still anxiously planning the English match, she had married Charles to Maximilian's daughter, she was actually marrying her Margot to Henri of Navarre. Then something happened which threatened to overturn her theories.

All the Huguenots were up in Paris for the wedding of the King of Navarre. The young Huguenot chief was intimate with Charles, who saw much of him and much of Admiral Coligni. At last it became evident to Catherine that her son—the King of France, the husband of the emperor's daughter, the head and front of Catholicism, was visibly falling under the influence of the Huguenot Coligni. Charles, young, enthusiastic, fond as ever of the stories of battle, found more to attract him in the Huguenot hero than in the men about his mother's court. In the secret cypher of Salviati, at that time Nuncio in Paris, we learn that Coligni "almost governs the kingdom." We can imagine the rage and despair of Catherine, her equilibrium broken, *all* her children on the side of heresy. The rest we need not imagine. The facts are set down for us by Salviati, by the French ambassador at Venice, by competent and trusty witnesses. With the assistance of Henri, her second son, *Catherine commissioned the Duke of Guise to assassinate Coligni*. The king, of course, was kept in ignorance. Had the admiral died at once, no one else would have suffered; but he did not die. That night, terrified by the failure of her attempt, by the agitation among the Huguenots, and fearing (says Salviati) some terrible evil, the unstable and panic-haunted Catherine visited her son, confessed her crime, and also her terror lest the angered Huguenots should rise and murder her in the night. For her sake, and for Anjou's, she besought him to be beforehand with the Huguenots. This was early in the evening. Charles continued stern. About ten Catherine sent the king her minister, the Florentine Gondi. Gondi, himself ash-white with panic, so worked upon the over-wrought and half-mad brain of Charles, that at length the miserable king gave his authority. Three hours after, the massacre began, when Charles himself, stung (as Michelet suggests) by some savage instinct of sport, snatched up an arquebuss and shot the Huguenots whom the soldiers hunted past his window.

Charles was not really vile; the tocsin of Saint Bartholomew rang his death-bell. The blood of his friend, the blood of thousands of innocents had been

shed at his command. He tried to brave it out, to make a virtue of his crime. He said, "I did it;" but no one believed him. "It was done at first without the knowledge of the king," writes Salviati in his cypher. "All that is done they impute to you alone and to Monseigneur d'Anjou," writes Du Ferrier, from Venice, to Catherine. But it was Charles alone who repented. "The queen looks twenty years younger, as if she had recovered from a dangerous illness and issued out of a great danger," writes the envoy of Savoy. "The king is reduced to such leanness and feebleness he cannot stand, and seems but skin and bone," we read in the account of the trial of La Mole. Bad dreams disturbed by night, fear and remorse destroyed by day, the weak, unhappy

CHARLES IX.

(From the Bust by Germain Pilon. Louvre.)

lad, who, to save the mother he feared, had shed such wealth of innocent blood. His songs, his love of art, his passion for hunting, his placeable Marie could not console him now. In 1574 he died, a wreck in mind and body, and the most execrated of European kings—so had his fate belied the promise of his childhood.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait;
Come seek thy northern home anew
Where pale spring flowers are delicate
And winter skies are changed to blue
Come, swallow, come,
for thee we wait.

Come, swallow, come,
for thee we wait;
The thatch is warm beneath
the sun
Here tell of love to thy fond mate;
To-day should see thy nest begun,
Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait.

Come, swallow, come, for thee we wait:
The spring is perfect but for thee;
Ah! welcome, though thou speedest late
Thy truant wings from o'er the sea;
Welcome, for not in vain we wait.

The Pale Primrose

Charles Whymper

"COME, SWALLOW, COME."

(Written by Harold Boulton. Drawn by Charles Whymper.)

ARTIST AND ARTISAN.

IN considering the question of the relation of the artist to the artisan, social considerations have, of course, to be taken into account. We cannot expect men to step down to a lower social grade than that in which they find themselves; but we were not all of us bred in Belgravia, or foredoomed to associate with princes and men of princely fortune. Some of us may not even belong to the mixed multitude who suppose themselves to be the elect of society. In truth, we raise neither ourselves nor our calling by yielding to the attractions of the social glare. It pays, we know, to assume a certain position in the world in proportion as you have it not; but the pay is the pay of a mercenary. Our art is none the better for the metamorphosis of the artist into a social lion, the elevation of art into a profession. It is *not* elevation. To what is the man raised? To the necessity of living in luxury that is good neither for him nor for his work; or call it extravagance rather, for luxury seems to imply some sort of pleasure in it, which does not by any means always exist. The need of living at ever-increasing expense tempts a man to take the market for his guide, and so by degrees to submit his talent to meaner considerations.

It was a much wholesomer state of things when the artist simply set up to be a craftsman. Then there was no lack of artists. Now we get little more than craftsmen under the name of artists; for who has leisure to cultivate in him that which raises workmanship into worthy art? The artists of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance were craftsmen first and artists afterwards—or perhaps it would be more exact to say craftsmen by profession and artists by right of genius. An iron-worker developed maybe into a Peter Vischer, a goldsmith into a Cellini or an Albert Dürer; he professed less than he did, he was ready to undertake what came in his way, and thought no good work beneath his notice. But that was in days when such an event as the erection of a new fountain was an occasion for craftsmen to show their art, and not just a job for the mason whose tender was lowest. The purposelessness and characterlessness of Nineteenth Century sculpture is to some extent explained, when we see that all manner of carving, whether in wood or stone—the stalls of a cathedral, the altar of a church, the pediment of a public building—is entrusted to contractors, and not to artists of repute or rising young students. This may be accounted for by the fact that the fine-artist of these days is not qualified for such work; but it accounts also for his incompetence. It was on work of this kind that the old masters cut their teeth; but the modern has absolutely no training in the application of his art to architecture or ornament. The neglect of the lower arts is accordingly unaccompanied by any corresponding benefit to the higher, for it will not be contended that we have in either excelled our predecessors.

A wave of popularity has tilted the artist into a professional position, which is far from adding to his actual dignity. What, in the interests of art, we want, is the raising of craftsmanship to the position it deserves. Has an artist any cause to pride himself upon his admission to the companionship of the lazy classes? A real worker should err on the side of overvaluing labour, even to the point of thinking that his quality of doer lifts him above any mere non-producer. Were he but prouder of his rank as worker, doer, *man*, in fact, how much better it would be for his art!

There is something too conscious about our consciousness of the artist in us. If we are artists, that will appear; we need not pose superior to the workman. There is this further evil: professional prestige has attracted, and continues to attract, men who would never have been impelled by any inborn instinct to adopt the career of art. It is suggested to the youth emerging into manhood as one of the pleasantest and most gentlemanlike walks in life; and so he enters it; and the sacred grove becomes a fashionable promenade.

In the implied sacredness of art there is nothing opposed to the work-a-day character by rights belonging to it. Art is, indeed, a sort of religion, properly influencing the every act of its votary; but this new doctrine of its divinity appears to imply that we should be everlastingly singing its praises, magnifying ourselves through it, and thanking God that we are not as other men.

It is easy, by blackening all subsidiary craftsmanship, to throw into apparently greater relief the attractions of fine art. But in magnifying the glories of a professional career, into which we are so eager to enter, we forget that even in the professions of more established repute, life is not all fees and flattery. There are signs, significant enough, that professionalism may some day be played out. Are not men of science, impatient of the narrow range of merely speculative and theoretic inquiry, beginning openly to identify themselves with the practical and

commercial aspects of the question? And in the supremely conservative circle of the law it is no secret that men are to be found, willing to do business on the terms that the costs shall be conditional upon the successful issue of the case. But that is done under the rose, else the prestige of the practitioner would suffer. But why should it? Why should not a lawyer acknowledge it a frank matter of business between him and his customer? or why should not an architect do the same? why should he not build his house, whether for sale or on commission, without pretensions to be other than a builder? If he be something more than a builder, if he be endowed with artistic capacity, so much the better for the work, and consequently for him; but surely that may be left to speak for itself? At least a man does himself scant credit in crying the artistic character of his wares. If the merit of art happen not to exist, that slightly alters the case: there may be some sort of commercial 'cuteness then in advertising it; but the expedient, such as it is, does not exactly redound to the honour of the profession. So also, in connection with decoration, the use of the silly epithet "art" as a prefix indicates, not that the purveyor is an artist, but that he is anxious to be mistaken for one.

With regard to painters and sculptors, they are in some measure disqualified for applied art by their very artistic pretensions. When it comes to the point of business with them, there is usually a sort of awkwardness about the question of price. This comes, of course, from unfamiliarity with the situation. Many a young painter would be only too glad of decorative work to do. Had he lived in pre-renaissance times he would have begun life in the workshop, and ended there, unless he developed the genius to rise. Nowadays, he is trained for the profession, and starts with preconceived, and not precisely accurate, ideas as to the status of the artist and the value of art. He perhaps over-estimates his own usefulness, or else he is unable to adapt himself to the circumstances of any given case; and either way his services are not sought. Now, in all crafts there is a certain unwritten tariff of wage (it settles itself) by which a man is paid according to proficiency—an average worker at this rate, an exceptionally skilful workman at that; and a man knows pretty well the limits of price within which he can find employment: that is to say, he knows the value of his work, or at all events, the price at which any one can afford to employ him. But one of the privileges of a profession is to value itself and its work; and the artificial value of a work of "fine art," as opposed to the actual value of craftsmanship, is a very adequate reason why the young artist (especially if he has been so unfortunate as once to sell a picture well) can get no work to do. He has no notion of working so many hours a day at so much an hour; he scorns the mean idea; he is an artist, not an artisan, that he should do this miserable thing!

The fact is he has not been trained to anything but a sadly overstocked profession. He has been carefully nursed in an academy. In some respects it would have been better for him if he had been knocked about in a workshop. No man was ever the worse for having learnt a trade. Better men than the best of us have begun in the workshop; and there is no fitter starting-point for the artist than proficiency in mere craftsmanship. The sphere of skilled workmanship is the most natural and obvious recruiting ground for the ranks of art. Alas! the ranks of modern art are fast being filled by aspirants for ready-made generalship.

Yes, it is a noble profession. See how fine we are in our uniforms! But here and there, and once in a way, perhaps, is one who sighs for the workman's blouse.

LEWIS F. DAY.

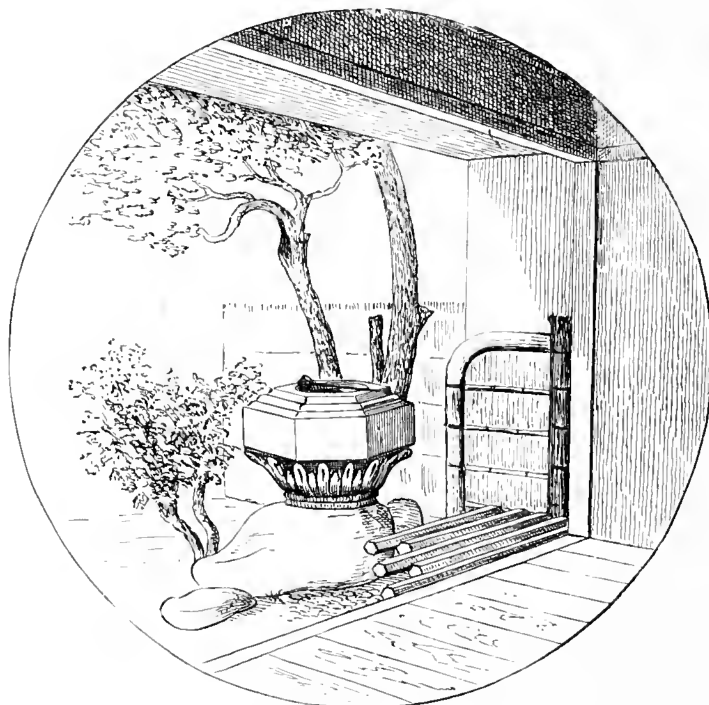
JAPANESE HOMES AND THEIR SURROUNDINGS.*

It is not more than a generation ago that the term "Japanese Homes" would have failed to conjure up in the minds of the greater number of educated English men and women anything beyond a vague picture of a scene of the willow-pattern order, pervaded by quaint figures of indeterminate sex and complicated attitudes; but now that "of making many books there is no end," upon the subject of the Land of the Rising Sun there are few of the reading public who have not attained a fairly correct general impression as to the country and its inhabitants. Any one, moreover, who chooses to wend his way to Knightsbridge may step out of the commonplace turmoil of a London street into the very heart of Japan, or, better, into a Japanese "village," peopled with selected natives—a village where the agricultural element is conspicuous by its absence; where all the houses are new, all the streets are clean, and everything that is objectionable to

* "Japanese Homes and their Surroundings." By Edward S. Morse, with illustrations by the author. (London: Sampson Low and Co. 1886.)

Western prejudices of mind and nostril is sedulously suppressed; where the villagers are all industrious and sober; and where a perennial supply of dancing, juggling, fencing, wrestling, and acting is provided for the amusement of every one except the hard-working cottagers themselves. This is not exactly Japan, but it is sufficient to make us desire to know more of a people who can bring before us a picture of an almost Arcadian existence in this prosaic Nineteenth Century of the Christian era.

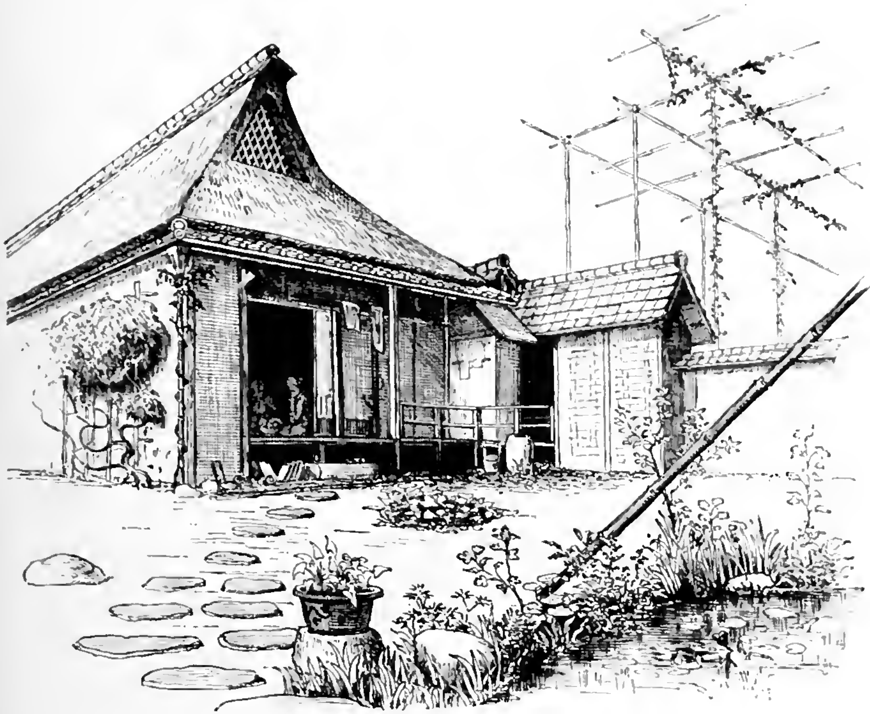
America has just placed in our hands an almost exhaustive treatise upon all that appertains to the Japanese habitation and its surroundings, by an author already well known to the more serious students of Japanese lore. The scope of Professor Morse's work may be gathered from the list of contents. It commences with a general sketch of the house and its construction, with some remarks upon the Japanese carpenter and his tools. This is succeeded by a description of the different types of houses in town and country, and an exhaustive study of roof architecture. The interior of the homestead from guest-room to kitchen, from floor to ceiling, is then reviewed in detail; and, afterwards, the entrance and approaches, and the garden with all its miniature wonders of trees, stones, bridges, summer-houses and ponds, are treated in a similarly comprehensive vein. Finally, the author presents us with two interesting chapters upon the dwelling-places of the ancient Japanese, and upon the comparative architecture of the Ainos of Yezo, the Bonin Islanders, the Loochooans, the Koreans, and the Chinese. We must not forget to speak of the illustrations, which are nearly all from the pencil of the author, and—as our specimens will show—not only testify to considerable artistic power, but are as clear, concise, and exact as the text itself.



1.—*CHODZU-BACHI* (WATER-VESSEL) AND *HISASHI-YEN* (SUPPLEMENTARY PENT-ROOF).

On our first near acquaintance with the exterior of the Japanese house, curiosity is almost lost in disappointment. Our preconceived ideas of Oriental architecture receive a shock when we are confronted with the average domicile of the middle or lower class Japanese. Small, low of pitch, its main element, the woodwork, washed with a dismal black, or unpainted and discoloured, it suggests poverty; the absence of doors, of windows, and of chimneys presents to the European eye a strong air of discomfort; and the substitution of solid wall by papered slides, or by a poor arrangement of lath and plaster, gives an aspect of instability which is exaggerated by the contrast with the disproportionately solid and weighty roof. The first impression is unfavourable, but a closer intimacy teaches us to correct it. Whatever is commonplace in the appearance of the dwelling is towards the street, while the artistic or picturesque face is turned towards the garden at the side or back. The dingy woodwork reveals wonders of carpentry; the slender uprights support the ponderous roof bravely and efficiently under all ordinary trials; and touches of artistic feeling and inventive power meet us at every point of examination. The tenants, too, although not types of robust health or muscular vigour, require no pity from us, for of all people in the world for cheerful faces and genial courtesy commend us to the Japanese, unspoiled by foreign contact; and we need not fear that the close of our study will leave us in other respects on ill terms with either the home or its architects.

The framework of a Japanese house divested of its movable partitions is little more than a skeleton, consisting of upright beams running from the ground to the transverse beams and inclines of the roof above, and held together "either by short strips which are let into appropriate notches in the uprights to which the bamboo lathing is fixed, or by longer strips of wood, which pass through mortises in the uprights, and are firmly keyed or pinned into place." In



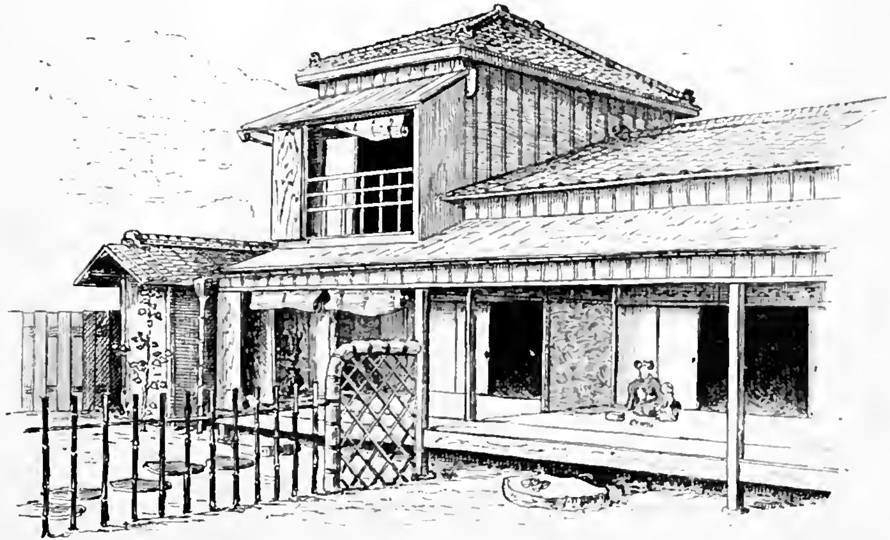
II.—OLD HOUSE IN KIOTO, GARDEN VIEW.

of fifteen centuries ago. The neglect of diagonal braces is less easy to account for, as there can be no doubt that a judicious use of the principle would lend increased security without adding materially to expense. Experience certainly demonstrates that the strength of the framework is already sufficient under all ordinary circumstances, but it is no less true that under the extraordinary strain of a typhoon or severe earthquake many habitations come down that might have stood had the plan of construction included a more generous provision for stability.

The universal employment of wood as the main constructive element in the dwelling-house necessarily entails a serious danger of widely and swiftly spreading fires, and a temptation to every miscreant who may seek his profit in such a calamity. It is seldom that a winter passes without the occurrence of terrible destruction from this cause, and some of the conflagrations in the capital carry away many hundreds or even thousands of houses at one terrific swoop. This permanent source of insecurity renders it absolutely necessary that owners of valuable

larger houses these uprights are further connected by a framework resting upon the foundation stones, but in other cases each of the vertical beams stands directly upon a single uncut or roughly hewn stone, which in turn is supported by another stone firmly implanted in the ground. There is no cellar or other underground extension; but the flooring is always separated from the naked soil by a ventilating space of some eighteen inches or two feet in depth.

The most noteworthy peculiarities in the framework are the absence of arches and the omission of diagonal braces. In their non-recognition of the arch it is not that the Japanese are ignorant of this element of architecture, for it exists in some of their stone bridges; but it would appear that the economy of material to be gained by the introduction of arches is too small to induce the people to depart from the traditional and well-tested practice handed down to them by the Koreans and Chinese

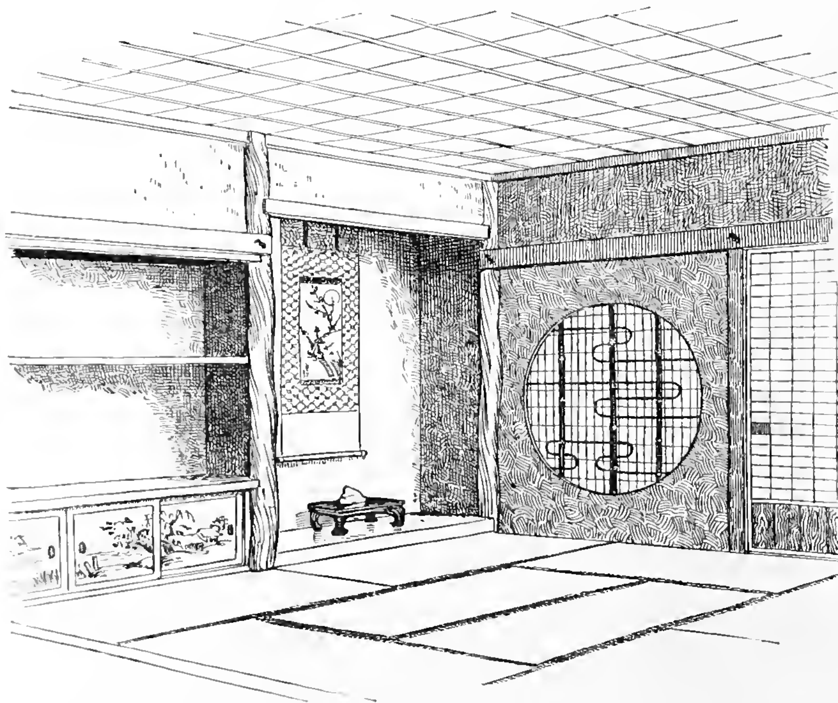


III.—VIEW OF DWELLING FROM GARDEN, IN TOKIO

property should have some means of protecting it from destruction, and to this end is instituted the fireproof "godown," or *kura*, a building with enormously thick walls, massive roof, and small, closely-guarded doors and windows, which offers as complete a contrast to the dwelling-house as could well be imagined.

The Japanese methods of roofing are of sufficient interest and variety to provide material for a small treatise; and the forms of gable and front, the details of framework, the coverings of shingle, tile, and thatch, and the various developments of the ridge, are all described by Professor Morse with a thoroughness and technical accuracy that leaves nothing to be desired. Were the author writing a book upon Japanese keramic art he might devote a long chapter solely to the consideration of the tile, but the infinite variety of these objects, as governed by period and locality, would have been obviously out of place in his present work. One point of history is, however, deserving of record. It is stated, on the authority of the "Nihongi," one of the most ancient Japanese writings extant, that the fabrication of tiles was commenced in Japan in the first year of the Emperor Sujun (588 A.D.) by five Korean potters, whose names are preserved; and that Shōtoku Taishi, the princely apostle of Japanese Buddhism (572—621 A.D.), caused a number of carpenters and tile-makers to come from Korea for the purpose of aiding in the erection of the temple of Tennōji (Osaka) and other buildings. The period at which the tile was first manufactured in China is doubtful, but by some writers is placed in the Tsin dynasty (265—419 A.D.). It may here be remarked incidentally that almost every principle of Japanese architecture was derived from Korea and China during and after the Fifth Century, and that many of the noblest of the ancient temples in Japan were probably constructed after the designs or under the superintendence of Koreans and Chinese.

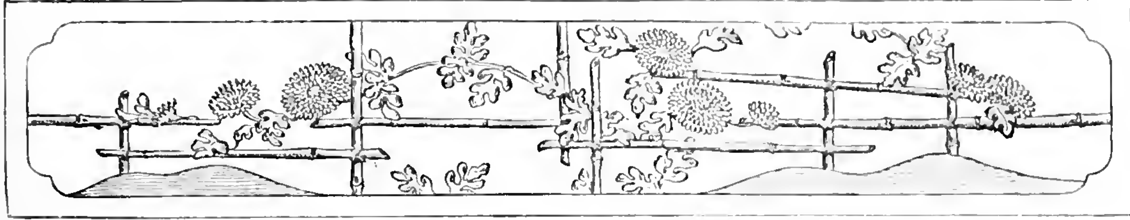
We may now accompany the author into the interior of the domicile, and may note the relatively small size, low stud and rectangular shape of the rooms, the exposure on all sides of the constructive details of woodwork, the wooden ceiling, light and beautiful when not discoloured with age, and sometimes marvellously delicate and complex in design; the roughly-made floor, the one part of his work in which the Japanese carpenter permits himself the luxury of scamping; the verandah, protected by its special pent roof; and, if the house be furnished, the thick, solid mats, which form one of the most serious elements of the fitting of the establishment. The mat, which constitutes the unit of admeasurement of every Japanese room, is about six feet in length, three feet in breadth, and consists of a basis of rice straw about two inches in thickness, covered with a woven matting of various degrees of fineness, bound at the edges with linen. As the author tells us, "Upon these mats the people eat, sleep, and die; they represent the bed, chair, lounge, and sometimes table combined." But although so comprehensively convenient, they cannot be praised on sanitary grounds, for the interior, which ordinarily does duty for a long term of years, becomes the home of fleas and other insects, and a nidus for germs of all kinds; and during the summer months is apt to undergo a kind of fermentation, which is perhaps as detrimental to the health as it is unpleasantly evident to the nostril.



IV.—GUEST-ROOM, SHOWING CIRCULAR WINDOW, *TOKO-NO-MA* AND *CHIGAI-DANA*, WITH PLAN OF MATTED FLOOR.

The walls are chiefly represented by sliding screens of two principal kinds: the one (*shoji*) a lattice-work, covered with thin translucent paper, serves not only as a partition, but also for the transmission of light; the other

(*fusuma*, or *karakami*) a thickly-papered framework, bordered with plain or lacquered wood, and in wealthy houses often beautifully decorated. A third and more substantial kind, called *kagami-do*, which in certain buildings, more particularly those attached to temples, may replace the *fusuma*, is not noticed by the author, as it is rarely seen in the ordinary dwelling-house. It consists of a wooden panel, deeply and strongly framed with a lacquered border, and may be covered with pictorial designs. A reed screen, entitled *toshi-do*, in which paper is replaced by a grating of a kind of rush (*toshi*), may be substituted for the *fusuma* in summer. These are not the only movable elements; above the *kamoi*, or continuous lintel, which tops the row of slides, we may find in the larger houses a special set of frames called *ramma*, which serve for ventilation, and are often beautiful examples of lattice-work, or may be represented by elaborate carvings in open-work.



V.—CARVED WOOD *RAMMA* IN GOJIO VILLAGE, YAMATO.

In the guest-room, which is, of course, an institution of the better class of houses only, we find a special feature in the presence of a pair of recesses called respectively *toko-no-ma* and *chigai-dana*. The latter is fitted with an arrangement of shelves and little cupboards with sliding doors; the former is utilised for the display of one, a pair, or a set of three hanging pictures, and upon its elevated floor may be placed a vase of flowers, a sword-stand, or some other decorative object. The term *toko-no-ma*, or "bed-space," may possibly represent a small closet originally built out from the main apartment as a sleeping-place, but its origin is involved in obscurity. It dates only from the Fourteenth Century, and there is no evidence of the existence of any such arrangement in the primitive hut.

The furniture of the guest-room, and indeed of the whole house, is remarkable for the almost complete absence of superfluity. It is necessary in a country where fire spreads with such terrible rapidity that the householder should not be over-burdened with goods; but more than this, the advantages of economy, space, simplicity, and cleanliness are gained without any sacrifice of good taste. A well-ordered Japanese guest-room is a model of quiet elegance, without a suspicion of that tendency to overcrowding with ornaments and curiosities which often imparts to the Western reception-room all the ostentation of the bazaar, and delivers to the tender mercies of the domestic servant many a precious relic that the Oriental collector would guard as the apple of his eye.

We are not likely to assimilate the arrangement of our kitchens, bath-rooms, &c., to those of the Japanese house, but we might benefit largely and easily by the ingenuity that shows us how we may transform the distressing commonplace of our suburban garden plot into a miniature paradise of mountain and valley, winding streams, and tranquil lakes, grassy slopes, and precipitous rocks, besprinkled with quaintly-dwarfed trees that seem to have been gnarled by a century of exposure, and with curiously-shaped evergreen bushes and carefully-chosen flowers that gladden the eye with life and beauty throughout the year. The plan of all this is undoubtedly Chinese, perhaps modified to some extent, and unfavourably, by the Dutch influence, which taught the artificial trimming and shaping of the vegetation; but it is invested with a charm and variety that is essentially Japanese. The author gives a valuable fund of information as to detail, and introduces some interesting fac-similes of native woodcuts to illustrate this section. Reproductions of this kind might indeed have been further utilised with advantage.

In conclusion, we may congratulate the author, and all who are interested in Japan, upon the important work before us. It is not too early. Of the condition of things which Professor Morse, like a Japanese painter, has delineated without the shadows, the greater part must soon pass away, and it is well that it should be so, now that better materials and more scientific theories of construction are available for the ingenuity and workmanlike skill so long and successfully applied to the utilisation of imperfect resources. In the meantime, we have learned that there are some features of the domestic economy and architecture of the far East which may convey a useful lesson to the countries of the West.

WILLIAM ANDERSON.

A ROYAL ARTIST.

BETWEEN the time of Henry III. and Henry VII. all art but architecture seems to have died out in England. In the latter period, Mabuse came to this country; but beyond obtaining a commission from the king (for which we will hope he was paid) to paint a picture of his marriage with Elizabeth of York, he seems to have received but little support.

The chivalrous and romantic young Henry VIII. was very unlike his father, and under him the real art-life of England began. Whether it was from a natural love of art, or whether it was in emulation of that (by him) much admired King François I., we know not; but Henry VIII., very early in his reign, began that patronage of the arts which he continued until quite late in it. It is not generally known that he did his best to tempt Raphael and Titian hither from Italy. Unfortunately for us, his inducements were not sufficiently strong to entice either of those giants among men to England. But we all know how he befriended and enriched Holbein.

Mary was too much engaged with pyrotechnics to pay any attention to the sister arts; and Elizabeth

AT PEGLI, NEAR GENOA.

(Painted by Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.)

can scarcely be said to have encouraged any art but that of the clear-starcher. The Second Solomon was too true a Scotchman to have any taste for art; and it is a very surprising thing that the offspring of that foolish monarch and of the dull and phlegmatic Anne of Denmark should have possessed so true a love and intelligent appreciation of art as they did.

PERISHABLENESS.

(Painted by Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.)

Charles I. is perhaps the first of our royal family who is known to have practised art himself. Contemporary writers tell us that he "had a singular skill in limning, and was a good judge of pictures." But Charles's claim to a place on the roll of artists rests upon surer foundations than his own productions can be considered to be. He it was who caused the princely Rubens to stay with us. Van Dyck, that courtly painter, who must have been so true a gentleman, or he never could have bequeathed so many to us, was induced to return to London after he had left England in disgust, by the personal request of the

king, who afterwards had a great regard for the artist as well as admiration for his works. Perhaps the best thing that Charles did for us was to purchase the great Raphael cartoons, which are now at Hampton Court. He inherited a good collection of works of art from his elder brother Henry, and this he constantly augmented with splendid purchases of statuary, and Italian and other paintings. One reads of the fine Raphaels, Titians, Lionardos, Tintorets, and Holbeins he possessed, not to speak of his collection of antiques. It makes one writhe in one's seat, even in this long-after year of grace, to think of the priceless gems of art which were sold, destroyed, or dispersed at the beginning of the Interregnum. To give the Lord Protector but his just due, we must say that he did his best to stay the senseless destruction of pictures which was countenanced by the Act which was passed to the effect that all pictures which were without superstition should be sold, but that all those on which were representations of the Blessed Virgin were to be burnt. At the sale of the late king's effects—how near this seems to bring the unfortunate prince to the level of ordinary mortals!—he and his wife were both present, with a catalogue, and, judging from the results, the lady was the more spirited bidder, for her purchases amounted to £200, whilst her careful husband only laid out £109 5s.

That amiable prince, Charles II., had not the same interest in and love of art as distinguished, in however small a degree, his plebeian predecessor, for his attempts at re-forming the scattered collection of his father were of the most half-hearted description. Probably to please some art-loving favourite he did manage to get back a portrait of his father by Van Dyck, but there his efforts ceased; though one can imagine him sitting very much bored at Council, scribbling pretty faces in pen and ink upon his paper. He certainly gave Lely commissions to paint him portraits of the voluptuous beauties of his court, and I suppose we must be thankful for small mercies. The rest of the Stuarts did even less for art than Charles: one cannot even imagine the steady Mary of Orange or the virtuous Anne scribbling faces at Privy Council meetings; and James II., of whom one always thinks as being in a hurry, even less so. During the time of the four Georges, art, to say the least of it, seems to have slumbered. George III. certainly had a love of music, but that was all. Yet we feel sure that somewhere at Windsor, in some lumber-room or old spare chamber, there lie even now dull, dusty portfolios, filled with conventional, quaint landscapes and delicately stippled flower pieces, prettily painted by those poor shadowy ladies, the daughters of George III.

It is only when we come down to quite our own day that the love of art in the Royal Family—which the heavy Hanovers must have considerably jeopardised—rouses itself from its lethargy, and, to use a rather mixed metaphor, bears fruit. The influence, not only of the royal patronage, of art, but of the royal interest in it during the present reign, has been very greatly beneficial. The Prince Consort was a man of great natural taste, which he had sedulously cultivated, and the same taste is apparent in most of his children.

Her Majesty the Queen is herself an artist. She sketches from nature; and the public has lately had the privilege of seeing reproductions of some of her work. Her drawings from the figure are spirited and forcible, and her animals are full of life and "go." The writer is not aware whether the Prince of Wales is himself an artist, but he does know how keen an interest he takes in art in general, and in that of his own country in particular. The time and personal attention which he has devoted on different occasions to our art exhibits at various great international exhibitions would alone be proof of the love he bears for art. Several of the other members of the Royal Family practise painting admirably. The late Princess Alice possessed unusual artistic powers; we all know the Princess Beatrice's work; and the Princess Louise, besides being a first-rate landscape-painter, has lately turned her artistic talent in a new direction, and has produced a statue of the Queen for the west front of Lichfield Cathedral, which is full of dignity, and possesses beauty of line. But it is to none of these ladies that our title alludes. The Royal Artist of whom we speak is the Crown Princess of Germany, our own Princess Royal.

In our present number we have the honour of reproducing three of the works of this royal, and very real, artist, which not only show us her great talent, but her exceptional versatility in the application of it. Having studied like a student, the Crown Princess now paints as an artist. The powers of the Princess Royal have long been acknowledged in Germany, upon the art of which country she has had great and lasting influence. In 1860 she was elected Member of the Berlin Academy, where she has constantly exhibited. Painting admirably, as she does, in landscape, portraiture, and still-life, it is perhaps in her portraits that she excels. An artist may be an admirable draughtsman of the figure, he may have the finest technique and a true love of colour, he may possess a perfect mastery of carnations (critics always talk a lot about carnations), and yet fail entirely in portraiture. The one essential thing is the instinct for reading character and the power of seizing upon and depicting, without exaggeration or burlesque, the salient points in the

expression of his sitter. That the Princess Royal possesses this gift may be seen by referring to our last illustration. Without knowing the lady, one feels sure that this is a "speaking" likeness. This may be the result of the careful study of character as expressed in physiognomy, which one expects is a lesson early taught to royal children, or one that is quickly gained in courts, if it be not actually inculcated. There is dignity in the simple treatment of this picture, and the easy pose of the figure has been skilfully caught.

We believe that the Princess Royal has studied under Von Angeli for the figure, and under Wilberg for landscape. It is perhaps possible to detect the influence of the former artist in the drawing of the "Portrait of a Lady." The House of Brandenburg has not the pleasure of the writer's acquaintance (which is an instance that even Imperial rank cannot gain one *every* advantage), so that he is unable to speak of the Princess Royal's methods of work or scheme of colour. Of one thing he is sure, that she goes direct to nature. There is an air of sincerity and first-hand-ness about the street scene in Pegli—which we engrave—which convinces one that the work was faithfully drawn out of doors, and probably finished on the spot. The third picture, "Perishableness," shows signs of the same conscientious study, and there is an appreciation of just values in it which is very noticeable. Although this picture very well bears translation into black and white, we probably lose much by missing its rich and quiet colour. We hope one day to see some of the royal painter's pictures in London, that English people may know that we have an artist of whom we may be proud in the person of a princess whom we love.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

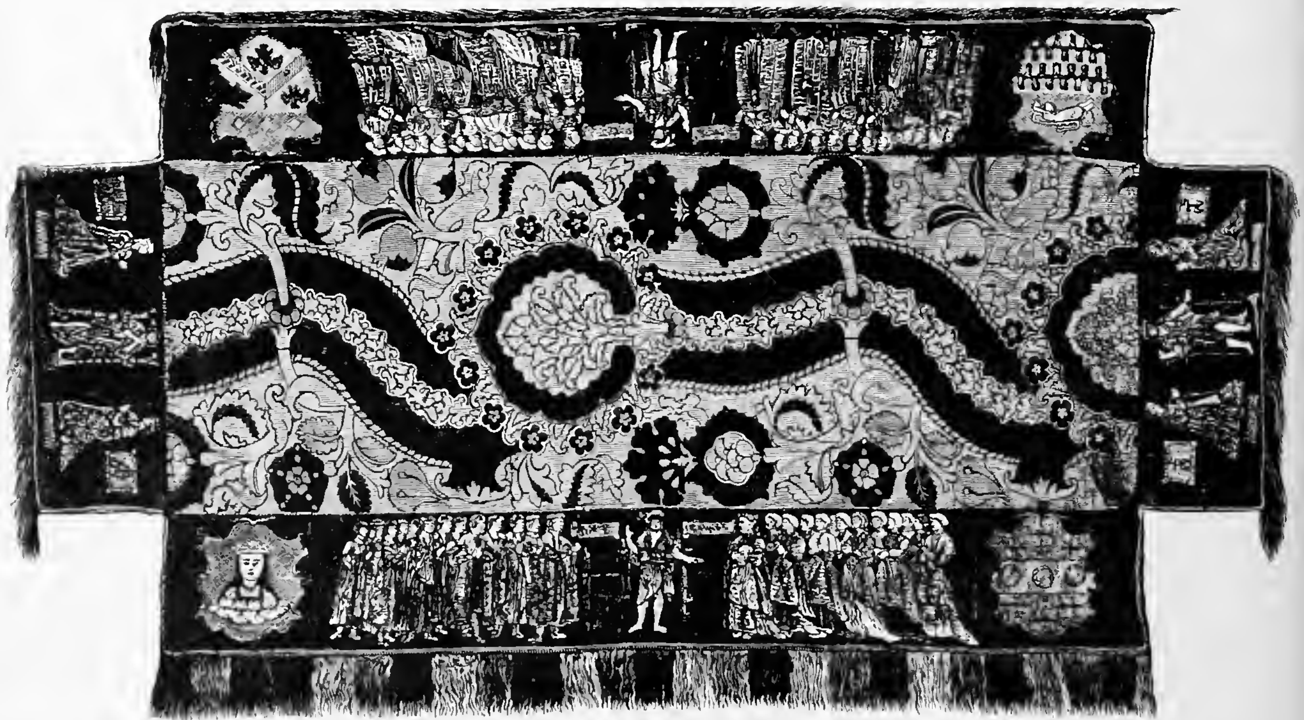
(From a Drawing by Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Crown Princess of Germany.)

ALFRED ST. JOHNSTON.

NEEDLEWORK AS ART.

LADY MARIAN ALFORD'S "Needlework as Art" (Sampson Low & Co.) is very welcome, filling, as it does, a hitherto unoccupied space in the history of the arts. It contains original thought and many practical suggestions, and sets forth the results of a great deal of inquiry and research, with minute reference to trustworthy authorities on difficult or disputed points. The freshness of the historical view of needlework as a decorative art, the generally well-assimilated mass of archæological and technical information, and above all the pleasant and easy style can hardly fail to make the book interesting to most readers: even to the ordinary amateur, who knows little or nothing of needlework, ancient or modern. Moreover, as our specimens will show, it is well and copiously illustrated, in *photogravure* as in wood engraving; so that its equipment may fairly be described as of exceptional fitness and completeness. We venture to say that so far from proving "too shallow for the learned, too deep for the frivolous, too technical for the general public, and too diffuse for the specialist," it will appeal to all these and other classes of readers, and afford something of interest or of use to all.

Though the principle of a certain unity in all the arts is generally accepted, their action and reaction, their mutual give and take so to speak, have not before been insisted upon in connection with needlework. By the nature of its materials and the way of using them, the practice of embroidery stands apart from sculpture, painting, and other kindred arts. Yet their several histories meet and touch at many points, and on these points Lady Marian has much to say that is new and interesting. Without rushing into Semper's somewhat extravagant view of the exalted position of needlework as the origin of the other arts, she dignifies it with very ancient and authentic descent, and proves its early influence on the history of its companions. By thus tracing its course to the fountain-head and exhibiting its earliest beginnings and latest development, she enables us to realise, perhaps for the first time, its glorious past, its present respectable revival, and its future possibilities. We feel how long it has been insufficiently recognised; that, though "only" a decorative art, and hardly perhaps that in the eyes of some people, embroidery must be governed by the larger and wider laws that are in



I.—THE DUNSTABLE PALL: LATE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

principle accorded to the decorative arts, however they may be treated in practice. Its ultimate possibilities, and, more especially, its necessary limitations, are, for the first time, clearly and logically defined.

The one fault of the book is its arrangement. That is to say, there is not enough unity of idea to make the mass of details a firm, conglomerate whole. Each division is in itself excellent, and works towards a definite end; yet the general impression left on the mind of the ordinary reader is rather one of isolated facts and well-reasoned special points, than of a complete organic whole. Taking into account the variety and volume of the information, collected from Eastern and Western sources, this effect was perhaps to be more or less expected. In tracing the course of needlework, we are brought face to face with the causes of its different styles; and the study of their historical progression involves, of necessity, the detailed consideration of designs, patterns, stitches, materials, and colours, and the separate treatment of the archaeological and æsthetic, apart from the technical, aspects. The absence of a chapter on

II.—THE DURHAM MANIPLES: TENTH CENTURY.

Japanese embroidery is to be regretted; beyond a photograph or two, and what seems an incidental mention here and there, we hear nothing about it.

III.—THE CHARLEMAGNE DALMATIC: EIGHTH CENTURY.

Yet there is European embroidery, contemporary with the work of the Japanese nun Hōni; and it would have been interesting to compare the differences in styles and stitches.

Style *per se* has first to be defined and considered, and a flood of light is cast upon the origins of the various forms of antique embroidery. From primitive and archaic times to the present Nineteenth Century, they are traced in their developments, divergences, and likenesses, and, so far as possible, are once more associated with the civilisations so long gone to dust. Seldom, perhaps, do those who ply the needle realise that they copy the very stitches that may have adorned the Sanctuary in the Wilderness, and even then were probably not new. We have to confess that there are no new patterns under the sun, and no likelihood of a new one making its appearance. Novel combinations are almost infinite; but the patterns which are the basis of all our design can no more be banished than any other inherited instinct. A pattern is the outcome of long descent, and is stamped with the seal of its origin and epoch, and can be as surely deciphered as any other character by those who can read aright. Of the primitive stock we cannot hope to trace the ancestry, nor to understand the intention; but the designs and devices still used in Christian worship and decoration are marked with pagan and barbaric vestiges, whose significance is still comprehensible.

The earliest extant specimens of decorative art are furnished by Egyptian textiles. The seeds of the Egyptian style were carried by the Phœnicians all over the ancient world, to take permanent root in Greece alone; and on the importation Greek art grafted itself to work out its artistic salvation in faith and harmony. Amongst all the designs and patterns Lady Marian has brought before us, the Greek alone are completely significant: they have the unapproachable and perfect simplicity which is a characteristic of Hellenic art; compared with their Greek developments, the original wave and key pattern of Egypt and Assyria are mean and trifling. The proof is that in the common domestic work of to-day the Greek type of these designs is constantly used, while the Assyrian and Egyptian have passed out of service. Here the collective taste of society has shown itself infallible.

In treating of designs and patterns generally, there is more technical matter than in the chapter on style, but not less historical interest. The rules for the composition of design, too often neglected and ignored, are constantly insisted upon, and the five guiding principles of decorative art are constantly quoted from Charles Blanc. It is to be noted of our own designers of the present day—of Mr. Morris, for instance—that their strength would seem to lie in the arrangement of naturalistic rather than conventional or geometrical forms. The aptitude shown

in many of their arrangements of butterflies, birds, flowers, and other natural objects, points to a taste inherited from Aryan forefathers, who loved this sort of decoration. Certain it is that we excel in the decorative use of floral and insectile forms, and fail in the lightness and ingenuity required for the invention of arabesque or the lines of conventional and symmetrical designs.

A little patience is, perhaps, required, when we come to Lady Marian's investigation of the materials used in antique embroidery; but in saying this we do not mean to convey that this section of her work is lacking in historical and other interest. Some account of the nature and structure of hemp, jute, wool, hair, leather, and other textiles of antiquity, is no doubt a necessary part of the subject, and with specimens and a microscope might even be made engaging. Once these plainer substances disposed of, Lady Marian's description of gold brocades and embroideries works like a charm; the garments of silver, and fine linen and purple—the purple that represented so much to the ancients—are alluring even in print. As we read, the faded rags of history unfold themselves like banners, and once more assume something of their fabled glory. The peoples who wrought and wore them pass as in procession; and we realise as never before that needlework is an art, in the sense that painting and architecture are arts, and that, like them, it may be the expression of a nation's inner life and thought.

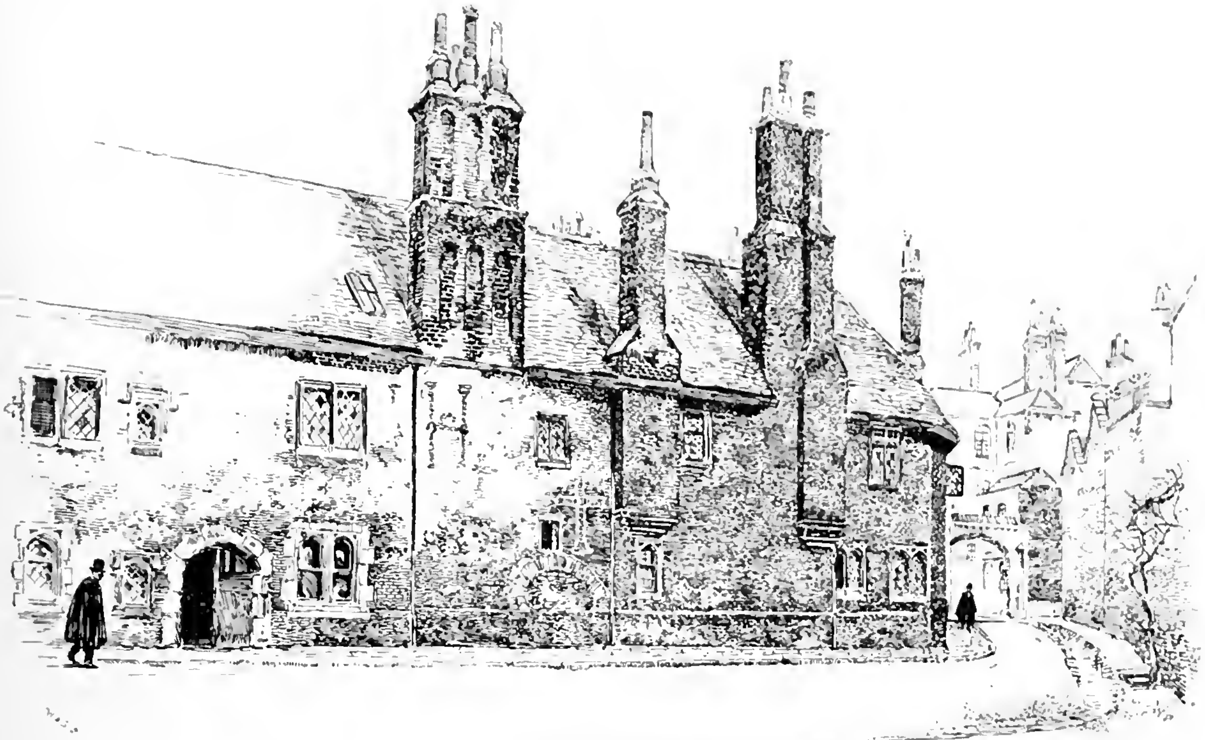
The book, however, is not one to be dipped into and skipped. It deserves sustained attention and study; for the ancient history of needlework is a complete history, sometimes faint and apparently lost, yet continuously linked, and carried without a break, from one epoch to another by tradition, architectural representation, and such old embroidered fabrics as still exist. Something is gained if it only teaches that the art deserves better treatment at our hands than it is receiving; but it should, besides, inspire its practitioners to higher efforts. They may feel certain that the results of their labours, if worthy, will at any rate be preserved more carefully than such things have been in the past. Lady Marian Alford, like many others, cannot forgive the enthusiasm which at the Reformation swept away so many evidences of English toil and skill in church embroidery and decoration. The England of the Middle Ages was long foremost in such work; and the description of the season of its fame is specially interesting. It is to be feared that the talent, taste, and time for such achievements have been lost beyond recovery. But though Lady Marian scarcely hopes that we shall altogether retrieve our lost renown, she encourages higher expectations in that direction than are justified, perhaps, by facts. The question of the decoration and embellishment of churches is regarded by her from the point of view of pure beauty and originality of effect. Indeed, she more than once calls attention to the fact that the side of the question on which she speaks is not that of religion and party, but that of pure art. We need hardly indicate that the point of view is one to be adopted by everybody interested in the subject of ecclesiastical adornment.

We are led by plain and easy paths through mazes of stitches of every sort: stitches for embroidery, for feather-work, patch-work, lace-work, tapestry. From these we turn aside to consider the hangings, furniture, and dresses of the peoples of all tongues and times, till we arrive at the present condition of art-needlework. Its recent revival, under well-known auspices, including Lady Marian's own, will be encouraging to those interested in the cause. The Royal School of Art Needlework, which sprang from quite small beginnings in 1872, and has since grown into an organised association under royal patronage, boasts a list of highly respectable achievements in needlework, designed and carried out with real artistic feeling and discrimination. With such signs of improvement, we may feel sure that, whatever betides, so disastrous a crisis as the Berlin wool epidemic is henceforth impossible. It left in its wake vestiges not even now effaced, in the shape of mats and cushions coarsely worked in strong magentas and violent spinach greens. It is evident that Lady Marian looks with sober mistrust on the exaggerated "quaintnesses" of fashionable æstheticism. But she heartily approves the signs of more wholesome influences, and the evidences, however slight, of individual taste as compared with collective mania. When this tendency takes the form of a revived interest in hand embroideries and decorations *versus* woven or stamped materials, she is still better pleased. She would like to see the embroidery frame, not in itself an ungraceful object, become a common piece of furniture. Women have a natural inclination towards the needle. Why, she asks, should not our women re-introduce the habit of designing and producing great pieces of needlework for home decoration and the delight of the family? Why not, indeed? We should then again be cheered by the sight of beautiful women "seated low at tapestry," as the Laureate says, labouring for posterity as much as for themselves and their surroundings, and learning more in the practice of art than from any number of private views and public theories. Though the golden age of needlework may seem to lie behind rather than before us, there really appears to be no reason why the art may not once more blossom into use and beauty, and be as it was of old.

KATHARINE DE MATTOS.

A LADY OF OLD GERMANY.

(From a Drawing by Alexander Gierymski.



1.—EXTERIOR FAÇADE OF WASHHOUSE COURT, WITH THE INNER GATEWAY.

OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

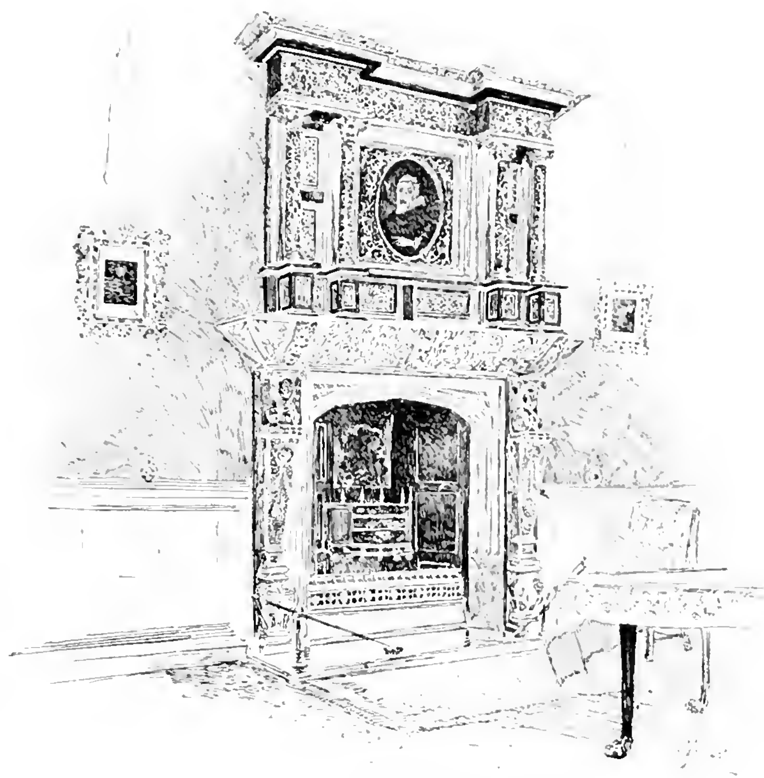
FOR the benefit of such subscribers to THE MAGAZINE OF ART—if any such there be—as care mainly for the illustrations, and either skim or ignore the letterpress, or at any rate for the sake of emphasis, let me begin by raising a protest against the scheme now on foot for ruining the integrity of the buildings which I am going to describe. Destruction is imminent. At this moment there is before the Upper House a Bill which will give the Governors authority to destroy all the ancient buildings which the Charterhouse still retains, and to convert the pensioners into mere recipients of outdoor relief. Possibly by the time that this article appears the scope of the scheme of destruction may have been limited by amendments to the Bill. There is, however, I fear, but little chance that the danger will have been altogether averted, and so long as any portion of this most interesting relic of antiquity is subject to any degree of risk, the protest is valid and should be vigorously pressed home. It is fatal to temporise with schemes of destruction. In such matters compromise is out of the question. Our generation has had far too large an experience of vandalism to be ignorant that the mutilation of a part is the almost certain forerunner of the destruction of the whole. "He that is unfaithful in the least will also be unfaithful in much." When the integrity of a building is sacrificed, its total abolition has become easier, and is generally within measurable distance. The law of destruction is similar to the law of decay. The "little pitted speck in garnered fruit" is the beginning of the end, and the surrender of the wholeness of a building is no less symptomatic of its ultimate abolition. Nor is this principle to be confined to individual monuments of antiquity. As the loss of a part makes easier the loss of the whole, so the surrender of one building renders the next work of destruction that may be proposed more feasible. If the loss of works of antiquity which one generation has seen could be reckoned up, the most apathetic would be appalled at the loss which our country has sustained in those features round which centre some of the finest of our sentiments—in those monuments which make our country what it is, and serve to keep the lamp of our national art alive for us.

As much as this may no doubt be legitimately said in a periodical which aims at creating and fostering a true interest in art. No apology is needed for a protest against the mutilation of fabrics. I would, however, go a step farther, without, as I think, overstepping the boundary, and plead also for the preservation of the ancient institutions intimately associated with old buildings, which tend to give to them their special meaning and local colour. Imagine Saint Cross at Winchester dissociated from the bedesmen and reduced to a mere structural monument of antiquity. At least half of that which gives it its charm for us would have vanished. The case is no less strong in the present instance. At any rate, no apology is needed for pleading in the interests of art for the preservation of that old-world life which inspired one of the most perfect episodes in the literature of our country, and gave us from the pen of Thackeray, himself a Carthusian, the description of the last days of Colonel Newcome. The sense of the quiet sober life ordained by the founder for the objects of his charity appeals to the same instincts in us as the antiquity of the buildings; and it is no anomaly that we should in these pages protest against the destruction of this farther link with the past.

Doubtless there are often insuperable reasons against the maintenance in charitable bequests of the precise enactments of the founder. These may often become hopelessly out of date. They may even by lapse of time and change of circumstance have become injurious instead of helpful. In such cases the only possible attitude towards alterations of management is to grin and bear them. In the present instance, I, for one, can see no reason for a radical change in an institution which has stood the test of time, and has proved the foresight at least as undeniably as the beneficent intentions of the founder. Were this the place for it, I could find much to say as to the presumable origin of this scheme, destructive alike of buildings and of institutions. If money is needed, there are more ways of obtaining it than by the obliteration of all that Sutton held dear. I would, for instance, ask my readers to calculate the working expenses in the salaries of a staff which has to look to the interests of forty-seven ancient gentlemen, and see whether some clipping here and there would not seem to be rather a fulfilment than a violation of the founder's intentions. The present proportion of machinery to objects attained will probably seem, to those who take the trouble to inform themselves, somewhat analogous to the dog being wagged by his tail. The staff was made for the pensioners (and for the boys who have long since gone elsewhere), and present arrangements seem rather to suggest that the pensioners have come to exist for the benefit of the staff: a state of things for which the enquiring mind will find occasional precedent in the modern development of some other institutions. But I must not pursue this aspect of the subject farther. If I have aroused the interest of my readers who have the will or the power to assert their influence on the question, I would ask them to examine for farther information the following documents: (*a*) "The scheme for the regulation of Sutton's hospital, approved by the Charity Commissioners, December 3rd, 1872;" and (*b*) "A petition presented to Parliament by some of the pensioners, dated July 19, 1873;" and to consider, in connection with this, the Governor's regulations respecting the Poor Brothers of the Charterhouse, that they may see how an almost impossible protest on their part has been made. Then they may consult the *Times* for the following dates, December 24 and 29, and January 2, noticing, especially, "F. G.'s" challenge, which has never been taken up. And if I am forced at last to admit that I have passed beyond the subject, if not beyond the interests, of art, I hereby apologise to the editor and to my readers, and pass on to the part of the matter which is more germane to the character of this magazine.

To begin with the history of Charterhouse. When, in the middle of the Fourteenth Century, a plague broke out in England, a Flemish nobleman named Sir Walter de Manny purchased some thirteen acres of land known as the Spittle (*i.e.*, Hospital) Croft. The land thus acquired adjoined a plot of three acres, known anciently as "No Man's Land," which had been purchased for a burial-ground by the then Bishop of London, who had, moreover, erected a chapel on the spot in which mass might be said for the dead. De Manny had originally intended the land he bought for an extension of the burial-ground, and 50,000 bodies are said to have been interred there. A few years later, however, he altered his intentions, and in 1371 had completed the buildings for a Carthusian monastery. The extent of his buildings may still to some extent be traced. The original portion of the chapel may be that founded by the Bishop of London some quarter of a century earlier, and incorporated by Sir Walter de Manny in his scheme, or he may have rebuilt it. There are no features extant, nor am I aware of any records which would definitely settle this question. The extent of De Manny's buildings is clearly marked by a plan which is, or was, preserved in the Master's lodge. But for some outlying buildings, a gateway, a "wyndmylle," and a "fleysche kychen," known as "Egypte"—a name which indicates the austerity of the Carthusian's life—they formed a complete and very extensive quadrangle. The whole was surrounded by a cloister, the site of which, on the west.

was that of the present cloister. The south side included the present south aisle of the chapel, and the position of the chapter-house and of some of the cells may be obtained by continuing the lines of the north and south limits of this aisle east and west. The western wall of the eastern cells is now the eastern boundary of the premises. In the old stone wall, some of which still remains, was discernible some time since the opening through which the food was passed to the occupant of one of the cells; and a similar opening and the doorway of the cell to which it belongs are still traceable in the inner wall of the cloister near to the south-west corner. The northern boundary of the quadrangle has totally disappeared, but as it seems to have formed a perfect square, its position could easily be recovered by measurement. Probably the "hill" on which the old big school used to stand was formed of the *debris* of this portion of the monastery. At the south-west corner of the quadrangle, apparently in the position occupied by a portion of the pensioners' "hall," a small cloister is indicated on the plan which may have been the residence of the "conversi," or lay brethren. There seem to have been twenty-three cells in all. This is a larger number than is usually found in a Carthusian monastery, the regulation number of which was thirteen. The original main gateway is shown in the position of that which now stands fronting on Charterhouse Square, though I should imagine that it had been rebuilt or modified at a somewhat later date. The plan I have alluded to shows a very elaborate system of water supply. The central feature of the quadrangle is a sort of conduit house, octagonal in form, which, if drawn proportionately, must have been some fifty feet in diameter, and more than a hundred feet in height. From it there issue four streams towards the cardinal points, which again communicate with water-courses running behind the cells, used probably for sanitary purposes, and apparently having no exit at the ends. It is not easy to understand thoroughly how things were managed in respect of sanitation. Let us hope that the warning of the 50,000 corpses underground had not been lost on the founder, and that his provisions for the living were as thorough as those for the dead had been kindly.

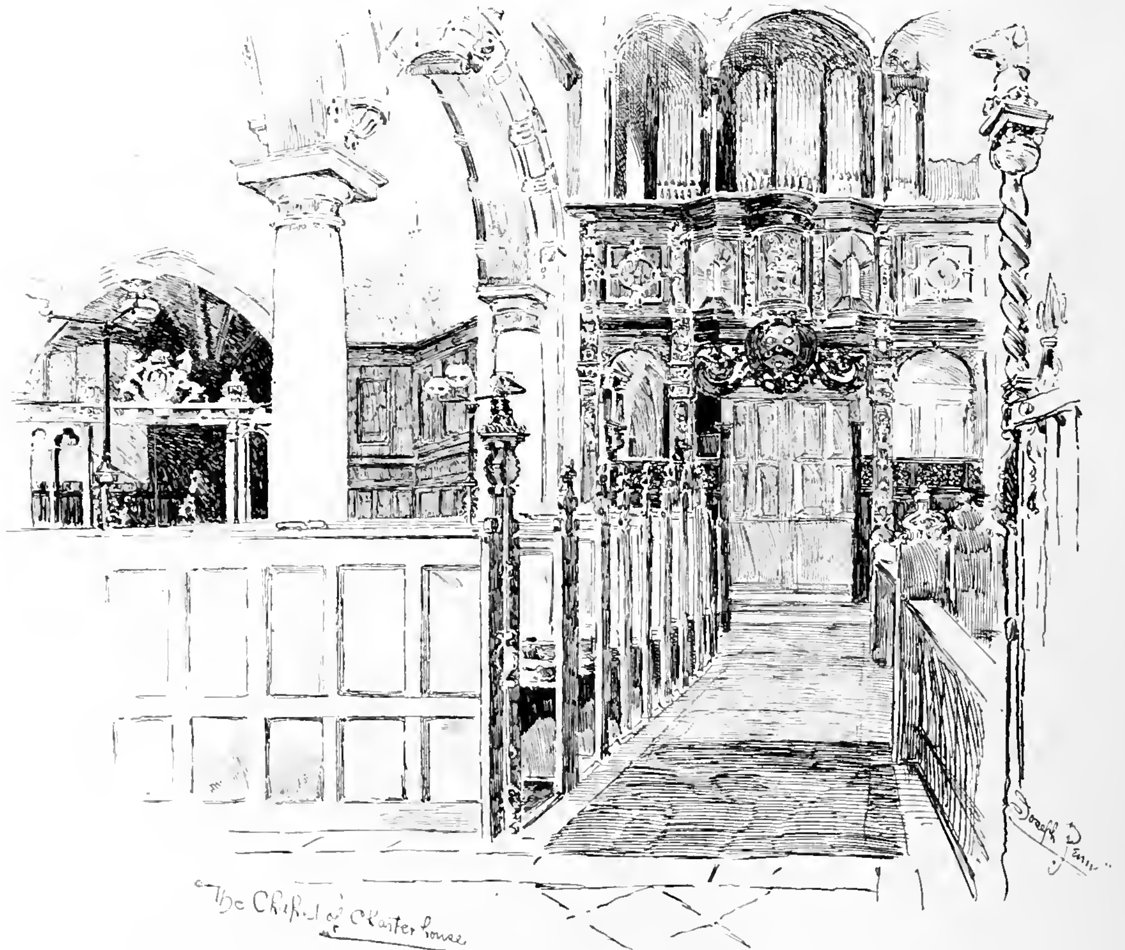


II.—MANTELPIECE IN THE MASTER'S LODGE.

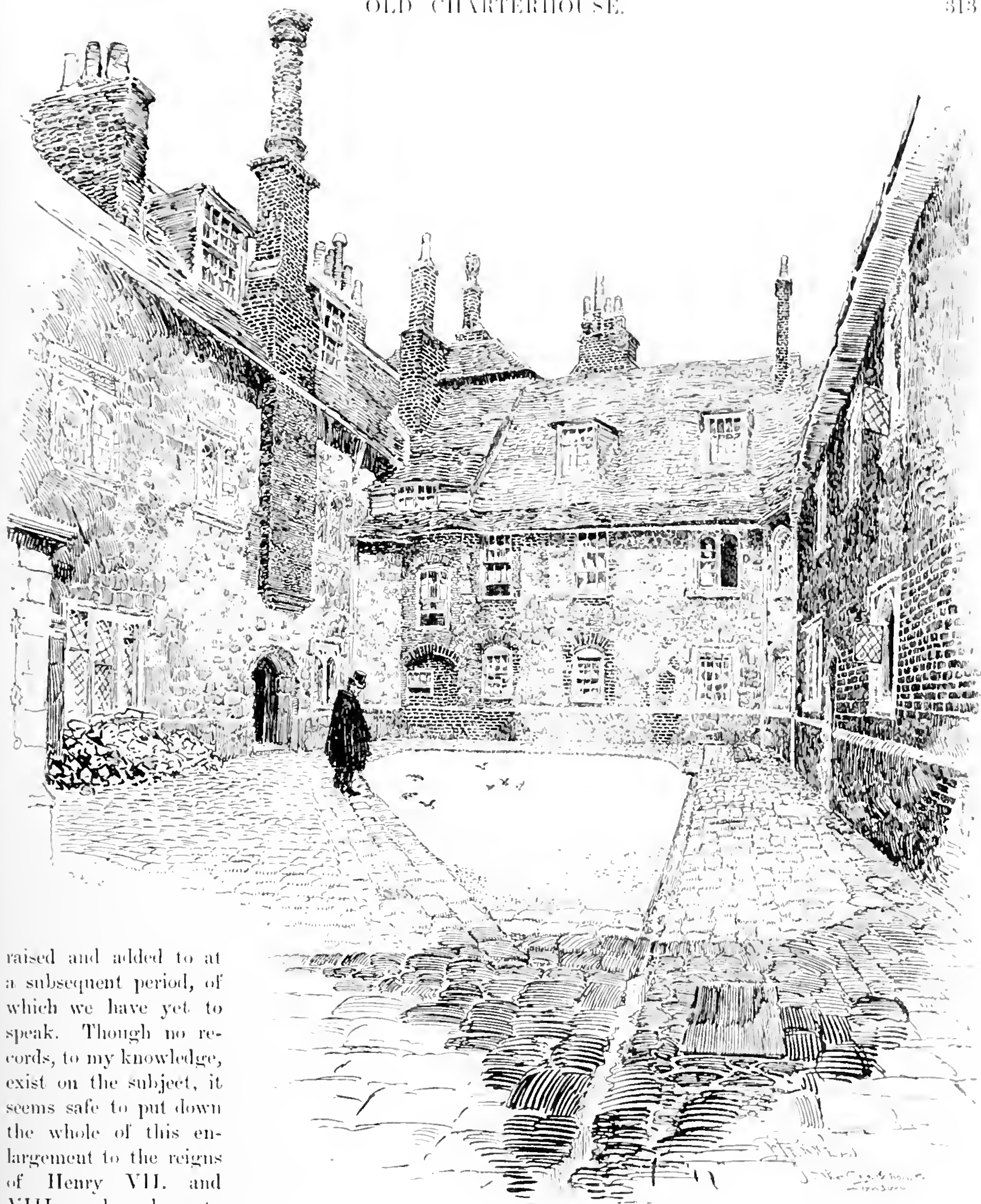
Before passing to the next stage of the history of the fabric, it is worth while to say a few words about the life which was lived in this and other Carthusian monasteries, as to some extent its influence has to this day remained within the precincts. The rules of the Carthusian order, founded on those of the

Benedictines, were exceedingly strict. Solitude and silence were enjoined. The brothers dined in common on rare occasions only, and usually met together in the chapel alone. So strict was the rule, that they were excluded by elaborate devices from communication even with the lay brothers who attended to their wants. So far was this isolation carried, that those very openings, of which we saw that traces still remained here and there, were secured against use as a means of conversation not only by a door, of which the "conversus" in attendance on the particular cell kept the key, but further by a tortuosity in the passage communicating with the dwelling. The monks wore hair shirts; generally abstained from meat; on Fridays took nothing but bread and water; never left the monastery; and allowed no women within the precincts.

By the time that the next stage in the history is reached, it is possible that some relaxation of discipline may have been admitted. Prior Houghton appears to have been the first to enlarge the monastery; and it is known that in his time guests were entertained there, among whom were Sir Thomas More and Dean Colet. Though the guests were doubtless received in an outer court, they may be supposed to have had some social converse with the monks, unless indeed they went there for "retreat," and observed as strict a seclusion as the brothers. It was probably for the reception of guests that the outer courts, those, I mean, which are now known as the Master's and Washhouse Courts (I., IV., and V.), were built. They are undoubtedly of later date than De Manny's work, and Washhouse Court, with the adjoining inner gateway, was certainly built by Prior Houghton himself. The other court, of which the external façade is shown in our fifth cut, is of very similar date, though possibly portions of it may be a little earlier. Much of its interior face is now built up in a coating of modern brickwork, leaving the windows and doorways alone to speak to its antiquity. The hall, which forms the north side of the quadrangle of the Master's Court, is of two dates: the lower portion is mediæval, and suggests the latest stage of Tudor architecture, while it was



III.—THE CHAPEL.



IV.—IN WASHHOUSE COURT.

raised and added to at a subsequent period, of which we have yet to speak. Though no records, to my knowledge, exist on the subject, it seems safe to put down the whole of this enlargement to the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII., and perhaps to the priorate of Houghton, though the fact that the work which is definitely his is of brick construction, while the rest was originally of stone, seems to indicate that two priors must have been at work, of whom Houghton was the later, while the character of the architecture shows that the interval can have been but brief.

The completed monastery had but a brief career. In 1534 it was "visited" by Henry VIII. The monks who remained faithful to their religion were treated with severity exceptional even under the hands of that "spot of blood and grease on the page of history." Houghton was hanged at his own gateway; the monks met either the same fate or a worse in being sent to a lingering death in prison.

Having confiscated the property of the brotherhood, Henry bestowed it upon Lord North, from whom it passed to the Duke of Norfolk. With one or other, or with both of these, begins a new era in the history of the fabric. The monastery was converted into a mansion. The Guesten Hall was raised in height, and fitted in the manner of the period. The original monastic buildings were probably then taken down, and the strangers' court was converted into dwelling-rooms. A cloister was built as a covered passage from the house to a tennis-court on the spot where the head-master's house stood some fifteen years ago. To the same period we owe the beautiful staircase which leads to the reception-rooms on the first floor with the plaster ceiling above it, the fine mantels in the chamber known as the Governor's Room, in the old Gown-boys' Hall, and in the Master's Lodge (II.), the doorway leading from the corridor into the chapel (III.), and from the Gown-boys' Hall to the Cloister. Certainly at this time it must have been an important and beautiful habitation, and it figures among the countless mansions which were visited by Elizabeth, who was entertained there by Lord North, its first lay possessor. James I., too, made it his first lodging when he came to London on his accession. This stage of the history of the fabric covers the period between 1534, when the monastery was dissolved, and 1611, when Sutton purchased the premises, containing thirteen acres of land and the buildings thereon, and proceeded to convert them to the use of his intended charity.

Not very much of his work remains. He enlarged the chapel by the addition of a north aisle, which presents an almost unique example of the architecture of the period. Both the arcade, with its semi-circular arches and Doric capitals, the mouldings interrupted by a species of keystone strapes which are generally found in the cornices to the mantel-pieces of Jacobean date, and the adjoining woodwork, with its fantastic detail and arched panels in artificial perspective, are very curious and interesting. The system of false perspective was obviously introduced from Italy, where it is very commonly found in the intarsia work of the later Renaissance. The most elaborate example with which I am acquainted is the "scene" of the theatre at Vicenza, where all the various avenues of approach are made to diminish rapidly in size as they recede from the stage, and where they radiate from a centre which would be in the middle of what is now the pit. The device, though worked out with consummate care, is open to two grave objections: the first, that there can only have been one person in the audience—the one, namely, who occupied a focal position—to whom the perspective can have appeared correct; the second, that as the actors cannot be supposed to have been endowed with the power to expand or contract their stature at will, they must have presented the appearance of giants in the recesses of the vistas, and, it is evident, must certainly, as they approached the stage, have gradually shrunk to the average proportions of humanity.

But to return to our immediate subject. At the northern end of the cloister, near where the Duke of Norfolk had built his tennis-courts, Sutton put up the schoolhouse for the lodgment of the "poor children" for whose education he provided. These were standing until the school was transferred to Godalming, when they were destroyed to make way for a new building for "Merchant-Tailors" School, of the character of which and its appropriateness to the site I prefer not to speak. At the same time a large portion of the characteristic old cloister disappeared. The school buildings—having spent there some years of my life—I remember well. They were modest, sober, and dignified in character, and a fair example of the more utilitarian brick architecture of the date. It is sad to think that the actual work of the founder of the charity has been so lightly doomed to destruction. There were doubtless other buildings erected by Sutton; some record remains of the position of a preacher's and master's house, which were placed to the north of the scholars' house, but none, so far as I know, of its design. Probably, too, he built chambers for the Poor Brothers; but of these I know neither of trace or record. Sutton's hand may probably be seen in the over-mantel of the Pensioners' Hall, where the cannon are meant to record his tenure of the office of "Master General of the Ordnance of the North," to which post he was appointed in 1569. The very fine tomb in the chapel, which was erected to his memory, was not completed until many years after his death.

It speaks well for the solidity and adaptability of the mediæval work that Sutton's changes were so slight; but the fact that he did so little to alter the work of his predecessors may be taken, at least to some extent, as evidence that his disposition was conservative, and that he was averse from unnecessary change. The same spirit is shown in his enactments. It is evident that the manner of life which had prevailed in the ancient precincts had taken strong hold of his sympathies, and his rules of celibacy, both for the Poor Brothers and for the staff appointed in their service, as well as of regular attendance in chapel for all of these and for his scholars, imply a desire to give some degree of continuity to the manner of life to which the precincts had been previously devoted. Would that it had been in his power to hand down to the executors of his trust

some portion of the generous and noble spirit by which he himself was actuated!

There is so much interest connected with the premises that this mere skeleton account has almost run into a somewhat lengthy article. It will, however, by accurately defining the various building periods, make the individual illustrations the easier to understand. I have only to conclude, as I began, by entreating all my readers who have authority or influence to do all that in them lies to save, even from the beginning of destruction, this invaluable and unique monument of the past. The scheme at present mooted is, as I believe, even on its more plausible side, radically unsound. The retreat which Sutton created for aged and decayed gentlemen is invaluable. There they may spend the autumn of life in peace and quietness, undisturbed by the management of their own affairs, for which many, or most, of them must in earlier life have shown themselves more or less unfitted. It can be no equivalent to them to be thrust out into the world, even with an allowance equal to their present advantages, and turned over in waning life to the tender mercies of Betsy Prig and Sarah Gamp. It is well to adhere to Sutton's wise institutions, even if a reduced number benefit by them. It is better to increase the number of beneficiaries by reducing the number or the income of the cumbrous staff.

V.—THE MASTER'S COURT.

BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

BASIL PEROFF.

PROBABLY the realistic, or naturalistic, school in art and literature began earlier in Russia than in any other country. Even in the first half of the present century Griboiedoff the dramatist, Kryloff the fabulist, the poets Pouschkine and Lermontoff, the novelist Gogol, and others, had depicted entirely different phases of life from those attempted by their contemporaries.

After a long period of imitation and pseudo-classicism, a longing to give expression to national

feeling and reality was manifested almost simultaneously in literature and painting. In painting, this aspiration was first betrayed purely in externals, and not, as in literature, in any revelation of their inner significance. Hence our pictures were at first quite as conventional as their predecessors, inasmuch as they did not attempt to portray any of the varied aspects of real life. They are even less known, out of Russia, than the literature of the same period. Venetzianoff, who flourished at the beginning of the present century and is the father of national painting, confesses in his memoirs "that his long experience of convention prevented him from following nature." The real criminal was the St. Petersburg Academy; it not only corrupted Venetzianoff and his pupils, but every other painter who worked under its auspices. Other conditions were needed to develop a really national school; and they revealed themselves in the second quarter of the present century in the Academy of Sculpture and Architecture originally established in Moscow by private enterprise. Just as the St. Petersburg Academy only sought to imitate Western examples, nor dreamed of creating anything individual and original, the Moscow foundation at once began to tend in the direction of personal and national creation. It was therefore not its fault if its pupils did not afterwards achieve anything remarkable.

The true representatives of latter-day realism are Fedotoff in St. Petersburg, and Peroff in Moscow, both belonging to the middle of the century, and only separated by an interval of some ten years. Fedotoff was a pupil of the famous Bruloff, the last able representative of the pseudo-classical tendency; and he was indebted for his realism, not to his master, but to the influence of the fabulist Kryloff. But Fedotoff was already a man grown when he began his studies, and attained to great skill neither in drawing nor colouring. His work includes, with many drawings, a few pictures only; and these, their realism notwithstanding, contain a certain element of caricature.

THE FUNERAL.

(Painted by Basil Peroff.)

Peroff far surpassed his predecessors. It was only now and then that he strayed from the paths

THE DRAWING-MASTER.

(Painted by Basil Peroff.)

of realism, nor was he inducted into them by a single influence — realistic expression became the object of his life. Moreover, he was better gifted and more skilful and accomplished than Fedotoff. He was born, educated, and brought up in the midst of every possible disadvantage. A son of Baron Krudener, he was unable to bear his father's name, the Russian law forbidding the nobles to legitimise children born out of wedlock, even should the parents afterwards marry. The name of Peroff (*pero* is Russian for "pen") was bestowed upon him by his first teacher for progress in writing, and to distinguish him from another pupil who fidgeted his feet in class time, and who was nick-

named Boltoff (from the verb *boltat* = "to shake"). His father, on account of ill-health or the requirements of his office, or for other causes, was obliged to keep moving from one town to another: from Tobolsk, in Siberia (where Peroff was born in December, 1833), to Archangel; from thence to St. Petersburg; from St. Petersburg to the Baltic provinces, and finally to Samara and Nijni-Novgorod. Here he obtained the position of steward to an estate, and young Peroff found himself in that environment he afterwards painted, not once, but constantly. Like his father, he became a true friend to the peasants; the last years of his career are one long manifestation of love for them.

His first original work was religious. At seventeen, impressed by the Lenten services, he painted a "Crucifixion" from a living model hung to a wooden cross with ropes and rings. This picture to the contrary, his real vocation from childhood had been *genre*, especially with reference to the lives of the poor and oppressed; and soon after the "Crucifixion" he painted a "Beggar Asking Alms." He had then only just left Stoupin's studio in Arsamass, where, after finishing his course at the village school, he had studied drawing and painting. Seeing his decided talent for art, his parents resolved to send him to Moscow. There he entered the Academy, and lived for some time in the house of the superintendent of a girls' school. He was three years a student, and went away to be a drawing-master; but he was saved from this fate by his teacher, Vasilieff, who took him to his own house. As the professors were constantly quarrelling among themselves, they had no influence for good either on Peroff or on any of their other pupils. One would recommend a servile imitation of the great masters, meaning himself; another would advise a deep and conscientious study of nature; while nothing satisfied a third but literal and lifeless copies. Though Peroff acquired from his teacher neither science of drawing nor feeling for colour, his own native observation supplied him with material, and unwearying labour enabled him to carry out his ideas. Thanks to these qualities, the pictures he sent to St. Petersburg were always medalled. Between 1850 and 1860, the intellectual world was awakening to a strong impulse towards nationalism after the period of stagnation and subordination under Nicholas. Even the Academy had begun to shake off the pseudo-classic, and to admit *genre* with other styles; and Peroff was medalled for "A Boy's Head" (1856), his "Village Magistrate," "His First Uniform," and the "Village Church" (1861). They were not without mistakes of drawing and perspective, they were mannered in the details, and the colouring was generally dry. But no other Russian, Fedotoff excepted, had painted such realistic stuff, and it is not astonishing that they were loudly praised and heartily admired. Many writers of distinction—more particularly those who treated the negative side of Russian life—hailed the young painter as the Gogol of Russian painting, or compared him with the dramatist Ostrovski and Pissemski the novelist. And, indeed, his characters were all studied from living people. They were there for any one to paint, though they had never been painted before.

Another set of motives he derived from the seamy side of peasant life, and the gross and sordid habits of the clergy (especially the monks), the bureaucracy, and the upper class in general. Amongst these are "An Easter Procession" (1861), and "*En route* for the Troïski" (1862). In the first he represents the start of a party of priests, with crosses and icones, from the house of a rich peasant, after a good, fat mid-day meal; in the second, a gang of monks tea-drinking at an inn, with a maid-servant hounding a lame soldier away from their table. Both were taken directly from life; but as the servants of the altar were displayed, not as angels, but as common clay, they were not long allowed to be exhibited. With these and kindred themes, however, he did more than sustain his reputation; he won the gold medal, and was sent to study abroad at the expense of the Academy.

He was consigned to Paris, where he at once set to work to paint the lives of the common people—the beggars, the ragmen, the street musicians. But he soon saw "that he could do nothing without a profound study of local conditions." Then he began haunting the taverns, and sketching types wherever he found them; but this did not help him either. He writes thus to the Academy: "Being unacquainted with the character and moral life of the people, I am unable to complete a single picture. It seems to me less useful to devote a certain number of years to the study of a foreign country than to study and work out the immense wealth that is hoarded in the villages and cities of my own." After a sufficient study of the technique of his art, he asked leave to return. The Academy agreed with him entirely; and he was allowed to retrace his steps sooner than is customary. He settled permanently in Moscow, devoted himself to painting Russian life, and began to produce such scenes as "The Dinner" (1866); "A Holy-day Feast," to which he afterwards added the figures of a general and his parvenu wife; an "Old Beggar" (1875); "The Funeral" (1865), which shows with inimitable truth a mother and her two children seated on the same sledge with the father's coffin; "The Last Wine Shop" (1868); "The Young Apprentice and the

Parrot" (1866); and the "Scene on a Railway" (1868). At other times he painted episodes in city life, as "The Fountain" and "The Sledge;" or subjects from the life of poor ladies and unfortunates, as "The New Governess" (1866) and "Drowned" (1867); or from the life of poor clerks and teachers, as the "Post Office" (1866), and "The Drawing Master" patiently awaiting his high-born pupils in a richly-furnished room. For some of these he was elected Academician; with others he took first prizes both at St. Petersburg and Moscow.

In 1867, however, Peroff, under the influence of a dream, suddenly painted a picture called "Christ and His Mother by the Sea of Life." He is not the only one in whom we do find this abrupt transition from realism to mysticism; it is also the case with Gogol and Leo Tolstoï. Both began by painting every-day life with extreme truthfulness, and afterwards threw themselves into religious thought to the point of denying their former work. Peroff never reached such a pass as this; but he lingered long by the way, and busied himself almost exclusively with portraiture, save for his "Autumn," his "Eavesdropper," and "The Bridal Eve." The portraits painted at this time (1870–72) are remarkable. They will always survive as striking examples of Russian portraiture, not merely for their resemblance and naturalness, but especially as the presentments of famous men: of Pissemski, Ostrovsky, Pogodin, Dostoïevsky, Maïkoff, Dahl, Turgenieff, the brothers Rubinstein, and Stepanoff the artist. They were the first works in which Peroff attempted life-size figures; before them he had painted on a small scale, like Meissonier. But, however fine his portraits, they are in no sense creations, but simply excellent studies from nature.

His next departure was as a painter of peculiarities, when he produced "A Fowler," "A Fisherman," "The Shooting Party," "A Pigeon Fancier," and "The Botanist;" these, like his portraits, rank with his best achievements in expression and technical execution. But he still continued to paint the life of peasants and the poor in general, though not, it must be allowed, with the old success; and all the while he was engrossed in what was then the burning question of the relations between the old and the new generations. This conflict of thought resulted, among others, in "The Students and the Monk" (1871); "Bazaroff's Grave," from Turgenieff's "Pères et Enfants" (1874), and others, many of them merely unfinished sketches. From 1876 he ceased to exhibit, and devoted himself to the preparation of a set of sketches on motives from the revolt of Pugatcheff. He was constantly engrossed in the conflict between the new and old orders of things, not in the present only, but also in the past; and in its latest phase he recognised that the strength lay with the innovators. Speaking generally, his historical work is excellent in detail, but the *ensemble* says nothing, and leaves the spectator indifferent. Dissatisfied with his results, he again began to paint religion, allegory, and folk-lore: the "Garden of Gethsemane," a "Descent from the Cross," "Spring," "The Snow Maiden" (from a Russian story), and "The Czarevitch Ivan and the Grey Wolf." A simpler, a less ambitious historical essay was "The False Demetrius and the Monk Pymen." But he was never satisfied with anything he did. Art-critics explained the alteration in his taste in various ways. Some thought it caused by one or other of his external circumstances—the death of his first wife, his appointment to a chair in the Moscow Academy, the progress of phthisis. Others attributed it to more occult causes: as, for instance, the change in the mental attitude of society itself, which, after being on fire for great reforms, was entering upon a time of moral lassitude, and even stagnation. And, again, it was said that, though all his life he had denied the ideal, in the end his nature had overcome him and obliged him to yield.

But he had not really changed; he had only been diverted by various causes and circumstances to the consideration of other questions. The posthumous exhibition demonstrated that the statement as to the decay of his talent was premature. No Russian painter has rendered three different aspects of our national life with such perfection, and none has better expressed the hidden significance and the characteristics of Russian society in the past reigns. Should the time ever come to illustrate the secret life of the nation in the third quarter of the century, there can be no better illustrations than Peroff's sketches and pictures. Whatever the question agitating society, it was always reflected in his work. If he often painted the dark side of life, it was not that he went out of his way to look for it, but because it confronted him at every step. That he was no servile copyist of nature is the reason his pictures are so natural and produce so powerful an impression. It cannot be said of certain of his pupils, who have often something unnatural in their conceptions and ideas. The one who has approached him nearest is Vladimir Makovski.

The question frequently arose in criticism, why Peroff did not paint this or that other aspect of Russian life? It is surely enough that he painted what no other Russian had ever touched before. He was right to avoid what he neither knew nor understood; and had he not done so, there can be no doubt that his naturalistic work would have been still more frigid than his essays in history, allegory, and pietism. NICOLAS SOBKÔ.

To a Gardener.

Friend, in my mountain-side demesne,
My plain-beholding, rosy, green,
And linnet-haunted garden-ground,
Let still the esculents abound.
Let first the onion flourish there,
Rose among roots, the maiden-fair,
Wine-flavoured and poetic soul
Of the capacious salad bowl.
Let thyme the mountaineer (to dress
The tinier birds), and wading cress,
The lover of the shallow brook,
From all our plots and borders look

Nor crisp and ruddy radish, nor
Peascods for the child's pinafore,
Be lacking; nor of salad clan
The last and least that ever ran
About great nature's garden beds.
Nor thence be missed the speary heads
Of artichoke; nor thence the bean,
That gathered innocent and green,
Out-savours the belauded pea.

These tend, I prithee; and for me,
Thy most long-suffering master, bring
In April, when the linnets sing,
And the days lengthen more and more,
At sundown, to the kitchen door.

And I, being provided thus,
Shall, with superb asparagus,
A book, a taper, and a cup,
Of country wine, divinely sup.

TO A GARDENER.

(Written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Designed by H. Gillard Glindoni.)

I.—THE ST. JOHN: GRAND FALLS.

THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

THE St. John river, which was known by the Micmac Indians at the time of its discovery by the name of the Looshtook (the long river), has its source in the wildernesses of Northern Maine, whence it flows in a north-easterly direction, nearly parallel with the St. Lawrence, to its junction with the St. Francis, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles. It here assumes an irregular east-south-east course to Grand Falls, where it has a perpendicular descent of seventy to eighty feet, and thence flows nearly south to the entrance of Grand Lake, a distance of about one hundred miles, and finally in a south-south-westerly direction to St. John Harbour. The whole length of the river is estimated at four hundred and fifty miles, two hundred and twenty-five of which are entirely within British territory. At certain seasons of the year it is navigable by steamers of large size to Grand Falls, a distance of two hundred and twenty-five miles; above which it has been navigated for many years to a distance of forty-five miles by steamers of lighter draught.

The St. John, which, with its tributaries, embraces the largest area of fresh water in North America east of the Mississippi, was first explored, according to legend, by Champlain, De Monts, and Poutrincourt, the founders of New France, who anchored their vessels at its mouth on June 24th, 1607, St. John's Day. They must have been surprised, those old navigators—in this new world two or three centuries seem very long—by the tides of the Bay of Fundy, which rise to a height of forty to sixty feet, by the grandeur of its islands, and by the picturesqueness of its shores. For some days they tarried at Grand Manan, they explored Brier Island, and lost themselves amid the Eden-like glories of St. Mary's Bay. Champlain sailed up the river a distance of about fifteen leagues, and sent to France a glowing account of its majesty and the diversity of its shores, and of the magnificence of the new empire of which he thought it would form a part. He tarried but a little while, however, and then sailed away with a view to other discoveries.

In the year 1607, writes a local historian, many of the islands which lie near the mouth of the St. John, and the territory immediately adjacent, were made the theatre of a dreadful scene. Memberton, the chief of the Micmacs, was at war with the Armonchiquois of Saco, and he had called all the warriors of his tribe to aid him in the expedition against his enemies. The mouth of the St. John was the place of rendezvous, and to it they came from the marshlands of Chignect, from the Miramichi, from Cape Breton, and from Gaspé. Early in June, four hundred braves were assembled. They passed westward to the coasts of Maine, and, after a brief but bloody contest, returned to their homes in the forest. In a paper so brief as this, allusion can only be made to the chivalrous deeds of La Tour, who, a few years later, erected a fort and trading-post at the mouth of the St. John; to Madame la Tour, who defended that fort so heroically against her enemies, in the absence of her lord; and to the final cession of Acadia to the English.

Tradition has it that the deep and narrow chasm through which the waters of the St. John find their way to the sea was formed by some mighty convulsion of nature many centuries ago, and there is sufficient confirmatory evidence that the statement rests upon more than mere tradition. The level of the waters of the St. John is fifty feet above that of the bay, yet so mighty are the tides of the latter that steamers and sailing vessels of six hundred tons burthen are borne from the one to the other at their incoming and outgoing. The rapids or falls are principally just above the chasm referred to, over which, many years ago, an airy suspension bridge was thrown for carriage and foot travel, and recently the cantilever which connects the railway systems of the Strait of Canso with those of the Pacific coast. Directly above its mouth, which is spanned by the suspension and cantilever bridges, the river expands into a basin of such extent that it affords room for the storage of vast rafts of timber, which are towed down by small steamers from its upper waters and its tributaries, as well as anchorage for a great number of steam and sailing vessels. In the same basin lie three small islands, two of which have precipitous sides, and are very picturesque; while the lumber mills, giving employment to thousands of men, are planted on both shores. Proceeding up the stream, we reach Pleasant Point, the heights of Poquiock, Randolph—an artificial island of considerable size, formed by the construction of a short canal across an isthmus that formerly connected it with the mainland—and the Narrows, which extend about two miles to Boar's Head. It would be an exaggeration to compare the Narrows of St. John with the Palisades of the Hudson, but they have characteristics which are peculiarly their own. The cliffs on either side of the channel rise to a height of from sixty to two hundred feet, and are almost perpendicular. They are covered with stunted evergreens, mosses, lichens, and flowers, and shrubs which gain a foothold in every crevice and cranny in the rocks, while their summits are crowned with spruce and fir and pine interspersed with the maiden birch and rowan and wild plum.

Near Glen Cove, which lies about midway in the Narrows, nature has chiselled on one of the most precipitous cliffs the profile of a man of gigantic size. Among the Indians a tradition is preserved that, many centuries ago, long before Champlain sailed into the harbour of St. John, the tribe which had its village on Kennebeccasis Island, near by, suffered greatly from the depredations of another tribe which frequented the shores of Pisarinco and Musquash, small harbours in the bay, a few miles below the mouth of the St. John. So they prayed the divine Gloscap, who was their great father, to protect them in their sore distress. Their prayer was readily granted. Gloscap carved his own image on the rock, where it could not fail to attract the attention of the marauders as they passed up the river in their canoes; on their next pillaging expedition they were confronted by the frowning countenance of their divinity, and, turning back, they hastily paddled down the river, never more to annoy their more peaceful island brethren.

The Narrows terminate at Boar's Head, where the river expands into Grand Bay on the left and Kennebeccasis Bay on the right, with Kennebeccasis Island, triangular in form and about seven miles in circumference, in its mouth. These bays form an inland sea about twenty miles in length and from three to six miles in breadth, and wonderful in the diversity and beauty of its shores. Kennebeccasis Bay abounds in pleasant coves, beaches of shining sand with frowning headlands, green islands, and cascades that leap from rocky precipices and hasten over shingly shores to the greater waters that attract them. Along its right bank runs the Intercolonial Railway, connecting St. John by the sea with, it may be said, the whole western world. It is rich in legend and story. It is averred that in one of its obscurest coves the hull of a French vessel, there scuttled to escape piratical pursuit, more than two hundred years ago, may still be seen of a calm day, when the sun penetrates the dense foliage that shadows the locality. Phantom boats with bellying sails are seen in the moonlight, scudding over its surface, when it is unrippled by the lightest breeze; and here and there Kidd's hoards are guarded by the ghosts of his murdered crews.

On the western bank of the river, and twelve

miles from St. John, the pleasant village of Westfield is discovered. The Nerepis, one of the important feeders of the river, here has its junction with the St. John; and near by it is spanned by a bridge which is but little less than a mile in length. At the northern extremity of the bridge, Woodman's Point, with its beautiful farms, slopes down to the river's edge, which is shadowed by elms, beeches, and evergreens of giant growth. Carter's is another of the delightful points that jut into the river. What pleasant walks there are about its shores! what broad fields in which to bask when the sunshine is not too fervent! what thick shades of evergreen, through which the fiercest suns of July are never able to penetrate! And then on the left the Devil's Creek winds away among the precipitous and densely-wooded hills, while beyond rises the Devil's Back—stern, forbidding, and piercing the clouds.

Sabbath Day Point, or Day's Landing, as it is more generally named, is one of the most delightful resorts for excursion and picnic parties to be found on the St. John. Oak Point, too, has long been a favourite resort. Its peculiar formation, its beautiful trees, its quaint old church, and its pleasant highway skirting the shore of the river, have attractions which long since were generally recognised. Nearly opposite Oak Point the close observer sees the narrow entrance to Belleisle Bay, a beautiful sheet of water, nearly twenty miles in length, that stretches away among the hills of King's County; while just above lie the inexhaustible quarries of Greenwich, the products of which are hardly inferior to those of Aberdeen, and have been used for monuments and in the public buildings of New Orleans, St. Louis, and many other leading cities, both in the United States and Canada. The tourist next reaches Hamstead, about half way between St. John and Fredericton, which was one of the first of the hamlets situated on the river to gather to itself a crowd of summer visitors. Shortly above Hamstead, Washademoak Lake stretches away to the right in a direction nearly parallel to Belleisle Bay. Something of a Hollandish appearance is taken on by the St. John above the mouth of the Washademoak. The river expands, broad intervales stretch out from its shores on either side, and islands, ranging from one to seven miles in length, bordered with hedges of willow to guard them from the devastation of the tides, are encountered in numbers that seem innumerable.

Not far from Gagetown, the Jemseg, through which the Grand Lake is reached, winds like a silver thread among its green and elm-studded isles. On the Jemseg, and at no great distance from the bit of road shown in the picture, the Seigneur Villebon built his fort in the Seventeenth Century, and surrounded himself with a princely retinue of courtiers and men-of-arms. Near by is the farm once owned by the father of William Lloyd Garrison. Four miles above, at the lower extremity of Grand Lake, which is thirty miles long and three to ten miles wide, a large body of land was granted at an early date to the Seigneur Freneuse, a young Parisian who was active in settling the St. John valley and

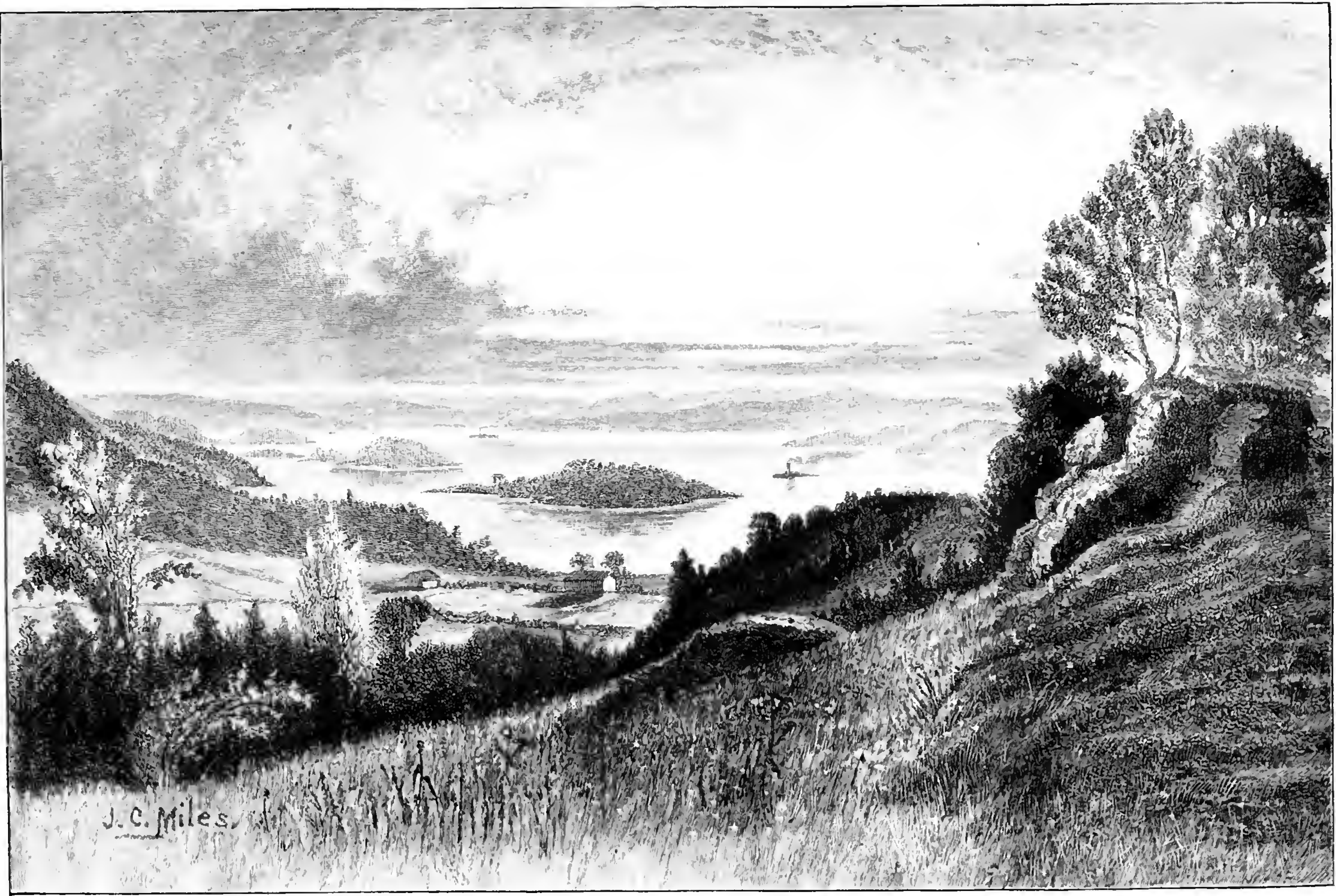
II.—THE ST. JOHN: THE JEMSEG

defending it against the encroachments of the New Englanders. On maps dated early in the Eighteenth Century Grand Lake was called Lac Frenense, and a village of the same name was indicated as occupying the site of the present village of Scotchtown. It is not likely that in this respect history is astray, for at that place relics of French occupation, as well as of the Mitecetes, whom the French supplanted, are frequently unearthed.

III.—THE ST. JOHN: A GLIMPSE OF FREDERICTON

The approaches to and the surroundings of Gagetown, nearly opposite the mouth of the Jemseg, which is one of the oldest towns in the province, are superlatively picturesque, and the repose with which the quaint old village is invested is peculiarly inviting. The islands and the shores for miles on either side are studded with elms of great size and beautiful form; and the green hills that slope gently upwards from the shore, with evergreen and deciduous trees. Thenceforward, the steamer glides among the grassy islands, and past the wide extending intervales, and, leaving behind Sheffield and Majorville and Oromocto and Lincoln, finally reaches Fredericton, the capital of the province. Fredericton, which has about 10,000 inhabitants, lies on a broad plateau on the west bank of the river. Its streets are laid out at right angles, along which trees have been planted at frequent intervals, so that, looked upon from a distance, it seems hardly less than a forest. Its principal buildings are the University, House of Parliament, Cathedral, Normal School, and Government House; while many of the private residences would do credit to the proudest centres of wealth and refinement. Recently a bridge has been thrown across the river here, connecting Fredericton with Gibson and Marysville, where a cotton factory, the largest in America owned by a single individual, is in successful operation.

The steamers plying between St. John and Fredericton proceed no farther than the last-named place, but at certain seasons of the year steam vessels of lighter draught ascend the river as far as Grand Falls; and several years ago another line was established, by which passengers and freight were conveyed as far as the mouth of the St. Francis. Tourist travel, however, is largely monopolised by the New Brunswick Railway, from the carriages of which much of the striking scenery of the river between the capital and Grand Falls may be enjoyed. The scenery around Canterbury, Poquiock, Woodstock—one of the most beautiful towns in the province—Florenceville, Andover, and River de Chute, is of a picturesqueness and diversity rarely, if ever, equalled on the Continent, while Grand Falls are thought by many to rival in majesty even Niagara.



IV.—THE ST. JOHN: THE JUNCTION OF ST. JOHN AND THE KENNEBECCASSIS.

For a hundred years, millions of feet of spruce, pine, birch, and other timber have been floated annually from the upper waters of the St. John and its tributaries to the mills nearer its mouth, whence it has found its way to the markets of the world. Its waters teem with sturgeon, salmon, bass, shad, pickerel, herring, and other varieties of fish, while the woods adjacent are well stocked with many kinds of game. It is, in every sense, a blessing wherever it flows.

H. L. Spencer.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE SELECT COMMITTEE ON ARTS.

Long before the last exhibition of the Incorporated Artists, in 1791, the Academicians had shown themselves anxious to "promote the arts of design," only so long as such promotion interfered not at all with their own dignity and emolument. The first exhibition in the pokey little shop in Pall Mall left it perfectly clear that, in the mass, they had more talent for business than for painting. Fully one-half of the original thirty-six members were incapables whom South Kensington would refuse to certificate; and they took infinite pains that they might not suffer from the competition of better men. They filled the walls with the veriest potboilers, hung in places of their own choosing, and left only gloomy corners and the sky-line to those who, as Sir Robert Strange sarcastically remarked, provided most of the talent and the larger proportion of the entrance-money. A long and savage controversy followed the publication of his "Enquiry," in which the friends of the Academy had the best of it, for Strange seems to have held aloof personally, and those who undertook to defend him had little wit and less discretion.

This tilt at the "National" Corporation, which consisted one-fourth of foreigners, still further embittered its relations with the painters. As time went on, the water-colourists were treated with only less contempt than the engravers. They were, moreover, dissatisfied with the management of the Academy as a benevolent institution. Of this dissatisfaction was born the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. For many years after the cessation of the exhibitions of the Incorporated Artists in 1791, there was no organised opposition to the Academy, and, in consequence, it became increasingly illiberal. At first there was no limit to the number of pictures each member might send, and in the early exhibitions about 40 per cent. of the works were contributed by Academicians. A considerable proportion of the never very extensive wall-space in Pall Mall and at Somerset House was thus permanently mortgaged. At length the outcry became so loud that the Academicians, from motives of worldly prudence rather than from any exaggerated zeal for art, fixed a highly beneficent limit to the number of pictures they might individually exhibit. This was a concession, and of 1,278 works in the Academy of 1830, 175 only were contributed by members.

It was not until 1834 that the constitution and status of the Royal Academy received any notice in Parliament. In May of that year a return—moved for by Mr. William Ewart—was ordered of the conditions upon which apartments in Somerset House were originally bestowed on the Academy, and of the number of exhibitors in each of the previous ten years, together with a variety of other statistics. The return, prepared after some demur and an appeal to the king, set forth that the rooms in old Somerset House, entered upon in 1780, were a gift from George III.; and that, when it was decided to replace the old palace by the present melancholy building, the king stipulated that apartments should be specially built for the Academy. The number of exhibitors during the ten years 1824—1833 varied from 544 in 1824 to 697 in 1831; and of works exhibited, from 1,037 in 1824 to 1,278 in 1830. Of 1,072 works in the Academy of 1825, no more than 144 were sent by Academicians and Associates. In 1827, however, members contributed 187 works, but the total-general then stood at 1,127. At this time there were usually from 200 to 300 miniatures in each exhibition. The number of professors was returned as five, and they taught respectively anatomy, perspective, architecture, sculpture, and painting. Each professor was expected to deliver six lectures every year. Instead, however, of 300 lectures, which should have been given in the ten years, 189 only, or considerably less than two-thirds, were actually delivered. (From 1827 to the end of 1833 Turner gave not one lecture in perspective.) In architecture the case was even worse, for the lectures ceased from 1824 to 1831. The fees paid by the Academy to the professors were £60 for each course of six lectures; but the fees, it was said, were not paid unless the duties were performed. This remarkable return naturally attracted much attention;

and when, in July, 1835, a Select Committee was appointed to "enquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts and principles of design," it was farther instructed to "enquire into the constitution, management, and effects of institutions connected with the arts." The committee took a considerable body of evidence that session, and it was continued during that of 1836.

The committee examined a very large number of artists and manufacturers, and some few amateurs, such as Sir John Dean Paul. With the exceptions of Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President, and Mr. Henry Howard, R.A., the Secretary, the Royal Academy found no single artist to bear witness in its favour. Most of the artists spoke of it bitterly, some with anger; all dwelt upon the monstrous injustice of excluding the engravers. George Rennie, the sculptor, deemed the Academy's only claim to public assistance to consist in its free schools; but of what use were schools of art, even when they gave free instruction, which the Professor of Perspective did not enter for half a dozen years at a stretch? In architecture we were lamentably behind the rest of Europe, yet the lecturer on architecture had taken a seven years' holiday. Rennie was much aggrieved that the Academy had never published any account of its receipts and expenditure; but the sorest point of all with him was the manner in which the Academicians distributed invitations to the annual dinner. No more than 140 tickets were ever issued, and care was taken that only "great personages" likely to purchase their hosts' immortal pictures were invited. It was moreover, he considered, a substantial grievance that any portion of the funds intended for the relief of necessitous artists and their families should be spent in feasting. He held the Academy to have no better right to apartments in a national building than any other private society; and that other artists thought similarly was indicated by the presentation to Parliament of two petitions against the transfer of the Academy from Somerset House to the National Gallery. Mr. Hurlstone minced his words even less than Mr. Rennie. The very departments of art in which the English most excel were not taught at all in the schools of the Academy; and the Charity Fund, as then administered, was one of the worst evils of the institution. The majority of the exhibitors were not members, and, therefore, had no control whatever over money which was mainly obtained by the exhibition of their works. That the Academy had been inefficient as a relieving society was proved by the necessity artists had been under of establishing two benevolent institutions. He was very scornful, indeed, when a member of the committee suggested that perhaps, after all, it was the works of the Academicians which formed the chief attraction to the public. Nothing of the kind, he declared; for the R.A.'s were not usually artists of the greatest talent. Indeed, there was far more artistic talent outside the Academy than within it.

George Clint, a sometime A.R.A., followed Mr. Hurlstone. He would do away with the Associates altogether, and increase the number of Academicians; for under the existing system "the Associates became sycophants and the Academicians despots." He resigned his Associateship, because, having waited a reasonable time for election to the higher dignity, he felt the position to be degrading; and, moreover, he could never depend, Associate though he was, upon having a picture even fairly well hung. The "reasonable time" of waiting was fourteen years. The petty tyranny of the Academicians was pushed as far as placing some of the A.R.A.'s in bad positions at the annual dinner. Asked if there were not "many eminent persons" in the Academy, Clint replied that undoubtedly there were—a few. He was the only witness who referred to a trick members sometimes resorted to, of keeping out a new man by retaining the name of a deceased Associate upon the list long after his death. He instanced the case of Elias Martin, A.R.A., "a most enormous grievance." Martin's name appeared on the list for sixty-one years, from 1771 to 1832, by which time he must have been nearly a hundred. Many years before his name was erased, Martin mysteriously disappeared; and it was only reasonable to suppose that he had long been dead. The "laws" required that members should be resident in Great Britain; but they elected English artists who resided permanently abroad. Questioned as to the capacity of the Academicians as judges of architecture, he said he could hardly find terms strong enough to emphasise the absurdity of such pretensions.

But the most violent was Haydon. He spoke passionately, with a sweeping invective which bore down all questioners. Since the Academy was instituted, England had produced no really great artist; even Flaxman, one of the most remarkable of its students, was unjustly refused the gold medal. But fairness and justice could not be expected from an institution which "originated in the very basest intrigue." The members had no desire to be made into a regularly constituted public body, for they unconditionally refused George IV.'s offer of a charter. "These men," said Haydon, with a scorn which stung Sir Archer Shee to the quick, "are an Inquisition without a Pope; a House of Lords without King or Commons." Twenty years ago no one dared say anything against the Academy, and when he found fault with it the Academicians ruined him. All the artists agreed with him, but they joined

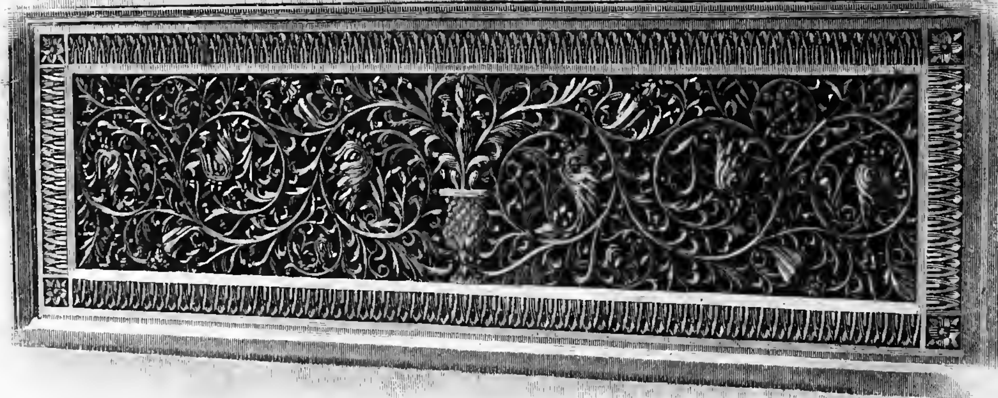
together and set upon him "to show that there was no connection." Wilkie, indeed, was so frightened that he refused to be seen in the streets with him. There was nothing straightforward about the Academy; it was "always behind a curtain." To such lengths did members push the advantages of their position over their rivals outside, that he had known Academicians send in a canvas with nothing upon it but a head. They would wait until they saw what was hung next to it, and then paint in a picture in a week. He would give every exhibitor of three years' standing a vote for the Council; which should have the entire management of the Academy, and be charged with the selection of the works to be exhibited. He had only too much reason for bitterness against his persecutors; and, from the drift of the questions put to him, it is clear that the committee was sympathetic.

When on a later day the President, Sir Archer Shee, was called in, he was naturally in a towering passion. He began by saying that "the grossest and most unfounded accusations" had been made against the Academy, whose benevolence was unbounded. During the previous ten years, the average amount of relief granted to members had been £490 a year, and to non-members £160. It was untrue that, as had been stated, individual members had power to give tickets for the banquet; since the names of the persons to be invited were balloted for. Also, the cost of the banquet was very small —£250 or £300. He devoted some time to showing how the funds were expended; and Mr. Henry Howard, the Secretary, who followed him, entered into detail upon the same head. Apart from these financial particulars, the only important statement made by Mr. Howard was a denial of Haydon's assertion that a charter was refused; for such an instrument had been "neither offered nor desired." With the latter portion of this statement there is no need whatever to quarrel. Had the Royal Academy ever desired that its pretensions should be confirmed and its status regularised by charter, it had only to ask and have. The committee, it remains to add, in its report, merely summarised the evidence; and made no recommendation as to the future government of the Academy.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

SOME EAST INDIAN WOOD CARVING.

THE Oriental craftsman carries his work to a point of elaboration and minute finish which is the marvel of all Western admirers. But he takes his time over it; and the time he takes goes some way towards an explanation of the mystery. Thus the art of the Japanese bears evidence of an identical disregard of the paltry consideration of mere time—which we in our wisdom have proverbially agreed to call "money." A year or two ago it was proposed to obtain a copy of one of the most elaborately ornamented gates of an Indian temple; and it was found that it would be no more costly to procure a

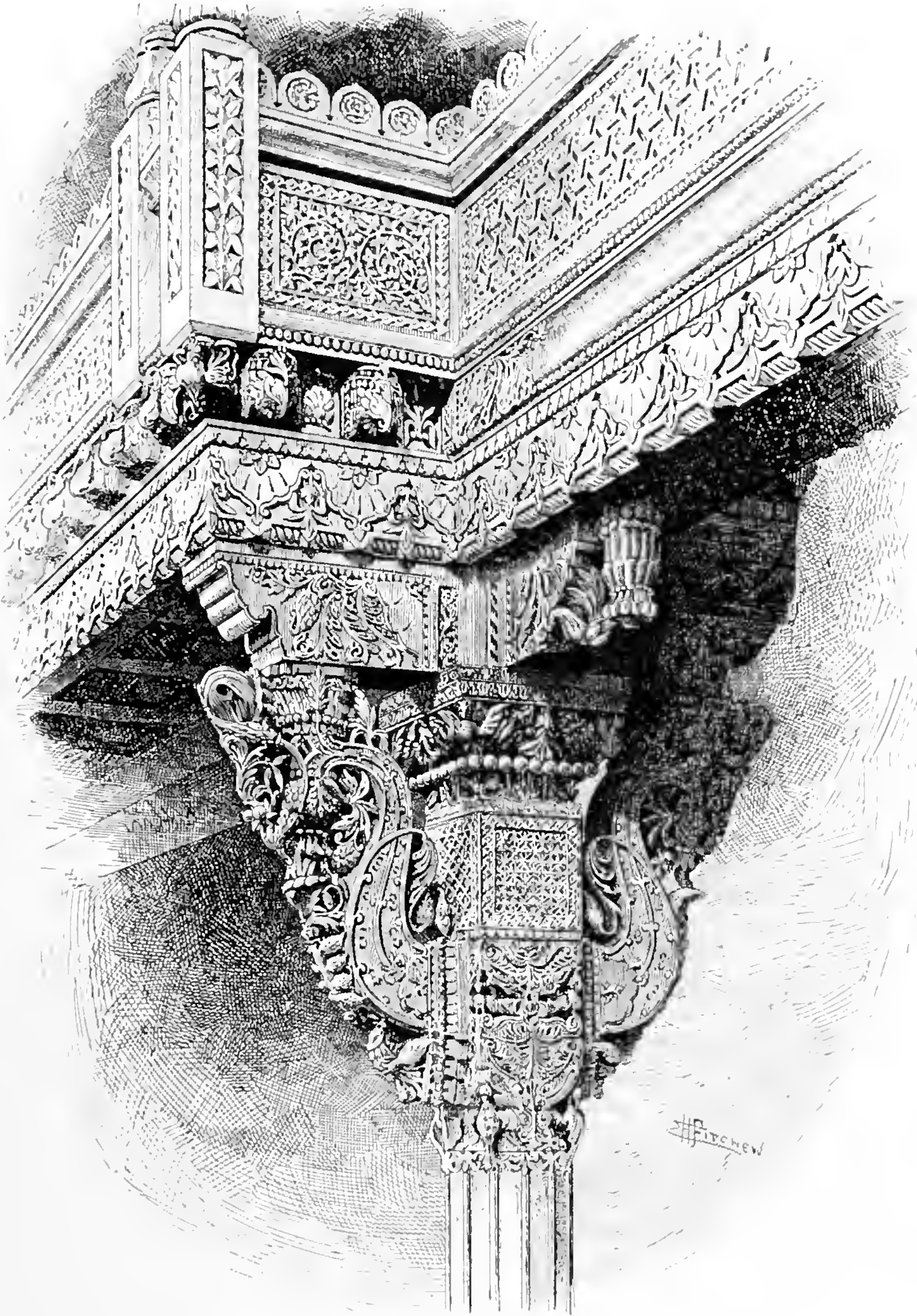


1.—A PANEL.

(Colonial Exhibition.)

fac-simile in stone, which was accordingly carved, at a price not exceeding what it would have cost to cast it in plaster.

who are interested in the trade and manufactures of India deplore sometimes the native inability to appreciate our ideas of commerce; and they are



II.—A CAPITAL.

(Colonial Exhibition.)

The leisurely proceeding of the Indian workman is as traditional as the forms he follows; is more so, perhaps, for Hindoo forms have been modified by Arab, and even by Renaissance influence, but the Hindoo has never quickened his pace. Those doing their best to inculcate what, for want of a better word, we must call "principles" of Western business-like behaviour. Any degree of success in that direction may tend to the material prosperity of the Empire, but it will be the death of Indian

art, which is the product of those very leisurely and imperturbable ways of working which have been followed from time immemorial. Imagine an Indian temple, with its wealth of carving, inlay, and all kinds of detail, executed "as per contract," binding the unfortunate artist strictly as to time and price. Pegasus in shafts would be more conceivable. It is to be hoped that there is life enough yet in the village system of hereditary artisanship to withstand the touch of the all-conquering dollar. If Indian art is not to be imported except at the cost of its degradation to the trade level, let us be content to do without it and leave the artist in peaceful enjoyment of his art.

Traces of the Greek invasion remain in Indian architecture to this day. The square lintel form, which is a feature common to all wooden constructions, may not have been introduced into India by Alexander, but there is no mistaking some of the familiar enrichments carved on the Hindoo mouldings. For all that, there is very little in common between Greek ornament and Indian, which, on the contrary, strikes one as the very antithesis to the classical ideal. Simplicity and self-restraint, and the dignity that comes of them, are unknown in Indian art. Everything, and every part of everything, is overrun with elaborate detail: whether it is the sandalwood of the Bombay Presidency and Mysore, the lacquer of Cashmere, the inlay of Calcutta, Agra, and Siam, the embroideries of Scinde and Delhi, the metal-work of the North-west provinces, the brocades of Benares, the rich embroideries in silk and gold, or the common printed cottons of the country; or whether it is in the more lofty sphere of architectural design—there is no relief from ornamental detail, excepting such as comes from its very profusion. And some such relief does come. In some degree the very restlessness of the art leads to what is, in its way, a kind of repose. The carving of the façades, for example, is itself too thoroughly broken up to break the forms it clothes; just as in Eastern colour, the multiplicity of bright parts neutralises their gaudiness, and leads to something like breadth of tone. The main lines of the construction assert themselves, notwithstanding all; and, if emphasis is wanted, the merest strip of plain surface tells with marvellous effect.

III.—A LATTICE.
(Colonial Exhibition.)

The influence of the Renaissance is apparent in a great deal of Indian art. Many a scroll is taken as exactly as the Hindoo workman could bring himself to take anything from the Italian, or more properly speaking, from the Portuguese, who imported the European style of their day with them when they first colonised the peninsula. There is a carved door from Bombay in the Indian Museum at South Kensington, which is just a Sixteenth Century arabesque—Indianised.

It is not so easy to reduce Indian art to its Hindoo and Arab elements. There is all the difference in the world between the *diablerie* of the one and the elaborate severity of the other style. But it is not the purest form of Mohammedan art that we find always in India. It is more flowing in its lines and less conventional altogether than Arab art generally; and in the floral forms especially, the immediate influence of Persia is very apparent. Most of us will be content to ascribe to the native whatever is fantastic or monstrous in the way of human or other animal form, and to credit the Moorish conqueror with the intricate tracery and geometric pattern work which cannot be dissociated from the Moresque.

Architectural wood carving is to some extent a speciality of the Punjab, as the more trivial industry in sandalwood is of Guzerat, Bombay, and Southern India. The Rajputana district and other parts of the Bombay Presidency, where

timber is for the most part scarce, have for centuries been famous for the wonderful stone carving which enriches the façades and interiors alike of temples and palaces. If wood was not to be had, marble and other kinds of stone were plentiful, some of it of a nature just suited to carving, easy to cut when newly quarried, and hardening by exposure to the air. The whole district appears accordingly to be a vast historical museum, in which the finest examples of the art of stone-cutting are preserved, ranging over a period which extends, roughly speaking, from the beginning of the Tenth to the end of the Sixteenth Century. It has occurred to certain enterprising persons in Bombay and Ahmedabad to turn this wealth of art to account, by establishing workshops for the reproduction of the ancient models, not only in stone, but also in wood, for which purpose teak is now imported from Burmah.

IV.—A LATTICE.

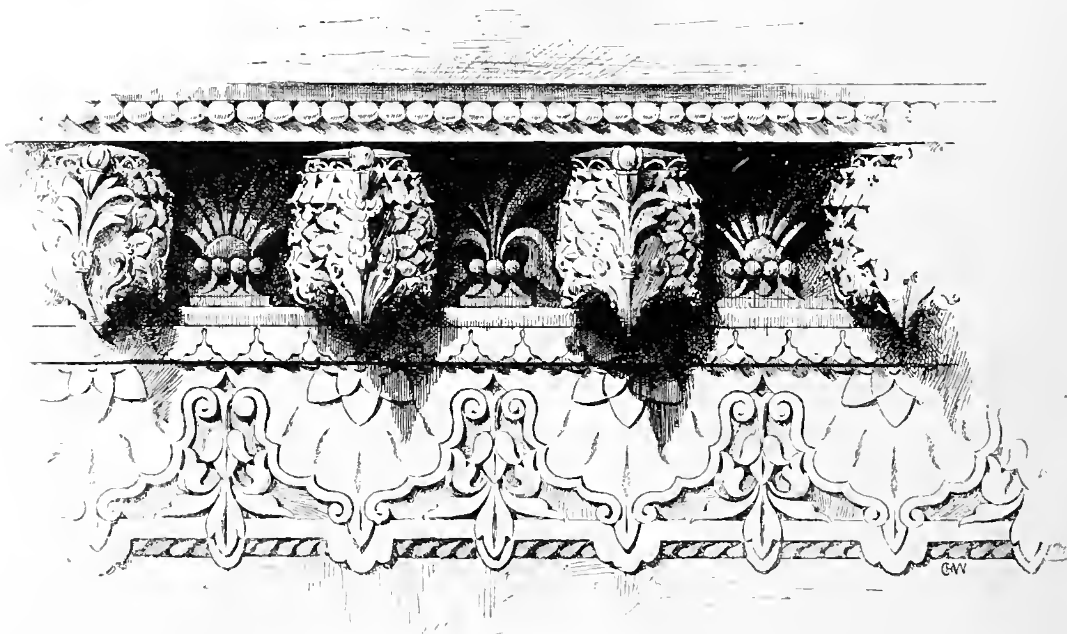
(Colonial Exhibition.)

The outcome of this industry is to be seen in the exhibition at South Kensington in the carved screen-work which forms so important a feature of the Bombay court. The general design of this was supplied by Mr. Griffiths, the secretary of the Bombay committee, and it has been executed under the superintendence of Mr. Wimbridge, of the East Indian Art Manufacturing Company, and Mr. Proctor Sims, the state engineer. The names of the native artists, to whom not the least part of the credit of the work belongs, do not appear. If they did they would probably convey very little to our English understandings. It is through the courtesy of Mr. Wimbridge that we are enabled to illustrate portions of this screen, which is a very remarkable and characteristic work. Its details are copied from the sculptures of the mosques at Ahmedabad and various houses in Surat. Their beauty and delicacy speak for themselves.

It appears on the face of it scarcely advisable to imitate in wood the forms of sculptured stone. But in this case the objection to such imitation scarcely holds good, for the stone architecture of the Hindoo temples is itself founded upon the forms of wooden construction. Mr. Fergusson defined it as a "wooden style, painfully struggling into lithic forms." As a matter of fact it never quite attained the "lithic" character. It remains to the last suggestive of woodwork. There is, therefore, no great inconsistency in reproducing (as is done in the exhibition screen) the stone lattices of the old mosques in Rangoon teak. These lattices form at once the most characteristic and the most beautiful portion of the work. The specially Indian characteristic about their design is that, though the foliated ornament is always more Oriental than natural—more strictly ornamental, that is to say, than related to any known form of foliage — the graceful lines seem always to grow. If they remind one in no other way of natural models, they do impress one very forcibly with the idea of growth. And the value of those massive stems (III. and IV.) from which the scrolls all spring is incalculable, both as mass in the composition and as indicating that it is not mere diaper work. About the geometric piercing of the smaller and subsidiary panels there is sometimes a suggestion to the English mind of so many feet "super" at so much "per foot." The fretwork forms, however, an admirable foil to the freer and more fanciful work of the arcaded panels framed in it.

The capitals (II.) of the pillars are of the bracketed kind found in the hill temples in the neighbourhood of Simla. Whether copied in this instance from wood or stone, they obviously originated in carpentry. The ornament with which they are incrusted is so minute and in such low relief as to present very much the effect of embroidery or brocade. This is not at all an uncommon thing in Hindoo carving, even in stone, which has sometimes all the

character of raised needlework studded with pearls and precious stones. In fact, if it were gilded and painted, the effect would be very much that of the



V.—ORNAMENTAL COURSE, WITH CORBELS.

(Colonial Exhibition.)

gorgeous trappings, horse cloths, and elephant cloths which belong to the pomp and state of the Indian potentate. It is more than possible that work of this kind was meant to be decorated in that way. Some, at least, of the profusely carved façades of wooden palaces in India are further enriched with colour; and it is quite in keeping with Oriental notions of splendour to carry richness and elaboration to a point of extravagance which to us is almost inconceivable. But there it is, and we see it, and must believe in it; though we could not have imagined it, much less dared to do it. The ornamental course above them (V.) is also of Hindoo character.

In some of the panels of the balcony, or gallery above (I.), and in certain horizontal bands of unpierced carving, the scrolls are more of the Portuguese type. The central vase, from which the stems proceed, the details of the husks, and some of the leaves, have a distinct Renaissance flavour. LEWIS F. DAY.

In the South.

A LITTLE grey swallow,
I fled to the vales
Of the nightingales,
And the woods of Apollo.

Behind me lie the sheer white cliffs, the hollow
Green waves that break at home, the northern gales,
The misty skies, the homesteads in the dales—
For all my home is far and cannot follow.

