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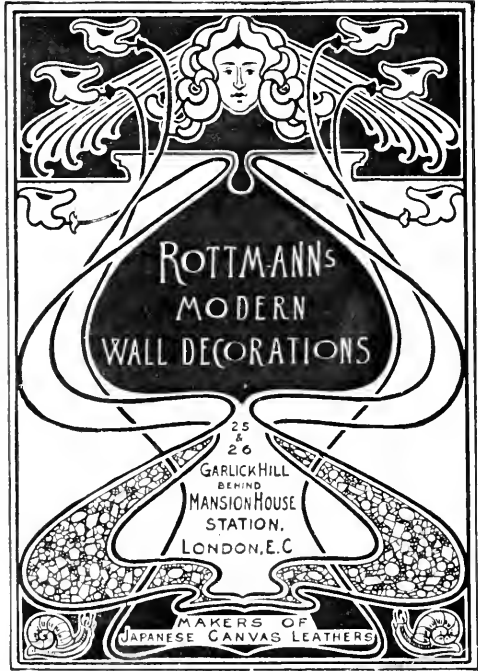
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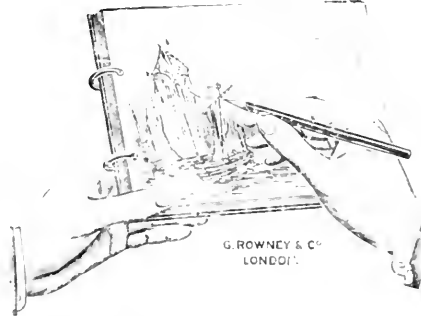
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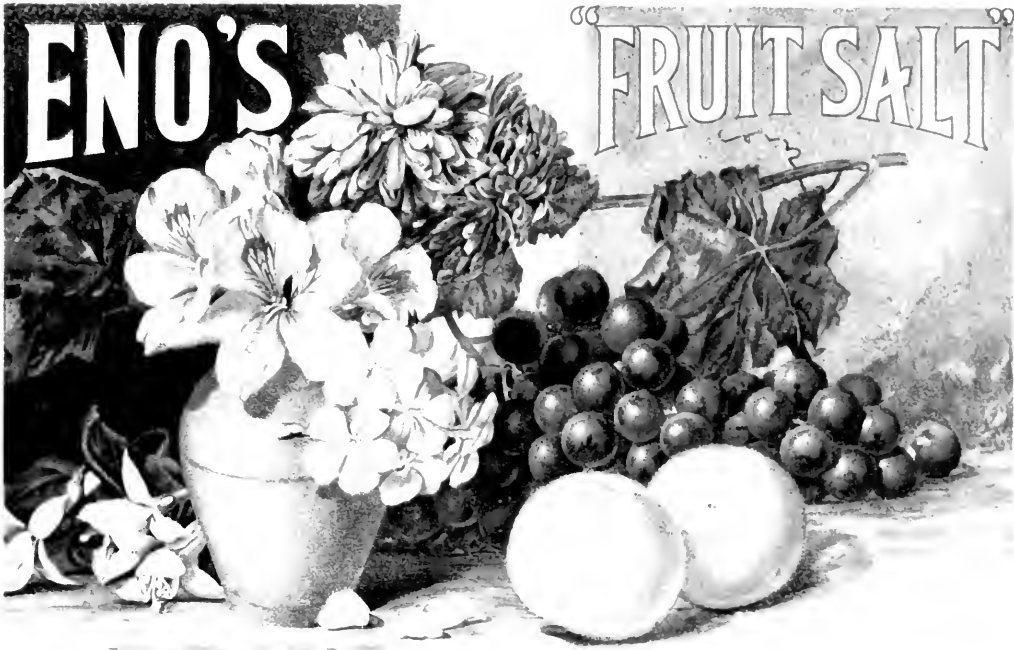
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CURRENT ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—I.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE older grows the critic, the more experienced he becomes, the better he understands his functions, and the greater the familiarity which he develops with art and artists' aims the greater is his doubt that the usual tone and manner of discussing the Royal Academy Exhibition, and others of its class, is the right one. He feels himself torn between the demands of the public, of the artist, of the Editor, and of his own conscience.

"Criticism," says the Public, "to be of the greatest interest to us, should be for the most part reportorial. It should tell us what is the relative degree of excellence of the exhibition; what are the best pictures, especially those most likely to be discussed; it should describe and explain them, and give us sufficient material for intelligent conversation."

"Criticism," says the Artist, "to be of the greatest interest to us, should be to a great extent technical. Let the public know what are the technical achievements in our pictures and the technical faults in those of our neighbours. If you blame us for producing a poor picture, you should be prepared to tell us why it is poor, and what we should have done to better it. The facts and phenomena of Nature, the problems of light and colour, and all such other matters as touch or concern the arts, must be more familiar

to you than to us, for you are (or pretend to be) our judge; and you must be prepared to prove yourself at once a scholar and an art-master, a practical artist and a reporter; for neither fact nor picture must escape the vigilance of your eye and pen. Moreover, you must be orthodox; and orthodoxy, remember, is my doxy. If you are heterodox, your existence as a critic is no longer justifiable."

"Criticism," says the Newspaper Editor, "to be of the greatest interest to us, should be smart, but above all things inclusive. The public want to know everything about the Academy and its contributors. The contributors want to read everything about themselves: they owe it to their friends. You must therefore seek to satisfy the greatest happiness of the greatest number, for in rendering such satisfaction lies the interest of my paper. I cannot help it if the space I set aside for your work is not more than enough to accommodate a bare recital of the pictures exhibited, their painters, their subjects, and their most obvious qualities. But if you know your business and my requirements, you will omit mention of not a single very good or very bad work, of not a single very important or talked-of sitter or very noteworthy or eccentric subject. Art (and all else besides) is journalism, and its editor (or his representative) is its proprietor."

thought and æsthetics, and above all technique, are not appreciated by the daily newspaper reader."

"Criticism," says the Art-Writer, "to be of the greatest interest to me, should be independent of purely journalistic or purely technical considerations. The Academy Exhibition offers me a full dozen of texts on which I would write a full dozen essays—each one of them of more

claim to be; and we would set before the public what is sought for (besides material prosperity) by the artist—to the exclusion in the main of the mere mechanics of the craft. But, above all, we would claim elbow-room for our discussions of theories, of progress, as well as of particular works."

Such elbow-room, however, is not to be



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entrancing interest than the last, discussing the developments and the phenomena of which the art-harvest is the symbol, weighing, comparing, describing, pointing morals, explaining reactions, psychological or political, illustrating the whole with anecdote and the like. Why, a dozen pictures—and those not necessarily the best—will afford as many occasions for comment that will leave the reader better informed and the critic of more proved utility, than all the so-called opportunities that are at present offered. We would speak to the public what is in our minds and hearts—not satisfied with merely penning a well-adjectived catalogue of what we suppose the editor wishes us to note in the interests of the superficial morning reader. We would keep constantly before the artist what is thought, and understood, and hoped for by the public, whose representatives and æsthetic middle-men we may

obtained. Perhaps the responsive attention of the public would be hardly more attainable. And certainly both editor and artist would resent a form of treatment that might trouble itself too little with actuality and publicity. Even the monthly press shrinks from too contemplative or philosophical a humour in the critic—and he, denied the right of full expression (unless he take refuge in the making of books which the public will probably decline to read), sinks back perforce to his descriptive writing with "criticisms" by the way. If the editor is repressive, it is because the public is inexorable; and the public boldly insists upon knowing what is best and most curious in the Academy—that and nothing more. It is less interested to learn the relation of the exhibition to the general conditions that produced it, and it has more satisfaction in hearing such curiosities as that Mr. Waterhouse, R.A.,

architect, and Mr. Onslow Ford, R.A., sculptor, have contributed clever landscape printings to the walls, or that Mr. Young Hunter, Mr. Hugh Riviere, Mr. C. M. Q. Orchardson, Mr. Wolfram Onslow Ford, and Mr. Rudolf Onslow Ford, all sons of members of the Academy, have greatly honoured their parents by distinguishing themselves in their pictures. Than in considering what is the tendency of latter-day art, its relation to foreign schools, or the reasons for the high esteem in which it is at present held abroad. From this situation there is apparently no escape: the critic is compelled to give his judgments and denied the privilege of fully and adequately explaining his reasons.

It is not in depreciation of the result of efforts apparently not less strenuous than in the past that the unprejudiced observer must proclaim this year a fallow-time. Painting as represented in the Academy is not of average quality. But it must not be imagined, by any means, that the excellence or otherwise of the year's art is to be judged by the painting-section alone. It is the fashion so to do because the attractions of painting are more intelligible to the public, the charm of colour more delightful, and the anecdotal and more trivial side of pictorial work more amusing, than the dignity, the complexity, and refined beauty of the plastic arts. But sculpture is more impressive, more grave, and even more noble than painting; and in the procession of the arts its true position is as leader not as follower. With the increasing appreciation with which it is at last being favoured, with the greater number of sculptors who are showing talent, and, in one or two cases, even genius, the new-born English school of sculpture has assumed an importance far greater than that which it could claim when the vast trophies which now encumber and disfigure Westminster Abbey and the Guildhall deceived the people with their inflated commonplaceness. The works are smaller now, no doubt, but far more sensitively and acutely felt and realised, and poetry and art now take the place of what was in too great a measure mere neo-classic bombast. In the circumstances, one would think, the extremely small space devoted to the elder art of sculpture would be held sacred to its need, and that respect, apart from all claims of justice, would ensure it against encroachment.

But what do we find? We find that the *bibula* and the *objet d'art*, now so rapidly developing in quality and favour, are making very serious inroad upon the restricted domain of sculpture. We have nothing but applause for the better representation in the Royal Academy of the statnette, the jewel, and the product of the artistic crafts, whose cause indeed we have so often pleaded. The line between the fine and

the applied arts is often so narrow and so difficult to set, that every chance of losing sight of it to the advantage of the latter, and giving to them all the encouragement within the power of the Academy, should unhesitatingly be seized; and sculptors will assuredly not grudge the implied expansion of the express function inherent in that institution. But this catholicity must not be practised at the expense of a higher art notoriously ill-served; there should be no great allotment of space to efforts foreign to sculpture proper such as we see this year. It is, indeed, urgent that these exquisite but alien products of the arts of the jeweller, the smith, and the like, must be provided with accommodation in other rooms. Such an arrangement should be as easy as it is logical. Enamels, which might technically be considered burnt in water-colours, might be displayed with effect, and with reason, in the water-colour room; while it seems to us that provision for the *objets d'art* might appropriately be made down the middle of the great gallery (No. III.), which is never so crowded as seriously to stand in opposition to such a scheme. Doubtless the cases or stands could not be finally arranged until after the annual banquet; but before that night the rooms are never so crowded by critics and guests, nor the objects so cumbersome, as to render inadvisable the placing of them along the middle of other rooms. Moreover, within a short while the Academy may be fortunate enough to render itself mistress of the site of the London University building to the north, when sufficient space may happily be spared from what is necessary for such school buildings as may be set up, for the worthier exhibition of sculpture, engraving, and the best works now produced within the all-embracing definition of "the arts and crafts."

Among the many explanations that have been advanced in defence of the artistic community, having this year failed to maintain its position, there is not one that entirely accounts for the deficiency. It is a fact that that deficiency is not quite so serious as has been represented; but the stern truth appears to be that the full strength of living Academicians and outsiders is not so great as it was five years ago. Art advances, so to speak, intermittently; a check is common in every development, and from such a check art at this moment is undoubtedly suffering—not in England alone, but in every country, and nowhere more manifestly than in France. It is absurd to bewail the fact; still more foolish to attack the artist. The phenomenon is perfectly natural, for which we may not even comfort ourselves with the thought that is a case of *malheur pour mieux servir*. We must accept the situation, and hope that next year, or the year after, ground lost may be recovered.

It can hardly be said, however, that the portrait-painters have failed to maintain their craft at its highest level. Mr. Orchardson as representative of the old tradition, and Mr. Sargent as founder of a new one, are both seen at their best. The former, grave, dignified, and thoughtful in the pictures of all his sitters, Lord Crawford, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Peter Russell, and (in a lesser degree) Mr. Edmund Davis, surpasses himself in the rendering of character. We may regret the yellowness of tone and the thinness of the painting; these are mannerisms which tell against the works. But in their higher qualities they are superb, and in course of time may hang next to Rembrandt himself without shame. Beside these fine canvases, Mr. Sargent's amazing work does not seem entirely free from the suggestion of the conjurer. Vivacity in portraiture has probably never been so completely obtained in modern times, and to match the "Miss Jane Eyre," the "Lady Fendal Phillips," or even the "Mrs. Octavia Hill," the mind wanders to Van dyck's "Cornelius van der Geest" (the Gevartius of more ignorant days). The veracity is startling and the handling brilliant amongst the most dashing bravura passages ever executed; and yet there is a lack of that repose in the faces and figures which alone makes a picture delightful to live with, just as there is a lack of that repose in the painting which alone makes the execution a continuous delight to study. Have we not here, one feels after a while, a somewhat perverted mastery? That the portraits are masterpieces in their way there is no sort of doubt; but are they masterpieces for all time? Is *premier coup* painting the highest, truest kind, after all? And will the name of Sargent in the future rank as high as Franz Hals, to say nothing of Velasquez? Such are the questions that start to the mind in the presence of the extraordinary performances, and an uncomfortable doubt seems to answer back no reassuring response. Beside them Mr. Watt's portrait of Mr. Gerald Balfour seems heavy and even laboured, dark and sombre. But there is a touch of nobility and dignity in this unassertive canvas which those of Mr. Sargent do not display. — not because the sitters are women, but because their painter, Mr. Sargent. That painter, one can see at a glance at his work, is a gentleman; and his sitters are all ladies, and in more than one case women of strong and refined intellect. If, then, there is indeed anything wrong with their portraits, that fault lies in the essential art itself. Mr. Jack appears to be forming himself upon Mr. Sargent, but his work here, far inferior to that at the New Gallery, need not detain us, if only he can be. — Miss Evelyn Millard as Lady Cruden can hardly be less than eight or ten heads high.

Sir Edward Poynter's single contribution is an impressive portrait-arrangement of a lady, full-length and life-size, attired in a white satin evening dress, sitting on a marble garden-seat against a leafy bush. She has a lovebird on her shoulder and a black dog by her side; and the extremely reticent scheme of colour is white, yellow, and green, without a touch of blue or red being employed for contrast or effect. Although lacking vivacity, this portrait of "The Hon. Violet Monckton" is finely composed and soundly painted, and takes its place among the President's more important works. Mr. Pildes, in his portrait of Miss Beryl Ainsell, a pretty golden-haired child in blue cap and long satin Carolean gown, and in that of Miss Violet Stern, adapts his art with success once more to the representation of feminine grace and facial beauty. Sir William Richmond also translates, and, may we say, accentuates, beauty, in the person of Miss Muriel Wilson, with a smooth but certain brush, in a highly challenging canvas. Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Shannon, and Mr. Loudon meet for once on common ground, the first named with "Miss Gladys Palmer," with all its elaboration of arrangement; Mr. Shannon with "The Lady Clivia Duncombe," simple but attractive notwithstanding; and Mr. Mount Loudon with "Elaine," a child portrait sweetly conceived and soberly painted. Mr. Ralph Peacock justifies his success of last year with a series of portraits of young girls, arranged with grace, coloured with judgment, and painted with vigour; and Mr. Gregory gives us a rather hot "Portrait of a Lady," a picture far better in its execution than at first sight appears.

Among men's portraits Mr. Gregory also contributes a fancy dress half-length of "Mr. Charles McLaren, Q.C., M.P.," a masterly piece of painting, especially in the hands. But the conception is most unhappy; a modern face decorated with a moustache, and an obviously nervous manner, in no wise match the costume, and despite the mastery of the work the portrait inevitably induces a smile. Compared with this, the canvases of Professor Herkomer are of extraordinary vigour, and his portraits of the Duke of Sutherland, of Dr. Baldwin, and of Luitpold, Prince Regent of Bavaria (in mediæval dress), are the work of a brilliant and incisive painter. The characterisation in all cases is admirable, and the execution careful beyond the usual habit of the painter. Almost as strong is Mr. Frank Bramley's "Portrait of an Officer." The portraits by Mr. W. W. Odell, especially his fine "Bishop of Lincoln," and Mr. A. S. Cope are as carefully thought out and soundly executed as ever; and a powerful portrait of Mr. R. T. Pritchett by Mr. Daniel Wehrschmidt is as remarkable for



VIO ET ATERN

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its finely-realised humour as for its frank and decisive handling.

Such are the chief out of a wilderness of portraits that meet the eye in the Academy, but it must not be supposed that they exhaust the list of the reputable works—otherwise Mr. W. Onslow Ford's conscientious portrait of his father, the sculptor, Mr. Götch's highly worked-up likeness of Miss Rosaline Seaton, Mr. Llewellyn's "Mrs. Herbert Fuller," and especially Mr. McLaure

Hamilton's "Cosmo Monkhouse," would receive signal injustice. Mr. Walter Osborne, Mr. Herbert Olivier, Mr. Glazebrook, and Mr. Rolshoven (with a most original but not happily coloured portrait-group of "Madame Koch and her Children" seated upon the floor) contribute to the strength of the Exhibition, and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, with "Miss Molly Rickman"—a young girl in what might fairly be called a Waterhouse-lake dress—rounds off the list with distinction and charm.

THE NEW GALLERY.

