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THE ART JOURNAL.

THE VEILED LADY OF RAPHAEL.



AMONGST the most beautiful and interesting portraits in Florence, or indeed in Italy, is one of a woman in a greyish white silk dress trimmed with black, and with a white scarf over her head, of which a woodcut is given below. The engraver, working directly from a photograph, has reproduced faithfully enough the general character of the picture. But the tones of the flesh, rather low in the

original, are in the engraving brought still lower, and the masses of light and shadow on the sleeve are too much frittered away. The forms of the mouth, of the upper lip particularly, are moreover imperfectly rendered; the eyes lose power, and there has been some misunderstanding of the delicate shadows on the forehead at the edge of the hair. Thus much it is fair to warn the reader, not in depreciation of the manner in which our engraver has acquitted himself of a very difficult task, but in order that, if he has never seen the original, he may the better realise what it is like. It represents, then, a woman of the strong Roman type, with dark brown hair simply parted and brushed behind the ears; the forehead well proportioned, the eyebrows full-arched and regular, the eyes dark, large, and shapely. The ear is set far back, and a little coarsely formed; the nose slightly aquiline; the mouth well modelled, with a sweet and rather sad expres-

sion; the under lip a very little drawn in, and the lower jaw somewhat receding, with a round and neat, but not prominent, chin.

The personage so featured is set before us in this portrait with the simple, penetrating force and quiet mastery of which none but the greatest artists are capable—I speak, at least, of the general presentment, and of the execution of the face and flesh parts; for in that of the accessories there are inequalities. Thus the scarf or veil passing from the left shoulder of the sitter over her head, and down again in advance of the



Donna Velata.

right shoulder so as to envelop her right arm, is treated sketchily, as if the painter, after putting it in adequately for the purpose of his composition, had not cared to return to it again. Not so the full, richly crumpled sleeve, which is rendered with extreme care as well as brilliancy. This sleeve almost hides the low, open bodice, laced with gold along the top; above which a gathered chemise, fastened with black laces at the shoulders, covers the lower part of the chest, leaving its upper part and the throat bare except for a necklace of black cut stones.

Hanging rather high in one of the rooms of the Pitti Gallery (No. 245 in the room called the *Education of Jupiter*), and attributed in the official catalogue to a painter unknown,

this picture of the 'Veiled Lady,' or *Donna Velata*, as she is commonly called, is not one of those which possesses a guide-book notoriety. By the generality of travellers it is

accordingly overlooked. Those, however, who do happen to be struck by it are not likely to miss perceiving the resemblance which it bears, both in type and in the arrangement of the veil over the head, to the most admired of the creations of Raphael, the 'Madonna di San Sisto.' In a secondary degree our portrait also recalls another famous ideal head by Raphael, that of the tall, dark-haired Magdalene who stands in profile, with her face turned to the spectator, on the right-hand side of the picture of 'St. Cecilia' at Bologna. Does not this portrait at the Pitti, we instinctively ask ourselves as we stand before it, represent in their every-day aspect the features of the selfsame woman whom Raphael has in those famous works idealized and glorified—in the one case into a companion for saints and martyrs, and in the other into that vision of the Queen of Heaven which has power above all others to enthral and pacify the spirits of men? And if this is so, is the portrait a work of Raphael himself? and whose are the features that it depicts?

To answer these questions we must first inquire into the relations which exist between this portrait and another and better known one unquestionably by the hand of Raphael. I mean the so-called 'Fornarina' signed with his name, of which half-a-dozen different copies exist at Rome, while the Barberini Palace contains the version which is on all hands recognised as the original. In this a woman, naked but for a thin white veil which she holds up with her right hand between her breasts, and a red drapery on which her left hand lies in her lap, sits before a dark background of laurel and myrtle sprays. A yellow turban wound round her head suits oddly with her general disarray; and this, together with the constrained action of the hand holding up the drapery to her bosom, gives the picture a singular and ambiguous character. It looks like a study of the nude, painted from a model not accustomed to pose in this guise, and painted quite literally except for the background of foliage, which would seem to have been merely added in order to give the work some appearance of an ideal character.

In portrait painting Raphael often enough abandons his habitual pursuit of perfected form and purified line, in order to penetrate and express with uncompromising truth the character of the individual life engaging him. But he has painted no other portrait so blunt in its directness, or so common in its expression, as is this nude study at the Barberini Palace. Splendid, indeed, in modelling and colour is the luminous, pale olive flesh. The face, on the other hand, much as must be allowed for its injured state, can never have been very attractive. It bears a baffling likeness in unlikeness to that of our 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti. The general character of the features is the same, but their imperfections are far more strongly marked. The turban gives an appearance of undue width, and the somewhat compressed upper lip and chin of shortness, to the face. The ear is uglier and the nose less refined than in the Pitti picture. The eyes, though strong and bright beneath the same fine eyebrows, are stolid and somewhat sensual in expression. That the two pictures represent one and the same person is obviously possible, but cannot be regarded as certain. If they do so, then it is natural to suppose that we possess an ascending series of efforts made by Raphael in the delineation of the same model. The Barberini study would be the lowest term of this series, representing the mere carnal life of the sitter, apprehended in no very felicitous mood. The Pitti portrait would be the middle term,

representing the same sitter with far more refinement, but still literally and humanly, in the charm of her ordinary household garb and aspect. The third and highest term would be the Sistine Madonna, representing her this time transfigured in heaven—an artistic motive already suggested in the second term, that of the veil over the head, being here retained and perfected, and the features and their expression being harmonized and glorified by the operation of the idealizing mind.

Admitting for the moment this supposition, what are we to infer as to the personality of the woman thus diversely portrayed, first as model, next as lady, and lastly as mother of Christ? It is natural, especially considering the peculiar character of the Barberini picture, to recognise in her that mysterious mistress to whom Raphael was devoted during all his latter years at Rome and until his death. To give her the name "Fornarina," meaning furnace-girl—that is, baker's daughter or potter's daughter—is merely misleading, inasmuch as everybody now knows that this name, and the tales relating to it, are inventions of recent date and of no authority whatever. All that we really know of the matter is this: that a mistress there was to whom Raphael at Rome was devoted; that for her sake he was glad to decline or defer proposals of marriage, although he did, apparently as a mere matter of business, accept one such proposal, which the death of the lady—a niece of the Cardinal Bibbiena—brought to nothing; that she, the mistress, was still with the painter when he died, in 1520, of fever consequent upon a sudden chill; and that he had painted her portrait twice, once about 1515, and again, as it seems, about 1517.

If the hypothesis we have stated about the relations of the 'Veiled Lady' to the Barberini 'Fornarina' on the one hand, and to the 'Madonna di San Sisto' on the other, and of all three to the inner life of Raphael, is right, then in the first we may possibly possess the earlier, and in the second the later of the two portraits Raphael is recorded to have painted of his mistress. At any rate, the extraordinary interest and value of the 'Veiled Lady' would be sufficiently established. In that hypothesis I myself believe; but it is not capable of proof, and has been advanced and contradicted many times since our picture was first brought, in 1824, from the villa of Poggio Reale, and placed where it now hangs in the Pitti Gallery. Of its previous history nothing certain is known. Neither are students of Raphael agreed in the question whether or not the painting can, on internal grounds alone, be attributed to his hand. O. Mundler, Passavant, Prof. Springer, and Dr. Ruland in his catalogue of the Raphael collection at Windsor, concur in saying Yes—at least so far as the head and flesh parts are concerned. With these critics I entirely agree—so far as such agreement can be of weight without a close technical examination of the surface of the work. On the other hand, Mons. F. A. Gruyer, one of the most zealous and ingenious students of the master, gives his reasons for an opposite conclusion, in his recent work on "Raphael peintre de portraits." M. Eugène Müntz, in his still more recent book, "Raphael, sa Vie, ses Œuvres, et son Temps," contents himself with echoing the opinion, briefly expressed by Dr. Bode in his edition of Dr. Buckhardt's "Cicerone," to the effect that the picture is the work of a later hand, probably Bolognese, perhaps after an original of Raphael. For this latter opinion I can see no ground whatever. The picture has neither the opaque shadows, nor the cutting outlines, nor the academic ostentatiousness, nor any other quality whatever of the

Bolognese school that I can perceive. These grey and white tones, it is true, are not usual in the work of Raphael, but they occur; compare, for instance, the cloak in the portrait of Castiglione at the Louvre, and for the treatment of the sleeves compare the portraits both of Joan of Aragon and of Leo X. Again, it is true that the 'Veiled Lady' is painted on canvas, whereas Raphael usually painted on panel. But usually is not always; and on canvas also is painted precisely that picture of Raphael with which we claim that the 'Veiled Lady' has most affinity, the 'Madonna di San Sisto.' Lastly, we have positive proof that as early as the first half of the seventeenth century a picture identical in composition

with this was ascribed to the hand of Raphael. The work in question was in the collection of the famous Earl of Arundel, and represented the same sitter, posed and draped in precisely the same way, only with a kerchief folded somewhat higher about her throat, and with the addition of an aureole, a palm-branch, and a segment of a wheel, by which she was converted into a St. Catherine. This picture was engraved by Hollar in reverse. We subjoin a rough fac-simile of his engraving in order to show the identity of the two compositions. The Arundel St. Catherine has disappeared, unless it were the same as an exactly corresponding picture which Passavant had heard of, but not seen, in the collection of



St. Catherine.

the Marchese Letizia at Naples. It may here be urged that Raphael would hardly have himself repeated the same composition; and it may be asked, which of the two is more likely to have been original, the lost Arundel St. Catherine, or the 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti? Our answer is certainly the 'Veiled Lady,' inasmuch as nothing was commoner than for a pupil to take some study which his master had made from life, and to convert it into a saint or martyr by the addition of the necessary attributes—Raphael's portrait of Joan of Aragon furnishes a case in point, having been more than once copied by pupils with the addition of saintly attributes; whereas an instance of the opposite process is un-

known. On the whole, then, our conclusion in regard to the 'Veiled Lady' of the Pitti is this—that the picture is certainly of Raphael's designing, and almost certainly of his painting, at any rate in the more important parts; that, on the one hand, it very possibly represents the same sitter as the Barberini 'Fornarina,' while, on the other hand, it is unquestionably allied to the Sistine Madonna. This being so, it is much to be regretted that so beautiful a work should remain comparatively unknown, while scores of far more doubtful "Raphaels" parade under the great master's name in the public and private galleries of Europe.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

ROUEN.



MINENT amongst the paintings in the Salon of 1881 was a picture hung on the line, which was greatly admired both by the public and the Art world. On either side of the scene were sloops and schooners moored to wharfs lined with quaint picturesque houses, whose oddly shaped roofs, however, were but dimly outlined. The picture owed its chief beauty to

the splendid glow of colour which the sun's dying glory was shedding upon the motley-coloured, half-furled sails, and to the iridescence of the rippling river, which, under the illumined sky, was charged with a gem-like radiance.

It was Lapostollet's painting of the port of Rouen. The choice of subject and the originality of its treatment proved the freshness which lies even in much-worked mines of artistic wealth to the artist who comes with the talent of seeing new beauties in well-known scenes.

Of the more famous sites on the Seine there are few which have been so repeatedly visited, sketched, painted, and etched as Rouen. There is scarcely one of its narrow gable-housed streets but has had its painter, while its carvings and sculptures and upspringing cathedral towers and spires have been reproduced by brush and pencil.

Still Rouen remains as full of new subjects, and as fresh and replete in suggestive resources, as if this beautiful treasure city had never sheltered an artist's easel.

There is, however, one danger to be feared. Unless the amateur or artist visit Rouen shortly, there will be found no Rouen—no old Rouen, that is, left standing; for the demon of demolition is waging daily, nay, hourly, war against this ancient citadel of the Dukes of Normandy. Already much that made the poetry and the completeness of its mediæval charm is gone. Commerce and a busy city's necessities have impressed their nineteenth-century character upon the street life. The trumpet of the tramway echoes where the Norman duke's arrival was heralded by the blast of a very different order of music, and Rouen linsens flaunt their dull domestic hues from windows that two centuries ago were gay with banners to greet the pageant of kings. The tall smoke-breathing chimneys of the manufactories encroach also upon the most picturesque sites and streets. The cathedral spires and carved circlets of the beautiful towers rear their treasures into an air so dense and grimy that it is no empty boast that Rouen has become the Manchester of France. But neither the prose of street-cars nor the dullness of a smoky atmosphere is the worst evil that has befallen Rouen. As a city of the past she is doomed. The municipal council sealed her fate when they voted a subsidy to tear down that portion of the city which for half a century all Europe had travelled far to see. Not only houses, but entire streets, are disappearing to make room for the boulevard, the mansarde apartment-house, and the modern shop.

The authorities have been compelled to prosecute this war of demolition the more rigorously as the Rouen which makes the delight of the sight-seer and the artist has proved the

plague spot of the newer, healthier city; those curious winding old streets, and the beautiful gable-faced houses, have become dens of iniquity and breeders of pestilence, while repeated fires, ravaging whole districts, have proved the danger existing in a city built of wood.

But neither municipal councils nor the most active of workmen can destroy the ancient city of Rouen in weeks or even in months. There are still streets and entire quarters remaining wherein one may lose one's self for hours, and all reminders of the nineteenth century be as completely removed as if the town were still the stronghold of the Norman dukes. Who has not experienced the charm of wandering about those winding streets, streets that remind one, in their irregularity and narrowness, of a meadow rivulet, as Madame de Staël has said of a certain old street in Paris? The timbered, gabled houses, with their wonderful blending of colours, their tiled roofs, their carvings, eaves, and deep dormer windows, their narrow doorways and wide courtyards, make pictures for the eye at every turning. In the purest sense of the word is old Rouen picturesque, the houses and the streets presenting that delightful *mélange* of the unexpected and the beautiful which makes every street corner a delight to the eye. The chief beauty, architecturally, of the Rouen houses consists in their infinite variety of design, for no two houses are alike, and in the amazing art shown in producing, by means of angles, diversely shaped doors, windows, and roofs, with wonderful effects in narrow spaces. What would architects in these days be found doing with the façade of a house twelve feet wide and sixty feet high in a street not fifteen feet wide? Yet the mediæval builders made an entire city of such houses. In what a narrow space, for example, did the architect of Diana de Poitiers' house have to work! Yet what elegance, grace, and strength in that Renaissance *bijou* of a dwelling, its wooden front as complete and as minutely finished as a Swiss carving!

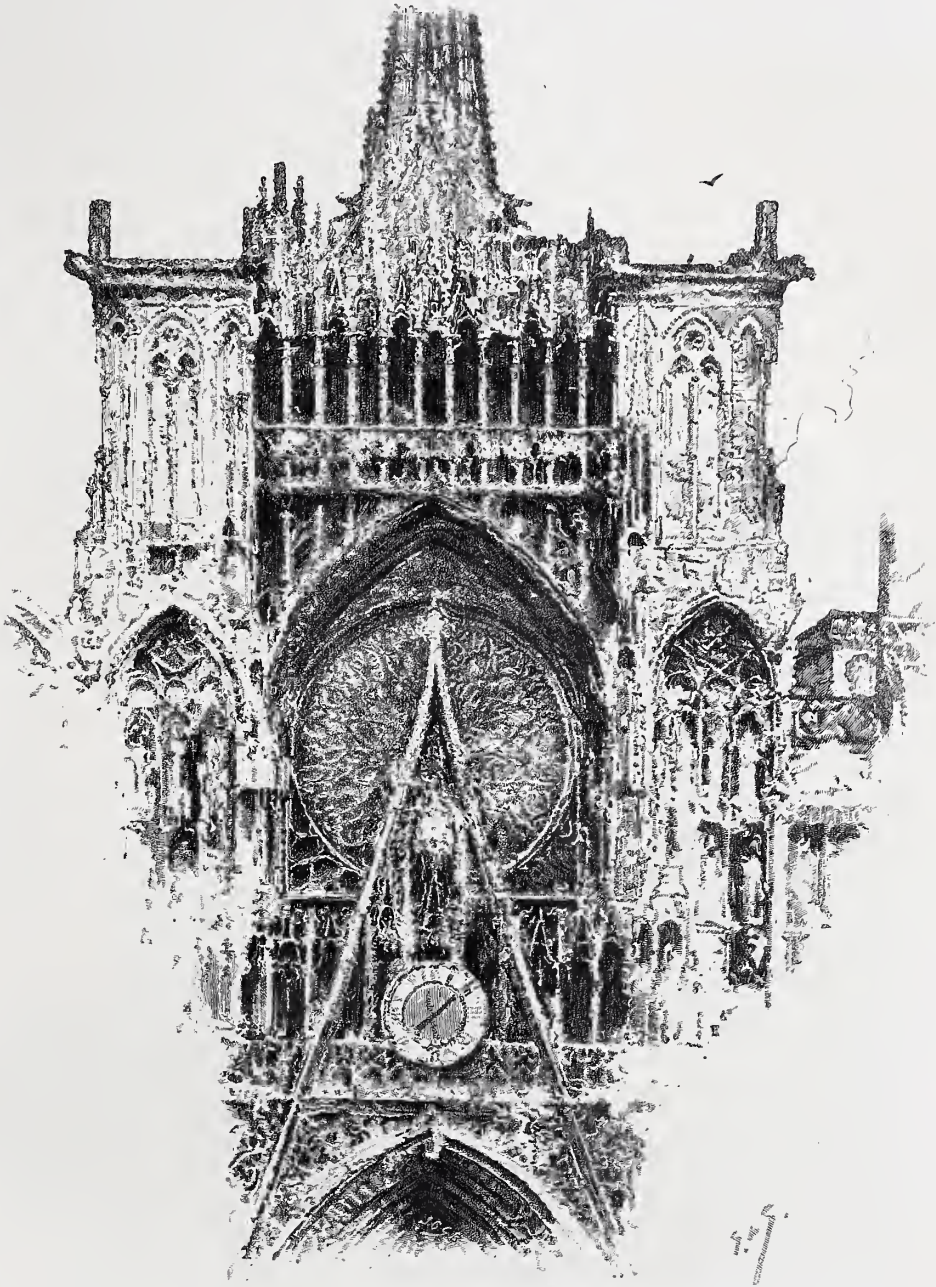
Even the very poorest and least pretentious among these houses bear upon their faces the beautifying touch of these old builders, who loved their work. A bit of a carved lintel, a sculptured frieze, a daintily moulded cornice, or a dormer window, curiously contrived to fit into a barely possible space—these are the marks by which the old master architects ineffaceably proved their originality and the fertility of their resources. To-day these blackened worm-eaten façades receive an additional embellishment from that instinct which incites even the very poorest among the French peasants to adorn their dwelling with flowers; so that the dark, deeply stained houses are lit into some semblance of bloom by the bright rows of flowering plants.

For the most part the human life that peoples these ancient dwellings, beautiful to the eye and horrible to that sense more acute to certain conditions of the atmosphere than sight, is curiously in keeping with the age and the generation in which these houses were built. Curiously, it is said, for one hardly looks for the mediæval type in these days of progress. But modern civilisation has by no means swept clean all the dark alleys and purlieus of the older cities. Here in these antique Rouen streets the mediæval type still survives—the type of a people accustomed to huddle together in narrow close quarters, to live on wretched food, to be oppressed and

down-trodden, and given over to the vices of a coarse and degrading animalism of life. Faces fierce, bestial, and besotted; ragged, wild-looking forms; old age that has the vacancy, but none of the innocence, of childhood; and childhood with all the hardness and rapacity of old age: such faces and forms pass between the tall walls of the old houses, people the streets and the windows, seeming to issue forth into our brighter day like the shadows of that older, sadder time when despair was the law of life, and living was regarded as a curse.

But from the artistic point of view, the fact that the people match with the houses naturally enough enhances the interest of Rouen street life. The local colour is thereby the more complete. No picture can be conceived of the fourteenth or fifteenth century life more perfect in its appointments than that which greets the eye as one walks down the Rue des Arpents, a street so narrow that since it was built the sun has never fairly penetrated its gloomy shade. The tall houses all but meet above: between their projecting eaves the sky appears as when in some deep mountainous defile one looks aloft to view the slender strip of heaven's blue. In such streets the modern life of rattling wheels and briskly stepping horses is kept at bay; these are the narrow thoroughfares of a walled city, built for foot-passengers and the mounted cavalier; and they echo now as then to the click of the sabots and the sound of coarse loud voices. Glimpses are caught, as one glances through courtyards and into open windows, of strangely unmodern faces, of dimly lighted interiors, of a mysterious confusion of winding alleys, carved stairways, tiny doors, and intricate hall-ways. All that made the squalor, the filth, and the wretchedness of the Middle Ages period confronts one still in these ragged, coarse-featured peasants, who swarm like ants about an ant-hill in these quaint little streets. But what pictures they present! Here is a group of toothless, wrinkled, tattered old women, haggling over some vegetables which the vendor, a woman whose sex could never be divined were it not for her ragged skirts, is wheeling through the streets. What parchment skins, what savage looks, what sharp wolfish eyes, what skinny hands trembling with age and avidity! But what colours those rags and tatters present; and what a setting the old ochre-tinted house, near whose deep cavernous courtyard these women are standing, with its defaced carved lintels, its lovely pointed roof, and the splendid shadows the projecting gables cast, makes for the group! On the opposite side of the street, leaning far out into

the brilliant noonday glare from a sixth-story dormer window, is a younger woman's face; her bronzed skin and strong bold



Façade of Rouen Cathedral.

features are etched against a square yard of blue sky; for a background there is a massing of tiled roofs, and a slender-columned bell-tower springs into mid-air in the sunlit distance.

Another turning in the street and one passes from the poverty and the gloom to that which made the glory and the grandeur of those struggling centuries. We are in the open square of the cathedral, whose massive majesty rises aloft like some vast mountain of stone. Its spires and tower pierce the blue ether, as if nature, in a whim of fancy, had lifted into the air a delicate masonry of gigantic cobwebs, and then, magician-like, had turned it to stone. It is these sudden contrasts that make the fascination of Rouen, which impart to every street turning the charm of a surprise, filling the eye with an endless succession of pictures replete with unexpected combinations of colour and architectural devices. To the

pathos of crumbling ruins is added the artistic contrast of elaborately carved cathedral portals or upspringing spires. All the streets running into the square fronting upon St. Maclou, St. Ouen, and the cathedral are wonderful sites for an artist's easel. The angles of the houses, the projecting and receding roofs, the jumble of the chimney eaves, the square filled with the white-capped Normandy peasants; the eye, at another turning, carried aloft by the sudden lifting of the glorious mass of the noble Butter Tower or St. Ouen's Gothic spire—such pictures as these make the rapture and the despair of the artist. The famous cathedral owes something, perhaps much, of the effect it produces upon the imagination to these sharp and sudden contrasts. Its massive greyness rises like some frost-worked Alpine peak from amid the dormer-windowed houses which surround it. Considered

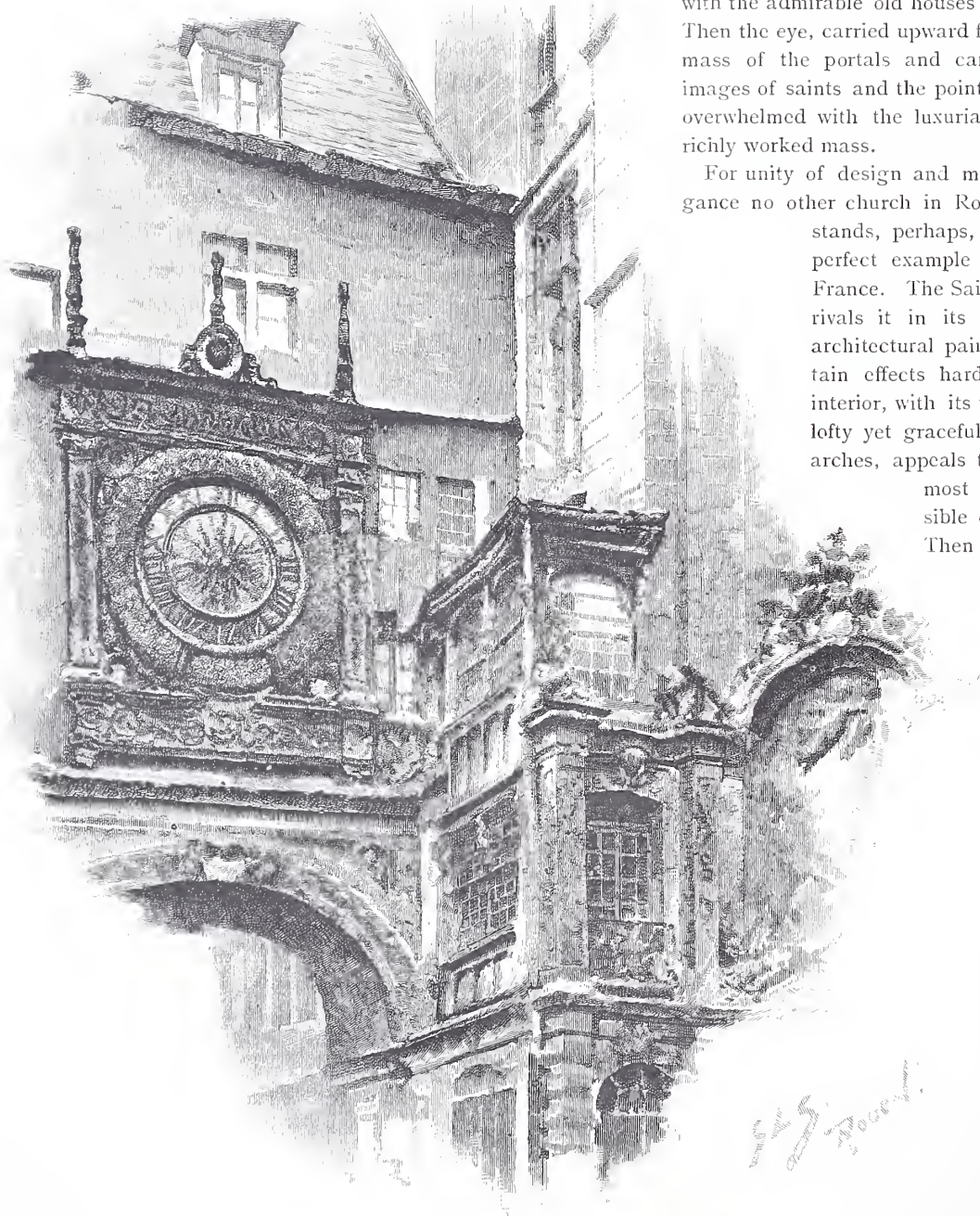
whole, it lacks the one quality which it ought, as its first and chief characteristic, to possess—it is wanting in impressiveness. This is no doubt chiefly due to the elaborateness of its ornamentation, and to the fact that as a whole it is neither complete nor are its several parts harmonious—the usual defect characteristic of the work produced during those later centuries, in which many portions of this church were built. The older parts of the building are by far the more pure and refined in their style. The Tower of St. Romaine is a beautiful and most complete production, outrivalling in purity of design the more celebrated but overworked Butter Tower, whose chief merit consists in the delicacy, lightness, and grace of its beautifully carved circlet and its pretty tourelles. It is not as a whole that the cathedral is most effective. Its true beauties are best seen when taken in portions. Its towers and magnificent west front group wonderfully with the admirable old houses in the Halles and Square. Then the eye, carried upward from the elaborately carved mass of the portals and canopies to the sculptured images of saints and the pointed crocketed pinnacles, is overwhelmed with the luxuriance and splendour of the richly worked mass.

For unity of design and mingled simplicity and elegance no other church in Rouen equals St. Ouen. It stands, perhaps, as the purest and most perfect example of the Gothic style in all France. The Sainte Chapelle in Paris alone rivals it in its flawless beauty. For the architectural painter St. Ouen presents certain effects hard to find elsewhere. Its interior, with its triple rows of windows, the lofty yet graceful lines of its columns and arches, appeals to the imagination as the most perfect combination possible of lightness and strength.

Then the effect of the tones and shades of colour is something extraordinary. The beautiful fourteenth-century stained glass, with the glowing jewelled figures of saints and martyrs set in their soft grey-tinted background, makes the church at certain hours seem like Browning's description of a Florentine twilight—"of a silver greyness everywhere," columns, walls, glass, and stone seeming blent in one rich fusion of greyness. Light here loses its audacity and brilliance, and shines with an almost cloistral soberness, in keeping with the spiritual beauty of this wonderful church.

It was a beautiful sight that greeted my eyes one

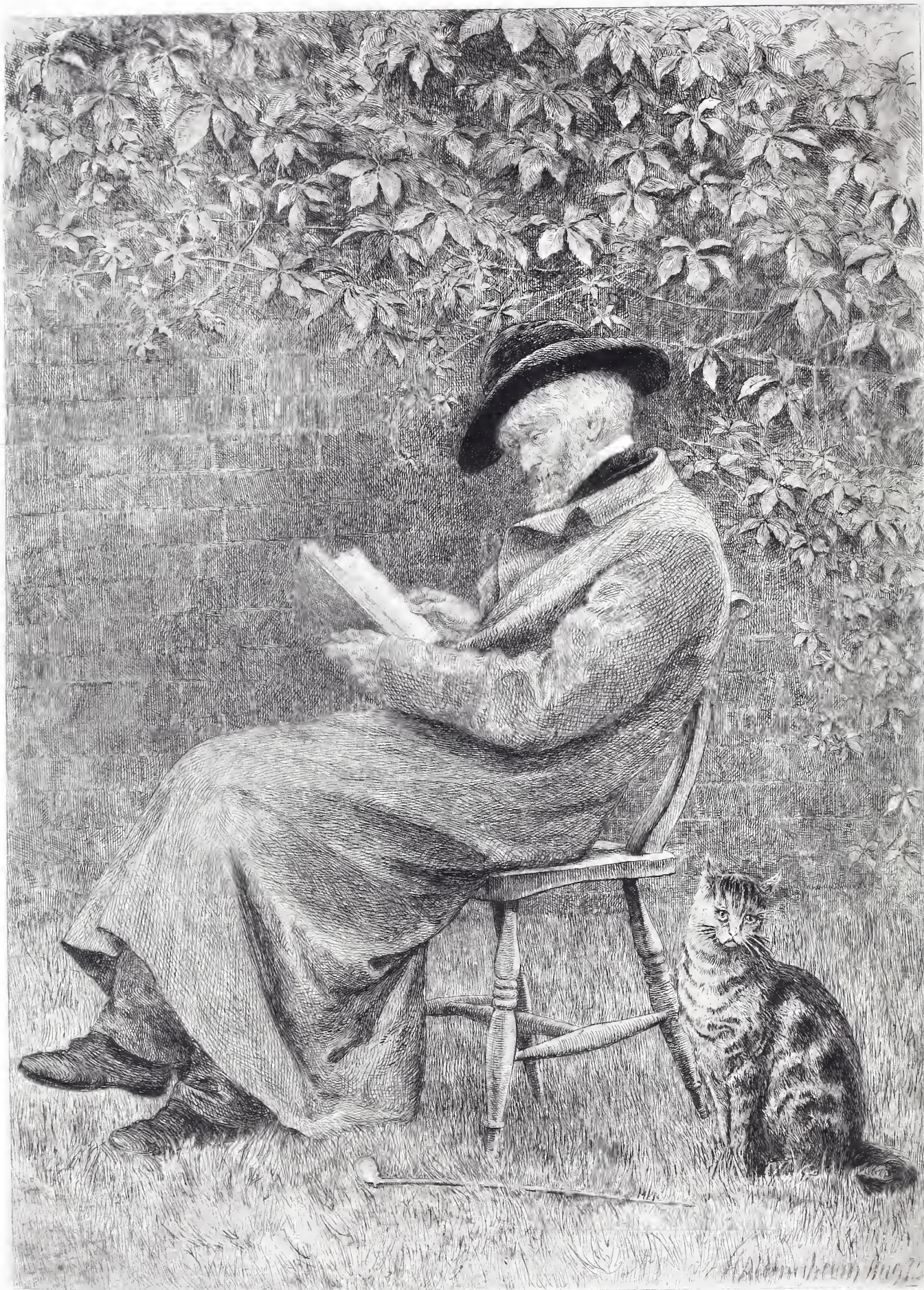
brilliant June noon as I passed into the cool and the shade of the vast nave for a few moments' rest and contemplation



La Grosse Horloge.

as an architectural chef-d'œuvre, the cathedral cannot be compared with the Cologne or Milan Cathedral. Taken as a





PAINTED BY MRS ALLINGHAM

ETCHED BY C O MURRAY

CARLYLE

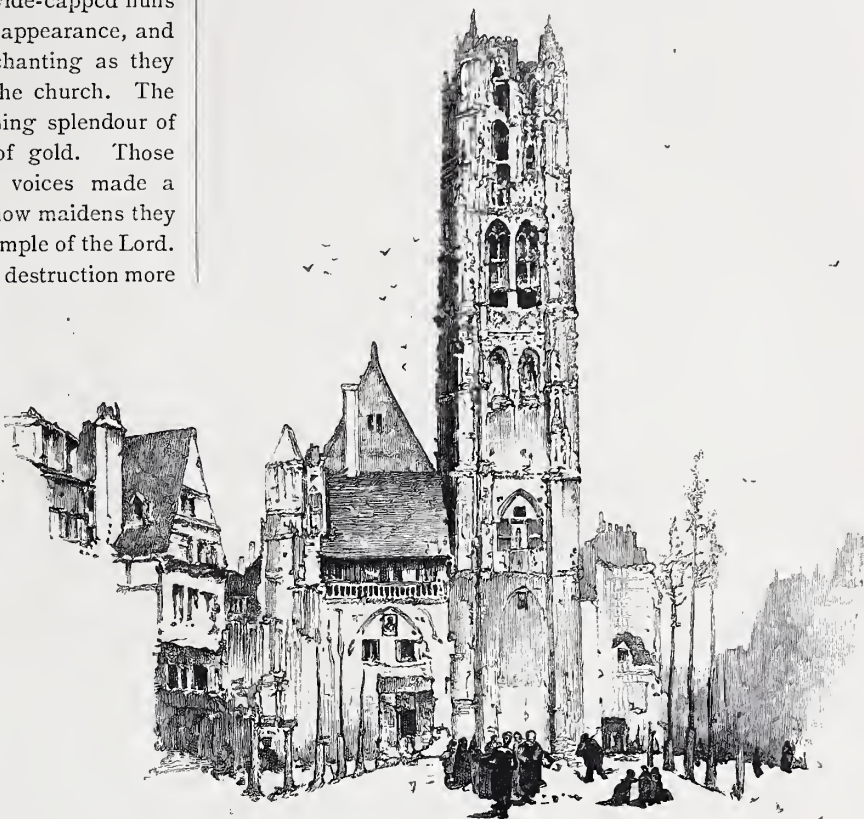
IN HIS GARDEN AT CHELSEA

of its perfection. It was Confirmation Day. Two hundred or more white-clad and veiled young girls were seated close to the altar, whilst about them blue-robed, wide-capped nuns were hovering. Soon the priests made their appearance, and then all rose and passed down the aisles, chanting as they slowly marched to the wide-open doors of the church. The procession issued into the street, the streaming splendour of noonday sun making for them a pathway of gold. Those fair veiled children and their pure young voices made a wonderful picture on that June morning; snow maidens they seemed, singing hymns of purity in a noble temple of the Lord.

This beautiful church has narrowly escaped destruction more than once. During the Huguenot rising in 1562 the insurgents made three bonfires within the edifice, and gave over all the clerical properties, stalls, organ, pulpit, and vestments, to the flames. Again, in 1793, the revolutionary fury swept over it. The Republicans converted the church into an armourer's shop; a blacksmith's forge was raised on one of the altars, whence rose dense columns of smoke to blacken and deface the numerous windows of the pile. It was still nearer destruction during the First Empire, when a project for razing it to the ground was actually put before the corporation of the city. Rouen was not won over early to the revolutionary movement. All Normandy was royalist at first. Hence the excesses of the populace when they actually got the upper hand, such as the breaking open of the tombs of the Cardinals d'Amboise, and their desecration in melting the coffins and scattering their contents to the four winds. Before this the National Assembly had shorn Rouen of much of its clerical importance. Prior to the Revolution it had possessed thirty-six churches; these were reduced to fourteen, and the parishes of the city to thirteen, by decree. Among the churches suppressed in 1791 was that of St. Laurent, an ancient edifice, originally constructed between 1444 and 1554. Its principal feature is an elegant and lofty tower, some hundred and twenty feet high, which is still standing. But the church has degenerated from its sacred office; no services have been performed within it for nearly a century. The interior is partitioned off and devoted to the base usages of trade. One end of it is the office of a livery stable; in another part is a cobbler's bench; in a third a blacksmith's forge.

An unmistakably ancient monument of Rouen is La Grosse Horloge, the "big clock," and its tower. It is situated at the end of a street of the same name, at the place where once stood one of the city gates, the Porte Cauchoise, or that leading into the Pays de Caux, a gate styled also La Porte

Massacre. The tower is square, it has large ogival windows, and is topped by a platform surrounded by an iron balustrade.



Tour de St. Laurent.

The antiquity of the edifice is undoubted. The date of construction, 1389, may still be deciphered upon a copper plate at the foot of the inner staircase, which leads to the top of the tower. There are two clocks within the tower, the Cloche Ribaud and the Cloche d'Argent. The latter gives the alarm of fire in the city; it still serves, too, to sound the curfew at nine every night. This silver clock is so named from the quantity of silver used in the casting. This Beffroi, or clock tower, was a badge of municipal freedom, showing that the city had gained corporate privileges. These Charles VI. confiscated in 1381 as a penalty for rioting, but presently restored them. A new bell was thereupon cast; the inhabitants, overjoyed at regaining their rights, freely throwing offerings of silver into the melting-pot. The clock placed above the arch is also of considerable antiquity. It has two dial plates above the arch which connects it with the old Hôtel de Ville. At the base of the arch is a fountain, still used, and dating from 1250, although the sculptures of Alpheus and Arethusa are certainly of the time of Louis Quinze.

CARLYLE IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

THIS etching is from the first of about a dozen water-colour portraits of Mr. Carlyle, done from life during his last years by Mrs. Allingham, who had the privilege of frequent and familiar access to him. Inclined to resist at

first, like most people who have been much painted and sculptured and photographed, he became very kind and compliant, discovering in the first place that he was not required to "pose" in any given attitude, and, secondly, that the artist

had, as he used emphatically to declare, a real talent for portraiture, the only form of pictorial art, it may be said in passing, in which he took any interest.

The little back garden of No. 5, Cheyne Row, measuring some twenty yards by six, was not without shade and greenery in summer-time. It had three or four lilac-bushes and a pear-tree; ivy on the end wall; a vine, neighboured by a jasmine, hanging on your left as you came from the house, and on your right a Virginia creeper. The middle was a grass-plot with a young ash-tree and a little copper-beech—natural umbrella to sit under when the sun was hot. In this garden Mr. Carlyle, when weather allowed, was accustomed during many years to solace himself with tobacco, the only creature comfort that gave him any satisfaction. After working some hours he always had, as he said, "an interlude of tobacco." He smoked long clay pipes (sometimes called *churchwardens*) made at Paisley, whence he got them by the box: "no pipes good for anything can be got in England." He liked best a new pipe, and used for a long time to smoke one each day, its predecessor being put out at night on the doorstep for who would to carry off. In spite of all this smoking, neither his clothes nor his rooms smelt noticeably of the nicotian weed. In this, as in everything else, he was neat and careful to fastidiousness. Before lighting his pipe indoors it was his habit to sit on the floor beside the fireplace with his back against the wall, most of the smoke thus going up the chimney, and many a memorable monologue has he uttered in that attitude. His favourite smoking dress was an old dressing-gown (here represented), long and wide, faded to a dim slaty grey; a gorgeous oriental one that had been presented to him he seldom put on.

When Mrs. Allingham sketched him in the garden, as he sat reading, in company with "Tib," a large handsome cat that he made a pet of (he had much liking for animals, and especially remembered the horses and dogs he had known), Carlyle was within a few months of his eightieth birthday, an anniversary marked by the presentation to him of a gold medal and address, signed by a group of his friends and admirers, as well as by a much-prized letter written by the hand of Prince von Bismarck to the English promulgator of German literature and biographer of Frederick. Oddly enough, the Prince by a slip of the pen congratulated him on the attainment of his *siebzigste* birthday—seventieth instead of eightieth. Eightieth it certainly was, for on the 4th of December, 1795, the little man-child first saw light of day in that Scottish village henceforth famous on his account, and where the old man's mortal body now lies, within a stone's throw of the house he was born in.

In this eightieth year, though gradually growing weaker, Carlyle retained all his faculties of mind, and, in a measure, of body, including sufficient power of vision to read, granting good print and good light, without spectacles, though he generally used their help. Reading remained, as it had always been, his chief pleasure, and although he often complained bitterly of the difficulty of finding anything good, there was usually enough in the perpetual stream of books and periodicals that poured into his house to keep him more or less interested. He looked into all, turned over many, and read no few. He was an astonishingly rapid reader, yet if the matter interested him he could give a clear and exact account of it long after. Writing, as he much lamented, became first difficult and by degrees impossible to him, from the tremor of his hands, which shook sadly when he attempted any manual

operation, though not at other times, and this physical obstruction hindered literary composition (to which his brain and will were still fully equal), as he found dictation to an amanuensis did not suit him. Some writing, however, he did manage in that way.

In this eightieth year, of which we are speaking, Carlyle continued his habit of daily walking—a short walk in the morning, usually along the new Chelsea Embankment, which he thought the greatest improvement done in London in his time; and a longer one in the afternoon. The night strolls, about ten or eleven o'clock, were discontinued, or had become very rare. Every afternoon, at three or half-past (it varied according to time of year and other causes: latterly became half-past two and two), Carlyle, accompanied by his niece or a friend, sometimes with two or three companions, walked out of the street door of 5 (now 24), Cheyne Row, in his broad-brimmed black hat, or, in summer, straw hat painted black, well-brushed long-skirted coat, often a brown, and soft leather shoes with ties (no blacking tolerated); in his hand a large but light stick, chestnut-coloured cane with hook handle; and on his arm, if rain threatened, a mackintosh, for he never would take an umbrella. On his good days the chief sign of debility was the stoop. His grey hair, still with faint brownish streaks in it, was thick and full, and his blue eyes had a flash now and then, under the powerful brow, able to pierce through all films of age. "I am five feet eleven," he said one day; "I used to count myself six feet." His head was very long, from front to back, and of great size. The only hat he ever found too big for him was Bishop Wilberforce's, his fellow-guest sometimes at the Grange, in Hampshire, and intimate for the nonce by propinquity. It is related that they went out riding together one day, and on their return the bishop smilingly told their hostess, "Yes, we galloped along like Faust and Mephistopheles!" "And which was which?" asked Lady Ashburton. So starting from the doorstep in Chelsea, Carlyle would choose his own route, mostly leading, with whatever digressions, to Hyde Park, where his favourite road was that which skirts the ride, and has the Serpentine to the north of it at a field's distance. It was his habit to sit for some minutes on one of the benches here, then make his way to Hyde Park Corner, and return home by a Chelsea omnibus. He often complained of the loss of bodily strength, peculiarly trying to one whose will remained so vigorous. "I am one of the weakest of her Majesty's subjects to-day!" he would say with a smile; but he suffered less from his enemy, dyspepsia, in these latter years than he had done in early and middle life, perhaps from submitting now to a more regular and more nutritious diet.

But weak in body as he might feel, the flow of talk seldom failed—powerful, humorous, picturesque, exact, subtle, full of personal details of the many remarkable people he had known; pungent enough, one-sided very often, prejudiced, biassed, often no doubt unjust without intending it; but *never* ill-natured, and the fiercest speeches usually ending in a laugh, the heartiest in the world, at his own ferocity. Those who have not heard that laugh will never know what Carlyle's talk was. It cannot be printed. That there was a sincere human sympathy, nay, a deep tenderness, underlying his harshest speech, those who knew him well never thought of doubting, even when he tried them most; that he could ever wilfully harm or hurt any creature, by act or word, is and must to them be always incredible.

SMOKE IN THE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS.



RECENT events have shown that it is time Englishmen should be roused to combat the preventable evils which at present wait upon their industrial activity. The Kyrle and the National Health Societies have done their best to make Londoners revolt against the dominion of smoke and fog

that commences each year when winter compels us to light our domestic fires, and we hope that we or our descendants may some time succeed in escaping from their sway. The question, however, of the manner in which this can be done is a difficult, though by no means an insuperable one. We are all participators in the creation of the nuisance, and the hydra to be slain has a million heads. Moreover, our household diffusion of smoke is sanctioned by immemorial custom, and is not contrary to the existing law. No legal compulsion is likely to be applied to the houses of which London consists, until some efficient stove is invented which, in the first place, consumes our ordinary coal and gives a cheerful blaze without smoke, and, in the second, is applicable to our existing fireplaces at a very small cost.

The inhabitants of the manufacturing districts of England suffer from a tyranny which is at once far more terrible and far more remediable. Throughout the whole of the year the long factory chimneys, at short intervals, pour forth thick clouds of smoke and noxious gases. There is much the same result whatever may be the staple production of each district, for steam power is used by all, but the neighbourhood of works of chemicals, of copper, and of some other minerals is often marked by exceptional sterility. In parts of Swansea the copper fumes have destroyed all the vegetation, not even a blade of grass being seen, and the adjoining valley of the Tawe for some little distance presents the melancholy spectacle of an absolutely barren waste. Many districts of the Black Country in Staffordshire are not much better. In the most thickly populated parts of Lancashire and Yorkshire the trees of every kind are dead or dying, even at considerable distances from the towns, and hundreds of their gaunt and blackened trunks remain as the sole memorial of what were formerly pleasant rural scenes. It was lately stated in the Town Council of Manchester, at a discussion on the premature death of half of a large number of ornamental trees which had been planted by the corporation of that city, that it was hopeless to expect trees to grow there until something had been done to check the smoke from the manufactories. The effect of furnace-smoke upon young trees is that of gradual but sure destruction. Near Rochdale the fine timber trees that formerly surrounded the numerous old manor-houses have almost disappeared, and there is not a vestige of those which once crowned the height on which the parish church stands. Many of the sites of the northern manufacturing towns are naturally of great beauty; bold hills and elevated moorland surround them, and the valleys in which they are situated were at one time marked by clear streams, rich pasture, and hanging woods. They were chosen in days when water power was considered of more value than it is at present, and, in the case of the older towns, the modern industrial hive is the

direct successor of the country market by the side of the trout stream. Now there is often an ugly wilderness, and even when the former features exist in some degree, the thick pall of smoke prevents more than their dim outline being seen. Occasionally, on Sunday, when the furnaces are kept down, the air is clearer. The farms that remain seem blighted, on the moors the farmsteads are falling into decay, and the smoky sheep add to the depression of the scene. On the top of the hills the heather is being rapidly killed, and the grouse moors are consequently depreciating in value.

It is, however, the effect of this gloom and absence of beauty upon the human inhabitants of these districts, and upon their work, which makes it a serious question for us and for the public to consider. The moral and intellectual result can hardly be good. It is impossible to take away from communities the opportunity of exercising some of the noblest and most delicate perceptions of humanity without impairing and blunting the natures of the thousands who compose them.

To this ugliness of their home scenes, and the consequent absence of pleasant recreation, may be largely attributed the drunkenness and the brutal pastimes that disgrace the leisure of so many operatives. In a higher grade of society the same causes produce a want of sensitiveness and the qualities of mind which are commonly styled "Philistinism."