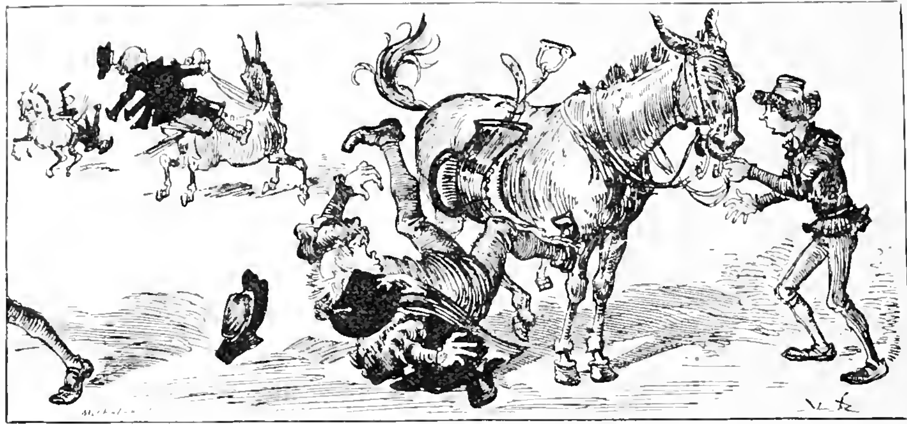
O nightingale voices,
O lemons in flower,
O branches of laurel!

You all are here; but, ah, not here my choice is!
Fain would I pluck one pink-veined bloom of sorrel,
Or hear the wrens build in a hazel bower.

A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

DOVES.

(Painted by Alfred Seifert.)



"AND TO SOME ONE I CUT THE STIRRUP LEATHER OF THE MOUNTING SIDE."

A NEW RABELAIS.

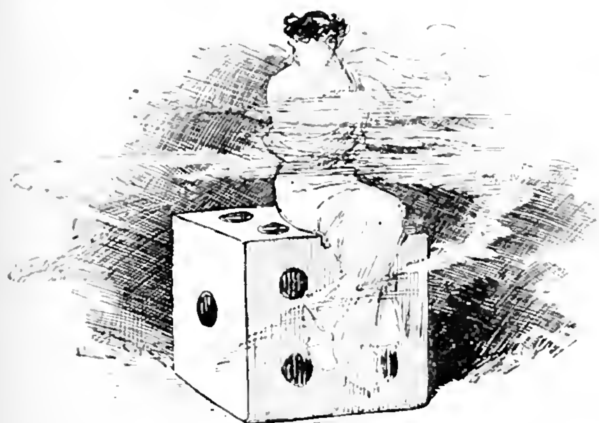
FRIAR JOHN OF THE FUNNELS.

ONE of the happiest efforts in illustration which has been seen this long while is M. A. Robida's pictorial commentary on the works of Rabelais (Paris: Librairie Illustrée). It comes to us after Doré, and is touched with suggestions of Doré's work, especially of his "Contes Drôlatiques." M. Robida, however, while scarce less fanciful than his famous predecessor, has ever so much more gaiety and *brio*, and a human insight far finer in quality as well as larger in degree. His Gargantua, his Panurge, his Friar John of the Funnels are veritable creations; he draws and composes with wonderful vivacity and spirit; he is prodigal of suggestion and remark; and his orgies and sieges, his brawls and lovemakings and disputes, his consultations and debates, have such multitudinous life and movement as place them altogether apart. With the text of Urquhart and Peter Motteux, they should be scarce less popular than with that of Master Alcofribas himself.

As yet we have no more than the first volume, which takes us down to the end of the third book. The quest of the Dive Bouteille is therefore yet to come, and if M. Robida handles it as he has handled the battles and drinking-bouts of Gargantua and the noble deeds of Pantagruel and the hundred and one experiences of Panurge, there will be no more need of illustrations to Rabelais. We shall have the Ringing Island and the Furred Law-Cats as we have the land of Picrochole and the never-to-be forgotten series of oracles; the epic of Shrovetide and the ambuscado of the Chitterlings

"THE CAST WAS FIVE, SIX, AND FIVE."

will exist for us as now Epistemon's descent into the nether regions and the varied and delightful aspects of the Abbey of Thelema. And that is say-



"THE SORT OF LOTTERY IS DECEITFUL, ABUSIVE, ILLICITOUS."

ing a great deal. Rabelais is not precisely a book for bachelors and maids—at times, indeed, is not a book for grown men. There are passages not to be read without a blush and a sensation of sickness; the young giant, which is the Renaissance, is filthy and gross as nature herself at her grossest and most filthy. It is argued that this is all deliberate—is an effect of premeditation: that Rabelais had certain home-truths to deliver to his generation, and delivered them in such terms as kept him from the faggot and the rope by securing him the reputation of a common buffoon. But the argument is none of the soundest in itself, and may fairly be set aside as a piece of desperate special pleading, the work of counsel at their wits' end for matter of defence. Rabelais clean, indeed, is hardly Rabelais at all. His grossness is a vital part of him; it is an essential component in his mental fabric, an element in whose absence he would be not Rabelais but somebody else. It inspires his practice of art to the full as thoroughly as it informs his theory of language. He not only employs it wherever it might be useful: he goes out of his way to find it, he brings it in by the ears on any and every occasion, he bedaubs his readers and himself with a gusto that assuredly is not a common characteristic of defensive operations. In him, indeed, the humour of old France—the broad, rank, unsavoury *esprit Gaulois*—found its heroic expression; he made use of it, not because he must, but because he would; and we can no more eliminate it from his work than we can remove the quality of imagination from Shakespeare's, or those of intellect and learning from Ben Jonson's. Other men are as foul or fouler; but in none is foulness so innate and so ingrained, from none is it so inseparable. Few have had so much genius, and in nobody else has such genius been so curiously featured.

It is significant enough that, with all this against him, he should have been from the first a great moral and literary influence, and the delight of the wisest and greatest minds the world has seen. Shakespeare read him, and Jonson; Montaigne, a greater than himself, is in some sort his descendant; Swift, in Coleridge's admirable and enlightening phrase, is but "anima Rabelaesii habitans in sicco" (the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place). To the same fine critic, who classes him with "the great creative minds of the world," and "among the deepest, as well as the boldest, thinkers of his age," he is not merely a "most wonderful writer," but also his morality is "of the purest and most exalted kind;" to Sterne and Balzac and Molière he was a constant inspiration; unto this day his work is studied and his meanings are sought with almost religious devoutness; while his phrases have passed into the constitution of a dozen languages, and the great figures he scrawled across the face of the Renaissance have survived the movement that gave them being, and take rank with the monuments of literature. Himself has given us the reason, in the prologue to the first book, where he tells of the likeness between Socrates and the boxes called Sileni, and discourses of the manifest resemblance of his own work with Socrates. "Opening this box," which is Socrates, says he, "you would have found within it a heavenly and inestimable drug, a more than human understanding, an admirable virtue, matchless learning, invincible courage, inimitable sobriety, certain contentment of mind, perfect assurance, and an incredible disregard of all that for which men cunningly do so much watch, run, sail, fight, travel, toil, and turmoil themselves." In such wise must his book be opened, and the "high conceptions" with which it is stuffed will

THE ORACLE OF WATER.

presently be apparent. Nay, more; you are to do with it even as a dog with a marrow-bone. "If you have seen him, you might have remarked with what

"SIX PILGRIMS WHO CAME FROM SEBASTIAN."

devotion and circumspection he watches and wards it; with what care he keeps it; how fervently he holds it; how prudently he gobbets it; with what affection he breaks it; with what diligence he sucks it." And, in the same way, you, "by a sedulous lecture and frequent meditation," shall break the bone and suck out the marrow of these books. Since the advice was proffered generation after generation of mighty wits have taken counsel with the Master, and his wisdom has through them been passed out into the practice of life, the construction of society, the development of humanity. But the "prince de toute sapience et de toute comédie" has not yet uttered his last word. He is yet in the front of time, as when he lived and wrote. The Abbey of Thelema and the education of Gargantua are still unrealised ideals; the Ringing Island and the Island of Papimany are in their essentials pretty much as he left them; Panurge, "the pollarded man—the man with every faculty except the reason," has bettered no whit for the three centuries of improvement that have passed since he was flashed into being. We have much to learn from him still, and until we have learned it well enough to put it into practice, his work will remain half done and his book still one to study.

M. Robida's commentary on the Master's work is eminently gay, fanciful, and suggestive. He avoids the deeps of his subject, and concerns himself mainly with its surfaces; but he has always something witty to say, and what he has is always wittily said. He has a capital knack of characterisation; his giants are the most human and delightful of monsters; his Panurge and his Friar John are good enough to be accepted as heroes of Rabelais, which is saying a great deal; his Epistemon, his Rondibilis, his Joan le Fol, his Brid'oison, his Triboulet, his Raminagrobis, are excellent, one and all; while, as for his brawls and junkettings, his dreams and allegories and fantasies, his pretty women and heroic drunkards, they really help the reader to understand and enjoy his author, and are as far from being impertinent or superfluous as any illustrations we remember to have seen.

It remains to add that this new Rabelais is a wonder of cheapness. It is disfigured by a common cover in red cloth, and gold and black and blue; but fault-finding must cease, and admiration begin, the moment it is opened. A large proportion of the illustrations are full-page plates, many of which are in several colours, while not one but has taken at least three separate printings. How this sort of work can be produced in France, and sold at a

smaller price than in England we have to pay for mere paper and type, is one of those mysteries of the publishing trade which none has yet been expert enough to fathom. Of work of the other sort—drawn for "process," and reproduced with admirable spirit and effect—we are able to give a fairly representative selection. They are of all sorts and shapes and sizes: from such *têtes de page* as the portrait of Friar John of the Funnels, as he appeared to the anxious and enquiring Panurge, to the big vignette which shows us how, in the time of Pantagruel, such good Pantagruelians as were that way inclined were wont, with the help of tumbrels and a scarped and narrow street, to overcome the watch. But, whatever their material importance, they are never barren of significance, but always elucidatory and suggestive. One cannot help thinking that the Master himself would have smiled over M. Robida's presentment of the Six Pilgrims who came up from Sebastian; that he would have been greatly pleased with the gesture and the inspiration of M. Robida's Panurge, whether dicing for a wife or foreseeing the issues of marriage in a basin of fair water; that he would have looked twice at the artist's idea of the Goddess of the Die; that, above all, he would have heartily applauded the admirable series of designs which tell the story of the adventures of the two immortal giants, Gargantua and his son, the wise, the noble, the humane Pantagruel. In these last M. Robida is fairly at the height of his argument; and to say that is to say everything. There are illustrations and illustrations; and to have done these—thus to have understood and explained one's Rabelais—is, every one will agree, to have deserved well of both literature and art.

W. E. H.

"THEN HE AND HIS COMPANIONS TOOK A TUMBREL, AND GAVE IT A BRANGLE."

ART IN GREECE.

THROUGH rifts in the wrack of legend, which like a mist floats about the craggy corners and blossomy vales of olden Greece, we discern dim figures—Asiatic colonists of the Aryan stock. The Pelasgi were the first comers; they settled down in Thessaly and in Arcadia. The Hellenes took up a middle position in Phocis, and subsequently became predominant throughout the land. In less than a century from the fall of Troy that famous migration befell which changed the face of Greece and decided the destinies of the world. An irruption of the Dorians from the northern frontiers drove the important clan of the Ionians out of the Peloponnesus into Attica, and when the dust of the fierce struggle cleared away, it was seen that the Dorians had made Laconia their stronghold, the Ionians were in force in Arcadia, and in Attica the two races were evenly mingled. They exhibited respectively the characteristics of the Teuton and the Celt; and their fusion in Athens laid the foundation of that culture which is the glory of Greece, and the intellectual illumination of all the after-time.

In the two tribal names thus forced to the front, two out of the three orders of architecture will be recognised, each eminently representative of those who gave it birth. Of the third, the Corinthian, it is only necessary to remark that its voluptuous ornamentation, enriched with undulating lines and graced

"With many a woven acanthus leaf divine,"

indicates the period of decline, when an over-luxuriousness enfeebled the race, and creative force had been spent. There are no purely Greek remains; the design was attractive to the pampered pomp and pride of imperial Rome; she made it her own, and the examples before us were wrought under her influence. But it is otherwise with the preceding orders—they are essentially Greek. One is the very emblem of severe and simple majesty, of conscious, unencumbered dignity, of compressed energy, of immovable resolution: a Doric temple is the natural utterance of the spirit which breathes in the inflexible rigour of Lycurgus, which confronted alone the collected might of Asia and fell unconquered at Thermopylæ, which prompted its young girls to loathe the disgrace of Persian bribes, and its boys to endure with silence the fangs of the wolf rather than be detected in a theft. In its earliest forms—the temple at Corinth, or at Ægina, for instance—the short columns, the abrupt effect, are the counterpart in stone of the terse, curt speech of the people; they recall the mother who dismissed her son to battle with his father's shield and the emphatic farewell: "This, or upon this!"

The other—examples of its first style being a temple on the Ilissus, and that of the Wingless Victory at Athens; of its most perfect form, the Erechtheum—with its flowing lines and rounded volutes, its taller and more slender shafts, is the expression of the soft, self-indulgent elements in the Pelasgic character, of a people too well known for levity and inconstancy. An Ionic column reveals a more flexible nature: it is the type of the expediency which distinguished the milder legislation of Solon; of the affability and tact which enabled Pisistratus to establish the tyranny at Athens, and of the disposition which acquiesced in it; of the accommodation to the popular humour by which Themistocles effected the banishment of Aristides; of the fascinating versatility of Alcibiades, disastrous alike to himself and to his country. It is in unison with the liquid dialect of Ionia, melting and delicately modulated, full and smooth and sweet, delighting in a concourse of vowels. Both orders were endowed with an innate capacity for attaining the perfection of beauty in respect both of form and of proportion, the purest and truest architectural harmony; and by the wonderful people among whom they had birth their utmost possibilities were evoked and adequately realised.

Beside the work of Greece, indeed, that of the hoary empires of the East seems undeserving of the name of art. Notwithstanding their grandeur and solemn beauty, their imposing dimensions, their expression of ideas for which the average Greek had no capacity, the memorials of Egypt cannot be covered with the same term as those of Greece without a palpable misapplication, because the Greek has given to the word a new and an inalienable significance. The ancient imperial civilisations achieved stupendous structures, but they knew nothing of *con*-struction; they had no conception of a building as a whole. A temple was a medley of columns and of massive blocks imposed horizontally; but between these two parts there was no relation but that of position, no proportion, no consideration of them as affecting each other and contributing to the general effect. The Dorian first formed, and has perpetuated the idea of, an organic unity in a building, and of a pervading symmetry. The architecture of the

preceding nations is in some respects interdependent, but as regards later ages it is completely isolated. The Greek hit upon principles which will never be superseded, and introduced forms which are the base and germ of all subsequent design, of which succeeding styles—Italian, Norman, Gothic—however much modified by particular requirements, and by such an event as the development of the arch, are but transitions, an evolution every step and stage of which may be distinctly traced.

It was not, however, the "uncontaminated Dorian" who attained to the excellence which gives law throughout the realm of art; it was by and through the infusion of the Ionian character and taste that his own beautiful architecture was perfected. Not in Lacedæmon, but in Athens, was the finest illustration of Doric erected. In respect of purpose, and of adaptation thereto, the Parthenon is by universal acclaim the most exquisite, pure, and lovely building in the world—the flower and crown of that illustrious city, herself the flower and crown of Greece and of mere intellectual humanity. For not only did her art, her literature, and her philosophy surpass that of the other Grecian states, and of all the world outside, but her artists, her poets, her sages seemed to have reached the utmost scope and bound of human faculty. "The process of the suns" has brought with it increase of knowledge, and the sum of human wisdom is doubtless far larger to-day than when Pericles held receptions at Athens.

THE DYING MEDUSA.

(*Villa Ludovici.*)

THE TEMPLE OF ATHENÉ PARTHENOS, RESTORED.

But what growth has there been, what advance in the natural powers of man? Has the world seen a sculptor since Phidias whose conceptions exceed the calm majesty of his? a prophet of finer rapture

THE NIKÉ OF SAMOTHRACE.

than the three great tragedians? What philosopher of later time has evinced capacity for sounder and profounder thinking than Socrates and Plato, or for keener analysis and larger grasp of principles than Aristotle? When we look at a typical Greek we are looking at the completest development of the human body and mind—there is no evidence to support the notion that our race will ever exhibit higher physical and intellectual perfection than we see in him.

Nor in architecture alone, but in sculpture also and in painting was the Greek supreme; his study of form and of position was exhaustive. Words are wasted in insisting on his immeasurable superiority to all his predecessors; we have simply to look at the horse's head from the eastern pediment of the Parthenon, at the contending Centaurs and Lapithæ from its western frieze, at the august pageant of the Panathenaic procession, or at the metopes from the temple of Theseus, and the least and most unregarded figure will make us feel that we have never seen horses or men in stone before. There is no need to turn to such incomparable masterpieces as the "Discobolus" of Myron, to the majestic, calm, and severe beauty in the works of Phidias, to the recumbent river-god "Ilissus," or the reclining "Clotho" and "Lachesis." The perfection of Greek art was also thorough; it is not confined to objects on a line with the spectator, the canon of proportion under all conditions was early fixed by the practice of her artists; it is said that you may make mathematical calculation of the degree of elongation to be given to a head so that its effect at a given altitude—that of the *aetos* of the Parthenon for example—shall be the same as though the figure were placed on the ground line, and you will find that somehow or other the Greek sculptor has hit upon these identical proportions.

The sources, the secret, of this superlative excellence—where and what are these? Long and learned has been the controversy waged upon this question, and the critics have come to no agreement yet. Was Greek art indigenous or was it derived? Is its origin to be sought in wooden huts or in caves of the rock? The deliverances are equally dogmatic and confident on both sides. We may search out secondary causes and fostering conditions, but more than this eludes our grasp; when all is said we must come to this, that like government among the Romans, like religion among the Hebrews, like life wherever we find it, art among the Greeks was an inspiration, a Divine afflatus.

No one will please either Mr. Freeman or Mr. Fergusson by taking a middle course; yet the high probability is that the truth lies along that way. If we credit to the full their own travelled historian, the Greeks possessed nothing that they had not received; but we are not bound to decline every step alongside of Herodotus because we refuse to go the whole length of his statements. Before they reached their prime the Greeks were familiar with the mature civilisations of the older world; and it is incredible that the arts, the lore, the institutions of other and more advanced countries should have been barren of import or suggestiveness to so quick-witted a people. That they should appropriate, recreate by their transcendent genius, transfuse with their own bright imagination, refine by their clear æsthetic taste, the productions of alien lands, is natural enough. But all that the Greek touched he transfigured and etherealised; the germ of the Doric order may have been brought from Egypt or Assyria, Persia may have prompted his column, Phœnician practice have intensified his study of the human frame and contributed to the education of his sculptors, it may have furnished the model for his civic constitutions; for all that the art and the life of the Greek are essentially and entirely his own.

Natural endowment and bias are, of course, a fundamental element. With the Greek beauty was a passion, order was the first law, the universe was in his eyes the Kosmos, unity and harmony were the objects of his constant search and perpetual endeavour. In this pursuit he was sustained by the fresh, buoyant, lusty youth of his race, by the liveliest wit, the most acute perception, a creative imagination, and an intense vitality, sensitive to every external impression, and projecting itself into all around him. He had no great taste for the abstract; his genius was analytical and critical, devoted to the concrete, and always running into Form, about which he was highly fastidious.

His religion had a great deal to do with it. This was essentially anthropomorphic; and his search after the Divine, through the human, induced that thoughtful study of the form of man which gave him such unrivalled mastery over marble. Hitherto sculpture had been only carving in relief; it was the Greek who, transcending every difficulty of action and posture, liberated the figure from the stone, and impersonated strength and grace in those petrifications of heroes and of gods which are at once the glory and the despair of each successive generation. The gymnasia in which both youths and maidens competed, the athletic contests in which freedom and suppleness of limb, elasticity of muscle, and elegance of motion were gained, were preparatory to the renowned games at Olympia, at Corinth, at Nemea, at Delphi, which were part of a ritual celebrated with the devoutest circumstance and pomp. The academicians also inculcated the development and training of the body as a duty incumbent upon every citizen; as a consequence, the finest models were continually before the artist, he was himself

stimulated, and the highest possible standard of public taste was maintained by the perpetual presence among the people of forms which realised the utmost perfection of manly and of womanly beauty.

Moreover, it was not a partial or one-sided development that was aimed at by the Greek, it was harmonious and complete—that of every part in due proportion. Among people regulated by such instincts and principles—insisting upon unity wherever, and just so far as, there was sufficient homogeneity in the constituent parts to admit of it; and upon the strictest symmetry among these—a building could no longer remain a congeries of independent members; it must become, in the amplest sense of the term, a work of art; it was likewise inevitable that sculpture should become a new creation. These forces were, however, of wide application, and, carried into polities, they reacted upon art with a favourable influence hardly to be exaggerated. The antipathies of race were too ardent, the rivalries of clans too bitter, for the tribes of Greece to be fused into a nation; but they did what they could in this direction, and made a vast advance upon the example set by Phœnicia. They constituted themselves into republican cities or states, each conceived of as a moral being under the obligation of self-government; the individual was merged in the community, no citizen was permitted to occupy himself solely with his private affairs; personal aggrandisement was a public wrong, personal display an affront to the State; hence art became a common interest, her masterpieces common property. No private person might build a sumptuous residence for himself—when Athens was verging on her prime the mean dwellings of Themistocles and Aristides were pointed out with pride—or possess a statue or a picture; no sooner had Phryne received from Praxiteles his favourite "Eros" than she sent it to the municipality of Thespiæ.

Thus art was freed, not only from the cruel trammels imposed by despotic patrons and conventional types, but also from the stupid caprices and intolerable conditions of the Philistine millionaire, while the artist was sustained by the rush and glow of that mighty inspiration born from the consciousness of working for his country, and of securing for himself, in making for her, an everlasting name. It was when Lysippus and Apelles were subsidised by Philip and Alexander that the decline of art set in. This lofty initial impulse was incalculably invigorated by the incessant emulation between the several cities, each of whom sought to enrich her public places with the finest creations of architect and sculptor. When to these considerations we add the exquisite climate, the stainless skies, the brilliant sunshine of Greece, and the superlative excellence of the material in her marble quarries of Paros and Pentelicus, how should it not be that never before, and never since, has art blossomed in such rare happiness and freedom.

But when all this has been said, it is not here that the secret of Grecian supremacy is to be found. We are nearer the source when we consider the absolute disinterestedness of her artists, who gave themselves to art for her own sake alone; love is the sufficient and exhaustive explanation. They cared little for material recompense. Polygnotus painted the Pœcile for nothing; when Zeuxis had enough to live upon he would accept no fee for his pictures, but gave them away. For "The Region of the Shades," a subject from the "Odyssey," Ptolemy I. proposed to give Nicias sixty talents—a sum equal to £14,000; the painter declined the imperial offer, and presented the picture to the city of Athens. They attached no value to undiscerning praise, the applause current in modern exhibition rooms was to them odious and contemptible; finding that his great "Centaurs at Home" evoked admiration mainly because of the singularity of the subject, Zeuxis withdrew it from public view.

In consequence of the perishable nature of the materials of the ancient painters, and the part played by fire and sword in the history of the olden world, few examples, or none, of their achievements reached a later day, but we seem to know them well in the pages of Pausanias, of Pliny, and of Plutarch; well enough to say that among the Greeks painting ceased to be a mere accessory of architecture and sculpture, and was elevated to the rank of an independent art; ceased to be only imitative and objective, but became ideal and subjective, suffused with fancy and imagination. The shadowless shadows which stain the walls and columns of Egypt and Assyria gave place to elaborate grouping, admirable foreshortening, and harmonious colouring, perfect mastery of light and shade; and, according to Vitruvius, a close study of perspective. The painter's instinct is revealed in the advice given by Eupompus to the young sculptor Lysippus—"Let Nature be your model, not an artist!"

If there is anything in Greek art more marvellous than its incomparable beauty, that greater marvel is the rapidity of its development. The Tegean statue of Apollo in the Glyptothek at Munich is not native, but an imitation of Egyptian sculpture. In the Lycian room at the British Museum sits the headless figure of Chares, from the Sacred Way at Branchidæ; the artist has failed to disengage it from the stone, the material is unmastered, the crude workmanship far inferior to what Egypt had accomplished a thousand years before. Yet a century after this attempt had been made, the "Olympian Zeus," and the "Heré" of Argos—the masterpieces

of Phidias and Polycletus—had been achieved, sculpture had attained a grandeur of treatment never

THE HERMES OF PRAXITELES.

(Berlin.)

since surpassed, and the canon of proportion had been perfected. The old Oriental despotisms rose with sudden swiftness to their height, and as swiftly fell into ruin of which the very traces have perished. The empire of Alexander himself did not survive him; but the realm of art, called forth as by magic at the touch of the Greek, and his supremacy therein, endure imperishable.

W. HOLMDEN.

THE FORD.

(Painted by J. S. Hill. Society of British Artists, 1886.)

CURRENT ART.—I.

THIS year the Royal Academy is at its worst. It has reached its nadir in the way of exhibitions, and is only interesting here and there. The collection is larger than ever—comprises, indeed, some 1,920 numbers; but in all this mass of work there is nothing great, while there is comparatively little that is good. The Academicians themselves appear to have lost heart, and to have persuaded themselves that possibly the victory may, after all, be elsewhere: that Burlington House is not the only co-operative society in London; and (such things have been!) that institutions over a century old are —naturally—a weariness to themselves and a source of disappointment to the public.

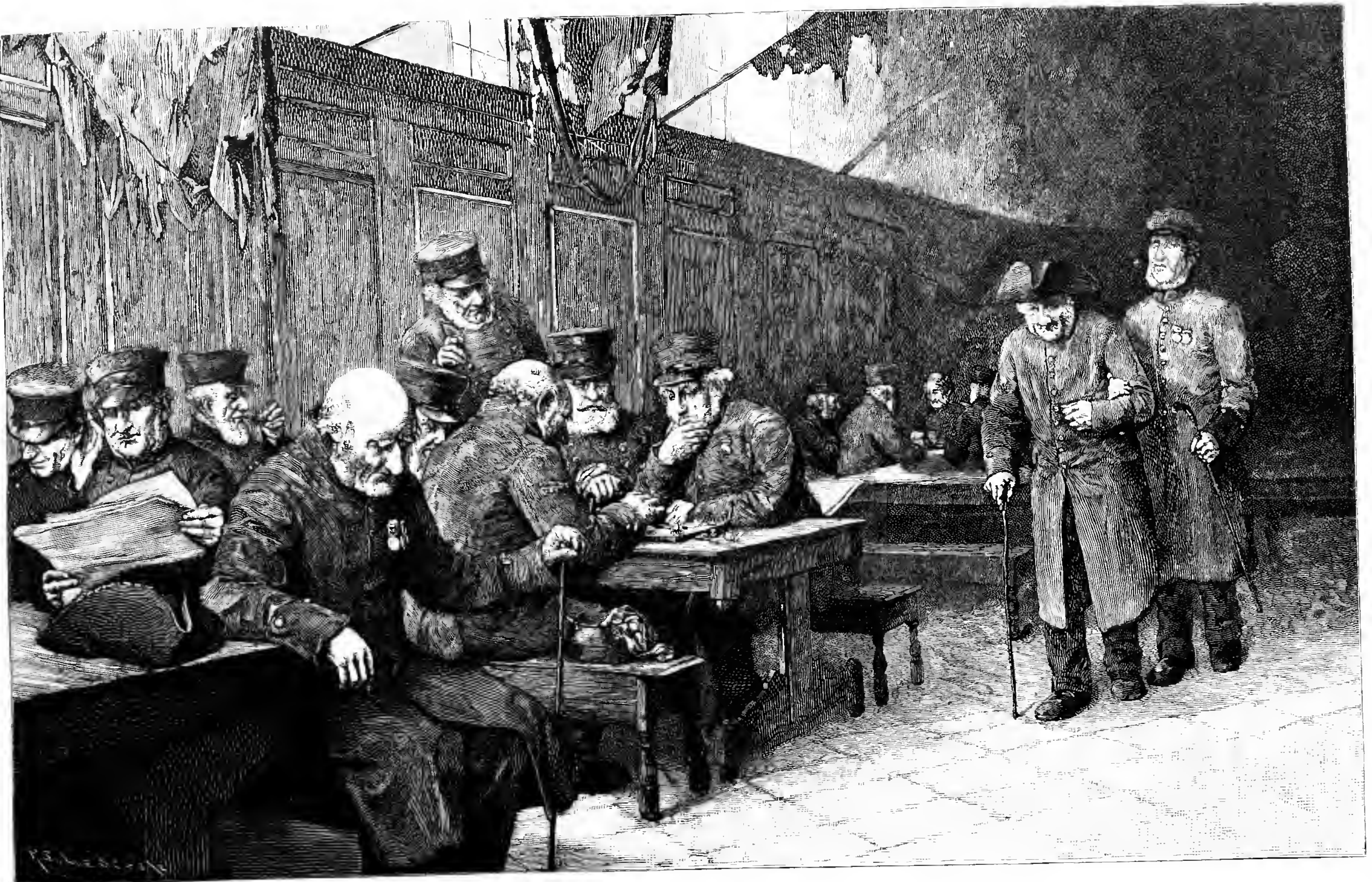
Anyhow, they are not very much in evidence this year. Mr. Herkomer exhibits nothing, and Mr. Gregory as little; as far as the present gathering is concerned, Messrs. Woolner and Armstead might never have been; Sir John Millais, who, when he is not the English Rubens, has nothing whatever to do but be the English Velasquez, sends but a single portrait; the President is content to appear as a sculptor and a decorator; Mr. Alma Tadema is represented by no more than a couple of minor canvases; Mr. Watts has a portrait and a not too successful piece of high art; Mr. Poynter, who is not a portrait-painter in any sense of the term, elects to appear as nothing but a painter of portraits; Mr. Orchardson sends two pictures only, and Mr. Brett but one; Mr. Burne Jones, the new Associate, contributes but a single picture, which is as good an example of what some one has called "literature in two dimensions" as anything he has produced. Mr. Herbert, in himself a sort of Old Guard of the Academy, exhibits, it is true, eight canvases (eight is the full number of the good Academician) of the make and pattern we know so well; Messrs. Sidney Cooper and Sant are responsible for five each, while Messrs. Frith, Hodgson, Faed, Vicat Cole, Briton Riviere, Long, Marks, Val Prinsep, Phil Morris, and F. Goodall have four apiece, and Messrs. Leader, Graham, Horsley, and McWhirter (whose best picture we engrave) are content to go one lower. These works impart a pleasant and familiar air to the exhibition; one feels at home with them; they rest one's eyes after the shock inflicted by such unwonted

presences as Mr. Sargent's, and his master's, M. Carolus-Duran. As for the younger division, they are in as great strength as usual. Mr. Holl sends six portraits: the effect—of manly, forthright accomplishment, imagination, intelligence, and style—is perhaps a little monotonous; but among them is a "Mr. Chamberlain," which—in originality of type and force of presentation—seems startlingly good. Mr. Colin Hunter is represented by five "coast marines," all skilful and pleasing, but none novel in conception and treatment or other than superficial in sentiment and effect. Its murderous environment notwithstanding, Mr. Frank Dicksee's "Memories" remains his finest work. Mr. Pettie's six are most of them a vast improvement on his last year's achievement; Mr. Lucas's three are neither better nor worse than his average; Mr. Fildes, in "A Daughter of the Lagoons," and especially in "The Flower Girl," is stronger and more successful than he has been for some time; Mr. Henry Woods, in "The Water Wheels of Savassa," has painted what is, so far, his best picture; Mr. Ouless's six portraits are all the solid and useful sort of thing to which he has so long accustomed us; Mr. Waterhouse, in "The Magic Circle," is still at his best—is still original in conception and pictorial in his results; Messrs. Van Haanen, Favretto, Logsdail, and De Blaas have nothing new to say, and say it sparklingly. Mr. Henry Moore and the Hon. John Collier are, each in his way, the painters we know. It is all very clever and well-meaning, but we seem to have seen it before. Mr. Swinburne's superlatives and Mr. Black's Highlanders and effects of mist are not more familiar in literature than the *clichés*, of theme and expression alike, which the most of our painters seem content to offer year by year as their individual contribution to the sum of English art.

There is, of course, a certain amount of work that is fresh in inspiration and novel in style; but there is not enough of it, and what there is is for the most part too ill-placed to make any real impression. Mr. Sargent, it is true, has a good place on the line with his "Misses Vickers" (engraved for this Magazine), of last year's Salon; Miss Alice Havers is thrice fortunate (it is hard to say why) in honours of the same degree; and Mr. F. W. Calderon's one picture is equally lucky. But M. Carolus-Duran's "Miss Robbins," one of his best works, and in every way the portrait of the year, is hung at a certain altitude; so is M. Aublet's "Comtesse de Martel;" so is M. Fantin's "Autour du Piano;" so are M. Margetson's "Squire's Daughter," and Mr. Carter's "Sir Ralph Galwey," and Mr. Knighton Warren's effective "Marquis Tseng." Mr. Lemon, as a contemporary has noted, is this year as high as the carpenters could get him; Mr. East is off the line; so is Mr. Beadle, whose "Toil and Storm" is one of the best things in the third room; so is Mr. E. Nichol; so—not undeservedly—is Mr. Collier's "Mænads;" so, to an extent which makes

A CATCH OF MULLET.

(Painted by R. H. Carter. Royal Institute, 1886.)



CHELSEA PENSIONERS.

(Painted by W. H. Weatherhead, R.I. Royal Institute, 1886.)

the word "skied" seem tame and inexpressive, is Mr. S. J. Solomon's big "Cassandra;" and so, almost to extinction, is Mr. J. J. Shannon. The consequence is such as might easily be foreseen. Never has the Academy exhibition seemed less representative and more insignificant. It tells so little of the present, it is so full of obsolete ideals and superannuated methods, that, if a hundredth part of its contents were subtracted, it might stand as well for ten years ago as to-day. It is supposed to represent a twelvemonth of the achievement in art of the whole English nation; but, in fact, it does nothing of the sort. On every hand new influences are at work, new traditions are in process of construction, new conventions are establishing, new sources of inspiration are being sought and found and tested; but to such signs of the times the Academicians elect to remain more or less deaf and blind. They recognise them in the feeble, grudging, half-hearted fashion peculiar to such corporations as the one they compose. In the struggle for existence they are more or less secure: it is not for them to peril their chances by admitting younger and stronger men to any share in them; it is a question of business, and business only; art is but a pretext, much as it is at the commonest of dealers. To know that English painting is on the move one must go elsewhere than Burlington House. Mr. Whistler, for instance, has just now an exhibition of his own: that he should not be on view at the Royal Academy is simply a proof that the Royal Academy is a long way in rear of its age. One may think as one will of his art; but it is not to be denied that it is something, that it is eminently artistic, that no exhibition in which it does not find a place can be considered representative or complete. It is the same with the animal pictures of Mr. Swann; with the work of Messrs. Stott and Dannat and James Hind: with much besides, experimental or accomplished, of kindred type and intention. All these are expressions of the art of painting, and the proper place for them is not a dealer's shop, nor the gallery of a private society, but the national exhibition, which, if it excludes them, avows itself, by the act of exclusion, at best a big emporium for the sale of pictures of a certain sort: or, in other words, the place of business of an artistic trades-union.

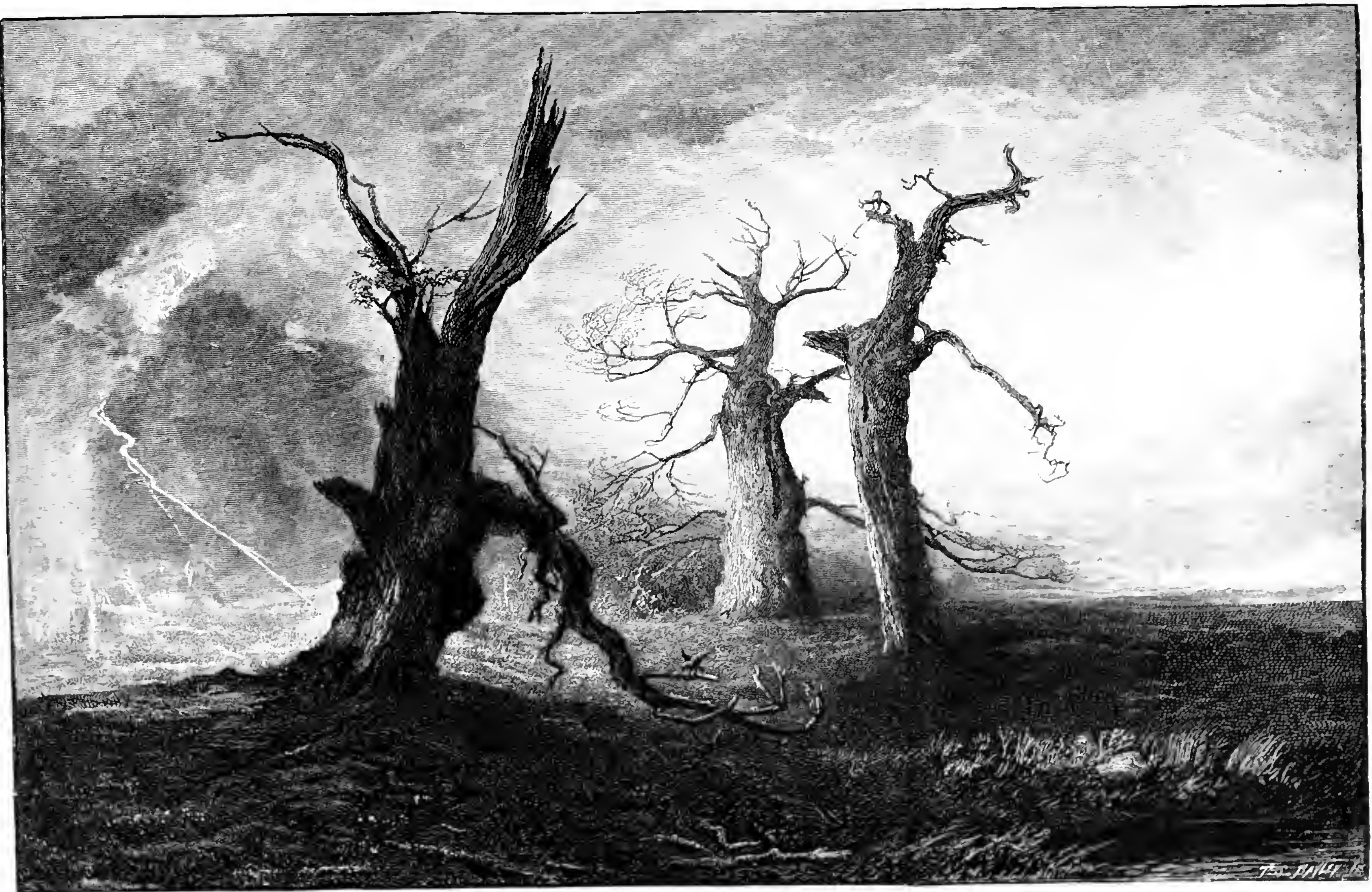
The Grosvenor Gallery is more interesting than usual this year; but it bears a family likeness to the Royal Academy, which, it is assumed, was not a part of the original intention of its founders. It is, in fact, a sort of epitome of the exhibition at Burlington House, with much of the doubtful stuff omitted. Against this, it is true, there is to be set the fact that the Grosvenor Gallery has invented a set of Academicians of its own, who may fairly enter into competition with the best of those at Burlington House. Mr. Halle, for instance, is in most respects the peer of Mr. Herbert himself: he is almost as copious, quite as ambitious, and to the full as anxious for the honours of the line. Sir Coutts Lindsay is by no means the worst placed in the exhibition; with a portrait of Joseph Pyke, Esq., he is ranged on a level with Messrs. Orchardson and Frank Holl, and with a sumptuous and highly original "Paolo and Francesca," he shares the line on the same wall with Messrs. Watts, Richmond, Alma Tadema, John Collier, Leslie, and George Boughton. For the rest the Grosvenor Academicians are this year less obtrusive than their wont. Miss Pickering exhibits but a single example, and that one is skied; Mr. Strudwick's "Circe and Scylla" is not large enough to be noticeable; Mr. Walter Crane's triptych, "Venice, Florence, Rome," is so obviously a design for a sampler that it passes almost unperceived; Mr. Spencer Stanhope's allegorical "Why Seek Ye the Living among the Dead?" is on a larger scale, but is not so strong that it may not be faced and vanquished very summarily. With Mr. Jones in no great force, and with these, his most distinguished disciples, in a condition (so to speak) of collapse, it is not surprising that the Grosvenor Gallery should present, as we have said, a strong resemblance with the Royal Academy, where, as if to complete the illusion, Mr. Jones himself is for the first time represented. It may be added that the hanging has been done in such a way as still further to strengthen this appearance of rivalry. Mr. David Murray, Mr. North, Mr. Phil Morris, Mr. Strudwick, Miss Tennant, Mrs. Jopling, and Mr. Philip Burne Jones are all conspicuously on the line. Mr. Hennessy, whose pictures are the best we have yet had from him, is not only skied, but hung in the neighbourhood of such reds and blues as bring destruction on the delicate effects and subtle gradations of which his several schemes are composed; Mr. Lemon has attained to what is, for the Grosvenor, an imposing altitude, while Mr. Spencer Stanhope is triumphing allegorically on the line below. In the West Gallery, Mr. Arthur Thomson and Mr. R. Corbett, with "One More Day" and "Before the Dawn," two of the good things of the exhibition, survey mankind from equal heights with Mr. Lemon in the East Gallery; while a graceful and taking sketch by Mr. Maurice Pollock appears in such lonely elevation as suggests the crown of sovran Blanc.

Mr. Burne Jones is represented by three canvases, none of the first importance, but presenting, in one instance at least, a combination of qualities not usual in his art. In the picture in question—

"Flamma Vestalis," as it is called—there is no literature to speak of: or, at any rate, what literature there may be is swamped by other and more appropriate qualities; while the idea is really plastic, the expression is in consonance with the laws of painting pure and simple, the colour has an appearance of spontaneity rare in the painter's work, the effect is really decorative. In his "Sibylla Delphica" the literary intention is far more obtrusive than in the "Flamma Vestalis;" the mannerisms are strong enough to be predominant; the colour is altogether *voulue*, the effect is neither convincing nor attractive. Mr. Jones's third and most ambitious contribution, "The Morning of the Resurrection," has good qualities of colour and design, but is too complete an expression of the painter's idiosyncrasy to be acceptable to any but his staunchest disciples. In singular contrast with these three are the varied and taking group of portraits—especially the "Miss Margaret Burne Jones" and the "Mrs. Warren de la Rue"—contributed by Mr. Richmond; the vivacious and graceful "Miss Annie Beebe" of Mr. J. J. Shannon; the landscapes of Messrs. Costa, Hennessy, East, Leslie Thomson, and Corbett; the cattle and

"Happy if her touch can trace
The features of another face
Loved long ago."

(*Painted by J. E. Christie. Royal Academy, 1886.*)



THE THREE WITCHES.

(Painted by John McWhirter, A.R.A. Royal Academy 18[illegible].)

landscape of Mr. Arthur Lemon; Mr. Sargent's most masterly and pictorial "Study"—to our mind the painter's best and most painter-like work this year; the rich colour of Mr. Alma Tadema's "A Portrait;" the fine accomplishment and veracity of expression of Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby;" the style, the treatment, the charm of Mr. Collier's "Miss Nettie Huxley," which, after M. Carolus-Duran's "Miss Robbins," is certainly the portrait of the year.

The sculpture is this year of remarkable interest. At the Grosvenor, Mr. Nelson M'Lean exhibits his "Spring." At the Academy are the President's carefully modelled and effective "Sluggard;" Mr. Thornycroft's "The Sower"—a work of real originality and power; the Rodinesque busts of Mr. Gilbert, and his group, "The Magic Chair," in which, with a good deal of detail the reverse of sculpturesque, there is much admirable modelling; Mr. Drury's lifelike and vigorous busts; the animals of Miss Chapman; and Mr. Bates's imaginative and accomplished essays in bas-relief. There is no doubt, indeed, that the sculpture is better than the painting.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

HOLBEIN'S LONDON.

MASTER HAUNCE, as we find Holbein colloquially called in England, arrived in London towards the close of 1526. The influence of the Renaissance, which had already left its mark on public buildings and monuments, had not extended to houses of ordinary size, which were still built chiefly of wood and mud, and set close together in very narrow streets; the rooms were usually small and dark, and the flooring of the lower storey was commonly merely the beaten earth on which the house was built. Each tradesman hung out a swinging sign above his shop, and besides shops many booths and stalls were placed in the crowded streets. Carriages were happily extremely rare; those who did not ride went on foot, but even so the streets were intensely thronged. From the highest to the lowest all London jostled and hustled in the narrow ways noisy with screaming cries of the hawkers and keepers of booths and stalls.

In an age when dress was everywhere magnificent, the English were remarkable for the overladen richness of their attire. But what must have struck Holbein most in this busy humming city was the enormous proportion of religious habits. For in those days one-third of the land and building of London was Church property, and a fifth of the population was in religious orders. Wolsey was still in power, for though the people murmured, he had not yet lost the king's favour, and the Cardinal's Court still vied in splendour with the Court of Henry—the most gorgeous potentate in Europe—and the Lord Chancellor's money, stamped with the cardinal's hat, still circulated side by side with the king's. But for all the richness of attire and the unequalled pomp of public life in England, life within doors was still intensely uncomfortable; it was an age of rapid transition, but when Holbein arrived in London the new order of things had scarcely set in. The boundless hospitality of the old days was still in vogue, but so, too, were the old rough ways of living. Chairs were a luxury reserved for the great; few dining halls owned more than two of them, stools and benches being still the usual seats. Carpets were almost unknown, green rushes were the usual covering for floors; but, indeed, in a society where each person fed his dog with bones and scraps from the table, the floor-cloth that could most readily be renewed was the most cleanly and convenient. Our table manners were the astonishment and disgust of foreigners: forks were used only for serving, fingers did the rest; and when some very tempting dish appeared, the high-born company, unable to repress their longing, rose from their seats, and, hustling and pushing one another, stretched eager fingers into the dish and helped themselves, each striving to obtain the best portion. The appetite of "those bears of English" was a marvel to foreigners of their own time, as it is to their degenerate descendants.

But the national gluttony had resulted in producing the finest physique in Europe, and if the table manners of our forefathers suggest that civilisation had done little for England in the early part of the Sixteenth Century, we must concede that the energy, learning, and accomplishments of the men and women of Henry's Court were considerable. The king spoke both French and Latin, and understood Italian well. He played on almost every instrument, and sang songs of his own composing. He was good at every manly sport, and was an intelligent patron of the fine arts. The like accomplishments were expected

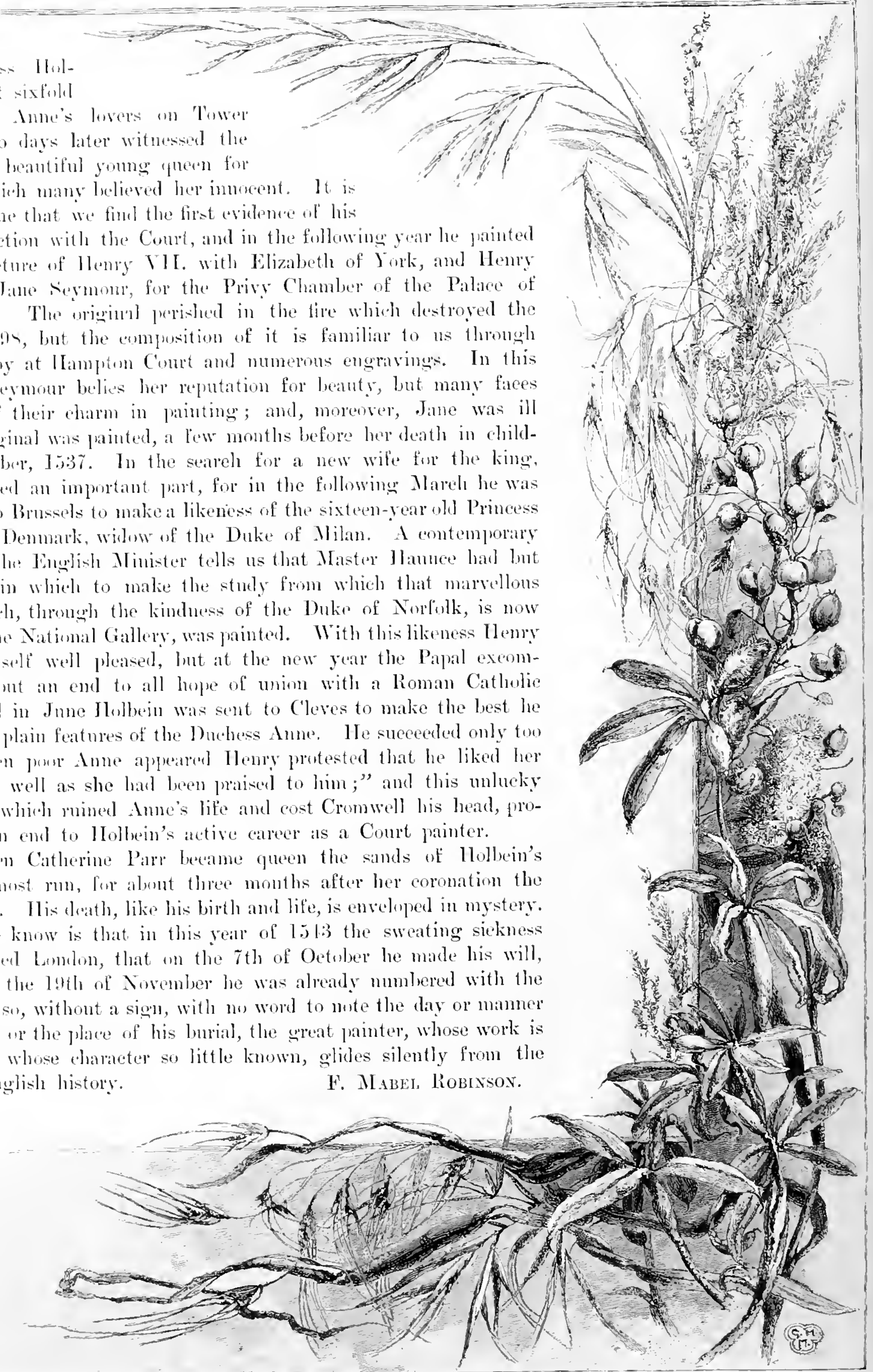
of every courtier, and ladies of position were no whit behind the men in the gentler arts. The evening hours were universally devoted to such amusements as music, dancing, chess, and cards, for nothing that required very bright or steady light could be done when twilight had set in and the pot of burning tar, which was still the only illumination, even in houses of the better class, had been kindled. But bed-time came early, for seven o'clock was the universal breakfast hour, then followed a time for work, and at eleven the king and all classes set to the long business of dinner.

On his arrival Holbein passed through the noisy city and the Court suburb of Westminster till he reached the green riverside country at Chelsea, where Sir Thomas More lived in a house he had built for himself in the new style, and which is supposed to be that now known as Beaufort House. Here he was welcomed for the sake of Erasmus, and here he remained throughout his first visit to England. This peaceful home, "the school of all Christian virtues," must have given him a charming impression of English family life here: "no wrangling, no angry word was heard; every one did his duty with alacrity and with a temperate cheerfulness." There he met Archbishop Warham, Nicholas Kratzer, and Fisher, who was destined to become More's fellow-martyr. These and many others gave him sittings, and he also made drawings and studies of More and his household—studies intended to be used for the great group of the More family—a picture destined to remain for ever unfinished. But of all the frequent visitors to Chelsea the most honoured was the king, who in those days so loved this subject that he would ride over from Westminster uninvited, and, after sharing the family dinner, would stroll round the farm and garden with his arm lovingly twined round More's neck. We cannot doubt that More would show Hans Holbein's paintings to the king; but John Browne was Court painter, and Luke Homebolt had the royal patronage; besides, the mind of Henry was filled with other things—with State difficulties and the doubtful succession; with the relations of foreign powers; with the sweet face and voice of Anne Boleyn; and with Wolsey's scheme for the divorce. For though it was no part of Wolsey's wish that Henry should make Anne Boleyn queen, the divorce was already common talk, and the name of Katharine's maid of honour was already coupled with the king's.

In the summer of 1528 that dreaded malady, the sweating sickness, once more broke out in England, and for fear of infection, or else by order of his guild, our painter returned to Basle, where he now finished the decorations for the town hall. But Basle was the Basle of his youth no longer. Froben was dead, Erasmus, Meier, and the majority of the cultured class had abandoned the city to the zeal of the Reformers. Holbein could not adapt himself to the new order of things, and in the autumn of 1531 we find him once more in London. Three years had brought great changes to England. Queen Katharine had left the Court, and Anne Boleyn, acknowledged by Henry as his future wife, lived in the queen's apartments, and was treated with queenly homage. Wolsey was fallen and was dead, and Holbein's former patron, Sir Thomas More, had accepted the Lord Chancellorship, though with a heavy heart. But the breach between Pope and King was daily widening, and a few months after Holbein's return the resignation of More brought an end to the painter's hopes of Court patronage. In the meantime he was working for the German merchants of the Steelyard, and had settled himself in that house in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft which was his home for the remainder of his life.

But in one matter Holbein found England unchanged: the question of divorce was still the public topic, and speculation was still rife as to the nature of the king's relations with Anne. Still the divorce was not obtained; hope followed hope, disappointment succeeded disappointment, till in the spring of '33 the suspicions of the lady's dishonour grew almost into certainty. Then in the few weeks between March and June came the swift series of surprises: the announcement of the secret marriage; Cranmer's unpapal divorce of Katharine, and the coronation of Anne. On the last day of May a gorgeous pageant was prepared in honour of the new queen, and she, splendid and alone, drove in triumph through the city on a car drawn by white palfreys and sheltered by a canopy of jingling silver bells. The streets were hung with silk and strewn with roses, and every little way there was an arch of triumph, that of the merchants of the Steelyard being the finest in design, for it was constructed by Master Haunce. Whether our artist ever painted the discarded or triumphant queen we know not. Unfortunately his work of this and later times is seldom dated, but there is no evidence to show that he painted the king or any of his wives until after the execution of Anne.

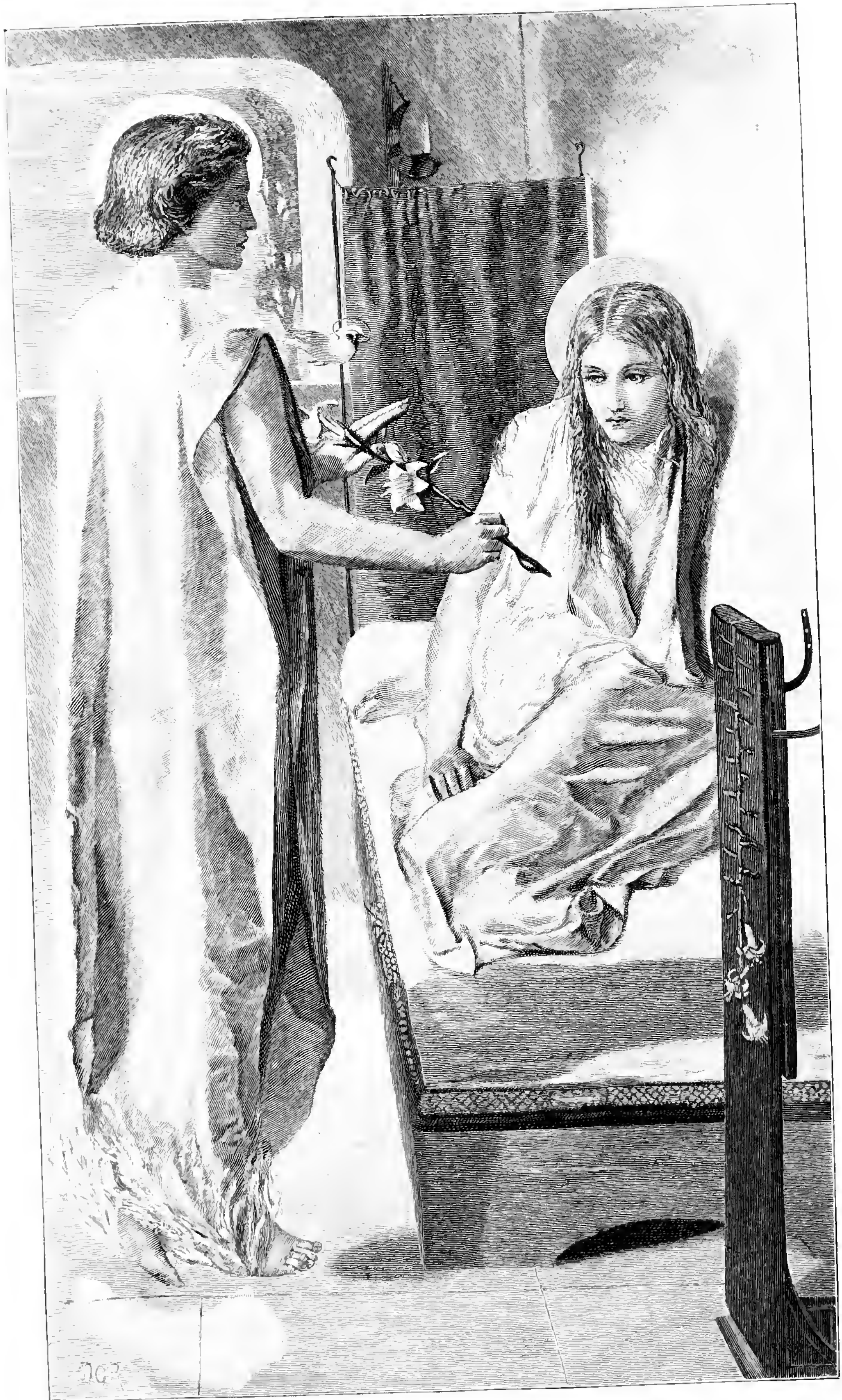
But Holbein, who had witnessed the bloodless reformation of Basle, was now a witness of the crueller purification of the Church of England. Heresy—such heresy as was orthodoxy in Basle—was worthy of death in Henry's eyes, and Holbein saw many a man hanged or beheaded for denying the doctrines of the Transubstantiation. Others and many he saw suffer death for refusing to acknowledge the king supreme head of the Church. For this offence he saw More die, and the good old Bishop Fisher he had so often met at the peaceful home in Chelsea.



And doubtless Holbein saw that sixfold execution of Anne's lovers on Tower Hill, and two days later witnessed the death of the beautiful young queen for crimes of which many believed her innocent. It is about this time that we find the first evidence of his official connection with the Court, and in the following year he painted the great picture of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, and Henry VIII. with Jane Seymour, for the Privy Chamber of the Palace of Westminster. The original perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace in 1698, but the composition of it is familiar to us through the small copy at Hampton Court and numerous engravings. In this copy Jane Seymour belies her reputation for beauty, but many faces lose much of their charm in painting; and, moreover, Jane was ill when the original was painted, a few months before her death in child-bed, in October, 1537. In the search for a new wife for the king, Holbein played an important part, for in the following March he was despatched to Brussels to make a likeness of the sixteen-year old Princess Christina of Denmark, widow of the Duke of Milan. A contemporary letter from the English Minister tells us that Master Haunce had but three hours in which to make the study from which that marvellous portrait which, through the kindness of the Duke of Norfolk, is now on view in the National Gallery, was painted. With this likeness Henry declared himself well pleased, but at the new year the Papal excommunication put an end to all hope of union with a Roman Catholic princess, and in June Holbein was sent to Cleves to make the best he could of the plain features of the Duchess Anne. He succeeded only too well, for when poor Anne appeared Henry protested that he liked her "nothing so well as she had been praised to him;" and this unlucky transaction, which ruined Anne's life and cost Cromwell his head, probably put an end to Holbein's active career as a Court painter.

But when Catherine Parr became queen the sands of Holbein's life were almost run, for about three months after her coronation the painter died. His death, like his birth and life, is enveloped in mystery. All that we know is that in this year of 1543 the sweating sickness again attacked London, that on the 7th of October he made his will, and that on the 19th of November he was already numbered with the dead. And so, without a sign, with no word to note the day or manner of his death, or the place of his burial, the great painter, whose work is so well and whose character so little known, glides silently from the pages of English history.

F. Mabel Robinson.



"ECCE ANCILLA DOMINI."

(Painted by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. National Gallery.)

CURRENT ART.—II.

THE process of selection at the big picture-shows of Burlington House is always a hard matter. This year it is rendered intolerably fatiguing by the caprice or opportunism of the hanging committee. Nothing were easier than to sift the fruitage from the surplusage of sterility if only the simple and intelligible system of worthily hanging what is worthy were logically carried out. That, however, is not the rule of the Royal Academy. Yet because it has never been the rule does by no means make it less difficult, even for the experienced hand, to weed the field or gather into the garner. Why the task should

CHARLES SANTLEY.

(Painted by T. C. Gotch. Society of British Artists, 1886.)

be made as arduous as it is possible for Academic ingenuity to make it, or why it should be a task at all, is only one problem of a Burlington House exhibition. The work of selection is properly the official duty of the hanging committee. More than this, it should be a pure and hallowed joy to show themselves competent to discharge a public trust. Theirs it is to select, and theirs to present the art of the year, so it may be viewed at once in its continuity and strength; theirs is it, in fact as in metaphor, to pronounce a verdict such as might be worthy of the recognised guardians of British art. When, however, we pass from the line to survey the whole collection, what is their verdict as expressed by the works they honour, and what their selection? The former defies translation into intelligible terms; the latter teems with excruciating contradictions, and is not even faithful to the low standard of excellence prescribed by Academic custom. Hence it is that, judged from this standpoint—which should, at least, afford a satisfactory basis for an inclusive judgment—the show arouses, as we have already recorded, little but depression and despair. Bad as things are made to appear to the front, there yet remains enough to mitigate the rigours of first impressions. Not a few works cry aloud from the heights against the unmeaning jumble of good works and base that receive the honours of the line. The vagaries of the hanging committee defy reconciliation. It is well, therefore, that some independent solace is supplied by other evidence than that of the line, of the injurious sway of place and prejudice, of official devotion to the traditions of office. In every room at Burlington House may be found instances of the moral obliquity that provoked the indignation of Wordsworth in more august and more venerable precincts; for here assuredly are we reminded of—

> "Decency and Custom starving Truth,
> And blind Authority beating with his staff
> The child that might have led him; Emptiness
> Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
> Left to herself, unheard of and unknown."

There is nothing new in all this, nothing strange, even nothing peculiar, for the Grosvenor Gallery promises to rival the Academy in this matter, as in others. But practices that are blatant scandals at the Academy admit of plausible extenuation at the Grosvenor. The Academy is not a proprietary club. It has not abandoned its chartered position, with its privileges and influence. It still professedly exists for the encouragement of art. Notwithstanding which, it once more approves itself an anomalous institution, and once more shows how vain is the pretence that it represents the current aspirations and tendencies of art.

The portraiture of the year is decidedly above the average everywhere, and at the Academy the work of M. Carolus-Duran and Mr. J. S. Sargent would suffice to give it distinction even if Mr. Holl and Mr. John Collier, Mr. Margetson and Mr. Shannon, were not as strongly represented as they are. Until quite recently, however, portraiture was never a notable feature of the Suffolk Street gallery, where art for some years had assumed a truly insular guise, faithful

SHRIMPERS.

(Painted by W. J. Hennessy. Grosvenor Gallery, 1886.)

to the title and traditions of an old establishment. But Mr. Whistler's portrait of Señor Sarasate was a visitant of active potency in that tranquil and conservative haven; it was something of a revelation to many who knew not Mr. Whistler, something so stimulating as to be a trumpet-call or a challenge. Obviously it created a strong and healthy impulse, the fruit of which distinguishes the present exhibition in more ways than one. Three portraits, at least, may be named that would hold their own in any modern gallery, and these are Mr. W. T. Dannat's "M. Laplante," Mr. Stott's "Portrait of my friend, T. M. D.," and the "Charles Santley, Esq.," of Mr. Gotch, reproduced in our first illustration. Without being exactly an inspired or a subtle study of character, Mr. Gotch's presentment of the great singer is striking and individual. Painted with a broad and expressive touch, the face, in full though soft light, is firm in colour and supple in texture; the head, skillfully modelled in a dark and atmospheric environment, attains the right measure of relief, while the attitude and expression are admirably characteristic. The portrait is altogether one of the most effective examples of the simplicity that is always a feature of the painter's realistic aim.

Landscape at the Academy is marked by a fresh advance in the work of our younger painters, and introduces a few new names whose pictures, skied for the most part, prophesy of better things. As it is, the antagonism between the well-worn stereotypes of the old school, and the sound method and sensitive perception of the rising men, is more acute than ever. This wholesome fact must not, however, blind us to less agreeable evidence. Mr. Vicat Cole, Mr. Leader, Mr. Macbeth, have plenty of followers. Mr. T. Austen Brown's "Playmates," for instance, only requires a little additional coarseness of colour to become a good caricature of Mr. Macbeth. Mr. Vicat Cole's Thames transcripts, and the larger landscape, "The Sultry Hour," are neither better nor worse than usual. They are smooth, tame, and uninspired, yet their lack of distinction does not quite extinguish a certain agreeable effect of the placid kind. Mannered as is the last-named picture, its defects are not palpable and distressing symptoms of organic disorder. Mr. Leader's mannerisms have passed into an acute stage; such landscapes as "The End of the Day" and "With Verdure Clad" reveal nothing that is worth revelation or deserving of comment. The antithesis of such work is found in Mr. Percy Belgrave's impressive "Moorland and Cloudland," with its broad aërial expanse and noble sobriety of colour; in Mr. Edwin Nichol's "When the Summer Sun is Hot," a fine rendering of the sun-bathed landscape, palpitating under the fathomless ether of warm, vibrating atmosphere; in the tender sentiment and delicate quality of Mr. G. F. Munn's "On the Kennet;" and in such charming examples of style, colour, and harmony, of sober unobtrusive truth and poetic sensibility of vision, as Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Evening," "A July Day," and the rest—all alike admirable, and all skied. The list is not easily exhausted: there are "A Thames Backwater," by Mr. Yeend King; Mr. Alfred East's "By Tranquil Waters;" Mr. James Hill's impressionistic "Leigh, Essex;" Mr. Picknell's vigorous and masterly "Dreary Waste of Sand and Shore;" Mr. Charles Eyles's "Sketch in Suffolk"—a true sketch, of assured potency and truth. Mr. Hill is indeed fortunately placed; but for the majority of the list, and for others scattered elsewhere, it is impossible to pass along the line and view their supplanters with a quiet mind. For such work to be sacrificed is bad enough, but to be sacrificed to the superior claims of the flaunting commonplace of Mr. Phil Morris's "The Lone Farm," and much vulgar sentiment of the same kind, is nothing less than a gross outrage. At the Grosvenor, things are almost worse, though the altitude attained by Mr. Arthur Tomson's "One Day More," Mr. Maurice Pollock's "Mont St. Michel," Mr. Corbett's "Before the Dawn," is necessarily less than is the rule at the Academy. Nevertheless, these pictures—all able in their diverse styles—together with Mr. Hennessy's refined subtle landscapes, have to yield to the smirking inanities of Mr. Hallé, and such vapid attempts in landscape as Mr. David Murray's. Mr. Hennessy's case is conspicuous. It is the worst example of the kind in either exhibition. The most perverse ingenuity could not devise any surer means of damaging the full low tone and perfect *ensemble* of the "Shrimpers," which we engrave as our second illustration, and "The Washing Place, Calvados Farm." These are not only skied, but the former is subjected to the ruinous domination of a ghastly example of British domestic sentiment, whose raw aniline reds and blues of naked and unabashed crudity ravish Mr. Hennessy's picture of most of its influences and allurements. Whatever your powers of concentration, however trained your eye, you have to succumb to the unequal conflict. With a flaring bandanna of Manchester make warring over against you, and inflaming your meditative eye, there is no hope of obtaining more than a fleeting and incomplete impression of the solemnity and mysterious attraction of this study of twilight. Both landscapes render with exquisite subtlety the vague and resilient quality with which dusky and indeterminate light invests the depth and mystery of the atmosphere. In "The Washing Place" this crucial problem is solved with exceptional delicacy of

gradation, particularly in its relation to the trees, the figures, and other objects of the crepuscular landscape. sympathy, and the indefinable charm we find in many a Corot. In our strictures on the treatment

THE WILLOW-PATTERN PLATE.

(Painted by Mary L. Gow. Royal Institute, 1886.)

The impalpable aërial vibration of the twilight hour, felicitously expressed by Gray's "glimmering landscape"—though the adjective is now generally misapplied—is suggested with the sensitive insight, the of Mr. Hennessy's poetical work at the Grosvenor, we do not forget how the Royal Academy hoisted, rather than hung, the great French master. Verily, we continue to stone the prophets.

IF THOU HADST KNOWN

Mr. W. B. Hole's "If Thou Hadst Known," which forms our fourth illustration, is most refreshingly unlike what is commonly considered "religious art." The subject is the pathetic lament of Christ over Jerusalem, but the sentiment of the theme seeks no expression in archaeological display, in distracting detail of the fauna or flora of Palestine, in glittering "orientalism" or iridescent landscape. The figure, seated in meditation, and brooding over the distant city, is immersed in a solemn and tender atmosphere of grey harmonious tone, while the embattled town is vaguely discernible in the obscurity below. The pathos of the figure is indissolubly merged in that of the landscape, whose infinite sadness and desolation is in perfect accord with the religious sentiment. Mr. Hole's picture is, of course, primarily a landscape, the didactic illustration being secondary; though, even in the latter respect, its artistic success is more notable than is the case with many more ambitious designs, burdened with accessories and symbolism. Ambition wholly misdirected, and ill-supported by technical skill or imagination, is obviously the original source of many irreverent or trite versions of lofty themes. The epic poets and the historians suffer extraordinary and ludicrous perversion. Who can measure the distance between the expectations roused by such a subject as Mr. W. F. Calderon's "Dante in the Valley of Terrors" and the painter's conception? Except in the mere painting, which is skilful enough, it is as frank a confession of ineptitude as may be found in the Academy. The subjects illustrated by Mr. Frith are somewhat less exalted, yet neither his scene from "The Bride of Lammermoor" nor that from Boswell adds any force or significance to the text. Let the lover of Boswell confront Mr. Frith's "Dr. Johnson's Tardy Gallantry," and then read Beauclerk's account in Boswell of the visit of Mme. de Boufflers to Johnson. Which is the more vital interpretation, the more graphic, the more picturesque? Which of the two, in fact, is the picture? Emphatically it is not Mr. Frith's. Mr. A. C. Gow's "Cromwell at Dunbar" and Mr. Seymour Lucas's "Peter the Great at Deptford" are somewhat conventional presentments of heroic figures. Cromwell and his troopers bear small traces of the hot and obstinate struggle at Dunbar, though there is a good deal of spirit and vigour in the chief group.

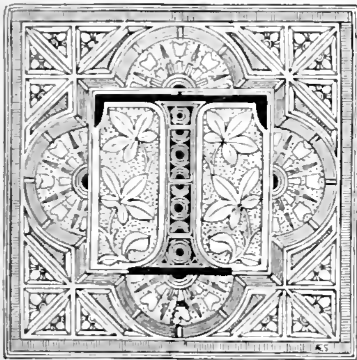
In our third illustration, Miss Mary L. Gow's "The Willow-Pattern Plate," we have an agreeable specimen of the class of domestic *genre* that is sure of popularity. The original, which is at the Royal Institute, endows the trite subject—a young mamma amusing her little girl—with considerable grace of design and elegance of presentment. The draughtsmanship is good, the colour refined and harmonious, the little incident expressed with clearness and point. The child's interest in the charming old legend is aptly displayed in the pretty face—half in thought, half in wonder—as it gazes at the old plate. There is quite a touch of nature, as she is manifest in the feminine child, in the resolute grasp of the little hand on the real and tangible orange, which no pretty fictions of China will loosen. She has no reason to sigh for the magnificent fruit depicted on the willow-pattern plate. Many years will pass before ever she murmurs regretfully that she, she also, was once in Arcadia. The world of all of us is her Arcadia, and the willow-pattern fable is a mere excursion from a boundless realm of fancies, a journey into the blue distance between tea-time and bed.

In Miss Gow's drawing the sentiment is naturally and soberly expressed, and its agreeable decorative quality preserves it from the charge of sentimentalism, which is the capital crime of many painters at the Academy. "Sentimental," in the worst sense of the word, is Mr. Horsley's "Young Life on Old Ground," which might be designed to catch the popular yearning for coloured plates, such as Christmas annuals provide. Though there is less, perhaps, than usual of this kind of work at the Academy, there is far too much. "Home from Market," by Mr. Arthur Hughes, is another flagrant example of cheap and pretty sentiment, which with many people is like the cloak of charity for false and flimsy workmanship. Even more typical is Mr. Faed's "Oh, Why Left I my Hame?" for here the appeal to popular sentiment is much more strenuously enforced, and the pathos of exile is adroitly strengthened by the quotation. Despite its glaring misrepresentation of nature, Mr. Faed's picture is certain to receive the most sympathetic admiration, and in black and white it is possible it might merit popularity. From sentiment to sensation is but a step, and the melodramatic quality vulgarly known as sensational is unmitigated in "The Confessional," by Mr. E. Blair Leighton. Vigorous as is the presentment of the murdered priest outstretched on the pavement, the tragedy is unimpressive. It is like a scene from a Radclyffe romance, minus the supernatural element, the gruesome horror, the penetrating thrill. The faults of composition, moreover, are something quite unlike Mr. Leighton's careful and correct style.

In sea-pieces and coast-marines our leading painters present little more than vain repetition or distinct deterioration. Mr. Henry Moore, for instance, sends nothing so fresh in feeling or so bold in handling as the "Newhaven Packet" of last year: nothing, in fact, more stirring and vigorous than his water-colours at the Society's exhibition. The "Mount's Bay" is a notable work, though in no one quality is it

comparable to the painter's larger and more individual picture of last summer. Nor do Mr. Hook and Mr. Colin Hunter surpass themselves, or visit our just expectations with surprise. Mr. Hook's "Gathering Limpets," and the absurdly-named "An Undergraduate," have a full measure of the artist's wonted felicity of colour, with rather less of atmospheric truth. Similarly, Mr. Colin Hunter approves himself the sound craftsman and bad colourist we have long known, but he is without enterprise, and attains to no fresh distinction. Mr. Brett's single achievement, "An Argyll Eden," a panoramic composition, cannot increase his reputation. It is redolent of paint and eloquent of toil. The hard contours of the mountains, modelled with painful assiduity, are void of all atmospheric influences, while the presence of radiant, sunny air is not even suggested by the metallic glitter and iridescence of the sea-surface and reflections. Last year, we remember, Mr. Brett abandoned to good purpose his predilection for calm sea and prosperous voyage, revealing—in an aërial and truthful transcript of dark heaving sea flecked with pale lights of dawn—a passage of inspiration. Possibly there is a demand for the painter's glittering panoramas. If so, it is only one more instance of the Academician's fatal tendency to stereotype; the good qualities of his work evaporate in the process of iteration, *facture* is replaced by manufacture, and the rest is complacent mannerism. At the Grosvenor there is little marine work that calls for notice. Mr. Henry Moore's best work is at the Academy; Mr. Napier Hemy's "How the Boat Came Home" and "Falmouth Natives" afford a striking contrast; Mr. Bartlett's falling away in technique is signalised in both his contributions — in the discordant colour of "A Wrack Harvest" and in the weak, flimsy handling of "A Wee Lady of the Lake." A painter who has done so well as Mr. Bartlett in former exhibitions might have been deemed incapable of the childish sentiment and meretricious technique of the last-named picture. There is plenty of movement in Mr. Hemy's spirited representation of the boat and its fisher crew riding on the huge breaker, and the figures, it remains to add, are admirably characterised.

THE RAPID SPEY.—I.



THE river Spey takes its rise in a small loch in Inverness-shire, in the Badenoch district, almost on the boundary line with Lochaber. Its early course, if not tame, is uninteresting. There are blackness and barrenness, and yet no savage grandeur to make up for the want of pleasing features. Things soon improve though, and from Kingussie, where it is only half through Inverness-shire, to Fochabers, where it is but a few miles from the sea, every part of the river presents views of interest. The scenery, indeed, in Alvie, a few miles below Kingussie, is not to be surpassed by that of any other Scottish stream. The hills assume fantastically beautiful shapes; their lower slopes are covered with fir and birch trees, remains of the ancient forest of Rothiemurchus; sometimes they open into glens—through which a tributary river dashes down to join the main stream—and these, breaking the continuity of the range, allow us to see into its very centre. Nor is all wildness. Frequent haughs line the river, and here the trees, collected for the most part into clumps, present the appearance of a succession of parks. Far down the haughs become cultivated fields.

These were, no doubt, the parts of the course that Drummond of Hawthorndean knew best, and so he gave the river the otherwise not very appropriate title of the fertile Spey. Probably he wished to say something pleasant of it, and he could hardly praise the wild scenery because neither he nor anybody else at that time admired wild scenery. There was too much of it, and it added so much difficulty to the traveller's existence. Why, even to-day the native Highlander, with his back turned on some of the finest bits of Spey scenery, will talk to you with kindling eye of the vulgar glories of Glasgow. Little more than a century ago, Dr. Johnson, with his faithful "Mr. Boswell," traversed this country. With an almost perceptible shudder he describes the hills "towering in horrid nakedness," and remarks that "an eye accustomed to flowery pastures and waving harvests is astonished and repelled by this wide extent of hopeless sterility." No doubt had *we* to labour out a scanty harvest from the barren soil, or tend day after day a herd of cattle on these desolate slopes, we too would find the fertile haughs on the lower reaches of the river by far the finest thing in the landscape. But the railway carries us only too swiftly through the glens, and for many a mile by the side of the

river, winding round the base of Craigellachie itself, and enabling us to catch at least a good notion of the aspect of Strathspey. What most strikes us then are found throughout all its course. Then the amount of water varies very much at different times. This water is usually very clear, and the swift rush

I.—THE OLD BRIDGE OF CARR.

is, not the view near at hand, but the sombre masses of mountain that close the prospect to the north and south. These are the Monadhliath, or grey hills, wild and desolate, which bound the horizon at some distance to the north, and the edge of the Grampian range, which rises precipitously to the south. Here, close to the river, are some of the highest mountains in Scotland, chief among them Benmacdui and Cairngorm, and swiftly down their sides run the thousands of streams and burns that swell the volume of the Spey. This is greater than that of any other Scotch river except the Tay.

In point of rapidity, indeed, the Spey comes first. So rapid is it that at its mouth it keeps the tide back, and even within a hundred yards of the sea its water is always perfectly fresh. This swiftness of motion gives rise to several marked features of the river. Its channel is full of shingle, which is kept constantly moving; near the sea it frequently shifts its bed; numerous rapids and deep pools (III.) of the great transparent mass has a singular fascination for the eye. There is something of the terrible, too, in the quiet resistless movement. It strikes the beholder very forcibly that, when this stream is in flood, the effects must be like that which follow some great convulsion of nature. The Spey in spate is indeed a thing to be chronicled, and many of its floods *have* been more or less carefully chronicled. It seems quite certain that the greatest of these was reserved for our own century. In August, 1829, a terrible rainfall took place on the Monadhliath to the north and the Cairngorm range to the south of the Spey. For some days water took the place of air. The water did not come in drops, but in excessively fine thin streams. The least rain turns the southern tributaries into great rivers: now they became fearful torrents. One of the very worst was the Feshie, which rises high up in the Grampians, near where the three shires of Inverness, Aberdeen, and Perth meet. A few feet above its source is the summit of

the ridge, and the streams that run down the other side run to the Dee. The Feshie winds through a long, narrow, often gloomy glen, and joins the Spey at Kineraig. Even the wind works great havoc in Glen Feshie (11.). A wild south-wester pent up in it, and rushing down the narrow funnel, tears trees up by the roots, and takes the roofs off houses. This was the place where the flood was specially violent. Great trees danced like playthings on the surface of the water; great rocks were hurled grinding along with hideous clamour; the whole crops that grew in the more sheltered parts of the valley were carried away. The suddenness and extent of the rise were beyond all expectation. Donald Macpherson, a shepherd, occupied a house in a part of Glen Feshie far from the stream. In the middle of the night the rising water began to fill the house. The family escaped to a neighbouring hill, where they were soon imprisoned by the still rising flood. There they were detained till the water fell. Near Loch Alvie the river played one of its fantastic tricks. "When the waters subsided a farmer's wife found at the

11. GLEN FESHIE.

back of the house, all lying in a heap, a handsome dish of trout, a pike, a hare, a partridge, and a turkey, with a dish of potatoes and a dish of turnips, all brought down by the burn and deposited there for the good of the house." In the district of Abernethy the water cut a ravine down the side of the mountains on the south bank, a mile long, forty to fifty feet broad, and of proportionate depth. The old bridge of Carr (I.) in this district had long been disused, but it stood in tolerable completeness. The flood now removed its wing walls, leaving nothing but the bare arch standing. There it still stands, the very skeleton of a bridge, as our picture—drawn and arranged, like the others, from an excellent series of photographs published by T. W. Wilson, of Aberdeen—will show. It was more fortunate than the bridge of Curr, which stood near. After a long resistance to the force of the water, it at length gave way. The whole arch sprang, without losing its shape, fifteen feet out of the water. In descending the ends came together, and the mass fell with such a shock that for a moment of time the headlong current was checked.

After leaving Inverness the Spey continues its course through Elgin and parts of Banff, till it falls into the sea at Speymouth. Its most important tributary in Banffshire is the Aven, which flows from the Lake of Aven, in the very heart of the Cairngorm range. The mountains rise almost sheer from the loch, Cairngorm (IV.) to the west, Beinbainac to the north, the steep slopes of Benmacdui and Beinmain to the south. The snow lies in patches on these mountains through the whole year. No tree or shrub grows there. The eagle still builds its nest in crannies of the precipice. It is the very wildest scenery in all Scotland. Hardly Scotch at all: as Hill Burton truly says, "like a fragment of the Alps imported and set down in Scotland." There is no house to shelter the traveller, who has to take refuge beneath the Stone of Shelter—a sort of cave formed by a great block of granite which, rolling down the precipice at some unknown time, happened to fall on two other blocks. To it these serve as pillars.

Loch Aven is remarkable for a peculiar and distinct species of black trout with which it abounds, and for the extraordinary clearness and luminous nature of the deep water that fills it. This clearness also distinguishes the Aven, which flows from the Loch through a deep, narrow, and dark glen. According to a proverb,

> "The water of Aven runs so clear
> It would beguile a man of a hundred year."

A pool of twenty feet looks no more than a pool of two, till you try to cross it. In 1829 the flood filled up this ravine, the stream rising twenty-three feet above its usual height. Acres of ground and slices of the hillside were torn away. "The height the burns rose to that day," said a suffering miller, "was just a'thegether ridiculous."

At Drumin the Aven is increased by the Livet, which flows through the glen of the same name.

III.—AT INVERALLEN.

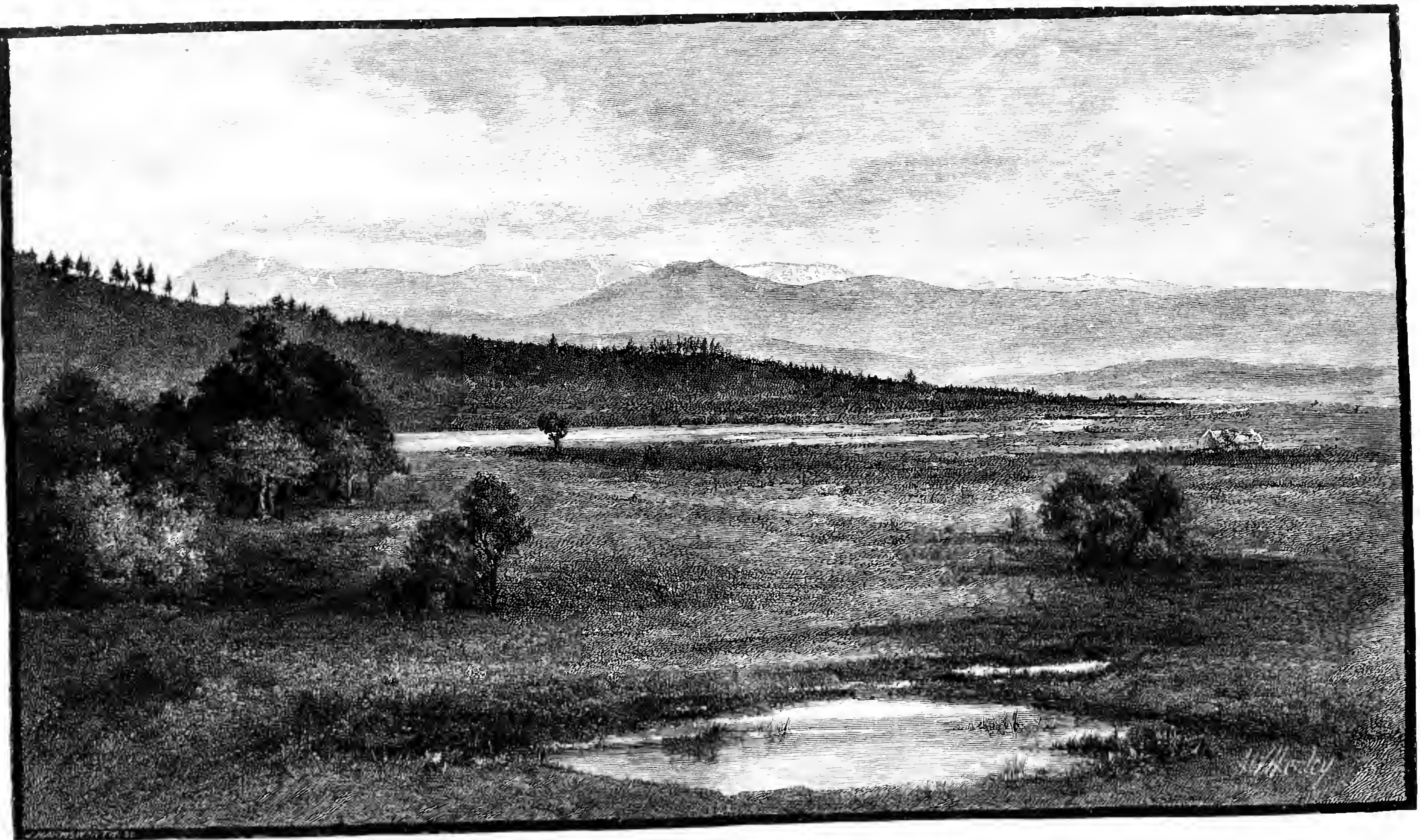
During its course it is spanned by one of those numerous bridges for which the Highlanders have to thank their active enemy, General Wade (v.). The glen is memorable in Scottish history for a great battle fought here in 1594, in which the Romanists under Huntly defeated the Protestants under Argyll. Argyll's Highlanders had never seen field-pieces (of which their opponents had six) before, and these caused them as much consternation as Caesar's elephant did to the ancient Britons. Glenlivet has, we need scarcely say, another reputation, and that is for its whisky; yet even that is perhaps not what it was. Sixty years ago illicit stills were hard at work to the number of two hundred on every burn on the hillside. Even the gazetteer writer brightens for a moment his serious page, as he almost pathetically notes that the whisky was of "exquisite flavour." But the Distillery Act of 1824 changed all that, and rudely "eclipsed the gaiety of nations." The stills were suppressed. You still find their ruins on the hillside; you still find some ancient Highlander who yet "frisks beneath the burden of fourscore" at the dim recollection of its fragrance. What was the secret of the lost art?

As the Spey in the upper part of its course did so much damage, and as the volume of water kept constantly increasing, it might be expected that it would be most destructive just before reaching the sea. Here, however, where the ground was most level, it covered a great area, and this mitigated its effects. Yet it did harm enough. The village of Garmouth, a full quarter of a mile from the mouth, was almost completely destroyed; Kingston, on the sea-shore, narrowly escaped the same fate. "What must have been the spectacle," says Lauder, "when day dawned on the 4th of August, when as far as the eye could reach the neighbouring plain was covered with water, and the beach in the harbour and along the sweep of the bay was studded with stranded vessels, and covered with a heap of wreck from river and ocean, composed of immense quantities of wood, dead bodies of animals, furniture, and an endless variety of heterogeneous articles, strangely tossed and blended together in one common ruin?"

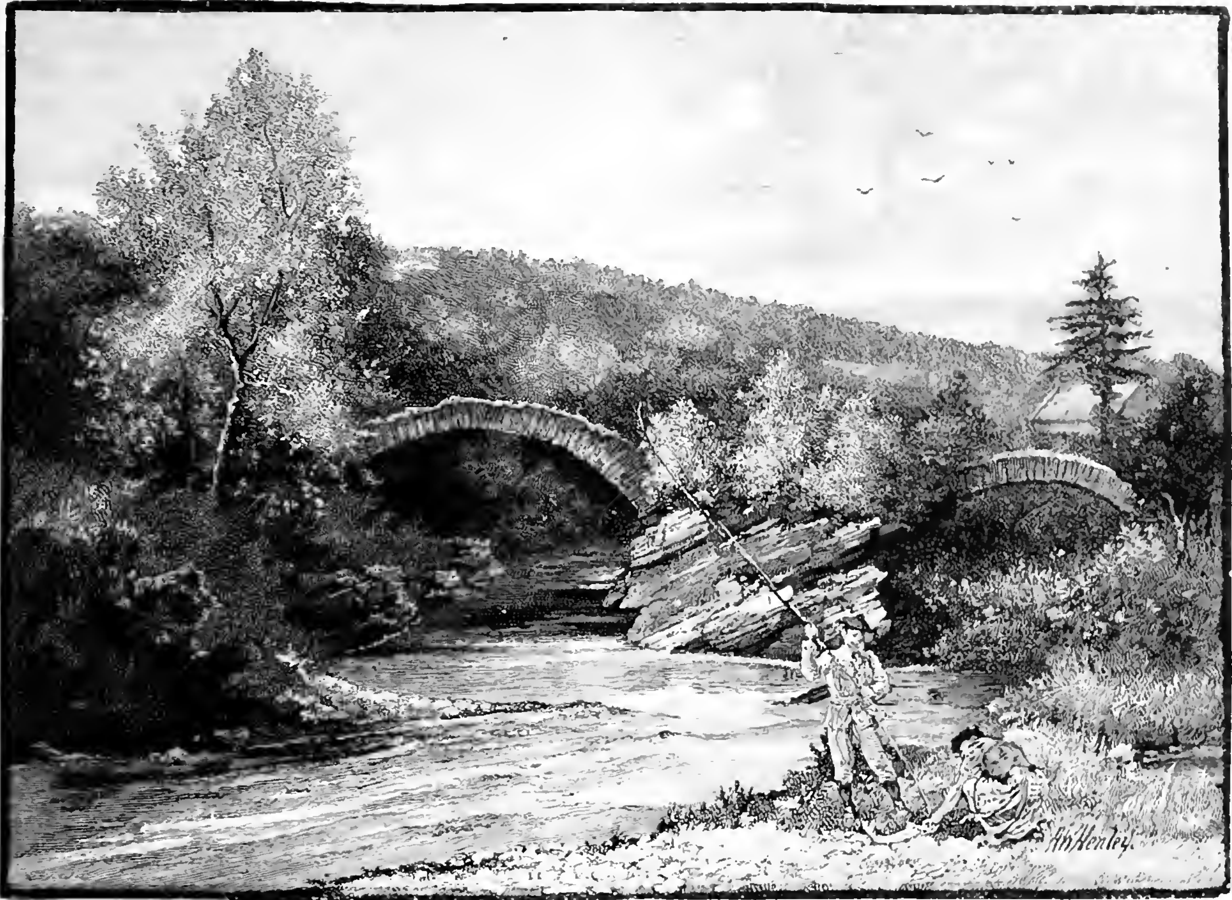
The village of Kingston gets its name from the fact that Charles II. landed here in 1650 from Holland. Royalty was a rare sight at that time in these parts, and particulars of the event were carefully preserved. The boat that brought the king from the ship could not come quite close to the shore; so John Mylne, the ferryman, persuaded His Majesty to take a seat on his shoulders. John was a very little man, with, however, a very broad back, and though the king showed some alarm, the transit was safely accomplished. From this somewhat trifling event the family are known to the present day as King Mylne. Other matters soon claimed Charles's attention. The clergy of the province of Moray had everything in readiness for him. The very day of his landing he was presented with the *Solemn League and Covenant* for signature. You can still read on the copies of the Confession of Faith the formal testing clause, "*taken and subscribed by King Charles II., at Spey, 23 June*, 1650."

The Spey is intimately connected with the fortunes of another member of the House of Stuart. Nearly a hundred years after Prince Charles landed at Moidart, "to recover the throne of my ancestors or perish in the attempt," a good deal of the early and latter history of the rising centres round the Spey country. It was at Corryarrick, the lofty mountain which rises between the river and Fort Augustus, and which General Wade's military road, now sadly ruinous, ascends in seventeen *traverses*, that Cope, to the natural disappointment of the Highlanders, turned aside from certain destruction, and slanted off by Ruthven to Inverness. The river was crossed and recrossed by the forces of Charles, Cope, and Cumberland at various times. At Ruthven Barracks, Kingussie, which the Government had built on the ruins of a famous old castle to overawe the clans, a motley crowd collected after the great disaster of Culloden. Many were eager to strike yet another blow for the cause, but Charles was thoroughly disheartened. He sent them a message to disperse and take care of themselves. Before doing so they burned down the barracks, which have remained a ruin ever since.

In the country about the upper part of the Spey—that is in the very wildest part of wild Badenoch—the prince was in hiding during a part of the autumn of 1746. There were no woods to protect the fugitive, and the soldiers under Loudon were hunting for him everywhere; but so difficult were the paths, so faithful the Highlanders, that he lay securely hid in a cave on the slopes of Benalder. In a small hut in that district he met Lochiel, a fugitive like himself. A rude but plentiful meal was prepared for them. There was also "an anker of whisky," from which the prince "upon his entry" took a hearty dram, and which he "pretty often called for thereafter to drink his friends' health." In truth, the story of the wanderings of Prince Charles, notwithstanding the Flora Macdonald episode, and what may be called the natural romance of the situation, is not on the whole an heroic one. The royal fugitive was always far too ready to forget his sorrows in the bottle, and from this time we note that swift and terrible decline of character which changed "the young Ascanius" into the bloated sensualist. Yet in the fugitive life he led in the mountains it was almost unavoidable that the



IV.--CAIRNGORM.



V.—GENERAL WADE'S BRIDGE.

coarse side of human nature should exhibit itself. All the heroic, if somewhat theatrical, qualities which became him so well at Preston and at Holyrood, vanished after Culloden. Fate was doubly unkind to him on that fatal day. He lost his cause and he lost himself. Had some chance bullet found its way to his heart, had he carried out his intention of dying on the field of battle, in what a storm-cloud he would have disappeared from life! How noble would have seemed his character and career, how fitly magnificent the last scene in the annals of the most ancient House of Stuart! It was not to be. Years after his memory was cherished in the glens, pieces of the clothing he had worn were preserved as sacred relics, the Highlanders "rarely spoke of him without a tear or a sigh." And far away at Rome, Ascanius, clean gone to the dogs, was treating the unfortunate Countess of Albany "in the most indecent and cruel manner." Beating his wife and drinking constantly, this was the end of it all. There is, to me, nothing else in human history quite so miserably tragic.

FRANCIS WATT.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

A FLORENTINE WEDDING.

Of all Florentine weddings, of all the brilliant festivals held in the golden days of the Medici, none surpassed in splendour the public celebration of Lorenzo the Magnificent's own. Fortunately, minute details have been recorded in a contemporary chronicle preserved in the Magliabecchian library, written by one Pietro Parenti, who took down the account of the festivities from the lips of an official orator present on the auspicious occasion.

The moment was an important one, not only in the history of the Medici themselves, but of Florence. The great Cosimo, who, first of his family, had attained

to virtual sovereignty, had died five years before, and the feeble health of his son, Piero the Gouty, naturally brought Piero's eldest son, Lorenzo, forward at an early age. Already in his grandfather's lifetime, while still a child, he had taken part in public ceremonies, and his quick wit, and love of art and letters, made him a leading figure in Florentine society. Scholars such as Landino and Poliziano bear witness to the delight which he took in philosophical discussion; and at the age of sixteen he already wrote sonnets and canzoni. The lady to whom his poetical compositions were addressed was Lucrezia Donati, a fair maiden whom he had first met at a tournament held at a Florentine wedding. So great was the impression her beauty and wit made upon him that he asked her to give him the wreath of violets she bore in her hand that day, and promised to give a similar tournament in her honour. But while Lorenzo and his poet friends were celebrating this object of his youthful passion in verse, another marriage was being arranged for him. Piero de' Medici, unlike his father, did not wish his son to choose a Florentine bride, but preferred to strengthen his position by a foreign alliance, and for this purpose had already entered into negotiations with the powerful Roman family of the Orsini. Lorenzo himself had, it appears, seen Clarice, the daughter of Jacopo Orsini, at Naples, in 1467, and in the following spring his mother, Lucrezia, paid a visit to Rome to see for herself if the alliance was a suitable one. The letters in which she describes her first impressions of her son's future bride are amusing specimens of the style and customs of the time. After thanking her husband for his letter, and expressing her satisfaction at the improvement in his health, she continues thus:—

"Yesterday I paid a visit to Monsignore Orsini, and while I was conversing with him his sister came in, and her daughter, wearing a tight-fitting Roman dress. Our conversation lasted some time, so that I had time to take a good look at her. The maiden is, as we were told, above middle height, with a bright colour, and agreeable countenance, and although less attractive than our girls, very shy and modest, so that it will be easy to teach her our ways. She is not blonde—no one here is that—and her thick hair inclines to a red tint. Her face is round, but not unpleasing, and her neck fine, although thin, or, more correctly, delicately shaped. She does not carry her head as proudly as our girls, but bends it slightly forward, a habit caused, it may be, by her evident timidity of nature. Her hand is long and finely shaped. Everything about her seems to me above the ordinary; yet is she not to compare with our Maria or our Lucrezia and Bianca."

By the end of the year the contract was signed. Both Clarice's father and her uncle, the cardinal, were extremely anxious for the marriage, and sent pressing invitations to the young bridegroom. But whether Lorenzo himself felt little ardour for the proposed union, or whether his father's illness detained him in Florence, he never came to Rome. His kinsman, Filippo de' Medici, Archbishop of Pisa, represented him at the wedding, and wrote to tell the absent bridegroom that he had that day wedded the noble Madonna Clarice in his name: "a maiden," he adds, "possessed of such charms of body and mind that she is worthy of no other bridegroom in the world." Even then the bride remained during several months in her parent's house, and Lorenzo, who, it appears, had intended to fetch her home, sent one excuse after another. What seems the strangest part is that this very spring the tournament took place which he had promised to give in honour of Lucrezia. Pulci has told us in his poem how Lorenzo, splendidly apparelled in red and white brocade, sewn with pearls and rubies, entered the lists, and was crowned victor of the day, while his absent bride wrote him a formal little letter offering her congratulations on his success, and commending herself humbly to her father, Piero, and her mother, Lucrezia.

Three months afterwards Clarice left Rome, and early in June arrived at the Palazzo Alessandri in Florence. Sunday, the 4th of June, was fixed for the bride's entry into the Medici palace, the famous house at the corner of the Via Larga. Here immense preparations for the festivities had been already made. During the last week presents of wine and wax *confetti*, and of as many as 150 calves and 2,000 couple of capons, had been sent to the Medici from the different townships and villages in the neighbourhood. In the Via Larga opposite the house a magnificent ball-room had been set up, draped with coloured embroidered hangings, and richly decorated by the hands of Florentine artists. Here thirty of the noblest and fairest maidens in Florence received the bride, who came attended by her own kindred and a splendid retinue of the Medici. Clarice was robed in white and gold brocade, with jewelled mantle and hood, and rode the Sicilian jennet, presented to Lorenzo by King Ferrante of Naples. Her approach was heralded by the music of trumpets and flutes, and as she alighted at the doors of the palace a large olive tree, symbol of peace and fruitfulness, was slowly raised to the windows of the topmost storey by one of those ingenious mechanical contrivances which have delighted the Florentines of all ages. Then the feasting began on a splendid scale, like all the rest of the proceedings. Madonna Lucrezia entertained the more matronly ladies in the upper chambers, the most distinguished guests sat with Piero and Lorenzo under the arcades of the beautiful inner court built by Michelozzo, and decorated by Cosimo's beloved friend, Donatello, thirty years before. Covers were laid in the halls for a thousand other guests, while in the loggia of the gardens the bride herself and her bridesmaids were entertained,

waited upon by forty high-born pages. Each of the fifty dishes served in turn was preceded by heralds blowing trumpets, and richly clad cupbearers handed round goblets of the choice Malmsey and Burgundy wines which stood in massive silver wine-coolers on tables grouped round the central fountain in the gardens and Donatello's statue of David in the courtyard.

For three whole days the feasting went on, not only in the palace of the Via Larga, but in the houses of all the Medici. In that of Lorenzo's cousin, Messer Carlo, a hundred casks of wine were consumed each day. The doors of the Medici house stood open to all comers, and all who came to congratulate the parents of the bridegroom were regaled with *confetti*, while the same gifts were distributed to all the religious orders connected with the Medici family. The mornings were spent in receiving deputations and presents, which came from all parts of the Florentine State. Amongst others, the newly married pair received fifty costly rings, dishes of silver plate of rare and exquisite workmanship, and pieces of gorgeous brocade. But the gift which Lorenzo prized most highly of all was an office-book, bound in crystal and silver, with golden letters on an ultramarine ground, and countless miniatures by the best Florentine artists. This book, which was reckoned among the most precious treasures of the Medici *guardaroba*, and is mentioned in the inventory taken on Lorenzo's death, was presented to him by his old tutor, Messer Gentile of Urbino, afterwards Bishop of Arezzo. Every day the assembled guests sat down at noon to a sumptuous repast; each afternoon they danced, and heard music and recitations until nightfall, when the feasting began again. Fortunately the weather was propitious, excepting on the Monday evening, when a heavy storm broke over the scene, and the rain fell in torrents, damaging many a costly toilette, as our chronicler mournfully records. On Tuesday the bride attended mass in the Church of San Lorenzo, accompanied by the same suite all in new and magnificent attire, and afterwards proceeded to witness a tournament, which finally closed the three days' festivities. After that every one was tired and glad to rest, as we may well believe. So Clarice degli Orsini became the bride of Lorenzo de' Medici, or, as he himself records the event in a MS. still preserved in the public library of Florence:—"I, Lorenzo, took to wife Donna Clarice, or rather she was given to me, in December, 1468, and the marriage festivities were celebrated in our house, 4th June, 1469."

The expression, "*mi fu data*"—she was given to me—has been held by Roscoe and others to imply a lack of affection on Lorenzo's part for his wife, but it is more probably the simple stating of a well-known fact, common in those days, when it was the business of parents to provide suitable marriages for their children. Certainly, in the same memorial, he goes on to speak warmly of the bride whom he had received at his father's hands, and after observing that his wife is expecting a third child, exclaims proudly: "May God preserve her to me for many years, and keep her safe from all harm!" And a few months after the wedding festivities, when Lorenzo went to Milan to stand godfather to Galeazzo Sforza's son, we find him writing to Clarice in the most natural and affectionate terms:—

"I have just arrived here, and am quite well. This, it seems to me, will please you better than any other news I can give you, excepting that of my intended return. For these are my own feelings, and I long for you and wish myself back again. Be good company to Piero, Mona Contessina (his grandmother), and Mona Lucrezia. I will soon finish my affairs here and return to you, for it seems a thousand years till I see you again. Pray to God for me, and if there is anything you wish for from here let me know before I leave.—Your Lorenzo de' Medici."

At the same time Messer Gentile, who had accompanied Lorenzo to Milan, was, by Clarice's instructions, giving her full particulars by letter of the events of the journey and the reception given to her lord. And when, twelve years afterwards, Clarice paid a visit to her own family in Rome, we find Pulci, who had been sent to escort her, writing to Lorenzo: "Your wife's stay here will be but a short one, for the little Lucrezia and Piero are powerful magnets to her mother's heart."

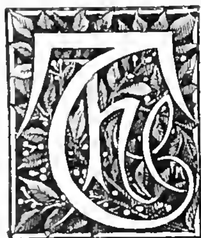
The shy Roman girl had grown into a loving wife and tender mother. In spite of her great youth and foreign birth and education, Clarice seems to have shown remarkable tact and good feeling in the difficult circumstances of her early married life, and retained Lorenzo's affections to the day when, overcome with grief at her loss, he wrote the touching letter lamenting that death had robbed him of the companion of his life and the peace of his soul. His letters and those of his intimate friends all reveal her in the same favourable light. We see her full of anxiety for his safety, and devoted to the care and education of her children: especially that of little Giovanni, afterwards Pope Leo X., whose delicate health often roused her fears. Occasionally this maternal solicitude brought her into conflict with Angelo Poliziano, whom Lorenzo had appointed tutor to his sons, and whose crotchets he humoured and forgave for the sake of his learning. But Poliziano, with his overweening vanity and irritable temper, was by no means easy to deal with, and on one occasion he roused even gentle Monna Clarice's indignation. It was the year of the plague, and Lorenzo, compelled himself by public business to remain in Florence, had sent his wife and children to spend the

winter at Caffagiolo, a favourite villa of the Medici among the pine woods of the Apennines. But although the most charming residence in summer, the villa was not a pleasant winter home for the crabbed old scholar, accustomed as he was to the comforts and society of the Via Larga house. "It rains all day," he wrote disconsolately to his good friend, Madonna Lucrezia, who had remained with her son in Florence. "It is impossible to leave the house, and we have given up hunting and are forced to play at ball to keep the children in exercise. I sit by the fire in slippers and dressing-gown, and you would take me for an image of melancholy. I neither see nor hear anything that pleases me. Monsignore (Gentile Becchi) shuts himself up in his room, and Ser Alberto (Clarice's chaplain) says his office all day. I have no one to speak to, and am dying of weariness." Every day his temper grew worse, and at length he addressed a querulous letter to Lorenzo complaining that Clarice interfered with his pupils. Worse than all, she taught little Giovanni to read the Psalms. As the future Pope was scarcely yet four years old, although he could already read without help, and was said by his tutor to make surprising progress when left to his care, Poliziano's complaint could hardly be treated as a reasonable one: unless, as Bembo said of St. Paul's Epistles, he feared that bad Latin would spoil his pupil's style. Clarice now wrote to Lorenzo in her turn to complain of Poliziano. "I do not like that Messer Agnolo should openly say he remains in the house in spite of me. You know I told you that if it was your will he should stay I was content, although I have suffered an infinite deal of abuse from him, but I do not believe it to be so." The quarrel ended in an open rupture. Poliziano retired to Careggi, and Lorenzo forbade him his house, but kindly gave him a refuge at Fiesole, where he spent his days bemoaning his hard fate, and writing exquisite Latin verses on the beauty of the view over the fair valley of Arno.

The brief span of Clarice's after-life was saddened by ill-health. She did not long survive the marriage of her favourite daughter Maddalena, and died in the Via Larga palace on the 30th of July, 1488: only nineteen years from the festal day when with music and song and joyous faces round her she first entered its doors as the bride of Lorenzo de' Medici.

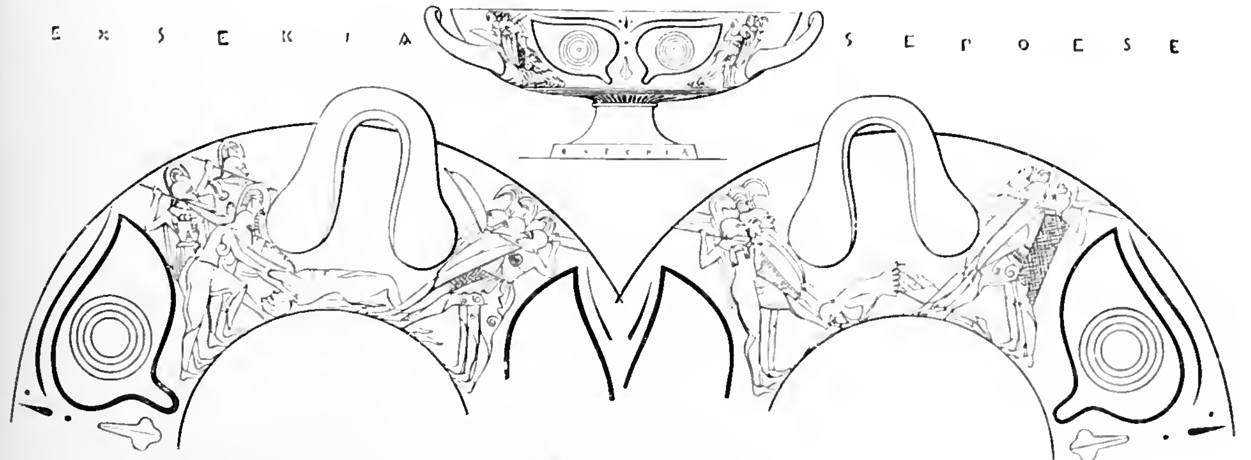
JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

DIONYSUS' SEA-FARING.



THE VASE from the Berlin Museum which we publish is an early Greek illustration of the Homeric hymn to Dionysus. The vase itself is an example of the very finest Greek decorative art. Nothing can be nobler than the flow of the curves, in which the dolphins take up, as it were, and continue the lines of the vessel, and of the miraculous vine which grows from the deck and interweaves its clusters with the sail and the rigging.

The story illustrated by the vase is sufficiently explained in the Homeric hymn here translated into prose. The myth of Dionysus, as it has reached us in Greek literature, is extremely complex, and it is probable, or rather certain, that the stories and rites of various deities of different tribes, and even that the cult of certain sacred animals, have been fused into the Dionysiac legend. We must distinguish Dionysus Zagreus, with his gloomy and cruel mysteries; and the "Cannibal Dionysus;" and the Dionysus who, if the details of his ritual may be interpreted, was originally a bull-god, or a goat-god, from the young and beautiful spirit of the vine and of mirth and mischief who is the hero of the Homeric hymn. In the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" there is little or nothing to connect Dionysus with



DIONYSUS' SEA-FARING.

(Berlin Museum.)

the vine and its juice. But in the Homeric hymn, translated below, this aspect of his legend is expressed in the description of the vine that grows up magically, and fills the ship from which he has driven his enemies. There is usually something tricksy, when there is not something actually mischievous and baneful, in the exploits of this god. He more than once is described as converting himself into the shape of various wild beasts, and, with little provocation, changing his opponents into various lower animal forms. In the Homeric hymn his wrath is not causeless. Pirates have seen a fair young man lonely on the shore, and are carrying him away into slavery, as was the common custom in the Homeric age whenever a good chance presented itself.

The hymn, in addition to its beauty, is interesting for the free and beautiful lines in which it describes the ancient poet's vision of the god. His Dionysus is not the "lordly bull" of the Elian hymn, nor the bearded god, nor the womanish god of art, nor the much-persecuted Zagreus, whose tortures and death—reminding us of the fate of "John Barleycorn"—perhaps originally meant no more than a popular description of what the grapes suffer in the vintaging and in the wine-press. The Dionysus of the Homeric hymn is simply an immortal youth, glad in his deathless boyhood and in his supernatural powers. "Whoso forgetteth thee can make no sweet minstrelsy," says the Homeric hymn; but, indeed, where is poetry without Dionysus? and have we many epics or lyrics of value from the pens of total abstainers?

THE HYMN.

Of Dionysus, the son of glorious Semele, will I sing, even how once he stood on a jutting foreland, on the shore of the salt sea unharvested. In the likeness of a young man did he reveal himself; a young man in his earliest youth, with his beautiful dark locks shaken abroad, and on his strong shoulders a purple mantle. So straightway certain sea robbers came swiftly by, in a trim ship, sailing over the sea that is dark as wine. Tyrenian men were they, and an ill fate guided their ship, who, when they beheld Dionysus, nodded one to the other, and speedily leaped overboard, and swiftly seized the god, and haled him back to their vessel, and were happy of heart. Yea, they deemed that he was a child of kings, the fosterling of Zeus, and their purpose was to bind him in a grievous bond. But him their bonds held not, and the withes fell far from his hands and feet, while he sat there smiling with his dark blue eyes. Thereon the pilot of the ship knew him, and straightway cried to his fellows, and uttered his voice, saying: Friends, wherefore have ye taken this god, and fain would bind him; a hard god is he to overcome; nor can any fair-wrought ship bear such a freight. Nay, surely he is Zeus, or Apollo of the silver bow, or Poseidon, for he is in nowise like men that die, but like the gods that have mansions in Olympus. Nay, go to, let us presently set him free on the dark mainland, and lay not your hands upon him, lest, being somewhat angered, he loose the fierce winds on you, and a mighty rushing tempest.

So he spake; but with a hateful vow did the ship's master make him answer: Friend, do thou watch for a fair wind, and up with the ship's sail, and all the gear; but this is matter for men. Methinks the stranger will fare as far with us as Egypt, yea, or Cyprus, or to the men beyond the North Wind, or further far, but in the end he will tell us who his friends are, and of all his wealth, and his brethren, since God hath given him into our hands.

So spake he, and set up the mast, and ran the tackling aloft, and the wind blew and bellied out the sail, and all the gear was made taut; then, lo, there speedily came upon them matters marvellous!

First sweet wine and fragrant welled forth musical through all the swift black ship, and there arose a wondrous sweet savour, and fear fell on all them that saw these things. Anon from the sail-yard spread, this way and that, the branches of a vine, laden with many a cluster, and round the mast went the black ivy winding, with wealth of ivy bloom, and fair was the fruit thereof, and all the tholes were ivy-crowned. Then they that saw it called on Mesteides, the pilot, to bring them ashore. But straightway the god took on him the likeness of a lion, leaping to the poop of the ship, and he roared terribly, and in midships set he the appearance of a bristling she-bear, displaying great signs and wonders. There stood the she-bear ravening, and the awful eyes of the lion glared from the half-deck, and they fled into the hindmost part of the ship, crouching round the pilot, that was wise and righteous of heart, and all adread were they.

Then leaped the god on them, and seized the ship's master, and all they leaped overboard, avoiding the evil doom; all at once they leaped at the sight of him into the salt sea divine, and then were they changed to dolphins. But on the pilot he took pity, and kept him aboard, and made him blessed among men, and spake him, saying:

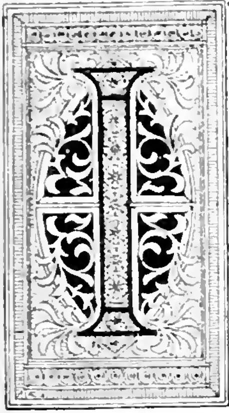
Take courage, good steersman, dear to my heart, and, lo, I am Dionysus, the loud reveller, whom Semele bore, the daughter of Cadmus, the child of the embraces of Zeus.

All hail, thou son of lovely Semele, whoso forgetteth thee can make no sweetest minstrelsy!

A. Lang.

PLAGIARISMS OF THE OLD MASTERS.

RAPHAEL.

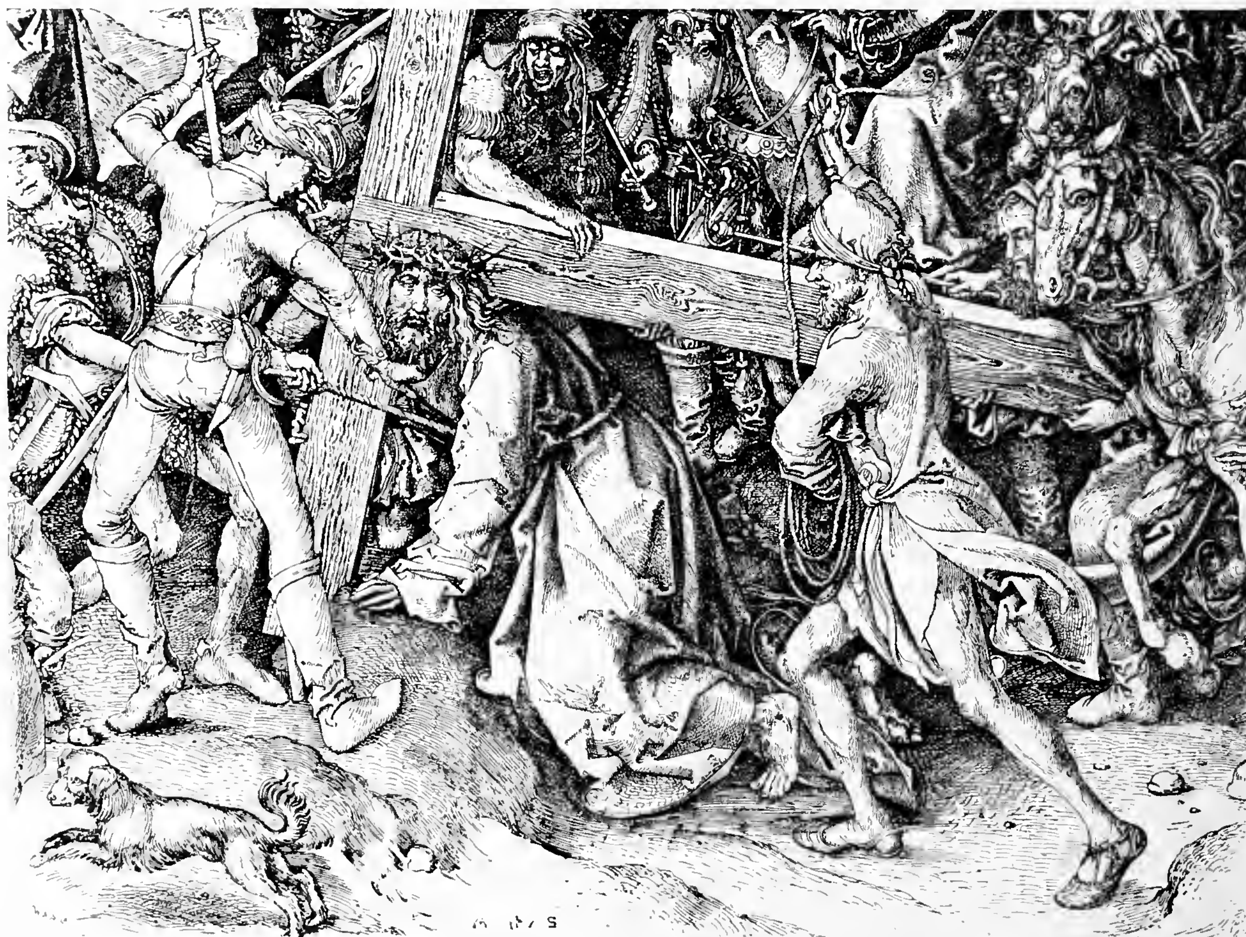


IT is to Lermolieff that belongs the merit of having first convincingly shown that the young Raphael, before his Perugian apprenticeship, had absorbed all that the gentle nature of Timoteo Viti owned of grace and sincerity, and that the traces of the attraction so undergone, submerged for the time by that of the Umbrians, reappeared in the subsequent stages of the greater painter's art.

We may pass lightly over the well-trodden ground—we might well say battle-ground—of the painter's Umbrian period, during which the influence of Pietro Perugino was naturally paramount, though it is impossible to deny that that of Pinturicchio also made itself felt. And we can readily understand how this influence of the second light of the Umbrian school asserted itself, whatever the conclusion which we may form as to the share alleged to have been taken by the young Sanzio in the preparation of the designs for the frescoes executed by Pinturicchio in the Libreria of Siena, and as to the mutual relations between the gifted youth and the then already mature and celebrated Bernardino. If the young Raphael was too much the child of the achieved Renaissance to impart, even to the works of his youthful time, all the naïveté, the mystic repose and conviction which mark his master's finest productions, how enormous was the technical advance he then already showed, how great the suppleness, the life, the grace, which he infused into the well-known types of the school! In the "Three Graces," which adorns the cabinet of the Duc d'Aumale at Chantilly, is to be found the first evidence of the influence of the antique on Sanzio. Though we may be unable to accept as from the hand of even the boy Raphael the stiff, hard drawing, representing two figures from the marble group of the "Three Graces" preserved at Siena, which is one of the series of designs forming the so-called "Venice Sketch-book," we know that the picture itself, an exquisite performance which contains the very essence of Raphael's art, must have been inspired by the sculptured group. Strange to say, the painter has half-unconsciously imparted to it, if not as much of the form, yet more of the true grace and serenity, of the finest classical art, than is shown by the marble itself.

The painter's first visit to Florence seems to have opened up to him innumerable new vistas paths to fair unexplored countries, not all running parallel, but which yet never confused or led astray the radiant youth who, with unerring instinct, absorbed only the purest rays among those which all at once converged upon him. Masaccio and Filippino Lippi, in the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel, exercised on him an indelible influence, the practical results of which were to reveal themselves especially in certain portions of those most inspired works of his maturity—the Cartoons. The "Christ Delivering the Keys to Peter"—one of the most sublime and seemingly one of the simplest of Sanzio's designs, because it is one of those in which the consummate art is most skilfully concealed—recalls in more than one respect Masaccio's "Tribute Money;" the "Expulsion from Paradise" of the Loggie follows with remarkable closeness the elder master's design at the Carmine. Another of Raphael's finest and most inspired figures, that of the Apostle in the cartoon of "St. Paul Preaching at Athens," is taken with comparatively slight alteration from Filippino Lippi's fresco in the same chapel, "St. Paul Addressing St. Peter in Prison," a design which is one of the happiest inspirations of that painter's earlier time. At Florence, Fra Bartolommeo, too, exerted over the youthful Sanzio a powerful fascination. No better example need be sought for than Raphael's "Madonna of the Nuns of St. Antonio," better known as the "Madone d'un Million," which is now to be seen in the Raphael gallery at South Kensington. If the exquisitely tender and mystic conception of the Virgin with the infant Christ and St. John is all Raphael's own, on the other hand the majestic figures of St. Peter and St. Paul, and in a still higher degree those of the attendant female saints in the background, recall, both in style and arrangement, types in the altar-pieces of the Dominican painter. To the Frate, likewise, may be ascribed the skilful pyramidal arrangement affected by Raphael in so many of his "Holy Families," a very perfect specimen of which mode of design is Fra Bartolommeo's own "Holy Family" in the collection of Lord Cowper, at Panshanger, and another, less perfect because the effort is more visible, is Sanzio's "Madonna Canigiani," at Munich. Both at first hand, and also in a measure through the Frate, whose female types show

a certain endeavour to reproduce the subtle fascinations of Lionardo da Vinci, Raphael may have derived the Lionardesque manner which characterises so many drawings of his earlier Florentine period, and also in a less degree certain finished works of that time, such as the portrait of "Maddalena Doni" at the Pitti. Donatello, again, whose influence had for more than half a century been paramount in Tuscany and Northern Italy, appears to have exercised in at least one instance his charm over an artistic nature so little akin to his own. The "St. George and the Dragon" of the Hermitage, painted by Raphael in 1506 for Guidobaldo of Urbino, and by him sent as a gift to Henry VII. of England in requital for his investiture by the English king with the Order of the Garter, appears to have been inspired by the marble relief which ornaments the base of the "St. George" of Or Sanmichele. This resemblance of panel and bas-relief is, as might be expected, still more accentuated in the drawings for Raphael's picture, of which the best authenticated is that at the Uffizi. It should be pointed out, however, that the design bears an almost equally close, in some respects a closer, resemblance to Martin Schöngauer's small circular "St. George," one of three diminutive engravings in



THE PROCESSION TO CALVARY.

(Engraved by Martin Schöngauer.)

which the Colmar artist has represented the same subject. Once, and apparently once only, we find in Raphael's work traces of Flemish influence, ascribable, it may be, to that Justus of Ghent who was acclimatised at Urbino, and whose only authenticated work is still to be seen there. This is the small "St. Michael" of the Louvre which serves as a pendant to the "St. George" of the same gallery, both panels having been, as it is assumed, painted in 1504, the year in which Raphael first revisited his birthplace. But this influence must have been ephemeral—the caprice of a moment—for we meet with it no more.

If in the earlier stages of the numerous designs for the great "Entombment" of the Borghese Gallery, painted in 1507 for Atalanta Baglioni, the

THE SPASIMO DI SICILIA.

(Painted by Raphael. Prado, Madrid.)

influence of Perugino's famous "Pietà" in the Pitti is manifest, in the later stages of preparation for the Borghese picture, and in the work itself, it is evident that, under the fascination of Mantegna's great design in the engraved series of the "Passion," he to a great extent remodelled his conception, and based it on that of the Paduan master. The completed picture—the most important work of the painter's pre-Roman period—has evidently suffered from the elaborate preparation, the overstudy revealed by the sketches; it fails to convince, from a want of real unity of conception, of true dramatic passion, from a display of energy *à froid*; and in these respects is far behind the engraved design of the earlier master, sublime and touching in the rugged grandeur of its conception, and full of generalised truth and sculpturesque dignity.

It is impossible here to do more than touch once again upon the question—worn well-nigh threadbare—of the influence on Sanzio of his great rival Buonarroti. Whatever may be the truth as to the exact date at which there were revealed to the Urbinate the wonders of the Sistine—of which, it must be remembered, he had in Florence a foretaste in the famous "Cartoon of Pisa," from which he, according to Vasari, made drawings—to deny the great impression produced by these masterpieces on the more evenly balanced and less turbulent nature of the younger master would be futile. They stimulated him to no mere imitations of the sublime qualities or the mannerisms of his rival, but rather to a further and final self-development, which resulted in the last and greatest phase of his maturity. The divinely harmonious design of the "Sibyls of Sta. Maria della Pace" stands, among many others, as a proof of the indebtedness of Raphael, while it evidences at the same time his peculiar power of assimilating great qualities without their defects, and of borrowing without impairing his own idiosyncrasy.

Want of space forbids us, too, to enter upon another important question: that of the influence, so evident in Raphael's later works, of the antique, to the study of which he in his last years devoted himself with such extraordinary assiduity. Of this influence the long series of designs supplied by Sanzio to Marcantonio constitute proofs far stronger even than are furnished by the "School of Athens," the frescoes of the Farnesina, or the famous, if somewhat overrated, decorations of the Loggie of the Vatican.

A typical example—as evidencing the catholicity of his views and his readiness to acquire fresh material from every source—is the "Spasimo di Sicilia," as the magnificent "Christ Carrying the Cross" which now adorns the Museo del Prado of Madrid has universally been named. It shows in the ordering and in all the main lines of its composition, but more especially in the design of the central figure, a resemblance, so remarkable that it cannot possibly be accidental, to Albert Dürer's great woodcut of the same subject in the series of the "Grosse Passion." The suggestion for this last design (again more especially the figure of Christ) was evidently derived by Dürer from Martin Schöngauer's large and elaborate engraving, the "Procession to Calvary;" and it would almost appear that Raphael, not content with reference to Dürer's composition, had gone to the fountain-head and consulted Schöngauer; for in some respects his Christ, and the group which immediately surrounds the chief figure, come almost nearer to Schöngauer's design than to the improved version of Dürer. Though it may be held that the Nuremberg master has attained in his central personage a higher pathos, a truer dignity than that achieved in the same portion of his design by the Urbinate, yet it is impossible not to feel surprise and admiration for the manner in which the latter has translated the terrible energy, the uncompromising directness and realistic passion of the German version into the idealised passion, suave even in its intensity, into the rhythmic unity of line and sentiment which make of the "Spasimo" one of his most consummate, and not one of his least inspired works. The acquaintance thus shown by Raphael with the masterpieces of wood-cutting and engraving produced north of the Alps is not in any way surprising, seeing that their great popularity in Italy is proved by Marcantonio's deliberate appropriation of the whole series of the "Marienleben" and the "Kleine Passion," re-engraved by him on copper, as well as by the fashion in which the prints of Schöngauer, Dürer, and others were copied and paraphrased in the engravings, paintings, and especially in the ceramic works produced in Italy during the first half of the Sixteenth Century. We know, too, that Raphael possessed and highly prized certain engravings by Dürer, some of which, together with a tempera portrait of the Nuremberg master by himself, were gifts from him to Raphael.