ALTHOUGH the disappearance of Sir Edward Burne-Jones robs the New Gallery of its primary feature of interest and importance, its *raison d'être* is not lost. There is still one artist whose work under no circumstance could we expect to see at the Royal Academy—we refer to Mr. Holman Hunt—and in theory at least the *vibe* of the New Gallery remains what it was. It is the Opposition: it represents the spirit of practical criticism which seeks to influence the purely academic spirit

that fills Burlington House, and by successful iteration and accomplishment to modify the art-thought of the times and force the Royal Academy along the path of progress. That is the theoretical doctrine of the New Gallery, inherited by direct descent from the Grosvenor Gallery. It was the intense feeling of revolt against what was at one time the stone-wall indifference of the Academy to the newer ideals and newer methods of expression that called the Grosvenor Gallery into existence: it was neither the passion for gain nor the enterprise of speculation. Burne-Jones was the backbone of the movement, and openly declared that rebellion was the breath of living art, that he was above all things a rebel, and that if the Grosvenor ever showed signs of petrification or putrefaction he would at once give countenance to any new undertaking that might be found to take its place. So it was that in course of time, when decay had set in in Bond Street, that a new effort was made hard by; and thither emigrated the forces that had made the Grosvenor a power in the world of art. But mistakes were made, and the movement was in a measure countered by the influence of Lord Leighton, by whose enlightened views and shrewd conception of policy the New Gallery was outplayed at its own game. Mr. Sargent was honoured at the Academy, both on its own walls and its own roll and on the walls as well of the Chantrey Collection. Burne-Jones was also elected; and though he was not actually detached from his own friends, he ceased to be an opponent by virtue of an election which he had done nothing to court. Furthermore, the New Gallery was taken in flank by the new English Art Club, the closest English prototype of the Salon des Independants, where the very latest novelty, the very newest eccentricity, was not only hung, but placed with a sincerity of respect that was never pretended to in, say, the exhibition of the Incoherents in Paris. Had the New Gallery laid itself out to secure the sanest and the most plausible of these works, it is likely that its vogue might have continued unabated, and that even now it might be the very *atrium* of the pro-



FORGIVEN.

From the Painting by George Hearnout, at the New Gallery

gressives, if not of the anarchists, of art. But the main blunder had already been committed. The "Consulting Committee," which had been formed at the outset in order that a certain measure of distinguished artistic support might be at once secured, effectually set a term to any scheme for displaying the more modern forms of experimental methods of colour or technique. Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. G. F. Watts, and Sir William Richmond may be as open-minded and magnanimous as you please; but their united names upon the Committee was no guarantee that Academic views would not prevail. So the New Gallery has gradually lost the character with which in the minds of the public it was originally endowed, and in that which now prevails there is little to differentiate it or its exhibitions from what we annually see at Burlington House. Even by its system of invitation to artists it is not entirely protected from the introduction of certain works of a quality as low as that which may be met with at the Academy. This is a matter on which it is necessary to speak plainly, for if such invitations imply the indulgence of private friendship—and it is hardly possible to form any other opinion—we have here a derogation of duty to the public which is certain to recoil sooner or later on the Gallery itself.

Such we take to be the causes of the general loss of distinctive character at this beautiful Gallery. Doubtless the advantages offered to artists, and the admirable arrangement and hanging so highly appreciated by painter and public alike, may insure it against the loss of that favour which, logically considered, it has to a great extent forfeited. But the fact remains that, so far as character is concerned, there is little essential difference, save for good hanging, between the exhibitions of Regent Street and Piccadilly.

Here, as at the Academy, it is in the section of portraiture that the greatest success is to be observed. The brilliancy of Mr. Sargent's "Colonel Ian Hamilton" is beyond challenge. The nervous, almost passionate grasp of the thin, wiry soldier, the character of the whole man, are rendered with unsurpassable skill. Red coat, steel, and flesh are brought into fine harmony, and yet—the picture would have been finer still had the painter (contrary to his manner and intention) carried it further. *Premier coup* (or "right off") painting is a magnificent test, not

only of dexterity but of knowledge; but Nature herself does not create "*premier coup*," and Nature's rendering is neither truly imitated nor truly suggested by a method which, however admirable as an exercise or splendid as an execution, is illogical in its philosophy, and sacrifices, moreover, that quality and luminosity to be obtained by glazings and scumbings, and by them alone.



THE GIRL WITH A ROSE.

From the Painting by Harold Speed.

"Nature," you may retort, "does not glaze or scumble." On the contrary, Nature *does* glaze and scumble; look at flower, or flesh, or sky, or substance, and you will see how the masters under whose hands the art of painting grew up learned their methods from Nature's processes. But, say you, painting must not be merely imitation of Nature. Of course it must not; if you wished to be merely imitative, more or less, in a matter-of-fact sort of way, you can get that by *premier coup* painting. Transparency, luminosity, richness, completeness of modelling—these qualities belong to the poetry of Nature; and by the "building up" of your colour that way alone are the poetical qualities obtainable. We are all of us ready and willing to go down upon

our knees and worship the splendour of Mr. Sargent's work; but who will assert that the veracity of his astonishing vision is materially impregnated with that poetry of method which Rembrandt practised on the one hand, and which, on the other, is so nobly displayed in Velasquez's head of "Philip IV. of Spain" in the National Gallery?

At such completer expression Sir George Reid has aimed in his portraits of Professor Masson and the Rev. Dr. Alexander McLaren. They are doubtless both of them too dramatic in their intensity, and each sitter, one would say, has in his breast some grim secret which he could tell an he would. But these canvases are fine, and show qualities of the sitters' minds as well as (in Mr. Sargent's work) qualities of temper. Still deeper does Mr. Watts essay to go in his portrait of Lord Roberts, the gentlest hero that ever stormed a height and the most simple and kindly of all valiant gentlemen who ever walked up to the cannon's mouth, defying Nature herself and achieving modestly the impossible. Such is the character that Mr. Watts seems to have placed upon the canvas; and although, we think, the complexion he has here rendered be somewhat too ruddy, future generations will in this portrait recognise the great general for what he was. Not less remarkable is Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Lady Henry Cavendish-Bentinck," with its scheme of delicate greys and buffs, and tender pink a full length, graceful, charming in line, and ladylike. The finest probably of all the artist's works in this place, it is yet equalled by another portrait, that of his young daughter, here called "Magnolia"—the only fault consisting of the emphatic spottiness of the pattern on the background curtain. Mr. Brough and Mr. Jack, two extremely able followers of Mr. Sargent—but still followers—contribute, the former an equestrian

portrait of Master Phil Fleming, and the latter a full length of Mrs. Hal Hurst, painted with care in the face and with *chic* in a dress in which silver spangles the black tulle in a broadly suggested pattern. Mr. Von Glehn, with all his cleverness, is more flashy, though perhaps he is hardly less able.

In landscape Mr. Edward Stott is perhaps the most interesting of all, with the exquisite feeling for the warm light of the strong low sun and the phenomena of the slanting rays. The very essence of country sentiment is here as seen, one would say, by the peasant-poet. Mr. Alfred East, in "The Land that Shakespeare loved," seeks inspiration from the charm of landscape rather than from its facts, and his tender grey and silver tones are in sympathy with his aims. These men represent the idealists in the exhibition; but Mr. Stott with "Washing Day" and "Trees, Old and Young" lends the robustness of his nature to the poetry of his outlook. Similarly, among the marine subjects, Mr. Napier Henry paints the sea ("A Derelict Boat") with vigour and truth, while Mr. Edwin Hayes (with "Travelers bound for the Sea") renders it with style which sacrifices little to knowledge or effect.



DEDICATION.

From the Painting by G. F. Watts, R.A. From a Photograph by F. Hillier.

Amongst the subject pictures, besides such careful works as Mr. Austen Brown's "In a Calf-shed" (the success of which is jeopardised by the forced chiaro-curo), Mr. George Hareourt's pathetic "Forgiven," and Mr. Spencer Watson's "Mother and Child"—an original conception as to arrangement and well drawn, but not quite so happy in its scheme of colour we have Mr. Watts's "Dedication"—an artistic appeal to women who, Vanity-led, sacrifice birds of rare plumage on the altar of fashion—and Mr. Holman Hunt's extraordinary picture "The Miracle of the Sacred Fire." We hope to return to this wonderful proof of the painter's sincerity.



W. & A. 1898

OUR GRAPHIC HUMORISTS: HARRY FURNISS.

BY M. H. SPIELMANN.

(O)F all our humorous draughtsmen and caricaturists, Mr. Harry Furniss is perhaps the most generally known and the most frequently



ALLIGATION TO STUDY. TALK OF THE TOWN.
BY HARRY FURNISS.

quoted, not only by reason of the vigour and versatility of his work, but also on account of the numerous directions in which he has struck out. Du Maurier came nearest to him in versatility, figuring as humorist, artist, lecturer, and author. Mr. Furniss is all that, and journalist, newspaper editor and proprietor, entertainer, traveller, and political cartoonist as well, full of energy and enterprise, full of fire and spirit, of fun and robust satire, of powerful feeling, honest ambition, and infailing resource; a man of many friends and enemies, for he cares no more to restrain his pencil when fun is uppermost than to stifle his anger when wrong is being done that justly merits censure.

So widely known, indeed, are Mr. Harry Furniss and his work, and so frequently has his story been told, that I hesitate here to recite afresh the history of his busy and—for an artist—his eventful career. But a rapid summary may be useful for future reference.

He was born in 1855, in Ireland, of English and Scottish parents, and in his salad days

showed unmistakably for what career Nature had intended him. "The Schoolboy's Punch" was edited and produced by him, in manuscript, for the delight of his fellow-students and himself, the whole of it, cartoon included, being based upon the London original. Perhaps his most successful cartoon was an autobiographical design, drawn at the time when the Davenport Brothers' cabinet tricks were before the public and Sir Henry Irving was engaged in laughing them into ridicule. The young artist drew himself a scholastic Davenport in the cabinet (the school), firmly secured by the bonds of the curriculum. Then from another cabinet he emerges triumphant, and the trick is done—a modest illustration of his successful exit from school-life. He soon had the good fortune, as he thought, to meet Tom Taylor, at that time editor of "Punch," who praised his sketches, but those which he had sent in he gave to other artists to work up, without acknowledgment. It was not until Mr. Furniss was six-and-twenty, after he had made his way, as the result of seven years' struggle, upon the illustrated press of London, and particularly upon the "Illustrated London News," that Mr.



Burnand summoned him to become a regular contributor to the paper which had already for many years been the goal of his ambitions, and

that soon after he was selected to illustrate the Parliamentary section—the "Diary of Toby, M.P."

Then his restless spirit and unsurpassable

ingredient in political caricature, Harry Furniss prefers to fight with the gloves off. He agrees that there are two sides to every question, but



PUZZLE-HEAD FROM "PUNCH" MR. GU-CHEN.

energy—a passion for labour that rarely leaves him a half a dozen hours for sleep out of the twenty-four—resolved itself into an unceasing stream of work, in which the caricaturist often asserted himself more than the humorist, pure and simple. Irrepressible, inexhaustible, Mr. Furniss among our later political humorists comes nearer to the caricaturists of a past generation than any other in this country. The fact seems to be that, although the amenities of public life have brought about among the people a general understanding that good nature and indulgent amiability were to be an essential

ingredient in political caricature, Harry Furniss seems to think that one of them is always the wrong one; and sees no reason why one should not be vigorously attacked on the comic or satirical, as well as on the public platform. He will tolerate no abuse of the privileges of mankind, no outrage upon the poor and oppressed; and humbug, cant, and affectation, or the bare suspicion of them, force him forthwith to steep his pencil in gall (not venom) and dash off a withering drawing. The public, perhaps, may have been somewhat staggered at times at this resurrection of Gillray's spirit, and here and there a voice may complain of him, much as

Thackeray did of Douglas Jerrold, when he wrote him down "a savage little Robespierre;" but yet he has found his way to the people's heart, for it is known that Harry Furniss is as honest as he is emphatic, that his periodical indignation is not feigned, and that if his fun is from time to time turned sour into censoriousness, or sarcasm of a biting kind, it is because he is filled with that forthrightness which animated Mr. Ruskin when he wrote in "Fors Clavigera" (1871), on an occasion that need not be here recalled: "Alas, Mr. Punch, is it come to this? And is there to be no more knocking down, then? And is your last scene in future to be shaking hands with the devil?" Mr. Furniss has done knockings-down in his time, but with the best will and least real malevolence in the world, without traffic or compromise with the insidious Enemy.

"A caricaturist," says Mr. Furniss, "is an artistic contortionist; he is grotesque for effect." Yes, but the effect must be grotesque to the mind as well as to the eye: there must be a distinct significance in the design, apart from the drollery of the picture. Two of Mr. Furniss's most popular creations illustrate the point. Mr. Gladstone's collar might not Mr. Furniss choose for his epitaph, "He invented Mr. Gladstone's Collars," just as Thomas Hood perpetuated upon his tombstone his own great "Punch" success, "He Sang the Song of the Shirt"? and "Lord Grandolph," in which character Lord Randolph Churchill is represented, either on the floor of the House, or on the toe of Lord Salisbury's shoe, as a Lilliputian orator. In the first-mentioned case, the artist is grotesque and amusing—nothing more; in the latter, he is a true caricaturist, for there is a distinct idea, and a satirical one, underlying the design, which is to reflect upon the littleness, real or assumed, of the politician beside the statesman. Of course, caricature of itself does not demand the pencil of an artist; a mere writer may become a caricaturist if he has fancy and a command of trenchant satire; but Mr. Furniss is caricaturist and artist too—a brilliant black-and-white artist whose facility of hand is as remarkable as his alertness of mind, and whose power of selection of feature, line, and character is as individual and rare as his resourcefulness, rapidity of decision, and knowledge of effect.

The following is a reproduction of a drawing by Mr. Furniss, which, like all his work, is a perfect specimen of the English school, and therefore a masterpiece of them: *parliamentary pugilism*, from the series of Autwerp (1894).

It is Mr. Furniss who first gave to the world the picture of Parliamentary life at Westminster as it is—the first to show us our legislators as they are, and as they move about their respective Houses, stripped of the glamour of the debates in the columns of the morning papers by which, up to that time, they had been surrounded. Thus it was that Mr. Gladstone's collar grew; for the statesman sat habitually far down upon his seat, his chin buried in his chest, and the more his head sank with the weariness of the debate, the more the linen rose. Hence the idea, which became crystallised by the wide



success of the series of drawings of "Mr. Gladstone's Collar getting Up." The notion of giving the *châtelain* of the House was accepted as something new, and hailed by "Punch's" readers as an innovation that savoured of true history and of social pictorial reform. Wives might sometimes object to too much truth in the representation of their lords; the lawmakers themselves might mourn, and occasionally protest, against the sacrifice of that heroic mood which in earlier days would have added so much grace and manly charm to face and figure; but, on the whole, the presence of Mr. Furniss was warmly welcomed in the Lobby, even when he begged Mr. A, M.P., to keep Mr. B, M.P., in conversation that he might sketch him unwares, and then caught Mr. A, as well. Such devices were necessary to the success of the caricaturist, who, if he be skilful as Mr. Furniss is, can blend almost as well upon an unscene and in the pocket of his overcoat as on a sheet stretched carefully upon the drawing-board before him. It was in a kindred spirit that John Dwyer

sketched all the chief politicians of his day, and preserved for us in his "IB Cartoons" a collection of valuable portraiture which, but for his magic pencil, we should now have been without. Photography has lightened the caricaturist's labour nowadays; but Mr. Furniss is certainly one of those least indebted to the sensitive plate.

It is, no doubt, as an ex-"Punch" artist that Mr. Furniss is best known to the public, in spite of all the work that he has executed out-side its pages, whether as draughts-man, lecturer, or journalist; and it is doubtless through "Punch" that he has exercised his greatest social influence. Certainly, it may be said that there is hardly a side to his artistic personality which he has not at some time or other made known to "Punch"—the grace of Miss Parliamentina; the grotesque suggestion

of the Greek ideal, as in his "Meeting of the Gods" (see p. 349)—the Parliamentary gods; his extraordinary facility, as in "Grandolph ad Leones," and his bewildering ingenuity, as in his "Puzzle Heads." "Grandolph ad Leones" affords a typical example of his decision and rapidity of work. When Lord Randolph Churchill's hunting adventures in South Africa were entertaining London and drawing attention to the "Daily Graphic," which was employing him as Special Correspondent, Mr. Furniss, who was about to take train for town from some country station, read an account of the exploit in question in the morning paper, and telegraphed to his editor, Mr. Burnand; "See Churchill's lion hunt, *Times*. Splendid copy. Reply. Junction."