The effect, moreover, upon the work and Art of the affected districts is deplorable. It has frequently been pointed out that one of the great difficulties our manufacturers meet in competing on a large scale with the more beautiful productions of Lyons, Mulhausen, and other foreign manufacturing centres in silk, printed cottons, and textile fabrics generally, is the impossibility of getting our workmen to appreciate the minute distinctions which go towards making their productions works of Art or the reverse. The reason is not far to seek. It is idle to expect that designers and operatives who pass their lives in scenes of gloom and ugliness can acquire the purity of taste which is necessary to render their work eminent in the markets of the world. In a gloomy atmosphere which the sun cannot enliven, how can men gain a sympathy with the endless gradations and subtle contrasts of colours; how, in haze and fume, can they appreciate beauty of form in harmony with the material of which their work is composed? We are the last to undervalue the benefits arising from a sound technical education, such as that now being promoted with so much energy; but it will be in a great measure thrown away unless we can secure that nature, the origin and motive of all beautiful Art, shall prepare and stimulate the minds of the learners. Where the clear air of heaven rests, and where under it there is an ever-present panorama of trees, flowers, grass, hill, or dale, varying only with the changing year, there is an education in beauty, commencing almost from the time of men's birth, that gives them the examples of form and of colour, which are the necessary substructure of all lessons in artistic design. This is not merely a sentimental view; on the contrary, a neglect of it may land us in commercial ruin. In the war of hostile tariffs which assails our export trade there is but one way of maintaining our industrial ascendancy, and that is by the excellence and the artistic beauty of our manufactures. The smoke and gloom have arisen in the creation of our trade: they must be removed if we are to preserve it.

In the manufacturing districts it is interesting and useful to observe how entirely Art is cultivated as an exotic, like the costly plants, for which the world has been ransacked, that fill the spacious glass houses in the gloomy gardens belonging to the wealthy manufacturers. Neither the authors nor the subjects of the fine paintings and sculptures, which the profits of successful cotton or woollen spinners enable them to acquire, have anything to do with the industrial districts, but are part of another life, which the new possessors of these treasures vainly strive to make their own. The pictures that a Dutch or Italian merchant ordered from the painters whom we call the old masters were the representations of the scenes amongst which he himself moved, and which he regarded with affectionate admiration; the modern English manufacturer desires, by the picturing of natural beauties to which his home is a stranger, to be enabled to forget the ugliness of the town or blighted country where his lot is cast. Large sums are willingly spent in Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds in creating annual exhibitions of works of Art from all countries, and they have a civilising and educating influence in many ways; but the best result which we could hope for would be that those who see them should determine to make a native Art possible by

removing the smoky and unhealthy atmosphere that destroys even its early germs.

Our life, physical and mental, we derive from our ancestors, from our surroundings, and from our education. What, if no change is made for the better, will be that of the descendants of the thousands of operatives who live and who bring up their children entirely in these depressing and sooty fumes? There can be no doubt that a further and general deterioration of their natures will take place, which cannot fail to weaken their energy, and thus impair the national prosperity. It is, therefore, the permanent interest as well as the duty of those who are responsible for the diffusion of smoke to amend their ways. The fact, that smoke-consuming apparatus causes a great saving in the cost of fuel, appeals to the most short-sighted manufacturers to adopt these beneficent and economical inventions without delay. The community generally may do their part by insisting that the law of England, which holds factory smoke to be a public nuisance, shall be enforced by the responsibility of the Central Government where it happens, as is too often the case, to be opposed to the wishes or interests of the local sanitary authorities.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD.

ART IN THE GARDEN.



Mutilated Shrubbery in St. James's Park, 1879.

THERE would seem to be some justification in the reproach so frequently brought against us that we are rapidly becoming a town-loving people. The old legend of our devotion to country life and country pursuits, of which three centuries of poets have sung so sweetly, seems to be gradually dying out, or, where it still survives, it has become so overlaid with town prejudices and so subordinate to town requirements that some of us at least would accept without demur the commercial aspects of flower-growing as at all events the least hypocritical.

We English, nevertheless, have some reason to be proud of our love of flowers and their cultivation, for from as far back as we can trace we find evidence of national enthusiasm in this direction. Alexander Necham, who was Abbot of Cirencester during the latter half of the twelfth century, has left us an idea of a "Noble Garden," which, apparently without suspicion or knowledge, the author of "The Wild Garden," just published, wishes to revive. The ideal garden of the twelfth century was, according to the Abbot, to contain "roses, lilies, sunflowers, violets, poppies and the narcissus." Later the periwinkle and the "gilly-flower" became popular favourites.

The English love of nature resisted the encroachments of artifice and declined to listen to the flattery of Le Nôtre, the

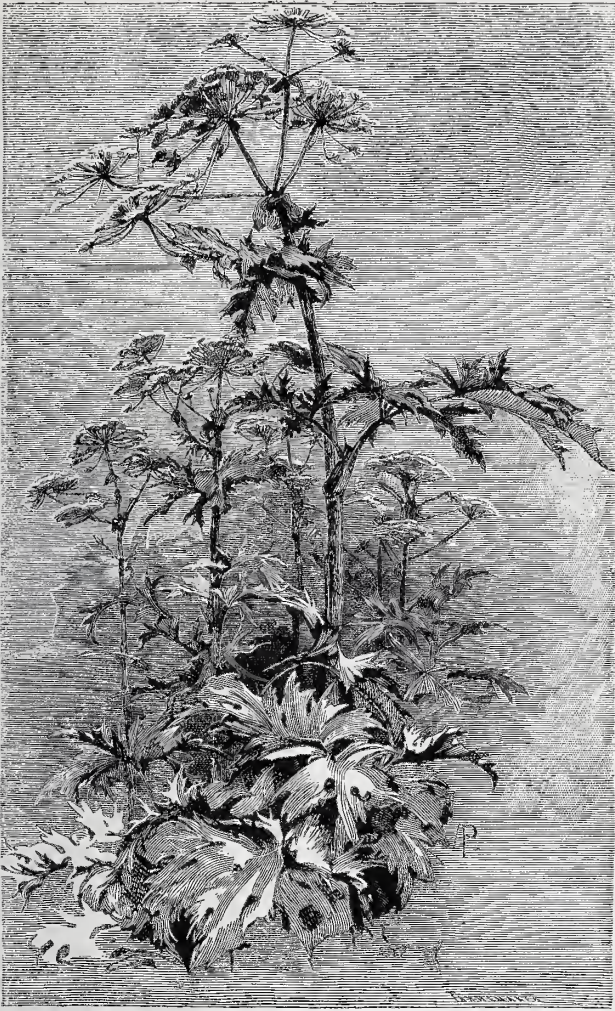
Versailles gardener, when he designated his contortions of nature "Jardins Anglais," wherein

"Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other."

But time, the great avenger, was not thus to be outwitted. About thirty years or more ago there grew up the fashion of bedding out, every summer, plants, mostly of sub-tropical origin, whose growth in our genial climate, as long as the frost spared them, was rapid and vigorous. Showy colours were obtained with apparently slight effort, and abundant work was provided for a tribe of gardeners who quickly learnt the simple art of digging up flower beds at one season and filling them up at another. By degrees the plants of home growth were excluded, first thrown back into the shrubberies, but thence again expelled because their vigorous habit interfered with the display of some new aspirants to notice.

The author of the "Wild Garden" (*Garden Office, Southampton Street, Covent Garden*) makes an earnest appeal in favour of a return to our former ways. Enriched as we now are by an almost inexhaustible supply of flowers and plants from climates at least as rigorous as our own, his plea for Art in the Garden is based upon one for the fuller recognition of nature, to whom, if fair play be given, we may trust implicitly for a permanent reprieve from that dreary process which at present insures, with the first frost of November, a desolation lasting many months, only to be repaired each spring at a renewed outlay. The author shows, and his purpose is emphasized by his artist colleague, Mr. Alfred Parsons (whose illustrations are in many instances gems of Art as well as reproductions of nature) that there is no natural obstacle to our gardens being made rich with flower and foliage throughout the greater portion of the year, and

that it is simply barbarous to submit them in the full bloom of spring, when the earth is naturally most strewn with



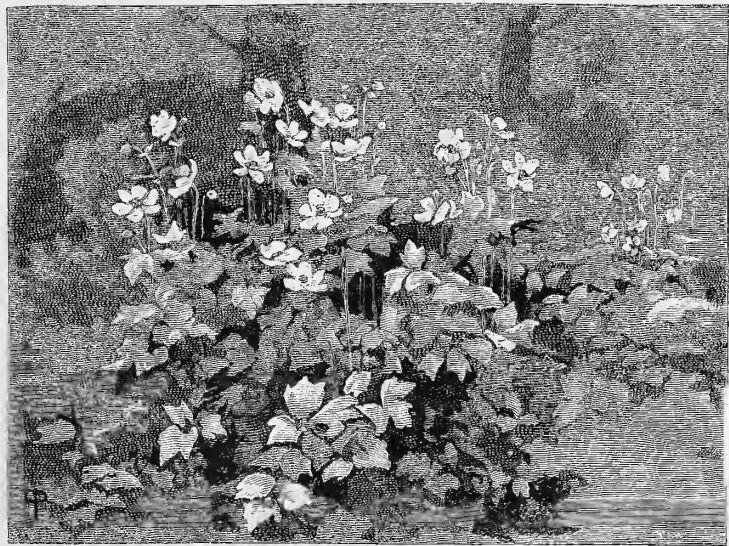
Giant Cow Parsnip. Siberian Vegetation for rough places.

flowers, to a process which makes them look like new-ploughed fields, in order that the bulbs may be got rid of, and room made for bedding out plants. A very little care in the first instance would bring together a succession of plants graduated in accordance with our seasons, and which, if left to themselves, would make our shrubberies and plantations bright and fragrant throughout the year. The primrose and the cowslip, the snowdrop and the lily of the valley, the bluebell and the foxglove, add to our woods and lanes; but these alone are but feeble representatives of flowers which might be found to grow there without care, were the first impulse given to their introduction. The innumerable varieties of irises and foxgloves, of clematis and primroses, of day lilies and evening primroses, of wind-flowers and asphodels, which form the flora of the northern continents, would thrive in all our gardens.

We have not space to follow our author in his practical suggestions for improving the resources within our reach, but his charming volume should find him numerous disciples, by whom not only the pleasure garden and the wild garden may bloom with renewed beauty, but ditches and hedegrows, copses and thickets, brook-sides, and even bogs may be made to render their tribute of glory to "earth's firmament."

His proposals, however, for the embellishment of our London parks, coming as they do from one who can speak with authority, must not be passed over without notice. The winter sketch of a mutilated shrubbery in St. James's Park is too truthful to need a word of explanation, but, in justice to those who have charge of our public parks and gardens, we must allow that the show of azaleas and rhododendrons, there annually made, without any violent disturbance of nature's working, is highly creditable. It is impossible for those who are not experts to determine how far the "black and greasy soil" of our town parks will, without constant renewal, afford nutriment to the plants and shrubs grown in it; but there cannot be two opinions on the unscientific treatment of the shrubs, which every year are deprived of their most vigorous shoots with an unsparing hand. The shrubs suffer doubly from this treatment; they are at once deprived of their means of self-sustenance, and are allowed to "bleed" away the little life which may survive in the parent stem.

The system of planting bulbs, chiefly snowdrops and crocuses, among the turf has succeeded very well in the limited space accorded for the experiment, and it is to be hoped that we shall soon see varieties of scillæ and anemones as well as many of the forget-me-not family added to our present meagre list. In places where turf does not thrive we might have irises, narcissi, lupines, French willows, and other flowers of varied hue whose advent need not be heralded amongst the shrubs by the tramp of scores of gardeners armed with spades and pruning knives, mercilessly digging at or lopping away lovely plants which, if left to themselves, would gladden the eyes of us weary Londoners. Possibly the lesson thus given might by degrees lead us and our country visitors back to those simpler joys of nature and her offerings, on which for so long we have seemed to turn our backs. Gardens of late years have become the special property of the florist and his gardeners, an outlet for his products and for their generally unskilled labour. At best the requirements of the dinner-table and the drawing-room have been kept in view, whilst the beauties and delights of a garden, enjoyments which, with a little care, are still within



Snowdrop Anemones in Shrubbery.

the reach of dwellers in large towns, have been wholly lost sight of, or are deliberately ignored.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

THERE are probably few articles of considerable intrinsic worth which exist on such a precarious tenure as old drawings, or have such ups and downs in the scale of value attributed to them by their possessors. To take a minor example: there is hardly a town in England where in some one house or another there are not, stored away in scrap-books, drawings by artists of the Early English school of water-colour painters. These, at the time of their execution, were no doubt prized, but more for the associations which surrounded them than from a monetary point of view. It is seldom that such a collection is gone through without an expert finding an example of Finch, De Wint, Varley, Copley Fielding, or Cox, or men of a like calibre who at one time or another derived much of their income from giving lessons in water-colour painting. These are generally in good condition, and therefore worth as many pounds apiece as they were shillings when they were first produced. As to the precariousness of their existence we have ourselves seen fine drawings by Nicholson hanging on the walls of a nursery, not only without frame or mount, but with nails driven through their four corners to hold them in position.

And whilst this is the case with works which still possess a sort of pedigree of affection, through having belonged to some one still held in remembrance by the present owner, how much more so is it with musty colourless drawings by the old masters, usually utterly devoid of interest to their owner! That these have perished and are perishing in hundreds in every county in England from ignorance of their value is a certainty. The collection from which our full-page illustration of 'Dancing Children' is taken is an instance. It is selected from some six hundred drawings which for more than a century past have been stowed away in portfolios in a lumber-room at Hovingham Park, near York. They were amassed in the middle of the last century by Thomas Worsley, Esq., a man

of culture, and much about the Court as Surveyor of the Board of Works to George III. That monarch indeed testified to the value he attached to the artistic pursuits of his surveyor by presenting him with a colossal marble group of 'Samson and the Philistines,' by John of Bologna, which had originally been given by the King of Spain to Charles I. when, as Prince of Wales, he was in that country. About a year since the present owner of Hovingham, Sir Wm. Worsley, coming across this stowed-away lumber, and at once appreciating its value, sent it up to London, and now, mounted and catalogued, the majority of the drawings have resumed the

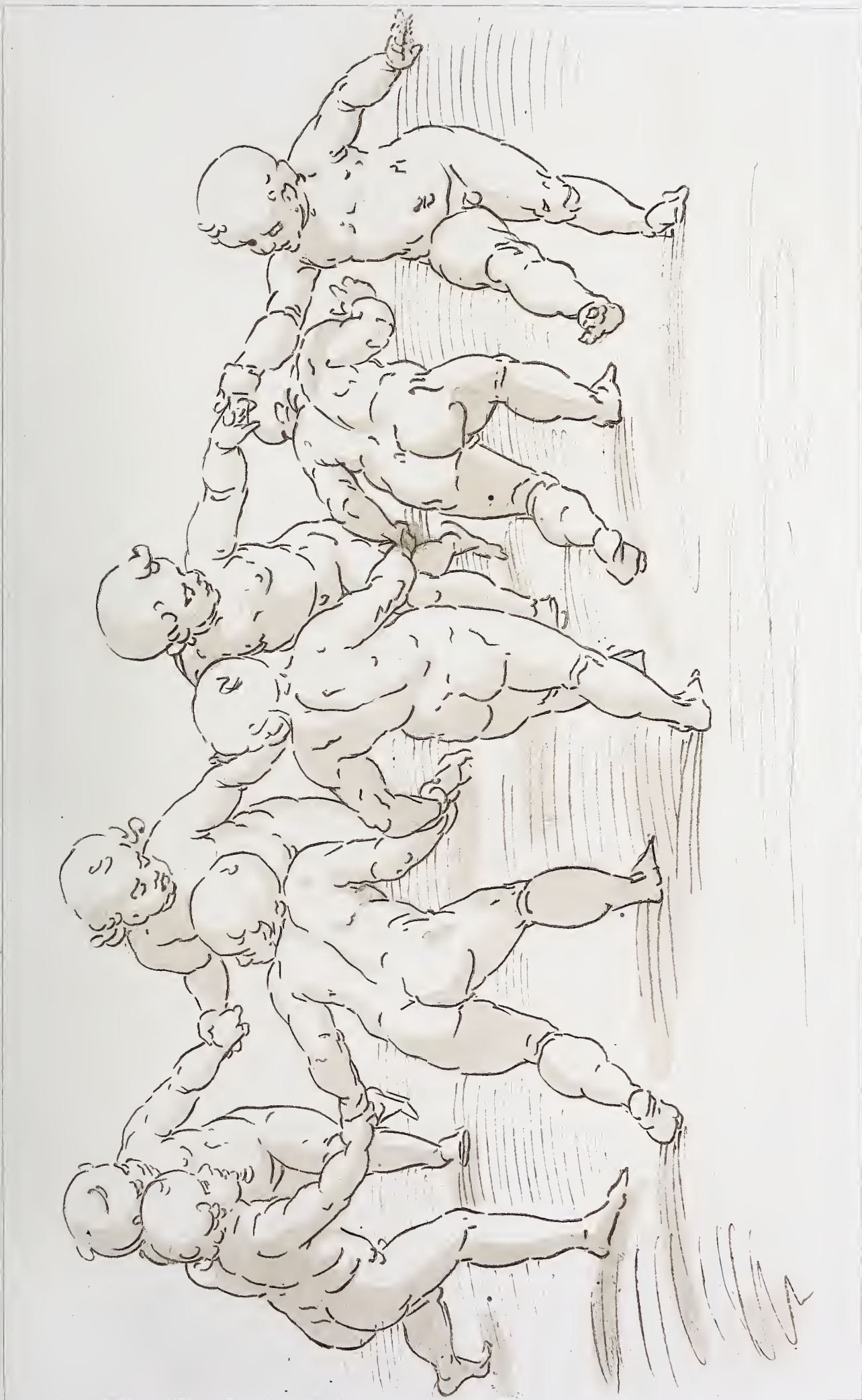
position they should always have occupied amongst the baronet's works of Art. We say "the majority," for having been seen by the authorities of the Print Room at the British Museum, they expressed a desire to enrich the collection there with several of them, and to this in the case of six of the drawings, amongst which may be mentioned examples of Lippi and Cuypp, Sir William Worsley acceded. For these six works the trustees willingly paid nearly two hundred pounds. The Dutch Government have also bought for The Hague a number of drawings by Van der Velde. It is curious to think that whilst numbers of our countrymen are scouring Europe for works of Art, many a valuable work is uncared for and perishing at their very doors, and perhaps this is nowhere more



Reduced Fac-simile of an Heraldic Drawing.

likely to be the case than in our royal palaces.

The drawing of the 'Dancing Children' is attributed to Lucca Cambiaso or Cangiagio, who was born at Genoa in 1527. It is a good example of his ready and facile manner of draughtsmanship. The figures are drawn with a reed pen, and shaded with a brush in the most dexterous manner; their grace and vivacity, too, are charming. The smaller drawing is an heraldic design by an unknown German hand, and is principally remarkable for its quaintness.



DANCING CHILDREN

FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING BY LUCA CANGIAGIO.

OUR CARICATURISTS—JOHN TENNIEL.



SOME few years ago a banquet was given at the Mansion House to the representatives of Art. Many toasts were drunk, and received with applause. At length the Lord Mayor proposed "Periodical Art, coupled with the name of Mr. John Tenniel." In returning thanks, the honoured

representative of illustrated journalism assured his audience that he felt diffidence. It was not strange that he should say so. The moment John Tenniel was seen standing up, the whole of the brilliant company cheered to the echo. Every one in the room felt that "periodical literature" owed its best features to the gentleman before them. The cheers that greeted him were but small reward for a lifetime successfully spent in attaining the noblest ideal. Humorist, satirist—Mr. Tenniel is both. But before all, and above all, he is an artist.

The subject of this article was born in London in 1820, and was the son of the late Mr. John Baptist Tenniel. He was educated in Kensington, the home of many of the colleagues he was to meet in after-years round the *Punch* table in Bouverie Street. Thackeray had a house in Kensington Palace Gardens; John Leech lived in the High Street; Gilbert Abbot à Beckett for many years resided in Kensington Gore; and Percival Leigh, after exchanging the practice of medicine for literature, took up his abode in West Kensington. The royal suburb has always been a favourite spot amongst artists. At this moment Leighton, Millais, Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, Fildes, Sambourne, and many others live within a quarter of a mile's radius of a common centre. In the early days of *Punch*, Cope, Redgrave, Ansdell, and Cooke lived close to the old Kensington turnpike. It was in Kensington, with its beautiful gardens and its picturesque corners, so delightfully described by Mrs. Richmond Ritchie, that John Tenniel passed his boyhood. From the first he showed a wonderful aptitude for Art. Like Millais, his earliest work was full of promise—promise soon to be realised to the widest extent. And from the first there was a purity in his style which has characterized his labours throughout a career which now may be said to have reached its zenith.

Although the name of Tenniel will chiefly be associated with his drawings in *Punch*, his water-colour paintings have gained for him a reputation which would have been amply sufficient to have handed him down to posterity as one of the leading English artists of the nineteenth century. In the pauses of his weekly work on the periodical which owes so much to his genius, he has found time to illustrate a number of books, that owe much of their popularity to the magic of his pencil. For what would "Alice in Wonderland" (from which a specimen is given), and "Through the Looking-glass," be without the marvellous pictures that accompany them? and are not the best illustrations in the "Ingoldsby Legends" signed with the well-known initials, "J. T."?

1882.

Mr. Tenniel is a hard worker, and has given much to the public; the cut in the next page is from "Lalla Rookh," but the principal share of his labours has been claimed by *Punch*; and it is thus in the pages of the *London Charivari* that we find ready to hand the best record of his artistic career.

It was in 1851 that Mark Lemon secured the recruit that was soon to become his first lieutenant. Mr. Doyle had suddenly left the staff, and John Leech was devoting more of his time to "social half blocks" than to "big cuts." *Punch* had been started just ten years before, and had gradually reached the appearance which it has assumed ever since; the influence of Seymour and Cruikshank, clearly to be traced in the rough sketches in the earlier numbers, had faded away, and had given place to the highly finished pictures which for the last thirty years have made the paper unique. The withdrawal of Doyle was a blow, but it is remarkable that *Punch* has always been able to fill up the gaps made in the little body holding their Wednesday council in Bouverie Street. Thackeray declared that there were others ready to take his place, and certainly his prediction has been verified. The "Book of Snobs" and "James' Diary" can never be equalled, but the same may be said of "The Naggletons" and "Happy Thoughts." Before Thackeray there was Douglas Jerrold, and since Thackeray we have had Burnand. It would be invidious to give the living and the dead their places in the Temple of Fame, but there can be no doubt that the *Punch* of to-day is as popular as the *Punch* of yesterday, and will probably not exceed in popularity the *Punch* of to-morrow. So it was that when Doyle seceded Tenniel was ready to take his place. At first he not



From "Alice in Wonderland."

only contributed cartoons, but also "initials" and "small" illustrations. It is instructive to compare his first work in *Punch* with his most recent. Apparently he was nervous when he commenced his labours. He had to throw off traditions and form his own ideals. In looking over the back

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numbers it is amusing to note the difference in the appearance of Mr. Punch himself. In 1851 he was not nearly so charming a personage as now. The Mr. Punch of thirty years ago resembled his great original of the streets. He had a perpetual and rather inane grin, and his hump was quite disfiguring. Nowadays the gentleman realises Thackeray's ideal—he wears a white waistcoat, and is altogether a most desirable acquaintance. He is jovial, kind-hearted, and, above all, sensible. Mr. Punch may be fairly said to be Mr. Tenniel's creation, as he has made him quite his own. He has appeared like a popular and versatile actor in a hundred different parts—now he is a general, now a bishop, now a courtier, now a railway porter, now a waiter, and now a judge. In all these parts he is still Mr. Punch, and undeniably English. Mr. Punch can be humorous, sad, grave,

or indignant. He never loses the sense of his importance, and, to use a legal phrase, "the court is always with him." Whatever his mood or situation, he is never absurd. It is said that Mr. Tenniel delights in his creation, and is never so well pleased as when the decision of "the table" places Mr. Punch in the composition of the weekly cartoon. The specimen (which, with the sketches from *Punch's Pocket Book*, are given by the kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew) illustrative of the text is a "big cut," in which the jester of Fleet Street is not introduced. It appeared last year, when Mr. Gladstone was commencing his labours, and a Herculean task seemed to be before him. The portrait of the premier is more a likeness than a caricature, and this is the peculiarity of all Mr. Tenniel's work, that he never exaggerates; "there is a method in his madness."



From "Lalla Rookh."

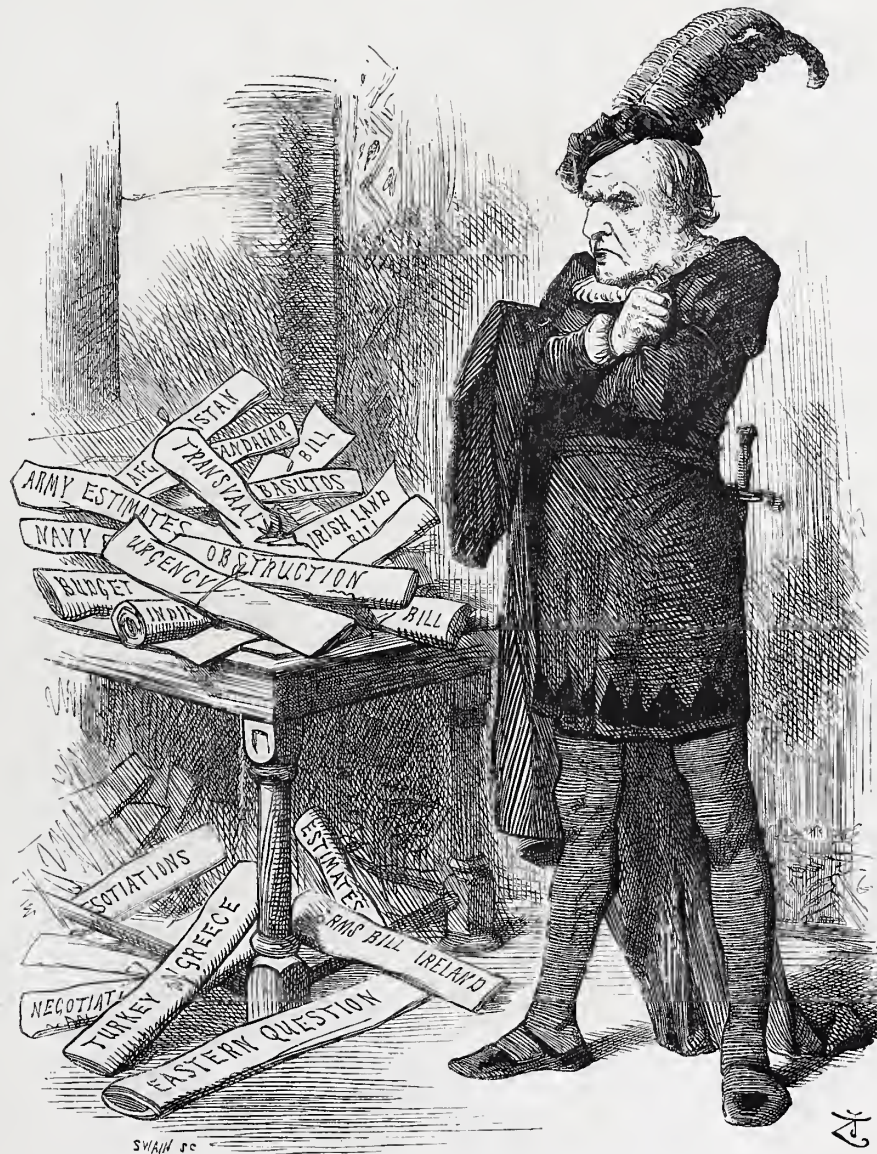
However comical the subject, his treatment is always artistically just. Mr. Tenniel disdains to use pantomimic expedients to secure his effect. He never exaggerates a prominent feature or a marked defect. In one case, and one case only, he made a mistake. It was to give Mr. John Bright an eye-glass, an ornament that has never been assumed by the eminent statesman in question. However, there was something extremely humorous in the notion. An eye-glass twenty years ago was invariably suggestive of a dandy, and consequently the idea of a Quaker wearing one was incongruous in the extreme. Lord Palmerston, too, never appeared in *Punch* without a wisp of straw between his lips. With these exceptions (the latter, by the way, was a legacy from Leech) the characters depicted by Mr. Tenniel have had no characteristic

appendages. They have appeared in different costumes and in different situations, but as in the case of Mr. Punch himself, their disguises and positions have never destroyed their identity. Another marked feature in Mr. Tenniel's work is his wonderful power of composition. The exigencies of the hour frequently test his ingenuity to the utmost limit. The subject of the moment has to be depicted, and at first sight it seems almost impossible to make it capable of illustration. The rough idea is sketched out, and then the artist has to scheme the drawing. It is remarkable that Mr. Tenniel never fails. Whatever he touches becomes a composition excellent in every way. Looking over the old numbers and finding here and there a drawing of a subject now quite forgotten, one thing always remains, a per-

fect picture, that from its intrinsic merits claims our admiration.

Mr. Tenniel, as we see him in the pages of *Punch*, has three styles. He can be playful, pathetic, or terrible. As a rule, he adopts the first style. With a light hand he touches the foibles of the day. His typical licensed victualler is full of humour, and yet a perfectly truthful study. His peers and peasants are equally successful. The one may take for his motto *noblesse oblige*, the other in his stolid stupidity is a living argument of the necessity for the labours of the School Board. When he has to deal with political subjects in a play-

ful vein, he is at his best when he is depicting Mr. Gladstone as a gardener, or Bismarck as an innocent shepherd in Arcadia. Recently a collection of cartoons illustrative of the life of the late Lord Beaconsfield was published. With few exceptions the drawings were from Mr. Tenniel's pencil. Glancing through the pages of the volume, the artist's estimate of the two great English statesmen of the time can be easily gathered. In his cartoon of *The Two Augurs*, Gladstone and Disraeli are brought face to face. Disraeli, with difficulty suppressing his merriment, observes, "I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening



A Cartoon from *Punch*.

day without laughing." To which Gladstonius replies, "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother, and the remark savours of flippancy."

But Mr. Tenniel can draw tears as easily as he can provoke laughter. He is infinitely tender when he has to deal with suffering or sorrow. Two cartoons will readily occur to those who are conversant with his work—and who are not? The first appeared some ten years ago. The occasion was the return of the Prince Imperial to France during the Franco-German War. The boy was seen clasped in his mother's arms. The face of the Empress was hidden in the almost

hysterical embrace, but the attitude was full of pathos. Again, more recently, Mr. Tenniel had to depict the painful sensation caused in England and America by the death of the late President Garfield. Two sisters—Britannia and Columbia—had to be painted sharing "a common sorrow." It was not a new subject. The idea, in different forms, had inspired cartoons before. In spite of this, in Mr. Tenniel's hands the drawing became full of interest. Again the face of the chief character in the composition was hidden, and again her attitude suggested the very ecstasy of grief. Equally happy is the artist when depicting the picturesque

side of poverty. His groups of half-starved women and children are touching without being sensational.

Mr. Tenniel has yet another style—he can be terrible. No more powerful picture has ever been drawn than the cartoon



The Sultan dying of Laughter, from Punch's Pocket Book.

called 'The Order of the Day,' published at the time of the Sheffield trade outrages. The figure of Murder, wearing the hangman's rope below her masked face, points with knife-holding hand towards some fresh victim she has marked out for assassination. Again, the picture of the British Lion and the Bengal Tiger, which appeared after the news of the massacre of Cawnpore had reached England, was, so to speak, teeming with power. The savage spring of the lion, terrible in his wrath; the snarling defiance of the half-trembling tiger, pausing for a moment in the mangling of his prey; the background of solitary jungle, the suggestion that the deadly duel was to be fought out alone to the bitter end—once seen can never be forgotten. Magnificent, too, was the drawing which marked the commencement of the Franco-German War, in which the shade of Buonaparte was shown warning his nephew and grand-nephew to turn back at the head of their army. The three horses ridden by the Napoleons are grand studies. Again, the late Emperor of the French as the Sphinx was marvellously effective. And when it is remembered that these pictures, so full of work, are conceived and drawn in a single day, the wonder grows into amazement. Fortunately Mr. Tenniel is lucky in his engraver. Mr. Swain, who has cut for *Punch* for nearly thirty years, is never unequal to the occasion.

Besides his work on the *London Charivari*, Mr. Tenniel has supplied annually a large number of sketches to the *Pocket Book*. Two specimens are given. The first is an illustration to a comic version of the "Arabian Nights." The sultan has been so amused by some joke of his faithful wife that *he is dying of laughter!* The anxious glances of the doctors who can make nothing of the case, the grief of the consort who has caused the calamity, the uneasy merriment of the expiring monarch, are all full of humour. The second illustration accompanied a parody by Mr. Burnand. The author must have been satisfied with his interpreter.

Journalism has been said to be the grave of genius—

"periodical art" (to adopt the rather clumsy classification of the ex-Lord Mayor)—but it will certainly not be the sepulchre of Mr. Tenniel's gifts. His works in a collected form have already been reproduced several times, and never seem to lose their popularity in spite of the ephemeral interest attaching to some of his subjects. As John Leech is the chief exponent of the social life of the century, so John Tenniel is *facile princeps* amongst the political commentators of the same period. His work will be more lasting than the sketches of Rowlandson and the elder Doyle, because he is infinitely the better artist. He has all the power of Hogarth without his repulsiveness. When he became a draughtsman on *Punch*, comic cuts were often rough and sometimes coarse. It has been his mission through life, without sacrificing one iota of real power or true fun, to purify parody and enoble caricature.

It has become the fashion of late years to give the biographies of celebrities before their death. Many people believe the custom more honoured in the breach than the observance. Among them may be numbered Mr. Tenniel if he be judged by the few speeches he has made in public, which have been as remarkable for their modesty as their sound good sense. But without invading the sacred family circle a public man may be judged by his public works. When we find so much humour, so much righteousness of purpose, so much large-heartedness, such wide sympathies,



Billy Taylor, from Punch's Pocket Book.

such an entire absence of malice as we discover in the drawings of *Punch's* cartoonist, it is easy to understand why the name of John Tenniel is not only honoured, but beloved.

ARTHUR À BECKETT.

AN ETRUSCAN SEPULCHRE NEAR PERUGIA.



As their successors do now, so the Etruscans of ancient Perugia lived, on the summit of the breezy and sunny mountain, where splendid relics of their life still remain. This was the scene of their love, their hate, their glory, and their shame, and when they died they were carried in solemn

procession, with trains of wailing women and images of pagan gods, to their sepulchres, down the steep hill to the south of the city, about two miles distant on the present road to Assisi. The ground about here is hilly—a green and beautiful country, with grape-vines trailing from tree to tree, and low, twisted, small, grey-leaved olive-trees growing abundantly. But—

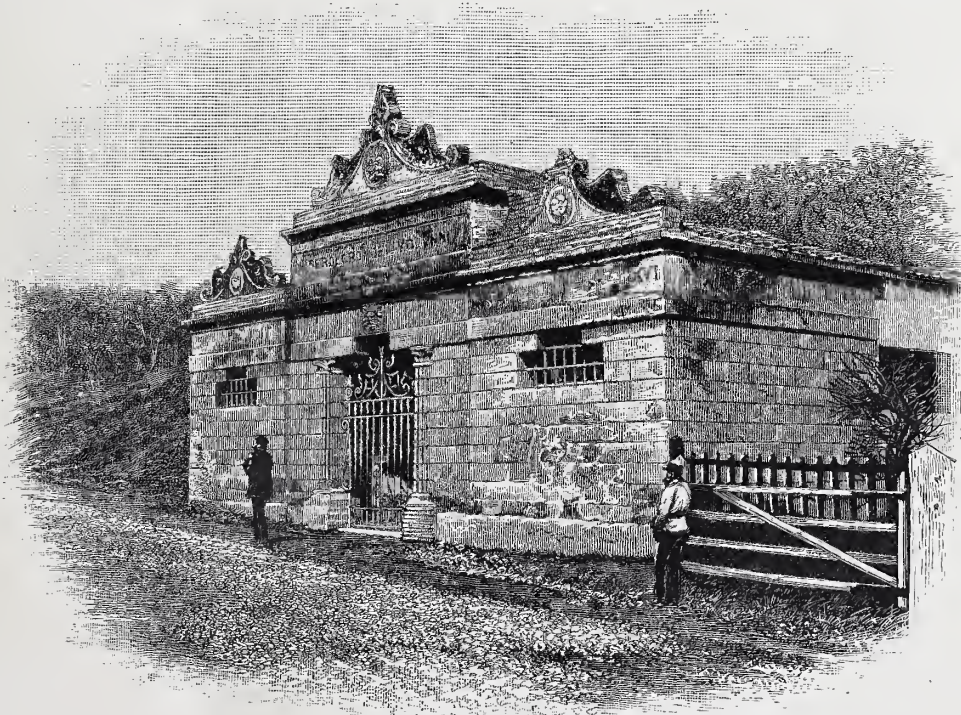
“Piu che non credi son le tombe carche,”

and this lovely outside conceals countless funeral relics of an ancient, long-forgotten race. Their history, their manners,

religious rites, dress, and ornaments are pictured in these dark underground libraries, on stone, bronze, gold, or terra-cotta.

In the year 1840 the magnificent Sepulchre of the Volumni was unearthed by some peasants. The excitement in Perugia when this discovery was made known was intense, and the inhabitants went in crowds to see it. No wonder that they stood surprised and awed in that mysterious tomb! Closed for two thousand years and covered with twenty-four feet of earth, all external token of its existence had disappeared, and the glory of the Volumni family was forgotten. It is, too, an Etruscan sepulchre of the noblest kind. It is large, well arranged, and the urns are inscribed and regularly placed, leaving room for others. It is excavated in the hillside, which is composed of tufo—a fragile and yet durable rock. As it had escaped the search made by the barbarians, and the spoliation and ruin of ancient tombs ordered by Theodoric, it has yielded rich material for study, and added largely to our knowledge of Etruscan Art.

The sepulchre of the Volumni being therefore intact, it is, notwithstanding the number and interest of the frescoed tombs of Corneto Tarquinio and the sculptured and frescoed tombs of Chiusi and Orvieto, with all its sculptures, bronzes, and urns, the most beautiful and interesting monument of the Etruscan people yet discovered. The tomb was originally



Etruscan Sepulchre, Exterior.

situated on the principal road that led to Perugia, although the exact position of that road is not now known. It is now on the edge of the railroad near the first station from Perugia. The modern building erected over it, engraved above, is almost at your elbow as you pass in the cars, and you can reach it by walking back half a mile from the station of San Giovanni. The better way, however, is to walk or take a carriage from Perugia.

It is believed that all tombs had originally some external sign like a column, tablet, or mound, to indicate their position, and there was probably a mound above this. Homer speaks of the tumulus over the grave of Epito, one of his heroes. The cemeteries were built like Etruscan cities, each series of monuments forming a street, and every family having its own sepulchre corresponding with a palace or house.

The entrance door of the Volumni sepulchre looks towards

the south of the hill, a circumstance often seen in these tombs, although the reason of it has not been explained. On this spot, previously to the discovery of the sepulchre, were found in a cavity of some depth, but without the form of a tomb, twenty-two urns of travertine, with Etruscan and Latin inscriptions, and two other smaller ones of marble, a few bronzes of little value, and a quantity of earthen vases. The caving

of the tomb has nineteen steps, two of which are long, and almost all are in good preservation. The huge slab of travertine which closed the mouth of the cave when it was first discovered, and made the air so mephitic that it was some time before the peasants could enter, is now placed at one side, and a wooden door substituted. The door-posts are also of travertine, and they bear a vertical inscription of three lines in Etruscan, sharply cut in the hard, whitish rock. These letters are three inches in length, and the red paint in them is still bright.

The sepulchre consists of eight rooms, and was probably constructed on the plan of an Etruscan house. A large rectangular room, or vestibule, occupies the centre, with seven others opening on it. One of these, called the Tribune, at the end of the rectangular room, is much larger than the others, and contains the beautiful sepulchral urns of the Volumni family. The united length of the vestibule and the tribune in a straight line to the door is thirty-four feet, and the height to the apex of the arched roof over fourteen feet. The small cells opening on the vestibule are lower than this, but the tribune is of the same height.

The internal construction of the tomb is regular, and it is a rare example of ancient architecture. It displays a unity of parts and an original character that prove it to have been made when the Etruscans had a good school of architecture. The first cell at the right has door-posts and architrave of travertine, and at almost a man's height in the wall is a portion of a dragon in terra-cotta. It is coloured to imitate the varied skin of this animal, and the tongue, made of lead, coloured white, is thrust out. This serpent figure is in all the lateral cells, and perhaps served as a bracket to support a lamp, and also as a symbol of ancient superstition. The reptile was honoured (Oh, triumph of the old serpent which deceived mother Eve!) as a propitious genius, and at the feasts was seen moving in and out among the glasses on the table, or even taking refuge in the bosoms of the



Vilius Volumnius.

in of this tomb led to the discovery of the steps and the great rock at the mouth of the Volumni sepulchre, and when the modern entrance was built these urns were placed within it on the level of the ground before descending the stairs.

The staircase that descends to the subterranean entrance

guests. It was sacred to the Manes, or deified spirits of the dead, and was the genius of the place, as it symbolized immortality. It was also a symbol of heroes, and its presence was an honour to the dead. "Æneas," says Virgil, "saw with stupor a serpent come out of the tomb of his father. As he looked, a great slimy serpent issued from it, and seven times made the

circuit of the tomb, gliding between the altars and the vases, and licking the food." The second cell has on its walls two owls, the owl being the symbol of wisdom and vigilance. The third cell on the right has no ornaments on the walls except a serpent, but a woman's head is sculptured in a recessed square in the ceiling, and around the room are two or three low benches or beds. This was the usual mode of sepulture when the bodies were not burned, and is seen in the tombs of other Etruscan cities. The bodies were laid on these stone beds, with the head a little raised, and left there. The three cells on the left are similar to the others, but are not easily entered.

At the end of the rectangular room, upon which open the six cells, is a door giving entrance to the large room which contains the urns of the Volumni family. A feeling of awe creeps over one upon seeing the figures of these old Etruscans reclining on the urns within which their ashes were preserved. The wax tapers of the guides throw light on the wrinkled features of the aged father, on the smooth brow of the young son, on the noble form of the hero lying in state in the place of honour, on the proud lady, and on the temple urn of later times. The serpents, with their leaden tongues out, seem to glare at and threaten intruders, the owls to utter their doleful night cry, and the lovely serpent-tressed Medusa, sculptured above in the brown tufo, looks down as if she would still protect the ashes intrusted to her care so long ago.

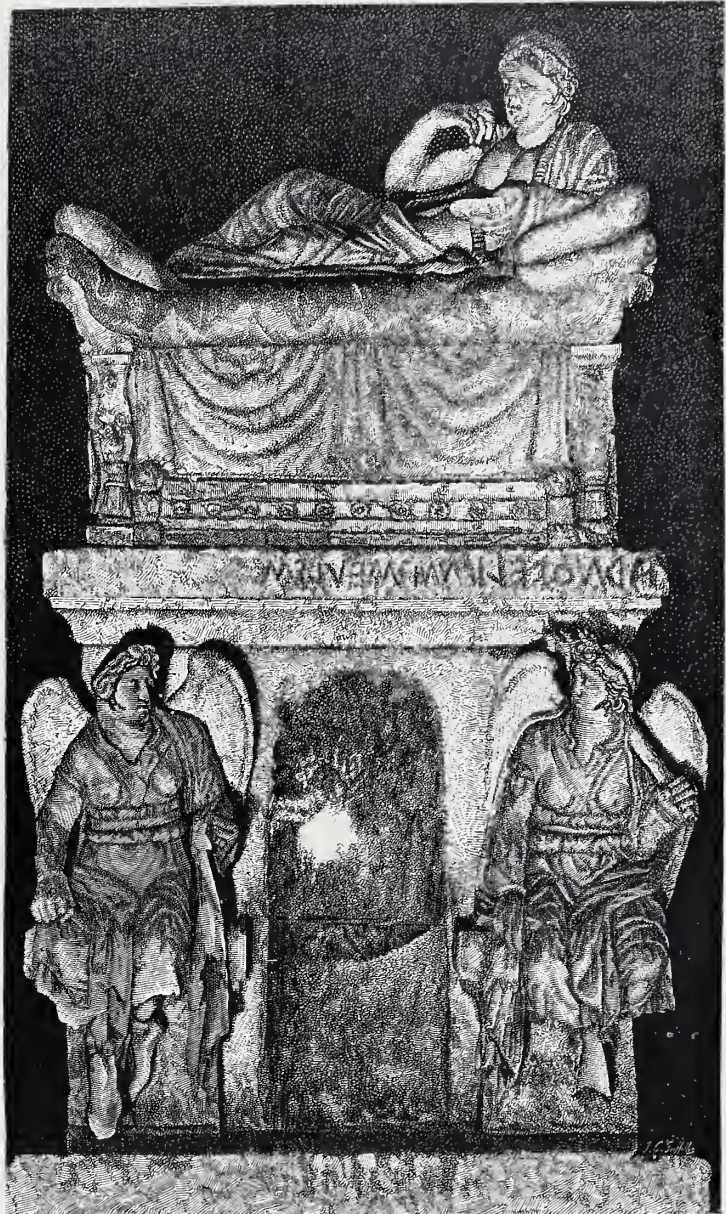
The urns are in the same position as when they were found, and the venerable person represented on the first one was probably the founder of the family. His name was Tephri, or Tephri Velimn. Tephri bears an analogy to Tiber, the name of the river being said to be of Etruscan origin. The inscription on the urn is said to be, "Tiberius Volumnius Tarquinae Filius." The Etruscan name of the family, *Velimn*, was renowned in Roman as well as in Etruscan history, and boasted of consuls, senators, and censors among its members. Traces of them are found in many epigraphs, and more than once in Cicero. Etruscans often took their family names from those of their divinities, and this name was probably derived from *Volumnus*, *Volumna*, or *Voltumna*, the latter of which was the goddess of the famous temple where the twelve States of the Etruscan Confederation met. This Perugian family was scattered over other parts of Italy, and a branch of it finally settled in Rome. The urns are all of travertine but one, which is of marble. The other six resemble marble, as they are covered on the front and sides with a coating of hard stucco, which is still perfect, notwithstanding the lapse of time. All, except the last one, have level lids on which the figures recline or are seated.

The second urn represents an elderly man. He is Aulus Velimn, and is a son or descendant of Tephri.

The third urn represents a young man with a fine countenance, corresponding with the other noble types of this family. He and the occupants of the two succeeding urns were sons of Aulus Velimnas.

The urn of Vilius Velimnas, or Volumnius, engraved on the opposite page, has two inscriptions, one on the border of the urn, and one on the edge of the bed. The front of the base is ornamented with a Gorgon's head in the middle, and four

disc-like plates called *paterae* at the corners. The reclining position of the person represents death, which was considered an image of sleep or repose. The figure on this urn, like the other four similar ones, is covered with the funeral toga, the dress appropriate to a corpse. He leans in an attitude of repose on his left hand, the third finger of which bears a large ring. This is contrary to the usual custom, which was to burn the ring, but it was probably an index of his rank. He holds in the right hand a *patera*, a wide, open vase, almost like a plate, used for libations in expiatory sacrifices, and an emblem



Aruntius Volumnius, the Hero.

of the shadowy land to which he had gone. A long chain descends from neck to breast on this as well as on the other reclining figures. These chains were made by the Etruscans of coloured wool, and were offered, in the hope of pardon, to the Lari, or infernal deities. Wool was a symbol of peace among the Etruscans and Greeks, and wool, wine, and oil, as emblems of comfort, were used in funeral ceremonies to combat the coldness and rigidity of death, and provide the departed with such consolation as they could afford.