Even the influence of the dignified luxury and poetic realism which marked the Venetian art of the time reached Raphael, through Giorgione's most accomplished pupil, Sebastiano del Piombo, who, on the other hand, willingly sought inspiration at the fount of the Raphaelesque, before he elected to sit at the feet of Michelangelo, and, so far as in him was, to shake off his early Venetian manner and shine only as a light of the Romano-Florentine school. This reciprocal influence of the future enemies is chiefly made manifest in three celebrated portraits, the "Dorothea" (formerly "Fornarina"), which has passed from Blenheim to the Berlin

gallery; the so-called "Fornarina" of the Tribuna; and the "Violinist" of the Sciarra Palace at Rome. Of these works, the two former—both, it is believed, painted in the year 1512—were in former and less critical times very generally, though not without question, given to Raphael. In recent years almost all competent authorities have assigned them to the early Roman time of Sebastiano, under the dominating influence of Sanzio. An attempt is now being made by Dr. Bode and some Berlin critics, on what appear somewhat insufficient grounds, to restore the "Fornarina" of the Tribune to Raphael, accounting for the Giorgionesque character of the conception by the intercourse of the painter with Sebastiano, then newly arrived from Venice. The incomparable "Violinist," though painted in 1518, at the close of Raphael's career, reveals so unmistakably, in the sober glow of its colouring and in certain passages of the execution, Venetian influence that some reviewers of art-history would assign this masterpiece also to Sebastiano. But here the attribution is less excusable; for through the manifest effort to create a masterpiece which should possess the typical richness and the technical mastery of Venice, shines the very spirit of Sanzio, the divine serenity, the calm self-reliance, which are the special attributes of the master. And with the aid of these attributes we have the presentment of a fascinating personality which consciously half withdraws itself from the beholder's interpretation, remaining just sufficiently revealed to stimulate the fancy. Nowhere has Raphael, while openly affirming his endeavour to assimilate the qualities of an art in some respects opposed to his own, more triumphantly maintained his individuality, or more thoroughly vindicated the strength of his artistic nature. The instance, drawn as it is from the last and most brilliant period of his radiant career, is a fitting illustration of the system which, partly with deliberation and partly in response to the irresistible cravings of his genius, he followed from the very beginning; a system from the temptations of which he rose supreme, stronger, and more thoroughly himself every time he drew fresh draughts from new sources of inspiration. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

CHRIST BEARING THE CROSS.

(From the "Grosse Passion." Engraved by Albert Dürer.)

A STUDY.

(From a Drawing in Red Chalk by L. Loefftz.)

ANIMALS IN DECORATION.

THE fact is, I know something of animals, but next to nothing historically, or by education, of the canons of decorative art. I have a clear instinct that such and such a line or assemblage of shapes would go well in a panel or on a frieze; but most of the actual animals in decoration that one sees are pretty much failures, because their line or tree shapes which might make beautiful such a hideous waste as the inside of Euston Square, for instance; and there is plenty of room there which Mr. Watts would doubtless gladly spare (G. F. Watts, R.A. He offered long ago to fresco the walls gratis. The offer was declined with thanks). I am ignorant, but doubtless most true decorative

I.—THE POLAR BEAR.

(Drawn by W. J. Nettleship.)

curve is made mathematical, so to say, not natural. There seems to be little beauty in a symmetrical serpentining curve when compared with the free sweep of nature's hand, and almost no pleasure to be got from even the best Greek ornament—pure ornament on textile fabrics of course—by the side of that given by the inexhaustible richness of nature's patterns.

All this is just necessary to show how much on the one hand I need answers to questions, on the other how an instinct or taste may make one an enthusiastic advocate but a bad judge. Starting then with this idiosyncrasy, I contend that the lowest form of animal decoration is such work as the Trafalgar Square lions, and the highest the Parthenon frieze. It makes one despair to think of the countless sculptural and gracious animal, flower, and artists can tell how far the iridescence of a peacock's plumage or the yet subtler prismatic richness of a python's skin can be reproduced in fresco; nor do I forget for a moment the necessity for flatness, and absence of modelling or lumpiness.

The Trafalgar Square lions must be quietly damned, because, pretending to be done from nature, they absolutely miss the true sculptural quality which distinguishes the leonine pose, and because a lion couched like that has not a concave back like a greyhound, but a convex back, greatly ennobled in line from the line of a cat's back in the same position.

But there is perhaps a lower depth of degradation, and here I doubt if any one will be on my side. I mean the conventional animal, the grotesque, or the so-called terrible. I would abolish every dragon, sphinx, bogus elephant-god, aye, and even the Centaur

himself. I would rather have such a thing as this ash-tray (IV.), cut into a very fair resemblance to a German boar, than the best brass dragon-dog from Japan that ever gaped. I would rather have, if I wanted to make the outside of a church hideous with devil's heads, the simplest reproduction of such a crocodile's or iguana's head as this (V.) than the widest-mouthed gargoyle that ever grinned.

But all this tirade, although it may seem narrow-minded, may induce some men who know better to tell me the true *raison d'être* of grotesquerie in art at all, as it stands. Will you take what I am going to say in the modest sense in which it is offered? Feeling so strongly as I do the huge waste of material implied by the comparatively general neglect of the wealth of animal forms, which lend themselves for decorative design in unconventional shapes (shapes copied strictly from nature), I venture to suggest that such a group as this sketch (III.), for a moonlight picture of lions, shows how some one with the requisite decorative facility and genius in massing shapes might make countless friezes, panels, and pediments from lions, bulls, all the antelope and deer tribe, bears, rhinoceri, and camels, to say nothing of the legion tribes of birds. And that not in bas-relief only, but in colour too.

But the outcome of all this is that if imitation, copying of nature strictly, lies at the root of all decorative art as applied to organic shapes, the first step downwards on that road is departure from nature for the sake of so-called symmetry. In short, impulse, and not calculation or conscientiousness, is the true and only motive power, however restricted the space to be filled.

Nay, I will go a step further, and say that the truest decorative artist in this line is he who, when placed in front of any prescribed space, does not think, but acts. I mean he does not want to fill the space *symmetrically*; he wants to put a shape he knows into it. His arrangement will, all the same, be symmetrical, but it will be right *absolutely*. If he thought for a single moment, his arrangement might be symmetrical, but would only be right *relatively* to the space filled, from the point of view of conventional symmetry, not from that of necessity—the need, I mean, of the artist to put his shapes seemingly at random, but really because they must absolutely be there and nowhere else.

I see, then, three methods in which animals may be used in decoration on a flat surface, in paint or fresco, and in bas-relief. There is, first, the pure Japanese way—the way of what I may call ordered impulse; second, the frieze, or pediment in high or low relief, which, while demanding impulse in the conception of the main idea, is fettered to some degree by the necessity of actually filling the space with shapes. Massed into a whole their lines carry the eye along, while separately they are large enough to rest, and not tease the eye. I do not know whether the Japanese way has ever been applied, in all its joyous beauty, to bas-relief in wood or stone, where the shape is square or a large oblong, as in panels; but I can conceive a room in marble, oak, or jesso which might, done in that way, be of exceeding beauty.

The third way is sculpture on a large scale. Here there is great room also. Having nothing better at hand to refer to (for only in America, France, and Germany has pure animal sculpture reached the point of serious achievement),* I venture again to point to attempts of my own, by way of showing how lines, sumptuous or severe, but accidental always, call out to be rendered in a great manner. Such a noble line as that of the couched lion in the previous illustration; such a rocky line as that of this polar bear, or this two-horned rhinoceros, who looks like a living torpedo ram—these things should be done, not as framed pictures, but on large wall spaces, or in bas-relief on any scale, or in sculpture life-size. And the day will come, though perhaps not in our time, when they will be done, if it be true that civilisation and progress are but an ebb and flow of the tide.

When I first made this title out in my own mind it was a very serious matter indeed. I thought of the cave man and his bone drawings, the Assyrian bas-relief, the Egyptian basalt or porphyry lions. I thought of the Japanese birds, fishes, beasts, and dragons—it would be difficult to say what did not enter this bewildered brain claiming a right of being included in a paper under the head of "Animals in Decoration."

By this time I have more or less given up the cave man and his bone drawings. He draws too well, if the serious reader will allow me to say so. Besides, I have certain tracings from modern Bushmen drawings (II.), which really are to the point, and show what primitive observation (it is probably much the same now or 30,000 years ago) really can do when the hand is called upon by the brain.†

* I do not forget Mr. Watts's horse carrying "Le Gros Veneur," Mr. Boehm's bull, Mr. Birch's trumpeter, or last, but not least, Mr. Gilbert's eagle on the enchanted chair. But none of these, except perhaps Mr. Boehm's bull, are pure animal sculpture; and Miss Ida Clarke, Miss Chaplin, and Mr. Stark have not, so far as I know, had an opportunity of showing their unquestioned power on a large scale.

† These drawings are from tracings taken directly from the rock walls of a cave in the Hex River Valley, Cape Colony, by Mr. Louis Peringuez; they were very kindly lent me by Professor C. Lloyd Morgan, of University College, Bristol, and are hitherto unpublished. He says that such designs "are found in caves or rock shelters, and are nearly always executed in a sort of red ochre, which must, I think, have been mixed with oil of some kind, and is fairly durable. In none that I have seen is there any shading or detail; but this is very likely because it has been weathered."

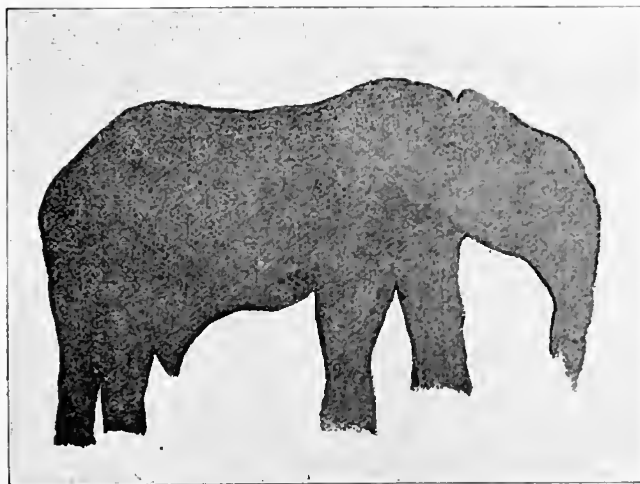
The rudest form of decoration I have been able to get hold of exists in these Bushmen drawings. The cave man isn't to be named in the same day with these for rudeness. He is a finished gentleman by the side of them. And yet, ludicrous as these are in a way, how decorative they are! How, with a little more firmness and certainty of hand, and a little more flat tint, they could, in the establishment of a new Fortunio, make the appropriate design for a bushman's chamber or cave where Fortunio might pursue his pleasures under the lowest and most primitive disguise known to human beings.

Of course if you juxtapose the terms animals and decoration you at once open a new field for conjecture or dispute on that much vexed question—what is decorative art? Not that I am going to bore the reader with theories or with my pet nostrum. I haven't a theory in the world, not even a nostrum.

But when it comes to animals in decoration, it is obvious that the rules governing their introduction on a wall or in a panel, or where you will, must be largely modified in favour of the artist—of the man who makes the design. Here a curious question puts out its head, and what I am going to say sounds perilously like a theory. Very fortunately this subject affords a basis to go on such as no man, other than an animal painter, can boast. Animal drawing is the earliest known form of visible mental expression the whole organic world through.

Picture writing, the Mexican and the Egyptian, came ages after. I am not, of course, going to abjure my cave man draughtsman altogether. Indeed, I accept the well-known mammoth as having existed on a bone. The earliest known form of picture, of making a shape, was this cave man drawing, repeated to-day by his brother the Bushman. Why he did it heaven knows. It is very difficult to know why any one should, nowadays, paint a picture, or make a bas-relief or a statue. But the Bushman is independent of the almighty picture-dealer, and yet he — well, he draws animals when he has nothing better to do. Good Bushman!

Here, then, we have the rudimentary form—the elemental type—of the necessity this human species is under to scratch or draw shapes. His rock or cave looks the better for it, he thinks, that is, so far as the brute thinks at all; but so it would if he made patterns all over it in regular intervals.



II. A BUSHMAN ELEPHANT.

Thus, in point of antiquity, the pattern making art must yield to the animal painting art. Not in point of development, of course, but of old family. The itch to make patterns is, I submit, the result of nerves either strained and chafed by the conditions of over-civilisation, or slackened by the sensuousness of savage life in a bounteous climate.

Men have tried their minds many a time on the question, what is a picture, and what is decoration? When does the one become the other, or the other the one? How may picture and decoration intermarry, or at least live in concubinage, without smashing the furniture? The quiet bushman answers us—I draw what I see and what I like, on what answers to me for wall space.

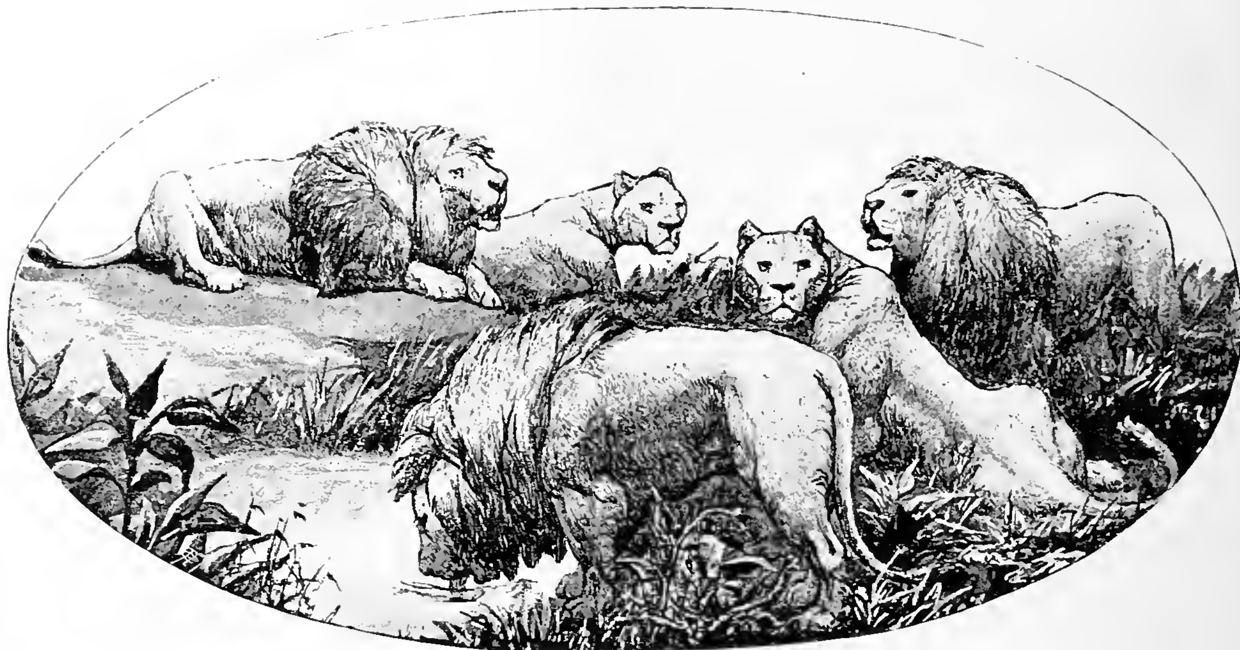
Is not the *purest* form of animal decoration that which involves the putting down of a shape—imitated from nature—on any space that may come handy? Does not the necessity to fill a space with shapes, either not imitated or else merely adapted from nature, imply a certain deterioration? Whence comes the desire to make shapes in drawing or otherwise? Is it an instinct that urges to imitate a known shape, or a necessity that urges to ornament a given space? The two co-exist; can they not be fused with advantage? Is not the higher power of animal decoration that which consists of assemblages of real forms, never mind what their geography, instead of combinations of invented forms? Is not nature as a decorator superior to man? Can you match with your own handiwork the beauty of the pattern on a python's skin (see the reticulated python at the Zoo)? Could you with your unaided hand and brain invent and draw a line so rare, so complete, so varied, and so satisfying to the decorative sense, as almost any lizard or snake gives?

A Japanese artist, they tell me, takes his fan or screen or oblong space, and lays upon it, with an unerring hand, where and how he chooses, and with no other guiding rule, the shape of some bird, beast, fish, or plant. But that shape is almost always as like as it can be made to the particular bird,

beast, fish, or plant he wants to represent; and it is so placed or juxtaposed that no eye detects it as a spot or as purposeless. It is not a receipt for an animal or plant, like the animal of the child's picture-book, or the foliage of Harvey; nor is it imaginary, fanciful, or conventional.

To my mind—and the only value of what I am going to say is its conviction—the jewel of animal decoration as such loses its fine water the moment it is clouded with the human intellect.

It may be a begging of the question, or arguing in a circle, or something equally vicious and terrible, but I cannot refrain from asking, had the gentlemen who did the Assyrian bas-reliefs or the Egyptian lion statues, decoration in their mind at all? Presumably the Ninevites had absolute tyrants to rule over them, and these tyrants liked to have their booms and their splurges put down in plain picture language for themselves, their wives, and their courtiers to see. So they made the artist sit up and do lions and horses and stolid-faced warriors, and colour them red and brown and green. Why did not the artist make his lion's mane more like a lion's mane? Did he think it more decorative to make it like an underdone artichoke? I say he made it so, because all he wanted to do, and he succeeded in doing it, was the outline, action, and character of the lion. The mane was a mass; he filled it up with a toothed kind of zigzag, to be done with it. I don't know Assyrian or Sanskrit, but I do not believe that artist ever bothered his head about the word decorative. He had to do his daily task, and probably his grandfather had done the same sort of thing not quite so well; but neither he nor his grandfather cared much either for art or for lions, and nothing at all for beauty or rightness or preciousness. Only he drew from nature, mechanically—I concede that if you like—but instinctively at the same time; and, therefore, his work is immortal.

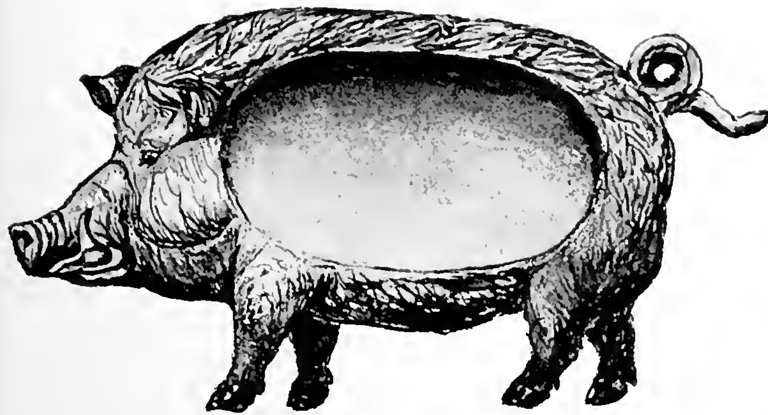


III.—LIONS AND LIONESSES.

(Drawn by W. J. Nettleship.)

The secret, then, of true animal decoration (as I understand it) is going direct to nature. Let us take a crucial instance. The reader will probably grant that, however he may laugh at the rudeness of my Bushman drawings, they are absolutely unconventional, and convey the direct impression to the spectator of the image seen by the Bushman in actual life, and directly scrawled down on his cave's side. No woodcut or hieroglyph disturbed his sight; he knew nothing but giraffe, elephant, or antelope. A civilised man looking at a giraffe might describe it, or even fairly represent it, as a short cylinder supported by four poles, with a knot in the middle of each, and supporting, at an angle of forty-five degrees, a long plank, at the top end of which is inserted a triangular plane, placed at a similar angle downwards or horizontally. That, of course, would be no good decoratively; but even that would be better decoratively than a giraffe drawn by the same civilised man, either from another drawing or from description. And I think that the rude Bushman's

scrawl is really the germ of true decorative art as applied to animals.



IV.—A WILD PIG: ASH-TRAY.

Take another instance. Certain apes and monkeys, and all snakes and lizards, including crocodiles, have very wide mouths—mouths wide enough for anything. They are in all their conformation more strictly grotesque than any other forms of organic life, and from that point of view a reproduction of them in colour, bas-relief, or sculpture would be very beautiful and delicate, if we consider only detail and gradation of line and colour, and abstain from applying to the shape as a whole any covered standard of beauty. And yet the net result of these existences on decoration in civilised nations is the gargoyle of our cathedrals.

Most people who read this will remember a dragon done by Mr. Poynter in his picture of "Andromeda and Perseus;" but I will back the most commonplace iguana against it for beauty of detail and thorough grotesquerie.

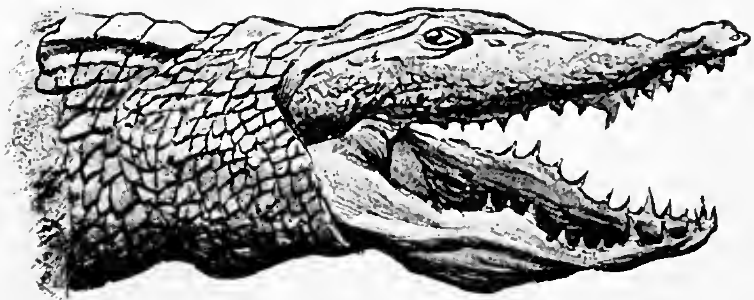
The elements which animal shapes supply to the decorative artist are, then, endless variety of form and colour, and, included in these, in their strongest and most widespread types, the grotesque, the massive, the graceful, and the unexpected. And that happy accident which more than one painter dreams of as the *ultima Thule* of decorative art, is at men's beck and call in the shapes of most quadrupeds, birds, and reptiles—only, have men eyes to see it?

An impish desire took possession of me at the beginning of this paper to call it "Animals in Decoration," or "Decoration in Animals." Curses, like chickens, come home to roost; and as this little essay is running out its last lines, we are brought face to face with the fact that decoration in animals really is a subject, and a good one. Moreover, that in discussing it I should have to modify my previous theory as to the relative values of pure imitation, and fanciful or conventional ornament.

And although it is not strictly within the limits of the subject in hand, a word or two may be said on the value of ornament as produced by nature; and then I, who am in the door, so to speak, between natural decoration and fanciful or conventional ornament, shall get out of it cleverly. We all know the difference between drawing and painting a design for a plate, say, with one's hand, and taking the scrapings of a good, juicy, varied palette, clapping them on a sheet of paper, folding it double, and pressing it, and then cutting a shape, say a butterfly, out of the design thus produced. And we all know how this chance shape, for beauty and quaintness of design in form and colour, and for all qualities which make animal decorative art best worth having, will beat our own handiwork hollow.

In such a chance fashion, when she is doing patterns, nature seems to work; and her patterns, though frequently ordered and systematic, can only be fully accounted for by leaving room for the happy accident.

Some day, in a very far and rosy future, perhaps an artist may arise who can and will select a house—the Langham Hotel might do, or the house Baron Grant built—or that artist may choose rather to build one on a corresponding scale. He will decorate it from ground floor to attic with true animal and foliage shapes. Man and woman shall only take their place as constitutional sovereigns in that vast realm where movement, colour, and mass shall be everything, and the almighty dollar shall seek in vain for some pocket to hide in, or a solitary sixpence to scratch himself against. The greatest



V.—A CROCODILE'S HEAD.

(Drawn by W. J. Nettleship.)

swells in that kingdom shall be the possessors of the most variously patterned skins, the noblest, most massive, or most graceful lines of form, the subtlest and richest colours. Intellect shall not exist in that house, but in its stead the plastic impulse which is the absolute governor of the decorative design throughout the building. And I conclude with this: that in no square inch of it shall any line or colour appear which is not a direct imitation of nature.

W. J. NETTLESHIP.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY: INQUESTS AND COMMISSIONS.

IN March, 1839, Mr. Hume moved for a Return of the amount of money received for admission to, and the number of persons who visited, the exhibitions of the Academy in 1836, 1837, and 1838. The entrance-money was to be distinguished from the proceeds of the sale of catalogues; and the Return was to be rounded off with a list of the officers of the Academy, their salaries, and the number of students in the schools.

The categorical nature of these demands, quite as much as the demands themselves, irritated the Academicians to incandescence. They squarely refused to make the Return, denied the right of Parliament to call for it, and petitioned for protection against farther "requests" of the same sort. Then the House of Commons solemnly discussed the past achievements and the existing position of the Academy, several great personages taking the opportunity to say some very handsome things about the institution, which, according to Haydon, was established by means of the "basest intrigue." Haydon, by the way, was one of the several artists who petitioned the House to insist upon making the Academy amenable to its authority. Petitions on the other side, of course, did not lack. The result of the division was 38 votes for rescinding the order calling for the Returns, and 33 for adhering to it. The big battalions had it; and for five more years no echo of Mr. Hume's voice reached the Academical "Sleepy Hollow." Then, in 1844, he flung another dart at his old enemies. He moved an Address to the Crown praying Her Majesty to withdraw her countenance from the Academy, which, having departed from the original intention of its founder and being no longer capable of rendering service to English art, ought to be ejected from its premises in Trafalgar Square. The first time the motion was made the House was counted out, and on the second occasion Mr. Hume received no support. And once more vested interests remained undisturbed.

Their next dozen annual dinners the Academicians were suffered to eat in peace; but early in the Session of 1863 a Royal Commission was appointed "to enquire into the present position of the Royal Academy in relation to the Fine Arts." The Commission held very numerous sittings, and examined very numerous witnesses at such inordinate length that their evidence filled a Blue Book of more than six hundred folio pages. Sir Charles Eastlake described the privileges of the Academicians as the right to be called "esquires," and to have their works placed prominently in the exhibitions. The statement on the Catalogue that artists belonging to any other artistic society could not exhibit was only empty thunder; it was never acted upon. In his opinion the Associates were too many, and their very number frequently prevented their election until they had reached old age, and a meritorious artist might, from absolute weariness and despondency, at last lose even the ability which had won him his Associateship. He would reduce the number of Associates by one half; but would not increase the Academicians. It was a distinct advantage in the Academy teaching that it had no regular unvarying fashion of tuition to bind and cramp the ability of students; and he believed that to this freedom from trammel were owing the freshness and variety of the English school of painting. He would like to see the sculptors form themselves into an independent society. From each exhibition works to the value of from £3,000 to £5,000 were sold. The period during which successful students were allowed to remain in Italy had been reduced from three to two years on account of a doubt as to the amount of good they derived from their stay; but personally he thought they should be sent in greater number and for a longer time. Between 1771 and 1862 the enormous number of twenty-three students had been sent abroad; the smallness of the number was to some extent accounted for by the disturbed condition of the Continent between 1795 and 1818, when no students were sent. The expense of the schools was about £2,300 a year. He was entirely in favour of gratuitous teaching, and believed that if students paid, the Academy would be unable to give them better instruction than they already received for nothing. His colleagues had endeavoured to increase the flow of promotion within the Academy by inventing a class of "Honorary Retired Academicians" with pensions of £100 a year each; but he thought there were still too many painter R.A.'s. There were

neither sufficient sculptors nor sufficient architects among the Forty, and any additions to their number ought to be made from among distinguished sculptors and architects. In order to retain its independence, and not to afford any excuse for Government meddling, the Academy had offered to erect the proposed new building on the site of Burlington House at their own expense, provided that some compensation for being turned out of the National Gallery was given in the shape of a generous arrangement regarding the land. An essential condition of this offer was that the Academy was to remain entirely uncontrolled, save by the Sovereign acting by her own volition, and not upon the advice of her Ministers.

To the President of the Academy succeeded several distinguished artists and amateurs. Sir Edwin Landseer thought that, on the whole, it would be better if the number of works an Academician can send were more restricted; but since the privilege was so rarely availed of to the full, it really did not matter much, "and if you could recall some of the celebrities who have been members of the Academy you would be very glad to have eight pictures by them." He considered the Academy was altogether wrong in requiring a candidate's withdrawal from any other artistic society of which he might be a member. A man of conspicuous talent ought to be elected an Academician whether he belonged to any other society or not. He failed to see that R.A.'s enjoyed any advantages which other artists did not; but it was true there was a possible "paltry pension;" while the salaries of the officers were "most contemptible." He did not think the teaching in the schools could be greatly improved, but the students ought to undergo a much stricter examination. Mr. Maclise thought the Associates were in a most invidious and uncomfortable position, and that they ought to be abolished. The "wretched suspicions there always are against the Academy" annoyed him exceedingly, and he "often wondered why these enquiries were constantly being made:" wherefrom it would seem that judges learned in the law have no monopoly of obliviousness. Mr. Millais, who was then A.R.A., would abolish the Associateship, and increase the number of Academicians, and would curtail the number of works that could be exhibited as of right. All great artists, whether in oil or in water-colour, ought to be Academicians; and it must be remembered that if Turner had painted only in water-colour he would never have been a member of the Academy. One evil result of there being so many Associates was that Mr. Linnell's name had been down for election for fifteen years, despite that he was one of the most distinguished landscape-painters of the time. Sixty Academicians would be more than enough.

Mr. Holman Hunt brought a tremendous indictment against the Academy. The gist of it was, that its teaching was exceedingly incomplete and ineffectual, and that its constitution was radically bad. If the Academy did nothing else it ought to be able to give direction and advice regarding pigments and canvases. The Associateship was a distinct advantage: he would have double as many Associates as Academicians; and it would not be a bad thing to give them some voice in the management of the institution. Exhibitors who were not members of the Academy were most unjustifiably overlooked in every way. He had tried to regard the proceedings of the Hanging Committees in a charitable light, but had been obliged to give up the attempt. Injustice was done even to Mr. Frederick Leighton, whose pictures were constantly hung badly. He was altogether opposed to the suggestion made by a member of the Commission that there should be some test of general education in candidates for the schools, since it was very possible that Turner would have failed to satisfy such a test. Mr. Ruskin declared, in phrases full of vigour and colour, that the Academicians were self-elected, and that it was a cardinal principle in such matters that the electorate should be distinct from the body into which a man was elected. He would like the constituent body to consist of artists and the public. As matters were the Academy did very little, and what it did was mischievous. The effect of its teaching upon the art of the country was entirely nugatory. It was desirable to retain the Associateship, since while a man was an Associate he was on his probation. It did no harm to a promising artist to be left out of the Academy, but it did harm to the public for an unpromising one to be let in. Lord Elcho tried hard to get Mr. Ruskin to admit that it would be desirable to have lay as well as artistic members of the Academy. "Either you or I," was the answer, "would work great mischief if we had much to do with the Academy." But Mr. Ruskin thought the travelling studentships might be made very useful indeed.

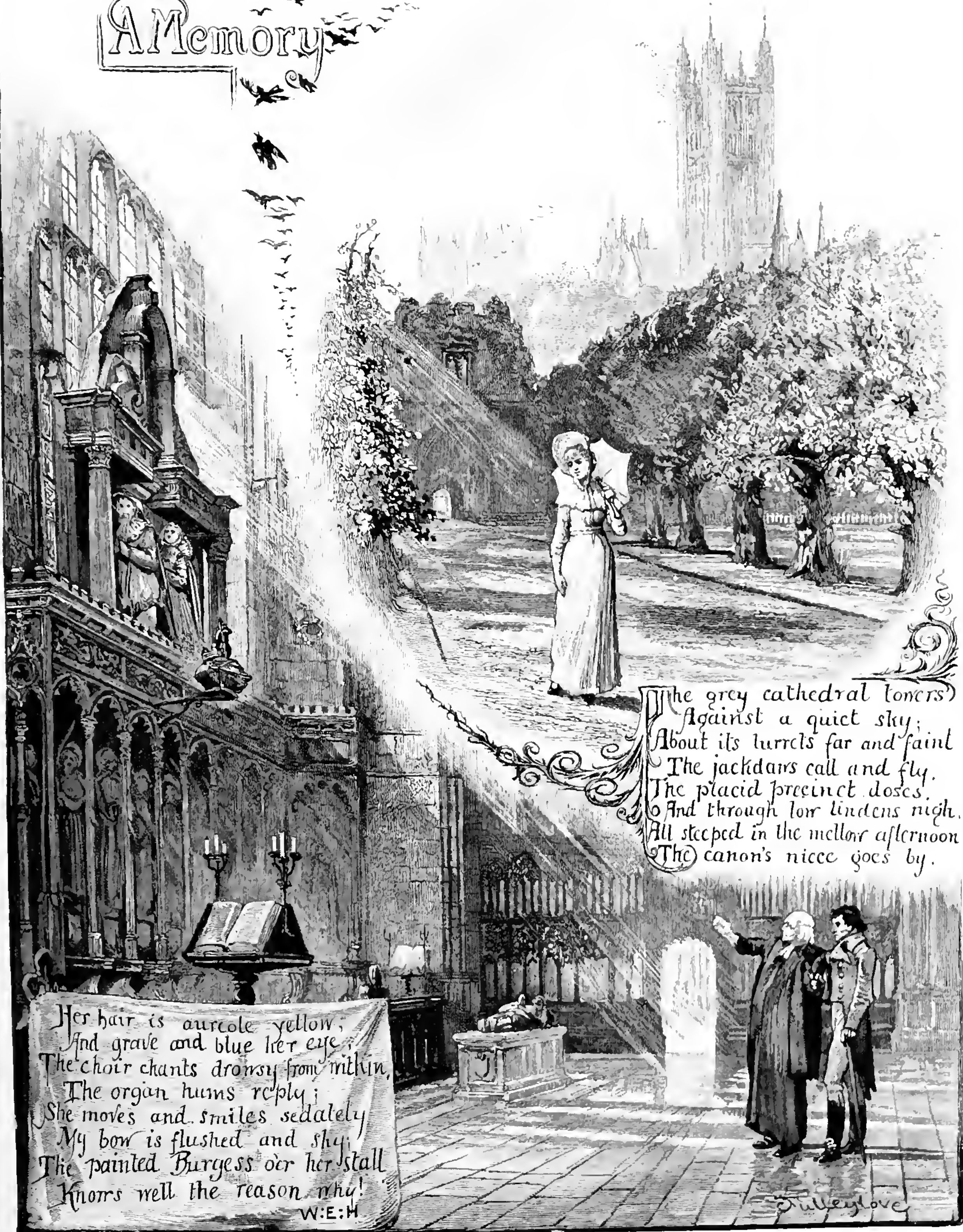
The Royal Commission, in a long Report, expressed themselves satisfied that the "Instrument" had full and binding legal force; but they thought "the position of the Academy would be far better defined and far more satisfactory" if a Royal Charter were substituted. Supposing a Charter to be given, the Commissioners proceeded to develop their scheme of reorganisation. They recommended that the number of Academicians should be extended from forty-two (including the two Academician engravers) to fifty, the eight additional members being chosen by preference from among architects and sculptors. To these were to enter ten lay members, all distinguished personages—elected for a term of five years by the Academy in General Assembly of Academicians

and Associates. The Commission, with a tender regard for the Associates which few of the witnesses had shown, thought that the number of A.R.A.'s should be at once extended from twenty to fifty, power being given for their future indefinite extension. The salary of £300 a year received by the President, the Commissioners regarded as utterly inadequate to the duties he is expected to perform. "We conceive," the Report added on this head, "that in emolument, as well as in dignity, the Presidency ought to be established and regarded as the great prize of British art." The Council was to consist of twelve members, including the President, two Vice-Presidents, and two lay members. Reports and statements of accounts were to be published annually. Following a suggestion made by Mr. Beresford-Hope, there was to be a class of "art-workmen" associated with the Academy. They were to be selected for the excellence of their work in "metal, stone, wood, and other materials;" it was to be competent, where there was sufficient merit, to make them Associates, and each art-workman was to receive a bronze medal and be known as a "Royal Academy medallist." It was further recommended that the Academicians should be selected from among the Associates on the ground of merit alone, wholly regardless of the length of time they had been on the list of Associates; but no Academician or Associate was to be elected with less than half the votes of the members of the General Assembly present at the election.

Upon the great hanging question the minds of the Commissioners were very clear. The complaints that had been made (for fifty years or more) were caused entirely by lack of space. When the Academy was better housed, grumbling upon this head would fly away like shadows, and every man's picture would be well hung. At the same time, they thought it desirable that Academicians and the existing Associates should have the right to exhibit four works only instead of eight, while future Associates were not to send any works at all as of right. It was recommended that the scope of the Exhibition should be extended to engravings, coins, medals, engraved gems, "and such works in chasing and carving as may properly be classed under the head of Fine Art." All works sent in for exhibition were to be submitted to the Council, who were to accept and reject; but three committees, nominated by the Council and selected by the General Assembly, were to arrange the accepted works—one committee for painting and engraving, one for sculpture, and one for "works of architecture," whatever those may be. Each committee was to consist of two Academicians and an Associate, and no member of the Council was to sit on any of them. The Commissioners could not but admit that the Academy teaching was defective, and they accordingly recommended that the existing system of instruction, as superintended by the Keeper in the Antique School, and by visitors alone in the Life and Painting Schools, should be abandoned. There ought to be a General Director of the Schools, not necessarily a member of the Academy, who should receive a salary sufficient to secure the services of a first-rate teacher, with competent and well-paid instructors at the head of each department of the schools. Candidates for admission to the schools should be required to pass an examination as a test of their general education, and in view of the greater efficiency of the teaching under the new system, the students should pay moderate fees. There should be periodical examinations, and for the encouragement of students of straitened means, a number of scholarships might be established. "Chemistry as applied to art" should be added to the curriculum. A chemist should be attached to the Academy, in whose laboratory experiments could be made with colours and vehicles for painting. The results of these tests were to be annually published. The Commissioners would abolish the travelling studentships, which, as they mildly remarked, "had not worked well," and would replace them by "art fellowships," tenable for a term of years, "the object being to assist students in the study and practice of art at home and abroad." Also it was desirable, funds permitting, that "a small branch Academy" should be established in Rome, "so far as regards, at least, the permanent residence of a professor at a sufficient salary, who should have a general control over such travelling students of the Academy as might wish to pursue their studies at any time in that city." In the event of the Associate class being largely increased, the Commissioners recommended that future Associates and their widows should not be entitled to pensions.

This most remarkable Report wound up with a declaration that, since it was only by giving the Academy rooms that the nation acquired any control over it, no Government could possibly interfere with its proceedings if it built a house for itself. The Commissioners therefore recommended that, in the event of a new National Gallery being built, the Academy should occupy the whole of the discarded building in Trafalgar Square. "Such a grant, accompanied by a Royal Charter," they added, "would, we think, be found to work most beneficially, and the public would then have a right to expect a ready and cheerful concurrence on the part of the Academy in these measures of management which we have proposed." But the Academy saw these proposals in another light.

J. Penderel-Brodhurst.



A MEMORY.

(Written by W. E. Henley. Drawn by J. Fulleylove.)

A GROUP OF COLOURISTS.

THE paintings brought together one by one in the house of Mr. J. T. Williams, of New York, show, like so many pages of a progressive reader, the evolution of a taste for canvases not appreciated by ordinary gallery haunters. One may say of Mr. Williams that, beginning patriotically enough with American landscapes of the second rank, and sometimes making the mistake of buying the inferior work of a native painter, he enlarged his horizon to take in artistic natures of far greater subtlety. Study of French and English pictures in New York, study of the best of the newer schools and the old in Europe, brought him well beyond the common run of native production into the sphere of good modern painting. From the French school of landscape especially he learned to value the Dutch. Almost alone among our collectors in the present decade, he dares to buy an old Dutch masterpiece for its intrinsic beauty, without caring whether the master has ever been the fashion or not.

His education has been in the direction of colour. Can we say that unconsciously his own profession led him that way? Mr. Williams is an importer of woods wrought by cabinet-makers into ornamental furniture, and though the actual purchases are on a grand scale and from sight of the untrimmed timber, he is forced to know what most of the world ignores—the look of textures of woods more or less smoothed, more or less highly polished. Has the reader ever seen a polished slab of the satin-wood tree that grows in Colombia? It is a glorious sight. The saw and polisher lay bare a wealth of colour hidden away in unsightly logs. Doubtless the study of the colourists made Mr. Williams, the importer of woods, more alive to the beauties concealed in the heart of forest trees of which only a few have yet been used in the industrial arts. But has it not also worked the other way? Did not his trade begin a train of taste of which we now see the reflex action? Be it as it may, we find normally in him the growth of feeling for delicate and rich colour pushed so far that he can detect it in the darkest night-scene Rousseau probably ever painted: a black landscape with half a silver moon such as the untrained observer would make nothing of: a picture as much darker than the master's "Le Givre," for example, which is in the Walters collection at Baltimore, as a midnight is blacker than a cloudy end-of-day. Among American colourists, Albert Ryder is a favourite with him; among living Belgians are Matthew, James, and William Maris at the Hague; among Englishmen are Orchardson and Albert Moore. Space will not permit a mention of all his pictures; these few must suffice.

Théodule Augustin Ribot is sometimes likened to Ribera, owing to certain pictures, scenes from the lives of saints, painted with rude contrasts of light and shade. Much stronger affiliations bind him to Holland. Especially in the shadowy studio interior found here does he challenge comparison with the good old work of the Netherlands. It is true that the subject is not taken at haphazard as often seems the case in that school, as it often is with the moderns too. Ribot began under Glaize to paint still-life and kitchen interiors; but here he has risen to something on higher levels. It is not a mere exercise of the brush for the sake of exercise, but a grave and perchance to the artist an epoch-making fact. An old painter, who is the artist himself, bends forward on his carved painters' chair, completing a great religious picture by a waning light. It is a different vein from the *gamin* by Mettling, for instance, which the unfortunate state of its outer skin of varnish has prevented us from reproducing. The boy has found the spoils of a cavalier, whose soft leather shoes he has drawn over the neglected stockings that show his bare legs, whose broad-brimmed Spanish hat he has clapped on, and whose big sword he has been playing with just before the painter noted the beautiful lights that fell on the snub nose, on the big hands, between the bare calves, and on the casque, cuirass, and shield thrown on the floor. Ribot is more formal, less rich in colour than the charming Mettling. But how sober and yet masterly is the management of the light from the large-paned windows unmarred by cross-pieces, as it contends with the light from a higher, unseen window, which illuminates the ceiling and brightens the edges of the lofty frame on the easel! This picture represents Ribot as the serious observer of life, the painter of the actual, yet not ignorant of lovely dreams; it catches him in a subjective mood; it is a much-thumbed chapter of his own life he has opened, and, such as it is, there is a portrait besides.

Couture, I believe, is no longer the fashion; the exhibition of his work in 1880 at the Palais de l'Industrie disenchanted more persons than it won. Luckily, Mr. Williams has independence enough to ignore tricks of fame, otherwise New York would no longer possess this lovely head, painted with a simple sweetness, a breadth, an apparent absence of effort,

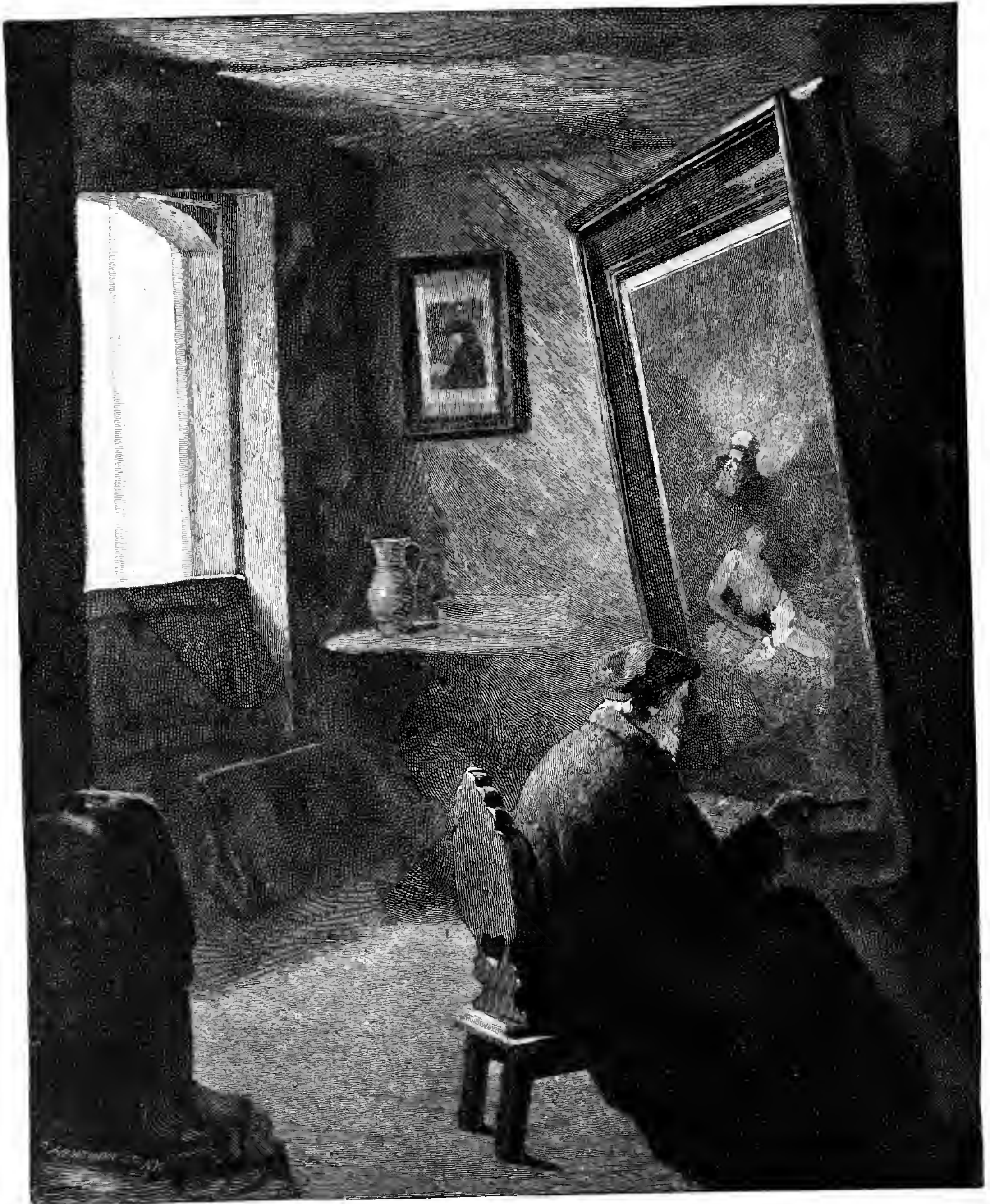
which delight beyond measure. The painter is not by every one held to be a colourist, yet this has no little colour in its pale yet living cheek, and its coil of hair, dark, with a suspicion of auburn. A somewhat rough and stipply method of brushwork observed in some of his work is quite absent; the line of brow and cheek in the averted face is classic in effect; the painting of the short hairs on the nape is very happy; the shadow of the ear, and its old-fashioned ear-ring, most pleasing. It is a head; but is it a portrait? Perhaps it is safer to accept the phrases of lofty persons and call it a sketch, because no distinct meaning attaches to the picture. It may be allowed that Couture was greater as a teacher and an influence through pen and brush than as a painter of ideas. But connoisseurs will not mind what it is called so long as it charms. Did he act in this case, we wonder, on his rule, that the artist should ask advice of a woman as to which view of herself is the best? "She knows well her best physical qualities. In the space of an hour, being face to face with a painter, she will show all her most beautiful points, she will put on the most favourable expression. Profit by it, do not let it escape you." He certainly was practising what is implied in this sharp arraignment of the workmen of his own time: "The grandeur of the present style is to crowd together many subjects, excluding everything that is true to nature;" and this warning: "Be careful not to give to your portraits theatrical positions; be simple and modest in your pose as in your expression." Couture reached his period of sterility too soon for many of his pictures to find their way to the United States, but his influence was felt by the painters W. M. Hunt, La Farge, Healy, and others.

The grand style in landscape was sought and attained during a life of hard work, as a drawing teacher, restorer of pictures, and painter on the canvases of other men, by Georges Michel. He is the ancestor of Jules Dupré and Théodore Rousseau, having his modest bloom during the French Revolution and his end before Napoleon was chained. His early landscapes went to England and Russia; some of late have appeared in America, but fetch

A LANDSCAPE.

(Painted by Georges Michel. Williams Collection.)

low prices, owing to their resemblance to the upper-middle grades of the old Dutch landscapes, and the better sort of imitations of the great. Since his day its votaries find in landscape higher qualities than in any representations of the human figure. the one in French Switzerland, the other in English Scotland. To Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the Genevan rhapsodist upon landscape, and to Macpherson, the man who introduced the lays of the Scottish Ossian to Europe, we can confidently refer not only the



THE STUDIO.

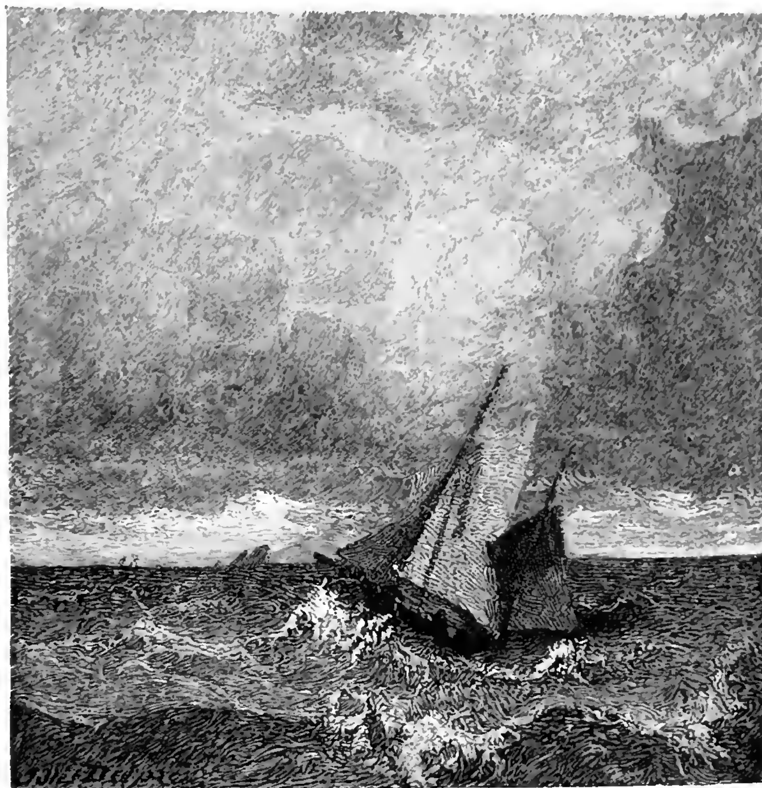
(Painted by Germain Ribot. Williams Collection.)

But the dawn had broken, and by 1791 people had already begun to suspect that the contemptuous air towards the landscape-painters was a huge mistake. Two main sources for this change may be sought: meagre successes of this often grandiose painter of landscape, but the constantly increasing demand for that school which began with Constable and lives down to the present in Jules Dupré. This example

belongs to a period when Michel rose from the stiffness of hack-work into breadth of conception, melancholy grandeur, sweep, harmoniousness of tone. He was an odd stick, but a cheerful, who had five children before he was twenty, and fell romantically in love with the fascinating girl who became Mme. Vigée-Lebrun, and left her charming face on canvas of her own painting. He seldom signed his pictures, holding that signatures only seek to falsify or sway the observer; the painting, was his sturdy belief, ought to please without name or title. Michel had a gleam of reputation toward the end of the century, but by 1830 he was supposed dead, and long before 1843, when he did die, he was only recalled by absurd stories among the gossips of the *ateliers*.

Observe the big, simple modelling of these foothills, how their outlines form with the swell of land in the foreground, and the road slanting over the plain, and the straighter horizon of the centre and left, certain large masses bounded by simple lines. The clouds are in two general masses that run from left to right upwards. In the original the foreground is dark; there is a heavy shadow on the plain to the left; the hills on the right are also in shadow, leaving light upon the central plain. The sky is slightly yellowish in tone, the earth a sombre brown running into yellow. Lines of trees and groves on the hills are introduced with effect; the only life is at rest. A seated woman, a dog, and a man who stands looking into the landscape, supply the faintest possible touch of animate life, adding to, rather than taking from, the solemnity of the scene.

The hush and absolute, yet not undramatic, quiet of the Michel makes a good contrast for the seascape by Jules Dupré. Here all is dash of wind-blown crest of wave, plunge of the lugger into the billow that sweeps under her prow, pitch of masts, movement of the scud overhead. It is the choppy sea of the Channel, not the Atlantic swell. High up there is a bit of blue sky, but the general tone is a dull green, with a strong touch of grey. The shirt of a man on the lugger forms one red spot, and there is another vessel under sail near the horizon. The horizon line is low and light in tone, the middle distance dark, the forewater lit by the white crests. One feels the dramatic fire of Hugo's odes in the seascapes of Dupré, and such a severe strength of colour that the Oriental scenes by Decamps are suggested. Perhaps this is only the man's Breton nature and the stern landscape of Brittany uniting to produce an indefinable, half-savage grandeur.



AT SEA.

(*Painted by Jules Dupré. Williams Collection.*)

In the Williams Collection a place of honour is held by the "Muse of Music," the work of Julian Alden Weir. Is it because musicians are not the most amiable of gentry that Weir has given the half-goddess a glance that is more than haughty? An imperious beauty is hers, and an air of lofty disdain, as if it had been learned from Apollo whilst he listened to his human rival. She has the fine cutting about the eye-sockets which is to phrenologists a sign of musical powers; the left arm rests negligently on the lyre, and the shapely hand falls in front of the instrument with an ease one may call patrician. The beauty of this picture is far from exhausted in the admirable pose and clever drawing. Mr. Weir enjoys a difficulty and works the better for having given himself a task that

many painters would avoid. Sometimes he errs by so doing; in this case, however, the result justifies the daring, for the slight irregularity adds zest to the pose, and relieves it of any possible commonplace. The worth of the picture lies greatly in the painting, however, which is the most successful piece of colour Mr. Weir has shown, unless some of his flower-groups be excepted. No woodcut can fairly render the painting of the lace or the transparent hands in this masterpiece. A rich colourist Mr. Weir is not; but in certain excessively delicate low keys he has a very remarkable and most individual feeling for colour. We may bracket him with Ribot rather than with Diaz, with Monticelli or Albert Ryder.

Amateurship in America has been the prop of many French painters, without earning their gratitude; legislation by Congress a year or so ago gave them a better reason for their openly-expressed contempt than they once had. America's ready purse has kept some from starving, and raised others to a position which princes rightly envy. America has also divined greatness: Barye, the sculptor, Jean-François Millet, were better understood and better treated by Americans than by their own countrymen. Go to Paris to-day and ask for Monticelli. It will be a very well-informed artist who can tell you who he is. There are two Monticellis, one a Lombard, who paints *genre* pictures, nowise different from the ordinary atrocity of modern Italy; and the other, a Frenchman of Marseilles, who is probably the greatest colourist alive. A riotous early life, great reserve, complete withdrawal from the world, and present incapacity to equal early work — when Diaz lived, and was charged with keeping this eccentric painter concealed in order to profit by his work and counsel —make the recognition of Monticelli by the men of the day nearly impossible. Where was he recognised? In America. Where are his best pictures? In America. By some occult means he inherited the palette which slipped so early from the hand of Marilhat; without any known excursions into the true Orient, he seems to have found in Provence the glowing and deeply harmonious colours of the best old Oriental rugs and carpets. This, to be sure, conveys but faint praise to some minds who ask that a definite story shall be told in every picture, and who use the term "decorative" as a slur. Such will find little to admire in Monticelli. The Bacchanalian scene here reproduced—a vision of a dance in that Italian garden to which the pleasure-loving Florentines who told the stories of the Decameron withdrew—is not by any means the important point in the original. The groups are at first indistinct; only gradually do they announce themselves to the brooding eye; slowly they resolve into three separate rings of dancers, and one great cluster of quiet spectators grouped before the ruined temple on the left. In Monticelli it is the wonderful colour that attracts, a colour composed of an apparently haphazard but really deeply felt intermingling of cream-whites, lemons, subdued blues and reds. Early Italian pictures often show this heaping up of incident, this tapestry-like mingling of low colours, and this high finish in the faces. It is a sensuous tumult of colour that rises from the ample gowns and flowing cloaks of devil-may-care dancers, as they pace along ecstatic, or fling their limbs in a sudden burst to the thrum-

A WOMAN'S HEAD.

(Painted by Couture. Williams Collection.)

AN ITALIAN FESTA.

(Painted by Monticelli. Williams Collection.)

ming of a Provençal Mephisto seated on the left. No painter like Monticelli for startling and really grieving honest orderly souls, who wish to take their fine arts serenely, with circumspection, with instant grasp of all the painter meant. To enjoy Monticelli best it is well to have his picture at the foot of one's bed, and open the eyes on it during the white first hours of morning, when the spirit is still half in dreamland, and the amazing depth and subtlety of his colour-values have a chance to penetrate, before the hard conventionalities of wide-awake day draw the blinds upon the senses and open the doors to reason. Monticelli at his best, as when he painted this, is a workman for poets and for amateurs who will not give a fig for rules—who are at once wide enough and bold enough to appreciate extremes in the arts. And to say that is to say a great deal.

CHARLES DE KAY.

THE PICTORIAL ARTS OF JAPAN.*

WE have enjoyed Japanese art for long, but we are only just beginning to understand it. It is one of the signs of its essentially artistic qualities that we can enjoy so much when understanding so little. If we take its heraldry, for example, we are fascinated by the ingenuity and ornamental value of its badges, without knowing, or even caring to know, at least at first, their history, or that of the families they designate. We can turn over page after page of illustrations to novelettes and legends which we cannot read, and yet find much to attract, to detain, to amuse us. The national gift of decoration accounts for much of our interest, for the language of art is universal, and we require no dictionary to appreciate the beauty of a pattern or a harmony of colour; but this will scarcely explain the delight we take in such a drawing as that by Hokusai, reproduced here from the second instalment of Mr. Anderson's admirable book. It is called "The Quick Postman," and is one of the Mangwa, or "Rough Sketches" of the great master of the Artisan School of Japan. More information than this is not vouchsafed to us, and this is only valuable as it identifies the running, leaping, or flying figure as that of a postman. That the other figure is a porter, we gather from the load of luggage which he has evidently thrown from his shoulder to

* "The Pictorial Arts of Japan." By William Anderson Part II. (London: Sampson Low.)

assist his distressed friend. On what the load rests is more uncertain; it would seem to be blank space somewhere near the stars, but is at all events solid some personal and official connection with the stars. Further, it is to be observed that "the quick Postman's" hand is caught in the gigantic cobweb, and

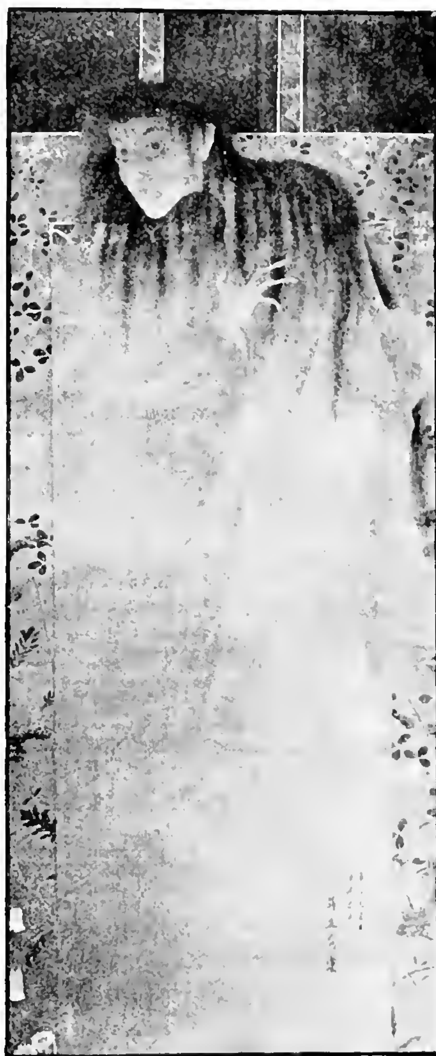
I.—THE QUICK POSTMAN.

(From the "Hokusai Mangwa.")

enough to support it and its carrier. This man appears to be employed, like the old woman "who went up in a basket," in "sweeping cobwebs from the sky." The decoration of his dress suggests that the being with a broom is rendering this Japanese Ariel a friendly service of extrication. Yet this design, so grotesque and unintelligible, is one of thousands equally inexplicable, sometimes "plain,"

sometimes "coloured," printed on paper, carved in ivory, chased in metal, enamelled upon pottery, which exert an irresistible fascination over us ignorant—for they are full of life and human character, and if they do not tell their tale, they depict a situation, and arouse curiosity and conjecture. Human nature is, as well as art, a universal language, and Japanese artists speak both to perfection.

Mr. Anderson does not often arouse our curiosity without allaying it, and though his purpose—at least in the parts of his book already published—is mainly to tell us the history of art in Japan, each of the separate plates (all good, and some exquisitely printed in colours) is accompanied by an explanation, the fulness of which leaves little to be desired. In this second part is concluded the first section of the text, which is occupied by the most trustworthy "General History" of Japanese art which has yet appeared in English. The first two chapters of Section II., "The Application of Pictorial Art," are full of that kind of information which is specially interesting to the student of Japanese life and manners. If we care for Japanese art it is impossible to remain long satisfied without knowing to what uses all the pretty, strange things we admire, such as the *netsukés*, the medicine cases, the screens, are put to in their native country. In Japan, art is almost as inseparable from utility as in Persia, and is quite inseparable from the peculiar habits and daily life of the people. Many of these habits, and the course of daily life, have changed much, and are changing still, so that articles not fifty years old are beginning to have quite an archæological interest. So we ought to be all the more grateful to such patient students and such gifted critics as Mr. Anderson, who now, while there is yet time, devote years to save for us for ever the drifting associations, the fleeting lore and unwritten records of an art and a civilisation which, as the old order changes, giveth place to new.



II.—THE GHOST.

(From a Picture by Maki Chokusai.)

Popular as is the art of Japan amongst us, it is scarcely to be expected that the public will ever take very great interest in its earlier developments. The heroic and religious schools of painting are too far removed from their ordinary sympathies for them to make the effort necessary to comprehend the aims and appreciate the style of the "old masters." One must become almost a Japanese to prefer the "masterly but fanciful touch of a Motonobu or a Tanyu" to the lifelike stroke of Josen or the graphic line of Hokusai. Having lost the taste for the "classical landscape" of Claude, that of Shiúbun will scarcely move the public much. The popularity in Europe of the pictorial arts of Japan is mainly based on the works belonging to what Mr. Anderson calls the fourth and last era of Japanese art, which began about 1770. It is different with the serious art-student, to whom every phase of Japanese art is interesting. In its long and varied career he will find many analogies to the history of European art. In China he will see an influence on Japan not unlike that of Byzantium on Italy; he will trace it through its hieratic stages and see how slowly but surely the artistic instincts of the Japanese asserted themselves; he will see the Buddhist occupy much the same place as the Christian Church, and in the patronage of the Shóguns and the Daimios a lay influence at work like that of the feudal and commercial aristocracy of Italy, fostering, and at the same time secularising, the spirit of art, and, above all, he will trace the gradual emancipation of the artist from conventional bonds, and the final triumph of naturalism.

To the ordinary art-lover, as to the special student, this magnificent and scholarly work of Mr. Anderson will be of untold advantage, and not less to the collector and connoisseur.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

The Golden Wedding.

THE day but not the bride is come,
As in her blossom-time;
But golden lights sustain the home
She cherished in her prime.

May we not call upon the band?
May we not ask the priest?
Our golden wedding is at hand,
And we shall hold a feast.

But where is he in snow-white stole
Who the old service read,
That made us one in heart and soul?
Long, long has he been dead.

The bridesmaids clad in silken fold
Who waited on the bride,
Where are they now? Their tale is told:
Long, long ago they died.

Where is the groomsman, chosen friend,
The true, the well-beloved?
His term, alas! is at an end;
Too soon was he removed.

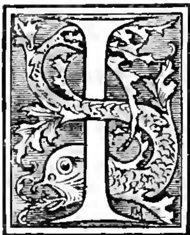
Where is the bride, ah! such a bride
As every joy foretells!
I see her walking by my side,
I hear the wedding bells.

Where is she now? That we should say
She did not live to know
How passed her silver wedding-day,
So many years ago!

But come, and for your mother's sake,
Though vain it were to weep,
Let us the silent feast partake,
Her golden wedding keep.

THOMAS GORDON HAKE.

THE ACADEMY AND M. RODIN.



T is now but too well known that M. Auguste Rodin, the sculptor of the "Âge d'Airain," was this year rejected by the Academy. The scandal was first published by M. Paul Leroi, in an open letter addressed, in *L'Art*, to the editor of this magazine. As M. Leroi says all there is to say upon the subject, we think it our duty to present our readers with a translation of his work.—ED., *Magazine of Art*.

"MY DEAR MR. HENLEY,—I wish to be allowed to dedicate these few pages of untrammelled criticism to yourself—a brother in art, for whom I have the very highest esteem. It is my desire, not only to give public expression to the lively sympathy and deep respect with which your distinguished talents inspire me, but also to assure you that we are all deeply sensible of the wisdom and impartiality of your criticisms. You have constantly proved your sympathy with those who are the true ornaments of the French world of art. It is our duty and our pleasure to tender you our best thanks for the courage with which you have persistently used your able pen in the generous endeavour to place in that strong light to which their honest exertions entitle them, conscientious workers who approach their art with respect; who do not attempt to force the hand of Fame either by the use of private interest or by a shameless appeal to vulgar applause—men, in short, who are content to trust to overpowering merit for success, and willing to await with patience the tardy admiration of their contemporaries.

"For no insignificant period of time, my dear Mr. Henley, we, a small band, yet full of enthusiasm, have fought the good fight. We have been content to do useful work, without hope of reward, nor have we deceived ourselves in any way concerning the reception we were destined to meet outside an exclusive circle; and this because we recognise the fact that the artistic education of the multitude is yet almost all to come. Of course, we also know that all wire-pullers and nullities are of necessity arrayed against the truth. In you, sir, the cause has a champion as eloquent as successful, and it would certainly never have even faintly occurred to me that the Royal Academy, least of all, would refuse to hear you.

"You published a criticism on 'L'Âge d'Airain,' then exhibiting at Burlington House. You said: 'The modelling of the thing is like a Donatello; its style is charged with originality and distinction; it reveals a master in every line.' When you wrote this you were at least certain that your opinion would be afterwards that of the Royal Academicians. You were wrong—let the year of grace 1886 bear witness!

"M. Rodin, you would have said, will but receive at the hands of the Royal Academy a glorious affirmation of the verdicts given elsewhere—for has he not exhibited with

equal success at the Grosvenor Gallery—where his bronze, 'Un Masque de Vieillard,' was so excellent as to be taken for an antique—and at the Dudley Gallery! The works on view here were the plaster cast of his 'St. Jean,' a bronze of his admirable 'L'Ève,' which in marble is now in the possession of M. Auguste Vacquerie, a bronze group of two children, which has become part of the choice collection of Mr. Constantine Ionides, and the busts of MM. Jean-Paul Laurens and Carrier-Belense.

"But what of all that? The master, whose 'Âge d'Airain' had won him immortality, had to find out by experience the unpardonable crime he had committed in the eyes of some of his brethren. I must hasten to add that on the other hand there are many with whom it is a matter of honour to hail M. Auguste Rodin as the greatest sculptor of the day. Sir Frederick Leighton, under whose rule the following incident occurred, Sir Frederick Leighton, who is himself a member, as a Foreign Associate, of the Institut de France, Sir Frederick, statuary and painter, will, I am sure, be obliged to me for telling a little personal anecdote. The story is greatly to the credit of one of his French 'brothers-in-arms' of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and the President's colleague has a name which is not altogether unknown. One morning I was in the studio of the author of the 'Premières Funérailles,' the 'Mozart Enfant,' the 'Bernard Palissy.' Our talk naturally turned upon sculpture, and we soon began to speak of the monumental doorway M. Rodin is finishing—a really Titanic composition, which owes its inspiration to Dante's 'Inferno.' M. Ernest Barrias stopped suddenly and exclaimed, 'If Fate ever gives me a great fortune, the first extravagance I shall permit myself will be to buy Rodin's "Âge d'Airain."' This was very flattering and very delicate. Perhaps no artist has ever paid another a prettier compliment.

"Last year M. Rodin modelled a group of children, which work is itself an exquisite proof of the subtle and beautiful mind that inspired it. He had this group perfectly reproduced *à cire perdue*, called it 'Idylle,' and sent it to the Royal Academy exhibition, which was just open. You are aware that he does not know a word of English. He heard nothing further of his contribution, but at last received, towards the end of April, a card, here most carefully reproduced in fac-simile.* This document M. Rodin simply took for a ticket making him free of the exhibition, and showed it to me as such. I had to undeceive him, and to explain, moreover, that the thing was actually a notice of the fact that he had been rejected, and that he was requested to remove his work at his earliest convenience. I don't think any artist ever exhibited so philosophic a spirit in the face of such a shameful injury (*scandaleuse avanie*). As for myself, while lost in admiration of this hero's calm—a hero who knows his work, but, at the same time, is modesty itself—I was filled with a just indignation, and immediately rushed off to the telegraph office in order to find out the names of the vandals to whom their academic colleagues had on this occasion confided the right of admission or rejection. In answer I received the list. Here it is:—Messrs. P. Calderon, E. Poynter, G. Leslie, J. C. Hook, J. Sant, H. T. Wells, F. R. Pickersgill, Sir John Gilbert, A. Waterhouse, W. C. Marshall.

"On reflection, the wisest course is to laugh, and to suggest that the sculptor on this precious committee ought to have been called Boehm or Thornycroft (men of ability), instead of W. C. Marshall. Then, perhaps, such a piece of sheer stupidity (*pareille ânerie*) would never have been added to the already large sum of Academical blunders.

"Our Mr. Marshall is just the man to furnish a pendant to M. Blaize-Desgoffe's adventure. Sir Richard Wallace had requested this artist to paint on canvas a group of certain wonderful objects of art at Hertford House. The resulting picture—one of the artist's best efforts—was sent to the Academy. Whereupon the committee promptly rejected it, and Sir Richard received a letter from the secretary upholding the silly decision. He had it framed at once, and crucified, as gamekeepers crucify vermin, upon the wall in his mansion in Manchester Square; and those who have the luck to be his friends may there contemplate at their leisure the just punishment of Academical ignorance and ineptitude. This time, however, there may possibly be a reasonable motive, if an interested one, for the enormous piece of folly of which M. Rodin is the victim.

"A countryman of yours—a man of taste and ability, whom I have the honour to call my friend—wished to know what I thought of our Salon, and I told him, without reserve. This was on April 28th, and on the 1st of May I received his reply, a reply which probably enables me to do Mr. W. C. Marshall justice. 'To use your own words referring to the Salon,' wrote my friend, 'the exhibition here is exceedingly poor.' After this, all is clear. Mr. Marshall is gifted with a sense of congruity. He dared not injure this display of homogeneous worthlessness, and he rightly hesitated to destroy, by the admission of one work of crushing brilliance, that effect of 'ensemble' so dear to the artistic mind.

"There is nothing more for me to say, my dear comrade in art, except that I believe this incident to be the culmination and flower, the apogee to the glory of the great Academy and its 'Council for 1886.' PAUL LEROI."

* Here follows the Academic formula of rejection: for remarks concerning the grammar and style of which see *The Architect* of the 14th May.

THE LAST LOAD.

ON THE LERDERBERG.

(Painted by J. P. Paterson. Colonial Exhibition.)

ART IN AUSTRALIA.

AT first sight it would appear that art, as well as industry, should develop new aspects and novel energies under the incitements of a new country and new social conditions. But it is not so. In every art the relation which its material bears to nature remains fixed. An absolute propriety to express certain attitudes of the mind towards the external world is perceived, for some occult reasons, in certain arrangements of sound, colour, and form. Development only tends to the perfect and universal expression of some particular view of the relation between art and life, and so ends in the culmination of a school, and by no means in the evolution of new sentiments about the world and new conventions in art. It is only when methods have become easy and familiar, when any special correspondence between paint and nature has become evident and almost common or stale, and when artists have learnt to think on canvas, that restless and original spirits begin to hanker to translate new sentiments of the human mind, and begin to perceive new relations between the material of their art and the visible universe. But reverie, the cradle of artistic imagination, does not suit the frame of mind of pioneers, nor does a new country possess time-honoured methods of decoration, which only require to be used with significance to become the material of a new art. Art, in fact, is an attitude of mind by no means easily attained, though it may exist even in what are called uncivilised countries, provided they are old enough to have had time to reflect on their surroundings and to form a national decorative taste. Colonies either employ the materials of art in an industrial or utilitarian spirit, or, if they perceive the value of art, the example of the perfection of the mother country prevents their bungling on to the discovery of a school of their own. America, even, has as yet produced only one writer of eminence who is not European in spirit. Walt Whitman does not use his pen for mere journalistic or scientific purposes; he is an artist who tries to express the philosophy and poetry of the new American life around him in a new style which he considers suited to his subject.

Even when they are used artistically, and not, as they are for the most part, in mere patient competition with mechanical processes like photography, the materials of painting are used in Australia and other colonies, to judge by the present exhibition, in complete subservience to European methods and ideals. Most of the pictures, indeed, are only mechanical records of natural facts; none show a hopefully naïve

and primitive beginning such as early Gothic decoration or savage carving. They are just of the sort we see here when the scientific or industrial spirit steps in to do the work of the artistic. Painters of this sort could never have originated even this utilitarian use of the material. Uninterested in the beauties of paint, they merely wish to make a trustworthy catalogue of the things they have seen. They unwittingly misapply the processes of art to record the flora, fauna, and geodetic structure of the places they inhabit. They are photographic botanists, geologists, and sometimes special correspondents, never artists; yet, in the case of these new countries, their work has some interest, though not an artistic one, as we in this country are, for the most part, utterly unacquainted with the scenes they have elected to represent. It is impossible, of course, to criticise from an artistic point of view work which pretends to represent so much, and yet makes no æsthetic appeal of any kind whatever. Producers and patrons of this sort of picture must be quite unaware of the existence of an art behind the handicraft of painting, even as the judge and jury in the Belt case had never dreamed that an art of sculpture existed which could have any other aim than emulating the unreasoning accuracy of a "cast from the life." The slightness and comparative transitoriness of painting, no less than the extra difficulty of representing the world in two dimensions instead of three, pleads, however, for this sort of photographic handiwork an excuse that cannot be offered for parallel stuff in sculpture. This, taken into account with the petty but business-like fidelity of the workmanship, gives to pictures which thus represent strange and unaccustomed scenery a more or less satisfactory *raison d'être*. Important among them, owing to size, elaboration, and strangeness of aspect, are E. Van Guerard's "On the Otway Ranges," a large, dark picture representing a river as embowered with curious oriental foliage as a Midsummer brook with grasses; and the late J. Whitehead's "Spring Morning," a minute representation on a large scale of big gum-trees, ferns, and every sort of growth, done in the spirit of an engineer's drawing. Work of this sort is to be seen in such plenty in the other sections no less than in the Victorian, from which come these two examples, that we shall say no more about it, but pass on to art derived directly from European sources. It is needless to say that here alone is shown any comprehension of the meaning of the word art. To these schools of painters Australia must look for the spread of the education and traditions that will doubtless some day result in a completely national and original way of looking at nature. Some of these painters have thoroughly understood and assimilated the lessons of the various European schools, and excellent, if not very novel, achievement is the result. We see two distinct influences at work: firstly, the English anecdotic and literary way of looking at nature, which leads to hot and arbitrary

RED BLUFF.

(Painted by Miss E. Parsons. Colonial Exhibition.)

colour and a multiplicity of detail; and, secondly, the modern French departure, which has introduced a broad and atmospheric treatment of nature into the art of almost every country in the world. "Thorns," by C. Gregory, is by far the best and most important example of British landscape and figure. The work is very able indeed, but it is inspired by anything but nature. As we have so often criticised the faults of this sort of art, we shall not be misunderstood when we say that this picture is an immense relief from the acres of "no art" which we have previously discussed. Nevertheless, when we look at work done under the influence of saner traditions, we cannot help feeling the false sentiment and unnatural colour of Mr. Gregory's picture, and trusting that Australians may prefer in the long-run an ideal based on sounder, broader, and more realistic traditions. After all, this arbitrary English manner is new and upstart compared to the present French style, which can be traced, through Constable and Gainsborough, to the Flemish and Dutch.

Mr. J. F. Paterson is unquestionably a painter of whom Australia may be proud; although, as yet, he has done nothing eminently original, in manner at least, he has, at any rate, applied the lessons of the highest Continental art to subjects of his own, in a way which gives him the right to be called an intelligent and personal painter. The study of such a model cannot but be good for any school of artists; with such pictures before them, and a country full of fine effects and unhackneyed compositions, the Australians should require no other stimulus to produce really artistic work of an original sort. That they cannot do so at present is neither surprising nor disappointing when we consider that, even in the United States, it is but yesterday that sound principles and practice were imported from France; that a few years ago all the science of American artists was what may be got out of colourmen's handbooks of oil painting, out of stippled chalk studies of casts, out of receipts for sky, foliage, and grass colours. An accompanying illustration shows the black-and-white arrangement of Mr. Paterson's "On the Lerderberg," as well as the breadth and telling effect of its masses, but, of course, fails to give an idea of its mellow and broadly conceived atmospheric colour. It will be observed that the fallen tree is well placed, and, while forming a mass intelligently studied in shape and size, remains unbroken by that small and troublesome detail which laziness or incapacity so often induces a painter to substitute for really powerful and decorative finish. Mr. Paterson, too, is the only painter in the Victorian, or, indeed, in any other section, who gives one an artistic rendering of the special features of Australian scenery; in his "Morley's Track," for instance, he has dealt with palms, ferns, and big trees, as Mr. Whitehead has in "A Spring Morning;" but, instead of approaching the subject as a cataloguing botanist, he has seen the view as a whole, and has given us the effect of the atmosphere on these uncommon kinds of foliage. Fortunately, Mr. Paterson is pretty fully represented at the "Colonies:" we have from him, "Evening on the Yarra Yarra, Melbourne," which, in spite of occasional hardnesses in some of the blacks, is fine broad art, conducted on sound principles of vision; "Old Falls' Bridge on the Yarra Yarra," which shows a finer sentiment, perhaps, than any other, in its quietly grey atmospheric envelope, and in the romantic effect of the tree group, on the right; "Evening at Fernshan, Victoria," a pleasant woodland scene, and one or two more. Miss E. Parsons's water-colour, "Red Bluff," which we also reproduce, is another work inspired by study of good schools. It is composed and arranged with taste and method, and the colour is laid on in good broad washes. Deserving of mention also is Mr. L. Mather's "Waterfall at Riddell's Creek;" the composition fills the canvas effectively, and good feeling for the liquidity of water is shown, as also for coolness, shadow, and light. We cannot altogether pass over Mr. Goldsmith's water-colours in the South Australian section, as they show both feeling and aptitude. His renderings of streets, such as Rundle Street, Adelaide, are brilliant, sparkling, and full of detail. Though occasionally inclined to be hard and sometimes conscientious, after the manner of a mechanical draughtsman, he has evidently a seeing eye, and should study values, focus, and the relative importance of detail to masses, more especially as he still works from what he knows, and not as yet altogether from what he sees. In oils he is hard and uneducated in his methods; but his rendering of the copper hulls of ships and their reflections in the water shows the power of observation and the sense of colour in a very high degree. In the same section, Mr. Alfred Scott proves himself possessed of lesser technical powers, though he, too, has some feeling; and Mrs. Strawbridge sends delicate flower-work, very valuable and very well done, if looked at scientifically as botanical specimens.

Victoria certainly has the best of it as far as art is concerned, and we cannot leave the question without returning to figure pictures and other work which is best represented there. "James Oddie, Esq.," by Mr. Goodwyn Lewis, is the regular half-length against a dark background, with which we are so familiar in all exhibitions, but which is very rare on these walls. It is unfortunate that it should be flimsy and loose, as the painter has but little force of modelling or grasp of character behind it by way of

support. The flesh, however, is simply coloured, and not as if it were in all stages of recovery from bruising: no small merit in eyes which have long perused the walls of the Academy. Mr. T. Roberts's "Mary, a Portrait," is much more refined and elegant as Old Woman" is, perhaps, in reality the strongest figure work in the place, as Mr. G. R. Ashton's "Luck at Last"—the original of our third and last engraving—is the most full of character. Of course, as in landscape, there is plenty of work which is only

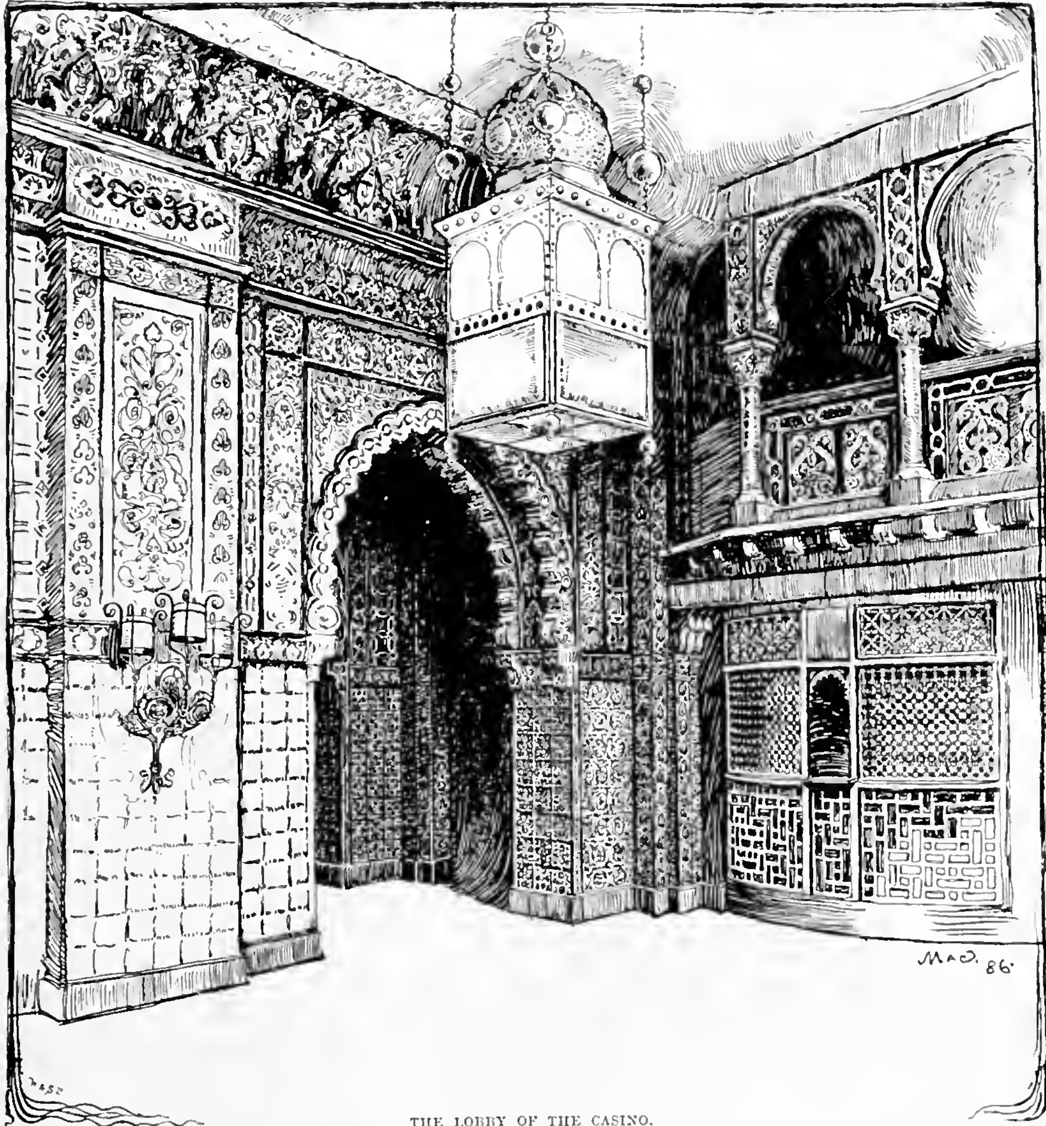
LUCK AT LAST.

(Painted by G. R. Ashton. Colonial Exhibition.)

work, and, though it is neither strong nor quite true, it is at least equal even in these respects to the first-mentioned portrait. His sketch of the deck of a steamer in "Coming South," though here and there smally and meanly observed, shows, on the whole, that he has a true eye, and is searching after the right course in art. Miss Panton's "Head of an interesting from its subject as a scientific diary is. Such are the scenes of Australian life and adventure by Messrs. Van Honten, Turner, and others. We can pretend to have treated this subject neither fairly nor exhaustively; the arrangements of the exhibition make that impossible even to the most patient and herculean art-critic. R. A. M. STEVENSON.

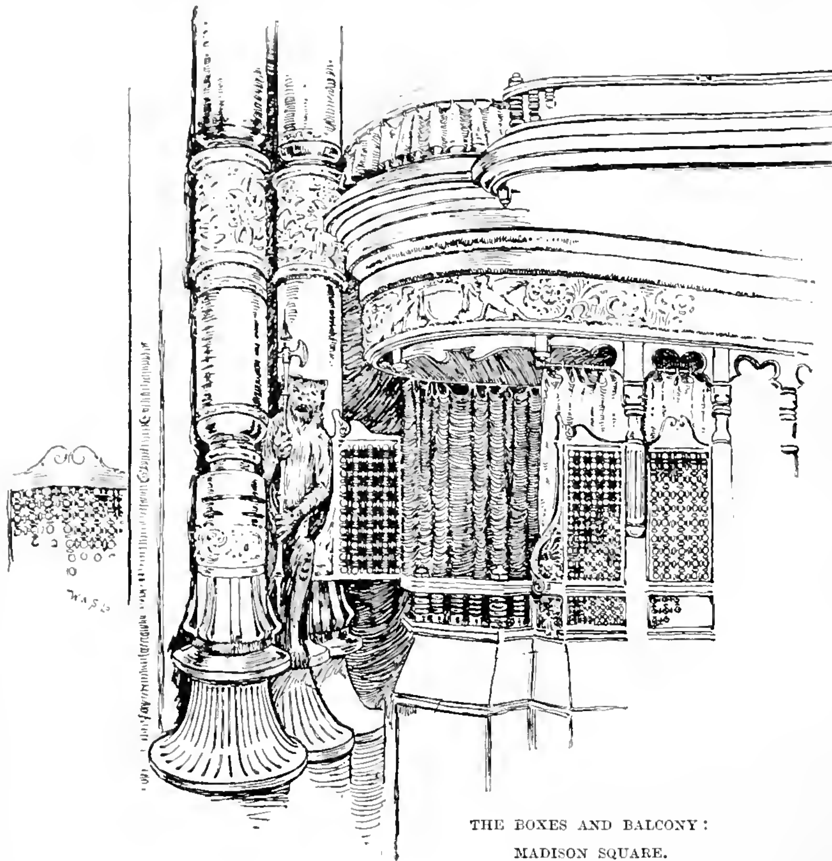
SOME NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE New York play-houses which combine striking decorative features with the results of ingenuity are the Madison Square, the Casino, and the Lyceum. The first, situated in Twenty-fourth Street, a short distance west of Broadway, and near Madison Square, combines more new features of construction with better decorative taste than either of the other two. The house has been called too dark by those who are fond of the glitter of gold in a theatre, but its darkness adds to its richness of appearance, and makes the stage pictures more brilliant by force of contrast. The outer proscenium frame consists of two ornate columns on each side, supporting a semicircular arch. The proscenium frame proper is rectangular, and is made to imitate a picture-frame. The space enclosed between the semicircular arch and the top of this frame is utilised in a novel and attractive manner. Under the arch, and projecting slightly, is a hanging balcony, designed for the orchestra. The space immediately in front of the stage, where the orchestra is usually stationed, is filled with flowers and plants.



THE LOBBY OF THE CASINO.

These can be taken out if necessary, and the orchestra put in the conventional place for a musical perform-



THE BOXES AND BALCONY: MADISON SQUARE.

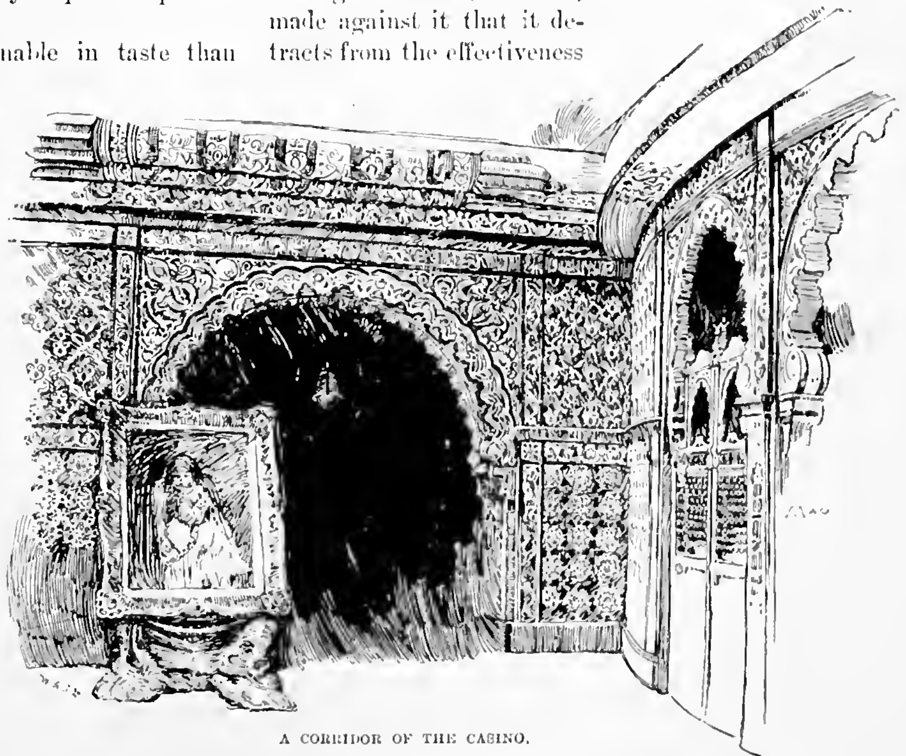
ance. As no entertainments of this kind have ever been given at the Madison Square, the band has always occupied the balcony. This feature of the theatre is, I think, an excellent one. It prevents the attention of the audience from being drawn away from the action of the drama by the movements of a lot of musicians who have nothing to do with the play. It also adds to the impressiveness of the stage illusion, by causing the music to be heard, while its means of production are not seen. This idea of not interfering with the stage picture is well carried out in the Madison Square Theatre. The proscenium boxes are situated well back from the front, and out of the line of sight from all the seats. The stage is low and level, and those who sit in the front row are not obliged to look upward. The whole audience is thus brought close to the stage, and looks upon the scene as upon a large picture. The stage is lighted as pictures are, by gas-burners at the top and sides, outside of the curtain. These lights are in a fire-proof niche under the orchestra balcony, and at the sides. The ventilation of the theatre is excellent. Every gas-lamp in the auditorium is enclosed, and has a separate ventilator. A large air-shaft, opening at the roof, and provided at its lower end with a suction fan seven feet in diameter, draws fresh air into air-boxes supplied with steam radiators. Small tin pipes lead from these air-boxes to openings under each row of seats. The fresh air, thoroughly warmed, is thus distributed through the house. In summer the suction fan draws the fresh air over ice, and sends it thus cooled into the auditorium. Ventilators in the walls and ceilings carry off the vitiated air. The decorations of the theatre, as I have said before, are elaborate. Rich and heavy wood carvings are the chief feature. The general luxury of the interior is completed by a superb curtain, covered with an ornate landscape design in hand embroidery of silk.

The most important novelty in this theatre, however, is the double stage. This invention consists of two stages, one above the other, so arranged as to be moved up and down as a lift is in a high building. Either stage can thus be quickly brought into position to be used for acting. The stages are built in a two-floored structure of timber, strapped with iron. They are held together by truss beams, and strengthened with tie and tension rods. The entire structure moves up and down in a shaft, which reaches 114 feet from the cellar to the roof. The two stages are 55 feet in aggregate height, 22 feet wide, 31 feet deep, weigh 48 tons, and have a vertical movement of 25 feet 2 inches. This immense lift hangs by steel cables, two at each corner, and each one capable of sustaining more than the entire load. These cables pass over pulleys set at different angles, and thence downward to a saddle, where they all connect. From this saddle a hoisting cable runs to a hoisting drum, by which the stages are raised. Four men can handle the winch, and only forty seconds are required to lift or lower the stages into position. The contrivance is admirably balanced and counter-weighted, and its movement is easily effected, without noise or vibration. Each stage has its own borders and border lights, the latter so connected with flexible gas tubes as to be readily turned on or off. Each stage is provided also with its own traps and windlasses for raising them. Before beginning the evening's performance the first scene is set on the upper stage, which is on a level with the auditorium, and the second on the lower stage, which is down in the cellar. When the curtain falls at the end of the first act the elevator is hoisted, and in forty seconds the lower stage is in position and the curtain is raised for the second act. While that is in progress

the stage hands set the scene for the third act on the upper stage, which is then up in the flies. Thus the only waits necessary between the acts are those required to enable the performers to change their costumes, or such intervals as the manager may choose to give the audience to relieve the strain of continuously watching the play. The length of the intermissions is always announced on the programmes of the house. They are rarely longer than five minutes, while the effect of seeing the curtain raised upon an elaborate interior forty seconds after it has fallen upon an equally elaborate landscape set is astonishing.

The Casino, situated at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street, is devoted to musical entertainment. It combines in itself a theatre and a concert garden. There is less of real art about the building than about either of the others mentioned in this article. The architecture is Moorish. The exterior is of brick and terra-cotta, and presents two tall, massive-looking façades, one fronting on Broadway and one on Thirty-ninth Street. These fronts are somewhat plain, but the Moorish character is preserved in the arches of the doors and windows and their accompanying ornamentation. At the corner of the building there is a tall, round tower, surmounted by a tile roof, above which rises a crystal lyre illuminated at night. Small windows pierce the tower and the sides of the building, except where the large groups of central windows are massed. The edifice from without has something of the appearance of an old Moorish castle, and is undeniably a picturesque bit of architecture.

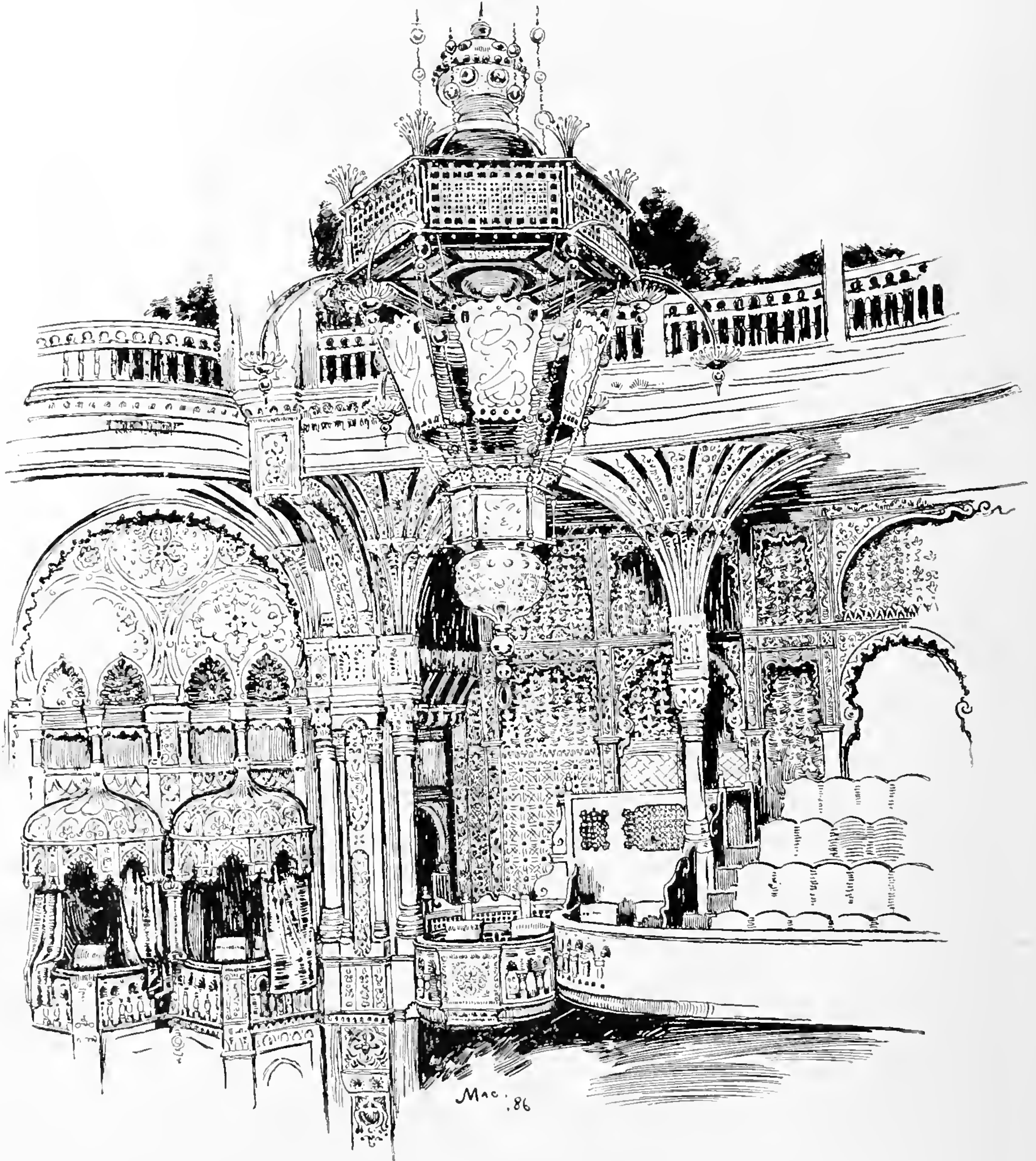
The exterior is less questionable in taste than the interior, where the eye is dazzled by a wealth of brilliancy. On entering the main door you find yourself in a spacious lobby. On one side is a stairway of marble, leading directly to the front of the auditorium, which is on the second floor. The first floor is partly taken up by a large café, and partly by the region under the stage. At the foot of the marble staircase is the box-office, the front of which is finished in ornamental Moorish lattice-work. On the opposite side of the lobby is another staircase, leading to the lift, which is up half a dozen steps, to the manager's office, and thence to the upper parts of the building. The floor of the lobby is finished in coloured tiles. The walls are covered with a sort of moulding, closely resembling *papier-mâché*, which is used all through the building. The raised figuring on this moulding is done in gold, and the background in a pale greenish blue. The ceiling is traversed by heavy rafters, with this moulding in the panels between them. A large Oriental lamp hangs in the centre of the lobby. The main staircase makes a turn and reaches a small mezzanine gallery before rising as high as the ceiling of the lobby. Small ornate arches open over this little gallery, affording a view downward to the lobby. This gallery also has its use, making an excellent station for the doorkeeper. Heavy green plush curtains hang at each side of an arch at the rear of the gallery, whence rises the second flight of marble stairs. As you reach the top of these stairs you see directly in front of you an artificial grotto, in which water, illumined by a soft green light, trickles over rocks. This fills in the space under the stairs leading to the balcony of the auditorium. Turning to the left you see the corridor at the rear of the auditorium, or rather at its left side. This is finished in the same style of decoration as the lobby, and contains large pictures of some of the Casino's favourite performers. Small and graceful Moorish arches open into the auditorium, which is, as I said before, somewhat too brilliant. For the purposes of a concert hall, for which the Casino is used every Sunday night in the year, this brilliancy is admirable. The objection is with good reason, however, made against it that it detracts from the effectiveness



A CORRIDOR OF THE CASINO.

of the stage picture. Nevertheless, it must be said that no theatre in New York has been visited by so many people actuated simply by a desire to see the building.

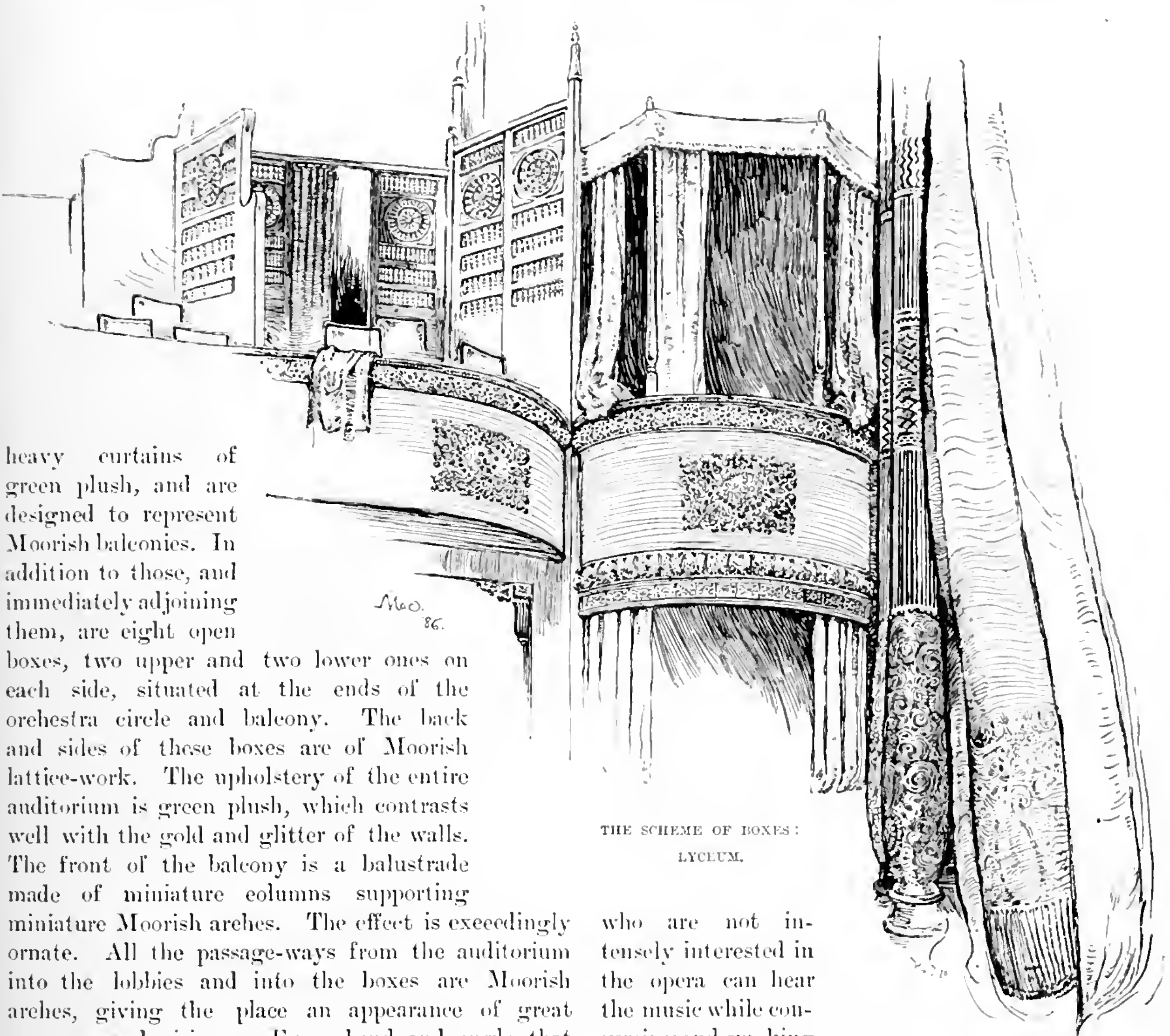
The lower floor is divided into orchestra stalls arrangement facilitates also the exit of the spectators. The walls at the back of the orchestra floor and balcony are finished in the same raised mouldings as the lobbies. Gold prevails, and is varied with copper, silver, and pale blue. The balcony is supported by



THE AUDITORIUM OF THE CASINO.

and an orchestra circle, a light and rather plain railing separating them. The orchestra seats are arranged in trios, those on each side of the centre seat folding up, so that previous to the entrance of the audience there are apparently more aisles than chairs. This light columns, while the floor above the balcony is upheld by tall graceful columns with spreading palm-shaped tops. The proscenium arch is not very high, and is decorated in the same style as the rest of the house. The proscenium boxes, of which there

are two lower and two upper ones on each side, project in the shape of semi-hexagons. They have heavy curtains of green plush, and are designed to represent Moorish balconies. In addition to those, and immediately adjoining them, are eight open boxes, two upper and two lower ones on each side, situated at the ends of the orchestra circle and balcony. The back and sides of these boxes are of Moorish lattice-work. The upholstery of the entire auditorium is green plush, which contrasts well with the gold and glitter of the walls. The front of the balcony is a balustrade made of miniature columns supporting miniature Moorish arches. The effect is exceedingly ornate. All the passage-ways from the auditorium into the lobbies and into the boxes are Moorish arches, giving the place an appearance of great openness and airiness. Every bend and angle that will contain an arch has one. Hence the auditorium, though large, looks light and graceful.



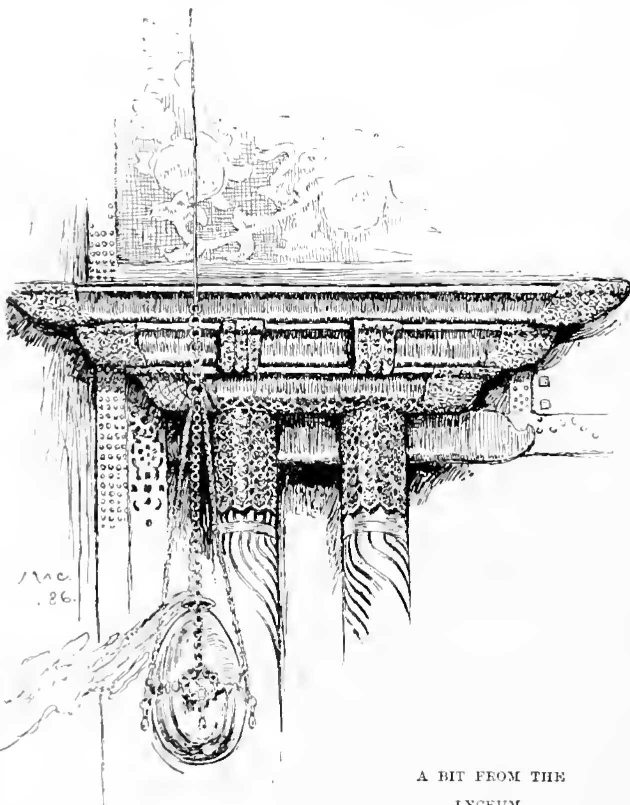
THE SCHEME OF BOXES: LYCEUM.

So far we have viewed the Casino simply as a theatre, but now we come to its novelties. Above the balcony, running all the way around the auditorium, from one side of the top of the proscenium to the other, is what is called the buffet floor, which takes the place of an upper gallery. This floor is wide, spacious, and level. A view of the stage is obtained through the never-failing Moorish arches, which surround the front of this floor and give a charming and novel finish to the upper part of the auditorium. Instead of the customary theatre seats, the buffet floor is filled with tables and chairs, at which visitors to the Casino may sit and smoke their cigars and sip cooling drinks, served by a corps of active waiters. The stage can, of course, be seen only from those chairs ranged around the front of the floor against the railing in the arches, but those who are not intensely interested in the opera can hear the music while conversing and smoking a little further back.

We have still one more ascent to make in the Casino—to the roof. It is only in the summer that we go there, and then a brilliant spectacle is presented to us. This is the famous Casino roof garden, the most popular summer resort in the city. The roof is practically level, and is paved with brick. It is surrounded by a parapet high enough to prevent one from falling, but not so high as to shut out a view of the surrounding city and the streets below. On one side of the roof are arches of white lights decorated with prisms, while in various directions across the pavement spring arches of vari-coloured illuminated globes. Flowers, exotics, and waving palms are arranged in artistic beds, while around them, in the open passages, are tables and chairs and rustic seats for the accommodation of the visitors. On the west

side a tile-roofed pavilion runs across the place, terminating against the round tower at the corner of the building. The huge bell-shaped, red-tiled top of this, surmounted by its blazing lyre, towers above, and just below its eaves is an observatory, whence a dazzling view of the roof garden can be obtained. At the opposite side of the roof is the band pavilion. I purposely omitted to say before that just above the proscenium of the theatre is a large balcony. Through the opening over this, from the auditorium, one can see more Moorish arches springing away into gloomy heights above. This balcony, which is on a level with the buffet floor, is the lower part of the band pavilion. The upper part opens, as I have said, above the roof. It is possible thus to hear the music down in the auditorium, on the buffet floor, and on the roof.

The last of my three theatres is the Lyceum. This house is situated in Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Streets. Its exterior is plainer and less pretentious than that of any other uptown theatre in New York. Indeed, the front of the building, from a business point of view, is altogether too plain. Standing as the house does in a neighbourhood which is practically remote from the theatrical centre of the city, and which is quiet even in daytime, so modest an exterior is hardly likely to attract the attention of the casual passer-by. No one, I am sure, ever "drops in" at the Lyceum. Only those go there who are searching for it.



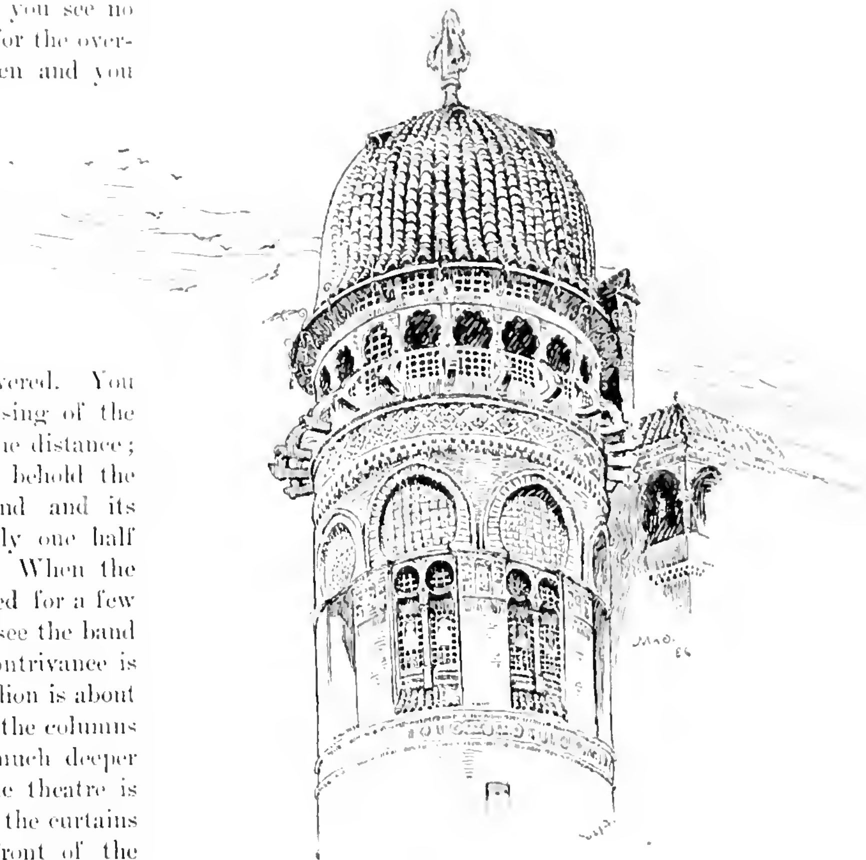
A BIT FROM THE LYCEUM.

There are three entrances to the building from Fourth Avenue. Of these the two on the sides lead to the galleries, while the centre door admits you directly into the vestibule. This has a low ceiling, and is finished in dark woods in their natural state. Opposite the entrance, at the other end of the small lobby, and behind a pillar which has a marvellous faculty for being in the way of every one, is the box-office. At its right is a small retiring-room. At its left is the anteroom to the manager's office. This anteroom is handsomely carpeted and furnished, and is used as a smoking-room between the acts of the play. At one side of the lobby is a coat-room, and on the other is a large settee. The general effect of this vestibule is cramped and gloomy, and gives one but little idea of the richness of the auditorium above. On either side of the lobby are stairways finished in the English style. They lead by two turns to the auditorium. Here you find yourself in the least showy but most costly theatrical interior in New York. The slender pillars that support the gallery glitter with streams of silver paint. The dados, box-fronts, and other wooden surfaces throughout the building are covered with stencillings in silver and gold. This is designed to imitate that woodwork, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, for which Delhi is famous. The imitation is not striking, but the general effect is rich. The lower wall in front of the stage is variegated with ornamental designs until it looks like a Persian rug. There are six small boxes on each side, built outside of the proscenium arch. They are adorned with a filigree of dark English wood, elaborately carved. The upper boxes nearest to the stage have striped awnings on them, making them equally suggestive of an Arab tent or a circus. The wall above the flat proscenium arch is finished in saffron. The background of the front of the balcony is a rich brown French satin. The walls of the house throughout are covered with satin of a similar tint. Two slender columns, with swelling ornamental bases, support the top of the proscenium arch on either side. These columns, like the others in the house, drip with silver paint. The roof of the auditorium is finished in mock rafters in the Hindoo style. There are no gas-burners around the front of the balcony. In their places there are glass sconces in clouded tints, to imitate mother-of-pearl, and the lights are within these. The effect, when illuminated, is really very pretty. The lights in the dome are arranged in the same manner. The whole auditorium is indescribably puzzling in its appearance, for it is a jumble of all styles. Some parts are Louis Quinze, some Turkish, some of Ceylon, some of Arabia, others of Hindoostan, and still others unadulterated Yankee. The decorative work was done by Louis C. Tiffany, and I believe I

am justified in saying that no one will ever dispute his title to originality.

The one mechanical novelty in this theatre is the band pavilion. On entering the theatre you see no place for an orchestra. When the time for the overture has arrived, the stage curtains open and you see the orchestra seated upon a raised platform. On either side of it, in front and behind, are columns similar to those which adorn the proscenium. These columns support a sort of entablature, made of stained glass in an ornamental design, and illuminated. The conductor stands in the centre and leads his band. The overture being ended, the stage curtains are lowered. You hear the music usually played at the rising of the curtain. It gradually fades away into the distance; the curtains are raised again, and you behold the stage set for the first act. The band and its pavilion, which appeared to occupy fully one half the depth of the stage, have vanished. When the first act is over, the curtains are lowered for a few seconds and then drawn back, when you see the band pavilion once more in its place. This contrivance is at once simple and ingenious. The pavilion is about six feet deep. A clever arrangement of the columns and mirrors at its back make it appear much deeper than it is. The proscenium front of the theatre is just the same width as this platform, and the curtains which are raised and lowered are in front of the frame. The whole pavilion is lifted speedily and noiselessly, by means of a powerful hoisting apparatus, into the regions above the stage. The bottom of the pavilion, when it is raised, forms the top of the broad gilded proscenium frame, while a narrow painted canvas border hanging from it completes the illusion. In conclusion, let me add that this pavilion and the double stage at the Madison Square were devised by James Steele Mackaye, whose untiring energy and restless ambition as an author, actor, manager, instructor, and inventor have made him a conspicuous figure in the theatrical world of America. Both, as I need not say, are remarkable of their kind.

W. J. HENDERSON.



THE CASINO TOWER.

CURRENT ART.—III.

TO paint the figure in full sunlight in the non-absorbing and unmitigating environment of "A Sultry Day," at the Suffolk Street Exhibition, involves problems in "value" naturally fascinating to so strong a painter as Mr. Picknell. Nothing but uncommon manipulative craft and the courage of knowledge could justify the attempt. Mr. Picknell's observation is evidently searching and trained. He selects his facts with discretion, generalises with breadth and vigour, presents them with simplicity and directness, as may be profitably studied in his Academy landscapes. His intrepid method is utterly antagonistic to that incompleteness of vision and inequality of grasp that leave many works open to the critic's dissection. There is nothing in Mr. Picknell's paintings of what is commonly called "subtlety"—a quality commonly attributed to the false and weak essays that betray the painter's inability to use his material. There is, moreover, no possibility of misapprehending Mr. Picknell, as is the case with more subtle painters of landscape. Whatever the subject, you may instantly and without a waver of doubt perceive his aim and measure his achievement. His work leaves no room for the

cavils or sophistries of controversy, for the interposition of sentiment, literary or other. It is eminently art for the painter unsophisticated by the dogmas of the visual scene and its phenomena; his aim is to solve its problems by a transcript of unscrupulous fidelity. It is clear that the success of such an

MISS NETTIE HUXLEY.

(*Painted by John Collier. Grosvenor Gallery, 1886.*)

the schools. In "A Sultry Day," which forms our second illustration, we have to deal with a study of certain phenomena of light and atmosphere and colour in which the pictorial design is a minor consideration. The figure and the circumstance of its environment are so naturalistic in treatment, that it may almost be said to demand the scientific test for which the *naturalistes* clamour. The figure is presented with an incisive force that is not to be denied; the strength of the picture is overpowering—is, in truth, a little too strong. In the noonday heat and direct plan of sunlight the man stands on the sea-shore, with white sand-banks about him, under the burning blue whose dark and profound tone Mr. Picknell delights to depict. The painter's object is to give the utmost force to the figure in the atmospheric conditions suggested. His interest is in attempt can only be judged from the painter's standpoint of literal exactitude. In the glow and heat so admirably realised in Mr. Picknell's canvas we cannot forbear to note the forced contour of the figure, and the absence of the aërial influence which, in the circumstances, should soften the asperity of the relief. The figure, indeed, is somewhat over-accentuated and void of atmospheric envelopment. We miss the veil-like and impalpable vapour never wholly absent from shores, however arid and sultry, nor is there a trace of fluctuant and tremulous irradiation from the burning soil. The painter's aim has been too insistently, too rigorously pursued, and, as often happens in logic, the assurance of a full solution is not borne out by the results. Of Mr. Picknell's two landscapes, "Sunshine and Drifting Sand" and "A Dreary Waste of Sand and Shore," we prefer

A SULTRY DAY.

(Painted by W. L. Picknell. Society of British Artists, 1886.)

the latter, though each is a strong example of the painter's vigorous and expressive style. In literal force these landscapes are unsurpassed by anything in the Academy. The modification of the dark-toned blue of the sky in the former by an even distribution of small flecks of cloud is effected in a somewhat mannered fashion. Though the painter's object is obvious, the means employed savour of artifice, for these touches are too distinctly divisible to be anything but particles of sunlit vapour; yet they are impossible as cloud-formation, and produce a speckly effect. The clouds in the second landscape are finely modelled, and full of aërial impulse, while in both the sentiment of desolation cheered by diffused sunlight and brisk air is impressively rendered. Of a totally different interest from work like Mr. Picknell's, where the painter's individuality is marked, is the class of landscape that shows the influence of Constable and other English masters. In the Suffolk and Essex landscapes of Mr. Charles Eyles the inspiration of the *genius loci* has produced most agreeable results, particularly in the "Sketch in Suffolk," already noted. A more remarkable instance is Mr. F. G. Cotman's "At the Lock." The free, broad treatment of the dark, windy sky, the low-toned harmonies, and admirable composition, are all suggestive of Constable. The handling of the wind-swept foliage of the foremost trees recalls Gainsborough somewhat less pleasantly, though this is the only point in the picture that may not be considered the wholesome fruit of legitimate and sincerely-felt influence. In the same room we must note Mr. Percy Belgrave's "April Showers," full of unobtrusive truth; Mr. John White's "Beer Head, Devon," fine in colour, though with a needlessly assertive foreground; and "On Shannon Shore," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, the best example of the artist, both as to colour and tone, in either exhibition. Not far away, though almost invisible among its distracting surroundings, is Mr. Leslie Thomson's charming and harmonious landscape, "Evening." There is one aspect of landscape that has found few students, or few powerful exponents, among English painters, excepting, indeed, those who deal with Alpine subjects. The charms of wintry desolation, of the solemnity of the landscape masked by snow, are perhaps more sensitively rendered by Swedish and Dutch painters, though there are Frenchmen who have succeeded in this special direction. Mr. Lindström, indeed, has done good work in representing the fir forests of Scandinavia in mid-winter, but this year he exhibits at the Academy but one picture, the "Tullos Hill, Aberdeen," and this is a strong and realistic landscape of firs and blossoming furze. A few winter landscapes and studies at the Academy deserve mention. Mr. A. K. Brown's "Winter in the Glen" is altogether the most impressive. The distance of rugged mountains and impending cloud are effectively presented, and the picture is bathed in the chill, clinging atmosphere of a mountain climate. More distinctly melodramatic, yet undeniably sincere and realistic, is Mr. T. T. Hamilton's Irish landscape, "Moonlight and Snow on the Killeries." Mr. McWhirter's ubiquitous birch figures in his "Winter Morning," a study that is more to be admired by the student of Evelyn's "Sylva" and Gilpin's "Forest Scenery" than by the lover of landscape art. Much of the charm of Mr. Brewtnall's delightful winter pastoral at the Water Colour Society's Exhibition is lost in the coarser replica in oils at the Academy. Mr. Vincent Yglesias gives a rather idealised impression of the frozen Thames in his "Prisoners of the Ice." The glowing sunset behind the dome of St. Paul's is somewhat hot, besides being a solecism, considering the season. Better judgment is shown in the treatment of the dusky river, with its ice-floes and imprisoned craft.

Landscape with cattle is generally a prominent feature of the British school, but this year it is poorly represented at the Academy. We have apparently no painter of cattle whose skill and observation merit comparison with the dozen or more Dutchmen or Flemings whose work may be seen at most of the minor galleries. At the Academy there is no cattle-piece that at all approaches the spirited drawing and accomplished modelling of the animals in Mr. Arthur Lemon's "Oxen Threshing, Tuscany," at the Grosvenor, where all the components of the composition are alike admirable, and the result a complete picture. So much cannot be said of Mr. Sidney Cooper's "Twins," and other works of smooth and feeble technique, whose sheep and cattle are wooden in texture, and the landscape mere curtain-painting of the timidest workmanship. In these the landscape is obviously designed to strengthen the open-air environment, and is realistic, not decorative, in treatment; yet the large willow in "Twins" is elaborated in every leaf of its foliage with the over-busy toil of Mr. Herbert, and with precisely similar results. Nor does Mr. Peter Graham present anything like a completely satisfactory handling of the parts of his composition. Better than these, as cattle-pieces, is Mr. H. W. B. Davis's "Flood on the Wye." This picture is in some respects superior to any recent work of the artist, and if we could ignore the laboured and assertive landscape, and had to consider alone the life-like group of cattle and the powerful rendering of the swollen river, there were nothing left but to praise. The really notable merits of the foreground, with its animals and tumultuous water, are terribly discounted by the insobriety of the distance, with its restless,

THE SOWER.

(From the Statue by Hamo Thornycroft, A.R.A. Royal Academy, 1886.)

distressing accents of light and crude local tints. Similar examples of this defective vision are innumerable at the Academy, and the results in many instances ruin the harmony of good landscape schemes and agreeable composition. In such cases it would seem that the painter endeavours to give all the facts presented, instead of selecting and combining the most important, so that he studies the distance with the same assiduous research he bestows on the foreground. Such a method can only end in disharmonising nature, in false or antagonistic relations, and in the confusion of the landscape elements. The worst instances of this kind are almost invariably representative of sunset, and they display nature in a fever, flushed with all the tints of the rainbow, and expressive of every species of distemperature. Mr. Leader's "The End of the Day" is an uncommon example; so also is Mr. Brennan's curiously iridescent "Glow of an Autumn Sun." Worse even than these is a landscape by Mr. E. R. Taylor, called "The Close of Day," a jumble of raw greens and hot, unnatural reds, that suggests intimate acquaintances with dye-works or tar factories. Mr. Phil Morris is no lame competitor in this conspiracy against nature, though the tinsel crown, the prize for open and unashamed vulgarity, is most justly due to Mr. Swinstead's "He's Coming," which has nothing to fear from anything in the year's art, save Mr. Batten's truly formidable "Life's Recompense" at the Grosvenor.

The imaginative quality of Mr. J. P. Beadle's "Toil and Storm," which forms our third illustration, suffices to place it among the most remarkable pictures at the Academy, despite its slightness of execution and cold, thin colour. It is a striking example of the imposing heights to which the passionate will may attain when dominated by a noble and elevating idea, even though the painter's hand lacks complete assurance, and his vision imperfectly apprehends nature. The technical shortcomings of the picture are indeed not obtrusive. The subject is presented with dignity, while the sentiment is enforced without the adventitious aid of melodrama. Nothing could well be more sober and more harmonious than the atmosphere in which the three figures are projected, and though the lighting is ineffective, in some respects, there is something of passion and exaltation in the presentment that is very impressive. On the windy heights of the Normandy coast the three women in Mr. Beadle's picture are engaged in weeding the land preparatory to the autumnal operations of ploughing and sowing. The attitude of the two foremost, and, indeed, the composition itself, suggests Millet's magnificent "Gleaners." A storm is gathering about them, darkening the distant sea with impenetrable gloom; a sudden gust of air sweeps the field, while the level, momentary light from a rift in the storm-cloud plays on the figures and intensifies the darkness beyond. The aërial movement of storm is very finely suggested by the vaporous, gloomy sky, and its forlorn, transverse light. Notwithstanding that the influence of Millet extends even to imitation in the pose and gesture of the two foremost figures, there is much original inspiration in the group, each being characterised with vital distinction, and the third—the young girl whose hands are uplifted, surprised by the sudden blast—is a type of unconscious dignity and strength, the personification of the Doric muse. It is noteworthy of this presentation of rude, uncultured beauty, that the ideal is attained without any of the over-refinement or "preciousness" that mars some of Frederick Walker's conceptions. There are paintings of far wider scope and more assured execution in the Academy than Mr. Beadle's, but there are few indeed so fraught with human interest, so charged with the subtle, yet invincible quality, that moves the deeper sources of emotion, whence spring the poet's joy in "the human heart by which we live."

Mr. Thornycroft's statue at the Academy, "A Sower," reproduced in our frontispiece, is a worthy companion to the artist's "Mower" of two years ago. Like Mr. Beadle's picture, it is reminiscent of Millet, though it is free from anything imitative. The rhythmical sway of the body and the forward movement are more successfully suggested in the upper portion of the figure than the lower. The head is excellent in poise and character, the torso and arms express with wonderful force the free swing of the sower's action, but the legs are a little constrained and suggestive of pose rather than energetic stride. This defect is perhaps accentuated by the treatment of the leggings and other detail, which are elaborated with a realistic nicety that scarcely accords with the spontaneous vigour of the sculptor's conception. The statue, however, is prominent among the more striking examples of this year's sculpture, which shows in every line of production a marked improvement on that of last year. At the Grosvenor we have Mr. Gilbert's masterly "Statuette in Bronze;" Mr. Maclean's clever bust of Mme. Libotton, and the large group in marble after Mr. Tadema's "Spring Festival;" Mr. Boehm's conscientious if not very inspired bust of the Abbé Liszt; Miss Elinor Hallé's "Design for a Fountain," a good study in Renaissance style; and the clever group of "Hagar and Ishmael," by Mr. Roscoe Mullins. The range of work at the Academy is of course much greater. The few who regard the President as primarily a sculptor will be strengthened in their convictions by "The Sluggard," and the graceful and accomplished statuette, "Needless Alarms." The influence of Michelangelo is clearly perceptible

in the former vigorous and original conception, subjected though it be in the execution to chastening influences of another kind which by no means reflect the inspiration of the master. The sculpturesque quality of Mr. Gilbert's ideal fantasy, "The Enchanted Chair," is in some measure affected by the

TOIL AND STORM.

(Painted by J. P. Beadle. Royal Academy, 1886.)

disproportionate accessories, which burden a truly delightful conception without possessing any interpretative force or decorative value. Regarded as so much symbolism, they are not in the least subservient to the sculptor's idea, nor do they increase the significance of the dreaming figure. Nothing, however, could surpass the expression of languor and deep slumber; the figure is consummately modelled, and the happy *abandon* of the pose lends itself to a most harmonious arrangement of suave contours. But it is in the quality of the flesh, where the relaxation of the muscles that attends sleep is most skilfully suggested, that Mr. Gilbert's work is most notable; the voluptuous forms of the figure are unsurpassed in beauty of surface, in truth of texture, in perfection of relation. Though the imaginative theme be but partially realised in "The Enchanted Chair," there is no question as to the greatness of the technical achievement.

Mr. Onslow Ford's "Folly," a statuette in bronze, is a lithe female figure, beautiful in modelling, embodying a very pretty fancy which the sculptor has invested with the fullest expression. As a creative effort it takes high rank among the examples of pure ideal sculpture of the year. In imaginative works in relief Mr. Lee and Mr. Harry Bates are a long way to the front, the former with an allegorical subject of noble repose and impressive dignity, the latter with his "Socrates" in marble, and the "Homer"—"a blind old man and poor, sweetest he sings"—which forms our fourth illustration. The composition of the latter is exceedingly beautiful, and the treatment decorative, refined, and of rare spiritual quality. The hand of the blind bard sweeps the strings of his lyre in an ecstasy of inspiration which is communicated to the eager listeners, whose rapture, though intense, is subdued, and the unity of the composition, apart from the disposition of the figures, is admirably preserved by the emotional expression. The pathetic figure of Homer is a truly intellectual conception of the poetic spirit, thrilling with passion and fire the bowed, infirm body of the minstrel. Recalling the spurious classicism of the past, it is in such work as this, so

purely stylistic, yet in the best sense of the word so unconventional in treatment, that our present assurances in the advance of English sculpture, and our not less certain expectations of its future, possess a visible and vital foundation.

One of the most commanding portraits of the year is the Hon. John Collier's "Miss Nettie Huxley" at the Grosvenor, which we engrave. It is not only the artist's finest work in portraiture hitherto, but one of the best of the year, and notable for a large measure of the higher and choicer qualities of art. The imposing strength of the presentment is due not less to the painter's sound method than to the expressive simplicity of the arrangement. To produce great effects by means that are apparently within the grasp of all artists—so broad, simple, and obvious do they appear—is the most certain test of the artist's capacity and genius, in music and poetry as in painting and sculpture. Many, indeed, are the channels of interpretation, but there is no security save in the logical pursuit of one, and in the intelligent acquiescence of its set limitations. The single aim consistently kept in view inevitably leads to the rejection of the superfluous and the combination of essentials, if only the painter's equipment be such as justifies the attempt. Of this truth Mr. Collier's work is a telling example. He has discarded the burden of accessories that, if not absolutely unmeaning or disconcerting, must detract from the individualism and power of his portrait. There is small need to speak of the technical strength of Mr. Collier's work, of the excellent qualities of flesh-painting, the broad and accomplished treatment of the drapery, the reposeful harmony of colour.