At half-past ten he found the answer from his chief awaiting him: "Good. Let engravers have it to-day." He made the drawing in the train, used the changing at the junctions to draw in the faces; and at the appointed time he placed the finished drawing in the hands of the engravers. The "Puzzle Heads" were never so much appreciated as they should have been, for people thought them "ugly," and could not, perhaps, take in all the meaning of the allusions. Mr. Goschen's head here given is, perhaps, not quite the best example that might have been selected, but it will serve, and the references to his connection with the Admiralty, with Lord Salisbury, with Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, as well as with the Exchequer, with the new coinage by Sir Edgar Boehm which he initiated, with Lord Hartington and the Unionists, and especially with the 2½ per cent. Consols ("Goschen's"), as well as the Budget-pin upon the money-bag, which serves as a cravat, and the ledgers for coat lapels and collars, together will be seen to make up a fair epitome of the right honourable gentleman's career. In addition to these, if ingenuity and rapidity are to be further exemplified, I would quote Mr. Furniss's popular annual feature in "Punch," "The Royal Academy Guy'd." Many a time during a long series of years have I seen the artist stand before the picture, and without any sort of preliminary sketch or pencil



GRANDOLPH AD LEONES

From "Punch." Drawn in a Railway Carriage, and sent *Times*.

lines draw straight upon the paper with pen and ink the caricature aspect of the original work which was to appear in the following week's "Punch." As two or three pages full of such sketches would sometimes be published, and only one short spring day was allowed for their production, a fair idea may be formed by the reader of some of the qualities of the indefatigable draughtsman. To these achievements must be added his series of "Interiors and Exteriors," his "Japanneries" in the character of Lika Joko (studied with peculiar faithfulness and felicity, so that the Japanese character was admirably reproduced)—these, together with thousands of single-figure studies and numerous "social" pictures, give material for an estimate of the chief

elements that made up his success in "Punch." When the independence of his character caused him to throw up a connection with the paper which so many others have been proud to maintain, and striven to identify themselves with, he already had, while still a young man, an extraordinary record of work to look back to. He had illustrated books with striking success, although, I may here suggest, it is always with the pen or pencil rather than with the brush that he has shown the finer side of his talent. Between the illustration of James Payn's "Talk of the Town" (which was published in the "Cornhill Magazine") and the dainty and graceful pictures to Lewis Carroll's "Sylvie and Bruno" several volumes were embellished by his hand—"Romps," a child's book of infectious brightness; "Wanted—a King;" and the admirable series to Mr. Burmand's "Incomplat Angler," and to Gilbert & Beckett's "Comic Blackstone." All these things are well known to the reader who takes interest in the best examples of modern illustration; and rarely does the artist fail to fill his picture with character and spirit, with fun and kindness, with incisive satire, exuberant fancy and humour, vigorous, tender, or ingenious. Sometimes the attitudes may be a little strained and theatrical, there you find



ESSENCE OF RADIANTNESS
 Extracted from the Diary of Jolly Mr.



the caricaturist; sometimes we find him severe, there you have the reformer; but he is never vapid, and never makes you feel, as so many others do, that the drawing was done simply because a drawing had to be done. You know that the man is strong because his feelings are strong, and where he puts his foot down there he puts his hand down too; and his pencil is apt to become a scalpel and his pen a tomahawk. He has given good reason to many an adversary to think of him as Thackeray in the character of "Policeman X" did of Jacob Omnium:

"His name is Jacob Omnium, Esquire;
 And if I'd committed crimes,
 Good Lord! I wouldn't love that man
 At least no in the Times!"

In 1887 London was startled by "Harry Furniss's Royal Academy—an Artistic Joke." I had seen these works before they were quite

completed, and to this day I am as surprised as I then was at the extraordinary power of parody and mimicry allied to real art which I recognised in this amazing collection. It must be remembered that Mr. Furniss had never received any artistic education: entirely self-taught, he discovered for himself the best means of expression with his pencil, not only aiming at reproducing in his own individual manner what he saw before him, choosing, realising, composing, as dictated by his own taste and his own individuality, but studying also the works of masters old and

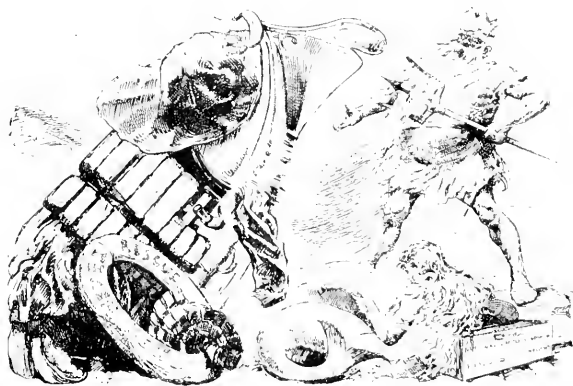
swiftness of decision, dramatic power, and artistic ability, to say nothing of the component qualities of capacity for drawing likeness, of simple but original symbolism (old conventions are apt to be resented by the public), and other minor but not less necessary qualifications. One of these cartoons, social, not political, is before the reader in the reduction of an effective drawing from "Lika Joko," at a time of scandal when a certain life-boat crew refused to go to sea. The indignation of the well-drawn Neptune, the helpless and stupid cowardice of the animated life-boat (whose whiskers are composed of the wind-blown drippings from the bows of *The Never Rescue*), realise with dramatic skill the thoughts that were passing in the mind of the public.

The Royal Academy, and its refusal to acknowledge the claims of artists in water-colour and black-and-white, have always inspired Mr. Furniss to resentment with both pen and pencil. His share in "Pictures at Play, by Two Art Critics" (Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Humphry Ward), gave some hint of his views in 1888; by 1890, those opinions had risen to Hot Gospeller point, and "Royal Academy Antics" was the result—a furious onslaught on the Academy with pen and picture, with earnest assault and bitter jest, which the Academy wisely

ignored, in the knowledge that all such attacks in time lose their force and are duly forgotten.

But the name of Harry Furniss will in all probability remain most closely identified with the several sessions of Parliament through which he has served on behalf of "Punch," the "Daily News," and the "St. James's Gazette," some of the results of which have been republished in permanent form in "Life in Parliament" and particularly in "Pen and Pencil in Parliament"—a humorous record, truthful notwithstanding, which will probably give a better idea to future generations of our great legislative machine than all the debates and parliamentary sketches that ever were published. This is something to have done before the artist has reached middle age, and while, for all the work he has yet produced, he has probably a career before him in which he will undo all his achievements of the past—when tempering age will soften the ardour of the combatant and let his art speak more clearly still.

NOTE.—We have to thank the proprietors of "Punch" for permission to use the reproductions of their illustrations.



NEPTUNE AND LIFE-BOAT
FROM "LIKA JOKO."

new, studying them with observation so as to tear out from them, so to speak, their artistic characteristics. A few attendances at the Royal Academy Exhibitions had revealed to him almost intuitively the essential manner and mannerisms of the more prominent painters of the day, and these were caricatured by him in a series of large monochrome drawings that bubbled over with fun, flavoured in some instances with just a *soupeon* of malice. The exhibition drew the town, for the pictures showed not only an irresistible power of mimicry, but an instinctive insight that opened the public eye to truths not discernible before. In fact, Mr. Furniss became an incisive commentator on the art of to-day—a witty critic who chose to use the brush instead of the pen. The publication of a volume of photogravures of these pictures had a great vogue.

In his own papers, "Lika Joko," "The New Budget," and "Fair Game," Mr. Furniss has been enabled to display remarkable powers as a cartoonist, an employment that inevitably displays what a man has in him of political insight,

THE ART SALES OF 1868.

[A. S. 1868.]



ALTHOUGH no really great collection of pictures came under the hammer during the past year, the art-sale season was one of exceptional interest and full of surprises of various kinds. Very second-rate "galleries" realised unexpected totals, and individual prices were, in many instances, quite remarkable. The season may be said to have witnessed the triumph of modern art, both English and French; so much so, indeed, as to recall in a very vivid manner the days of such sales as those of Gillett, Baron Grant, Quilter, Bicknell, and Sam Mendel, when the modern school of painting was at its zenith. Is the fashion for Early English painters, such as Reynolds, Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, on the wane? The future is such an uncertain quantity in the matter of picture fancies, that few would care to prophesy; but the lessons of the past two or three seasons' sales would seem to indicate that, whilst the Early English school more than maintains its position with collectors, the Modern school has largely recovered some of the ground which it had for nearly a quarter of a century lost. As to this there are some few exceptions, but not so striking as to call for further mention. This advance in market value is especially the case with water-colour drawings, as was seen at the Grant Morris sale in April, when the drawings sold even better, comparatively speaking, than the pictures, and when Turner's "Malmesbury Abbey," 11 in. by 19 in., brought 780 guineas; three examples of Peter de Wint, a total of 1,650 guineas; the tiny drawing by Sir John Millais of "Isambard at the Ford," 5½ in. by 7 in., brought 280 guineas; in 1877 it only fetched 95 guineas. Although some of the other drawings in this sale sold for much less than the amounts originally paid for them, the prices were considerably higher than they would have realised, say, ten years ago.

There is, with the growing prosperity of this country, and the rapid accumulation of wealth - a great increase in the number of picture collections, so that there is room for both the old and the modern schools of painting; whilst the "pedigree" examples of the ancient masters will always command ready purchasers whenever they occur for sale. The taste for Old Masters is largely an acquired one; it certainly only comes by experience, and may be styled the "disease" of the collector's eye; meanwhile, whilst modern pictures may be said to be the "meat" of the new collector and the *novum opus*,

Since the Dudley sale of 1892 no really choice collection of Old Masters has come under the hammer in this country, and the prices paid for the few isolated examples which have been offered for sale would seem to indicate that the taste for this class of composition is not what it once was. This is, perhaps, inconclusive evidence as to a decline in taste, for an indifferent specimen gains as largely by being sold in such a collection as the Dudley, as it loses by being sandwiched between a medley of the old and the new. Very few of the Old Masters have, during 1898, reached four figures. The most important of all was the splendid Rembrandt portrait of Nicholas Ruts, which, in the Rust sale, brought 5,000 guineas, or 300 guineas more than were realised at the Adrian Hope sale four years before. A Rubens, "Rest of the Holy Family," on June 25th, sold for 1,300 guineas. Sir John Millais's practical example of Vandyck, "Time clipping the Wings of Love," sold for 840 guineas, or nearly four times the price at which it was acquired at the Blenheim sale in 1886; but the fact that it was a great favourite of the late P.R.V., and that it was accompanied by a sort of written guarantee from his hand, gave it an interest and importance which it might not otherwise have had. The Ruston sale included an example of Vandyck, also from the Blenheim collection, a "Virgin and Child," which sold for 1,000 guineas, or just double the amount it fetched in 1886. There were also two Vandycks in the highly interesting series of family portraits from Bilton Hall (sold June 25th, formerly the residence of Joseph Addison and his wife, the Countess of Warwick) - these portraits are said to have been brought to Bilton Hall from Holland House - and these were whole-lengths of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, his younger brother, and they realised 720 guineas and 580 guineas respectively.

A brilliant and beautiful work of Canaletto, a view on the river at Verona, with the bridge and boats, sold on March 12th for 800 guineas; the well-known Teniers, a "View of the Artist's Chateau," described in Smith's "Catalogue," No. 526, brought 650 guineas on June 25th; the "Birds' Concert," of Hondelcoeter, dated 1670, exhibited at Burlington House in 1888, realised 360 guineas. The Bilton Hall portraits included an example of St. Balthazar, Gubbins, a whole length of George VIII., first Duke of Buckingham, 200 guineas; and a portrait of Sir W. Cotton, now Baron Croft's, which realised 100 guineas. The

only picture in the Heckscher sale was an example of J. M. Nattier, a three-quarter portrait of the Duchesse de Rohan, which realised 1,100 guineas, and was purchased by a Vienna dealer; a pair of companion portraits of P. Moreelse occurred in the Ruston sale, Dirk Alwyn and

John Parker when a boy, sold for 300 guineas on June 25th. The only interesting example of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a portrait of Captain Toning, R.N., signed, and dated 1758, which brought 480 guineas—a long price for an early work of this artist of a “mere man.” Even Hoppner



LADY CLARGES.

From the Painting by Thomas Gainsborough. Sold for £3,942.

his wife, three-quarter lengths, which together brought 1,310 guineas; whilst the Novar-Dudley Pietà of Andrea del Sarto brought 680 guineas in the same sale, twenty years ago it changed hands at 1,700 guineas.

This year, and for the fourth consecutive season, Romney maintains the lead of the Early English school, so far as price is concerned. On June 25th two important works were submitted—a whole-length of the Marchioness of Townshend, 5,200 guineas, and a three-quarter length of Susan Jonenne, 3,000 guineas; the latter was exhibited at the British Institution in 1866 by Viscount Hood. On May 7th, a three-quarter portrait, damaged by damp, of Mrs. Crouch, in white dress, seated, in a landscape, engraved by Bartolozzi in stipple, sold for 1,300 guineas; another portrait by the same master, Lt.-Col.

John Parker when a boy, sold for 300 guineas on June 25th. The only interesting example of Sir Joshua Reynolds was a portrait of Captain Toning, R.N., signed, and dated 1758, which brought 480 guineas—a long price for an early work of this artist of a “mere man.” Even Hoppner and George Morland make a better show than Reynolds—the former with his portrait of Mrs. Inchbald, exhibited at Burlington House in 1879 by Major Corbett, 1,000 guineas (June 25th); and the latter with his “Evening, or the Post Boy’s Return,” the picture engraved by D. Orme, which at the Rankin sale produced 1,250 guineas (its price in 1888 was 710 guineas); whilst another example of the same artist, “The Horse Feeder,” produced 100 guineas at the same sale—its price nineteen years ago being 160 guineas. Gainsborough makes a fairly good show, but his “Lady Clarges” in the Ruston sale in realising 1,850 guineas shows a slight decline on the amount paid for it in the Price sale of 1895. The same artist’s renowned *chef-d’œuvre*, “Repose,” presented by the painter to his daughter as a marriage gift, sold on May 7th for 900 guineas, which is a serious “drop” on the 1,100 guineas paid for it at the Price sale in 1895. The late Col. W. Pinney’s pictures, sold by Messrs. Arber, Rutter, and Waghorn at Mount Street, Berkeley Square, on July 21st, included some good Gainsboroughs notably, a landscape with figures on the bank of a river, 1,120 guineas; and two portraits, one of a young girl in white dress with blue sash, 1,300 guineas; whilst the companion portrait of a boy in a

brown coat only fetched 225 guineas. Mention may be made here of a portrait by an artist whose works rarely occur in the sale room, William Owen, R.A.; the portrait in question was of a young girl in yellow dress and straw hat, sitting by a stream. At Sir William Baynes’s sale on February 19th, this pleasing picture brought 310 guineas—at the sale of the Hope Collection in 1816 it realised 10 guineas only.

The moment we come to review the works of modern artists sold during the past year, the survey at once includes a very wide area. We do not propose to enter into an exhaustive account of the many pictures which came under the hammer. The one feature which quite eclipses all others of the year, and is, indeed, perhaps unique of its somewhat limited kind in the annals of art-sales, was the dispersal of the remaining works of the

late Sir Edward Burnes-Jones. The artist had only been dead a few weeks when the sale took place, so that the affair possessed not a little of the halo which surrounds the personality of a truly great artist. Prices were altogether extra-



LOUIS XIV'S WATCH (OLTER CASE)

ordinary, and the competition of an eagerness quite out of the common. The first day's sale of ninety lots, mostly mere studies or tentative designs, brought the amazing total of £23,860. The most important lot of all, "Love and the Pilgrim," painted in 1896-7, with the inscription "Dedicated to his friend A. C. Swinburne," and measuring 60 in. by 120 in., brought 5,500 guineas. A pastel drawing of "The Dream of Lancelot at the Ruined Chapel," 39 in. by 18 in., brought 680 guineas; and a pastel design for tapestry at Stammer Hall, "The Departure of the Knights in Quest of the Holy Grail," 30 in. by 51 in., sold for 610 guineas. Indeed, the whole sale was characterised by the almost wild enthusiasm of everyone to possess a memento of the deceased artist; whether these extraordinary prices will continue to be maintained time only will show. In addition to the sale of the "remaining works," several other important examples of this master's occurred during the season: notably, "The Mirror of Venus," 1875, which brought 5,150 guineas at the Ruston sale (see *MAGAZINE OF ART*, 1893, I, and July, 1898); the same sale also included the "Chant d'Amour," 3,200 guineas; and a pair of drawings, "Dawn" and "Night," 1,000 guineas. The series of four pictures representing the story of Pygmalion may be mentioned as one of the first instances in which an important work of this artist experienced a sharp fall, inasmuch as the price at which the series was knocked on July 2nd, viz. 2,800 guineas, is just 500 guineas

less than that paid at the Craven sale in 1895. A few important works by a brother Pre-Raphaelite, D. G. Rossetti, also occurred during the season; the three in the Ruston sale were "Veronica Veronese," 1,550 guineas; "Dante at the Bier of Beatrice," 3,000 guineas; and "La Ghirlandata," 3,000 guineas; at the Graham sale in 1886 the two last each realised 1,000 guineas.

There were five examples of Sir John Millais in the Renton sale on April 30th, and of these, three were at the Millais Exhibition at Burlington House last spring, and are fully described in Mr. Spielmann's monograph on the late artist's work: "The Order of Release," 5,000 guineas (it was acquired in 1879 for 2,700 guineas); "The Black Brunswicker," 2,650 guineas (its price in 1862 was 780 guineas); and "Uppahart Castle on Loch Ness," 650 guineas. The other two were "Yes," well known through the engraving by Cousins, 1,000 guineas; and "Afternoon Tea," which has been etched by Laguerrière,

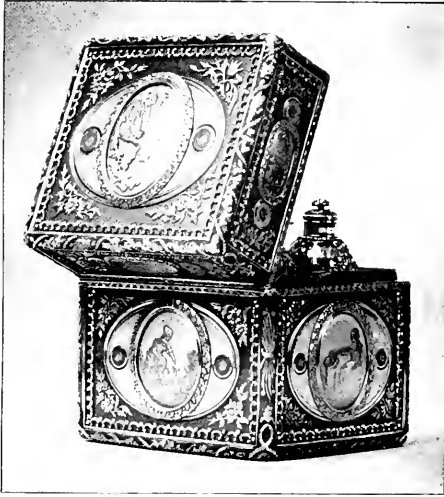


LOUIS XIV'S WATCH (OLTER CASE)

1,300 guineas. The Millais sale of last year included the frequently exhibited work, "The Ruling Passion, or the Ornithologist," 850 guineas; this was bought in at the 1897 sale for 1,700 guineas.