The post of honour in the sepulchre is occupied by

Aruntius Volumnius, another son of Aulus, and brother of the two preceding persons. This urn, engraved on the previous page, is larger and more beautifully sculptured than the others, and the rich cover of the bed recalls the Asiatic luxury in which the Etruscans indulged. The statue reclines on two cushions, one at the head and the other at the feet. Some traces of a red tint with which the stucco was painted still



Veilia Volumnia Aruntia.

remain, and those who saw this urn when the tomb was first discovered say that the whole was painted with brilliant colours. The ornaments of the bed are like swans' necks, and give it the appearance of a bark. The same emblem was placed on the prows of Etruscan boats, to symbolize the journey which souls made to the infernal or immortal regions.

Aruntius holds the patera in his left hand, as it was believed that libations offered with that hand were more acceptable to the infernal deities than those offered with the right. The ring is on the fourth finger, as the Etruscans, like the Egyptians, believed that a certain nerve connected that finger directly with the heart.

Seated on the base of the monument are two tutelary genii, who look at each other, and seem to guard the whole sepulchre. These women are represented with the characteristic serpents in their hair, with wings and flaming torches. The figure on the left, however, has lost the torch which it once held like the other. They have armlets on the right arms, bracelets on the wrists, and rings on the fingers. The ample vesture is gathered in a belt at the waist, and another garment falls from the left shoulder. A gem of rhomboidal form ornaments the breast, and earrings are hung in the ears, while the feet are covered with high-laced shoes.

When the sepulchre was opened this urn had a picture painted in vivid colours on its front, between the genii, but it

soon faded. It was a funeral scene, consisting of four female figures, who perhaps were the daughters of the dead man. This practice was very ancient, and was used by the Egyptians.

Aruntius was probably an illustrious hero, and the rusty arms found in the other cells, and also in this, leaning against the Furies, were his. This armour, all of bronze, and wrought with exquisite skill, consisted of a helmet of simple form, of two beautifully shaped shields for the legs, and part of the thin covering of a round shield.

A half-defaced inscription on the doorway of this room is supposed to have had some relation to the bronze armour of the warrior. A bronze musical instrument was also interred with him. One of the most interesting features of this tomb is the restoration made by Aruntius several centuries after the rooms were cut out of the rock. This theory of the restoration accounts for the great difference of style between the architecture of the tomb and the urn of Aruntius, or between the various sculptures on the walls and ceilings and the bronzes. The style of some of them is more robust, grander, and in perfect accord with the national character of the Etruscans, while others are more flowery and graceful, and the last is openly Roman. The first four urns were then placed in order of date, and carefully arranged from the right, so as to give each one his place, and yet leave the centre for Aruntius, while the other side was left free for those who should come after. This would be about the fourth or fifth century of Rome, or two hundred years before the Christian era, when the Etruscans were distinguished in the art of sculpture. The energetic and beautiful figures of the Furies, and the lovely heads of Medusa on the ceilings, prove how different this was from the Roman style.

The inscription of three lines in Etruscan letters on the door-post was made at this time. Its translation is "Arunte Larte Volunnio, son of Aronio, placed this monument, and ordered there, for the eternal repose of the dead, annual sacrifices."

The only woman honoured with a statue is Veilia Volumnia Aruntia, engraved above. She was probably a daughter of the hero. Unlike the others, she is seated, in token of repose, upon a kind of throne. She represents Venus or Proserpine, as her right hand lifts the mantle from her shoulder, that being a sign of representing a goddess. She is a youthful matron, with a diadem upon her head and carefully arranged hair. She wears a tunic without sleeves, girded in at the waist, and an ample mantle, bracelets, and a ring on her left hand, which rests on her knee. Her feet are shod, and rest on a footstool, which was always a distinction for a woman. The owls on the footstool were symbolic of Minerva, and therefore appropriate to a distinguished woman.

The last urn in this room is of a style and material so different from the others as to prove the length of time which elapsed from the foundation of the family to the placing there of its last occupant. The style of this urn is decidedly Roman, and the material is *lunense* marble, which was not known until B.C. 48. It proves that the Volumni family was transplanted to Rome, and that this person preferred being buried in the magnificent sepulchre of his forefathers. The inscription is in both Etruscan and Roman characters, and signifies "Publius Volumnius, the son of Aulus and a mother of the family Cafatia." This temple urn is ornamented on all sides with bas-reliefs. The front is a temple in which large rectangular stones were used. The entrance is flanked by two

fluted pillars with Corinthian capitals and Attic bases, and the door has two parts elegantly modelled.

The back of the urn, which is here engraved, represents two birds drinking out of a vase, the form of which is often seen in funeral urns, and is very similar to the vase of the doves in mosaic at the Capitoline Museum. There is an *erma* surmounted by a head of Mercury under the shadow of a palm-branch on one side, and on the other a column with a vase turned over upon it under a fig-tree. The palm was an emblem of Mercury, one of the gods of the shadowy regions, and the fig-tree of Bacchus, who was supposed to drive away the sadness of death. At Bacchic festivals the initiated wore necklaces of figs. Both the front and the back of this urn are sculptured with a head of Mercury. The four corners were originally ornamented with sphinxes, some with wings and some without; but one of these decorations was stolen when the sepulchre was discovered. The sphinxes were added to urns as guardians of the bones and ashes to frighten away violators of sepulchres, who were detested by the ancients. The sides also of this Roman ash urn are covered with a wealth of symbolical ornaments in bas-relief.

Thus studying the myths of this ancient people within the shadowy rooms of one of their sepulchres, we are carried back to those strange days before The Light of the World had come. Isaiah says that rebellious Israel "dwelt among the sepulchres, and passed the nights in the monuments." These are the idolatries it loved to imitate, and was warned to avoid. To adore these serpents, Medusas, owls, doves, dolphins, and creatures of imagination—with head of man, wings of bird, and body of animal—Israel deserted God.

I doubt if old Greek, and older Etruscan, or the hero Aruntius Volumnius himself, ever dreamed of the wonder that their sepulchres at Olympia and at Perugia would excite two,

three, and four thousand years after they were dead and gone, shut up in the hillside and forgotten while nations were born, existed, and died, and others arose to take their places. "I dreamed of fame," the old Etruscan murmurs, as he reclines there in state to receive visitors from a new world. "I hoped to be remembered as long as my people should endure, and that they for generations would admire



Back of Temple Urn.

the glories of my sepulchre. But what chance is this which has made the resting-place of my ashes a wonder of the world? And who are these that come from afar, with strange speech and dress, and are not even awed by the serpent-crowned heads of my guardian Medusas?"

SOFIA BOMPIANI.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S ART TREASURES.

IT would be interesting to inquire of some of those who make it their employment to criticize the collections which have been amassed by the wealthier classes of Englishmen, what percentage of them exhibit any consistency of purpose in their ingathering?

I am not, of course, now speaking of those which, by chance for the most part, comprise merely a succession of family portraits, or the works of some neighbouring celebrity, or even such a one as I recently had the pleasure of visiting in the north, which was restricted to some sixty of the works of Mr. Watts, R.A. But how often is a collection encountered which exhibits throughout a persistent intention that it shall be characteristic either of the owner, or of his profession, or congenial and fitting to its surroundings, or shall tend in a given direction?

All these inquiries occurred to me during a visit I recently paid to the delightful home of a country parson, whose house and its little collection of appreciated works of Art I propose shortly to describe, in order to show how characteristic they were of the man and his *entourage*.

The only gentleman, in a parish whose population of some three hundred souls was entirely bucolic, blessed with a store of this world's goods, which made the income of two hundred a year from his curé but a tithe of the whole, he naturally came to be treated in the dual and mixed capacity of squire and parish priest. This aspect of his character was reflected on the walls of the comfortable entrance hall to his parsonage-house, built, it should be said, by himself some fifteen years back, as a goodly legacy towards enriching the living by one whose interest in it terminates with his life. Here then were

hung fine engravings of Wilkie's 'Rent Day,' 'Reading the Will,' Webster's 'Punch and Judy,' Landseer's 'Bolton Abbey,' and Faed's touching picture of 'When the Day is Done.' These had been collected and placed here because he knew they would be appreciated by the humblest of his parishioners, should they have to wait before they were admitted to his study.

Now a country clergyman's study is usually the receptacle of about as much rubbish as any room in the world, a country lawyer's office, perhaps, excepted. Piles of dusty sermons, dingy shelves of antiquated books on divinity ranged round the room, usually leave but little space for anything, save a "Church Almanack" or some illuminated texts. But here again our parson's tastes were reflected. His Churchmanship was evidenced in the engraving over the fireplace of the late Bishop Selwyn (not the less revered because of his muscular Christianity) and the more religious of the Arundel Society publications. Illustrations of his more secular tastes were banished to the folds of a screen, which was evidently not intended for the vulgar gaze: here his Conservatism and enjoyment of the grotesque blossomed forth in *Vanity Fair* caricatures of "Dizzy," "The Leaders of the Opposition," and "The Fourth Party."

The dining-room walls displayed better taste, and more unity of purpose, than any room in the house, the single exception being an acquisition of his college days, Landseer's 'Otter Hunt,' in which the subject of the writhing otter, held aloft on the spear which pierces its body, hardly atones for its painfulness by the talent displayed not only in its draughtsmanship, but in its engraving. Charles I. and his belongings formed the motive of a series of engravings which included the well-known portrait of the King on horseback from Kensington Palace, the farewell scene with his family, and the lovely engraving by Strange, after Vandyke's portraits, of the royal children. One end of the room was taken up by a magnificent proof of Raphael Morghen's Guido's 'Aurora,' flanked on either side by the ubiquitous engravings after Doré's 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' and 'The Martyrs in the Coliseum.' The mixing of sacred and profane, of old and modern engraving, was by no means so incongruous as one might suppose. Reminders of old college life in Goodall's engravings of Turner's Oxford and Heidelberg completed this room.

The drawing-room was the least satisfactory of the series. Our parson had been born and bred in Bristol, and as such had felt called upon to patronise local talent, which meant two large oil paintings indifferently done and entirely out of

place in a room; and a portrait of his first-born by a youth now known as Edwin Long, R.A. But were these banished nothing could be better than the series of early drawings by Copley Fielding, Nicholson, and Barrett. They were sufficiently removed from being attempts at realism to prevent their competing with the magnificent expanse of lovely scenery which unfolded itself under ever-varying aspects from the windows of the room. Here the greenest of fields were the foreground to a splendid reach of the Trent, which was bordered on the farther side by woods, part of a park which has no compeer in the Midlands for its splendid growth of timber. A distant fringe of white told where the river escaped over a length of weir to pass down the valley, which from the upper windows could be seen stretching away for many a mile eastward. In this room also some of the lighter issues of the Arundel Society were hung, such as 'The Poets on Mount Parnassus,' by Raphael. In passing I may remark how much the efforts of this society seemed to be appreciated by our worthy parson, as he told how he looked forward to its yearly issues, and marvelled at the riches which a subscription of a guinea brought within his reach. We must not leave the drawing-room without noting the Chelsea and Derby figures on the chimney-piece, the collection of the mistress of the house. These, centred with Falstaff, ranged downwards in size on either side, through shepherdesses and their swains to diminutive babies, some dozen in all, each with an interesting tale as to its acquisition attached, and each representing a different epoch of the art.

Bedrooms are usually the receptacle for all the cast-off pictures and amateur productions of the family. But such was not the case as regards that which was allotted to the writer: it contained but five engravings, in black frames, and there was as a centre piece a fine impression of the line engraving by Desnoyer, 'La Vierge de la Belle Jardinière,' with two Claudes engraved by Bartolozzi and Vivares, and two Woolletts.

It may no doubt be said that in singling out this collection for comment, I have raised a great cry about little wool. It may be so. All I maintain is this: amongst the many houses that I have gone over there are few which so well and so consistently illustrate the man; and all I urge is, that the lawyer, the doctor, or the parson will add much interest, not only to himself but his friends, if he endeavours to impart, in the purchase of his Art treasures, individuality and definiteness of purpose.

M. BOURNE.

CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.

A FEW years ago it would have been regarded as an extraordinary freak for an artist to select any other subject from the Civil War than one in which the gay dresses of the Cavaliers formed a principal feature. But times have changed, and the sober hues of the Ironsides find as much favour nowadays as the bright colours of their dashing antagonists. Mr. Ernest Crofts, in the picture which forms the subject of the line engraving this month, has judiciously made a prominent feature of the religious element which contributed so greatly to the success which Cromwell achieved. It

has been said that from the first he rightly conceived the conditions which were necessary to this end, and thereupon banded together an army of yeomen fearing God, but no one else, and submitting themselves for the sake of their cause to a rigid discipline, as the only match for the imperious chivalry which was opposed to them. The picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1877, whence it passed to the collection of Mr. John Rhodes, of Potternewton House, Leeds. Through his kindness we are enabled to present the engraving to our readers.



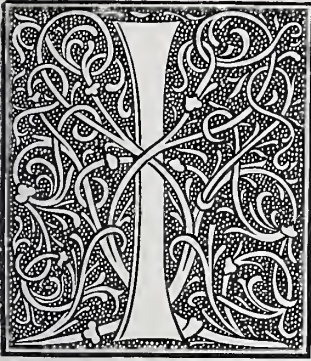
PAINTED BY ERNEST CROFTS, A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM FRENCH

CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF JOHN RHODES, ESQ., LEEDS

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.



It is, perhaps, somewhat unusual, in treating of metal work design, to consider work done in very different varieties of metal under the same heading, instead of separating them under such heads as "iron work," "goldsmith's work," etc. But as long as we are not treating the subject historically, nor with the primary object of giving and classifying information,

but of illustrating artistic principles and artistic *motifs*, there is nothing unsuitable in grouping metal work under one comprehensive class. Some metals are more ductile, some more brittle; some are capable of use on a large scale, some are only available, save on very exceptional occasions, on a small scale; some are rich and costly, others common and cheap. But certain well-marked characteristics run through the whole class of metals, considered as materials on which to exercise Art workmanship; and the principles which distinguish what is true in taste from what is false and vulgar may be equally illustrated in the large work of an ornamental iron gate or railing, and in the minute filigree of a gold earring or finger ring. There are forms and methods of treatment specially suitable to the metallic character, and others specially unsuitable; and most of these are good or bad, whether on a large or small scale. There are, indeed, minute points in style and workmanship the suitability of which may vary with the scale of the work and the class of metal of which it is made, as we shall have occasion to see in proceeding; but there is no distinction so marked as to prevent our treating metal work generally under one heading and as one subject.

The illustrations which we are employing in themselves suggest this general treatment of the subject, and were collected with that object. We shall be rather adding to than diminishing the interest which we hope our readers may take in the subject, if we mention that the illustrations we are able to give were first got together and drawn on the wood by Mr. Robert Dudley, under the superintendence of the late Sir Digby Wyatt, in preparation for a treatise on metal work which the latter had intended to write. Of the literary part of the work there only exist some rough notes, put into no order which could enable any other person to make intelligent use of them, and in many parts hardly decipherable. But in making use of a large proportion of the set of drawings which the late talented Slade Professor had got together, as illustrations to some remarks on the æsthetics of metal work, we hope that we are at least turning this portion of the late Professor's labours to not unprofitable account. In selecting and arranging them for publication here, we have endeavoured to carry out the double object of preserving a certain chronological progress, from early to late work, in the whole series of articles, while at the same time arranging each group of illustrations so as to

bring together objects of a somewhat similar class for consideration and comparison.

It will be not altogether out of place, however, before going on with our subject in detail, to say a few words, such as may be of general application, in regard to the qualities which should characterize ornamental design in metal work. And the first and most important requisite in designing in any material is to see that the design is such as will suit the peculiar capabilities of the material, and illustrate and bring out those capabilities. We may put this in a rough and exaggerated way, which every one can understand, in suggesting how exceedingly awkward and clumsy would be the appearance of any object made in iron which is usually made in wood, and in precise imitation of the ordinary wooden form. Take a wooden chair, for instance, and make a copy of it in cast iron, or even in silver, and an object would be produced which educated persons would regard with a kind of horror, and which even uneducated persons would repudiate as a clumsy, heavy, unwieldy thing, entirely out of place. The reason, or the principal reason, for such dissatisfaction would be this, that we know that the metal will retain its strength and tenacity in much thinner and smaller sections than are necessary to give the requisite strength to the chair when executed in wood; and we should feel at once that in our cast-iron chair we were burdened with an unconscionable weight of metal which was of no value and of no necessity for strength; that a right use of the metal, in thin sections of the proper form for preserving the greatest amount of strength in proportion to the amount of material employed, would have given us a much lighter and more elegant piece of furniture of practically equal strength. There would be other reasons for preferring a different style of treatment for the iron chair from that of the wooden one, but this rough and practical one is obvious at least to everybody. Now

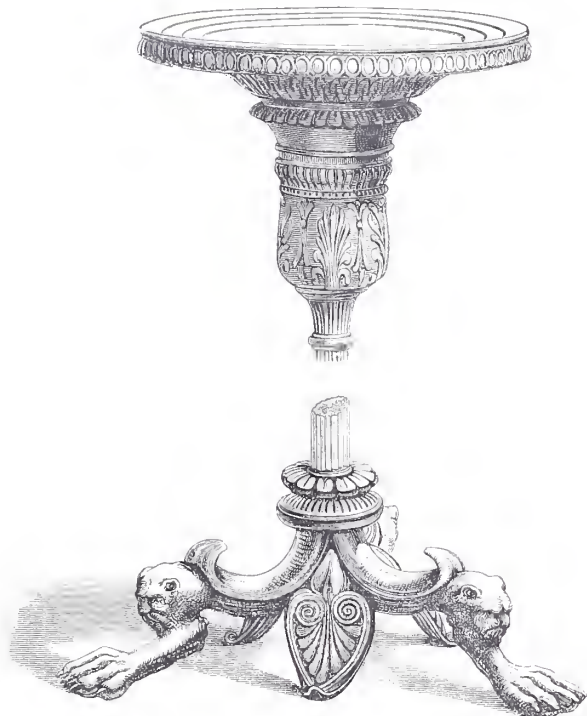


Nos. 1 to 7.—Antique Gold Work.

the same reasoning follows in regard to ornamental design in metal on whatever scale. Every metal that can be used in design has at least this quality when considered in reference to other materials, that it is capable of use in greater tenuity, yet with equal strength. Solid and heavy masses in metal

ornament are, therefore, nearly always synonymous with false and vulgar design. Metal has its own scantlings and its own constructive proportions, and these are equally to be observed whether we are constructing a suspension bridge or making an earring.

The only exception to this broad general rule in regard to



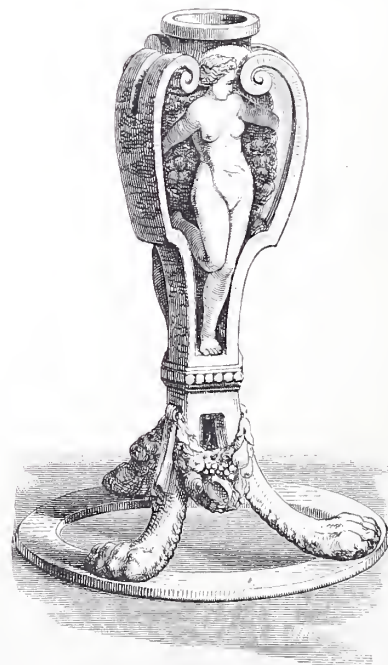
No. 8.—Head and Foot of Bronze Lamp, British Museum.

the treatment of metal is when we are dealing with cast work. In that case it must be allowed that we are rather bound to avoid too great complication of parts, and to deal with the metal in masses, otherwise we are brought into practical difficulties both in regard to the manipulation of the mould and the casting, and the risk of breakage from unequal shrinkage of the metal in cooling. But this is, in fact, an exception that proves the rule. For all cast ornamental work is an inferior stamp of work. It wants the life and expression which are given by actual manipulation with the tool in the hand, and it must almost necessarily result in a style of work which deprives the metal of what is its essential characteristic as a material, viz. the power of assuming thin, graceful, and delicate forms, without structural weakness. We regard cast metal designs, therefore, as only to be admitted under protest, and as an inferior form of Art metal work: though, when it is admitted, there is no doubt that it is susceptible of better and worse treatment, and that it is possible to redeem such work from the charge of vulgarity and commonplace by adopting for it such forms of design and of surface treatment as are most capable of being well brought out in casting, and such as do not affect any attempt to imitate the manipulation of wrought metal—an attempt which must always be a failure.

We shall find opportunity of pointing this moral in going through our list of examples from time to time. But let it be borne in mind that cast work in metal is really design produced at second hand, and not made in metal primarily. That is the real distinction between it and true metal work. A cast design has been first moulded in some other substance of a perfectly different nature from metal, and is merely re-

produced in the latter medium. It therefore necessarily partakes not of the character of metal, but of the character of the material—clay, wax, or whatever it be—in which the original model has been fashioned. It is merely turned into metal at second hand, either for the purpose of securing durability or for the convenience of multiplying copies of the design. In the case of a figure, a statue, which embodies an artistic ideal of a high class, there may, in some instances, be valid reasons for selecting a process which allows of reproduction, or which has special durability. But we are not including sculpture in our subject, only decorative work. And all decorative work that is, or can be, mechanically reproduced, soon loses its real interest and sinks into mere manufacture.

If we avoid here the classification of metal in reference to mere difference of material, we may, however, make one of the work we shall have to speak of, in reference to the nature of the process by which it is fashioned. Indeed, without such a classification, discriminating criticism of the subject could hardly be possible. Before we can decide whether an object displays the best artistic treatment and style, we must have some certain idea what effects are possible with it, and how they are obtained; what ought to have been, and what has been achieved. In this respect metal work may be broadly classified thus. We have that which is so ductile in character as to be capable of being easily shaped in its natural state, and of being drawn out into fine lines and filaments without danger of breakage. Of this class it may be said that pure gold, of fine quality, is the only true representative. This is capable of being beaten into very thin sheets, and of being drawn out into very fine lines, without losing its tenacity; and this quality is peculiarly valuable in a metal which is of so rare and costly a character that it can seldom be used except for objects on a very small scale. Both these qualities of gold, therefore, its ductility



No. 9.—Candelabrum.

and its costliness, point to it as a metal peculiarly suitable for the most minute and delicate design; and this qualification we shall find has been almost always borne in mind and practically acted upon in antique gold work, whether

Egyptian, Greek, or Etruscan—a fact of which some admirable examples occur in our illustrations to this article, of which we will speak more particularly just now.

Next we have the manipulation of metal, on a larger scale, by hammering without the intervention of heat. Silver is the metal most largely used in this manner; gold, of course, is equally susceptible of the same treatment; lead and pewter have played their part in Art workmanship of the same kind. It must be noticed, however, that the question of thickness of metal is involved in this case, as well as quality, and that cold-beaten work presupposes a substance sufficiently thin to be shaped in this manner; the relief and surface modelling, which in other materials would be given by carving, being in this case given by beating on the surface on the exterior face, or by beating it outward from the interior face (*repoussé* work). The essential distinction of this work is that the whole thickness of the metal is bent to the shape required for producing the modelling, instead of the modelling being only worked on the outer surface of a solid mass. Beaten and *repoussé* work has been more used, probably, with silver than with any other metal; and it is peculiarly suitable for the treatment of a precious metal such as silver, inasmuch as it produces the greatest effect with the least mass of metal, and turns the metal artistically to the best advantage, making full use of its power of tenacity along with tenuity. Then we have the system of hammered work performed on metal which cannot be so manipulated except under the influence of heat, of which wrought iron is the typical example. Wrought-iron work may, in many of its details, have characteristics very similar artistically to that of *repoussé* work in gold and silver, though on a larger scale and with less minute finish; but it may also be carried out in metal of considerable thickness and mass, of sufficient length to be easily bent and twisted; and hence one of the characteristics of wrought-iron work has almost always been the extensive employment of design in scrolls and twists of metal, which give to it a peculiar expression and style differing from all other metal work in general character, and in the combination of strength with pliability.

Surface tooling, or “chasing,” is another element in the manipulation of metal, which may be used either in combination with beaten or *repoussé* work in gold or silver, to add detail to the design, or may be applied to the formation of



No. 10.—Greek Lamp.

decorative detail on a surface, the general form of which has been obtained by casting. It is most often used in combination with beaten work, but bronze castings allow of, and generally require, a certain amount of finish with the tool. This, however, must be regarded rather as the necessary finishing of the originally imperfect and blunt finish of cast

work than as a special means of decorative treatment. As a means of decorative effect, chasing is chiefly to be regarded as applicable to gold and silver work. A further source of effect is to be found in the perforation of a design in thin surfaces of metal.

There is a class of work entirely distinct from all these, in



No. 11.—Roman Metal Casket.

which the metal is in reality a matrix for the reception of another material. Such processes are enamelled metal work and niello, in both of which the metal surface is hollowed for the reception of a foreign substance. In the case of enamel the great object is to give colour; and in a large proportion, at least, of enamelled metal work the lines of the design are formed by the metal ridges, and the interspaces are filled up with coloured enamels. In niello work, which is always on a ground of silver, interstices which are hollowed between the ridges are filled up with a substance giving a black surface (generally sulphate of silver), and thus a design, apparently in silver on a dark ground, is formed, or a design in black on silver ground, if the design is made from the sinkings, and not from the ridges. The first-named method, however, produces the best effect, and is by far the most usual. But these methods of work do not come under the same heads as metal work properly so called; they rather constitute a species of inlay. One class of work in which a somewhat similar effect is produced entirely by the use of metals, however, is damascening, in which, as before, the main body of metal forms a matrix, and the design is made by the insertion of another metal of different colour, in wire form, into delicately cut grooves in the matrix, the grooves being slightly undercut, and the inserted metal then hammered in and tooled, until the surface is perfectly uniform, and the two metals almost incorporated with one another. This (of which, however, we have no examples in our present series of illustrations) is one of the

most beautiful and refined, as well as one of the most difficult and delicate in execution, of all methods of treating metal artistically; at the same time it is an art which stands on



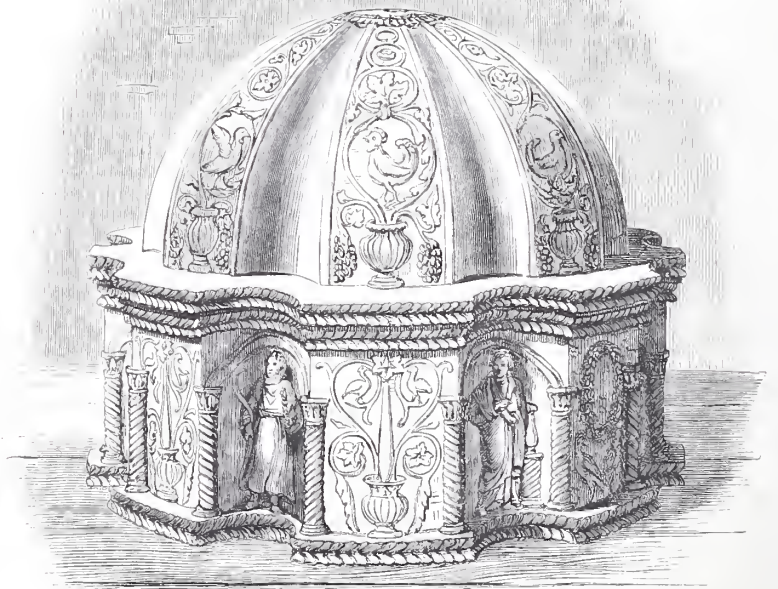
No. 12.—Casket, late Roman.

quite a different footing from that of the modelling of metal by hammering and chasing.

If we look at antique metal work, it would seem, as far as we have the opportunity of judging, that there was in ancient Art a perfect taste and judgment in regard to the treatment of small objects formed out of the precious metals, but not a corresponding degree of æsthetic perception in regard to larger work in coarser metal. Antique gold work—Greek, Egyptian, or Etruscan—is mostly not only exquisitely beautiful, but in perfect taste in regard to the treatment of the material. The specimens, Nos. 1 to 7, of which illustrations are given on page 23, are pieces of Greek and Egyptian gold work from the Mayer Museum at Liverpool, and they are typical, in their leading characteristics, of antique gold work generally. It should be noticed how conscientiously the most is made of the amount of the material, and how entirely free from the vulgarity arising from display of a mass of the precious metal for the sake of its mere value as bullion. The point of this remark will be best appreciated by those who have observed the character of much of the gold ornament offered for sale in the jewellers' shops. Over and over again our taste and our sense of refinement are offended by the recurrence of objects, such as ear-pendants and brooches, the great value of which seems to rest in their massiveness. They seem to say, "See how much gold you are getting for your money!" as if the object were to see how many pounds' worth of bullion could be placed round a lady's wrist or hung from her ears. But if we look at Greek gold ornaments, we find that the artist is as economical of the mere metal as he well can be. It is mostly the thinnest and most delicate material, and the value lies not in the metal, but in the nature of the design. The Greek goldsmith endeavoured to put the greatest possible amount of beautiful design and workmanship into the smallest possible amount of gold. The modern jeweller seems anxious to provide you with the greatest amount of mere gold with the least possible expendi-

ture of thought or design on it. He knows, of course, what his public mostly demand, or at least what will content them. They pay for gold, not for Art. But the Greek artist, in using gold, seems to have regarded the value of the metal only as making it the more worthy vehicle for the most delicate workmanship. And its special quality of ductility is always present to him. This is particularly well shown in the finger ring here engraved. This is no rigid "hoop," but a piece of fine ductile metal drawn out and twisted in spiral form into the long tail which can easily be bent round into the required shape. We shall find, from time to time, how frequent is the recurrence of the spiral twist, in one shape or another, in good metal work—a form of treatment which metal naturally suggests, whether it be in cold ductile metal, or in metal which acquires that character when worked under the agency of heat. In the bronze lamp, from the British Museum, of which the head and foot are given (No. 8), we see very little of purely metallic characteristics, not

even in regard to tenuity of proportion. The object might be made just as well in hard wood; and the decorative features on the stem and upper portion are derived from such ornament as we find carved in marble on the cornices of Greek buildings. The upper portion is exceedingly elegant and admirably proportioned, and in the large thin rim which spreads round the top there is to be found the one distinctly metallic feature in the structure of the whole. The base is in egregiously false taste, in whatever material it were executed, since the principal feet are formed by blending entirely heterogeneous



No. 13.—Byzantine Casket.

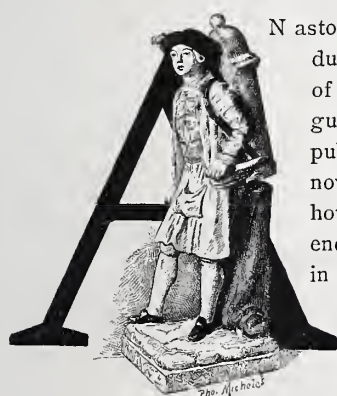
objects—a leaf, a head, and a paw. The intermediate feet, it should be observed, are constructively superfluous, and, in fact, injurious, as the whole would be much more steady on

its base without them. The candelabrum (No. 9) is probably a piece of Renaissance design made under antique influence; the tripod foot is Roman in feeling, but other details, especially the curled scroll just below the socket on either side, betray the Renaissance.* The Greek lamp (No. 10), of the general shape so well known to every one, calls for no special remark, except to point out the manner in which a familiar form of Greek decoration, carved on buildings and painted on vases, has been modified so as to appear as a metal ornament (partly, one may suppose, to reflect light) at the back of the lamp, in this case showing a correct and suitable translation of architectural ornament into metal.

In general, however, it may be observed that when metal objects are made to assume architectural forms, it is an indication that the true character of metal work has been more or less overlooked, and that the art has lost its truth and simplicity, and become pretentious. There is no affinity, in reality, between architectural and metallic forms, nor even between architectural and metallic detail in general, though the former may be capable of being modified, or, as we said above, translated into metallic forms, and we shall come across some examples in which this is done. In the Roman metal casket (No. 11) from the British Museum we have an admirable specimen of, for the most part, purely metallic form and style. The outline of the vessel is somewhat inelegant, not such as would have satisfied a Greek eye; but the lightly engraved ornament which forms the margin to the figure subjects is in perfect taste. The feet present, again, a combination of heterogeneous objects, in this case a female bust and a lion's claw, which we noticed in the foot of the Greek candelabrum, and which is much more characteristic of Roman work than of the generally purer taste of the Greeks. In the next example

(No. 12), which is late Roman work, we find in the lower portion of the casket the architectural element distinctly predominating; but it may be observed how the natural good taste of the designer has led him to give a metallic character to the mimic architecture by the spiral twisting of the columns, a feature which we can hardly suppose existed at that time in any classic architecture on a large scale. There is, it may be observed, a curious and significant mingling of style and feeling in different parts of the work of this casket. The lid and the body hardly seem, indeed, to belong to each other. The sculpture on the lid is classic in feeling, though not of the highest order, but the treatment of the body of the casket already approaches Byzantine feeling, and we half expect to find the figures in the arcades are Christian saints. The bit of ornament running round this part of the work, too, if found separately, would be taken for Byzantine detail. In the next example we find some of the same elements (No. 13) compounded into a distinctly Byzantine form. The twisted columns are there, but the capitals have receded further from any likeness to the classic capital, and the scroll foliage preserves only a faint reminiscence of its classic origin. The whole object (it is a reliquary) assumes a very architectural form, and recalls the great *penchant* of the Byzantine architects for the dome. But for a small casket executed in silver the form is much too architectural, the "cornice" is too marked, and the whole suggests too much the idea of a casket turned into a rather clumsy architectural model. This is a good example of the mistake of introducing too close an imitation of architectural forms into objects such as these. The design is a good deal too solid, heavy, and formal for a metal casket, which should never have the built-up appearance which this presents, but it should suggest the impression of the tenuity and ductile character of the metal.

THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF FRENCH ART.



AN astonishing fecundity in the production of finely illustrated works of Art has always been a distinguishing characteristic of French publishers, but never more so than nowadays. There are certain houses in Paris which, from year's end to year's end, are engaged in the continued issue of *éditions de luxe* which seem as if no possible circulation would repay them for their outlay, and as if they were really

labours of love. Nor are their authors less prolific. We have before us a work by M. H. Havard, "L'Art à travers les Mœurs."† It is but a few months since we were occupied in gaining information and pleasure from his latest work on Holland. But that lapse of time has sufficed for the compilation of the volume before us. The *compilation* we say

advisedly, for we are informed that more than twelve years have been occupied in the ingathering of materials for this erudite work, and that it has necessitated long and tedious journeys over all Europe, whilst whole years have been spent in ransacking libraries and museums for materials.

But now the author of "Les Merveilles de l'Art Hollandais," and a score of other kindred volumes, occupies a larger sphere, and ranges over the Art of Europe from its cradle to its grave. He argues that hitherto the amateur has had nothing but his natural instincts to guide him in the mysterious paths of the arts. He complains that this should be so, for that artistic production obeys a regular and certain procedure and development, and its history and laws could be regularly laid down. This is the task which M. Havard sets himself. He proceeds to unravel this development from its birth; he unfolds to us its infantine preferences and the formation of its tastes, until the arrival of the period when the fulness of knowledge replaces instinct, and love of form and a passion for the ideal lead up to the highest rung of the ladder. One example of the completeness of his research may be mentioned. Following up a remark of M. Renan, that although in infancy there may be a number of characteristics peculiar to the individual, still there will always be a quantity which are common to all,

* Having already mentioned the history of the original collection of these illustrations, we may here observe that some few of them came into our possession without any title or identification beyond what the evidence of their style affords.

† Paris: Quantin & Co.

he has interrogated and examined children in almost every country in Europe as to their first ideas on Art. He discovered that the primary attempt of all was to draw a straight and upright line, then that they proceeded to draw them parallel, but that the lines invariably met at the top, and were then joined at the bottom, and thus became a triangle. He is unable to arrive at the reasoning for this mystic form seen by the infant, or the straight line, neither of which is to be found in nature. But he shows from the arrow-head, the hut, the pyramid, and the tumulus, the preference for the form in savage life; and a child's drawing, on the walls of Pompeii, of a triangular man (of which an engraving is given in the work) is evidence that first ideas were the same two thousand years ago as now.

The argument which pervades the work, and which can hardly be said to be novel, is this:—Art in the individual is distinguished by three epochs, the imaginative, the imaginative combined with knowledge and power, and the reflective, when production is regulated by rules and principles: That as in the individual, so with nations.

The first part of the work is, therefore, devoted to tracing the rise, development, and fall of Art throughout Europe, and the second is taken up with a consideration of the same series of events in France. In a careful digest, finely illustrated by M. Goutswiller, the Fine Arts in France, especially that branch which is distinguished as the Decorative, is conducted upwards from the infantine efforts of the Gauls,

through the Merovingian and feudal periods, until the climax is reached with the Renaissance.

It is hardly necessary to add that the period of France's greatness in the Arts is arrived at in the long reign of Louis XIV.

“Architecture, dress, furniture, poetry, literature, the Fine Arts, all are then majestic;” it being admitted, nevertheless, that the majesty is not inherent, but assumed. From thence, sometimes slower, as in the reign of Louis XV., when Watteau lived (whose pencil study is here reproduced), usually quicker, as during the Revolution and Empire, Art hastened towards its senility. The lowest depths are reached in the time of the Empire, and at the commencement of the present century. Here one would have imagined, had the theory which pervades the work been proven, our author would have left French Art. But no, he concludes with a chapter in which he surveys Art in the France of to-day. Admitting that it is impossible to speak of it impartially, because there is “un parfum qui s'évapore avec des années,” accusing it of wanting originality and individuality of style, he still believes that with the introduction of democracy the inherent Art instinct of the old Gaul, revived by an infusion of national blood, will again produce



Pencil Study by Watteau.

a phase of Art which shall be an honour to the race, as it is a thing to be prayed for. We may add that Sir Joshua Reynolds, Professor Davis, Sir John Lubbock, and a number of English authorities are quoted in support of the argument.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

IMAGINATION AND FEELING ADDRESSED BY ART.—The arts address themselves only to two faculties of the mind—its imagination and its sensibility. It seems to me that the object and intention of all the arts is to supply the natural imperfection of things; and often to gratify the mind by

realising and embodying what never existed but in the imagination.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

FIRST AND SECOND THOUGHTS.—First thoughts are best in Art—second thoughts in other matters.—*William Blake.*

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.

THERE has probably never been a time when the tension between the "Old Society" and "The Institute" has been so tightly drawn as at present. At the crowded private views, which occurred on the same day, the question of the respective merits of the exhibits was but a minor topic compared with that as to whether a fusion of the conflicting interests could be effected, and if not, what would happen? Matters, we believe, stand at present thus:—The new buildings in Piccadilly for the Institute are in progress, and will be completed next summer. But there is still ground to be had abutting on Jermyn Street, which, if obtained, would double the size of the galleries, and give wall space, not only sufficient for the present but future needs of any water-colour society, however large. But once complete, and the Institute housed, they can well afford, after the way in which they have been slighted for years, to ride the high horse, and say, the place is full, to any one even coming cap in hand. If, too, they are wisely and ably governed, they must absorb the majority of the younger men, who will not brook, as in the "Old Society" at present, being members for a long time merely in name, without any voice in the conduct of affairs. Probably one of the earliest results of the transfer of the Institute to its new gallery will be the closing of "The Dudley" and the election of all its better members. If this come to pass, will the "Old Society" maintain its present position? We doubt it. No royal patronage will countervail the steady decline which must await any falling off in the strength of their exhibitors. At present there is a large amount of work which exhibits failing power, and which it requires all the force of younger blood to counteract. And yet we understand that the authors of these works are the very men who set their faces as flints against even the whisperings of such a word as amalgamation. This, spite of the fact, too, that they would have their works received and honoured, if only for their fame in the past, in any academy of water colours. Yet one more cogent reason why the "Royal Society" should hesitate before they make an irrevocable decision. The centre of Art has, surely but steadily, been shifting away from Trafalgar Square. The formation of the South Kensington Museum was the magnet which first influenced it, and this being followed by the removal of the Royal Academy, and the formation of the Grosvenor and other galleries, westward, Pall Mall will probably never again in the memory of man re-attain to any prominent Art position. The new galleries, it is true, are on the wrong side of Piccadilly, but still the difference in the moneys derived from the shilling-paying public in the one case and the other must mean an increasing ratio of affluence and poverty to the societies concerned.

At neither gallery is the collection of sketches remarkable. The beaten track has been left by but one or two. At the Society, Mr. Henry Wallis sends a remarkable series of drawings illustrative of the *Merchant of Venice*, which show much individuality in the conception of subjects, and beauty of colouring in their portrayal. Sir John Gilbert contributes a clever and interesting sketch of himself in his studio; and Mr. J. D. Watson a cartoon of a scolding wife and a drunken husband, which is full of character. Otherwise,

Miss Montalba is still portraying Venice; Mrs. Allingham, Surrey; Mr. Alfred Hunt, Durham; Mr. Pilsbury, a wheat-field; and the remainder, their usual haunts.

We are glad to see that Mr. Albert Goodwin's deserts have been recognised. He has several rare qualities, amongst which may be especially singled out a true sense of the beauty and harmony of colour, and of the value of rendering it in a delicate and pure manner. Added to this, the draughtsmanship is admirable. His drawings are seldom without slight but palpable faults, which would be at once seen and remedied by him were he to come to them again with a fresh eye, or had he an adviser in whose opinion he trusted. Of Mr. Parker, the other recently elected member, it is more difficult to speak; at times he produces a beautiful drawing, and then we see half-a-dozen in which he appears to be striving after some one else's manner. He has latterly taken to painting foreign landscapes: in these he is evidently on the scent of some novel method of translation.

At the Institute, Mr. E. J. Gregory shows in some sketches taken on the Thames and Medway that his forte is not in painting the figure only. Mr. Henry T. Stocks' 'The Blessed Damosel' and 'Night expelled by Day' exhibit a fresh departure of an ambitious character. His modelling is good and his colouring most harmonious. Mr. John Fulleylove's 'An Italian Garden' is much more subdued in colour than his last year's work, and is consequently much righter. His work has all the elements of success. A number of sketches, by the late F. J. Skill, are to be recommended to those who wish in their purchases to combine charity with the possession of some really good and cheap work by a man who should have done great things.

The collection of black and white drawings in the small room is a most interesting one. Note specially the illustrations to 'The Chaplain of the Fleet,' by Mr. Chas. Green, and 'Children's Games,' by the late A. Bouvier.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.—The fifteenth Winter Exhibition at the Dudley Gallery fairly maintains its established standard of merit. Mr. Yeames sends a 'Venetian Water Carrier,' a girl with two quaint brazen vessels carried by a yoke, which is excellent in drawing and tone. Mr. P. R. Morris shows undoubted skill and power in his 'Voice of the Deep,' the light on the water being admirably rendered. Mr. MacWhirter's weird and impressive 'Bridge of Sighs' is an unconventional rendering of that often-painted subject. Mr. H. Helmick, a painter of promise, sends 'The Weather Prophet,' in which the arrangement of light and shade and the clever drawing of the figure leave little to be desired. 'Here they Come!' by Mr. Thomas Blinks, hounds in full cry leaping a fence, has clever drawing in it; and so has 'The Song,' by Mr. A. Ludovici, jun. 'The broken sheds looked sad and strange,' by Mr. Sidney Paget—a deserted farmyard, the horse pond in the foreground nearly choked with weed, but catching here and there the radiance of the setting sun, is suggestive and pathetic. Mr. John Collier's 'The Reluctant Model,' and Mr. J. C. Dollman's 'Don't care was Hanged,' are excellently painted and full of humour. Mr. D. W. Wynfield's 'Spring-time' is more successful in the luxuriant fruit blossoms than in the figures of the children. 'Autumn Anemones,' by Mr.

Charles Stoney, is decorative and good in colour. Other good pictures are 'Rosalind' (Mr. J. D. Watson); 'A Roman Dealer in Curios' (Francisco Pevalata); 'The Thames at Pangbourne' (Mr. J. Aumonier), excellent in tone and general effect; 'Edith, Daughter of Mrs. H. Merton' (Kate Perugini); 'White Antelopes,' painted at Baroda (Mr. J. T. Nettleship); 'A Harmony in Black and Gold' (Miss Ada Tucker), excellently painted; 'Her last Sacrament' (Mr. Arthur Stocks), the best work we have seen by this artist—full of a touching pathos—a solemn subject painted by an able and reverent hand.

PICTURES OF THE SEA.—It was a happy thought of The Fine Art Society to bring together a collection of pictures and drawings of the sea by British artists. Such works must ever have a peculiar charm for Englishmen; they wake a thousand happy memories. They touch the key-note of the old Viking spirit and impulse, which is in the blood of most of us, and is emphatically a part of our birthright. And apart from their romance and fascination there is this interesting fact to give the collection a special interest: it is representative of a distinct British School of Painting—a school which is gathering to itself an individuality and definiteness of purpose year by year. This collection, which has been formed with judgment and appreciation, contains many of the masterpieces of Messrs. Hook, Brett, Colin Hunter, Macallum, Henry Moore, besides

excellent examples of Messrs. Walter Shaw, C. Napier Hemy, Arthur Severn, F. Powell, Collingwood Smith, C. P. Knight, and Mrs. Allingham. Every artist has contributed one or two new works, chief amongst which may be named Mr. Hook's 'Ill blows the Wind that profits Nobody,' undoubtedly the finest piece of sea and sky painting that has ever passed from his hand.

WAKEFIELD.—A Fine Art and Scientific Exhibition was opened on November 10th by Lord Houghton in the rooms of the old Clayton Hospital, the object being to aid the establishment, on a permanent basis, of a Natural History Museum and a Technical School for the furtherance of the study of Science and Art in Wakefield and the neighbourhood. Two large rooms were set apart for the display of oil paintings and water-colour drawings, contributed by gentlemen of the town and district.

CORK.—THE IRISH FINE ART SOCIETY.—This society held its eighteenth exhibition at the Assembly Rooms, from the 7th to the 19th of November. Notwithstanding many disadvantages, the exhibition was a decided success, the average merit of the pictures showing a great improvement on the exhibition held in Cork two seasons previously. To this, doubtless, are due the very great increase in the sales effected, and in the number of visitors to the exhibition.

ART NOTES.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—At a meeting of the Royal Academy, held on December 8th, Mr. Peter Graham, landscape painter, was elected a Royal Academician.

The distribution of prizes to the students of the Royal Academy took place on the 10th ult., when the President delivered his biennial address, taking for his subject "The Relations in which Art stands to Morals and Religion." The following were the prize winners:—Gold medal and travelling studentship, £200, historical painting, S. M. Fisher; Turner gold medal and scholarship, £50, landscape, Bryan Hook; gold medal and travelling studentship, £200, sculpture, O. A. Junck; gold medal and travelling studentship, £200, architecture, J. H. Ince; Creswick prize, £30, Miss M. Hickson; prize of £40, H. M. Paget; Armitage prize, £30, M. W. Griffenhagen; prize of £50, T. C. S. Benham. Silver medallist, H. B. Fisher (two medals); J. E. Breun (two medals); B. E. Ward; Miss T. F. Noyes; Miss S. R. Canton; D. J. Wade; W. B. Bassett-Smith. Mr. Bryan Hook, who took the Turner medal, is a son of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., himself a gold medallist. His success was most warmly received. The competitions for the Historical, Turner, and Creswick Prizes were very keenly contested, and the exhibits were much above the average.

Considerable alterations have taken place in the arrangements of the Royal Academy rooms since the closing of the last exhibition. The room at the head of the stairway has been panelled round with oak; above this a green paper of inharmonious colour has been placed; the panelling could not well have been carried higher, as it is now at a level with the spring of the arches of the doorways, but it appears dwarfed by the enormous green frieze which overtops it.