HOMER.—A BLIND OLD MAN AND POOR, SWEETEST HE SINGS.

(From the Bas-relief by Harry Bates. Royal Academy, 1886.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

QUENTIN METSŸS IN LOUVAIN.

TRUTH is often stranger than fiction when isolated facts alone are seen, but with a whole chain of events before us, link by link, cause and effect, strangeness vanishes. Does romance vanish, too, with the marvellous? Does the poetry fade with the glamour which time and oral tradition have cast around the life of an honest citizen and brilliant artist? The story of Quentin Metsÿs, which the records of Louvain* reveal to us, does not pale before the fiction, long recorded and sometimes cavilled at, of the "Blacksmith of Antwerp" who gave up his trade for art, and in a miraculously short time, for love of fair lady, transformed his strength of arm into skill of eye and hand.

"Connubialis amor de Mulcibre fecit Apellem," is written to Quentin Metsÿs' memory in Antwerp Cathedral. It may be true, but the pretty story is even then only half the truth. Quentin was born an artist, and, by inclination a painter, was a blacksmith because his father was a blacksmith; his two brothers were blacksmiths, and they all forged iron, useful and ornamental, for the good city of Louvain. When old Josse (Joseph) Metsÿs died, his three sons, Josse, Quentin, and Jan, continued to work at their father's trade as 'prentices and journeymen to the smithy owned by their mother and grandmother.

Old Josse Metsÿs was also a clock and dial maker: thus no rough blacksmith, but a worker in iron for beauty and delicate use. We do not know whether he ever shod horses at his forge, probably he did; it is, however, known that he made locks, hinges, and hanging lamps for the new town hall. These things were works of art in those days, and Josse's services were secured to the town by the annual payment of five ells of black cloth and a pot of wine.

Josse seems to have been a stranger in Louvain, for he had no male relatives to stand by him in time of need, or to act as guardians to his children when he died. Perhaps he came from Antwerp, where there were several blacksmiths and horologists of his name; his children were early in communication with that city, which but a short time ago was forced to give up the long-contested claim to be the illustrious Quentin's birthplace.

Josse's means seem to have lain in his strong arms and artistic sense, for he had no riches but what he owed to his wife and his work. In the year 1459 we find him dwelling in the comfortable house of his well-to-do father and mother in law, Van Kinckhem, in Castle Street, Louvain. There his children were born, the three sons and one girl, Catherine; there he died, leaving his widow to bring up her family under the guardianship of the noble old grandmother, Catherine Kinckhem, whose devotion stood test when later on, to transfer her property to her grandchildren, she was obliged to declare to the magistrates of Louvain the illegitimacy of those children's mother, her daughter, Catherine Metsÿs. This last fact may in some measure account for the patriarchal fashion in which they continued to live all together until the majority of the youngest child could be declared, and the elder sons were long passed the age for independent citizenship. Three years after this event, viz., in 1494, when Quentin was twenty-eight years of age, the household was broken up, the three Catherines, grandmother, mother, and daughter, removed to Antwerp with Quentin and Jan, there to spend the rest of their days. Young Josse, already married, bought the rest of the family out of the old house and forge in Castle Street, and brought up his children there, as his father had done before him, to the honour and glory of Louvain city.

Born in 1466, Quentin saw the light at a time when Louvain was a centre of considerable artistic activity. Dirk Bouts was working at his "Last Supper," painted for the chapel of the Brotherhood of the Holy Sacrament, in St. Peter's Cathedral Church, where it hangs to this day. Opposite to St. Peter's rose the town hall, "that pearl of civic architecture," completed three years before—a fairy dream of delicate proportion and light grace, a frame strong to withstand the shocks of four hundred years and more, overlaid with a garment of fine tracery, displaying a wealth of symbolic fancy which must be examined in detail to be appreciated. For eighteen years past artistic workmen, masons, carvers, gilders, and painters had swarmed around this work, until the city teemed with busy decorators, and in course of years scarcely a house was without pictures, statues, and votive panels hung at every street corner, over every gateway and arch. Patrician mansions with pointed gables, richly carved and coloured, rose on all sides. Wealth abounded amongst the thrifty knights and gentlemen of Louvain; buildings and their sumptuous decoration were a means of its dispersion in the ranks of the craftsmen who sprang up to respond to the wants of the times. The arts rose to such repute that the sons of noble families took to painting. Trade guilds and semi-religious

* Due to the researches of M. Van Even, archivist of Louvain.

fraternities of various kinds, formed for social support, had their chapels in St. Peter's or St. Gertrude's; pictures and coloured sculpture hung above each altar. In their processions and festivals, broidered banners and painted "ymages" were borne aloft through the tortuous streets of the city.

In "Onze Lieve Vrouwe Darbuÿten," the church of "Our Lady Without," was the great altar-piece of the "Descent from the Cross," by Roger Van der Weÿden, of which in St. Peter's, by the pious care of the Edelheere family, was provided a copy in little, there to this day: some say by the hand of Master Roger himself, so beautiful is the painting.

Amid such surroundings was born the blacksmith's gifted son. He was nine years old when the brush fell from the hand of the aged master, Dirk Bouts, and may well have been amongst the crowd which flocked to the town hall to see the two completed panels of Bouts' "Triumph of Justice" set in their place in the court of justice after the painter's death. Whether Quentin ever saw Bouts at work (a likely chance) or not, he breathed from his cradle an atmosphere pregnant with reverence and admiration of that artist's works. What wonder that Bouts' influence is everywhere traceable in Quentin's pictures? Not only the manner, but the spirit of Bouts, modified by the developing forces of the new generation, is distinctly to be traced: a spirit intellectually broader and morally equal to that of Van der Weÿden, with all the solidity and practical purpose of Bouts, added to Quentin's own powerful imagination, ardent and delicate perception, expressed through the medium of a perfect technical execution.

Quentin is said to have had lessons in oil-painting from one Master Roger of Louvain, which has caused him to be reckoned a pupil in the flesh as well as in the spirit of Roger Van der Weÿden, who, however, died two years before Quentin was born. From his obscure teacher the young blacksmith probably learnt no more than the mechanical part of his art; but, for his inborn genius, education was to be had from the walls of church and street of his ornament-laden city. In the works of Bouts and Van der Weÿden was food enough for the ambition which culminated years after, when, a successful painter, courted and admired, he sent from Antwerp his great altar-piece of "The Legend of St. Anne" to hang in the cathedral of his native city beside the masterpieces of his great teachers.*

He had learned to read and write, and was an accomplished musician, highly esteemed by his fellows of the rhetorical club, "The Violet" of Antwerp. Of these "*Rederyker Kammer*," the *Violiere*, the *Olyftack*, and the *Goudbloeme*, Guicciardini writes nearly fifty years later: "They played tragedies, comedies, and other histories and divertissements as civilising as they are moral, in imitation of the ancient Greeks and Romans, in which one might learn many good things and profitable to the life of men. The most principal and ancient of these is 'The Violet,' consisting mostly of painters, who show in all their performances the subtlety and gallantry of their minds." Quentin's verses were prized above the average, and his friendship with Egidius, Erasmus, and Thomas More, bears witness to their estimation of his intelligence.

But fifteen years of age when his father died, Quentin passed his youth in the ancient capital of Brabant, unwitting the brilliant future that lay before him in the city of the Scheldt, forging iron for the cathedral, painting at his easel whilst Jan mixed his colours and Josse worked at a clock on a bench behind him. Such a picture of the three brothers at work is preserved to us upon the signboard and clock face in one, which was found some thirty years ago, concealed by dirt and whitewash, upon a house in Louvain. This large square panel, about four and a half feet square, is painted with the signs of the zodiac, the months of the year, and little pictures of trades and occupations, amongst which the one of the three youths engaged in different occupations is the central and striking one. The little scenes are in concentric circles round a hole in the centre, through which a monk formerly appeared at intervals to strike the hours.† It is tempting to think that this is by the hand of young Quentin or his brother Jan. Its colouring and the execution—coarse but truthful and original—make such an origin probable. This curious relic of the Fifteenth Century work-a-day art was seen a few months ago by the writer in its present abiding place, viz., the garret of a house in Louvain, where it is placed to be out of the way of its very unappreciative owners, descendants of the gentleman who discovered it. It is in wonderfully good condition considering the dangers to which it is exposed by alternate weeks of proximity to the soiled or clean wet linen of the household, with the concomitant housemaids and washerwomen, not to speak of rats or cats. The thin paint here and there is chipped and leaves the wood bare, but the colour is unfaded, and the whole an interesting witness of costume and manners of the time.

Who knows what ambitious thoughts visited the lad as, leather-aproned, he swung the hammer? and how far these were stirred by Alyt Tuylt to devote the youth wholly to his palette? or what share the obstinate father of Alyt, who, according to the

* In the chapel of St. Anne in St. Peter's, Louvain, until 1794, when it was carried off by the French. Restored to Louvain in 1815, it was bought by the Brussels Museum in 1879 for 200,000 francs.

† Vide *Journal des Beaux-Arts*, p. 43.

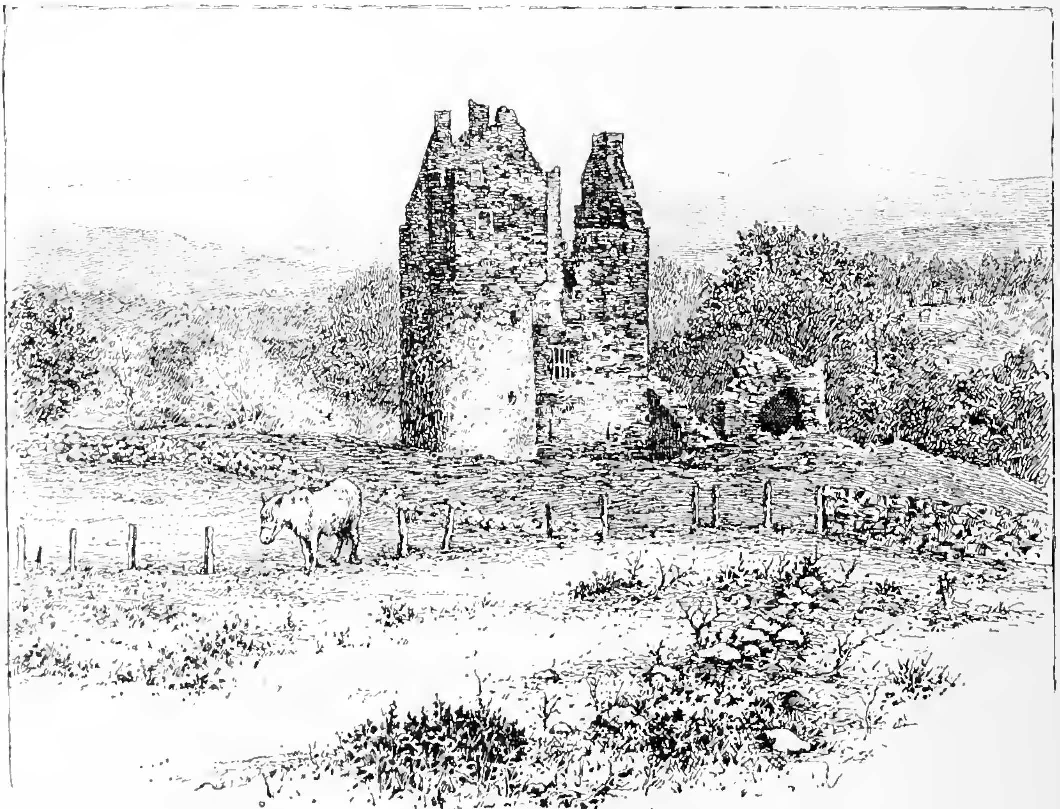
legend, would give her hand to none but one of his own trade, had in his future son-in-law's perseverance?

We conjecture that Quentin's first wife Alyt was of the Louvain family of Van Thuylt or Tuylt. In any case, her residence in Antwerp is not necessary to account for Quentin abandoning his native city when he did. The Queen of the Scheldt, as Antwerp was called, had succeeded Bruges in commerce, and was fast becoming one of the richest cities of the world. Here was a field for art superseding that afforded by any other city of the provinces. Prosperous as Louvain was, it had never recovered the downfall of its trade in the Fourteenth Century; it stood still, and, with its inland position, could not vie with Antwerp. Quentin's name is the first of importance inscribed in the records of the Guild of Painters of Antwerp when entered in 1491. Names of his pupils are inscribed in 1495, which points to a probability of his not having taken up his residence there upon matriculation, but rather when the family property was divided, and all, excepting Josse, removed to Antwerp in 1494. Alyt Tuylt bore Quentin six children, and died in 1507, leaving the genius she had fired with fresh, if not with primal, enthusiasm to work an undying name.

ANNIE E. EVANS.

THE RAPID SPEY.—II.

THE chief dwellers in Strathspey are the Clan Grant. According to the account of their own historians "their great progenitor was the god Wodin, who came out of Asia about the year



I.—MUCKERACH CASTLE.

600 B.C." Even if we give up this quaint tradition, still we can safely claim for the Grants a great historical record of many centuries, during which they have dwelt by the Spey. Their special possessions are "betwixt the two Craig Elachies;" and to devoted members of the clan it has seemed terrible that any other than a Grant should hold land there. These Craig Elachies are two great rocks on the Spey—the lower near the junction of that river with the Fiddich; the upper—that is, *the* Craig Elachie—

between Badenoch and Strathspey. "A mountain in flames" is the Grant crest, taken from it. The name means "rock of alarm," and in times of danger huge bale fires kindled on it, and seen far and wide throughout Strathspey, caused the clan to assemble. "Stand fast, Craig Elachie!" *was* the war-cry, and *is* to-day the motto, of the clan.

itself into an inorganic mass of rubbish. Restoration is quite a mistake. Have you ever noticed how commonplace the restored castles on the Rhine look? No one, we may safely predict, will try to restore the castles by Speyside; but were they so inclined they would have an immense variety to choose from. To tell of them fully, their history and

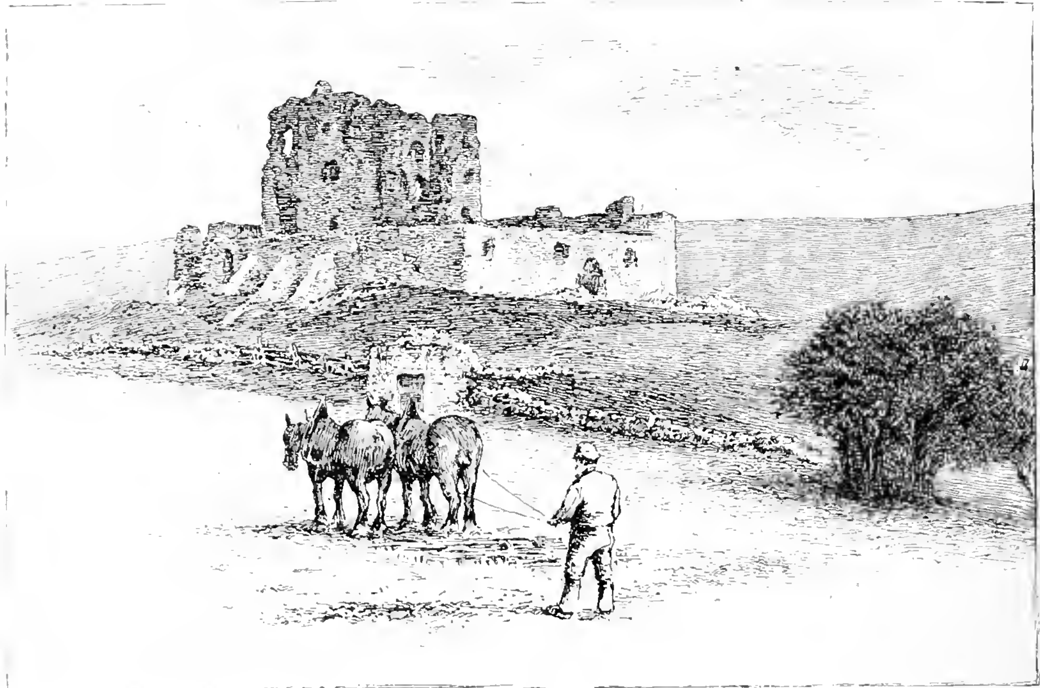
II.—THE SPEY BELOW ABERLOUR.

Old fortresses as well as present homes of the Grants are scattered over this district. One of the most picturesque of these old fortresses is Muckerach Castle, near Grantown (I.). Here the Grants of Rothiemurchus had their chief seat. It was built about 1598, which is not very old for a castle, at least. Probably it did not look half so well the day it was built as it does now. Castles are one of the few things that grow continually more beautiful with age, almost to that final point when the last wall crumbles and the whole building resolves

their legends, would take many pages. For instance, there is Auchindoun Castle (III.) on the Fiddich, a stately old building, which contained a "noble Gothic hall, its vaulted roof upborne on fluted pillars." It was worthy of its architect, Cochrane, that same unhappy artist whom the savage Scottish nobles contemptuously designated "the mason," and whom they ignominiously hung over Lauder Brig. This castle, if not quite a royal residence, yet is something very near it. Its annalist records that Queen Mary rode by it in 1562, and that "Queen

Victoria picnicked on the opposite bank with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon in 1867."

Another castle remarkable for the beauty of its situation is a ruined fortress of that romantic but disreputable character the Wolfe of Badenoch, which is situated on Loch-an-eilan, in the Rothiemurchus district: a district which contains Loch Phitulais (IV.) and many other beautiful sheets of water. The castle in Loch-an-eilan (V.) is built on a small island, which seems to have been artificially formed. Perhaps it was not a castle after all, but a religious house. There is hereabouts a tendency to put down every ruined building of an uncertain age as a habitation of the "Wolfe," who, through a long course of centuries, has very forcibly impressed the popular imagination. The name seems to us now fanciful, almost picturesque; but two centuries ago, when wolves were plentiful in the North, there was a terrible sound about it. Here is the very centre of the old forest. To-day, if you dig for peats in the heather-covered moors, you uncover tree-roots piled one above another. Trees had grown and decayed there for centuries; no one came to cut them down. In the lower hollows of the hills, in the glens and the deep forests, were many famous hiding-places for the wolves. A real and terrible danger this was once. You still come across the remains of the rude traps that were used to catch them; you still hear traditions of children carried away from unguarded huts, and desperate fights with benighted men in the cold and cruel winters. At one place the dead were regularly interred in an island, for there only were their graves safe from desecration.



III.—AUCHINDOUN CASTLE.

About two hundred years ago, a great fire destroyed most of the old forest. A large number of the wolves perished, the rest crowded together in a small clump of trees that escaped the fire. The people of the district there collected and destroyed them all, save one that escaped over the hills to Moy, where it devoured a mother and her child. The Laird of Mackintosh fixed a day for hunting it; but it happened that as one of the clansmen was going to the meeting-place he was obliged to pass over a narrow path that wound round the face of the rock. There he encountered the wolf face to face. After a terrible struggle he killed it, and, cutting off its head with his dirk, he proceeded to the meeting-place. There his chief bitterly reproached him with his tardy appearance. He replied by unwinding his plaid, when the wolf's head rolled on the ground.

In this same Rothiemurchus district there is a steep rock called "Craig na' iolar," or the Eagle's Crag. The place is, no doubt, suitable enough for eagles, for one half of the hill seems as if cut away, so that a sheer precipice from top to bottom remains. This is due, the story says, to a stroke of Fingal's sword. All day long he had hunted in the great forest, but without success, for he had forgotten or disdained to propitiate the goddess of the place, who appeared to him as an ugly old woman. Thus she

mocked all his efforts. Just as his dogs were about to drag down a swift stag which they had pursued for hours, the animal vanished into the air. When Fingal cut through a hart with his sword, the parts united themselves again, and his imagined prey continued its magic course. At evening he was forced to desist from his useless chase. He took his revenge as he went on the forest, "snedding" the tree-tops like thistles; and when he came by the hill, moved by some sudden impulse, he lifted his sword and cut it clean through.

There is many a tradition in the country around regarding this great but shadowy Celtic hero, though the stories themselves are vague and often unmeaning. As the "King of the Hills" says in words that to my mind have a touch of real pathos in them, for they seem prophetic of the fate of that race of which Fingal is the legendary representative:—"We shall pass away like a dream; no sound will be in the fields of our battles. Our tombs will be lost in the heath; the hunter shall not know the place of our rest. Our names may be heard in the song, but the strength of our arms will cease." It is scarcely necessary to tell the reader that this is a quotation from "Fingal: an Ancient Epic Poem in Six Books, together with several other Poems, composed by Ossian the Son of Fingal, translated from the Gaelic language by James Macpherson." "Ossian Macpherson," as friends and foes alike agreed to call him, was born by the Spey, and he finally acquired a fine property in Alvie, in the beautiful Kinrara district. He bought Raits Castle, an old seat of the Comyns, and having reconstructed it, as he did his Gaelic poetry, called it Belleville, and set himself down to play the Highland laird. He did it well too, was a considerate landlord, and was noted for his hospitality in a district where hospitality was too common to be called a virtue. "That sublime bard," as his neighbour, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, a once famous Highland blue-stocking, called him, was a strangely mixed character. He was madly conceited, and often did supremely foolish things; yet he had such a keen business faculty in him that every prank was made to pay. As Mrs. Grant said, "He got more by the old harp of Ossian than most of his predecessors could draw out of the silver strings of Apollo." Probably no poet ever asserted his place with more determined persistence. Like the heroes of his own conception, he delighted to "strike the bossy shield." He died at Belleville, 17th February, 1796, after leaving directions that his body should be taken to Westminster Abbey and interred in the Poets' Corner there. This was accordingly done. His remains lie there within a few feet of those of his great enemy, Dr. Johnson.

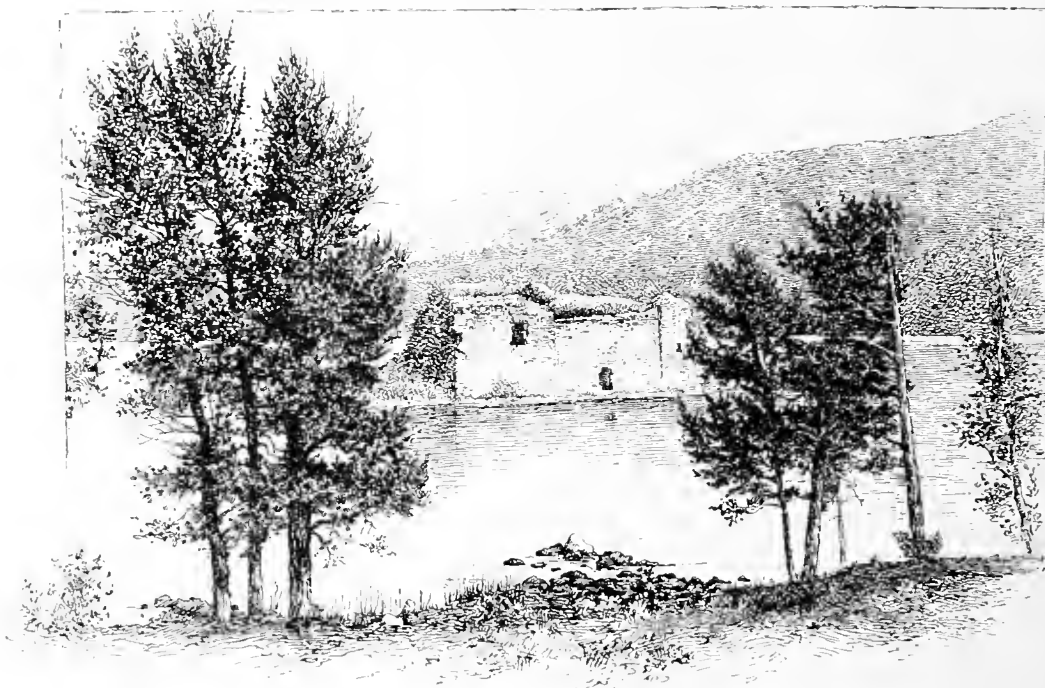
That his memory might be preserved in Speyside, he left £300 for a monument, which you may see to-day at Belleville; also he left £1,000 to publish the "originals"—those originals for which the doubting had so long called in vain. In due time they appeared; and now, said the faithful, was it not perfectly evident (to those acquainted with Gaelic) that Macpherson's translations but faintly reflected the perfect beauty of the original? Alas! the sceptics were no more convinced than before. They roundly averred that the originals were only translations into Gaelic of Macpherson's English! And yet when all is said there is something in the book. Napoleon, Goethe, and Byron had some grounds for their admiration of it. Perhaps Macpherson was himself a poet; perhaps he was just in time to catch some perishing fragments of old traditionary songs that expressed, as the border ballads do, the deepest feelings of a people. At any rate, there is some sound of

"Old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago."

IV.—LOCH PHITULAIS.

in them mixed with all the bombast. Now and again you cannot help saying: "It is thus the poet of the Highlands would sing."

Alvie has other monuments than those to James Macpherson. The "Beautiful Duchess of Gordon" (1746—1812) lived and died here. Her grave, too, is marked with a monument. On the hill called the Tor of Alvie, which rises near the river, there is a monument to the Gordon Highlanders who fell at Waterloo, "the 92nd Gordon Highlanders having been raised in Strathspey in 1794." This was just half a century after the '45. But as we all know, they were neither the first nor the last Highland force that did splendid service in British battle-fields. A fine idea that was of Pitt's to raise regiments in the Highlands, to turn, with a single touch as it were, the most bitter opponents of the Hanoverian dynasty into its most devoted defenders. The plan, too, had a good reflex action on the Highlanders. It expanded their views; it showed them new worlds to conquer in other things besides war; whilst those who returned after the campaigns bringing with them memories of foreign parts, elevated the notions of those that remained. Observers at the end of the last century expressed their surprise at the width, so to speak, of Highland ideas, and attributed it to this cause. But something of it was in the nature of the people. Dr. Johnson recorded, before this, that he who wished to see a barbarous state of society need not look for it in the Highlands. Even where the buildings were rudest the manners were courteous. Many passages in the famous "Journey to the Hebrides" prove this. The travellers entered



V.—THE OSPREY'S NEST, LOCH-AN-EILAN.

a poor hut where they were received by an old woman. "With true pastoral hospitality she asked us to sit down and drink whisky." But to me the most charming picture of all in the book is that of the innkeeper's daughter of Anoch—"not inelegant either in mien or dress"—who made tea for them one evening. "We knew that the girls of the Highlands were all gentlewomen," but to modest self-possession, dignity, and politeness, here was added charming grace. She expressed to the great traveller the compliment he paid to her country by his visit. The Doctor replied with stately compliments, whilst Mr. Boswell grimaced in the background. "I should not be pleased to think she forgets me," writes the old man.

It must not be supposed, from what we have said of Highland military virtues, that the men make in all respects good soldiers. Far from it. Their courage is undoubted, but they have the want of steady persistence that is the great curse of their race. One defeat and all is lost. A battle fought on the Spey in May, 1690, near Grantown, and known as the affair of the Haughs of Cromdale, strikingly shows this. The battle is not specially famous, and yet its effects were very great, for it completely destroyed the Highland resistance to the

VI. LOCH GUINACH, KINGUSSIE.

Revolution of 1688. It was thus much more momentous than the brilliant but useless victory of Killiecrankie, which the other side had gained some little time previous. The engagement was simply this:—The year after Killiecrankie a Highland army, with, it seems, no very definite object, and under the not very able leadership of Buchan, was wandering about the Spey. The men lay down to rest one night in a sheltered valley at the foot of Ben Cromdale. Sir Thomas Livingstone, the leader of the Government forces, led his men by the aid of an experienced guide and under the shelter of a dark night to the spot. Just at dawn they crept down a corrie upon their sleeping foes. There was scarcely any resistance. More than half were slain or captured. The rest escaped, almost naked, up into the mountains, where they were lost in the mist.

Of the mountains—Cairngorm and the rest of them—in Strathspey enough has been said. It only remains to add a word regarding the lochs which abound by Speyside. Some of these are due to an expansion of the river itself, others are the sources of its tributaries. Loch Guinach (VI.) and Loch Phitulais (IV.) are two of the most noteworthy. Quite apart from the natural interest which the traveller finds in these lochs, there is often a legendary interest attaching to them. Many of the legends that exist in the country are found to have some connection with them. This is because the castles of the old chiefs were built beside them, or on islands in them, and also because the fertile ground of the district is near them, and they thus became the centre of what human life and interest there was. Thus it was at Loch Phitulais that the last of the Cumins of Rothiemurchus fell into a trap laid for them by one Shaw, surnamed Bucktooth. The story is that he set an old woman on the top of the Calart, a small hill near, and that, though she was apparently busy with her distaff, her real object was to watch the approach of the Cumins. At length, by exclaiming to Shaw that "the goats were in the Calart," she signified to him exactly where his foes were. They were all killed, and some mounds near the Calart still mark their graves. The Shaws then peaceably enjoyed Rothiemurchus, till the son and successor of Bucktooth, on some slight cause of quarrel, murdered Dallas of Cantray. His mother thereupon carried the "title-deeds" (what these could possibly be it is extremely difficult to conjecture) to Castle Grant, and surrendered the property to the Laird. He handed over such rights as they might be supposed to give him to Peter of Muckerach, a very unscrupulous member of the clan. Peter, after a few more murders, acquired possession, and so the property passed into the hands of the Grants. This is not a very pleasant or interesting story, but it is a very good sample of Highland traditionary history, which is usually but a monotonous collection of murders. Now and again some deed of daring more than ordinary, some pathetic instance of devotion, strikes a light across the dreary gloom. It is only then that the traditions rise to the elevation of romance.

FRANCIS WATT.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT DORCHESTER HOUSE.

Though the collection at Dorchester House is less widely known than it deserves to be, and as regards reputation is not abreast of many galleries which are by no means equal to it in real worth, it is indubitably entitled to take very high rank among the private collections of England, both in right of the very fine quality of the works brought together, of their good condition, and of the taste with which the space at command has been utilised for their display. There is here material enough, in Italian and Spanish pictures alone, to make the reputation of two or three Roman palazzos of the second order; while the Flemish and Dutch schools are represented by choice and characteristic specimens, surpassed, indeed, by those of few private gatherings.

The schools least well represented are those of the Quattrocento; Flemish and German art of that period being almost, if not entirely, unrepresented, and the Italian schools of the same time but meagrely. Here is, however, by way of exception, a small "Madonna and Child," by Pietro Perugino, of undoubted genuineness and great charm (though the often over-indulgent Dr. Waagen is, with regard to this panel, critical and incredulous). It is now much darker, as to general tone and background, than is the typical work of this painter, and in this respect resembles one of his masterpieces, the "Virgin Appearing to St. Bernard," in the Munich Pinacothek, and also a panel in the Louvre. A large and important altar-piece—representing the Madonna enthroned in Ferrarese fashion between saints—by Cotignola, a curious second-rate painter of the Romagna, shows him to have worked under the influence of Marco Palmezzano, and also, it would appear, of Lorenzo Costa. The National Gallery possesses no specimen from his hand. Here, too, is an altar-

piece from the hand of another painter unrepresented in that magnificent collection, and this time a first-rate one — Gaudenzio Ferrari. It is an "Adoration," showing the Virgin in prayer before the infant Christ, attended by angels and worshipped by a cardinal donor; and if it does not reveal the highest qualities of the great Piedmontese painter, it is both interesting and characteristic. Scant justice has been done to Ferrari in England, where his works are comparatively unknown, while those of his sweeter and more seductive, though far less powerful and masculine contemporary, Bernardino Luini, are, not unjustly, accounted treasures of price. This is, perhaps, in a measure attributable to the fact that even in Italy, except at the Brera and the Turin gallery, his works are not very accessible to the general tourist; they being found chiefly in such comparatively little-visited towns as Vercelli, Varallo, Cannobbio, and Novara. It is impossible to accept as from the hand of Lionardo da Vinci himself a woman's head of small dimensions painted *en grisaille* on a panel grounded so as to have the tone of bare wood: the drawing of the features, and especially of the mouth and eyelids, has neither the subtlety nor the unerring power which characterise the work of the great founder of the later Lombard school, though one of his designs may very possibly have served as a model for this sketch. A "Virgin and Child," attributed to Fra Bartolommeo, but which, according to Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is a copy of an original formerly at Cortona, in the possession of a Signor Passerini, hangs too high for critical examination. The large "Holy Family" on panel, attributed to Andrea del Sarto, exhibits in the faces of the chief personages too much defective drawing to be allowed to pass muster as an original work of the "faultless" Florentine; it appears to be a school replica of a picture of similar subject at Madrid.

Let us pass to the Venetian schools, and speak at once of the pearl of the whole collection, Lorenzo Lotto's famous portrait known as the "Lucretia." This picture, of which we give an engraving, shows a young and beautiful lady, of Lombard rather than Venetian descent, for her rich fair tresses are crowned with a curiously-woven turban, such as the Lombard dames, but not their Venetian sisters, wore. She is richly, but for the period not over-elaborately, dressed in a robe of dark green and red, with few ornaments, and fronts the spectator, holding in her left hand a large drawing of the undraped Lucretia, in the act of stabbing herself (not the design of Marc Antonio after Raphael), to which she points with a strangely significant gesture: on a cartel, lying on the table at her left, is the inscription, "Nec ulla Lucretia impudica exemplo vivet." It is evident that here is no mere dilettante exhibiting a newly-acquired treasure, such as Lotto has immortalised in one of his most famous portraits, the "Andrea Odoni" of Hampton Court, so long accepted as a portrait of Baccio Bandinelli by Correggio. Nor is there about the picture anything of masquerading in pseudo-classical guise; it is no quaint conceit of a great lady steeped in the humanistic lore of the time, and choosing, with the frankness of self-laudation peculiar to the Renaissance, to be thus represented. The transient expression, which the painter has with extraordinary intuition grasped, and for ever stamped on the delicate, nobly-moulded features, is one of intense but repressed passion, of dauntless yet not stern resolve, revealing true feminine courage, untainted by the boldness of the virago; and so subtle is the art of the painter, that he achieves this result almost without

VIEW OF DORT.

(*Painted by Cuyp. Dorchester House.*)

ruffling the beautiful face, well-nigh classic in its purity, of his model. There can be but little doubt, we think, as to the reality of the tragic foreboding which seems to overshadow this young life. To identify the portrait, to obtain a clue to the mysterious circumstances under which it may be assumed to have come into existence, would be a fascinating task, which we need not despair of seeing some day successfully performed. Rare in Venetian art—especially when, after the disappearance of its most pathetic painter, Giorgione, it had attained its full meridian glory—is an achievement combining such passion, such subtlety, with so much pictorial charm. True, the colour is somewhat hot and lurid, and cannot compare with the richness and the golden glow of such a portrait as the "Bella di Tiziano" at the Pitti, or with Palma Vecchio's exquisite achievements in a cooler key at the Belvedere of Vienna. Yet it stands forth as possessing certain qualities which even the two great masters just mentioned did not attain in like measure, and should take its place as one of the masterpieces, in its peculiar way, of the Venetian school of the Sixteenth Century. The "Lucretia" is, moreover, a cogent proof that, whatever Lotto may in his early days have taken from his friend and fellow-worker, Palma Vecchio—and something, no doubt, he acquired, as is evidenced by the conception of female loveliness which the present picture furnishes—he rises to greater heights than his companion, and lets us divine an inner flame far more intense than ever animated the work of the consummate, the sincere, yet the somewhat unimaginative Palma.

Another picture of this collection, the interesting "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," bearing dubitatively the name of Giorgione, reveals certain analogies of style with the "Lucretia," and might well represent Lotto's Giorgionesque phase, though we hesitate to ascribe it with any certainty to him. The delicate features of the Judith, composed, yet fraught with tragic meaning, seem to bear a resemblance —which may be fancied—to those of the portrait, and the sharp lights, abruptly contrasted with masses of shade, are sufficiently in the earlier style of the Trevisan painter. A very rich and glowing "Santa Conversazione," justly ascribed to Bonifazio, belongs probably to the second of the family of painters of that name, since in it the influence of Titian has almost overcome that of Palma, which is paramount in the productions of the first of the family—Bonifazio Veronese. The half-length of a beautiful, richly-attired Venetian dame, in a high, pointed cap, belongs to the type commonly, though erroneously, designated as "Catarina Cornaro." It is here given, in accordance with Dr. Waagen's dictum, to Paolo Veronese, but its style has nothing in common with the silvery flesh-tones and variegated draperies of that great master; its rich golden underglow and general treatment reveal the hand of a follower of Titian.

PHILIP IV.

(Painted by Velasquez. Dorchester House.)

Three life-size full-lengths bear the great name of Velasquez. Of these the finest represents Philip IV. at the age of about twenty-five, standing almost facing the spectator, clad in light chain-armour, over which he wears a doublet of buff leather and a rich scarf of subdued crimson, embroidered with gold. It is with a certain amount of diffidence that we approach the discussion of this fine, harmoniously-composed

and harmoniously-coloured piece. It must, however, in frankness be said that it does not leave on the mind any convincing impression that it is from the hand of the incomparable Don Diego himself. We miss the vitality, the suppressed vivacity, which characterise his best work even of the earlier time; we seek in vain for the magic touches of his brush, such as are revealed even in our own full-length "Philip IV." from the Hamilton Collection—a picture probably painted a few years subsequently to the present work, and by no means one of the painter's masterpieces. On the other hand, it must be owned that the figure has much unaffected dignity, and stands supremely well; besides which—an important point in its favour—it does not appear to correspond exactly, or even nearly, to any known portrait of the monarch, as is the case with the replicas in the Louvre and in many English collections. The large "Conde Duque Olivarez" is one of many repetitions of the same subject, somewhat coarsely executed; and the full-length, by no means wanting in touches of power, of an elderly warrior, clad in half-armour, has still smaller pretensions to be considered a genuine Velasquez. *En revanche*, we have in the "Don Nicolas Omazurino" a very fine specimen of Murillo's excellence as a portrait-painter. It appears to have been painted about 1672, and shows, in point of style and execution, considerable analogy with the celebrated "Don Justino Neve," painted in 1678, and now belonging to the Marquis of Lansdowne. A portrait of the Duke of Osuña, also attributed to Murillo, appears to be an enlarged repetition of the small portrait by him in the La Caze Collection of the Louvre.

LUCRETIA.

(Painted by Lorenzo Lotto. Dorchester House.)

The Flemish school of the same century is represented by some masterpieces, which, apart from their

intrinsic excellence, are of considerable importance in the history of art. In the eyes of many connoisseurs, the finished sketch from the hand of Rubens for his great "Elevation of the Cross" in Antwerp Cathedral, will rank as the crowning attraction of the whole collection. The subject, which in the finished picture is divided into a central portion and two wings, is here given on one oblong canvas of comparatively small dimensions, but the composition, nevertheless, approximates very closely to that of the finished work. An additional proof of the authenticity of the sketch, if any such were wanted, would be furnished by the fact that certain figures, which in the Dorchester House design appear whole—notably that of the old man bending in intense effort at the very foot of the cross—have in the work itself been truncated, to suit the exigencies of the triptych form. In the extraordinary spontaneity and force of the composition, in the delicious brown, red, and silver tones which form the basis of the chromatic harmony, the hand of the master himself is unmistakably revealed. Especially the middle-distance, in which, against a sky illuminated by a strange lurid light, are seen the two thieves, one prone and already nailed to his cross, the other about to be thrown down by armed men, is of truly magical power. A coat of thick glassy varnish somewhat mars the enjoyment afforded by this exquisite study.

Van Dyck, too, is exceptionally well represented: first, by the original sketch for a famous work of his youth, the "St. Martin" of the church of Saventhem; next, by a fine specimen of his Italian manner, the portrait of the Marchesa Balbi, a member of the great Genoese family of that name. Her features have a singular resemblance to those of the anonymous lady whom Van Dyck has represented with her child in the portrait No. 149 which adorns the Long Gallery of the Louvre. Lastly, we have the magnificent portrait of the Abbé Scaglia, delineated in a large full-length, erect, but half leaning for support against the plinth of a pillar, in a very characteristic attitude of repose, fronting the spectator. The exquisite subtlety with which the head and hands are modelled, and the silvery delicacy of the flesh-tones, show the increased refinement and skill of Van Dyck's latest period, while the presentment has a life and vigour which recall the earlier and more masculine works of the artist. It would appear that it was painted in 1634, during his last visit to his native country; so that it belongs to the same year as Mr. Ayscough Fawkes's magnificent but very different "Duchess of Arenberg" (?), shown last winter at Burlington House. Judging by these works, Van Dyck, like Antaeus, must have derived fresh vitality, fresh energy, from renewed contact with his mother-earth, bringing, as it no doubt did, comparative repose, and a temporary severance from the weakening influences which surrounded him in England.

Holland shows to the full as brilliantly in the galleries of Dorchester House as the sister provinces. It is, however, impossible to do more than indicate some few of the chief ornaments of the collection belonging to the Dutch schools. Rembrandt is adequately represented by the fine portrait of Martin Looten, a work of the early time of the painter, marked by the careful realism of that period, and already full of decision and character. Like most productions of those years, it is in very good preservation; the date inscribed is "January, 1632," so that the picture belongs to the same year as the famous "Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Tulp," at the Hague, which work it resembles in style and execution. There are few, if indeed any, finer Cuyps in existence than the great "View of Dort" here, formerly divided into two separate canvases, then entitled "Morning" and "Evening," but which have been very skilfully and successfully joined, so as to restore the picture to its original shape. It shows the town to the left, at much closer quarters than usual, with the church-tower which the painter has immortalised, and with a less familiar, elaborately-decorated town hall, as prominent features; the river, heavily laden with shipping, fills up the foreground and middle-distance. Especially exquisite is the rendering of a mill and group of yellow-walled, red-roofed houses, bathed, and, as it were, saturated with the tempered rays of the afternoon sun. Three specimens of Teniers are of first-rate quality; two of them, a small "Village Festival" with miniature figures, and a "Bowling Alley," being painted with a *mäestria*, a delicate sharpness of touch, remarkable even in him; and what is more, with a zest and a close and immediate reference to nature which is not always to be found in his works. The colouring of these admirable pieces is, however, browner and less silvery than in some of the painter's best performances. The finished and admirable, if somewhat conventional, work of Adrian Van der Velde is represented by a landscape with cattle, of unusual size and importance; Karel du Jardin appears with two capital works; Paul Potter with a curious specimen, signed and dated 1647, showing donkeys munching thistles, with goats and other animals, in a landscape overshadowed by a lurid sky, in which the painter has somewhat ineffectually striven to reproduce the curious atmospheric effect of a coming storm. Philip Wouverman is represented by several specimens of exquisite quality and admirable preservation—scarcely paralleled in these

respects save by those of Cassel: a Jan Both of unusual size and importance bears the name, "St. Philip Baptising the Eunuch."

The French school of the Eighteenth Century is represented in its earlier stage by a pretty, delicate "L'Escarpolette," the work of Jean-Baptiste Pater, who does not suffer here from the vicinity of his master Watteau; in its later by a "Girl with a Dove," a specimen of Greuze's most popular style; and above all by one of the same painter's very best portraits—that of an old grey-haired lady, wearing a black silk mantle and a very elaborate "tuyauté" cap of white gauze. This has a real pathos rare even in his portraits, in which, however, he always shows himself less affected, and more genuinely artistic, than in the semi-sentimental, wholly meretricious futilities which are chiefly associated with his name.

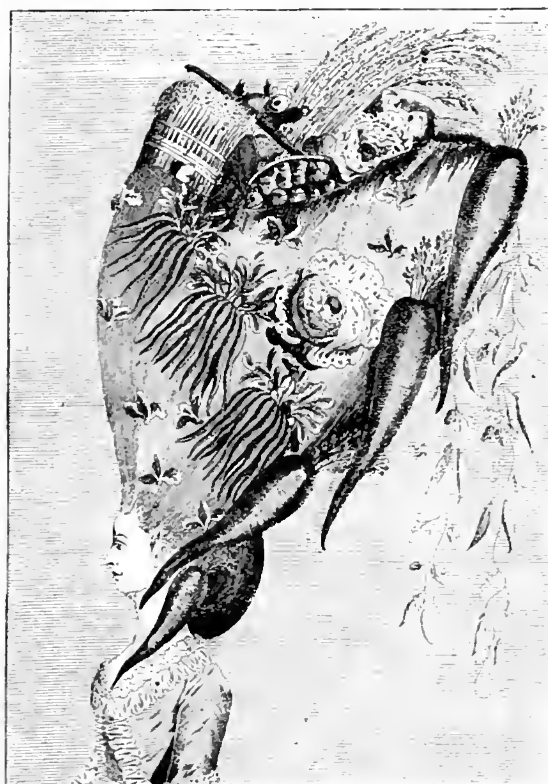
CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

FEMALE HEAD-GEAR.

LATER EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

THE hopes excited by the death of Louis XV. expressed themselves in head-dresses surrounded by ears of wheat. A complete revolution in favour of simplicity seemed probable, for Marie Antoinette fully appreciated the freedom it gave. But fashion seems strong as fate; the young queen took the virus, and with the aid of her milliner, Mlle. Bertin, and her hairdresser, Léonard, she reopened the mad dance in fashions so preposterous, that, sending her portrait to her mother, the Empress Maria Theresa, it was returned with the remark that there was some mistake, for the portrait of an actress had been received, and not that of a queen of France. This, however, was Marie Antoinette's idea of her vocation: "I am on the stage," she said, "and shall be hissed or applauded." Not only her mother, but her brother, the Emperor Joseph II., was annoyed by this weakness. When the latter came to see her at Paris, he could not suppress his vexation. Seeing her one day laying on the rouge very thick, preparatory to going to the play, he said, pointing to a lady in the room whose face was blazing with paint, "A little more under the eyes; lay on the rouge like a fury, as that lady does."

However, it is doubtful whether Maria Theresa herself could have resisted such a legion of devils as possessed the Court at Versailles. They lay all round in ambush, and found their advantage in the young queen's craving for dressing her head (III.). One day she saw the Duc de Lauzun in uniform, his hat adorned with a most magnificent plume of white heron's feathers. The duke being told the queen admired the plume, offered it to her. It was accepted and worn; whereupon the donor supposed he had made a conquest, and became so insulting that the queen said, "That man shall never again come within my doors."



THE GREEN STALL.

About 1775 the feathered head-dress reached its climax. The Duchess of Devonshire wore an ostrich feather more than four feet long, and as she was a reigning queen in the domain of fashion, there was quite a rage for towering feathers. As on former occasions, the ladies became so tall that they could not enter the door of any room. Queen Charlotte tried to stop the practice by forbidding feathers at Court; but nothing succeeded until Foote appeared as Lady Pentweazle, with a head-dress at least a yard wide, and no doubt correspondingly high, stuck full of feathers. The king and queen, who were present, greatly enjoyed the caricature; and, to heighten the joke, the whole apparatus of feathers, hair, and wool fell off as Lady Pentweazle waddled off the stage. In this same year Madame Campan relates

in her memoirs how Marie Antoinette one day found a peacock's feather on her toilet-table. Of course it went on to her head; the effect pleased her; she put on a second, then she added some ostrich feathers. The king came in at the moment; never had he seen a head so well dressed.

Before 1778 the top knot had been placed literally on the top of the head, and even in advance, so that all the caps of the time, like the one in which Queen Charlotte appears in her portrait at South Kensington, were made to fit this arrangement. But in that year a new style came into vogue in France, called the "hérisson" (VII.). The hair was drawn up into a very high higgledy-piggledy tuft, which was frizzed at the points and maintained by a ribbon cut circularly. This fashion quickly modified to the "demi-hérisson," continued some years. The various stages of hair were adorned with flowers, garlands, gauze articles, pearls, ribbons, lace, fringes, tassels, and plumes. This magnificent apparatus was at least two feet, and under it the face looked quite diminutive. The names given at this time to head-dresses were more ridiculous than ever. Their various styles were spoken of as the Butterfly, the Spaniel's-ears, the Drowned-chicken, the Indian-chestnut-tree, the Brushes, the Round-table, the Chest-of-drawers, the Cabriolet, the Mad-dog, the Sportsman-in-the-Coppice. But all these absurdities paled before a certain head-dress of prodigious height, which represented precipitous hills, enamelled fields, silver streams, foaming torrents, symmetrical gardens, and an English park. This last ornament suggests the birthplace of this marvellous exhibition, which our authority tells us appeared in France in 1778. In one of Hannah More's letters she thus refers to the English fashions of 1777:—"The other night we had a great deal of company—eleven damsels, to say nothing of men. I protest I hardly do them justice when I pronounce that they had, amongst them, on their heads, an acre and a half of shrubbery, besides slopes, grass-plots, tulip-beds, clumps of peonies, kitchen-gardens, and greenhouses" (I.). These amazing follies found their foes in the theatre. In France they so intercepted the sight of those who sat in the hinder tiers that they were finally refused admittance into the amphitheatre, and Garrick put them to flight in England by appearing as Sir John Brute, dressed in female attire, with his cap

II.—AFTER GAINSBOROUGH, 1790.

decorated with vegetables, an enormous carrot hanging on either side.

Head-dresses of the kind we have been describing completely disorganised the etiquette of the royal bedchamber at Versailles. In the earlier years of Marie Antoinette's career, the royal chemise was put over her head by a lady of honour—the highest in rank present: but when hair-balloons and market-gardens became the fashion, the body-linen had to be put on from below, an operation which it would be dangerous for a lady in similar predicament to attempt. Consequently the queen retired to the closet, and gave herself up to professional dressers.

It would be going beyond the bounds of probability to suppose that that closet was the source of all the fantastical fashions which at this time oppressed the female head in Europe. Wherever a fashion came from, it received in Paris that deft and artful rendering, the peculiar gift of its handicraftsmen. There are not wanting signs that some of them originated in London, and it is well known that there was a wistful looking towards England in the latter part of the reign of Louis XVI., which in dress became the *Anglomanie*. So it would seem as if the club head-dress, with its broad braided bands of hair crossing each other, had become unfashionable in England before it was so in France.

III. - MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1783.

In 1775 the English ladies covered their heads in small curls, with pearl pins and starred leaves, two curls dropped on the ears, and great feathers, white or coloured, were worn. In 1776 the hair was drawn up and thrown back, the hind hair being worn in a puff bag, with slab curls above it, and intermixed with white tiffany and beads. In the next year, 1777, the fashion is described in the lines:—

> "Give Chloe a bushel of horsehair and wool,
> Of paste and pomatum a pound,
> Ten yards of gay ribbon to deck her sweet skull,
> And gauze to encompass it round."

According to one writer (1776) the apex of this powdered edifice was at times surmounted by a parroquet, its wings and tail extended.

That absurdities as gross as any that disgraced Versailles and St. James's were to be seen in Berlin and Potsdam, we learn from the admirable character-drawings in which Chodowiecki has preserved for us the life of the men and women who lived, moved, and had their being in the Prussia made by Frederick II. Whatever else Carlyle's great hero succeeded in doing, he did not create an elect people animated by more exalted thoughts than the rest of Europe. Costume in Berlin was much the same as in Paris or London; all the ridiculous head-dresses we find in these latter cities appear on the heads of Prussian women in the drawings by Chodowiecki; sometimes, indeed, in forms so extreme that we are inclined to credit the artist with increasing the absurdity by touches of his inimitable pencil. Thus he gives us two, called Affectation and Taste. In the latter the coiffure belongs to the year 1777; in the former the hair is raised so that the general contour is that of a triangle standing on its apex, with two great bunches of curls hanging down at the sides; above, a wide ribbon surmounts the spreading hair like a garland with two streamers; on this rises an enormous structure shaped like the English crown, and formed of large leaves in lace, and superadded was a bouquet at the side. This head-dress is here illustrated in a cut (IX.), which is not taken from the character-drawing just described, but from an ordinary fashion-plate by the same artist. The habit of wearing the hat like the visor of a helmet, flat upon the forehead, common at this time in England, was, it would seem, the fashion in Germany. The same mode of wearing the bonnet was in vogue in Paris; this style of head-gear taking various forms, with the captivating names of "à l'Artiste," "à la Carmélite," "au Lever de la Reine," "à la Novice de Cythère," and "à la Prêtresse de Vénus."

IV.—"OREILLES DE CHIEN." V. AND VI.—REVOLUTIONARY ENGLISH.

In 1780 there was a vast difference between head-dressing in London and Paris. The English ladies were wearing enormous plumes of feathers of all colours, with chains of pearls or beads hanging round the mass of hair, which formed the outside covering of the "bushel of horsehair or wool" within. Bunches of flowers were stuck about the head, surmounted by large butterflies, caterpillars, &c., in blown glass, as well as models of coaches and horses. This last fashion was the subject of caricature. In one of the year 1777 the hair is drawn up and extends backwards perhaps a yard. On the summit a hearse, drawn by six horses, and loaded with plumes, is seen slowly crawling down the mountain of hair. At the base of the print is the legend: "A safe and effectual preparation for the next world." In the year 1780 the Parisian ladies all cut off their locks and adopted a new coiffure, called "à l'Enfant," the queen having just had an illness in which she lost her hair.

VII.—THE HÉRISSON: AFTER CHODOWIECKI.

Probably this sudden change in Fashion's barometer produced that vacillation which a satirist of 1780 thus reproached:—

> "Now dress'd in a cap, now naked in none,
> Now loose in a mob, now close in a Joan;
> * * * * * *
> Like the clock in the tower that shows you the weather,
> You are hardly the same for two days together."

But the fall in 1780 of the Parisian head-dress was soon made up for by the immense extension which it took on both sides. In one of Gilray's caricatures a head, supposed to represent the unfortunate Perdita, is portrayed in an enormous cap, the crown of which is fluted with two great rows of perpendicular frills over the forehead. In 1786 the Paris head-dress was really awful, absolutely a lion's mane, frizzed with regular

curls, and a great garland at the top, with an enormous plume of three feathers arising out of some drapery at the back. Our illustration (VIII.),

VIII.—AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 1786.

taken from Sir Joshua, gives this fashion as worn by people who avoided the extreme in fashion—Hannah More, for example. For heads so hydrocephalous, enormous hoods were required which, when blown out by the wind, must have given a lady the appearance of walking about with a tub on her shoulders; hats with an immense circumference of brim, turning down back and front into a half-circle, with a flat crown and plumes of feathers, tied beneath the chin with broad ribbons; mob-caps of prodigious dimensions, with a deep penthouse of fluted border and a broad ribbon hanging in long streamers behind (V.). I should add that these enormous manes, once the fashion, were built up by means of pads.

The hats adopted by the ladies, French and English, in 1789 and 1790, exceed imagination in their eccentricity. They were sometimes of the shape of the immortal chimney-pot: only, in addition, there was an abundance of ribbon and gauze, and perhaps a great sprig of flowers stuck in front of the crown. Mostly the rims were of enormous dimensions, almost the size of a parasol, with the crown rising like an immense mob-cap, adorned with a vast rosette of broad ribbons in front. Under the discriminating taste of a Gainsborough this hat could be made to set off a very ordinary face (II.); but its grotesque effect as worn by the ordinary Englishwoman can better be judged in Morland's more realistic delineations.

Rousseau's doctrine of a return to Simplicity and Nature had reduced poor Society to a state of bewildered anarchy. Educated in the Courts of the Louises and the Georges, it mistook ugliness for simplicity, negligence for nature, licence for liberty. Women became scarecrows; and nothing in all we have described or depicted exceeds the astonishing frightfulness of the female head-dress in England at the moment the French Revolution is opening (V. and VI.). That wonderful bit of grotesqueness entitled "En Oreilles de Chien" (IV.) is hardly human.

Is there nothing in all this; is costume a vagary governed by no law, a nice bit of fancy wholly divorced from the interior of the society which thus arrays itself? Quite impossible: the outer form and inner mind are closely allied. "He who knows the costume of a period almost understands it," says Henri Martin, one of the most judicious of historians. So we think; and only the ever-increasing certainty that these trifles, taken on a large scale and studied consecutively, lead to results more purely historic than could be found in tomes of State papers could ever repay the student for wading through such painful rubbish.

Not that we pretend that the constant disease evident in what is called "Society" is a perfect diagnosis of the life of Christendom. With it we must ever take the real history of the people: a history not yet written, and only lately thought of; a history, however, for which there is ample material, and which will some day—when the true meanings

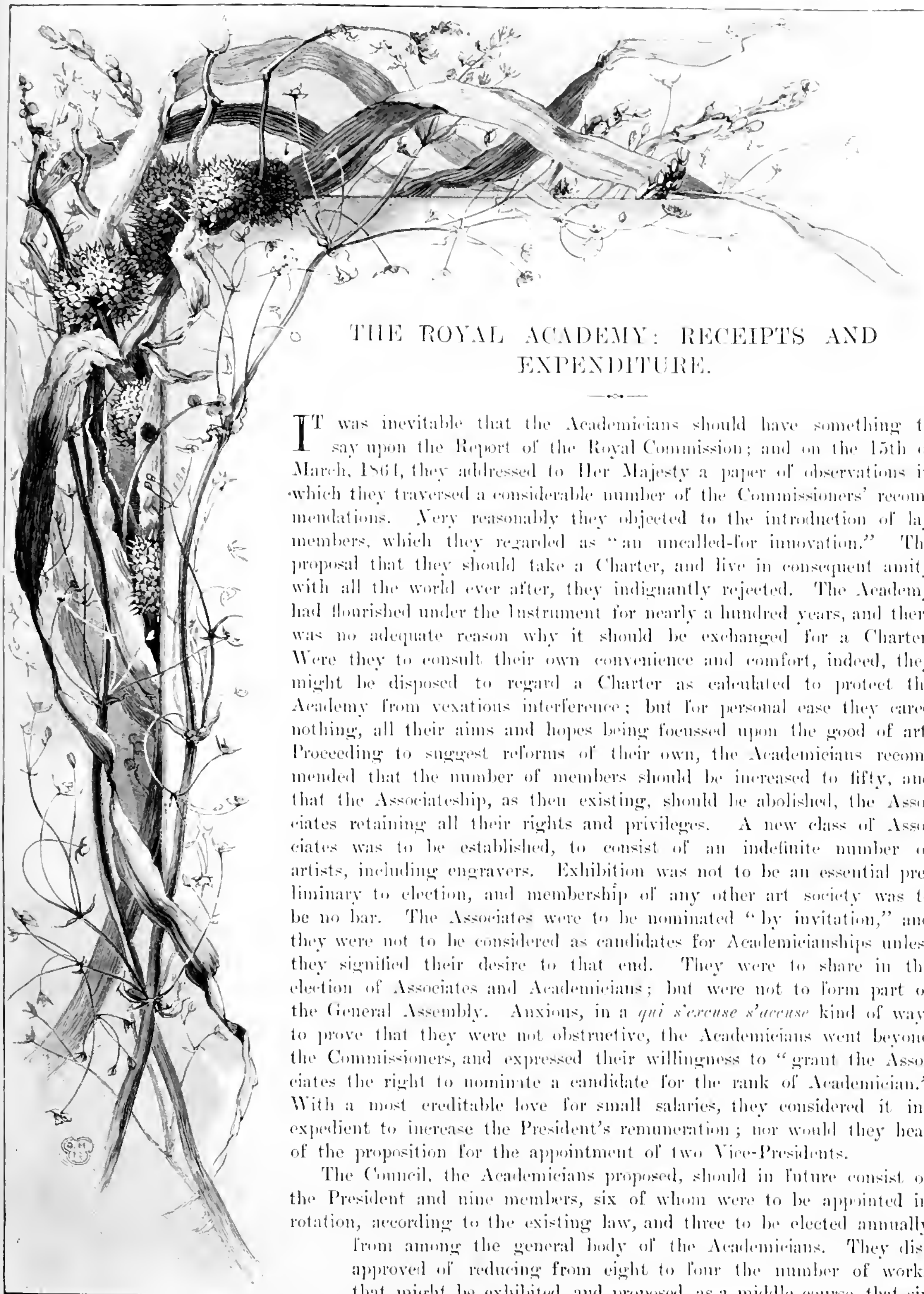
IX.—AFTER CHODOWIECKI, 1777.

of knowledge are fully understood—relegate to its place in the extreme background a vast proportion of that which now goes to make up the ordinary historical primer.

RICHARD HEATH.

A BROKEN SWORD.

(Written by Austin Dobson. Designed by Fred Barnard.)



THE ROYAL ACADEMY: RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

IT was inevitable that the Academicians should have something to say upon the Report of the Royal Commission; and on the 15th of March, 1864, they addressed to Her Majesty a paper of observations in which they traversed a considerable number of the Commissioners' recommendations. Very reasonably they objected to the introduction of lay members, which they regarded as "an uncalled-for innovation." The proposal that they should take a Charter, and live in consequent amity with all the world ever after, they indignantly rejected. The Academy had flourished under the Instrument for nearly a hundred years, and there was no adequate reason why it should be exchanged for a Charter. Were they to consult their own convenience and comfort, indeed, they might be disposed to regard a Charter as calculated to protect the Academy from vexatious interference; but for personal ease they cared nothing, all their aims and hopes being focussed upon the good of art. Proceeding to suggest reforms of their own, the Academicians recommended that the number of members should be increased to fifty, and that the Associateship, as then existing, should be abolished, the Associates retaining all their rights and privileges. A new class of Associates was to be established, to consist of an indefinite number of artists, including engravers. Exhibition was not to be an essential preliminary to election, and membership of any other art society was to be no bar. The Associates were to be nominated "by invitation," and they were not to be considered as candidates for Academicianships unless they signified their desire to that end. They were to share in the election of Associates and Academicians; but were not to form part of the General Assembly. Anxious, in a *qui s'excuse s'accuse* kind of way, to prove that they were not obstructive, the Academicians went beyond the Commissioners, and expressed their willingness to "grant the Associates the right to nominate a candidate for the rank of Academician." With a most creditable love for small salaries, they considered it inexpedient to increase the President's remuneration; nor would they hear of the proposition for the appointment of two Vice-Presidents.

The Council, the Academicians proposed, should in future consist of the President and nine members, six of whom were to be appointed in rotation, according to the existing law, and three to be elected annually from among the general body of the Academicians. They disapproved of reducing from eight to four the number of works that might be exhibited, and proposed, as a middle course, that six

should be made the limit, since "it might be occasionally desirable, with a view to the character and effect of the Exhibition, to have more than four works by one artist." The Academicians did not believe that any enlargement of the Hanging Committee would render complaints less numerous. They objected to the presence of laymen on the Committees of selection and arrangement, and also to the presence of Associates, who, as candidates for Academicianships, would be in a wrong position in either body. As to teaching, the R.A.'s dissented altogether from the costly methods recommended by the Commissioners, and proposed a variety of alternative arrangements. They would appoint a School Committee of eight members of the Academy: four painters, two sculptors, and two architects; to be elected annually, and to have complete control over schools, masters, and students. A Director of the Schools would be too expensive, and this Committee would do just as well. As soon as sufficient space was obtained, a room should be set apart for students of architecture, and another for "architectural models" of ancient and modern buildings. The Committee were to inspect the schools sometimes in a body and sometimes individually. The teaching must continue to be gratuitous; but the Academy would do the bidding of the Commissioners as regarded the appointing of a Professor of Chemistry. The Academicians failed to comprehend the difference between the existing travelling studentships and the Art Scholarships of the Commissioners; moreover they could not afford a greatly increased outlay upon this head. These observations concluded with a parting shot at the Royal Commission, which, although it certainly was a stupid body, savoured of defiance. The Commissioners, it was observed, had among them not a single artist; yet they did not hesitate to propose that laymen should assist in administering the affairs of the Academy; and since the Commission consisted entirely of unprofessional men, its recommendations were to be regarded "in some respects as open to question." Of course no action was ever taken upon the Report, and the affairs of the Royal Academy are still conducted in precisely the same fashion as before the Commission was appointed. There is, however, one little further episode which should be mentioned. In 1865 the Government offered the Academy a portion of the site of Burlington House for the erection of the more spacious buildings which had so long been wanting. Accompanying the offer was a little moral lecture: to the effect that the public interest required the enlargement of the constituent body of the Academy, the increase of the Academicians from forty-two to fifty, and of the Associates from twenty to forty, and that the Associates should be given equal rights with the members in the elections to both the higher and the lower dignity. The site, or rather an equivalent one—for the Piccadilly frontage had been offered—was accepted; but it was stipulated that it was to be clearly understood the Academy was independent of Parliamentary control, and that such alterations as were made in the constitution of the Academy were to be regarded as due to the unfettered initiative of the members, and not as a condition of the gift of a site. A lively correspondence followed, which ended in the Council refusing to increase the number of Academicians, while expressing its willingness to elect an indefinite number of Associates, with power to vote at all elections.

The appointment of a professional auditor, and the annual publication of accounts, were two of the concessions promised by the Council of the Royal Academy in its observations upon the Report of the Royal Commission of 1863; neither of these promises has been kept. One of the most serious charges against the Institution had for fifty years been that it kept secret the details of its receipts and expenditure. It is possible, however, from various sources, to bring together a mass of figures which supply something approaching to a complete view of the Academy's finances from its early years down to 1862. The first exhibition was opened on April 26th, 1769; it remained open a little more than a month, and the proceeds were £699 17s. 9d., or a net profit, after deducting expenses, of £583. From this sum grants were made to twenty-six persons—artists and the widows and children of artists, in accordance with the seventeenth section of the Instrument, to the amount of £146; and in addition an artist's son was apprenticed to a wig-maker at a premium of seven guineas. The balance of the money was applied to the general expenses of the Academy, which were so large that the sum of £903 17s. 7d. had to be drawn from the Privy Purse of George III. to meet them. In the Academy's second year the receipts from the exhibition were £971, and the total expenditure, including grants and the cost of maintaining the schools, exceeded the incomings by £727, which was again supplied from the convenient Privy Purse. In the third year the receipts went up to £1,124, and the Privy Purse supplied £669. In 1772 the deficiency was nearly as large; but in 1773 it fell to £458; and 1780, when the debit balance was £144, still made good from the Privy Purse, was the last year in which the Academy had to ask for pecuniary help. From that time forward it was self-supporting. By 1791 the receipts had increased to £2,954, out of which a considerable sum was saved; and indeed the Academy had then been saving for some years. In 1785 its accumulations had reached £8,100; in 1796, thanks a good deal to the benevolent operations of compound interest, they were £13,800. This was the year in

which the Pension Fund was established. In 1799 the Academy felt itself rich enough to return a small portion of the money it had received from the Privy Purse in the guise of a gift of £500 to the Government towards the pressing "exigencies of State" —the smashing of Bonaparte to wit. Another £500 was offered in 1803; this time for the relief of sufferers from the war; but George III. thought there was no justification for the spending of money upon objects unconnected with the arts, and vetoed the subscription. In 1809 the Academy possessed £26,000 stock, which produced an income of £700 a year. At that time the total annual receipts averaged £2,898, and about £500 a year was usually added to the accumulations. It was decided to make an effort to rapidly increase the income from the funds to £1,000 a year; and to this end the number of invitations to the annual dinner was restricted to 150, and the price of the catalogue raised to a shilling. The net income was by these means increased by £700. In 1820 the income had increased to £6,299, of which £4,650 was the product of the exhibition. In the course of the next twenty years the funds yielded by the exhibitions steadily increased, until, in 1840, £6,193 was received from this source alone. In 1850 the exhibition revenue was £6,177, and the amount expended upon pensions was £700, exclusive of miscellaneous grants in aid. It was, however, in 1851—the Exhibition year—that the revenue of the Academy first increased by leaps and bounds. The admissions to the exhibition in Trafalgar Square in that year reached the large total of £9,017. It might have been expected that it would be long indeed before the receipts again mounted so high, and for some years there was a falling-off; but in 1860, £10,900 was taken at the doors of the Academy.

In his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1836, Sir Martin Shee stated that the total sum expended from the formation of the Academy to that date in pensions to decayed members was £11,106; distressed artists not members of the Academy had during the same period received £19,249. The receipts from the exhibitions at that time averaged from £4,000 to £5,000 a year. The salaries of the officials were small: the Keeper, who had a great deal to do, received £160; the Secretary, £140; Treasurer (appointed direct by the Crown), £100; and the Librarian, for attending three times weekly, £80. Every member who attended a General Meeting was allowed a fee of 5s.; and at each meeting of the Council £2 5s. was distributed among the members present, who usually received between 5s. and 6s. each. The fees of the Professors were £60 for each course of six lectures; but the rule of the Academy was no lecture no fee. Some years later, it may here be said, Sir Martin Shee was given a salary of £300 a year as President, and the payment has been continued to successive Presidents ever since. Mr. Henry Howard, R.A., the Secretary, who gave evidence at the same inquiry, stated that the funded resources of the Academy at that time (1836) were £47,000—invested in the names of the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a fourth elected Trustee. The annual dinner cost from £250 to £300. The members of the Hanging Committee received a gratification of two guineas each for their trouble. During the preceding sixty years the Academy had fostered art in England at a cost of £240,000. From the evidence of Sir Charles Eastlake before the Royal Commission of 1863 it appeared that since 1836 the salary of the Secretary had been increased from £140 to £400; that of the Keeper from £160 to £200 and a house; and that of the Librarian from £80 to £120; while a new official, called a Registrar, had been invented at a salary of £200. Sir Charles added that there was no audit of the accounts, save by members of the Academy. The savings amounted then to £141,382, including the Turner bequest of over £20,000. At this time the cost of the banquet had increased to £320; the *soirée* at the close of the exhibition cost a little more than £100. The average income of the Academy for the three years preceding 1863 was £13,272, and the average expenditure £8,063. There was thus a very comfortable annual surplus.

In 1860 the Academy, yielding to pressure, published a sort of account of its receipts and expenditure from 1769 to the end of 1859. In the ninety-one years the maintenance of the schools, the general management of the Academy, and a few minor expenses absorbed £218,169. Members and their families, and distressed artists unconnected with the Academy, received in pensions and donations £61,511. The net total—that is to say, the clear profit—yielded by the exhibitions from 1769 to 1859 inclusive was £267,583 15s. 5d. The "unearned increment"—dividends from invested funds, and the several grants made from the Privy Purse—amounted to £96,683. These sums, added to the £20,213 of the Turner bequest, elevated the Academy's total receipts to the noble sum of £384,480. The aggregate of the expenditure was very comfortably less —£10,499 less indeed—the which was snugly invested in the Three per cents. Further statistics, presented to the Royal Commission, showed that the total expenditure upon the schools from 1769 to 1862 was £142,716, and that the number of students educated was 2,825. During this period of ninety-three years £65,000 was expended upon pensions and donations. In 1862 the savings were £6,178, which increased the total in the funds to £141,793.

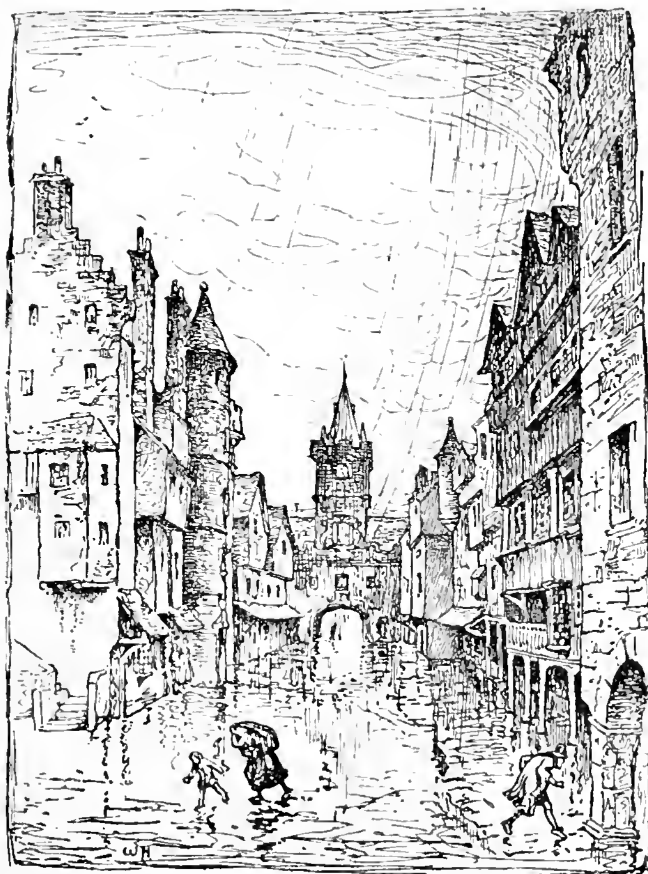
J. Penderel-Brodhurst.

A NUNNERY, BRUGES

OLD EDINBURGH.*

FOLLOWING the excellent example of the "Old London Street" in the International Exhibition of the metropolis, the directors of the Edinburgh Exhibition have added a very popular element to their display in a reproduction of some of the most interesting and picturesque of the edifices that formerly graced their "romantic town." The designs to be adopted for this Old Edinburgh Street were fixed upon by open competition; and the choice fell upon those submitted by Mr. Sydney Mitchell, the young architect who executed for Mr. Gladstone that restoration of the ancient City Cross which he presented to Edinburgh. The selection has proved in every way a fortunate one. Mr. Mitchell has entered upon his work with both knowledge and sympathy, and has executed it—as our selection from the graphic little sketches of Mr. W. B. Hole will show—with substantial correctness, and with taste as well.

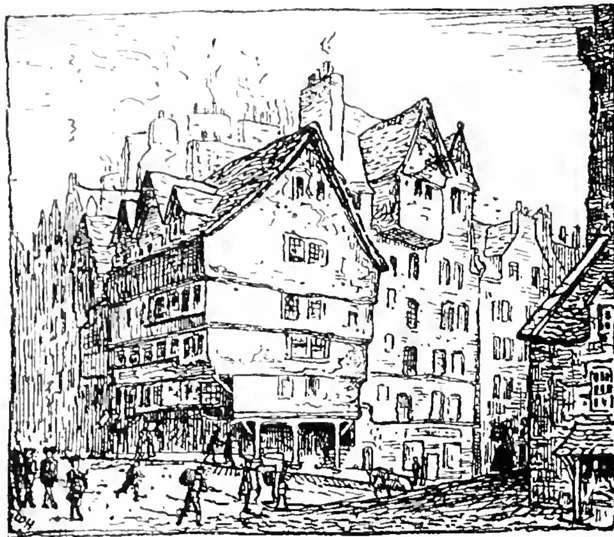
As we have indicated, we are presented with reproductions only of such buildings as are now among the things of the past, as have vanished before the invasion of modern utilitarian improvement: surviving structures like Knox's House, Ramsay's Shop, and the thick-set square tower of St. Mary Magdalene's Chapel, with its quaint guild-hall beneath, in which the old Scotch painted glass—rare, indeed, in this ultra-iconoclastic land—is still *in situ*, are left to be discovered, in their very actuality, by the visitor. But in his re-creation of the past, Mr. Mitchell has been in possession of unusually full and accurate material. Scotland has always been fortunate in the number and the enthusiasm of her antiquaries—immortalised by Sir Walter in the person of one of the earlier and less critical of the fraternity. Among the artists, Turner, Nasmyth, Gibson, Ewbank, Lizars,



VIEW IN THE "OLD EDINBURGH" STREET.

* "The Book of Old Edinburgh." By J. C. and A. H. Dunlop. Illustrated by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. (Edinburgh: Constable.)

Somerville, Drummond, Wilson, and quite recently Mrs. Stewart Smith and Mr. Le Conte, Mr. J. M.

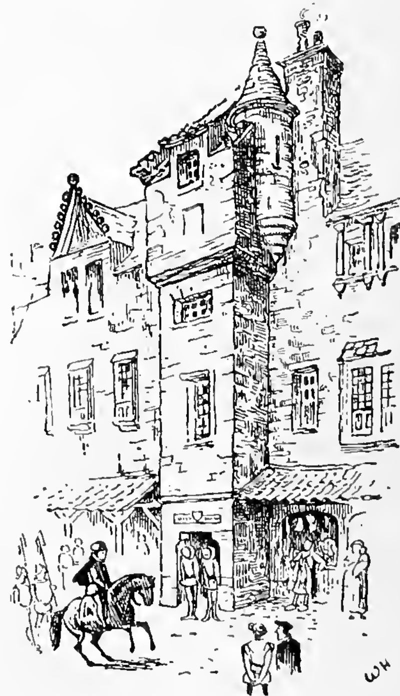


BOW-HEAD CORNER HOUSE.

Bell and Mr. F. W. Simon, have recorded the historic stones of her capital, each in his own fashion; while Daniel Wilson and Robert Chambers have added such literary comment and description as leaves little to be desired.

Leaving the long glass-roofed Central Court of the Exhibition, passing its cases of pulpit-robes, and its Egyptian temple, curiously reared of patterned linoleum, we make our bow to that crowning development of the Nineteenth Century, a huge locomotive, polished and shining, spick and span as my lady's chamber, and enter through the Nether-bow Port, upon the quaintness and the quietude of "the antique world." Here all is homely and "careless-ordered," with no undue formality or precision, no wearisome sameness. The gables and dormers ridge the sky with a fine irregularity; timber is mingled with stone, and both with rough "harled" mortar; windows are thrust out where windows are wanted; when an ampler upper chamber is required it is simply projected beyond that beneath,—use and not uniformity has guided the happy builders whose vanished structures are here reproduced. In quite primitive fashion the kennel flows down the middle of the rough-paved street; the mellow and varied colours of the building-stones have been admirably imitated; the tiles, among whose chinks mosses and lichens have been cunningly planted, and some of the blackened woodwork seem to be veritable antiques removed from dismantled houses; the doves that flutter overhead and nestle among the roofs tend to increase the air of verisimilitude; mottoes, weighty with divine or mundane wisdom, are carved curiously above the doorways; and from twisted iron rods in front of the booths depend quaint sign-boards, not flaming with the full potency of heraldic "tinctures" and "metals," like the shields upon the clock-tower of Lord Bute's mediæval stronghold, which startle the stranger as he leaves the busy streets of stirring, modern Cardiff, but worn and wan of hue, subdued and tempered to their time-dimmed surroundings.

A closer and continued inspection tends to dispel the illusion. The eye takes in the stream of muslin- or tweed-clad tourists, and perceives that the costume of the fair stall-keepers reproduces rather the court-dress of the Sixteenth Century than the garb of the humbler classes of that time; while, for the most part, their merchandise is obtrusively modern in character, and mackintosh-capes or indiarubber over-shoes seem hardly in keeping with the tiled and timbered penthouse of an old Edinburgh "booth." In one stall, indeed, that occupied by Messrs. Ballantyne, Hanson and Co., we have an interesting collection of examples of typography, from the Bible of Mentelin to the latest issues of Firmin Didot and Glady Frères, and curious specimens of types, matrices, composing-sticks, ball-stocks, and other adjuncts of the printing-office; and here, too, an old wooden press, similar to that upon which the original edition of the Waverley Novels was printed, is at work throwing off copies of an excellent sketch of Sir Walter Scott's life, and a quaint little leaflet, dealing with the early Scottish



THE TWELVE APOSTLES' HOUSE.

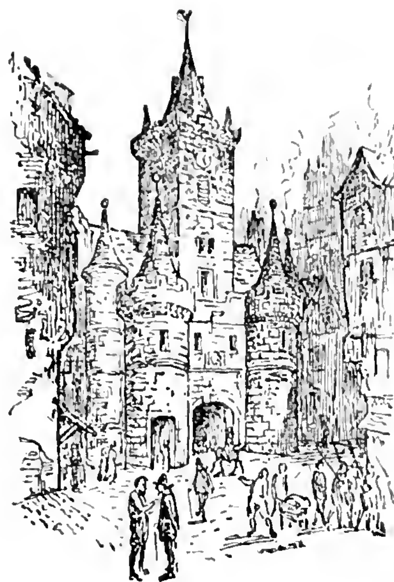
printers, and illustrated with fac-similes of the wood-cut devices that figure on their title-pages.

The Nether-bow Port, through which we enter the Old Street, was the chief of the six main gates in the city wall—the "Flodden Wall," which was erected for the protection of the capital after that most disastrous defeat of the Scotch by their "auld inymies of Ingland." It formed the main approach from London, and also from the seaport of Leith. Erected in 1606, it appears to have been copied from the old Porte St. Honoré of Paris, and the stout, circular towers that flank its entrance are similar to that which still survives at the north-west angle of Holyrood. Above the central gate there rises a great square tower, battlemented at the top, and surmounted by a stone spire. This old gate figured prominently in the Parliamentary proceedings consequent upon the Porteous mob of 1736. To punish the offending city a Bill was introduced to withdraw its municipal privileges, disband its town guard, and dismantle its Nether-bow Port; and the disgrace was only averted by the firm and united action of the Scottish peers and members, headed by the Duke of Argyll.

On our left hand, as we enter the Street, are "The Twelve Apostles' House," that used as the "French Ambassador's Chapel" in Queen Mary's reign, and a timber house which formerly stood in Dickson's Close, and was the home, in 1786, of David Allan, "the Scottish Hogarth," the precursor of Wilkie as a painter of subjects of Scottish humble life. The next edifice, the Bow-head Corner House, is a singularly important and complete example of the overhanging tenements of Old Edinburgh, swelling in girth with each ascending storey, and surmounted by

THE CUNZIE HOUSE.

a steeply ridged roof, broken by boldly projecting dormers—a style of architecture which dates from 1508, when the magistrate permitted the citizens to extend their dwellings seven feet over the street, on



NETHER-BOW PORT.

condition that they employed for the purpose the stout oak grown in the forest of Burgh Muir, which had just been gifted by James IV. to the city. Round the street floor of the Bow-head Corner House there sweeps an open piazza, supported on square oaken beams; the front is full of pleasantly varied line and depth of contrasting shadow, and is decorated between the windows of the second-floor with a row of fluted, pseudo-Ionic pilasters. This building occupied the north-east angle of the precipitous West Bow, facing towards the Castle and the Lawnmarket. It stood close to the Weigh-house or "Butter Trone," where, as the "Diurnal of Occurrents" relates, Queen Mary, on her entry into Edinburgh in 1561, was met by a quaintly devised pageant—"Ane bonnie barne descendit down fra a cloude as if it had been ane angell," and presented Her Majesty with the keys of the city and a Bible and Psalm-book; and "that being done, the barne ascendit in the cloud, and the said clud stekit" (closed).

Beyond the Bow-head Corner House, withdrawn from the main street as befits a domicile of such unhallowed repute, is the gable of the house of Major Weir, that most terrible necromancer of Scottish legend, which remained empty and deserted, a place to be passed with shuddering, till its removal in 1878. The next building that claims our attention is a tall stone structure, raised clear of the street upon heavy piers and strong circular arches, and surmounted by picturesque "crow-feet" gables. It was the residence of the Earls of Selkirk, and afterwards of the Earls of Hyndford; but it has still more interesting

associations as the home, in girlhood, of Anne Rutherford, the mother of Scott. From her father, Dr. John Rutherford, a pupil of Boerhaave, and celebrated as a clinical lecturer, it passed to her half-brother, Dr. Daniel Rutherford, known as a skilful botanist, and, in chemistry, as the discoverer of nitrogen, and became a kind of second home to the novelist himself during his school and college days.

Passing the "Laus Deo House" and the "Cunzie House," or Mint, we find the east side of the Street occupied by the house of Andrew Symson, the printer; and next comes the Oratory of Mary of Guise—a portion of that Guise Palace which was erected on the Castle Hill, under the protection of the guns of the fortress, after the English invasion of 1544 and the destruction of Holyrood. It was probably the richest of all the Old Edinburgh dwellings, delicately panelled and painted within, furnished with carvings in stone and carvings in rare wood brought from over-seas, and provided in one of its inner chambers with a draw-well bored deep through the castle rock.

VIEW IN THE "OLD EDINBURGH" STREET.

The south-east entrance of the Street is a model of the finely-groined Gothic porch erected by Abbot Bellenden in 1490, as the main approach to Holyrood Abbey; and abutting this is the huge turreted pile of the Tolbooth, or city prison, with its railed and open platform upon which executions were enacted, and with the celebrated "Blue Blanket," the banner of the Trade Guilds, floating from its summit. Beneath the platform, isolated in the centre of the street, stands the City Cross; and behind it the hexagonal tower of Cardinal Beaton's House.

Among the other interesting buildings that are reproduced are the Old Parliament Hall, with the Parliament Stairs; Robert Gourlay's House; the Assembly Rooms in the Bow; and the Black Turnpike, formerly the house of Provost Sir Simon Preston, in which Queen Mary was confined after her surrender at Carbery.

It should be said that a useful historical and descriptive guide to the various buildings has been prepared by Mr. J. C. Dunlop, the convener of the Old Edinburgh Committee, and his sister, Miss Dunlop, and illustrated by vigorous little sketches from the pencil of Mr. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. It will be valued by all visitors who desire not only to enjoy the visual picturesqueness of the Street, its pleasantness of varied form and mellow colouring, but also its other "remoter charm by thought supplied," which comes from association with strange or stirring human deed.

J. M. GRAY.

HERMES.

(*Painted by W. B. Richmond. Grosvenor Gallery, 1886.*)

OVERMATCHED.

(Painted by Walter Hunt. Royal Academy, 1886.)

CURRENT ART.—IV.

AT the Grosvenor, Mr. W. B. Richmond continues to sustain his reputation in portraiture, his "Cicely Wormald," his "Miss Burne Jones," and his "Mrs. Henry Butcher" being all distinguished by the finely-felt colour, the elegance and grace of presentment, and the individual decorative style that will probably, in the judgment of the future, detach this artist's work from contemporary portraiture, and appear even more distinctive than now. There is, certainly, nothing in Mr. Richmond's departures from portraiture that suggests any complication of this special claim, even with the fullest recognition of the merits of the "Audience in Athens," and other essays in imaginative design. There is small trace, for instance, in the "Hermes" of this year—which we reproduce—of the painter's wonted refinement of colour and characteristic sensibility to beauty of line. It is scarcely more successful as a study of the figure than as an imaginative conception. There is something incongruous, something repellent and grotesque, in the association of this unethereal conception—weighted as it is with the most evident penalties of painful labour—with the poetic quotation of the catalogue:—

> "But to his feet his fair winged shoes he tied,
> Ambrosian, golden, that in his command
> Put either sea or the unmeasured land,
> With pace as speedy as a puff of wind."

The drawing suggests faulty anatomical structure, the pose is a trifle awkward, and the scheme of colour, if not assertively disagreeable, is antagonistic to the sparkling vivacious quality which the theme demands. It is the thief, bent on cunning lifting of cattle and such mischievous emprize, and not the persuasive and sprightly Hermes of the poet's imagination, pinioned with splendour and glorious with the effulgent noon. As depicted here, we feel

he is hampered by mortality, and that he could not launch himself with daring flight, even if the lifeless void beyond his "coign of vantage" were not incapable of sustaining him. Mr. Richmond's realistic treatment of the figure is incompatible with the sunless, unaërial vista beyond, which, though but a curtain-like conventional background to a figure-study, is yet the source of the strongly accented sunlight that plays on the ferruginous flesh and drapery of Hermes. The dull rusty touches that ripple the dead ocean seem indeed faintly sympathetic with this unpleasant monotone, but they fail altogether to lessen the divorcement of Hermes from the element in which he should be supreme. And what is Hermes, despite his "winged shoes" and air-blown drapery, without the keen life and joyance of sunny, vibrating atmosphere? In the execution of this design the painter seems to have hovered between two conceptions of the subject, and have signalised the futility of compromise. Mr. Richmond's failure in the idealising process is the more remarkable because it is tolerably clear that his original conception must have demanded imaginative treatment, otherwise the very gesture of Hermes, and his conspicuous position in relation to the wide sea and distant landscape, are unintelligible.

Mr. Alfred East's two contributions to the Academy, though somewhat less representative than usual of the painter's powers as a colourist, are good examples of his fine sense of the picturesque in composition, and both attain to the sober unity of the landscape elements, which is an insoluble crux to so many better-known artists. Many are the compositions at the Academy and Grosvenor of which it is impossible to speak, save in detail or by differentiation, of the parts that should form an inviolate whole. A logical and perfectly harmonised *ensemble* is as imperative in landscape painting as in other artistic representations. Nor is it necessary that incompleteness in this matter must proceed from incompleteness of observation. The landscape-painter is not a translator, still less a transcriber, of the literal facts of nature, but an interpreter, whose testimony should bear the impress of personality, and possess most convincing evidence that the study of nature has engaged not the eye alone, but has influenced both heart and brain. To achieve *ensemble* is to exercise in no unimportant degree the creative faculty. By selection

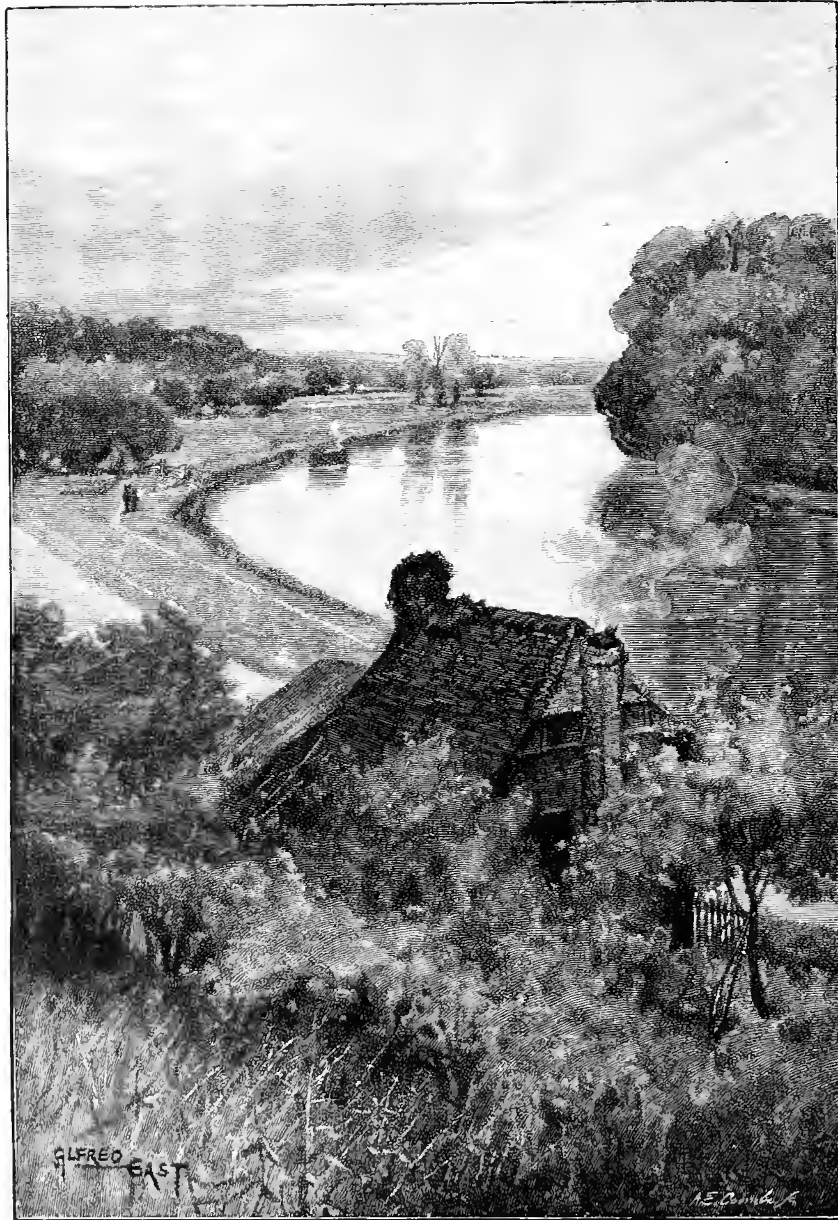
LIONESS AND CUB.

(From the Group by Alice M. Chaplin. Royal Academy, 1886.)

and rejection the unrealisable and bewildering material of the visual scene is transmuted to harmonious unity. There is no permanent satisfaction even in the skilful presentment of facts, however judicious the selection, or however keen the observation, if the whole be wanting in some unifying sentiment that dominates the work as with a spiritual presence. Thus have we seen a Corot measurable by inches, a veritable new world in its wealth of suggestion to us dwellers on this tiny grain, this earth of ours; and yet how slight the jarring touch, how small the discord that might wreck the spherical beauty and order of this magical creation! We cannot, of course, hail the legitimate successors to the genius of Corot or Constable among the painters of to-day, though every approach to their ideal, every proof that their example is bearing fruit, merits ample encouragement. It is not superfluous, indeed, to base our recognition of Mr. East's sound method on this ground. By common consent, it seems, there are no more vicious and prevalent errors in current painting than the passion for fiery and flaunting colour, and a deplorable insensibility to false values and discordant relations. Any one of sensitive and trained vision may gauge the enormity of these defects of taste and sense by studying the products of the numerous tribe who have been happily dubbed by a contemporary "rainbow painters." One of Mr. East's landscape studies—"The Lingering of the Dying Year"—depicts the sad autumnal land: a rocky foreground and wild running water. It shares, with other good work, the distinction of being skied. The second and more notable picture is the original of our third engraving, "By Tranquil Waters." From a hillside of rough, tangled growth we overlook a weather-stained, red-brick, red-roofed cottage, in a neglected garden; beyond this, the great semi-cirque of a deep and quiet river lapses round the base of some grassy uplands on the right. To the left stretches far away a level of meadow-land, merged finally in the mellow, warm distance, where a line of low wooded hills bounds the horizon. The sentiment of brooding peace and happy lassitude is admirably expressed in the refined and harmonious colour, the reposeful, aërial sky, the breadth and sobriety of general tone. The treatment of the old red cottage in the broad diffused sunlight of a warm, hazy atmosphere, is a lesson in values for the assertor of the rights of local tints. No hot red tiles or glowing brick burn in the crude green foliage to affront the pure serene of the dreaming landscape. True local colour, truthfully observed and rightly subordinate, is what we note here; detail, also, that is sincerely treated and does not advertise itself, but is simply and surely wrought in the perfect keeping of a comprehensive unity. Even the sail on the unwrinkled stream has no assertive vitality, but sleeps on the water and shares the universal indolence. The merely physical refreshment of such work as this is not easily exaggerated, after a round of the galleries has visited with a strange disease the tortured nerves. Much greater, then, must be the gain when such a picture is denuded of its Academic *entourage*, and studied in the isolation and calm that befit its unassertive charm. And this truth should be ever present in the mind of the conscientious critic when called upon to indicate the individual merits of the notable examples among some thousands of new works.

The group of painters, with Mr. Van Haanen at their head, who have for some years depicted life in Venice, are mainly content this year with repeating their impressions, so that most of their performances arouse no keener sensations than other stereotyped features of a London season. We can hardly be said to look for them, yet would miss them if altogether absent. Of a truth we, not less than the painters themselves, are not a little weary of these clever and dashing pictures of open-air effects, which, after all, represent Venetian life in one aspect, and that infinitesimal and sectional. If all that is worthy of note in the Venice of to-day is comprised in such works as Mr. Van Haanen's "Spring-tide, Venice," in the studies of flower-girls by Messrs. Luke Fildes and Eugene de Blaas, or Mr. Logsdail's "Venetian Al-fresco," we care not if we never see Venice as she is known to modern painters. We greatly prefer the Venice of Mrs. Radclyffe, of Byron, and of George Sand, to brilliant street-corner and market-place studies that suggest little but the deft application of studio properties and the accurate observation of uninteresting effects of sunshine and free air. Mr. Logsdail's Venetian fête study, "Preparing for the Procession of San Giovanni Battista," and the fresh and sparkling "Water-Wheels of Savassa" of Mr. Henry Woods, may be excepted from the charge of triteness. In the sombre air and scant light of the former, the figures are presented in truthful relations in respect to the action of vague illumination, though the composition rather perversely appeals to the spirit of curious investigation. Whether the domestic incident is worthy of the painter's skill and painstaking accuracy, and is endowed with any profound insight into the significance of the theme, is perhaps a little doubtful. As with so much really good technical work, we may praise the execution, though we cannot applaud the choice of *motif*. Mr. Frank Bramley has much in common with these realistic observers of open-air effects, both in the perception of things and the rendering of them. His "Domino," which we engrave, is characterised by remarkable sincerity, and is absolutely free from trick or subservience to convention. In method it is singularly

broad and startlingly simple. In aërial quality and subtlety of lighting it stands quite apart from all other studies of interiors in the exhibition. The square, massive brush-work of the painter imparts peculiar individualism to the intrepid handling; the rendering of cool, grey light that suffuses the room—broad and beamless where it floods the entrance—is once—quite "unfinished." No record of impressions could be completer, or more convincingly thorough; yet the popular verdict appears less absurdly inept when we consider that the popular standard of "finish" comprehends the feeble hesitation that spends itself in flimsy handling and a niggled and unintelligent touch.



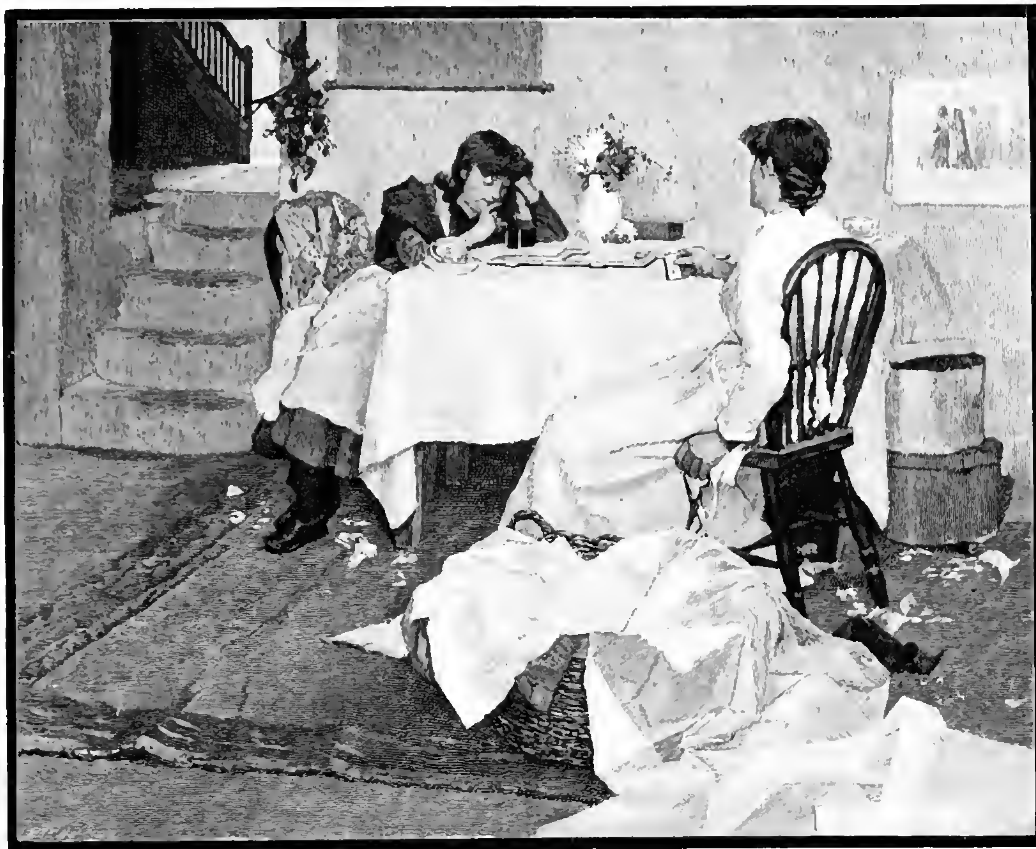
BY TRANQUIL WATERS.

(Painted by Alfred East. Royal Academy, 1886.)

admirably gradated throughout. It is not surprising that this picture, with its extraordinary force of effect and realistic fidelity, should confound the jaded and uninstructed observer, or that it should be pronounced by the distressed visitor—as we have heard more than

The Chantrey Fund purchases this year call for note, if only on account of the well-merited recognition of the notable revival of English sculpture. Mr. Onslow Ford's bronze statuette, "Folly," which has been bought by the trustees, represents with

undeniable imaginative force the vitality of the renascence of English sculpture. It marks one more step might not unreasonably be supposed to carry some weight with the Royal Academy. Yet we have not



DOMINO.

(Painted by Frank Bramley. Royal Academy, 1886.)

in the advance of this gifted artist in the treatment of ideal themes, while from a technical point of view it shows a corresponding increase in knowledge and skill. The additions to the disappointing and depressing gallery at South Kensington include Mr. Waterhouse's "The Magic Circle" and Mr. Gow's "Cromwell at Dunbar." The purchase of Mr. Waterhouse's vigorous and suggestive picture will cause general satisfaction, though far less must be affirmed of the choice of Mr. Gow's tame illustration of history. The latter selection is not, indeed, without precedent, for the patronage of mediocrity has ever been associated with the disbursement of Sir F. Chantrey's fund. No one possessed of a burning zeal to honour the best art-work of the year, or sincerely desirous of carrying out the terms of the Chantrey bequest—and this is much the same thing—can affect to regard Mr. Gow's work as representative of any current impulse or aspiration that deserves conspicuous honour. The "Cromwell at Dunbar" does not even represent Mr. Gow's level of achievement; and this objection heard that the purchase has evoked a *nolo episcopari* from Mr. Gow, who, we cannot doubt, is careful, as artists are notoriously wont to be, of the quality of work submitted in a public gallery to the judgment of posterity.

Pictures of animals form, perhaps, the most popular class of work in the Academy, with the exception of domestic *genre*; and particularly popular is the presentment of animals that travesties the round of human life, its ordinary events and everyday circumstances. The open-eyed delight of a print-shop window audience attests to this universal love of animals, and the pleasant humours of Mr. Yates Charrington's terriers attract people who probably never profess the least interest in art. At the Academy we have a fair assortment of paintings in which the *motif* expresses some grotesque or humorous view of animal existence. Among these we may note Mr. Burton Barber's "In Disgrace," Mr. Yates Charrington's "J'y Suis, J'y Reste," Mr. Weekes's funny illustrations of proverbs, and

Mr. Walter Hunt's "Overmatched." The latter, which we engrave, depicts a vivacious encounter between an awkward puppy and sundry cats, who have terribly bemauled the unfortunate dog in the presence of an interested audience. That the cats have drawn first blood is too obviously asserted in the painting, but this is handsomely glossed in black and white. The action of the animals is capitally given. Nothing could be more graphic than the expression of the pup's surprise and aggrieved dignity. The picture, indeed, is a good one of its kind, and its comic force is unmarred by exaggeration. In another picture by Mr. Hunt at the Academy—"To the Rescue"—the artist has attempted too much. The incident of the dog rescuing the drowning lamb is somewhat overwrought, for the admirable portrait of the collie suffers from the competition of the elaborate foreground and laboured landscape. The full force and beauty of the animal-painting in the sheep and dog would have been more completely realised if the shining and multi-coloured landscape had been drowsed in mist or treated as a conventional background.

Miss Chaplin's "Lioness and Cub"—our second illustration—is a spirited study after nature, and one of the few examples of the realistic treatment of animals in the year's sculpture. It is needless, from an artistic point of view, to attempt to demonstrate the fidelity of such work in the spirit of a scientific observer. The opportunities for studying the characteristic actions and expressions of savage animals are extremely few, and to the average experience the *motif* of Miss Chaplin's sketch suggests nothing that can serve as a basis for naturalistic criticism. A great French painter is said to have observed of a picture of horses, the technical quality of which was beyond cavil in respect to drawing, anatomy, and action, that it was not the function of art to transcribe nature but to transfigure. No mere process of copying, however exact the imitation, can produce artistic results, unless the animating creative faculty impress the work with the personality of the artist. The grotesque and the decorative treatment of animals in sculpture—the bears and pigs of mediæval metal art, or an Egyptian bronze cat, equally with the horses of the Parthenon frieze—would not survive the test of the scientist's investigation. Sculptured representations of animals in the round suggest more debatable questions than that of imitative fidelity, as, for instance, the nature and limitations of action, whether of negative or violent character. In Miss Chaplin's group the sentiment of repose pervades the composition, despite the vivacious action of the cub and the suggestive tension and mobility of the lithe body of the lioness. The action, in fact, is negative; and the artist's scheme is purely sculpturesque, is mainly concerned with the beautiful concord of line, mass, light and shade, of which quiescence is the dominating and vivifying principle. Viewed from every possible point, the composition presents a beautiful arrangement of undulatory lines, and in technical treatment and knowledge the work is the most notable Miss Chaplin has exhibited.

The water-colour gallery at the Academy presents no very charming prospect as a whole, though there are naturally a few sound and sincere drawings among some two hundred examples. In open-air subjects and landscape we cannot pass over Mr. T. R. Hardy's "At Shoreham," Mr. Lessore's "Street in Dieppe," Mr. Brockbank's "Meadows, Grez," Mr. Caffieri's "Walberswick," and Mr. Rickatson's "On the Common." Mr. Colin Phillips's "Ben Cruachen," and "Le Dent du Midi," by Mr. Alfred Parsons, are strong and sympathetic studies of mountain country, and fine in colour. Broadly handled, and notable for their picturesque quality, are Mr. Arthur Melville's vivacious street scenes in Bombay—two instances of open-air effects wrought with great brilliance and simplicity, and perhaps the most individual work in the collection. In still-life, Miss Kate Whitley's "Minerals and Fossils" is a searching and careful study, not unworthy, in technical skill and observation, of association with the art of William Hunt.

Before leaving the two larger exhibitions, it is not superfluous to consider the general characteristics of the year's achievement, and to inquire in what respects—if in any—the work displayed reflects the higher aspirations of art. If we summarise our impressions of the Grosvenor and Royal Academy, we shall find there are astonishingly few paintings that have left any enduring influence in our mind. Fewer still are the works whose fascinating property it is to haunt the memory with passionate insistence, whose beauty and power abide with us, and the very thought of which possesses us like an inspiration. In this aspect the art of the year is much like what has preceded it. One annual show is but a repetition of another; and it is possible to forecast its successor without any claim to prophetic gifts. The promise we detect in the younger and unrecognised men may, of course, respond to our expectations. But it is contrary to the testimony of the year's art to indulge in enthusiasm. There is plenty of accomplishment, of dexterity, of audacity, but little of exalted aim and the intrepid pursuit of a noble ideal. There is far too much also of the self-complacency of the clever craftsman in much modern painting; it is work that asserts itself, advertises its smartness, and cries aloud to be admired for its mere cleverness.

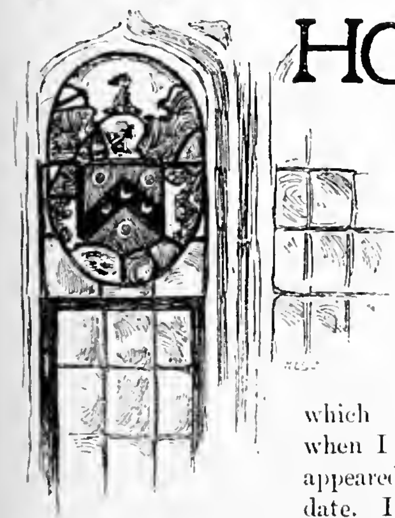
Painters are much more concerned with the class of themes and the methods that best exhibit their manipulative skill than honourably distinguished by unwearying efforts to further the true interests of art. We shall not find at the Academy, however diligently we search, more than half a dozen pictures that betray the higher kind of promise that is revealed by the incomplete realisation of an imaginative conception. That is the more hopeful work, whose very failure is a presage of eventual success, and whose aim suggests the encouraging reflection—

> "Better to fail in the high aim,
> Than vulgarly in the low aim succeed."

The painter who is not convinced of this truth is no artist, but a day-labourer, working out his little problems with the petty anxieties of a trader, conscious of the ephemeral value of his work and possessed with a lively feeling of the uncertainties of the market. Of course, in a very obvious sense, the practice of art in this day is a trade, and for the majority of painters it can never mean anything else. But there is a vast distinction between the frank acceptation of this view by men who have nothing of the genius and instincts of the artist, and its cynical application to the conditions of modern life by others, whose gifts might well qualify them to disdain the vulgar paths of self-advertisement. The theory that artists can afford—not in the pecuniary sense—to work out their artistic salvation as if they wrought for posterity, is certain to excite nothing but derision. Painters and sculptors cannot be expected to labour in cloistered seclusion, unspotted from a world of dealers and patrons, and wholly absorbed in the single-hearted production of imperishable work. In the meanwhile, the forces of patronage are too scattered, too capricious in their influence, to be favourable to the creation of really national and monumental works of art. The prompt recognition and encouragement of an epoch-making picture is by no means so assured here as in France, where some sort of State and official support of art obtains. If art were subsidised in this country we should probably gain little but an extension of the evil system of competition, with the inevitable intrigues of rivals and the dismal judgments of incompetent committees. We are reduced, therefore, to the forlorn hope that the Royal Academy will, in the future, do something more for the encouragement of art, and a good deal less than they have of late years contrived to do.

MORE ABOUT OLD CHARTERHOUSE.

THE CHARTER HOUSE



I.—THE ARMS OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

IS still with us. Before my last paper on this subject had appeared the battle had already been won. The protest against the destruction, which seemed imminent when I wrote, must have appeared somewhat out of date. It will, however, be wiser to consider that it is but the opening skirmish of the campaign that has so far been settled, and lovers of antiquity will do well to be wary for the future. The division which defeated the Governors' Bill went mainly on party lines, and, strange as it may seem, it was the Conservative Party which supported and the Radicals who opposed. This is not an isolated instance. Sir John Lubbock's Bill, the sole legal guarantee against wanton destruction of ancient monuments, found friends and enemies similarly placed. The anomaly is hard to account for. On *a priori* grounds it would have appeared obvious that the claims of ancient buildings appealed to the same sentiments as the time-honoured institutions of our country, and that the opponents of the disintegration of an empire would resist the mutilation of its monuments. Certain is it that a spirit of recklessness in minor matters cannot fail to act injuriously upon our dealings with the larger. Principles of action which are not consistently applied to all subjects and all interests are justly open to suspicion and discredit. It would be no less strange than lamentable if a Government called in to preserve our empire were to become the agent of destruction to some of its most characteristic and invaluable possessions. *Absit omen.*

Let us hope that the Conservatism of the future may be whole-hearted, and may learn not to ignore the domain of antiquity in fabrics; that the spirit of reverence for the past, which it inculcates, may be complete. So may its advent to power for the future bring security rather than alarm to such of us as wish to see our country handed on to posterity architecturally as well as politically intact.

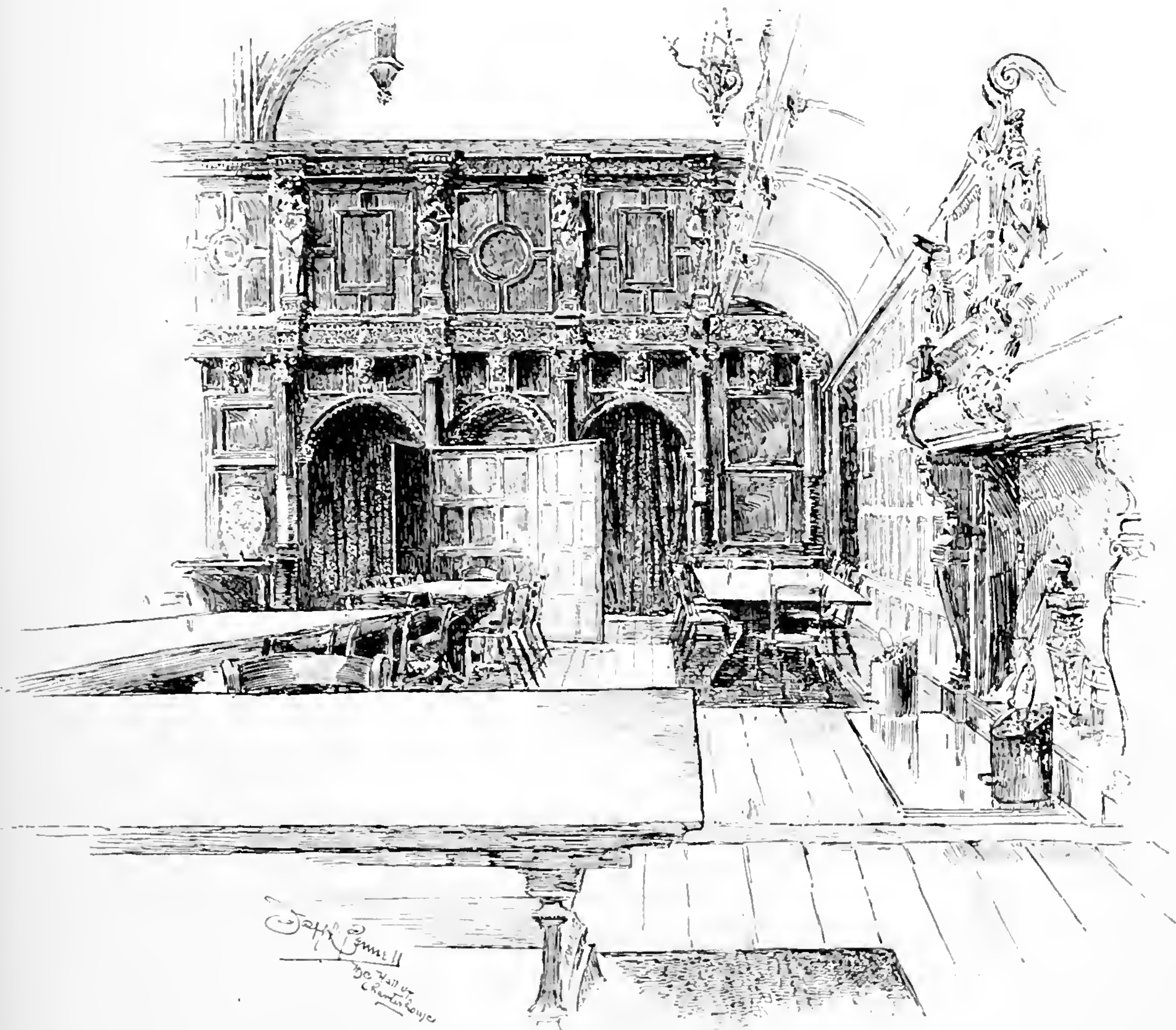
II.—THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL, CHARTERHOUSE.

The last paper dealt with the very varied and composite history of the group of buildings which compose Old Charterhouse. We saw that the banqueting hall, the interior of which is illustrated in our third cut, was the original Guesten Hall of the Carthusian monastery, built by Houghton or his immediate predecessor, and enlarged and fitted as a dining-hall by the Duke of Norfolk, while the only feature with which Sutton may be definitely credited is the overmantel, where appear the cannon which commemorate his tenure of the post of Master of the Ordnance of the North.

The screen, which is the main feature in the illustration, is interesting not only as a most sumptuous and delicate example of Jacobean workmanship, but as the direct successor of the Gothic screen, which, in an analogous position, was almost invariably found in mediæval houses, and survived through the Elizabethan period. It was usually placed close to the main entrance to the house to defend the dining-hall from draught, but seldom reached to the height of the ceiling. The position in the present instance is similar, but, as the hall is laid out on a larger scale, the passage from without is ceiled at the height of the entablature, and a gallery obtained above. The panels in the upper portion were no doubt movable, and the gallery served for minstrels or spectators. A similar arrangement is found in many college halls at Oxford and Cambridge, and at Hatfield and other mansions of similar date. Frequently, and especially where the gallery was used as a passage from one part of the mansion to another, the panels, still movable, were of open-work. In the present instance there can be little doubt that the dining-hall must have been a passage-room from the main entrance to the State staircase, which is beyond the further or south end of the hall, an arrangement which must have been attended by some inconvenience; but doubtless when existing buildings had to be adapted to more modern requirements, such makeshifts had to be endured. The passage formed by the screens seems here to have led only to the kitchens and offices.

Our second illustration gives the lobby to the chapel entrance, which was formerly an open cloister, and was enclosed only in the last century. The doorway is an excellent and characteristic example of Jacobean work, and tallies precisely in character with the doorway and mantel in the old Gown-Boys' Hall, and other features which do not appear among the present illustrations. But visitors to Old Charterhouse, however great may be their devotion to old English architecture, will probably find a preponderant

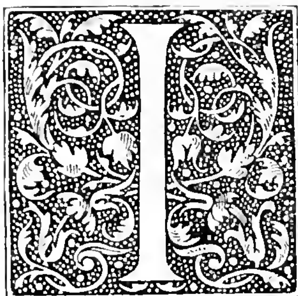
interest in the monuments which this lobby contains, where are placed side by side tablets in memory of the most genial of English caricaturists and the greatest of English humourists, both *alumni* of the old foundation. And the value of the association of such names with the time-honoured fabric will have been by no means lessened by recent events. The processes by which public opinion is formed are not easy of analysis. Possibly the recent victory over threatened vandalism may have in some measure been brought about by motives scarcely worthy of the struggle. To "dish" a Conservative ex-Attorney-General, or to checkmate a not over-popular archiepiscopal advocate of destruction, may conceivably have had charms for some of the majority against the Governors' Bill, but doubtless the larger causes of its rejection are to be looked for in the domain of sense and of sentiment. Of the grounds of opposition in the former category we have already said enough; of those which come within the latter we may, in the presence of Thackeray's tablet, say more, and can, indeed, scarcely say too much. If he had never lived, if he had been educated elsewhere, or even if the happiest of inspirations had not led him to send Colonel Newcome as a pensioner to Charterhouse, possibly, nay probably, the house-breaker would at this moment be at his vile work, to the everlasting shame of a perverse generation. So we may well be content if the future visitor, whether Transatlantic or English, turns aside from the charms of the doorway, and regards the neighbouring memorial not merely as a record which associates with the precincts a name which will survive the fabric, even though it be destined to live out its days to the fullest limits assigned to stone and mortar, undisturbed by Archbishops or by ex-Attorney-



III.—THE HALL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE.

Generals, whether Conservative or Radical. If I say he sees in it not only such a memorial, but gives it credit for the preservation of the buildings in the past, and their security in the future, we will pardon him if the doorway fails to command due attention. So may the memorial long stand as a sentinel to warn off iconoclastic hands, as a sign to the destroying angel to pass this house by. BASIL CHAMPNEYS.

A VENETIAN AZZIMINA OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



IT is curious that in an age like ours, zealous in historical research, when the sequence of cause and effect is earnestly sought for in every political or intellectual development, no serious attempt should have been made to measure the influence of the Saracens upon the growth of European civilisation. Every one is prepared to admit that they exercised an important influence upon European philosophy and science; but to what extent, and in precisely what form, has not been so far determined with any accuracy. We all know the names of Avicenna and Averroës, but there our knowledge of these thinkers generally stops, nor do the professed historians of philosophy go very deeply into the matter. Again, the influence of Oriental medicine, as taught and practised by Arabs and Jews, is a factor in the scientific history of Europe which has never been adequately considered. As with Arabian philosophy, the pre-eminence of Semitic physicians is freely admitted, but very few persons are acquainted with their methods and principles.

In art the Saracens were no less potent masters than in letters, science, and philosophy. Who can suppose that such buildings as the great mosque at Cordova, or the Alhambra at Granada, could stand for centuries in the eyes of Europe without bearing fruit in the ornament of Christian architecture? But Spain was not by any means the sole channel of intercourse between Christian and Mussulman. Sicily, from the Ninth to the Thirteenth Century, was in reality a Mohammedan country; and Sicily was a centre of artistic industry—of rich silver inlay, ivory carving, silk weaving, and the like—which furnished the models for the workmen of mediæval Europe. The robes of emperors and the chasubles of prince-bishops came from the looms of the Saracen weavers of Palermo, and even the caskets in which such precious garments were preserved were sometimes the work of the Sicilian Moslem. The celebrated Bayeux casket, with its plating of chased silver and its Arabic inscriptions, is an example in point. It is not too much to say that the famous silk fabrics and gold tissues of Italy were almost wholly Saracenic in design and colouring. Turning over the fine plates of Fischbach's "Ornament of Textile Fabrics," which Mr. Quaritch has adapted to English students, one is surprised to find the silks of Lucca described as Saracenic; but their designs are so obviously copied from those of the famous looms of Baghdad, Tustar, Ma'din, Tinnis, Cairo, and Alexandria, that the name is after all more accurate than it seemed. It needs a close scrutiny and a larger collection of typical dated examples than we yet possess, to determine when a silk fabric is really Saracenic, of the east, and when it is only an imitation by the Lucca "Sarrasina," or artist *à la mode Sarrasine*. From Italy, thus subject to Saracenic influence, spread the arabesque designs and other Oriental characteristics which have since been introduced into all the arts of Europe.

Italy, indeed, in the Middle Ages, was something of an Oriental country. The Emperor Frederic II., who was more than half a Mussulman, had employed large bodies of Mohammedan mercenaries, and settled them in various cities of the north, such as Pisa, of which a poet in the Twelfth Century lamented that it was "delivered over to Moors, Indians, and Turks;" Ferrara, where there is a Via Sarracena; Genoa, and Florence. Even a town so far south as Lucera was so closely identified with these Saracenic intruders that its name was changed to *Nocera de Illi Pagani*. But beyond all these, Venice was pre-eminently an Oriental city. Her extensive commerce and numerous colonies brought her merchants into constant and intimate relations with the artistic products of the East; her ambassadors brought back tangible evidence of the luxury and taste of the Saracens in the splendid presents of the Mamluk Sultans, to whose courts they had been accredited; and statesmen, pilgrims, and traders alike testified to the prodigal magnificence of the Mohammedan princes. The Queen of the Adriatic was not slow to import the artists whose skill had made the manufactures of Egypt, Syria, and Mesopotamia famous throughout all lands. The *Opus Salomonis*, or Jewish work, which was the European term for the handicraft of the Saracen, found its way

into the romances of the West. In the "Romance of Troy" we read:—

> "D'or fin furent il esperon,
> Taillie à l'uevre Salemon."

Or elsewhere:—

> "Et Aye la duchoise fu dedens Avignon
> En une chambre painte de l'evre Salemon."

And Marie de France, in the "Lay of Gugemer," describes a bed:—

> "Dunt li pecun e li limun
> Furent al overe Salemun,
> Taillie à or et à trifoire
> De cifres et de blance ivoire."

Chaucer knew the Saracen reputation for metal-work, for he speaks in "Sir Thopas" thus:—

> "And over that a fyn hawberk
> Was all i-wrought of jewes work."

It was this "Jewes work," especially in metal, that Venice cultivated with signal success. The Saracenic mode of decorating brass and bronze with silver inlay was at once so rich and so individual, that it is no wonder that it speedily attracted the admiration of the Venetians. The art sprang up in the cities of Mesopotamia, where the necessary mines were found, and where the artists had shown a peculiar aptitude for working in metal, ever since the gates of Balawat were hammered in the days of Assyrian supremacy. Through the Arsacid and Sassanian periods the art still survived; and though, during the earlier and more fanatical days of Mohammedan rule, when the Prophet's prohibition of articles of luxury, and especially of the representation of living things in art, was more operative than it afterwards became, the art temporarily languished, we find it in the Thirteenth Century revived in full vigour, and with a perfection of detail which only long preparatory practice could have produced. The British and South Kensington Museums contain several examples of Mosil work of the Thirteenth Century, some with dates and names, which no later artist ever excelled in breadth of design and skill in execution. The art of metal inlay, or "damascening," to give it a rather confusing and ill-defined name, was carried in the Thirteenth Century to Egypt by the family of Saladin; and there some of the finest objects were made, and a flourishing school of coppersmiths was created, which continued to produce excellent work as late as the Fifteenth or even the Sixteenth Century. The Cairo or Mamluk work, however, possessed a character of its own; the Mesopotamian decoration of figures of men and animals, chiefly engaged in the chase, gave place to a more orthodox ornament of arabesques and conventional foliage, with broad bands of freely drawn Arabic inscriptions, containing the name and titles of the Sultan or noble to whom the trays, bowls, caskets, censers, writing boxes, and other objects of metal-work belonged. From the Mamluk artists, either of Syrian or Egyptian school, came the Mohammedans who made the finest salvers of Venice.

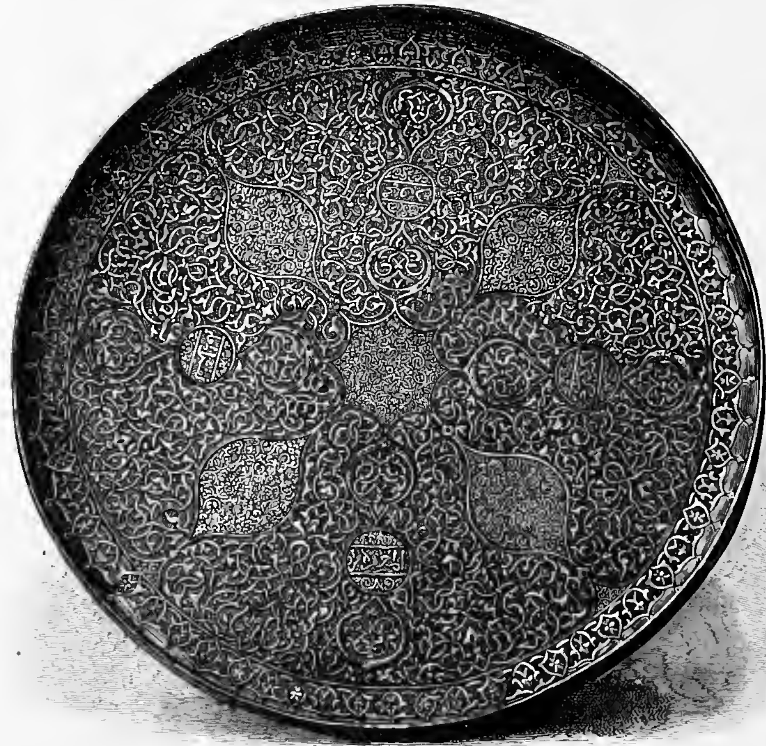
The Venetian work differs in several important particulars from its forerunners. The most striking peculiarity of Mosil and Mamluk work is the richness of the silver (and sometimes gold) inlay which covers the greater part of the surface, in plates of various shapes and sizes, which are let into the brass and then chased on the surface with the faces, fur, or feathers, of the men, beasts, and birds, which the design represents. In Mamluk work the large surfaces of silver inlaid in Arabic inscriptions demanded infinite care in fitting and undercutting the edges of the bed into which they were let, to prevent them from falling out. In Venetian metal-work this difficulty was avoided by restricting the inlay to comparatively narrow lines, and securing it in a different manner. In the older Mosil and Mamluk work the silver plate was held only by the close fitting of the slightly undercut edges of its bed. In Venetian inlay the surface of the bed was toothed with little projecting notches, which penetrated into the silver, and helped the undercut and slightly-serrated rim to keep it in its place. Another difference between the Venetian and the older Mamluk inlay is the mode of producing variety in the effect. The older artists trusted to the contrast of metals to produce this variety; but the Venetian Saracens, employing a much smaller quantity of silver, effected the same result by relief. The main design is raised, not by beating out from the back, but by cutting away all the rest of the surface. The raised design may be inlaid or not; if the former, it consists of a thread of silver let in between two thin walls of brass, all being above the general level of the surface. The designs of the Venetian artist were mainly arabesque, for his teachers, the Mamluks, had passed from the stage of figure ornament to that of geometrical and arabesque decoration, before the Venetians began to learn the inlayer's art. But apart from the decoration and the process of inlay, the Venetian work is semi-European. Its forms are markedly different from the somewhat crude outlines of Eastern vessels, and were changed to suit Italian taste; and European coats of arms are sometimes introduced in the centres of salvers and the like.

A beautiful example of this Saracenic art of Venice is a plate, or salver, in the British Museum, made of bronze, inlaid with silver (I.). The design consists of a star-like or double quatrefoil ornament, comprising a centre and four large panels, filled with delicate arabesque tooling on the bronze surface,

and four arms formed each by three linked medallions, which are ornamented with arabesques and Arabic inscriptions in relief, inlaid with silver. The space round about this central figure is covered with remarkably free and bold arabesques, every line of which is inlaid with silver, without sacrificing the relief; and a scroll border, developed from the ancient knop and flower pattern, encloses the whole. Here and there a piece of the silver inlay has fallen out, and this gives us an opportunity of witnessing the honesty of a true artist We have said that the Venetian workman added to the old undercutting a stippling of the surface of the excavated bed with little teeth, to hold the silver. In this example these teeth, though intended to be entirely hidden from view, and only now visible by the accident of wear, are arranged in a charming scroll design. The Saracen artist had not learned the economy of the modern manufacturer; he made his work equally good, whether it was seen or not, and the under sides and interior of his vessels were as carefully engraved as the front and top.