Of other deceased artists whose works have

come under the hammer during the past year, we can only find space for a brief, but representative, selection. At the Rankin sale a French coast scene, by R. P. Bonington, brought 1,000 guineas, or 30 guineas more than it realised in 1890; a view of a castle and harvest-fields, by P. de Wint, sold on February 26th for 110 guineas; a view on the Thames above Henley, 1881, by Vicat Cole, realised 700 guineas; and Constable's View on



LOUIS SEIZE CASKET

Sold for £200.

the Stour; the landscape of the young Wattonians, sold on February 5th for 100 guineas. The examples of eminent living painters that came under the hammer were very numerous, and included many of importance. The President of the Royal Academy came out of the ordeal exceedingly well, for two of his works at the Renton sale, "A Corner in the Villa" and "A Corner in the Market-Place," respectively sold for 880 guineas and 800 guineas; Mr. Alma-Tadema's "The Roman Flower Market," painted in 1868, brought 880 guineas at the Grant Morris sale; at the Amsden sale Mr. Peter Graham's "Rocks on the Coast," dated 1891, brought 820 guineas; and Mr. J. C. Hook's "Little to Earn and Many to Keep," for the Royal Academy of 1879, realised 550 guineas.

A few, and only a few, of the great artists of the modern Continental schools need detain us. At the head of all comes the exceedingly interesting example of Meissonier—Genito, the Neapolitan sculptor, giving the last touches to his

statuette of Meissonier, presented by the artist to the sculptor, and engraved in Gérard's "Life of Meissonier;" this brilliant and exquisite little work sold on May 11th for 2,500 guineas. Corot's "La Chevreiere," signed, sold on July 2nd for 1,600 guineas; whilst a few of the other best prices and pictures were the following:—Josef Israels, "An Anxious Family," 950 guineas (it cost about 500 guineas); Troyon, "The Gathering Storm," 1,050 guineas; J. Maris, "Seaweed Gatherers," 880 guineas; and L. Knaus, "The Cup of Coffee," 1,050 guineas—these four were in the Grant Morris collection; and E. van Marcke, two cows in a pool and another among reeds, at the Amsden sale, April 2nd, brought 1,260 guineas.

Highly sensational prices continue to be paid for engravings; and in this respect the works after pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds easily maintain the lead. On March 1st and on June 27th, two fine impressions of Dickinson's engraving of "Mrs. Pelham feeding Chickens" sold for 120 guineas and 125 guineas respectively; whilst at Messrs. Sotheby's, on February 22nd, a proof of Valentine Green's engraving of "The Ladies Waldegrave," with part of the inscription cut, fetched as much as 330 guineas. The nearest to these extraordinary prices far more than the artist received for the original work—was obtained for a brilliant impression of an open letter proof of Ward's engraving of Hoppner's celebrated picture of the "Daughter of Sir Thomas Frankland," which brought, also, at Sotheby's, £380—six years ago a similar example realised the then record price of £200. A complete set of the "Cries of London" (43), after Wheatley, was sold at Sotheby's for £300; J. R. Smith's rendering of Romney's group of the "Countess Gower and Family," first state, realised 260 guineas; whilst the same engraver's rendering of Romney's famous portrait of "Mrs. Carwardine and Child," brought £116 at Sotheby's on May 2nd. Keating's engraving of George Morland's "Nurse and Child in the Fields," in colours, realised 160 guineas; and W. Ward's engraving of Wheatley's "The Deserter," in colours, 100 guineas—both were sold at Sotheby's. The same firm also sold, on April 16th, a fine proof of T. Watson's engraving of D. Gardner's "Lady Rushout and Children" for £81.

Of sales of what are broadly described as "objects of art," that of the renowned collection, chiefly of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, formed by the late Martin Heckscher of Vienna, and recently exhibited at the Kunst-Gewerbe Museum, Berlin, completely eclipses all others. The three days' sale of 324 lots amounted to £61,705 10s., or an average of £200; probably the most remarkable average ever obtained by one collection, and certainly so

far as regards sales in this country. Mr. Heckscher, who died in Paris in the spring of 1897 at the comparatively early age of fifty-eight, was born and partly educated in London, and may be described as one of the few men who, in spite of his business avocations, possessed in the very highest degree an artistic instinct at once rare and almost intangible. Columns would not exhaust the interest of his remarkable collection, but considerations of space will not admit of more than a brief list of a few of the most striking articles. The most noteworthy of all the beautiful gold snuff-boxes was an oval one of the Louis XV period, 3½ in. long by 1½ in. high, enamelled *en platin* with four subjects of ladies and children, after the Lancret in the National Gallery (not, as the catalogue stated, after Fragonard); this fetched the record price of £3,350; it cost the late owner £1,500; the watch of Louis XIV when Dauphin of France, £1,120; a Nautilus cup and cover, with silver partly gilt mount, 16½ in. high. The work of the seventeenth century, 800 guineas; a Limoges enamel oval dish, signed with the initials of Martial Raymond, and of the sixteenth century, £1,150; a miniature portrait of the Countess of Jersey, by J. Smart, dated 1781, £270; a reliquary, in the form of an arm, of enamelled silver-gilt and rock crystal, Spanish work of the fourteenth century, 19 in. high, from

the convent of Medina del Campo, £1,850; at the sale of the Spitzer collection this article realised £1,600; and a circular plaque of *corne volcanise* in rock crystal and silver gilt frame, 7 in. diam., Italian work of the middle of the sixteenth century, £700.

There were a few very choice objects of art, chiefly of the sixteenth century, in the small collection of the late T. M. Whitehead. The old Italian and French bronzes were especially noteworthy, an equestrian statue in bronze by Bernini, 3 ft. high, realising £660. Some two old French bombonieres, etuis, caskets, and miniatures, the property of the late Mrs. C. L. Clarke and the Hon. W. F. B. Massey Mainwaring, M.P., were sold by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher in June, but of these we have only room to mention a very fine Louis Seize square gold casket, beautifully printed with various subjects, 3½ in. by 3½ in., 750 guineas; and a circular miniature by Van Blarenberg, representing a marriage fete, 3 in. in diameter, 300 guineas. Finally, the Morrison collection of gems and antiquities calls for mention, but of the many highly interesting lots the chief attraction was the celebrated signet, known as that of Asander, King of the Bosphorus, set with an intaglio by Apollonius. This exceedingly important and unique jewel was found at Kertch, and it now realised £160.

THE WORK OF MRS. ALLINGHAM.

By ALFRED JESS BARRIE.



ANY definition of the position to which women artists as a class are entitled in the records of the art world is difficult enough to formulate; and the fixing of the points of difference between the methods of the masculine and feminine followers of the painter's profession is plainly futile. But there is always a delight in recognising in clever art work the characteristics of the woman's hand. However hard she may strive to bring her productions exactly into line with those for which the men of her time are responsible, and however great may be her success in mastering the intricacies and difficulties of the craft which they all follow, she will always betray, or declare, the secret of her sex by unconscious little touches of manner and by significant revelations of her sympathies. Her nature affects both her choice

of subject and her manner of working; and when she has acquired so great a grasp of technicalities as to need no screen against attack on the score of weakness of performance, she will still show in her art an intention sufficiently marked to leave no doubt concerning the trend of her convictions. Some women artists affect the methods and point of view of men; others, with more wisdom, recognise their own individuality and turn them sincerely to account.

In the case of Mrs. Allingham, the keynote of her effort is a plain preference for the feminine point of view, a definite desire to use the special line of thought which is natural to her sex; and she has had the admirable discretion to make her beliefs quite convincing to the general public. None of the salient features of her work are lost by any inability on her part to express what she thinks and feels. She can choose a worthy subject and paint it skilfully; she has an agreeable colour sense, and



MRS. ALLINGHAM, R.W.S.
From the Water-colour by Mrs. Allingham.

her love of Nature is not a mere theory, but an engrossing and absorbing preoccupation by which her whole life is controlled. The training to which she has subjected herself has been consistent and completely logical, so that the results that have come from it are thoroughly explicit as statements of a real belief, and they give no hint of hesitation as to the means by which her ideas can best be conveyed to other people.

Throughout her life she has been fortunate in the influences by which her mind has been formed and her artistic aspirations guided along the right path. It is interesting to note that so much of her aestheticism as she owes to inheritance comes to her from the feminine members of her family. When, in her early childhood, she first began to show the bent of her mind, and to occupy herself with those tentative efforts which are the delight of children who

possess the artistic temperament, it was always the work of her maternal grandmother that was held up as the model for imitation. This lady had been a woman of exceptional gifts, who had trained herself assiduously in art—not with the idea of following it as a profession, but rather to qualify herself more completely for her actual vocation, which was that of head of a large school in which drawing was treated as a subject of considerable importance. Her productions had sound qualities which quite justified the estimation in which they were held by the members of her own family; and they had a good effect upon the young beginner by helping to direct her taste in the right way.

The first systematic education in art which Mrs. Allingham received was obtained at Birmingham, where her people went to live after the death of Dr. Paterson, her father. She became a student at the Government School in that town, under Mr. Raimbach, a master of unusual intelligence; and during a five years' course of study, from 1862 to 1867, she distinguished herself by gaining several medals and other awards. In 1867 she came to live in London, joining the Female School of Art and passing later on into the Royal Academy schools. This move brought her under the care of her aunt, Miss Laura Herford, who was a conspicuous personality in the



THOMAS CARLYLE
From the Water-colour by Mrs. Allingham, R.W.S. H. H. S. 1867.



art world, and played a part in the making of artistic history. To Miss Herford belongs the credit of having first made possible the introduction of women students into the Royal Academy schools. At the beginning of the 'sixties she was working at Heatherley's school in Newman Street; and, being possessed of an ambition to share the advantages which the Academy offered to male students, she set herself to find out a way of realising it. Among her friends she numbered Sir Charles Eastlake, who was then President, and some other members of the Academy, and in conversation with them she discovered that the rules of that body did not explicitly state that the schools were reserved for men only, apparently because the possibility of a woman qualifying for a probationership had not been contemplated. This discovery sufficed to suggest to her a way of breaking through an unwritten convention, and so, by way of testing the consistency of the Academy, she sent up for approval a drawing signed simply "A. L. Herford." In due course she received a letter, addressed to "L. Herford, Esq.," to announce that her work was up to the required standard, and that the doors of the schools were open to her. But when she appeared there to claim admission the Council found itself somewhat in a quandary. Such a thing had never happened before, and to upset in a moment what had been long considered an immutable condition of affairs was contrary to all the Academic traditions. So the matter was very seriously debated, and the advice of Lord Lyndhurst, as a high legal authority, was taken; but finally, as no sufficient reason could be advanced for excluding women students, and as Sir Charles Eastlake himself vigorously supported the innovation, Miss Herford was allowed to have her own way and triumphantly entered on her probationership, a champion of the right of

women to share the educational advantages which in the Academy schools had so long been the exclusive privilege of men. In the following year three more female students were admitted, and thenceforward there was no lack of successful applicants of the gentler sex.



Illustration of a woman in a dark dress and shawl, holding a large piece of fabric or lace, standing in a wooded area. The artist's signature 'H. Paterson' is visible in the bottom right corner of the drawing.

Under the guidance of this strong and capable personality, Miss Paterson, to give Mrs. Alingham her maiden name, soon began to make her mark. Before leaving Birmingham, her first exhibited work, a water-colour drawing of a "Ruined Window in Kenilworth Castle," had appeared in the galleries of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and from that time onwards she was a fairly regular contributor to the Academy and other exhibitions. But her great desire at first was to make for herself a position as an illustrator, and so to secure that regular income which is not often within the reach of the young artist who aspires to be simply a painter of pictures. With this idea she made a vigorous assault on all the publishers and wood-engravers to whom she could gain access; and finally, after indefatigable journeyings from office to office, she had the pleasure of seeing one of her drawings engraved by Swain for "Once a Week." This gave her the opportunity she desired to prove to other business men that her work lent itself well to reproduction, and so ably did she turn her chances to account that before long she found herself in general request, and with many commissions for illustrations constantly available. One of the earliest of her undertakings was to execute a series of drawings for some children's books published by Messrs. Cassell; and then followed regular work for "Once a Week," "Aunt Judy's Magazine," and other periodicals.

In 1869 "The Graphic" was started, and by that time Miss Paterson's reputation was so well established that she was chosen as one of

the members of the staff, and entrusted with many of the more important illustrations that appeared in the paper during its earlier years. She produced, for instance, all the drawings for Mrs. Oliphant's serial story, "Innocent," and she was associated with the other artists on the

of "Fraser's Magazine," and famous as a writer and poet with exquisite gifts of imagination and expression. This marriage released her from the constant labour at drawing for reproduction, and gave her that opportunity of expansion as a worker in colour for which she had been waiting. Even during her busiest occupation as an illustrator she had found time to paint many charming Nature studies, and to give unquestionable evidence of those gifts as a picture painter by the exercise of which she has since made for herself an enviable place among her contemporaries. She had already decided that water-colour should be the medium in which she would express her observations; for while she was a student at the Academy she had made, on the advice of Lord (then Mr.) Leighton, a sincere effort to acquire a command of oils, but had abandoned this form of practice after a couple of years' experiment. The more delicate technical method seemed to lend itself better to the treatment of those subjects which she preferred, and to assort more completely with the type of art with which it was her intention to deal; so to the manner of working which was really in accordance with her tastes she settled down then, and has made no departure from it since. That her ability as a painter was ungrudgingly recognised was proved by her election, in 1875, as an Associate of the Royal Water-Colour Society, and some few years later by her promotion to full membership. With only one break, she has contributed to every one of the Society's exhibitions held since the date of her election.



THROUGH THE WOOD.

From the *Water-Colour Drawings by Mrs. A. Oliphant, R.W.S.*

staff in similar work in connection with several of the other serials that were used between 1870 and 1871. In this latter year she realised another of her earlier ambitions, for she was asked by the editor of "Cornhill" to illustrate Mr. Thomas Hardy's story, "Far from the Mad-ding Crowd," and Mrs. Ritchie's "Miss Angel," which was published in the same magazine a little later on; and she gained in this way a place in the list of noted artists who have made the record of that periodical so remarkable in the art history of this century.

The year 1871 was in another way one of the most memorable in her life, for it witnessed her marriage to William Allingham, the editor

For the first seven years of her married life she lived and worked in Chelsea. Her habit then was to make frequent excursions into the country, and to execute there careful studies of those subjects and details which seemed most likely to suit her artistic purposes. These studies were then combined and adapted indoors, and used to guide her in the evolution of a picture from the material collected. But at the end of the seven years she abandoned London for the rural surroundings of Witley, near Godalming, where she found a wealth of subject matter of the most fascinating type, and was able to revel in the delights of uninterrupted work in the open air. This change

of abode led to a definite alteration in her manner of painting. The fields and quiet lanes became her studio, and she quickly accustomed herself to complete out of doors those details which before had been handled at home. Each picture was commenced and carried through face to face with Nature, without any modifications to fit

advice from a man for whom she had a profound respect. But her worship of Walker's work has led her to look at Nature with much of his sensitiveness and refinement, and to seek for forms of expression which, though sincerely personal and appropriate to her own nature, are yet in many ways akin to those by which



A COTTAGE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

Painted by Walker in 1864. Mrs. Allingham, 1875.

them to hard and fast rules of style, and without any regard for accepted traditions of practice. The only outside influence that is to be perceived in Mrs. Allingham's drawings is that of Fred Walker, and even this appears less in the shape of imitation than sympathy. It is an influence that dates, indeed, from her student days, and reflects the admiration which, for a great part of her life, she has felt for the artist who was practically leader of the school of which she is so plainly to be reckoned as a member. Of actual teaching from Walker she had practically none; it was at least limited to the brief period during which he was visiting in the Academy Schools, when Mrs. Allingham, though then busy with her own professional engagements, became for the moment a student again, so as to have the benefit of

he was distinguished. His almost feminine delicacy of instinct gratifies her taste, and on this ground they meet.

To her discretion is certainly due much of the good fortune which has attended Mrs. Allingham all through her career. Wherever she has gone in search of her material she has always avoided the mistake of attacking problems too vast to be undertaken with the means at her disposal; and she has directed her effort so as to give it the fullest scope without waste of strength. For this reason her record is one of steady and solid achievement, of sane and healthy progress that has gone on step by step until now it is rounded off by genuine success—a record all the more commendable because it is so definitely uncommon.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM INQUIRY: A STRANGE DEFENCE EXAMINED.



WE are satisfied that in referring to the latest performance of South Kensington as gravely unworthy, we are not over-stating the facts. A "Minute" has been issued by the Lords of Committee of the Privy Council on Education, in furious retort to the denunciatory Report of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry. But, "my Lords" were themselves on their trial, along with their Department, and we have the curious spectacle of the prisoner at the bar, who has been tried, convicted, and condemned, coolly examining the summing-up and sentence, and rejecting both. The chiefs congratulate themselves on their impeccability, and seek to compromise the public in the little deception. It must be remembered that the two Parliamentary chiefs were convicted of neglect, in not attending board-meetings as their predecessors had done; and that Sir John Gorst, who had actually accepted the Chairmanship of the Committee of Inquiry into the conduct of his Department, formally, of himself—had been forced to resign that position by the votes of his colleagues reflecting on his conduct of the Inquiry.