The dark room on the further side of the rotunda, in which much of the statuary used to be placed, has been re-roofed in a novel manner, and being now better lighted than any other gallery, will probably be a position much sought after by artists. This great improvement makes the rooms in which pictures are hung continuous. The sculpture which was hitherto placed here will now be displayed in what is known as the Lecture Room. The walls of the other rooms have been recoloured, and the ceilings repainted and gilt. The decorations and alterations have been carried out under the superintendence of Mr. Street, R.A. We understand that it is in contemplation in the future to award greater space to Water-colour Art, and that probably a fine gallery for its more prominent display will be built upon the roadway which abuts to the west. Should this long-needed recognition of one of the most distinctly national features of English Art be carried out, it must prejudicially affect the new erection of the Institute on the other side of Piccadilly.—Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools, received on Saturday, the 10th December, a pleasing recognition of the esteem and respect in which he is held. He was presented, on behalf of the students, by Mr. James Christie, a former gold medallist, with a testimonial consisting of three antique silver salvers. The presentation took place after the distribution of medals by Sir F. Leighton in the Antique Schools, amidst a large and enthusiastic gathering of Royal Academicians and students.

We regret, at the moment of going to press, to receive the news of the death of Mr. George Edmund Street, Architect, at the early age of fifty-seven. He was elected a Royal Academician in 1871.

WINDSOR.—Mr. Henry Harvey has had the honour of submitting to the Queen, at Windsor Castle, his bust of General Sir Frederick Roberts, V.C., previous to its dispatch to India.

EDINBURGH.—The prizes of the Life School in the Royal Scottish Academy were presented by the President on 7th December. In making the presentation, Sir Daniel Macnee expressed the general regret felt at the death of Mr. J. C. Henderson, to whom the first prize for painting from the life had been awarded, and whose work showed much care and delicacy, and promise of future excellence. The deceased student was the son of Mr. Joseph Henderson, a well-known landscape painter in Glasgow. The Stuart prize was not awarded, owing to one work only having been submitted for it. To Mr. T. A. Brown was awarded the Keith prize, as the most meritorious student; and the Maclaine-Watters medal, for the best drawing from the life, went to Mr. R. P. Reid.

SÈVRES.—A notable discovery has taken place at Sèvres. Mons. Lauth, the director of the National Porcelain Manufactory, has, after lengthy trials, succeeded in obtaining a china which will receive those enamels which up to the present time have always failed under the action of firing; and colours which have always hitherto flown or lost their brilliancy in that process, now stand admirably.

VIENNA.—As we stated some months ago, an International Art Exhibition will be held at Vienna in April, 1882. The preparations for it are so far complete, that the available space has already been distributed among the exhibiting countries. That allotted to English pictures measures 80 square mètres, and a proportionate amount will be given to

other English works of Art. In order to insure the best and most convenient organization, the General Committee of Management think it desirable that English artists who wish to exhibit their productions should follow the example of the French exhibitors, and elect a committee of their own to be intrusted with the selection of works, their transport, distribution in the building, and other general arrangements.

SWITZERLAND.—Switzerland has decided to have an annual exhibition, analogous to the French Salon, to be held under Government auspices, but with artistic direction.

ST. BUDEAUX, CORNWALL.—This fine old church has recently been restored, principally at the expense of the Duke of Bedford and a number of American gentlemen, in memory of Sir F. Georges, who, in 1635, was governor of the province of Maine, United States.

'CROMWELL AT MARSTON MOOR.'—Since writing the description of Mr. Croft's picture of 'Cromwell at Marston Moor' (page 22), we have received from him the following further information as to the episode:—"The moment chosen is when the fight has just begun, after the two armies have been drawn up opposite one another for a good two hours without any action being taken, save the firing of a stray cannon shot. Cromwell has ridden to a slight elevation, whence he may be able to direct those charges which made the enemy, as he wrote to his brother-in-law, Colonel Walton, 'as stubble to our swords.' Below him is a regiment of Puritan pikemen, who look at their leader with reverent loyalty. The dead Cavalier is one of the first of the four thousand who were slain in that momentous battle."

REVIEWS.

BOOKS.

"A GRAMMAR OF JAPANESE ORNAMENT" (London: B. T. Batsford. 42s.).—Within a gorgeously designed cover Mr. Thomas W. Cutler, for many years an ardent collector of Oriental manufactures, has presented a series of characteristic examples of the natural and conventional ornament of Japanese decorative work. This he prefaces with a succinct sketch of the Japanese people and their industrial arts, a knowledge of which he considers to be necessary to the proper appreciation of their work. It is but a few months ago that we had occasion to review another magnificent work by Messrs. Audsley and Bowes, "The Ceramic Art of Japan;" but that volume was confined to a consideration of a section only of the Art work of that country, whereas the work now before us deals with the varied arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, lacquer, ceramics, textile fabrics, metal, enamel, and decorative work. It aims at instructing as much the manufacturer as the Art collector, and it should succeed in its endeavour, especially as such a work is everywhere needed, now that fashion insists upon the Oriental element being introduced into every branch of ornamentation and design. We lately went through a large manufactory in

the north of England, and made a close inspection of the designing-room, whence issue a large portion of the patterns for the textile fabrics which decorate our houses. We were astonished to find the designers using Japanese ornamentation, with no light to guide them save what was furnished through the local school of Art; not even an occasional visit to London, where they could inspect original work; and as for an Art library, it was never thought of. In such a case as this the volume before us should be a perfect godsend. Take another case. The other day, thanks to the injudicious fussiness of a workman, we were shown into the arcana of a furniture restorer's premises. Whilst prying into these we came across an old Chinese cupboard, on which but a misty background of landscape remained, being furbished up by the introduction of a Japanese foreground with figures copied from a penny print. The workman, and presumably also his master, never imagined that any difference existed between the productions of the one country and the other, or that his restoration could be detected. In removing such ignorance as this Mr. Cutler's book should be of immense service.

"LECTURES ON ARCHITECTURE," delivered at the Royal Academy, by the late E. W. Barry, R.A. (J. Murray).—The sudden death of this talented architect has not, we are glad

to see, hindered the publication in a collected form of the discourses delivered by him as the occupant of the Architectural Chair at the Royal Academy. Written as they were for Art, as well as architectural, students, and for persons young in architectural education and knowledge, they steer clear of technicality and detail, and thus are enjoyable as well as instructive reading. The lectures are prefaced by a memoir, written by Mr. Barry's brother, which is painfully interesting, showing, as it does, a series of disappointments and wrongs received at the hands of the Government, in connection with the National Gallery and Law Courts competitions, and his post as Architectural Superintendent of the Palace at Westminster. These "wore him out before his time, hastened the premature death of one of a naturally sensitive disposition, and must certainly serve as a warning to competitors for Government undertakings."

ETCHING.

'WATCHING.'—Etched by Leon Richeton after a picture by Josef Israels (L. H. Lefèvre).—Nothing shows so much the hold which etching is taking upon the Art world than that there should be a demand for such a modest work as this. It is taken from a picture in which the subject is of the slightest character—a Dutch woman, with face averted from the spectator, watching at a window for some one's return, the wistful look of a dog at her side betokening that anxiety is abroad. A Dutch painter of a couple of centuries ago would have brutalised such a scene. Mr. Israels, it is needless to say, has invested it with a simple pathos which at once transforms it into an attraction to every one.

ENGRAVING.

'BIONDINA.'—Engraved by Samuel Cousins, R.A., from a picture by Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. (The Fine Art Society).—This is the second time that our greatest English mezzotint engraver has occupied himself with the President's work. The graver which translated with such success the dark features of Moretta shows no faltering in modelling the fairer and lovelier face of the Caprian girl who passes under the name of Biondina. We understand that Mr. Cousins at first de-

murred to execute this plate, stating, with characteristic modesty, that his method of work was not so well adapted to the classical style of Sir Frederick Leighton as that of pure line engraving. The result has certainly falsified his prediction, for the plate will hold a foremost place in the long list of the veteran engraver's successes.

CARDS.

NEW YEAR'S CARDS.—We have received a further selection of New Year's cards; amongst them some from Mr. Raphael Tuck, who, we believe, originated the idea of prize exhibitions of these fancies. The extent of his catering for the public may be gauged from the fact that his collection comprises one hundred and eighty distinct sets, or seven hundred individual designs. In the production of these over one thousand persons have been engaged. The prize designs themselves, however, appear to be singularly lacking in appropriateness of subject. The second, of £75, for instance, was taken by Mr. H. Allchin, for Butterflies fluttering among wild flowers, everything represented being singularly unlike nature. Miss E. Baile has been fortunate in having her Owls admirably chromo-lithographed in nineteen colours. Miss Kate Sadler's 'Roses in blue vases' are both well painted and reproduced, and should be largely purchased by students in flower painting. Two classic figures, the 'Recorders of the past and coming Year,' by Mr. J. R. Abraham, which obtained the sixth prize, deserved a higher position. A wantonly cruel piece of satire is a beautifully drawn dead lark, with this inscription beneath it—"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings." Could inappropriateness be carried further?

Messrs. De la Rue's cards are remarkable for the high character of the Art employed in their reproduction. The greater portion of them have been designed by Mr. Coleman, whose nude subjects are by this time getting a little hackneyed. We prefer a symphony in yellow, children playing and singing carols, as showing a much higher phase of Art.

A series of small cards, with "little rustics" bringing presents across the fields to old English homesteads, published by Messrs. Philipp Brothers, are daintily quaint.

PRIZES FOR WOOD ENGRAVING.

IN order to encourage the pursuit of wood engraving, and to raise the standard of the work at present being produced in England, the proprietors of the *Art Journal* offer the following prizes:—

A prize of twenty guineas and a prize of fifteen guineas for the best and second best woodcuts of a figure subject which has not been previously engraved.

Two prizes of like amount for the best and second best woodcuts of a landscape.

The base line of competing woodcuts must not exceed seven inches; the superficial area must not be less than thirty-five square inches.

Competitors must be resident in England, and no engraver can take more than one prize in each class.

In the event of firms of wood engravers competing, works

sent in by them will only be admitted conditionally on the name of the actual producer of the woodcut being furnished.

The prize blocks, and the copyright therein, will be the property of the proprietors of the *Art Journal*, and they will be published in due course in the Journal.

The proprietors may purchase any wood block which has not obtained a prize for the sum of ten guineas.

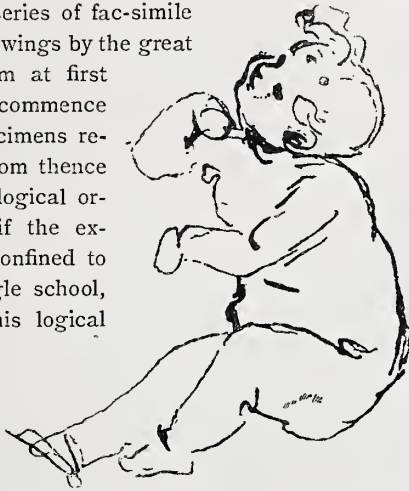
The prizes will be awarded by the following judges:—The Editor of the *Art Journal*, the Director of the *Graphic*, and a Member of the Royal Academy. It will be within their power to withhold any of the prizes should the competing works not be considered sufficiently deserving.

All works intended for competition must be delivered at the office of the *Art Journal*, 294, City Road, London, E.C., addressed to the Editor, on or before the 10th of April, 1882.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.

LEONARDO DA VINCI. (No. 1.)

IN setting forth a series of fac-simile illustrations of drawings by the great masters, it would seem at first glance desirable to commence with the earliest specimens remaining to us, and from thence to proceed in chronological order. And, indeed, if the examples were to be confined to the masters of a single school, the advantages of this logical sequence are too obvious to be lightly set aside. In the present case, however, it is intended to reproduce the works of



No. 1.

artists of various schools and countries, and, for the sake of variety—it being deemed advantageous to alternate a Florentine master with a Venetian, or a Dutch with a German—the order of date at once loses its importance. At the same time the sequence we shall endeavour to preserve will not be the result of caprice.

Respecting the value of the drawings by the old masters, whether for aids to the appreciation and understanding of their completed works, or for their own intrinsic beauty, there is happily no need for insistence. The learned treatises or lighter essays which have appeared in our own and other languages, especially since photography has placed these priceless treasures within the reach of all, must, in a greater or lesser degree, be familiar to lovers of Art. If proofs were wanted of the extended appreciation of this form of Art, one need only point to the various collections of photographic reproductions which have appeared within the last twenty-five years, and to the striking success of such recent exhibitions as those at the Grosvenor Gallery, Burlington House, and the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Bearing on this subject, it may be remarked, there is no surer test of a genuine taste for Art than the capacity for enjoying a fine old master drawing. The deduction, gratifying to those interested in the advancement of Art, is too obvious to require statement.

However high, collectors of drawings, following their special inclination or the fashion of the day, have ranked the works of the various great names in painting, there is no master who has attained such wide and lasting recognition as Leonardo da Vinci. And this general acknowledgment of supremacy may be taken as a true estimate. In ordinary parlance the divers schools and masters are accredited with the possession of separate excellences. Leonardo shone in

all these high qualities, and in some was supreme. So far in respect to the art of painting. Furthermore, he was sculptor and architect and engineer. In science he was the precursor of Galileo, and anticipated some of the most important discoveries of the present century; and, even more important, he was the initiator of the modern system of scientific investigation, and as such was the precursor of Bacon. He was an accomplished musician, and his strength, beauty, and the suasive eloquence of his conversation would have made him a commanding personality in any age, as it certainly did in his own.

Vasari, writing thirty years after the death of Leonardo, places his biography at the head of the third and last division of his biographies. So exceptional was his position, it might almost have stood alone between the second and third parts. In him culminated the youthful strength and freshness of the preceding centuries; he indicated the new departure, and himself achieved its most splendid triumph. There are probably few of those delighting in the biographies of Vasari who do not find that of Leonardo the most attractive, and also the most tantalising; attractive for the revelation of a personality which fascinates the imagination like the mysterious smile of his own *Giocondo* in the Louvre, and tantalising for its omissions or half-glimpses of facts and occurrences, which more patient industry and accurate insight might have placed before us in their true light and relation. Not comprehending the real bearing of Leonardo's scientific investigations.



No. 2.

Vasari sought to give interest to his narrative by recounting some of the marvellous feats of mechanical ingenuity which the great experimentalist occasionally displayed to amuse and astonish his friends. This prominence, given to what could only have been little more than a pastime, is essentially mis-

leading to those who only know of Leonardo from Vasari; it has perhaps even influenced so profound a student of the Italian Renaissance as Mr. Symonds, who somewhat fancifully styles him the "Wizard of the Renaissance"—an epithet we are inclined to think Leonardo himself would most energetically have disclaimed. Yet, after all, despite its fragmentary nature, Vasari's life will always be the basis from which succeeding biographers must work. It may be useful here to mention some of the other biographies of Leonardo which may be consulted. In Italian there is a short contemporary life, by an anonymous author, to be found in "Archivio Storico Italiano," third series, vol. xvi. Also Amoretti's "Memorie Storiche" and Bossi's "Cenacolo," both published in the beginning of this century. In French there are the lives written by MM. Houssaye, Charles Blanc, and Charles Clément. The most recent biography in German is to be found in "Kunst und Künstler des Mittelalters und der Neuzeit," written by Dr. Carl Brun. In English we have the lives by Brown (now of little value), Mrs. Heaton (containing an essay on Leonardo's scientific acquirements by Mr. Black), and recently a short, but really useful work by Dr. Richter. There are also others published in the various languages we have enumerated, besides separate essays on Leonardo and contributions to his biography; among the notices, that of Mr. Symonds, in his great work mentioned above, may be especially recommended.

But a biography adequate to the importance of the subject has yet to

be done; it must remain unwritten till the various archives have been thoroughly searched, till the manuscripts of Leonardo have been properly edited, and, it may be added, till the recovery of many of them which are now missing. Here, indeed, lies one of the chief difficulties of the undertaking, for, according to M. Charles Ravaisson, the papers now known are not a thirtieth part of those left by Leonardo. At present we have scarcely more than a bare outline of a biography—true, a magnificent outline—abounding in brilliant incidents and stirring situations. We can trace Leonardo's career from his early childhood at Vinci, his father's estate in the Valdarno; there, in the woods and valleys which surround the little town and castle, he must early have imbibed his love of nature. He was then taken to Florence,

and, in its intellectual history, there is no more important event than the advent of this radiant young Apollo, in the golden prime of the Renaissance, at this its throne and centre. We hear of the ardour with which he pursued his mathematical studies, his admission to the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, and his rapid rise to mastery in painting, sculpture, and architecture. His accomplishments gave him a distinguished position in a society which was the arbiter of taste, and learning, and fine manners in Europe. At the age of thirty he goes to Milan, invited by Lodovico Sforza, who sought to give splendour to his court by gathering round him the most celebrated names in Art and literature. Vasari tells how Leonardo went with that wondrous lute of silver, his own

construction, shaped like a horse's head, whereon he accompanied his songs, the music also being of his own composition. At Milan his activity seems to have been enormous. He painted the 'Cenacolo' and other pictures; he modelled the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza; engineering works, artillery, machinery of all kinds, the invention and direction of pageants and triumphs, each and all were evolved from his universal intelligence. After staying at Milan some eighteen years came the fall of Lodovico Sforza, who was deprived of his duchy by the French: this compelled Leonardo to retire to Venice. From thence he seems to have passed into the service of Caesar Borgia, as Inspector and Constructor of Fortresses, and in that capacity he travelled over a large part of Italy, making plans and maps.

Caesar's dream of carving out a throne for himself in Central Italy, or even perhaps mastering the whole of the Peninsula, was dispelled by the poison cup which carried off his father and nearly killed himself. Again Leonardo settles at Florence, in the service of the Republic, which had been established at the expulsion of the Medici. He painted in the Sala del Consiglio, in the Palazzo della Signoria, his celebrated 'Battle of the Standard.' At the same period he painted the Mona Lisa and other portraits, and made the cartoon of the St. Anna. A few years found him returned to Milan, but this time in the service of the French king. On the overthrow of the French power he was again obliged to quit Milan. Then he proceeded to Rome, where Giovanni di Medici had recently been installed Pope under the title of



No. 3.

Leo X. Soon, however, seemed to have come a pressing invitation from the young French king, Francis I., to settle in France, together with the promise of a liberal annual pension. This offer was accepted by Leonardo; a château at Amboise was assigned to him, and there he passed the few remaining years of his life, surrounded by a band of faithful followers and pupils who had accompanied him from Italy. Though he received unbounded honours from the French king, and found all material wants amply provided for, the residence in France must have been neither more nor less than exile for this the most brilliant incarnation of the Italian Renaissance. And exile must have been rendered doubly sad by the knowledge that Italy herself lay torn and vanquished, her liberty destroyed, and her land the spoil of the foreigner. He was spared the knowledge of the final degradation—of the life-giving aspirations of the Renaissance crushed and scattered by the brute force of the spiritual tyranny of the counter Reformation.

Mention has been made of the 'Last Supper,' the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, and the 'Battle of the



No. 4.

Standard.' These, from all contemporary evidence, were Leonardo's artistic masterpieces. All, unfortunately, have perished. For the 'Last Supper,' as we see it now, restored and again restored, is but a wreck, with not one touch of its painter remaining. Of its dramatic power, of the noble dignity of the disciples, of the divine compassion of the Redeemer, nothing need be said; for there can be no one to whom the composition, in some shape or other, is not familiar. No picture has ever been so multiplied by engraving. It has attained an imperishable immortality. Leonardo's easel pictures were never numerous; they are now reduced, according to his latest biographer, Dr. Richter, to eight; and this list includes the 'Vierge aux Rochers' and the 'St. Anne' of the Louvre, and neither of them seems to have been entirely painted by him. The 'Vierge aux Rochers' in the National Gallery, which differs slightly from the Paris composition, is, saving some repainting in the left hand of the Virgin, undoubtedly entirely the work of Leonardo. It has not the celebrity of the Mona Lisa, nor does its inspiration quite reach the ineffable beauty of her look and smile; still it is full of all the master's splendid power and exalted imagination. It

is one of the class of pictures which makes the reputation of a gallery, which brings it unmistakably into the front rank. Our most recent acquisition, it is easy to see the position it has taken in popular esteem. Its imaginative conception and forcible presentment at once arrest attention; it com-



No. 5.

pletes its conquest by the potent charm of its poetic significance and profoundly devotional sentiment.

While, however, the productions of Leonardo in fresco and oil have been so sadly reduced, we have, happily, ample material in existence to judge of his artistic power in the many and copious collections of his drawings. These alone would justify the verdict of his contemporaries as to his position as an artist. Probably by none of the great masters have we so many specimens of their skill in draughtsmanship. Leonardo's drawings are also remarkable for their variety; first thoughts and finished designs for pictures, studies from nature of the human figure, of drapery, of landscapes, of plants and animals, drawings for sculpture, machinery and architecture, and even this does not exhaust the list of subjects, though it indicates the many-sided nature of his genius. Respecting their quality, it is scarcely necessary to say they



No. 6.

are the perfection of workmanship. His hand never missed its mark. If the intention was merely the suggestion of an idea, it indicates the possibilities of complete realisation. If a study from nature, we always find the essential feature is seized; sometimes the finish is carried to the last degree of refinement.

Therefore their value to the student is inestimable, and to all who can appreciate beauty of workmanship embodying character and emotion they are a source of never-ending delight.

Enumeration of celebrated collections where Leonardo is represented, and reference to particular drawings, must be left for a future paper. It may, however, be mentioned that England is especially rich in Leonardo designs; but a word of warning is perhaps desirable, which is, that many drawings attributed to the master are not really by his hand. The specimens selected for illustration in the present paper are from the British Museum and the Royal Collection at Windsor. They all, it will be seen, refer to one composition—whether only projected, or embodied in painting, there is no evidence to show. If painted, it would doubtless have been called the 'Madonna del Gatto,' but there is no mention of such a subject from the easel of Leonardo, either by his contemporaries or by more recent writers. We may therefore conclude the idea was not carried further. Had such realisation been accomplished, we should have possessed an especially characteristic specimen of Leonardo's work, delightful for its graceful motive, and touching our hearts by its suggestion of homely life. The drawing reproduced on a separate page is evidently Leonardo's final arrangement of the composition: here, besides the grouping, there is an indication of the expression, and of his especially beautiful type of head. In No. 3 of the illustrations in the text it will be noticed there are three suggestions for the direction of the head of the Madonna, a frequent practice with Leonardo in composing his groups. These two sketches, with the smaller ones, Nos. 1, 2, 4, 5, are from the British Museum. They are particularly noteworthy from showing us Leonardo's method of composing; and more delightful fragments of brilliant improvisation cannot be imagined. Leonardo has given a free play to his fancy, and from every seemingly wayward mood of that fancy has sprung a masterpiece, overflowing with life and gaiety; the very lines—sparkling and flashing—are instinct with movement and animation. No. 6, from her Majesty's

collection at Windsor, seems to refer to another arrangement of a similar motive. It is from a sheet on which, like that of the British Museum, there are several studies of variations of action and position; they are more finished in execution, as will be seen from the illustration—which is perhaps not so successful in rendering the character of the original as are the others. Altogether these sketches give us a most interesting glimpse of the artist's method and manner of procedure. They are the materials for one of the unpainted masterpieces of the Gallery of the Imagination. We may imagine the divine expression of maternal love, and, as in other similar instances in Leonardo's work, some episode of symbolic significance foreshadowing a momentous event in her Son's future history. A charming specimen of this class of composition is described by Frater Petrus de Mavolaria, in a letter to the Marchesa Isabella Gonzaga. "The little picture represents a Madonna seated, and at work with a spindle, while the infant Christ, with one foot upon the basket of flax, holds it by the handle, and looks with wonder at four rays of light which fall in the form of a cross, as if wishing for them. Smilingly he grasps the spindle, which he seeks to withhold from his mother." This, it will be seen by those familiar with the Madonna pictures of an earlier period, introduces a new element into a subject which, however often repeated, never ceases to be attractive. It is precisely in this dramatic treatment, and the introduction of poetic suggestions, leading the imagination into regions beyond the subject represented, wherewith consists the originality of Leonardo as a painter. He here takes the position in plastic art that men of science have assigned to him in their department. He may be said to be the Columbus of modern Art. The vast regions whose existence he has indicated may not yet all have been fully explored, victories in unknown territories of Art have still to be achieved, but wherever and whenever the triumph, the honour of initiation will always be due to the fresh impulse and vigorous direction given to modern Art by Leonardo da Vinci.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE INITIAL LETTERS OF THE EARLY PRINTERS.



One can study the early history of printing and examine the works of the first masters of the art without being impressed with the efforts of the inventors of movable types to counterfeit, or to produce actual fac-similes of, the manuscripts of the date when they first practised their craft. It was not until many years had elapsed after the period of the discovery of printing that the work was wholly emancipated from the scribes, the illuminators, and the monkish missal painters, who until this period had monopolized the production of books and manuscripts. Printing was, until long after its invention, looked upon as a mystery in the hands of a few master craftsmen, who, doubtless, could ill afford to offend those who had hitherto retained, so to speak, the command of the market; and while the earliest works were copies of the Bibles and Psalters, such as had

till then been prepared in the monasteries, the books had to go through the hands of the illuminators for many of their finishing touches, and left the printing-press in a very imperfect and incomplete form.

The first books contained, in fact, nearly as much of the workmanship of the illuminator as of the printer, and required additions in manuscript or in colours on every page to render them perfect and ready for use. As soon as the art began to spread beyond the few initiated workmen, who either stole the invention from its first discoverer, whoever he may have been, or who arrived spontaneously, as some have thought, about the middle of the fifteenth century, at the knowledge of a process for the mechanical production of books, it became necessary to devise means to add, during the printing, the capitals, the pagination, the indexes, and many other matters, which at first were delegated to the scribes and illuminators, and to enable all these details to be completed at one operation. The preparation of ornamental wood-block capital letters, capable of being printed along with the type, was, we believe, an



FROM A SKETCH BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

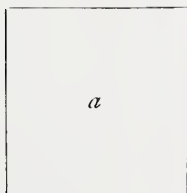
LONDON, J. S. VIRTUE & CO LIMITED.

improvement introduced by the German printers at an earlier date than most writers on the subject have imagined. Thus many of the recent text-books on the printer's art have reproduced the mistaken assertion of Peignot, who in his "Dictionnaire de Bibliologie," vol. i. p. 13, assures us that Alopa, a Venetian printer, was the first to employ initial letters printed with the type. Maittaire says, in his "Annales Typographiques," that in the first edition of the works of Lascaire, printed by Alopa in 1494, beautiful capital letters were made use of for the first time. Lalanne, who treats of this subject in his "Curiosités Bibliographiques," reproduces the remarks of Peignot, but tells us that this peculiarity is met with in many works published prior to the above date. To any one who has made a study of the works of the early printers this fact is, of course, well known, though it is still a matter of some difficulty to assign an exact date for the commencement of the employment of initial letters.

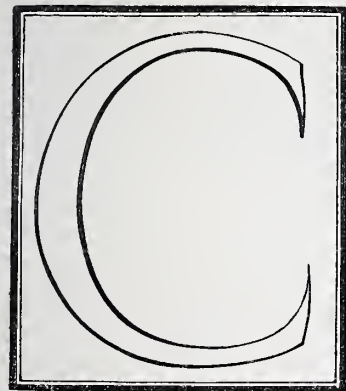
In the books which were already becoming numerous about 1470 the printers were in the habit of leaving a blank space in the type for the illuminator to fill in the requisite capital, and as if to form a guide for him, or perhaps because the persons who were employed on this work were not always sufficiently able scholars to supply the missing letter, it was the practice to place in the centre of this blank a small letter indicating the one required, thus:—

The first attempt at block cutting to supply the place of the work of the illuminator was probably the outline of a letter to be subsequently filled in and completed in colour. Letters of this kind are frequently found in Italian books of the close of the fifteenth century. We give a somewhat late example from

the first illustrated edition of the works of Vitruvius by Frater Jocundus, printed at Venice in 1511. We have selected this



C because it happens to be one of the earliest types of this kind of initial letter, and is an instance of the survival, if we may so term it, of an old block to a date long after its first introduction. This repeated use of wood-block capital letters is one of the most puzzling matters to students of the art of printing, for letters dating back nearly a hundred years and produced in another part



of Europe are sometimes found in books of an entirely different character. Thus a special set of initial letters, designed in the first instance with scriptural subjects for some early Bible, comes at a later time to be employed for a book of jests or a work on horsemanship; and again, an undoubtedly German series of subjects is transplanted to some little town in Southern Italy. The first printers were great rovers, and no sooner had they completed a work of importance in one city than they packed up their presses and types and started off to some other town, where as yet printing was unknown, or where they thought they would find a more ready sale for their books.

A curious feature connected with the first use of initial letters is the utter want of uniformity of character between the

type and the style of capital letter employed, and very often even between the letters used in one part of a book and those to be found in another. It would seem that in those days, when such letters were scarce, and when comparatively few sets had been produced, the printer, either from necessity or from a want of a due appreciation of the incongruity he was causing, took any letters which came to hand, and used them almost indiscriminately. This defect is less apparent in the infancy of printing than it is in works produced about the middle of the sixteenth century, when every town of importance already had its press, and when pirated editions were as fashionable almost as they are now.

The migrations of printers and the interchange of type and wood blocks render it an extremely difficult matter to determine when special sets of letters were first used, and to settle with precision the origin of the various alphabets of initial letters. Initial letters of a Gothic type are of course much more rare than those of the Italian character, for it was not until the end of the fifteenth century, when the Italian character was fast supplanting the so-called "black letter" or "Gothic character" of the early printers, that the use of wood-block initial letters became general. A fine and very interesting example of a Gothic initial letter of an early date is found at the commencement of the preface of the "Fasciculus Temporum," printed at Venice by Erhardt Ratdolt, of Augsburg, in the year 1481. This G we have reproduced in fac-simile on page 57, as it is quite characteristic of the earliest decorated form of such letters.

If we examine the illuminated letters supplied by the missal painter to the books first printed, we find that at the middle of the fifteenth century it was the custom to surround the capital with a square or border, or to place it on a groundwork of various colours made out into the form of a square. Thus a V would be treated in three tints, the V itself being gold, the space enclosed within the V blue, the triangular space on the right red, and that on the left green. On this dark ground a fine interlacing pattern of foliage in white body-colour is most frequently added, and occasionally the illuminator, with a pen of red or blue ink, traced upwards and downwards a band of ornament which extended considerably beyond the square enclosing the letter. It is scarcely necessary that we should assign the practice of enclosing the capital letter in a square to the book illuminators of the period immediately anterior to the introduction of printing, for it is obvious that in preparing wood-block letters to be printed with the type the square form was a matter of absolute necessity.

We may note in passing that, in the books in which initial letters first occur, they appear generally to have been very sparingly used. In the "Fasciculus Temporum," to which we have already referred, there are only two, the second one being of far less importance than the one we have engraved. Another point in connection with such letters is the great disproportion in size between them and the type. This may have been due to certain difficulties in the way of cutting small blocks, or it may have arisen from the fact that the letters were produced in the first instance for larger types, or for use only at the very beginning of the work. Where the letters are added in manuscript, they generally accord fairly well with the size and character of the type.

As the first printers made their hand-cut types so exactly after the fashion of the manuscript letters of the period that it is almost a matter of difficulty to distinguish between the written and printed characters, so the first initial letters pro-

duced to supersede the work of the illuminators appear to have been designed from some of the most ordinary forms of painted capitals. The examples of the letters N and D, taken from the "Life of Campanus," printed at Milan by M. Feronis in 1495, are fairly characteristic of one of the earliest types of such letters, and carry us a stage beyond the mere outline capital to which we have already referred. In these letters, one of which heads this article, and the other used on page 47, we still have a representation of the coloured ground, which is here supplied by the black of the uncut block. The brushwork of the illuminator is represented by the lines of foliage, and the style of the work, together with the rude execution, denotes the early date of these capitals. The ornament is, if anything, a century earlier than the probable time when these letters were prepared. The fact that we find them in use in Milan in 1495 is, as before stated, no guide to the period when they were originally employed, as we find in the same book two, if not three, entirely different styles of letters, some of them indicating a considerable improvement upon the rude workmanship of those under notice.

As in the course of time the wood engravers became more skilful, and capable of rendering delicate lines and fine shading, the initial letters gradually assumed a far greater degree of elegance and minuteness of detail; and in the process of the evolution of the art we find that these letters became vehicles for the introduction of ornament of a very high character, and were even made to serve as illustrations for the books in which they were employed. The Italian and German printers soon began to introduce figures, birds, and animals among the interlacing foliage of the earlier capitals, and the foliage underwent a process of gradual refinement. We have selected a few specimens to indicate the progress of the art. The R we used in our last number, on page 9, is an early example of the use of the figure, and the P given at page 44 belongs to the same alphabet. We have seen the rude Gothic ornament of the edition of the works of Campanus printed at Milan in 1495. This evidently gave rise to the freer and more elegant foliage found in the background of the letters E and I, which we have reproduced from the works of J. Major, printed by J. Badius, or Bade, at Paris in 1519, and which serve as capitals on pages 4 and 23 of our last issue. This style of initial probably reached the culminating point of refinement and grace in the alphabet much used by French printers about the first half of the sixteenth century, of which we engraved last month the S and A, on pages 13 and 17. These are taken from a book printed by Stephens in 1549. This alphabet has been frequently selected for illustration, and cannot fail to be greatly admired by all who appreciate the harmonious and exquisite balance with which the ornament is distributed over and adapted to the space for which it is designed. A noticeable feature of the letters of this character is the introduction of dots or white points over the field or groundwork. There can be little doubt that, as the lines of ornament were diminished in width, it became necessary to adopt this device to lighten up the black background, and we very soon find that dots, larger at first, but gradually becoming more minute, were introduced into the groundwork. It is not generally known that the Italian capital letters of the form employed in this alphabet were objects of careful study; and Sebastian Serlio, in his fourth book of "The Orders of Architecture," devotes a chapter to this subject, and gives a wood-block illustration of each letter, showing its proper proportion, and the true manner in which it is to be formed.

When once it had become a fashion to insert figure subjects in the panels which contained the initial letter, there was no limit to the display of fanciful designs which such letters embodied, and we find sets of letters specially made for particular works, many admirably drawn. The Italian printers appear to have been the first to employ initial letters of this kind, though we have many beautiful examples of German and French workmanship. It would be impossible to give more than the most superficial idea of the variety and beauty of these figure-subject initial letters. Collections in which they appear by the hundred and thousand may be seen in the South Kensington Museum. It is a favourite tenet of those who have paid but slight attention to this matter, to believe that Holbein designed all the letters in the style of the German *petits-maitres*; and if he had indeed produced only half the initial letters which have been ascribed to him, he must have spent a great part of his time upon work of this kind. There can be but little doubt that Holbein did execute a set of such letters, and those contained in the famous Basle Bible are believed to be by him. The designing of such letters must have been a labour of love with many of the engravers of that time, and numerous beautiful alphabets attest the care and thought bestowed upon them. We have selected for illustration two exquisite little Italian subjects from a set illustrative of games and pastimes. Each letter presents us with a different game. Thus of those we have chosen, the A representing a group of card-players, which commences our last number, and the G two men bowling at nine-pins, at page 50, will give a good idea of the way in which each subject is treated.

Among the other letters of this set the B illustrates dice-playing, the C playing on musical instruments, the E jumping over a cord, the F bowls, the H tennis, and the L fencing. This initial alphabet occurs in the "Letters of Tolomeus," printed by Giolito at Venice in 1547, though it is obvious that the designs were not originally prepared for this book. Indeed, we find in use side by side with them certain letters with scriptural subjects, and others with incidents drawn from ancient mythology. The work in question contains several hundred beautiful initials, and as it possesses but little value on the score of its literary merits, it has become quite scarce in consequence of the ruthless manner in which it has been cut up by dealers in woodcuts. It is a curious reflection that a book of the sixteenth century should sell in the nineteenth merely to cut to pieces on account of its ornamental letters. What a fate for the poor author to shudder over in his grave!

Visitors to the South Kensington Museum will doubtless have noticed the figure-subject alphabet designed by the late Mr. Godfrey Sykes, which has been modelled in relief by his pupils, and is much employed in the decoration of the courts and galleries. We are enabled to present our readers with illustrations of two of these letters, S and L, on pages 61 and 64. These letters contrast well with the older work, and will show how ably Mr. Sykes has availed himself of the inspiration obtained from some of these early sources.

We may consider that in the figure subjects of the Italian engravers the initial letters reached their prime. Those who trace them onwards from this time cannot fail to notice how soon the art appears to have been lost. The first sign of decay becomes manifest when the subject is made of more importance than the letter: this was never the case in the earlier examples. In course of time, while the framework became heavier and larger, the letter diminished in size and

importance, till we find it occupying only one corner of the enclosing square, or even in some instances it is turned out of it altogether. In the seventeenth century the use of such decorative capitals was very sparing, and the practice may almost be said to have become extinct in the last century. Latterly there are many signs that the employment of such initial letters is being revived, and we hail this revival with satisfaction. The use of such letters, when they are well designed, and in keeping with the position they occupy, is, we think, productive of much good. Our contemporary, Mr. Punch, has shown us, in some admirable specimens, how many lessons may be conveyed by a single letter, and the initials of Mr.

Linley Sambourne ought not to be overlooked when writing on this subject. The fault of employing initial letters indiscriminately has ever been one of the sins for which the printers must be blamed, and it is too much to expect that they should give us specially designed capital letters to accord with every new work. Still we must not forget that there are good examples and bad ones; and we trust these few observations on a subject which we cannot but think has scarcely received the attention it deserves, may attract some of our readers to the study of the early specimens of initial letters.

GILBERT R. REDGRAVE.

HULL.

HULL was included in the old "Thieves' Litany," better known as "Halifax Law." The distich ran as follows:—

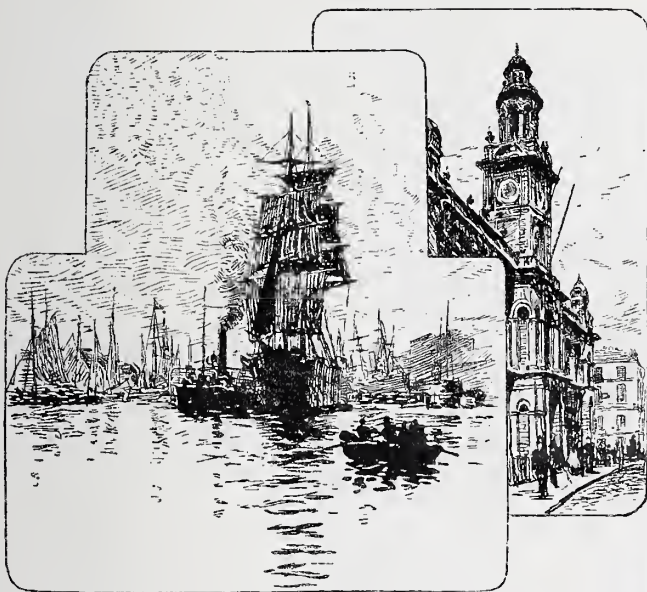
"From Hull, Hell, and Halifax
Good Lord deliver us."

And the saying originated in the sharp measure meted out to evil-doers in these two prominent commercial towns. The

resting near it, took in at a glance, and immediately acquired from the Abbot of Meaux. Edward laid out a town on the spot after the manner of the Free Towns planted in Aquitaine, and encouraged people to settle there by liberal grants. The King's city prospered rapidly under royal patronage, which succeeding kings continued to give, and within sixty years of its creation Hull was able to furnish Edward with a quota of men and ships little behind that supplied by London itself.

From henceforth the progress of this flourishing seaport was steady and continuous. Successful sons did much to extend its privileges and add to its possessions. The De la Poles, a Hull family of merchant princes, quickly rose to eminence in the state; they were ennobled, became great statesmen, and prosperous favourites of kings. By grant and bequest they conferred many benefits upon Hull. Sir John Lister, twice mayor in the time of Charles I., also endowed a hospital or refuge for men and women, and the town itself founded a Trinity House, which, besides doing a great deal of charitable work by maintaining distressed seamen, has also charge of the buoys and beacons along the Yorkshire coast, and the appointment of pilots. The commendable practice has continued down to our own times, and one of the noteworthy of the sights of Hull is the people's park, lying to the north of the town in the Sculcoates district, which was presented to Hull by Sir P. C. Pearson in 1860, when mayor. This munificent gift greatly impoverished the donor, it is said, who was in straitened means afterwards till the day of his death.

Kingston-upon-Hull, to give it its full and proper designation, is before everything a seaport town. It ranks fourth in the kingdom, and does a thriving import and export trade, being admirably situated for both. A river, from which it takes its name, intersects the town, affording a waterway and secure harbour; tall warehouses margin this, with cranes in mid-air, from which dangle barrels and great bales discharged from the shipping alongside. Up this narrow canal there is not water deep enough for large craft, but the place is thronged with "keels" or "bottoms," the flat-bottomed barges with their quaint Dutch-built outlines, gaily painted, which work coastwise as well as inland between Hull and the seaports far and near, from the Tweed to the Thames, and the riverside towns upon the Ouse and the Trent. As they lie here to be unladen their masts are unshipped, and we see nothing of the great tan-stained sails which are so prominent a feature on the



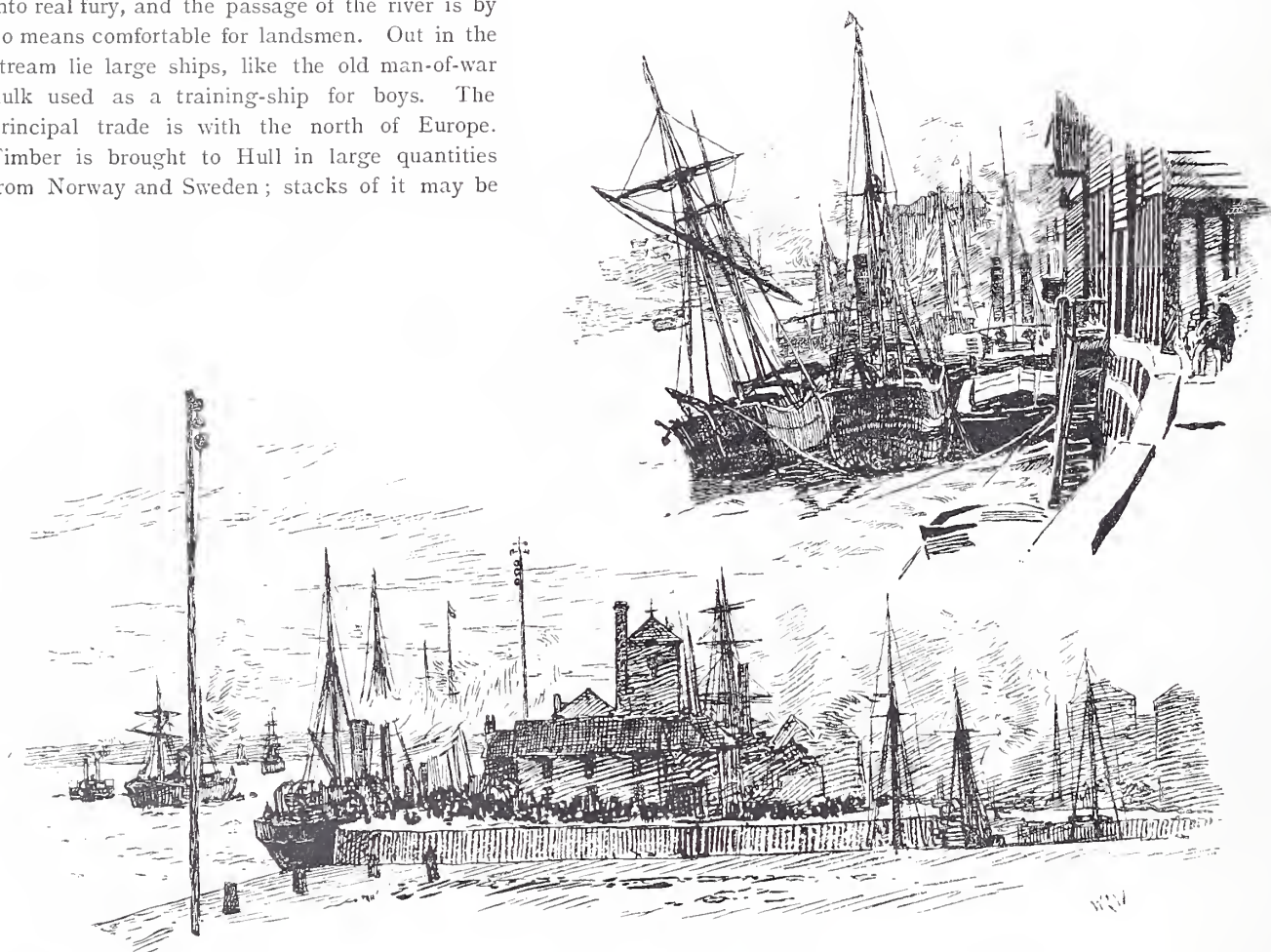
Dock and Public Buildings, Hull.

law ran that whoever should be caught in a felony, provided that what he stole could be valued by any four constables at thirtcen-pence halfpenny and upwards, should be forthwith beheaded. The instrument used was a square gibbet with a sliding axe, the prototype, in fact, of the guillotine, and the identical instrument which Queen Elizabeth's Regent, Morton, introduced into Scotland, and by which—strange fatality!—he himself died. The sentence was actually inflicted late on in the seventeenth century, and its ruthless severity well explains this doggerel quoted above. Old Hull, in thus prescribing capital punishment for a minor offence, was no doubt jealous of its good name. It had been constituted a royal city centuries before—"the King's town upon Hull," the site whose maritime importance far-seeing Edward I., when

neighbouring waters. One of the most picturesque sights upon the broad Humber is a procession of barges stealing slowly up or down stream, the big reddish-brown sails of which stand up strong against the sky, in beautiful contrast with the green banks or the blue distance of the far-off Lincolnshire shore.