The Arabic inscriptions on this tray record the artist's name: "*Sculpsit* Master Mahmūd the Kurd, in hope of God's grace." Where Mahmūd came from, beyond the hint supplied by the word Kurd, we do not know; but the style of his work proves him to have been one of the Saracens employed at Venice, and probably the best of her foreign artists. Another example, also bearing his name, is in the South Kensington Museum. It is a round sherbet bowl with a cover, and the latter is engraved with delicate arabesque tooling, surrounding a star-like or double trefoil pattern, composed of several panels to each arm, much in the style of the tray already described. In the centre of the cover is his name, "*Sculpsit* Master Mahmūd." Other sherbet bowls of similar shape and design differ from this in having no inlay; the design is in relief, and the whole surface is of delicately chased brass. The better class, however, are generally inlaid with silver.

Our other illustration (II.) represents a brass salver in the British Museum, which, though not made by Master Mahmūd, was probably the work of one of his Sixteenth or Seventeenth Century pupils at Venice. It is covered with an interwoven design in relief, inlaid with silver, and the whole intervening ground is tooled with delicate arabesques. The shape of the salver, besides the workmanship, attests its European provenance. Oriental trays of the Mamluk period were flat, without the basin in the middle. The decoration, while still distinctly Saracenic in design, evinces a tendency to the intricacy and lack of rational development in the



I.—BRONZE TRAY, CHASED AND INLAID WITH SILVER.

(*Made by Mahmūd the Kurd. British Museum. From a Photograph by Messrs. Mawe.*)

arabesques, which mark the transition to the Italian imitation. The making of salvers, such as this, seems to have formed the principal employment of the Venetian metal-worker; and in the British Museum one may trace the gradual transformation of these handsome trays, from the Saracenic work of Mahmūd the Kurd to the later and more Europeanised salvers of Italy and other countries.

II.—BRASS SALVER, CHASED AND INLAID WITH SILVER.

(Saracenic School of Venice. British Museum. From a Photograph by Messrs. Mansell.)

Native Italian artists had early begun to imitate the skill of Mahmūd and his fellow Saracens. The new copyists called themselves *Ageminii*, or *Azzimine*—*i.e.*, workers *all' Agemina*, "in the Persian style," and we read of several famous Italian artists, like Giorgio Ghisi Azzimina of Mantua, and Paulus Ageminius, who excelled in the art which the Saracens had introduced into Europe. But in their hands the character of brass ornament was modified, and few later productions of the kind can challenge comparison with the Sixteenth Century work of Master Mahmūd the Kurd. Nevertheless the Sarrasinas and Azziminas of Italy had learned right methods and admirable designs from their "infidel" teachers, and the results were seen in the handicrafts of Europe for many generations.

STANLEY LANE-POOLE.

SOME ROYAL ACADEMY SCANDALS.

THE influences of heredity, that original sin of the body, are not to be laughed at. The Royal Academy was undoubtedly "conceived in the basest intrigue," and it would have been amazing indeed had the influences which surrounded it at its birth, mean and spiteful as many of them were, lost their harmfulness either at once or at all. For tradition is the fifth essence in the governance of an omnipotent and irresponsible corporation; and mistakes once made in anger and jealousy are liable to be repeated to infinity in sheer wooden-headedness. The Academy has made many such mistakes; but the wonder is that, with its terrible catalogue of rules general, special, and technical, it has not made more. As it

is there has always been some obstacle to stumble at; some cause, silly and inadequate usually, for jealousy; some fine-drawn exclusiveness, which has injured no one so much as the Academy itself. From the very beginning Academicians have been accused (and oftentimes convicted) of jealousy of new men, and dislike of all methods in art that were not pretty and conventional. The mere possession of omnipotence to make or mar those upon whom one sits in judgment is, in itself, an incitement to the abuse of power. And the Academicians have often enough used this power crushingly, as is sufficiently proved by the circumstance that in the list of R.A.'s, from the very beginning until now, some great names are lacking. In the end it has no doubt happened that a large proportion of the men of genius, and of that supreme talent in workmanship which trenches closely upon genius, have been elected to the Academy. But many of them have never passed beyond the stage of probation. The weightiest and most disgraceful plaint against the Academy is, paradoxical though it may seem, not so much that it has sometimes denied justice altogether, but that it has withheld it until the eleventh hour, and then only granted it through the irresistible pressure of public opinion or ill-defined internal shame. Nor is this all; the Academicians have not forgotten to advance the arts by quarrelling among themselves from time to time. That there should be cliques, and cliques of cliques in the Academy, was inevitable. The very constitution of such a body lends itself to that peculiar machinery for mutual admiration; and it is more than probable that one-half the mischief the Academy has worked has been hatched in these coteries. The Academy was, indeed, instituted by a clique for the purposes of a clique; and in this regard at least few institutions, whether they be "public" or private"—and we know that the Academy is either, as occasion and interest demand—have been more faithful to their original purpose.

The very first scandal of any moment occurred very shortly after the incorporation of the Academy, in 1775. This was the case of Sir Robert Strange, which has been touched upon in an earlier article. In Sir (then Mr.) Robert Strange's pamphlet, "An Enquiry into the Rise of the Royal Academy," is inserted a letter to the Earl of Bute—he who was burned in effigy at Temple Bar. Although this letter has no apparent connection with the sarcastic little history of the origin of the Academy which follows, it details certain happenings that were probably closely associated with the writer's squabble with one of the earliest Hanging Committees. Ramsay, who had painted a portrait of the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., requested Strange to engrave it, on the plea that the Prince and the Earl of Bute would both be gratified by his doing so. Strange was at the time preparing to start for Italy, and not wishing to delay his journey for the two years required for the engraving of a full-length portrait, he declined unless it could be shown to him that it was the Prince's own particular wish that he should comply. Shortly afterwards William Chambers, the architect—he whose sombre Thames-side pile is in its stony acreage not unstately when its pilasters catch the crimson gleam of the evening sun—brought Strange a message that the Prince of Wales was anxious he should engrave not only His Highness's own portrait, but likewise that of Lord Bute. It was requested that he should lay aside every other engagement and engrave Lord Bute's picture first. In return for this His Royal Highness, in his princely generosity, would make the engraver a present of a hundred guineas, and patronise a subscription for copies of the engravings. This did not sound very promising; but Strange was not angry, attributing the meanness of the offer to the Prince's ignorance of the length of time required for engraving two large pictures. Chambers represented the position to the Prince, who remarked that Strange's reasons were "both natural and just." "But how great was my surprise," exclaims the indignant engraver, "when a day or two afterwards a friend of mine told me that he had seen Mr. Ramsay, who informed him that he had met Lord Bute, who had said that the Prince was so provoked at my refusal that he could not bear to hear my name mentioned." Eventually Mr. Ryland engraved the portraits, which occupied him for four years. He was paid a hundred guineas for making the drawings, and £50 a quarter during the whole of the four years, and received in addition the proceeds of the sale of the prints. Strange made several attempts—not very dignified perhaps, but eminently natural on the part of a man who feared to be harmed in his profession by what was perhaps a mere mystification—to obtain an explanation from Lord Bute; but the door was always shut upon him, and even the presentation of a set of impressions from some of the plates Strange engraved did not procure him an interview.

Although he does not say it in so many words, it is clear that Strange regarded this episode as the real reason why the Academicians, in their miserable toadyism to George III., who had so complacently granted the "Instrument," were shy of him. He had displeased the Court at a time when, as Burke in stately phrase has told, such displeasure was ruin to its objects. Then, as nearly ever since, the Academicians were far more greedy of royal smiles than eager for the good of art, and they were careful not to compromise themselves by acting honestly to him who was anathema. Not only was Strange, as

an engraver, excluded from the Academy (he emphatically asserts that the law denying membership to engravers was passed on purpose to exclude him), but when, on his return from Italy in 1775, he tendered a coloured drawing of Guido's "Magdalen" it was refused, although a head in red and black chalk, after Guercino, was grudgingly admitted and carefully skied. But the very next year a coloured drawing by Bartolozzi was accepted and well hung. Strange, however, had done with the Academy, and, as it happens, he was—like Roden is—a man of too much talent and perseverance to be seriously damnified by anything the Academy could do. Later on, moreover, George III. knighted him, despite his rancour against the monarch's Academic pet. Sir Robert's "Enquiry" caused a terrible commotion, and several of the newspapers attacked him savagely. Sir Joshua seems to have taken a malicious pleasure in these "slashing" articles, for he cut out and carefully preserved a number of them.

All this time the famous Gainsborough quarrel was a-brewing. The fashionable portrait-painter had very early grown dissatisfied with the hanging of his lovely dames; and in 1773 George Dance being his companion in contumacy, he for the first time sent nothing to Pall Mall. Nor did he soon relent, and the Academy had to do without him in 1774 and again in 1775. This was too much for the Council, which had from the first been in the mass tyrannical and intolerant; and in 1775 it resolved that Mr. Gainsborough, "having declined to accept any office in the Academy, and having never attended," his name should be removed from the list of members of the Council. The bulk of the Academicians saw in this nothing but a piece of vindictive petulance, and at the next general meeting the resolution was rescinded. After this it was hardly likely that Gainsborough's displeasure should be immediately appeased, and it was not until 1777 that he again exhibited. He continued to "send in" until 1783, when his last picture was hung upon the walls of the Academy. The next year he painted the famous full-length portrait-group of the Princess Royal and Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. The picture was intended to fill a previously chosen panel in the state room of Carlton House; and Gainsborough, as one of the only two really great English portrait-painters of his time, assuredly was not unreasonable when he asked that it should be hung low down, near the floor, that being the position it was to occupy at Carlton House. The Hanging Committee declined to do this, and placed the canvas on the "full-length line." Gainsborough was furious, and immediately resolved no more to trust his pictures to the mercy of unfriendly and unsympathetic arrangers; and he kept his word, for never again did the exhibitions of the Academy gain lustre from the presence of picture of his. The only excuse possible of the Hanging Committee was the stiff-necked plea that full-lengths must be hung on the full-length line. In matters of art, rules, however necessary, must upon occasion be applied more in their spirit than in their letter; but the curs who barked at Gainsborough's heels, as their like have ever done to men of genius or of superlative talent, could not be expected to feel this, or, if they did, could be trusted to stifle it. Men who could do what the Hanging Committee of 1784 did, would have dictated the size of canvases to Michelangelo, and the pattern of a frame to Raphael. The colouring of the portraits of the three Princesses was tender and delicate, and there was therefore good artistic reason why the picture should be hung low down. But to the malicious rigidity of the Hanging Committee that was but one reason the more why they should disregard the courteously expressed desire of almost the most distinguished member of the Academy, and one of the greatest of all English portrait-painters.

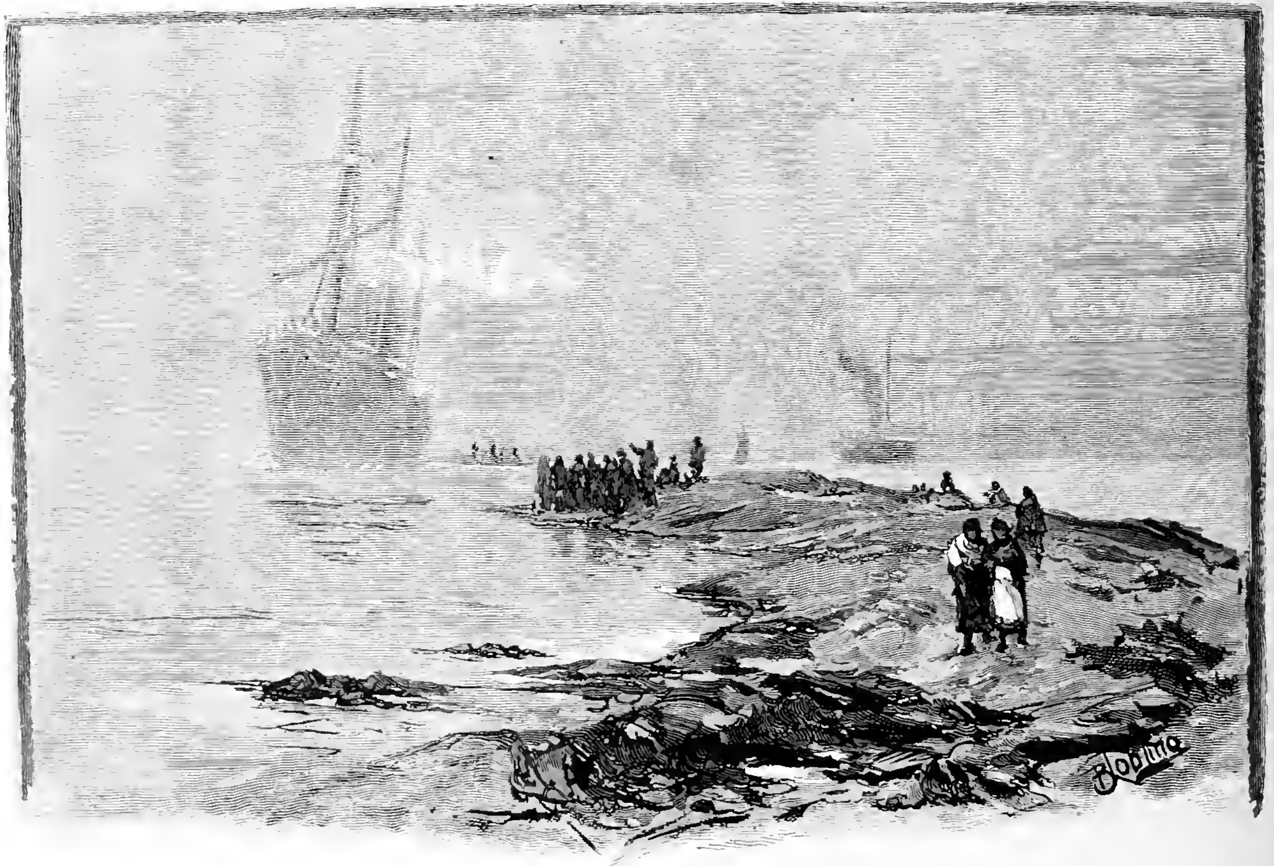
The removal of Gainsborough's name from the lists of the Council was surely sufficient proof of malice in the "Arrangers;" and we have no record that, when the mischief was done, the authorities of the Academy made any advances towards a reconciliation. It will always be a blot upon the early history of the Academy that such a man should have been driven from its exhibitions by the pitiful jealousy and the ignorant meanness of men, some of whom were forgotten even in life. Certainly, Gainsborough could do very well without the Academy. Unsold and apparently unsaleable landscapes, worth many a fortune now, might cumber the rooms and corridors of Schomberg House; but the fashionable portrait-painter, the proud, sensitive, self-reliant limner, as unlike a man from Suffolk as well could be, had so many sitters that his brush could not keep pace with them. This, perhaps, was his chief offence in the eyes of his rivals, for from what we know of the composition of the Academy at this time it is impossible that the Hanging Committee can have included any man fitly dowered to pronounce judgment upon a Gainsborough portrait, or whose own reputation was much more than mediocre. In opening an exhibition of his own works at Schomberg House, Gainsborough was perhaps undignified; since the mere refraining from sending to the Academy was sufficient demonstration of his independence. Unfortunately, genius in a pique does not always consult its dignity; and it may perhaps be that the portrayer of so many beauties was in want of money. It is at any rate certain that he endeavoured in this way to sell some of his superfluous landscapes—rolling Suffolk vales, sombre with woodland, aglow

with corn-fields, ruddy with square-towered churches; narrow, darkling, amorous Suffolk lanes, all verdure and shade, and sheeny interlacement—lovely almost as Warwickshire lanes, save for the rich carmine and the luxuriant hedge-row flowers, which the red sandstone shoots forth so generously. Gainsborough must often have been in need of money, for he probably gave away more than any Suffolk man that ever was, and he lived in a palace, and dressed like a fine gentleman. The exhibition at Schomberg House was not a success, and very soon it vanished; nor was it many years before the painter of the "Blue Boy" and of the now stolen and departed "Duchess Georgiana" was put to his rest at Kew. Had Gainsborough been a Florentine the Municipality would have ordered their tax-collector not to trouble him; but since he was only an English painter he could be worried and irritated just because three or four nincompoop mediocrities had a mind to manifest the insolence of office.

J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

CULLERCOATS.

THERE are not many places in England that can show a better record of service in the cause of art than can the comparatively unknown little fishing village of Cullercoats, which stands on the coast of Northumberland, about a mile north of the mouth of the Tyne, and perched on the edge of the sea banks, looks down upon its little bay, into which the waves of the North Sea come gently rippling, or fiercely rolling, according to their mood. It is not a place which strikes you at first sight as being eminently picturesque, and it is hard to account for the fact of its having been such a favourite with so many English artists, until you know it better. As you become acquainted with it, its good qualities and possibilities begin gradually to unfold themselves, and to present new features of interest day by day, until at length they appear to be practically inexhaustible, and the difficulty is to summon up



I.—ON THE BEAR'S BACK.

resolution to leave such material behind. Such has been the experience of some of its most ardent

II.—THE SANDS AT EVENING.

admirers, as, for instance, Mr. J. D. Watson. It was through the representations of Mr. Birket Foster, who painted many of his pictures here and hereabouts, that he was induced to visit Cullercoats. His first feelings of disappointment speedily gave way to pleasurable surprise and satisfaction, and here he produced some of his most successful works: notably his well known "Saved," a representation of the rescue of a mother and child from a wrecked vessel by means of the life-line and cradle, which, engraved, still hangs on the wall of many a Northern home. It may be told, too, how Mr. F. Holl here sought

and found material for one of his most important works, which now graces the walls of one of the royal palaces. And, again, it was when on an art tour in Europe that Winslow Homer happened by chance upon Cullercoats; and so strong did its attractions prove that from it, and from it alone, he was content to carry home all his impressions of British picturesqueness.

Taken altogether, Cullercoats is a standing instance of the danger of trusting to first impressions. On first coming to the place, you find it vary very little from many another fishing village which is merging into a watering place. There are the fisher people's cottages all crowded together in the old part of the village, and round this nucleus there is a considerable formation of new terraces and streets. There are the usual groups of visitors and fishermen lounging against the railings which top the banks overlooking the bay. There is the Life Brigade Look-out, with its little steeple and flag-staff, and, down below, the plain square outline of the lifeboat-house. Fishing-boats in all the colours of the rainbow abound: some afloat in the harbour, some drawn up in long lines on the beach, others again apparently endeavouring to climb the steep banks; and a happy remainder, which appear to have succeeded in the attempt, and lie amongst the grass on the top as though they never intended to go to sea again, having retired on a comfortable competency for life. There is an hotel, of course, and two or three public-houses. Certainly nothing very new or out of the way in all this to tempt a pilgrim to this northern shrine; rather something very disappointing and depressing, after all our expectations.

But at length a morning comes when, having risen betimes, we wander forth wondering what charm is in the morning breeze, so completely does it clear away the cobwebs of despondency which until now have hung upon our spirits. The sun is shining brightly and tinging with white light the tops of the banks of clouds which hang on the horizon and melt into tender grey shadows, until they seem to mingle and lose themselves in the sea. High overhead the skylark sings, and his strain sounds congenial to our ear, so full is it of the joy of mere existence on such a morning. We reach the bank top and another scene bursts into view and the ever-changing sea puts on a new face. There it lies, gleaming and shimmering in the south-east, for all the world like a vast outspread sheet of burnished silver, only that no silver can be compared for beauty to this living, dazzling splendour. Around us we see the same objects we saw yesterday, but they all appear to have "suffered a sea change." There is the look-out, no longer staringly, intentionally picturesque, but transfigured by the warm light and the cool translucent shadows of the morning. Down on the beach, a crowd of busy figures gives life and movement to what was but a sleepy hollow of idleness when last we saw it. Descending the steep and uneven pathway we approach the throng and see, one by one, the fishing-boats come sailing into the harbour. The morning breeze blows freshly, as they glide towards us, the water flying in two graceful wings from their bows. Very beautiful is the boat peculiar to this coast, the "coble" as it is called; so fine in its lines, so slim and graceful; it is the greyhound amongst fishing craft. The brown sails and the masts are lowered as they near the shore. Then they are hauled up stern foremost into the shallow water, while the crews proceed to unload them.

Quite as pleasant a sight, though of a quieter kind, is it to see the boats go off at night; to see the men come leisurely down to the beach, carrying their fishing gear and assisted by their wives and children; to see the sails fade away into the gathering darkness and afterwards to see the lights of the salmon boats dotted over the distant sea, like a swarm of fire-flies. There are many picturesque sights to be seen, too, amongst the streets of the village, when you come to know your way about; the mending of nets, the baiting of lines, the groups of fisher people in their quaint and peculiar costume. There are also views to be had close by of all varieties of coast scenery: steep cliffs, weed-grown rocks, pebbly beaches, and long-stretching sands, with mile upon mile of grass-grown links, and on the land side of the village there is a pleasant rural country with hedge-rows, cornfields, and meadows, with scattered farmsteads, and the spires and rooftrees of distant villages.

So far, however, we have spoken only of summer-time and pleasant weather and of scenes of mere surface picturesqueness; but it is when the days shorten and the gales of autumn and of winter begin to blow, that a deeper and more serious interest is felt in our surroundings. It is then that the north-east coast puts on its grandest aspect. As the storm begins to gather, the very air seems charged with possibilities of tragic disaster. The women, gathering bait amongst the rocks, look up with startled faces as the sky darkens, and the sharp blasts from the north-east, forerunners of the tempest, whistle past. They hasten home with their burthen, soon to come forth again and gaze seaward with straining eyes, in hope of seeing the returning boats. They gather in groups upon the banks. Old tottering dames, supported on the arms of their grandchildren, look with dim eyes across the foam, and bemoan themselves in anticipation. Cruel and pitiless to these old people is the sea—not as a mere unconscious natural element—but as a sentient thing, endowed with a distinct personality. They say they heard it "calling" in the night;

and the more youthful shudder as they hear the words, so fraught with sad foreboding. It is amidst such scenes that the secret of the place begins to unfold itself before us. We imagined we had found it, and so indeed we had to some extent, in the quiet days of summer and the golden mists of early autumn, but now it reveals itself in a far more thrilling form.

Suddenly there is a cry from the people on the banks; and far out, amongst the boiling foam, we see a little speck of brown sail, which appears for an instant and then dips from sight as though the waves had swallowed it up. But it rises again and bravely holds on its course towards us, and, after some anxious moments, while the waves buffet and drive it perilously near the sunken rocks, it reaches the beach. Then there appears another, and another, and all come safely in save one, which still struggles amongst the breakers outside. The gale has now grown in intensity and the sea is one mass of white foam, which is caught up in great flakes and sent flying high over the banks and far inland. The lifeboat is run down and launched, for the boat outside is in sore distress and close upon the rocks. We see the faces of the people on the beach, pale through their tan, as the lifeboat makes its way slowly to the rescue. We see it poised on the slope of a wave, its bow pointing straight upwards, and every man straining at his oar. But the wave comes sliding from under, and the buoyant craft dips downwards on the other side; and now we can see the coble helplessly drifting closer on the rocks. We climb higher and see that she has struck and that the waves are breaking over her. It seems only by a miracle that she has been enabled to withstand the first shock of contact. Slowly the lifeboat seems to drift and creep like some heavy many-legged water-beetle; and no wonder in such a sea and in the teeth of such a gale that it makes slow progress. At length it appears to be close to the wreck, then is swept far from it again; and after what seems to us an age, spent in vain attempts, and in apparently clumsy manœuvring, at length the object is attained, and the crew is taken on board. Now the lifeboat is headed for the shore, but not without danger and difficulty is her passage through the channel. Buffeted and tossed, the spray dashing over her, she approaches slowly but surely, until suddenly a huge wave, catching her astern, carries her with a long rush almost to the beach. A few seconds more, and savers and saved are ashore.

Not always, however, has such a scene so happy an ending. Not always do the boats, when caught by the storm, escape thus. Larger vessels, too, run great risks on this coast in rough weather. During a single storm, the wrecks of ships have been counted by the dozen within little more than a mile of where

III.—ON THE ROCKS: TYNEMOUTH IN THE DISTANCE.

we stand. Fishing-boats innumerable have gone down in sudden squalls, with all their crews complete: and there are women who will tell you how, in such-and-such a storm, they lost father, husband, and brothers or sons, at one fell swoop. Fearfully sudden sometimes are the squalls. On one occasion, just before the storm-cloud swept over and hid the sea, a ship was seen a few miles off the land, under a goodly spread of canvas, her crew evidently unapprehensive of danger. When, after the squall, the sky cleared and the sun shone out again, no ship was in sight. She could not possibly, in the short time which had elapsed, have sailed out of range of vision; the only inference to be drawn was that she had foundered with all hands. A few days after, there was ghastly confirmation of her dreaded fate, when the bodies of her crew were washed upon the rocks at a certain place south of the harbour. Through some mysterious set of the currents, it is at this place that corpses lost in the neighbourhood are cast ashore.

IV.—THE LOOK-OUT

And it is not in storms alone that danger is to be feared. Sudden fogs, even in quiet weather, are fruitful of disaster. Boats have run on the rocks and their crews have been drowned almost within hearing of the voices of their comrades, and wives and children ashore. Ships and steamers losing their bearings in the fog have run ashore, and the villagers, hearing the sound of their guns or steam horns, have, on flocking down to the water-side, found them stranded on the sand, or perhaps looming up in the mist like some great sea monster, hard and fast on the rocks of the "Bear's Back."

Much has been said and written, and justly so, concerning the picturesqueness and pathos to be

found in the lives and employment of the tillers of the soil. Rather too much has been said and written, we imagine, concerning the touching impressions to be experienced in contemplating what a certain school calls "the common and melancholy lot of humanity, weariness," and many are the pictures which have ness which comes of labour undertaken and faithfully performed. There is, on the contrary, something noble and hopeful in the sight of the labour of tilling the earth, done in simple trust in the Divine promise of seed-time and harvest, however small the prospective share of the individual labourers in the result.

V.—RUNNING FOR HOME.

been painted, with this for their key-note. We must confess to a want of sympathy with those who see, in scenes of rural labour, only a spectacle of human woe, and draw their inspiration from a fancied absence of all higher than mere animal intelligence, who see the chief claim to interest in a morbid, unnatural apathy and dull indifference to life in the objects of their study. We cannot see that there is anything essentially melancholy in the weariness... Yet, take it at its noblest and best, it lacks the fascination which the element of danger adds to the calling of the toilers of the sea. The faith and trust shown in the one is great, but in the other it is greater still, for those who seek their living in the sea, without sowing go forth to reap their harvest; and then, not in peaceful fields where safety dwells, but in the deep waters where death is ever lurking to find them unprepared.

It is this tragic element, underlying their life, which adds an interest to all its phases, deeper and more enthralling the more you know of it. It is this which gives poetry to the most commonplace scenes. We see the fishers go forth, and know not that they will ever return. We see them return, and the event partakes of the character of a gracious preservation in our eyes. And still more striking even than this undercurrent of tragedy is the spirit of the people, which enables them to rise superior to its influence. When the storm blows and the boats are out at night; when the sleepless women wander the banks in the darkness and the tempest, we know that, whatever the event—whether the sea brings back their loved ones alive or dead—we shall witness nothing in their behaviour that shall not raise our respect for human nature, rising superior to wild extravagance of either joy or grief. The companionship of the sea and its perils gives a dignity to the character of those who keep it. It is an ever-present *memento mori*, which teaches at once restraint and resignation. When the men go forth in the lifeboat and, at the risk of death to themselves, attempt the rescue of shipwrecked strangers, whose only claim upon them is that they are in jeopardy, we recognise and admire the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, which has been nourished amidst scenes of danger and in many a hand-to-hand encounter with the king of terrors. And when we see the whole community going through life, cheerfully bearing their burthen, bravely battling with death in the pursuit of their living, sturdily independent, it is inevitable, we take it, that we should think it a far more pleasant sight than that which the school of human weariness imagines it finds in labouring humanity.

Looking back upon our experiences of Cullercoats and its people, we do not find it difficult to understand the partiality so many of our artists have felt to the place. We can see how it is they have not, like others, gone to foreign lands to find the beauties of nature and the picturesque and pathetic sides of human life, but have been wise enough to study them here, where they so richly abound, on this little piece of North Sea coast. R. J. CHARLETON.

MACKLIN'S GALLERY.

IN A RECENT number we gave some account of Alderman Boydell's enterprises, and their influence on the development of English art. The alderman's example bore fruit well worth reviewing; not only did private collectors follow in the effort to foster historical art in England, but other publishers were tempted to follow in a similar line. Among these were Thomas Macklin, who trod closely on Boydell with two noteworthy publications — the "Poets' Gallery" and the "Bible."

In the advertisement to one of his exhibitions he says: "The natural alliance between the Fine Arts was a subject which early in the career of my profession very forcibly attracted my attention. . . . It was from the first a favourite pursuit with me to procure occasionally the happiest designs from the poets of this country; in the encouragement of the artists on these occasions I made it my uniform practice to act as liberally as my means would possibly admit, relying only for remuneration on a generous public; and for the truth of this I can, with real satisfaction, refer to the testimony of the artists themselves." Later on he says: "The present state of the arts in this country appeared peculiarly favourable to these undertakings. Genius at present needs only the stimulus of public favour to rival or eclipse all that may be boasted of the ancient schools." The latter statement is the key-note which was struck in all these efforts. The infant English school was at one bound to surpass in brilliance and worth the most matured efforts of the greatest of all preceding schools. Had a calm moderation guided patrons and painters a greater success might have been obtained. When we find Romney—a painter of high natural talent, but no adequate training, and whose practice had lain almost entirely in portraiture—measuring himself with the "Apotheosis of Shakespeare;" a mediocre book-illustrator like Kirk (who knows even his name now?) coping with "The Angel Freeing the Apostles"—a subject which had tested the powers of Raphael; or a humourist like Smirke (very capable as an illustrator of "Don Quixote") attempting the "Transfiguration," we may easily guess the result.

English artists at the end of the Eighteenth Century were, if we may be allowed the expression,

passing through a period of intoxication. Nor was their delirium much to be wondered at. Half a century previous, English art was in a most despicable condition. Without any adequate means of study, without any exhibition for the exposure of their works, and without any cohesion as a body, their art was confined to the feeblest imitation of the feeble followers of Van Dyck's most artificial style. Suddenly a blaze of talent burst out in the land: portrait and landscape painters of the highest class adorned the walls of several annual exhibitions; and historical painters, overflowing with Reynolds's theories of the grand style, began to be, at all events, very ambitious. English engravers found themselves the chief caterers for the European market, and English painters found their reputations travelling everywhere where culture was regarded. So they tried to run with rapid strides before they had well learned even to crawl safely. The result was, æsthetically speaking, a succession of failures, but there is something to gain in reviving the memory of them. The history of failures teaches lessons quite as cogent and salutary as the history of successes. It is only by many failures that success becomes possible.

For his "Poets' Gallery," Macklin commissioned one hundred pictures by the best English artists available; these pictures he formed into an exhibition—extending over several years—and caused them to be engraved by the best men of the time—chiefly Bartolozzi and his school. The engravings were published with letterpress extracts from the authors illustrated—four prints to each part, by subscription. It was a very expensive work, the parts appearing every six months, at the price of three, six, and eight guineas. It is scarce necessary to say that the subjects were very various, ranging from "Alexander's Feast," painted by Artaud, to "The Mouse's Petition," by H. Bunbury.

The most famous of the pictures executed for this work was undoubtedly Reynolds's "Cottagers," as it was called in the catalogue, or the "Gleaners," as it was named on Bartolozzi's print. It is a large work—eight feet by six—and is interesting in several respects. It is of course a portrait-group—including Mrs. Macklin and her daughter, and a third figure, a Miss Potts who, it is interesting to know, afterwards became the mother of the three Landseers. The figures are in peasant costume before a cottage, Mrs. Macklin with her spinning-wheel, Miss Potts with a sheaf of corn on her head, and the little girl feeding chickens. Reynolds's receipt for this picture cannot accurately be made out, as it is not distinguished in the painter's ledger from the receipts for the whole of his commission from Macklin, which amount altogether to more than £2,000. From Macklin the picture passed to Mr. William Gosling, who lent it to the British Institution in 1813, and his descendant, Mr. Robert Gosling, recently exhibited it with the magnificent gathering of Reynoldses at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884. Reynolds's second contribution to the Poets' Gallery was "Tuccia the Vestal Virgin," an illustration of Gregory's "Ode to Meditation," which Northcote says was commissioned at three hundred guineas. Cotton says it is a portrait of the Duchess of Rutland, but it is certain that he confused it with another picture, "The Trial of Chastity." "Tuccia" was engraved by Bartolozzi's pupil, P. W. Tompkins.

Gainsborough also painted two pictures—"Hobbinol and Gandaretta" from Somerville, and "Lavinia" from Thomson. The former, engraved by Tompkins, was bought by Sir Henry Hoare, Bart. The "Lavinia" is, perhaps, more generally known as "The Milk Girl" or "Girl with a Pan of Milk." From Macklin it passed to the celebrated Roger Collection; but Benjamin West, with no great critical acumen, having characterised the hair as "heavily painted," Rogers determined to expel this exquisite picture from his collection, and sold it to Mr. Philips for one hundred and seventy guineas, in possession of whose descendants it probably still is. Colonel Sir Francis Bolton exhibited a duplicate or replica at the Grosvenor in 1885; and there is a full-size copy at South Kensington Museum, in coloured wools.

Opie received commissions for the "Freeing of Amoret by Britomarte" from Spenser's "Faery Queene," "Damon and Musidora" from Thomson's "Summer," and "Henry and Emma" from Matthew Prior. The second of these was afterwards in the famous Dr. Tabley Collection, from which it was sold in 1827 for seventy-nine guineas, and is now at Petworth. They were all three engraved by Bartolozzi. "None of these works," says Thomas Sandby, "affect ideal beauty or refined composition, but they are stamped by energy of style and a perfect purity of colour, an harmonious tone, and an exact effect of light and shade."

Among Fuseli's contributions was one which has since been mutilated—"Queen Katherine's Dream" from Shakespeare. Some remnants of it may be seen at Kensington. One of the decided successes of the enterprise was the "Woodman" by Barker of Bath, the well-known illustration to Cowper. This picture, by a painter who followed the rustic style of Gainsborough, was long very popular. The picture, which for some time hung in the National Gallery, but is now expatriated, is another version differently treated of the same subject. Among the other painters were Wheatley, Stothard, Hamilton, and Richard Cosway.

While this publication was successfully progressing it was suggested to Macklin that a similar

enterprise on behalf of the Bible would meet with great encouragement and afford an opportunity for the expression of the highest aspirations of the artists. Macklin caught at the suggestion with enthusiasm, and the general public responded with equal avidity, as will become evident from the following quotation from his address to the public, 1793:—"It is now five years since I first ventured on the delicate and hazardous step of exhibiting to the public and the critic's eye a collection of pictures. . . . It is the strongest proof that I can adduce of the liberality of my country to announce that the subscription to my Bible is not only complete, but is decorated with the most august and respected names; and that my prints illustrative of the Poets have been honoured with all the encouragement that my most sanguine hopes could anticipate. . . . I do not wish to appear forgetful of my obligations to the artists of Great Britain. Whatever I have been able to achieve in this way it must be remembered that to their zeal and to their exertions I am principally indebted for the success of my plans. I do not wish to exhibit myself as a patron of the arts: but I account it a happiness to have lived to see a British School rival whatever of excellence there is in the ancient masters, and to have contributed in some small degree as an humble, but, I trust, not unfaithful, steward of the public munificence to its improvement."

For this publication sixty pictures were commissioned and engraved by Bartolozzi, Sharpe, Hall, Heath, Byrne, and others. The work was published in parts like the "Poets' Gallery," and, besides a large plate, each part contained numerous vignette head and tail pieces. The publisher estimated his own expense at £30,000. The list of names and subjects, however, is sorrowful reading. Of all the pictures painted we may safely say that only one has survived the wreck of oblivion—Reynolds's "Holy Family," now in the National Gallery. It was twice engraved for Macklin: on a large scale by Sharpe, on account of the applause with which it was received by the general public, and again on a smaller scale as frontispiece to the New Testament. Macklin sold it for seven hundred guineas to Lord Gwydyr, and on the dispersal of that nobleman's collection it was bought by the Directors of the British Institution, and presented to the National Gallery. Now, if the sentiment of religion failed Reynolds in the subject most easily within his grasp, what chance was there for Stothard with "Jacob's Dream," Cosway with "Christ in the Garden," Smirke with "The Maries Going to the Sepulchre," Bourgeois with "The Devil Leaving Christ," Paye with "Nathan's Parable," Hoppner with "The Raising of Jairus's Daughter," Westall with "The Adoration of the Shepherds," or Artaud with "Belshazzar's Feast"? The question can be answered in but one way.

One of the largest contributors was P. J. de Loutherbourg, who painted "The Deluge," the "Shipwreck of St. Paul," and even "Christ Appeasing the Storm." Opie also painted several pictures—of which "The Sacrifice of Jephthah's Daughter" and "The Presentation in the Temple" were the most popular. It would not be worth while to particularise further. If the English artists of the period found Shakespeare's human subjects beyond them, surely the supernatural feeling inseparable from the subjects of Sacred Writ was wholly impossible? Nevertheless it will be seen that in Thomas Macklin, Alderman Boydell had a worthy rival, and to both we owe not a little of the development of English art. For whatever position we hold now, we do so solely because of the stages of experiment through which we have passed. The bitter failures of the ambitious artists of the early part of this century have taught us lessons which are never forgotten, and by their means obsolete theories have been completely exploded, while on the other hand, the constant effort to reach into a higher region of work was gradually developing a loftiness of mind and seriousness of thought which, sooner or later, must inevitably bear fruit.

ALFRED BEAVER.

A LONG GOOD-BYE.

(Written by May Kendall. Designed by Arthur Hopkins.)

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

"LA BELLA SIMONETTA."

SIMONETTA DE' VESPUCCI belonged to the great age of the Medici and the golden days of art. Old Cosimo, surnamed by his grateful fellow-citizens "the father of his country," was still living when she was born, about the middle of the Fifteenth Century. But he was already full of years and infirmities; and the death of his favourite son, Giovanni, had terribly saddened the close of his active and splendid life. His elder son and successor, Piero, was a chronic invalid, and the hopes of the house were centred on two youthful grandsons, Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. The Vespucci were staunch adherents of the Medici; and Simonetta's brothers and cousins shared in all the courtly festivities of the palace in Via Larga, and took part in the jousts, the pleasures of the chase, and the philosophic studies in which the two brothers spent their early years, until Piero's death, in 1469, made young Lorenzo chief.

Simonetta herself was soon brought into close connection with the Medici. Angelo Poliziano sang the praises of her "crin inanellato" and bright eyes, the proud humility of her brow, the divine grace of her speech. Already her charms of person and mind had attracted a large number of admirers. "She was," writes Lorenzo de' Medici himself, "universally beloved and admired, a thing not singular, for, independently of her beauty, her manners were so winning that almost all those who had any acquaintance with her flattered himself that he held the first place in her affections." And now she won the heart of the young and handsome Giuliano, the great favourite of the Florentines. His friend Poliziano describes him as tall and athletic, with fine dark eyes and raven locks, which he wore combed back over his forehead; and tells us how, besides being skilled in all knightly exercises, he took delight in painting and poetry, and was himself an accomplished musician and writer of sonnets. Hitherto, if we are to believe Poliziano, the nymphs of Florence had sighed in vain for the cruel youth, and Love himself wept for the icy rigour of Giuliano's breast until the beauty and heart of Simonetta surprised and vanquished him. As a rule, these platonic attachments were not of a very serious order; the poets of those days often thought fit to imagine themselves in love, and created a mistress to whom they might address their verses; and Lorenzo himself tells us how he sought about for a lady whose charms and virtues might prove a fitting subject for his pen. But Giuliano's love seems to have been of a more ardent kind; and the expression which Vasari applies to Simonetta, "l'innamorata di Giuliano," probably implies something more than a merely poetic passion.

In the unfinished poem, called the "Giostra di Giuliano," devoted to his beloved patron's praise, Poliziano describes the loves of the illustrious pair after the fashion of the day; and tells us how Queen Venus sent a milk-white hind across the path of the young hunter, and how, at the end of a fruitless chase, the beautiful maiden appeared to Giuliano and conquered him on the spot. The future chain of events—the tournament in which Giuliano came off victorious and the sudden death of Simonetta—are foreshadowed in a dream sent by Venus. The young hero returns, crowned with olive and laurel, from the fray, and meets the lady of his love; but as he bends forward to embrace her, a thick cloud envelops and shrouds her from his sight.

The dream proved all too true. Before the poem was half finished a sudden death cut short the life of fair Simonetta, and closed the story of Giuliano's first love. Lorenzo himself has told us how great was the shock, and how profound the impression, created by the terrible event. All Florence wept when the news was known; and when, on the next day, the dead maiden was borne to the place of burial, with her face uncovered, crowds thronged the streets and pressed round the bier to take one more look at the beautiful countenance they had loved so well; and in whose face, says Lorenzo, quoting Petrarch's famous line, even death seemed fair :—

> "Morte bella parea nel suo bel volte."

So they followed her to the grave with tears and lamentations; and during the next few weeks all the eloquence and wit of Florence were employed in paying honour to her memory both in prose and in verse. "And I also," writes Lorenzo, "composed a few sonnets; and in order to give them greater effect, I endeavoured to convince myself that I, too, had been deprived of the object of my love, and excite in my own mind the passions felt by those by whom she had been beloved." Then Pulci wrote his elegy; and at the prayer of Giuliano, composed an epitaph on the beloved maiden whom death had snatched from his arms. Then, too, this poet, who was the chosen friend and companion of the Medici, wrote the famous Latin epigram :—" Dum pulchra

effertur nigro Simonetta feretro," in which he describes the strife of Love and Death over her mortal remains. "Mine she is still," the boy cries; "not yet have you robbed her from me. He spoke and groaned, knowing this was less a time for triumph than for tears." Death had conquered, and held on his way with resistless might. For not only La Bella Simonetta died, but on the same day, two years afterwards, Giuliano fell before the high altar of the cathedral, murdered by the treacherous Pazzi; and the lover followed his mistress to the eternal shades.

Now her peculiar type of beauty possessed a remarkable fascination for the most original and poetic painter of that illustrious circle, Alessandro di Mariano Filipepi, better known by the name of Sandro Botticelli. Of the four portraits of La Bella Simonetta which remain to-day, the most famous is the profile by this master in the Pitti Palace. The picture belonged to the collection of the Grand Duke, and there can be little doubt that it is the very portrait of the "innamorata di Giuliano de' Medici" which Vasari mentions in his life of Botticelli, and which originally belonged to the *guardaroba* of the Medici. In his youth Sandro had been employed by the Vespucci to decorate their palace, and had adorned a whole chamber with creations of his pencil set in richly-carved frames of walnut. So the fair Simonetta may have been known to him from her childhood, and it was natural that he should be chosen to paint her portrait. This he has done after his own fashion in a style altogether peculiar to himself. We see the high-born Florentine maiden in a simple bodice of dark stuff, cut in a low square to show the long, slender throat, which was one of her charms. She wears no jewels, and there is no attempt at ornament or embroidery in her dress or in the cap she wears on her head; only one lock of wavy gold hair, parting itself from the rest, strays carelessly on her brow, exactly as Sandro would have loved to see it. Critics have asked if this simply-clad maiden can be the beloved of Giuliano de' Medici, and is not rather a girl of humbler origin; but we find the same quiet tones and modest garb in this painter's portrait of Lorenzo's mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, and we are particularly told by contemporary writers of the simple customs observed in the Medici household, and the plain stuff gowns worn by Lorenzo's wife and daughters.

The second portrait is also the work of Botticelli, and was exhibited as such at Burlington House last winter. There we see his *bella* in a rich brown robe thickly sewn with pearls, and a many-coloured scarf twisted round her shoulders. There are pearls on the head-dress she wears, and a plume is fastened by a single pearl on her brow, while her wavy locks are blown about on the wind, and the casement behind her opens on white-clouded sky and a rocky sea-shore such as Sandro often paints in the background of his pictures. We note the use of gold in the lights so common in this master's work, the long white throat and regular features of the Pitti portrait; but here the upturned eye is full of fire and animation, and reminds us of the lines in which Poliziano describes "those sunny orbs which flashed a thousand darts into the hearts of men."

The third portrait originally belonged to the Reiset Collection, and is now, if we are not mistaken, in that of the Duc d'Aumale. It bears a strong resemblance to the last-named picture, but is probably the work of Antonio Pollaiuolo. The words "Simonetta Januennis Vespuccia" are inscribed upon the panel. A striped scarf is loosely draped round the bare neck and shoulders of the figure, the hair is braided with pearls, and a serpent-shaped jewel glitters on the long throat, while the cheek has the same warm glow, the eye the same sparkling lustre, as in the picture ascribed to Sandro.

The fourth portrait of La Bella Simonetta is that lately exhibited at Christie's in the collection of the late Mr. William Graham. It differs considerably from the other three in character, and has been partly repainted, but the features are the same. The Florentine maiden in the blue-green dress, with the bright curly hair under the white cap, the coral necklace and pearl pendant at her throat, and the single flower of white narcissus stuck in her waistband, has the broad, open brow, straight nose, and long neck with which we are all familiar. The work is a charming one in its way, and, if we hesitate in ascribing it to Piero della Francesco, whose name it bore in the catalogue last April, it may yet be the work of some Umbrian master who, like him, felt the force of Florentine influences.

But there is yet another reason which heightens our interest in the Florentine maiden whose memory lives in the paintings and poetry of her contemporaries. It is the remarkable influence which Simonetta's peculiar type of beauty exercised upon the art of Sandro Botticelli. It may be the tragic nature of her end haunted the mind of this master, who, like all the great Florentines, was busy with the thought of death. It may be he could not forget the cold white face of the dead girl whom he had so lately seen glowing with health and beauty, and whom they bore through the weeping crowds in the streets of Florence with the lovely smile still on her lips. But, whatever the reason, there is no doubt that Simonetta's face and form took a strong hold on the painter's imagination. Again and again in his later pictures we see the long throat, the tall, slender form, which had for him so strange a fascination.

Now she figures as Venus rising from the sea, with pale waves beating on the lonely shore and the roses floating in the air about her; then as Judith going calmly home in the hour of her triumph and the might of the great deliverance she has wrought for Israel; then, again, she takes the form of Abundance, daughter of the gods. Fairest of all she appears to us on the walls of the Sistine Chapel as Jethro's daughter Zipporah. There we see her, standing under the palm trees, robed in white and crowned with myrtle, with gold sandals on her feet and a distaff and bough of apples, the fruit of labour, in her hands, the painter's ideal of pure and holy maidenhood. And, last of all, long years after the magnificent Lorenzo was dead, and the names of Simonetta and Giuliano were forgotten by the fickle Florentines, Sandro painted her once more as Truth, despised and oppressed of men, lifting up her hand to Heaven in calm certainty that there her cause is tried and her mute appeal heard.

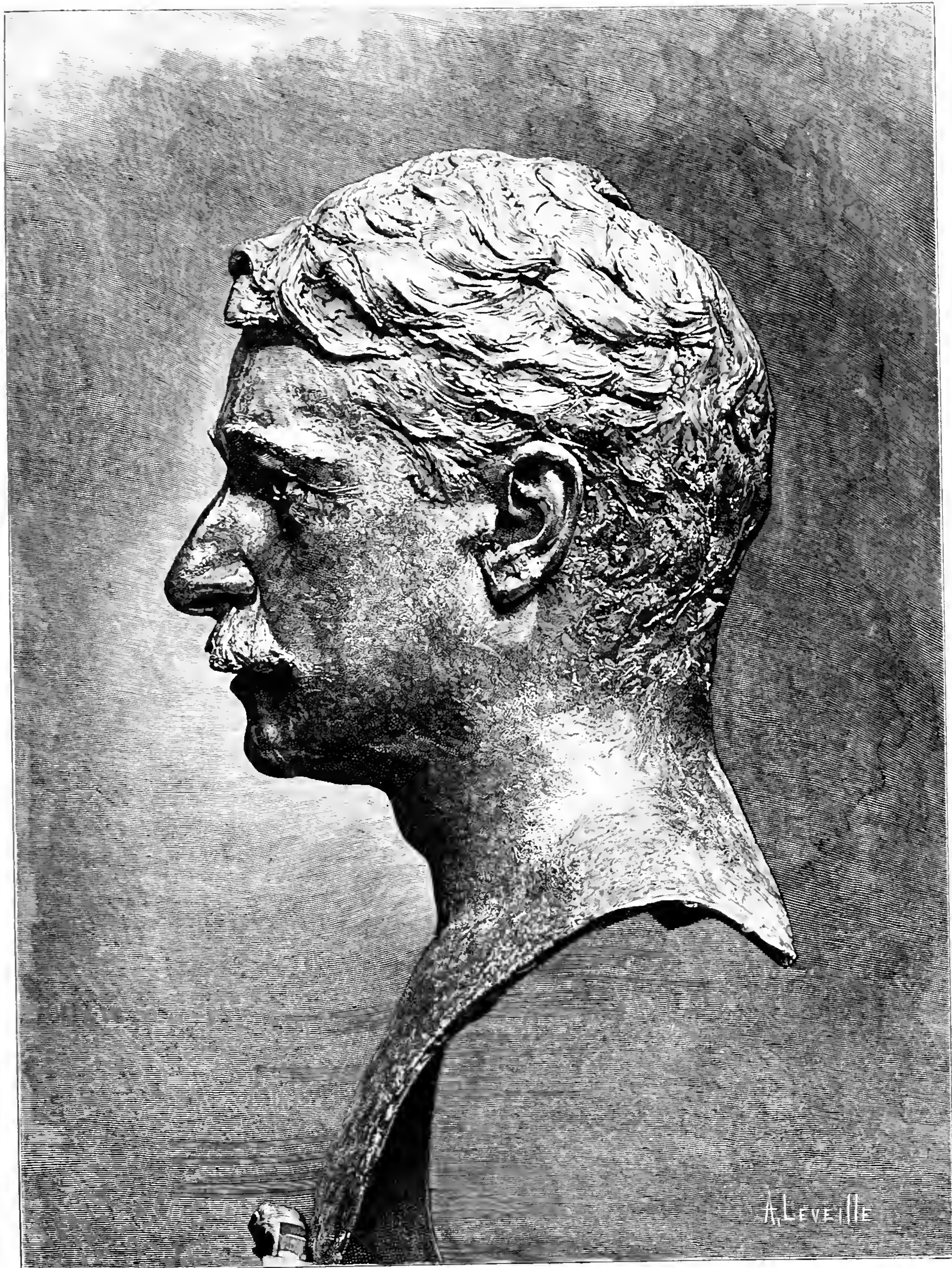
JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

PAUL BAUDRY.

FRANCE justly mourns the death of Paul Baudry, one of the most gifted of her sons. Painted decoration conceived on a grand scale, and taking its proper place as one of the highest branches of art, is as important in the days of the Republic as it was under the Royalist or Imperial *régimes*. Whereas formerly its province was to enrich the palace of a king, the nest of a royal favourite, or, later on, to adorn the grandiose constructions which rose during the First and Second Empires, now it is deemed equally indispensable for the completion of a reconstructed Hôtel de Ville, for the ornamentation

A DECORATIVE PANEL.

(Painted by Paul Baudry.)



PAUL BAUDRY.

(From the Bust by Paul Dubois.)

of the endless Mairies of the French capital, and above all for the embellishment of the Panthéon, which, now once more a paganised temple, bids fair to become a very museum of modern decorative art both sacred and secular.

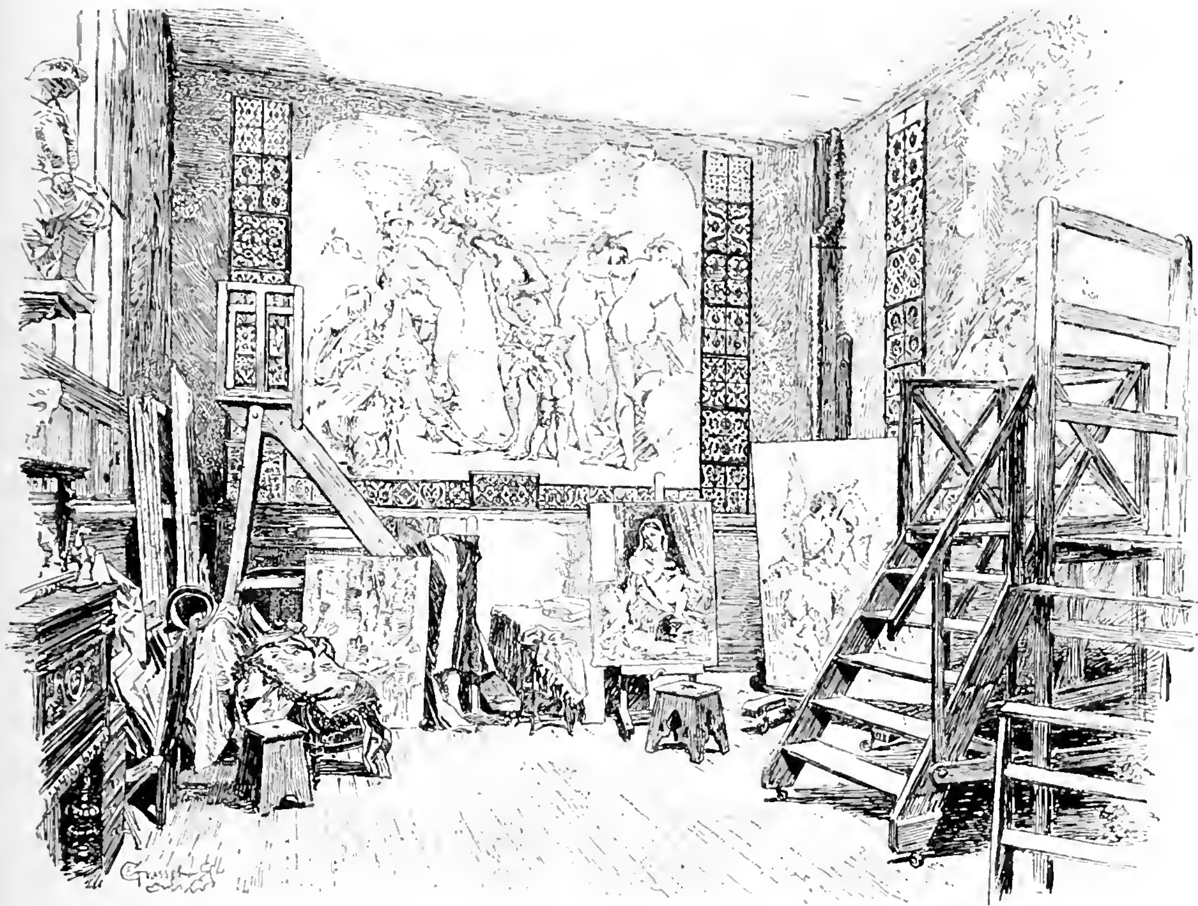
Baudry had not the Tintoretto-like audacity of Delacroix, nor had he the monumental grandeur of M. Puvis de Chavannes, the austere charm and calming influence of whose art make him the incomparably fit decorator of the church, or the public edifice of the severer type: but the deceased painter had a more evenly-sustained skill, a brighter and more joy inspiring, if not a more serene and harmonious, scheme of colour, than that of the last-named great artist. His disappearance at the present moment is doubly to be regretted, because in his peculiar branch he leaves no successor of sufficient influence to counteract the strenuous endeavour which is being made by a number of artists of great merit and sincerity to prove, on the one hand, that the blue-grey envelope, which is all they succeed in imitating in M. Puvis de Chavannes' subtle schemes of mitigated colour, is the true, the only harmony for decoration on a large scale; on the other, that typical representations of the scenes of the modern city and the country-side are henceforth to take the place of those idealised types and personifications of things human and divine, those conceptions of widest scope and most soaring phantasy, which are surely entitled to maintain their supremacy among the subjects applied to decoration, even though they have been irresistibly driven from other places by art of a tendency in closer accord with the passions and aspirations of the day.

Paul Baudry was a Vendean, and was born at La Roche-sur-Yon, on the 7th of November, 1828. His family were workers of the humblest class; his father being busied all day in the forest as a "sabotier," and knowing but one relief from toil—that of playing on an old violin which he possessed. This talent Baudry inherited in a much higher degree, and it was the cause that a long struggle established itself between him and his parents, whose ambition it was that he should become a violinist, while he felt himself irresistibly attracted towards the vocation of painter. The talent he revealed after some very rudimentary instruction in painting, induced the municipality of his native town—in this displaying a rare sagacity—to send him in the year 1844 to Paris, where in 1847 he obtained the second *prix de Rome*, and in 1850 carried off the first prize with his "Zenobia Found on the Banks of the Araxes." The four years passed in Rome at the Villa Medici were spent in a searching and enthusiastic study of the great masters of the Revival—chiefly those whose works formed the climax and close of that great period: Michelangelo, Raphael, the Venetians, and Correggio. The first work sent by the painter from the Eternal City was the well-known "La Fortune et l'Enfant," the *morbidezza* and mannered grace of which are clearly derived from Correggio, while its scheme of colour approximates to that of Titian and his school, the individuality of the modern painter nevertheless asserting itself, and thus redeeming the work from condemnation as an absolute *pasticcio*. The admirable copy of Raphael's "Jurisprudence" dates from the same period. The last picture executed by Baudry at Rome, during his first sojourn there, was the "Supplice d'une Vestale" (1857), a huge composition, confused, and overloaded with personages, with much detriment to its general effect, though some of the figures are in themselves admirable. This, the painter's only essay in historical composition on the vast scale so often perforce adopted by French artists, proves that, admirably as he understood how to impart symmetry, rhythm, and movement to decorative and symbolical compositions, the calmer ponderation, the more soberly-ordered harmony which belong to the treatment of historical subjects proper, was not equally within his grasp.

As a painter, Baudry was perhaps never at a higher technical level than in the "Saint Jean-Baptiste" of the Luxembourg (1857), in which the boy-saint is shown tenderly caressing a lamb. Neither here, however, nor in any other among the very few works dealing with sacred or mystical scenes which the painter attempted, do we find him in real touch with his subject, or approaching it either with that simplicity of naïve awe and reverence which is under the conditions of modern life hardly attainable, or with that ardent human sympathy which alone can worthily replace it. It is well, perhaps, for his reputation that the great dream of his life was not realised; that the important series of scenes from the life of Jeanne d'Arc with which the State bade him cover a portion of the wall-space of the Panthéon remained unexecuted. Admirable as these would have been in many respects, we cannot imagine that he would have succeeded in imparting to France's heroine the spiritual aspect, the inner flame of consuming, mystic passion which should be the chief element of such a conception. High technical qualities allied to a peculiar grace were shown also in the "Léda" (1857); in the "Petit Saint Jean" (1860), a delightful study of a modern Parisian child masquerading with the inappropriate attributes of the Precursor; and in the delicious "La Perle et la Vague" (1862). Another excursion into the domains of history—the last, indeed, if we have regard only to the completed work of the painter—was the "Charlotte Corday" of 1861.

In or about 1854 arrived the critical moment of the artist's life, for in virtue of his annual successes

at the Salon, he was chosen to carry out the pictorial decoration of the great *foyer* of the new Grand Opéra. Never did great painter show a more ardent devotion to art, a truer humility of spirit, than Baudry then displayed. Conscious of the magnitude of his undertaking, distrustful, not of his powers, but of his want of experience in this branch, he, no longer a struggling youth, but a master of high rank and reputation, returned to Rome as a pupil, devoted himself absolutely to the study of the Sistine Chapel and the Stanze, and executed the series of magnificent copies of portions of the former work, which were among the greatest attractions at the recent exhibition of his works. In 1867 he was in England, completing from the originals his series of copies on a small scale of the great Cartoons of Raphael at South Kensington.



PAUL BAUDRY'S STUDIO.

The decoration of the *foyer*—in extent one of the vastest artistic undertakings of modern times—occupied the painter almost exclusively during twelve years. The subjects chosen for illustration are those most typical of music, of poetry, of the witchery of dancing—for at the Opéra, Terpsichore is worshipped as a divinity co-equal with her sisters—and of the divine influence of beauty as an inseparable element of the arts whose temple the Opéra is, or should be. Thus Baudry has given us new versions of such world-legends as "Apollo and Marsyas," "Orpheus and Eurydice," "Orpheus Slain by the Maenads," "Tyrtaeus Inciting the Spartans to Combat," "David before Saul," and "Salome Dancing before Herod." Eight only of the Muses appear as single figures, one of their number, Polymnia, being sacrificed to architectural exigencies.

Baudry, unable, after the completion of his *magnum opus*, to settle down at once to labours more ordinary and less inspiring, undertook two successive journeys to Egypt, whose aspect appears to have left no impress on his genius, and on his return saw Athens, whose serene beauties, gilded with the halo of her glorious past, deeply moved him. Henceforth his energies were almost exclusively devoted to the conception and execution of great painted decorations, in the peculiar style in which he had proved himself without an equal among moderns. There had already been produced in 1865, before the

decorations of the Opéra were undertaken, an elaborate symbolical composition, "Les Heures," for the ceiling of Madame de Païva's house in the Champs Elysées, and there now followed the "Glorification de la Loi," a vast *plafond* for the Court of Cassation, which gained the Médaille d'Honneur at the Salon of 1881. It is marked by a splendour of colour in the Venetian mode, by a sureness and vivacity of execution worthy of all praise; but the treatment of the high theme chosen shows an insufficient appreciation of its noble gravity, and of the ideal character of the symbolism which should have been devoted to its exposition. Here, even more than in the decorations of the Opéra, we are struck with the *parti pris* of the painter, who, fearing that his deep studies of the great Italian models might tempt him to a conventional, lifeless reproduction of their distinctive qualities, determined, while following the main principles with which he had so ardently sought to imbue himself, to give his

EDMOND ABOUT.

(*Painted by Paul Baudry.*)

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

(Painted by Paul Baudry.)

work vivacity and originality of aspect by the use of modern, living types chosen from among his own surroundings. The artistic principle is a just one, the effort praiseworthy and sincere in intention; but, in carrying theory into practice, Baudry was not altogether fortunate. The types selected were

frequently too frivolous in their "modernité," too strongly suggestive of the grisette and the model, to take their place worthily in the noble conception of the artist. Other important works were the "Noces de Cupidon et Psyché" (after Apuleius), and "Phœbé," both executed for the Vanderbilts of New York (1882), and "St. Hubert" (1882), an important canvas destined to be the central ornament of a huge chimneypiece at Chantilly. In this, abandoning for the time the style and effects of the achieved Renaissance, he aimed at the clear, even illumination, the flatter decorative effects, of the frescoes of the Fifteenth Century.

All through his career Baudry practised with signal merit and success an entirely distinct branch of his art, that of portrait-painting. In the portraits belonging to the earlier part of his career he revealed a singular power of acutely analysing human character, of seizing and perpetuating human individuality; showing a strong, if somewhat cold and unsympathetic, objectivity, the more remarkable for the singular contrast which it afforded to the qualities of sensuous grace and charm which marked his other works of the same period. Conception and execution were based on, though not imitated from, the solid and unaffectedly truthful school of portraiture which marked the earlier part of the century, and had for its greatest exponents David and, later on, Ingres. To this class belong the coldly serene, the admirably true portraits of Beulé (1857) and of Baron Dupin (1860), full of individuality, and, as it were, revealing the very processes of thought in the persons represented. The painter's masterpiece in this style is, however, the famous portrait of Guizot (1860), in whose delineation are emphasised with singular power the unbending energy, the unemotional intellectuality, which still, at that period, marked his green, upright, old age. Gradually the manner changes. The portrait of Charles Garnier, architect of the Opéra (1868), has a sombre Venetian glow, a great intensity of physical life, and a characterisation of mental attributes less acute than that of the first series. In the portrait of Edmond About (1871), relieved on a blue-green ground, somewhat after the manner of Holbein, and illuminated after the same even fashion, but painted with a freedom and even looseness of touch, excessive for its size, the personality is still admirably characterised, but there is at the same time apparent the aim to give at least equal prominence to the decorative effect. In the large series of portraits executed by the painter during his later years, his point of view appears still further to have changed. His main object became the solution of new problems of colour and decorative effect, the repetition of pictorial arrangements and colouristic juxtapositions, which on a different scale and under different conditions had achieved success. The painter apparently cared no longer to mould his figures so as completely to suggest their osseous and muscular structure, and, less interested than in former days in the human side of the problem presented to him, he succeeded less entirely in expressing their physical and mental individuality. The brain could not forget its preoccupation with problems of a different class, or the hand its labours on a grander scale.

To define, at this stage, Baudry's exact position in the Parnassus of modern French art, would be a task of great difficulty. It cannot well be maintained that his faculty of artistic vision was of such supreme distinctiveness, or that his power of giving forth anew, stamped with the unmistakable mark of his own individuality, the impressions received by him from humanity and the outside world, was sufficiently great, to entitle him to a place beside such noble pioneers and innovators as Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Rousseau, or even, it may be, beside such painter-poets as Puvis de Chavannes and Gustave Moreau. Yet there must be conceded to him in his own peculiar branch the first place among the artists of his time, not precisely as the greatest or most aspiring among masters of the art of decoration, but certainly as the most admirable in accomplishment, the most brilliant, and the most uniformly successful. As a portrait-painter, he must, too, if we have regard rather to the works of his early and middle than to those of his later time, be classed in all but the first rank—to attain which, his sober mastery and keen penetration need only have been tempered with a little more of that indefinable yet inestimable quality of sympathy. Baudry's artistic temperament was a somewhat strange and complex one. While his interest in nature, and, from a certain point of view, in humanity, was intense and enthusiastic, and his studies of those manifestations from which are to be evolved life, movement, grace, and rhythmic harmony, were unwearying, his artistic nature was nevertheless in a sense a cold one. Are we to surmise that he dwelt so long with the immortals, was so occupied in evoking for us their radiant presence, was so intent on presenting to us anew the great symbolical legends of antiquity, that his heart a little forgot to beat in unison with human interests and human wants? Or are we rather to seek the explanation in the peculiar idiosyncrasy of the artist? Whatever may be our view as to the exact place which will ultimately be accorded to the great painter, let us again record that none ever displayed a more single-minded devotion to art, more absolutely devoted his whole energies to its practice and development, or more entirely merged his life in his works. What great and happy result he achieved during his too short life we have tried to show.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

ART IN ROME.

HE early Romans were Hellenic settlers who intruded on territory colonised in dim and distant ages by Pelasgic tribes—Umbrians, Tyrrhenians, and others—which at a later time had been dispossessed by the Etruscans, emigrants from Lydia driven from home by the advance of the Assyrian arms. For the first two and a half centuries of her existence Rome was practically Etruscan; but, inasmuch as the art of the Pelasgi had held its own and eventually become predominant in Etruria, the architecture of Rome is akin in its origin to that of the old stone-builders of Tiryns and Mycenæ, where, amid the ruins of a prehistoric day, are found fragments of cyclopæan walls and remains of the round arch which was freely employed by the Pelasgic colonists of Italy. It was this feature upon which Rome seized, which she made her own by converting it from a mere convenience into a constructive principle, by the fearless spring and span she gave to it, the pomp with which she marshalled it in spacious series and piled it tier on tier; above all, by the manner in which she broke up with it the hitherto unshaken predominance of the horizontal line, and introduced variety of configuration into architecture.

The undecorated style of the ancient buildings harmonises well with the Dorian type of character, and with the days when the countryman would leave the plough to be invested with consular authority, then, having saved the State, return to the plough once more. It was the prevalence in the Roman of the stern and severe element which made possible that strictness of discipline under which his life in the family and in the nation was subjected at every step. This unbending rigidity it was which, entering into his work, made ridiculous his attempt to combine with it the flexile lines of Greek ornamentation. There is also a touch of everlastingness about the shattered memorials of the "eternal city," answering to her conception of a commonwealth. The civic life of the Greek was carried out on a larger scale at Rome, concentred in a vast community co-extensive with the nation, and constituting one undivided and absorbing whole to which every individual and lesser interest was resolutely and unreservedly subordinated. This it was which imparted to the public works into which the spirit of Rome was infused, the element of immensity; an idea quite unfamiliar to the mind of the Greek, and, indeed, alien to his genius, but embodied in the magnificent reach of the long Roman curves, the countless procession of congregated arches, the far-drawn vanishing lines along the flat sides of the great ovals, the pervading height and spaciousness: a spaciousness that was filled with light, and in which nothing was concealed.

Yet of national art the Romans had none; with all their great powers and a nature originally noble, they never rose to so much as a respectable eminence in this department; in art, in literature, and in religion they succumbed to the compelling influence of the Greek. Greek modes of thought and forms of expression were affected by their most gifted writers: the national epic was an echo of Homer; the grace and beauty which they did not understand were hung, like gauze and garlands on a giant, about their own bold and sturdy productions. The Roman did not enter into the meaning of a Greek design, yet could not resist the loveliness with which he did not at all know what to do, and his adoption of it was disastrous. He framed his constructive arch in columns and entablature, with this result: the essential form was dismissed to a subsidiary position, the decorative framework was forced into prominence, and the column was degraded from a structural support into the useless member of a quite unnecessary screen; thus debased, it soon became engaged, and then dwindled down into a pilaster. And so the ruin riots among all the beauty and glory of a Greek façade; every feature was corrupted and impoverished; the shaft became elongated and attenuated, the introduction of a pedestal destroyed its last semblance of service; the entablature shrunk into a "mere string against the wall," and was then broken up into fragments and rendered void of all significance; the splendour of a broad effect was frittered away in petty details. After the fall of Carthage and of Corinth, Roman taste was depraved by indulgence in shameless spoliation, and irredeemably vitiated by the growing voluptuousness which supplanted the manly vigour and simplicity of the old republic; then the pure loveliness of Grecian decoration was polluted by exuberant ornamentation, adventitious, fantastical, extravagant. The Doric style was never popular, reduced to secondary uses it withered away. The volutes of the Ionic capital were perversely set

diagonally, a change destructive of the beautiful contrast between the front and sides. The lavish of the gods or of man, but to obtaining from them a plain "yes" or "no" to direct questions about

THE COLISEUM, WITH THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

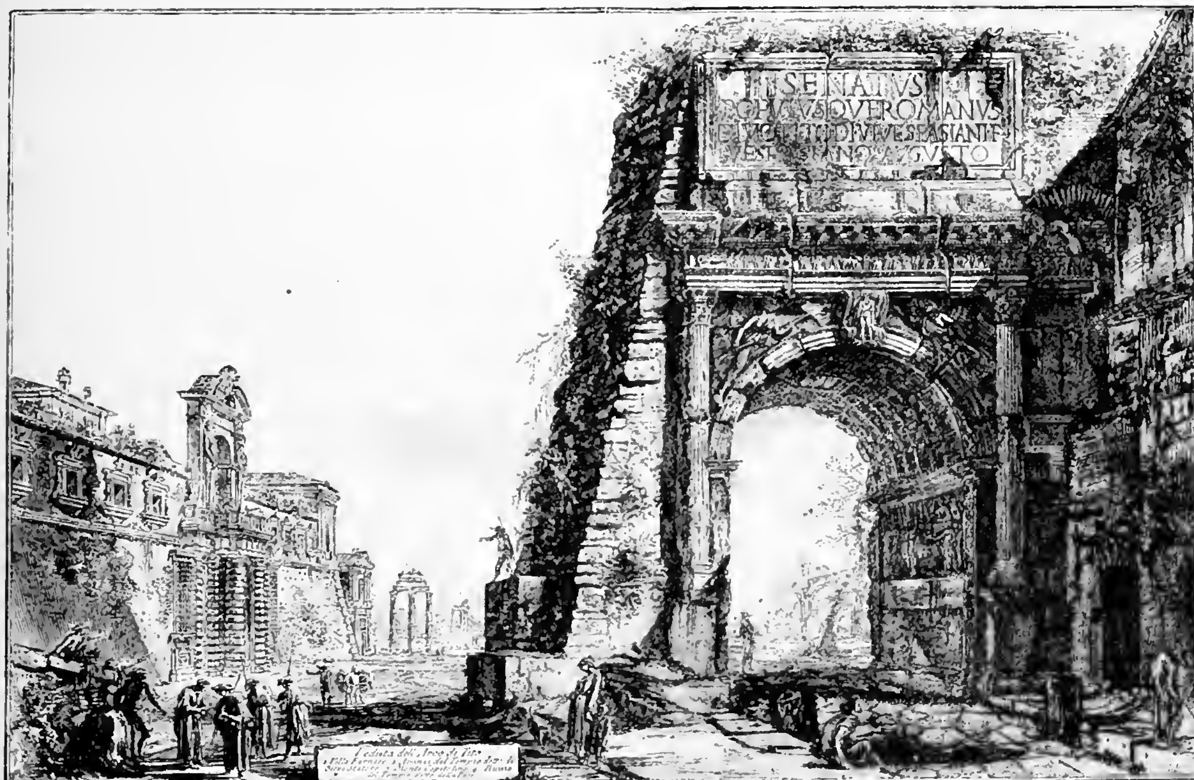
(Reduced from an Etching by Piranesi.)

loveliness of the Corinthian order, however, found a congenial home among the Romans, and their larger nature gave it the fulness of development needed for architectural perfection. The finest examples of the empire are of this class, in which are at least fifty varieties. Then this passion for variety induced the Roman architect to combine in one capital the Ionic volute and the Corinthian acanthus, stunting the latter and exaggerating the former: a monstrous device which took separate rank under the name of the Composite.

There were numerous temples at Rome; Augustus "restored" eighty-two of them, but he was too deeply interested in the success of a radical revolution to be other than conventional and orthodox with regard to social and ecclesiastical institutions, and the circumstance that so many fanes were in decay is suggestive. The fact is that the heart of the Roman was never in this matter. The pristine worship of the profoundly religious days of old was directed by the hard utilitarian bent of the Roman, not to speculative research into the nature human affairs. The priest gave place to the diviner; and as the divinity, never humanised or localised, needed no earthly habitation, so his interpreter, observant of clouds and birds, required no more than an enclosure partitioned into four equal square courts, the ends of the dividing lines being coincident with the cardinal points, and in those days there was no impulse to the erection of large or elaborate temples. Then came the time when fashion imported a religion ready-made, and the city was crowded with imitative shrines for the reception of the "fair false gods of Hellas;" but what life or force has ever been, or can be, in a faith adopted at second-hand? The element of personality, vital in the Greek conception of deity, disturbed the antique belief of Rome; and a fatal shock was sustained later when it became clear that the teacher held no longer to the creed he taught. Greek scepticism broke up all that remained of religious conviction, Rome became cold and indifferent, the temples fell into ruins, and the devastation wrought by Goth and Hun upon the disruption of the empire was so complete that

scarce a vestige remains of the Augustan restorations or of the later Ionic and Corinthian sanctuaries. But the largest temples were toys compared with the basilicas, and might have stood unregarded in a corner of one of the great amphitheatres. The most distinctive is the splendid building reared by Agrippa, and dedicated by him to Jupiter Ultor, now known as the Pantheon. It consists of a rotunda 132 feet in diameter (exclusive of walls 19 feet thick), incongruously attached to a square portico about 100 feet in length, containing sixteen monolithic Corinthian columns; the round edifice was crowned with a huge vault or dome, equal in height to the diameter, a development of the round arch. The proportions offend, the perpendicular portion being overborne by the cupola; so does the inharmonious conjunction of circle and rectangle; but the interior is characterised by a simple grandeur which makes it one of the most sublime in the world.

The hopelessness of the heathen about death was intense in sceptical Rome, and the people were without a gleam of inspiration which could prompt to artistic care for the resting-places of their dead. But among the Romans natural affection was strong, family and domestic ties were sacred and inviolable; and when human love had nothing else to spend itself upon, there was at least a memory to be tenderly cherished, to be openly honoured and revered. Hence the Romans were great tomb builders; they laid out large cemeteries, the Via Appia was populous with sepulchres, there was a street of graves at Pompeii; they constructed every variety of burial-place, cut caverns deep into the rock, made excavations in the soil; imposed upon it mounds, towers, castles, pillars, pyramids, temples, and the large walled enclosures called columbaria, cities of the dead, where the funereal urns were deposited in niches with which, row upon row, the internal masonry was pierced. Without stint was the decoration of columnar façade, of frieze and cornice and shaft, for the most part Greek, of course; but there are Egyptian forms, and figures which recall the reliefs of Assyria or Persia. Illustrations of memorial buildings are found in the round tower commemorating Cæcilia Metella, the wife of Crassus; in the terraced cone of earth, planted with trees, which, rising from pleasure grounds in the Campus Martius, marks the tomb of Augustus; but most famous of all is the solid and splendid structure reared for himself by Hadrian, on the far side of Tiber, now known as the Castle of St. Angelo. Canina's restoration shows a square colonnade of Corinthian columns upholding two successive circular colonnades, also Corinthian, the topmost surmounted



THE ARCH OF TITUS.

(Reduced from an Etching by Piranesi.)

by a pyramidal roof; the great round tower was faced with Parian marble.

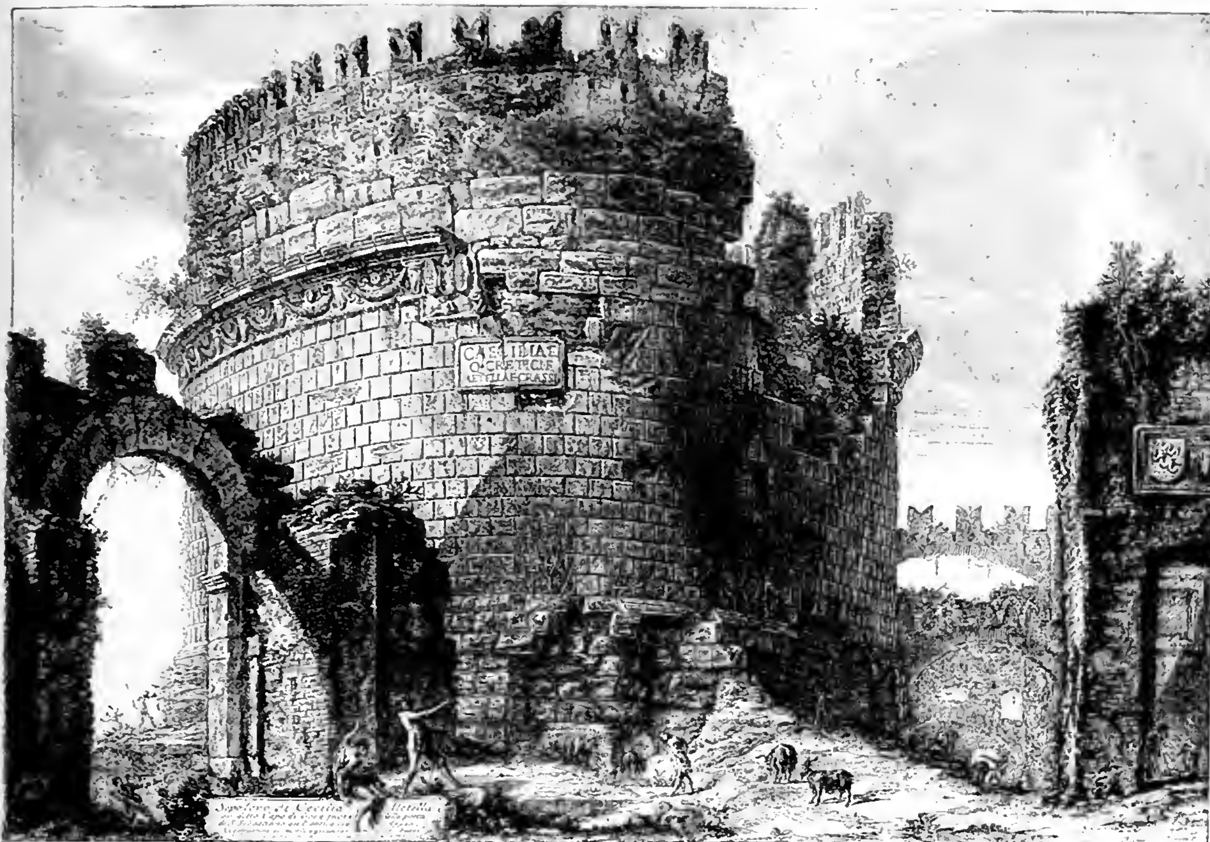
The palaces of consular and of imperial Rome were of unexampled magnificence; of this the completeness of their ruin may well assure us. To dwell on the arrogant and pampered pride which marked such a residence as the golden house of Nero (occupying the Esquiline and Palatine hills, with the intervening space), would only be to indicate the degeneracy of manners and of morals which enervated the great Latin race, and brought on the fiery renewal effected by Alaric and Attila and Genseric. It is more to the purpose to study the "Villa," as old writers call it, which holds among its ruins the larger part of the town of Spalatro, in Dalmatia, and which was built by Diocletian for his retirement upon his abdication. It helps to a comprehension of the scale of Roman ideas, to observe what sort of place an emperor out of business required for his accommodation; but more, the aspect of this group of palatial structures shows what Rome did for art by liberating architecture from her subservience to the horizontal line, through the constructive scope allowed the arch, and by the introduction of variety in outline. With no feature so imposing as is seen on the sites of Thebes, of Babylon, or of Persepolis, a mere shadow of the beauty which dwells on the Acropolis, this palace yet brings us into a new world, sets our faces to the future, and opens to us infinite possibilities as we read the writing on its stones, "Old things are passed away." That is a sentence which not even Grecian art was able to pronounce.

Ministering less to material needs, but not therefore less strictly utilitarian, were the memorial column and the triumphal arch, peculiarly Roman institutions. The pillars of Trajan and of Marcus Aurelius, each surmounted by a colossal statue in bronze of its emperor, were composed of cylindrical blocks of marble worked on the inside into a stairway winding up to the capital; the shafts are adorned with spiral curves of bas-reliefs commemorating wars with the Dacians and Marcomanni respectively; the former, the principal ornament of the Forum, is carried to a height of 110 feet, exclusive of the statue and its pedestal. The triumphal arch was the most considerable example of Roman architecture proper—the semicircle flanked by great piers with entablature and frieze. The intention of these erections was various: occasionally they were memorial only; sometimes recording great public works, more particularly the construction or repair of those highways which were as the arteries of the commonwealth through which her life-blood ebbed and flowed with the movements of her invincible legions; the arch of Trajan at Beneventum celebrates the renewal of the Appian Way; it mingles in exceptional measure grace and beauty with its massive might. But the full significance was realised when, in one wide span, or doubled, or supported on each side by a lower and narrower arch, these detached structures stood over the road along which the victorious general at the head of his army, parading the spoils of conquest, entered the city, and the "long triumph" swept from the Campus Martius up to the temple of Capitoline Jupiter. The arch of Titus is built of Pentelic marble; winged victories in the corners between arch and entablature declare its meaning, and from frieze and inward walls sculpture tells the dire story of *Judæa capta*. There were arches of great magnificence at Orange and at Rheims; there was a very beautiful double arch at Autun, the entablature surmounted by an elegant range of narrower arches; at Trèves, another much larger and still more beautiful, the upper arches rising in two successive tiers. And of the triple arch, it may here be noted that those of Septimius Severus and of Constantine, the latter adorned with detached columns of yellow Numidian marble, are very noble examples of stately form and tasteful arrangement of sculptures.

The basilicas furnished the general plan on which throughout history Christian churches have been built. A broad nave, flanked by narrower aisles, each parted from it by a row of columns, led up to a semicircular apse raised at the back part to contain the seat of the presiding magistrate; this was reached by a range of semicircular steps, and on either side of these were the chairs of the assessors. These buildings were reared upon a scale and in a style proportioned to the dignity of justice and to the nobleness of the service which law rendered to the State. The Basilica of Trajan was 180 feet wide, more than twice as long, and 120 feet high. It consisted of four aisles, each $23\frac{1}{3}$ feet wide, and a nave 87 feet in width. There were four rows of columns 35 feet in height. That of Maxentius, 195 feet wide, by about 280 feet long by 120 feet high, contained a nave 83 feet in width, roofed by a mighty vault, and two side aisles, the partitions on each side being formed by three vast arches, each of 72 feet span. This was built in less than two centuries after the other, and a comparison of the ground-plans will give a striking impression of the rapid development of the arch, and of the vast strides made during this interval in the principles of construction.

There remain theatres, amphitheatres, aqueducts, bridges, and baths, which, rightly viewed, stand quite outside the domain of art, yet bear deep set the peculiar stamp of the Roman. It must suffice to say that the three former classes of building consisted mainly of replications of the arch with entablature,

and owed their grandeur to their amazing dimensions, massive construction, bold lines, and spacious effects. The auditorium of Marcellus was a semicircle of 410 feet in diameter; that at Orange had a diameter



THE TOMB OF CÆCILIA METELLA.

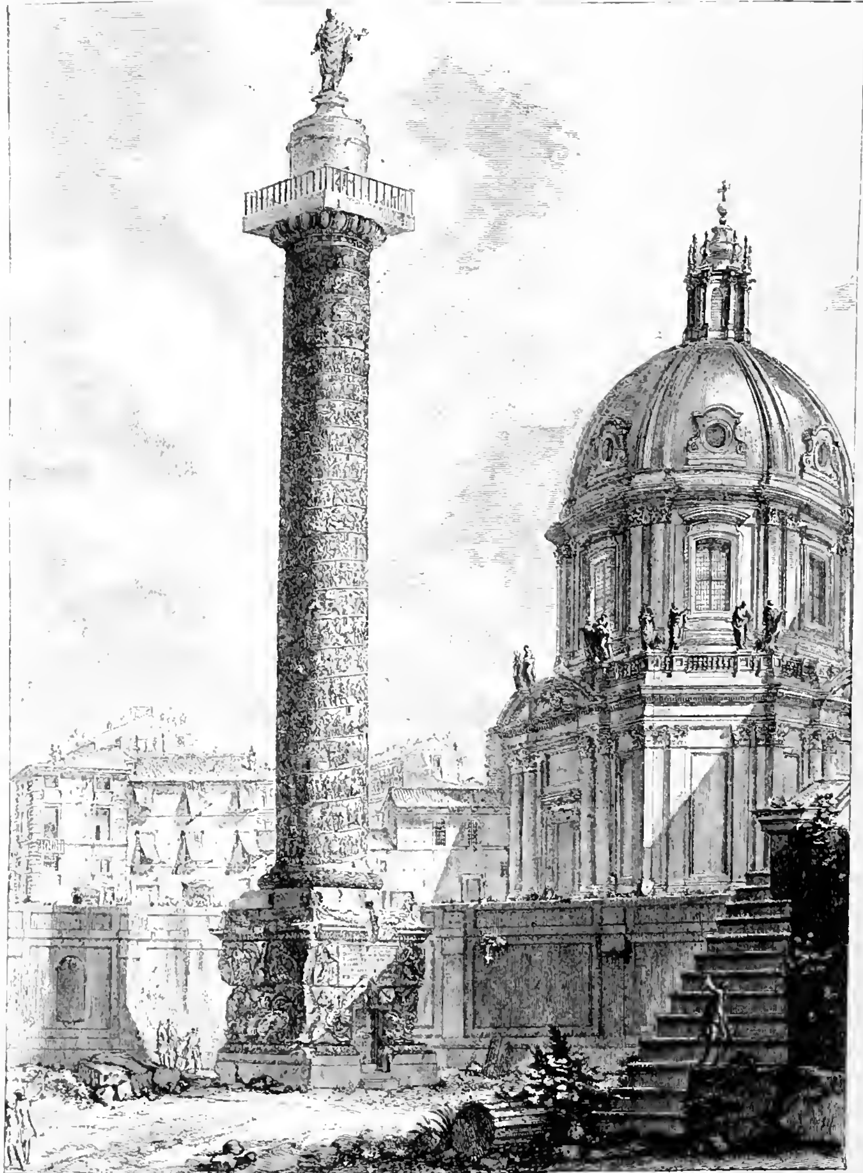
(Reduced from an Etching by Piranesi.)

of 310 feet. The Flavian Amphitheatre, known as the Coliseum, measured 620 feet by 513 feet by 157 feet, the arena was 287 feet by 180 feet, and there was provision for a concourse of spectators variously estimated at from 60,000 to 80,000 in number. The Pont du Gard at Nemausis (Nismes) rose 180 feet above the stream; the aqueducts at Segovia and Tarragona were 100 feet in height; and each of these ran for 800 feet along its valley. At Alcantara, Trajan built a bridge of six arches only in a line of 650 feet, the central two are each 100 feet in span and 140 feet in height; the Pons Ælius, flung by Hadrian across the Tiber, is a very noble specimen of the unpretending greatness of true Roman work. [It may be remarked here that of so great importance did the Romans esteem their bridges, that they consigned the care of them to a religious fraternity, hence called *pontifices*, of which the highest college of priests was a development, and the Pope's title of Pontifex Maximus is a survival.] Under the Empire the baths were made subservient to luxury; at Pompeii and in the capital they comprised suites of rooms furnished and decorated like palaces; the thermae of Caracalla were especially splendid; the enclosure of the baths of Diocletian was a square of 1,150 feet, and the dimensions of the principal building were 730 feet by 380 feet.

Among the Romans arose no painter of any name. Three centuries B.C. the head of the great Fabian house earned the surname of *Pictor*, but he was accused of depraving the public morals by the innocent exercise of his art; and Pliny tells us that it was never favoured by "polite hands," while Cassiodorus asserts that it was left to be practised by slaves. We cannot be surprised to learn that a painter was esteemed, not by the worth of his work, but according to the quantity he could get through in a day. Yet the Romans became great collectors of pictures: Marcellus first exhibited in his triumph a number of paintings brought from Syracuse; and Plutarch declares that the pictures and statues imported from Macedonia by Paulus Æmilius formed two hundred and fifty wagon loads, this portion of

his procession occupying an entire day. A long list of scene-painters and painters of vases might be given, but every name is Greek; and the decorations of Pompeii are Greek also.

It cannot be said that the Romans failed in art, for they despised and did not attempt it in the days when the foundations of character were laid, and the national genius was created. But, as civilisation advanced, and the necessity for art was realised, the powers transcendent in organisation and administration, omnipotent in the wielding of armies and the government of a world, were put forth in vain to meet the requirements of culture and æsthetic taste. Had it not been for her strong rule, and her rough-and-ready public justice, Rome would have been wanting in all the highest characteristics of a nation; her art, her literature, even her religion, was "conveyed" from the peoples whom she trod beneath

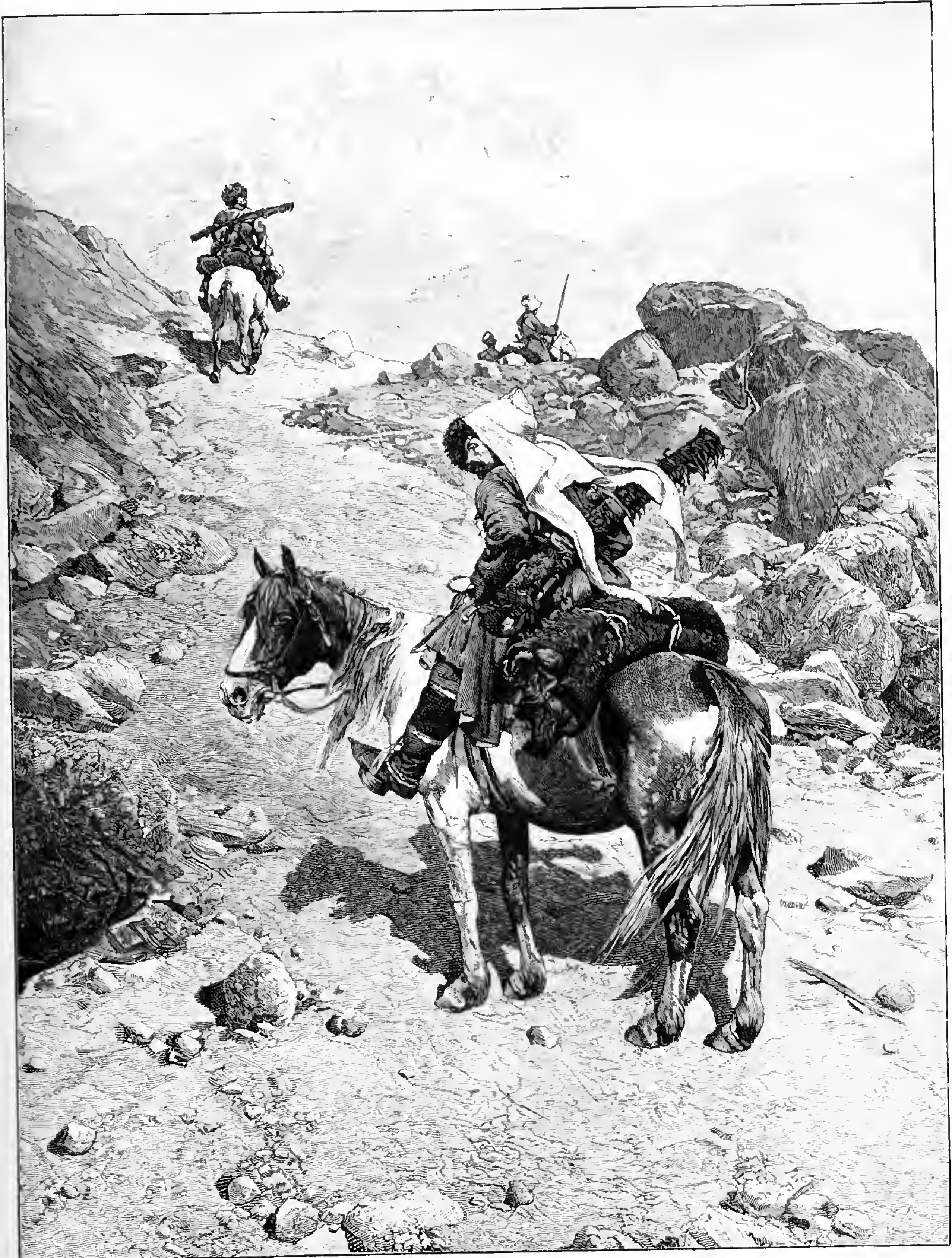


TRAJAN'S COLUMN.

(Reduced from an Etching by Piranesi.)

her feet. True, Rome could not help stamping on her work, even in her most degenerate days, the signs of her antique mould, of a simple and a noble nature; but the development of the round arch, and gloriously she wrought it out, is all she achieved for art; in design no less than in ornament she owes everything great to the Greece she crushed and spoiled.

WM. HOLMDEN.



THE MOUNTAIN PASS.

(From the Picture by A. Wierusz-Kowalski.)

FRENCH AND DUTCH PICTURES IN EDINBURGH.

WORDSWORTH, Byron, Shelley, and others have brought a new spirit into poetry during this century, as Scott and Balzac have into the novel. Beethoven, Schubert, Berlioz, Mendelssohn, Wagner, &c., have by no means treated music as Haydn and Gluck before them; and painters, among other artists, have not been behindhand, if indeed they were not the first, in taking a new and romantic view of nature. Gainsborough and Crome, armed with Dutch and Flemish traditions of how to work, succeeded in conquering some new provinces of nature; Constable and Bonington, still more daring, pushed further; but it was the great Frenchmen of 1830 who, inspired by the genius of these Englishmen's work, completed and consolidated their conquest of fresh fields for art, decided its future path, and perfected the technical means by which this new treatment of nature was to be carried out with beauty of style and truth of representation. As this is now hardly a matter of dispute, the loan collection of French and Dutch painters which Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce has got together at the Edinburgh International Exhibition should be interesting to every one, and particularly useful to artists. No assemblage of pictures, except perhaps that at Messrs. Durand-Ruel's in 1879, has so fully illustrated the achievement of the great French painters of the century, and no exhibition has ever shown at the same time and with such fulness the fruit of their example, where perhaps their influence has been most deeply felt, in Holland.

The beauty of colour attained by the great modern schools does not proceed from any arbitrary arrangement of the resources of the palette. The work, it is true, is decorative in result, but it has not been made so by following decorative principles; its beauty and its agreeableness come from conformity to the method of that subtle fuser and refiner of colour—Nature. Its authors have, before all things, determined that their work shall be significant of the action of air and light, rightly believing that what is true to a key based on atmosphere is, at least, always harmonious, if not always vivid or rich. The triumphs of the great French school and its following are there in this gallery to show that this confidence in nature was far from misplaced. The harmony of colouring, which gives to these walls such an air of sober refinement and distinction, is never, or is rarely, obtained at the cost of sincerity in the translation of the artists' impressions of nature.

Corot's genius should be counted the greatest of this century, not only because his style is the most finished and complete in its beauty, but also because his sentiment for nature and his conception of how it might be adjusted to the resources of art have proved the most magnetic in influence and the most fruitful in suggestion. Though he did not experiment over such a wide range of actual subjects as Rousseau and others, he brought under the control of art fresher, more important, and more generally essential qualities of landscape. Fairly derived from the nature of human vision as it is, that assemblage of qualities which gives so strong a family resemblance to Corot's pictures had been almost entirely neglected by painters, and it is Corot's great merit to have proved this natural and poetic aspect of the world capable of logical, comprehensible, and beautiful treatment on canvas. Rousseau, Diaz, Daubigny, and the rest were not so persistently determined to be content with nothing short of a personal rendering of their own impressions. They owed much besides inspiration to the Low Countries and England: their style bewrays them; it is more evidently compiled, and is not so magically fitted as Corot's method to the matter in hand and the treatment desired. In his work we see the elegance and stateliness of Claude and Poussin, the breadth of Rubens, the aërial modelling of Ruysdael and Hobbema, as well as Constable's justness of balance between veracious local tint and the all-pervading atmosphere. These qualities, however, are fused under the power of his imagination, they are not separately discernible, they mingle but to give richness and completeness to a new method of expressing a new view of nature. How original, for instance, is his manner of dealing with trees! Other painters of his time produced, some of them, even the old classic tree, a mass of little touches plastered on the sky, in a lovely pattern like a dried seaweed; some, again, the stiffly-modelled Dutch tree, too suggestive of separate touches if not of individual leaves, the tree, in fact, of Hobbema, Ruysdael, and occasionally of Crome and Gainsborough; whilst others, following Rubens, rather preferred the broadly massed tree, hewn as

it were in blocks after the style of a few Gainsboroughs and the larger sketches of Constable. Who before Corot has given us that feathery, vaporous, waving tree, with its exquisitely chosen touches of suggestive detail? And yet it must be remembered that, as should be the case with everything in high art, his foliage was all of a piece with the rest of his work, was part of a style depending on his broad view of the action of light, and was, in short, no isolated feat of observation. Throughout any one of his pictures the force of realisation remains consistently the same. You will not find here none, there a crowd of details; the amount of the dose is regulated voluntarily by artistic taste and respect for *ensemble*, not blindly by the limits of the artist's capacity for niggling or the bounds of his patience. It is but fair to say that this reserve, without which no art is worthy, is one of the chief characteristics of the whole school, and by no means applies to Corot only. As Mr. Bruce has managed to collect twenty Corots, and these as various and characteristic as possible, twelve Diazs, seven Rousseaus, six Millets, twenty-two William Marises, twenty-one James Marises, and many more pictures of the school, he may be congratulated on having given the public a rare and excellent opportunity of judging the great French painter, his contemporaries, and his direct successors. "An Evening in Normandy" (1,126) may be taken as one of the most complete and finished examples of that inimitable elegance of style with which Corot was finally able to convey his revelation of new sentiments and feelings about landscape. By no means high in tone or brilliant in colour, tinged in fact even to the blue sky with a flavour of something warm and umbery in the atmosphere, it is, nevertheless, wonderfully luminous. Without doubt, surprise, or any question of blame or praise, you accept the realism of the scene; the position and colour of every object indicated are so truly and atmospherically suggested, that you can traverse in mind every undulation of the surface, plunge into the soft airy depths of the foliage, and enjoy, as you would in nature, the supreme beauty and elegance of the conception.

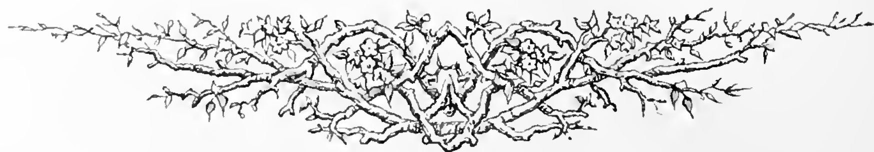
Few as they are in number, the examples of Millet's work, especially a chalk drawing, "The Sheepfold" (1,107), give a very fair notion of that rugged majesty, so far removed from the dignity of stateliness of other men, with which, owing to his manner of seeing and feeling natural shapes and their envelopment, he could invest even the commonest objects. I may have hinted that Corot was a greater artist; but I am convinced that Millet was the greater man, and am aware that personal predilection had too much to do in forming my opinion, and that only by a limited use of the word "artist" could it be reasonably justified. Millet has made such important contributions to both arts, or rather to that modern art which consists of the two fused in one, that he can neither be classed as a figure-painter nor as a landscape-painter. The figure, in its place in nature, struck him as rocks and trees had struck other men, and he wove it into his composition and his aërial scheme as they had woven those. Nevertheless, no more than the professed figure-painters of the past, did he neglect the special characteristics of the human frame, or content himself with its general atmospheric aspect. Though the conditions of real landscape art prevented his so patently delineating men as they did, no figure-painter has succeeded in making his people look less like models and more like men, doing what they are supposed to be doing. "Going to Work" (1,138), an exquisite little pastoral, "The Shepherdess" (1,124), the astonishingly vigorous "Wood Sawyers" (1,131), and the grand and fiery sketch, "The Fisherman's Wife" (1,115), are all characteristic examples of this sublime and passionate artist; while "L'Amour Vainqueur" (1,141), strange and original as it is in manner, was earlier work, and was done under the influence of a more or less foreign inspiration.

It is difficult to say which is the best Diaz: the powerful but unostentatiously real "Forest Path," that glorious golden sunset, "The Bather," or the Titianesque classicism of the "Wood Nymph" (1,117). Of the Daubignys, a coast scene, with a long stretch of black, velvety, weed-covered rocks, bare at low tide, strikes one as the most thoroughly sincere and impressive; but choice among pictures of such high merit is little more than a mere expression of personal taste. In the case of Jacque, however, one may pronounce with decision in favour of the antique breadth and simplicity of "Le Retour du Troupeau" (1,157), a picture which will astonish those who only know the common Jacque of commerce.

Théodore Rousseau is hardly so well, or at any rate so fully and effectually, represented as the painters already mentioned. This unwearied investigator of nature and undaunted experimenter in art must not be seen fragmentarily on a few canvases, even though they be such gems of Barbizonian scenery as "The Hunt" (1,113), "The Heath" (1,125); such rich studies of the forest foliage as "Clairbois" (1,146) and "Le Rageur" (1,120), or so powerful a rendering of effect as the little "Storm" (1,169), the only one which does not suggest the country about Fontainebleau. [By the way, it is impossible to believe that this study of a round, full, and leafy oak was really made from that storm-stricken tree in

the Gorge d'Aprémont whose bare and contorted limbs justify its time-honoured name "Le Rageur."] Little as has been said of Rousseau, still more grievous injustice must be done to the rest of the French school, upon which one might enlarge for ever. Fortunately no one visiting the gallery will be able to neglect Troyon's vivid sunset sketch, "Fishing-Boat off Honfleur" (1,140), the magnificent still-life of Courbet and Vollon, the delicious and decorative colour of Monticelli, or the sombre poetry of Dupré's "Pointe des Dunes" (1,099). Two sorts of rival figure-painting which made a great noise in their day are exemplified in Ingres' "Odalisque" (1,173) and Delacroix's "Barque de Don Juan." There is no doubt that the comparison is unfair to Delacroix, for Ingres seldom showed his peculiar qualities to much better advantage, even in his large pictures, than he did in this small figure, whereas his great rival only appears of his full stature on such immense canvases as the "Massacre of Scio" and the "Taking of Constantinople." Diaz, in his figure-work, inclines rather to Delacroix's impetuous love of colour and effect; Legros, in his "Demoiselles du Mois de Marie" (1,161), notwithstanding the mellowness of his sober colour, shows himself, as Ingres was, chiefly occupied with construction, modelling, and expression of type. As for the "Lion and Lioness Prowling" (1,159), of Mr. J. M. Swan, it is much to say for this painter, the only Englishman of the lot, and young enough to be the son of the youngest, that his work is not unworthy to be hung beside that of the great men whose tradition he has so intelligently applied to subjects and sentiments of his own.

Of the Dutch school we need say but little; their work has been very extensively illustrated lately at the Goupil galleries. The show in Edinburgh, however, is undoubtedly fuller, both generally and particularly as concerns the two men who must be counted the foremost of the group, Matthew and James Maris. This is the first time, as far as I know, that any one, at least in England, has had an opportunity of fairly studying their genius and achievement. Twenty-two specimens of Matthew's and twenty-one of James's work strike one with a profound respect for the loftiness of their imaginations and the continuity and sincerity of their aims in art. Matthew Maris will never reach the mass of those who must be affected naturally by poetry of whatever sort and however lofty it be in style and expression. Realists, men in fact who see and feel like the mass of humanity, will never quite understand or truly sympathise with any but familiarly human sentiments and conceptions; for, let the style be as dignified or engaging as possible, it must otherwise derive half its meaning and half its beauty from its subservience to the ideas of a visionary. Doubtless to the visionary himself, the qualities he expresses seem most evident and important; every really great artist unquestionably perceives in nature some justifying reason for his proceedings, and if we pay some slight attention to it, though we may neither admire nor sympathise with it, we shall at last partially understand Matthew Maris's work. It is easy to see that he is not merely a man with exquisite taste in the decorative use of the palette, but that he is a poet the aim of whose life has been to make these exquisite refinements of tone and this short, sober range of colour correspond to real qualities which have appealed with unusual force to his strange and fervid personality. When one looks, for the first time, at his mystic copses, dusty pulverised earth, curly dry leaves, and far-off enchanted castles in a blue haze opposed to strange little gnome-like persons in the foreground, one is perhaps more astonished than pleased; but soon the spell begins to work, the strangeness passes off, and one finds oneself in a world of original fancy. The large view of Dordrecht, seen under a cloudy sky full of golden and creamy tints, is without doubt the most striking of the many works by James Maris. Admirable also are his moonlight scenes and his powerful yet careful water-colours. He excels as a painter of skies, notably of those vast piles of cumuli in which accuracy of form and firmness of modelling must not be purchased at the cost of atmospheric softness and envelopment. T. Bosboom's interiors, chiefly churches, are simply and soberly coloured; the aim has been to give more effect to the quality of the light than to detail or local colour. Of Israels, Mauve, Mesdag, and others, the inspiration is neither so powerful nor original as that of Matthew and James Maris. Inspection of the two walls will show that the great Frenchmen had more charm and variety in their colour than has been attained by their Dutch followers. R. A. M. Stevenson.



GATHERING SEAWEED: STORMY WEATHER.

(Painted by John Smith-Lewis. Salon, 1886.)

THE AMERICAN SALON.

I FEEL it a great honour to have been invited to contribute to THE MAGAZINE OF ART; and if I am flattered as well as grateful, it is not that I attribute it in any way to my own very slight merit, but exclusively to my artistic convictions, which have been ever expressed with absolute independence and a profound respect for truth.

The opinions that I have never ceased to maintain in *L'Art*, since its foundation twelve years ago, have, according to my prediction, been irresistibly confirmed from year to year by facts, to the hurt—and also by the great and peculiar fault—of the French School of Painting. If that body visibly declines, while French sculpture is more than ever famous, and dominates, both by talent and genius, all the other schools, and that from very lofty altitudes, the French painters have only themselves to thank for a decadence which the Salon of 1886 has made manifest to eyes the least-discerning. Warnings, repeated to satiety, have not been wanting; they have been systematically neglected, and, as none is so blind as they who will not see, the French painters have found themselves surrounded on all sides by foreign rivals. These, by-the-bye, have never hidden their constant progress under a bushel, and their capacity, in all styles, is seen thrusting forward into the first ranks. No later than yesterday the possibility of any such rivalry—much more the possible triumph of foreign painters or their supremacy in any degree—was wildly denied; and meanwhile the futility of these hapless illusions has been demonstrated by the overpowering eloquence of facts.

The admirable French School of 1830 did not content itself with merely reforming the practical parts of painting. If it very justly held that to be a painter the first condition is to know how to paint, it also perfectly understood that the reason for laying so much stress upon achieving the finest craftsmanship is to place it at the service of artistic creations which shall be lofty, intelligent, spiritual at the least. Posterity, to which it now belongs, daily renews the lasting glory it achieved in every department upon which it ventured; and Eugène Delacroix, Théodore Rousseau, Corot, Millet—to mention but four of the illustrious dead—will remain immortal as its ensigns.

To this generation of an absolutely superior order, which practised exclusively the religion of art, and never preoccupied itself with the cult of the Golden Calf, succeeded a whole brood of painters who saw in painting not an art, but a profession as it were gilt-edged: or, in a word, the most lucrative of trades. Not only daubers but men of talent flung themselves headlong into art, their wits bewildered by a famous exemplar of success, the intoxicating prices realised by the microscopic little pictures of Meissonier. Now M. Meissonier is unquestionably a draughtsman of talent and a painter of serious merit; but, considered as an artist, as a creative spirit, he stands on a lower level. Indeed, his single influence would have been fatal to the French School of the latter half of this century. Interesting in himself as an exception, his work has led a crowd of young people to imagine that to dress up any old fellow in the fripperies of a past age is enough to produce and sell a picture outright. Hence the deluge of ephemeral canvases in which we have for some years been whelmed: a few, a very few, possessing a certain cleverness of handling, but nearly all distinguished by a total lack of sentiment. One soon sickens of the painting of properties and tinsel, and of all its pretentious emptiness; we have sickened of it already. But, all the same, its empire endured far longer than was consistent with the honour and glory of the School of France.

Meanwhile, the painters of other countries, long since persuaded of the pictorial superiority of France, were awakening to the fact that, after all, her supremacy was mainly a matter of technique, and that there was no earthly reason why they should not succeed in thoroughly mastering the secrets of her finer and more perfect craftsmanship. Then began from all parts an invasion of Paris by foreign painters, of whom it is to be noted that they all set out—and that they all continue to set out—upon their artistic crusade, without abandoning the simplicity of their

THE TRIO.

(Painted by Herbert Denman. Salon, 1886.)

national sentiment or their sincere sense of nationality. These incomparable merits are possessed, *me judice*, in an exceptionally high degree by one member of the Royal Academy of Arts: Mr. William Quiller Orchardson, the excellent Scotch artist, who is purely himself—who is entirely, exclusively himself—both in freedom of handling and delicate acuteness of perception.

In this universal struggle for the palm, the young school of the United States were too intelligently observant of the doctrines of the "Go-Ahead" religion, not to cast themselves at once into the thick of the mellay. I still remember the laughter, as sarcastic as silly, which greeted my *Caveant Consules*, when I reiterated, in every key, that these determined foes, to whom there were no such encouragements as difficulties to be overcome, would soon develop into formidable rivals. And yet, at every Salon, one or other of them took a serious step, not to say stride, to the front. We are only in 1886; yet we cannot without dishonesty refuse to doff our hats, and recognise that they have come in easily a good first. In this year's Salon the supremacy of France—an immense supremacy in the eyes of all real connoisseurs—is only maintained by the work of two artists, each in his own line absolutely *di primo cartello*. One, of course, is Antoine Vollon, whose incomparable craftsmanship ennobles by its maëstria, its *verve*, and its inspiration, any sort of still life you please—an egg or two, a few pots, a common kettle, what you will. The other is the greatest of living artists, the king of portrait-painters, the too modest Élie Delaunay, who contents himself with quietly producing masterpieces without seeming to be aware of it. His "Portrait of Madame M.," exhibited this year, will one day be the glory of a public gallery.

I shall not pause before Mr. Whistler, whose reputation dates neither from to-day nor yesterday, and who will remain a brilliant exception with regard to the epoch of his first appearance; neither shall I make any stop for a considerable number of young American men and women whose names appear in the catalogue of the Salon of 1886, and who, like Messrs. Smith-Lewis and Denman, nearly all show some promise or other. I do not content myself with promise, so I must needs hold over the whole group to the Salons of the future. My intention is to take notice only of those new men who have met with real success, of those who offer the most brilliant response to the babblings of the narrow-minded: to the effect that the United States are far too young a nation to produce artists, much less a school, one needs acknowledge. For these poor people an American School was, and must inevitably remain, sheer nonsense, at all events for two or three generations yet. But the fact is, there was in the whole Salon no landscape more lovingly treated, with the play of light and shade more admirably rendered, than the "En Arcadie" of Mr. Alexander Harrison, of Philadelphia; not a single nudity—and, alas! there was no lack of them!—which was drawn, modelled, and painted with the perfection that this excellent artist, full of respect for his art, has brought to bear upon the bathing girls so deliciously grouped in his Arcady; to say nothing of the fact that his palette lacks no single refinement of the most exquisite colouring. I have not the honour of Mr. Harrison's acquaintance, and cannot tell whether he has read Chénier; but this I know, that at the sight of his picture, my memory seemed to hear the words of the poet—

"Sur des pensers nouveaux faisons des vers antiques."

The name of Alexander Harrison is one to be carefully remembered; he is on the road to fame.

No less remarkable, in a very different style, is Mr. Julius Gari Melchers, who was born at Detroit, and is only twenty-six years old. Mr. Melchers fell in love with the Netherlands, and there he bravely took up his residence to study the grand tradition of Rembrandt, and of the leaders of the great Dutch School of the Seventeenth Century, Franz Hals, Thomas de Keyser, Bartholomew van der Helst, Ferdinand Bol, Govert Fluick, and the rest. Like theirs, his aim is to reproduce life-size scenes of Netherlandish life. His first effort in this direction, "Le Prêche," announces an historian of the brush as veracious as his famous predecessors, and gives us earnest of an artist worthy to be their successor. The subject is of the simplest: fronting a pew containing two churchwardens of a Protestant temple, some peasant-women, in their picturesque costume, are seated on chairs, with stretched throats and lifted heads, carefully following the words of a preacher who remains unseen, but who is literally audible, so true is the expression of all these faces. There is only one exception: a girl whose youth has succumbed to sleep, much to the indignation of the cross old woman, her neighbour. That is all, but it is enough to realise an impression, true, living, and thoroughly felt. I have but one objection to offer: if the composition, the drawing, the observation, the distribution of light, the colouring itself, constitute the happiest *ensemble*, we still wish that here and there in this admirable canvas the modelling had been a trifle firmer in accent.

If Mr. Melchers calls himself in the catalogue the pupil of MM. Boulanger and Lefebvre, whom he in nowise resembles, Mr. Walter MacEwen (of Chicago) keeps the completest silence on the subject of such studios as he may have frequented. It makes but little difference: the essential is that he

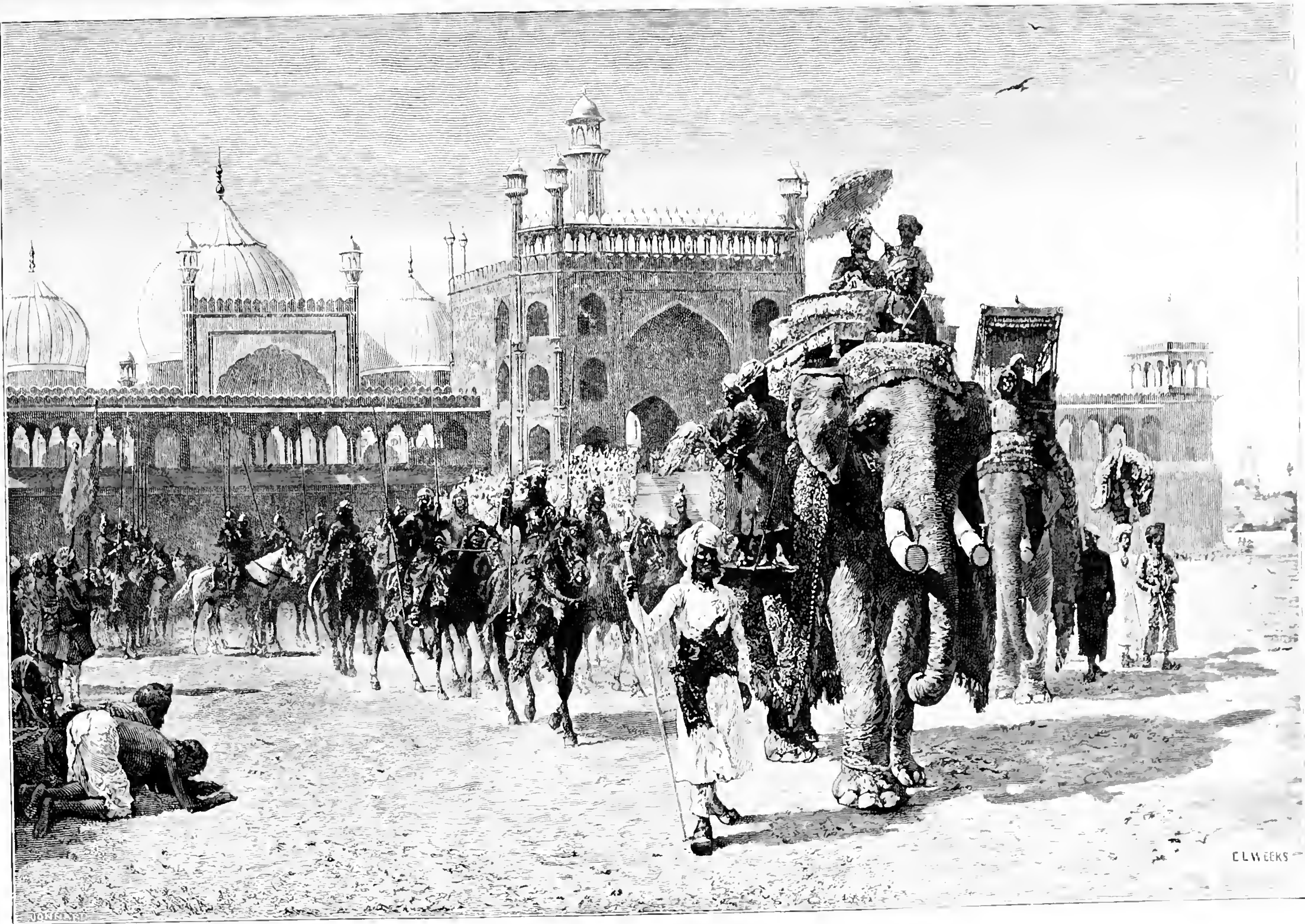
should have talent, and he is clever enough to have a great deal. His male and female peasants "Revenant du Travail" (that is the title of his picture) as to be somewhat veiled. This is the one reproach to be justly addressed to Mr. MacEwen, who, if artistically speaking he is most true to life and

THE INVENTOR.

(Painted by Daniel Ridgway Knight. Salon, 1886.)

form a composition extremely truthful in perspective, winding away in the open air along an interminable plain. The mist in which the long road vanishes is the mist that is so dear to the Netherlands: for this country it is which inspires, with rare felicity, the Chicago painter also: and its local tone is astonishingly interpreted. His "Jugement de Paris" is certainly the least mythological work that I know, but I am far from complaining of that. Three young Dutch girls are working at a window, in a modest interior; and opposite them is seated a stout young fellow, who is far from an Adonis, but who shows no small hesitation in making up his mind. The gestures are taken in the very act of life; and while the handling is very broad, the modelling is delicate. The tone, albeit extremely subtle, is so freely sprinkled with a sort of grey dust nature, stoops no more than the rest of his countrymen to the insanities of the so-called naturalists; that is to say, he never forgets that painting is an art, an interpretation by means of a creative idea, and never a stupidly exact copy. That sort of painting Mr. MacEwen and the Salon Americans generally very sensibly abandon to the ungifted and untrained.

In "La Tisseuse," by Mr. Walter Gay, of Boston, we have a piece of good painting which again bears witness to the faithful spirit of observation which the artist brings to bear upon his successful studies of the population of the West of France. His fellow-citizen, Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, is among the best endowed of all, and has proved it more than once. This year, as last, his merit is undeniable; but why dot it about in waste over a gigantic canvas on the pretext of painting "Une Bergère: Souvenir de la



SHAH JEHAN LEAVING THE GREAT MOSQUE AT DELHI.

(Painted by Edwin Lord Weeks. Salon, 1886.)

Picardie"? I shall perhaps astonish Mr. Pearce; but it is certain that his modest pastel, "Un Chemin à Anvers-sur-Oise," in its normal proportions, gives far more feeling of space than his immense "Bergère." It is really strong work, the "Chemin à Anvers-sur-Oise"—the work of a right artist. Mr. Frank Myers Boggs, of New York, has on his palette some precious delicacies of colour, but he has used them with greater success than in his "Barque de Pêche à Trouville" and his "Windsor Castle" of this year. Mr. D. Ridgway Knight, of Philadelphia, is a very agreeable *genre* painter; in "L'Inventeur" he has essayed to strike a keener note of emotion than is possible in the general run of his subjects, where the feminine element is predominant. A Parisian of Philadelphia, an accomplished man of the world, a society painter, who obtained a real artistic success with his "Hunting Ball" and his "Five o'Clock Tea," Mr. Julius Stewart has not happened upon so fortunate an inspiration for his "Full Speed," whose composition is badly balanced, and whose tone is a trifle "loud." Mr. Stewart, however, will no doubt take his revenge next year; and I think I may say the same of Mr. William Dannat, of New York, whose "Sacristie en Aragon" is in nowise comparable to his "Quatuor" of three years back, and —perhaps—of Mr. E. L. Weeks. How heartily could I wish for a similar return to himself on the part of Mr. John S. Sargent, who, among other talents, has of late developed that of putting me into a bad temper. To remember his "Danse de Gitanes: El Jaleo" (1882), dashed off with a gallantry and a maëstria that would have set Goya beside himself with joy, and his portrait of a girl in black, that Watteau himself would have praised, and to see him hurling himself down headlong into mere sloppiness and commonplace, and strangling so many first-rate qualities, as he does in his flabby "Portraits de Mme. et de Mlle. B.," is perfectly heart-breaking; and I have no words strong enough to reprove the artist who thus compromises one of the most brilliant careers that ever opened to a painter.

To forget these things, and ease my mind, I must straightway repair to the Rue Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, where is the studio of Élie Delaunay. I shall be surprised indeed if I do not find upon his easel some page so masterly and noble it will bring me instant consolation.

PAUL LEROI.

THE HON. ANN BINGHAM.

PAINTED BY REYNOLDS: ENGRAVED BY BARTOLOZZI.

"A BEAUTIFUL portrait of a beautiful woman:" the inference being that all beautiful women do not make beautiful portraits, which applies equally to art and to photography. Let me instance the pictorial presentments of Her Grace Georgiana of Devonshire, "the beautiful Duchess." To compare the productions of her limners—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Downman, Cosway, and Hone—is to fail to perceive any especial beauty of feature or *ensemble*. In fact, the portraits are so dissimilar that, were it not for the great ability of the painters, we should consider them as fanciful rather than faithful. That the Duchess *was* beautiful is amply revealed to us in the exquisite miniature by Nixon, and the graceful delineations of Angelica Kauffmann, and by the testimony of Walpole in his letter to Mann:—"a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace." The Duchess was closely related to the charming original of our frontispiece, George, second Earl of Spencer, the then popular First Lord of the Admiralty, brother of the Duchess, having married Lavinia, Ann's elder sister. It is related that, under his Lordship's administration, so rapid was the increase of the navy that there was a difficulty in finding names for the new ships, and that, independently of several receiving family names, six fine frigates, launched at the same time, received their nomenclature from six of Lady Spencer's favourite spaniels.

The Hon. Ann Bingham was the younger daughter of Charles, Lord Lucan (created 1776), and Margaret, his wife, daughter and co-heir of James Smith, Esq., of Cannon's Leigh, Devonshire. Both Ann and Lavinia evinced considerable talent in drawing; the great Sir Joshua actually condescended to superintend their studies, and lent them his pet pictures ("Studies of Children") to copy. Their ability, as frequently occurs, was inherited from their mother, who was, without doubt, responsible for some of the many miniatures now ascribed to Cosway.

The picture is in the possession of Lord Spencer, who lent it to the Reynolds Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. It has been engraved more frequently than any other portrait by Sir Joshua. The following are the principal reproductions:—By Francesco Bartolozzi, R.A.; by A. Le Grand Furcey; by F. Bonnefoy, and by Pietro Donato (in line). Examples of all these—among them the original of our frontispiece—may be found in the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.

E. BARRINGTON NASH.

The Magazine of Art.

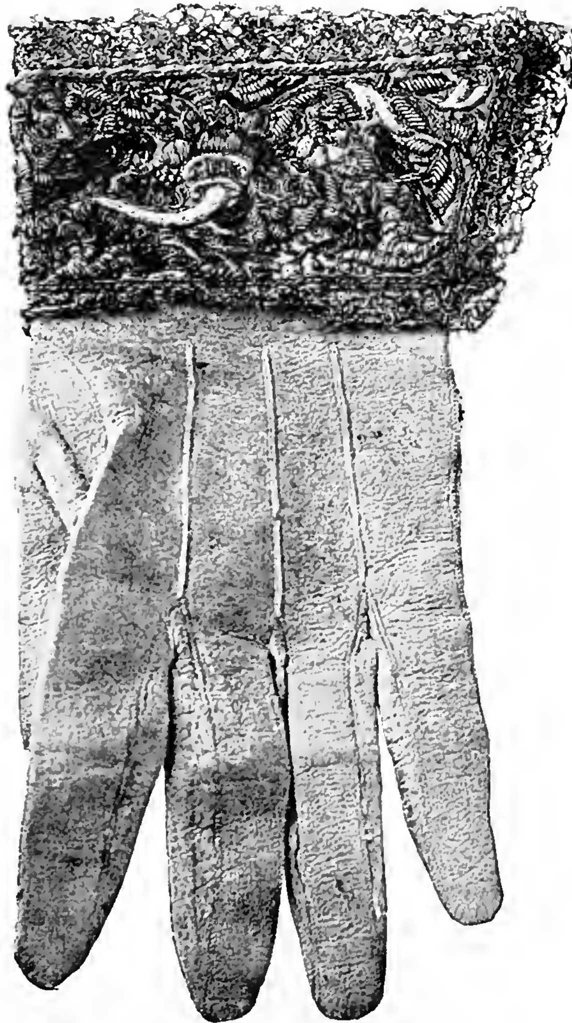
Waterlow & Sons Limtd.

THE HON. MISS ANN BINGHAM.

(Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Bartolozzi.)

SOME HISTORIC GLOVES.

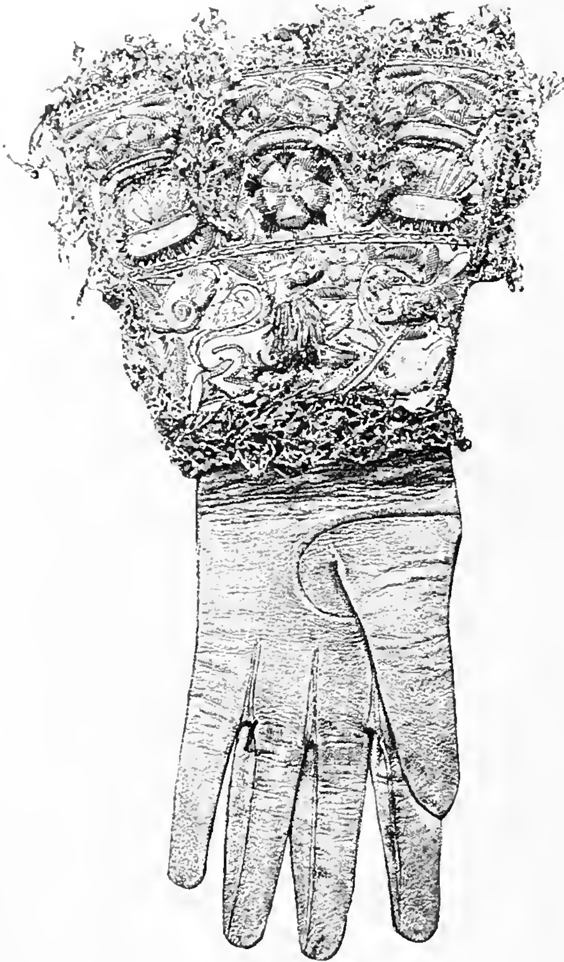
THE reign of Elizabeth may fairly be considered the turning-point in the history of gloves. Through long years, and keeping line with the growth of refinement and courtesy, the glove had been invested first with one association and then another, given part and lot in this custom and that, until it had come to hold a very prominent place in the economy of life. Both at weddings and funerals gloves were offered as gifts so commonly as to be made a recognised feature of the social ceremonial proper to those occasions. Either for peace and in favour, or defiant and in deadly anger, it had come to be as binding upon ordinary transactions as a written deed, and as evident of purpose as if the presence of its owner had enforced its evident intent. Particularly as a token of love, as though it gave in pledge the hand and regard of a fair lady, or as a cartel of war, threatening so much of vengeful punishment as the hand it had covered could inflict, did the glove play its part in times when both these sentiments were especially cherished and avowed. It was made the ægis of trade, ensuring to chapmen and chaffering purchasers of the wares they offered peace and protection; and in agreements of greater moment the glove was made witness of a promise given and the pledge of its fulfilment. The donation of land to a church, and sometimes even the offer of bodily service, was made good by the placing of a glove upon the altar; and in the transfer of land—or, in occasional instances, of kingdoms—a glove was made a veritable lease by virtue of which possession was taken and held. As securing safe passage, like a passport; as an offer of amity, like as though a friendly shake of the hand were proffered; even as a bribe, when it was often "lined" with good gold pieces, to tempt men from their allegiance, or induce them to view a suit favourably, the glove had many a momentous message to convey, many an important negotiation to open or to bind.