The Minute is a desperate challenge, not merely a defence; it asserts that "the fullest confidence is retained by my Lords in Sir John Donnelly and his colleagues," and is about as dishonest and "bluffing" a document as ever issued from a clever official Department in direct need of whitewash. It is not wholly bad, for some of Sir John Donnelly's comments on the Report provide supplementary information that is not without its value, and one or two slips of the Committee are pounced upon and made much of. Yet, we now more completely understand Mr. Weale's declaration to the "Times," to the effect that "I have long ceased to be surprised at anything Sir John Donnelly [in his official capacity] says or does." We have not space here to analyse the Report in full, but the examination of a few misstatements and half-admissions will be sufficient to stamp this Minute with its proper character in the eyes of every reader.

To the complaint that the only general guide-book to the Museum is the family speculation of certain privileged employes, the Secretary can only reply that "it is difficult to see how this commercial undertaking could be withdrawn." In respect to the extraordinary effiteness of many of the labels drawn up by the Museum—

an amusing example of which was quoted by Lord Balcarras—Sir John, after hopelessly admitting that such errors "might reasonably be expected," rebukes the Assistant Director for his evidence on this point, which, he says, was "mildly severe." In face of this statement it becomes clearer—especially in the light of Mr. Weale's experience—how any criticism or confession by Museum officials is discountenanced. This, it will strike the casual reader, is perhaps the reason why on several occasions Sir John is enabled to reply to some of the findings, that he knows of no evidence on this or that point. Then follows a long justification of the form which the accounts were kept and the estimate adhered to, which may, or may not, justify the writer in traversing the conclusion of the Report that "reprehensible laxity" exists in the financial section. A paragraph (32) is devoted to disproving, apparently, the statement that the vote for the "Historical Collection of Oil and Water Colours" is sometimes overspent, and sometimes confused with and concealed in other expenditure. No one, however, who recollects the much discussed circumstances attending the acquisition of the Burne-Jones drawing for some £800 (about £100 more than the total grant) will think of giving up the former contention. The Secretary proceeds to assert, in respect to his relation to purchases, that he "has never supposed that he had any control as regards the authenticity and artistic merit of the objects offered to the Museum." But how this statement is to be reconciled with the description of his duties, and with the well-known fact that he sometimes visits auction exhibitions with a view to consultation as to acquisition, and, furthermore, possesses arbitrary power of forwarding or stopping the Art Director's recommendations to purchase, we do not clearly understand. Perhaps the secret may be that though he "has never supposed" he had the control, he does not deny he may have used it. Next, we are told that "it is incorrect to say that 'no object of importance can be bought without the sanction of the Director for Art.'" Does this actually mean that purchases can, and have been, made without his sanction, or in defiance of his protest—as they have admittedly been made in the Art Library, in spite of the Keeper's express dissent?

Sir John Donnelly then denies interference with the staff (12), but at once admits exceptions which (if the reader is wide awake) will be

seen to vitiate the contradiction. It was these "exceptions," of course, which gave rise to the Committee's remarks. The "oviform vase" which, it will be remembered, was acquired at the Hamilton sale for a fantastic sum, when two examples already existed in the Museum, was bought, we are told, "because it was of a very much higher quality." The authority for this statement is not given; but we have the direct evidence of one of the first experts in the country that this vase is, relative speaking, rubbish. The mistake of labelling a modern Cingalese chair as "Cardinal Wolsey's" is admitted, and excused, under the heading of "Alleged Unsatisfactory Purchases;" and we are staggered at being told that, with regard to the Hamilton Palace Vernis-Martin Cabinet, for which some £800 were paid, the Museum knew all the while that it was made-up! If this be really so, and we refuse in face of all known facts and of the evidence to believe it, why was it labelled as a genuine piece, and the label only altered to admit the sophistication two or three years ago? The extraordinary audacity of such defence will impose on no one who knows the facts. Sir John Donnelly further tells us, with regard to the "Billington Armour" discussion, reprobated in the Report, "my evidence was not volunteered." As the question was asked at the opening of the inquiry, by Mr. Bartley, M.P., an ex-official of South Kensington, and son-in-law of Sir Henry Cole, who is known to have borne Sir J. C. Robinson no love, and Sir John was already fully provided with all the documents and all the allegations and facts, we do not think he was taken much by surprise when invited to make that discredited on-laught on Sir J. C. Robinson that eventually occupied so much time. We are glad to observe from Paragraph 60 that the Secretary has at last determined in whose hands is the control of the Raphael Cartoons a problem which the Museum officials actually could not solve between them before the Committee.

In respect to the Art Library, the Secretary now states that the Inventory Catalogue is "kept for official reference only." This is correct, and in direct contradiction to the statement he made in his recent letter to the "Times." But, contrary to the suggestion, even that inventory is not in any sense complete. Into his long and bitter attack upon Mr. Weale we need not go; much of it may be explained by Mr. Weale's damning letter in the "Times," which, published a few months ago, shed a lurid light on South Kensington ways. Sir John having to admit the famous binding up of newspaper advertisements in half-morocco gilt, now takes the unexpected course of glorying in it; but he lands

himself in a dilemma, as he cannot attempt to justify or explain their subsequent destruction. He also asserts that Mr. Weale's "statement as to the want of knowledge of German among the officials of the Library is incorrect." This is characteristically unfair, for we are informed that *the statement was perfectly correct when it was made*. Then comes a justification of the purchase of the "Old London drawings" against Mr. Weale's will, because officials other than the one mainly responsible approved of them. But this does not explain why, when purchased on such recommendation, the unnecessary drawings were then not left in the Library for which they were purchased.

In dealing with the now notorious "Catalogue of National Engraved Portraits," the defence of Mr. Marshall and Sir John Donnelly is not less characteristic. "Some of what Mr. Spielmann called mistakes were found to be errors on his own part." This we deny absolutely; when pointing out the numerous blunders he, or the compositor, made a slip Sir Joshua Reynolds' Christian name was misprinted "John," and on this Sir John Donnelly is not too proud to ride off. Mr. Marshall, the compiler, claims indulgence for failing "to correct a few" (there are, we assert, scores and scores) "among some thousands of such errors" (to which statements, doubtless, Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode would have something to say: "some thousands" of misprints in 500 pages of text!) but we do not see why indulgence should be accorded for failure to do work which the author was well paid for the doing; for, it must be explained, he was paid not only for the work itself, but a further sum also for proof-correcting. And to think that this Catalogue, swarming with errors, costs 5s. a volume, and is even then being sold at a loss of at least 15s. a copy on the lowest (very doubtful) official estimate!

On the grave report by the Committee that important documents, not forthcoming when called for, have been destroyed, Sir John boldly refers to the charge as "alleged destruction." It need scarcely be said that the Committee's statement was based upon their own experience, and upon the evidence.

The Minute rejects the Committee's proposal to bring the Dyce and Forster Library books to the Art Library, as not being "in accordance with the spirit of the trust." Then what, we may well ask, is the meaning of the admission that it has already previously been tried and was not found convenient and economical? Here we have another example of the looseness alike in the management and the defence.

An admission that a picture on loan had been "tipped through carelessness" is followed

by the quaint sentiment that, on its being relined, the picture "was in no way the worse." This view, we suspect, will hardly recommend itself to owners who may in the future be asked to lend their pictures to such custodians.

As to the great fire of 1885, which destroyed so many drawings of the Ajantâ Cave paintings, Sir John has the airy courage to say that "they were of little, if any, value and could not be exhibited." The fact is, they cost thousands of pounds, and are now (as it was known they would soon become) irreplaceable. There is a show of shifting the responsibility for the fire; the fact remains, however, that it was a South Kensington official whose duty it was to secure the objects against fire.

As to Sir John's denials in respect to the Edinburgh Museum, our private information contradicts it point blank on certain points. Thus, he replies: "There are no ethnographic photographs of naked Tasmanians" to the prominent exhibition of which the Committee objected. Will it be believed that this is the merest quibble? The fact is, that there *are* such photographs of naked savages, who, however, belong to another tribe.

Again, we are told, in regard to purchases for Edinburgh, that in very few cases they are sent to London at the cost of a few shillings, "as they have been put in a Department van which happened to be in or passing through Edinburgh." We learn from that city that the van in question has not taken anything from Edinburgh to London for five years, and has not been in Edinburgh five times during the last fifteen years.

The Art Library section—the revelations as to which were so damaging—comes in for considerable comment. Complaint is made by Sir John Donnelly that Mr. Weale did not proceed with the Catalogue of the Piot Collection, but he does not add that this precious collection consists largely of the woodings of M. Piot's library (the more notable portion of which was disposed of elsewhere), including books on hair-dressing, cookery, and so forth. It is clearly stated, in reply to criticism, that the "Universal Art

Catalogue" was drawn up upon certain specified rules (a matter which has been the subject of keen controversy). The statement must be rejected: there were no rules whatever. It is said that in Mr. Weale's system of cataloguing (the best hitherto devised) "no cross references are allowed." This also is practically untrue. It is said that there is an Inventory Catalogue "of all the books in the Library." This is untrue, as well as certain other statements under this head. It is said that the purchase of numerous copies of Aleiatus' book (of which there were perhaps a score of copies and duplicates) was "intentional." This is more than doubtful, inasmuch as not a single copy was in circulation until quite recent years. It is denied that any book has been purchased in ignorance of the existence of duplicates; this is traversed by the Librarian himself.

The Minute draws a curious picture of the Museum as a sweet retreat for the sappers as well as for the officers of Royal Engineers. The soldiers are taught photography, and drawing, and so forth—warriors who as a body have, as it were, beaten their swords into ploughshares; generals, colonels, sergeants, and privates, all rising in military grade on art and photography, secure from barrack life, military service, and war's alarms. No wonder that Sir John Donnelly declares the working to be "most harmonious"—in contrast with the "acrimony" admitted by him in the case of Dublin; yet those who are behind the scenes can best estimate what this "harmony" means. In the circumstances, perhaps, the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst know not much more of these matters than the ordinary outsider; how else could the Science and Art department have hoped to obtain their approval of such a document unless their sense of loyalty to their Department is held to outweigh their sense of what is due to the public? This alternative we may well hesitate to accept in spite of the fact that their confidence in the administration of South Kensington, in the face of all scandals and all exposures, continues "unabated."

ELIHU VEDDER, AND HIS EXHIBITION.

BY ERNEST RADFORD.

IN the beginning a creature of impulse, Mr. Vedder appears to have painted because he had practised no other way of expressing himself, and to have produced in rapid succession a number of works which were found to be strangely

impressive, and welcome on that account. It is well that their dates should be noticed, as they help one to remember into what a slough of despond our own painters had fallen, and what efforts were being made to effect a revolution in

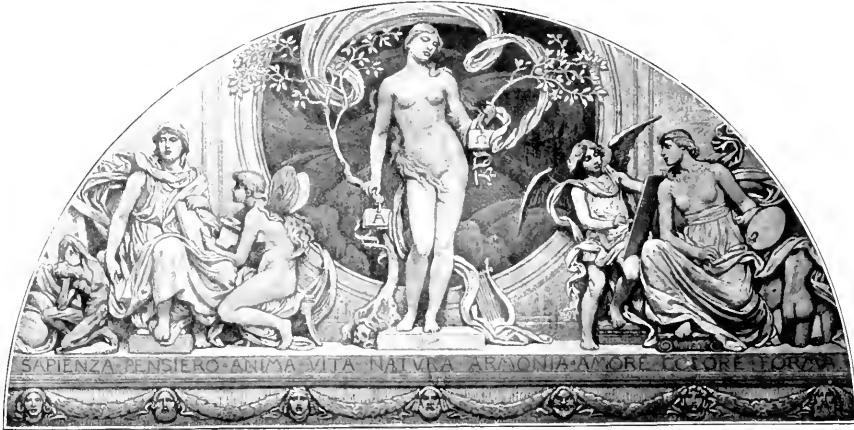


THE THRONE OF ATON

BY HENRY DUNN

England. The reference, of course, is to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. In America there was no inert mass to oppose its dead weight to such ideas of reform as were entertained over here; and we have it on record that an exhibition consisting in chief of Pre-Raphaelite paintings was organised in New York, and created "an immense sensation" when opened on the 19th of October, in 1857 — a sensation so great, indeed, that a quite new word became current — *videlicet* P. R. Bism. But the

could hardly be a more striking example: for it well may be asked what one proposes to spend four or five years in Italy for, if not to learn more of one's art than that? But we are concerned, it must be remembered, with exceptional talent and temperament; and if Vedder should tell his own story, it would no doubt be discovered that during that time he was learning to teach his teachers, and a very great deal besides. I have not been helped by



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A DECORATIVE PANEL IN THE WALKER MEMORIAL ART GALLERY, BOWDOIN COLLEGE, MAINE.

By Etha Vedder

gospel according to Ruskin is acceptable rather to those who are naturally docile than to others who think that they may attain the same ends in a different way. Mr. Vedder confesses to one little work produced under this influence, but has not helped me to identify it; and excepting perhaps in a careful study of "Rocks near Florence" (No. 91 in this exhibition), one can hardly detect a trace of it. The artist, indeed, might have put in an *alibi* had he been accused in court of intercourse with the Pre-Raphaelite.

Born in 1836, as we know, he took lessons, while yet but a boy, of someone called Matteson hailing from Sherborne, New York, and in 1857 departed for Europe. In Paris he stayed a few months, studying there under Picot, the classicist, pupil of David, and "proceeded to Italy for a long stay." Of this sojourn we have not the details, but have the authority of one writer for saying that "with the exception of a few lessons in drawing and anatomy from a Florentine named Buonajuti, he received no further instruction." Of the laziness, or indifference to opportunity, proper to genius, there

any previous writer, nor by the artist himself, to make this a conscriptive story, and there remains a gap to be filled between 1861 (the date of his return to America) and 1861, when his pictures began to be talked of. It appears that during this interval, or in still earlier years, he had made several voyages to Cuba, where his family finally settled, and he had been "deeply impressed by the sea and the tropical vegetation." The reflections of these early impressions appeared in a group of fanciful work, such as "The Roe's Egg," "The Genii and the Fishermen," and the story of the "Miller, his son and donkey." [The last named, in nine tableaux, was exhibited with "The Dead Abel" at Burlington House in 1870.] A reputation which has been described as "brilliant" must indeed have been rapidly earned, for he stayed only five years at home. In 1866 Vedder settled in Rome, and, excepting sundry excursions, has there remained to this day; so whatever is said of the work, it must be remembered that for more than thirty years past he has been subject to influences which would have extinguished a lesser light.

"Whatever the *hand* has done the *mind* has done its part," said Johnson, adroitly evasive as usual, when asked, as so often he was, to pronounce judgment on matters of which he knew nothing whatever. The works of James Barry,

general public cares a good deal more for what they have in the copy than for what they are told they have lost, and Mr. Vedder has been exceptionally fortunate in this respect, for there are very few artists whose works in this form



LUNA, ACCOMPANIED BY NIGHT AND SLEEP. A PANEL IN THE CEILING OF MR. C. F. HUNT'S ROOM, H.

By *Elihu Vedder.*

B.A., were being shown in London just then, and elicited the remark which I have quoted, and which I have introduced with a purpose.

We heard less about style, and the language of art, in the 'sixties than we do at the present day. Of the modern faint praise one heard little; and if Vedder, aiming high as he did, had failed, there would have been nothing to break his fall, for as to his manner of painting, at its best it was not original. This, briefly expressed and moderately, is the opinion generally held, but to be set against this is the fact that the very same works were characterised by intellectual and imaginative qualities which placed him at once in the front rank amongst his contemporaries.

The general esteem in which an artist is held may be gauged by the demand for reproductions of his works at popular prices. It follows that the

are so much in demand. It might be proved by reference to history that the possession of imagination is not invariably associated with a commensurate command of technique. The name of the one English painter who has both, and yet boasts not of either, need not appear in this article. "As much of the body as shows the soul" was enough for the mediavalist, and more than enough for such a creature as Blake. It may be maintained by the purist that there were etchers amongst Rembrandt's contemporaries whose works were more uniformly satisfactory than those of the master himself. So said Mr. Hamerton, with whom the writer agrees. Amongst the moderns the dullest are most likely the best teachers. There are stage failures, professing obedience who will tell you what might have been made of Irving had he only been properly

schooled. One might continue along these lines—painted, it seems, in Italy—is there more than without forgetting the subject, but there is not space here, and probably enough has been said. Whoever wants to know what exceptions to particular rules there are, should consult the genius of his acquaintance.

Amongst works far famed in their day were "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," painted in 1861; "The Questioner of the Sphinx" (1865)—"a picture worthy of Emerson's great poem on the subject." The remark is true as to the conception and the consequent effect on the mind, but it must not be inferred that the painting *quâ* painting is in any way comparable with the highest poetical work.

"The Lost Mind" (1865), "a most noble and expressive work which well may rank amongst the finest paintings which the Americans have produced during the century." Here, again, it is the literary man, not the art-critic, who speaks; but the former has the ear of the public and knows what appeals to the heart. "Gulnare of the Sea," "The Djinn of the Bottle," "Memory," "Twilight," and others, belong to this period, as well as the landscapes, in which he has ever delighted—those especially in which the human element is dominant. In none of the works above-mentioned—although



Copyright 1899 by Elio Veldet.

LOVE EVER PRESENT.