But upon the Humber the scene is generally busier, the shipping more important than mere barges, and hailing from all parts of the globe. From the stream is the west view of the city, and its long quays and wharfs, the steamboat piers, with their busy traffic up river and down, and across to Barton on the Lincolnshire side. The great Humber is more like an estuary or an arm of the sea than an ordinary river. Its yellow waters are tossed up into mimic waves, which are lashed at times into real fury, and the passage of the river is by no means comfortable for landmen. Out in the stream lie large ships, like the old man-of-war hulk used as a training-ship for boys. The principal trade is with the north of Europe. Timber is brought to Hull in large quantities from Norway and Sweden; stacks of it may be

seen all about the town, stored, and waiting removal inland. From Sweden, too, large quantities of thin iron bars are sent to be passed on to Sheffield, and to reappear as steel in knife blades and other tools. At times the wharfs are encumbered with barrels of German yeast, which are distributed throughout the midland and northern counties. Of late the importation of live stock, of fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce, has greatly increased, and these comestibles are drawn from the other side of the German Ocean, to be dispatched in special vans by special trains inland. The connection with Holland is maintained by special lines of steamers, passenger and traffic, and its long continuance is shown by the many Dutch

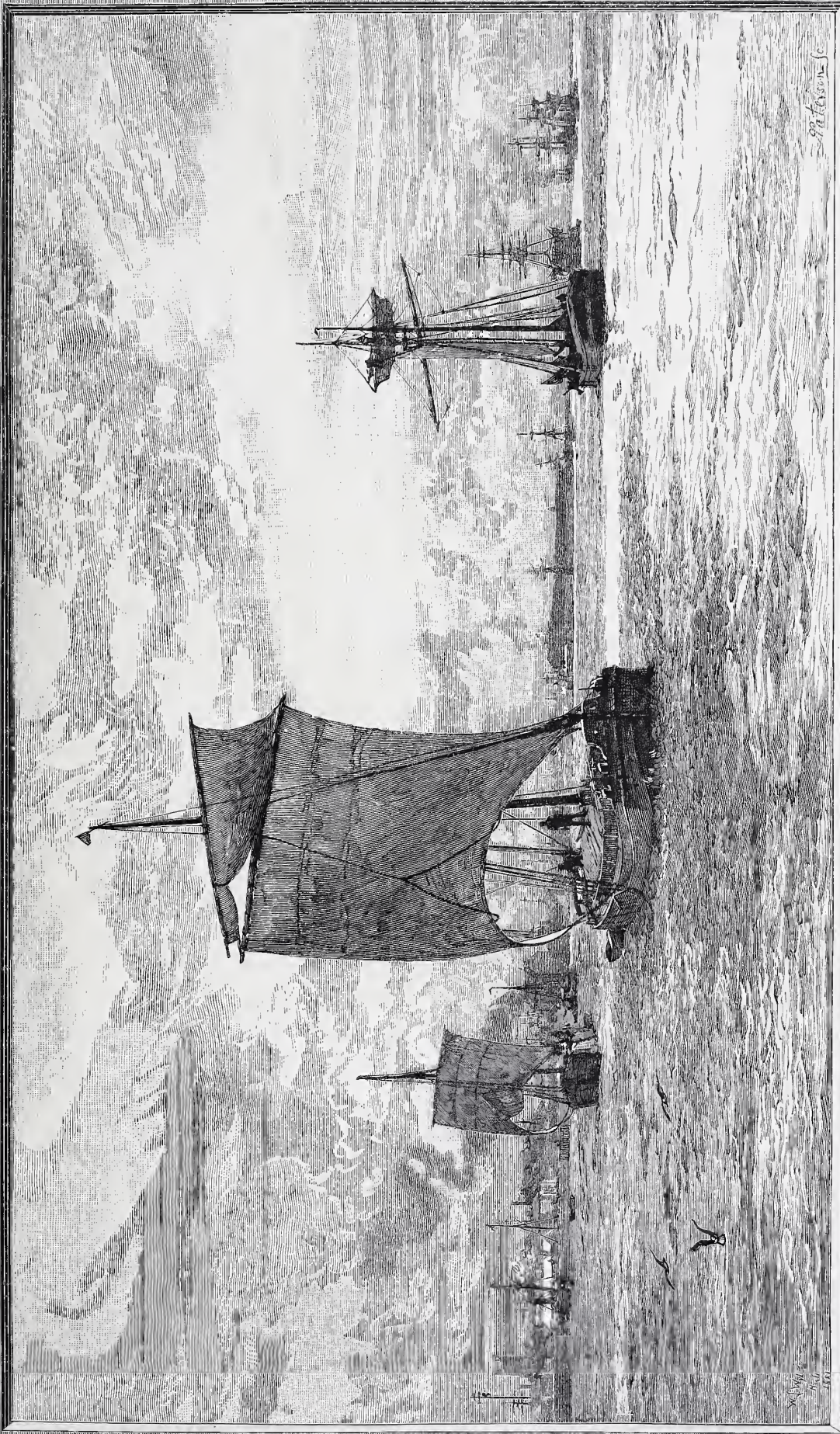


Dock at Hull, looking up the Humber.

names which have become naturalised, and are to be frequently encountered over the shop-fronts—still more by the numerous specimens of old delft and other articles of vertu from the Low Countries, which may at times be picked up in the old curiosity shops of Hull. Another proof of the close connection maintained between this Yorkshire port and Scandinavian countries is to be seen in the crowds of Norse emigrants who make Hull a first resting-place on their journey from the old world to the new. These aliens from Gothenburg, Christiania, Copenhagen, and other northern ports are landed at Hull, whence they travel by train to Liverpool to reship. They are a melancholy sight, as with

their bag and baggage and all their belongings and household gods they fill the railway station in disconsolate crowds, while their interpreter and leader manages all their affairs, and presently sends them a stage farther on, like so many cattle bound for the shambles.

Hull trade is not confined to the north, although it has practically a monopoly of the passenger traffic with Norway and Sweden. It does an active business in fish, goaded, no doubt, to great and yet greater enterprise by the keen competition of its neighbour, Great Grimsby, a port also on the Humber, and much nearer the sea. Great Grimsby is a quickly expanded, thriving town of the American type, having



Drawn by W. L. Wyllie.]

The Port of Hull.

[Engraved by R. Paterson.

a sharp eye to the main chance, and clever enough to make the most of its advantages. In the same way Goole, higher up stream, and really on the Ouse, not on the Humber, tries hard to rob Hull of its fruit and vegetable trade, not entirely without success. Hull has, indeed, suffered much from commercial competition. It has long lain at the mercy of that great and powerful railway company, the North Eastern, the line which Stephenson engineered, and Hudson, the railway king, financed, and which holds the counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland in its grip. For years past Hull, lying in a corner as it were, far off the main line of roads, had been neglected; the service of daily trains was limited, and there were but few expresses, while the goods traffic was heavily handicapped by prohibitive tariffs. Naturally other ports, which were more liberally treated, thrived at the expense of Hull. But now at last, after a fierce parliamentary struggle, a bill has been obtained for a new and independent line to Barnsley, which will bring Hull into direct connection with the railway system of Lancashire. The passing of the bill was celebrated as a great event in Hull; general public rejoicings took place; Colonel Smythe, through whose active exertions the bill was obtained, was hailed as "liberator;" and the town was everywhere placarded with giant posters announcing its "emancipation."

New docks have been designed as part of this scheme of railway extension. They are to be constructed in continuation of those already existing, but lower down the river. The money needed has been secured. The works are already undertaken, and are being pushed rapidly ahead. Crowds of "navvies," the noise and turmoil of a hundred engines, the movement to and fro along the Hedon Road, indicate sufficiently the importance of the undertaking. Its value may be better estimated by the fact that the fortunate owner of a strip of land required to be incorporated into the docks, who would have gladly sold his property a year or two ago for a few hundred pounds, has recently gone into court claiming about seventy thousand pounds for the piece. This increase of dock accommodation proves that business is steadily advancing in Hull. Yet the port could never have been called badly off for docks. The oldest was completed some hundred years ago, in 1778; it was then the largest in the United Kingdom, and its shares, originally up to a hundred and fifty pounds, are now worth a couple of thousand at least each. This is now known as the Queen's Dock, and it is connected by the Prince's, formerly the Junction Dock, with the Humber Dock, which dates from 1809, and communicates with the Humber. A later dock, the Victoria, was opened in 1850. It occupies much of the site of the old citadel, a twenty-one gun fort, intended to command the harbour, the name of which is still preserved in the present Citadel Street. The old "garrison," or stronghold, and barrack, which figured conspicuously in the old history of Hull, stood on this spot. A curious plan is preserved in Gent's "History of Hull," which indicates the angle bastions and the fosse, or "New Cut." The Victoria Dock communicates with two large timber ponds and a half-tide basin, with the Humber on one side, and by the Drypool Basin with the Hull River on the other. The most recently constructed docks are the Albert and others running parallel to the Humber, and named after the Prince Consort. This dock leads into the Humber Basin, at the end of which are the principal piers, the West, East, and Corporation Piers. The latter is the starting-point of the railway traffic through Lin-

colnshire to London, a system not without its faults, which has, however, provided additional means of approaching and leaving Hull. This part of the riverside is the liveliest quarter of the town. There is constant movement; as the ferry steamers to Barton come and go, lots of sailors show themselves, and a number of officious roughs ready to make themselves useful. There are custom agents, too, on the alert and watchful, as is only right, to protect the public revenue. A year or two back Hull was the scene of one of the most gigantic tobacco-smuggling cases ever known. The perpetrators were too clever to follow a hackneyed plan. They were ambitious, and executed their fraud on a large scale. The tobacco was brought in by a full-rigged ship specially chartered for the purpose. Her cargo was discharged in the usual way, but the keels to which it was transferred were taken up stream, and the cargoes landed privately. The tobacco was then stored in the private villa residence of one of the smugglers, whence it was conveyed by carts to the large inland manufacturing towns. The game went on for a long time, and was finally discovered by the chance stranding and desertion of a barge during heavy weather in the Humber. All this time the commercial men who "travelled" for tobacco had found it almost impossible to get an order in Yorkshire; they were invariably undersold by those who had untaxed tobacco for disposal.

Modern Hull can hardly be styled an architecturally beautiful city. Money has been spent without stint, but not in "æsthetic" improvement. But the place is well and strongly built, with tall, fine houses in narrow, but well-paved, regular streets. Many of these preserve quaint, old-fashioned titles to this day. Whitefriar Gate and Myton Gate remain, the latter being the name of the lordship which, with the town of Wyke, or Wyke-upon-Hull, was sold to Edward I. by the Abbot of Meaux. Near these is the "Land of Green Ginger," a name still applied seriously and officially to a street in the busiest part of the town, the words being printed in full at the head of letter paper, and the locality being occupied by solicitors and merchants of the highest repute. Not far off, again, is "Bolaly," an obvious degeneration of Bowl Alley, as the street is termed in ancient maps of the town. Blanket Row, Dagger Lane, the Ropery, Postern Gate, are other thoroughfares also, marked traces of which still remain; and there is in Hull a Paragon Street, a title not unknown elsewhere, as at Bath and one or two other towns.

Many quaint old edifices survive also, buildings with façades, and "overdoors" which would delight the heart of Mr. Norman Shaw and others vowed to the Queen Anne revival. These are principally in the old part, that which was originally within the walls, although others are to be met with in Dock Street, George Street, and Lowgate: one of the most curious is the house in High Street, no longer a principal thoroughfare, but a narrow dirty lane, where William Wilberforce, the philanthropist, was born. He is buried, it will be remembered, in Westminster Abbey, but a tall statue on a sandstone pillar was erected to him in 1834 in Hull, and it may be seen in one of the illustrations towering above the shipping. Wilberforce came into an ample fortune early, and devoted himself to the cause of the negroes soon after his election to Parliament, where he sat for many years for Hull. Slavery was abolished a short time before his death. Among other worthies to whom Hull gave birth may be mentioned Andrew Marvel, "the incorruptible patriot," whom Charles II. vainly sought by the most

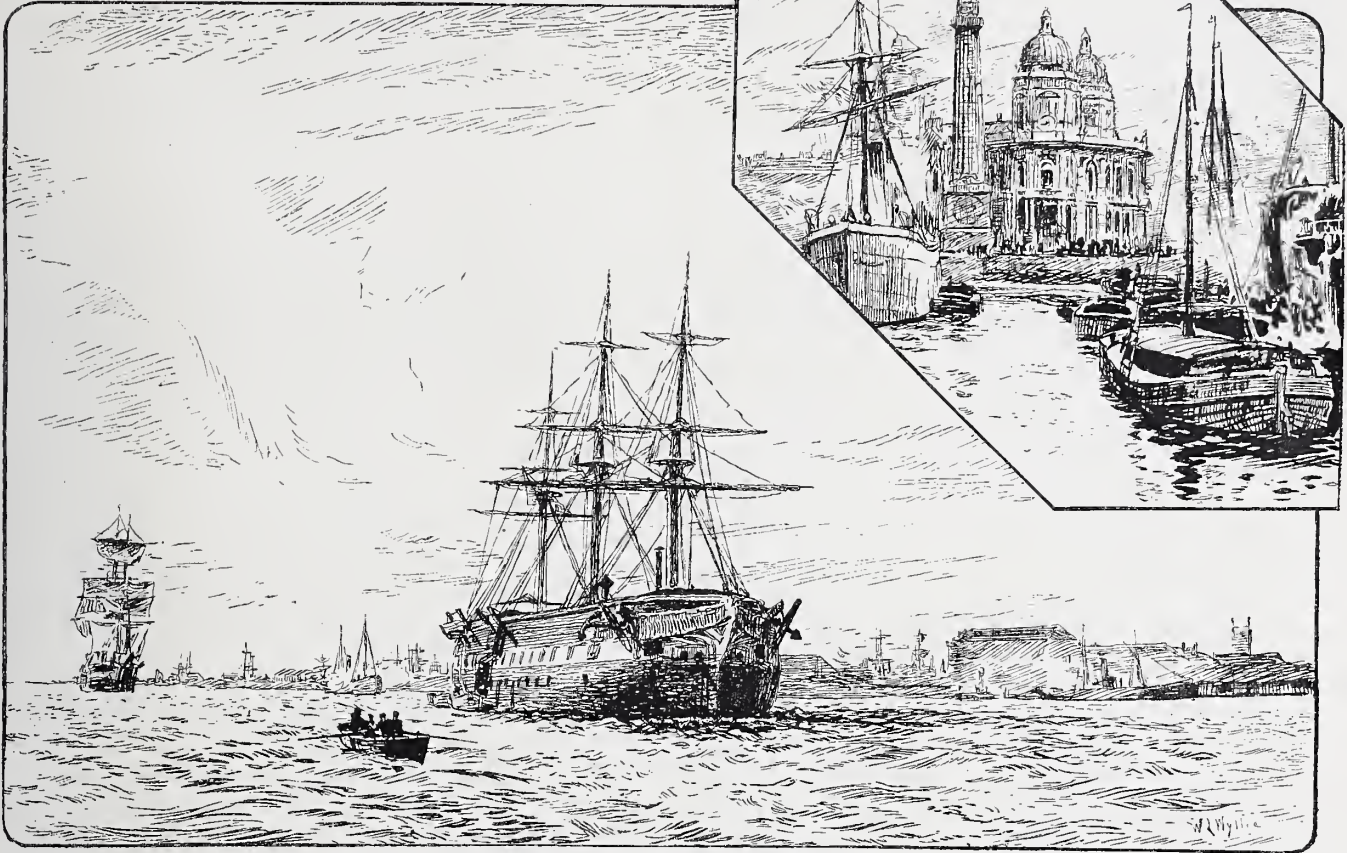


BY THE LOCH-GUINE

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. MAC WHIRTER, A.R.A.

brilliant offers to win over to the Court party. Marvel lived in comparative poverty in a little court off the Strand, up two pairs of stairs. In Parliament he made no great show of eloquence or talent, but he was always highly esteemed for his rugged honesty and straightforward character. His

father was minister of St. Mary's, Lowgate, a church of the Perpendicular period, with a large eastern window and a fine organ by Schnetler, celebrated for its trumpet stop. This



The River, Hull. Training Ship in Harbour.

church was restored some years ago by Sir Gilbert Scott. This talented architect also restored a sepulchral chapel in the Church of the Holy Trinity, the finest and oldest church of Hull, which was commenced in 1312 under the direct

patronage of Edward II., who at that time was holding his court at York.

It should be mentioned that the illustrations are taken from drawings specially made by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY THE LOCH-SIDE.—Drawn and etched by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A. The suggestiveness of successful etching is here very apparent. The placid surface of the loch, the rustle and movement of the reeds swayed slowly by the twist and eddy of the water, the stalwart shepherd going homeward in quiet content, the sheep passing softly on their way to fold—everything harmonizes with the lingering beauty of the dying day.

'A SIESTA.'—Painted by C. E. Perugini, engraved by F. Holl. By the kindness of H.R.H. Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, we are permitted to give an engraving of this picture, which was purchased by him from the walls of the Academy last year. This is undoubtedly one of the most

delightful works which have proceeded from Mr. Perugini's studio. The draperies are painted with accurate knowledge and skill, and are evidently the result of a careful study of the antique. The drooping of the refined head, the control of the light, the variety of the textures, the graceful leaves and tendrils of the vine which break so well the architectural lines—these are some of the points which go to make up a charming picture. We may mention that his Royal Highness has expressed his entire satisfaction with Mr. Holl's engraving.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the British Museum. This is referred to in the article on Leonardo which commences on page 33.

"THE TRUE RELATION OF THE PAINTER'S ART TO ARCHITECTURE."



PERHAPS the architect of to-day has no more puzzling problem to deal with in the course of his multifarious duties than when called upon to complete his work by the aid of colours. From time to time, efforts on a large scale are made to embellish our public buildings by the employment of

the sister art of painting, and one by one such efforts are felt to fall far short of the desired level of success. With ample resources, and with an abundance of painters of indisputable excellence, it is a frequent matter of reluctant and regretful admission that the money spent has been practically wasted, the talent misapplied. The permanent effect of many such attempts is almost nil. There is the usual temporary excitement, the nine days' wonder, and then oblivion, too often followed by neglect and decay. With every fresh demand for the exercise of the painter's special functions in the interest of architecture, a review of the whole subject becomes necessary; and both the architect and the painter who would assist and complete his work are still, in this nineteenth century, thrown back on a consideration of first principles.

As a matter of course their thoughts instantly turn to the precedents furnished by antiquity. Nothing is more certain than that in all the great periods of architecture the charm of colour was freely, even profusely, employed in its service. Not to speak of the gorgeous, if somewhat barbaric, splendour of the Egyptian Temples, whose surfaces had not a square inch unadorned by the brightest colour at command, and whose works, one and all, disclose in their builders a passionate love of colour, we turn for help to Greece, the true starting-point for all our modern Art. By common consent the Greeks are credited with an extreme, nay, fastidious, sense of refinement in all their works. Every particle of their public buildings reveals, the more exactly it is analyzed, the solicitude of their authors for the utmost attainable purity of outline, proportion, and delicacy of ornamental detail.

Yet, although we are not even now at all points exactly informed as to the actual scheme of colouring used in any special case, we have the best grounds for believing that the Grecian temples, like those of Egypt, were wholly covered with colour and gold.

The external faces of the cella were, it may reasonably be concluded, painted in some instances a bright blue, in others red. Sometimes a dado of dark red ran along the bottom of the wall, and the upper portion was coloured blue, the horizontal division throwing out into fuller relief the vertical lines of the advancing colonnade, the separate columns of which were sometimes painted yellow, and sometimes even gilded. The whole of the entablature was similarly treated. The ground of the metopes was painted blue or red. The sculptured subjects were gilded. The lines of mouldings bore bright hues, and the channellings separating them were strengthened by appropriate shades. When the crowning cyma was not carved into relief it bore in painted lines the honeysuckle or other characteristic ornament. The ground-work of the tympanum or pediment was painted a bright blue

or red, and the whole of the sculpture was brought out with colour and gold unsparingly applied. It is further agreed by the best authorities that the colouring of Greek buildings and Greek statuary was not the work of later and less artistically competent ages, but that such entered into the original design of the architects and sculptors.

The image which this description calls up before the mind is startling in its wide departure from the actual fabrics which charm us by quite other qualities—by the feeling of unity which pervades them, by their exquisite proportions, by the extreme delicacy of every part of the structure, the subtle profiles of the mouldings, the reflected lights and shades of the fluted columns, and the exquisite tenderness and variety of the weather staining, nature's handiwork, on the smooth surface of the precious marble. Nor can we resist the conviction that much of the delicacy, the finesse, and the refinement which we perceive in these works must have been sunk in the blaze of colour and gold with which they were loaded, or that, despite the anxiety of their authors for the utmost perfection of form, the real appeal to the public was through their enjoyment of magnificent colour.

Ancient Roman Art affords but little guidance in the question before us. The decoration, when applied to domestic and public buildings, was derived from Greek models, and in most cases it is believed was the work of Grecian hands. The revived Greek of Byzantium shows clearly that the craving for colour survived all the vicissitudes of Greek Art, and sought in the glowing mosaics of the dome, distinctive of that revival, its fullest satisfaction.

The architecture of the Middle Ages has much in common with the best periods of Greek Art. In its "sweet reasonableness," in the rational character of its constructive scheme, its nice adjustment of mass, its untiring elaboration of minute points of detail, in the exercise of a luxuriant fancy always restrained by the nicest taste, and especially in an intense, a passionate delight in colour, that delight in pure colour which finds eloquent expression in every page of Chaucer. Evidences of this are to be found on the walls of all our cathedrals, of countless parish churches, in the remains of the great castles which were the residences of our kings, and in the ruined manor-houses which are scattered over the face of the kingdom. But the actual remains of the art are but scanty compared with the records of its general application to the works of the Middle Ages which the documents of the time so abundantly furnish.

The Close Rolls of the early part of the thirteenth century contain many royal instructions regarding the embellishments of the kingly chambers. In 1250 Henry III. directed Edward of Westminster to cause effigies of the Apostles to be painted round the walls of St. Stephen's Chapel, together with figures of the Blessed Virgin and a representation of the Day of Judgment. Later "Odo the Goldsmith" is ordered to paint the King's chamber green "in the manner of a hanging"—a favourite device—with listes or borders with the Evangelists, angels censuring, &c. One William, a Florentine, was about the same time busy at Guildford painting the chamber for the reception of the Queen, and he was still further commanded to adorn the King's wardrobe at Westminster with a series of historical and legendary subjects, all selected by the

King himself. A peep into these old records is like opening one of the missals of the time. They are ablaze with gold and jewels, and gorgeous colouring. As time went on the religious character of the imagery gave place in a measure to a growing fondness for heraldic blazonry, historical scenes, allegories, "sotelties," and the like; on great occasions, such as royal banquets and coronation ceremonies, the fancy was racked for new and strange splendours. We can form, from an extant description, a very clear notion of the decoration of the great hall at Henry VIII.'s coronation, where the walls were all coloured with white and green lozenges, "and in every lozenge was either a rose, or a pomegranate, or a shief of arrowes all gilded with fine gold."

Of the prodigal use of gold and colour in our ecclesiastical edifices we have still many fairly perfect examples, especially in the roofs and rood screens of the parish churches in the eastern counties, and in other parts of the kingdom.

But what is more surprising, the *exteriors* were in numerous cases similarly decorated. Not only in those parts of Europe where climatic conditions are less inimical to the duration of such art, but even in our own England. The portals at Tintern, to give an instance, were covered with colour and gilding. The great Tower at Windsor was painted in resemblance of a rose, and the account for the pigments so employed is still extant. The front of Notre-Dame was almost entirely covered with the brightest colouring, statuary and all, and so of many edifices throughout Western Europe.

These facts only add to the perplexities of the modern artist when he looks for guidance to the past; he cannot realise, without some misgivings as to their artistic value, these strenuous and persistent efforts of our ancestors for the adornment of their buildings. He cannot but think that the less simple and more sophisticated taste of the present time would recoil from the general blaze, the *garishness* of these mediæval works. That if by the stroke of a wand our great ecclesiastical edifices could cast their quiet garb and resume the glowing and gorgeous colouring of their palmy days, we should as artists feel it a loss rather than a gain. We should regard the authors of the work in the light of children in Art, with a childlike love of colour, and a childlike tendency to lay it on thick; and the wearied eyes would turn for relief to the remembered harmonies of quiet grey, the lights and shades, the tender colouring of age, and the serener grandeur of the unadorned exteriors.

The manner in which we continue to regard sculpture gives a test of this feeling on a small scale. We have seen that the ancients coloured and gilded all their statuary. It requires, however, an effort to believe that the virgin marble, whose exquisite texture and delicate tone are with us almost as deep a source of delight as the forms imparted by the sculptor's chisel, could have been covered with full flesh tints, the drapery loaded with bright colour, and gold employed unsparingly, to heighten the effect. We have seen some tentative and hesitating experiments in the revival of the ancient treatment; but the result has been generally condemned and the practice abandoned. The religious statuary of Munich is not held to take very high rank as Art, and we know how repugnant to a cultivated taste is the gaudy imagery of the continental churches. The utmost liberty we can allow ourselves is to touch with ever so light a hand the inner folds of a robe, or trace in golden lines its brodered hem.

I will not here speak at length on the paintings with which the Italian artists of the Renaissance covered the walls they reared, but I must draw a moral from their practice. The system they employed was, I submit, wholly at variance with the true relation of the painter's art to architecture. The vaults of the Gothic builders retained under pictorial treatment the clearest evidences of their actual forms and surfaces. The angelic and beatified beings adorning them were imponderable abstractions, glorified bodies, and as such perfectly and obviously in place. The angels and saints of the Renaissance were mere human beings in a high state of physical development, having all the attributes of a vigorous earthly life, and posing in defiance of all the laws of gravity. The vaults and domes in which they expatiate are depths of unfathomable azure, broken by clouds and other atmospheric phenomena. Their authors simply painted pictures in difficult places, and it would have been more convenient to them and to us if they had painted their pictures on canvas or panel, and placed them for our gratification in positions where their merits could have been appreciated without running the risk of dislocating our necks. That works of this description are of *no assistance*, as they should be, to the architecture, is seen from the fact that, following their introduction, all architectural features were swept away to make room for them, or were arranged in arbitrary combinations for their accommodation and display. This course was the logically correct one; architectural features are irrelevant in a gallery of pictures, and, conversely, mere pictures, as such above described, are an embarrassment to architecture.

In applying to our modern practice the lessons left us by antiquity, we must be on our guard against an error which is prevalent, namely, that the ancient or mediæval practice was simply its absolute perfection in every particular, and that our sole business is to follow it implicitly in modern works. I think I have said enough to show the questionable value of this kind of teaching.

There are, however, some conditions of a successful union of the sister arts of architecture and painting in friendly effort at mutual assistance which will scarcely be challenged. It is taken for granted that the architecture is to be adorned—not disguised or concealed—by the painter; that it in fact holds the first place in the scheme. There should consequently be an apparent as well as a real *entente* between them. It should be clearly visible at once that the decoration, the colour, and the gilding are *in aid* of the architecture, and not in antagonism thereto, or holding with it any kind of competition. The colour, the floral designs, &c., should bring into prominence the lines of the structure, emphasizing them here and there, and deepening and enforcing their opposing shades and shadows. Above all, the surfaces should never be disguised, nor their solidity compromised, for if so the balance of the architect's work is disturbed. And this consideration gives the key to the whole subject. In an easel picture—dispute about the fact as we may—the end sought is *illusion*. The painter represents horizontal distances on a vertical plane. His whole training has been to give rotundity to that which is flat, to throw across the distant features of his subject the effect of atmosphere which shall remove them in appearance from their actual position on the plane of the wall. He makes, in short, a hole in the wall through which we look, and in so far as he succeeds he destroys the architecture he is summoned to adorn. Moreover, the effective accomplishment of his purpose involves the employment of a

wide range of tints, and is fatal to the simpler harmonies essential for the success of the work as a whole. One picture is almost necessarily at cross purposes with its neighbour, probably by a separate hand, and in an altogether different manner. And thus we get as a result simply a gallery of works of Art absorbing the attention of the spectator, defeating the object with which they were painted by effacing the architecture it was their duty to assist and adorn.

In order to avoid falling into this fatal error it is desirable that the range of the palette should be restricted, as the mediæval painters unavoidably restricted it, to the simple earths, yellow ochre, brown, red, black, white, and their mixture grey, green, a sparing use of blue, and gold—this last to be used principally in flat surfaces, and as a means of harmonizing the otherwise intractable blue. With these and the counterchanging of ornament, which their use affords, the leading lines and features of the work may be sufficiently emphasized. For the figure subjects—the soul of all—we may follow the wise procedure which the mediævalists adopted, and we have the means of bringing their system to a perfection which was far beyond their reach.

It would appear from the old records above referred to that the general scheme of decoration was settled with the artist charged with its execution; but that having been done, in general terms, he was left considerable liberty in his treatment of it. This reliance upon the discretion and ability of the artist is common in all the contracts of the Middle Ages, whether for stained glass, for altars and their elaborate tabernacle work, &c. The short specification for King's College Chapel, Cambridge, is familiar to all archaeologists. The artists who were charged with the work had subordinates, who executed it under their direction and personal supervision, and from their designs. All the records confirm this. Here are one or two entries from the Close Rolls of Edward III., temp. 1352. "To Hugh de St. Albans ordering (or designing) the drawings for the painters—one day, 1s." "To the same, working on the disposition of the painting for the chapel—3 days, 3s.," and so on. Scattered amongst these are entries of the work of the subordinates of worthy Hugh—men who were not paid 1s. per day as the master designer was, but at rates varying from 6d. to 10d. per day. To one John Barneby, the Apelles of the time, the large sum of 2s. per day was paid.

In this system, which was partly employed by the great painters of the Italian Renaissance, there is a hint for us. Our plan of selecting distinguished painters of easel pictures, and paying them two or three thousand guineas to paint us easel pictures on walls, has not succeeded. Nor is it likely to succeed. A painter so employed is occupied with other thoughts than the architecture or the architect's fame. He brings to his work the traditions of the studio, "fights" like Hal o' th' Wynd "for his *own hand*," challenges a separate recognition, and in producing a picture destroys the architecture.

What we want is some painter of the highest skill in design and grouping, with sufficient love of Art and sufficiently public-spirited to make him sink his personality, as Master Hugh de St. Albans did, and give his whole energy to the "ordination" of the work and the "disposition" of the whole for the painters. If we could prevail upon the Barnebys and the Hughs of our day to "dispose" and "ordinate" the subjects, the walls of our modern buildings might soon

be clothed with beautiful and appropriate works of real Art.

And for this reason: the part which the subordinate would be called upon to play is one that can be learnt. It may be conceded that a really great painter is a growth independent of all law, certainly of all calculation. We must take him as he comes to us, and be thankful when we get him. But the art of the draughtsman almost all can with reasonable diligence acquire. "The line," as Thackeray puts it, "you can by repeated effort force into its true place; but who can compel the circumambient air?" Now we want for our perfect architectural decoration the utmost attainable truth of line, and we don't want the "circumambient air;" it is a hindrance to our work. To many, indeed, the want of colour is not felt in the presence of perfect drawing. Many good pictures are absolutely improved by translation into black and white. Does any one wish the application of colour to Flaxman's outlines? Perfect drawing is a sufficient vehicle of expression if only the *thought* be there. Nearly half a century ago Matthew Digby Wyatt called attention "to a peculiar mode of decoration, once common in Italy, by the use of coats of different coloured plaster one over the other, the bottom dark, the next grey, the third white. To produce a dark tint the artist removed the plaster till he reached the dark ground; for a half tint he scraped off the white; the white was left for strong lights. This is a method well adapted to English practice and to English climate, as all the coats of plaster might be made to resist moisture." If the black and grey be too cold and sombre, sepia or umber might of course be substituted. A field for an experiment in this direction is seldom wanting. The cost could be nothing compared to that of employing a company of great artists to paint separate finished pictures for us. The new Law Courts are fast approaching completion, and the great hall will be probably one of the very finest architectural compositions in the world. It has strongly marked architectural masses and divisions. Its extent is sufficient for any artistic scheme. It has opportunities and amplitude for effective decorative art which scarcely any modern European building can show. It will be occupied by all sorts and conditions of men, some full of anxieties incidental to the law, many simply idling away the intervals in legal procedure. Spectators of the work will never be wanting. We have a history which is nowhere intelligently illustrated within four walls, or we have legal and constitutional incidents in our national life which can never be illustrated too often. We have artists of the Hugh de St. Albans type of the highest skill, and our schools are overflowing with intelligent draughtsmen who would hail an opportunity of carrying into execution, in simple outline or in subdued masses of gilding and low-toned colour, the "ordinations" of an acknowledged leader. Here is an opportunity for a *real* school of design. The demand upon the master's time need not be such as to interfere unduly with his ordinary practice. We should secure the highest skill in composition united with perfection of drawing, and the whole being the work of one mind would have the requisite breadth of treatment to give it dignity. The "Suitors' Fund" is far from being exhausted, and its administrators cannot pretend to a want of the comparatively moderate sum which an experiment such as that now suggested would involve. Is it not worth making, in the interests alike of the architect, the painter, and the public?

E. INGRESS BELL.

THE SHEPHERD'S TOWER, FLORENCE.

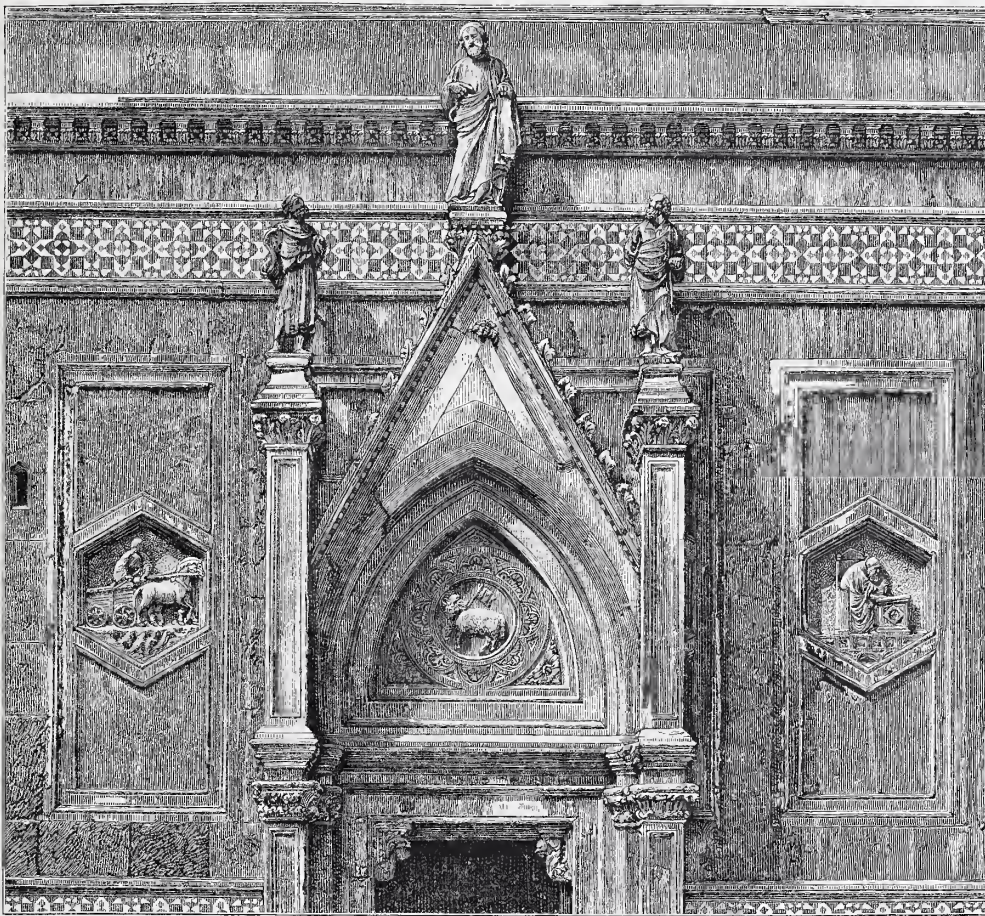


DOUBTLESS many of our readers are aware that Mr. Ruskin has of late been compiling, for the help of the few travellers who still care for their monuments, short and cheap pocket guides to Venice, to Florence, and still later, to Amiens. They may not, however, know that, in order that these relics of the great past may

not only be studied on the spot, but in "quiet homes far away," he is now issuing a series of photographs to accompany them. From these he has permitted us to make wood blocks, and, further, to use such matter as is necessary for

their explanation. We therefore cull from "Mornings in Florence," and from a Preface issued with the photographs, the following account of "The Shepherd's Tower" and its wonderful sculpturings.

"Forty years ago there was assuredly no spot of ground, out of Palestine, in all the round world, on which, if you knew, even but a little, the true course of that world's history, you saw with so much joyful reverence the dawn of morning, as at the foot of the Tower of Giotto. For there the traditions of faith and hope, of both the Gentile and Jewish races, met for their beautiful labour: the Baptistery of Florence is the last building raised on the earth by the descendants of the workmen taught by Dædalus: and the Tower of Giotto is the loveliest of those raised on earth under the inspiration



Entrance to the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

of the men who lifted up the tabernacle in the wilderness. Of living Greek work there is none after the Florentine Baptistery; of living Christian work, none so perfect as the Tower of Giotto; and, under the gleam and shadow of their marbles, the morning light was haunted by the ghosts of the Father of Natural Science, Galileo; of Sacred Art, Angelico, and of the Master of Sacred Song. Which spot of ground the modern Florentine has made his principal hackney-coach stand and omnibus station. The hackney coaches, with their more or less farmyard-like litter of occasional hay, and smell of variously mixed horse-manure, are yet in more permissible harmony with the place than the ordinary populace of a

fashionable promenade would be, with its cigars, spitting, and harlot-planned fineries; but the omnibus place of call being in front of the door of the tower, renders it impossible to stand for a moment near it, to look at the sculptures either of the eastern or southern side; while the north side is enclosed with an iron railing, and usually encumbered with lumber as well: not a soul in Florence ever caring now for sight of any piece of its old artists' work; and the mass of strangers being on the whole intent on nothing but getting the omnibus to go by steam; and on seeing the cathedral in one swift circuit, by glimpses between the puffs of it.

"Deluge of profanity, drowning dome and tower in Stygian

pool of vilest thought,—nothing now left sacred, in the places where once—nothing was profane.

“For *that* is indeed the teaching, if you could receive it, of the Tower of Giotto; as of all Christian Art in its day. Next to declaration of the facts of the Gospel, its purpose (often in actual work the eagerest) was to show the *power* of the Gospel. History of Christ in due place; yes, history of all He did, and how He died: but then, and often, as I say, with more animated imagination, the showing of His risen presence in granting the harvests and guiding the labour of the year. All sun and rain, and length or decline of days received from His hand; all joy, and grief, and strength, or cessation of labour, indulged or endured, as in His sight

graved and coloured Bible of Giotto and his school became their inevitable master, and a continual monitor of all that was dutiful in the work and lovely in the hope of Christian persons.

“The Master’s own estimate of the power of these bas-reliefs must have been very high; for instead of making them a part of such encrusted and continuous decoration as the most powerful sculptor of the Pisan school had accustomed the populace to expect, he sets them as gems in a kind of Etruscan chain round the base of his tower, minute in the extreme compared to the extent of its surface; so far above the eye as to secure them absolutely from all chance of injury or wear, but by time and its mud and rain; and entirely unrecommended and unassisted by the slightest external minor imageries of organic form. In all fine northern sculpture of the time, the external courses of foliage, and crockets, and bosses of pinnacle, relieve the simplicity of falling draperies, and disguise or enrich with picturesque shadow the harshnesses of feature and expression in the figures. But here the Master allows only the severest masonry and mouldings to approach or limit his subject; requires, in concentrated space, undisturbed attention; and trusts, without the slightest link of decoration, to the inner sequence and consistency of thought.”

Mr. Ruskin has thus numbered and named the bas-reliefs:—(1) The Creation of Man; (2) The Creation of Woman; (3) Original Labour; (4) Jabal; (5) Jubal; (6) Tubal Cain; (7) Noah; (8) Astronomy; (9) Building; (10) Pottery; (11) Riding; (12) Weaving; (13) The Giving of Law; (14) Dædalus; (15) Navigation; (16) Hercules and Antæus; (17) Ploughing; (18) The Chariot; (19) The Lamb, with the Symbol of Resurrection; (20) Geometry; (21) Sculpture; (22) Painting; (23) Grammar; (24) Arithmetic; (25) Logic; (26) Song; (27) Harmony. And thus classified them. The first six illustrate nomad life, learning how to assert its supremacy over other wandering creatures, herbs, and beasts; the next seven fixed home life, developing race and country;



Sculpture from a Bas-relief on the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

and to His glory. And the familiar employments of the seasons, the homely toils of the peasant, the lowliest skills of the craftsman, are signed always on the stones of the Church, as the first and truest condition of sacrifice and offering.

“The importance of the bas-reliefs on this tower to an intelligent reader of Italian history cannot be overrated, seeing that they are the only authentic records left of the sculptural design of the man who, as builder, sculptor, painter, and theologian, absolutely rebuilt and recoloured the entire mind and faith of Italy in the days of Dante. How much the visions of Dante himself were painted on the walls of his heart and in the inner light of his soul by Giotto, he himself must have been scarcely conscious; for all inferior men, the en-

the following five human intercourse between stranger races; and the last eight the harmonious arts of all who are gathered into the fold of Christ.

In the engraving of the doorway to the tower will be seen, to the left, ‘The Chariot’ (No. 18), over it ‘The Lamb’ (No. 19), and to the right ‘Geometry’ (No. 20). The two others selected by us, on account of their representing the branches of the Arts with which this magazine particularly deals, namely, ‘Sculpture’ and ‘Painting,’ follow to the right again of the last named, but on the northern side of the tower, the doorway being on its eastern front. Of these Mr. Ruskin speaks as follows:—

“The two initial ones” (of the last series), “‘Sculpture’

and 'Painting,' are by tradition the only ones attributed to Giotto's own hand. The fifth, 'Song,' is known, and recognisable in its magnificence, to be by Luca della Robbia. The remaining four are all of Luca's school—later work, therefore, all these five, than any we have been hitherto examining, entirely different in manner, and with late flower-work beneath them instead of our hitherto severe Gothic arches. And it becomes of course instantly a vital question—did Giotto die leaving the series incomplete, only its subjects chosen, and are these two bas-reliefs of 'Sculpture' and 'Painting' among his last works? or was the series ever completed, and these later bas-reliefs substituted for the earlier ones, under Luca's influence, by way of conducting the whole to a grander close, and making their order more representative of Florentine Art in its fulness of power?

"I must repeat, once more, and with greater insistence respecting Sculpture than Painting, that I do not in the least set myself up for a critic of authenticity—but only of absolute goodness. My readers may trust me to tell them what is well done or ill; but by whom, is quite a separate question, needing for any certainty, in this school of much-associated masters and pupils, extreme attention to minute particulars not at all bearing on my objects in teaching.

"Of this closing group of sculptures, then, all I can tell you is that the fifth is a quite magnificent piece of work, and recognisably, to my extreme conviction, Luca della Robbia's; that the last, 'Harmonia,' is also fine work; that those attributed to Giotto are fine in a different way—and the other three in reality the poorest pieces in the series, though done with much more advanced sculptural dexterity.

"But I am chiefly puzzled by the two attributed to Giotto, because they are much coarser than those which seem to me so plainly his on the west side, and slightly different in workmanship—with much that is common to both, however, in the casting of drapery and mode of introduction of details. The difference may be accounted for partly by haste or failing power, partly by the artist's less deep feeling of the importance of these merely symbolic figures, as compared with those of the Fathers of the Arts; but it is very notable and embarrassing notwithstanding, complicated as it is with extreme resemblance in other particulars.

"I need not dwell on the conditions of resemblance, which are instantly visible; but the *difference* in the treatment of the heads is incomprehensible. That of the Tubal Cain is exquisitely finished, and with a painter's touch; every lock of the hair laid with studied flow, as in the most beautiful

drawing. In the 'Sculpture' it is struck out with ordinary tricks of rapid sculptor trade, entirely unfinished, and with offensively frank use of the drill hole to give picturesque rustication to the beard.

"Next, put 'Painting' and 'Jubal' back to back. You see again the resemblance in the earnestness of both figures, in the unbroken arcs of their backs, in the breaking of the octagon moulding by the pointed angles; and here, even also in the general conception of the heads. But again, in the one of 'Painting,' the hair is struck with more vulgar indenting and drilling, and the Gothic of the picture frame is less precise in touch and later in style. Observe, however,—and this may



Painting.—From a Bas-relief on the Shepherd's Tower, Florence.

perhaps give us some definite hint for clearing the question,—a picture frame *would be* less precise in making, and later in style, properly, than cusped arches to be put under the feet of the inventor of all musical sound by breath of man. And if you will now compare finally the eager tilting of the workman's seat in 'Painting' and 'Tubal Cain,' and the working of the wood in the painter's low table for his pots of colour, and his three-legged stool, with that of Tubal Cain's anvil block; and the way in which the lines of the forge and upper triptych are in each composition used to set off the rounding of the head, I believe you will have little hesitation in accepting my own view of the matter—namely, that the three pieces of the

Fathers of the Arts were wrought with Giotto's extremest care for the most precious stones of his tower; that also, being a sculptor and painter, he did the other two, but with quite definite and wilful resolve that they *should be*, as mere symbols of his own two trades, wholly inferior to the other subjects of the patriarchs; that he made the 'Sculpture' picturesque and bold as you see it is, and showed all a sculptor's tricks in the work of it; and a sculptor's Greek subject, 'Bacchus,' for the model of it; that he wrought the 'Painting,' as the higher art, with more care, still keeping it subordinate to the primal subjects; but showed, for a lesson, to all the generations of painters for evermore—this one lesson, like his circle of pure line, containing all others—'Your soul and body must be all in every touch.'

"I can't resist the expression of a little piece of personal exultation in noticing that he holds his pencil as I do myself: no writing master, and no effort (at one time very steady for many months), having ever cured me of that way of holding both pen and pencil between my fore and second finger; the third and fourth resting the backs of them on my paper.

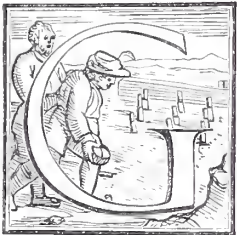
"For the rest, nothing could be more probable, in the confused and perpetually false mass of Florentine tradition, than the preservation of the memory of Giotto's carving his own two trades, and the forgetfulness, or quite as likely ignorance, of the part he took with Andrea Pisano in the initial sculptures.

* * * * *

"There were no photographs of these sculptures in the year 1872, when I first examined them with the attention they deserved: while the interval between the church and campanile, being used as a lumber store and brick deposit by the restorers, was inaccessible, and the entire series of the Orpheus and Harmonia with Giotto's own two unquestioned pieces of handiwork, never, therefore, seen by any creatures but the swallows. Subsequently (I believe in 1874) I photographed the whole series, but, being desirous to make the proofs as useful as possible, took no precautions, and put no restriction on their sale; the consequence of which was that they got bought up by the Florentine dealers, and, I afterwards found, could only be got in what I held to be damaged states, trimmed at the margins, and the like. I therefore, in 1876, had another series made for myself, with the enclosing masonries complete: of these I have placed the negatives in my assistant, Mr. Ward's* hands, and can answer for the impressions being properly taken. My account of the subjects in the 'Shepherd's Tower' ('Mornings in Florence,' No. VI.) contains all that need be pointed out to a general student respecting the method and meaning of these sculptures: and there is nothing in the compass of the arts of Italy either more deserving of his attention or more sufficiently and intelligibly submitted to it by any existing representation than Giotto's foundation of civic morality in these sculptured myths of human Art and Harmony."

CHARLES I. AS AN ART COLLECTOR.

No. I.—IN SPAIN.



GENERALLY the mind of the student of history, when directed to the contemplation of the time when the throne of England was occupied by Charles I., is apt to regard it as chiefly remarkable for its political struggle and civil conflict. We think of the monarch at issue with his people, and follow the steps of the uncertain campaign and the changing fortunes of the hour, sharing the hopes and fears of those who saw him alternately victorious and vanquished, and finally imprisoned and deposed. But there is another aspect of this reign which, though of minor importance, is not undeserving of consideration. The period of the reign of Charles I. was essentially an era of Art collections.

From that point of view, which at first strikes us as the more unexpected from the natural antagonism that exists between the tumults of war and the triumphs of peace, our thoughts will be naturally directed to the monarch: in his home at Whitehall, whilst he and his beautiful queen yet moved at will amidst the rich treasures that were housed there. Or, if the mind reverts to a still earlier period of his history, it may conceive him as a traveller in Spain, developing his artistic tastes by the contemplation of the works of the giant master painters in the Iberian capital, rather than hovering idly round the bower of a princess, who never really won his youthful love.

The Palace of Whitehall, which the Prince quitted for these southern wanderings, and which was to be the casket in which the artistic spoils would be treasured, was a rambling and miscellaneous group of buildings of various dates and styles. It is needless to say that it was not then pierced from north to south by any such highway as that which now connects Westminster and Charing Cross. It lay, in fact, so far away from the denser masses of houses that formed the London of that day as to be comparatively secluded. It had passed in 1529 into the hands of King Henry VIII., and was by him used as a royal residence. His marriage with Anne Boleyn was celebrated within its walls, four years after he became possessed of it, and later on it was the scene of the death-bed of his consort, Jane Seymour, and eventually of the monarch himself. It is beside our present purpose to stay to consider the contact of Art with the memories of Whitehall, further than to pay a passing tribute to the name of Holbein, so intimately connected with our knowledge of the royal occupants of the palace, in which he, too, had an abode, and to take note of the Chapel Royal, then as now dominated by the gorgeous painted ceiling, where rested in their final home, set in richly embossed and gilded framework, the paintings which Peter Paul Rubens had had wrought in distant Holland from the designs that he had here prepared to preserve alive in learned allegory the memory of James the King.