1.—GLOVE OF THE CROWMER FAMILY, OF TUNSTALL, KENT.
(Sixteenth Century. In the possession of the Rev. W. C. Loper.)

Traces of the employment of gloves upon these various errands may be found frequently enough during the reign of the maiden queen, and she was herself not likely to lose sight of or neglect a means of reward so significant and, it must be added, so cheap. We should quite expect her to make use of a token so full of flattery and as suggestive as the recipient could be brought to regard it, which yet recommended itself to her vigilant parsimony; and the readiest of testimony to her caressing diplomacy, as well as to the esteem in which her favour was held, is afforded by the portraits in which Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, sometime her champion, is so evidently proud of the glove which she gave him, borne on the front of his hat, and surrounded with the brilliants which he considered the only fit and proper setting for such a gage. There is not, so far as I know, any record remaining of her giving a glove to either Leicester or Arundel, or to either of her foreign suitors; but in one instance, at least, and that probably in which her heart was really touched, we know that she made it a message, of which we can hardly doubt the meaning. The Sidney papers tell us how at a masque, which

celebrated the anniversary of her accession, a short while before Essex came to the tilt, "he sent his



II.—LEATHER, EMBROIDERED WITH SILK, GOLD, AND SEED PEARLS.

(*Temp. Henry VIII.*)

page with some speech to the queen, who returned with Her Majesty's glove."

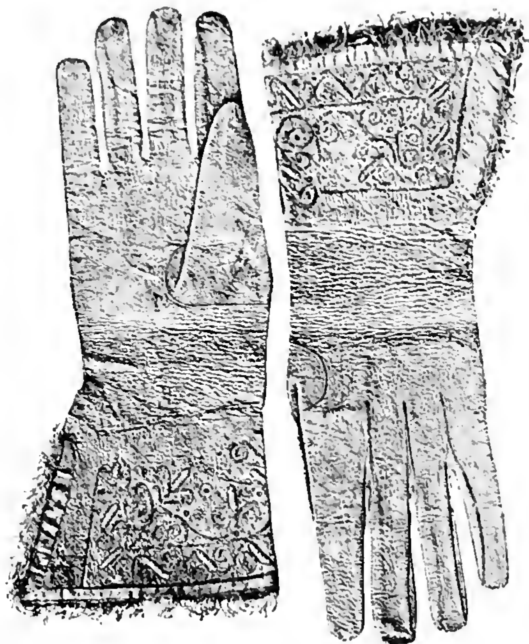
It is circumstances such as these, read in the light of the clustering growth of privilege and wont about the glove, that give so much of vivacity and animation to the study of glove history, and must add so much of interest to every specimen remaining to us of the days when gloves had so much of expression and so explicit a language. The South Kensington Museum is rarely fortunate in possessing, through the generosity of Sir Edward Denny, gloves given by Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I. to former members of the Denny family. These splendid gloves may only have had an unchequered and tissue-paper career, without being given share in a quarrel or domestic drama, but they are still eloquent of the art of their periods, and make us think of what the costume must have been in which such gloves, glittering with gold and silver lace and embroidery and seed pearls, were only simply appropriate and in keeping with the rest. Two at least of these would certainly be "richly redolent" with perfume. There may be some doubt whether the pair given by Henry to Sir Anthony Denny would be scented, as this crowning refinement had not become common then, as it did in the reigns succeeding, when gloves so notable as these would not fail to be made "right Spanish" to the nose of the wearer. We have not either any knowledge as to whether these gloves were given by way of reward for any particular service, or were sent merely as presents of regard, probably marking some festive season, such as New Year's Day, then celebrated as effusively and with as great cost as in France to-day. Certainly gloves, although proper to these innocent occasions, and proffered often in pure courtesy, often had to open up an

III.—CRIMSON VELVET, EMBROIDERED WITH GOLD AND SILVER.

(*Temp. Elizabeth.*)

embassage of corruption. An overhauling by a good antiquary of the Bursar's Accounts of Winchester College disclosed numerous items expended

for gifts to be sent to persons "ut favorabilis esset" or "pro amicitia sua habenda." As these gifts, among which gloves frequently appear, were invariably sent to persons whose goodwill it was necessary to secure in the favouring of some suit in which the college was interested, a large-hearted charity might consider them as ingenious compliments, but most people would take them to be bribes. There was a scene once in the Tower which must have been, as the phrase goes, as good as a play—perhaps better and more truly dramatic than many plays. The see-saw of Fate had brought Archbishop Laud to the Tower, and Prynne to make search among his effects. "The last place he rifled," wrote the prelate in his diary, "was a trunk which stood by my bedside. In that he found nothing but about £10 in money for my necessary expenses, which he meddled not with, and a bundle of some gloves. This bundle he was so careful to open as that he caused each glove to be looked into. Upon this I tendered him one pair of the gloves, which he refusing, I told him he might take them and fear no bribe, for he had done me all the mischief he could, and I asked no favour of him. So he thanked me, took the gloves and bound up my papers, and went his way." It is remarkable that another account of this interview declares that Prynne only accepted the gloves upon the vehement persuasion of Laud.



IV.—SHAKESPEARE'S GLOVES.

(In the Possession of Mr. Horace Furness, Philadelphia.)

Gloves were held as equivocal gifts in other negotiations, and the ardent sentiment they were considered to express, together with an undoubtedly lenient standard of morality, rendered them sometimes very doubtful compliments. There is a strange passage in the "Gesta Romanorum" remarking upon damsels that fall into sin "and bith ytake by the divell for glovis or such maner giftis;" and Ernest W. Braithwait, in his "English Gentlewoman," warns the young women he did his best to mould aright to be cautious with whom they exchanged such favours. From an English gentlewoman, he says, you must not expect any "gugatyres, toyes, or trifles, love-scented gloves, amorous potions, perfumed pictures, or love-sick powders," but simply honest and tender affection. And to his maiden readers he writes again:—"You may possibly be wooed to interchange favours. Rings or ribands are but trifles; yet, trust me, they are no trifles that are aimed at in those exchanges." There was, of course, in those times a more direct evil to be dreaded in respect of poison. In an age when pathological skill was accredited in general, and attributed to some suspected people in particular, to a degree which modern science refuses to credit, it was certain that so closely-fitting an article of apparel would be believed to have been a means of evil. Few persons had so black a reputation in this respect as Leicester, and gifts from him, especially gifts of personal adornment, would have been very dubiously regarded by many people. It is true that attempts to inflict injury by poisoned gloves are believed to have been made in very recent times. The statement was made not long ago in the *Standard* that there had been known "gloves into which some irritant poison had been put being sent to a lady whom it was proposed to injure, but who could not by such means have been killed;" and Madame Patti is said to have been made the object of a like infamous design. With more credulity and less knowledge, our forefathers had an implicit belief in the power of poisoned gloves, telling many a curdling tale of malevolent marvels worked by them, some of which remain on record to this day, while many more lost to us would go the round of gossip from town to town wider and wider afield, and reach, by the chapman, as he attended country fairs, or the pedlar, who carried his pack and chattering tongue to remote granges and manor houses, the wondering ears of all the land. The trembling faith with which these narratives would be received only mirrored beliefs firmly fast in the minds of the wisest of men. Even the Council of Elizabeth was affected by these fears, and in its collective wisdom enjoined several precautions for their mistress's safety, and this among them:—"We think it very convenient that your Majesty's apparel, and specially all manner of things that shall touch any part of your Majesty's body

bare, be circumspectly looked into, and that no person be permitted to come near it but such as have the trust and charge thereof. Item. That no manner of perfume, either in apparel or sleeves, gloves or such-like, or otherwise that shall be appointed for your Majesty's savour, be presented by any stranger or other person, but that the same be corrected by some other fume."

S. WILLIAM BECK.

ANIMALS IN DECORATION: A REJOINDER.

THE point of view is everything. In a very fresh and suggestive article on "Animals in Decoration," which appeared in the July number of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, my friend, Mr. Nettleship, takes a glance at decoration from the standpoint of the animal-painter. No one will be disposed to quarrel with him for that: it is the peculiar position from which he views the subject, and the naïve way in which he betrays his unconcern in the decorative element in animal decoration, which make his paper so well worth reading. In the course of his argument he more than once asks a question of those who differ from him, and pauses, so to speak, for a reply. A magazine article not being a pulpit, a word or two in answer, from one who has arrived at very different conclusions, will perhaps help towards a more complete understanding of the subject.

My opinion is mainly in distinct opposition to Mr. Nettleship's. His is the doctrine of the irreconcilable realist, that in art the plastic impulse is absolutely everything, and that there is no art but in the "direct imitation of nature." This is no new gospel. But hitherto its exponents have agreed in making some sort of exception—even if a half-contemptuous one—in favour of decoration, as men sometimes defer magnanimously to the "weaker sex." It is refreshing to find it preached for once without compromise—though it is the doom of decorative art that is pronounced.

Let us hope that the case is not so desperate. Mr. Nettleship's creed would eventually insist upon his renouncing decoration, and all its works; mine does not call upon me altogether to abandon animal form. That the beginning of true animal decoration (not the "secret" thereof—that would imply too much) is in "going direct to nature," may be admitted. The mechanical repetition of conventional expressions is a weariness to every one concerned in it. Our adaptations must be our own and natural to us; but without some sort of conventionality (if we must use the word) decoration is impossible. There is no art without convention, and your most determined realist is in his way as conventional as the best, or worst, of us.

The modern Gothic gargoyle is without interest, because the carver is content to copy other men's imaginings; and because, in his heart of hearts, he does not, as the Gothic carvers did, believe ever so little in these demons. If he did he could never bring himself to do them to pattern. The mediæval sculptor, on the other hand, was more studious of nature than the modern nature worshipper is accustomed to suppose. There is evidence, over and over again in his grotesques, of all the study of nature that was possible to him; only in those days there was not always a "Zoo" within a shilling cab fare. Mr. Nettleship's study of a crocodile's head (p. 381) would make a capital gargoyle. There is only just this difficulty about it as it stands: in proportion to our familiarity with the type, it would recall to us the genus crocodile, and not the devil. Just so, on the other hand, a realistic Agnus Dei would be an irreverence. One would fain see the imaginary monster designed by a man who had the necessary knowledge of actual creatures fiend-like and malign. For monsters merely ornamental there is this excuse: that they are at least amenable to every decorative and ornamental consideration, which, as a rule, the real beast from which he is derived is not. That the grotesque creatures found in ornament are so seldom all that a lover of animals could desire is sometimes, and to some extent, owing to the exigencies of ornamental design; but it is probably more, and more often, the fault of insufficient familiarity with animal form on the part of the designer. In this respect it would have been better if, to begin with, he had saturated his mind with zoological facts. But if a man were to begin the study of ornamental design by acquiring first of all a knowledge of all the forms in nature that might thereafter be useful to him, he would never get beyond the preface of his art, though he lived to the age of a Michelangelo. For my part I should like, when I was going to indulge in the design of the grotesque, to begin by getting Mr.

Nettleship up in a corner and *milking* him (as Goethe did his learned antiquaries); but I doubt very much whether he would submit with convenient docility to my decorative requirements. Rather I should expect him impatiently to kick over the pail and spoil the pattern.

To a painter the "itch to make patterns" may appear to be "the result of nerves either strained and chafed by the conditions of over-civilisation, or slackened by the sensuousness of savage life;" and yet, one would have thought that all historic evidence went to show that it was (next to animal scratching) the very earlier form of the artistic fever with which man was afflicted. The English race cannot, it is true, be said to suffer from it in these days. Where it exists among us, we owe it probably to some Welsh ancestor or other. But to some men, however few, it is every bit as natural to trace patterns as it is to others to copy animals —or to kill them.

The impulse of such an one, if placed in front of any given space, is not to put into it any particular "shape he knows," but a shape which will *fit* that space. If he had to choose between an absolutely natural form and one that was absolutely decorative, he would sacrifice nature, as the painter would sacrifice decorative fitness, and with as little compunction. That is about the whole of the difference between the two men. Neither would object to a perfection, which, however to be desired, is practically out of the question. It amounts theoretically to the same thing whether you start with a notion from nature, and make it amenable to decoration, or whether you begin with the idea of decoration, and make it conform to nature; only, in our frailty, we have a way of leaning one way or the other according to our sympathies. In the inevitable compromise implied in the very idea of art, something has to be sacrificed. What shall it be? A fact of nature, or some quality of decorative fitness? According to a man's answer he shows himself painter or decorator. Between the absolute realist and the decorative purist there is room for innumerable shades of opinion; sooner or later, however, the line has to be drawn, and the point at which you draw it shows to which side you incline. Mr. Nettleship goes the "entire animal" with his ash-tray (p. 381)— a wild pig after nature, modelled as though it were standing, but meant to lie flat on its side. The artist, however, has missed an opportunity for ugliness in leaving the inside of the tray quite smooth and plain. He should, in consistency, have represented the interior anatomy of the animal! There would have been a natural pattern after the naturalist's own heart!

That form of animal decoration "which involves the putting down of a shape imitated from nature" is not the "*finest* form of animal decoration," as Mr. Nettleship puts it, but the most purely animal form of decoration—which is quite another thing; and the desire "to fill a space with shapes" implies not "deterioration" but decoration. Suppose you cannot match the beauty of nature—what then? Admit the entire superiority of natural beauty over artistic. Could we compete with creation, there might be some excuse for our attempting it. Because such and such forms are fittest in nature, it by no means follows that they are ready made to the hand of art, least of all that they are—without more ado—decoration. This perpetual and absolute reference to nature is the old, old argument; but it has not grown more logical with age.

Another fallacy, and one less intelligible on the part of an artist, is the assumption of the easiness of pattern-design, and of the accidental character of nature's pattern-work. No one, with the slightest respect for decorative design, will for a moment accept the statement that the scrapings of colour from a palette, pressed between folded paper, "will beat our own handiwork hollow"—though we may grant that in such a blurred and shapeless chaos of colour there may be suggestions worth bearing in mind. There is a superstition still surviving that ornament is designed by the aid of the kaleidoscope.

The Egyptian lion statues, and, still more, the Assyrian bas-reliefs, show what can be done in the way of combining animal characteristics with qualities altogether decorative; and there is some consolation in learning that these sculptures come more nearly to satisfying an animal painter than the lions in Trafalgar Square. In the estimation of the decorator they come very near to perfection—nearer than any modern sculptor yet has come. It is more than probable that the Assyrian sculptor—happy man!—had no occasion to "bother his head about the word decorative," for those were days when all art was decorative. It concerns us little to know *why* he did thus and thus, so long as he *did* it. There is his work, and its lesson. Where one man stopped short for want of power, another may stay his hand of his own free will. The Assyrian of old exercised, we will say, no sort of restraint over himself. He was a slave, perhaps, and did as he was bid; a member of a caste, and content to work patiently on the lines laid down for him by tradition. Had he lived under conditions more like our own, his art would very likely have been more like ours; and we should have missed the best instances the world has yet to show of animals in decoration. What have these grand relics of old-world art to say to us? To me they plead for self-restraint on the part of the artist. The plea for so-called realism in decoration is only a plea for licence.

LEWIS F. DAY.

I.—ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

(From a Drawing by Herbert Railton.)

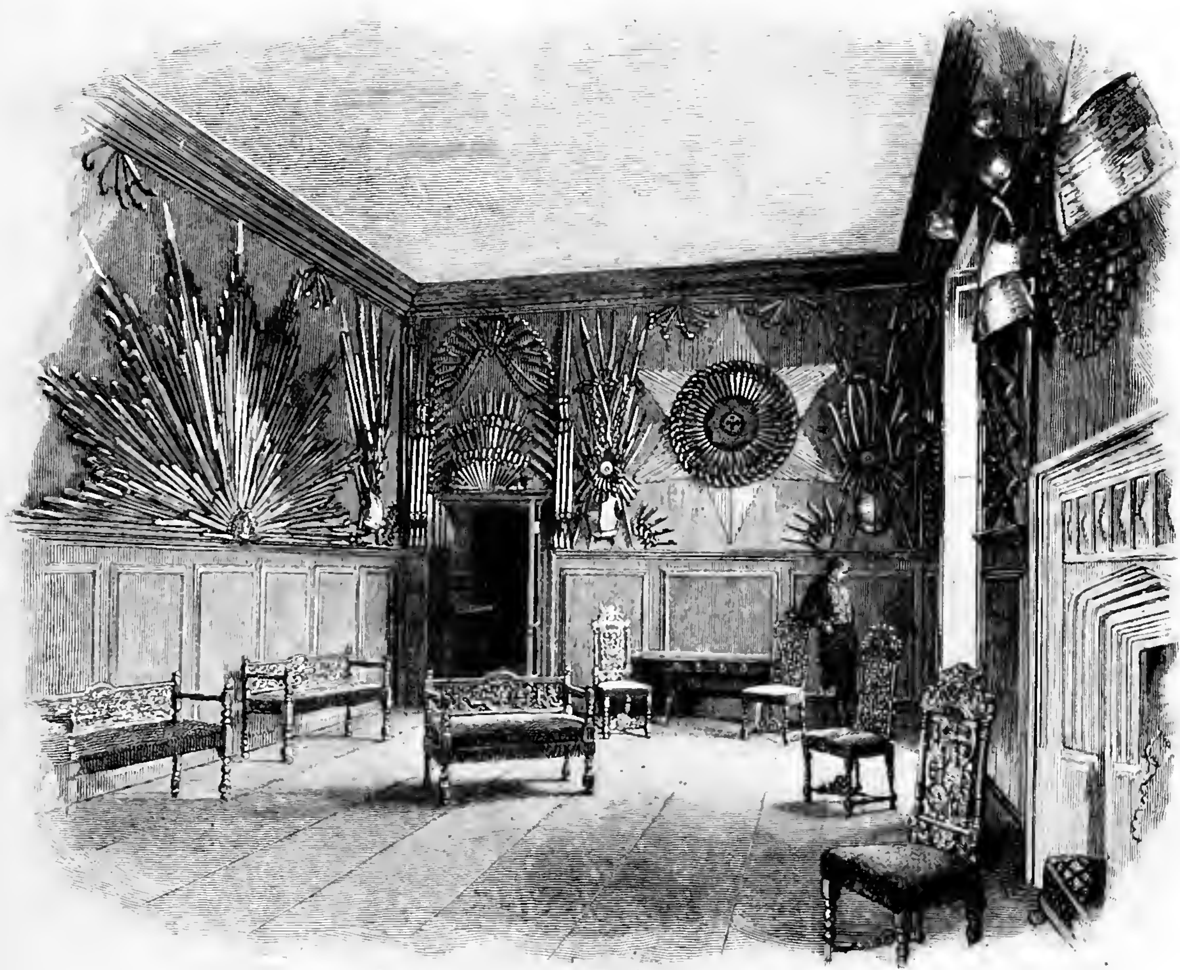
ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

"MR. HILYARD has told me," said Dorothy Forster, "of the famous tapestry which he has seen in the Palace of St. James." When the other day I read these words in Mr. Walter Besant's delightful novel, I bethought me of the duty laid upon me by the editor of THE MAGAZINE OF ART, and began to recall to myself the tapestry I once saw "in the Palace of St. James." But, think as I would, the subjects escaped me; and the style, and the stitch, and the period, and the preservation—and, in short, I had forgotten all about it, except that the sight of it set me thinking of the connected but not related events which have taken place within these old walls, events which, however faded and obscure they have all become now, are still so sharply separated from each other that, though the pictures, like pieces of old tapestry, are hardly visible, there is no difficulty in tracing the boundary of the frames.

Take this piece, for instance, so like Millais' "Vale of Rest," done in wool: a long rising slope of green grass, a few dark yew trees, a red-brick wall, a low belfry, and a shed-like building—all in the background. In the foreground, a group of sad women, pale and sickly, in black dresses, and an old priest in a cassock, with a short, ragged surplice, who walks slowly, while the women carry a long bundle sewed up in sackcloth, and passing out of a porch at one side, climb the slope and lay their burden to rest near the belfry under the yews. We

cannot hear the quavering voice of the old man; we cannot hear the *dirige* the sisters sing at the grave, for though tapestry may sigh in the wind, it tells us nothing so definite. These are the lepers, the fourteen poor virgins for whom the Hospital of St. James was founded, as far back, possibly, as the reign of Henry I. Henry III. rebuilt their house. Henry VI. placed it under the supervision of Eton College. Henry VIII. suppressed it in 1532, exchanging the site with the Eton authorities for a manor in Suffolk. The invalid sisters were pensioned off; their chapel, their gardens, and the graves of their predecessors, soon disappeared, and within a few years Henry had laid out the marsh which intervened between St. James's and Whitehall as a park, had built himself a small house, where he might retire occasionally from the cares of state, and had left no memory of the nuns except the name of the saint to whom their hospital was dedicated.

Another shadowy tapestry might show us the tall, stout figure of the imperious Henry, with the face which we saw not long ago in a terrible portrait at the Old Masters Exhibition—a portrait which showed death throwing its grey shadows over the white, hopeless, cruel features—a faded portrait, not more distinct than a piece of pale tapestry; and beside Henry would have stood, in the autumn of 1532, the slight, graceful figure and still youthful face of Anne, Marchioness of Pembroke, who was to be acknowledged as queen in the following January, and to figure on a sad May morning, three years later, as the first lady beheaded in the Tower of London. The initials "H" and "A" are lovingly entwined on the carving of a chimneypiece in the Presence Chamber; and the curious clock-tower, facing St. James's Street, is said to have been designed and carried out, not by Holbein, to whom it is usually attributed, and who built similar gateway-towers at



II.—THE GUARD-ROOM.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

Whitehall across the park, but by Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose head, like that of Queen Anne Boleyn, was also "spurned off," to use the expression of Sir Thomas More, by his imperious master when he had tired of him.

Another Henry figures, but not very clearly, on these old walls. He is tall and straight, young and strong, "and by his demeanour," as says a contemporary biographer, "seemed like a king, even whilst he was a prince only." A prince only he was destined to remain, for whether a kind fate took him away from the evil which came upon his younger brother, or whether if he had lived it might have been wholly averted, we cannot say now, for he died at St. James's on the 6th of November, 1612. There may have been something of his great-grand-uncle in him. We see his broad forehead and piercing grey eye, his "terrible frown," as well as his majestic countenance and gracious smile; but the picture is fading, and even when Mr. Hilyard saw the tapestry must have well-nigh departed.

A clearer portrait comes out of the adjoining panel. I seldom walk through St. James's Park towards the Horse Guards without a thought of that cold and dismal morning in January, 1649, when Charles sat down for a moment—it must have been near where the cows used to stand—and pointed out a tree his elder brother Henry had planted. Hood, in an exquisite little poem, remembered

> "Where my brother set
> The laburnum on his birthday:
> The tree is living yet."

Is the tree living yet which Henry Prince of Wales had set? Did some such thought as Hood has here put into words cross the mind of Charles? Before the short winter's daylight had departed, the tree, wherever it stood, had survived both the brothers. Charles had arrived at St. James's Palace on the 19th of January, under the charge of Colonel Harrison, who delivered him to Colonel Tomlinson. He had not been at St. James's for years, and his apartments—we are not told where they were situated—had been hastily prepared for his reception "by Mr. Kinnersley, a servant of His Majesty, belonging to the wardrobe." It was in his bedroom, the night before his execution, that Herbert, his faithful attendant, who slept on a pallet at the king's feet, had that strange dream, or vision, when Archbishop Laud (beheaded on Tower Hill on the 10th of January, four years before) appeared to him, as if to warn him of that "memorable scene," the tragedy to be enacted on the morrow.

A vignette in "Pepys's Diary" shows St. James's under the monarchy of the Restoration. The German Chapel, close to Marlborough House, is now separated from St. James's Palace by the roadway which crosses the site of the apartments burnt in 1809. When Charles II. married Katharine of Braganza, the Portuguese Government stipulated for a chapel in which she could worship after the manner of her people. The "Friary," as it was popularly called, was accordingly established in the garden east of the palace; and the buildings, of which only the transformed chapel remains, were completed by 1667. Pepys went into one of the cells—"a very pretty little room, very clean, hung with pictures, and set with books." He describes the inhabitant of the apartment—with his hair shirt, his hard bed, his cord about his middle—but concludes that, "in so good company, living with ease, I thought it a very good life." He peeps into the kitchen, "where a good neck of mutton at the fire;" and admires the library. "Their windows all looking into a fine garden and the park, and mighty pretty rooms all. I wished myself one of the Capuchins," he adds with his wonted gusto. Later on the chapel was assigned to French Protestant refugees, and in 1781 was given to the German Lutherans, who, from the time of George of Denmark, had been permitted to worship in the palace.

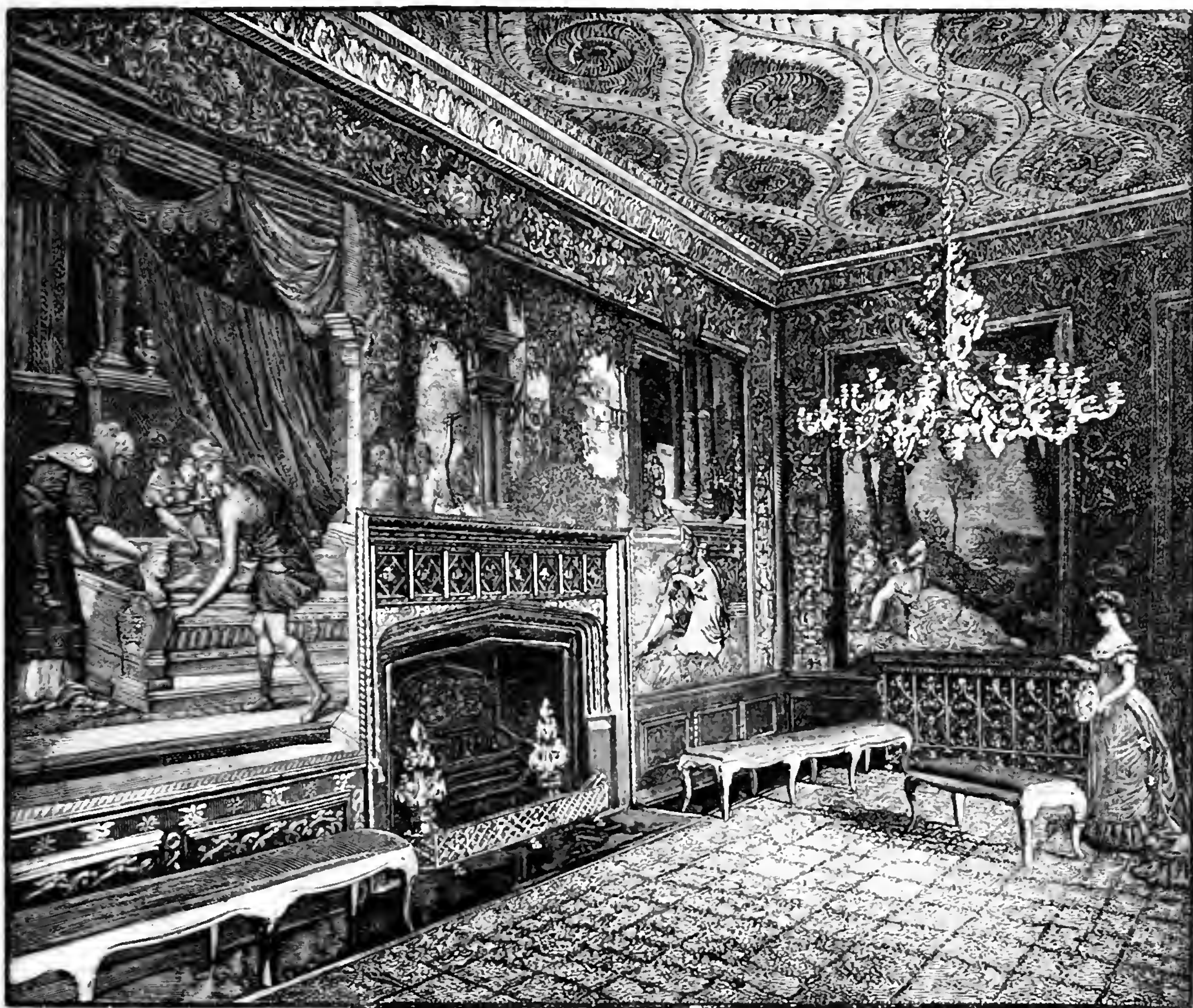
The fire of 1809 consumed the scene, real or supposed, of the "Warming-pan Plot," which so greatly agitated the minds of our ancestors nearly two hundred years ago. The queen of James II. was living in the royal apartments at "the east end of the south front." These apartments must have been close to the Friary Court and the chapel. Bishop Burnet was firmly convinced that the plot existed; but whether it was a plot to palm off a child upon the nation as the son and heir of the king, or only to do so in case the queen's infant proved to be a daughter, we are not informed. Such parts of this corner of the palace as were not burnt in 1809 were pulled down in 1822, the "Old Bedchamber" among them, but Pyne preserves a view. It contained both tapestry and pictures, and a private door near the head of the bed led to a secret stair, so that the popular delusion was excusable.

This Lutheran Chapel is by no means to be confounded with the Chapel Royal, of which Holbein is sometimes said to have painted the ceiling for Henry VIII. The German Chapel is not, strictly speaking, within the Palace now. It is nearer Marlborough House, the residence in the garden which Queen Anne gave to the great duke, and which Wren built for him and his duchess, who both died in it. Wren himself was married in the older, or Royal Chapel, to his second wife, Jane Fitzwilliam, on 26th February, 1677. But many weddings of great folk and christenings of princes and princesses have taken place here in the course of ages, and

many royal personages have died in the palace. As in Villon's ballade, "autant en emporte li venz." Let me conclude these vignettes with an example of each kind.

The brave queen of George II., Caroline of Anspach, who made Walpole's Ministry possible, and who laid out Kensington Gardens, to mention two of her claims on the gratitude of posterity, died at St. James's on Sunday, 20th November, 1737. She had built herself a library in the garden, and, after a visit to it and a walk, fell suddenly ill, when it turned out that she had long suffered from a painful malady, but that, for fear of being prevented from fulfilling her duties to her husband and his kindly-intentioned but brutal vow with which he tried to soothe her last moments, see Thackeray, in his lectures on the Four Georges. It is said that, stupid and sensual as he was, after her death George borrowed a portrait of her, which he thought more like her than any of his own, from one of his attendants, and wept beside it for hours. "Nemo repente fuit turpissimus," as the Roman Juvenal remarked long ago.

Here is a royal wedding at the Court of St. James's. This is a piece which Mr. Hilyard can never have seen, for when the young George III. ascended the throne the "fifteen" and the "forty-five" were both over long ago, and no one openly disputed his

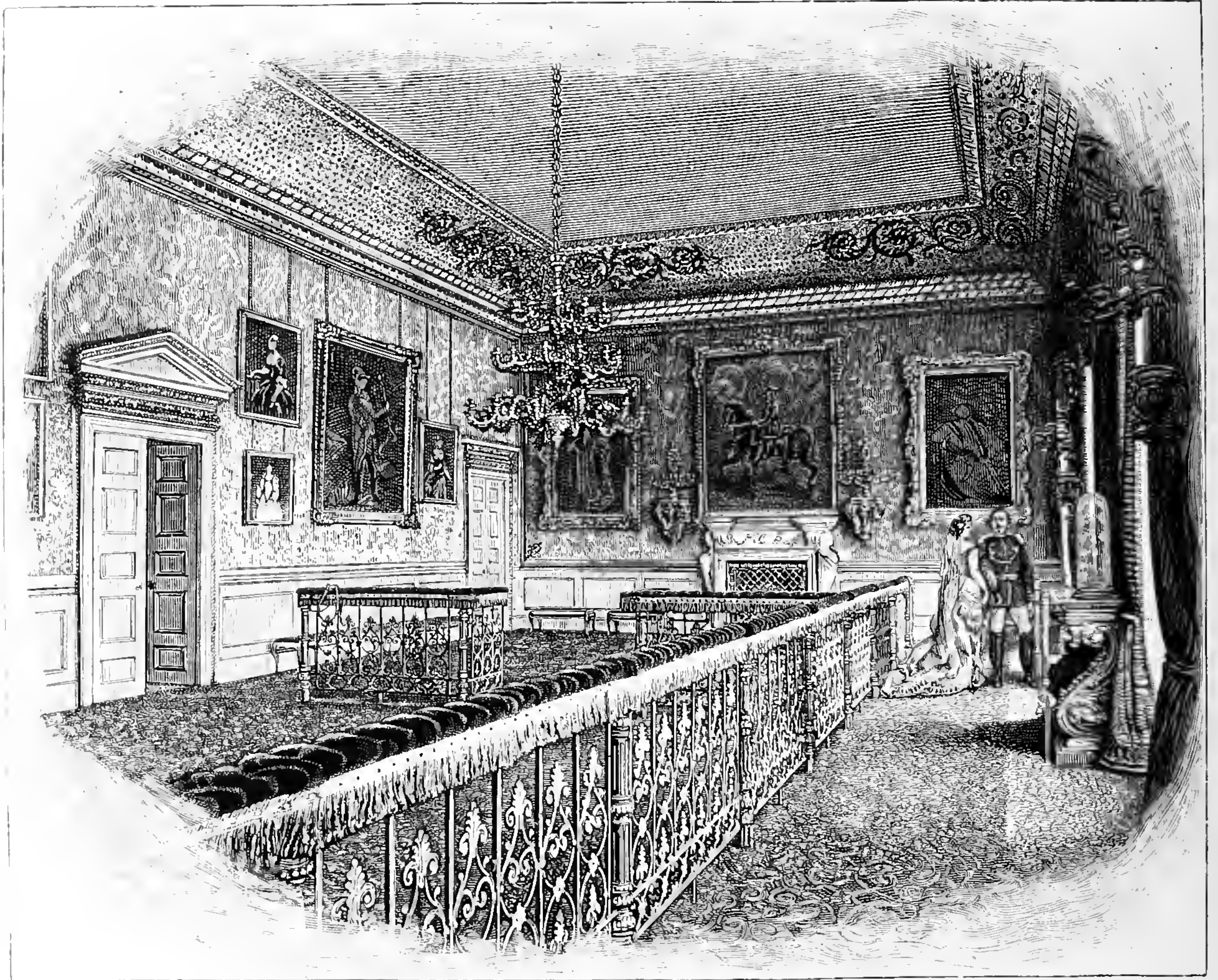


III.—THE TAPESTRY ROOM.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

people, she had never allowed any complaint to escape her. For the piece of tapestry in which is woven the last interview of the king and queen, the sobbing husband and the forgiving wife, and for the title. In the following year he married, by the advice of the Council, Charlotte of Mecklenburg Strelitz, a princess whom he had never seen before. When she arrived, one fine September afternoon, at the famous

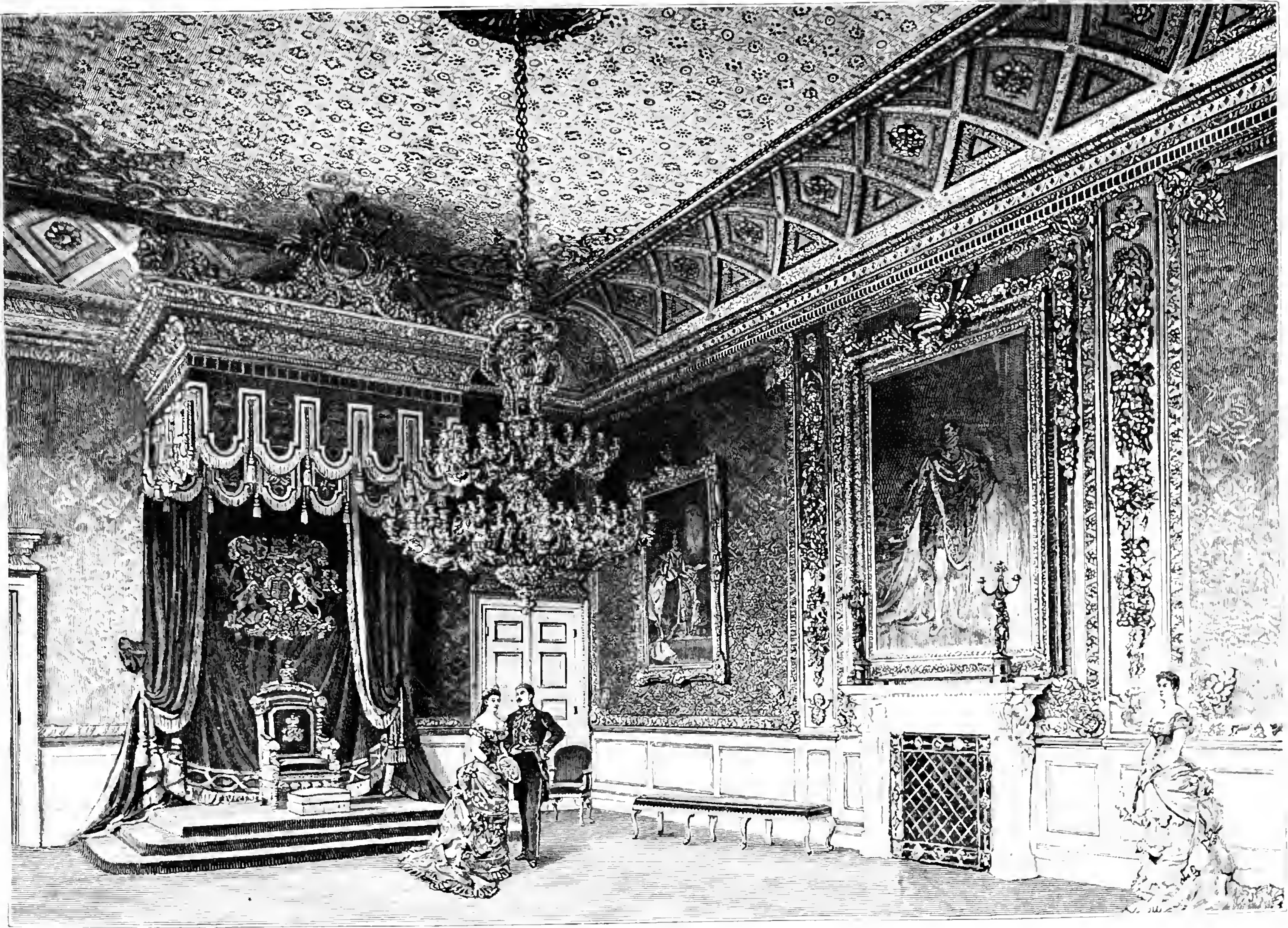
"Court of St. James's," it is related that she turned pale; and, in truth, it must have been difficult for her to realise, after all she had heard of the greatness and opulence and magnificence of the king who had chosen her for his bride, when she came to the low, irregular pile of bricks, without any architectural features except those then known throughout Europe as barbarous, Vandalic, or Gothic, that, though her bridegroom was so great, and so young, and so handsome, he literally had not a palace in which any other king in Christendom would have lived at the time. Buckingham House, at the other end of the park, was settled on her, as I have already shown in an article in this Magazine (January, 1886). But Windsor was little more than a picturesque ruin; Kew was a mere private lodge; Whitehall had been burnt ages before and never rebuilt; the old Palace of Westminster was wholly occupied by the Parliament; and the young couple had to "begin housekeeping" in St. James's.



IV.—QUEEN ANNE'S ROOM.

(From a Photograph by H. N. King.)

I have attempted no detailed account of St. James's Palace. The place is almost too familiar to Londoners, and, though it is shabby and old and not very convenient, we should be sorry to see it pulled down or even altered. It is a monument of the days when England was more remarkable for large subsidies than for fine palaces, and it has been the scene of some of the greatest events in our history. I have mentioned only a few, but I cannot conclude without one more. It is too late, too modern, to figure on tapestry, though it is well-nigh fifty years old; but in a book on "London Interiors," published and dedicated to Queen Victoria in 1841, there is a view of the chapel of St. James's Palace, during the performance of divine service, soon after the Queen's marriage with Prince Albert. It was drawn by



V.—THE THRONE-ROOM.

From a Photograph by H. N. K

T. H. Shepherd, who could draw correctly enough sometimes. But, though Her Majesty is, like Queen Elizabeth, of moderate height, and though the lamented Prince was by no means tall, and though the royal gallery is in the background of the picture, the gigantic figures of the Queen and her husband dwarf everything else in the view. Perhaps Shepherd considered that they were both at the time very young and might grow, and so gave them the benefit of the doubt.

W. J. LOFTIE.

Wasted?

I KNEW (how well!) your figure swayed
With gusts of grief: yet deemed it kind
To seem as one both deaf and blind.
And still you wept: till I, dismayed,
Ransacked my heart, if I might find
Some healing words: and thus essayed:

A holy trinity of grace
Lights up, O lonely one, thy face.
Blessèd the Wife (the Church has said),
Blessèd the Widow and the Maid!
The glory of each separate state
To thee belongs inviolate:
A Wife in Virginal robe arrayed,
Married and yet without a mate.

Nature, our mother prodigal,
Loosens her rivers to run to waste;
And lets her russet apples fall
Where none may touch and none may taste.
And is thy Beauty thus misplaced—
Thy bosom unblessed if unembraced?

Not so, O pure evangelist!
Thy face is instant to declare
Its Maker's glory unto all.
When thou confessest "I believe,"
What man remaineth sceptical?
And seraphs on the golden stair
Hasten to hearken to thy call,
Finding thee like themselves, thou Fair.

Yea, and the limners with the saints,
Who, leaning, see thy suppliant lips
And thy uplifted finger-tips,
In fancy take again their paints:
Mantegna's self they shall eclipse!

Was John, the gentle, unaware
Of Mary Magdalen's radiant hair?
Or did its gold thread interweave
With all the network of his prayer?
Why, even his dread Apocalypse
Betrays her face reflected there.
For Woman's grace and Heaven's grace
Are locked in mystical embrace;
As when grave Mary, in her place
In Paradise, turns and kisses Eve.

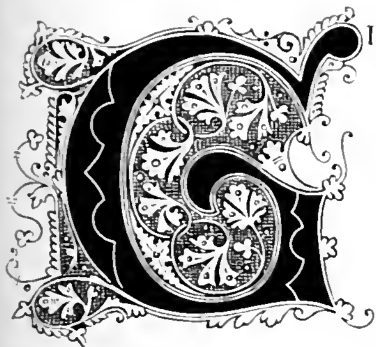
O Dear One, of the double dower,
Be comforted at least in this!
Thou mayst forego belovèd bliss—
But not thy plenitude of power.
The face which only angels kiss
Pleads with and for us at this hour.

You heard, and said my words were good.
Yet I felt half a hypocrite,
When I looked up, and saw you, Sweet,
So perfect, yet so incomplete:
A field of wheat, yet no man's food;
A throne where never a king shall sit!
That hair seemed made not a nun's hood,
That symmetry for solitude.
Yet lo! the Lord ordaineth it,
Or, not ordaining, doth permit.
All puzzles of our time and place
Which men desire, but fail, to fit—
All abstruse passages of grace
Are gathered up in this one Face.
On this fair forehead's Holy Writ
God's hands mysteriously trace
The riddle of our fallen race.
Thereat lies baffled all our wit.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

THE ROMANCE OF ART.

THE FORGERIES OF BASTIANINI.



GIOVANNI BASTIANINI was born in 1830, at Ponte alla Badia, close to the convent of St. Domenico, between Florence and Fiesole. His father was a poor peasant, living the hard hand-to-mouth existence common to his class in Tuscany; and the boy, during his earliest years, had no prospect of a wider life for himself. A scanty subsistence on dry bread, beans, figs, or water-melons, according to the season, days spent in and out of the stable with a mule or two and a rough pony—the most precious of the family possessions—then, after a time, work in the stone quarries up on the hill-top—this was Giovanni's life till he reached his thirteenth year. Of education, properly so called, he had none; but he must have very soon opened his eyes to the beauty and wonder of changing human expression, and made some attempt at giving form to his ideas, for we hear that at thirteen years old he attracted the notice of Professor Inghirami, who was then printing his work on the Etruscans. Seeing evident traces of talent in the boy, he took him into his printing-office, where he learnt the elements of drawing. Later on he was employed as "facchino" and errand boy by the sculptor Torrini, and in his studio, though Giovanni's mission was merely to sweep the floor or other such menial work, he began to manipulate the clay, and even surreptitiously to work at bits of marble. He had no definite teaching from Torrini. The technical part of the work he learnt by watching his master's process: his own quick perceptions of truth and beauty, fed by observation of the living types around him, and also of the works of Della Robbia and Donatello in the galleries and piazzas of Florence, grew and developed wonderfully day by day.

He also worked for a time in Signor Fedi's studio; but the turning-point in Bastianini's life came in his twentieth year, when Freppa, the antiquarian and ex-charcoal-seller, cast his eye upon the youth and marked him for his own. For a man who made his living by the selling of old bas-reliefs, busts, or fragments, genuine or otherwise, what a treasure was this! Here was a simple-minded peasant boy, ignorant, unquestioning, and poor, yet apparently gifted with a quite phenomenal sense of form, daring skill of handling, and above all, what was most useful for Freppa, an intense sympathy with the great masters of the Renaissance. What gems of Cinque-cento work could he not produce if only this brain and these hands could be induced to work for him and him alone! It was not difficult to compass this. The offer of two francs a day, and all material and facilities for work, was a sufficiently tempting bait. It was, at any rate, a steady certainty, and would with care perhaps enable Giovanni to provide bread for his father. Thus the poor boy, not knowing the power that was in him, entered the bondage that was his doom.

He was now installed in Freppa's dingy workshop in the Borgoguissanti, bound as a galley-slave to his bench. All facilities for work were indeed given him, and he could now mould his ideas in clay, or chisel them in marble, to the joy of his soul; but not for his own profit or fame were these things to be made. For him the pittance of two francs a day—for Freppa, the antiquarian, was the credit of *discovering treasures of ancient art*, for Freppa the money of rich collectors. And as a slave-owner so feeds his human machines as to extract from the thew and sinew the utmost amount of labour profitable to himself, always stopping short of developing a power in his victim which might lead to rebellion, so Freppa, with well-calculated prudence, having acquired for himself this living artist brain, began to feed it in order to stimulate its creative power. Bastianini was provided with books, and he read eagerly the history of Florence, of her great men, patriots, poets, saints—the history of her art from its first root to its final flowering in the Renaissance, and upon this culminating phase his imagination rested. The fruits of those years of patient, arduous, and ill-paid toil may be seen in every museum in Europe, for there is scarcely one that cannot show some bas-relief, or some portrait-bust, ascribed to one of the great masters, but really due to the hand of Bastianini. In the South Kensington Museum there is a panel representing the Virgin and Child in very low relief, with two winged cherubs in the background. It is labelled Rossellino, but the fact of its having been procured from Freppa, combined with the existence of an antique fragment exactly resembling the lower half of it, and of a complete bas-relief, from which the upper half is copied, would seem to afford abundant

evidence of its being the result of Bastianini's ingenuity, if not of his artistic skill. Also in the same museum a portrait-bust, in marble, of Lucrezia relief of his in Signor Torelli's studio in Florence which is interesting as being a chisel-sketch showing each stroke. The subject is a "Holy Family,"

LUCREZIA DONATI.

(From the Marble by Bastianini. South Kensington.)

Donati, attenuated in form, but full of living force and individuality. Bastianini, it seems, would constantly work direct upon the marble, after the fashion of Michelangelo, without any preliminary modelling in clay, and there is now a small unfinished bas-simply and pathetically rendered, after the manner of Luca della Robbia.

By degrees it seems that poverty began to press harder on the Bastianinis. Sons and daughters had increased to five or six, and the father was infirm, and

could earn but little: so, of course, according to the good old Italian custom of the one member who has the talent supporting the rest of the family, our poor marble amongst the straw and the sleeping beasts, by the light of a little dim oil-lamp, and thus feeding the family purse. And these sleepless nights of his

SAVONAROLA.

(From the Bust by Bastianini. San Marco, Florence.)

Giovanni began to steal some hours from his sleep in order to work clandestinely in his father's stable.

His brother, younger than himself by twelve years, is still living in Florence, and he says he can well remember watching Giovanni chipping at his produced fragments of such strange beauty, that with the help of some little story of a contadino having found them underground he succeeded in cheating even the eyes and suspicious mind of his master, who bought the things of him as real "antichitá."

The individuality of Bastianini would have been lost to us had it not been for his two most audacious forgeries, the busts of Savonarola and of the poet Benivieni, both done by Freppa's orders. The enthusiasm amongst the artists of Florence when the bust of Savonarola first appeared, and their excitement on discovering it to be the work of a contemporary, seem to me so interesting and characteristic that I venture to insert a translation of a letter from Signor Diego Martelli, the Tuscan art-critic, which tells the story of its discovery as Nino Costa told it at a dinner at the painter Cristiano Banti's:—

"'Do you remember,' Costa said, 'the fuss there was that evening at the Caffè Michelangelo, when every one was talking of the discovery of a terra-cotta bust of Savonarola which had been found in a villa of the Inghirami? Well, the next morning Banti comes to me (I was then living in the Via Maggio), wakes me up, and says, "Let us go and see the Savonarola." I agree, and we go off to the shop of the ex-charcoal-seller Freppa, in the Borgognissanti, and there find him the happy possessor of this wonderful work of art. But we, moved by a scrupulous spirit of research, rush off from there to every gallery and museum in Florence in order to be able to compare the newly-discovered bust with all the other authenticated likenesses of the monk; and, after having examined the portrait by Fra Bartolommeo, in the possession of the Rubieri, and the Corniola of Giovanni delle Corniole, as well as everything else that was to be seen, we came to the conclusion that none showed such evidence of veracity as the bust in the Borgognissanti.

"'Thus convinced of its genuineness, and hearing it vociferated on all sides that the bust would most surely be snatched up by some of our neighbours across the Alps, Banti and I each collected half the necessary money, returned to the ex-charcoal-seller, and bought the bust for 10,000 francs. Having concluded the purchase and carried the bust to Banti's house, we told Campani, the Inspector of the Galleries, and also Marchese Ferrani, that we had possessed ourselves of the terra-cotta in order to prevent its leaving the country, and that we would hold it at the disposal of the Royal Galleries for the same price we had given for it. Campani and Ferrani then hinted that there were many forgeries going about, and that one must keep one's eyes open.

"'In the meantime Fra Girolamo, resuscitated by the magic power of art, received many visits from the lovers of the beautiful. Amongst these visitors was Dupré, who was so overwhelmed with admiration that he said he could only attribute this work to Michelangelo for its force and to Luca della Robbia for its exquisite handling; at any rate, he considered it the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, and went so far as to say that it determined him to attempt a fresh departure in art. He took his young daughter to see it, and showed her how the clay had been divided into two parts to ensure greater security in the baking; and, in observing this, he praised the skill and patience and the wise methods of the old masters. Frederick Leighton, the celebrated English painter, sent a telegram to Costa, who was then out of Florence, asking for permission to make a drawing of it, and for answer received a photograph, which he placed, like a sacred image, at the head of his bed; and there it still remains. The Grandduchess Marie of Russia and Lippart meditated the construction of a temple for its reception.

"'All this crowding of visitors, though admirable in itself as a sign of artistic enthusiasm, was yet not convenient to the master of the house whose guest the Frate had become, and we determined to exhibit him in the Palazzo Riccardi for the benefit of the Infant Asylum, asking half a franc entrance. Thus curiosity was appeased, and the children of the Asylum gained some thousands of francs.

"'In those days I had, as you know, my heart in the arts and my feet in politics. The capital was not for ever to be Florence, paralysing the Administration with the same narcotics that Rome had given the Romans, preparing for revolution and for Italy. I had then to leave Florence, my friends, and Savonarola, and go to Rome. Whilst there I received certain nebulous letters from Banti, letting fall hints and warnings that this work was probably modern. Being occupied with other things, I did not pay any attention to this, when, in either '64 or '65, having gone to Naples to consult with the Prefect Gualterio on Roman affairs, I came across Alessandro Castellani, and was invited to dinner with him and his wife. During dinner the conversation turned upon the "Bienvieni" that had been bought by the Louvre as an antique, and the jokes that had arisen from the discovery that the real author of it was Bastianini. The most laughable thing was when Alessandro said to me, "This bust is beautiful, it is true, but it is nothing to a bust of Savonarola that I saw in his workshop. I wonder what has become of it." "I can tell you all about that bust," I answered; "it is mine, and I paid such and such a price for it." "We are giving Signor Costa a very poor welcome," said Castellani's amiable wife, to whom I replied that I was very glad to find that such a distinguished artist was living, and not dead, and that as soon as I could investigate the case I would make it known to the world. Castellani then told me that the antiquary Gagliardi was in the secret, and that *he* could point out the furnace that had baked the bust and the model that had posed for it to Bastianini.

"'Meantime the years were passing, the affairs of Rome were swelling in magnitude, and the Bastianini matter slumbered. But after Mentana I came to Florence with Banti and Giulio Poli, and on the 5th of November went together to Bastianini's workshop. I asked him abruptly whether it was he who had done the bust of Savonarola. "Yes, I am sorry to say," he answered, with much agitation. "It was not intended to deceive you; it was to satisfy Neuwekerke." "A pity," I said, "that with your talent you should only make forgeries."

"'Having thus proved the fact, we rushed off to the *Riforma*, and published a declaration announcing to the public that the bust of Savonarola, hitherto supposed to have been the work of an old master, was by the living sculptor Bastianini. Tableau!'

"Many years," continues Signor Martelli for himself, "after the marriage of King Umberto, Raffaello Foresi, a great friend of mine, took me to Bastianini's workshop, and I thus made acquaintance with this singular man, who for so many years had lent his genius and his skill to the frauds of his employer, receiving a mere pittance himself. There stood upon his shelves busts in various styles, from the delicate characteristics of Mino da Fiesole to those in which the treatment was more *baroque*, such as a Bianca Capello, which was to be or had been a Gian Bologna. On the easel was a half-length figure of an English diplomat in a frock-coat, who had ordered his own image to be produced in the style of the Fifteenth Century, combined with modern costume—an effectual encouragement to the freedom of art. We spoke of things artistic—Raffaello Foresi with his usual emphatic veracity, and Bastianini with the simplicity of a potter from Impruneta. *Apropos* of the real old masters, Bastianini remarked, and illustrated his meaning as he spoke—that Donatello put a certain touch of feeling in the nostrils thus, whilst Luca did it in such and such a manner; in the hair Mino had usually a certain method of treatment, Benedetto da Rovezzano another; and so from sentiment to sentiment he commented, analysed, anatomised, all the most celebrated works of the best masters, until he concluded by informing us that one of them, I forget which, showed great individuality in his treatment of the nails of the toes."

The second forgery stirred even a wider sea of controversy, and to its author brought bitterness, despair, and death. In 1867 an Exhibition of Ancient Art was opened in Paris, and one of the objects that attracted most attention there was a terra-cotta bust of Benivieni, the Florentine poet of the Sixteenth Century. The masterly treatment of the head, its strange modelling, and the living personality expressed in its somewhat rugged features, all pointed to its being an authentic contemporary portrait from one of the great master-hands.

This bust was then the property of M. de Nolivos, an art-collector; but some months afterwards, his whole collection being offered for sale at the Hôtel Drouot, the "Benivieni" was bought by the Director of the Louvre for 13,000 francs, and placed in the centre of the room containing Michelangelo's "Captives," a nymph by Benvenuto Cellini, a bust by Desiderio da Settignano, and other works of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries. Hither connoisseurs of all nations thronged to admire the newly-found treasure. Historians and archæologists expatiated on the look of concentrated thought in the strangely-marked face, and affirmed that such was indubitably the face of the poet who sang the "Divine Love," the platonic philosopher, friend of Pico della Mirandola and of Savonarola. Art-critics marvelled at the technical skill it displayed, compared it with other works of the Renaissance, proving it equal to the best among them; and rejoiced in it as a rare specimen of the art that is no more.

Suddenly an impudent rumour ruffles the complacency of the savants of Paris. Whence it came first does not seem quite clear. Some say that the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* was the first to hint at anything wrong. Then, again, there is a story of how Dr. Foresi (a well-known art-collector in Florence) carried certain undoubtedly genuine antiques to Paris and offered them to the Louvre; how M. de Neuwekerke declined to give the prices demanded, adding a disparaging doubt as to their authenticity; how Foresi, indignant and wounded, flared into wrathful plain-speaking: "You will not give the just value for real objects of antique art, and yet you pay 13,000 francs for that 'Benivieni,' which is a thing of to-day!" Then followed storms, protestations, offended dignity, and utter refusal on the part of the Paris connoisseurs to accept the truth. Freppa, when appealed to, made no attempt to claim antiquity for the bust, declaring that he had sold it for 700 francs on its own merits (having given Bastianini 350 francs for the commission), and that if the purchaser chose to consider it old it was no affair of his.

The controversy grew hotter and hotter. There were angry hints at a Florentine intrigue, gross imposture on the part of the pretended author of the masterpiece; finally, the settled determination that the "Benivieni" had been bought as Cinque-cento, and Cinquecento it should remain. And all this time there was old Giuseppe Bonaiuti, the tobacconist, whose head had served as a model for the cultured man of letters of three centuries ago, sitting in his little shop in the narrow Florentine Street, chuckling with his customers over the newspaper gossip from deluded Paris;

while Bastianini himself, sore wounded, was calling upon Heaven and earth to witness that the bust was the work of his own hands.

The world was indeed out of joint for poor Bastianini. After so many years of patient toil, in which he asked for nothing but bread for his father, loving the work for his work's sake, now at last the fire of ambition kindled in his heart, and he began to realise the supreme joy of the artist whose name shines for ever on the historic page. But it was too late. Always of a nervous, excitable temperament, working with fury one day and the next, perhaps, languid and dispirited, the Benivieni question, with all the doubts thrown upon his word, the insults heaped upon him by the French press, had so crushed and consumed him, that at the very moment when he began to understand what possibilities life might have had for him, he fell, worsted in the hopeless struggle. His health rapidly declined, and he died of a low fever at the age of thirty-eight. NINA BARSTOW.

APPLE-TREE CORNER.

OUR determination to invade an artists' colony was no new thing, yet it was late in the year ere the purpose was accomplished, so late that the last apple and grape of Sevray-sur-Vallais were gathered and garnered, and ready to produce more exhilarating and definite results than the poetical roses and snows of yester years. Indeed, ere we departed, their effects, in the shape of early glasses of *vin doux* or cider, were already manifest in the deportment of the peasantry.

Our young relative the painter was waiting at the cross-roads to disinter us from a most depressing diligence, and conduct us to the inn a few yards off. On the way there he tried to console us for the advanced season by the assurance that the mean, tufty little leaves still lingering on the twisted network

I.—A FRENCH HOMESTEAD.

II. FIR-TREES.

of apple-branches, were all-sufficient for serious art-purposes. At dinner, too, more than one voice was heard rejoicing in the absence of the "monotonous green tone" of full summer. An animated discussion, led by a dark man in a blue jersey, was the result of such an expression of views. He first inveighed gloomily against the limitations, dangers, and snares of certain greens, gathering as he proceeded as much fire and earnestness as the keenest disputant—the most perfervid splitter of hairs—on the obscurest theological topic might display. The uplifted finger beseeching a hearing, the eager gestures of warning, of reproof, and of counsel, suggested a discourse of absorbing and vital interest.

At a word the conversation suddenly turned into quite another channel, and dispelled the illusion. The chief characteristic, we found, of all their talk was the pleasant, desultory way it ran from one thing to another without the least warning. Most aspects of men and things, from the pure technicalities of the profession to the wildest speculations or confessions of faith on humanity, past, present, and to be, were word, instead of proving final, only revealed fresh horizons, and we would mechanically relapse into our places, or linger about the room in fascinated attention or rejoinder. It was not always so. Sometimes talk was scant and silence supreme, for of the common, the discomforting pressure that makes the weather or kindred topics appear more desirable than quiet there was none. Occasionally the very men who talked most would rush in to eat, and rush back again to work, so absorbed that thinking and feeding were done in silence; but this was rare.

We were not at all disposed to grumble at the strangely uncomfortable conditions of life inside the inn. Even the cruel access of cold which greeted us, and lingered for many days, making the whole place look "unseasonable," chilled us physically only. With the painters themselves it was clearly a *parti pris* to ignore small discomforts, and praise everything that could be praised—at any rate, to "outsiders" like ourselves. Some of the number we knew to be not quite ingenuous in their utter disregard and seeming unconsciousness of evils which, in another

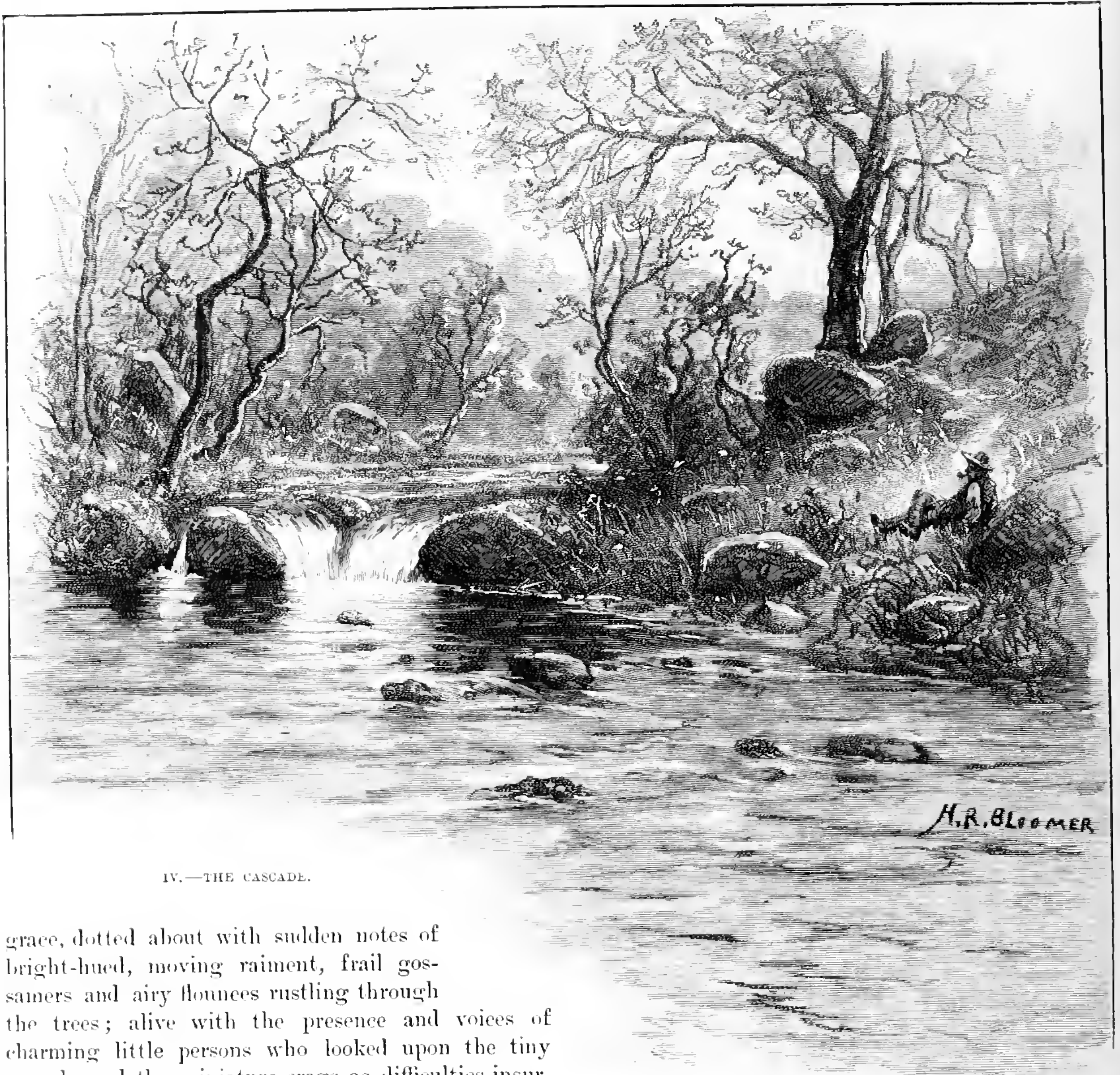
III.—"STILL EVENING."

discussed or touched upon. To help out argument, one illustration followed another, generally to the point, and usually expressed in the vivid slang of the studio. We had heard painters called "conversationally limited," but the statement has since been looked upon as a fable. There were days when, after ample table-talk, and we were about to disperse, a further *entourage*, would have disturbed them. But here it all suited well with a certain "painting attitude of mind." Sounds would come to us, on many a morning, of the north wind whistling ironically at rickety doors and windows, and frequent sluicings of cold water by the fat *femme du logis* over the already clammy brick flooring. The greater the outside

damp, the more the good woman strove to encourage it within. Vast quantities of water were consumed in what seemed worse than useless labour, and sometimes little was to be had for better purposes. But when she swept or cleaned, as she too often did at ill-timed moments, no one murmured, not a voice was raised in unkindly criticism of her domestic economies. A friendly woman was this hostess of ours, perhaps not energetic in other departments, but throwing soul and body into voluble talk and water-pouring. Sometimes she kept both going together, whilst her bearded guests stamped energetically about on the bricks to keep up their circulation, lowered by wandering for hours after motives, through sloppy lanes and field-paths. In spite of weather, and as loth to leave them, many of the men retained hats, of strange shape and size, fitted to ward off tropical sunshine at the least. True, the radiance of St. Martin's Summer was still expected to vindicate their presence, with the help of their wearers' good looks; but, in the meantime, they flapped somewhat disconsolately over storm-ridden locks and reddened ears. When that ephemeral season did arrive, we were as ready to enjoy it as the lazy, enthusiastic, talkative, dreamy people around us, so full of contradictions and anomalous qualities. Fond of the place—especially after a sunshiny hour or two—to the extent of disloyalty to all others, they even made light, and that with no dubious earnestness, of the "taillis de Fontainebleau si passionnément aimés des peintres," as Fromentin says somewhere. Thus is the real *nature artiste* constructed; and it does not fear to contradict itself, nor to change and waver a thousand times a day on the matter of likes and dislikes, and gaily to dismiss logical conclusions whenever they become troublesome.

Even without these litanies of praise we should have discovered that it was a pleasant and pretty little place, full of variety and interest. But we should never have found out for ourselves all the hidden beauties and subtle expressions in the scenery. Much was, indeed, worthy of the seeing eye and the understanding mind; and these remarkable features were continually reviewed. Our friends assured us they contained—within how small an area it would be impossible to say—every imaginable variety of scenery. There was "a kind of sentiment about" that suggested the Low Countries; something else recalled the "feeling" of the Alps or Apennines; elsewhere it was a district of Scotland or Southern Africa. The great waste places of oriental lands were also duly represented by vague indications in a lonely cabbage plantation that seemed to have "gone wrong." A demand (it is to be feared, a flippant one) for so specific an article as the Yosemite Valley proved the pioneers, and their country, equal to the occasion. If we did not get the Yosemite precisely, we were at any rate invited to inspect the "idea" of it, to be obtained by noting certain relations between something and something else. What a field for an intelligent artist! what a sum of advantages condensed into one small corner of the universe! Even to an ordinary observer there was a marked variety on a miniature scale in the local characteristics which, under these favouring circumstances, developed enormously. Sometimes we set forth to look at things in Biblical-like bands of disciples listening to the discourse of one inspired person. Sometimes, for a spell, everybody talked at once; and, if nobody was benefited, none was the worse. Our way often led across the high levels: so often that the long stretches of ploughed land, dotted with the crooked and beloved apple-tree, became very familiar spectacles to us. We admired, at leisure, the purply warmth of the up-turned earth, and the stout horses labouring. Aspects of sunset, sunrise, or broad afternoon, were described in technical terms by a group of enthusiasts breathing forth fresh notes of admiration at one's elbow, and appearing unable for weeks together, through overweening admiration and intelligent comprehension of the scene (or what to the unworthy sometimes appeared *no* scene), to register their impressions on canvas. It was cheering to know that so many fine conceptions and so much careful observation were at least immortalised in conversation. Thus, pausing and sauntering, with earnest gesticulation, and sundry tarryings, that led to the loss of one or more of the party by the way, we would descend to the valley beneath. Here is the enchanted ground—the happy valley of painters. Here the light and air shift and change continually, there is an interminable dynasty of aspects; and the place never fails to suggest to them fresh intellectual or technical problems.

To the uninitiate it perhaps looks no more than a bit of woodland, but it is always bristling with camp-stools, easels, and figures, feverishly or meditatively at work. Every one found his material and worked it as he liked; the streamlet, with its dark rocks and trees, never twice wore the same aspect in nature or on canvas; vocal only with the wandering rivulet setting to tiny waterfalls or calm basins, and flooded all over with luminous darkness, half-tints, and mysterious glimmerings, the groves just then "a pale, frail mist," the grey sky caught in meshes of crossed branches, it had a witchery of its own that infected one readily. Dawn and twilight visited it with hopeful or tender gleams, and in broad day, when everything else fainted under garish light and laughter, it held its own secret. Under a bright and breezy sky it took on a delicate and sylvan, almost a piquant,



IV.—THE CASCADE.

grace, dotted about with sudden notes of bright-hued, moving raiment, frail gossamers and airy flounces rustling through the trees; alive with the presence and voices of charming little persons who looked upon the tiny cascade and the miniature crags as difficulties insurmountable without the help of small cries and much encouragement. In all these phases, and a hundred more, it was the subject of innumerable notes, sketches, and studies. Even then it was not exhausted, for it haunted many a conversation. The next best thing to painting is, not to buy pictures, but to watch others paint, or to listen to intelligent talk on the subject. There was no lack of opportunity of the kind here.

One wholesome feature was the daily discussion of work and methods. The still wet canvases were brought to the *salle à manger* and ranged in the best light; the day's labours were criticised, encouraged, joked over, more to the profit than the hurt of any one concerned. The true story of the British artist, his lonely and secret pilgrimage in fear of his brethren, and in search of a picture, came back to one. Here no one called an embryo idea his own, certain that it must become so in due course. The dinner-hour was perhaps the pleasantest of the day; if "shop" was banished it was not for long, and we forgot to be sorry when it recurred. The food was mediocre enough, though the hospitable hostess, handing and pressing her dishes, praised them and herself unreservedly. "Regardez-moi ce petit M——," she would say, pointing to a guest, "qui eligne, qui fait les petits yeux; he knows what is good and what to expect of my cooking." And he probably did, having long been detained, on parole, in the establishment. The total eclipse and disappearance of debtors in their simple working attire of blouse and *sabots*, untrammelled by aught save a *pochade* box and the bare means of reaching Paris, is

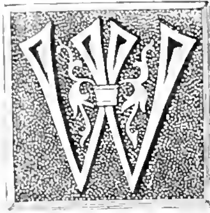
perhaps a more characteristic feature of these resorts. Payments by instalments from distant creditors brimming over with good intentions and small results were so rare as to excite a feeling more akin to bewildered amusement than satisfaction in the recipients. If a kindly faith in his ultimate success can help a man whilst his bill is acquiring a dreadful length—is running on, as the wit said, as if it would never stop—the sanguine host and hostess were helping more than one along the thorny path to fame and fortune.

By evening the train of a long-laid fire was fairly ablaze—that kind of fire that might roast an ox, but only served to roast the humbler chestnut accompanied by white wine, when, dinner over, we gathered round the wide chimney. On some nights the lurid fires of Paris were said to redden the horizon; but we sat round our own hearth, and the restless centre, so near us, seemed far enough away. 'Tis true, some one would occasionally take a plunge and disappear there for a few days, returning, less with the wrecked aspect of the traditional pleasure-seeker, than overflowing with fresh news and interests. The piano was often in use to cheer us; but otherwise the furniture was scanty, and the room bare—bare, that is, if a room can be called bare whose walls are alive with fancies, and where there is not a bit of blank space to stare one stupidly in the face. For, as at Barbizon and Grez, as at most artist haunts, these walls are crowded with memories. Hands of the great dead and the living have set their seal on these walls and turned them into a rich phantasmagoria of suggestions, visions, real sights, and dream-scenes of all sorts. The signatures of Corot and of Français, the pathetic name of Herault and the robust touch of Pelouse (and how many more!), are all to be found there. Perhaps the sight reacts on the spectators, and helps to accentuate the rambling, brilliant, and imaginative character of their talk. Certain it is, these "pictured places" give rise to many a story, grave or gay, to much poignant discussion, to unuttered thoughts and aspirations, that may have helped many a man to paint—perhaps to live.

KATHARINE DE MATTOS.

V.—"A GOOD MOTIVE."

MORE ROYAL ACADEMY SCANDALS.



HEN Samuel Wall died in 1786, the Professorship of Perspective, which he had held, became vacant. No other member was appointed to the office, for some reason of policy, expediency, or possibly jealousy, which has never been explained. Three years passed, and still the Academy had to do as best it might without a Professor of Perspective. The institution which has always claimed to be representative of English art was, indeed, in precisely the same position as a school in which nobody is prepared to teach the alphabet. In 1789, however, the Earl of Aylesford was desirous that Joseph Bonomi, in whom he was interested, should be appointed to the vacant office, and he seems to have brought a good deal of pressure to bear upon members of the Council to that end. But there was a lion in the path. Under the "Instrument," the office could be bestowed only upon an Academician. The Earl of Aylesford and Sir Joshua did not see the matter in that light; and this foreign nonentity was actually encouraged, if not personally invited, to offer himself for an Associateship, which just then fell vacant. Gilpin was his opponent, and was assuredly the better man. Opinion in the Council was much divided, not only upon the merits of Bonomi, but likewise upon the manœuvres of Lord Aylesford and the President of the Academy. Happily, a goodly number of the members testified their displeasure at these undignified intrigues by voting for Gilpin; and when the papers were counted there were found to be an equal number of votes for each candidate. Bonomi was therefore elected by Sir Joshua's casting vote. A year later, in 1790, there arose a vacancy among the Academicians, and Bonomi was of course put forward. He was opposed by Fuseli, who was an Associate of two years' standing, with consequently a stronger presumptive claim than Bonomi. Fuseli waited upon Sir Joshua, and asked him for his vote. The President, in a very friendly way, replied that when there was another vacancy he would be happy to support Mr. Fuseli; but that he deemed it on that occasion "not only expedient, but highly necessary for the good of the Academy that Mr. Bonomi should be elected." The Council, however, had had more than enough of Mr. Bonomi, since there had been much natural irritation that the President should have secured the election of a foreigner in opposition to an Englishman. Sir Joshua brought with him and handed round for inspection a number of drawings by Bonomi, obviously in the hope of influencing votes. This was in itself a flagrant violation of one of the rules of the Academy; and as, moreover, no similar opportunity was given to Fuseli's friends, several members of the Council decided to vote for a man whom they thought to be unfairly treated. The impression at the Council Board had indeed by that time become general that the President was unduly exerting himself upon behalf of a candidate whose talent was much inferior to that of his competitor. This angry feeling resulted in twenty-one votes being cast for Fuseli, and only nine for Bonomi. When the result was announced, Sir Joshua abruptly quitted the Presidential chair, and left in a condition of extreme agitation.

Within a day or two it began to be whispered that the President intended to resign, not only his Presidency, but his membership of the Academy. The story seemed incredible. That Sir Joshua Reynolds, the first of English portrait-painters, the best honoured of English artists, should resign his membership of the Academy, which he had almost founded, merely because a candidate for whom he voted was not elected, was hardly to be believed. But the rumour was true; and a fortnight after the untoward election Sir Joshua wrote to the Secretary, resigning both the Presidency and his Academicianship. "As I can no longer be of any service to the Academy as President, it would be still less in my power in a subordinate situation," were the petulant words in which he requested to be relieved of the burden of two letters after his name. The Academy was in dismay. Council and rank and file had alike a sincere regard for Sir Joshua as a man, and an equally sincere admiration for his genius as a painter. It was decided to make every possible effort to induce the President to withdraw his resignation. Sir William Chambers went to the King—George III., good, honest soul, was always the Academy's consoler in affliction—and begged His Majesty to use his influence with the offended President. George sent Reynolds a message by Chambers himself, in which His Majesty expressed his regret that Sir Joshua should have deemed it proper to resign, and added that it would afford him sincere pleasure should the first President of the Royal Academy consent to resume the position he had abdicated. Still Reynolds was obdurate. He sent his humble duty to the King, and regretted that he could not give His Majesty the pleasure. All hope seemed now at an end; but it was determined to make a final effort to convince

him that the Academy had real affection for him, and real need of his help. To this end a deputation waited upon Sir Joshua, composed of his oldest Academic friends—West, Sandby, Copley, Bacon, Calton, Cosway, Farington, and John Richards. They earnestly begged him to withdraw his resignation; and their entreaties were happily successful.

The next scandal had a much more painful termination. James Barry had for years been a sharp thorn in the sides of his brother Academicians; but it was not until 1799 that his gibes became too acute to be longer borne by the thin-skins. There were, of course, faults upon both sides; but the childish spitefulness of the Academy at the last was such that one is bound to feel sympathy for Barry. He made an honest, if a somewhat brutal, attempt to reform the administration of the Academy; and at least he did the good service of telling the world the exact extent of the mismanagement (not to say worse) which at that time rendered the Academy odious in the sight of those who saw through its pretensions. Years before 1799 Barry had become unpopular with the majority of the members because he urged, vehemently and persistently, that all the surplus funds of the Academy should be expended in the purchase of Old Masters, with the design of gradually forming a gallery of pictures which would be of the extremest value to the students of the Academy, and would teach them the canons of form and colour. It is possible that the design was impracticable; and his brethren urged that it would be against the rules to appropriate money to this purpose. "Then alter the rules," was his reply; and when the others refused to do so, he treated them to a string of brutal sarcasms, which caused them to turn individually and collectively livid. Barry was robbed one night of £100. The next morning he posted up a notice declaring that the robbers were the thirty-nine other Academicians. His pleasantries did not stop there even. He was Professor of Painting in the Academy, and in the course of his lectures and teaching he would compare the works of living Academicians with those of great painters of old in a manner excessively amusing to the students, but less grateful to the objects of his sarcasms. All this was in extremely bad taste, of course, and at last the worm turned. In 1799 Barry published "A Letter to the Dilettante Society respecting the obtension of certain matters essentially necessary for the improvement of public taste, and for accomplishing the original views of the Royal Academy of Great Britain." This was the most audacious and uncivil hit that had been made at the Academy during the thirty years of its existence. The vigour of Barry's denunciations was amazing. The Academy, he said in effect, was full of coteries moved by the meanest jealousies; the funds were dissipated by secret intrigues; and he gravely proposed that, as the only means of obtaining honest and truthful expressions of opinion, the members should, upon all occasions of importance, give their votes on oath. To crown all, he accused the Academicians of having voted to themselves £16,000, which ought to have been spent for the benefit of the students. This was more than flesh and blood could endure; and at a General Assembly held on the 15th of April, 1799, the charges against Barry were embodied in a long resolution which was carried on the 24th of the same month; and by virtue of that resolution he was removed from the office of Professor of Painting, and expelled the Academy. It is worth remembrance that it was not thought proper to send any copy of the resolution to Barry, nor to give him any opportunity for explanation or defence; and he protested against the idea which thus got abroad that he admitted the charges against him.

The year 1803 saw a domestic squabble within the bosom of the autocratic Council itself. A dispute arose regarding the respective jurisdictions of the Council and the General Assembly. Five members of the Council—Copley, Wyatt, Yenn, Soane, and Bourgeois—sustained that the Assembly had no right to interfere in the administration; whereupon a General Assembly reproved them for their presumption. Then the Council passed a resolution denying that they were responsible, either individually or collectively, to the General Assembly, and begging the President to ascertain the king's sentiments on the matter. Six days later the Assembly retorted by a resolution declaring that the conduct of the five members of the Council had rendered it expedient to temporarily suspend them from their functions. The suspended and the suspenders both appealed to the long-suffering monarch who had created this quarrelsome Institution. George III., after taking a legal opinion, expressed his disapproval of the action of the General Assembly, and ordered that all the accounts of their squabble with the Council should be expunged from the minutes of the Academy.

In 1805 Benjamin West was driven to resign the Presidency by the illiberal treatment he received from several of the Academicians, because during a visit to Paris to examine the spoils collected in the Louvre he had dared to express his admiration for Napoleon. In England in 1805 that was the unpardonable sin; and West resigned. He was succeeded by Wyatt; but West was shortly afterwards reinstated, the only opposition coming from Fuseli, who voted for Mrs. Moser for President, on the ground that "one old woman was as good as another." Fuseli, it may be remembered, was the only Academician who had courage enough to vote for George

Henry Harlowe, when he was a candidate for the Associateship in 1805. But he took care to explain that the vote was "not for the man, but for the talent."

Of the treatment experienced by Benjamin Robert Haydon at the hands of the Academicians we have heard in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons in 1835. The quarrel originated in 1808, when Haydon's "Dentatus" was badly hung; and the disappointed painter at once commenced a campaign of denunciation, which he continued until his death by his own hand nearly forty years later. The absurdity of Haydon's statement, that the R.A.'s were afraid of him because he was a greater historical painter than any of them, is obvious. When he said that the Academy constantly exerted itself to depress the arts he was on much less debatable ground. His mind very early lost its balance, and perhaps not even success would have restored it, since naught can "minister to a mind diseased." The Academicians seem, at least in some regards, to have learned wisdom by experience, and during the last half-century their internal quarrels have been fewer and less acrid than they were during the first fifty years of their corporate existence. In more recent times they have devoted their energies to an endeavour first to crush the Pre-Raphaelites (with such conspicuous success!), and since to eliminate from their exhibitions all but the smug and the "exquisitely pretty." J. PENDEREL-BRODHURST.

ART IN CANADA.

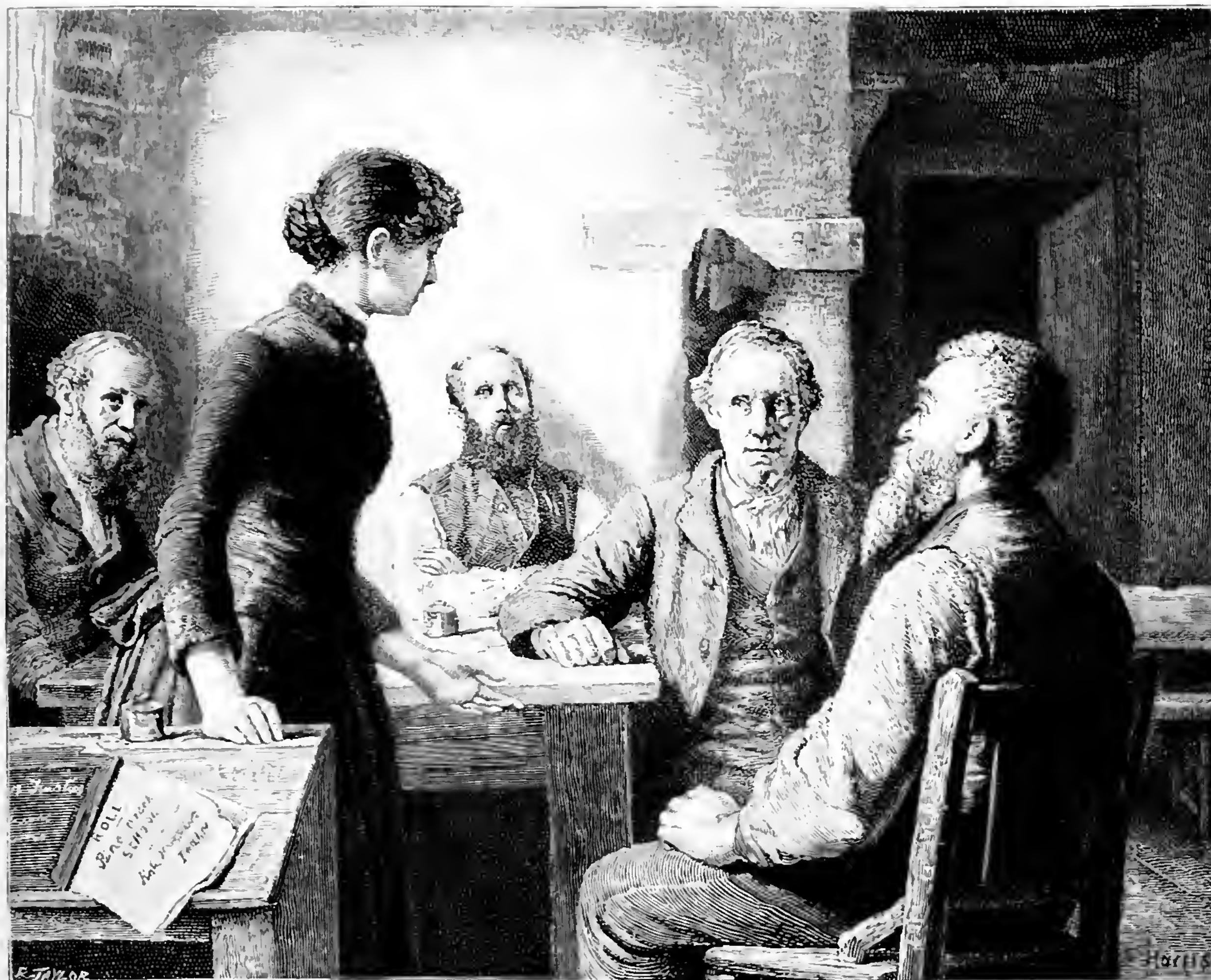
WHILE walking among the Canadian pictures at the Colonial Exhibition, you can fancy yourself in a good European gallery much more easily than you can if you are in the Fine Art section of any other Colony. This is considerable praise; for, though art is differently conceived of and

GOOD-BYE.

(Painted by Paul Peel. Colonial Exhibition.)

differently practised in the various quarters of Europe, yet every old country has been subjected at some time or other to vivifying currents of poetical

better than Mr. J. F. Paterson, who belongs to Australia, it must be confessed that they have more of them than are to be found in any other Colony,



MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES OF A BACK SETTLEMENT SCHOOL: THE TEACHER TALKING THEM OVER.

(Painted by Robert Harris. Colonial Exhibition.)

feeling, which have, as it were, thawed the spirit of the nation, and permitted the germs of art latent in primitive customs, costumes, and decorations, to develop into artistic life. Half of the contributions to a modern exhibition, though one may consider many of them of poisonous, are at any rate of vital organic growth. They are in some sort artistic: a term which would be misapplied to the mass of Colonial work, totally uninspired as it is by any æsthetic feeling for the materials employed. It may be described as a use of the handicrafts of drawing and colour with the intentions of military, architectural, or engineering draughtsmen, but without their patient accuracy and thorough accomplishment. From this reproach the Canadians, however, are tolerably free. Though their best men are hardly

and that they show a much larger proportion of work up to a fairly good standard. This is not to be wondered at, since they are nearer the principal centres of education, and have easier access to historic galleries and monuments of past traditions. An Australian has no means of seeing old masters, and there is no reason why those who have learnt their profession in Europe should make a voyage across the world to impart their knowledge to others. Even if it were so, the mere hearsay information of one or two men will not make up for the actual study of pictures, and the direct influence of the artistic spirit and endeavour of a whole country. The United States, on the other hand, is a close neighbour of Canada; and Americans have lately learnt much from France, both directly and indirectly: directly

in the studios of great artists in Paris, which are open to all comers; indirectly from the many French pictures which the improvement in taste amongst the buying classes has brought into the country. Moreover, young Canadian artists have the opportunity, not only of learning European art from Americans, but of crossing the Atlantic and putting themselves under its immediate influence. Of many students of all nationalities whom I can remember in Paris, a Canadian, Wyatt Eaton, was by no means the least talented, and certainly one of the most judicious. Not content to pass through the regular education of the Beaux-Arts, he was more alive than any one else at Barbizon to the advantages of the friendship and advice of J.-F. Millet, whom he took care to see every day. Thus the spirit and opinions of one of the most fervent and original minds of the century were passed on by an actual pupil, who had studied the master's subjects under his own eye, and who on his return to his own country was, if I am rightly informed, appointed to a professorship of art.

The Canadian artists are not original among their Colonial rivals in proportion to their much greater technical accomplishment. On this point, however, it is very difficult to form anything like a just comparison; when we have excluded from the exhibition the mass of work which is not art at all, we have more painters to consider among the Canadians than in all the other sections put together. I shall, therefore, attempt no thorough determination of the question beyond saying that between Mr. Homer Watson at his best in the Canadian section, Mr. Branfill in the New Zealand, and Mr. Paterson in the Australian, there is not much to choose in point of originality of vision and treatment. Mr. Homer Watson's method may be a little more unusual than Mr. Paterson's, and yet it appears cognate to his subject-matter. He has evidently not learnt it as a monkey acquires tricks, and I think it is possible to make sure, from an examination of his exhibits, that the masterly manner which he has attained in "A Frosty Morning at the Edge of a Clearing," has been superimposed upon his original way of seeing nature by a process of natural development. "A River Torrent," though it is without the breadth and science of the above-mentioned picture, shows, in spite of its want of feeling for large forms and its small, niggling manner, much the same sense of air, sky, and weather, a similar vein of colour, and a like view of what is interesting in nature; and as a composition, "Gathering Storm in the Adirondacks" is another example of the sentiment for the picturesque in landscape, and the tendency to sober colour which this artist possessed even before he had learnt a satisfactory technical style. His best work—"The Frosty Morning"—is painted with considerable knowledge of the right use of a foreground as a mere vestibule of introduction to a large, aërial landscape. He has acquired a touch, an impasto, and a scheme of low-toned, silvery green, all excellently suited to the treatment of lumpy, sturdy trees, and the general appearance of the country. A mixture of C. Jacque and Th. de Bock might give some notion of the effect of the colour and touch in his best work. In addition to these pictures, it would be unfair should one omit to notice his large "Saw Mill," remarkable for a fine rendering of wind-blown trees; his small and beautiful sketch, "A Frosty Morning in October," not unlike a Dupré; and his little *pochade* "Landscape," with a lovely opalescent rift in a rainy sky.

As I have already hinted, the Canadians have not been slow to take advantage of European, and more especially of French, sentiments and traditions. This influence is easily seen in figure-work—a branch of the art almost totally unrepresented in any serious way in the Australian, and even in other sections. In deference to new sentiments on the question of man's position in nature, all modern schools have inclined to a form of art in which the figure is accorded a comparatively small proportion of space in the composition. The French, it is true, have continued, as an Academical exercise, the older styles of figure-painting; but, on the other hand, in the modern fashion of the art they have been more rigorous than any one else in refusing much separate interest or special treatment to the figure. It must, according to them, fare as it can in the general landscape effect, which should be all-important. They object to its being specially illumined, conventionally relieved so as to show up the flesh tints, or bathed in warm colours that it may attract undue attention, all of which, most English painters consider fair and artistic devices. Whether the English are justified or not depends very much upon whether each man's sentiment be valuable, and whether his system be uniformly conventional throughout. At any rate, the natural and aërial representation of figure and landscape in a realistic unity, which the French aspire to, must be an impossible aim to these men; and one which, if they insist on pursuing it in combination with their own ideals and devices, cannot but be prejudicial to the manifestation of whatever sentiment and artistic feeling they may possess. Some of the best pictures in the Canadian gallery deal with atmospheric representations of the human figure. One of the most charming as well as the most masterly of these, Mr. P. F. Woodcock's "Abandoned Nest," is among the illustrations to this article. Its pleasant, easy composition and firm drawing will

be perceptible, but its admirable colour must be imagined. It is a fine harmony of cream, ochre, and blue, painted in a comparatively low tone: that is to say, that although the picture is solid and luminous, it is without any striving after garish brilliancy, or startling vividness of tint. Neither are the tones shallow, nor the forms characterless, as in a common imitation of fine French work. The artist has a real and most effective sense of the intrinsic agreeableness of paint; the texture and brushwork of the sky, of the shimmering cornfield, of the child's warmly-lit cream dress, &c., are well suited to reveal the character of the things they signify, and they have, moreover, much of the purely sensuous beauty and decorative quality of surface of the promiscuous paint on an old palette. This may not be an important ingredient of serious art, and if used as an end or to the exclusion of other things it may easily become a source of weakness, yet when kept in due subordination to significance and meaning, it is unquestionably a source of great and legitimate charm.

"Good-bye," the subject of another illustration, is both the simplest and most pleasing in colour of Mr. Paul Peel's many contributions. Although he knows how to paint, yet in most of his larger works he is sadly wanting in charm, fervour, and personality. His "Return of Harvesters," the largest canvas in the place, is viciously pink and yellow. His "Return of the Flock," a pleasant composition, is too soft and weak in some places—as in the sheep—and hard while it is unmeaning in others—as in the pattern of leaves against the sky. Somewhat cheap in tone, poor in composition, and lacking character as it is both in colour and the expression of form, "Awaiting his Return" is quite Mr. Peel's worst exhibit; while "Covent Garden Market, London, Ontario," is, in its sincere and forcible realism, its truthful rendering of sunlight upon bright colours, without doubt his strongest if not his most graceful production. Mr. William Brymner is also very fully represented, and notably so by some excellent open-air figure subjects, conceived and treated much in the manner of Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, and other young Americans of the same school. Mr. Brymner's colour is not so rich, and his delight in paint as a material is not so evident, as Mr. Woodcock's; but he has learnt to work in the same broad manner, and his most important canvas, "A Wreath of Flowers," shows him to be a skilled draughtsman, and an artist well versed in the mysteries of suggestive handling. In its elegant simplicity of workmanship and the broad truth of its effect of soft grey sunlight, his small sketch of a cornfield, entitled "The Day is Done," is unsurpassed by any landscape work in the show. His "Crazy Patch Work" belongs to another order of work—the pure figure picture—and, though treated with a true feeling for light, it is, I believe, less interesting than his open-air studies.

Another interior with figures, Mr. R. Harris's "Meeting of the Trustees," has been reproduced for this Magazine. It is a very sincere and successful study of character and type, executed in a naïve, earnest, and unassuming manner. The colour is not decoratively beautiful, but the general effect is true to nature. This artist is sure of the sympathy and comprehension of most people, and, when he becomes more familiar with the means of expression, and, therefore, less embarrassed in his pursuit of truth, he cannot fail to do really excellent work. I remember Millet saying, "Do not bother yourself about methods at first; put on the colour directly, anyhow"; and Carolus Duran frequently told his pupils, "Be as clumsy as you like, but be just." There is no doubt, as the practice of many great artists shows, that this exclusive preoccupation about truth may be prolonged with advantage to the future soundness and general human satisfactoriness of a painter's work. This is why I do not see so much promise of progress in Mr. Wickson's "Dawn of Genius." He aims too much at something like the cleverness of style of the French School, without searching out in nature the realities upon which such a manner has been founded. As to Mr. Harris's big open-air figure picture, "On the Shores of the St. Lawrence," its sickly colour, hard black shadows, and conventional *ensemble*, undeniably prove that he had better as yet stick closely to a conscientious observation of nature, and put off attempting such ambitious flights of the imagination. It is no doubt well "to have the deep poetic heart"; but the gift has its responsibilities, and not the least of them is the absolute and dire necessity of study and self-culture.

Mr. H. Perre's "Canadian Oak" shows that he has studied good traditions of composition and picture-making; his colour and general treatment, too, are original in their way, and owe their inspiration more to good Dutch and English than to French example. Mr. Henry Sandham, though his figure is badly constructed, has managed to secure some good qualities of paint in his "Un Habitant," especially in his sky and water. Notice should be taken of the fine sky, water, and cloud reflections in Mr. L. O'Brien's view from a fort, of Mr. Edson's good water-colours, and of his oil picture, which is an example of a mean and thoroughly false style of painting; of Mr. T. G. Forbes's studies of curious scenery, such as "A Rocky Mountain Cañon," and "Mount Stephen," interesting as they are only as examples of patience and fidelity and as laborious portraits of strange places; of Mr. F. M. Bell Smith's large and tolerably aërial

marine "Last Rays, Bay of Fundy"; of Mr. Gordon's minute, mechanical, but well-meaning "Washing Day"; of Mr. Mower Martin's "Untrodden

colour in "Potatoes in Bloom." Mr. Perce, Mr. J. A. and Mr. J. H. Fraser are strong in water-colours, though not always with sufficient sense of value. In

THE ABANDONED NEST.

(Painted by P. F. Woodcock. Colonial Exhibition.)

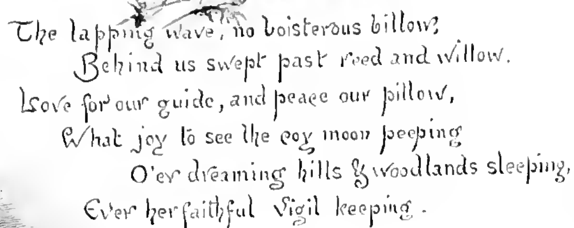
Wilds of Canada," and "Sunrise in Muskoka, Rousseau Lake," which, though picturesque in intention and composition, suffer greatly from a laborious, almost querulous, search after minute form; and Mr. William Raphael's pleasant and original feeling for this branch of art, one of the most artistic exhibits is "Niagara Falls," by H.R.H. the Princess Louise. The style is broad and simple, and the foreground in no way shows anything of the usual timidity of the amateur.

R. A. M. Stevenson.

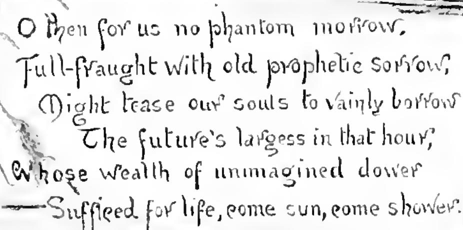
ON THE RIVER

Where wind and water meeting made
A tremor in the hues that fade
Between the sundown and night's shade,
We floated on adown the river—
Not Death himself our souls might sever,
We felt we should so float for ever.

And passion slept, secure from waking;
Our hearts forgot their ancient aching,
Our spirits so the past forsaking,
We knew that delicate hour & golden,
Delight was ours, and memory olden
In poppy-sleep was fast enfolden.



The lapping wave, no boisterous billow,
Behind us swept past reed and willow.
Love for our guide, and peace our pillow,
What joy to see the coy moon peeping
O'er dreaming hills & woodlands sleeping,
Ever her faithful vigil keeping.



O then for us no phantom morrow,
Full-fraught with old prophetic sorrow,
Might tease our souls to vainly borrow
The future's largess in that hour,
Whose wealth of unimagined dower
—Sufficed for life, come sun, come shower.

ALICE HAVERS.

ON THE RIVER.

(Written by J. Arthur Blaikie. Designed by Alice Havers.)

VAN DYCK IN ANTWERP.

OF the minor details of the life of Van Dyck little is known, and only in comparatively recent times have the broad outlines of his career been established. But, where fact has failed, fable has stepped in, and tradition has woven round his memory a mist of amorous romance. The clear, hard light of fact dispels most of these fantastic legends; yet our painter, shorn of these glories, remains, when all is told, handsome and comely, fond of luxury and of splendour, of all things rare and beautiful, of the great ones of the world, of wine and of women: so fond, indeed, of all these things, that he was content to work very hard to obtain them.

When, in 1599, Anthony Van Dyck was born, there was already a nurseryful of children in the big old house by the Scheldt, for Anthony was the seventh child of his mother and the eighth of his father, who had been a young widower when Mary Cuypers took pity upon him. Mary was famed for her embroideries, and little Anthony must often have seen his mother bending over her gorgeous handiwork, most of which found its way into convents and churches, for the Van Dycks were Catholics and devout. Such work was done only for pleasure, for the Van Dycks were well-to-do. The business, a cloth and silk manufactory, was old-established, and various little hints and facts that have come down to us show them to have been persons of culture and refinement. But the key-note of the peaceful, easy life, where toil meant occupation, not anxiety, where plenty meant the power of giving, where work and play alike were good and pure and sweet—the key-note of this quiet life was devotion; and when, in 1607, the mother died, leaving twelve little ones behind her, the children were watched and tended by the nuns of the Dominican Convent. Years afterwards the same nuns helped the Van Dyck girls to tend their father through his last illness, and he, in gratitude, laid on Anthony a sacred charge to paint a picture for their high altar—an obligation which remained undischarged for seven years. The religious nature of the older Van Dycks was inherited by many of their children. Four girls became nuns while still in the flower of their youth, and Theodore, the youngest son, took vows at the age of twenty. To make up one's mind early seems to have been the family tradition, for Anthony was only ten years old when he entered the studio of Henry Van Balen, one of the best artists of his day. There he remained five years, and then passed on into Rubens' workshop, where he made sketches from the great pictures of his master for the engravers to work from. Among the legends that surround Van Dyck are many telling of Rubens's jealousy, but the more we read of the relations between the great master and the favourite pupil, the more we learn of their faithful friendship and mutual respect. Anthony was indeed a pupil to be proud of, and envy was unknown to Rubens's generous soul; and it was a glad day for him when the lad, only nineteen years old, was admitted a member of that painters' Guild of St. Luke, which had existed in Antwerp since the early years of the Fifteenth Century.

In this same year of 1618 Van Dyck painted his first important picture: the "Christ bearing His Cross," which is still in the Church of the Dominicans at Antwerp. Rubens now felt that his pupil had learned all that it was in his power to teach him, and he advised the youth to travel in Italy in order to study the works of the great masters, and more especially their portrait art, for already he was convinced that Van Dyck's true genius was for portraiture. The advice was the best that could be given, and in 1620 Van Dyck, having attained his majority, prepared to follow it; but, when he was on the eve of starting, an invitation from the Earl of Arundel induced him to turn his face towards England.

Our country still refused to bring forth artists, and this sterility must have resulted from want of genius in the national character, for art was as dearly loved by English monarchs and nobles as was literature; yet, while the preceding century had produced a literature unsurpassed in the world's history, no one Englishman had won renown as a painter. Since the days when Henry VIII. was a gallant king in his teens, a long list of foreign artists had been received and had worked at the English Court; and in 1620 the post of Court Painter was still held by a foreigner, one Daniel Mytens, a Netherlander. We do not know with whom originated the idea of bringing a second Netherlander to the English Court, but the earliest mention of the project is contained in a letter written in Italian to the Earl of Arundel by some unknown person, and dated from Antwerp, on the 17th of July. "Van Dyck," writes this unknown correspondent, "lives with Rubens, and his

works are beginning to be scarcely less esteemed than those of his master. He is a young man of one-and-twenty; his relatives are persons of considerable property in the city, and it will be difficult to induce him to remove, especially as he must perceive the rapid fortune which Rubens is amassing." Nevertheless, an offer was made and was accepted; for in November Toby Mathew writes from Antwerp to Sir Dudley Charleton, then English Ambassador at the Hague, "Your lordship has no doubt heard that Van Dyck, the famous pupil of Rubens, has left for England, and that the king has granted him a pension of £100 a year." The details of this visit are wrapped in mystery, only we know that, in the following February, Van Dyck received £100 "for special services," and that he left England for Holland protected by a passport which styled him the king's servant, and which only accorded him a leave of absence for eight months. This title of king's servant may probably have been nothing more than a kindly fiction invented for the greater safety of a Netherlander travelling in the then hostile state of Holland, for there is nothing to show that Van Dyck intended to settle in England, nor that when he left he gave any pledge or was expected to return. But in any case this visit—unsuspected until within the last few years—is of great historical importance, for it clears up the mystery of the portrait of James I., now in Windsor Castle, which, though always admitted to be a genuine Van Dyck, was, until recently, supposed to have been painted from portraits after the accession of Charles—and this in face of the fact that it bears the date 1621. The business which took Van Dyck to Holland was a commission to paint the portrait of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange; and this completed, Van Dyck returned home, and in the autumn set out for Italy. We know nothing of his journey, not even the route by which it was made; and we next find him in Venice, working very hard copying and making sketches from the works of the great masters. But these useful studies brought in no cash; and a few months later he set out with a light purse for Genoa, where Rubens had been so well received fifteen years earlier. Probably Van Dyck had introductions from his master to the Genoese magnates, for commissions came thick and fast; and Genoa proved a gold mine, which he worked a second time in 1624, and again on his homeward journey in the following year. The dated portrait of James I. is a rare exception, for, like most of his contemporaries, Van Dyck habitually left his work without signature or date, so that we cannot ascertain which among the many fine Van Dycks still to be seen in the Genoese galleries and palaces were painted during this first visit; it is, however, pretty safe to assume that the more mature works, such as the magnificent portraits of Antonio and Paulina Brignole Sale, were painted during the later sojourns. His pocket filled, our artist set out for Rome, where, despite his mourning for his father, who died at the end of 1622, he lived a gay life and in such fine style as to earn the nickname "il pittore cavalieresco." Yet he found time for work; and the fine portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, painted during his stay at Rome, is a marvellous achievement for a young man of three-and-twenty. Genoa was revisited in 1624, and was left for Palermo, where Phillibert, Prince of Savoy, held vice-regal court. But plague—that hideous background to the splendours of the past—drove him northward; and in the next year he was again in Genoa, now on his way home, for by the close of the year he was once more in Antwerp. Four years of absence had greatly changed his home: the father was dead, the favourite brother had embraced the religious life; some sisters had married, and the dearest, Susanne, had become a nun. To this young girl Anthony dedicated the first picture painted after his return—the famous "St. Augustine in Ecstasy," which brought him great renown. But the glory of Rubens's fame eclipsed all lesser lights; and it was not until the great master departed on a diplomatic mission to the Courts of Spain and England that the pupil received a fair price for his work. And now began the most laborious years of his life—years spent for the most part in painting altar-pieces, and to which belong the great part of Van Dyck's devotional compositions. The range of subjects is limited: the most frequent is the "Madonna and Child," then the "Crucifixion," the "Descent from the Cross," and the "Entombment;" the manner is as little varied as the subject, and a want of elevation and ideality in the treatment, together with a certain commonplace quality in composition and grouping, prove the wisdom of Rubens's early counsel, that Van Dyck should devote himself to portrait.

In 1627, our painter made a visit to England; but the influence of Buckingham then excluded Arundel from the Court; Van Dyck does not appear to have met the king, and after a short time he returned to Antwerp. A year later Felton's dagger had entered Buckingham's heart, and once more the old influences resumed their sway. Rubens was still at the English Court; but after a time it became apparent that he could not be induced to settle out of his own country; and in the autumn of 1629 Charles began to entertain the project of bringing Van Dyck over to fill the place that would so soon be vacant. He therefore empowered Endymion Porter to commission Van Dyck to paint a subject-picture for the sum of £78; and in the following March, the "Loves of Rinaldo and Armida" was delivered into the hands

of the king. The picture pleased; and the favourable impression was confirmed by the admirable portrait of Nicholas Lanière, the Court Musician, which came into the king's possession shortly afterwards. With this fine work, which still forms part of the Royal collection, our painter took especial pains; and Lanière afterwards told Sir Peter Lely that he was made to sit for seven entire days, nor would Van Dyck allow him a sight of the canvas during the whole of that time. It was this portrait, adds Lely, which secured to Van Dyck his invitation to the English Court; and it is certain that formal negotiations with him were opened towards the close of 1631.

F. Mabel Robinson.

MEDALS OF THE STAGE.

M. RODIN is not the only foreign artist who has had to complain this year of the eccentricities of the Royal Academy. There has been malice, how M. Ringel (d'Illzach), against his will and much to his astonishment, was elevated to a like apotheosis. The Academy has been made of

ALEXANDRE DUMAS II.

(*From the Medallion by Ringel.*)

exhibited at Messrs. Boussod and Valadon's an excellent Mesdag, which is said to have achieved the honours of rejection; and in a recent number of *L'Art*, the story is told, with an abundance of late the subject of so much bitter criticism, and has found its sayings and doings so keenly scrutinised, that the story of M. Ringel's odyssey, which is not at all to its credit, may here be summarised.

Last year, M. Ringel exhibited at the Salon a case or frame of twelve medals, three of which—those of MM. Augier, Rodin, and Victor Hugo—were engraved for presentation in THE MAGAZINE OF ART. They found favour in the eyes of the jury, and it occurred to him that they would look well at Burlington House, and that they might find favour in the eyes of the Hanging Committee of 1866. To Burlington House they were despatched accordingly, together (as I read the story) with a thirteenth—the medallion of M. Grévy, now and this some time past President of the French Republic. For some occult and inexplicable reason, the Council would receive no more than eight of them. On the 7th April, Mr. Eaton wrote to M. Ringel "to ask you if you will consent to eight being removed from the panel to which they are attached for that purpose." M. Ringel was out of town at the moment; but on the 15th April he came back, and "remembering that the P.R.A. is both sculptor and painter," he at once addressed him an appeal from the judgment of the Council. "Permettez-moi," the letter ran, "de ne pas m'adresser seulement à l'esprit de justice du Président, mais aussi au goût éclairé de l'artiste éminent qui comprendra que je ne puis mutiler un cadre fait exprès pour contenir douze médaillons et qui a été admis comme tel à toutes les Expositions où je l'ai présenté et notamment au Salon de Paris,

EDMOND GOT.

(From the Medallion by Ringel.)

où mes médaillons ont été récompensés par le Jury." Rather than sanction any such mutilation he would withdraw his work, and renounce the honour of exhibition; and "dans l'attente d'être honoré de votre réponse," he signed and despatched his letter. No answer came; but he duly received an invitation to the private view, and was happy to think that his pleading had not been in vain. As he could not cross to London to make sure of it, he deputed the duty to a friend, who repaired to Burlington House to find exhibited, not the whole set of medallions, not even eight of them, but only one, the "Grévy," and

that one "irrévérencieusement accroché au milieu d'une gaine." The proceeding seems to have struck him as a little strong; for his second letter to the President (31st May, 1886) is touched with a certain irritation. He remarks that, not having received any answer to his letter of the 15th April, he had naturally concluded that the President and Council had yielded to the respectful observations which, "in reply to the strange request transmitted by your secretary," he had taken the liberty to address them; and he is all the more astonished to learn that his case of medals is not included in the exhibition. He refers in passing to the "immense wrong" which has been done him by the suppression of his works, and the fact that it was not thought worth while to tell him that he could have them when he cared to send for them—"which would at least have permitted me to exhibit them elsewhere;" and he goes on to say that he is trying, "but in vain, to reconcile the extreme *impolitesse* of your behaviour with your great reputation for courtesy, in which I had always hitherto believed." It is enough, he adds, "à décourager à jamais les artistes étrangers de se risquer encore à exposer à la 'Royal Academy;'" and he concludes by remarking that "en dépit de vos procédés à mon égard, je me respecte trop, M. le Président, pour ne pas continuer à me dire votre très humble et très obéissant serviteur." To dispose of this protest was for Mr. Eaton the work of no time at all. Writing under date of the 1st June, he informed M. Ringel that no answer had ever been received to his notification of the 7th April; that if any such answer had been received it would have been his duty to lay it before the President and Council, and reply to it according to their instructions; that the President never replied in person; that as no letter had ever been received from M. Ringel, nobody could be accused of *impolitesse* towards him; that he had only received his invitation to the private view as the exhibitor of the "Grévy;" that, with regard to the case of medals, in a former letter, of the 7th April, "I explained to you why they could not be exhibited, and it would not have been in the power of the President or any one else to make any alteration of the rules in your favour;" and, finally, that "I have given orders for the medallions to be given up to M. Thibaudeau in accordance with your request." For M. Leroi's remarks on this document our readers may be referred to the original text in *L'Art* for the 15th August. I shall only note in this place (1) that M. Ringel, by no means satisfied with the exactness of Mr. Eaton's information with regard to the non-delivery of his letter of the 15th April, addressed, on the 2nd June, a formal complaint to the Minister des Postes et Télégraphes, who informed him, six days after, that his researches having been in vain, he had asked the Postmaster-General to institute an inquiry on this side the Channel also; and (2) that Mr. Eaton's "I explained to you why they could not be exhibited" only meant that he had altogether forgotten his own letter, which, as we have seen, was but "to ask you if you will consent to eight being removed from the panel to which they are attached for that purpose." It will be more to the point to touch, if but for an instant, on the experiences of M. Thibaudeau, who, when he sent to Burlington House for M. Rodin's "Idylle," received, in lieu thereof, M. Ringel's hapless case of medals! This he at once returned, as at the moment it was not included in his commission; and when, in due course, he made application for it in M. Ringel's name, he appears to have got into difficulties at once, and to have proved beyond dispute that M. Ringel's case was unmarked, unnumbered, and completely forgotten! Nobody knew anything about it, and it was some time ere it could be identified and handed over to his care. "Le désordre organisé," concludes M. Paul Leroi, not, it is to be feared, without reason, "*Risum teneatis, amici*, et Dieu vous garde d'exposer à la *Royal Academy of Arts!*"

M. Ringel's medallions have not, it may be, the romantic touch, the fine imaginative treatment of character and material which distinguish those of David d'Angers; nor have they, it seems certain, the austerity, the dignity, the masterly sobriety which stamp the later work in this department of Legros. But they deserved a better fate than rejection at the hands of the sculptor of the "Deborah" of this last Academy exhibition. To say nothing of their technical qualities, which are neither few nor inconsiderable, and which secured their acceptance, with honour, by a tribunal to say the least of it not inferior in intelligence and skill to the Royal Academy Council, they fill a gap in contemporary art. There are few nowadays to practise the craft of the Pisanello and Dupré; and the encouragement that is doled out to these is of the scantest. In France, where they are proud of their great men, the circumstances of the medallist are likely to improve, and M. Ringel is to be congratulated on the perseverance he has shown in keeping to his task. As has already been said in this magazine, he has it in him to do for the men of this generation what was done by David d'Angers for the men of 1830. If he will (in other words) he may render no small service to posterity, and impose upon unborn France an obligation which cannot easily be over-estimated. In his first series he dealt with all sorts and conditions of greatness—Pasteur's with Hugo's, Rodin's and Augier's, Chevreul's and Renan's and Gambetta's. In his second, which is now in course of issue, he has advanced to immortality the likenesses of a second

dozen of distinguished men, enough of whom are known in connection with the stage to give the issue a distinct stage touch, and to make it even more interesting to some of us than the dozen or thirteen that went before.

In England here the name and fame of Alexandre Dumas I.—Alexander Maximus as he is called by those who delight to do him honour—have been a national possession for more years than I care to be at the pains of calculating. His influence upon the French theatre has been incalculable: with "Henri Trois et sa Cour" he fought and won the battle of "Hernani" while "Hernani" was yet in manuscript; while with "Antony" he not only anticipated the best effects of his successors, but mapped them out a path which only the strongest of them have trodden with safety and with profit. Oddly enough, he has not touched the English drama directly; if his example has impressed at all, it has been through the work of his heirs and imitators. But it is otherwise in the department of the novel. His (and Maquet's) Monte Cristo is a legendary figure with us, and it need surprise nobody that he is this winter to be burlesqued at a popular London playhouse, as Faust and Don Juan have been before him; the epic of the Musketeers has sold by cartloads any time these forty years, and is selling by cartloads still; while Balsamo and Chicot, Ange Pitou and Bussy and Diane de Monsoreau, a score of gallant and romantic creations besides, are scarce less familiar and less well-beloved than the most popular figures of Scott and Thackeray and Dickens themselves. It is otherwise with his son, the dramatist of "Le Demi-Monde" and "Monsieur Alphonse" and "L'Ami des Femmes." He is a man remarkable in every way; but none of his plays has taken root amongst us save the first, the "Dame aux Camélias," and to most of us he is only known as a writer of prefaces designed to secure the circulation of impossible theories of morality, and—to the hardened and unbelieving—as "his father's worst work" and "the small change of Alexander Maximus." This is, of course, unjust, and unjust in the highest degree. Born an Englishman, Alexandre Dumas II. would have been one of the most popular of English writers, if only by reason of the completeness of his intellectual individuality, of the strong and peculiar element of mysticism which pervades his works, and the passionate sincerity which inspires his views of morals and of life. As it is, he remains unpresentably French, for the touch of African blood which he inherits from his greater father compels him to exaggeration, and his theories—which may or may not be contestable in themselves—are formulated in terms and pushed to conclusions which make the serious consideration of them impossible. What is more, perhaps, to the purpose is, that in him the moralist is apt to spoil the artist: he is pre-eminently a writer of plays with a purpose; and of late it has happened with distressing frequency that the purpose has killed the play. All this to the contrary, however, he has but one rival—Émile Augier—in contemporary drama, and his best work is animated by a propriety and a vigour of expression, a completeness of characterisation, a daring and a vivacity of conception, a solidity of craftsmanship, and a sustained brilliancy of style which have been equalled by no contemporary dramatist.

It was in "Dénise" that M. F.-J.-E. Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, secured one of the greatest successes of his later years. Before that, if I remember aright, he had played but little for M. Alexandre Dumas II., and a very great deal for M. Augier, with whose masterpieces his name and fame are indissolubly associated. He was the Spiegel of "La Pierre de Touche," the Giboyer of "Les Effrontés" and "Le Fils de Giboyer," the André Lazare of "La Contagion," the hero of "Paul Forestier," the elder brother of "Les Fourchambault," the Maître Guérin of, perhaps, the most striking piece of the whole set, and, above all, the Poirier of the famous and delightful comedy which M. Augier wrote in collaboration with Jules Sandeau. But it is not for nothing that he has been from the first the most studious, painstaking, and intellectual actor of his generation; it was not by playing Augier alone that he became the most finished artist of his time. He worked hard at the Conservatoire, to begin with; he entered the Théâtre Français in 1844, and was made an Associate in 1850; and meanwhile he played, says Sarcey, "tous les petits rôles du vieux répertoire, portant des lettres au besoin." In 1848 he came first to the front with his admirable creation of the Abbé in Musset's "Il Ne Faut Jurer de Rien;" but even then it took him years to conquer the first place, and during this time of battle and endeavour he appears to have attempted everything. All the Scapins of Molière, all the Crispins of Regnard, the Pathelin of the immortal farce, the Miles Gloriosus of Corneille, Pourceaugnac and the greater Sganarelles, the Arnolphe of "L'École des Femmes," the Trissotin of "Les Femmes Savantes," the Tibia and the Podesta of "Les Caprices de Marianne," Beaumarchais' Figaro and Balzac's Mercadet, and the Duke Job of Léon de Laya, and the De la Porcheraie of Labiche, in the prose of Mallefille and Scribe, the verse of Ponsard and Racine—in each and every one of these did the indefatigable artist essay himself, and in each and every one he left his mark. "Le vrai caractère de son talent," says M. Sarcey, who understands him thoroughly and admires him as he deserves, "c'est un goût de réalité qui s'allie, par un mélange singulier,

à une fantaisie puissante." His Guérin, his Abbé, his Giboyer, are taken in the very act of being, and are composed and presented with a completeness that beggar illusion and make them more living than life; his Pathelin, his Sganarelle, his Matamore, are colossal extravagances, the very heroics of farce, creations in which the most riotous and abundant fantasy is tempered by the severest art. It is this double done the most and the best; and many and eminent as his predecessors have been, it seems certain that the House of Molière has had no worthier head.

He has played even less for Labiche than for Dumas II.: the De la Porcheraie of "Moi" being, I believe, the only thing in which the two have come together. But Labiche, who, albeit of the Académie, is not a "classic" writer, has done but

EUGENE LABICHE.

(From the Medallion by Ringel.)

gift which has won for Got the fame that he enjoys, the authority it is his to wield, and his place at the head of his profession. I have seen him playing against M. Coquelin, and preferred the younger artist to his chief; the exquisite *bonhomie*, the delightful and refreshing good humour of M. Thiron are not within his means; in dwelling on the Français as it is ceasing to exist, the unique endowment of M. Delaunay will always remain one of the pleasures of memory. But, for all that, M. Got, as the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, is the right man in the right place. He it is who has worked the hardest and little for the Française, true heir of Molière as he is. His theatre has been the Palais Royal, and his actor was Geoffroy. Incomparably the greatest modern writer of farce, he is not the man to be dealt with at the tail of an article; and I shall do no more than suggest to such of my readers as know him not that, if they want to laugh and to learn something of the *bourgeois*, they take unto themselves as many of the hundred and sixty pieces in which he has had a share as are included in the ten enchanting volumes published as the "Théâtre Complet de Eugène Labiche."

W. E. H.

The Chronicle of Art.

ART IN OCTOBER.

M. TURQUET has decided to found an artists' portrait gallery, in imitation of the one in the Uffizi, and has requested the Keeper of the Louvre to find room for and instal the collection against the opening of Parliament. The new buildings of the Luxembourg are now complete, and the Luxembourg collection will soon be housed therein; they are situate at the extreme west of the gardens, and are entered from the Rue de Vaugirard. M. Alfred Darcel is completely re-arranging the multifarious contents of the Musée de Cluny. King Humbert has decreed the foundation at Ravenna of a Museum of Byzantine Art. Herr Adolf Guttbier, art-publisher to the Saxon Court, has just opened at Dresden a Museum of Italian Painting, which contains photographs of over two thousand examples: including all the works of Lionardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo; over five hundred and fifty of the school of Siena; over two hundred of the Umbrian school; and so forth. The collection will be shown all over Germany, and then sent on to Paris and London. The catalogue has been compiled by Dr. Schuman. The Art Committee of the Albert Palace is making a collection of pictures of Old London. Sir Charles Mills has presented to the British Museum the archaic "Bull" which Cockerell brought from Athens some sixty years since. The Walker Art Gallery is in disgrace over the purchase of a poor example of Charles Landseer, which contains a couple of dogs painted by somebody of no account, and mistaken for Sir Edwin's own.

MR. THIBAUDEAU, of 18, Green Street, Leicester Square, will receive subscriptions—£2 annually—for the new International Chalcographical Society. Of public companies and institutions on the list there are twenty-three German, seven British, three Austrian, two American; with one Belgian, one Spanish, one Swiss, one Danish, and one Norwegian. MM. Clément and Eugène Muntz have subscribed—apparently on their own account—on behalf of the Bibliothèque Nationale and the Bibliothèque de l'École des Beaux-Arts. But it would seem that official France has so far been nobly deaf to the new Society's claims; for in a recent number of the *Courrier de l'Art* M. Paul Leroi addresses an indignant protest to M. Turquet against "l'étât de deplorable infériorité qu'occupent les institutions publiques de la France sur les listes de sonscription d'une création aussi éminemment utile." Meanwhile, the Society has composed the scheme of its earliest issues. They will include: Dürer's "Effects of Jealousy," from an unique (unfinished) proof in the Berlin Museum; Lionardo's "Sybils," from the Malcolm Collection, and "Studies of Heads" (Passavant 1 and 2) from the British Museum; Mocetto's "Virgin Surrounded by Saints;" the "Chess Players" of the master "E. S.," from a set of four in the collection of Baron E. de Rothschild; and seven or eight examples of the schools of Florence, North Germany, and North Italy. It is announced that "the most perfect mechanical process" will be employed; and there is little reason to doubt, from the constitution of the Society, that the result will be other than eminently satisfactory.

IN Switzerland a society, "Pro Aventico," has been formed for the purpose of exploring systematically the remains of Aventicum, and the preservation of whatever is unearthed as public property. It is announced that the committee formed for renewing the excavations so brilliantly executed by Mr. Wood at Ephesus, on the site of the Temple of Diana, have not succeeded in raising the minimum amount required for the work. At Tanagra there has been discovered a tomb, the walls of which are covered with highly finished paintings in encaustic, dating (it is supposed) from the Third Century B.C. From Rome is announced the discovery, in the bed of the Tiber—by the men at work on the new bridge between the Regola and the Trastevere—of a life-size statue, in Corinthian bronze, with silver eyes. It represents a slave in the act to strike with a dagger, and Commendatore Fiorilli has pronounced it an example of the best epoch of Roman art.

M. CAZIN is at work on a bronze plaque for the house, at Damvilliers, of Bastien-Lepage, to whom it is proposed to erect, in the same town, a subscription statue, the work of M. Auguste Rodin. M. Albert Lenoir has finished the model of his "Hector Berlioz" for the Place Vintimille. At Abbeville the sculptor Hiron has exhibited the *maquette* of his monument to Admiral Courbet. M. Croisy has received the riband of the Legion for his "Monument de l'Armée de la Loire," in the last exhibition of the Salon. Subscription lists are being opened in all the *mairies* in France for a monumental "Défense Nationale." The "Zwinglius" of M. Henri Natter has been unveiled at Zurich. Barrias' bust of Théodore Ballu will be placed in the Hôtel de Ville, in the Grande Galérie des Fêtes. A statue of Victor Emmanuel, the work of Auguste Passaglia, a pupil of Giovanni Dupré, has been unveiled at Lucca.

A COUPLE of sphinxes seen at Cairo, and the memory of a passage in Strabo, led Mariette Bey to the quest and discovery of the Serapeum. An alabaster statuette offered for sale in the same city has led Mr. Flindus Petrie to the quest and discovery of the ruins of Naukratis, that Hellenic colony on the Nile which, at its height six hundred years B.C., declined with the rise of Alexandria, and finally disappeared from the face of the land, so that not even its place was known. The statuette was pure Greek. It came from a mound in the Delta called Kom-el-Gaïeff, and Mr. Petrie at once divined that the time had come when the secret of

Naukratis should be revealed. He found, not one, but many mounds, which, on examination, gave up a certain quantity of Greek pottery and Athenian coins. His presumption that here Naukratis had been has been amply confirmed by later and more systematic research. Excavation has brought to light, in an area of some eight hundred square yards, a temple of Apollo (archaic period), temples of Pallas and Zeus, a *palaestra*, and a sort of citadel. In the first of these, which is of white marble, were the fragments of a hundred vases inscribed with dedications in Greek characters, and in another are columns of a type (Ionic) of which the only example heretofore in evidence is in the Erechtheum at Athens. The Hellenium, an exchange and a place of worship in one, built by subscription among certain Greek cities, stands in the northern quarter of the town. It contains a chapel to Zeus, built by one of the Ptolemies, a fort, and a general warehouse; and in the ruins there was found a stone model of the whole structure. The multifarious objects—in bronze, iron, earthenware—which have been brought to light are of the highest interest. Among them are jewels, weights and measures, moulds, and iron tools, with the implements and materials appertaining to a factory of amulets and blue scarabs. The discovery, which places beyond doubt the site of Naukratis, is unquestionably one of the most important of the present century.

MESSRS. BELL propose to publish a new edition of Fairholt's "Costume in England," by the Hon. H. A. Dillon, and an enlarged issue of the Rev. C. W. King's "Handbook of Engraved Gems." The new volumes in Cassell's "Fine Art Library" will be the "Tapestry" of M. Eugène Muntz; the "Engraving" of the Vicomte Henri Delaborde; and M. Max Collignon's "Greek Archæology." Messrs. Sampson Low announce a new and enlarged edition of Mr. Redfern's "Manual of Antique Sculpture;" with Lady Marian Alford's "Needlework as an Art;" Messrs. A. and C. Black, Mr. Henry Middleton's "Ancient Rome in 1885;" and Messrs. Seeley, Mr. Martin Conway's "Reynolds and Gainsborough." Mr. Budge has published an edition of the texts from the sarcophagus of Queen Anchnesrānelereh, and Mr. Stanley Lane Poole the second volume of his "Catalogue of Indian Coins in the British Museum." M. J. Cohen publishes (by subscription) a "Costumes Militaires:" fifty lithographs by Charlet, with a text by Guillaumot *fils*.

ACCORDING to the *Moniteur des Arts* there are but three or four unbroken statues in the whole extent of the Place des Tuileries. A while ago the marble "Lais" of Mathieu Meusnier was found with a smashed nose; not long afterwards the blackguards who walk in darkness attacked the "Alligator and Tiger" group of Cain, and broke off, all bronze as it is, the alligator's tail; and on the 20th August last an immense fragment of another group was found—promiscuous—in the middle of the square. Of the other statues, this one is the poorer by a finger, that one by a hand; this nymph has lost a quiver, and that one an ear. All that is wanted, it appears, is a gate; but such is the prudence of a Republican Government that this the architect attached to the Louvre has never been able to achieve. It is rumoured that his colleagues, the trustees of the great French gallery, intend to resume possession of their property unless it is better guarded; but whether or not they will ever be able to generate enough activity to take so decided a step is doubtful. Meanwhile, the *voyou* is free to have his will, and has it.

IT is to be noted in this connection that the statues of the Place des Tuileries are not the only sufferers, nor the night-birds of Paris the only destroyers. The famous "Hemicycle," painted by Paul Delaroche for the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, has fallen into the most lamentable state of neglectedness and dust. "We are sorry" (remarks the *Athenæum*) "to have to say that the tinkering at Westminster Abbey, to which we called attention a few weeks ago, is still going on." It also hears "with a certain amount of dread," that it is proposed to fill the Neville Screen in Durham Cathedral with new and original figures: a proceeding it condemns with justifiable asperity. A correspondent to the same print regrets to have seen, at Goslar, "that the ceiling paintings by Wohlgemuth in the Council Chamber of the old Rathhaus have suffered damage, presumably by the persons employed by the Berlin Academy to copy the pictures." The *Academy* notes that at Florence a masterpiece of Luca della Robbia has been smashed to bits by the ladder of an intelligent workman. And in a recent number of *Le Courrier de l'Art* the story is told how at Bordeaux a mighty Delacroix—a "Lion Hunt" of the finest type—was stuck before a stove, which stove was presently lighted by a thoughtful official; so that at this hour only half the master's work remains, and the Bordeaux Gallery is the poorer by a great picture.