From the Painting by Elio Veldet.

a slight indication of the change which had to be, and which we discover first in the painter's selection of subjects; secondly, in his adoption of a manner not yet to be called a style which appears in his treatment of a subject so decidedly classical as "The Greek Tragedian's Daughter." This, and others resembling it, must be considered exceptional, for, yielding only to the influence of his surroundings, he painted natural scenes as before, and we mark with as much pleasure as interest the successive advances he made towards the perfecting of a style, not a manner, which, although largely derivative, resulted at last in works at once natural and graceful, with which it would be hard indeed to find fault. "Roman Girls on the Seashore," though it may be objected that the composition lacks unity, might be cited in illustration. A deterrent influence, due also to the environment, must have been that of the modern Italian school if the evidence of the "Venetian model" is to be trusted.

It will be seen that the tendency of this paper is towards an appreciation of the famous Rubaiyat designs. With that end in view I have endeavoured, by laying stress on the painter's imaginative habit, and on those influences,



malignant and otherwise, which may be fairly attributed to his having resided so long in Rome, to explain to myself the mystery of this, his supreme achievement. I have said elsewhere, and repeat, that nothing but a classical setting to this classical version of Omar will ever be tolerated. Add to this that there will always be required of the illustrator, in precisely the same degree, the sympathetic understanding of the original which characterises the translation, and it will be seen, if I venture to praise it, how highly this particular work is esteemed. It may have been in the course of this work that Mr. Vedder's capacity for working to any scale was discovered, for, dealing as it does so largely with abstract and elemental ideas, the poem is rich in suggestions which have supplied the subject-matter of imaginative art from the beginning of time. The artist who derives inspiration from this source will probably know better than to produce anything not essentially monumental, for whatever is merely transitory will appear to be impertinent if allowed to enter the field. What someone has called a "classical parsimony" will save, when once it is recognised, even the most modest works of art from neglect, and when the theme is of the noblest, as in this case, the necessity of a rigorously exclusive treatment is too obvious to be insisted upon. The man who could impart the quality on which we insist to his first sustained effort must have been, *in printis*, an idealist. That he was also an artist has been already sufficiently proved, and it should be agreed that to the duality of his composition [his capacity for entertaining ideas and for picturing the same in this wise] a work so nearly perfect is owing. To appreciate justly what has been done, the reader should be as familiar as the writer himself

with the poem, and with the life-work of the artist. Let him eliminate all he dislikes, going even so far as to tear out the pages wherein it appears that the inspiration has failed, and that the sometimes irritating "manner" of which I have spoken is too much in evidence. [I consider, by the way, that half-classical natural forms, those of nude women especially, are particularly offensive to my taste.] But let him who does this be prepared to apply the same test to all art-work whatsoever, and let his flail descend upon poets as well as painters. In the annals of English literature the two most incontinent multifactors appear to be Wordsworth and Browning, both lacking the saving sense which directs us to stop writing the moment the impulse fails. Let him, in short, run-a-mok into every artist's preserves, and he will learn in the end to be thankful for as much as is done as it should be. In the case of this artist the feeling will be that he undoubtedly struck the right note, and, with only occasional lapses, sustained it throughout the whole work. It has been said that Mr. Vedder, by residing so long in Italy, and communing continually with past masters of classical art, has attained to an almost absolute knowledge of certain typical forms, and this knowledge has served him in good stead of late years since he has been so much engaged in decoration on a large scale. Instance: the work in Mr. Huntington's house. In my opinion the single figure over the mantelpiece here is one of the most masterly works in existence, and altogether beyond praise. There are also his decorations of the Walker Art Building, Bowdoin College; the mosaic in the Congressional Library, Washington, which is 16 feet high *in situ*, and the decorative panels in the same building.

IS PHOTOGRAPHY AMONG THE FINE ARTS? A SYMPOSIUM.

BY C. A. TAYLOR, C. A.

WHEN I have looked at photographs thrown on to the screen by the lantern, with the light shining through them, and enlarged to such a size that they appear to have the proportions of reality, I have felt that photography is almost a magic thing; and indeed it reminds me of that wonderful apparition that came out of a little brazen bottle fished up from the sea by the poor fisherman in the "Arabian Nights"; only it comes out of a little box instead. What comes out? Why, all nature, and art too. It seems to me that that is what photography is; and another

thing about it is, that, unlike the Efreect, it won't go back again.

Yes, it all comes out of a little box. There's no denying that; and the first question we ask ourselves about it is, "What is it?" Is it art or is it not?

It must not be supposed that because I write this I am about to moderate one of the most valuable and beautiful inventions of modern time, nor to lord over it as though I were a superior being because I happen to be an artist. I wish only to state fairly as far as I am able the distinct claims of art and photography.

In speaking of art, the term must not be confined to painting and drawing, but must include sculpture and architecture, and all the other arts that tend to beautify our surroundings and add to our enjoyment of life; for it is only by including them all that we can understand the range of art and realise that its great characteristic is invention, and also that it is the work of dexterous fingers giving form and life and colour to the creations of the fancy and the imagination, which in their turn are fed and tutored by the study of Nature. But in examining the relative claims of art and photography, we must confine ourselves as much as possible to the imitative art of painting, which often—perhaps too often—aims at a close copy of the objects to be represented; especially in landscape, in which invention plays a minor part, although in fine work it is anything but absent.

The great landscape artist does not draw every leaf and every twig of a tree-branch (unless for study), but he indicates or suggests it with a few touches—touches that show he has complete knowledge of its growth, its nature, its individuality. The art lover appreciates the suggestion, not only for the masterly or tender or dexterous way in which it is made, but he takes it as a sort of compliment to his intelligence. It makes him employ his mind. He at once becomes interested when he finds that his mind can see what is not offered to the eye. So that a great part of his enjoyment in looking at a work, say by Turner, Constable, Cotot, and others, is a mental one—it makes him think. Each time he looks at it he sees a different picture according to his mood, and according to the way in which his imagination carries out the suggestion of the painter.

And again—for I must still speak of the toil and labour and pleasure of the craftsman—the artist delights in every mood of Nature, not only in her aspects, her forms and colours, but her movements, her life, her sounds, her perfumes. He is influenced by her music, by the singing of birds, whose notes he recognises; the hum of the insects, the babbling of the waters, the whispering of the leaves and rushes, and a thousand other things that appeal to him while he is quietly at work among the pastures. They fill his mind with delight and his heart with love, which, by a sensitive touch and subtle colouring, he imparts to his picture.

And thus, a sketch or study from Nature, with not a thousandth part of the detail or exactness of a photograph, is more useful and easier for him to work from than a photograph, because while the artist is looking at the scene, for many hours; the whole thing—colour and all—is being photographed, so to speak, on his brain, fixed on his memory, and his sketch recalls the detail and the

fleeting effects that then passed before him. He has imbibed Nature and delineates the spirit of it, leaving out much that is not necessary, and that therefore would destroy the unity and simplicity of his work.

I could dilate still further on the labour of the artist, not only in the fields and the woods and among the mountains, but among men—in history, in the past, and in the realms of the imagination. I could trace the footprints of the beautiful, in the treasures still left us, of the mighty workers of old time; and show by countless examples how entirely they are out of the power of the camera to invent. And yet, how entirely they are within its power to reproduce for us, to save them, as it were, from further destruction and to bring them from their classic lands into our very homes; for the camera gives us the reflected images of the things themselves.

Surely if photography did nothing else it would indeed be of inestimable value. And but for photography, most of these works would be out of our reach; and since art teaches art, its widespread distribution by photography must be improving the general taste and adding to the enjoyment of those who take pleasure in noble and beautiful things.

And it could be shown by countless illustrations, reproduced by the aid of the camera itself, what art can do and photography cannot, and, on the other hand, what photography can do and art cannot, and would enable us to settle this vexed question as to whether one *is* the other or *not* the other.

Take, for instance, the beautiful figure of Victory flying through the air, bearing a shield and carrying a wreath, one of the wall-paintings found at Herculaneum; or that exquisite figure of a Bacchante on a Centaur's back, goading him on with a thyrsus, from the same source. It needs little argument to show that these are distinctly art and not photography. On the other hand, setting aside the scientific value of the camera, from its records of the heavenly bodies millions and millions of miles away, to its microscopic representations of the infinitely small; how many exquisite things it does that are beyond the power of the artist? I saw only the other day a group of monkeys, taken by a well-known animal photographer, Mr. Gambier Bolton, that was intensely interesting, and for which he had to creep through jungle and forest at many risks, and take these creatures unawares, and then the camera fixed in a second—a fact, which it would take months, perhaps years, for a painter to accomplish. But when such a fact can be fixed in an instant, with almost every hair of each animal, every leaf of each tree, and all the rest of the rocks and weeds and so forth, we must see

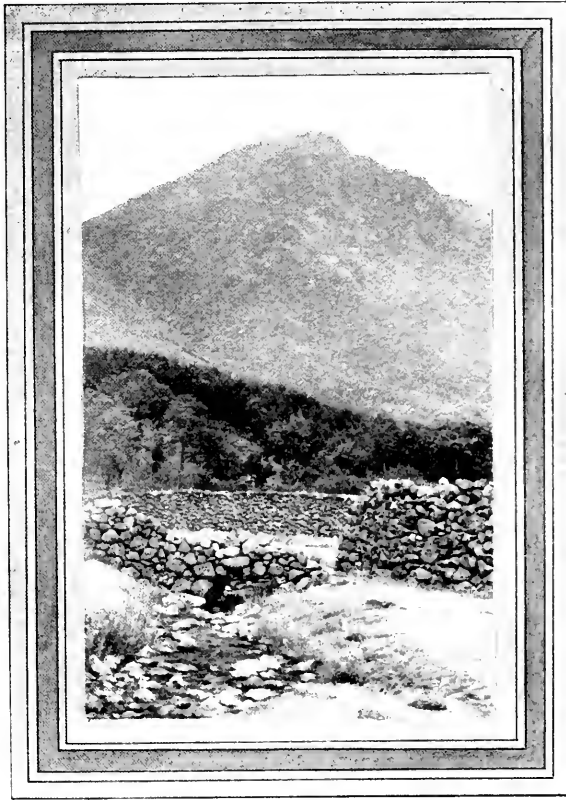
to art itself. Mr. H. P. Robinson can claim to be a master in pictorial photography. Many of his pictures are so excellent that at first you are tempted to waver in your decision as to whether they are art or not. They possess many of the

described, which gives him joy, and makes his soul jump within him. Everything is there, but not the touch—firm or faltering, sensitive, mysterious and expressive—it is not the work of the human hand, nor is there the colour, nor even the tones of the colour, except in rare instances. This lack of colour is fatal—colour which is almost as necessary to a beautiful picture as gold is to a guinea—and it is without the invention which is the distinctive quality of great art of all times.

I am enabled to illustrate this article by two photographs by Mr. Frederick H. Evans. One, a landscape study called "Great Gable," is so far removed from the ordinary photograph, is selected with so much taste, and is so full of delicacy, of space and atmosphere, that one would hesitate a good deal before saying this is not art. It shows what can be done with the camera when in the hands of an artist that is, an artist in feeling. It shows how he can direct the work that the camera executes.

Again, can anything be more exquisite and unlike the commonplace view-taker's work than the "Entrance to Bishop West's Chapel in Ely Cathedral." Here is, in the first place, a most perfect piece of architecture full of delicate ornament, yet even this could be spoilt and vulgarised by a cheap snapshotter. And yet no artist could surpass the refinement of execution of this print. The faintness gives size, the ornament is all there, but lost until you look for it. And here is mystery, the delight of art, added to truth, which is its foundation.

When photography can produce such results as these, we cannot turn aside from it with the cold expression, "Yes, but it is not art." Anyone must be blind to art who cannot see the beauty of such productions as these, although it is *not* wrought by the human hand, and in that sense is not art. Still, here we have two things, side by side, let us say two arts: the one as old as the hills—that was flourishing long before Moses was born in Egypt. It may be four thousand years before, and still it is vigorous and throwing out new branches and new blossoms; it delights the world now as it



GREAT GABLE

From the Portfolio of the Exhibition, 1888.

elements of construction adopted by artists of to-day and yesterday. His representations of sea and landscape remind one forcibly of a good number of pictures that we see in our exhibitions; and in his figure subjects his models are well chosen, and placed just where they should be to give a satisfactory effect to the whole. These observations would apply to many other pictures that we see in the photographic exhibitions, and indeed they seem to improve every year in this respect. But still, to an artist, they do not possess that something, not to be

delighted it when it was young; it links century to century, and seems as enduring as the human race. On the other hand, we have a new invention, a babe of about fifty years, that has grown apace and is the outcome of modern science. It has spread itself over the entire globe and is an enormous factor in our present life. To produce pictures is only one of its accomplishments, and wonderful pictures they are, pictures that move,

may, figures that can laugh and frown and dance and dive, and kick and run, and all the rest of it. It is also shown that in tasteful and artistic hand many qualities of art can be produced by it. Why, then, need there be any dispute about the relative merits of each? Both are beautiful, both are necessary to the world. Why then, to the detriment of both, try to prove them one and the same thing, which they are not and never can be.

THE ART MOVEMENT.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MEDALLIST'S ART IN FRANCE DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

By HENRI FRANTZ.

ONE of the most interesting applications of Art in this century, and more especially during the last few years, is certainly the revived production of Medals. M. Roger Marx has recently given to the world a very erudite history of this art in the nineteenth century, and has pointed out in an interesting manner the phases through which it has passed, and the artists who have done it honour. M. Roger Marx has more particularly aimed at popularising the fascinating art of the medallist, and in his enthusiasm he has not rested content with singing its praises, but has helped it more effectually by founding a Society of the Lovers of Medals (*Société des Amis de la Médaille*), which will undoubtedly do good service in the cause.

The reader is already acquainted with the works of one of the foremost—if not the very foremost of our French medallists, M. O. Roty. In this paper, based on M. R. Marx's inquiries, I propose to discuss those of other artists who have contributed to make our medals famous.

Up to the time of the Revolution medals were purely official in character, strictly utilitarian; but when, in 1789, there came the great clamour for liberty, there was a sort of fever for the making not of coins, but of medals recording every fact and deed. At that time, to be sure,

* Published by the Société de Propagation des Livres d'Art.

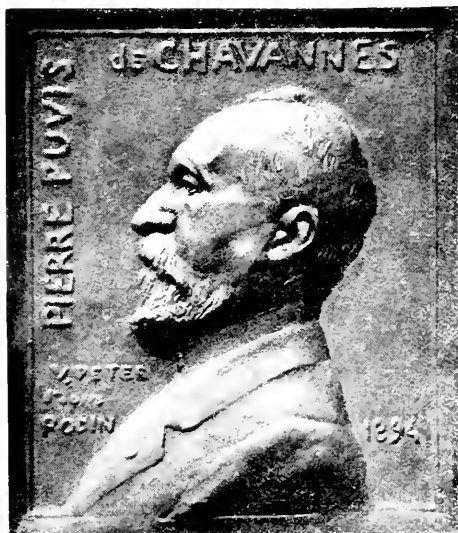
they were more remarkable for quantity than quality. These medals were often ill-drawn, rudimentary in design, and of very inferior materials. Anything seemed good enough to satisfy this mania for medals. The bolts of the Bastille and the bells of convents were all cast into the melting-pot; copper, pewter, lead, all were utilised to represent the sufferings of the people, its cry for justice, the trials it had gone through, its battles and its victories; or to celebrate such events as the taking of the Bastille, the 10th of August, the festival of the Supreme Being—in short, all the days, though often blood-stained, which were famous in the liberation of the people.

These medals were commonly the work of the *graveurs du Roi*, who found some difficulty in bending to the new requirements of the day and adapting their talents to its taste. New hands, in fact, were more successful; such as Augustin Dupré, admired by Roty, who was the first to make a subtle and judicious use of



A. T. HARBOUFÉ

symbolism, though he overlooked one essential feature of his art: lucidity, and represented nature too indiscriminately, instead of making a selection. With him some others rose to distinction, as representing the eighteenth century, still evidently haunted by the decorative style and treatment of Watteau, Nicolas Marie Gatteaux, and J. P. Droz.



PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

Ex. Exeter, 1894.

During the reign of Napoleon I. this art suffered an eclipse, notwithstanding such encouragement as was offered by *Prix de Rome*, and decennial prizes to medallists. Though the Mint, at that time fully employed once more, supplied medals to Italy and Germany, these examples bear too pronounced a Greco-Roman character to be regarded as original works of modern feeling. This state of things lasted till the close of the Restoration. From that time such artists as Gayraud, Desboeufs, and Pradier gave some hope of a revival of the art, and some examples by David d'Angers and Carpeaux deserved to be regarded as masterpieces of their kind; especially certain portrait medals. But these artists still handled medals too much as sculpture, and not till their successors appeared do we find the medal treated with thorough comprehension.

Chapu was the artist who first achieved this distinction. "To him we owe the final evolution of glyptic art," said Roty, in the noble preface to "Augustin Dupre." Chapu was so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the medallist that many of his works in other materials, such as

the "Christ with Angels," the "Immortality," the "Homage to Felicien David," and the "Bas-relief to Gustave Flaubert"—might perfectly well be reduced to medals worthy of the series he has left of the medal of the "Sacred Heart," of the "Young Mother," and of "Nino Garnier."

M. Chaplain, again, has played an important part in the emancipation of medal-work, its release from the formulas of routine, its aspirations to sincerity and grace, and its return to a direct study of Nature. M. Chaplain, at first but a timid innovator, now daily gains precision and lucidity: his art, formerly a little thin, is now simple, firm and strong. In his portraits of the members of the Academy of Fine Arts we find him an artist devoted to the study of character and truth. The reverse of each medal bears a figure symbolical of the genius of the artist represented on the obverse—sculptor, painter, or composer.