* 2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey.

It has been remarked that it is not to the reign of Charles I. that the mind naturally turns as to a period of increase in England's Art treasures, but the mention of this famous Rubens ceiling reminds us that so broad a generalisation should have been in strictness somewhat qualified. The remembrance of the age of Charles I., despite its conflict and turmoil, doubtless does bring with it, and in no remote background, thoughts of such an addition as this to our national stores, as well as of that other treasure—first housed at Whitehall, and then so long connected with the name of Hampton Court—the Raffaele cartoons. Nor should there rise much less prominently before the mind's eye, as born of the moments of calm that ushered in the fatal storm, the vision of the canvases of the courtly figure painter Vandyck. But those notable examples excepted, the statement may be accepted as practically true.

As he grew up beneath the shelter of Whitehall the youthful Charles must have become insensibly familiarised with the paintings that as royal heirlooms hung around him on the palace walls. Possibly this was the school in which his first sympathies with Art were aroused, and the possibility seems to assume form and substance when we consider how he must have been influenced by the example of his elder brother. In Prince Henry the Arts had already found an intelligent patron, and when he, the most promising of his race, the beloved of the nation, was removed from the scene by the hand of death, there must have come to Charles, though he was but a boy, along with the material possession of the Art treasures that had been his poor brother's own selection, a feeling akin to interest in a pursuit consecrated by such tender memories. But the circumstances to which were really due the nurture of the rising plant and its expansion into bloom were the accidents, if so they may be called, of his father's choice of Buckingham, and of his being himself brought so early in life into immediate contact with the artistic mind of the monarch of the realms of Spain. It was the peculiar fortune of Charles to find in Philip IV. a prince of youthful years like his own, possessed of a strong love of Art, and happy in the rare facilities which he possessed for indulging such tastes. The son of a royal collector, the inheritor of the diverse treasures of Art which imperial power had placed within the reach of the lords of German, Dutch, and Spanish subjects, he had no difficult task before him in his endeavour to carry on a work already so well commenced. Habit as well as inclination led the child of a court at which artists of foreign race were accustomed to find a welcome, to continue so good a practice, and to render the welcome yet more hearty than heretofore, and the rewards yet more solid. Prince Charles was naturally inspired by the example of one with whom, after the first stately passages were over, he was on terms of as close an intimacy as the manners of the time could well permit, and so, besides finding real pleasure in the contemplation of the choice examples of the painter's handicraft, of which the King himself did the honours, he set himself *con amore* to the formation of a collection of his own.

Nor was the example of the King the only one that stimulated the Prince in his career as a collector at Madrid. The passion for amassing Art treasures was already spreading from the throne downwards, and the nobles of the Spanish court, whilst appreciating the possessions that had been left them by their ancestors, were casting around for opportunities of making further additions to their stores. The Count of Monterey was an enthusiast, and amongst an exten-

sive collection of other original works could boast of having secured something from the hand of Michelangelo himself. The Admiral of Castile was the envied possessor of several Titians, and of as many as half-a-dozen specimens of Antonio Moro.

During the brief months of his stay in the Spanish capital the Prince did not willingly let slip any opportunity of acquiring such treasures as it was possible to procure either by direct purchase or negotiation. Probably enough Buckingham joined in the sport. It is well known what an important purchase the Duke made for his own private gratification in later years, when he became the possessor of the collections of Rubens; nor has history forgotten to record the way in which his tastes as Premier were ministered to by the ambassador of the Crown at Venice. The principal public opportunity, however, afforded the Prince at Madrid was when the "Christie and Manson" of that city passed under the hammer the collection of the Count of Villamediana. Of this opportunity he availed himself to the full. Probably the Spanish king, so far as he was individually concerned, left the field clear for his visitor, though there must have been plenty of spirited competition from other quarters. Picture-buying Spain would have had its representatives in the Marquis de la Torre, Don Jeronimo de Villafuerte, Don Juan de Espina, and the Contador Jeronimo de Alvez; nor would the Counts Lemos, Osorno, or Velada have been absentees; whilst the biddings would also be keenly watched by the eager eye of the appreciative Quevedo, even after his less heavily weighted purse had already warned him to retire from the unequal contest. One picture, a Titian, representing the illustrious D'Avalos in the act of addressing his troops, has been traced from the auction-room to the walls of the English palace. It travelled thither in company with many others. But those were days in which the precise origin of a picture was not often deemed worth recording, and the pictures that formed the bulk of the consignment were afterwards merely known as having come from Spain.

An auction, however, with its exciting stimulus was not to be had every day. So pictures had to be sought for in other quarters, and we therefore find an offer of two thousand crowns being made to one Don Andrez Velasquez to induce him to part with *una imagen en lamina*, a painting on copper, which had formerly belonged to the Italian sculptor, Pompeo Leoni. But the Don was not to be persuaded to part with his treasure. A later attack was, however, more successful, and the coveted prize was secured and passed into the hands of the foreigner. Less fortunate was the attempt made on the stores of Don Juan de Espina. Amongst his most cherished possessions—and he was the owner of much that was rare and curious, his house being quite a wonder in its way—was a priceless volume of sketches from the hand of Leonardo da Vinci. But all the offers the Prince could make were in vain. Whether Don Juan was an amateur who really knew his own mind, or whether he was a hero who set his country and his king before all else, is a point we are left without means of deciding, but each time that the Prince's claims and willingness to pay were pressed upon him the same firm denial met the overture. "He would keep them till he died, and then leave them to his king."

Out of galleries such as that which formed the pride of the Palace of the Duque de Medina de las Torres, of course, nothing could be hoped for, save by the happy casualty of a present. The arts of picture-lifting and substitution, carried

to such perfection in the peninsula in later times, were still comparatively, if not entirely, unknown, so that treasures thus sheltered were beyond the reach of gold. If grandees would not cut off their right hands, there were those who sat a little lower down the ranks who were ready to make the sacrifice. These were oftentimes forthcoming. At the mansion of Don Geronimo Furez y Munoz, whom Charles honoured with a visit, he received presents of daggers and Toledan blades, crossbows and arquebuses—specimens of the damascening and inlaying work produced by artificers whose names ranked highest amongst the members of the home and foreign guilds. Eight paintings were there also munificently placed at his disposal with an open-handedness typical rather of eastern than of western manners, for the choice even was left to the royal guest himself. What owner of a gallery in these degenerate days would greet the visit of a foreign potentate with a generosity so superb?

The Spanish writer Carducho has told us with what a lavish hand Charles would disburse his English gold to secure his prizes. The precise amounts actually paid for the different articles on which his royal fancy fixed we do not know, but the accumulated total must have been very considerable. The hundred crowns paid to Velazquez for the portrait that was never completed; the thousand pounds given to the poor of Madrid as an offering for Passion-week, are neither of them sums of much moment; and doubtless there were presents to be made, irrespective of the magnificent ones which he had specially to make when his marriage should be celebrated, which constituted even a heavier burden upon his purse than the actual maintenance of his suite, lightened as that was by the hospitality of the King. It must, however, have been mainly due to this picture-purchasing that the royal purse became so highly impoverished before he embarked at Santander for his homeward voyage. By that time Sir Edmund Verney's cross of diamonds, one of the last treasures that any of the suite could muster, had been begged to save the royal credit, and had followed the way that many a similar possession had already taken. This impecuniosity, if certain surmises about his outward journey be true, was no new thing. There have been found those bold enough to suggest that it was defect in supplies of ways and means that brought Prince and Duke to the pass of entering Madrid in such extremely humble guise; and though Howell has it that the young traveller merely stood in the street till Buckingham should call him into Lord Bristol's mansion, there is an awkward rumour that the heir apparent was left in pledge with the cautious manager of the Spanish posting stables till the claim for the outstanding crowns was fully met.

But even if the funds be getting low, and an anxious and in part disappointed nation be watching for the wanderer's return, we cannot quit Madrid, its banquets and entertainments, its hawking and hunting parties, its bull-fights and tiltings, its concerts and theatres, and all the well-planned endeavours that had been made to render the Prince's visit

a time of pleasure and enjoyment, without a reference to the monarch's own contribution to the Art collector's stores. Down from the palace walls were taken three famous Titians, a Danae, an Europa, a Diana, and with them a fourth, more highly esteemed than either—the last a representation of Antiope by the same great master hand. This was the painting rescued from the fire at the Prado, and so highly valued by a former Philip, that he exclaimed, when assured of its safety, "That he was well content, and that palace, and all else it held, might now burn to ashes!" All safely packed these pictures stood, and ready for their journey; but away went Charles, possibly bearing with him the golden "basen" and "imbrodered night-gowne" that the Queen Mother had had prepared for his service, certainly leaving the Princess in her bower, at work with silver and gold and pearls, "preparing divers suits of rich cloaths for his Highnesse of perfumed amber;" and by one of those strange "accidents done on purpose," that are apt to accompany similar circumstances, the Titians remained in Madrid. Let us give Philip his due, and admit that if Charles had returned to claim his bride, the Titians and much else might all have been his. To the credit of Spanish honour let it ever be remembered that jewels taken to Spain by English hands, in view of the approaching marriage, estimated, even in those days, at full a hundred thousand pounds' value, were honestly sent home again.

If Prince Charles did not return to England with all the artistic spoils that he might have wished for, yet what he actually brought was sufficient to make a noble beginning. Thus far the success of his future collection was secured.

High and low, as the sequel showed, lent their aid, as time went on, to further the royal scheme; and, like the nobles of Spain, the English aristocracy were ready to follow the guidance of the throne, and join in the new departure in the patronage and cultivation of Art.

And though in Spain itself the movement, from one point of view, was a resuscitation of a course already pursued to some extent by a former monarch, Philip II., yet in its broader scope and permanent influence this restoration of Art under Philip IV. was of the very highest importance. The union of the wealth and appreciation of a monarch with the technical knowledge and deeper insight of a painter formed a combination that was certain to result in a brilliant success. And it was owing to their grasping the wisdom of this secret, which had come intuitively to Philip in the choice of Velazquez, that the Emperor Rudolf at Prague, and Charles at Whitehall, amassed collections worthy of historic fame. What had taken place in Spain under Philip IV. was by no means destined to have its end in itself. It was fraught with consequences of the highest import. To it may undoubtedly be referred the real foundation of the great galleries of Europe.

We trust, in a future number, to follow the fortunes of Prince Charles's collection so far as history permits.

EDWIN STOWE.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

IN our last paper we referred to the transformation of Roman into Romanesque and Byzantine Art as exhibited in metal work, and noticed the especially architectural character which tended to show itself in one or two of

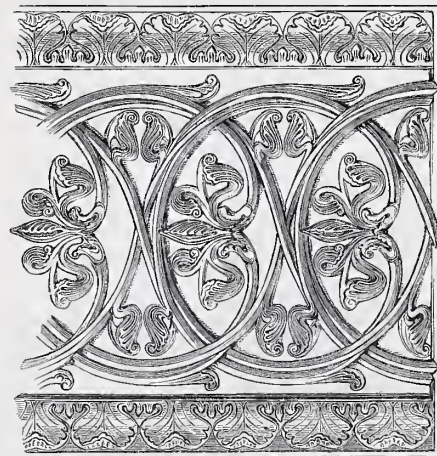


No. 14.—Panel (Byzantine Work).

the Byzantine examples. And it may here be noticed that there is a strong tendency towards the employment of architectural or semi-architectural forms in metal work used for church or for ritual purposes generally. The reason of this probably is to be found in the fact that in the case of utensils made for the service of the temple there are certain forms which have derived a kind of consecration from their having been a part of the architecture of the church, and therefore having acquired an association with sacred things. Just as we find the prayer-carpet of Mahomedans adorned with a representation of the gate of the mosque, so we find the Byzantine casket, or relic box, partaking of the architectural details of the domed basilica; and so we find in the Middle Ages the relic vessels, or "monstrances," imitating in silver and gold the buttresses and pinnacles of the church. This is for the most part a mistake in point of Art. Details which are the suitable expression of stonework and woodwork cannot generally be the suitable expression of metal work, though they may be modified in some way so as to give

a more metallic character to their detail, as we saw was done in some of the examples we gave in the last number.

This, however, is not the case in regard to the first two subjects illustrated in this paper, representing flowing ornament derived remotely from classic models, of which No. 14 is certainly Byzantine, No. 15 either Byzantine or Lombardic. No. 14 is an interesting example of the transformation of the classic scroll into something based upon it, and yet entirely different in character and treatment. The leaf which forms the main object in this scroll is evidently derived from the classic acanthus leaf or at least from part of it; but it has become a very different thing in passing through the hands of Byzantine artisans for some generations. The delicately serrated edge of the leaf has now become reduced to something much more stiff, heavy, and further removed from nature. In place of the delicate modelling of the surface of the classic leaf in fine sharp lines, we have here the regular successions of grooves or scollops, with a marked fillet between them, which also makes a second line with the serrations at the margin, and renders them much more formal and conventional in effect. Then it will be observed that the leaf and its serrations grow out of a stem, and that the leaf is, in fact, a kind of development from the stem. This is one of the marked distinctions between classic and mediæval types of foliage ornament. The classic type deals with the leaf only; if any flowing lines are introduced, they are in the form of some artificial object intertwined with the foliage, not forming a part of its growth. The characteristic of the foliage ornament of the best mediæval period is that, while highly conventional often in detail, it is natural in growth and construction. And in this Byzantine example we see the link between the two. The construction of the scroll is more frankly shown than in Roman curved scroll-work. The whole of the lines which form it are well marked, and their growth from one another is clearly defined. With regard to the quality of this design, considered as metal work, we may say that its metallic character is not quite so marked as could be wished in some points; but the section of the twining



No. 15.—Ornament in Relief (Lombardic or Byzantine).

stems, presenting a sharp angle along the centre, is a good and effective metal-work section. The weak point is in the joining of the stems by the double-bud form at the outer

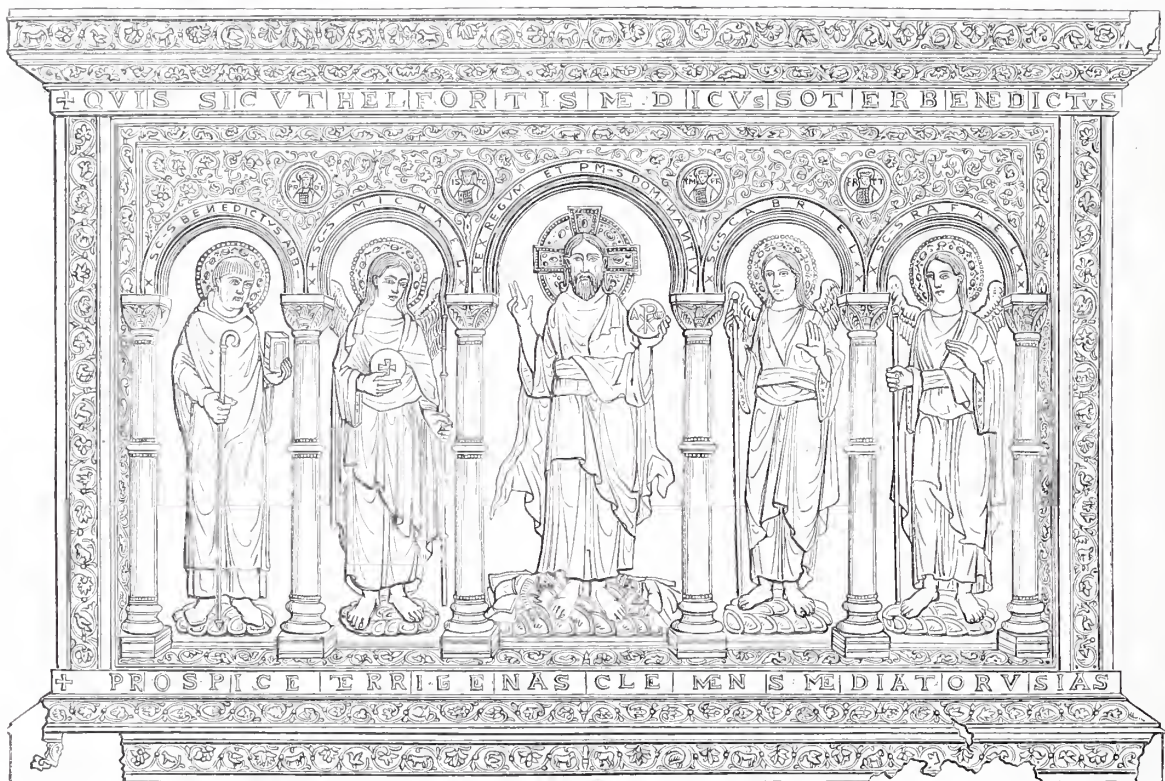
* Continued from page 27.

edges of the panel; this is very tame, and unworthy of the style of the rest. Greater congruity of style is shown in No. 15, which is also either Byzantine or Lombardo-Byzantine, and, as will be observed, is in some respects similar in its details to No. 14. But the carrying on of the design is much more cleverly and continuously managed. Instead of awkwardly making one division of it butt against the next, the lines are made to develop and re-develop from one another in a very ingenious, and yet apparently quite natural and unforced manner. The border shows a distant reminiscence of the Greek form of alternating leaf border.

It is in connection with the Byzantine portion of our subject that we may say a word as to the altar frontal design, Fig. 16. Although it comes from Basle, the Byzantine influence and feeling are manifest in the character of the general ornament and the shape of the mimic capitals of the arcade. We see here again the trace of that tendency of Byzantine design, in

objects of the class we are speaking of, to take architectural forms. This piece of design is remarkable also for the manner in which the main constructive lines of the whole are kept clear and distinct, and not allowed to become confused or overrun by ornament; and this same constructive clearness is carried out in the ornament itself, in which the lines and growth of the scrolls are kept clear and distinct. This clearness of definition was the legacy of the Greek spirit in ornament, and it asserted itself far into the mediæval period; it was only in late mediæval and Renaissance work that it became often entirely lost, and ornament was designed as if with no constructional sense at all.

It should be observed, as we shall have occasion to see more especially in another article, that the Byzantine school used metal very largely, not so much as a material in which to execute, as a medium in which to inlay designs; a great deal of what is spoken of as Byzantine metal work consisting only



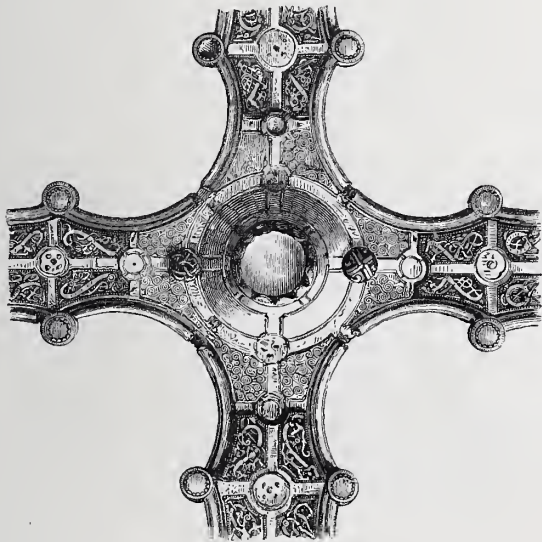
No. 16.—*Tabula, Basle Cathedral.*

of metal matrices in which enamel patterns and designs are inserted. This is, of course, a different Art in some sense from that in which metal is worked as the principal material, and given shapes as it is most convenient and effective for the material. In enamel work the character of the work artistically is really not much influenced by the fact of its being in metal, as there is little or no more difficulty in merely removing spaces for the enamel in that material than in any other; but the quality of the metal as a substance influences the effect of the whole when the enamelling is completed. The desire of the Byzantine ornamentists for great brilliancy and richness of colour, in obedience to the influence of the Oriental taste which blended with Greek taste at Constantinople, no doubt partly led to this taste for enamelling, one result of which seems to have been to render them much more indifferent to *form* than were the Greek and Roman artists, provided only the colour effect were good. This is a point

which not unnaturally brings us to the next of our illustrations in this number, those which are taken from Celtic sources.

Though ancient Celtic ornamental art stands in some respects quite alone in regard to its characteristic forms, to which we can trace no precise likeness anywhere else, there are other forms and details among its relics which seem very clearly traceable, in some more or less indirect way, to Byzantine influence. This is no improbable conclusion if we remember that the period when Christianity was introduced into Ireland was that when the Greek or Byzantine Church had the pre-eminence in Europe. At all events, when we look at such an object as the centre of the processional cross (Fig. 17), we see a general outline and character which seem to be markedly Byzantine, and in the inlaying with crystals we see another trace of Byzantine practice, which was so much in favour of enrichment of effect by means of inlay. It is only in looking narrowly at the detail that we find something entirely

different from what we have previously been concerned with. We find here forms of ornament which do not show the remotest trace of connection with, or reminiscence of, classical forms, but seem to come from an entirely different world. The larger ornaments in Celtic work are formed of intertwined scrolls, often prolongations of a kind of grotesque animal-headed forms, the tails of which are prolonged and twisted in innumerable convolutions. It is with this class of ornament that the present cross is partly decorated, though not in its most elaborate form. The parts of the surface nearest the central boss, it will be observed, are covered with a different and more minute ornament, consisting of little scrolls packed closely together all over the surface. This is a very constantly recurring form of Celtic ornament, especially in illuminated manuscripts, and is of a character which usually belongs to a semi-barbarous people. Much of the ornament carved by savages on their canoes, etc., in the present day, has very similar characteristics. We have thus in Celtic ornament a mingling of barbaric elements with elements evidently, or very probably, acquired from Byzantine Art, brought to the Western Islands by missionaries engaged in spreading the Christian



No. 17.—Detail, Centre of Cross (Ancient Irish?).

religion. The mixture of Celtic and Byzantine elements seems to be shown in the old bell (Fig. 18), where the ornamentation of the central space represents an example of the Celtic fancy of intertwining grotesque animal or bird forms, while the border has decidedly the characteristics of a bit of Byzantine border work. The scroll foliage into which the tails of the grotesques run is in this case, however, by no means in such pure Celtic style as we often find it; it looks even as if there were distant reminiscences of the classic scroll-work in it: the true Celtic intertwined scroll is in thin bands only, without anything approaching to artificial foliage forms. The form of the so-called "bell" (which, however, can never have produced anything like what we call a bell tone, only a clank, owing to its rude and unscientific shape) is an instance of the indifference as to form, in comparison with surface decoration, which we spoke of as characteristic of Byzantine decorative art, and which is equally characteristic of Celtic. The bell we have been referring to is as clumsy and inelegant in shape as anything well could be. The surface decoration alone gives it any artistic interest. This is what we find throughout almost all decorated Celtic work; the outline of the object is

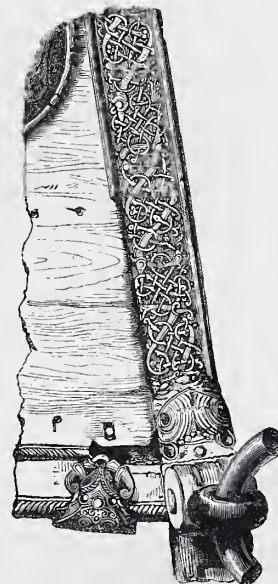
nothing, the surface decoration is everything. The ornament in this case is, however, properly distributed so as to distinguish between the various parts of the bell; and this is still more systematically done in the portion of a larger bell shown in Fig. 19. Here we see the band of flat ornament, confined



No. 18.—Bell, Celtic or Runic (Ancient Irish?).

between two small rolls of metal, marking the outer edge of the bell, and the small spiral or cable ornament applied to the lower edge or rim. The flat band of ornament is a good example of Celtic intertwining, in this case not prolonged out of animal forms in the usual manner, though the whole mass of scroll-work appears to issue from the mouth of the inverted cat-like head at the lower end.

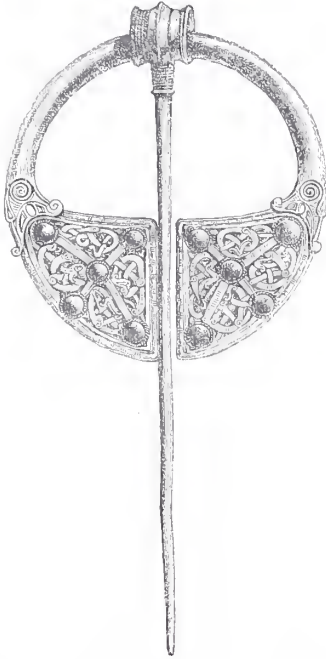
The fibula, or brooch, shown in Fig. 20, which belongs to St. Columba's College, in Ireland, is also Celtic, and is an example of some of the best qualities of Celtic ornament, as well as a specimen of exceedingly good taste in metal work. The orna-



No. 19.—Detail from Bell (Ancient Irish?).

ment which covers the broad flat portions of the ring is a good example of Celtic intertwining ornament; but the admirable coherence of the whole design is especially to be remarked upon—the natural and elegant manner in which the solid ring expands into a flat superficies, and the satisfactory way in

which the two portions, the flat and the round, are connected with each other. This is a bit of metal design which may be said to show good and correct anatomy; for there is an anatomy in ornamental design as well as in animate nature:

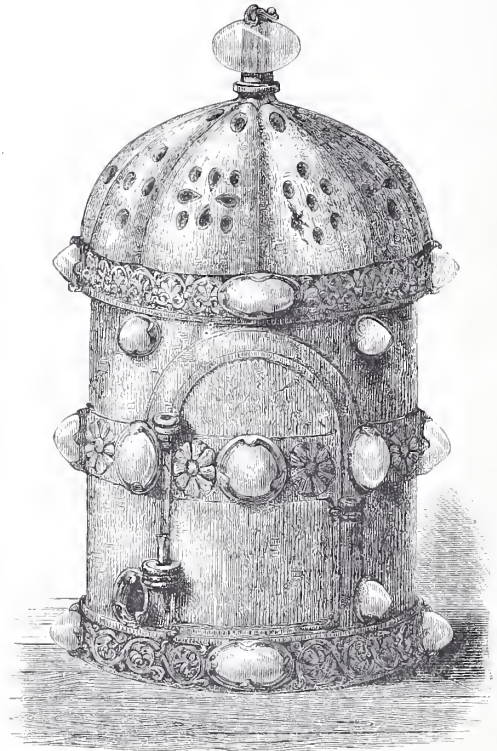


No. 20.—Fibula belonging to St. Columba's College, Ireland (Ancient Irish).

in designs where there is a true anatomy the parts seem to arise naturally out of one another, and to belong to each other; while in those which are anatomically false and weak the different parts seem only put together by accident, and not by design.

Our last illustration, that of a Saxon lantern from the Ashmolean Museum, is a curious contrast to the Celtic work, and in one way seems to bring us back again more closely to the classical origin of so much early mediæval detail. There is nothing of the richness and multiplicity of detail in it which we find in Celtic work; on the other hand, there is what is not found in Celtic work—a feeling for elegance and suitability of form; and the finish of the lid of the lantern, though simple, is quite suitable and unexceptionable in this respect. But what is remarkable is, that on this comparatively rude-looking

Saxon utensil we find ornamental details which are almost purely classic. The upper band of ornament round the lamp shows details which are almost a repetition of well-known Greek ornament, and approximating much more closely to the original than even many Byzantine forms of that ornament. Around the foot of the lamp we see what may be described as the Byzantine form of Roman scroll-work. Even the patera, which is alternated with the crystals in the middle band, is a Roman form. The whole is a curious example of the far-reaching influence of these classic forms of ornament. The enriched bands are probably repoussé work. The effect of the crystals is very good, and shows how much a simple form may be enriched by thus setting it with points of reflective and re-



No. 21.—Lantern (Saxon), Ashmolean Museum.

fractive substances—an effect which, moreover, goes peculiarly well with metal. The surface of metal is itself glittering, and such additions as the crystals in this case seem to provide high lights, and set off the glittering metallic effect still more.

THE PRESENT VALUE OF PAINTINGS IN GERMANY.

A GERMAN contemporary has recently dealt with the above subject. The depression of business has seriously diminished the number of private buyers, and at the same time has filled the market with pictures resold by the original purchasers at low prices. This has encouraged the authorities of different museums to increase their collections of modern works by judicious purchases.

It is stated that the large compositions of Makart fetch from £2,500 to £3,500; the paintings of Ludwig Knaus from £1,500 to £2,000. Amongst the other artists whose works are of equal selling value are named Leibl, Siemiradzki, Adolf Menzel, G. Max, Wilhelm Diez, Defregger, Vautier, Kurz-

bauer, Carl von Piloty, and Lenbach. In a lower class, from £400 to £750, are the paintings of Grützner, E. Zimmermann, Lossow, Loefftz, and Holmberg. An instance of increased value is afforded by the graceful heads by Kaulbach, which have advanced within six years from £35 to £175 each.

Historical and genre paintings command in Germany higher prices than landscapes. The most eminent artists in the latter department—Lier, Wenglein, Baisch, Schönleber, Willroider, Andreas and Oswald Achenbach—get from £300 to £500 for their works, while £100 to £200 is about the value of compositions by the leading delineators of animal life—Braith, Zügel, Voltz, and Meyerheim.

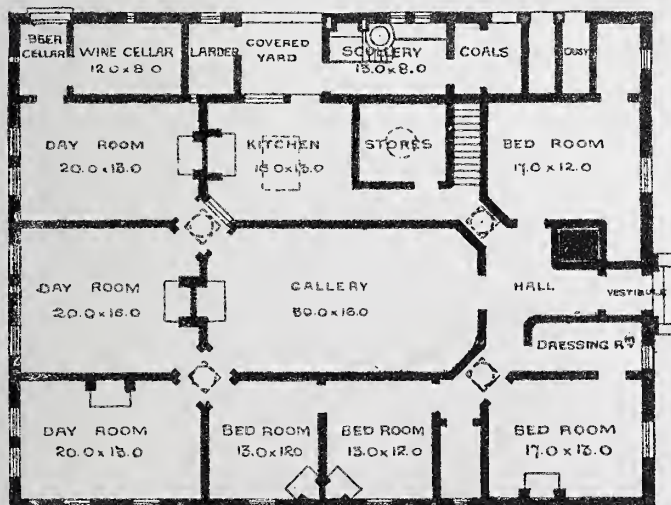
ARTISTS' HOUSES.



GIVE me fresh air and plenty of elbow-room, but no stairs and no servants," would, at a first glance at Mr. John Brett, A.R.A.'s house in the Keswick Road, Putney, appear to have been his notion in fixing upon the locality and planning his residence. Built four or five years ago, it is not in any respect similar to ordinary houses,

but was arranged in accordance with Mr. Brett's own theories, and to embody his special ideas and requirements. It combines under one roof—or it would if it had a roof—a dwelling-house, a studio, and the structural requirements of an astronomical observatory. The house is of one story in height only, except a small portion, which is raised to two stories, and the whole of the rooms are vaulted with brick arches. Over these arches the surface has been levelled, and is covered with asphalt, by which means a flat of the same area as that of the main part of the house has been formed. The principal purpose of this flat is to afford means for astronomical observations with a large altazimuth reflector. The equatorial telescope is mounted on a solid brick pier, which is built up from the foundation, without being connected to the walls that surround it, in order to prevent all vibration.

With regard to the house as a dwelling, it was intended to meet the wants of a comparatively small family, who especially wished to simplify domestic life, to reduce all hired service to a minimum, and at the same time to be exempt from any cares or petty labours that could reasonably be avoided. It therefore became necessary to model the house upon a new plan, and entirely to exclude all nooks and corners and projections, which, whether or not they may help to produce picturesqueness, do certainly harbour dirt and dust, and tend to increase the burden of household work. For the same reason the dayrooms and bedrooms were fitted, as far as possible, with permanent furniture, so that all

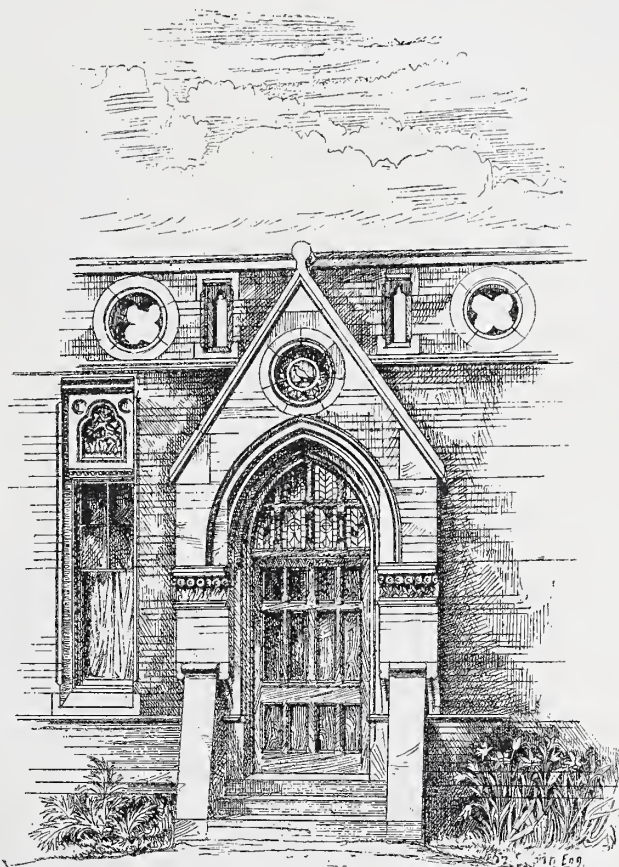


Plan of Mr. Brett's House.

articles likely to be displaced or get into disorder might be dispensed with.

For the same reasons, and also in order to prevent the

house from occupying a larger area than was absolutely necessary, no space has been wasted in lobbies or passages. The front door opens into a small hall, which communicates



Entrance Door to Mr. Brett's House.

directly with a central picture gallery. This is the largest room in the house, and serves not only as a studio, but also as a general reception-room, beyond which the casual caller does not penetrate; so that the three dayrooms are left in peace and quietness, and their inhabitants are able to pursue their several studies in seclusion, undisturbed either by the idle visitor or busy hireling. This gallery is accessible from all the rooms. Its acoustic qualities have earned it the high praise of singers, and its lighting that of painters.

In this particular house pictures have been considered of great importance, and it was laid down as a necessity that the occupant of each room should be able not only to have his favourite pictures about him, but also that they should be well lighted; so that in one room only is there any cross light, and in all of them good wall space has been provided. The one dayroom in which there is cross light has been specially designed for mechanical work, and its four windows light four benches for four small artificers, each of the children being taught a trade. The garden is immediately accessible from each dayroom.

All the floors of all the rooms are of asphalt, laid upon concrete, on exactly the same level, so that no noise or vibration is produced when the children decide to play at leap-frog indoors. The whole of the house is heated by means

of hot water, and the cooking is done by gas, so that the only contribution to the smoke-cloud of the district proceeds from one chimney, that of the furnace-room, in which coke only is burnt. This room is accessible to the gardener, who lights a fire in it in October, and keeps it burning until May, and the whole of the house is kept during those months at a uniform temperature of 60°. A series of valves in the pipes puts the temperature of each room under the control of its inhabitants. The house is thus free from soot and from ashes, from the necessity of lighting fires and keeping them burning, and from all the dirt and noise, bustle and disturb-

ance, of which they are a constant cause. Winter is unknown within this dwelling, and it is stated that no visitor has ever noticed the absence of a fire unless his attention was purposely called to it.

Each room is also well ventilated, and there is always a slowly moving access of fresh air. No draught is felt, and yet the change of air is so complete that cigars may be smoked in any part of the house without any trace of their good or bad qualities being discoverable next morning. Clean rain-water, as well as hard water, is supplied to each bedroom throughout the house by pipes and taps; and all



North-east View of Mr. Brett's House.

the baths and lavatories being next the outer wall, free exit as well as ready access is provided for the water. There is an electric circuit around the house, so arranged that any intrusion at night, either by door or window, causes two alarm bells to ring, one within and the other outside the house; nor can this ringing be stopped when once set in motion, except by turning off the current. By this expedient the inmates are able to leave the house without engaging the questionable services of a care-taker, and thus, in Mr. Brett's own words, "all the thieves are outside."

Externally the house possesses but few features. There is

a porch at the entrance door, of which we give a sketch. The windows are square-headed, and fitted with sashes. The window-heads are of stone, and the only "ornament" about the building is in the carving of the panels on these heads. A parapet is continued round the house, and is pierced at intervals with arched openings, alternating with quatrefoils. The material of the walls is red brick.

It only remains to be said that the main part of the above description is derived from Mr. Brett's instructions to his architects, Messrs. Martin and Chamberlain, of Birmingham.

RAPHAEL.*

FOR nearly four centuries the representative name in painting has unquestionably been that of Raphael. During the greater portion of this time his works have been held to be models of perfection, beyond which advance is impossible, and his practice to be the *ultima linea* of human attainment. Schools have been founded to perpetuate his style, and gifted artists have sought their highest inspiration from the study of his conceptions, and have deemed themselves to have reached success if their works presented but a reflex of his genius. Hence the continual craving to become acquainted with his story, to realise the conditions under which he arrived at such exalted excellence, and to comprehend the influences which modified and directed his artistic production. And it must be admitted the supply has not fallen short of the demand, neither in the matter of biographical narration nor exposition of his art. The latest contribution to these is the handsome volume now before us, by Monsieur Eugène Muntz, which has recently been translated into English. The work is profusely illustrated, especially with fac-similes of drawings, of which we are able to give three specimens.

Raphael's career has, indeed, all the interest of a romance; its commencement in the mountain town of Urbino was an idyll, its last years at Rome was a magnificent triumphal march, amidst the applause of kings, popes, and princes. The celebrity of the Urbino court in the fifteenth century enables us to picture with tolerable accuracy the surroundings in which the painter passed his earlier years. Federigo Montefeltro, the patron of learning, had only recently died; his liberality to men of letters was unequalled; he spared no pains to collect the remains of ancient learning, though, being one of the first initiators of humanism, he gave evidence of singular conservative instincts, for it is stated he admitted no printed book into his library.

Guid' Ubaldo, the son of Federigo, succeeded to the dukedom the year before the birth of Raphael. He had the same



Portrait of a Girl (Drawing in the Academy of Fine Arts, Venice).

chivalrous sentiments as his father, and also his love of Art and letters, so that his little court was known as the

Athens of Italy. How far Raphael was enabled to penetrate into this society we do not know; his father, Giovanni Santi, was, if not court painter, sometimes in the employ of the Duke. Giovanni's rhymed panegyric on Duke



Study for the Madonna del Cardellino (Albertina Collection, Vienna).

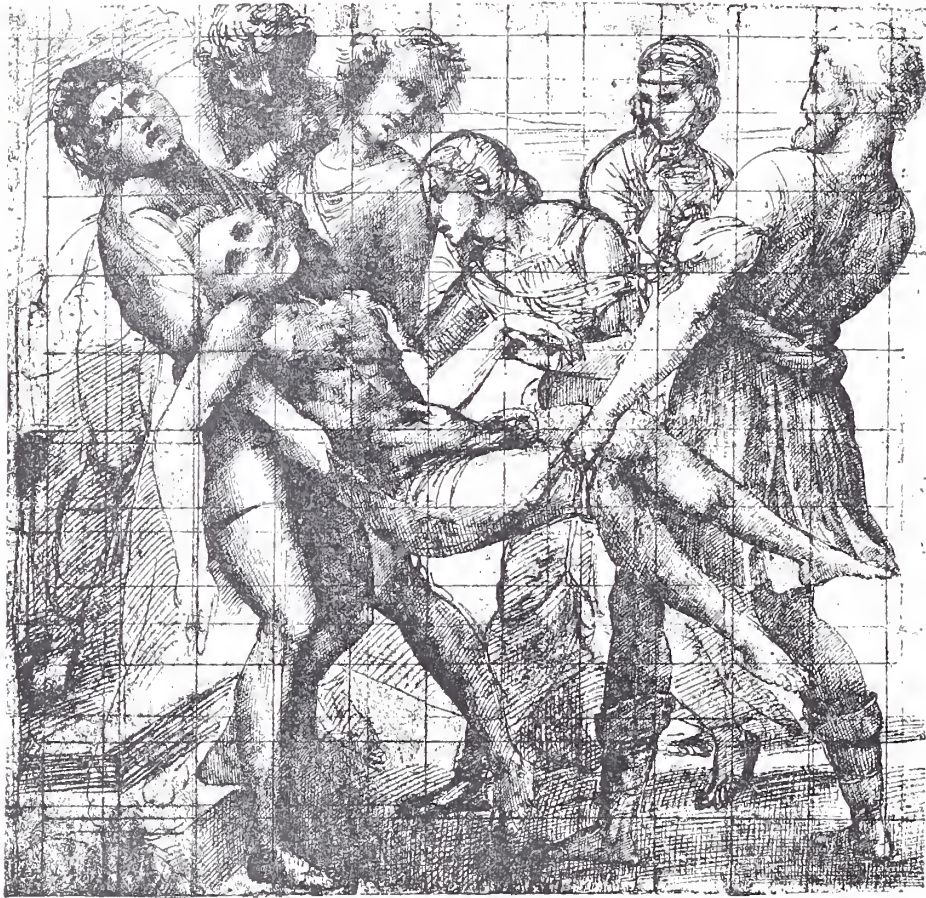
Federigo shows his relation to the court, and at the same time indicates his own literary culture. And doubtless he was careful that his son should not grow up without learning; the place, however, that would have the greatest attractions for the lad was his father's studio. He must have watched those simple Madonnas and votive pictures growing under his father's hands, himself often serving as model for boy angel or smiling cherub; and then he would, at first furtively, but afterwards with a helping word or touch of the father, endeavour to reproduce their outlines. Again, he would try his hand at some plumed and helmeted knight, or the great Duke himself, at a tournament—impressions that in after-life were to be reproduced in a St. George or a St. Michael. But probably what would have greater attractions for his gentle nature would be a ramble among the hills outside the city; even in his boyhood he must have been sensible to the beauties of those quiet valleys and distant horizons of mountain forms that we see in the backgrounds to his Madonnas. Sitting in the shadow of an olive-tree, he would watch the slow movement of the goats and the brown shepherd boy who piped to them, and try to reproduce their action on paper; he would note the darting lizard, or his eye would wander to the strong lines of the grey rocks standing clear and sharp in the white sunlight. These earliest impressions of his youth never seem to have deserted him. Again and again, when he lived in the excitement of the life at Rome, and surrounded by the artificial atmosphere of the Papal court, some touch of simple pastoral scenery will show that

* "Raphael." By M. Eugène Muntz. Chapman and Hall, London.

reminiscences of his earliest idyllic life still clung to him. We all know the fairy palaces built by youth, but Raphael, in his most fanciful dream of the futurity, could not have imagined fortune so splendid as was to befall him in the shortly succeeding years, for he had attained his highest honours and painted his greatest works before he was thirty. On the point as to when his genius culminated there will, and always has been, considerable difference of opinion, according to the leaning of the respective critics to his various manners. Still the agreement is general that the *Stanza* in the Vatican, in which he painted 'The School of Athens,' 'The Dispute of the Sacrament,' and 'The Parnassus,' shows him in the plenitude of his power.

In these works there is no indication of the haste under which many of his later compositions were executed. Offices and

commissions had not then been showered upon him as they were in the last years of his life, when so many of the frescoes and pictures bearing his name were really only designed by the master and painted by his pupils, those pupils that, as Michael Angelo said, attended him like a general when he walked in the streets of Rome. In spite of the adulation paid to Leo X. by writers in his own times and those since who have echoed their flatteries, there is no doubt but that his appreciation of Art was of the vulgarest kind. The qualities he valued most were those of rapidity and dexterity; hence his utter want of appreciation of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. But in Raphael's facility and courtly complaisance he found the abilities and temper that ministered to his love of show and pleasure. Leo was constantly urging the master to undertake fresh tasks, until at last he fell a



Study for the Entombment (Uffizi Museum).

victim to sheer overwork. Setting aside his other endowments, Raphael undoubtedly possessed a versatility which has been given to few artists. Each of his various manners may be said to be complete in itself, to be a distinct phase in his artistic development; yet there is no question but that his earlier works showed more of his genuine individuality. Urbino and Umbria, where his youth and first manhood were spent, were provinces distinguished for the strong religious feeling and mystic piety of their people. The Christian faith was more strongly rooted there than in any other part of Italy; it was there that the mediæval reformers and ascetics arose. It was precisely these sentiments of mystic piety and profound religious faith that Raphael expressed the most fervently in his works, because he had once felt them in his own heart. The tender devotion of the female saints, the fervid adoration of the Apostles, the yearning love in the

Madonnas of these first pictures, were akin to the deepest and earliest aspirations of his own nature. Nothing could be more opposed to these feelings than the sentiments and opinions openly proclaimed at the court of Leo X. Paganism was frankly professed, even in the precincts of the Vatican. In architecture, sculpture, and painting every effort was directed to restore the form and manner of the art of Antiquity; and so strongly did these ideas prevail that among the last series of decoration executed by Raphael was a bath-room in the Vatican, painted for Cardinal Bibbiena, that from its close, almost servile, adherence to ancient motives might be mistaken for a Pompeian interior. Considering the atmosphere in which Raphael laboured and the influences by which he was constrained, it is a proof of the inherent power of the man and the nobility of his nature, that his works, even to the last, retained a genuine dignity and elevation of style.

EXHIBITIONS.



SINCE the days when the Academy pictures of a certain "Mr. George" gained the critics praises as the best "pre-Raphaelite" work of their year, the manner of Mr. Watts—whose incognito was not long maintained—has undergone distinct change. His pictures at present collected at the Grosvenor Gallery in a measure date themselves, therefore; but something would be added to their great interest—artistic and biographical—if they had been, in more frequent instances, marked with the period of their execution. The tentative method of two or three, their deliberation and imitativeness of treatment, naturally place them among the studies of the artist's early sojourn in Florence; but from the time that his own temperament asserts itself, and his own habit of work is formed, it is less easy to trace and note the slower developments and the more delicate alterations. But Mr. Watts is a painter who should be studied from every side—with reference to his own artistic history, and in connection with his times, and, perhaps with greater care and greater profit, with regard to the choice of subject, in which his work is distinguished from almost all that of his time or of times past. In choosing to be a painter almost exclusively of two things—allegory and portraits—Mr. Watts might be supposed to combine somewhat arbitrarily that branch of Art which contains the most subject with that which contains the least. But in fact he is absolutely and remarkably consistent, insomuch as his choice, however wide, is strictly confined within the most lawful limits of pictorial art; he does not wander into literary interests, showing in this reserve that judgment as to the distinctions of the arts which marks the artist of thought and culture. In his allegories Mr. Watts has less the literary aim of "telling a story" than the pictorial aim of showing a vision; he seldom or never designs an allegory which has not the distinctly visionary character, and is not therefore most legitimately pictorial. As for his other principal practice—portrait painting—it is of course and obviously removed from every adventitious literary interest, the power of portraiture depending upon the *impression*. And the two arts—alike, inasmuch as they are both in an equal degree purely a painter's arts—present, on the other hand, an interesting antithesis to each other, the one being as nobly ideal as the other is nobly real. Take it for all in all, Mr. Watts's collected pictures sum up a career of lofty effort and of dignified achievement. If he has been, and continues to be, less popularly appreciated as a designer than as a recorder of the faces which have made his time memorable, the reason may lie partly in the almost oppressive seriousness of his subjects of composition, and partly in the small heed which he generally takes of the quality of beauty, whether in the human type, in surface, or in colour. A high beauty of line and action his allegories almost always possess; but it is a kind of beauty which only a few perhaps out of a mixed public would find sensibly delightful.