As for the possibilities of destruction, they are endless. Harewood House, with its superb Sir Joshuas, has but just escaped the fate of Belvoir, Littleton, and scores of noble places besides, and succumbed to its kitchen chimneys. And the other day an expert, called in by M. Turquet to examine into the condition of the Louvre, discovered in the Campana Galleries no less than fourteen stores of firewood, the allowance of the employees, who object to keep their combustibles in the cellars. One of these stores, above the gallery of bronze antiques, is on so vast a scale as to surprise the attendants that it has not yet tumbled in through the floor, and covered the bronzes with logs and faggots. Nor is this all. Hard by the Musée de Marine the expert brought to light a complete carpenter's shop, with the floor a foot deep in shavings! M. Turquet has taken steps to rid the Louvre of these innocent perils. The odd thing is that they should ever have sprung into existence. But the experience of several thousand years has demonstrated that between human brutality and human indifference there is very little to choose.

THE water colours and pastels exhibited by the members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, as "Sketches and Studies," will disappoint any one who expects the strangeness, the vigour, and the personality of really artistic sketchwork, which by a small section of the public is often preferred to the generality of so-called finished pictures. For a sketch is a mere note of an *ensemble* of facts, or of a conception in the artist's mind, and is therefore almost rudely simplified in the direction of some dominant effect. Now true artists, artists of imagination, who are, nevertheless, hardly accomplished painters, frequently contrive to convey in a sketch a tolerably striking idea of a general impression; whereas in a picture their ineffective management of the necessary accuracies of form and the desirable fulness of detail, only confuses, instead of explaining and illuminating, their original and fundamental conception. A study, again, need comport no rational or

complete view of nature. It is to be regarded as a store of information upon some quality or some definite set of facts. It is, indeed, but the *dossier* of the point in question, and is made independently, or to the prejudice, of everything else. Evidently the work undertaken with such aims must be often strange and striking, and may often require a good deal of consideration. Now there is a depressing sameness of timid commonplace, anxious finish, and feeble rationality about most of the men in the Dudley Gallery. The terror of the amateur—"But will it look like a real picture?"—seems to have haunted the discreet and impeccable routine of their labours. Their object in most cases seems to have been the production of a little picture which should neither puzzle the common-sense of the straightforward person who "knows nothing of Art, but has always kept his eyes open, you know," nor give rise to the carping objections of the ordinary dealer. The exhibition fortunately contains some few exceptions. Amongst these is Mr. Alfred East's "Sunshine After a Shower," the most pronounced in effect and the most telling in treatment in the gallery; his "Cottage at Pangbourne," too, has a certain breadth quite noticeable in such a show. Mr. Walter Severn, in a "Richmond Park," has also managed to inform an unpromising composition with some largeness and dignity. Mr. F. Hines' "Study of a Cottage," strong, rich, and low-toned, is a very pleasant spot in the flimsy general effect of the exhibition. Mr. A. de Breanski's work is so forcible and workman-like, that the visitor cannot fail to find it for himself: with the few other good things noticeable for intention or execution.

MESSRS. Boussod and Valadon exhibited the large picture from the last Salon—R. Friese's "Brigands du Désert." A diagonal line from high up on the right to low on the left divides the canvas into a strong and realistically-painted rocky foreground, and a contrasted abyss of distant desert, hills, and sky. A lion and lioness crouched amidst the stones, look over the precipice at a camp with its minute dots of figures in the depths below. The foreground, nearly life-size, is about as fine a piece of vigorous, straightforward, open-air still-life as can be imagined. The general tone of it is high, and very true in its variety of close shades of slaty-grey proceeding from the stones, which form a light mass, very subtly opposed to the sky and distance, and differing from them but slightly in pitch. A few black holes in the rocks are the only vigorous darks in the light-toned envelope which surrounds the beasts. They, however, in spite of their good local colour and their admirable dramatic quality, are rather hard and wirily drawn. The picture aims at realism, but the tones neither of the animals, nor of the landscape, seem perfectly true to the general effect. Minor sketches of lions by the same painter present some interesting and natural, though not very impressive, attitudes. Bouguereau's "Byblis," also from the Salon, has a certain grace and complete elegance in its composition, which shows to better advantage here, where it is not confronted with robuster figure painting, than in Paris, where it is. There is good work by Th. de Bock—a sort of rough Corot dashed with Jules Dupré; two telling sheep pictures by Mauve—one grey, quiet, and truthful, the other with more forcible but less sincerely observed effect; two large examples of Israels—one very mellow in colour, of a girl sewing, another, rather meaningless, shadowy, and unnecessarily large, of a man with a shrimping net; two or three works, loose in handling, but full of sentiment, by Maris; a few broad and brilliant water colours by Zuber; and a mass of other excellent work, both English and foreign.

THE death is announced of Professor Karl Triebel, pupil of Beck and "Jagd-Schulz," a painter of mountain landscape; of Joseph Beaume, a painter of history, the favourite pupil of Gros, medalled in 1824 and 1827; of Peter Nicholson, a landscape-painter and designer of promise; of the landscape-painter, Edmund T. Crawford, R.S.A., one of the original Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy; of the distinguished German architect, Anton Widmann, of cholera at Granada; of the Austrian portrait-painter, Hans Canon; of Léon Hayon, painter of "Le Jour de la Fête" and "Le Mère Madeleine;" of the Belgian portrait-painter, Agneessens, a pupil of Portaels; of Henri Baron, a pupil of Gigoux, twice medalled, artist of "Le Pays Latin" and "L'Enfance de Ribeira;" and of the architect (Liège) Blandot.

IN the new volume—the twenty-fifth—of the complete edition of Thackeray (London: Smith, Elder and Co.) there is included not a little art-criticism. Thackeray had failed in painting before he took to succeeding in letters, and his interest in the art which would none of him was always vigorous and keen, and always—as might be supposed—intelligent and personal. But these art-criticisms of his are curious reading nowadays. They are delightfully written, of course, in that vein of comic seriousness in which the master's admirers exult, and with not a few of those fopperies of style and manner which to the master's admirers are as bread of life and the very stuff of art. But the opinions are sometimes of the oddest. "These two pictures of Mr. Eastlake's" (we are told) "would merit to hang in a gallery where there were only Raffaelles besides." 'Tis a gallant sentiment, no doubt, but is it not somewhat in the manner of our good friend F. B.? "Mr. Maclise" (again) "has for his share humour such as few painters ever possessed, and a power of drawing such as never was possessed by *any other*; no, not by one, from Albert Dürer downwards." That may well have been so then; but somehow it is not so now; the fact is out of date, with the enthusiasm which prompted its recognition. 'Tis the same with Mr. Titmarsh's remarks on Etty. "His colour," says the creator of Frederick Bayham, "is sublime; I doubt if Titian ever knew how to paint flesh better:" with more to the same purpose; and more (it must be confessed) to infinitely better purpose—some capital gibing at the namby-pamby school, a good note or two on Haydon, a fine description of the "Barque" of Delacroix, and of Turner's "Rain, Speed, and Steam." The point of it all appears to be, not that Thackeray was fallible, but that most literary art-criticism is (as Mr. Furnivall says of something) "all gammon and pooh!" The contemporary atmosphere intoxicates, the contemporary magic has Circean influences. A score of years hence, and (such things have been!) the fact that Sir J. E. Millais was compared with Hals and Velasquez, and Mr. Alma Tadema with Terborch and Pieter de Hooch, will sound, it may be, almost as far-fetched as these utterances of Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh.

THE new volume of the English version of M. Victor Duruy's admirable "History of Rome" (London: Kegan Paul) is, like its predecessors, in two parts. The first, "From Augustus to the Death of Claudius," contains, with

two maps and some two hundred and fifty illustrations in the text, half a dozen chromo-lithographs of great merit. In the second, "From the Accession of Nero to the Death of Trajan," there are four maps, two chromos, and over two hundred and twenty pieces of black and white. The illustrations are from all manner of originals: busts, statues, coins, frescoes, vase-paintings, jewels, bronzes, reliefs, drawings of landscape and architecture: and their usefulness is very great. They form, indeed, a pictorial commentary on M. Duruy's text which in completeness and suggestiveness leaves nothing to be desired. Among the best are the reproduction of a wonderful burial urn in blue glass and white enamel; a reduced fac-simile of an admirable mosaic from Lyons; and a specimen of the mural decorations in the palace of the Empress Livia.

In "That Very Mab" (Longmans), an old, wild, fantastic, hard-hitting little book, which every one will read for himself, there is a certain amount of brave thinking and plain speaking about the Royal Academy. In the chapter called "The Beautiful" (which is not, perhaps, in the author's best vein) it is told how Mab and the Owl fly in at the doors of Burlington House. Here they soon discover that "of all the many thousand offerings, only a very few, namely, those hung at a certain height from the floor, are really visible to any one who is neither a fairy nor a bird;" and that these "are almost in every case the work of the Forty Priests of Beauty, the Thirty Acolytes, and of their cousins, their sisters, and their aunts." Flying "swiftly as Art Critics" round the rooms, they perceive, moreover, that the authors of these favoured pieces are, "with few exceptions, men who seem to have been blinded, perhaps, by the Beatific Vision of Beauty." This is Mab's hypothesis at least; "for," she plaintively enquires, "if the Beatific Vision of Beauty has not blinded them, why are they and their friends so hopelessly absurd?" Afterwards the Owl explains that most of the works in question "disappear by means of a very clever invention," the device of a "famous Priest, named Chantrey," who, perceiving that the whole land would speedily be overrun with them, "bequeathed a sum of money, called the Chantrey Bequest, to enable the Forty to purchase each other's pictures." The author says nothing of the Grosvenor, and is at his best in treating, not of art, but of morals and religion and philosophy; but his reference to the Academy is significant as well as entertaining. It seems to show that the tide has turned, and is setting strong towards unpopularity and enquiry.

In "The Dandie Dinmont Terrier" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) we have a scientific work which is also a remarkably comely book. Paper, type, printing, general get-up and appearance—all are in the best taste, and all are worthy of the text, which is authoritative in the loftiest degree. A feature of special interest is the illustrations, which are etched by Mr. W. B. Hole, from originals of mark and repute. Mr. Hole (as we have had occasion to note) is a real etcher. He has the true instinct of the art, with much excellent accomplishment, and his etchings are always etchings, and never engravings in disguise. Thus, his picture of Mr. Slater's Tweedmouth is not only a delightful bit of animal portraiture; it is right etcher's work as well, and may be studied in that light with both profit and pleasure. Of equal merit and charm is the presentment of Podgy II., and not far behind is that of Border Queen. These are our favourites, but there are half a dozen others for which there is ever so much to be said. Mr. Hole has done his work with a real intelligence of his subject: that is to say, with just a touch (and no more) of kindly humour, and with a simplicity of insight and a directness of representation which can scarce be too highly praised.

The five numbers of "*Figaro*-Salon" (London and Paris: Boussod and Valadon) rank with the good things of the year. The text, by M. Albert Wolff, is of no great merit: is literary criticism of pictures, in fact, and nothing more. But the illustrations, by the typogravure process, are remarkable. There is a certain sameness of tint, a certain monotony of texture, a certain excess of smoothness and finish which reminds one of the achievements of American wood engraving, as exampled in *Harper's* and the *Century*. But when all is said, the result presented is surprising. Here, for some seven shillings English money, are a series of reproductions in various tints, and ranging in size from half a folio page to two folios, of all the pictures of the year; and (one is constrained to admit) here, it would seem, is the beginning of the end of wood engraving. To enter into a detailed analysis of the whole set of four or five score reproductions is impossible; it is enough that they are the best results of a mechanical process we have seen. What is wonderful is the publication itself, which is simply the Salon in black and white, and brought within reach of everybody with seven shillings.

Mr. Kanda's "Notes on Ancient Stone Implements, &c., of Japan" (Tokio: Kokubunsha) is a capital contribution to the study of a doubtful point of archæology. The author, a member of the Japanese senate, and ex-governor of Hiogo, announces his object as twofold: he wishes "to furnish Western scholars with materials for the study of the Archæology of Japan;" and he is anxious "to hear the results of their study." It is probable, he remarks, "that in many other parts of the world there are found some remains of the Stone Age which exactly resemble our own," and "others which resemble them in the main but differ in details;" just as "it is also probable that there are some in this country which are not found elsewhere." This being the case, he has traced, described, calendared, and illustrated as many as he has been able to bring together, from his own and other collections; and the present *plaquette* is the result. The specimens, which are over two hundred in number, are well presented, by means of lithography, in a series of twenty-four plates; and there is no doubt that the book—which is printed and produced at Tokio, and, written by one Japanese, has been translated by another—has but to be known among archæologists to receive the respect which, if only as a piece of serious work, is its due.

A monochrome by Mr. Shields, "The Good Shepherd" (London: The Autotype Company), is in some ways a good thing to have. It is admirably reproduced, to begin with; and in itself it is sympathetic in no mean degree. Christ, through a grove of fig-trees, leads His sheep to drink; into His arms He has gathered two lambs, which nestle prettily to His bosom; while a mother sheep, all wistful content, follows at His heel. The figure of the Saviour is well conceived, and has both dignity and sweetness; His draperies, albeit a little too reminiscent of Mantegna, are not lacking in a certain sculptural quality; the impression of the whole design is peaceful and full of charm. The work, we think, is certain to be popular.

ART IN NOVEMBER.

Sir John Millais is painting an important piece of landscape. Mr. Macbeth has etched (for Messrs. Colnaghi) the little Mason, "The End of the Day," in possession of Her Majesty the Queen. Mr. Richmond's "Athenian Audience" has been purchased for the Corporation Art Gallery at Birmingham. Herr von Piloty is painting, for the Berlin Gallery, a colossal picture of the death of Alexander the Great. Mr. Walter Horsley has gone to Cairo to paint. M. Élie Delaunay has finished a portrait of the dramatist, Henri Meilhac; M. Dalou a bust of M. Auguste Vacquerie. M. Rodin is at work on the *maquette* of his "Bastien-Lepage" for Ville d'Avray; he has represented the painter at his "chevalet de campagne" in the act of sketching from nature. The sculptor Antokolsky is hard at work on the Moscow monument to Alexander II.

To survive the chances of an exhibition composed of his own work, an artist must be strong with the strength of genius. If he is not thus gifted he must of necessity succumb beneath the weight of his own uninterestingness. This was, to some extent, the fate of Mr. Alma Tadema; it was even, to some extent, the fate of Gainsborough; it is very much, indeed, the fate of Mr. Carl Haag. Of the two hundred and fifteen numbers which compose the collection on view at Messrs. Boussod and Valadon's, at least two hundred are superfluous. The artist is seen at his best in a dozen or fifteen; and when these have been considered the rest is mere vanity and repetition. Some early work, lent by Her Majesty the Queen, is curiously, is even absurdly, *suranné*. Among the good things are Lord Penrhyn's "Acropolis" and Lady Siemens's "Sphynx of Gheezeh." The sketches, it should be noted, are better than the finished pictures—are often touched, indeed, with real strength and vivacity. Still, as we have said, the general impression is one of sameness and smallness, and its immediate outcome a regret, for the artist's sake, that so much has been given where so little would have sufficed.

The French Gallery in Pall Mall is less attractive this year than usual. There are no samples of the great work of the century. At a late exhibition some one said, "Corot is climbing skywards; he will soon be out at the toplight altogether." And truly this year we see none of the works of the great French masters that used to make Mr. Wallis's gallery a sure source of refreshment to the critic. Though the rage of fashion may be passed, it is surely bad policy not to spare a few square feet for Corot, Rousseau, Troyon, Daubigny, and their compeers. We have never quarrelled with the yards of excellent picture-manufacturing which do so much to keep up the high general level of Mr. Wallis's show: they made a fit setting for the few gems of rare and real genius that used to shine there. And the benefit was mutual; for the mass of work was raised from the position of a high industry to that of significant art, when the *raison d'être* of a too mechanical technique was explained by the achievements from which it was derived. Important by its place, size, and telling subject is Mr. H. Corrodi's "Sandstorm in the Desert." Idea and composition are good, the sky is effective; but there is throughout a want of fire and spirit in the treatment, and, for so vast a subject, the foreground is especially weak and trivial in handling. The works of Messrs. Heffner and Müller form the most interesting feature of the collection. For here, beside their finished pictures, may be seen a sort of autobiographic record of their aims in art, and their several views and impressions of nature. Three studies from nature (22) and three others (9) show us that Mr. Heffner is little impressed by, and only superficially observant of, the large atmospheric effect of a scene, and that he searches for local facts in preference to general aspect. Thus, naturally, his pictures, of which "A Reverie of Windsor" is the most important, are at best but splendid efforts at picture-manufacturing. They are not largely conceived, but a sort of artificial unity is preserved in them because Mr. Heffner is acquainted with this particular principle and recognises its importance. Professor Müller's sketches are another matter. The large qualities of nature, the main tones of earth and sky, and the subtle presence of the air, are forcibly and boldly expressed. Mr. Heffner very easily improves upon his studies from nature, for they have nothing in them that could not be produced in the studio more elaborately; but Professor Müller in his finished work hardly attains to some of the superb qualities of his sketches. It would be difficult to surpass the breadth and luminosity of his "Philæ," with its yellow-white walls and warm sands; of his "Old Caravan Route," both enveloped in a green blue sky and glowing blonde atmosphere; of "In the Desert," with its dark rocks, browner sand, and a white, well-planted floating cloud in a sky of purple blue; or of the "Fellaheen Village," with its low-toned greens and broad effect of light. Mr. Stanhope Forbes is represented by an upright picture, "Cornish Fishermen Preparing for Sea" (90). Its tones are natural enough, but its squareness of handling is pushed to a quite unmeaning point of consistency.

Although, like every gallery, big and little, the Nineteenth Century show contains its proportion of bad work, it is not of the wearisome kind common in dealers' exhibitions. In these every one, in spite of temperament, must reach, mechanically or otherwise, a decent dead level of excellence in every quality of art. Now the Nineteenth Century is more lively, more diversified. The work is often the work of inexperience; but when it is bad in one way it is not seldom fresh and interesting in others. Some of it, too, is masterly in execution, and sincere in observation of nature. Mr. A. Conquest's true effect of "Evening," and his rich and broad "Bois d'Amour—Pont Aven," show

both qualities in an eminent degree. So, more or less, do Mr. Percy Belgrave's "Old Age;" Mr. Edgar Willis's "Welcome Shade"—a picture of delightful quality; Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Fisherman's Rest—Venice"—very strong in colour; Mr. O. Rickatson's fresh and natural "Coming Spring;" Mr. G. Marks's "May-time"—conventional in style, but true to art and nature. Mr. Fred Hines is tender, sincere, and careful in his "Where the Primroses Grow;" his "Glade in Epping Forest" is evidently painted out of doors. Mr. Edwin Nichol's "Sunset in April" has the true grey of nature, and is yet rich in tone. Powerful in technique also is Mr. Edwin Ellis's strong dark picture, "An Old Lobster-Catcher—Yorkshire Coast." Mr. Muhrman's "Boys Eating Bread" is a good piece of continental realism, after the manner of Paul Dubois. Elegant and pleasing work comes from Mr. Will Anderson, especially in his large picture, "Fair-time:" from Mr. Lindström, despite his somewhat flimsy execution, in "Early Morning—Aberdeenshire;" from Mr. Guardabassi in "Pleasant Pastimes;" and from Mr. Fuller Maitland in his pearly grey morning sketch numbered 101. In the Water-Colour room Mr. T. B. Hardy is, as usual, conspicuous for the large style and true grey tone of his marine work, and Mr. Henry S. Tuke for the style and freshness of his "Coming Home." Mr. Henry Terry also sends some excellent work: as, for instance, his "Shy," a picture careful in detail, and reminding one of Fred Walker in some of its higher qualities.

Mr. Maclean's winter show in the Haymarket is made up, as usual, of works by artists of all nations and of nearly every degree of merit, except perhaps the very highest and the very lowest. The English exhibits seem to be chosen with less judgment than the foreign ones: perhaps because not until foreigners achieve a certain success at home can their works command consideration abroad. At any rate, amongst the English work there is little that is imposing in style, or sincerely and originally observed from nature. Such work, especially the latter sort, is to be had in quantities; only the timidity and apathy of the public and of the dealers make them recoil from what is not like something already well accredited; and acres of base imitation, meaningless detail, pointless style, and empty fashion are the result. Amongst some of the better sort of English pictures are Sir John Gilbert's "Joan of Arc;" "Springtime," a fair Mark Fisher, though less carefully and originally composed than many of his late pictures; an Edwin Ellis, "Off Whitby," rather heavy and coarsely handled, but showing much spirit in the swish and run of the water; "Breaking Up," by Mr. Henry Moore, a small but fully observed sketch, true in its effect of grey sea and bad weather. Noticeable, from their similarity of shape, size, and subject, amongst the other works of foreign schools, are Benlliure's "Preaching in a Church in Valencia;" Barbudo's "Le Mariage d'un Prince," and "Les Offrandes à Notre Dame de la Salute," by Mas y Fondevila. The last is incomparably the best; but all three are rather fantastical, and while they simulate a broad realism, repose more on fancy than fact. Then there is an example of Carl Helfner's rather spidery-looking trees and unreal landscape aspect, and, in "The Last Day of a Condemned" (*sic*), a piece of cheap tragedy and too facile modelling which is a mere pretext for M. Munkácsy's extremely clever brush-work and delineation of old clothes. M. Harlamoff sends two girls' heads, both painted on rough canvas showing the grain, and both—especially the first—well executed, and with the charm of simply-painted flesh. Decidedly the strongest work, however, is by Pierre Billet and Josef Israels. In "A Shepherdess—Brittany," by the former, the figure is solid, well planted, and expressive; the greens are low-toned and vibrating; the handling throughout is justly proportioned to the relative importance of the matter. "The Widow's Harvest," by the latter, is hardly so broadly and firmly handled, but the sentiment of the figure and the sense of confusion of sea and air are most sincerely and feelingly rendered. Good, too, in Olivier de Penne's "Waiting for the Guns," is the manner in which the landscape *ensemble* is rendered subservient to the dogs: comparison with Mr. J. S. Noble's otherwise meritorious "Otter Hunting" will show the advantage of such treatment. It would be impossible to pass over work so excellent as Mr. L. W. Hawkins' "Wayside Cross;" Jacque's classic and stately "Minding the Sheep;" the mellow colour and refined feeling of E. Frère's "Roasted Apple;" and the interesting little "In the Forest of Fontainebleau," by Rosa Bonheur.

Messrs. Dowdeswell's exhibition of water-colour landscapes reminds one of the English style which Birket Foster has rendered popular: a style which is niggling, dotty, and painfully neat, more fit for book illustration of a certain class than for gallery pictures. Much of this sort of work needs no mention; it is purely commercial in aim, and aspires to no truthfulness in nature. Amongst good things of the class—works whose niggling at least expresses the truth about the small facts of nature—may be mentioned Mr. W. F. Garden's many pictures, of which "A Deserted Lane" is perhaps the best, both in sentiment and colour; Mr. Sutton Palmer's "Seven Sisters' Rock, Wye;" and Mr. E. Wake Cooke's graceful "Durham from the Meadows." Mr. Cartwright's many sketches are in this style, but with a difference: they suggest what Turner's illustrations of Rogers might have been had they been carried out by Birket Foster. The general aspect of feminine neatness and particularity is diversified by occasional notes of contrast. First, there is work with a touch of French impressionism in it: as M. Théodore Roussel's "Thames Embankment, Chelsea"—"full of straight lines, air and emptiness." Secondly, there are some examples of an older and more conventional school of English water-colours, such as Mr. Jackson Curnock's "Summer Morning"—not specially minute, elegantly composed, and set off with bright, well-drawn figures. Then, last and best, come a few specimens of honest realism carried out with artistic feeling and broad and clever handling: such, for instance, as Mr. Wimperis's "Aldborough Common"—strong, grey, and fresh, smacking of nature and Constable; Mr. Max Sudby's "Great Marlow from Shelley's Seat"—a sober, honest sketch from nature; Mr. S. G. Roscoe's "At Plympstone, Devon," an old fisherman mending nets—strong and good in colour; Mr. Daniel Lun's "At Gothland, Yorkshire"—picturesque and broad; and Mr. A. W. Weedon's freely painted "On the Adur, Sussex."

At the Hanover Gallery, 47, New Bond Street, Messrs. Holländer and Cremetti exhibit Bertier's seductive and brilliant "La Danseuse" from the last Salon; a sombre and impressive landscape by Courbet; "The Postillion," a recent and highly characteristic work by Meissonier; landscapes by Corot, Diaz, and Daubigny; two drawings by

Millet; besides a varied selection from foreign studios more or less famed. Of these, the Meissonier is in some respects the most striking. Its mere size is unusual, and its technical mastery—though such as is not unusual with the artist—is yet remarkable. The conception is admirably simple, the display of knowledge comprehensive and profound. The accessories, harness and equipment, every detail of the man's accoutrement and of the animals, are given with finish and comprehension, yet without one distracting touch. As with all Meissonier's work, the painting provokes investigation with the force of a challenge. With Millet's drawings—particularly the Rembrandt-like and pathetic "Seamstresses"—the matter is different, as the message of the artist and the spirit of art are distinct.

The exhibition of the Photographic Society, in Pall Mall East, is as large and in many ways as interesting as last year. In portraiture and landscapes, and in the technical quality of the work generally, there is even distinct progress; yet in some important matters the show is disappointing. The tendency to over-exhibit is revealed on all sides; even the most successful photographers injure their work by showing twice the number of examples their frames should contain. The result of this crowding is distracting. The gallery is congested with a mass of work, respectable indeed, but in no sense artistic; and iteration is much more than last year the burden of the exhibition. After last year's promise, the paucity of figure-subjects is remarkable. Mr. H. P. Robinson's "Dawn and Sunset" is indeed a brilliant exception; it is a picture—not an arrangement more or less fortuitous—is finely composed, free from artifice, with a quality of chiaroscuro hitherto unaccomplished in photography. Very good also is Mr. Henry Stevens' portrait-study, "A Rustic;" and among the finer examples of pure portraiture are Mr. H. S. Mendelssohn's "Mrs. Blyth's Children" and "Lady Alice Eyre's Children;" Mr. Lafayette's "Mrs. Scroope Bernard;" and —in its way the best thing in the show—Mr. Dew Smith's "Herr Joachim," an enlarged platinotype of exquisite quality and rare suggestiveness and force. The Autotype Company show several excellent enlargements from negatives untouched. Mr. Luke Berry's "Darby and Joan" and "The Old Herbalist," and Mr. George Renwick's "An Old Blade," are excellent figure-studies, full of nature and character. The show of landscapes is unusually fine, and much too extensive to receive more than general recognition. Other notable examples of skill are Mr. Henry Stevens' life-size "Group of Orchids and Ferns;" studies of yachts sailing by Mr. W. Symonds and Messrs. G. West and Son; and two interiors with figures—good pictures both of them—by Mr. J. Tarras and Mr. W. N. Malby.

At 96, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, Messrs. Hogarth and Sons have collected a choice collection of drawings by the fathers of water-colour art, including Varley, Hunt, Cotman, Girtin, Copley Fielding, Barret, and others of the old society. With these are represented artists more famous in oils, such as Crome, with a "Scene in Wales," and Constable. J. S. Cotman's "Hampstead Heath" suggests not a little of the latter master in its spacious rendering of atmosphere and skilful harmonies of the blue landscapes and blue aërial distance. The elaborate composition of Crome has distinction enough to place it among the foremost examples in the gallery as an illustration of pure style. Girtin's masterly use of broad washes and effective generalisation are finely displayed in the "Heath Scene." Of Copley Fielding there are very diverse examples: from the "Dover," with its tumultuous seas and mist-clad coast, to the richly harmonised "Scene in Yorkshire." G. Barret and his pupil, F. O. Finch, are most admirably represented: the former in "River View—Sunset," a very delicate and finished drawing of a rocky valley, opening beyond into an infinite vista of champaign. Finch's "Towards the Sea" is notable for the romantic sentiment of the landscape, and the exceedingly effective foreground of rocky platform and noble trees. W. Muller's "Hilly Scene" may well be compared with Girtin's "Heath Scene" as a poetical vision of twilight, and is fully as impressive and moving. Other works are Bonnington's "Calais," where the relation of the church to the street and its figures naturally suggests comparison with Cotman's more atmospheric and brilliant "Norwich;" Varley's minutely touched and somewhat hard "Greenwich" and "View on the Thames;" G. Robson's "In the Lake County"—a fine example; De Wint's "Carisbrook Castle;" and Prout's careful and clean, though not very characteristic, "Cottage" (19).

The Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Glasgow, have opened their present exhibition to all comers, and the result is a display of much greater extent and interest than was previously the case, when the works shown consisted exclusively of the productions of their own members and associates. This year most of the Royal Scottish Academicians, nearly thirty of the members of the Royal Institute, and many members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours contribute, and a collection of between eight and nine hundred works has been brought together. A very fair average of excellence has been maintained throughout, and few works appear that are unworthy of a place upon the walls. A few interesting contributions come from the honorary members of the Society. Sir J. D. Linton shows his dramatic little picture, "Rejected;" Sir John Gilbert a large woodland scene with "Banditti Gambling;" Mr. Alma Tadema his pleasant little Roman "Roadside Altar;" while from Sir Wm. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., come three delicate little water-colours, representative of the landscape work which has entirely occupied him during recent years. The President of the Society, Mr. Francis Powell, has attained in his large upright subject, "Sunlit Waters," a telling effect of brilliant sunset, and in several of his smaller subjects he gives delicate renderings of cloud and sea. Among the other marine pictures are three excellent contributions by Mr. Henry Moore, and a very clever scene with shipping, "The City of Rochester," by Mr. W. L. Wyllie. In several of his recent water-colours Mr. W. E. Lockhart has shown a hardness and "tightness" of touch and an insistence upon definite outline which are far from pleasing. His subjects in the present exhibition, however—a view of the Brig o' Doon, and two street scenes in Lincoln—are more in his old manner, distinguished by direct handling, potent colour, and telling effect. Of the work of Mr. Wm. M'Taggart, so wayward and apparently careless, so fresh always, so full of space and atmosphere and a sense of the motion and glitter of things, we have three examples. In addition to "A Corner of Pompeii," Mr. W. B. Hole sends two scenes of quiet village life; "When the Day's Work is Done" is especially good in tone and in its rendering of peaceful moonlight. Two of the ablest of the younger Scottish water-colour painters,

Mr. Arthur Melville and Mr. Thomas Scott, are represented, the former by three of his vividly coloured, dexterously handled Oriental subjects, and the latter by the largest picture which he has yet produced, the "Meet of the Duke of Buccleuch's Fox-hounds at Riddell." In his "Broken String" Mr. A. Davidson exhibits the most complete thing that we have yet seen from his brush.

The death is announced of the American painter, William Page; of the Polish patriot and painter, Zaliski; of the Belgian sculptor, Joseph Geefs; of the Düsseldorf *genre* painter, Heinrich Weischebrink; of the Flemish painter, Léon Hayon, and of Émile Perrin, director of the Comedie Française, a pupil of Gros and Delaroche.

The etching from Mr. Orchardson's "Hard Hit" which M. Champollion has prepared for *L'Art* (Paris: Rouam) is one of the most picturesque and vivacious transcripts from a picture which we have seen for some time. M. Champollion has wrought with rare intelligence and skill, and his treatment of the several gestures and expressions which make up the dramatic interest of the picture is simply masterly. What is more, perhaps, he is singularly felicitous in his management of the subtle values and the delicate scheme of tone which represent the plastic interest of his subject. Perfectly to maintain in black and white a balance so exquisitely graded in colour is, perhaps, impossible. M. Champollion, however, has gone so near to it as to have produced a work which is an achievement in reproductive etching. M. Gaucherel's translation into black and white of the "Mrs. Winchester Clowes" of the same painter (Paris: Rouam) is less successful—is harder in line and less delicate and attractive in tone. The picture itself is not to be compared with "Hard Hit" and the etching is similarly afflicted with the picture

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In the third *livraison* of autotypes from pictures in the National Gallery (London: The Autotype Company) the most interesting number is probably the "Mariage à la Mode" series (113—118), which is better than any set of prints we know. Sir Joshua (871) is badly represented; but Gainsborough, with a fine transcript of the "Parish Clerk" (760), and Lawrence (922), are seen at their best. The Spanish selection is notable in a magnificent reproduction of Zurbaran's "Monk" (230); the French in the worst translation from Claude—the "Queen of Sheba" (14)—which Messrs. Braun have made. There is a great deal of admirable matter from the Italian schools:—Bellini's lovely "Virgin and Child" (280); Bonvicino's romantic "Italian Gentleman" (299); Correggio's delicious "Venus, Cupid, and Mercury" (10); Raphael's "Vision of a Knight" (213 and 218*), the painting and drawing both; an exquisite Francia (180); Antonello's noble and virile "Portrait of a Man" (1,141); a charming example of Garofalo (170). *En revanche*, the Sebastian del Piombo (1) is spotty to a degree; and the Titianic "Holy Family" (4), while excellent as a photograph, is not suggestive of the master at his best. Rubens is not represented at all. Rembrandt, however, is shown at his most wondrous in the famous "Old Woman" (775), and the miraculous "Lace Collar" (800), both of which it were hard to praise too highly. The reproduction from Pieter de Hooch's astonishing "Courtyard" (1794) is superb; and so in their several ways and degrees are those of the excellent Hobbima (995), the Ruysdael (628), and the Franz Hals (1,021), all of which are only less useful and suggestive than the pictures themselves. On the other hand, the Terburg—the "Guitar Lesson" (864)—is unskilfully illuminated, so that, as was inevitable, a part of the exquisite original effect is lost.

The new edition of Captain Jesse's "Beau Brummell" (London: Nimmo) contains a good deal of fresh matter, and is altogether an improvement on the old. Like all Nimmo's publications, moreover, it is quite admirably produced: in a couple of comely volumes, on good thick paper, and in the best of type. A special feature is the illustrations after Dighton and others. In themselves they are of no great merit; but they are excellently printed (in colours), and as portraits of the Beau and his contemporaries they have an interest and value which are altogether irrespective of art. The new edition of "Gulliver," just issued by the same publisher, is—albeit a trifle unwieldy—the handsomest and most attractive of recent years. It contains an admirable introduction by Mr. Geo. Saintsbury, who has made Swift his own beyond dispute, and it is further remarkable in its spirited and striking illustrations (in colours) of Poinson, which we described on the occasion of their first production, in a French translation, by M. Quantin.

Christmas Novelties.—One of the prettiest of Messrs. Marcus Ward's new Christmas Cards is the "combination" card entitled "Kate Greenaway's Little Folks." Something in the same style are a number of "Christmas Greetings." Miss Georgina Bowers contributes, in "Young Blood" and "Across Country," two sets of lively pictures of the chase; and Mr. Walter Crane a number of quaint and pretty "Winged Wishes." Some screens and leaflets of subjects from Fra Angelico are particularly commendable, as, in other styles, are some designs of Miss Greenaway in light tints on a gold ground, and certain cameo effects in white upon blue. The whole issue of Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner is remarkable for charm of design and exquisite colouring. Special mention should be made of the landscapes of Mr. F. C. Price; the floral designs of Mr. Ernest Wilson; Mrs. Dealy's pretty *pastiches* of Miss Greenaway; the landscapes of Messrs. Sigmund and Fred Hines; and the flower pictures of Mr. O. G. Noakes. For the same publishers Miss Havers has illustrated a pleasant selection from Hans Andersen ("The White Swans and Other Tales"), and illustrated it as prettily as you please; her designs are not invariably happy, but on the whole the set may be accepted as her best work so far. In "Through the Meadows" (same publishers) we have a string of songlets by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, and a series of pleasant pictures in colour and monochrome by Miss M. E. Edwards and Mr. Staples. Both volumes are admirably "got up." The "Old English" Christmas and New Year Cards of Messrs. Falkner and Sons (Deangate, Manchester) are quaint, and have the merit of cheapness. The "frosted" cards of Messrs. Wirth (London and New York) are pretty in themselves and are prettily produced. Lord Brabourne's "Friends and Foes from Fairyland" (Longmans) contains a number of the quaint but very mannered designs of Mr. Linley Sambourne. In "Thoughts for Sunset" (Edinburgh: Nelson) we have a series of delicate and pleasing illuminations by "L. M. W." The artist of "Slateandpencilvania" (London: Marcus Ward) is Mr. Walter Crane—by no means at his best.

ART IN DECEMBER.

THE Oxford Slade Professor has decided to adopt the practice of the Slade Professor in London, and paint heads in public. The demonstrations of Mr. Legros have been reproached with charlatanism any time these ten years. Henceforth, it is hardly to be doubted, their reproach will disappear: even in the eyes of stupid and envious people.

HER Majesty the Queen has commissioned Professor Von Angeli to paint the portraits of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. Mr. Poynter has made good progress with his "Queen of Sheba," for the next Academy exhibition. Mr. Ouless's "Professor Kennedy" has been placed in the College Hall, St. John's. M. Dalou has been commissioned to design and execute the monument to Eugène Delacroix. Mr. Hester has etched, for Mr. Arthur Lucas, Mr. Dollman's "Not Worth Powder and Shot;" M. Bracquemond has finished his plate after Meissonier's "Le Rixe," M. Rajon his etching of the "Rouget de l'Isle" of Pils, and M. Bertinott his engraving of the "Thisbe" of Mr. Edwin Long. MM. Cavellier and Aimé Millet have been commissioned to execute the busts of Émile Perrin and Victor Massé for the Institute; M. Franceschi, a bust of Victor Massé for the Opéra Comique. The monument to Admiral Courbet, at Abbeville, has been entrusted to MM. Mercié, Paul Dubois, and Falguière. M. Gautherin has finished the model of his "Denis Diderot" for the Place Saint-Germain-des Près. M. Etcheto has finished, for Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, a reduction in marble of his monumental "François Villon," now in the Place Monge. M. Ringel has produced a medallion portrait of M. Auguste Vacquerie; why does he neglect such admirable material as the head of Berlioz? M. Chaplain has finished, for the Municipal Council of Paris, his medal in commemoration of the opening of the new Hôtel de Ville. Signor Gallori will be the sculptor of the "Garibaldi" which is to be set up on the Janiculum, at a cost of 40,000 francs. M. Durand Gréville has been entrusted by the Ministère des Beaux-Arts with a mission to the United States: its object is that of describing and cataloguing all the art-collections, public and private, in the country.

SIR JOHN MILLAIS has sold (says the *Moniteur des Arts*) his "Ornithologist" for £5,000 to an Australian, and M. Meissonier his "Vedette" for £3,000 to an American; while Mr. C. Haseltine (of Philadelphia) has been buying in Paris to the tune of £40,000. Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has sent 5,000 francs to the Chalcographical Society, and 3,000 francs to the Hugo Memorial Committee. Mr. W. Stott has been elected a member of the Incorporated Society of British Artists. M. Charles Verlat has been appointed to the directorship of the Antwerp Académie des Beaux-Arts. M. J.-P. Laurens succeeds M. Boulanger in the control of the evening class at the École des Beaux Arts, where the latter artist now holds the Chair of Painting. Signor Pietro Rosa has been elected a foreign associate of the Académie, in place of the late Thomas Donaldson.

M. CARLÈS' "La Jeunesse," M. Cordonnier's "Jeanne Darc," M. Marqueste's "Galathée," and M. Christophe's marble "La Fatalité," are all reserved for the Luxembourg. So, among other pictures bought by the State, are the "Chevaux à l'Abreuvoir" of M. Dagnan-Bouveret, the "Hollandisch Diep" of M. Henri Zuber, the "Givre et Neige" of M. A. Nozal, M. Thirion's "Moïse Exposé sur le Nil," and M. Michel's "Les Dunes, Près de Harlem;" M. Clairin's immense "Les Maures en Espagne" is a kind of white elephant, and, as yet, accommodation has not been found for it. Six pictures have been bought by subscription (Baron A. de Rothschild contributing the sum of 40,000 francs) for the Louvre. They are attributed as follows:—a "Dead Christ," Carlo Crivelli; an "Annunciation," Angelico; an "Annunciation," School of Bruges; a "Virgin at the Well," Sandro Botticelli; a "Saint George," Lucas Cassel; and a "Madonna with the Lily," Hugo Van der Goes. M. Louis Gonse, writing upon hearsay, is inclined to suspect their authenticity, and to believe the "Virgin at the Well" a mere copy. At the Louvre the removal of the "Magliana" fresco has been safely accomplished. To the Musée Carnavalet M. A. Guillon has presented a curious series of picture plates in Wedgwood and Choisy. The "Fileuse" of Henri de Brackeleer has been purchased for the Antwerp Gallery. Mr. W. Palin has copied for South Kensington, from the originals in the Vatican, the three tapestries designed by Raphael of which the cartoons are lost; they are "The Stoning of Stephen," "Paul and Silas at Philippi," and "The Conversion of Saul." It is assumed that they will be placed with the seven cartoons, so that the wonderful set of designs will henceforth stand complete.

THE first part of "The Pictorial Arts of Japan" (London: Sampson Low), which we reviewed from advance sheets, will be ready early in the year. Mr. W. Niven, F.S.A., has almost finished a book on the City churches already destroyed or threatened with destruction; the illustrations, in etching and lithography, are from the author's own designs. Messrs. Batsford announce the issue, in ten monthly parts at 3s. 6d. each, of a new book by Dr. Christopher Dresser, on "Modern Ornamentation;" it is specially addressed to manufacturers and their designers, and to architects and decorators. Mr. Hipkins is writing a book on musical instruments; it will be illustrated in chromo lithography from drawings, by Mr. W. Gibb, of examples in the Inventions Exhibition; the publishers are Messrs. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh, who

have in the press a work on the coinage of Scotland, written by Mr. Edward Burns, and illustrated by the Dujardin process of *héliogravure*. M. Muntz's excellent "Donatello," in the series called "Les Grands Artistes" (Paris: J. Rouam), is being issued in weekly parts at 50 centimes.

Mr. Edwin Ellis has at last produced a picture in which he combines delicacy and an unaffectedly sincere sentiment of nature with his acknowledged strength and vigorous feeling for "paint:" his "Spanish Head—Isle of Man," in this winter's Dudley. The great headland, like soft brown velvet, and the placid sea, rich, blue, and liquid, are admirably bathed in air; indeed the colour has none of the painter's occasional coarseness, and the general effect is mellow and luminous. The canvas shows a noble and tranquil decorative mass. Even the broad and tumbled confusion of the foreground is made just and significant by the powerful execution and large style of the whole picture. There are several instances of good, though less patent and masterly work, than Mr. Ellis's. Of two or three figure pictures which Mr. Rossi has painted with a dexterous and modern conventionality of handling, "Artists" (31) best combines some impression of nature with the elegance of art. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Cut Off with a Shilling" (56) and "A Humourist of the Eighteenth Century" (73) are interesting studies of character and gesture; but the carefulness and patience of their workmanship hardly make up for a total lack of that spirited and suggestive handling which is Mr. Rossi's chief merit. Mr. Menta to some extent combines the qualities of both men; at least he does so in his "Dessert" (257), in which the pose and character of the ladies and baby are excellent, while the handling and colour are agreeable and decorative. Mr. Arthur G. Bell contributes a good atmospheric landscape, "Homeward Bent" (14). Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Moonrise" (115) is well arranged, though the distance somewhat lacks repose. Mr. Parton's clever "Low Tide: Inverness" would be decidedly better if it were more largely tranquil and less detailed in execution. Mr. Alfred Elias has more breadth in his "Returning Home: Normandy," and the effect of a largely undulating plain is truly rendered. The flowers in Miss Ada Bell's picture (40) are soft, fresh, and naturally coloured. Mr. Wasse's "Railers at Religion" (209) is a picture by a man who naturally sees minutely, and not from "malice prepense" or for commercial reasons; but the result, if eccentric and interesting, is hardly worthy of imitation. Most of the bad work in the gallery belongs either to the class of anecdotic sentiment flimsily executed, or to that school of hard, and so-called sincere, representation of trivial facts, which suggests the use of the instantaneous photograph by men without any knowledge of the constructive and artistic side of picture-making.

To the Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours Mr. Henry Wallis contributes a brilliant and vivacious "Smyrna Bazaar," and Mr. Charles Gregory, among other things, a "Fringe of the Common," which has good popular qualities. Mr. Glindoni's "The Matheris" and "The Conchologists" are in his ordinary style. Miss Clara Montalba is pleasantly represented by a number of drawings made in Holland; Mr. W. Lockhart by three characteristic views of Lincoln; Sir John Gilbert by a drawing called "The Ford," which is by no means worthy his reputation; Mr. Poynter by a group of landscapes; Mr. Thorne Waite by a good, open, airy study of "Yew Trees at Kingley Vale." Mr. North is, as usual, Mr. North; Mr. Tom Lloyd, as always, Mr. Tom Lloyd; Mr. Birket Foster, as ever, Mr. Birket Foster. Mr. Naftel sends an "On the Common," a "Bridge at Capel Curig," and a "Millbeck, Dungeon Ghyll;" Mr. Charles Robertson, an "End of a Shower;" Mr. E. A. Waterlow, a "Cornish Courtyard;" and Mr. Albert Goodwin, an admirable "Requiem," and a "Streatley, Thames." All these are good works in their several ways; and there are others as commendable.

Messrs. Liberty and Co.'s annual exhibition of oriental and other art embroideries, held in November, included a number of remarkable specimens of ancient needlework, which in themselves sufficed to make the show of unusual interest. Among these was a superb altar-cover of the Sixteenth Century, entirely wrought with a Japanese design of the most delicate embroidery, marvellously preserved and of exquisite workmanship. Only less interesting than this beautiful example were an antique Chinese coverlet, magnificent in colour, and a very curious Indo-Portuguese coverlet of the last century. A fine collection of old Chinese curtains, tapestries, mandarins' state robes, and temple hangings—all illustrating by emblems or figures some fable or historic fact—claimed and merited the closest study. In the large class of Japanese folding screens and fukusas, the inexhaustible invention of the most ingenious of oriental artists was abundantly displayed. In many of these the technical quality of the work—wonderful as it is—is yet secondary to the design. In showing a number of Javan cotton-prints, Messrs. Liberty and Co. competed with these curious and highly decorative fabrics by exhibiting their very clever imitations, colour-printed in England. In a room devoted to the work of students of the Liberty School of Embroidery a varied assortment of table-covers, fans, screens, bellows, sofa and chair covers, album and book-bindings, and other useful and beautiful objects—mostly of oriental design—represented the aims and accomplishments of the school in the most satisfactory manner.

At the Albert Palace a miscellaneous collection of works in oils and water-colours may be conveniently studied. Here are the well-known works of the Chevalier Désanges, the "Victoria Cross" series; with many clever and humorous paintings of animals by T. Schmitzberger, J. Yates Carrington, W. H. Trood, with J. McLure Hamilton's well-painted, clever, and taking "Vivisection." Among the rest are Mr. Yglesias' fine winter landscape, "Windsor;" Mr. Yeend King's "Con Amore;" Mr. Henry Moore's noble "Calm before Storm;" Mr. Clough Bromley's romantic landscape, "Gone Times;" Mr. G. G. Kilburne's "Sir Peter Lely Painting the Portrait of Mary of Modena;" and some good examples of Munich and Düsseldorf.

The School of Art Wood-Carving, which has migrated from the Albert Hall to the City and Guilds Technical Institute, Exhibition Road, has recently executed an elaborate carved oak fireplace with double mantel, designed by Mr. J. H. Potter for the Earl of Shrewsbury, Ingestre Hall. The design, which measures some thirteen feet by seven, is well calculated to test the skill and training of the students, and the work in all respects is a notable example of efficiency. The operations of the school are extensive. Instruction is given by correspondence, with results that certainly prove beyond a doubt the success of the scheme

in fostering the elements of the art in country districts. The work at the school is further encouraged by twelve free studentships divided equally between the day and evening classes, and supplied by a grant of the City and Guilds Institute. Many artisans who attend the evening classes have been enabled, without any previous instruction, to develop quite remarkable ability. The great progress of the school under Miss Rowe's management justifies the hope that the aid of the Institute will be supplemented not only by amateurs and the public, but by architects as well.

THE Fine Art Gallery and Museum, which for the last four years has been in process of building for Birmingham, was opened on the 28th November by the Prince of Wales. The main lines of the building, which is of the comprehensive style called "Classic," are good, and the series of galleries is structurally fine and possesses some elements of grandeur; but the detail of ornament is poor and incongruous. The gallery is on the first floor, and consists of five fine rooms, and a large vestibule filled with statuary and bronzes. The first is a large circular room, and is hung with the pictures belonging to the town. This includes a collection of more than forty David Coxes, several fine Müllers, a characteristic Brett, a powerful "Condottiere" by the P.R.A., two poor examples of Rossetti, and many good and some inferior pictures. The "Italian Gallery," which joins the Circular Room, is one of the most charming and instructive of the series. Here is displayed to very great advantage the fine collection of Italian furniture, woodwork, carvings, and architectural detail in stone and marble and wrought metal-work, made for the Birmingham Corporation by Mr. J. C. Robinson. The two great corrugated figures by Jacopo Sansovino, and the balcony by the same master, and the several pieces of Della Robbia, are very enviable possessions. The Industrial Hall, which lies beyond the Italian Gallery, is a great room a hundred feet in length, in which has been brought together a magnificent collection of objects illustrative of the industrial arts. The plate, glass, metal-work, and carved ivories are very fine collections, and the Arms Collection, which is in one of the side galleries, is singularly interesting, both from its completeness and the artistic merit of some of the Comminazzo, Cazaroni, and other Sixteenth Century pieces. The collection of Wedgwood, which is exhibited in the Wedgwood Gallery, is considered by connoisseurs to be the most admirably representative ever brought together. A portion of this collection has been presented to the town by the owners. To many visitors the last room, the great Picture Gallery, will present the greatest attraction. Here is hung the superb collection of pictures by Mr. G. F. Watts: some eighty in all, several of which have not been exhibited before. On one wall is hung a small but very representative gathering of Mr. Burne Jones's works: among others, "The Hours," "Venus' Mirror," "Love amongst the Ruins," and "Le Chant d'Amour." The arrangements by the opening day were in all ways complete, every descriptive label being in its place, and no detail of management omitted.

THE death is announced of Robert Thorburn, A.R.A.; of John Mogford, R.I., the painter of rocks and sea; of the Italian architect, Mariano Falcino; of the French painter, Victor Parisel; of Auguste Chavard, a pupil of Ingres; of the English architect, A. J. Graham; of the landscape-painter, Alexandre Ségé, a pupil of Coignet and Flers; of the Belgian, Gustave Coppieters, painter of "The Dance of Death;" of the Austrian architect, August von Schwendenmein; of the Belgian Goethals, painter of "Le Viatique" and "La Dentellière;" and of the French painter, Heill.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES. Messrs. Raphael Tuck (London) are more successful this year than ever. Their general issue is characterised by good design and finished execution. Among their "specialities" are four "Turner Portfolios" (1000-3), of chromos from originals in the National Gallery; portfolios, named after David Cox, Gainsborough, Calcott, Constable, of etchings by Henry Crickmore and S. Myers; some charming "Mirror" cards (3015-17, 3003-13); and more "Screens," "Easels," and "Triptychs" than we have space to mention. Their "Fringed Cards"—landscapes, sea-scapes, flowers, figures—are as good as good can be; and in plush and silk they have surpassed themselves. Messrs. Blackie (Glasgow, Edinburgh, and Dublin) are to be credited with the production of four capital boys' books:—a new edition of "Gulliver," with spirited and clever pictures by Gordon Browne; "Brownsmith's Boy," a good story by George Manville Fenn, also illustrated (less happily) by Gordon Browne; "The Lion of the North," by G. A. Henty, illustrated, not ill, by John Schönberg; and "Two Thousand Years Ago," in which the adventures of a Roman boy (straight out of Rugby) are told by Professor Church, and illustrated—cleverly—by Adrien Marie. In "The Angel of Love" (London: Hodder and Stoughton) we have a novel for little girls, with a number of clever vignettes by T. Pym; and in "Three Fairy Princesses" (London: Marcus Ward), a pretty booklet, in which the stories of Snowwhite, Cinderella, and the Sleeping Beauty are illustrated by Caroline Paterson (who has some acquaintance with the works of Kate Greenaway) in a set of designs often fanciful and taking, and always well printed.

HANDBOOKS AND MANUALS. — Professor Church's "English Porcelain" (London: Chapman and Hall, Limited), in the "South Kensington Handbooks" series, is the complement of the same author's "English Earthenware." It is written with insight and authority, and it is neatly and sufficiently illustrated. In "La Composition Décorative" of M. Henri Mayeux and the second volume of M. Champeaux's "Le Meuble" (Paris: Quantin) we have two new numbers of the excellent "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts" which take rank with the best of the series. Intended for beginners and for amateurs generally, Mr. R. P. Leitch's "Course of Water-Colour Painting" (London: Cassell and Co.) is now in its ninth edition; its popularity is thoroughly deserved. In the "Animal Drawing" (same publishers) of Mr. A. T. Elwes, a work not so well known as it should be, there are a number of capital exercises, and not a little good precept in the form of good practice. Miss Lily Higgin's "Art as Applied to Dress" (London: Virtue) is a capital little manual: intelligently conceived, clearly written, and careful as to theory and practice alike. The new edition of Henfrey's well-known "Guide to the Study of English Coins" (London: Bell and Sons), prepared for the proper series in "Bohn Libraries," by the Rev. W. Keary, presents an additional number of additions and corrections, an improved text, and a new "Historical Introduction" quite excellent of its kind. The new edition (being the third) prepared by Mr. H. A. Dillon, of Fairholt's "Costume in England" (London: Bell and Sons), is likewise a great improvement upon its predecessors.

Mr. Dillon has cut away the gossip and the "portion relating to the Druids" in favour of a quantity of better matter in notes and text; has written two hundred new articles, and has added an historical table of illustrations, a list of references, and a number of new cuts. Miss Harrison's "Introductory Studies in Greek Art" (London: Fisher Unwin) is admirable work in every way. The lady has mastered her subject; she writes a good, expressive, moving style; she has a fine talent of exposition; she understands, and her readers have no choice but to understand with her. To students, not only of Greek art, but of art in general, her book is really indispensable.

THE National Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in the Principles of the Established Church have produced and published (Broad Sanctuary, Westminster) a "Life of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," which is deserving of a great deal of commendation. The Oxford Professor of Poetry contributes an introduction and a set of descriptive annotations; the drawings, with some few exceptions, are the work of Mr. Edward Goodall; the chromo-lithography has been done by M. Charles Delaye, under the direction of Mr. F. Jenkins. In a series of selections from Italian art the earthly life of Christ is here illustrated as it has not been illustrated before in England. The first picture chosen for reproduction is Angelico's "Annunciation," and this is succeeded by some twenty examples of the art of the same Angelico, Gaudenzio Ferrari, Duccio di Bononinsegna, Perugino, Lippo Lippi, Luini, Cima da Conegliana, Gentile da Fabriano, Cardi da Cigoli, and Fra Bartolommeo. The selection is arbitrary enough; but all these artists are men in whom "not drawing, nor colour, nor picturesqueness, nor power for their own sake—but *Vision* is paramount," and that, we must suppose, is sufficient. The results, though of necessity imperfect, are surprisingly good. One cannot help feeling that a series of photographs would have done better; as one cannot exactly see the use of Mr. Palgrave's involved and rather euphuistic introduction. But, of course, the projectors know best what they want; and it has to be admitted that they have done their utmost to achieve it.

THE "Ladies' Old-fashioned Shoes" (Edinburgh: David Douglas), which Mr. Watson Grieg has described and illustrated from examples in his collection, are decidedly interesting. It was inevitable, perhaps, that the series should be initiated by a shoe which may possibly have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. 'Tis of plain black satin, very small, high-heeled, and far from picturesque. Mrs. Langley, however, who lived in Charles II.'s days, was happy in shoes of the most romantic type. They were of pale silk, embroidered with flowers, laced to perfection, and high-heeled *au possible*. A neat shoe is one in spotted yellow brocade, embroidered in pale blue; it belonged to a Mrs. Woodcock; it was buckled, and has the smartest heel! A certain Mrs. Brown rejoiced in shoes of cloth of gold, with heels unparalleled, and the most majestic buckles; nothing else is known of her. A red-heeled shoe in green and yellow brocade is captivating; a Queen Anne shoe in pink silk, heavily embroidered, with a tremendous heel and a toe pointed like one of Congreve's repartees, has on the whole a discouraging effect. These and other works of vanity are admirably figured by Mr. Grieg with the aid of chromo-lithography. A brief appendix is completed, very happily, by the articles on "Fashions for the Feet," contributed to this magazine by Mr. Richard Heath.

THE examples of French art contained in "Twenty Photogravures from Pictures in the Salon of 1885" (London and New York: Cassell) are fairly well selected, and are excellently reproduced. The series opens with M. Adan's "Anniversary," which could hardly be improved upon. Then follow Guillou's "Grandfather's Boat;" J. L. Brown's "Return from the Chase;" Cabanel's graceful "Jephtha's Daughter;" Caïn's dramatic, but rather conventional picture, of Marie Antoinette going to execution; Brouillet's "Le Tania," which is hardly a success; Geoffroy's "School Lavatory;" a good piece of public theatricals by Casanova y Estrach; Clairin's vast and ineffective "Après la Victoire;" works by Gilbert, Guillaumet, Lhermitte, Pelez (one of the best of the set), Toudouze; Rochegrosse's "Jacquerie;" the dreadful "Les Fous" of Jean Béraud; Mercié's "Michelangelo Studying Anatomy;" the curious essay in Macaireism of Boutet de Monvel. One or two good specimens of pure landscape—the branch of art in which the French are doing their best work—and the set had been really representative.

MISCELLANEA.—Mr. Andrew Tuer's "Bartolozzi and His Works" (London: The Leadenhall Press) is a revised edition, unillustrated, of the larger work. It contains a good deal of new matter and some important corrections; but, save by specialists, it will be valued quite as much for its appearance—which is absurdly foppish and pretty—as for its more serious qualities. A novelty in its way is "The Twelve Months of the Year" (Röder: Leipzig): it consists of twelve designs in colours and twelve pianoforte pieces; the music, by Theodore Kirchner, is pretty and well written; the designs—of naked babies, abroad in all weathers—are naught. In "Turner the Artist" (London: Cassell and Co.), the initial number of a series called "The World's Workers," Mr. S. A. Swaine presents us with a readable and unpretentious summary of the principal facts of a curious and interesting life. Mr. Hissey's "A Drive Through England" (London: Bentley) has no special literary merit, but is pleasant and suggestive reading; the illustrations, twenty-four in number, and the author's own work, are not at all unacceptable, if a trifle old-fashioned in sentiment and style. The fourth and fifth books of the "Cinq Livres de Françoys Rabelais" (Paris: Jouaust) fill the third and fourth volumes of a new and very readable edition. The "Souvenirs" of M. Amaury Duval (Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.) are a little thin in texture, and have scarce the interest of the writer's "Atelier d'Ingres." They are amiably inspired, however, and they are written with real good breeding; and to the student of 1830 they will prove acceptable enough. M. Honoré Bonhomme's "Mme. de Genlis" (Paris: Jouaust) is well-considered, well-written, intelligent, and useful work. In "La Chine Inconnue" (Paris: Rouam) of M. Maurice Jametel we have the most curious and entertaining book imaginable. M. Jametel's "China" is that of the curiosity shops and bookstalls, of minsters and fair porcelains, and artistic knickknackery, and the jewels your good collector lives but to discover. The author has had extraordinary opportunities; and he has made such use of them as gives him a place apart among collectors alike with those who write for them.

MR. FRADELLE, of 247, Regent Street, has published a portrait of Mr. Robert Browning, which, besides being a fine example of enlargement by the photographer's photo-mezzotint process, is a good and characteristic likeness.

ART IN JANUARY.

THE President has at last received a baronetcy; he has finished his new statue, "The Sluggard," and is engaged upon a set of decorations for the music-room of Mr. Marquand's house in New York, for which Mr. Alma Tadema not only designed the furniture, but painted the "Rhapsodist" of last year's Academy as well. Mr. Oswald Brierly, Marine Painter to the Queen, has received the honour of knighthood, "in recognition of his great abilities as an artist." Mr. Boehm has finished busts of Chinese Gordon, Sir James Paget, and the late Lord Dudley; together with his design for the Wellington monument. Mr. Lowes Dickinson has painted a portrait of Frederick Maurice for Queen's College, Harley Street. M. Meissonier has undertaken to paint in fresco, for the Panthéon, a vast composition representing Attila's march upon Paris. Mr. Pearson has been elected an Honorary Fellow of Magdalene, Cambridge. M. Alphonse de Rothschild has been elected a *membre libre* of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, vice Emile Perrin, deceased. M. Benjamin Constant has sold his "Justice du Chérifa" to the Viennese Society of Arts. Mr. Grant Stevenson's colossal "Wallace" will soon be ready for the founders, Messrs. Young, of Pimlico; the sculptor has in hand another "Wallace" and a "Burns." M. Dalou's "Mirabeau" is being cast "à cire perdu" by M. Honoré Gonon; it is said that it will be the largest piece ever produced at a stroke by this delicate and admirable process. Lord Ashburnham has commissioned Mr. L. F. Silas to paint a large classic subject for his drawing-room. Mr. H. Doulton has received the Albert medal for his excellent pottery.

THE Dudley Raphael, "The Three Graces," has been sold to the Duc d'Aumale for £25,000: something less, that is, than half the sum which was paid by the English nation for the Marlborough "Madonna." This to the contrary, it is obvious that our own National Gallery is, on the whole, a good deal better managed than the Louvre. Of the half-dozen dubious Old Masters presented, by subscription, to that wonderful museum, three, it is true, have been rejected unconditionally; while the others are accepted, not for the line, to the honour of which they did most seriously pretend, but only, so to speak, as padding. Against this there must be set the tremendous charge, advanced by M. Clovis Hugues, that the directors are in the habit of washing their treasures in a solution of potash, the effect of which, in the case of a famous Gerard Dow, and of perhaps the finest Poussin in the gallery, has been, it is said (and one can well believe it), disastrous. Nor is this all. M. Hugues asserted with confidence that the sculpture had suddenly put forth such a growth of fig-leaves as even Mr. Horsley might approve; and M. Turquet, in reply, was constrained to admit the fact, to deny his part in it, and to plead in extenuation that the objectionable efflorescence had, when he knew of it, been instantly stopped, and its traces removed. If we add to all these things the rather lively scandal produced by the ministerial concession to Messrs. Braun, the photographers, we cannot revert to the consideration of Sir Richard Burton's management of our own national collection without a good deal of pleasure.

THOUGH the present winter exhibition at Burlington House is not so splendid as some have been, it does more than merely afford good scope for these speculations in names, dates, and schools so dear to experts and the learned. While a fair proportion of its ingredients are intrinsically beautiful, the gathering in general illustrates many natural tendencies and important divisions of painting, and effects some instructive *rapprochements* of styles and epochs. Every year, in a greater or less degree, the Royal Academy "winters" have enabled us to study the masters of English portraiture in the prolific Eighteenth Century; and this time we have an opportunity of comparing the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, and others, with many examples of Joseph Wright of Derby, hung in the first room. Born, as he was, some years later than Reynolds, Wright may not appear very original in the general aspect of his work. In spite, however, of a certain family likeness among their conceptions, the masters of that time, and Wright, as one of them, preserve a strong flavour of personality in their executive methods. In portraiture, especially, the Derby painter's handling is consistently elegant, and free from any evidence of hesitation, labour, effort, and painful re-touching. His flesh-painting, though not so solid or so true as Reynolds's, like Reynolds's is simple and uniform in tone. The "Edwin" (9) may be taken as an excellent example of his skilful, pliant touch, and the "Children of Richard Arkwright" (16) as an extreme instance of his tendency to the employment of a false and unpleasant red as a basis for flesh-colour. In the "Orrery" (10), a work in which the figures are lit by candle-light from below, as in the picture of the chemical experiment in the National Gallery, Wright shows himself less facile and less conventional than in more decided portraiture: herein he aims at a more realistic effect, and sees more as an individual than as a member of a school.

THE Reynolds portraits are good, though not specially remarkable, with the exception of "Mrs. Hale" (142), which hangs, without suffering any noticeable eclipse, beside a superb Van Dyck, "The Duchess of Arenburg and Child" (148). This Van Dyck is, indeed, a sort of touchstone of the pictures that are constellated in its neighbourhood; beside

it Reynolds's "Duchess of Gordon" (152) becomes mere painted card. Hoppner's "Mrs. Lascelles" (151) and Gainsborough's faded "Lady Brisco" (150) appear weak in tone and flimsy in construction. At the other end of the room, however, is an altogether richer and better preserved Gainsborough: here depth of colour and solidity of construction are combined with the charming softness and suggestive looseness of touch natural to the painter; and such an assemblage of qualities make this portrait of Mrs. Sheridan (103) by far the best Gainsborough in the gallery.

LANDSCAPE is not so fully or so nobly represented as last winter; but some of the characteristics and origins of modern endeavour are well enough illustrated. Wright, for instance (in 8, 11, 12), shows originality, and, for the time, sincerity of observation, sufficient to make him count for something alongside of Gainsborough in the transmission of landscape feeling between the Low Countries and modern painters. Richard Wilson (38), chiefly represented by a somewhat mechanical composition, of a very rich, mellow, and fascinating colour, more decidedly handed on the principles of Claude and the Italian tradition. Most interesting and important of all, the later results of these rival tendencies in art may here be seen, as they stood at the beginning of the century, beckoning for the suffrage of the rising generations of artists; for here (153) is Constable's "Hay Wain," one of the most influential pictures of the century, and the best example we know of a new sincerity of vision. True, it has but little of the lofty and classic imagination of the other school: an imagination which, as in the magnificent Claude opposite (133), employs and so freely edits the aimless information of the senses. Neither can it boast the systematic and picturesque style of handling which later followers of the school have adopted, and sometimes unwisely preferred to a complete sincerity in the rendering of impressions. Rubens, in a manner the forerunner of the school, had he so wished, could have made a braver display of stylish technique than most modern craftsmen; but, to judge from such works as the "Château Stein," he seems to have considered—as Constable after him—a free and unsystematic method best suited to render landscape facts. Constable and the Norwich school, of which we have a superb example in Vincent's "Greenwich Hospital" (34), elected to do one thing well, and rarely attempted the double task, fit only for a Velasquez, of combining perfect sincerity with perfect style.

THOMSON'S sketch (21), broad and full of style, and Sir Joshua's splendidly rich and decorative landscape (42), after the style of Gaspar Poussin, more or less continue the Italian tradition. Turner's water-colours, however, afford many examples of this tradition contemporary with Constable. Except, perhaps, when—as in "Bligh Sands" and in "The Pilot Boat" (156), his only oil picture in this present show—he worked more after the manner of the Norwich school, Turner is at his best when working after Claude and Wilson. Such work, though it has attracted little following or none, is at least better than the pronounced Turnerism which has only attracted one of the literary critics. For instance, "Bonneville, Savoy" (38), "Folby Hill" (10), "Orfordness" (46) are elegant, refined, imaginative, and, within their classical convention, true and well observed; whereas it is difficult to see the aim of such flimsy, unreal, and withal complicated work as the "Lake Lucerne" (6), the "City and Lake of Constance" (18), and others *ejusdem farinæ*. Such work is, of course, far from commonplace, bears the stamp of genius, and is only incomprehensible. The Mulready landscape (4) is its dead opposite: is, indeed, the very pink of stupid and unsightly vulgarity.

NOTICEABLE amongst the Old Masters are a fine rich sketch, "The Marriage Feast" (125), by Tintoretto, and his "Portrait of a Venetian Senator" (144). The well-known "Water-seller" (119) of Velasquez is more remarkable in the rendering of the general environment and accessories than in the actual painting of the heads, which is harder than is usual in his good work. Jan Van Eyck's "St. Francis receiving the Stigmata" (198) is a marvel of dexterous and patient manipulation upon the smallest possible scale. Two superb portraits may be set beside the Tintoretto as examples of three very different styles. "A Burgomaster's Wife" (105), by Antonio Moro, is dignified, dry, and accurate; "Palma's Daughter," by Paris Bordone, is smooth, mellow, and luminous; the Tintoretto is low-toned, rich, yet rugged, and painted with a square and evident touch; but in all three the sureness of the construction and the subtlety of the modelling almost reach perfection.

"LIFE and Work in Bavaria's Alps" is the title of an interesting little gathering of sketches and pictures exhibited for Mr. Hubert Herkomer by the Fine Art Society. The district is one to which, for obvious reasons, Mr. Herkomer is greatly attached, and of many of these records of his impressions of it he has reason to be proud. They are unequal, of course. Some are accomplished, some are not; some are interesting, others the reverse; some are touched with sincere sentiment, others are plainly painted to sell. On the whole, however, the collection is a good one, and if much of the finished work fail to please, most of the sketches are excellent. We have more than once remarked upon the dangerous delights of exhibitions composed of pictures painted by a single man. In justice to Mr. Herkomer, it must be noted that he has borne the ordeal a good deal better than might have been expected.

MR. DIERKEN'S collection of modern paintings, at 157, New Bond Street, includes some representative works by A. Normann, Hans Dahl, Morton Müller, A. M. Lindström, and other Scandinavian artists, together with Dutch and Belgian landscapes, by H. Flockenhaus, W. Frey, Van de Beck, and others. In Norwegian landscape, Normann's immense canvas of islanded sea and distant mountain range, lit by the rosy midnight sun, is a strong if somewhat unconcentrated impression of a strange phenomenon. Morton Müller's pictures of fiord and forest are full of force and character, and even more delicate in sentiment are some charming studies by A. M. Lindström—one in particular, of a misty morning by a woodland waterway.

AT Mr. Mendoza's exhibition of drawings in black-and-white at King Street, St. James's, Mr. J. C. Dollman and Mr. Ernest Parton, in totally opposed lines of sentiment, are more effective and vigorous than they frequently are in colour; so also are Mr. R. Caton Woodville, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, and even Mr. Goodall, whose "The Mother of Moses" has real distinction and style. Mr. J. W. North's idiosyncrasies may likewise be studied with greater profit in his landscape-vignettes than at the Water-Colour Society's gallery. Mr. G. L. Seymour is fully represented

by a varied series of drawings, some of great finish and research. For the rest, we must mention an unnamed drawing by the late E. Sainsbury—not strong, but fraught with feeling naturally expressed; Mr. F. Barnard's "Caleb Plummer," "At the Piano," and other drawings, all life-like and individual; Mr. Stanley Berkley's humorous "Union is Strength," and "Discretion is the Better Part of Valour;" and Mr. S. E. Waller's "Companions of the Bath," a pretty subject, and one that should be popular.

Sculpture is very strongly represented this year in the exhibition of the competitive works sent in by the Academy students. Nine compete for the gold medal and travelling studentship, and four out of their works are excellent. Not only is the modelling bold and masterly, but the grouping is effectively studied, and shows to advantage from more than one point of view. The nine models in the round, of a design for a group to embody the idea of "Mercy pleading for the Vanquished" are much less effective, owing to their small scale. The two that have taken medals carry out the idea, but whether, when enlarged, they would prove equally effective is doubtful. In painting, the work is on the whole above the average in excellence. The subject was a scene from "Hamlet," and there were no less than twelve competitors. The Turner Gold Medal only brings out eight competitors, and of these two only are at all good. The Creswick Prize brings nineteen into the field; but of these some are positively bad, and only about three passable. Landscape is never good in the Academy schools, though most students think they can handle it. The following are the principal prize-winners: Gold Medal and Travelling Studentship for best historical painting, H. B. Fisher; for work in sculpture, F. W. Pomeroy; for architectural design, T. Maclaren. Turner Gold Medal for best landscape, C. A. Wilkinson. Creswick Scholarship for landscape, Minnie Tayler. Premium for Cartoon, Margaret Simpson. Design and Cartoon for Decoration of Public Building, R. A. Bell. The female students are not as successful this year as they sometimes are, though they take all four prizes for work in chalk. On former occasions two and even three of the medals in the department of sculpture have been won by women; but this time none have fallen to their share. They have not the advantage (as Mr. Horsley is proud to own) of studying from the nude, and are not very successful in painting either.

The death is announced of the Danish historical painter, G. Simonsen; of the Greek architect, Lysander Caphtanzoglu, director of the Athenian Polytechnic; of Joseph Schubert, the Belgian portrait draughtsman and archæologist; of the French historical painter, Joseph Beaume, a pupil of Gros; of the French architect, Théodore Labrouste; of Heinrich Heinlein (1803—1885), "the Nestor of German landscape-painters;" of the Belgian sculptor, Jan van der Kereckhoven; of Sévérin van Aerschodt, a pupil of Etex, sculptor of the bas-reliefs on the tomb of Napoleon; of Fernando King of Portugal, a good draughtsman and etcher, and an enlightened patron of the arts; of the comic painter, Walter Richer, a pupil of Cicéri; of the Antwerp architect, Auguste Schoy; of Charles Pilatte, the draughtsman and designer of fashionable costumes; of James Fahey, a distinguished member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; of Amaury Duval, a famous pupil of Ingres; and of Dr. Samuel Birch, Keeper of the Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum.

Dr. Schliemann's new book, "Tiryns" (London: John Murray), a sumptuous quarto, profusely illustrated in black-and-white and in colours, sets forth with an abundance of detail and reference the story of the author's excavations on the site of the city of Hercules, by which he has done as erstwhile by Mycenæ and Ilium and Orchomenos. Professor Adler contributes an admirable preface, in which he succeeds in presenting something like a picture of, as he says, "the oldest art of building in Greece and Asia Minor;" while Dr. Dörpfeld is responsible for a minute and elaborate account of the constructive and architectural quality of the remains unearthed in '84, and a history of the excavations pursued in '85; and Herr Helm, of Dantzic, for an appendix which proves that the amber found at Mycenæ is Baltic amber, so that prehistoric Phœnicia must inevitably have been in communication with the north.

A good book in every way is "Dick Doyle's Journal" (London: Smith, Elder and Co.). The preface, which is of great interest, is by Mr. Hungerford Pollen. The "Journal" itself, which was done by Doyle at the age of fifteen, is good enough reading, and is illustrated by some hundreds of designs, many of which, as it seems to us, the artist never surpassed. The whole thing is a monument of precocious sprightliness, invention, and accomplishment; and we shall be unpleasantly surprised if it does not prove, as it deserves, one of the most popular publications of the season.

An interesting publication is the re-issue (Derby: Frank Murray) of the etchings made by W. B. and George Cooke, from drawings by Sir Francis Chantrey in illustration of the "Peak Scenery; or, Excursions in Derbyshire," by Ebenezer Rhodes. The book was published in 1817-23. It is but little known, and in its present form, with Rhodes's text omitted, and the addition of a number of "Historical and Topographical Descriptions" by the author of "On Foot Through the Peak," it has the interest of a new publication. The illustrations are printed from the original plates, and are, to say the least of it, curious. It is evident that Chantrey was in no sense a landscape-artist, and in making these drawings did better for his friend than for himself. They are certainly careful; but they are as certainly feeble and spotty. They suggest old-fashioned drawing copies rather than original works, and they go far to prove that, in landscape convention at least, we have greatly improved since the time when they were produced.

M. Jouaust's winter issue (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles) is not a whit less rich than usual. Perhaps the best thing in it is the seventh annual issue of "Le Livre d'Or du Salon," edited as usual by M. Georges Lafenestre, and illustrated with etchings by such men as Champollion, Daumont, Gaucherel, Lalauze, Le Rat, Mongin, Yon, Salmon, and De los Rios, after Bouguereau, Pelouse, Buland, Mercié, Lévy, Moreau de Tours, Bonnat, Daillion, and Lerolle; paper and type are, as always, exquisite, and the effect is, as always, as near perfection as can be. Another notable volume is the new edition of M. Stapfer's translation of "Faust"—the one which Goethe deigned to approve, and which had the honour to suggest the immortal designs of Eugène Delacroix—with illustrations etched by Champollion from originals by M. J.-P. Laurens. As an achievement in the art of publication nothing could well be better. It must be owned, though, that M. Laurens, master though he be, is not on a level with his tremendous argument.

His designs are unsuggestive and a trifle tame; what is worse, they have none of the spirit of the poem; they would become a book of Coppée's well enough, they are out of place in a book of Goethe's. Far more satisfactory in every way is a new edition in the admirable Bibliothèque Artistique of Lamartine's "Jocelyn," illustrated—really illustrated—with a dozen etchings by De los Rios of designs by Besnard. Etcher and designer are both to be praised: the one for intelligent craftsmanship, the other for spirited and suggestive commentary. We are promised, by the way, a "Graziella" in the same series; a far better gift to offer to the public would be a masterpiece of Dumas'—"La Dame de Monsoreau," for example, or the incomparable "Bragelonne"—with illustrations by the artists of the Jouaust edition of "Le Capitaine Fracasse." In the Petite Bibliothèque Artistique the new number is an edition, in two volumes, of La Fontaine's "Fables," delightfully illustrated by Emile Adan (etched by Le Rat), whose designs—gay, suggestive, graceful, full of life and point—are among the best M. Jouaust has produced.

Included in M. Quantin's last issue (Paris: 6, Rue Saint-Benoit) are some very pretty books indeed. To begin with, there is a charming edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," neatly translated by M. B. H. Gausseron, and admirably illustrated, in colours, by M. Poirson, of whose "Gulliver" pictures we have spoken more than once in terms of praise: a better prize-book is hardly to be imagined. Another remarkable number is "L'Angleterre" of M. F. Villars, which is by far the best work on the picturesque topography of England ever produced in France; it is illustrated, by process, with upwards of six hundred cuts, all wonderfully spirited and taking, and may be cordially recommended to everybody who cares for French opinions and French views. Again, there is a whole sheaf of publications for children: all crammed with coloured pictures, and all as gay and bright and dainty as 'tis possible for such things to be. Of course the illustrations are less sweet in sentiment, and less daintily perfect in style, than those to which we are accustomed through the good offices of Mr. Caldecott and Miss Greenaway; but they are capital in their way, and will prove welcome in every nursery where French is taught and youngsters must be coaxed to learn. To beginners we may recommend the series of "Alphabets Illustrés," by MM. Adrien Marie, Liphart, and Firmin Bouisset; the last two in particular. Even better in their way are the several series of "Albums," at prices ranging from 15 centimes (Series V.) to 1 franc and 25 centimes (Series I.). The first includes the story of Ali Baba, a pretty fantasy on flower-land, and a capital book of animals; in the next, which is a trifle smaller and less costly, are versions of "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe;" the third is composed of "Le Baron de Krack" (Munchausen), of "L'Oiseau Bleu," and of the story of the tailor who so truly reported himself to have slaughtered seven at a blow; in the fourth are "Pierrot" and "Le Chat Botté;" while the fifth, to our mind the sprightliest of all, comprises "Malbrouck," and the legends of Cadet-Rousselle, and King Dagobert, and "La Mère Michel." More elaborate and expensive than any of these are "La Journée de Bébé," of MM. Arnault and Firmin Bouisset—a really delightful bit of colour and design—and "Les Bébés des Jardins de Paris," by MM. Grigny and Bonhomme, both for advanced (nursery) students: as also are the "Scènes Enfantines" of Marie de Boisguérand and the "Contes aux Tout Petits" of D. Andivran.

Miscellanea.—Republished, words and designs from the pages of a contemporary, Mr. Walter Crane's "The Sirens Three" arrives too late for detailed notice; we shall only say of it that it is earnestly written, and that the illustrations are instinct with that real, if somewhat peculiar, sentiment of decoration which has won the artist his popularity. Mr. Ashton's new book, "The Dawn of the Nineteenth Century in England" (London: Fisher Unwin), is an amusing farrago of quaint illustrations from any number of sources, literary and pictorial; it will be found acceptable everywhere. Three charming gift-books are the illustrated reprints of "The Deserted Village," of "L'Allegro and Il Penseroso," and of Wordsworth's "Ode" and "Tintern Abbey," which are issued by Messrs. Cassell (London, Paris, and New York); the illustrations are very good of their kind, and are uncommonly well produced. A pleasant volume of a different sort is Miss Crommelin's "Poets in the Garden" (London: Fisher Unwin); it has certain faults, of course—faults of incompleteness, incorrectness, and what may be called "uncriticality;" but it is an anthology of unusual comprehensiveness, it contains little or nothing bad, and it is well illustrated. In "Thoughts of Heaven" (London and Edinburgh: Nelson) we have one of those pleasing and skilful effects in illumination of which these publishers have made a sort of specialty; in "The Land of Greece" (same publishers), a careful piece of bookmaking, historical and descriptive, copiously but on the whole indifferently illustrated. Mr. Percy Macquoid's designs to illustrate "The Bridal of Triermain" (London: Art Union of London) are by no means unattractive, nor are they lacking in a certain spirit and invention, but they are too tame in effect and too conventional in manner to accord with the ringing verse and high adventurousness of the poem to which they are attached. A work of great interest and peculiar merit is M. Charles Diehl's "Ravenne" (Paris: Rouam); it is well written, touched with true scholarship, and excellently illustrated in "process" cuts from special drawings.

New Prints.—Messrs. Boussod and Valadon (London: Bond St.) have just issued a couple of their admirable achievements in photogravure: one M. Vibert's "Missionary Monk," the other Mr. Edgar Barclay's "Playful Kittens." In the first, with a great deal of space to let, we have an excellent study of character and gesture, a good and taking incident, and a capital general effect. The second, far inferior, as art, is likely to be popular. Like M. Vibert's work, it is anecdotic in its purpose; but the characterisation is a trifle feeble, the composition a trifle commonplace, the effect a trifle cheap and obvious. Mr. Löwenstam's etching of Mr. Alma Tadema's delightful little "Expectations" (London: the Fine Art Society) is skilful and intelligent work, and preserves for us as much of the original as can be expressed in black-and-white. The colour, of course, has gone, and the colour is the great quality of the picture; and there is, it is true, a certain confusion in the several values of the sky and the marble foreground. But, on the whole, the thing is well done, and deserves success. Work of a far higher order is Mr. W. B. Hole's reproduction in etching of his own picture, the "Christ Watching over Jerusalem" of last year's Royal Scottish Academy. The picture was distinguished by an admirable quality of sentiment; and that sentiment is all in the etching. The picture was an excellent piece of tone; and the etching is one likewise. A finer achievement in translation we scarce remember to have seen.

ART IN FEBRUARY.

Mr. Seymour Lucas has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. The President and Mr. Waterhouse have been elected Associates of the Royal Academy of Belgium, in place of the late Mr. Louis Haghe and Mr. Donaldson. Mr. A. S. Murray replaces Mr. Newton, C.B., in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Sir John Millais has finished his "Di Vernon," and is painting two more pictures of children, and the portraits of Lord Esher and Mr. Barlow the engraver. Mr. Frank Holl has painted the portraits of Sir John Millais and Mr. Chamberlain. It is proposed to hold an exhibition, as complete as possible, of the work of Mr. Holman Hunt. Miss Ellen Farnell proposes to deliver a course of lectures on Italian Art—the revival under Giotto; the growth of pietistic and realistic Pre-Raphaelite art; and the full renaissance art of Lionardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo—at 23, Southwick Street, Hyde Park, and to such classes as may be formed within sixty miles of London. M. Eugène Muntz has received the riband of the Legion of Honour. M. Rodin has sold his admirable "Eve" in marble to M. Auguste Vacquerie. Mrs. Leland Stamford has presented a collection of works of art to the city of San Francisco. M. Clement-Ganneau has accepted a mission to the Red Sea, from the Ministry of Public Instruction. M. Clovis Hugues proposes to found a "groupe de la Défense des Intérêts Artistiques."

Mr. Sidney Colvin has resigned the Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at Cambridge, which he has held since its foundation, thirteen years ago. Till the election, not long since, of Dr. Charles Waldstein, it was Mr. Colvin's function to deal with classic archæology, as well as the modern history and developments of art. On these branches he gave two courses of lectures a-year, to classes sometimes two hundred and fifty strong. In the former field he lectured upon the chief extant monuments of Greek art, on Athené in Greek religion and art, on the myths of the Amazons and Centaurs, on Homeric art, on the discoveries at Pergamos and at Olympia; and in the latter, on art in the Eighteenth Century in England, on the early Italian Renaissance, on the art and history of Siena, on engraving in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries, on the Fitzwilliam pictures, on the life and works of Rembrandt, Dürer, Raphael, and Michelangelo, and on the laws and mutual relations of the fine arts. In addition to all this, he completely re-organised the Fitzwilliam collections, of pictures and engravings, and made the museum in his charge one of the best and most efficient in England; and he planned, endowed, built, and arranged the new Museum of Classic Archæology which, in completeness and efficiency, is only second to the great collection at Berlin. Among his pupils are Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. W. M. Conway, both well known to readers of this magazine; Mr. Ernest Radford; and Messrs. Ernest Gardner and A. H. Smith, both actually in charge of the excavations at Naukratis. It is understood that Mr. Colvin proposes to devote his time and attention to the organisation and re-arrangement of the Prints and Drawings.

As usual there is plenty of interesting work on view at Messrs. Boussod and Valadon's (late Goupil and Co.) galleries in Bond Street. Most in evidence, owing to its size and ambitious aim, is Benjamin's Constant's "Justice du Chérifa," of which we spoke in our notice of the last Salon. In London, perhaps to its advantage, the picture appears lower in tone and greyer in colour than it did in Paris. Hung as it is here, though one sees it too near for a completely satisfactory general view, one can, on the other hand, examine its technique more closely than before. A gorgeous Oriental harem, seen after a wholesale butchery of women, could be suitably treated only by a really great historical painter of noble imagination and impeccable technique. In default of him we have what is next best for the purpose, and what is rare enough, a man capable of organising a big composition of life-size nudes and executing it with a broad swinging brush and a rich palette. Science of composition and effect shown on so large a scale; complete ordinance of a strong scheme of colour; and the ease and sufficiency of the direct and sweeping method of handling, make the picture imposing and striking at first sight. To us the conception appears scenic rather than humanly tragic. The opportunity of weaving tumbled forms, rich stuffs, and jewels into cascades of colour, beneath a warm, mellow light, was more welcome to the artist than the expression of a special tragedy closely observed, or the presentment of beautiful types, or even than the search of truth and variety in planes and surfaces. But it is entitled to respect as a great scenic display; and much thought and experience have gone to realise and complete its composition. It has the merits of a good sketch, and the large gradations of its effect are true, and the grouping of figures and masses of rich colour are thoroughly logical. The handling quite carries out the intention of presenting you with a bold summary view of the general effect seen at a good distance. So far the technique is quite suitable to a large scale of work, though a greater and more earnest master would have made it at the same time more intimately expressive. The modelling, in fact, is too round, too slick, too monotonously sure; the faces are too summarily rendered, all the forms too easily expressed. One is apt to regard them as mere properties, mere ingredients of a big decorative idea, rather than as the human elements of an awful scene. The brown girl immediately above the blood-stained pool is more naturally posed and more searchingly modelled than the other figures, yet even in this case these undisturbed and too smoothly turned forms do not

M. Frédéric Masson's "Le Déisme pendant la Révolution;" M. Raffaeli's vigorous *fusain* in "Les Logements d'Ouvriers" or M. Henri Lévy's mystical fantasia on "Les Rois Mages." Among other contributors are MM. Gounod, Jules Simon, Claudius Popelin (with an admirable paper on the art of enamelling), Émile Caro, and Mme. Judith Gautier; among other artists MM. Cormon, Edouard de Beaumont, Cicéri, Giacomelli, and Charles Delort. The experiment is too costly to be other than extremely hazardous, but, as represented by this first part of "Les Lettres et les Arts," it is likely not only to deserve but to command success. A reproduction in photogravure (same publishers) of Mr. G. W. Jay's "Young Nelson; or, Thirty Years before Trafalgar," is likely to be popular for other reasons and in other circles.

In the range of picturesque topography there are few better books than "The Royal River" (London: Cassell and Co.). It gives us the Thames from source to sea, in a series of chapters, the work of good writers, and a long sequence of pictures, the work of good artists. Mr. Senior leads off, with a pleasant note on the river "Above Oxford;" and to him there succeed, each with one or more districts of his own, Professor Bonney and Messrs. D. Macoll, J. Penderel-Brodhurst, Godfrey Turner, Schütz Wilson, Edmund Ollier, Aaron Watson, and James Runciman, with the last of whom we travel from Gravesend to the sea. Chief among the artists is Mr. G. L. Seymour, whose admirable talent is here seen to the greatest advantage. He is hard pressed, however, by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, who shows excellently. Mr. A. W. Henley is indifferently represented; but there is a capital choice from the work of Messrs. Clough Bromley, Hatherell, Boot, Walter May, Stuart Lloyd, and Frank Murray. It will be seen that, with a fine variety of subject, we have, in the work of so many hands and minds, an uncommon variety of treatment; a combination which makes "The Royal River" a table-book of quite extraordinary merit and attractiveness.

Mr. Barnard's third series of "Character Sketches from Dickens" (Cassell and Co.) includes, we think, some happier members than the first; the "Micawber," for instance, is first-rate—less farcical than Browne's, and more human and Dickensian; a qualification that applies with almost equal force to the "Captain Cuttle" and the "Uriah Heep." The "Betsy Trotwood" and the "Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim" are not to our mind so good; but the "Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness" has considerable merits, both of invention and characterisation. The new number in the "Fine Art Library" is a "Short History of Tapestry," excellently translated from the French of Eugène Muntz, by Miss L. J. Davis. In the "National Library" (same publishers) are reprints of Sheridan, Silvio Pellico, Isaac Walton ("The Complete Angler"), Macaulay ("Warren Hastings"), and the "Autobiography" of Benjamin Franklin, which are marvels of cheap excellence. As good, if not better, and almost as cheap, are the "Longfellow" and the "Wordsworth" in a series of "Miniature Library of the Poets," also published by Cassell and Co. In the "Red Library" (same publishers) a charming number is the "Sketch-Book" of Washington Irving, the most readable edition of the work we know. Of "Home Chimes," "Daily Chimes," "Old World Chimes," and "Bible Chimes" (same publishers), a quartett of tiny anthologies of morality and good example, we need only say that they are neatly printed and prettily produced.

In "English Caricaturists and Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century" (London: Swan Sonnenschein), Mr. Graham Everitt has produced a volume—a large and sumptuous volume—of gossip and anecdote and purposeless description, amusing to read, hard to remember, and profitable to forget: a work, in short, which, admirably produced and on the whole well illustrated, will be found useful only by the author (as yet unknown) of the final "History of English Caricature." The worst that can be said of Mr. Turner's "Short History of Art" (same publishers) is that it is feeble as well as altogether superfluous; the best, that it means well, and is no worse than the multitude of good intentions generally. The "Moon-Lore" of Mr. Timothy Harley (same publishers) is, on the other hand, albeit pervaded by an inappropriate and annoying jocosity of intention and style, a really amusing compilation, a cento of odd quotations, a farrago of quaint readings and curious illustrations; it may be studied with real profit and a certain amount of pleasure. All these books, it is fair to note, are well printed and produced, especially the first, which is, in fact, an uncommonly handsome and presentable thing.

Miscellanea.—Two excellent books for the art library are the "Ghiberti" of Mr. Charles Perkins, and the "Musées d'Allemagne" of M. Émile Michel, both numbers in the Bibliothèque Internationale de l'Art (Paris: Rouam), the series so well designed and edited by M. Eugène Muntz. In the former the illustrations are the result of a mechanical process, which, in the latter, is combined with etchings—after Rubens, Rembrandt, Teniers, Van Dyck, Brauwer, Antonio Moro, Bartholomew Bruyn, Murillo, Palma Vecchio—by MM. Rohr, Jasinski, Ramus, Bocourt, Artigue, and Mordant, which are good enough for anything, as craftsmanship and as translation both. M. Henry Jouin's "Histoire et Description des Musées d'Angers" (Paris: Plon, Nourrit et Cie.), published for the Ministry of Public Instruction, as the initial number of the "Inventaire des Richesses d'Art de la France," consists of a group of well and thoroughly redacted catalogues of the Musée de Peinture et de Sculpture, the Musée David, the Cabinet Turpin de Crissé and the Musée Saint-Jean. The new volume in the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts" (Paris: Quantin) is the first (of two) of M. Georges Lafenestre's "La Peinture Italienne:" the illustrations are poor; the author, however, knows his subject, has a fine critical faculty, and writes admirable French, so that the book is not only one to have, but one to read and enjoy. In the first part of his "Indian Architecture of To-day" (Allahabad: Government Press), Mr. Growse has produced an extremely telling indictment against common official architecture, and a convincing proof of the superiority, alike as construction and as taste, of buildings of his own design. Anything more bare and ordinary than the District Law Courts at Bulandshahr; anything more vulgar and tawdry than the Dànpur Gate, which a native gentleman is building unto himself, it would be difficult to conceive. Besides these flowers of fancy, Mr. Growse's work, which is touched with a real artistic spirit, appears thrice admirable. The second edition of the late Lord Crawford's "Sketches of Christian Art" (London: Murray) is identical with the first, which was published in 1846: in its day the book was excellent, and after forty years, when the subject is no longer novel, and the author's learning is seen to be only a beginning, it remains of interest and retains a certain value.

ART IN MARCH.

MR. WATTS has "retired from the profession, and no longer works as a professional man;" whatever he is doing and may do is for the nation. The President will be represented at the next Academy by his statue, "The Sluggard Awaking." Mr. Madox Brown has completed his seventh fresco for the city of Manchester; his memorial bust of Rossetti, for Mr. Seddon's fountain in Cheyne Walk, will shortly be exhibited in London. M. Waltner has been commissioned by Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi to etch Cornelius Jansen's "William Harvey," from the College of Physicians. Mr. Lowenstam is etching Mr. Alma Tadema's "Foregone Conclusion." The mosaic designed by Mr. Burne Jones for the American Church at Rome is now in its place. At the Female School of Art, Bloomsbury, the Queen's Scholarship was awarded to Marion Ryder Henn; the Clothworkers' to Emma Ada Newcomb; the Atkinson to Hilda Lucy Bell; the Duchess of Westminster's to Bertha Jeffreys; the Brightmen to Helen Louise Condor; the Queen's Medal to Mary Harriett Fores; the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Scholarships to Ruth Harman and Charlotte Maria Alston; and the Gilchrist Scholarship to Catherine Mary Howard. The Greek sculptor Apergis has been commissioned to execute a statue of Lord Guildford for the Ionian Academy in Corfu. M. Georges Lafenestre has been nominated Professor of the History of Painting at the École des Beaux-Arts. M. Munkácsy's "Death of Mozart," exhibited of late in Paris, is pronounced a pretentious and rather vulgar failure. Mme. Clovis Hugues intends to appear as a sculptor at the coming Salon, with a bust of the advocate who defended her in a recent criminal trial. M. Guillaume's "Claude Bernard"—the composition of which includes a dissected dog—has been unveiled in the Collége de France. Mr. Chaplin has been naturalised, and is now M. Chaplin. Hen. Ludwig Brunard, of Berlin, has been commissioned to execute a statue of the Grand-Duke Frederick Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. Brugsch Bey, Keeper of the Museum at Boulak, has been actively engaged in disinterring the Sphinx from the drift of ages; it is hoped, at the time of writing, that by the end of March the work will be completed, and the whole of the Sphinx revealed. M. Puvis de Chavannes succeeds M. Paul Baudry on the Council of the École Nationale des Beaux-Arts; he will not offer himself for election at the Institute. Mr. Ball, the American sculptor at Florence, is at work on gigantic statues of Barnum and the legendary backwoodsman, Blackstone. Finally, the 500th anniversary of the birth of Donatello will be celebrated this year by the city of Florence, and in connection therewith a collection of thirty platinotypes, of sculptures and drawings, is announced by Ulrich Hoepli, of Milan, produced by Alinari, of Florence, under the editorship of, and with a biographical and critical text by, Professor C. J. Cavallucci.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES has presented to the British Museum a collection of Chinese printed books, six hundred volumes strong. To the Hermitage Collection there have been added two small examples of the art of Lucas van Leyden. M. Hugues Krafft has distributed some eighty examples—pictures, drawings, and lithographs—of the animal painter, Brascassat, among the twenty principal museums of France. The Trocadéro Collection has been increased by the addition of a number of bas-reliefs from the Church of St. John at Troyes; from the chapel at Écouen; and from the tomb of Cardinal Duprat in Sens Cathedral. The Belvedere, Vienna, has bought for 20,010 florins a capital work of Gérard David. M. Spitzer has enriched his collection with a number of antique bronzes and Tanagra terra-cottas. To the Acropolis Museum at Athens there have been added ten important statues, in Parian marble, of the pre-Phidian school, and a vast number of fragments, discovered in the Acropolis excavations by M. Kavatias; together with a terra-cotta tablet, painted (it is supposed) by Palamedes, and precious as the most unique example of antique Greek painting in existence.

THE autumn exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery resulted in a profit of some £1,800. A Baudry Exhibition will be opened in Paris on the 1st of April. The Council of the Hartley Institution, Southampton, will organise this spring an exhibition of pictures, drawings, and engravings illustrative of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. The second Annual International Amateur Photographic Exhibition of the London Stereoscopic Company will be held at 103, New Bond Street, from 15th April to 24th May, for the benefit of Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home, Hampton Court; the exhibits will be arranged in fifteen classes; the prizes will be four gold medals, sixteen of silver, and thirty of bronze; communications may be addressed to the Manager, International Amateur Photographic Exhibition, 108 and 110, Regent Street, London, W. The Committee of the Liverpool Art Club will open in May an Exhibition of Continental Pictures and Sculpture, at 98, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool. There will be a water-colour exhibition at Brighton in June.

MOST interesting and important of all, however, is the gathering of pictures made and arranged for the Art Committee of the Edinburgh International by Mr. R. T. Hamilton Bruce. It will consist exclusively of examples of the school which derives from Constable, whose "Salisbury Cathedral," from South Kensington, will figure, it is hoped, in the place of honour. It is to include some thirty Corots; a fairly good selection of Millets and Rousseaus; a notable group of Daubignys and Jules Duprés; a very full and

representative choice of works by Monticelli and Matthew Maris; and a most suggestive and useful assortment of pictures by Legros, James Maris, Bosboom, Artz, Mauve, Diaz, Ingres, Israels, Vollon, Troyon, Delacroix, and (it is hoped) Henry de Brakeleer and Fortuny. It is the first of its kind that has ever been got together in England, and has had, so far as we know, no parallel on the Continent since the year of the last Paris Exhibition, and the wonderful exhibition at M. Durand-Ruel's.

Mr. Long's new pictures, on view at 168, New Bond Street, are much the same as the old ones—are examples, in fact, of the type of painting which has brought English art into a sort of artistic disrepute. For this kind of work has little or no merit that an outline sketch of a picture would not equally possess; and as it is impossible to silence the clamour of the other qualities, whether for good or for bad, the addition of colour, tone, and handling of paint rather hurts than helps. Such pictures aim simply at giving a limit of some sort to literary and archæological memories, and this the commonest chromo-lithographs of them would do equally well. The art in them serves (so to speak) but as a winch to the floodgates of memory and feeling, and is not, as it should be, a channel deliberately prepared to restrain and guide the out-rush. That cannot be called art in the high sense which says nothing by its style or the manner in which its matter is presented, but relies solely on calling forth mechanically the many ideas with which its subject is associated. The conceptions of both pictures are parodies of the dignified and mysterious manner in which light discloses the world; and the technical qualities at their service are, like themselves, commonplace and inartistic. The sense of air is wanting; the masses lack dignity and truth; the modelling is flimsy and incorrect; the drawing common; the touch loose, inexpressive, and mechanical; and the colour shallow and ill-arranged: in fact, the only technical qualities which we can discover are a sense of composition in line, and a certain feeling for breadth of execution. That Mr. Long's work is art to a certain extent we do not deny; what we do deny is that it is art of the right sort—of the sort that is high enough to grapple with the lofty subjects he has chosen. That it is much run after by those on the look-out for panoramas and other sights is not surprising. The exhibition brings together the Pyramids from Egypt, costumes from all epochs, and the female figure of all shades of complexion; moreover it is a kind of pious peep-show, a Puritan diversion.

Water-colour artists of all epochs hang side by side at Messrs. Agnew's interesting exhibition in Bond Street. Here, in "Responsibility" (105), you may see an example of Mr. Abbey's powerful, almost witty, illustrations of character and costume; and not far off, George Cattermole's serious and nobly-composed "Christ Preaching" (264): works as different as the music of Handel and the music of Saint-Saëns. A raging storm, a murky evening sky, a pier all wet and sloppy, an eager group of figures, a picture, in fact, full of dash and excitement, by Mr. Edwin Ellis, "The Return of the Fishing Boats" (44), hangs hard by a large, dignified, and soberly brown view of "Lancaster" (43) by De Wint. Such opportunities of comparison are endless, and cannot fail to be interesting, even to visitors not profoundly conversant with technical questions. One of the finest, perhaps, of the specimens of older masters is "The White Cliffs of Albion" (2), which shows us Copley Fielding at his best, treating a subject he knew, and able to do with no convention save that which proceeded necessarily from his own view of such a scene. Quite different, and more tinged by recollections of still older masters, is his large, strongly-coloured "Glen Falloch, Argyllshire" (28). Here, too, are plenty of opportunities of studying David Cox: from his large, noble, but encumbered composition, "On the Wye" (51), to such lovely little pieces of colour as his "Windsor Castle" (253). Turner is not so well represented as he might have been; but what there is of Bonington, a small sketch, "Verona" (212), is still fresh, truthful, and characteristic of the painter's large sincerity of view. Birket Foster and Prout are, perhaps, the most largely represented of the older men; and, however convinced you may be of the triviality and inartistic smallness of the former's landscape method, you will hardly fail to enjoy his little architectural gems, which, in their own microscopic way, are almost as interesting as Prout's broader and more masculine renderings of kindred subjects. To these must be added drawings by Stanfield, Wilkie, Varley, Rossetti, and Rosa Bonheur, of which we have no space to speak. Messrs. Burne Jones, Macbeth, Nicol, Gow, Dobson, Cooper, Sir John Millais, and Sir John Gilbert represent the Academy, and their work is too well known to need comment. Amongst the outsiders, besides those we have already mentioned, Mr. R. Jones is conspicuous for glowing colour in his "Autumn Tints" (20), and other works; Mr. Chialiva, for the elegance and grace of his colour, composition, and touch in "A Rest" (85); Mr. Coleman, for the frank realism of his "Convent Cook" (97); Mr. Keeley Halswelle, for strength of effect in his "Stacking Hay" (94); Mr. G. F. Wetherbee, for the rich landscape sentiment of his "Harvest Song" (86), which even the affected dolefulness of his figures is not able to destroy. Good work comes from Messrs. Parton, David Green, Russell Dowson, Edwin Bale, W. May, and others. Indeed, the only work which we feel bound to criticise unfavourably is Mr. Newman's vast and pretentious "Gulf of Spezzia" (19); large only in size, it is badly composed, false in value, niggling in method, and cold and ineffective in colour.

At the Nineteenth Century show, the water-colour section is more creditable than hitherto; this year, indeed, it is more generally interesting than the display of oils. A large proportion of the work is of a realistic sort; a rendering of the qualities of atmosphere and of true local tint is attempted. Impossible values, conventions in brown, flimsy arrangements of complementary colours and other customary weaknesses of the water-colour painter, are much less plentiful than usual. For instance, Mr. Powell May's "Sandown Bay" (336), though not a composition of the first order, and by no means elegantly or cleverly handled, is based upon natural effect, true local colour, and a broad and sane view of nature. Drawings with such merits and such defects are many, and speak well for a determination on the part of water-colour artists to look for themselves and not be beaten in force, sobriety, and truth by their brothers of the hog's-hair brush. Without wishing to make too much of faults, we cannot help remarking on the important and destructive errors in value which ruin Miss Amy Foster's tender feeling for colour and sentiment of effect. That sentiment of effect will not do without some knowledge of treatment and some consistent scheme of values, the bank, the ducks, and much else in her little sunset will most effectually prove. The works that call for more absolute praise are Mr. R. H. Nibbs's "Bosham Quay,

Sussex," full of interesting and judiciously-distributed detail, and painted with a lively touch in fresh colour; Mr. T. J. Soper's "Thames at Sutton" (386), and Mr. John Steeple's "Arundel Park" (396), both large, well composed views, steeped in the natural grey of the air, and handled without any preoccupation with unnecessary details; and Mr. A. Kinsley's delicate and charming little autumn picture, "The Year's Decline" (389). For bold and dashing work, hardly full enough in tone, however, Mr. F. Davis's "Lane, Shiere" (331) is deserving of special notice; but Mr. David Green's "Homeward Bound" (461) is, if anything, better, as it adds fuller colour and a more strongly realised effect to an equally bold and resolute manner of handling. Amongst the oils there are far too many stupidly careful or cheaply effective pictures; but there is good work even here. Mr. Edwin Nichol, generally an admirable painter all round, has this time not found a pleasant scheme of colour in his "Breezes Fresh and Meadows Green" (242). Mr. H. S. Tuke is as usual superb, yet sober and reticent, in his "Morning Gossip" (200). Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Dieppe" (139) and "Granville" (284) are the best examples of dashing brilliant sketches, masterly both in intention and execution. Mr. Norton, Mr. Wills, Mr. T. F. Goodall, and Mr. Trevor Haddon have some good points in common: quiet colour, sober effect, and an unemphasised elegance and breadth. Mr. Percy Belgrave, Mr. Yeend King, Mr. Vincent Yglesias, and Mr. Arthur G. Bell are strong, bold, and true, both in colour and tone, though inclined in different ways to verge on harshness. We shall conclude with a mention of Miss Alice Miller's elegant and cleverly-handled portraits, particularly "A Studio Belle" (105).

THE exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is not of especial excellence. Though it includes Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Church Lottery in Spain," a work full of good character-painting, broad in handling, and telling in colour and distribution of light and shade, it is rather wanting in important subject-pictures by Edinburgh artists, whose place is filled by a few fine works from London: by Mr. Orchardson's "Salon of Madame Récamier," and by Mr. J. R. Reid's "Fatherless,"a fair example of the school which makes truth of tonality a main aim. Mr. Robert M'Gregor sends a large cottage interior, a "Story of the Flood," which has character, and is harmonious in its scheme of subdued and restricted colour. Mr. C. Martin Hardie, in his "Home from the Soudan," and his more complex composition of "Our Grandmothers' Dancing School," two pleasant scenes from village life, shows the strongest and the most delicate work he has yet exhibited. The former has admirable brush-work; the latter evinces a sense of grace and beauty which is almost a new thing in this painter's art. Some softly-idealised scenes of rural life are contributed by Mr. Austin Brown and Mr. Michael Brown, two of the most promising of the younger Scottish figure-painters, whose works only require a firmer hold upon reality to possess great interest and charm. Mr. W. B. Hole sends a vigorously-handled rendering of an old fisherman, and a pathetic subject of a dying Covenanter. From Mr. J. H. Lorimer comes a large park-scene, with children and other figures, and an effect of vivid sunlight; and Mr. J. Thorburn Ross, in his "Beginnings of Romance," gives a really poetic rendering of brilliant sea and sky.

THE older landscape-painters of the Academy contribute their usual quota of canvases, which differ little from those which they have contributed for many years past; but distinctly marked progress is visible in the productions of some of their juniors. Very especially is this the case with Mr. J. C. Noble, who this year works with unprecedented force and brilliancy, manifestly founding his art upon the more studied and elaborate work of the older schools of English landscape. His "Spring-time" is learned and complex in composition, and possesses admirable quality in its sky; his landscape with classical figures, "Actæon and Diana," is a singularly beautiful rendering of mellow autumn tinting and soft autumn sunshine. Mr. Lawton Wingate, who won full Academic honours at the last election, shows his "Wreck of the Storm," of the last Royal Academy, and a tender and delicate effect of spring twilight; and Mr. W. D. M'Kay continues to paint his favourite South Country scenes with his accustomed care and—what does not invariably accompany care—his accustomed sensitiveness. Mr. David Murray's most important contribution is a view on "The Rother, at Rye, Sussex;" two small, carefully-touched cabinet pictures are representative of the best period of the late Mr. E. T. Crawford's landscape; and the works from London include a large subject by Mr. Keeley Halswelle and two works by Mr. J. W. Oakes.

THE portraits are unusually numerous and excellent. Mr. George Reid shows his full-length "Duke of Richmond," and, along with other works, a fine bust, the "Rev. Dr. J. J. Bonar." Mr. Herdman is represented by several graceful female portraits, and Mr. W. B. Hole has a solidly painted full-length of the "Rev. Dr. Moody Stuart." Mr. R. Gibb is quite in his best in a likeness of Mr. Archibald Ramsden; and some most successful pictures of children come from Mr. W. E. Lockhart and Mr. W. M'Taggart. Mr. Arthur Melville, a young artist hitherto mainly known by his clever water-colours of Eastern subjects, sends a seated portrait of a girl, remarkable in pose, tone, and colour. Among the other painters who deserve mention in this department are Messrs. J. H. Lorimer, P. W. Adam, J. Michael Brown, and T. Austen Brown. It remains to add, the Water-Colour Room contains an important subject, "Border Moss-Troopers returning from a Raid," by Mr. T. Scott; and that among the works of sculpture are examples by Messrs. Calder Marshall, John Hutcheson, George Webster, D. W. Stevenson, and T. Stuart Burnett.

THE death is announced of the Polish sculptor, Count Oscar Sosnowski; of the English architect, George Adam Burn; of the Liverpool landscape-painter, R. Sebastian Bond; of the Alsatian painter-etcher, Constant Lapaix; of the landscape-painter, Percy Williams; of the French sculptor, Pierre Loison, a pupil of David d'Angers; of the portrait and figure painter, Gustave Morin; of the lithographer and engraver, Emile Bellot; of the Stuttgart professor, Bernhard Reher; of the miniaturist, Louis-Alexandre Feuland; of the painter, Hadumard; and of Shakespeare Wood, trained as a sculptor, and eminent as a cicerone and the Roman correspondent of the *Times*.

IT is hardly an exaggeration to say of the death of Randolph Caldecott, as Johnson said of Garrick's, that it eclipses the gaiety of nations; for there is not a nursery in the English-speaking world but will be the poorer in his loss. His design was, perhaps, less eloquent and suggestive than has been said; but he had the sense of beauty, an

abundance of kindly and graceful humour, a fancy at once delicate in quality and inexhaustible in kind, and—above all—the gift of charm. He was always delightfully inspired; and in him all nursery rhymes found an ideal illustrator. He could be quaint, funny, dainty, exquisitely pretty, and delicately suggestive in the compass of a single drawing. He had a capital eye for simple character, and united in his sketches of men and animals the shrewdest observation with the most whimsical personal view. His sense of colour was a trifle narrow; but its expressions—in chromo-xylography at least—were invariably attractive. The best of his work, we take it, is to be found in the series of "Picture-Books," which won him the greater and happier part of his popularity. He did other things well; but in these baby epics he was supreme, and it will be long ere they are forgotten—longer still ere they are superseded.

The Graham Collection will be sold by auction next month. Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods have sold, for Mr. B. P. G. C. Noel, Lily's "Elizabeth Noel" for £65, and Gerard Honthorst's "Elizabeth of Bohemia" for £141. At the sale of the Ellis Collection, by the same auctioneers, the following prices were realised:—Hans Makart, three "Processions," £126, £131, and £131 respectively; Colin Hunter, "Iona," £147; F. B. Lee and T. S. Cooper, "A River Scene in Devonshire," £195; T. S. Cooper, "Sheep," £215; E. Landseer, "Badminton," £299; Erskine Nicol, "When There's Nothing Else to Do," £257; Marcus Stone, "Amour ou Patrie?" £294; W. P. Frith, "Scene from the 'Vicar of Wakefield,'" £441; J. Linnell, "The Harvest Wagon" and "Over the Hills," £483 and £603 respectively; J. C. Hook, "The Coral Fisher, Amalfi," £850; and W. P. Frith, "The Road to Ruin"—a set of four—£1,575. In Paris, at the Hôtel Drouot, two pencil drawings by Ingres sold for 2,100 francs and 3,550 francs respectively; a "Portrait de Dame," by Drouais, 6,500 francs; and Lancret's "La Musette" and "Le Berger," 7,500 francs; while the pictures of M. Emile Vernier realised a total of 25,000 francs; the pictures and drawings of the late Edmond Yon, a total of 34,350 francs; the Gilbert collection of furniture, one of 52,000 francs; and the *bric-à-brac* and antique furniture of M. Lippmann, one of 102,000 francs.

A set of "Floral Studies" (London: Reeves and Son), lately published, by an anonymous designer, deserves particular commendation. The effect, in certain cases, is spoiled by the addition of a conventional landscape background; but in others, where the flowers alone are presented, the arrangement, the design, the effect, are alike excellent. Moreover, one and all are very well reproduced. The colours are of exceptional softness and truth, and the suggestion is in most cases remarkably decorative. Of new work on black and white, mention must be made of the reproduction (London: Leggatts), in pure mezzotint, by Mr. C. W. Tomkins, of the "Daring Highway Robbery," exhibited by Mr. Weekes in the Royal Academy of 1885. The picture, a bright and lively one, is strong in one of those subjects which the million love; and the reproduction, which is intelligent and workmanlike, is sure to be popular.

The "Impressions sur la Peinture" (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles), of M. Alfred Stevens, are for the most part good reading. Occasionally M. Stevens is guilty of saying nothing with an air; but, as a rule, he is found capable of remarks that are not only neatly phrased and clearly cut, but suggestive and full of matter. What, for instance, could be more apt and trenchant at once than his "Plus on sait, plus on simplifie?" What more true and memorable than that "Il faut savoir peindre une moustache poil par poil avant de se permettre de l'accuser d'un seul coup de brosse?" It sounds a truism, but it is none the less a truth, that "Le critique d'art a un penchant à plus s'occuper du côté littéraire que de la partie technique." It is a great fact, and a great fact newly stated—and one that in England can hardly be stated too often—that "Les tableaux péniblement exécutés, où l'on sent le labeur, régalent le public: il en a pour son argent." That is for a certain sort of painter in general. Here is something that cannot be too closely laid to heart by the aspirant in landscape: "Bien que le soleil donne la vie à la couleur, il est brutal en plein midi, et devient anti-coloriste." And here, to make an end (for we must end somewhere), is a word that successful men would do well to ponder: "La commande d'un tableau est déjà presque un empoisonnement pour l'artiste, puisqu'elle porte atteinte à son initiative." There are some three hundred more for those (and they should be many) who like such ware.

Miscellanea.—The reprint (London: The Autotype Company) of Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Notes on the Liber Studiorum" is good enough reading as literary art-criticism—is a fair example, that is, of the manner in which Mr. Ruskin's pupils consider art, and the terms in which they express their results; the illustrations are satisfactory; the "get up" is excellent. Miss Robinson's new volume, "An Italian Garden" (London: T. Fisher Unwin), contains, with certain numbers only charming in their form, not a little verse so graceful and genuine as to move and interest us as poetry; all are pretty—some are very much more than pretty; all may be read with pleasure—some may be remembered, which is quite another matter. The new volumes in "Cassell's Red Library" (London, Paris, New York and Melbourne: Cassell and Company) are the "Last of the Mohicans" and the first half of "Pickwick"—both excellent selections; those in the now world-famous "National Library" (same publishers) are "The Man of Feeling" and a good selection from Latimer's "Sermons," both of which, in their several ways, it would be hard to beat. So little is known in England of wood-engraving in America that such a work as Mr. Duyckinck's "Catalogue of Books Illustrated by Dr. Alexander Anderson" (New York: Printed by Thompson and Moreau) might well have been issued in an edition of more than one hundred copies; Anderson was (with certain differences) a sort of American Bewick, and his achievement, which is considerable, is of the greatest interest to students of the art and champions of the true "white line;" the catalogue, which is neatly produced, is prefaced by a memoir by Dr. Benjamin J. Lossing. The new number in the excellent "Guides des Collectionneurs" series (Paris: Rouam) is a "Dictionnaire des Marques et Monogrammes des Gravures," by M. Georges Duplessis, Keeper of the Prints at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and M. Henri Bouchot of the same department; it does not claim to be exhaustive, only to completeness within certain limits; it is an excellent piece of work. The two new parts—the fifth and sixth—of Mr. R. E. Graves's excellent new edition of Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers" (London: George Bell) carries on the work from "Fossano (Ambrogio da)" to "Küsel (Melchior);" the work, we need hardly remind our readers, fills such a void it can hardly be too widely recommended.

ART IN APRIL.

Mr. J. H. Middleton has been elected to the Slade Chair of Fine Arts at Cambridge, in room of Mr. Sidney Colvin, resigned, and Mr. Murray to the Keepership of Greek and Roman Antiquities, vacated by Mr. Newton, C.B. Mr. Seymour Lucas has been elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. Messrs. David Murray and C. R. Philip have been elected Associates of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. M. Jules Breton has been elected a member of the Académie, in room of the late Paul Baudry. In the section of painting, for the Salon of 1886, the following, among others, have been elected of the jury: MM. Humbert, Robert-Fleury, Guillaumet, Harpignies, Henner, Bonnat, Morot, Roll, Lefebvre, Cormon, Pierre, Puvis de Chavannes, Diaz, Gervex, Vayson, Jules Breton, J.-P. Laurens, Yon, Cabanel, Benjamin Constant, Hanoteau, De Vuillefroy, Carolus Duran, Barillot, Feyen-Perrin, Thirion, Luminais, Barrias, and Detaille; the president is M. Bouguereau, the vice-presidents are MM. Bonnat, Cabanel, and Busson, and the secretaries MM. Guillaumet, De Vuillefroy, Robert-Fleury, and Humbert. M. A. Quantin, whose publications we have had so often occasion to praise, has turned his business into a company.

Mr. E. J. Gregory will paint a portrait of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales; Mr. John Collier has painted one of Mr. Irving; Mr. Macbeth Raeburn one of Miss Jenny Lee as "Jo." Mr. Orchardson has painted a sequel to his "Mariage de Convenance," and two other figure pictures; Mr. Colin Hunter, a number of Scotch coast-marines and some portraits; Mr. W. B. Richmond, a "Hermes" and a number of portraits. Mr. Leslie has sent to the Academy a group of girls wearing garlands; Mr. Prinsep, a "Mr. Leyland" and a "Priestesses of Siva;" Mr. Alma Tadema, a Roman bath scene. Mr. Fulleylove exhibits drawings of Hampton Court, Christchurch, Canterbury, and Wareham. Mr. Towneley Green has painted an "Amateur" (1,815), and a pastoral called "Shepherds All and Maidens Fair;" Mr. Charles Green, a picture of Captain Cuttle and Florence Dombey; Sir James Linton, a "Dürer and Maximilian" (for Mr. Irving), and a "Romeo and Juliet;" Mr. Carl Haag, a "Shipwreck in the Desert;" Mr. Goodall, an "Old Maid" and a "Puritan and Cavalier;" Mr. Seymour Lucas, a "Peter the Great in Woolwich Dockyard;" Mr. McWhirter, a landscape called "The Three Witches;" Mr. Sargent, among other portraits, the "Misses Vickers," engraved, from last year's Salon, for this magazine; Mr. H. Maccallum, a scene in Heligoland; Mr. Van Haanen, a "Spring Tide in Venice;" Mr. Henry Woods, a picture of the Zattere; Mr. De Blaas, "a pretty face and a *bas bien tiré;*" Mr. Waterhouse, a fourth Venetian subject; and Mr. Logsdail, a view of the Grand Canal and a picture of children being dressed for the San Giovanni procession. Mr. Macbeth is etching (for Mr. Dunthorne) the Titianic "Bacchus and Ariadne."

For the British Museum—where Mr. Murray is re-arranging the Greek and Etruscan Vases—the trustees have purchased a bust (white marble) of Brutus, and have advised the Treasury to acquire a famous bronze fragment (Greece, 450 B.C.) from the Piot Collection. Mr. Watts's gift to the nation includes the whole of his achievements, with the exception of his "Time and Death and Eternity"—a duplicate of which he has presented to the Canadian National Gallery—and his "Love and Life," which will go to the United States. To the National Gallery there have been added a half-length of Garrick by Zoffany; three Italian pictures by Macrino d'Alta and a Fifteenth Century Florentine; a good example of Bonifazio; an example of Giovanni Busi, known as Cariani; by purchase, from the Graham Collection, at a cost of £1,858, the "Vagrants" of Frederick Walker, and Rossetti's "Ecce Ancilla Domini," at a cost of £840; and, by the gift of Mr. Vaughan, the famous "Hay-Wain" of John Constable.

This last, by far the most important of all, is reproduced as our frontispiece. It is in some sort the most memorable picture of the century; for to its example is owing the development of certain principal aims in the Romantic revolution of 1830, and through that the evolution of the great school of landscape painting—the school of Dupré and Daubigny, of Rousseau and Millet and Corot—which is, so far, the culmination and the crowning glory of modern art. Exhibited at Somerset House in 1821, it was returned upon the painter's hands, to be again exhibited at the British Institution in 1822. Constable was badly in want of money; he writes to Archdeacon Fisher that "a loan of £20 or £30 would be of the greatest use" to him; but though a Frenchman has offered him as much as £70 for his "Hay-Wain," "it would be disgraceful to allow myself to be knocked down by a Frenchman." Two years after, the "Hay-Wain" was sold to the same intriguing and abominable foreigner, and went with six others to France. Constable got a gold medal from the king "for the merit of my landscapes;" the French painters had no "Oxford Graduate" to mislead them, and were candid and acute enough to look and see for themselves; a new force was developed in painting, a new inspiration descended upon art, the greatest of modern schools began to be. This is the picture which Mr. Vaughan has just presented to the English people. Its proper place is not the National Gallery, but the Louvre; but since its fortune is other than

the right one, and it is henceforth the property of the nation which, to understand its Constable, has had to read him in a series of French translations, it should be inscribed for exhibition with that famous *boutade* of Mr. Ruskin's: the cruel, the solemn, the delightful, the impossible assertion—that Constable "had nothing else, but he had not chiaroscuro"—which promises to go down to posterity as all art-criticism in little.

The Royal Academy will this year publish an illustrated catalogue, prepared by Messrs. Boussod and Valadon, by the process used in their excellent "Figaro-Salon" of last year. The project of producing an illustrated catalogue of the Salon has been remitted to 1887.

At the last exhibition of the Manchester Academy, the admissions, exclusive of 200 season tickets, were only some 4,000, while the sales amounted to no more than £1,088. As last year, an overflow exhibition will be held at the Crystal Palace, to be opened on the 24th of May; the gathering will also include pictures from the last exhibitions of the Institute and the British Artists, with other work as well, all of which should be sent in (to Mawer and Stephenson, 221–33, Fulham Road) on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th days of May, 1886. Mr. Keene's annual exhibition of oils, water-colours, china-paintings, and drawings, &c., will be held in Derby from the 5th to the 29th of May. Messrs. H. and J. Cooper, Pulteney Street, Golden Square, will shortly exhibit a Music Room with decorations from the Greek executed by them from designs by Mr. H. Quilter. In New York an exhibition of Méryon's etchings has been organised by Mr. S. Keppel, the well-known picture-dealer. A great exhibition of coins and medals will be held at Vienna in 1887. It is proposed to hold an international exhibition at Berlin in 1888. There will be a guarantee fund of 3,000,000 marks, two-thirds covered by the city, and the rest by the Government.

Most of the twenty-six pictures by Mr. Holman Hunt, exhibiting at the Fine Art Society's gallery in New Bond Street, are in some sort historical, and will have, for some time at least, the true historical interest. Of course they have other qualities as well: such qualities, for instance, as earnestness of purpose, indefatigable patience, a singular complexity of intention, with here and there original colour, and here and there good technical skill. The great fault of them is that they pretend to be so much besides pictures, that as pictures they have no very marked or active existence. Mr. Hunt, indeed, is not so much a painter as a man of letters who has wandered into paint. His aim is always to produce, less an example of plastic art than a work of literature in two dimensions. Even "The Scapegoat," which is purely pictorial in effect, is complicated to excess with literary suggestions and significance; even the "London Bridge," which embodies a scheme of colour at once imaginative and acceptable (a rare combination in Mr. Hunt's work), is inspired with memories of Herne the Hunter and "the burning of another London Bridge by the Danes of other days." Mr. Hunt, in a word, paints pictures, not because he has ideas that can only be expressed in the material of paint, but on an inspiration altogether remote from and foreign to the said material: an inspiration whose proper vehicle is words, and whose outcome in another medium is neither poem nor picture, but a hybrid, with all the faults of both and none of the beauties of either. One consequence is that most of Mr. Hunt's work is best in translation—is more interesting in engraving than in colour. Another, and a far more important, is that it only becomes real art when its innumerable intentions have been retransferred to their proper medium, and are reproduced—as in the case of "The Light of the World" and "The Awakening Conscience"—in Mr. Ruskin's prose. To discuss the twenty-six is impossible. It remains to add that in all of them Mr. Hunt is greatly preoccupied with a reality that is not plastic but literary; that he more than once approves himself a good painter of still-life; and that the whole collection is distinguished by an honesty of purpose and power of sustained and laborious effort of which it is impossible to speak save with respect.

The French Gallery is much as usual this year. Karl Heffner occupies the same amount of wall space; he used to be light, now he tends to be dark, and steeps himself in an atmosphere bituminous and thick. We prefer him in his more sombre mood: it dissembles a multitude of sins. Innumerable small forms, invented for trouble's sake and to make work, may still be discerned; but under the glamour of this darker convention of colour it is possible for distance to lend a certain enchantment to the view. M. Joanowitz is a new find, and one that should pay remarkably well. He has just that sense of dramatic situation which comprehends the popular qualities of effective grouping, marked facial expression, and picturesque abundance of accessory. He has art enough to know that paint is limited, and in some directions he is sufficiently sober and reticent. His colour is systematic, being founded on a dry, brown convention, which represents the medium in which everything floats. The few suggestions of bright hues which are allowed to appear are in small proportion to this general tone, and thus acquire considerable brilliancy and effect, without seeming unpleasantly garish. The touch, though not exactly liquid, is vivacious, and expresses a fair amount of the structure of objects. His "War Dance" and "The Traitor Tracked" are in sentiment not unlike the usual Oriental costume picture as understood and practised by Professor Müller. This gentleman, by the way, contributes comparatively little to the show this year, and that little is a repetition of old effects and old subjects which savours of mannerism. On the Mediterranean, doubtless, the sea is blue, and the sunlit coast more or less yellow; but with him the contrast has reached such a patent and ungraduated intensity as to render his picture decorative beyond what is permissible in a movable framed work. A. D. Montemezzo, in "Midday Rest," produces decorative colour enough, but he maintains in it that pretext of representative aims necessary in every picture which is not merely an item in a fixed and inevitable scheme of mural decoration. Amongst works of the older schools are two Corots: one, "Sur les Bords de la Seine," a very poor specimen of the master's light and ethereal colour; the other, here called "Summer Is a Comyn-in" (18), both better in composition and more atmospheric and silvery in tone. Add to these a rich little Diaz, an ineffective and characterless Jules Dupré, two common Meissoniers, and a "Prayer" by Gérôme; and you have the best of the lot.

At Messrs. Tooth's gallery there is no work of a really high order of imagination, but there are several pictures which stand out from among the ordinary insincere and more or less technically clever potboilers, in virtue of their

earnestness of purpose and their attempt to combine with it some of the broad organising principles of art. Mr. F. Dicksee's "Romeo and Juliet," a large picture, exhibited in a late Academy, is the most serious and the most ambitious in aim. It shows no striving after cheap effect, no reliance on high tone or garish colour, no obtrusion of method, no parade of learning, no flourish of trumpets of any kind; indeed, the fault is that it is perhaps too tame, too painstaking, and somewhat over-refined. Mr. Boughton's "Forget-Me-Not," close beside it, is more confident—too confident, in fact; its simplicity is not real, not *motivée* enough; and the general effect, in spite of good drawing and certain other qualities, is chalky and unsatisfactory. Mr. Long, as always, is smooth, insignificant, and more occupied with a meaningless roundness of form and a uniform brownness of colour than interested in the aspect of nature and the structure of the human form. Sir J. E. Millais, in "Bubbles," is more vulgarly robust and sloppily effective than usual. Mr. Leader sends a light and brilliant "Summer Afternoon," which displays, with considerable mechanical power, some of the more ordinary, few of the essential, and none of the more occult qualities of nature. Mr. Wyllie's "A Three Knots Turn" and "The Busy Medway," Mr. Weekes's "Who Goes There?" Mr. Léon Lhermitte's "Haytime," Mr. T. C. S. Benham's brilliant "Off the Isle of Skye," Mr. Parton's "Silver Stream," Mr. Potter's richly coloured interior with figures, "The Music Lesson," and many others, are sober, refined, and more or less natural and unpretentious. M. Victor Gilbert's "Flower Market, the Madeleine, Paris," is one of the truest in value and in colour of the many French works here to be seen.