In M. Daniel Dupuis—and his large medallion of "Horticulture"—stands in proof we find even greater care for decorative effect, a happy variety of attitude, and a vivid sense of humanity. As to Roty, he gives us the medallist's art in its fullest expression of originality and independence. "A medal or a plaquette by Roty," says M. Marx very truly, "displays the unexpected union of a radiantly fresh imagination, supported by a passionate study of Nature; invention wedded to truth, to give itself the fullest



PORTRAIT MEDALLION

Ex. Chaplain

expression. The metal seems to live; the scarcely appreciable gradation of relief, the transparency of the shadows are the secret of its tone, and give it the charm of subdued harmony. Why should this art appeal to us so strongly but because it is genuinely spontaneous and sincere,



THE SAVING BANK
By Patey



MILITARY
By M. Roty



THE NEW FRANCE
By M. Roty

full of tender and personal feeling? The example set by Evainetos, Kimon, and Sperandio has nothing to do with it; M. Roty may feel the charm of the antique after the manner of Andre Chenier, but to him there is nothing to compare with the influences of Nature. Of her he learns as a patient and sympathetic analyst, and expresses her with no Florentine subtlety, but with the frank good faith and fervent soul of a master of the great French line."

Roty, with his strong individuality, seems to have exerted a marked influence over all the younger medallists of France. Hence we have seen the growth of some very individual artists, quite alive to the reaction led by him, while contributing to the art much of their personal temperament. Such are Messrs. Bottec, Patey, and Vernon. M. Bottec unites, as M. Marx says, in a very original type, the French traditions of the Renaissance, and of the eighteenth century. M. Patey aims at expression rather than grace, and M. Vernon captivates us by a spontaneous freedom that is often as poetically inspired and as full of feeling as that of Dupuis.

Besides these artists, who are wholly devoted to medal-work, various sculptors and painters practise the art with pleasure and success. Have we not seen very fine examples by Choret, Raffaelli, Fremiet, Prouve, Jean Daupt, Gardet, Noe, and Pierre-Roche? Victor Peter has brought into this field his fine technical skill and broad sense of the character of bas-relief. His "Puyis de Chavannes" (after Rodin) is so noble in style and so vitally true, that many admirers think it the best presentment we have of our great painter. M. Alexandre Charpentier's portrait of Edmond de Goncourt is also excellent, true in feeling, and very life-like; we here find the Goncourt we knew in his later years. In such

a case the medal is all the more valuable for being imperishable.

Outside, and beyond the interest roused by the perfection of these recent works, there are other signs and other facts which bear witness to the revival of the medallist's art, and the constantly growing taste for its productions. Collectors will no longer seek for antique medals only; they will find pleasure in acquiring and placing in private cabinets the works of Roty, Chaplain, Peter, and their peers.

In the Exhibition of 1889 a collection of the works of medallists, shown in a class by themselves, did honor to this essentially French branch of Art.

As a result of this success at the last Exhibition, the doors of the Luxembourg were opened to medallists in 1890; they now fill several cases which are not the least interesting in the Museum. At the Salon the medallist's art, long neglected, now takes a prominent position, and is admired sometimes at the expense of other branches of Art.



PUYIS DE CHAVANNES
By Victor Peter

Finally, as a crowning triumph for modern medal-work, the Government, with laudable initiative, has decided on a reform of the coinage, now fifty years old, and on honour-

ing art by giving the country types of a new mintage, designed by the best artists among those who have achieved the triumphs of modern medal-work.

MR. RUPERT BUNNY'S OIL DRAWINGS.

THE method of painting on a metal plate and transferring the picture from thence to paper is, of course, a well-known, as well

white, their curious quality preventing our doing so in colour.

Mr. Bunny's drawings are made upon a zinc



DEATH THE REAPER

From the Oil Drawing by Rupert Bunny

as an old, process. Until recently, however, these "monotypes" were done merely in black, and last year it occurred to Mr. Rupert C. W. Bunny, the young Australian artist, to make experiments with the process in the direction of colour, and he, together with Mr. Koopman, another artist residing in Paris, were so far successful as to get a number of these works finished for exhibition purposes. Mr. Bunny's were shown at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, and Mr. Koopman's at the George Petit Gallery in Paris in November last. We are enabled to reproduce two of Mr. Bunny's drawings in black and

plate in transparent colours. The lights are, of course, left, and the colour is applied with brushes, rag, or even his fingers—in any way, indeed, to obtain the particular effect desired. The work necessarily has to be done quickly, as once the paint begins to dry it is apt to stick when the printing stage is reached. For this reason Mr. Bunny does not work from models when doing these drawings, as the close attention required would take too long for the process. The subjects are therefore treated entirely from memory. For the purposes of printing, he uses the strongest

blotting paper that can be obtained, and the transfer is made by the pressure of an india-rubber roller, Mr. Bunny having found this

the fact that each "drawing" is unique, duplication being, of course, quite impossible, places them on the same level as a painting



A SEA NYMPH.

Figure 11. Drawing by Mr. Bunny.

much better than using a press, as an uneven pressure is oftentimes advantageous.

Mr. Bunny's "drawings" have a brightness and freshness that is absolutely pleasing, and

on canvas. The difficulties connected in the production of these works are numerous and obvious, and can only be overcome by much experience and the spoiling of many drawings.

ON THE BEAUTY OF THE SILVERSMITH'S ART.

OF all the applied arts there is perhaps not one which has suffered so radically in its artistic quality for a hundred years past. This period of degradation has been greatly due not so much, curiously enough, to neglect, as to the inherently bad and vulgar taste of those who pretended to maintain and "patronise" it.

True connoisseurs of silver have, of course, existed for a long while; but this race, it must be remembered, is composed of the slaves of the hall-mark rather than of admirers of fine workmanship and design, and their eye, trained to recognise the handiwork of such masters as Paul Lamerie, quick to detect forgeries and to

appreciate strength rather than excellence in workmanship, has remained to this day almost wholly insensible to that beauty of arrangement and propriety of design especially becoming to the art and handicraft of the metal-worker.

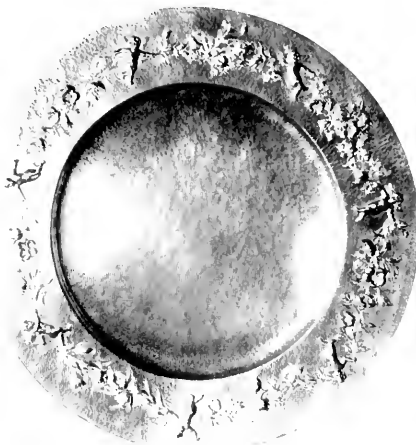
The real, if unintentional, enemies of the art have been, for the most part, the race of sportsmen, and the middlemen and workmen who have supplied them. The sentiment of sport is so foreign in its essence to the sentiment of art, that we should not be surprised to find masters of hounds, Jockey Club officials, and organisers of sporting festivals, to be lacking in those emotions from which alone real art can spring. It is certainly the function of the artist to harmonise these divergent sentiments; and often enough he would succeed in doing so, but for the dictation of the customer who does not see why, if he has to pay,



"THISTLE BOWL"

he yields from motives even more pressing; and so we have come to see mere "cups" that consist of a cast silver tree of a conventional kind with a cast silver stag meandering about it, or a lagoon with a silver horse a-top, with various symbolical articles piled up at the base, out of all proportion and out of all taste. This same degeneration has spread until we find all sense of aesthetic beauty absolutely die out in

certain classes, civic as well as sporting, and not a word of regret is expressed by the public when it reads that the officers of such-and-such a battleship have presented to her Majesty a model in silver of their vessel in one of the precious metals, or that a London cabdrivers' society has presented to its secretary a silver model of a hansom cab. To some, no doubt, this last idea was "similarly neat," and we have recently had the curious spectacle of the Science and Art



ROSE-WATER DISH



PEWTER SALVER

his ideas should not be carried out in his own way. The middleman falls in with the demand, for business reasons; the artist— if such he

Department (South Kensington Museum) exhibiting the said silver cab in the Bethnal Green Museum, to the surprise of all persons of taste,

and to the expressed disapproval of the House of Commons Committee of Inquiry.

But there has been an element of comfort



"HOP" BEAKER.

in the circumstance that during all this unhappy triumph of "machine-made goods" there have been continuously working one or two men who have resisted the sway of Birmingham. They are unknown, no doubt, to the general public, for they are boycotted by the shops and by more influential dealers, while the smaller tradesmen cannot afford to employ them. The writer remembers how Mr. C. B. Birch, A.R.A., the designer of many a "cup" in his day, would deplore every failure to persuade his employers that an ideal treatment would be more beautiful and more appropriate. A slight concession was sometimes made to his representations, but he was not allowed to depart in any adequate degree from the main lines set down. Therefore, the really artistic workers in the metals who prefer to devote themselves to what they know to be right and fine are very few, and exist solely on the commissions of persons who are at once men of means and men of taste. They are the craftsmen whose names will go down honourably to posterity as the great metal-workers of to-day of to-day, when they labour unknown in comparative obscurity, mindful of the time when all the mechanical, flashy, showy works of the shops will be unceremoniously set aside, condemned by their pretentiousness and vulgarity. Stamped by machinery, cast by the score, reproduced to order by electrotype, without more pride taken in their manufacture than is taken in the production of an American desk, these things have no more artistic quality than has been brought to them by the original designer who rarely sees, much less touches, the work itself.

The true artist is he who, educated as a craftsman, designs and executes the objects himself, undeterred and unmoved by the paralysing conditions of the ordinary silversmith's workshop or by the fatal repression of the trade-union; and not only produces them, but declines to repeat them. That is why we place Gilbert Marks among the eminent artist-craftsmen of the day. He is not content to devote his talent to imitating anybody, however great; he does not aim, as Morel-Ladoulé did, at becoming the Benvenuto Cellini, or the anybody else, of the nineteenth century. Gifted with a dainty imagination, with pure feeling for form and line, and, to harmonise all, with a love of simplicity, he has bent his craftsmanship to the production of a series of beautiful objects which in number cannot fall far short of seven hundred pieces. But it is only in later years that he has reached the full height of his achievement; and now we hardly know which is the more meritorious—the fancy and refinement of his design or the intelligence of his workmanship. Simple flowers, wild ones for choice, are his principal theme, and the strong strain of field-poetry in his nature adapts them into arrangements elegant and appropriate. What

more natural than that a rose-water-dish should bear a border of loves and rose-garlands? that a beer-beaker should have raised upon it a decoration of hops cunningly-devised?—that the punch-bowl should be embellished with a tracery of sleepy poppies? The working-out is not less noteworthy than the subjects, so that form, decoration, and execution represent the high-water mark in each section of the artist's present powers.



1890

Of all forms of silver-working whether cast or struck or chased or *repoussé*, none, I think, approaches the last in the test which it applies to the smith. In fact, the modelling tool

of the sculptor, like the graver of the chaser, cannot compare in the silversmith's hand with the hammer, the raising tools, and tracers of the *repousse* worker. With those he can work the yielding metal as he list, play with his decoration or his pattern as he chooses, and bring it up to the point of sharpness, or caress it into liquid meltingness as he may desire—until in the completed piece we not only see the conception of the designer in the shape he imagined it, but we feel that he has impressed upon it some of his own feeling, and revealed in it his own artistic emotion.

Then, when we come away from the exhibition of such works, and return home to our fiddle-

pattern spoons that are struck by the million, we understand why manufacturers find profit in such things that "turn over" their money for them so many times a year, and why traders refuse to countenance work which is produced slowly, laboriously, and lovingly, in defiance of every law of commercial prosperity, in proud indifference to the very principles of our country's greatness. But it is the principle of the great memories of Etruria and Greece that we find here—a touch of that art which alone survives from ancient civilisations, and which alone brings down those nations face to face with ours—the last remaining concrete testimony of ancient glories that live but in history.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

[161] **A PICTURE TO IDENTIFY.** The photograph I sent herewith is taken from a picture in oils about 36 inches × 20 inches. It is signed "James Davidson, 1856." The lights and colour scheme are well worked out, but the manipulation of the pigments seems somewhat careless in some places. We do not know if this picture is an original or copy, but any information regarding the subject of it or the artist would be acceptable. J. T. (Montrose).

* * * The painting of which a photograph is enclosed is that of Delaroche's famous picture of "Charles I. insulted by the Soldiers." It is, we think, quite unjustifiable in a copyist to sign his name to a copy without also stating "after" whom his picture is painted.

[165] **CONSTABLE'S "DEDHAM VALE."** The enclosed photograph is taken from a mezzotint (22½ inches × 21½ inches) executed by Lucas from one of Constable's pictures. The subject is evidently in the neighbourhood of Dedham, with the fine old square-towered church in the distance, but what is the picture called? Has it ever appeared in any publication of Constable's life or works? I have never seen any sign of it, and yet it appears to me about as noble a work as ever Constable painted. Probably you may know who is the possessor of the original.

Again, as to the mezzotint, I have a volume of Lucas's engravings, being a series of forty published by Henry Bohn in 1855, but it does not contain the one about which I am writing, and the plates do not exceed 9 inches × 6 inches. Is there another series of the larger size? I bought this plate in a secondhand shop in Melbourne. W. H. ARCHER (Melbourne, Australia).

* * * This picture was painted by Constable in 1828, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in that year. It is referred to in Leslie's "Letters and Life of Constable," in a letter from the artist, as follows: "I have painted a large upright landscape, perhaps my best; it is in the Exhibition, and noticed as 'A redeemer' by *John Bull*." The mezzotint was published in 1831, together with "The Lock," "Salisbury Cathedral," and "The Cornfield." It is now very difficult to obtain good impressions of these, and when they appear at sales always fetch high prices. The original picture is in the possession of Sir Algernon Noel, Bart.

[166] **THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO IN ENGLISH ART.** May I ask you, or your readers, to let me know what are the best pictures by English painters of the Battle of Waterloo—whether of the battle itself, or of incidents connected with it? R. D. L. S. (Cotebelle, Hyeres).

* * * It is a somewhat surprising fact, that the two greatest English victories—judged by their political effects within the two last centuries—have received so little attention from our English artists. Waterloo has been more elaborately and more effectively treated in this respect than Blenheim; but even Waterloo can hardly be said to have received its apotheosis of paint. No doubt, the difficulty of uniform reconstruction of the scene, and (apart from the lack of assistance, such as is given by the war correspondent of to-day) of lapse of time, all tell against the artist; and yet, as I write, a member of the Royal Academy is now alive—Mr. T. Sidney Cooper—who

remembers, as a boy, standing by the road-side and cheering the troops as they returned from Waterloo. It must be remembered that Englishmen have neither the peculiar genius nor the particular liking for battle-painting, nor such stimulus of sad experience as has moved other nations to develop the special talent. To this point it is proposed to return in a paper on battle-painting, now in preparation. Meanwhile we may say that two painters in particular have latterly felt the attraction of the subject. Mr. Ernest Crofts, R.A., who has sought to render the fighting itself, and Mr. Andrew C. Gow, R.A., who has rather dealt with the fringe of the battle. To satisfy the query of "R. D. L. S." I give the titles of some of the principal works about which he inquires. This list is in no sense exhaustive, and it is open to other correspondents to supplement it:

- (1) "Waterloo." Painting, by George Jones, R.A. (now at the United Service Club).
- (2) "Waterloo." Painting, by Abraham Cooper, R.A.
- (3) "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo." Drawing, by Sir Robert Ker Porter.
- (4) "'Scotland for Ever!' Charge of the Scots Greys." Painting, by Elizabeth Thompson Lady Butler, perhaps the best charge ever painted by an English artist, showing that tendency of excited men and horses to crowd inwards towards each other.
- (5) "Napoleon's Flight from Waterloo." Painting, by John Gilbert.
- (6) "Napoleon leaving the Field of Waterloo." Painting, by George Jones, R.A. (now at the Nottingham Castle Museum).
- (7) "Sauve qui Peut! the Rout of the French." Painting, by Andrew C. Gow, R.A.
- (8) "The Morning of the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1876).
- (9) "The Attack on Bougenmont by the French Light Infantry." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1882).
- (10) "At the Farm of Mont St. Jean." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (Gallery of Sydney).
- (11) "Napoleon before the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A.
- (12) "Napoleon's Last Grand Attack at Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A. (1895).
- (13) "On the Evening of the Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Ernest Crofts, R.A.
- (14) "After the Battle." Painting, by J. H. Clarke.
- (15) "Waterloo: The Meeting of Wellington and Blücher." Fresco, by Daniel Maclise, R.A. (Palace of Westminster).
- (16) "The Field of Waterloo." Painting, by

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. in the South Kensington. (The old Duke pointing out the ground).

- (17) "Waterloo." Painting, by R. Caton Woodville.
- (18) "The Battle of Waterloo." Panorama, by Burford and Barker.
- (19) "Waterloo: Charge of the Life-Guards." Painted in 1816, by Luke Clennel.
- (20) "The Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by Sir William Allan, R.A., P.R.S.A. (at the Junior United Service Club).
- (21) "The Battle of Waterloo." Painting, by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A.

We also have in the South Kensington Museum a spirited, but apparently highly unauthentic painting of the battle, by the French artist, Philippoteaux. No detailed reference need be made here to the series of large coloured etchings executed and issued by George Cruikshank, for they are of a very fanciful description.

NOTE.

WHO PAINTED CANALETTO'S PICTURES? I have read with great interest the remarks of Mr. H. P. Horne on the paintings by Canaletto in the National Gallery. Some years ago, I remember reading the extracts from George Vertue's notebook, referred to by Mr. Horne, and calling the attention of Mr. Sidney Colvin to them with reference to certain drawings of London, by Canaletto, in the British Museum collection. But, speaking from memory, which may be fallacious, I seem to recollect a further statement by Vertue in a later note, that this second Canaletto had been shown to be the nephew of the first visitor to England. In this case he must have been Bernardo Belotto, the nephew of Antonio Canale, who was the first to be called "Canaletto" to distinguish him from his uncle. Perhaps Mr. Horne can follow this up further.