We have spoken of the seriousness of Mr. Watts's subjects, and in truth they are not the less solemn and sad for being absolutely simple. The elementary and familiar mysteries—time, life, and death—are not the less oppressive because they are so elementary and so common. In their singleness and simplicity lies a melancholy which Mr. Watts

knows that complications of thought or fancy would mar. Perhaps the most effective of the allegorical or visionary compositions, as it is the one which has cost its author most time and thought, is the still unfinished design which shows the domination of the Angel of Death. Like the greater number of these works, this canvas, as well as the small studies, has long been familiar, if not to the public, to the little picture-seeing world of London. Death is symbolized by a winged female figure, seated, and clothed in ample crimson draperies. At the foot of her throne are gathered several types of human life. A nobleman resigns his coronet; a cripple yields the burden of his life; a young girl lays her head with an action of weariness against the angel's knee; a child, upright, plays hide-and-seek with the folds of the shroud; with his back to the spectator stands the vigorous figure of a soldier, who offers up his sword with the finely expressive voluntary movement of unweakened and undiseased life. A lion, as the symbol of strength, crouches in the foreground. Removed to the knees and the arms of Death, and nearest to her maternal heart, is the figure of a newly born baby, and behind her throne is a curtain held by two angels, barring the space beyond the grave. The gravity of the thought in this design, the learning shown in the construction and composition of the group, with its unity and its variety, and the striking nobility of line, atone as best they can for that lack of beauty of which we have spoken. Of effects of surface it is not just to complain in view of the incompleteness of this work. But it may be timely to note that peculiarities of proportion are discernible in the children who are clustered at the knees of the seated figure in another grand symbolical design—"To all the Churches." That Mr. Watts can produce movement as solemn as his effects of repose is shown by the 'Time, Death, and Judgment,' exhibited in this Gallery once before. Time, young and perpetually strong, holds the hand of a draped female, Death, who carries faded and falling flowers in her veil. Through an intensely dark blue sky flies the figure of Judgment, holding the scales and sword, one arm hiding the face. Equal in importance to these heroic designs is the 'Love and Death,' which has touched the popular heart more nearly than the canvases already named. Another oppressively simple and mournful elementary mystery is expressed in this eloquent group, in the tender but hopeless energy of the boyish Love, whose wings are crushed against the door which he tries to defend against the approaching weight and strength of Death, and in the form and motive of the Destroyer. The turn of Love's figure is somewhat Michael-angelesque, but full of an altogether original charm. 'Time and Oblivion,' a more mystical symbol, is hung too high for fair appreciation; but here, too, power is accompanied by a sufficient beauty. With regard to the 'Genius of Greek Poetry,' it is in composition somewhat suggestive—although the idea of the two pictures is so different—of the 'Illusions Perdues' in the Luxembourg. Before the eyes of the typical poet or symbolical genius float, by ones and twos and groups, human forms in which the forces and phenomena of nature are personified; he sits watching them and taking inspiration from their passage before his meditative eyes. Also among the allegories must be placed those noble Apocalyptic studies in which Mr. Watts represents the vision of the 'Rider on the

Black Horse' and the 'Rider on the White Horse,' though here the artist's genius is more illustrative than inventive. After these we may range those works in which he has designed dramatic rather than impressionary scenes, but always confining himself to the most distinctly pictorial provinces of Art. The series illustrating the 'History of Eve,' the lovely 'Diana and Endymion,' 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' 'Britomart and her Nurse,' and one of the master's crowning achievements, 'Paolo and Francesca,' belong to this class, with many others. The latter is emotional in expression, and an exquisite study of line and of action which combines fluctuation with the unchangeableness of the hopeless world. Endless love, as it exists with an endless repentance, causes the weeping creatures to cling together without passion; and the Dantesque conception could not be rendered more perfectly, the two figures having that dove-like motion through the "malignant air," which the poet describes with so much unexpected tenderness.

The portraits compose a gallery of which the value and the dignity can scarcely be over-estimated. Mr. Watts has painted here and there a face for its beauty, for its distinction of type, or for some refinement which found a ready mirror in his thoughtful art; but his general object seems to have been to make a record of the most memorable persons of his day, and to do this with a strong realisation of and respect for individual character. He has painted the face of the late John Stuart Mill, for instance, with a peculiar but unmistakable sensitiveness of appreciation; and in many respects this portrait—not, by the way, as stated in the catalogue, the only one for which Mill ever sat—may be considered the finest and most delicately powerful of the series. The portraits of Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Leslie Stephen are studies of almost equal delicacy. To the seated half-length of Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Watts has given a strength and grace of treatment which render it not only valuable as a likeness, but remarkably attractive as a picture. Of all the other portraits of artists painted by Mr. Watts, there are here only studies of Mr. Calderon, of Mr. Burne Jones, and of Mr. Watts himself. Of equal interest are the poets' portraits, most of them dating from a time somewhat removed: Sir Henry Taylor in 1852; the Laureate, which the reader may remember at the Dudley Gallery in 1867, where that of Mr. Robert Browning was its companion, as it is now again at the Grosvenor. With these is a head of Mr. Swinburne, also painted apparently some years ago, and rendered with a great deal of interest in its peculiarities. Mr. William Morris and Mr. Matthew Arnold complete the little group. Among the female portraits should be noted that of Lady Rosebery, a full-face study, delightful for its sweetness and vividness of expression; the distinguished head of Lady Garvagh; the fresh, youthful, and comely profile of Miss Tennant; and the lovely child-study, 'Dorothy.'

Rich, serious, and worthy is the life-work represented on these walls, and the public has seldom had so excellent an opportunity of studying the achievement of an artist still in its midst.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—The winter exhibition of this society contains 826 pictures, which would greatly gain by the judicious weeding of a strong hand. It is, perhaps, a misfortune to have so much wall space, which must perforce be covered, and the council of the society would render more real service to Art if they devised some plan which would insure on their walls "the survival of the fittest." The prin-

cipal pictures in the collection appear to be Mr. Bartlett's 'A School of Painting during a Rest of the Model;' Mr. Hensley's 'Boy and Kid;' Mr. Wyke Baylis's Interiors of Amiens and Treves Cathedrals; Mr. John Burr's 'Late;' Mr. J. S. Noble's 'Otter Hunting—Gone to Ground;' and Mr. A. Ludovici, jun.'s, 'Fan Picture.'

EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY JOSEF ISRAELS.—This collection, at Mr. MacLean's Galleries in the Haymarket, has been chosen with excellent judgment. Israels, undoubtedly one of the most powerful and dramatic painters of the present day, is best known in this country by pathetic and somewhat sombre pictures of domestic bereavements. But works in this collection show him to be not only one of the most realistic of living painters, but also one of the most romantic. Profoundly touched by the sorrows of the poor, and especially with those of the women and children of the fisher-folk, Israels can yet paint with a masterly hand the grace and happiness of childhood, as in the 'Boat Race;' and the joy and tenderness of maternity, as in the 'Mother and Child;' 'Watching,' a bereaved wife and child keeping vigil in a dark room, the coffin only just distinguishable in the gloom; 'Grace,' a mother with her fisher-son reverently asking a blessing on a meagre meal, the cottage interior magnificently painted. It is a tribute to this artist's genius that his pictures remain so vividly impressed upon the memory. His are eloquent canvases, and the voice is never an uncertain one.

THE EUROPEAN GALLERIES.—In these rooms will be found an interesting collection of objects of decorative art, among which Mrs. Mallam's ceramic paintings hold an important position, as well as some excellent pictures. We note Mr. Millais's masterly sketch for his 'Boyhood of Raleigh;' Mr. F. Goodall's 'Dwellers in Tents,' luminous in colour and treatment; Miss Clara Montalba's 'Funeral in Venice;' a lovely panel, 'A Stranger in my Studio,' from Mr. Alma-Tadema, rich brown petals of some tropical flower against a gold curtain; five landscapes from Mr. Herbert; Mr. Walter Shaw's 'Off the Coast of Cornwall;' 'The Border Country,' by Mr. J. W. Oakes; 'A Sale of Objects of Art,' by Mr. A. Hennebicq, strong in character and movement, solidly and conscientiously painted; 'The Still Pool,' by Mr. E. Parton, full of tender shadows, the foliage rendered with singular truth and delicacy; M. Bouchet's 'Negro Melodist,' excellent for its draughtsmanship and skilful management of light and shadow.

AT MESSRS. DOWDESWELL'S are now exhibited two collections of drawings and sketches by Sutton Palmer and the late George Manson, of Edinburgh. In both instances these are the works of young men, and, seen in juxtaposition, nothing can be more dissimilar than their manner of treatment: Manson, with his extraordinary manipulation and mastery of glowing colour; Palmer, remarkable for subtle treatment of atmospheric effects and for graceful rendering of foliage, cloud-land, rock, and river. George Manson died in a Devonshire village, at the age of twenty-five, possibly unaware that an assured fame was just within his grasp. Since his death honours have been paid to him in Scotland, but to the London Art world he is probably entirely unknown. Although the present collection can scarcely be said to be a representative one, no Art student who carefully examines it can fail to be impressed by the evidences of genius, delicacy of sentiment, precision of drawing, and mastery over colour.

ART NOTES.

AT a General Assembly of the Royal Academy, held on the 18th ult., Mr. Henry Woods, painter, and Mr. G. F. Bodley, architect, were elected Associates. We understand that Messrs. Albert Moore, C. E. Johnson, and T. Brock each received a large vote.

THE admission money received from visitors on the student days at the National Gallery last year amounted to £700. The public are still without a complete catalogue to the Foreign section; in the abridged edition which was issued last year it was stated that it had been for some time under revision, was in the press, and would be issued shortly. The border to the title-page of the abridgment is as inartistic as could well be imagined, whilst the paper used is of the commonest character. Eighteen-pence is charged for it and the catalogue of the British section, though they contain but 350 pages between them. In the last report of the Director of the Gallery it was stated that the number of visitors in the year 1880 was 1,036,125. The receipts from catalogues are set down at £300, which would give a sale of 9,000 only. Surely a much larger proportion would be purchased if the volume was printed and issued in a better style. A lesson might, in this respect, be taken from Mr. Ruskin's "Catalogue of the Drawings and Sketches by J. M. W. Turner, at present exhibited in the National Gallery." Another hindrance to the sale is to be found in the fact that the vendors of the catalogues are usually without change.

MR. RUSKIN has still to complain "that in the largest and richest city of the world, the most delicate and precious water-colour drawings which its citizens possess should be kept in a cellar, in which two-thirds of them are practically invisible, even in the few bright days which London smoke leaves to summer, and in which all are exposed to irreparable injury by damp in winter." He considers that neither Mr. Burton nor Mr. Eastlake is to blame for this, but "essentially the public, for their scorn of all Art which does not amuse, and practically, the members of the Royal Academy, whose primary duty it is to see that the works by men who have belonged to their body, which may be educationally useful to the nation, should be rightly and sufficiently exhibited." The Royal Academy might, perhaps, do something to move the Government—though the result of their memorial respecting the revision of the Copyright Act would hardly encourage them to interfere—provided they would condescend to recognise such a humble branch of Art as water-colour painting; but clearly the proper body to move are our representatives in Parliament, when they can find time to devote a single sitting to the consideration of the many questions concerning Art which call for legislation, such as the creation of an Art Minister and the amendment of the Copyright Act. But at present there are not a dozen members who evince any interest in the matter; Mr. Coope, Mr. G. Howard, Lord Elcho, Mr. Caine, Mr. Collings, Mr. Slagg, and Mr. Ecroyd almost complete the number. When, last year, the first-named gentleman asked whether the Government was prepared to carry out any further extension of the buildings of the National Gallery, he was most promptly informed by Lord F. Cavendish that the Government had no intention whatever.

THE sale at the exhibition of pictures at the Royal Institution, Manchester, which closed last month, amounted to £6,000, as against £4,000 in 1880.

THE sketches and drawings presented by Scottish artists to the East Coast Disaster Fund realised £414.

THE widening of Magdalen Bridge, Oxford, has been decided on by the Local Board, who have throughout taken up a singularly antagonistic attitude to those who allege that by so doing its beauty will be destroyed. The works are to be carried out by a local engineer, without any superintendence by a professional architect, and the Board has refused to receive a deputation from the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings; in fact, it was only after the report of the engineer had been adopted that the communication from that society was read, a discourtesy which was all the more marked as the deputation would have included some of the most distinguished names that have of late years added lustre to university and town.

THE new French Ministry of Arts seems likely to be a profitable department to the nation if it continues as it has begun. A visit of the Minister to Meissonier is recorded. Showing Monsieur Proust the two celebrated pictures, 'The Etcher' and 'The Cavalier at a Window,' the artist said, "There, Minister, are two pictures which I intend to bequeath to the Louvre." For these works he had refused enormous offers. The Ministry will, no doubt, in turn benefit the artists, for, to commence with, it has intimated to the Institute that all its members are entitled to the privilege of having their busts in marble placed there. The encouragement given by the State to sculptors in France is only what is actually necessary if their school is to maintain its pre-eminence. No wonder that in England, where sculpture cannot even be exhibited without cost to the creator, the art languishes. Who, for instance, without considerable means, could enter upon the execution of such a work as Lord Ronald Gower's statue to Shakespeare, of a portion of which we gave illustrations last November? That group was, it will be remembered, placed by the committee of the Salon last year in their place of honour. It has recently been erected at the Crystal Palace, and we are informed that the cost of erection, independent of its removal from Paris and transport to Sydenham, amounted to nearly £200. When we have a Minister of Fine Arts, one of the first matters that must force itself upon him will be the vital necessity of the country's doing something in aid of sculpture, if it is to continue to last as an art among us.

OBITUARY.

SIR DANIEL MACNEE, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, died at Edinburgh on the 17th ult., after a short illness. Elected in 1829, he had been for more than half a century a member of that body. He was born in 1806, and, after receiving his education at Edinburgh and the University of Glasgow, he became a student at the Academy of the Board of Trustees. Sir Daniel was principally known as a successful portrait painter. On the death of the late Sir George Harvey in 1876, he was unanimously elected President of the Scottish Academy, and in due course was knighted.

REVIEWS.

BOOKS.



“*LIFE OF DAVID COX*,” by William Hall (Cassell’s).—The biography of this artist, which Mr. Neal Solly wrote only so lately as 1875, was so complete that at first it would appear as if the publication of another at so short an interval was a superfluity. Cox’s life, too, was such an uneventful one that it seemed doubtful whether any new matter of interest could be furnished. Mr. Hall, however, had exceptional opportunities, through his lengthened intimacy with the artist, of gathering together anything of interest which had not been hitherto recorded, and the biography now before us may therefore be read in the light of a useful addendum to Mr. Solly’s volume. Mr. Hall was himself at first an artist, and afterwards a sort of *fidus Achates* to Art collectors round Birmingham. In both these capacities he was thrown into contact with Cox, from the time of his taking up his residence at Harborne in 1841 until his death in 1859. Long before the picture-buying public recognised the merit in his work Mr. Hall had not only discerned it, but had laboured hard to inspire others with the same feeling of enthusiasm as animated himself. To this enthusiasm was due not only the production of this book, which, unfortunately, he did not live to see published, but the more important fact that many of Cox’s finest works were purchased by townsmen of, and remained in, his native place. Owing to Mr. Hall’s death, the volume has been edited by Mr. J. T. Bunce.

“*THE GREAT HISTORIC GALLERIES OF ENGLAND*.” Edited by Lord Ronald Gower (Sampson Low & Co.).—This is the second year’s issue of a publication in which each volume appears to be complete in itself. That now before us is specially noticeable for the series of miniatures which have lent themselves admirably to reproductions in autotype. They are not only historically, but artistically interesting, for they comprise three sets of her Majesty’s miniatures, namely, Holbein’s portraits of Henry VIII., Catherine Howard, and the Suffolk family—Nicholas Hilliard’s group of Henry VII., Henry VIII., Jane Seymour, and Edward VI.—and Isaac Oliver’s Prince Henry and Queen Anne; Lord Lanerton’s Isaac Olivers, including Queen Elizabeth and the brilliant personages who were attached to her court; also the French series by Petitot, and a magnificent group of Cosway’s. The list is completed with the Rev. E. J. Edwards’s Stuart minia-

tures, from the hands of Hilliard, Oliver, and Petitot, about which such a romantic story hangs. These, however, form but a portion of the contents of this interesting volume, which could hardly have found a worthier compiler than Lord Ronald Gower. Whilst his artistic education has enabled him to exercise a keen discrimination in the selection of his subjects, his social position has given him free access to treasures which would most certainly have been denied to those with lesser influence.

ETCHINGS.

“*OUR VILLAGE*.”—Etched by C. Waltner, from a drawing by F. Walker, A.R.A. (Thos. Agnew and Sons).—Mr. Waltner recently showed, in ‘*The Wayfarers*,’ how excellently he could grapple in a bravura style, and on a large scale, with a vigorous work of Frederick Walker’s. He has now attempted one of that artist’s most tender renderings. The scene is laid at that rendezvous of all the idlers of a village, the bridge. There the loafer spends his time, swinging his legs against the railings, stopping every one for a gossip, and feeling occupied if he instructs the youngsters in their early efforts at angling. A contrast is evidently meant to be drawn between the group on the bridge and the geese in the foreground, which, after a morning bath, are as busy as can be seeking for their luncheon. The hour of the day is also evidenced by the long stretch of vacant road, every one save the idlers on the bridge being away at work. The scene is laid, we believe, at Cookham.

“*THE YOUNG ANGLERS*.”—Etched by C. Waltner, from a painting by George Mason, A.R.A. (Thos. Agnew and Sons).—As might be expected, this work and the foregoing are related in many ways; so much so, that it is a matter of regret that they are not issued similar in size. An affectionate little group of two girls and a boy are hopefully fishing in a pool which crosses the path to their home. But they are not idling, for they have come to gather up the clothes spread out to dry, and they feel that they have a right in such an arduous occupation to a little relaxation. The foreground is here occupied by ducks, busy as usual. The introduction of these useful points of light is so common nowadays that they pass unnoticed, but it must not be forgotten that Walker and Mason were the first to discover what helpful adjuncts they were, and what an amount of beauty could be got out of them.

PRIZES FOR WOOD ENGRAVING.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NUMEROUS suggestions have been submitted by engravers with reference to this competition. As their adoption, if generally approved of, may tend to enlarge its sphere, the Proprietors of the *Art Journal* have decided to

postpone the competition, and wood engravers are hereby invited to attend a meeting to be held at the *Art Journal* Office, 294, City Road, London, on Tuesday, the 14th of February, at noon, for the purpose of considering the whole scheme.



THE END OF THE FORTY FIVE. HERBOLD.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY W.B.HOLE, A.R.S.A.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



FORTUNATE is the exhibition that can command a special feature. Such appears to be the idea at present, and it has usually been acted upon at the Royal Academy. The exhibition of 1870 included a collection of C. R. Leslie's and Stanfield's works.

In 1873 there were water colours and sculpture. The exhibition of 1874 was devoted entirely to the works of one man, who had just died, Sir Edwin Landseer. Callcott and Maclise were specially represented in 1875; and Raeburn in 1876. The year 1878 was memorable for the interesting collection of pictures by the Norwich school, and of engravings after Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. Magnificently regardless of the future, the Academy in 1879 gave the public, in addition to a collection of oil paintings, a display, but indifferently appreciated we believe, of miniatures and drawings by the old masters, which might have furnished material for two or three exhibitions. The works of Holbein and his school rendered the exhibition of 1880 one of peculiar interest; while last year saw fitting homage rendered to Flaxman's genius.

Thus out of twelve years only three—1871, 1872, and 1877—have been unmarked by any distinguishing characteristic, and the same must be said of the present year, at any rate from an artistic point of view. Looking at these exhibitions, however, in another aspect, that now open has a feature of its own. As many of the former ones owed their chief attractions to the liberality of the owners of large collections, whose names are too familiar to need repetition, so the present exhibition may be said to be in a large measure

dependent on contributions from hitherto comparatively unknown, and in some cases unsuspected sources. Mr. Boughton Knight, Mr. Blathwayt, Mr. Buckley, the Rev. J. Daubuz, the Earl of Kilmorey, and Sir George Philips send pictures the existence of which comes upon the critic, even the best informed in such matters, as a surprise. Foremost of those whose collections, though known, are open to the public for the first time, are the Duke of Grafton, Lord Penrhyn, and Mr. John Walter, M.P., and it might be added, the Duke of Marlborough and the Earl of Normanton, for though these owners have lent before, it is the first time that they have allowed the treasures of Blenheim and Ringwood to be drawn upon. Among con-

tributors who have previously aided the Academy in its task, and who again come liberally to its assistance, may be mentioned the Earl of Darnley, Mr. Lewis Fry, M.P., Mr. F. Leyland, Mrs. Morrison, and the Earl of St. Germans. The appearance of the National Gallery of Ireland as a contributor must be hailed with peculiar satisfaction, as foreshadowing, it is to be hoped, loans from other public bodies of the same kind.

It is not our intention to enter into any detailed description or criticism of the exhibition, which consists of 275 pictures in all, 165 being by Old Masters and 110 by Deceased British Artists; and of this latter number Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney are responsible for nearly one-half. We merely propose to point out some of the principal works, including those of which, through the kindness of the own-



Holy Family, by Ridolfo Ghirlandaio.

ers, we are enabled to give engravings.

The very early masters cannot be said to be strongly represented. Such pictures as those by Berna and Sano di Pietro (190 and 191), belonging to the President of the Academy, can

only be looked upon as archaic curiosities; the former painter's work is best known by his frescoes in the church of S. Gemignano. Nor can we duly appreciate the attractions of Mr. Leyland's specimens of Lorenzo Costa and Carlo Crivelli (188 and 194). Far pleasanter is the latter painter's 'St. Peter and St. Paul' (197), also belonging to Mr. Leyland. But the greatest early Italian master here represented, and represented too in a manner in every way worthy of him, is Mantegna. His 'Adoration of the Shepherds' (186), the property of Mr. Boughton Knight, has come upon the critics as a surprise, the existence in this country of such a work by the illustrious Paduan having been quite unsuspected; it displays within a small compass all the merits of the painter, and but few of his defects, and is, moreover, in an extraordinary state of preservation. If Mr. Young's circular picture (196) is the work of Botticelli, the 'Atalanta's Race' of Mr. Budgett (195), hung immediately below it, can hardly be by the same painter. Two pictures of the early German school, the one (193) ascribed to Quentin Matsys, and the other (198), with still more doubtful accuracy, to Holbein, are well worth attention, the latter especially. The owner, Mr. Magniac, bought it, we believe, in Spain, and it has many characteristics which might lead one to think that it was the work of a Spanish painter of the beginning of the sixteenth century, working under strong Flemish influences; unless indeed, which is more probable, it was brought back from the Netherlands to Spain by one of the many Spanish or Portuguese patrons of Art, such as those whom Dürer speaks of in his journal as having been at Antwerp at the time of his visit there. The crescent inserted as a mark of obloquy on the head-dress of one of the Jews points to the picture having been done about the time of the invasion of Europe by the Turks.

Coming now to the great Italians, we find several pictures of great interest. Whether by Leonardo da Vinci or not, the 'Female Figure' (139), belonging to Mrs. Morrison, will fascinate with its feline softness and subtle smile; while the two portraits ascribed to Raphael, one of the Cardinal Bibbiena (199), lent by Mr. Boughton Knight, and the other of Ferry Carondelet (160), the property of the Duke of Grafton, have an historical interest apart from their artistic value. The painter's cipher and the date 1513 are said to be on the hour-glass in the former picture; but we confess to having been unable with a strong glass to do more than make out some slight marks which might mean anything or nothing. And

what a difference in the technique from the almost contemporaneous picture of Carondelet, who, if painted by Raphael at all, must have been so during his residence at Rome between the years 1510—12. The more accurate attribution to Sebastian del Piombo of the Duke of Marlborough's 'Fornarina' (156), which was formerly said to be by Raphael, seems to point to a similar correction in the case of this portrait of Carondelet, which is evidently the work of the same hand. Lord Penrhyn's 'Pierino del Vaga' (144) is but a feeble echo of Raphael's types and colouring; it seems, however, to have been a good deal rubbed. No such charge can be brought against the exquisitely beautiful example of Ridolfo Ghirlandajo (150), belonging to Mr. Budgett, of which we give an engraving; colour, composition, and feeling are all equally charming, and if, as is possible, there are signs of repainting

in places, it has been so well done as to disarm criticism. The gorgeous Venetians are well represented by the Earl of Normanton's Titian (146), which, though not even mentioned by Crowe and Cavalcaselle, is perhaps the best of the many replicas of his 'Venus and Adonis' existing; by Mr. Woolner's rich and luminous Paolo Veronese (153), representing a lady playing a guitar; and Mr. Boughton Knight's 'Lady of the Malipieri Family and her Son' (151), a powerfully modelled solid piece of painting ascribed to Giorgione. We must not leave the Italian masters without noticing the admirable work (209) of a painter of the eighteenth century, Panini, lent by the National Gallery of Ireland; it is a larger and finer repetition of the picture of the same subject in the Louvre, which was



The Painter's Wife, by T. Gainsborough, R.A.

painted two years earlier, *i.e.* immediately after the fête at Rome which it represents.

Of the Spanish masters there are some very fine examples. Probably there is no better or more characteristic Murillo to be seen out of Spain than the 'Old Woman and Boy' (158), belonging to Mr. Blathwayt, though many will prefer the 'Immaculate Conception' (135), lent by Mr. Sandars. This latter picture, which is mentioned in Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's "Artists of Spain," was formerly in the Don Gabriel collection; it subsequently passed through the hands of Mr. S. Woodburn, and was purchased at the sale of his effects in 1853. Lord Penrhyn's magnificent Alonzo Cano (161) is thought by some to be a likeness of the painter himself; but there is little resemblance between it and the supposed portrait of Cano by Velasquez in the Madrid Museum, or his own portraits of himself in the Louvre. Whoever it may be, it is a noble picture, well worthy

the reputation of the "Michel Angelo of Spain," as Cano, from his various skill as painter, sculptor, and architect, was called. To this epoch belong the great masters of the Flemish school, Rubens and Van Dyck. The former is exceptionally well represented under two totally different aspects. As a painter of sacred subjects his sketch for the 'Raising of the Cross,' in Antwerp Cathedral (220), belonging to Mr. Buckley, will command admiration by its vigour and dash, while Mrs. Morrison's 'Holy Family' (162) is full of rich sensuous colour; but it is in the wonderful picture of a lion (77), lent by the Earl of Northampton, that we can best recognise all the mighty qualities of the master. Whether the animal be rolling in play, or whether, as some think, judging from the look in his eyes, in a death agony, the action of the limbs is magnificently rendered, and the idea of prodigious strength is conveyed without strain or exaggeration. The examples of Van Dyck are not of the first order. The Duke of Marlborough's 'Time clipping the Wings of Love' (125) has a reputation beyond its merits; and the Earl of Darnley's picture of the Lords John and Bernard Stuart, though a graceful and dignified piece of portraiture, is rather wanting in character.

After the magnificent display of last year, the Dutch pictures must needs disappoint at first sight. But though inferior in the aggregate, the present collection contains many works quite on a level with some of Mrs. Hope's gems. Rembrandt's peculiar genius is well exemplified in the beautiful picture of 'Christ and Mary Magdalene at the Tomb' (117), lent by the Queen, from Buckingham Palace; and in the picture called 'The Cradle' (101), belonging to Mr. Boughton

Knight: on looking at this last, one can easily imagine how the artist's fancy would revel in the effect of the old woman's shadow looming largely on the wall. Why should Mrs. Morrison's fine portrait of a girl (63) be called 'The Painter's Daughter'? So far as is known Rembrandt had no daughter who lived beyond infancy. Strangely enough, Vosmaer makes no mention of this powerful work of the master. The Earl of Caledon's two portraits by Mierevelt (60 and 67) are admirably simple and truthful, and exhibit the Delft painter quite at his best. Utterly unsuited as the subject is to the painter's genius, and incongruous as is the effect produced by his method of depicting it, 'The Marriage Feast at Cana,' by Jan Steen (55), compels ungrudging admiration for the skill with which the numerous figures are grouped, the varied fancy shown in the expression of the faces, and the marvellous execution. The

fortunate possessor of this remarkable work, one of the painter's most notable productions, is Mr. John Walter, M.P.; it was formerly in the Duc d'Arenberg's collection at Brussels. Another essentially Dutch rendering of a sacred subject is Adrian Van Ostade's, 'The Nativity' (91), also belonging to Mr. Walter, in which the painter's utter lack of any sense of beauty of form or grace of movement is as conspicuous as is his feeling for colour, perfection of chiaroscuro, and absolute mastery of technique. The 'Boor and his Wife in an Arbour' (114), from Buckingham Palace, is another fine example of this painter. It is seldom that three such Teniers are seen together beside one another as those of Mr. Sanders' (85), Her Majesty's (88), and the Earl of Strafford's (89); but why are the first and the last called respectively 'Le Chapeau Rouge' and 'Le Bonnet Rouge,' when a red cap figures conspicuously in so many similar pictures

by this artist? Lord Penrhyn's contribution (128) is a good specimen of Teniers' earlier and somewhat heavy manner; nor should the Earl of Kilmorrey's 'Card-players' (93) pass unmentioned. From the same nobleman's little-known collection come two beautiful small Cuyps (90 and 124); the latter, representing some 'Cavaliers and Horses,' is a most luminous bit of painting, glowing with the clear transparent light that distinguishes the master at his best. The Buckingham Palace picture (134) is also a fine specimen of his larger manner. While with Cuyp the cows are subordinate to the landscape, with Potter they usually form the chief subject of the picture, and never were animals more glorified on canvas than in Mr. Walter's admirable 'Two Cows and a Bull'



The Painter's Daughter, Mary, by T. Gainsborough, R.A.

(112). In Sir George Philips's picture (69) Potter is seen under a different aspect in one of his rare landscapes, wonderful alike for its richness of hue, delicate gradation of aerial perspective, and enamel-like texture; it was painted when he was only twenty-one years old. Three fine Hobbemas, Mr. Walter's (62), Lady Williams's (76), and Mr. Blathwayt's (80), dispute the palm between them, and every one will be inclined to allot it in turn to the one which he has looked at last. Hobbema's contemporary, the greatest of the Dutch landscape painters, Jacob van Ruysdael, is not seen to quite such advantage in Mr. Walter's and Mr. Lewis Fry's contributions (235 and 239), fine though these works undoubtedly are. There are many other Dutch pictures to which we should like to draw attention, but space will only allow of a mere reference to Mr. Buckley's lovely William Van de Velde (94); Mr. Walter's two examples of Nicholas Maas (96 and 103); the same owner's curious

'Landscape, with Holy Family,' by Wouvermans (54); and Lord Penrhyn's characteristic pictures by the same artist (97 and 229).

One work alone would suffice to render this exhibition a memorable one, and that is Nicholas Poussin's 'The Triumph of Pan' (141), lent by Mrs. Morrison. As the catalogue tells us, this picture formed one of three painted for the Duc de Montmorenci; they are all in this country—one of the other two, 'Nymphs Dancing,' being in the National Gallery, and the other, 'The Triumph of Bacchus,' in the Earl of Carlisle's collection. The late Mr. Morrison bought this one at the Earl of Ashburnham's sale in 1850 for £1,239; it is splendid alike in colour and composition, and is the very incarnation of revelry and devilry without being in the least coarse or offensive. Claude is represented by three examples, none of them of superlative merit; the Earl of Portarlington's (149) is, perhaps, the best.

At the head, in point of time, of the deceased British masters, stands a painter, W. Sheppard, who curiously enough is only known by his 'Portrait of Thomas Killigrew,' of which the picture here (227) lent by Mr. Balthway is probably a replica, the original, which is signed by the artist, being at Woburn: the Earl Kimberley also possesses another replica. Hogarth is more numerous than usual, but the examples are not particularly interesting, with the exception of the Earl of Normanton's 'The Graham Family' (275), which is a capital picture of children, and admirably painted. Twenty-four pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds is a large proportion in one year. The following will claim the most admiration:—The Earl of Normanton's 'Mrs. Stanhope' (15), 'Lady Elizabeth Hamilton' (33), 'Charity' (129), and 'Fortitude' (132); Mr. Stirling Crawford's 'Lady Smyth and her Children' (176), a marvel of fine colour in perfect preservation, of which we give an engraving, and 'Mrs. Mathew' (183); Mrs. Meynell Ingram's 'Lady Beauchamp'

(180); and Sir George Philips's 'The Piping Boy' (185). The Landscape (183) by the great P.R.A., belonging to the last-mentioned owner, is a rarity, and will stand the test of criticism better than the other *rara avis*—Hogarth's landscape (259). Gainsborough's full-length ladies are on this occasion surpassed by his gentlemen: witness the capital picture, lent by his grandson, Mr. H. G. Moysey, of Mr. A. Moysey (173), swinging easily along with his stick over his shoulder; and the lifelike portraits of John, Earl of Kilmorey (253), and his son (256), the painting of which is as frank and solid as the features of the sitters. Of this artist's ladies, the

most charming are the sketches of his own wife and younger daughter (12 and 49), which the owner, Mr. R. Loder, M.P., has allowed us to engrave; the subtlety of the expression in the face of the former—a beauty with a temper—is inimitable. As a landscapist, Gainsborough is seen in two pictures of the same subject, 'The Cottage Door,' one belonging to the Rev. J. Daubuz (172), and the other to the Earl of Normanton (177). The examples of Romney are numerous and rather commonplace, though many, despite its hard colouring, will envy General Morris his 'Mrs. Morris and Child' (169), and Canon Phillpotts his 'Lady Hamilton' (247). There are



Lady Smyth and her Children, by Sir J. Reynolds, from the Engraving by Bartolozzi.

some capital bits by Wilkie, and one large unfinished picture, 'School' (255), lent by Mr. John Graham. Of the three Turners we prefer Sir A. Acland Hood's 'Sea-coast, Hastings' (179), for its luminous brightness and effect of colour; but Mrs. Morrison's 'Pope's Villa' (175) and 'Autumnal Morning' (41) are most impressive pictures; the latter is said to have been begun on a tablecloth, which was afterwards backed with canvas. With Constable's glorious 'The Lock' (181), also belonging to Mrs. Morrison, an upright repetition of his diploma picture, we must conclude this notice, though there are many other works which might well claim our attention.

THE ARTIST IN RELATION TO HIS WORK.*



THE personal characters of distinguished painters afford an interesting subject to all lovers of Art, but one which in a short essay it would be impossible for me to treat in a complete manner; I shall, therefore, confine myself to some observations on a few of the leading characteristics of the artistic

temperament, and endeavour to trace the relation they have with the work produced. The difficulty is very great, especially in those cases in which the personality of the artist seems at variance with his art; as, for instance, we find that extremely egotistical and conceited artists have produced works of the highest merit; and, on the other hand, such works have been executed by men whose modesty and humility endeared them to all who knew them; there have been careless and unsystematic geniuses, as well as methodic and painstaking ones; reserved, morose, and shy, as well as sociable, jovial, and noisy. We have men like Flaxman, of weak, invalid frames, and calm, placid temperaments, producing chivalric, vigorous compositions, full of fire and life—others, of bold, strong, and impetuous dispositions, like the distinguished French artist, Meissonier, whose works are remarkable for delicate finish and tender grace. As to this sort of case I have a theory, which is—that to geniuses their art is, as it were, their love, their sweetheart; and that just as a great strong man is apt to fall in love with a frail and delicate girl, or a small man selects a fine tall female for his partner, so the artist delights in displaying those qualities in his art which he possibly feels himself to lack; or it may be that, having these qualities, he reserves them as his most cherished possession entirely for his art. In any case it is an undoubted fact that many great geniuses have in their art revealed graces of which personally they were apparently destitute.

There have been several instances of artists having chosen to pass their leisure amidst the company of their inferiors, indulging not unfrequently in every form of low vice, and at the same time preserving their art as a holy temple into which no unclean thing was allowed to enter, every grain of their better selves being dedicated to its service. That fascinating artist, Morland, presents us with a remarkable example in this respect. Many years of his life were spent in the tap-rooms of roadside inns, and he became in his latter years a confirmed drunkard, but yet with all this not a trace of vulgarity is ever met with in his pictures; indeed, in those in which females are portrayed, nothing can exceed the delicate refinement and grace of his treatment.

Much may be urged in extenuation of this fondness for what the world calls "low society." All artists have implanted in them a strong love of nature, which is not unfrequently accompanied by a dislike to the conventionalities of society; to them there is often something depressing in the artificial surroundings of the upper classes, whereas, amidst the lower orders of humanity, they discover a certain unfettered naturalness of behaviour and freedom of expression, which, no doubt, have their charms; besides which, an artist can appreciate

the picturesqueness of humble life, and feels an interest in the effects produced by the more direct influences of nature to which the children of poverty are exposed. I have known few artists of distinction who did not possess a faculty for enjoying the natural simplicity and picturesqueness of the lower orders, finding far more material for their pencil in the slums and poorer neighbourhoods of a town than in the more fashionable quarters.

It was something more than the mere wish to impart lessons of morality that led a virtuous and honourable man like Hogarth to depict the scenes of low life he made so memorable. I imagine it is not difficult to trace in his pictures the decided enjoyment that he took in rendering the picturesque accessories and incidents with which he fills his works, and, though he occasionally laid the scenes of his compositions amongst the higher grades of society, yet he obviously found, to use a slang expression, "more go" in the lower. In the picture of the 'Strolling Players in the Barn' he has not, so far as I am aware, wished to inculcate any great moral lesson, and throughout the whole composition we find the artist revelling in the quaintness and queerness of his figures and their accessories. It requires, however, to be a man of strong character like Hogarth to mix much in queer society without becoming degraded, and though the world may tolerate a Bohemian with talent, nothing is so contemptible as a Bohemian without.

There is one class of artists amongst which the Bohemian tendencies are entirely wanting—I allude to the portrait painters. These as a rule present a striking contrast in their personal temperament to the other members of the profession. As a necessity to success in this branch of the art, at least as far as regards its remuneration, a portrait painter must be a polite, gentlemanly man, of great patience and self-command; he must be somewhat of a courtier—a man capable of taking a fashionable polish easily. In following his vocation he has continually to exercise his self-negation, both in the choice of his sitters and in the arrangement of his hours of work. At times he is subjected to much annoyance from the remarks and suggestions which are made by those whose portraits he paints, or by their friends. Sir Joshua Reynolds and Sir Thomas Lawrence present us with excellent types of successful portrait painters; both were remarkable for their urbanity and patient self-possession. In Gainsborough, on the other hand, we find an exception to the rule; it is not, I think, difficult to trace in his brilliant and dashing executed works the extreme sensitiveness and impatience which, from all accounts, we know belonged to his character. At times his work is carried further, and exhibits greater care and tenderness of execution than at others, probably because he has felt contented and pleased with his subject, but he evidently winced occasionally at the caprice or stupidity of his sitters, and obviously took less pains with an uninteresting countenance.

When excited he was addicted to the use of strong language. There is in the possession of the Royal Academy a letter of his directed to the members of the hanging committee of the day, in which with oaths he threatens to be revenged on them if they do not hang some of his pictures as he directs; he encloses a plan of the arrangement he desires. In Fulcher's

* The substance of these observations was embodied in a lecture given at the London Institution last December.

"Life of Gainsborough" we read also of quarrels and altercations which took place at times with his patrons and sitters.

Fine as Gainsborough's portraits are, I am inclined to think he was not at heart a portrait painter, and that where his brush had more latitude, as in his pictures of cottage children, and in his landscapes, we discover this fascinating genius at his brightest. In his celebrated picture of the cottage girl and her pitcher we have him at his very best; he there reaches a pathos and tender sentiment quite beyond the power of his less impassioned rival Reynolds.

Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded his sitters in a far more cold-blooded matter-of-fact way than did Gainsborough, probably much in the manner recommended to a young artist by Stuart. "Think no more," said he, "of your sitter's head, whilst at work, than if it were a potato; study only to reproduce faithfully its contours, modelling, and colour."

Sir Joshua was conveniently deaf, when it suited him, to his sitter's remarks: "he shifted his trumpet and only took snuff." An anxious mother once informed him that she did not think her daughter's portrait like enough; pretending not to hear, he smiled and bowed and went quietly on with his work; at length, when the remark had been forced into his ear through his trumpet, without being the least put out he blandly replied, "Not like, not like? oh, we'll make it like—we'll make it like."

His inmost thoughts were entirely on his art—how to make a fine picture out of his sitter was his all-absorbing idea; his quiet self-possession and placid disposition serving him in good stead by protecting the sanctum of his brain from interruptions or disturbance whilst at work.

I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of paying my humble tribute of admiration to the memory of our late President, Sir Francis Grant, the more especially as in his personal character he affords a striking example of the truth of my previous remarks. One might justly say of him as Sterne said of Uncle Toby, "nature had written gentleman in every line of his countenance." His courtesy and kindness procured him the love of all who knew him; he sat in the presidential chair, Reynolds's own chair, with as much ease and self-possession as he did on the saddle of a thorough-bred in the hunting-field. In debates at the council table, even when the voice of the majority went against his own views, he displayed ever the most perfect equanimity and forbearance, having a charming habit of saying something pleasant after the meeting was over to any one whose feelings he imagined might have been wounded in the heat of a discussion; but perhaps his most remarkable characteristic was what Lord Melbourne described as "put-up-ability," a virtue which enabled him to carry on his rule as President of the Royal Academy with the same success that he enjoyed in his profession as an accomplished portrait painter.

Professional etiquette forbids me to discuss the characters of the many distinguished living portrait painters, though I think I run no risk of giving affront by saying that all I have the pleasure of knowing are men of singular amiability and self-possession. I would also wish to call attention to the fact that the art of portraiture has succeeded best in those countries where patience and self-possession form part of the national characteristics, the Dutch and Flemish painters, together with the English, standing very high in this respect; whereas in the French school of portraiture, though there is much to admire in the skill and artistic excellence, a certain objective individuality of the person represented is frequently wanting. The

artists of this school are usually too much impressed with a sense of their own greatness to allow of the self-sacrifice that is required in the production of a faithful portrait; they pride themselves more on the talent they display in the execution of their work than in the actual resemblance to their subject. I would not for a moment wish to disparage this pride that a Frenchman has in his own talents as regards the art in general; it is only in portraiture that it becomes a hurtful quality.

Constable used to say that if you deprived an artist of his conceit he would never paint at all, and I have known of more than one instance in which this saying was curiously exemplified; there have been artists of great taste, knowledge, and refinement, but with so modest an opinion of their own power, so fastidious a disposition, and with such a want of self-confidence that they have never succeeded in pleasing themselves, giving up their works before completion, and contentedly passing away into oblivion. Men such as these admire the works of others with profound reverence and respect, but shrink from carrying out their own conceptions, be they ever so promising and original.

Cases of this sort, however, are luckily very rare, a thorough belief in the powers of self being almost universal amongst painters, both good and bad. Such a belief is pardonable in most cases, and only becomes objectionable when it is too openly paraded. In conversation with one another artists have a sort of etiquette of allowing for this feeling, taking it for granted that it exists, and expecting the same allowance in return.

The reliance in himself and his powers it is which prompts an artist to lofty endeavours, and hardens him to endure adverse criticism or want of patronage. Knowing well the arduous struggles of the studio, I, for one, would not wish any artist to be deprived of its assistance; but occasionally, when self-belief exists in undue proportions, so far from being an aid to success, it only drives its victims to misery and despair. An example of this unhappy ending suggests itself in the remarkable career of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Great though his powers undoubtedly were, he passed his life in vain attempts to persuade the world that they were still greater, meeting disappointment after disappointment, until the strain became too hard for him to longer endure it.

Amongst the more pleasing characteristics that artists possess of a helpful nature to their work, not the least important is their sense of humour. I have known very few artists who have not had this quality in a high degree, possibly the portrait painters rather less than others. I am disposed to think that more genuine wit and hearty enjoyment of fun are to be met with in the artistic than in any other vocation in life.

Work at an easel, though always difficult and laborious, has great variety: its sustained interest prevents the brain from becoming clogged or stupefied; it encourages or even demands extensive reading; and, above all, it is perpetually sharpening the powers of observation.

People have become accustomed to attributing witty sayings to lawyers, writers, clergymen, and others, but I believe much of the brilliancy of the wit that comes from the law courts, the pulpit, or the stock exchange is in a great measure due to the extreme dulness of the surroundings; the roars of laughter that greet a judge's repartee are somewhat akin to the well-counterfeited glee of the pupils at their schoolmaster's jokes. Even men of letters that are styled humorists do not air their fun in conversation quite as much as people imagine; a character for wit being accorded to them, every commonplace

remark they make is regarded as a witticism; whereas the truth is, with these men, humour being their stock in trade, it is most generally prudently reserved for their writings. In the same way actors, who delight thousands nightly by their talents, are glad enough in their hours of relaxation to be serious and quiet.

An artist, on the other hand, has no object in restraining his mirth: the great variety of scenes and character, of which his employment leads him to make observation, affords him much facility for shining in general conversation. He has, too, the advantage in his profession of seeing more of women and children than those do whose work has to be conducted in an office or away from home. If blessed with children, he lives amongst them, and by this means keeps alive his youthful sympathies, learning also to appreciate the originality and quaintness of childish humour.

An artist's sense of humour does not as a rule display itself in brilliant repartees, such as would be likely to be remembered and repeated as good things, but is heard oftener in a more diluted way, in a continuous flow of playful expressions, ludicrous images, quaint ideas, and unexpected turns, much of their charm being derived from an intimate knowledge and study of nature. This knowledge of nature it is which enables an artist to give graphic force to his descriptions of objects and character, which add greatly to the interest. I believe that Thackeray owed much of his wonderfully graphic powers of description to the fact of his early artistic training; his scenes and characters were actually before him in his mind's eye, and he was able to depict them with his pencil as well as with his pen. There is a diversity of opinion as to the artistic merit of his illustrations, the accuracy of his drawing being sometimes open to question, but as far as the reality and individuality of the various characters are concerned there can be no two opinions. In this respect they are infinitely to be preferred to the illustrations to his works which were done by other hands; he saw the personages he drew, whereas the other artists worked only from description. Thackeray was a thorough artist, and I have no doubt would have distinguished himself with his brush had his facilities with the pen not been so marvellous. He was ever a good judge of pictures, writing and talking of them with the keenest discrimination. He numbered many artists amongst his most intimate friends, and when he introduces allusions to the artistic fraternity in his writings it is done always in a kindly and brotherly way.

Though, as I have said, artistic humour does not excel in brilliant repartee, occasionally sharp sayings have been made by painters which it would be difficult to surpass. Such, for instance, as is related of Northcote: when a young man he was employed as a sort of assistant in Sir Joshua Reynolds's studio, and at the time when Sir Joshua was engaged on a portrait of the Prince Regent, Reynolds rather angrily asked Northcote how it was that the Prince knew about him, thinking, no doubt, that Northcote had obtruded himself in some way upon the Prince. "He knows nothing of me, Sir Joshua."

"Yes, yes, he does; he was talking about you to me this morning."

"No, Sir Joshua, I assure you he knows nothing of me. It is only his brag, Sir Joshua."

My father related numerous sayings of Constable which were replete with wit; as, for instance, when he told his milkman that he did not object to water, but would prefer to have the milk and water in separate cans.

And the reply he gave to Archdeacon Fisher, when asked what he thought of his sermon. "Oh, I liked it very much; I always did like that sermon."