Mr. Maclean's little gallery contains a large proportion of foreign pictures. One of the most pleasing is "The Rembrandt Hat," by Hermann Philips. In art, to make your work sympathetic, you must feel something strongly, and Mr. Philips revels in colour. He prefers rich and low-toned schemes; and it is to be hoped that he will never replace by a mannerism the subtle variety which he obtains by abandoning himself to instinct. M. Harlamoff is another excellent, though less exuberant colourist; he is particularly successful in treating flowers—a subject which to the colourist is as a bravura to the singer; his "Italian Flower Girls" combines with the excellent colour realisation of the whole a pleasing choice of type and a feeling for expression in the faces. Herr Carl Marr and M. P. Billet are not exactly colourists: they employ the vehicle too realistically and too much for the purpose of establishing relations of light, bathed in a cool grey sunshine. Herr Marr's large picture is also broadly and nobly composed, and produces an effect of striking originality here, though the scheme of colour is common enough in the Salon. Several Academicians exhibit.

We shall first mention those exhibitors in the Dudley Water Colour Gallery who have set themselves to deal with the difficulties of nature on principles of sound and fearless realism, and have not yielded to the temptations of false colour or ready-made conventions of tone. Mr. Clem Lambert, in "Littlehampton," Mr. Lessore, in "Greenwich," and Mr. Russell Dowson, in "Low Tide at Concarneau," have before all things attempted, by the justness of their large relations and the atmospheric quality of their colour, to produce a solid, strong, and sane expression of the outdoor world. A little less uncompromisingly vigorous and natural, Mr. A. W. Weedon relies on more generally taking sentiment in his "Twilight," his "Sunshine and Shadow," and his "Arundel Park." Mr. A. C. Wyatt, in his fresh and sparkling sketches, "Mowing-Time," and "Highgate from Caen Wood," shows, by the clever expressiveness of his touch, that he too, and with good result, is preoccupied with the question of handling. The realism of Mr. Norman's "Old-Fashioned Garden" is somewhat encumbered with trivial detail. Mr. A. W. Parsons, in his admirably broad and telling little composition, "Picking up a Water-logged Brig," and Mr. A. Kinsley, in his "Bolton Abbey," though far from being untrue or flimsy, have merits rather proceeding from well-understood convention than from personal observation. Much the same may be said of Mr. Bowman and Mr. Stephen Clift. Another school, relying upon delicate rather forced colour, and an elegant but unrealistic elaboration of detail, is cleverly represented in Mr. S. G. W. Roscoe's brilliant "Dartmoor Stream," and Mr. E. W. Cooke's graceful and poetic view of "Wordsworth's Walk." Miss Ada Bell's flowers (424) are fresh, soft, yet powerful in colour; and Miss Macaulay's "Battersea Bridge" is a very happy arrangement for a long shaped panel. Some honest but rough work comes from Messrs. A. and G. de Breanski, R. M. Lloyd, D. Green, and J. Steeple.

A visit to the workshops and forges of Mr. Alfred Newman in 10, Archer Street, Haymarket, will well repay any one who despairs of the capacity of British workmen to compete with foreigners in right workmanship and artistic taste. He will there find iron being wrought by English men and youths according to English designs, not only with skill, but with the pleasure and interest only felt when both hand and brain are employed in production. All the work that comes from these forges shows a right sense of the peculiar properties of the material and the special capacities of the tools employed, and may, at least in the rightness of its direction, compare with the best wrought iron of any time. The pieces in progress show that Mr. Newman's efforts to restore the art to its former usefulness and dignity have not been in vain. Newells girandoles, candlesticks, brackets, gates, stands for flower-pots and hour-glasses, vanes, chandeliers, and lanterns, are amongst the objects in course of manufacture for the Duke of Hamilton, Lord Londonderry, Lady Stephenson, Sir William Cunliffe Browne, the Oratory (Brompton), Mr. Riley, Mr. C. F. Hoghton, and others.

The fifty-seventh exhibition of the Royal Hibernian Academy is a fairly good one, but most of the work is from English and Scottish studios, only about one-third of it being contributed by natives. The Irish Academicians are not remarkable, though some of them have sent and hung from seven to eighteen numbers each. Mr. Augustus Turke's landscapes; Mr. Hone's fine "Sands, Port Marnock," "Malahide Estuary," and "Scheveningen;" Mr. Bingham McGuiness's "Ben Lair," "Street Scene in Bavaria," and "Lough Bray;" Mr. Caterson Smith's powerful portrait of Mrs. McCausland; and Mr. Osborne's "Receiving a Deputation," are exceptions. Some of the Associates, too, have done much to lift the Academy work from an almost fatal level of sameness. Mr. Williams makes marked progress, while Mr. Walter Osborne's "Cupboard Love" is one of the best things in the collection.

The Royal Academy is well represented, the President, by his "Singing Girl," and two studies, "A View from the

Pincio," and "St. Mark's, Venice;" Mr. Alma Tadema by his "M. Lowenstam;" Mr. Holl by an "Archbishop Trench;" Mr. Pettie by a "Colin Hunter;" and Mr. Seymour Lucas by his "After Culloden." Miss Marion Chase, Mr. Corbould, Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Cuthbert Rigby, and Mr. Frank Topham are all represented. Miss Webb's "Net-Mender" is well drawn, and good in colour. Mr. Thaddeus has an "Elaine," which shows that the motive has not been exhausted by his predecessors. Miss Sharland sends a "Lyn Idwall;" Mr. Arthur Stocks, "Her Sweetest Flower;" Mr. Yeats, a pathetic bit of street life; Mr. Mackenzie, in "Looking South," one of the best landscapes; Mr. Bach, an equally good "From the Sunny South;" Miss Dorothy Tennant, two figure studies, which have been very badly placed; and Mr. Dicksee, a careful and pleasant "Cinderella."

The water-colour section is below the average. The room—"the kitchen," as 'tis called—is admirably unsuited as ever. It is indeed pitiable to see such work as that by Miss Martineau, Mr. E. W. Goodall, Mr. Hewett, Mr. A. K. Brown, Helen O'Hara, and others hung in such a place. To the "kitchen" M. Storm Von Gravesand's fine "On the Y, near Amsterdam" has been relegated: upon what principle is not known; the committee having elsewhere hung—and well—a quantity of work which would disgrace an amateur exhibition. Doubtless a wholesome dread of the back room, and a suspicion of the method of selection, restrain the Irish water-colour painters from contributing to the Academy; for the Fine Art Society's exhibition, also open in Dublin, includes some capital contributions from artists whose work is never seen at Abbey Street. Of the 278 pictures at the Leinster Hall, there are few which do not show conscientiousness or ability. Mr. Wynne's "Ben Nevis," Miss Barton's "Capel Curig" and "St. Patrick's Close," Miss Currey's "Picking Peas" and "Summer Flowers," Miss O'Hara's powerful "On the Blackwater," Mr. Usher's and Miss Colville's landscapes, are all commendable. Owing to the prevailing depression, the sales at both exhibitions have been unsatisfactory.

The death is announced of W. K. Keeling, one of the founders of the Manchester Academy; of Bouverie Goddard, the painter of "Love and War," "Lord Wolverton's Bloodhounds," "The Struggle for Existence," and "The Fall of Man;" of the painter, Jacques-Émile Lafon, a pupil of Gros and Delaroche; of the painter-archæologist, Victor Navlet; of the collector, Laurent Richard; of the numismatist, Edward Thomas; of the water-colour painter, Thomas Danby, a son of the famous A.R.A.; of the French landscape-painter, Lapierre; and of the expert and collector, Samuel Addington.

Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods have sold the following pictures: L. Haghe, "The Audience Chamber in the Hôtel de Ville at Bruges," £315; J. Holland, "The Chiesa dei Gesuiti," £378; Henry Dawson, "A River Scene," £399; Vicat Cole, "Summer Showers," £787. By the late Richard Ansdell, R.A., "Going to Market, Andalusia," and "Water Carriers of the Alhambra," £204 each; "Fifty Years Ago," £210; "Muleteer at a Shrine," £220; "The Forester's Pets," £215; "To Sea!" £278; "The Interrupted Meal," £294; and "Ptarmigan Shooting," £393. The McConnell Collection, of eighty pictures, realised a total of £35,912. The following were the top prices: Linnell's "The Brow of the Hill," £640; Calcott's "Ghent" and "Gulf of Salerno," £840 and £735; W. Collins, "The Morning Bath," £892 10s.; Turner's "Rockets and Blue Lights," £745 10s.; Rosa Bonheur, "A Mare and Foal," £903; Webster, "The Smile" and "The Frown," £1,627 10s.; Faed, "Conquered but not Subdued," £1,155; Turner, "The Bathers," £1,134; Henriette Browne, "Visit to the Harem," £1,312 10s.; Stanfield, "Port-na-Spania," £1,417; Philip, "The Volunteer," £1,575; Mulready, "Idle Boys," £1,585 10s.; Constable, "A Dell in Helmingham Park," £1,627 10s.; Philip, "The Water-Drinkers," £2,572 10s.; Turner, "Campo Santo, Venice," £2,625; Rosa Bonheur, "The Horse Fair," £3,150; and Philip, "The Early Days of Murillo," £3,990.

There are some capital examples of the art of reproduction in the new *livraison* (which is the fourth) of the National Gallery Autotypes (Paris: Braun; London: The Autotype Company). Such, for instance, in the English selection, are Sir Joshua's noble "Dr. Johnson" (887); the delightful "Mrs. Siddons" (785); the Hogarth (112); the Constable (327), a fine and most effective transcript of the "Valley Farm;" the "Palace and Bridge of Caligula" (512), in which Turner does his best to rise to the level of Claude; and, above all perhaps, the enchanting Gainsborough (109), a landscape as elegant and romantic as any in the painter's achievement. Such, too, are the magnificent "St. Helena" (1,041) of Veronese; the "Ariosto" (636) and the "Ganymede" (32) of Titian; the "Noli Me Tangere" (639) of Mantegna; Raphael's heroic "Pope Julius II." (27); a Hobbema (832), the "Village avec Moulins;" a Roger Van der Weyden (664), "The Entombment;" Sandro Botticelli's amazing "Assumption" (1,126); the strange and perplexing "Triumph of Chastity" (910) of Luca Signorelli; and destined, perhaps, to be most popular of all, Andrea del Sarto's incomparable portrait of the painter (690).

Miscellanea.—There is much good feeling and good sense in Mr. St. John Tyrwhitt's "Amateur Art Book" (London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co.; Oxford: Vincent); the views are those of a pupil of Ruskin, but they are well stated, they are plainly sincere, to some they will prove quite helpful and suggestive. The best possible new edition of "The Vicar of Wakefield" is the one (London: Nimmo) with Poirson's delightful pictures and Mr. Saintsbury's preface; like all Mr. Nimmo's books, it is excellently produced. In two parts, like its predecessors, the fifth volume of M. Duruy's admirable "History of Rome and the Roman People" (London: Kegan Paul) is, like its predecessors, a mine of interest in the way of maps and cuts and plates; the coloured picture of the Bernay Vases is as good in every way as it can be. Mr. Baldwin Brown's "From Stola to Cathedral" (Edinburgh: David Douglas) may be described as a history—clear, concise, and thorough—of the development of Christian architecture; it may be cordially recommended. A new edition of Lamartine's "Graziella" (Paris: Jouaust) in the Bibliothèque Artistique, is illustrated with etchings by Champollion from designs by Bramtot; it is a beautiful book. Of "Gérard Edelinck" (Paris: Rouam), the new number in the series, "Les Artistes Célèbres," we need say no more than that the illustrations, which are Edelinck's, are better than the text, which is by Vicomte Henri Delaborde; and no more of Mr. French Sheldon's translation of "Salammbô" (London and New York: Saxon) than that it pretends to much and accomplishes little or nothing.

ART IN MAY

At the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours the exhibition is of more than average excellence. There is plenty of bad work, no doubt, but there is also much that is fresh in sentiment and sound in method. Perhaps the best thing in the collection is Mr. Collier's "Woodland and Down," which has truth and richness of colour, subtlety, yet breadth of composition, great delicacy of values, and a fine, luminous atmosphere. Mr. Wimperis sends a "Marsh, Llanbedr," which may be compared with Mr. Collier's work in some respects, but in others is inferior. Mr. Edwin Hayes appears to advantage in his "West Pier, Gorlestone," which is a pleasant and artistic work, quick with moving water and blowing sails and a sense of storm. Other drawings in something of a kindred vein are Mr. T. B. Hardy's "Beaching a Pink," Mr. Parsons's "Dutch Pink Running Free," and Mr. R. H. Carter's "Catch of Grey Mullet" (which last we engrave for this Magazine). There is plenty of original observation, veraciously yet broadly rendered in M. Lessore's "Fish Market" and "Place du Marché," both painted at Dieppe; as, with other qualities, there is in Mr. Clem Lambert's "Carting Seaweed" and "Morning in June;" in the "Scanty Pasture" of Mr. Claude Hayes; in Mr. Holloway's "Southend Pier" and "The Mouth of the Yare;" in Mr. Alfred Parsons's "Ballina;" in Mr. John Eyre's quaint and graceful "Dymchurch;" Mr. R. Jones's "Mountain Stream;" and in Mr. Clausen's vigorous and aërial "Mowers." The best of Mr. Severn's three is certainly the "Storm Cloud passing over Venice." Mr. Hargitt's "Sunshine and Showers" is boldly conceived and remarkably artistic in its technique. Mr. R. Macbeth contributes, in his "Landing of Sardines at Low Water," a piece of craftsmanship which is far ahead of his work in oils: a remark that applies with almost equal force to Mr. McWhirter's severe and truthful "Rome: the Pincian Hill." Worthy of regard and applause are Mr. Caffieri's "Thames Backwater," Mr. Wyatt's "The Ruddy Grain," and Mr. Parton's "Bridge at Gretz." Of Sir J. D. Linton's four, the best is the "Olivia," which is graceful in conception, attractive in colour, and polished in style. Mr. Abbey's "The March Past" is less pictorial than illustrative; but it abounds in character and point, and may be considered with pleasure. The bright yet soft colour harmony of Mr. Bale's "The Reader" is singularly pleasant. Most conspicuous among the figure subjects, however, is Mr. E. J. Gregory's "Hoyden," broad, yet minute in style, distinguished in treatment, and vigorous and taking in effect. Good work—suggestive and strong, or subtle and delicate—comes from Messrs. Langley, Wells, Fahey, Alfred East, Napier Hemy, Huson, M'Dougall, Whymper, Maddox, Miss Helen O'Hara, and many others.

THE present exhibition of the Society of British Artists is less interesting than the last. Mr. Whistler has betaken himself to quarters of his own, for one thing; and for another there is a larger proportion of work in the old bygone style and of the old bygone sentiment. One of the best things in the place, "A Venetian Lagoon," is a complete surprise; it is painted by a Mr. Frank Hind, whose work we do not remember to have seen before, and is so exquisitely perceived, and rendered with so much delicacy and charm, as to be in its way a masterpiece. Worthy of comparison in every way is Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Flowing Tide," in which the light and colour and motion of quick water are treated with real *maestria*. Mr. Picknell's "Ploughing Deep while Others Sleep," and "A Sultry Day," are distinguished by exceptional vigour of handling and a strong sense of reality. Mr. Starr's "Paddington," a clever and novel piece of *impressionisme*, has great merits in places, and defects as great: as, for that matter, has the ugly, and in parts inaccurate, "Kissing Ring" of Mr. W. Stott, masterly though in some respects it be. Greatly to be commended as examples of pure landscape are Mr. Percy Belgrave's "Spring-time;" Mr. Symon's "Looking Seaward;" the "Rye" of Mr. Yglesias; Mr. G. Boyle's "A Bit of the Old Farm;" and Mr. Leslie Thomson's "A Berkshire Road." Among pure figure subjects mention is due to Mr. J. J. Shannon's "In the Studio," which is clever in handling and delicate in tone; Miss Connell's "Waiting;" the quaintly treated "Phillis" and "Dolce Far Niente" of Mr Menpes; and Mr. A. Lodovici's "Cosy Nook," the arrangement of which is pretty—even elegant. Easily first among the portraits is the "Charles Laplante" of Mr. W. J. Dannat: solid in structure and modelling, supple in texture, expressive in effect, masterly in accomplishment and style. Mr. Stott's "Portrait of my Friend, T. M. D.," has the same fine qualities more or less, and is evidently a product of the same school; as for that matter is the "Charles Santley" of Mr. T. C. Gotch. Mr. Carter's "Colonel Tottenham" is in curious contrast with all these, being a good example of the good English school of portraiture; it has little of the broad and thorough craftsmanship, the personal manner, the intimate acquaintance with the effects of light by which they are distinguished; but it is a forcible and life-like presentment of a character and a face, and it has a consistent loftiness of style. Mr. Munn's "Portrait Sketch" shows how much may be done in the way of softness, delicacy, and charm by the proper use of rough canvas and thin painting. Mr. Harper Pennington's "Portrait of a Lady in a Yellow Dress" and "Mrs. Langtry as Pauline" are both of them comparative failures. Good work in various departments comes from Messrs. Mark Fisher, Howgate, Sidney Moore, Somerset, Grace, Bartlett, Edwin Nichol, and others. Noticeable among the sculpture is Mr. Adams-Acton's vigorous "Professor Fawcett;" but the highest point is reached in Mr. Nelson McLean's "Bacchante" and "Suppliant," which are excellent.

THE show of water-colours of the Royal Society is distinctly poor, and the general tameness is not due to any serious defections among the members. The more notable drawings are readily enumerated. Mr. Smallfield's "Colonel Newcome in the Charterhouse," though in no sense an illustration of Thackeray, is a design of admirable finish and refinement, well-composed, soberly harmonised, and thoroughly wrought; the architectural features of the interior are not less skilfully presented than the expressive figures. In Mr. Wainwright's large and vigorous "Imperial Drawing" the ill proportions of the rosy Hebe who is chalking a tavern-score on the wall somewhat detract from the subtle colour that is its chief distinction. The sea-pieces of Mr. Powell and Mr. Henry Moore are also animated by the force and truth of nature; the former has never shown anything better than his sparkling "World's Highway" and "On the Cantire Coast." Mr. Brewtnall's work, as usual, is varied and unequal in accomplishment. His largest drawing, "Where to Next?" shows a young couple consulting a map in a kind of pavilion overlooking a blue sea and a sunny harvest-field: the hand of the young man on the girl's shoulder is an instance of slovenly drawing in a composition that abounds in technical cleverness. More entirely satisfactory is the same painter's "And Dick the Shepherd Blows his Nail," in which the delicate play of light in the deep snow is given with real felicity.

MR. HENSHALL'S charming drawing, "The Sisters," is somewhat injured by a needless straining of sentiment, by the trite contrast of health and sickness. Apart from its conventionality, the juxtaposition of the very rude health of the one sister rather detracts from the impressive pathos of the sick child, though it appeals with telling effect to popular sympathies. Mr. Albert Moore's "Myth," a semi-nude figure, seated, is a little awkward in the arrangement of the drapery, though the torso is exquisitely moulded, the flesh admirable in colour and texture. Neither Mr. A. W. Hunt nor Mr. Albert Goodwin is up to his wonted standard; while the list of names who are only fairly represented include Mr. Thorne Waite, Miss Clara Montalba, Mr. Eyre Walker, Mr. Boyce, Mr. John Burr, Mr. E. K. Johnson, and Mr. Waterlow. Mr. Charles Gregory, though he has not deserted Rye, makes a fresh departure in "The Sorcerer:" a well-composed drawing, that tells its story with extravagant emphasis, and is aggressive in colour. For the rest Mr. Carl Haag has a melodramatic "Shipwreck in the Desert," with an incredible sky; Mr. H. S. Marks sends one small work, "The Pen," a good piece of character drawing, sound and conscientious in all respects; Mr. Poynter's "The Ferry," a view of houses huddled on a steep hillside, is strong, and rather dry in colour; Sir John Gilbert's larger contribution, "The Enchanted Forest," has more ingenuity and invention than poetic fancy; and Mr. Beavis's powers as a painter of animals are fairly represented in "Carting Seaweed on the Brittany Coast."

THE first exhibition—at the Marlborough Gallery, New Bond Street—of the New English Art Club is singularly interesting. It has the quality, unique among exhibitions, of a complete unity of effect and aim. There are but fifty-eight pictures in all, and all fifty-eight are inspired by kindred conventions, of vision as of treatment, and designed to represent a certain theory of nature and a certain practice of art. The coterie of whose ideas they are the expression are modern French in training and ambition. "Especially occupied," says a writer in the *Saturday Review* with equal *finesse* and truth, "with the rigorous application of a certain form of technique to the facts of observation, they strive to express the real appearances of things as seen by the eye, and not the deducted results of knowledge and further examination. They studiously subordinate local colour to atmospheric effect, and detail to the large masses that are actually important in vision; their scheme of colour is usually fresh and aërial; their handling is often square, sometimes ostentatiously regular, and always as broad as the treatment it expresses. They detest a set composition, and take great pains to get a focus of impression without any palpable arrangement. They are rather logical and intelligent than poetical in their observation of nature and their use of methods," and, in spite of the fact that they have "lost much of the fervid and romantic feeling of Corot, Rousseau, and Dupré," it may reasonably be expected that they will "contribute much towards the useful study of the limits of the art, towards the development of an intelligent view of realism, and towards the culture of elegance, serenity, and simplicity in method." In Mr. La Thangue's "In Dauphiné," broad and systematic in touch, and "high bluish and open-air-like in colour," the characteristics of the school are most fully expressed—"partly, perhaps, because it is unfinished." Equally conspicuous is Mr. Tuke's "Bathers:" a singularly natural and forcible rendering of the external facts of nature, as seen in a certain envelope of air and sunshine. Mr. Alfred Parsons is represented by a "Weeds" and "In an Orchard;" Mr. Goodall by a large and solemn "Last Load;" Mr. Stanhope Forbes by a "Cornish Street;" Mr. Sargent by an admirable "Study" in his wittiest vein of painting and observation. One of the best of the fifty-eight is Mr. Mann's broad, dignified, and sober "Portrait;" another, Mr. Clausen's veracious and forcible "A Shepherdess;" a third, an impression, by Mr. W. Stott, of the woods in early spring. Other contributors, whose work it is impossible to discuss in detail, are Messrs. Gogin, Jacomb Hood, Harper Pennington, Frederick Brown, and H. Fisher. It should be added that one characteristic of the school is a certain tendency to ugliness for its own sake; also that their work, while excellent as prose, would be none the worse if they would permit themselves to be less ashamed of the inspiration of poetry and "la récherche du beau."

MR. WHISTLER is artistic to his finger-ends; he is less in love with nature than many painters, but he is more in love with art than most. He is ruthless in his sacrifice of mere truth to beauty and elegance. He must dispose paint gracefully, must consider keys, and obey the laws of decorative harmony; but he need pay little attention to the claims of nature, the ordinary principles of vision, the laws of anatomy, and such troublesome requirements of the game of painting as may embarrass the display of his perfection in the other directions. No one could have designed a prettier room, or one more suited to his purpose, than that now furnished with his sketches at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in New Bond Street. Common brown paper is the basis of the harmony, and forms the substance, and runs into the tone, of many of his sketches. The various tints of metal in his frames, from silver, through citron and yellow-gold to copper, lead admirably into the general tone of the room. Only the colours in the sketches themselves are

detached with any force; and therefore, even when they are delicate, they are still discernible. The girl reclining on purple and holding a blue fan (42) makes a low but singing note in all this harmony of yellow and subdued orange. The dark brown fog of a second (65), though it means nothing, or rather represents nothing, sounds, as it were, the fundamental bass of the chord in a low octave. The "Harmony in Blue and Pearl" (1) is a solid oil upright, which is more than decorative, and gives admirably the flat, oily surface of a miniature lagoon inside the breaking waves on a flat sandy coast. "Grey and Gold" (3) is a true representation of a stormy haze at sea; and there are many more of these little gems of colour which really do express some true, but broad, impression of external nature. Such, for instance, are the rich, low-toned, and comparatively complete "Sweet Shop" (49) and the "Arrangement in Red and Black" (50). The "Note in Flesh Colour and Red" (18) is one of the most realistic and full of character of all the figure "notes;" it gives a good notion of the pose of a quite young girl standing squarely naked, and doing nothing.

At Messrs. Obach's there have been on view for some little time a selection of such pictures as are rarely seen in London galleries. Conspicuous among them is a large and very striking Diaz—a storm in the Forest of Fontainebleau—rich in colour even for that great master, and in conception touched with an almost terrible solemnity rare in his work. Of the passion and romance of Jules Dupré there are several excellent examples; two Chintreuils, a little mannered in execution and idea, but elegant, refined, and very pleasing; an Harpignies that is a model of elegance of style and purity of sentiment; two naive and simple Michels; and a tiny Rousseau—a sketch—which summarises, in terms at once the most exquisite and the broadest, the effect of a roseate sunset—"un soir plein de rose et de bleu mystique"—over miles and miles of tranquil champaign. To our mind, this last is the gem of the collection. But, indeed, there is nothing in it but is good in its way, and for its own sake worthy of study and regard.

At the Continental Gallery there is some good landscape: M. Verstraeten's fresh and aërial "Farm in Holland," for instance, Mr. Norman's large and solidly-wrought "Midsummer Night in Norway" and "Bodo," and M. Van Luppen's charming and accomplished "In the Woods." Other noteworthy work is E. Claus's true but unlovely "Returning from Work;" J. Montigny's "A November Morning"—grey, misty, redolent of damp woodland atmosphere; Lindstrom's elegant but mannered landscapes; Van der Beek's "Cinderella," vaguely modelled, but mellow in tone and, in places, good in treatment; the clever and brilliant "Temptation" of Silvia S. Rotta; Giacometti's well-drawn and ill-coloured "Innocence;" and pictures of varying degrees of merit by Hans Dahl, Russ, Nicolet, and others. The advertised attractions of the gallery are René Vauquelin's hard, commonplace, and immodest "Beauties of the Harem," and his flimsy and meretricious "Bourreau and Victimes," which introduces a portrait, under unpleasant circumstances, of Jules Simon, and is not a picture, but an ill-bred political caricature.

To the subject of the Loan Collection in the Edinburgh International Exhibition we purpose to return in another place. Meanwhile it is satisfactory to note that, save for the absence of a Constable, the gathering made by Mr. Hamilton Bruce is, as we predicted of it, one of the most interesting and suggestive of recent times. On one wall hang the great Frenchmen of the century, and on the other the Dutchmen, their successors and compeers. The palm remains, it is hardly necessary to say, with the men of 1830. Corot, for instance, is represented by a score of canvases, "The Wood-cutters," "An Evening in Normandy," a "Storm on the Sandhills" (engraved in this Magazine), a "Lac de Garde," a "Rocky Landscape," a "Hay Cart," and "In Arcadia," among them; and though none of them show him at his loftiest and most classic, there is not one but is well chosen, and not one but is touched with the qualities of Corot's art—the art, that is, of the greatest master of style since Claude Lorraine. Rousseau is less fortunate; the most varied of the group, he is only to be expressed in a very much larger selection than Mr. Bruce has been able to get together. Among the eight canvases for which he is here responsible are a portrait of "Le Rageur," a famous oak in the Gorge d'Apremont; the "Hunt," a dark and mellow sunset; a lovely little "Heath;" and a superb "Clairebois: Fontainebleau." Millet is not inadequately represented by (among others) "The Sawyers" and "The Shepherdess" (both engraved for this Magazine); the "Going to Work" (engraved for this Magazine); and a wonderful "Berger au Parc," in three crayons. Of fifteen examples of Diaz, the best are a noble "Sunset in a Wood," a vigorous and impressive "Forest-Path: Autumn," and a Titianic "Wood Nymph." There is a good choice of Monticellis, Courbets, and Duprés; at least one admirable example of Jacque; three of Delacroix, among them the wonderful sketch for the "Barque de Don Juan;" four Troyons, a Decamps, a Vollon, a good Legros, and eleven Daubignys. In the Dutch section the largest place is given to the brothers Maris, who contribute some thirty or forty canvases, and of whose remarkable merits the exhibition is in some sort a revelation; but there are also thirteen Bosbooms, seven of Israels', and a good choice of work by Artz, Mauve, and others.

The death is announced of the landscape-painter Louis-Emile Lapierre; of the founder of the (so-called) Barnes School, S. R. Perry; of E. L. G. Isabey, son of the famous miniaturist, himself a famous painter of marine and genre, thrice medalled at the Salon, and an officer of the Legion of Honour; of Richard Norbery, R.C.A., a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, and head master, for many years, of the Liverpool School of Design; and of the archæologist and art-critic, Edmond Michel.

Messrs. Christie sold the collection of the late Mr. William Graham for £69,168 3s. The modern pictures realised £45,757, of which the Rossettis alone brought £9,661. Among the highest prices were the following: Holman Hunt, "The Scapegoat" (study), £525, and "The Light of the World" (study), £787. G. F. Watts, "Diana and Endymion" (engraved for this Magazine), £913. Dante Rossetti, "Francesca da Rimini," £404; "The Loving Cup," £430; "Marigolds," £560; "Mariana," £661; "Found," £756; "Ecce Ancilla Domini," £840; "Dante at the Bier of Beatrice," £1,050; "La Ghirlandata," £1,050; and "Beata Beatrix," £1,209. Frederick Walker, "Stobhall Garden," £567; "The Sunny Thames," £1,218; "The Lilies," £1,365; "The Vagrants," £1,858; and "The

Bathers," £2,625. Millais, "The Blind Girl," £871; "Apple Blossoms," £1,050; and "The Vale of Rest," £3,150. E. Burne Jones, "Green Summer," £525; "Chant d'Amour" (first design), £609; "Love Disguised as Reason," £935; "St. George," £614; "Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" (cartoon), £766; "Venus's Mirror" (sketch), £819; "The Feast of Peleus," £945; "The Days of Creation," £1,732; "Laus Veneris," £2,677; and the "Chant d'Amour," £3,307. Among the Old Masters the following realised over £300 each: Nicolas Poussin, "A Classic Landscape," £304; El Greco, "The Daughter of the Artist," £304; Luini, "The Virgin and Child," £315; Claude Gelée, "A Classic Landscape," £409; Tintoretto, "Jupiter Nursed by the Melian Nymphs," £420; F. da Siena, "The Virgin and Child," £430; Piero della Francesca, "La Bella Simonetta," £525; Ghirlandajo, "Count Sassetto and his Son," £535; Filippo Lippi, "The Virgin and Child and Two Angels," £661; Giovanni Bellini, "The Virgin and Child and Saints," £745; and Ghirlandajo, "The Virgin and Child, St. John, and two Angels," £777.

IN New York, extraordinary prices were obtained at the sale of Mrs. Morgan's pictures, a selection from which was engraved in THE MAGAZINE OF ART for April, 1886. The total realised was 885,306 dollars (over £197,300), an average of 3688·87 dollars for the 240 pictures. Here are some of the top prices in dollars. Fromentin, "An Arab Horseman" and "On the Nile," 4,050 and 5,000 respectively. De Neuville, "Infantry," 5,000; and "A French Cuirassier," 6,300. Detaille, "Le Porte-Étendard," 7,150. Henner, "La Source," 10,100. Alma Tadema, "Roman Lady Feeding Fish," 5,000; and "Spring," 7,000. Rosa Bonheur, "Cow and Calf in the Scottish Highlands," 12,000. Gérôme, "La Tulipe," 6,000. Bouguereau, "Cupid," 5,500; "The Nutgatherers," 7,250; and "The Holy Family, 9,000. Fortuny, "A Rare Vase," 7,100. Troyon, "Pasturage in Normandy," 6,350; "Return to the Farm," 6,550; "Coast near Villiers," 8,100; and "Dog and Cow," 9,100. Van Marcke, "Going to Pasture" and "The Mill Farm," 8,600 and 11,500. Daubigny, "The Cooperage," 5,300; "On the Marne," 5,500; and "On the Seine," 6,200. Jules Dupré, "Morning," 8,050; and "The Symphony," 8,100. Diaz, "Sunset after Storm," 8,650. Rousseau, "A Mound in Fontainebleau," 9,700. Millet, "Gathering Beans" (engraved for this Magazine), 6,300; "La Baratteuse," 8,700; and "Le Fileur," 14,000. Corot, "A Landscape," 9,000; "Lake Nemi," 14,000; and "Wood Gatherers" (engraved for this Magazine), 15,000. Meissonier, "The Standard Bearer," 15,000; "The Vedette," 15,000; and "In the Library," 16,525. Vibert, the "Menu du Cardinal," 12,500; and "The Missionary's Story," 25,500. Jules Breton, "Breton Communicants," 45,000. Millet and Diaz, it is to be noted, have depreciated almost as much as Vibert and Breton have increased in value. For the costlier Vibert, Mrs. Morgan paid not very much, and it sold for over £5,000 sterling; the Jules Breton she bought for £4,400, and it sold for £9,000 sterling to a gentleman in Montreal, whose heirs will probably look back upon the event with anything but satisfaction. On the other hand, there were seventeen examples of Diaz, which had cost the collector some £18,000, and which went for £10,260; while her eleven Millets, which cost her £17,200, realised no more than £10,915. Among the *bric-à-brac*, mention is made of a "peach-blow" vase, which sold for £3,600, and which, it is said, was bought in a Pekin Wardour Street for £40, and sold to Mrs. Morgan (as emanating from a famous Chinese collection) for over £2,000.

AT the Hôtel Drouot, the Méra collection of pictures and objects of art realised a total of 129,300 francs; the Barye bronzes, in the possession of M. Sichel, one of 60,000 francs; the Sichel collection of furniture and *bric-à-brac*, one of 160,446 francs; the Jubinal pictures and drawings, one of 33,513 francs; the Maze-Semien, of miniatures and faïences, one of 85,831 francs; the C—— collection, of pictures by old and new masters, one of 291,925 francs; an anonymous collection of old masters' drawings, one of 91,381 francs; and the Lefaulotte collection (four instalments) of enamels, goldsmith's work, porcelains, faïences, glass, and so forth, one of 421,566 francs.

OF late the accomplished nonentity, Francesco Bartolozzi, has had his apotheosis, and something more. Mr. Tuer has made him the hero of two lordly quartos; and here is Mr. Fagan bent on making him the great First Cause of four costly folios. His "Francesco Bartolozzi" (London: Sotheran), of which the first instalment is at present under notice, is designed, it would seem, as a monument to "le Jupiter du pointillé"—the stippling Jove—which neither rain shall drown nor fire consume out of sight and memory. It will consist of representations in autotype of a hundred of the famous engraver's most characteristic plates; and for every one enamoured of the graceful, the finished, the pretty, as for every one interested in the art and progress of engraving, it will be more or less indispensable. Mr. Fagan, who takes his subject very seriously, contributes an introduction in majestic English (with whose conclusions the readers may or may not agree, as they please), and a series of useful elucidations. The originals selected for reproduction are of all sorts of sentiment, and of all degrees of merit; they proceed from Guido and Guercino, from Cosway ("Venus and Adonis") and Zucchero ("Mary Queen of Scots"), from Sir Joshua, and from Angelica Kauffmann, Cipriani and Lady Di Beauclerc, Albani and the Countess Spencer, Mme. Vigée Le Brun and Samuel Shelley, and they include a certain number "Del. et Sculpt." by the exquisite Francesco himself. One of the most curious and entertaining is Dance's "Gaetano Vestris;" perhaps the most absurd is Angelica Kauffmann's "Eurydice;" the best is probably Sir Joshua's "Lady Smith and her Children." In the ensuing numbers it is greatly to be hoped that Mr. Fagan will make more of the interest of portraiture. In these days Bartolozzi himself is hardly a source of excitement; and Guercino, Albani, Guido, Angelica, even Lady Di Beauclerc (for all the Amazonian and delightful suggestiveness of her name) are all acold. Bartolozzi working after these is only exquisite and accomplished; working after Reynolds he is helping to write history.

THE present issue of the "Glasgow Art-Club Book (Glasgow: The Glasgow Art Club)" is a vast improvement on its predecessor—is, indeed, a handsome and taking volume, as well designed, well filled, and well produced as most things of the kind we know. Among the signatories are the President, Sir William Fettes Douglas; and good work is contributed by Messrs. Alfred East (a transcript of the fine "Dark Island" of last year), Docharty (a capital "Callander"), James Paterson, Hugh Allan, John Miller, Andrew Black, James Aitken, Charles Lauder ("The Thames at Greenwich"), J. S. Laing, James Nairn (a striking view of a wet, gaunt, naked Glasgow street), and many others. A better table-book has not often been seen.

ART IN JUNE.

Every one in sympathy with real art will find the Dutch Exhibition at the Goupil Galleries a most refreshing interlude in the weary hunt through miles of glaring and meaningless colour, and vulgar, catch-penny incident, which they must undertake in order to come upon a few interesting canvases in the large shows of the season. Here every picture is at least a work of art of some kind, and colour is not used impertinently to brutalise the eye and render it incapable of seeing quiet work. As a presentment of the modern Dutch School, it is the finest and fullest that we have seen in London, in spite of the absence of one or two painters, and notably of Mathew Maris. His brother James is, however, effectually represented; indeed, "The Quay" is, in some ways, the finest example of his work we remember to have seen. Good as he is in that respect, neither he nor any one else has often equalled the noble and truthful simplicity of this sky. The method of working shows the earnest and not easily pleased searcher after truth and dignity, rather than the slick accomplished craftsman. Though modelled thoroughly, the vast cloud floats softly and lightly over a blue sky of rare justness in colour, and of a profound depth seldom attained in paint. In the ground, figures, and other objects, Maris has put more colour and drawing than he usually does, so that, from every point of view, this may be called a characteristic picture. One does not often see a large Israels so free from all affectation in style and all untimely prettiness of colour as "The Shipwrecked Mariner" (9). The line of waves may be a little hard, but this small matter does not affect a canvas whose great merit is a sincerity powerful almost to majesty, especially as the treatment otherwise is conducted with consistent breadth and fitting sobriety. Opposite to it hangs another large Israels, "The Sewing Class" (35), aërial and luminous enough, but fuller of detail and less nobly imagined. The "Return from the Dunes" (49) is a smaller picture than these; but, owing to its pure beauty of colour and its imaginative rendering of empty aërial space, it is, no less than the other two, a valuable illustration of Israels' fervid and poetic talent. Mauve, an artist who seems to be always improving and always searching, is represented by several works of different character and tonality. "February" (4) and "Labour" (38), pictures of ploughing, are most elegantly painted in fresh tones, which admirably render the action of a grey silvery light. "In the Orchard" (45) is without any of the dull heaviness of colour which may be observed in many Dutch works, and which we have noticed in some of Mauve's. The greens are of a most refined and rare quality, whilst the *ensemble* is wonderfully true to nature. The light upon tree-stems and grass is managed without spottiness or undue heat; it illumes the local colours without giving you an idea that they are different from what is in the shadows. In W. Roefel's charming little "Quiet Stream" (53) there is something of Diaz and Daubigny, as there is of Corot and J. Dupré in T. de Bock. Among the water-colours, one of this last artist's broad and sober pictures, "On the Dunes" (81), is well worth noticing, as indeed is the work of Artz, Ter Meulen, Mauve, Maris, and many others. Where so high a standard as this is reached, the visitor will do well to pass over nothing, and decide for himself what is most worthy of special attention.

The Nineteenth Century Gallery (Conduit Street) is never very strong in portraits, though we have at times noticed good work from Miss Alice Miller and Miss Ethel Rose. This time it is also a lady who contributes the most prominent portrait. Miss Lily Stacpoole's "Arthur Arnold, Esq." (89), is painted in a quiet, sober key, without those eccentricities of colour which in English art so often militate against one's enjoyment of much stronger work. The pose on the whole is easy, in spite of a tendency to stiffness in the hand holding a scroll, and the worst fault of the picture is that it suggests a want of solidity in the figure beneath the black coat. Mr. T. Ward Dunsmore sends, as usual, some well-imagined and cleverly-executed figure work; and Mr. Edwin Nichol has also appeared as a figure painter: not, we must add, in a way calculated to make us forget his renown in landscape. His "'Neath Southern Skies" is an odd and not quite agreeable composition of a girl who looks as if she were rising out of a well by hidden mechanical means. Mr. Nichol, true to the lessons of his open-air experience, has boldly lowered the tone of his flesh to something like its right value against the sunlit sea. In landscape, Mr. Edgar Wills is of course among the few painters that really send work worthy to live. His artistic but modest little canvas, "Their Favourite Haunt" (185), has been painted to please himself and not for public applause. The calves in the foreground are unobtrusively excellent in the way of both painting and drawing, and the whole thing is scientific in value, as well as harmonious and agreeable. Really good work, too, is attached to names of men from whom previous exhibitions have led us to expect something. For instance, from Mr. C. Gogin we have "The Moon is Up, and Yet it is not Night" (19), a strong, true, personal rendering of such French scenery as one sees at Barbizon; from M. G. Montbard, a canvas big and dark but mellow, "Solitude" (54); from Mr. E. S. Calvert, "November" (97), a large sunset, painted in a broad, free style; from Mr. G. E. Corner, several grey and silvery presentations of nature, of which "A Grey Day on the Normandy Coast" (37) may be taken as an example; from Mr. W. E. Norton, excellent studies of light and air, such as "Sunlight and Shadow" (121); from Mr. W. Anderson, "Welcome Shades" (18), an agreeable picture, in his usual style. Moreover, we have good spirited work from Mr. E. P. Sanguinetti and Miss Alice Miller, and sound and true landscape from Messrs. J. Ross and J. Inglis. Messrs. E. Helcké and V. Yglesias are a little disappointing. But perhaps the great attraction this year is Mr. Fred Vezin's immense illustration of Henley

Regatta. That the subject is a show one, and more fit for the *Graphic* than for a picture, must not be allowed to militate against the power and truth of the achievement. The arrangement and brush-work of some figure groups in boats, on the left, are rarely artistic and ingenious.

Mr. Pownoll Williams is a graceful sketcher, who brings a considerable feeling for the art of picture-making to bear upon a wide and cultivated observation of nature. As he succeeds best, perhaps, in rendering compositions and effects drawn from the south of Europe, his admirers will be sorry that he has not been able this year to complete that set of illustrations of the Riviera, the beginning of which we noticed in a former number. The present exhibition at Mr. Maclean's Gallery is, however, not without many examples of his treatment of these subjects, some of which are new to us, while others we have seen before. Cactus shrubs, palms, and other growths strange to the habits and traditions of artists, are of course excessively difficult to compose, and render acceptable in a picture; and in this task Mr. Pownoll Williams succeeds best when he is treating them under some marked effect, such as sunset, which lends itself more easily to a decorative convention. When his ambition leads him to tackle such subjects realistically, and under the unveiled and glaring effect of a full sunshine, as in "Noon" (3), he produces a less pleasing result. Strong sunlight of course bleaches a landscape, and renders it, as far as local tints are concerned, almost colourless. In spite of this the general atmosphere produces a warm grey veil, which involves things in a certain delicate haze; this, in spite of its just relations, we rather miss in "Noon," a picture somewhat cold in tone and prosaic in envelopment. An "Olives in Shifting Sunlight" is better in this respect, and is an infinitely more pleasing composition to boot. Another good example of the regular Southern *mise-en-scène*, "Palms in a Garden at Mentone" (37), will attract those whose memories of the South lead them to dwell rather on its peculiarities than on its larger and more decidedly pictorial beauties. Others will prefer the richly decorative, yet not unrealistic, representation of an "Evening Sketch from the End of Cap St. Martin" (4), or the imaginative qualities of such work as the "Sunset Sketch: Venice, Storm Approaching" (54), the "View from Axenstein, Lake Lucerne" (19), or the "Sketch on the Riviera" (65). This last is at once the most sober, the most dignified, and the most sincere work in the gallery. The composition represents the country lying between Hyères and Toulon, a country which recalls the romantic canvases of the Italian School, and more especially Poussin. The hills are treated with breadth and fidelity, and the foreground, with its stone pines, is arranged largely in masses so as to form a fitting *repoussoir* to the picture. In the "Sunrise, Lago di Como" (9) rather too much force and salience has been given to broken lines and detail, to the prejudice of the majesty and mass of the mountains.

Mr. Albert Goodwin, who exhibits a collection of water colours at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, has neither the force nor the sincerity of vision of Mr. Pownoll Williams. On a large scale, as in "Dordrecht" (21), he especially shows his lack of strength, truthfulness, and effective pictorial arrangement; the jam-like red of two or three roofs in this picture being all that he has cared to treat with importance. In the smaller sketches, better handling and more artistic composition is to be seen, though here, in spite of a certain grace and refinement, the colour is generally flimsy or sickly, and it is never natural or sincerely observed. There are one or two exceptions to this general charge of effeminacy. A "St. David's" (28) is a tolerably real effect; the big cloud is excellent, and so is the effect of light on the roofs. "Hastings" (15) and "Rye" (30), with sheep, are good effective pictorial sunsets, striking, though by no means absolutely true to nature. A "Certosa: Moonlight" (80) is freely and suggestively handled; "Worcester" (75) is a very pleasant composition of a lock, painted in good grey colour; and, if not approached in too critical a spirit, "Elvet Bridge, Durham" (76), and one or two others of like nature, will be found elegant and refined. "Whitby" (20) is far from ugly; it is without doubt meant to be conventional, and yet the uniform red heat, which is as false as a monochrome, and still suggests realistic colour, makes too great demands upon the elasticity of our imagination. It is impossible, however, to stand the long array of falsely red houses, flimsy green banks and foregrounds of certain numbers (51, 55, 57, 58, for instance); and we cannot agree with Mr. Albert Goodwin that it will be a bad day for all artists when the tiled roofs of the "ruddy north of England towns" get "replaced by slate." We know at least one artist who is led, in his unqualified admiration of "pleasant warm Venetian red," to forget the air and light in which all things must live, and in whose works a strong infusion of "cold grey" would be far from undesirable. A series of drawings made for St. George's Guild, under the direction of Mr. Ruskin, are also to be seen at this gallery. Some copies by Mr. Fairfax Murray and Mr. Alessandri merit a most careful attention. Most of the landscape is abominable, and we cannot see the use of placing before any one such specimens of how not to see nature and how not to use paint, as (for instance) the "Cottages at St. Martin's, with the Aiguille de Varens" (136).

M. Tissot's Pictures of Parisian Life at Messrs. Tooth's ought to attract crowds. The English love for anecdote and incident is amply catered for here, and by a man who can use paint and can give something of the real aspect of a scene. His way of relieving one figure against another is not always very true or very delicate, but he has a powerful brush, a feeling for character, and the art of grouping figures on a canvas in a natural and effective manner. The "Æsthetic Woman" and the "'Young Lady' of the Shop" are poor in colour and somewhat conventional—in a modern way, of course; and there is no truth of light or atmosphere in the representation of out-of-doors as seen from inside. In the "Woman of Fashion," the "Amateur Circus," and several others, the figures are all jammed together, with no air between them, and no sense of value in their reliefs. The painting, however, is quite good enough for the purpose—that of amusing the public with stories in paint; indeed, a much feebler and falser style of work than this is what they are accustomed to in such art on this side of the Channel. M. Tissot can do ten times better work than this; and, indeed, we have proof of it in the gallery itself; the "Provincials," "Painters and their Wives," "Ladies of the Cars," "The Mystery," and one or two others, are on a much higher level. It is useless to point out their merits, for no one will care for anything but the subject and idea of these pictures, and most people would like them equally well if they were executed by the worst black-and-white illustrator who has taken to tinting his drawings enlarged with oil colours.

Thanks to the recent exhibition and lectures by Mr. Ernest Hart at the Society of Arts, we have been at length enabled to acquire a correct knowledge of the historical and technical development of many branches of Japanese art that have never before been adequately represented amongst us. Mr. Hart, aided by the experience and judgment of the well-known expert, Mr. T. Hayashi, has brought together a collection that in certain directions stands unrivalled in its scientific completeness, and he has laid before us not only in carefully studied language, but by direct exemplification, a number of important facts that had found no previous record. We have now seen the evolution of glyptic art in metal from the *repoussé* iron-work of the Miōchins, the great armourers whose labours date from the Thirteenth Century, to the exquisite ornamental bronzes of Tō-un, who died but a few decades ago; from the Cellini-like sword-guards and "ménuki" of the Gotos of the Sixteenth Century, to the toggle buttons and pouch-clasps of the artisan workers of to-day. In lacquer we have followed, through a series of rare specimens, the great schools of the last two hundred and thirty years, from Kōyetsu, Kōrin, the Komas and Shunshos, down to the veteran Zéshin, who still wields a firm and graceful pencil. There are *netsukés* from Shiūzan to Riōmin, and Buddhistic wood-carvings from the Tenth to the Eighteenth Century. Pottery has been illustrated in its various forms, from the unpretentious little Thirteenth-Century tea-jars of Tōshiro, the "Father of Keramics," and the blue-and-white ware of Shondzui, the originator of Japanese porcelain (Sixteenth Century), to the harmonious enamels and graceful designs of the faience of Musei, and the vigorous pictorial embellishments of Kenzan and Tangen. In pictures we have been shown authentic works of famous artists from Kanaoka, a grandee of the court of Kioto a thousand years ago, to Hokusai, the Yédo artisan of the present century. Lastly, chromoxylographic printing appears from its highest manifestations under the Toriis and Katsugawas, down to the last desirable examples of an art which seems to have departed for ever.

The assemblage of types and masterpieces is so great, that it is impossible to attempt any enumeration of individual specimens beyond the mention of some half-dozen of the chief gems of the collection, such as the magnificent painting of the Bôdhisattva K'shitegarbha by Kanaoka (lent by Mr. T. Hayashi), a work as valuable for its dignity of composition and perfection of colouring as for its rarity; a nearly contemporary sculpture in wood of the same subject, and inspired by the same religious and artistic traditions; a vigorously carved pair of miniature Dêva Kings, apparently copied from the great images at Tōdaiji, Nara, by the celebrated Ritsuwō; a series of drawings made for the engraver by Hokusai; a singularly graceful female figure, modelled in porcelain by Kakiyémon of Hizen; a fine suit of iron armour, fashioned in *repoussé* by a Miōchin of the Thirteenth Century; and a lacquer box for writing implements, decorated by Kōrin. They will be sufficient to prove that all who have had the desire and opportunity to avail themselves of this unique display may have become acquainted, not with the modern "Japanesque" wares of the London dealer, but with Japanese art as it is understood by the connoisseurs of Japan.

Mr. George Tinworth's latest work, recently on view at Messrs. Doulton's, takes the form of four large panels in high relief, designed for the walls of Capesthorne Chapel as a memorial of the late Mr. Bromley-Davenport. The themes are all drawn from the Bible, and set forth the Powers of Temptation, Faith, Darkness, and Light. The three last are representations of Moses and the brazen serpent, the Crucifixion, and the Ascension. Though more formal in composition, more subdued in expression, and more reposeful in effect than much of the artist's work, they are not wanting in the happy touches of suggestion that give so much individuality to Mr. Tinworth's pictures in terra-cotta. In the group around Moses, for instance, the radiant appeal of the little child to the foremost figure is a characteristic note of invention; the force of elucidation could scarcely surpass this stimulating contrast of the dejected spiritless man and the confident strength of the child. It may, of course, be urged that this touch of realism disturbs the sombre sentiment and the impression of affliction. But Mr. Tinworth's aim is never wholly pictorial; it is generally combined with the didactic spirit that loves to point a moral. In "The Power of Temptation" Eve is represented standing on a couchant elephant, in the act of plucking the fruit that hangs from a group of trees, while Adam sits with bowed head beneath. The singularly bold composition is set in a frame of palms and tree-ferns that form a luxuriant bower. The modelling of the graceful figure of Eve—the finest instance of the sculptor's treatment of the nude—is excellent, and the ornate accessories are broadly wrought and unobtrusive.

There is always something of interest to be seen at the Hanover Gallery. This time "Landscape and Cattle" (5), by M. Jacque, will not prove one of the slightest attractions of the show. It is large, sober, and aërial, and without any such concessions in the way of triviality in execution, or misplaced prettiness of colour, as this painter has so often made to the bad taste of the ordinary buyer. Then there are three Corots: one "Landscape" (21), a peep at a distance through bushy trees; another brown, serious, and less gaily ethereal than usual, a bit of undulating sandy country, with figures, called "The Hay Cart" (35); and finally, what is perhaps the most interesting of all there, a grey silvery gem, a real *pochade*, about the size of your hand. Of the Duprés, "Marine" (3) is a good example of its kind, whilst "The Pond" (47), delicate as it is, is rather poor and mannered compared to other work by the master on similar lines. Daubigny is pretty fairly represented by a "Landscape" (43), in spite of its inky sky; and "The Orchard" (85), a dark but rich upright, cannot fail to be interesting as the work of his son, Karl Daubigny, who died but the other day. A pastel, "The Old Water Mill" (110), is the only Millet. Slight as it is, and only conventionally suggestive, the simple ingredients are so intelligently nuanced in their values that the scheme of close greys will bear looking at, and will support comparison, with Troyon's fully coloured, rich, and romantic "Old Mill" (112) which hangs near at hand. A work of Chaplin's should be of interest nowadays. More than any one else, perhaps more than Duez, Chaplin popularised, by applying it to so many subjects, that square yet melting touch, which seems to mean all art to so many young painters of the Marlborough Gallery persuasion. Unfortunately, this "Belle of the Ball" (41), in spite of its exquisite style and delicate close modelling, is not serious or imposing enough in aim, and cannot approach in brilliance the head in the Luxembourg. Alfred Stevens, one of the most celebrated of Franco-Belgian painters, and the author of a book of aphorisms on art, may be seen to advantage in "The Lady in Grey," a piece of delicate colour and sober and master-like execution. Henry Lerolle's

"Potato Gathering" (9) belongs to a good school of lofty realism; the figures are fine and noble in gesture, the plain swims in real air, the sacks, apple-trees, and other objects have that intimate character which Millet gave to everything. Besides sentiment, character, and all that, Aimé Perret's "On the Road to the Village" (30) shows some knifing and smudging which are more than clever, inasmuch as they are applied to carry out big principles of constructive art. The foreground stones thus treated are more effectively finished than if they were laboriously made out. Art-critics have clamoured in vain about this question of finish; a greater than they, Mr. Ruskin, has hopelessly prejudiced the British mind on the point; yet we really think a study of this picture, both from a distance and near at hand, might do much to show an honest and intelligent person the superiority of art to mechanism. There is much to see in the works of Garrido, Tscharner, Gegerfeldt, Berne Bellecour, Quadrone, Brillouin, and Gilbert Munger—who manages to tread with some success rather too closely in the footsteps of Diaz and Theodore Rousseau; but we have not space to enter into detailed consideration of the good and bad in their work.

It is pleasant after passing through acres of bright misused pigment to get amongst the cool tones of a black-and-white exhibition. Moreover, that in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street—of drawings done for Messrs. Cassell—contains excellent and tender work. Considerable variety of styles may be observed; notable amongst others is the pen-and-ink sketch in line, a method which has come into much favour lately. Of this we have an excellent example in a series of drawings of the Charterhouse, from the hand of Mr. J. Pennell, who is an undisputed master of the *genre*. The names of Messrs. Hennessy, Clausen, Barnard, Macbeth, Harry Furniss, and of ladies like Miss Clara Montalba, Miss Alice Havers, and Miss Mary Gow, are guarantees that in black-and-white illustration there will be something worth seeing. We notice also broad and excellent landscape from Mr. A. W. Henley; spirited and effective composition from Mr. W. H. Overend; and generally good work from Messrs. Hatherell, Barnes, H. Johnson, Capt. W. W. May, H. J. Walker, J. Fulleylove, Herbert Railton, and many others.

The fifth *livraison* of autotypes from the National Gallery (London: The Autotype Company; Paris: Braun) is not so interesting as some of its predecessors. Considered as reproductions, the photographs are not always successful; in that, for instance, of the principal Turner, the "Crossing the Brook," the scheme of illumination has been reconstructed, and the effect of the picture destroyed; while in one of the Rembrandts, the "Woman Taken in Adultery," the high lights have been so heightened as to be almost intolerable. As a rule, however, the work is excellent, and in many cases — Landseer's "Highland Dogs," Turner's "Bay of Baiæ," Hogarth's "Sigismunda"— one would be justified in preferring the copy to the original. The best Turner is the "Frosty Morning," which, all things considered, comes out very well; the Gainsborough is the good and characteristic "Musidora;" the two Reynoldses are the "Infant Samuel"—which, as has been said, should be not less popular in autotype than it has been in engraving—and the gallant and generous "George, Prince of Wales." The Rubens is the "Judgment of Paris," which is capital; the Van Dyck, the "Miraculous Draught," which could hardly be surpassed: a remark that applies with almost equal force to Rembrandt's "Bather," and the "Courtyard" of Pieter de Hooch. Of Moroni there is an excellent "Italian Ecclesiastic;" of Titian the sumptuous and noble "Virgin and Child, with St. John and St. Catharine;" and of Bernardino Luini, the refined and beauteous "Christ and the Doctors." France is represented by the usual Greuze; Spain and Germany are not represented at all; but of Pre-Raphaelites—Angelico, Melozzo da Forli, Niccolò Alunno, Crivelli, Cima da Conegliano, Benozzo Gozzoli, Antonello, Filippino Lippi, and others—there is an abundance.

The sumptuous publication of Messrs. Audsley, "The Ornamental Arts of Japan" (London: Sampson Low) is now completed by the issue of a fourth and last part. Those who have the good luck to possess it are to be congratulated. In many ways it is a good and valuable book; and if the examples are not all well chosen they are always reproduced in a fashion that leaves little or nothing to be desired. The literary matter in the present number is better, perhaps, than any in those which have preceded it. It includes a good readable account of the arts of drawing, painting, engraving, and printing—the materials used, the processes employed, and the results obtained—and is illustrated with some capital woodcuts after Hokusai, Shumboku, Toyekei, and others. This is followed by a chapter on the textile fabrics of Japan, which contains a good deal of sound and useful information, and may be cordially recommended; by the conclusion of the chapter on lacquer; by complete chapters on incrusted work and metal-work; by a long and able treatise on modelling and carving; and by a curious and novel account of Japanese heraldry, with which the work concludes. Chief among the coloured plates—which, as before, are among the good work of Lemercier, are a portrait of the gentle courtesan Takao, by Miyagawa Shoshun; a pleasant enough example of Hokusai, a combat (with beans) between Ofuku and a Demon; a couple of groups of monkeys in the manner of Sosen; a singularly beautiful embroidery, flowers on a gold ground, proceeding from the Kioto of the Seventeenth Century; some good pieces of lacquer; a fine specimen of cloisonné enamel (vii. 9), a capital group in tinted terra-cotta; some admirable ivories (viii. 3 and 4); and an admirable porcelain, a portrait statuette by Kakiyémon. Of several excellent reproductions in photogravure the most striking is certainly that of Ritsuwō's copies (in wood) of the Dêva Kings at Tōdaiji.

Miscellanea.—Mr. Standage's new booklet, "The Artist's Manual of Pigments" (London: Crosby Lockwood), is well written, well meant, and likely to be exceedingly useful. Mr. T. C. Hepworth's "Photography for Amateurs" (London: Cassell and Co.) is now in a second edition; there is every reason to suppose that it will not soon be superseded. Mr. Trevor's "French Art and English Morals" (London: Swann Sonnenschein) is plainly the work of one with authority to speak on neither branch of his subject. Apparently one of a series, "The Young Collector," the "English Coins and Tokens" of Messrs. Llewellynn Jewitt and Barclay Head, is well designed and well done enough to be a model of its kind. For "Le Salon Artiste" (Paris: Quantin), and the "Catalogue Illustré du Salon" (Paris: Baschet), they are much the same as last year: useful, that is to say, suggestive, and quite indispensable to everybody interested in contemporary painting. In Mélandri's "Les Pierrots" and "Giboulées d'Avril" (Paris: Vanier), we have a couple of lively fantasies in verse, quite cleverly, but very impudently, illustrated by Willette.

ART IN JULY.

Mr. Robert Browning has accepted the Secretaryship of Foreign Correspondence at the Royal Academy, in room of the late Lord Houghton. M. Charles Garnier has received the triennial gold medal of the Institute of British Architects. At Boulak M. Maspéro is succeeded by M. Grébault, chief of the École Française at Cairo. Sir John Gilbert has resigned the Presidency of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours. Mr. J. M'Neil Whistler has been elected President of the Society of British Artists. MM. Puvis de Chavannes, E. Flameng, Benjamin Constant, Lerolle, Lhermitte, Cazin, Roll, Galland, Wencker, Chatran, Duez, Collin, Olivier Merson, and Clairin have been commissioned to decorate the new Sorbonne. The Medal d'Honneur of the Salon of 1886 for Painting has fallen to M. Jules Lefebvre for his "Portrait de Madame T——" and "Portrait de Madame L. G——." The Salon Medal for Sculpture has not been awarded; the late Schœnewerk had the highest number of votes (seventeen) for his "Lelli," for the peristyle of the Opéra, and the group, "Un Prisonnier Dangereux." The Salon Medal for Engraving has gone to M. Flameng for his "Mort de Ste. Geneviève," after J.-P. Laurens. The Second Class Medals for Painting went to MM. Marec, Bordes, Luigi Loir, Médard, V. Binet, Gagliardini, Brouillet, Olive, Albert Girard, Charnay, Destrem, Geoffroy, and Valadon. The Third Class Medals were given to MM. Pharaon de Winter, Lelièvre, Berthelon, Vimont, Ruel, Meslé, Perrandeau, Lahaye, Paul Sain, Gelhay, Grolleron, Richemont, Melida, Gridel, Luna, René Gilbert, Le Poittevin, Jules Ferry, Hubert Vos, Charles Thomas, Rivoire, Halkett, J. Bail, Durangel, Blayn, Laurent-Desrousseaux, Cavé, Guétal, Zacharie, and Prouvé. In the section of Sculpture First Class Medals have fallen to MM. Peynot and Boucher; and Second Class Medals to MM. L. Gossin, Bastet, Coutan, Vital Cornu, Loyseau, and Ferrary. The First Class Medal for Architecture falls to M. Blavette; the First Class Medal in Engraving to M. Brunet-Debaines. No First Class Medals for Painting—of which there are three—have been awarded; and the Salon Medal for Architecture is in the same case.

The President has finished his "Arts of Peace" at South Kensington, and it will be open to the public as soon as the decorative border is completed. It is interesting to note, on the authority of the gifted writer of English who "does the art" for the *Athenæum* (he refers, by the way, to M. Rodin as "a third-rate French sculptor, who will probably do better next time"), that its "coloration" is "bright and pure," while its "carnations" not only have "more of golden sub-hues" than those of "The Arts of War," but "they could not be more harmonious." Mr. Woolner has finished the clay model of his "Sir Stamford Raffles;" the face, one is delighted to hear, on the same eminent authority, "attests the energy of the man, and his quick mental grasp." "The spontaneity of the design," adds our expert, "and the manner in which it has been carried out, are very telling indeed." Unless, however, "the figure is to be placed on a very high pedestal . . . it is too tall for good proportion;" but "of its fineness and thorough execution there cannot," the critic thinks, "be two opinions." Such is the valour of friendship, such the effect of old associations on the critical mind!

Mr. Whistler has painted, or is painting, for the next exhibition of the Society of British Artists, a portrait of Mr. Walter Sickert, a portrait of Mrs. Godwin, and other portraits, "harmonies," studies, nocturnes, and such exquisite wares besides. In connection with recent doings at the Royal Academy it may here be repeated (from a weekly contemporary) that Mr. Whistler's portrait of his mother, which won the gold medal of the Salon, was actually rejected by the Hanging Committee of 1872, and was only brought up from the cellars, and hung, "at the express insistence of Sir W. Boxall, who threatened to leave the Council if this were not done."

Mr. J. C. Robinson may be said to have thrown a stone into a hornet's nest when he wrote to the *Times* deploring the evanescence of water-colours exposed to daylight, and recommending changes in the management of the collection at South Kensington. The whole artistic world has been filled with confusion, and Mr. Robinson has fared much as Paul at Ephesus. Inappeasable, indeed, has been the anger of the water-colourists that this their craft is in danger to be set at naught; and in the President of the Royal Institute they have found a Demetrius to give tongue to their dissatisfaction. Really, it is a pity that so much bitterness should have been allowed to filter into the discussion, which, whatever the rights of it, is a wholesome one for art and artists. But where interest and reputation are imperilled, it is useless to expect the disputants to keep their heads cool and their language free from personalities. Now that the exhibition of water-colours by deceased masters of the British School, which has been held at the Institute, has so decidedly proved that these paintings need not fade when exposed to ordinary daylight, we may hope that some points raised in the discussion will receive the deliberate and unprejudiced attention they merit. While painters are quite right in demonstrating some of the exaggerations and inconsistencies of Mr. Robinson's statement, it would surely become them at this time to welcome all advice which they can get from chemists of experience such as Professor Church, and to show no childish touchiness at the full investigation of a subject in which all the world is legitimately concerned.

It matters little whether or not Mr. Robinson's "skill as a water-colour painter has been undervalued," whether he is or is not fitted to teach Mr. Ruskin anything, or whether, again, Mr. Ruskin has or has not given him "unnecessary advice;" but it is of great importance that painters should fully understand and conform to the conditions which, as far as they are concerned, render painting in water-colour a permanent process. That it is not always so, it is useless for painters to deny: it appears to be admitted on all hands that, besides the action of direct sunlight, the improper use of colour at the outset is fatal to the permanency of pigments. Mr. Church, in the course of the correspondence on the subject, has given many hints which he would do well to explain more fully. Amongst other things, he advises a simple palette, and says:—"It is quite possible so to select and restrict the water-colourist's palette, as to secure every desired *nuance* and richness of hue, and yet produce drawings which, with proper precautions, may be exhibited freely without material change in colour or keeping." Now, there is no doubt that the rivalry of the large modern exhibitions has induced artists to take advantage of many new and attractively bright pigments unknown to the ancients. This is disastrous: not only because such colours are very often unstable and dangerous; but also because many of them accord but ill with the older and safer pigments, which should form the basis of painting. To use these earths so as to obtain a full and true effect, great subtlety of gradation among the simple elements is necessary; and to learn to paint effectively in the less brilliant key which their use exacts, improves the eye, and is of immense educational importance in art. One of the curses of modern practice is the way in which painters who fail to understand all the resources of the old limited and harmonious palette, clap on bright, ready-made colours without taste and without due feeling for their value in the atmospheric scheme. If they could be persuaded not to use most of these ready-made greens, violets, citrons, and lakes until they have accustomed themselves to realise the effect justly in the low tones of the older colours, they would then have some chance of using the brighter pigments harmoniously, and only when absolutely necessary. It shocks the eye to see an atmospheric tone which is so far simply and aërially true, suddenly disorganised by the introduction of raw citrons, greens, &c., where compounds of the ochres and such colours could well have been continued throughout the scheme.

As several writers have pointed out, it is just because the older painters employed a simpler gamut of colour, and never admitted those patches of bright colour which in modern work suggest a change of key, that their works, beside those of to-day, often appear faded and colourless. Surely, however, it is better to educate the eye to accept a refined and consistent expression of general truth which can be painted in safe colours so as to resist change, than to accustom it to a sensational exaggeration of local brightness and vividness, which, besides being inartistic, is pretty nearly sure to contain elements of instability?

The promoters of the show at the Royal Institute must be congratulated no less upon having successfully proved their point: that judiciously-painted and well-cared-for drawings may stand to be the delight of more than one generation: than upon having got together an interesting and magnificent collection of old British work. In most of these water-colours one can see no evidence of change. If some appear neither variously nor richly coloured, inspection of the consistency and significance of the gradations will reveal that they never were so, and that to-day their statements of the painter's views are as full of meaning as they ever were. It would be madness, for instance, to suppose the blue sky in "Calais Pier" (67), by David Cox, to have changed in the least. Not only has it all the beautiful truth of gradation and air of a Corot, but everything else—red caps, blue and green dresses—goes perfectly in keeping with it. Many as are the examples of Cox, it would be safe to say that none seem to have undergone any change worth speaking of. Most of the De Wints, too, are fresh, though it must be remembered that originally he did not paint in a very varied or bright manner. The same may be said with confidence of the Cotmans and Varleys. Of the Turners one does not feel so universally sure; here and there one or two inspire some doubt as to whether the original tone is quite preserved. William Hunt, Prout, Barret, James Holland, Copley Fielding, and Cattermole are among the chief names illustrated: and De Witte's "Dutch Church" (120), in capital preservation, is the oldest drawing in the room.

With respect to English water-colours in America, Mr. Henry Blackburn writes as follows:—"Dear Sir,—I have the pleasure to inform you that the movement set on foot last year (see *Athenæum*, August 1st, 1885) for establishing periodical exhibitions of the works of English artists in America was so successful, that another and more important collection of water-colours will be sent to New York next autumn. The exhibition, which will consist of the works of living artists only, will be held under the auspices of the 'American Art Association' in their fine galleries in the centre of New York, and a special effort will be made to insure a representative collection. The exhibition which was held last year in Boston and Philadelphia was visited by 20,000 people in the first three weeks. Drawings to the value of nearly £2,000 were sold in America, the annotated catalogues were widely dispersed, and the public interest in the collection was great from first to last. The promoters of the forthcoming exhibition are aided in the work of making these exhibitions self-paying by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours lending their galleries for receiving drawings by their members, and by the Cunard Steamship Company taking out the collection carriage free in September next. All drawings not sold in America will be returned to London before the end of March, 1887."

The exhibition, it is further to be noted, will consist of English water-colour drawings and miniatures, which must be protected by a gold or light mount, without glass, and ready for framing. The drawings will be exhibited under glass, in frames, provided in New York without charge. Drawings sent for exhibition will be insured to and from Liverpool and New York, and exhibited in a fireproof building in the custody of the "American Art Association" in New York, and returned to London in six months. The utmost care will be taken of all works sent to prevent damage or injury, but no further responsibility will be incurred by the promoters. Each exhibitor will be required to pay one guinea towards the general expenses, and will be at liberty to send two drawings. No other expense will be incurred by exhibitors. The largest size admitted,

including mounts, is 54 in. × 36 in. Drawings will be returned (if not sold) within six months, and a commission of 10 per cent. will be deducted from the amount received, without reckoning customs duty, which will in all cases be paid by the purchaser in America. Drawings by members and Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours and by members of the Royal Institute will be received at their respective galleries to the end of the first week in August. Other drawings will be received by Mr. James Bourlet, 17, Nassau Street, between the 6th and 15th of September.

The Municipality of the city of Amsterdam propose to hold an exhibition of contemporary art—painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, drawing, and lithography—in that city from 26th September to 30th October of the current year. All work for exhibition should be sent in—between 23rd August and 7th September—to "La Commission Exécutive de l'Exposition Communale d'Œuvres d'Artistes Contemporains, Local de l'Exposition, à Amsterdam." No work will be exhibited unless it is the artist's own property. The Committee will sell, but will charge no commission on their sales. The Committee reserve to themselves the right of acceptance and rejection. Finally, the Committee will give six gold medals, which will be awarded by a jury of seven members, three to be nominated by the Communal Council and four by the exhibitors.

Messrs. Christie have sold the following of late:—Phillip, "The Salute," £462; F. Goodall, "Mater Purissima," £483; Cooke, "A North Sea Breeze on the Dutch Coast," £493; Frith, Creswick, and Ansdell, "The Passing Cloud," £1,680; Faed, "The Mitherless Bairn," £945 (to Mr. Agnew for the Melbourne National Gallery); and Clarkson Stanfield, "The Fortress of Savona," £1,800. Drawings:—Michelangelo, four sketches for "David Slaying Goliath," £205; Lionardo, a "Sheet with an Allegorical Composition of several Figures," £210, a "Study for a Nativity," £180, and "Sketches of Figures and two Studies for Handles of Keys," £175; Andrea del Sarto, "A Man Kneeling," £125; Albrecht Dürer, "Head of a Weeping Child," £85; Jehan Fouquet, "A Knight in Armour," £101; an "Illuminated Breviary, with Calendar," £735; E. Burne Jones, "The Annunciation" and "The Christmas Carol," £120 and £141; G. J. Pinwell, "A Seat in St. James's Park," £120; and Frederick Walker, "Refreshment," "Strange Faces," and "Philip in Church," £110, £120, and £577 respectively. The same auctioneers sold the Dudley Porcelains for a total of £38,000. The three top prices were as follows: a *garniture de cheminée* in old Sèvres, £2,650; an aiguière, with its tray, in rock crystal, £3,000; and a service of old Sèvres, *fond vert*, £3,274. Messrs. Sotheby sold the Addington Collection of prints for a total of £8,981 11s.

At the Hôtel Drouot there have been the following sales:—The Defoer Collection—of pictures and drawings—for a total of 103,550 francs; the Viot Collection—of pictures—for a total of over 225,000 francs; the Stein Collection—of pictures, drawings, bronzes, furniture, armours, jewels, wood-carvings, enamels, faïences, sculpture, tapestry, and so forth—for a total of 1,298,000 francs; the Laurent-Richard Collection—of old and new pictures, sculpture, and tapestry—for a total of 455,136 francs; the Saulnier Collection—of pictures by modern masters—for a total of 587,720 francs, of which some 250,000 francs were for examples of Corot; the Marquis Collection—of porcelain and china—for a total of 104,151 francs; the Techner Collection—of books and manuscripts—for a total of 175,000 francs; the De Neuville pictures and sketches for a total of 300,000 francs; and the Schwiter Collection—of old masters and terra-cottas—for a total of 88,581 francs. At the first of these sales, that of the Defoer Collection, the top prices were as follows:—Troyon, "Pâturage," 33,000 francs; Decamps, "Le Garde-Chasse," 36,000 francs; Rousseau, "Bords de la Loire," 55,000 francs; Millet, "La Lessiveuse," 35,100 francs, and "L'Homme à la Houe," 57,100 francs; Corot, "Nymphes et Faunes," 68,100 francs; Fromentin, "La Fantasia," 68,000 francs; and Meissonier, "Les Joueurs de Boules à Antibes," 46,700 francs, and "1814," 128,000 francs. Of the Saulnier pictures, those that sold highest were as follows:—Rousseau, "Le Printemps," 24,500 francs; Corot, "Le Moulin," 25,000 francs, and "La Clairière," 25,500 francs; and Delacroix, "Boissy d'Anglas à la Convention Nationale" (for the Musée de Bordeaux), 40,000 francs.

In connection with the Viot, Saulnier, and Defoer sales, M. Turquet is severely rated by the *Chronique des Arts*, for having spent, in the acquisition for the Luxembourg of certain examples of De Neuville, a sum of money—18,200 francs, to be exact—which might have been devoted to the purchase of representative work by Corot and Millet. It is evident that M. Turquet has been, to say the least of it, indiscreet; for it appears that, in his quest of patriotic stuff, he has done the State some service in possessing it of "des œuvres secondaires, dédaignées des amateurs," which in the artist's lifetime might have been had of him at a reduction of ninety per cent. Thus, says *La Chronique des Arts*, he gave, "à l'ébahissement de toute la salle"—to the consternation of the whole auction—some 20,000 francs (£800) for a certain water-colour, "Le Parlementaire," which De Neuville would have been happy to sell him for 2,500 francs, or a hundred sterling! When it is noted that, at the sales above mentioned, Corot's "Le Pont de Mantes" went for 18,000 francs; Millet's "Les Glaneuses," an immortal masterpiece, for 21,100 francs; and the same tremendous painter's "Les Meules" (pastel) for 9,000, and his "La Nuée de Corbeaux" (pastel) for 7,000 francs, it is not to be doubted that M. Turquet has made an immense mistake. Especially as the only Corot in the Luxembourg is "un Corot de facture," and the only Millet a Millet altogether "sans importance."

In New York the following pictures were sold for francs:—Berne-Bellecour, "En Observation," 15,500, and "Sur le Glacis des Fortifications," 13,200; A. de Neuville, "Soldat Anglais," 10,000; Clairin, "Scene Espagnole," 13,500; Alfred Stevens, "Les Papillons," 13,000, "Crépuscule," 14,000, and "Contemplation sur le Bord de la Mer," 13,200; Jacquet, "La Reine du Camp," 38,000; Heilbuth, "Un Jour de Fête," 36,000; Munkacsy, "Le Défi du Lutteur," 70,000; Roybet, "La Sultane," 20,000; Meissonier, "La Voyageur," 55,000; Fromentin, "Le Combat," 86,500; Henner, "Eglogue," 19,500; and Bouguereau, "Les Baigneuses" (for the New York Museum), 93,000.

The death is announced of the sculptor, painter, and drawing-master, Richard Norbury of Liverpool; of Eugène Dutuit, the eminent collector, author of the "Manuel de l'Amateur d'Estampes," and of "L'Œuvre Complet de Rembrandt;" of the Munich *animalier*, Professor J. F.

Voltz; of the line and mezzotint engraver, James Stephenson, author of many famous plates after Martin, Landseer, Maclise, Watts, Millais, and others; of Auguste Marc, a pupil of Delaroche, the art-editor of *L'Illustration;* of the antiquary, Dr. H. W. Diamond, of Twickenham; of the landscape-painter, Alfred Moullion, a pupil of Delestre; of Jules Corblet, director of the *Revue de l'Art Chrétien;* of Karl Daubigny, son of the famous landscape-painter; of the architect, Emmanuel Brune, a professor at the École des Beaux-Arts, and artist of the Ministère de l'Agriculture et du Commerce; and of the painter, Edouard Frère, a pupil of Delaroche, thrice medalled at the Salon, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour.

The "Giovanni Dupré" of Mr. H. S. Friese (London: Sampson Low) is a wholesome and pleasant book. Dupré was not, perhaps, the greatest sculptor of his age; but he was a man of heart and a man of character, and the story of his life is good to read. Mr. Friese has told it with commendable brevity, and a good understanding of its peculiar qualities. He has made ample use of the "Ricordi," and has supplemented his biography with a couple of dialogues on art, by Auguste Conti, in which Dupré is made to figure as one of the interlocutors. In these a great deal is told of the artist's ideas, and something, but not much, of his methods. It is evident that he had the religious mind in its best expression, and that he was incapable of treason, even for an instant, to his ideals of art and life. In a certain sense he was uneducated: that is to say, he knew no literature but Italian, the study of which he began upon when he was already old. With two books, however—the Bible and the "Divina Commedia"—he had lived from boyhood; he knew them so intimately it was believed he had them by heart; and, just as Berlioz lived upon his Virgil and his Shakespeare, and did well on them, so did Dupré on these two, which (it is interesting to note) are the chosen favourites of a greater than himself, the sculptor of the "Age of Bronze" and the "Dante" alone. Their influence is apparent in all his work; to them is owing the full development of that idealism which is the principal characteristic of his art; so that after all he has a better right to be considered an educated man than if he had read some thousands of books, in all manner of languages, and got no good of any.

The third volume of Mr. N. H. J. Westlake's important and valuable "History of Design in Painted Glass" (London and Oxford: Parker) is devoted to the glass of the Fifteenth Century in England, France, Germany, and Italy. By far the greater part of the volume (Sections VI. and VII., of 108 pages in all) is given up to English glass; with special reference to examples at Winchester, Oxford, York, Malvern, Fairford, and Gloucester, Bowness, Lavenham, the cathedrals of Salisbury, Canterbury, Eccles, and so forth; and with a separate chapter for English Fifteenth Century subject windows, as those in the Minster and the other churches of York; and at Leverington, Combs, Blakney, Buckland, Ticehurst, Martham, Beauchamp Chapel, and elsewhere. In his Eighth Section Mr. Westlake deals, at much greater brevity, with French glass—at St. Maclou, Le Mans, Evreux, Bourges, Metz, Amiens, St. Lô; with German and Flemish glass, as shown at Ulm, Hildesheim, Nuremberg, Tournai; and with Italian glass—about which a great deal more is promised for the next volume—at Lucca, Florence, and Bologna. The matter of the Ninth Part is heraldic glass; with examples from Odele, Cambridge, Fairford, Blakeney, Stamford, Leicester, Salisbury, Lavenham, Ockwells, Netley, Bruges, Nuremberg, and Norbury. The illustrations—a hundred and eighteen in number—are excellent; the text is distinguished by insight as well as scholarship, by critical acumen as well as knowledge and research.

The "Précis d'Histoire de l'Art" of M. C. Bayet (Paris: Quantin), one of the numbers in the "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," is a book of unusual value and interest. There have been other summaries of the history of art, but there has been none so sound, so scholarly, so complete, as this one. M. Bayet has the talent of his race: the talent of selecting what is essential, of presenting the important features only in an argument, of making a complete picture out of details that to the imperfectly informed seem trivial and ineffective; and this talent is displayed to the greatest advantage in the volume at present under notice. He starts with the antique, and in a first book he conveys a sufficient idea of the genesis and the early development of art—in Egypt, Assyria, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome, Etruria. In a second book, "Le Moyen Age," he treats of art, Byzantine, Arab, Germanic, and Gothic; in a third of the Italian Renaissance and its results, of the Flemish and German revivals, and of art in the France of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries; and in a fourth of art in Flanders, Holland, England, Italy, and Spain during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, and of art in France—in two special chapters—during the same period. The effect of the whole book is singularly complete. No such work has been attempted before, and it will be long ere this of M. Bayet is superseded or surpassed.

Miscellanea.—The "Decamps" of "Les Artistes Célèbres" (Paris: Rouam) is by M. Charles Clément; it is, perhaps, a little excessive in the way of praise, but it is well worth reading all the same; the illustrations are capital. The "Pheidias" of the same series is by M. Max Collignon; it is, perhaps, the best and most valuable of all which have appeared. Among recent numbers of the "National Library" (London: Cassell and Co.) are things so admirable in their several ways as the two plays of Oliver Goldsmith, "Hamlet" (completely revised by Professor Morley from the First and Second Quartos and the First Folio), the "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" of Edmund Burke, "The Lady of the Lake," selections from Crabbe, Johnson's "Lives," Herodotus, Hakluyt, Cowley's "Essays," and the "Table Talk" of Martin Luther. In Mr. Sparkes's "Fine Art Library" (same publishers) the new volume is a "Manual of Greek Archæology," from the French of M. Max Collignon; one of the best of the original series (Paris: Quantin), it is probably the best translated and best edited of the adaptations. In "A Practical Manual of Wood Engraving," by W. Norman Brown (London: Crosby Lockwood), and "Practical House Decoration," by James W. Facey (same publishers), we have a couple of text-books which are not far short of excellent, and may be universally recommended. Such parts as have reached us of Dr. Dresser's "Modern Ornamentation" (London: Batsford) are copiously illustrated with good examples, and will be useful to the student and the practical workman alike. Miss Rowe's "Hints on Woodcarving" (London: City and Guilds Institute) is intelligent in design and clearly written.

ART IN AUGUST.

Sir John Millais is painting, or has painted, a picture called "Mercy," which may be considered as "a sort of sequel to 'A Huguenot;'" a "Portia," which is described as "a brilliant and rich exercise in deep rose colour, contrasting with the carnations of a handsome fair-haired damsel and a dark warm background;" a child-portrait, called "Lilacs;" and a three-quarter length "Lord Rosebery." M. Rajon has finished an etched portrait of M. Meissonier. Mr. Wedmore is preparing, for M. Thibaudeau, a "Whistler's Etchings, a Study and a Catalogue." M. Edmond Yon, the painter, and M. Gillot, inventor of an excellent process in colour-printing, have been made Knights of the Legion of Honour. M. Eugène Lambert, the painter of cats, has been commissioned by M. Turquet to paint a picture for the Luxembourg. The Premier Grand Prix de Peinture has fallen to M. Charles Lebayle, a pupil of MM. Cabanel and Aimé Millet; the Premier Grand Prix de Sculpture to M. Capellaro, a pupil of MM. Thomas, Dumont, and Bonassieux; the Premier Grand Prix for line engraving to M. Patricot, a pupil of MM. Henriquel-Dupont and Cabanel.

It is an open secret that the Council of the Royal Academy have decided that no alteration shall be made in the rule in virtue of which every member is entitled to exhibit eight several pictures. Mr. Frith, Mr. Poynter, and the President are understood to have pleaded for a change; Mr. Holl and Mr. Sidney Cooper to have spoken in the other sense. As the debate, however, was secret, and the revelation of its results is due to an indiscretion on the part of some one unknown, the less that is said about its details the better. With reference to the point at issue between the reformers and the reactionary party, it may be remarked that the alteration proposed would undoubtedly have done much to popularise the Academy, not only with the profession, but with the public as well. For some years past the incapacity of much of the work on which the line at Burlington House is wasted has been a general scandal. Its quality is of the flagrant type that is scarce less obvious to the visitor who pays his shilling than to the trained observer; and the fact that many good things have to be shelved or skied to make room for such rubbish as nobody wants to look at, has come to be recognised as a characteristic of every exhibition. As the Royal Academy is a private corporation, it is not from without that reform can be expected; till all the Forty are of one mind in being a little ashamed of themselves, the annual show of tea-trays and wild spring salads will flourish as heretofore. Meanwhile, it is impossible to insist too often or too strongly on this: that the Academy is in no sense a national or a representative institution, and that to pass over in its favour such exhibitions as (for instance) those of the New English Art Club or the Society of British Artists is to be practically at one with the least competent and the most notorious of its members, and in every way indifferent to the true interests of art.

This is not the place, nor is it yet the time perhaps, to remark that whether Mr. Sidney Cooper exhibits eight canvases or none, the Royal Academy exhibition, as at present arranged, would still leave much to be desired. On the average mind the effect of such an enormous jumble of styles and schools as is achieved by the Hanging Committee year by year is necessarily no more than bewildering. To the public its educational value is *nil*—is "zero, or even a frightful *minus* quantity;" while to the painter, ill-hung or ill-matched, or both at once, its one use is that it gives him place in the catalogue, and therewithal a chance of appealing with success to the ordinary or extraordinary dealer. What is wanted, no doubt, is a departure such as is presently to be taken by the council of the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool, who have set apart a special room for the use of the New English Art Club, which can hardly fail to be a principal feature of their coming exhibition. At the Royal Academy, crippled by convention, blinded by a sense of self-importance, worm-eaten with traditions of the worst and most respectable sort, such an innovation is just now manifestly impossible. It is significant, however, that the fashion should have begun; and it is odds that, having once begun, it will gain ground steadily, until it forces the very doors of Burlington House. It is from the study of the work of a knot of men united in the pursuit of a common aim that one gets to know something of art; not from that of a couple of thousand numbers whose only points of resemblance are that they are all done in paint upon canvas, and that they all profess to be pictures. The artistic value of exhibitions of any sort has yet to be proved; but it seems not doubtful that the exhibitions of the future will be exhibitions of coteries and cliques.

Taking into account the many excellent shows which have been held in the Goupil galleries, one should be grateful for past favours, and disposed to be lenient to "Famous Pictures from the French Salon," even if one considers it, as an exhibition, below the average of past years, and not very representative of the best work in France. Carolus-Duran's "L'Éveil" (21) shows more feeling for the colourist's use of paint and more mastery than is to be seen in the works around it of the qualities which suit the tendencies of the day. We do not wish, however, to pronounce the painter faultless, and an artist on the same level with Titian or Velasquez: a position which has been claimed for him, as it has for Mr. Whistler, not altogether, we fear, without these gentlemen's hearty approbation. It is, indeed, excessively difficult to praise sufficiently what is excellent in a man's work without appearing to consider him an overwhelming genius and a mighty master. Every

real artist at times carries some quality to perfection, or executes some portion of a work as well as it could be done; yet for all that he may have narrow sympathies, and may even see crooked. Though, for instance, the breast and upper part of the body in "L'Éveil" is modelled with a subtlety and force worthy of any one, yet the construction of the lower limbs is somewhat flimsy in spite of fine colour, and the feeling for line is, throughout the picture, a little cheap and empty of character. Moreover, it may be felt by many that the general sentiment of the face and figure, as well as of the *mise-en-scène*, is theatrical rather than touching and human. It is impossible to resist admiration at the style of the flesh-painting, and, while we do not wish Duran to change his broad painter's manner and the glow and *éclat* of his colour for Bouguereau's cold staining and methodical drawing, we yet cannot help feeling sorry that some truer and more intimate suggestion of those forms which Bouguereau laboriously studies should not spring up naturally under the magnificent sweeps of the other artist's brush. It is only saying that, unless he belongs to the highest rank of all, the man who proceeds by artistic instinct is inevitably limited, whereas the only limit set to the engineer turned artist is, that in spite of his intelligent combination of all the qualities, he can never be artistic. To draw perfectly with the brush, to set down the right tone of the right shape in the right place, and that elegantly, so as to avoid the necessity of any retouching which might spoil the surface of the paint and disturb the pleasing and expressive set of the colour, is the achievement of a perfect painter. Who besides Velásquez can make all his dabs, sweeps, and splashes just in tone and colour as well as exquisitely communicative of realistic form? Not even Legros, certainly not Carolus-Duran, Whistler, and Sargent, though of living painters they perhaps best comprehend and emulate the great Spaniard's manner. Very large, but not very interesting, either in subject or treatment, is Mlle. T. Schwartze's "At Church" (24), while Jules Breton in "Bretonne" (18) and Artz in "The Sewing Lesson" (16) are dull and below their ordinarily high level of excellence. Boggs in "Windsor Castle" (2) is undefined as usual, but not altogether with his customary suggestive and pleasing sloppiness. Flameng's "Bath in the Eighteenth Century" (7) is twiny in texture, and over-full of bright flashy colour: faults with which we are familiar in Van Haanen, Logsdail, and others who follow the lead of Fortuny with more courage than judgment. A Mesdag, "In Danger" (5), refused, we understand, at the Royal Academy, is the finest of the landscapes, unless "The Arrival" (3), by the same painter, be preferred from the harmoniousness of its colour. In both the lively dashing handling, besides being well suited to the sentiment of wind and water, is conscientiously used to express form in every stroke.

By the courtesy of Messrs. Young and Miss Kennedy, we lately witnessed the casting of Signor Raggi's colossal statue of Sir Arthur Kennedy, former Governor of Hong-Kong. The modern ceremony has none of the terror and excitement of the old business, as described by Alexander Dumas in "Ascanio," but the sad experience at Woolwich the other day in lifting the big gun whilst hot shows that some stages of the operation require to be performed with care. The statue, in full uniform, is executed with some breadth, and appears to be a thoroughly satisfactory portrait. Sir George Bowen, the present Governor, made a speech in praise of the life and character of his predecessor.

The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have appointed a committee consisting of Sir F. Leighton (chairman), Mr. Poynter, Mr. Alma Tadema; Mr. Carl Haag and Mr. Henry Wallis named by the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; Sir J. D. Linton and Mr. F. Dillon by the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; together with Mr. Sidney Colvin, of the British Museum, and Mr. Armstrong, of the Science and Art Department, to consider the question of the action of light on paintings in water-colours. It is understood that Captain Abney and Dr. Russell have for some time past been making a scientific investigation of the action of light on the various pigments used in painting, and that they will inform the committee of the method and nature of their inquiry.

It has been decided by the Court of Common Council that there are to be no statues, equestrian or others, at the ends of Blackfriars Bridge. A great deal of trouble has been taken in the matter. The President, in answer to an application for advice, had opined that the four sites were appropriate either for recumbent figures or men on horseback. It had been estimated that each statue would cost no more than some £7,500, and "four eminent artists"—Messrs. Birch, Boehm, Thornycroft, and Armstead—had made models, on the scale of one-eighth of the full size, of the works with which they were prepared to gratify the populace of London. Mr. Birch had arranged to produce a "Henry V.," as he appeared when he re-entered London after Agincourt; Mr. Thornycroft, an "Edward I.," bent on presenting his subjects with a certain Charter; Mr. Armstead, an "Edward III.," which should express "the kingly dignity of that great commander in the field and wise statesman;" and Mr. Boehm, a "Richard Cœur de Lion," "trusting in Providence and his strong arm, full of lofty enthusiasm, going to fight the infidels." But these preparations, however poetical, availed their authors nothing. Mr. Frank Green regretted the exclusion of Mr. Brock, and remarked that to place on the sites in question the statues recommended by the Bridge House Estates Committee would be to make the Corporation "the laughing stock of the world." Mr. Johnson did not believe that the reputation of these four mediæval kings would be improved by the fanciful and repulsive equestrian presentments" suggested by Messrs. Birch, Thornycroft, Armstead, and Boehm. Mr. E. Hart considered that Messrs. Birch and Boehm had succeeded, but that Messrs. Armstead and Thornycroft had failed. Mr. Benjamin Scott said that if the statues were put up, the Committee would have to borrow £30,000 *ad hoc* on the security of the Bridge House Estates. Mr. Morton proposed, in amendment, "that the question be not now put," which was carried by 75 to 41 votes, and Mr. Loveridge gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that also the resolutions having reference to statuary in connection with Blackfriars Bridge be rescinded, and the references to the committee discharged. And there is an end of the matter. The kingly dignity of Mr. Armstead's "Edward III.," the lofty enthusiasm of Mr. Boehm's "Richard I.," exulting in his strong arm, will never be seen of men; Mr. Thornycroft's "Edward I." must keep his Charter unpresented. Of course the Common Council were right. The decoration of Blackfriars Bridge is an excellent motive; but to pledge the Bridge House Estates to a debt of £30,000 was manifestly unadvisable.

Last year some 340,600 persons visited the Salon; this year there were close on 30,000 more. This year the gate receipts were 308,000 francs; last year they were 7,000 francs less. In addition to this, season tickets were sold to the amount of 7,000 francs, which, with the profits on the catalogues sold, and the 11,000 francs paid by the refreshment contractor, swells the total of money taken to 330,000 francs, or £13,200 sterling. Among the twenty pictures purchased for the State were M. Edelfelt's "M. Pasteur;" M. Morot's "Rézonville;" the "Plateau de la Montjoie" of M. Pelouze; the "Bataillon Carré" of M. Protais; M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Le Pain Benit;" M. Binet's "La Plaine;" the "Vercingétorix se Rend à César" of M. Motte; the "Victime" of M. Pelez; M. Berthelon's "Ancienne Jetée du Tréport un Jour de Tempête;" M. Schuller's "Automne;" the "Vue Prise aux Environs de Cannes" of M. J.-J. Bellel; and M. Collin's "Floréal." The sculpture purchased for the State were M. Boucher's "Au Bût;" M. Godebski's "Persuasion;" M. Dumilâtre's "Jeune Vendangeur;" M. Injalbert's "Hippomène;" and the "Satyre et Nymphe" of M. J. Desbois. Among the sculpture purchased for the city of Paris were the "Belles Vendanges" (7,000 francs) of M. Cornu; M. Mathurin Moreau's "L'Avenir" (3,000 francs), in marble; the "Botteleur" (4,000 francs), in plaster, of M. Jacques Perrin; and M. Michel's "Circé" (12,000 francs), in bronze.

Portraits of General Fairfax and of Thomas Betterton have been added to the National Portrait Gallery, while the Dilettanti Society have sent on loan to the National Gallery the two canvases painted for them by Sir Joshua, and exhibited two years ago at the Grosvenor Gallery. To the Louvre (Departement de la Moyen-Âge et de la Renaissance) there have been added a replica in stucco of the "Virgin" made in marble by Donatello for the Pazzi family, now in the Berlin Museum; a colossal "Virgin," by Jacopo Sansovino, also in stucco; and a marble bust of one of the princes of the House of Naples. At the same museum there arrived in July last the 215 cases of relics and specimens collected by M. Dieulafoy at Susa, in the ruins of the palaces of Artaxerxes and Darius. In this precious trover are included two fragments of a frieze in enamelled faïence from the pylons of the palace of Artaxerxes Mnemon, four metres high and nine metres long; a third fragment, also in enamelled faïence, from the palace of Darius, three and a half metres high and twelve metres long, painted with twelve figures of the king's guard, the Immortals of Herodotus—as brilliant and fresh, says M. Dieulafoy, as when they left the kiln; a vast collection of inscriptions, coins, and graven stones; a great part of the bronze sheathing of the outer gates of Artaxerxes' palace; a series of statuettes in bronze, marble, ivory, and terra-cotta; a number of lachrymatories in glass; and close on five hundred objects of secondary order and interest, as Parthian funerary urns, enamelled vases, arms, toilet utensils, and so forth. The find, as will be seen, is of the very greatest importance, and gives the Louvre a place apart among museums. When it is added that M. Dieulafoy turned over no more than 42,000 cubic metres of the 15,000,000 of which the tumulus is composed, it will be obvious at once that, rich as is the Louvre, there is no reason why the British Museum should not be richer still.

The "Diderot" of M. Gautherin, in the Place St. Germain-des-Prés, and the "Rabelais" (bust) of M. Truphème, in the Place at Meudon, have been unveiled. It has been decided to remove the chariot and horses of M. Falguière from the Arc de Triomphe at the Barrière de l'Étoile, and to break up the model. The inauguration of M. Bartholdi's colossal "Liberty," at New York, has been deferred until the middle (15th to 20th) of October next. The United States Government have voted a sum of £10,000 for a Lafayette Memorial; MM. Bartholdi and Falguière have already submitted designs to the committee; M. Antonin Mercié has been invited to compete.

It has been decided to hold an exhibition of the fine and industrial arts next year at Manchester, and to raise, for this purpose, a guarantee fund of £100,000. At Vienna, the First Annual Exhibition of Graphic Works of Art will be held at the Künstlerhaus, from 1st December, 1886, to 31st January, 1887. There will be here collected and shown all manner of copperplate engravings, etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, "and other cognate objects," with "Illustrated *éditions de luxe* and scientific works on art," and "Reproductions effected by the aid of chemico-technical means." Artists, art-publishers, and art-institutes are invited to send for exhibition, carriage paid, "as rich and complete a collection of their works as possible, to the offices of the Society for Graphic Arts, VI. Magdalenan-Strasse, No. 26, Vienna, before the end of September, 1886. An International Exhibition, to celebrate the Jubilee of the Queen and of South Australia, will be held at Adelaide next year. The London Committee is thus composed:—The Duke of Manchester (chairman), Sir James Fergusson, Sir John Rose, Sir Frederick Leighton, Sir P. Cunliffe-Owen, Sir Arthur Blythe, Sir W. C. Sargeaunt, Sir John Gilbert, Sir J. D. Linton, Colonel Sir Henry Sandford, and Messrs. Neville Blyth, Samuel Deering, W. G. Elder, Joseph Harrold, J. S. O'Halloran, and Frederick Young.

The death is announced of the Danish landscape-painter, Niels Rhode; of the painter and lithographer, Charles Baugniet; of the Lyonnese painter, Jean-Baptiste Chatigny; and of the famous painter, Professor Carl von Piloty, master of Lenbach, Defregger, and Hans Makart, artist of "Nero in the Ruins of Rome," and "Wallenstein's Zug nach Egger," and the recipient of a First Class Medal at the Paris International of 1867.

Messrs. Christie have sold, from various collections, the following pictures:—Sir Peter Lely, "Anne Lee, of Ditchley," £273; "Miss Jennie Deering," £435. Wynants and Lingelbuck, "A River Scene," £346. Rubens, "Brigida Spinola," £304. W. Van de Velde, "Le Coup de Canon," £315. B. C. Koekkoek, "Le Chateau de Bentheim," £357. Metsu, "A Gentleman Leading his Horse into a Blacksmith's Shop," £399. Jan Van Eyck, "Portrait of the Painter," £399. Jan Van Huysum, "Flowers and Vase," £404. Titian, "Tarquin and Lucretia," £430. Hondekoeter, "A Garden Scene, with Peacocks," £441. Albert Cuyp, a landscape, with the Tower of Dort, £435; and "Milking Time," £525. Wouvermans, "A Halt of Cavalry," £388; and "Départ Pour la Chasse," £535. Ruysdael, "A Norwegian Landscape," £430, and "A Ruin, with a Cascade," £551. J. B. Weenix, "Landscape, with Figures and Dead Game," £787. David Teniers, "The Archers," £477; and "Interior of a Guard Room," £861.

The same auctioneers have sold, for the Duke of Marlborough, the following pictures:—Wouvermans, "A Sortie,"

£472. Gonzales Coques, "A Portrait Group," £535. Rembrandt, "Isaac Blessing Jacob," £535. Weenix, "A Seaport in Spain," £546. Teniers, "An Interior with Figures," £577. Daniel Mytens, "William, Second Duke of Hamilton," £546; "George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," £735; "Henry Rich, First Lord Holland," £1,005 15s. Reynolds, "The Marquess of Tavistock," £1,037 10s. Van Dyck, "The Virgin and Child," £535; "Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, and his Secretary, Philip Mainwaring," £735; "Queen Henrietta Maria," £735; "Mary, Duchess of Richmond, £1,207 10s. Albert Cuyp, "A Halt of Travellers," £1,837. Rubens, "A Holy Family, with St. Elizabeth and St. Joseph," £483; "Meleager Presenting the Wild Boar to Atalanta," £546; "Suffer the Little Children to Come Unto Me," £840; "A Holy Family" (three figures), £1,050; "Filial Piety," £1,260; "The Holy Family Assembled in an Apartment," £1,260; "The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," £1,575; "The Adoration of the Magi," £1,575; "The Distribution of the Rosary," £1,585; "The Departure of Lot and His Family from Sodom," £1,942; "Anne of Austria," £3,885; and "Venus Endeavouring to Restrain Adonis from the Chase," £7,560. [The last picture was bought in.] The Teniers Copies sold *en bloc* for £2,002 10s. The total amount realised is over £47,000.

The adaptation to decorative purposes of Bartolozzi's engravings, and those of his school, is by no means a new idea. It has been on trial, with more or less of success, this some time past, and has resulted in the production of some very pretty and engaging work. A good example, in the shape of a three-leaf screen, has been made, decorated, and exhibited by the Lincrusta and General Decorating Company (London: Old Cavendish Street). Here the Bartolozzis were printed on silk; and the effect was one of unquestionable elegance and charm. It has, in fact, been demonstrated that the idea is a good one, and has but to be worked with taste to achieve a certain popularity.

The "Henri Regnault" of M. Roger Marx, in the series called "Les Grandes Artistes" (Paris: Rouam), is good reading and good criticism. M. Marx, unlike the generality of his kind, is able to write of his subject with moderation. If he knows the dictum of Cherbuliez, "Pour admirer assez, il faut admirer trop," he is very far indeed from allowing it to govern his practice of biography. It is fortunate that he is this way inclined; for Henri Regnault, in his works as in his death, is of those who create an atmosphere of enthusiasm, which makes the serious study of them difficult. He was something more than a painter of great gifts and singular promise; he was also, as Mr. Hamerton has shown, a man of heart and brains whom it is impossible to consider without interest and without respect. He had done enough at eight-and-twenty to entitle him to the position of a sort of *chef d'école;* he had said enough to show that he had it in him to contribute a really personal note to the art of France; and when he was shot down at Buzenval he left none behind him who had fared so far so soon, or of whom so much was expected in the future. In dealing with such a life the temptation is always to make too much of it: to rate its achievement too high, and discuss its possibilities with too devout a sentiment of tenderness and regret. That is precisely what M. Marx has not done. He has no great liking, if the truth must be told, for the greater part of Regnault's work; he is keenly alive to its faults, and he is very far indeed from being over-enthusiastic about its merits. What he has tried to do is to consider his subject with intelligence, and to formulate it absolutely for his contemporaries and their successors; and what he has tried to do, that has he done.

M. Charles Cournault, in his "Jean Lamour" (Paris: Rouam), also in "Les Grandes Artistes" series, is a good deal less fortunate in his subject than M. Marx. There are not many to whom the name of the artist-smith is significant of anything. Unless, indeed, one has been to Nancy, and seen and admired the great iron gates in the Place Stanislas, or studied the wonderful "Recueil des Ouvrages du Serrurerie que Stanislas le Bienfaisant, Roi de Pologne, a fait poser sur la Place Royale de Nancy, à la Gloire de Louis le Bien-Aimé," which was published by the master in 1767, it must fall on one's ear with sound as vain and idle as Brown or Robinson themselves. There is not much to tell of Jean Lamour, in any case; but he survives in his works and in the designs of his "Recueil," and his title to a number in "Les Grandes Artistes" is indisputable. M. Cournault writes with intelligence and discretion; and his descriptive criticism of the marvels of ironwork which Lamour produced is excellent.

The magnificent magazine "Les Arts et Les Lettres" (London and Paris: Boussod, Valadon, et Cie.), which is to the other monthlies as is the Empress of India to her feudatories, continues to maintain the promise of its first number. In the July part, for instance, we have a coloured frontispiece by M. François Flameng which is a very marvel of the art of reproduction. For a note on the life and the loves of Petrarch, M. E. Wallet has engraved, from a Fourteenth Century miniature, a portrait of Laure de Sade which has much of the sentiment of the original; while M. Adrien Moreau has furnished a design which, modern though it be, is illustrative in the good sense of the word. Of equal merit are the set of designs contributed by M. Flameng in illustration of a novelette by M. Théo. Gautier fils, "L'Aventure du Commandant Pervenche." The sketches, which include M. J. L. Brown's fine portrait of Minting, for an article on the Grand Prize of Paris, are admirably spirited and effective; and we shall go far ere we find neater illustrative work than that which accompanies "La Manteau de Joseph Olenine," and which appears to be due to MM. H. Gray and Chelmonski. The portraits of Mlle. Rosita Mauri and Mlle. Subra, both from photographs, are a mistake—the only one in the number; that of Count Leo Tolstoi, from a drawing by M. E. de Liphart, is, on the other hand, first-rate.

The re-issue, under the title of "The Seine and the Loire" (London: Virtue), of the sixty plates originally published half a century ago as "Turner's Annual Tour," and afterwards produced by Mr. Bohn as the "Liber Fluviorum," is timely and interesting. As Mr. Huish remarks in his useful introductory note, the application of fine line engraving to the reproduction of landscape is a thing of the past; the art is dead, and can never be resuscitated. In "The Seine and the Loire," which is printed from the original plates (the "Annual Tours" were not a success, and the plates are almost as good as new), there is comprehended not a little of the best work of Woollett's best descendants; so that the book has a distinct and lasting value of its own.

ART IN SEPTEMBER.

The movement against the Royal Academy, which took its immediate departure in the proposal made by Messrs. Holman Hunt, Clausen, and Walter Crane to establish a national exhibition, appears, at the time of writing, to have spent its force and come to a close. The strife was hot enough while it lasted, but it was too illogical in design, and too inconsequent in action, to have had any other ending. Every one in the attacking party fought for his own hand, and that in a fashion which, in more cases than one, was all to the advantage of the defence. The Academicians, on the contrary, were strong in the knowledge of what they wanted, and what they meant to have; and, as it seems to us, the result of the whole business has been to generate a good deal of bad blood, and, apart from that, to leave matters almost precisely as they were. It has been proved, of course, that in the profession a vast amount of dissatisfaction exists with regard to the Academical practice of art-criticism; but there is nothing new in that, for nobody outside the Academy has had a good word to say for it since, at the bidding of George III., it began to be. Mr. Harry Quilter, again, has called for the reconstruction of the schools and the system of teaching; but for years past there has been an exodus of English students to Paris, and for years past the influence of French technical methods has been steadily on the increase. The gentleman who signs himself "An Outsider," has suggested, in the name of hundreds of outsiders more, that there should be a new rule with regard to the number of pictures exhibited, by Academicians and outsiders alike; but so far the only result of his suggestion has been to anger the Council, and to subject himself and his supporters to the indignity of a flat refusal. And the worst of it all is that the public, to which of necessity the final appeal must be made, has shown itself completely indifferent to the whole question. Attempts have been made—in the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and elsewhere—to interest it in the rights and wrongs of the matter; but they seem to have been unsuccessful. It neither knows nor cares about them. It goes to the Academy because the Academy is fashionable; it looks at certain pictures, not because they are good, but because they are signed by certain men; and there is an end of it. That is how things have always been; that is how things are now; and that is how things will be until—as the *Times* has remarked—the public completes its education and develops a right sentiment of art. A hundred years hence the consummation will appear as desirable—and as near—as now.

It is said that Parliament will be asked to take up the matter next session; that there will be a Royal Commission; in short, that the Golden Age is immediate and inevitable. But there have been Royal Commissions before; and we are still clamouring for reform, and still rejoicing in the annual exhibition, under Academical auspices and with Academical honours, of a number of works which are, individually and collectively, the negation of art. It is just possible that, *if* Parliament can be persuaded to interfere, *if* a Royal Commission be granted, and *if* anything but suggestions and complaints can come of it, it may be established once for all that the Royal Academy is—as has been reiterated in these pages *ad nauseam*—not a national institution, but a private corporation, admission to which no more confers honour (we say nothing of profit) than exclusion from it brings disgrace. This point determined in one sense or another, it is possible that something may be done. If the Royal Academy be really national and representative, as it claims to be (sometimes), it may get at last to be administered for the national benefit. If it be a private corporation or club, as (on occasion) it declares, it may continue to exist on that footing, or it may not. Whatever happens can matter little in the immediate present. It can profit none but the artists of a dim and distant future. For the men of to-day there is nothing for it but to help themselves—to paint their best and fear not. If it be true, as is reported, that the sales at Burlington House this year were far below the average, while, in spite of the "general depression," those at the Grosvenor Gallery and the Institute were much as usual, the worst of the future will not be theirs.

Mr. Herbert has resigned, and is no longer a Royal Academician. The President's second fresco, "The Arts of Peace," has been unveiled at South Kensington, and is now open to the public. Sir John Gilbert has withdrawn his resignation of the Presidentship of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. Mr. L. Alma Tadema has been elected a member, and Sir Henry Thompson an honorary member, of the Antwerp Academy. At Berlin English art is represented by the President, Sir John Millais, and Messrs. Alma Tadema, Caton Woodville, Gow, Herkomer, Ouless, Poynter, and Whistler among others. The winners of the Prix de Rome for architecture are M. Defrasse, M. Louvet, and M. Sortais. M. Cernuschi has presented his unrivalled collection of Japanese and Chinese bronzes to the city of Paris, but the gift will not take effect till after his death. Mr. C. O. Murray and Mr. David Law have etched for Messrs. Frost and Reed, the former a view of Canterbury Cathedral, the latter a series of four plates of Tintern Abbey. Mr. R. Macbeth has finished, for Mr. Dunthorne, an etching of Frederick Walker's "Fishmonger's Shop." M. Mateyko, the Polish painter, has finished a colossal "Entry of Joan of Arc into Rheims," which he intends to present to that city. Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse will contribute to "Les Artistes Célèbres" the number relating to Crome and the Norwich artists.

"Le Voyageur," exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, is more than a monument of Meissonier's science, skill, and patience. Touching, natural, and human in its subject, it is also varied, suggestive, and tolerably free in its handling. There is none of that visible and boring effort after technical perfection, that wilful delight in the display of power and sureness of touch on an astonishingly, but perversely, small scale, which so often render Meissonier's art an art of parade rather than of emotion. Here we feel the man and his mood in the manner of laying on paint. The touch is loose, and the painter on the whole has rather tried to suggest in the surroundings an effect of wind and weather than to denote separate objects. Of course, with such a mind and such habits of brush as Meissonier's, this endeavour is coupled with considerable attention to detail and care for delicacy in the texture of the surface of paint. Moreover, in places of small importance in the painter's eyes, the looseness of touch is not thought out enough, not suggestively broad enough, and, in an attempt to express too much too carelessly, becomes trivially complex, meaningless, and childish. But these are chiefly faults in comparison to the merits of the picture; and the somewhat weak over-elaboration of certain parts, such as the distance, scarcely affects one's enjoyment of the admirable realisation of the whole scene: the careful painting of the horse, the sense of action, the cool, fresh, windy aspect of the landscape, and the refined grey tone pervading the picture.

The sixteenth annual autumn exhibition of pictures in the Liverpool Corporation Art Galleries was opened on the 6th September. The collection, which contains 1,279 exhibits, was hung by the Arts Committee, assisted by Messrs. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., George Clausen and James Towers, of the Liverpool Academy. Apart from the works of local men, the most notable canvases are from the Academy, Grosvenor, and other London galleries, the most striking exception being a fine interior, by Professor Geets, titled "Awaiting an Audience" (833); the subject is agreeable, and the technical adroitness and elaborate finish are equal to the painter's best work. Among the subject-pictures are J. P. Beadle's "Toil and Storm" (27); "The Start of the Season" (66) and "The Finish of the Season" (76), by T. Walter Wilson and Frank Wilton; "Sunday Morning" (825), by Thomas Faed; "The Exile" (855), by Briton Riviere, R.A.; "Puritan and Cavalier" (909), by Frederick Goodall, R.A.; "Pharaoh's Daughter" (914), by E. Long, R.A.; "Dr. Johnson's Tardy Gallantry" (923), by W. P. Frith, R.A.; "Susannah," by Frederick Goodall, R.A.; "Ruth and Naomi" (1,040), by P. H. Calderon, R.A.; Logsdail's "Preparing for the Festa" (1,063); "Venturesome" (3), by W. H. Bartlett; "Destiny," by T. C. Gotch; and "The Contest" (109), by Heywood Hardy. The portraits are not so numerous or important as usual. Special notice may be taken of W. B. Boadle's "Lieutenant-General Sir E. B. Hamley" (86), and "Miss Nellie Huxley," by J. Collier. R. E. Morrison and T. B. Kennington have also some good work in this department of art. A series of drawings in crayon, by Frederick Sandys, of eminent persons, executed for and lent by Messrs. Macmillan, is of great interest, including as it does presentments of Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, Matthew Arnold, Dean Church, J. R. Green, J. H. Shorthouse, Goldwin Smith, Alexander Macmillan, Mrs. Oliphant, John Morley, Lord Wolseley, and Dr. B. J. Westcott.

Landscape, as usual, in Liverpool is strongly represented. John Finnie's "At Last the Roused-up River Pours Along" (106) is an admirable example of his best style, and Peter Ghent has two widely different works which show a distinct advance in versatility and power. "Nature's Majesty" (1,068) is a vivid presentation of storm-beaten mountain scenery in its wildest aspects, while "After Evensong" (551) is a calm and broadly treated evening effect, the rustic congregation dispersing being charmingly introduced. Keeley Halswelle is represented by two views of West Highland scenery. Among many other works deserving of notice but too numerous to get it are "Winter Sunlight" (94), by Hugh Wilkinson; "Off the Fishing Ground," by S. A. Forbes; "Autumn" (373), by J. Knight (water-colour); "A Gathering Storm o'er Moor and Moss" (976), by J. Smart, R.S.A.; "A Deeside Pastoral" (1,001), by R. Fowler; and "When the West with Evening Glows" (1,010), by B. W. Leader, R.A. Sir Frederick Leighton's decorative panels are also included in a collection which, as a whole, will rank as one of the best seen in the galleries.

One characteristic feature of the exhibition is a gallery set wholly apart for oil paintings "representing the new English art movement." The level of merit is very high. In addition to certain work by S. A. Forbes and T. C. Gotch, special mention may be made of "For a Holy Family" (182), by S. J. Solomon; "Paddington" (231), by S. Starr; and J. J. Shannon's portrait of Miss Annie A. Beebe; with much admirable stuff by G. Clausen, W. L. Menpes, W. Langley, C. Gogin, Alfred East, and others. The gathering is of special interest, as it presents the achievement of a group of men for the most part united by a common aim in art, dominated by a common impulse, and expressing themselves on certain definite principles of technique. It is greatly to be hoped that the experiment will succeed, and that it will be found worth repeating, not at Liverpool alone, but in other provincial art-centres. Its influence could hardly be other than stimulating and good.

The exhibition of the works of Old Masters at Brussels is a surprise. It was heralded by no preliminary flourish, although mention had modestly been made that it was in preparation; yet, far surpassing all expectations, it is revealed as a collection of the first class, containing hardly any bad or uninteresting pictures, and in one respect unique, for it includes a gathering of first-rate works by some of the less known and less appreciated Flemish and Dutch painters of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, such as has not yet been seen together. The Italian schools are represented only by a fine and perfectly preserved "Madonna and Child" by Beato Angelico, lent by the king; by a very curious work, "The Bull of Phalaris," incorrectly attributed to Pinturicchio, but perhaps by Baldassare Peruzzi; and by two Tiepolos. All the rest belong to the Flemish, Dutch, and German schools.

Baron Oppenheim, of Cologne, sends one of the most important specimens known of the work of Petrus Cristus, the "Fiancailles de Ste. Godeberte," painted in 1449 for the Goldsmiths' Guild at Antwerp, as well as a very interesting "Virgin and Child," by Gheerardt David. An important and little-known retable in six compartments, "The Death of the Virgin," is from the hand of Bernard van Orley (Administration des Hospices), and a "St. Jerome in Penitence" is a very expressive work due to the Louvain painter, Dietrich Bouts. A triptych given to

Schoorel (M. de Franchimont) suggests rather the over smooth work of Mostaert. A series of five separate panels representing male and female saints (M. Fetis), productions of Dürer's school, are given to Barthel Beham, but are rather in the manner of Schönfelein. An admirable specimen of the scarce work of Pieter Pourbus (1510–1583) is the portrait of Jean Almar, dated 1573 (M. de Franchimont). Franz Pourbus the elder (1545—1581) is represented by a portrait-piece of many figures, which offers quite an exceptional interest, historical and artistic. It is designated "Fête de Noces de Georges Hoefnagel." By Rubens, besides some large canvases of doubtful authenticity and some interesting sketches from larger works, is the large "Miracles of St. Benedict," a heterogeneous composition containing many episodes of great power. It is lent by the king, who, it is said, possesses also a copy of the work by Paul Delacroix. The "Pierre Pecquius," from the Orenberg Gallery, is fine, but over-cleaned. By Van Dyck is an exquisite portrait of a youthful princess, in reddish-brown silk, apparently one of Charles I.'s children (M. Fétis); it is, however, terribly marred by the coarse, staring painting of a couple of scarlet macaws, which, in their present state, can scarcely be from the hand of the master himself. By Brouwer is a singular "Intérieur de Cabaret" (M. Cavens), painted in evident imitation of the bravura of Franz Hals, but without his certainty of touch.

BARON OPPENHEIM contributes a magnificent portrait by Rembrandt of an elderly burgher clad in black, a picture belonging to the famous year 1654, but not specially referred to by Bode. The technique of the work is astonishing both for sobriety and strength, while the conception is calmer and more prosaic than was usual with the master at that late period. A very interesting early work of the master, "St. Peter in Prison," signed "R. H. 1631," is contributed by the Prince de Mérode. By G. Dou we have an unusually large and elaborate work, "The Adoration of the Magi" (M. Hollender), painted in undisguised imitation of Rembrandt, with infinite patience, but with an entire lack of the great master's poetic realism and pathos: it is dated 1653. Terborch is represented, first, by a marvellous little head of a blonde cavalier, in grey and silver; next, by one of his most important works, so far as size is concerned, the "Départ pour l'Armée" (M. Koninex), which shows him a consummate craftsman, but not an artist capable of completely realising a dramatic incident of the higher order. Two charming pieces of *genre* on a small scale, given by the catalogue to Franz Hals, are evidently by his less illustrious brother, Dirk Hals. Of the same school are two exquisite specimens of Palamedes Stevaert, who has rarely been seen to such advantage. The large landscape by Van Goyen, in the foreground of which is seen the coach and cortège of the Stadhouder (M. Delebecque), is probably the finest existing specimen of the work of that master, and a river-scene by the same painter is also of unusual interest, on account of its marked Rembrandtesque character. The scarce L. van Valkenborgh is admirably represented by a curiously-wrought "Bords de la Meuse," dated 1575, and the still scarcer L. de Vadder is revealed by two exquisite landscapes executed in collaboration with Teniers the younger. With these may be mentioned landscapes by Josse de Momper and Pieter Snayers. It remains to note that it has been necessary to pass over in this short summary many important works by celebrated masters, perhaps more widely known in England than some of those here mentioned.

THE death is announced of the German landscape-painter, Carl P. Burnitz, a pupil of Dupré, Corot, and Théodore Rousseau; of Thomas Wollaston Moody, for many years Instructor in Decorative Art at South Kensington; and of the Italian archæologist, Bernardino Biondelli, curator of the numismatic museum at Milan.

IF the second volume of M. Robida's "Rabelais" (Paris: Librairie Illustrée) be less interesting than the first, the fault is less the artist's than the author's. In the first the matter is admirably fitted for illustration; and we know how brilliantly and well M. Robida performed his descant upon it. In the volume at present under consideration the matter is more metaphysical and fantastic; and, as we have said, the artist's achievement, remarkable as it is, is in proportion less satisfying and less strong. Of course, there is an abundance of good stuff in it. The ship, for instance, is well felt and well handled; so is the storm; so is the episode of Panurge's sheep; while a number of the head and tail pieces are not to be surpassed. It has to be confessed, however, that M. Robida's genius has failed him more than once, and that on issues of considerable importance: among the Chatz Fourrez and the Andouilles, for example, and particularly at the shrine of the Dive Bouteille, which has suggestions of a *féerie* at the Porte-Saint-Martin, which are far from agreeable. It must be added that, in spite of these lapses, the book is one to have and to keep and cherish. The task of producing a running commentary of design on the five books of Rabelais is one of enormous difficulty; and the gaiety, the invention, the inspiration which M. Robida has brought to bear upon it have not, that we know, been equalled in the range of modern illustration.

IN the "Fantaisies Décoratives" (Paris: Rouam) of M. Habert-Dys there is little to blame, and a very great deal to praise. The artist has the right decorative instinct, and uses it for the most part in a way that gives him a place of his own among contemporary masters of the craft. It is not that he is incapable of error: here and there he strikes a realistic note which sounds a trifle false, and here and there he addicts himself to *la japonaiserie* with results that in nowise make us forget the charm and fancy of the original style. But—and this is a great point—in most cases it is felt that his designs are a genuine expression of art. There is nothing of the Christmas card about his work, and nothing of the shop; he is a decorator to please himself, and because it is in decoration that he is best and most naturally revealed; and the general impression produced by his work is really individual and fresh. The six *livraisons* at present issued contain four pieces each. The subjects are of all sorts—fans, screens, pottery, panels, hangings, jewels, and for all sorts of materials. Among the best of the twenty-four are Nos. 3, 6, 10, 16, 17, 18, 20, and 21; but the most interesting and the most serviceable of all, perhaps, is No. 8, a design which lace-workers should be encouraged to study and adopt. It remains to add that the work is beautifully produced, in colours and gold; and that, complete, it will be one of the handsomest, as well as one of the most suggestive, of its kind.

IN "Les Styles" (Paris: Rouam) we have what may be described as an excellent artists' scrap-book. The author of the text is M. Paul Rouaix, who has done his work with singular skill and intelligence, and a brevity more singular still. He begins by establishing in what consists an artistic

style and by defining its components, and he proceeds to apply the formula thus determined to a considerable number of the styles which have governed in the world, from Egypt downwards to the France of the First Empire. As the seven hundred engravings of which the book is composed have all done duty elsewhere, it is not surprising that certain epochs should receive more ample illustration than others: that Egypt and Etruria, for instance, should fare worse than the Renaissance and the time of Louis Quatorze, or that there should be a larger choice of examples of Gouthière and Riesener than of Pheidias and Praxiteles. It may justly be urged, too, that M. Rouaix has arranged his pictures anyhow, so that the first effect of his work is mainly one of confusion. But, when all is said in this direction, the fact remains that "Les Styles" is a good thing of its kind. There is not much in it that is not eminently artistic in sentiment and type; its price is moderate enough to place it within reach of everybody; and though the specialist may gird at it (and with reason, for it is not intended for his eye), the student and the artisan will find it serviceable in a very high degree: as a collection of well-chosen and suggestive examples these, and those as an excellent book of patterns.

Printed by order of the Trustees, Mr. Anderson's new book, "A Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Paintings in the British Museum" (London: Longmans, Quaritch, and Trübner), is remarkable work in every way. As Mr. Colvin says of it in his prefatory note, it "both furnishes the necessary guidance for the study of the collection"—which, by the way, is some three thousand seven hundred numbers strong—"and contains the most complete account of the general history of the subject which at present exists." What this signifies is neither more nor less than that the obscurity in which the whole course of Japanese pictorial art has hitherto been involved is dissipated at last, and that henceforth he may study it who will. Mr. Anderson has arranged and catalogued the collection in schools, of which eight are Japanese, while two are Chinese and Korean. Of the last he has little to say; "partly on account of the close resemblance of Korean art to the art of China, and partly because of the difficulty in obtaining access to authentic historical facts, and of procuring a sufficient number of representative specimens;" but the others are treated with admirable fulness, and an intelligence that leaves nothing to desire. Of the eight schools of Japan—the Buddhist, the Yamato-Tosa, the Chinese, the Sesshiū, the Kano, the Popular, the Shijō (or Naturalistic), and the Ganku—Mr. Anderson writes with such insight and authority as none have hitherto displayed: tracing the course of their developments and advances with excellent lucidity, analysing their several characteristics with admirable insight, and completing his presentations with a biographic and chronological list of the innumerable masters whose practice has illustrated the special traditions of each academy in turn. A feature of peculiar value in his work is the minute yet abundant analysis of the more popular motives of pictorial art in Japan. History, legend, romance, mythology, archaeology, biography—all the sources at which the Japanese painter has refreshed and stimulated his imagination are drawn upon as occasion serves, now in special chapters, and now in the notes to particular pictures; so that the book is not only an exhaustive treatise on Japanese painting, but a full compendium of Japanese folk-lore also. In the space at our disposal it is, of course, impossible to deal with such a work in any but the most perfunctory manner; and we shall only add to what we have been able to say, that it marks a new era in the study of Japanese art, and not only tells us as much as is known about the painting and the painters of Japan, but enables us to understand with some thoroughness the literary element which is so largely represented in most Japanese pictures.

In the third part of "The Pictorial Arts of Japan" (London: Sampson Low), which should, of course, be studied in connection with the "Catalogue" aforesaid, Mr. Anderson concludes his disquisition on the several "applications" of pictorial art with a chapter on wood-engraving, chromo-xylography, book-illustration, etching, stencilling, tattooing, and so forth; discusses and exhausts the question of "Technique"—the painter's materials, his pigments, his surfaces, his accessories, and the several processes by which he produces his effects; and passes on to the first two chapters of what promises to be the best part of the work: the section entitled "Characteristics." The larger illustrations—whatever the medium of production—are one and all admirable. In photogravure are reproductions of the magnificent armour of Yoshitsuné, which dates from the Twelfth Century, and is now preserved at Nara; a group of Cranes, by Ōkio, the founder of the Shijō School; a good "Peacock and Pine Tree," signed "Saikiosio Yūsei," of the same academy; an admirable "Fish," by Mori Sosen; a "Hawk and Wild Goose," stencilled on silk at Kiōto in 1779; a curious bas-relief in plaster of a Chinese landscape, by Kandō from an original by Tachibana Morikuni; two interesting specimens of modern (1820) wood-carvings; a curious waterscape by Tagakusei Shikiō (1830); and a group of Sosen's monkeys. In chromo-lithography (by Greve, of Berlin) are a good specimen of the Tosa School (late Eighteenth Century); a lovely landscape, "Spring Morning on the Yodo," by Shiwogawa Bunrin, a light of the Ganku School; a capital "Monkey," by Hōgen Shinhō; and a brilliant and faultless reproduction of one of the masterpieces in chromo-xylography of Katsugawa Shunsho. And, finally, among the wood engravings are two heroic portraits from the "Zenken Kojit-sū" of Yō-sai; a striking river scene, after Kano Motonobu; and five or six admirable examples of Chinese draughtsmanship, two of them the work of the Emperor Hwei Tsung, and dating from close on nine hundred years ago.

In "The Follies and Fashions of our Grandfathers" (London: Field and Tuer), Mr. Andrew Tuer presents us with a volume at once comely and entertaining. It is a compilation from the literature and "embellishments" of a number of magazines for the year 1807—*Le Beau Monde*, the *Annual Register*, the *Antiquarian*, the *Cabinet*, the *Satirist*, the *Irish Magazine*, a dozen others; and it contains nothing that is not in some sort amusing and instructive. A special feature is the illustrations, which are not only excellent in themselves, but so excellently produced as to give the book a value of its own. Among them are a dozen or fourteen fashion plates, hand-coloured, not one of which is uninteresting or unsuggestive; three portraits of Lady Hamilton—as Cassandra, as Miranda, and as herself; portraits of Lord Byron (after Harlowe), in recognition of the success of his lordship's "Hours of Idleness;" and of William Wordsworth (after Carruthers), "as a fitting accompaniment to our review of his poems, which, though largely read, we regret our inability to praise." It remains to note that the book is so well printed and so well designed as to be in its way a work of art.

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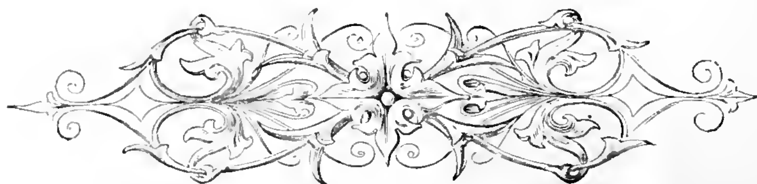

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