Again, with regard to the picture of "Eton College," referred to by Mr. Horne, it is evident, first, that the picture is intended to represent Eton College; and, secondly, that it is a mere caricature or travesty of the place. It would seem likely that it was a picture, manufactured in the studio, from a sketch which may or may not have been done on the spot, and that the various buildings were altered and adapted according to the artist's inclination. Finally, should any student be moved to a study of the works of the real Canaletto by Mr. Horne's suggestion at the end of his article, it would be necessary for him (or her) not to neglect the four important pictures, painted to the order of Mr. Crowe, at Venice, and now in the possession of Admiral the Hon. Walter Carpenter, at Kiplin, near Northallerton. (LIONEL CUST, Director of the National Portrait Gallery.)

THE CHRONICLE OF ART.—JULY.

The Directorship of the National Gallery.

WE understand that it is proposed when the period of Sir EDWARD POYNTER'S directorship of the National Gallery draws to a close to press forward for the succession a foreign gentleman whose name is not unknown as a critic of the Gallery. It is well that the alleged circumstance should be noted and, if true, be well considered. The fact that the gentleman is not an Englishman born need not be urged against him by a nation that benefited so enormously by the appointment of Sir Anthony Panizzi to the headship of the British Museum; but it is not forgotten and never can be forgotten that the name of the gentleman in question is allied to one of the most extraordinary fiascos that ever occurred at Christie's, and that the severe comments made at the time were never properly answered or disproved. Such an episode must, we feel sure, invalidate any such candidature, even if we had not in England two or three native experts competent for the post whenever the age limit requires Sir Edward Poynter's withdrawal. Moreover, the claims of no professional or semi-professional dealer can possibly be entertained.

THAT an inquiry should be made into the decoration of the metropolitan Cathedral has been rendered inevitable as well as necessary by the widespread comment that Sir WILLIAM RICHMOND'S designs have drawn forth. The first essentially artistic public body to make public utterance upon the subject is the

Art Union of London, by the lips of its president, the Marquis of Lothian, a member of the St. Paul's Committee. Lord Lothian's line of argument, like his expressed disapproval, is moderate, and apparently uninfluenced by Sir William Richmond's sturdy defence. The gist of his remarks resolves itself into the practical declaration that the stencilled pattern on the arches is "only suitable for embroidery, but it would be removed." Turning to the other gross blunders of the day—such as the new Vauxhall Bridge, and, he might have added, the site chosen for the Beaulieu statue—there ought, he said, to be an expert Parliamentary Committee, or other form of Governmental control, which might rescue the public from the artistic enormities of irresponsible bodies and the artlessness of the County Council. The idea is good as to control, but we do not believe in Parliamentary taste. Until we have a Ministry of Fine Art we do not see what effective control can be exercised; and when we have, the blight of the official *adulter degeneration* will fall upon the land.

THE Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have received under the will of the late Colonel JOHN BARROW, F.R.S., formerly of the Admiralty, a bequest of a series of portraits painted for Colonel Barrow by Mr. STEPHEN PLARKE, relating to the various expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin. The portraits comprise: A large group representing "The Arctic Council discussing a plan of search for Sir John Franklin"; Sir Robert McClure, Sir Leopold McClintock, Captain Penny, and Sir George Narves; Sir Richard Collinson, Sir Henry Kellett, Sir Edward Belcher, Sir

Edward Inglefield, Dr. John Rae, Captain Rochefort Maguire, Captain J. E. Moore, Dr. Robert McCormick, Lieutenant J. Stewart, Lieutenant Bellot, Sir Bogatio T. Austin, Admiral Sherard Osborn, Dr. William Kennedy, Sir Leopold McClintock, and Sir Erasmus Ommanney. As in the present state of the Gallery it is no longer possible to find room for so large an accession of portraits, requiring to be hung together, a room in the East Wing adjoining the National Gallery will be adapted for the purpose of containing the Arctic portraits bequeathed both by Lady Franklin and Colonel Barrow, to which access will be made through the galleries in the East Wing. The Trustees have purchased from the widow of the late GEORGE G. ADAMS, sculptor, a marble bust of Sir William Napier, the historian, and plaster models of Sir Charles Napier, Rajah Sir James Brooke, H.R.H. the Prince Consort, Lord Clyde, Viscount Gough, Lord Seaton, Lord Brougham, Viscount Palmerston, Sir Henry Haydock, Archbishop Sumner,

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour. OF COURSE, at the summer exhibition of the "Old Society" is distinguished by all its customary dignity and solid merit. Much of the work on view is open to the charge of being old-fashioned in character and treatment, but there is little of it that is not sincere, and the number of things that have really sterling qualities is by no means inconsiderable. Such drawings as Mr. J. PATERSON'S "The Northern Athlete," Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE'S "Shooey," or Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S exquisitely delicate "Mount St. Michel Summer," assert themselves commandingly as quite exceptionally important; and the contributions of Mrs. STANHOPE FORBES, Mr. J. R. WEGGELIN, Mr. J. W. NORTH, Mr. E. ALEXANDER, and Mr. E. A. WATERLOW, help greatly to keep up the level of the exhibition. Mr. ALFRED PARSONS, too, shows one very good landscape, "Sea Holly," and several interesting studies of pretty bits; Mr. CLARSEN is well represented by his "Woodmen," and Professor HEIKOMER by his "Portrait of Mrs. Travers-Cox."

THE absence of anything like wilful eccentricity or careless management of technical details made the collection of works by the younger men, which was recently on view at the Dudley Gallery, more than usually attractive. The pictures most worthy of note were "A Pastoral Play," by Mr. H. TONKS, Mr. J. L. HENRY'S "Dover Harbour," Mr. P. W. STEIN'S "Camina," Mr. ARTHUR TOMSON'S "Pinner Hill," Mr. W. W. RUSSELL'S "A Picnic" and "The Woodlanders," certain landscapes by Professor BROWN and Mr. FRANCIS BAYNE;

and there were also some excellent water-colour and black-and-white drawings by Mr. A. W. RICH, Mr. H. B. BRAUNSON, Mr. R. E. TRY, Mr. LAURENCE HOUTSMAN, and Mr. PAUL WOODROFFE. Three remarkable pencil studies by Professor A. VON MENZEL were, by the special invitation of the committee of the club, included in the exhibition.

Other Exhibitions. A NUMBER of very good pictures and drawings by artists of the modern Dutch school are to be seen now at the new "Holland Fine Art Gallery," which has just opened in Regent Street. Among the chief men represented are MATTHEW, JAMES, and WILLIAM MARIS, BOSBOOM, POGGENBECK, JOSEF ISRAELS, MESDAG, and MAUVE; and the best side of each man's capacity is plainly shown. The quality of the exhibition, as a whole, is extremely noteworthy, and its value is unquestionable.

Mr. BYAM SHAW'S cabinet pictures, illustrating passages from the British poets, provide at Messrs. Dowdswell's Gallery a quite legitimate attraction for everyone who enjoys the quaint expression of ingenious ideas. The artist, young as he is, has already established himself among our best workers in the field of imaginative art; and his choice of motives is so unconventional, and his manner is so individual, that his work fully deserves the appreciation it receives. His treatment of the pictures which are to be seen in this exhibition is thoroughly characteristic, and shows well how steadily his powers are developing.

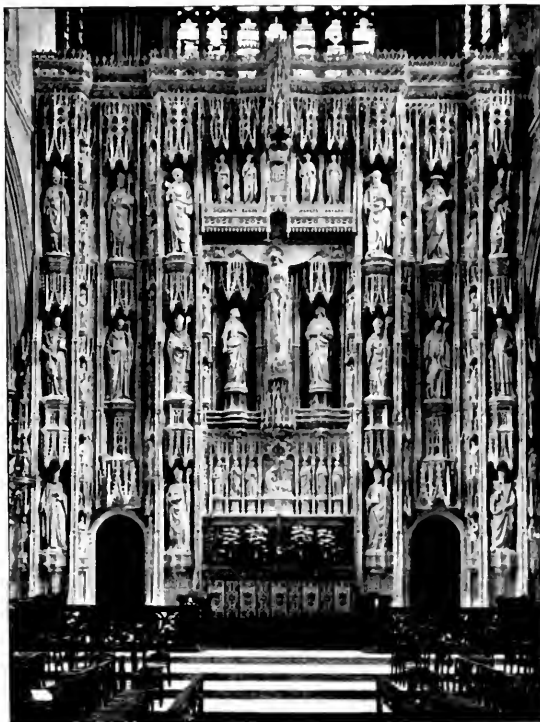
Mr. D. Y. CAMERON'S great reputation as an etcher has to some extent caused people to forget his skill as a painter. Several of his more important canvases were lately to be seen at Messrs. Colnaghi's Gallery, and most impressively asserted the splendid strength of his command over technical devices. They left no room for doubt as to his capacity as a colourist, and proved emphatically that he is not only a fine draughtsman but also a masculine and decisive manipulator of oil paint with a very uncommon sense of style.

Mr. C. J. WATSON'S water colours, collected in Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery, provided another proof that mastery of the etcher's art is not opposed to proficiency in the expression of colour effects. These drawings had infinite charm of delicate combination, and were admirably subtle and refined in their treatment of effects of atmosphere and tone gradation.

As a demonstration, on a small scale, of the capacity of two famous artists the semi-public exhibition arranged last month by Miss F. M. Moore at 29, Maresfield Gardens, N.W., had a very marked degree of interest. She was able to show a number of pictures and sketches, in oil, water-colour, and black-and-white by her father, HENRY MOORE, and her uncle, ALBERT MOORE; and much of the material brought together was completely representative of the best aspects of their work. Henry Moore's amazing power of rapid interpretation of atmospheric effects was illustrated in a succession of out-of-door sketches, full of vitality and plain meaning; and Albert Moore's unerring feeling for grace of line and

beauty of type appeared in a group of studies of heads and draperies. Some finished pictures were exhibited, but the slighter things made up the bulk of the collection.

To the many foreign artists who have found in the London streets numberless suggestions for pictorial work must be added Signor AUBERTO PISA, whose productions have lately been on view in the galleries of the Fine Art Society. He would seem to regard our dingy city as lacking neither in colour nor in variety of effects, for he certainly escaped everything like



THE RESTORED SCREEN AT W. NEHEMER CATHEDRAL.

(See p. 4)

monotony, and erred, if at all, in making his interpretation of the subjects selected a little too brilliant. But, at all events, his idealisations had the merit of being full of charm, and they were well carried out.

The battle pictures of Mr. CYRUS WOODVILLE are always spirited and masculine in manner, and never fail to secure wide approval for their judicious treatment of military facts. His latest production, "All that was left of them, Left of Six Hundred," has been on view at Messrs. Graves' Gallery. It was painted as a companion to his "Charge of the Light Brigade," and represents the muster of the small remnant of the brigade after its return from the Valley of Death. The picture is all the more impressive because it is quite unsensational, and deals only with the grim realities of the scene, without making any profession of sentiment.

The group of fine old mezzotint engravings which Messrs. Agnew have been exhibiting appealed, perhaps, more to collectors than to the public. But as illustrations of an artistic craft which has given notable results, these works by prominent engravers after pictures by last century masters of the British school were aesthetically of no little moment, and they deserve mention on account of their admirable quality.

The following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists:

Messrs. T. ALSOP, A. W. COLLISTER, G. GREVILLE MASTON, T. MASTIN, ARTHUR STEWART, and LANCE THACKERAY.

Messrs. J. M. SWAN, A.R.A., and ROBERT LITTLE have been elected full members of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. The Rt. Hon. JOSEPH

from Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" where Sir Francis Drake describes, in a letter to his friend Anyas, his taking of Don Pedro Valdez and his great galleon.

The restoration of the altarscreen at Winchester Cathedral is a work that has long engaged the attention of the Cathedral authorities. It was seriously taken in hand in 1885, when J. D. SEMINGE undertook the treatment of the central portion. In 1888 the rest was completed, with the exception of the central figure, the space for which has been vacant until quite recently. In 1895 Mr. G. F. BODLEY, A.R.A., and Mr. C. E. KEMPE were consulted, and by their advice a "Circellixion" was adopted as the fitting subject, and under Mr. Bodley's direction a model was prepared and approved, the actual work being executed by Messrs.

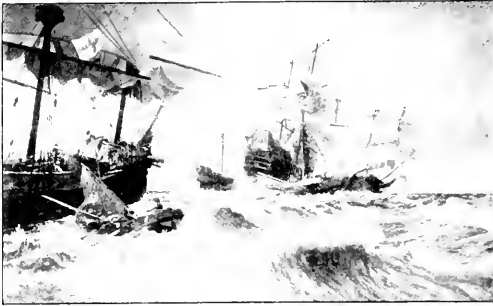
FARMER and BRINDLEY. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Bodley, the large picture by West which hung over the altar has been removed, and in the central space which it covered has been placed a group of "The Holy Family," and in the niches on either side are figures of six female saints. The restoration has been carried out at the expense of Canon Valpy as a memorial to his late wife. On p. 383 is an illustration of the screen as completed.

The death has occurred of Mr. **Obituary.** JOSEPH WOLF, R.I., the celebrated painter of animals and birds. He was born at Munstermayfield in 1820, and as a boy exhibited great talent for drawing; all his studies being made from natural history objects in the woods and fields about his home. But it was not until Professor Schlegel, of the Leyden Museum, saw some of his drawings that his skill was recognised and utilised, the professor employing him to illustrate a large work on falconry. The publication of this book attracted

attention to Wolf in England, and he was invited to take up where Mitchell left off the illustration of Gray's "Genera of Birds." He accordingly, in 1848, left the Antwerp Academy, where he was then studying, and took up his residence in England. The Zoological and Linnean Societies employed him to illustrate many of their publications, and he was greatly in request to provide illustrations to books of travel. Among such publications were Livingstone's "Missionary Travels" and Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," and in addition to these several works dealing entirely with wild animal life were enriched with his drawings. He became recognised as one of the foremost delineators of wild life, his drawings being acknowledged as correct by the most fastidious critics among natural history authorities. His best work is undoubtedly to be found in his water-colours; he was one of the oldest members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. In the last fifteen years of his life he was sadly crippled by rheumatism. A biography of Mr. Wolf was published in 1865, and was duly reviewed in these pages.

Mr. F. SARGENT, the painter of several well-known pictures of scenes in the House of Commons, Royal Garden Party, and so forth, has recently died after a short illness.

The deaths have occurred of M. AUGUSTE ALFRED REBÉ, the well-known French scene-painter and decorative artist, he was created Chevalier of the Legion of Honour in 1869; and of M. ANDRÉ VAUTHIER-GAILLE, the medallist, at the age of eighty-one.



THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER

From the Painting by Karl Voth, R.A., recently acquired for the Nottingham Gallery.

CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., has been elected an Honorary Member of the Society.

The Committee of the Oldham Corporation have purchased the following works from their Spring Exhibition for the permanent collection: "St. Laurent," by Mr. FRANK DYORAK, and "Marshlands Spring-time," a water-colour drawing, by Mr. GEORGE COCKRAM.

The President and Council of the Royal Academy have purchased the following works for the Chantrey Collection: "Approaching Night," by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A.; "The Battle of the Nile," by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.; "My Lady's Garden," by Mr. J. YOUNG HENSTON; "Oft Valparaiso," by Mr. THOMAS SOMERS ALES; and a water-colour, "Le Chateau d'O," by Mr. CHARLES MAUNSELL. An illustration of each of these works, with the exception of the last-mentioned, appears in "Royal Academy Pictures, 1896."

Some valuable additions have been made to the permanent collections of the museum and art gallery at Nottingham. The late T. E. Beaumont, Esq., of Kenwood Park, Sheffield, has bequeathed an important work by MARCUS STONE, R.A., entitled "In Love," which was the painter's principal picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, and two characteristic pictures by EUGÈNE VON DE BEVAS, entitled "The Offer" and "Accepted." Sir Charles Seely, Bart., has lately given an interesting work by the late XIETZ COLE, R.A., entitled "The Summons to Surrender." This picture, which is full of spirit, was exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1889. The subject is taken

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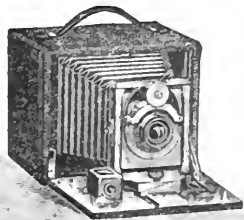
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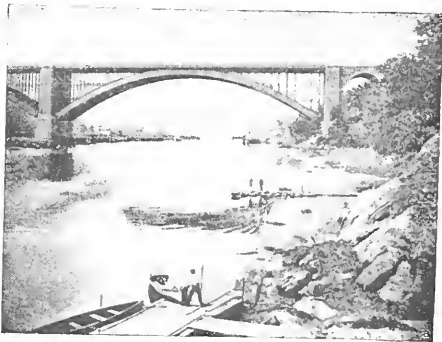
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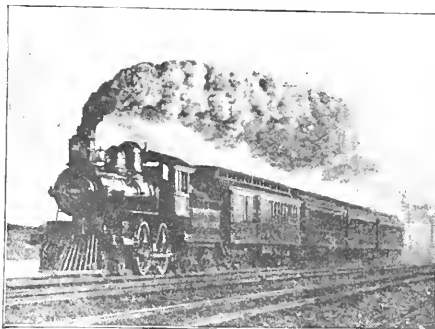


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