As would be supposed, artists have generally been great admirers of the histrionic art. When my father arrived in England as a young man, Mrs. Siddons was giving her farewell performances, and he told me that for forty consecutive evenings he was present to witness her marvellous powers. His was a branch of Art, the impersonation of character, which derived considerable assistance from dramatic performances; and he numbered amongst his intimate friends many of the most distinguished actors of the day. I have never known a better judge of acting than he was, and when reading aloud from any of his favourite authors—Shakespeare, Cervantes, Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, Scott, or Burns—he could invest the characters with an individual personality which one at once felt must be the true one. His power of the true perception of an author's ideas was exactly that of a great actor, and I look upon his rendering of Uncle Toby, Falstaff, and Sancho Panza as triumphs of dramatic skill, which it would be impossible to surpass either on canvas or the stage.

The advantages of intimacy between artists and actors are mutual, the very marked improvement in the *mise en scène* and costume, which has lately been so characteristic a feature at our leading theatres, being greatly due to the friendships that exist between the two crafts. As amateurs I have repeatedly witnessed artists distinguishing themselves with great ability; and in charades or extemporary performances, if an artist is engaged, he will be sure to be remarkable both in his get-up and in impersonation of character.

The love of the theatre may at times impart to a painter's works a somewhat stagey appearance, which I take it is from the too obvious posing of the figures in the face of an audience—a conventionality which is an inherent necessity on the stage, but which a true artist should at all times avoid on his canvas.

The patronage of Art is a very important thing to the artists, with regard to whom the old proverb that "money makes the mare go," holds most true. There is a good deal of nonsense talked about what are called the low bread-and-cheese views of painters: young students are exhorted by their teachers in grand sounding words to work solely for honour and fame, for the sake of the art itself, discarding as utterly unworthy all sordid hopes of gain. In our Royal Academy schools laws have lately been framed with the express purpose of preventing the students from making a pecuniary profit out of the studies they execute; they are expected to think only of acquiring proficiency in the art, all attempts at making their studies acceptable to the public as marketable commodities being carefully proscribed; and as the shoe in many cases was felt to be beginning to pinch, many talented young gentlemen having to leave the schools prematurely in order to earn their livelihood, certain scholarships and other arrangements have been instituted in order to induce the students to remain in the schools and continue their studies. The effect of these arrangements remains to be seen; in the meantime, for my own part, I can surely testify that when I was a student in the Royal Academy the sale of a small study, made in the schools, for ten guineas, gave an impetus and energy to my working powers, which all the discourses and lectures of the worthy president and professors had failed to elicit.

In answer to those who deprecate thoughts of pecuniary gain in the artist's mind, I would beg them to name the amateur of any age who has produced works that will live, or

even the name of any professional artist who has never felt the want of money, who has attained any success worth mentioning. I can instance, on my side of the question, several remarkable cases of men who, having lost their wealth, have thereupon taken to Art as a means of subsistence, and therein afterwards greatly distinguished themselves.

A remarkable instance of this nature is afforded us in the career of the late George Mason, one of the truest and most poetic artists that the present age has produced.

Under the enervating influence of the Italian sun the best years of his manhood were passed in thoughtless happiness. It was poverty and want that at last aroused him, and then it was that he at length had recourse to the magic lamp of Art, which up to that time lay concealed in his bosom. There is something very touching in the fact that this lamp of his, when trimmed and lighted, should have, in spite of its long stay in foreign parts, shone out with the purest English flame. The Staffordshire moors and sweet English childhood had never been forgotten amidst the pleasures of the Campagna and the world of Art at Rome.

Unfortunately, his health began to give way at the very time that his great talents were aroused; and at his death his friends and admirers had not only to lament for the loss of his fascinating society, but also to deplore the paucity of his works.

That the great Italian masters by no means despised the remuneration they obtained for their labours we have ample testimony in reading Vasari's lives. In almost all instances when the works of these masters are being described by him, the price paid is likewise mentioned, and in one or two places we meet with stories of quarrels arising on the score of deficient pecuniary remuneration made or offered to various great masters. He eagerly exculpates his friend, Michael Angelo, from the charge of avarice, but he allows that this charge had been frequently made, and at any rate we may justly infer from this that the great master was by no means indifferent to payment for his labours.

Lord Byron calls avarice "the old gentlemanly vice," and in their old age, it cannot be denied, very many artists of the highest eminence have been more or less addicted to it; but in extenuation it should be remembered that a majority of the brightest geniuses the world has ever known have sprung from the humblest spheres of life, with the necessity of labouring hard for a livelihood at the very outset of their career, and that they thus acquired a due sense and appreciation of the advantages of wealth, which was seldom forgotten in after-life.

I do not think there will ever be much danger of the art deteriorating at any time on account of its professors being over-much actuated by motives of gain, the real danger lying in injudicious patronage. In Art, as in other things, the demand commands the supply; when those who buy pictures are men of true judgment and refined taste, the nation's Art must perforce wax brilliant; but when the patronage comes from men of uncultivated taste, or is bestowed on Art from motives of ostentation, it is needless to blame the artists for their love of gain.

Taste is a delicate plant: if its germs are found in ever so slight a degree in a congenial soil, it is capable of immense improvement by intelligent cultivation; whilst, on the other hand, it is most easily stifled and perverted by neglect or errors of nurture. The surest and easiest method for its culture, that I would recommend, is to take every opportunity of studying the works of the great masters. In selecting the works to be studied great care should be taken to avoid being

led away by our own unguided inclinations. Choose only the works of those whose reputations have stood the test of time. No matter if they may at first appear somewhat dull and uninteresting, that will be your fault, not theirs, and in time their beauties will infallibly dawn on your hearts. As well as frequent visits to galleries where good pictures can be seen, I would strongly recommend the hanging of your rooms, not only the reception ones, but the bedrooms, dressing-rooms, and nurseries, with examples of true Art. The many means of reproduction of the works of the old masters which exist at the present time, enable any one desirous of cultivating a true taste to avail himself of the services of such teachers as Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Albert Dürer, Reynolds, and many others, for a very moderate outlay, and a mind once accustomed to enjoy the society of such works may safely be intrusted with the responsibilities of patronage.

Great endeavours are being made at the present time to increase the artistic taste of the nation. This is certainly much to our credit, but we ought not to allow ourselves to be deceived by supposing that because vast numbers of young men and women have lately acquired a technical knowledge of the art that therefore the national taste must be necessarily improved. It is one thing to be proficient in free-hand drawing, or to be able to dabble with paint-box and brushes, and quite another to feel the right sort of impression which a fine picture should have on us. There is such a thing as degeneration of true Art by a too widespread increase of amateurism: Fuseli said wisely, "Expect nothing great in an age when those who ought to encourage Art by their patronage are content to debase it with their own performances."

I have heard a complaint made against us artists by no less an authority than Mr. Ruskin, that we associate too much or too exclusively with each other—running the risk thereby of becoming narrow-minded in our views of life. Now, though I am not disposed to admit the justice of this complaint, still, for the sake of argument allowing it to be true, I would ask, Among what section of society could we better associate? Would Mr. Ruskin have us hunt up our literary friends and annoy them during their hours of leisure by drawing them out in conversation? Even if they would permit this intrusion, could we not far more easily derive all the benefit from them that was good for us by reading their works at home? Surely he would not wish us to indulge in friendship with men of science—men who, according to him, would rob the world of its poetry and reduce creation to a mere system of evolution. Shall we enter the gay abodes of the world of fashion, or, like Turner or Morland, seek for life and nature amongst the lower orders? Are we not rather wise in our generation in enjoying the society of those amongst whom we are placed by Providence, those who can understand our ways, our language, and our thoughts—who can sympathize with our woes and troubles, and can benefit us by practical advice?

I well remember how my father's toe would wag with delight in the presence of a brother artist, a tribute of esteem which it never paid to other of his friends: to him the society of a fine picture or of a brother artist seemed the very sunlight of his existence. The respect and admiration with which I regard my father's good sense, ease my mind of all apprehension as to any dangers I may run in preferring and enjoying too exclusively the society of my fellow-workmen.

Surely it can be no disgrace to the artists that they should be charged with being a too united or a too friendly brotherhood.

G. D. LESLIE.

OUR PORTS AND HARBOURS.*

PORTSMOUTH.



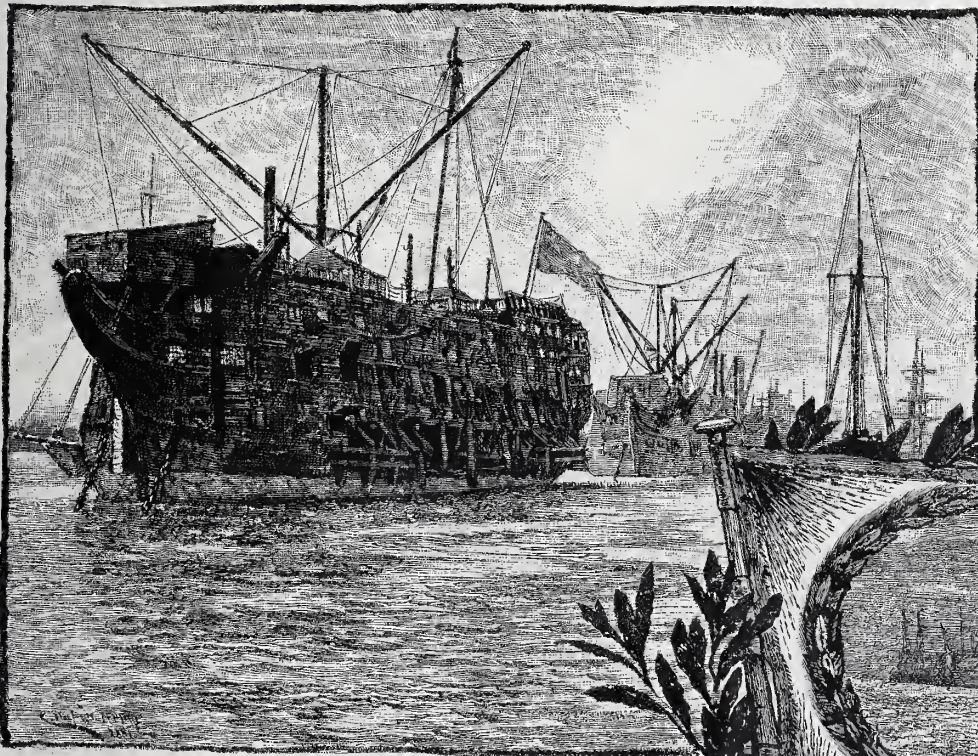
BRITISH patriotism, if failing elsewhere, should never do so at Portsmouth. The weak-spirited soul who in these latter days doubts whether Britannia still rules the waves should pay a visit to the great naval station—arsenal, dockyard, and fortress all in one—upon the Hampshire coast.

Portsmouth is redolent of the sea from end to end. Its atmosphere is charged with brine; the salt sea breezes bluster perpetually along its narrow streets. On every side are abundant evidences of efforts to maintain our supremacy upon the sea. Batteries line the shore, perched upon every

coigne of vantage, even upon the sand-banks of the open stream; men-of-war show their terrible teeth, and exhibit all styles of naval architecture, from the ancient hulk to the latest development of engineering skill. Vast dockyards, capable of building, refitting, or sheltering half the fleet; gun wharfs with endless stores of artillery material; barracks, hospitals, guard-houses, prisons; uniforms, naval or military, of all ranks, from admiral to simple blue-jacket, from general officer, a mass of gold lace, to private soldier in common crimson serge—these are among the familiar objects of Portsmouth and the surrounding towns. The sounds one hears are martial; bugles shrieking, drums beating, brass bands playing on parade or on board ship, a saluting battery for ever belching

forth fire and smoke in paying compliments, now to royalty *en route* to the Isle of Wight, now to foreign men-of-war in return for similar honours.

Portsmouth has always been closely identified with our naval power, rejoicing greatly over its glories, lamenting most keenly its disasters, and convulsed by



Departed Glories.

the sad news of shipwreck or loss at sea. When the *Eurydice* went down off the Isle of Wight the blow fell heaviest on Portsmouth; it was the same in the terrible calamity which overtook the ill-fated *Captain*; nowhere was the long-drawn sickening anxiety for the missing *Atalanta* more acutely felt than on Portsmouth Hard—a pathetic incident admirably told in the fine picture by Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A. It is nothing new to Portsmouth to be thus torn and agitated by the havoc made by the cruel sea. More than three centuries ago one of the finest ships in the English navy, the *Mary Rose*, commanded by Sir George Carew, foundered off Spithead. She had taken part in the action against the French; the weight of her armament caused her to heel over, the water rushed in at her ports, and

she went down with every soul, six hundred lives all told, on board. Very similar were the causes of another catastrophe more recent and more vividly remembered, the loss of the *Royal George*: she was also the finest ship of the Royal Navy, and carried one hundred and eight guns. The horrors in this case were intensified by the fact that the ship was in smooth water and in full view of the town; she was crowded with the families of her ship's company, wives and children, who had come off to welcome their relatives returning from a long sea voyage: all were light-hearted and unconscious of

* Continued from page 43.

coming danger and death; the Admiral, Kempenfelt, whose flag the *Royal George* carried, was in his cabin writing; the carpenters and others were at work repairing and cleaning the ship. In order to examine a small leak in her side, she was careened slightly, and while thus situated a sudden squall struck her. Almost instantaneously she capsized, filled with water, and making for a moment a vast vortex in the waters, wherein several smaller craft were engulfed, disappeared from view. Some three hundred of the crew managed to keep afloat, and were eventually saved; but quite a thousand people of both sexes, old and young, were drowned. For forty years the wreck of the great ship obstructed the

roadstead, and many unsuccessful attempts were made to remove it. At length, in 1839, the work was intrusted to Colonel (afterwards Sir George) Pasley, a distinguished engineer officer, who, with a party of sappers, proceeded scientifically to demolish it. At first professional divers were employed, but the engineers soon became as expert below water as they are on dry land. Their activity was rewarded by the complete removal of the wreck. The hull was blown up by cylinders filled with powder, and the fragments were sent up bit by bit to the surface, to be manufactured and sold as caskets, snuff-boxes, and so forth. It is just possible that if all of these were collected sufficient timber would be obtained



The Castle, Porchester.

to construct not one *Royal George*, but half-a-dozen ships of war.

Since Buckingham fitted out his expedition to relieve Rochelle, and was only stayed by Felton's murderous knife, Portsmouth has been the starting-point for most of the naval operations in our long protracted wars. Here, or at the neighbouring point of Spithead, admirals held rendezvous with fleets destined to sweep the seas; here Mr. Midshipman Easy and Peter Simple bought their dirks and cocked hats, and, with hundreds of other naval officers, put up at the "Blue Posts," the well-known inn which still existed a few years back, but was burnt, to be rebuilt only as a private house;

here Jack came ashore to scatter his five-pound notes, and fall an easy prey to crimps, press-gangs, and first lieutenants manning the King's cruisers at all costs. Numbers of the frigates and line-of-battle ships still survive as visible mementoes of "departed glories." Very picturesque and pictorial are these ancient hulks, the real old wooden walls and bulwarks of England's greatness, as all must admit who have gazed upon Turner's grand picture of the 'Fighting *Temeraire* towed to her Last Home.' Seen at Portsmouth, they dominate all other craft in the crowded Solent, an ever-shifting marine landscape, full of life and movement. All manner of vessels here pass to and fro; white-winged yachts tacking aimlessly,



FROM A PAINTING BY C. NAPIER HEMMY.

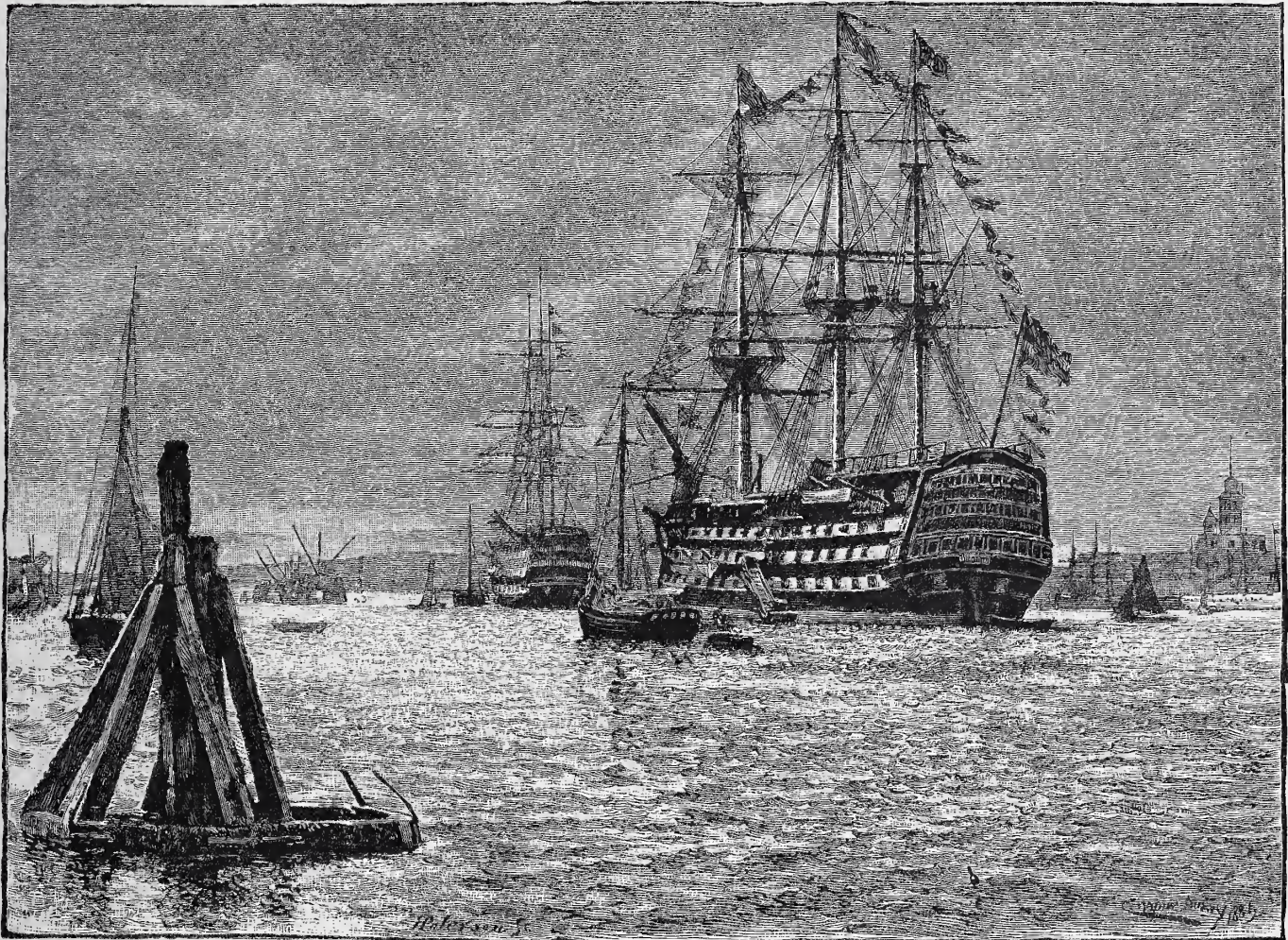
PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

LONDON, J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

just as the whim suits the pleasure-seeking owners, or steaming sixteen knots with royalty on board; the colossal Indian troop-ships with their white hulls; the roughly built but serviceable trawler's boat, as seen in the foreground of our full-page illustration, with its complement of a couple of men and a boy, to whom life at sea is a sober reality to be tussled with and fought for in the teeth of pestilent winds and tempestuous seas; busy steam-tugs paddling vigorously along intent on their mission, giving the outward bound a proper start, bringing the homeward bound safely to port, or dragging out the dockyard lighters or dredging machines. High above all, as in our first illustration, tower the worn-out war-ships of a past generation, proudly raising their

graceful figure-heads and their broad and massive proportions into the sky.

Chief among these hulks, as recording one of the brightest achievements in our naval history, is the celebrated *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship, which finds a fitting haven and home at Portsmouth. Some pains have been taken to preserve the old ship, which lies placidly upon the water like a scarred and battered old warrior enjoying a brief sunshine at the close of life. The guns and fittings are just as in the great fight; the spot is marked upon the deck where Nelson fell; the place is shown in the cockpit where his gallant spirit passed away. On the anniversary of Trafalgar the ship is wreathed with laurel, and on all high days and holidays she is dressed with



The Victory.

flags. The memory of Nelson is kept always bright and green at Portsmouth; Nelson's column upon Portsdown Hill is a prominent landmark for all ships approaching the haven from the Channel. This pillar was erected in 1805 by those who fought under his orders at Trafalgar, "to perpetuate his triumph and their respect." Nothing succeeds like success. If Nelson is worthily entitled to all honour, something more than pity is due to another naval commander whose crime was failure, and who was basely sacrificed to popular clamour. Portsmouth was the scene of the trial and execution of Admiral Byng in 1757. The court-martial sat on board H.M.S. *Monarque*: the charge upon which the accused was convicted was of not doing his utmost in saving Minorca when it was

lost to the English power. Although unanimously recommended to mercy, the luckless Byng was left to his fate, and shot on board the same ship, the *Monarque*, an inefaceable disgrace to the Government of the hour. It was of this creditable affair that Voltaire wrote in *Candide* that in a certain country it was considered wise to kill an admiral from time to time "*pour encourager les autres.*"

The Great Dockyard, opposite which the *Victory* lies moored, is one of the finest and most extensive in the kingdom. In it all the operations of ship-building can be carried out from first to last. From thence have been launched most of the triumphs of naval architecture, from the high pooped three-deckers of the last century to the unpicturesque iron

structures, the *Devastations*, *Invincibles*, and *Monarchs* of modern times. There are mast-houses, rope-houses, wood-mills, and all the costly and ingenious mechanical contrivances of the most scientific inventors, including the Nasmyth hammer and the block apparatus of Brunel. Large as was the Dockyard previous to 1864, it was deemed quite inadequate to the calls upon it, and a scheme of extension was planned and carried out to double the acreage, add numerous dry docks, and form large floating basins, all capable of accommodating war-ships of the greatest tonnage. These basins are termed respectively the tidal, fitting, rigging, and repairing basins, all communicating with each other by means of locks and caissons, wide entrances through which anything afloat can easily pass. Giant sheers, enormous cranes, and all manner of machinery to facilitate the various operations of the shipwright and fitter stand at intervals upon the margin of the basins and docks. The work is carried so far that a forest of masts and chimneys and iron-clad turrets shows that it is now approaching completion. This extension of Portsmouth Dockyard is a great undertaking well worth the money expended on it, which amounts to several millions, and the work is the more interesting from the fact that convict labour has been largely employed throughout. There is a satisfaction in knowing that those who prey upon society have in a measure made restitution by the not too-willing service of their hands. A later generation will probably do justice to a penal system which has helped to erect such national monuments as Portland Breakwater, the Verne Fortifications, and the Dockyard Extensions of Chatham and Portsmouth.

The vital importance of Portsmouth as a military and naval *point d'appui*, together with the inestimable value of its well-filled storehouses and magazines, replete with every variety of munition of war, marks the obvious necessity for protecting it from an enemy's attack. It is, in effect, the strongest place of arms in the kingdom; something more, indeed, than a fortress, for its fortifications are on the widest scale, and cover many miles outside and beyond the town. A line of forts protects the sea front, all armed with heavy guns, all communicating with those on the landward, and so forming a complete chain of defences. Upon the land side the range of heights known as Portsdown Hill has been adopted into the general line. This is, perhaps, the strongest part, being intended to make head against an enemy who, having got successfully on shore elsewhere, was endeavouring to turn the seaward defences, and having established himself on these ridges, found himself well situated to reduce the town. The works on Portsdown consist of a series of closed bastions, each strong and self-contained, but all mutually interdependent, so that no one fort can be attacked without engaging at least two others. The forts are comparatively small, but "their profile is formidable," says an eminent engineer, "and calculated to enable them to make an obstinate resistance." The leading idea of their construction was to obtain a long line of defence with a minimum number of defenders. It has been thought that in

the event of invasion the field armies can only be kept up to a proper strength by reducing all garrisons to their lowest terms. The defence of Portsmouth and other strong places would have to be confided to volunteers and pensioners, and not too many of them. Hence science has been called in to compensate for numbers, and the horseshoe-shaped forts on Portsdown, with their wide, deep ditches, Haxo casemates, and caponnière defence, may be held up as a model of military engineering skill.

But the garrison of Portsmouth is, and always must be, large even in time of peace. Soldiers of all arms, except cavalry, are as plentiful as sailors in its streets. It is the head-quarters of the southern district, a lieutenant-general's command, and is held usually by an officer of good means and social rank. The allowances of a general officer on the staff are not too liberal, and the duties of hospitality, which are almost incumbent upon the military commander-in-chief at Portsmouth, must make inroads upon the longest purse. Hence the honour is not too eagerly coveted, and the appointment is generally held by a peer, or, if there is one available, by a royal prince. Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar is at present in command, and rumour, not without foundation, has already named the Duke of Connaught as his successor. The chief rank in Portsmouth, however, is held by the naval commander-in-chief, and the place in consequence narrowly escapes the predicament of Brentford, which was weighted with two kings. The *entente cordiale* is happily so strong between the sister services that the relations between army and navy are always harmonious in Portsmouth.

Except for its garrison chapel, which is part of the ancient Hospital of St. Nicholas, or "God's House," founded by Peter de Rupibus in the reign of Henry III., Portsmouth owns few antiquities. For these we must go farther afield to Porchester, which lies in a secure creek at the top of the harbour, and which is really the predecessor and first "port" of these parts. Porchester was a stronghold under the Romans—the "Portus Magnus" probably of their time, a secure haven for ancient galleys, and a point in the network of the Roman defences and communications in Britain. A Norman castle was built within the area of the old Roman walls, and figured largely in mediæval history—the starting-point of kings bound for France, the prison-house for captives of high rank, and, later still, as a gaol for ordinary prisoners of war. The castle is in fair preservation, and is full of interest to archæologist and antiquarian. To the public of Portsmouth it is more popular as a resort for picnics and parties of pleasure. Hither come holiday-making crowds to disport themselves and play games in the tea-gardens, under the shadow of the old church tower. This church, which dates from the early years of the twelfth century, when it belonged to the Augustinian priory on this site, was restored a few years back, and exhibits some well-preserved portions of Norman architecture. The illustration of this and the other subjects have been engraved from drawings by Mr. C. Napier Hemy, the well-known marine artist.

ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

ITALIAN MEDALS.



ARTISTICALLY speaking, the interest in Italian medals which has lately sprung up is by no means strange, considering the beauty of these products of the Renaissance. But what is strange is the sudden rise of this interest, and its extension from a few connoisseurs to a large proportion of that public which is attracted by artistic studies. This latter fact has been registered by a very sufficient barometer of public taste, namely, the prices which Italian medals have fetched at recent sales. Mr. J. C. Robinson, in a letter to the *Times* "On Italian Fifteenth-Century Medallions," quotes some figures which are highly instructive on this head, and which show their extraordinary rise in value during the last few years. One of the most important sales which, until lately, took place in England was that of the late Dr. Wellesley, the Master of New College, Oxford. This occurred some fifteen years ago. The medals were sold in lots of three or four, and the lots realised from a few shillings to three or four pounds. In 1880 was witnessed the sale of another celebrated collection, that of M. His de Lassalle. There, individual pieces sold for from 100 to 150 gs. At the Wellesley sale a beautiful medal by Sperandio was knocked down to the South Kensington Museum for 30s. In the His de Lassalle sale a similar specimen fetched 101 gs. Nor is this all. The prices realised by the medals of M. His de Lassalle were far exceeded by those given for the medals of Mr. Bale, whose collection was sold last summer. One of these pieces fetched 355 gs.; and this not because Mr. Bale's medals were finer than those of M. His de Lassalle, but because the wish to acquire Italian medals had grown to this extent in the course of a twelvemonth.

Nevertheless, though the interest in Italian medals is high, and evidently shown to be increasing, the sources of information upon this subject are not numerous. So far as we know, no book had ever been written upon them in English before the appearance of a handbook to the collection of the British Museum by Mr. C. F. Keary, which was printed in the course of last year. Even abroad nothing of importance had for a long interval been published on the subject until 1879, when M. Armand, of Paris, issued his "*Médailleurs Italiens*." It was almost simultaneously with the appearance of this work that the authorities of the British Museum first opened their collection of Italian medals for exhibition. At the same time, too, began to appear in a German official publication, the "*Jahrbuch der Königlich-preussische Kunstsammlung*," a series of papers by Dr. Julius Friedländer, which, when the series is completed, will form the finest work yet written upon the subject.

These three books constitute at present the *locus classicus* of the subject. Each has a special method of treatment, so that they supplement one another. M. Armand gives admirable lists of the medallists and of their known productions, but he enters into no details of criticism or biography. Dr. Friedländer has, with German thoroughness, searched out and laid before his readers every detail which throws light upon the history of the medallists. Mr. Keary prefaces his book with a short essay on the Medallic Art of Italy, and

accompanies his biographical notices of the medallists with a running commentary of criticism upon their individual styles.

Few persons probably know how short and fragmentary has been the life of the medal in the world. To most, medals seem much the same thing as coins; wherever there was money they would imagine there must have been medals; and as they suppose the origin of coinage to lie in an antiquity almost infinitely remote, so, too, they think must medals have existed almost through all time. We might pause to tell such persons that coins themselves are comparatively modern inventions, and that though in our version of the Bible Joseph is described as being sold for "twenty *pieces* of silver," the word *pieces* is not in the original; and although Solomon is said to have purchased with gold and silver precious things for the building of his Temple, yet neither in the days of Joseph nor of Solomon was coined money known in the world. The precious metals were sold by weight, or possibly in bars; but coined money, in the strict sense of the word, was yet uninvented. Yet money existed for many hundred years before men ever thought of making *medals*. The latter were unknown to the ancient Greeks or to the Romans of the Republic, and only came into use in the early days of the Empire; that is to say, about the beginning of the present era. This is not a very remote origin to find for what we once believed in as "existing through all time." But more than this. The use of medals again disappeared with the fall of the Western Empire, and with the invasions of the Goths and Vandals in the fifth and sixth centuries. For all the millennium during which the dark ages lasted the art of medal making was again lost sight of. It arose once more with the dawn of the Renaissance.

It would seem that Petrarch, who did so much to call forth the dormant taste of the Italians upon all matters of culture, was influential in the revival of the art of medal making. He was an eager collector of Roman coins, and it was undoubtedly through the study of these relics of antiquity that the art of medal making again sprang up. We know that the first medals ever struck in Italy were made at Padua for Francis, the reigning prince of the house of Carrara, with whom Petrarch lived upon terms of special intimacy, and at whose court he died. The earliest known Italian medal dates from about twenty years after the death of Petrarch. The occasion of its striking was not an auspicious one for the unfortunate Princes of Padua. Their little state had long been threatened by its two powerful neighbours, Venice and Milan. In 1390 the reigning Prince of Carrara, called Francesco Vecchio, was taken prisoner by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, Duke of Milan. The son and namesake of this Francis then assumed the title of Lord of Padua, and continued the struggle for a few years. But he in his turn was driven from his throne, and with him the old line of the Lords of Padua came to an end. The medal we speak of seems to have been struck just after the capture of Francesco *il Vecchio* and the assumption of the government by Francesco *Novello*. It bears upon one side the bust of the father, on the other the bust of the son; each has the title "Lord of Padua."*

* The medal is engraved in Litta's "*Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*," s. v. Carrara di Padova.

This piece stands by itself. The regular series of Italian Renaissance medals does not begin until some forty years after this date. About 1430 the medallic art suddenly burst forth in full perfection in the hands of Vittore Pisano, or Pisanello, as he is sometimes called. This person presents, in some respects, a unique figure in the history of Art. He may fairly be called the introducer of the art of the medallist into Italy. For a single tentative like that above referred to at the court of Padua does not constitute the real introduction of an art. But not only this: Pisano was likewise the greatest master of the skill which he founded. Nothing in this particular branch of Art can fairly hold comparison with the work of Pisano. Greek Art is of course left out of the question, because the Greeks did not make medals. No Roman medallion can compare with the best medallions of the Renaissance; and no artificer who followed Pisano attained in any wide sense to such excellence as his. An individual example here and there may be as good as any piece by Pisanello, but no medallist has produced a series of medallions comparable to his.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that Pisano should have attracted considerable notice among his contemporaries, and that though he was likewise a painter of no mean excellence, it should be upon his production of medals that his fame chiefly rests. There is at the British Museum a fine representative series of Pisano's works. In looking at these pieces we are at once struck by the power which they display. In actual measurement, the faces or busts portrayed upon the medals are of course smaller than portraits represented in the other arts, either by painting or by sculpture; but in vigour of handling the medals may bear comparison with any other form of relief of the same age. The boldness and power of the portraiture is generally the characteristic of all the early Italian medals; and this is evidently a kind of merit which we have most right to expect in works of this class. Medals were made essentially for the sake of affording a form of portraiture which was at once portable and easily multiplied, for when once the moulds had been made numerous pieces could be cast from them. In fact, it is well known that the great lords and princes of Italy used these medals much as we now use photographs, in presenting them to their friends. Therefore to succeed in portraiture was to succeed in the most essential particular; to fail in portraiture was to fail in the very object of the work. Now it so happens that the Italian medals of the earliest epoch—those of the fifteenth century—are successful in this all-important matter, but the medals of the succeeding age are far less so. At the same time the artists of these later medals—the medals of the sixteenth century—are often found to have expended most of their skill in details which were less essential to the end which they had in view, as, for instance, on the designs which decorated the *reverse* sides of their medals. Mr. Keary says:—

“The fifteenth-century medals are, as a rule, much larger in actual size than those of the sixteenth century. They are also larger in style of treatment. They are far more sculptural than the later medals, and seem, indeed, to hold the right mean between painting and sculpture which belongs to work in relief, and on this account they are the most notable for the portraits which they display upon the obverse. The sixteenth-century medals, on the other hand, often show reverses of great beauty, but these are evidently far too much under the influence of the contemporary school of painting.

The elaborate perspective attempted is quite out of place in an art of this kind.”

This would be enough to show the superiority of the fifteenth-century medals over the productions of the same kind in the succeeding age.

To return to Vittore Pisano. The British Museum collection exhibits fifteen medals from his hand. The actual number of medals which he is known to have made is rather more than double this number.* We cannot desire better examples of success in portraiture than are shown by most of the medals of Pisano. Some of the persons whom he has portrayed are historical characters of no mean interest, and this gives an additional zest to our pleasure in looking at his medals. Among them we note the bust of Alfonso the Magnanimous, the chivalrous King of Aragon and Naples. And close behind him a man of a very different stamp, but not less typical of the age in which he lived. This is the *condottiere* Sigismondo Pandolfo di Rimini, a man of such noted strength and ferocity that he is said upon one occasion to have seized an offending domestic and held him upon the fire of his hall until the wretched man was burnt alive; yet this scarcely human wretch was noted for his love of antiquity and his patronage of Art; he was one who would pass hours in his tent, on the eve of an engagement, over a Greek or Latin author. Sigismondo's appreciation of the medallic art is shown by the number of portraits of him which have come down to our times.

Besides these two, we have in the Museum collection the bust of the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, John Paleologus. He came to Italy in 1438, to solicit the aid of the Pope, and through him of the Western powers, against the Turks, who were momentarily threatening to engulf Constantinople and the whole Eastern Empire. John Paleologus was at Ferrara in 1438, and it was probably during his visit to that city that Pisano took his portrait for a medal. In the following year Paleologus attended the Council of Florence, and there he acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. It is to be feared that he lost more support at home than he gained abroad by this act of complaisance to the Western Church. Constantinople, it is well known, fell fourteen years afterwards, and the European powers scarcely moved a hand to stay its destruction.

Pisanello seems to have lived some time at the court of Ferrara. He made several portraits of the lord of that city, Leonello, Marquis of Este. He visited likewise Mantua and Milan, and took the portraits of more than one among the Gonzaghi, the Lords of Mantua, as well as those of Filippo Maria, the last Duke of Milan of the line of Visconti, and of his son-in-law and successor, Francesco Sforza. Unfortunately neither of these last two medals is in the Museum collection.

Pisano was, we have said, a painter as well as a medallist, and was in the course of his life employed upon some considerable works in fresco. One of these was in the Ducal Palace at Venice; another was in the church of San Giovanni Laterano at Rome. This last was the history of St. John the Baptist, and having been begun by Gentile da Fabriano, was completed by Pisanello. Unluckily, like many more valuable works, both these frescoes have utterly disappeared. People in those days better understood the art of painting

* Friedländer mentions thirty-one as known to be by Pisano. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Italian medals exhibited in the British Museum form the whole of the national collection of these works of Art. The guide to the collection says that the medals exhibited “have been selected from the collection in the British Museum.”

than of preserving their paintings when made. And in the case of the fresco in the Lateran church the artist had the disappointment of himself seeing it in course of destruction from the humidity of the walls. Vasari mentions one or more easel pictures by Pisano. One is a St. Eustace, who is represented in the act of caressing a dog which has his feet against the legs of the saint, and at the same time turns his head as though he heard some noise, "and this with so much life that a living dog could not do it better." There were two St. Georges, one in the act of returning his sword into his sheath, having just slain the dragon; and another mounting his horse. There was further an Annunciation in the church of San Fermo Maggiore, Verona. All these pictures were, in Vasari's time, at Verona, which was Pisano's native city.

The paintings by this artist are now very rare. All the more interesting is it that we have one by him in the National Gallery, and all the admirers of Pisano the medallist ought certainly to go and see it. The picture is a small one, eighteen inches in height by eleven to twelve in width, and is painted upon wood and in tempera. It represents the meeting of St. Anthony and St. George. The colouring of the faces is of peculiar beauty, as is the painting of the silver-white armour of St. George. The head of this saint is without a helmet, and is shaded by a broad-brimmed Tuscan hat, beneath the shadow cast by which the rich flesh tints glow in a manner not unworthy of Van Eyck. It is certain that Pisano was, in his own day, held in very high esteem as a painter.

He took a peculiar delight in animals, and generally introduced one or more into his pictures or on his medals. In the picture mentioned we have beside the dead dragon, the hog of St. Anthony, which lies at his feet; and to the left of the painting two horses' heads appear. The same kind of thing recurs in the medals. In the Museum collection we remark a young man upon the back of a boar which is being pursued by two hounds, an eagle surrounded by other birds of prey, a car drawn by four horses, two and two, and horsemen in various attitudes, as forming the reverse designs of Pisano's medals.

It would seem as if Pisano's contemporaries thought that he was the beginning and the ending of Italian medallic art, for he is almost the only one among the medallists of that century of whose life we know much. Of some of the medallists we know the names only from seeing them upon their productions, yet these productions are very often perfect gems of Art. The fact that workers of such excellent faculty should have been left unrecorded by the biographers of the time shows, as Dr. Friedländer well remarks, the extraordinary wealth in Art production of those ages. One of the unchronicled medallists who was a contemporary of Pisano was he who on his works signs himself Sperandio or Sperandeu. As we know nothing of his life, we cannot say whether he followed any other occupation besides that of worker in metal, but his productions in this kind are very numerous. Indeed, both for the merit and the quantity of his works, he may fairly be placed next to Pisano. The Museum exhibition displays six medals by him. They are of the following persons:—Giuliano della Rovere, the Cardinal San Pietro in Vincoli, who is better known by his subsequent title, Pope Julius II.; Giuliano's brother, Bartolommeo, Bishop of Ferrara; Federigo del Montefeltro, the celebrated *condottiere*, and the munificent patron of scholars; Francesco di Gonzaga, Bishop of Milan; a certain Alessandro Tartagni, a jurist; and Bartolommeo Pendaglia, a citizen of Ferrara.

Sperandio was a native of Mantua, and, as we may judge from his medals, was employed by the princes of the north of Italy and of Romagna. The date of his productiveness is a little later than that of Pisano, for while the medals of the latter appeared between 1439 and 1449, there is none which can be ascribed to Sperandio of an earlier date than 1460.* Some are as late as 1495. Sperandio may, therefore, fairly be reckoned in the school of Pisano, seeing that one was from Mantua, and the other from the neighbouring city of Verona.

One who was more immediately a pupil of Pisano was Matteo de' Pasti, or di Pastis, who was born in Verona, and whose earliest medals date a few years before the latest works of Pisano. Sometimes he closely resembles his master in style, but it may be said generally that his best works are only comparable to Pisano's worst. Pasti has scarcely the vigour of Sperandio, but sometimes he catches a likeness with wonderful felicity and delicacy of touch; witness the medal of Isotta di Rimini, wife of Sigismondo Pandolfo, before spoken of. Neither Sperandio nor Pasti attains to the excellence in portraiture of the great master of both. They fall still further behind him in the designs which they make for the reverse sides of their medals. These are almost always poor. As has been said, the majority of medallists of the fifteenth century devote their attention almost exclusively to the obverses, which bear the head or bust of the person represented. The execution of the other side is a secondary matter with them; so secondary, indeed, that they rarely display much skill therein. But, as has also been said, Pisano is a notable exception to this last rule, for while with him the portrait is rightly the first consideration, the reverse design is generally also excellent.

Medallic art in Italy began, as we have seen, north and east of the Apennines, and for a very long time the cities of Lombardy and Romagna had the chief production of medals in their hands. Bologna, Ferrara, Modena, Mantua, Milan, Verona, Brescia, Venice, could all claim one or two masters in this department of Art during the fifteenth century. Among these we notice the names of Amadeus Mediolinus—that is to say, Amadeo of Milan; Antonio Marescotto, of Ferrara; Jacobo Lixignolo and Baldassar Estensis (D'Esti, perhaps a natural son of some member of that princely house), both also of Ferrara; Fra Antonio of Brescia, and many more.

The art was not long in crossing the Apennines and in making its appearance at the home and the cradle of the highest artistic production, Florence. We believe that a certain "Nicholaus" was the first Florentine medallist; but, as there seem to have been two workers who bore this name, it is not very easy to distinguish their productions. Mr. Keary publishes a medal of Nicolo Fiorentino representing Alfonso d'Este, afterwards Duke of Ferrara and Modena, as a young man; and in his notice of Nicolo Fiorentino he speaks of him as being among the earliest Florentine medallists. The question, however, arises whether this Nicolo is the same as he who first made medals in Florence. The medal of Alfonso d'Este is dated 1489. But it seems certain that the elder Nicolo Fiorentino made medals as early as 1440, or at any rate before 1444. It is hardly likely he could have had a period of activity lasting for half a century. We incline to distinguish,

* Dr. Nagler, in his Dictionary of Artists, gives the date of Sperandio's first medals as 1447. Friedländer's estimate is 1460, which is probably the most accurate.

as Dr. Friedländer does, two Nicolos of Florence, a Nicolo the elder and a Nicolo the younger, and to suppose that the medal of Alfonso was made by the second. However that may be, the piece itself, though not in the best possible condition, is of admirable execution. It has, moreover, an historical interest for us, as presenting while a young man that Duke of Ferrara who became the husband of Lucrezia Borgia, and who was much involved in the wars stirred up in Italy by Pope Julius II.

Among Florentine medallists we have to note the eminent sculptor Antonio del Pollajuolo, of whom the British Museum possesses two pieces. Each is a small-sized medal: one has on the obverse the head of Filippo de' Medici, the titular Archbishop of Pisa, and on the reverse the Last Judgment (not Michel Angelo's Last Judgment, which was not begun at the time this medal was made). Though the figures in this scene are very small, they are modelled with great beauty. This titular Archbishop Philip has some historical interest, for it was owing to the disputes with the Medici concerning his appointment that Pope Sixtus IV. espoused the cause of the Pazzi conspirators, and approved their murderous attack on Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici. The other medal of Pollajuolo commemorates this very conspiracy. On one side it represents the attack upon Lorenzo and his escape; on the other the attack upon and murder of Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano.

It has been already said that, as a rule, the medallists of the fifteenth century were not known in other branches of Art. Pollajuolo is one exception; another is Gentile Bellini, the Venetian painter. Dr. Friedländer publishes one medal which came from his hand, which is unfortunately not represented in the Museum series. It is a medal of Mohammed II., the Ottoman Emperor. The (apocryphal?) story is well known of Bellini being invited to the court of this potentate, of the complaisance with which Mohammed, in order to give the painter the opportunity of studying a man just

dead, ordered one of his slaves to be beheaded in Bellini's presence, and of the horror of the painter and his speedy return to Venice.

Some of the medallists of the succeeding age, the sixteenth century, are better known to fame than are their predecessors of the earlier epoch. We count the names of Francesco Francia, of Benvenuto Cellini and Sangello, and of such lesser lights as Leone Leoni and Giacomo Trezzo. Nevertheless the medals of the fifteenth century are, as a class, so much more interesting than those of the sixteenth century, so much the most prized and most sought after, that we have thought it well to confine our remarks altogether to this class. The whole history of Italian medallic art could hardly be treated of in a single article, and in speaking even of the class to which we have limited ourselves, we have been compelled to leave unsaid much that we should like to have added. We may, perhaps, on a future occasion be able to say something concerning the Italian medals of the sixteenth century.

The productions of the best period of Italian medallic art are always cast medals, not struck ones. The way in which the artist proceeded was to make a model in wax, and then embed it in fine moulding sand. The sand was hardened by some sort of lye, the wax was melted out, and the metal was poured in. The medals are of a considerable size, some being as much as four and a half inches in diameter. In contemporary portraits of this epoch we often see men represented as wearing such large medallions in their hats, and this shows us one use to which these pieces were put. When made for this purpose of personal ornament, the medals were frequently of gold or silver. Specimens in either of the precious metals are now (naturally) very scarce; the medals are usually in bronze, but not unfrequently in lead. Some of the finest specimens in the Museum collection are in this latter metal. Nevertheless, on account of the great perishableness of this substance, lead medals are in much less demand at public sales than specimens in bronze.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

WEAL AND WOE.—Engraved by Thomas Brown, from the painting by C. Gregory. The vicissitudes of human life, with all their intense and dramatic realism, are finely typified in this very able picture. The little child starting on her first voyage, with the emblem of hope and promise in her dimpled hand, has a fine antithesis in the aged labourer, worn with toil and the long burden of his many years, who will in so short a time take the last journey of all. The pretty young mother and her babes well express happiness and content, as they look with bright-eyed hope across the placid river to the paths beyond. The mother, happy in the possession of her treasures, has a touch of sympathetic tenderness in her face, as not unconscious of the stricken one near her, who, like Rachel mourning for her children, will not be comforted. There is a fine touch of character in the stalwart boatman, whose youth and strength contrast so effectively with age and feebleness. In this work the artist has manifested with no uncertain hand his inventive faculty. The position of the boat enables him to bring his figures into excellent arrangement; the landscape is happily rendered,

and the massing of the trees most successfully aids the general balance of the picture. We are indebted to the Corporation of Liverpool for permission to engrave a work which is eminently characteristic of a skilful artist.

'THE END OF THE "FORTY-FIVE" REBELLION.'—Drawn and etched by W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A. The pathetic incidents of this picture are well sustained, and there is throughout it a picturesqueness of effect which is very marked. The stately figure of the shackled chieftain, who, with a sorely wounded youth on crutches at his side, leads the sad procession of Jacobite prisoners, the animation of the soldier in the foreground stooping over a dying Highlander, the alert officer on horseback, the mourning women outside their humble cottages, all combine to complete the story of a disastrous period of Scottish history, which speaks so pathetically from Mr. Hole's design.

'PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR,' from a painting by C. Napier Hemy, is fully described in our article on this subject.



PAINTED BY C. GREGORY

ENGRAVED BY THOMAS BROWN.

WEAL AND WOE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE LIVERPOOL CORPORATION.



CHILDHOOD AND ART.

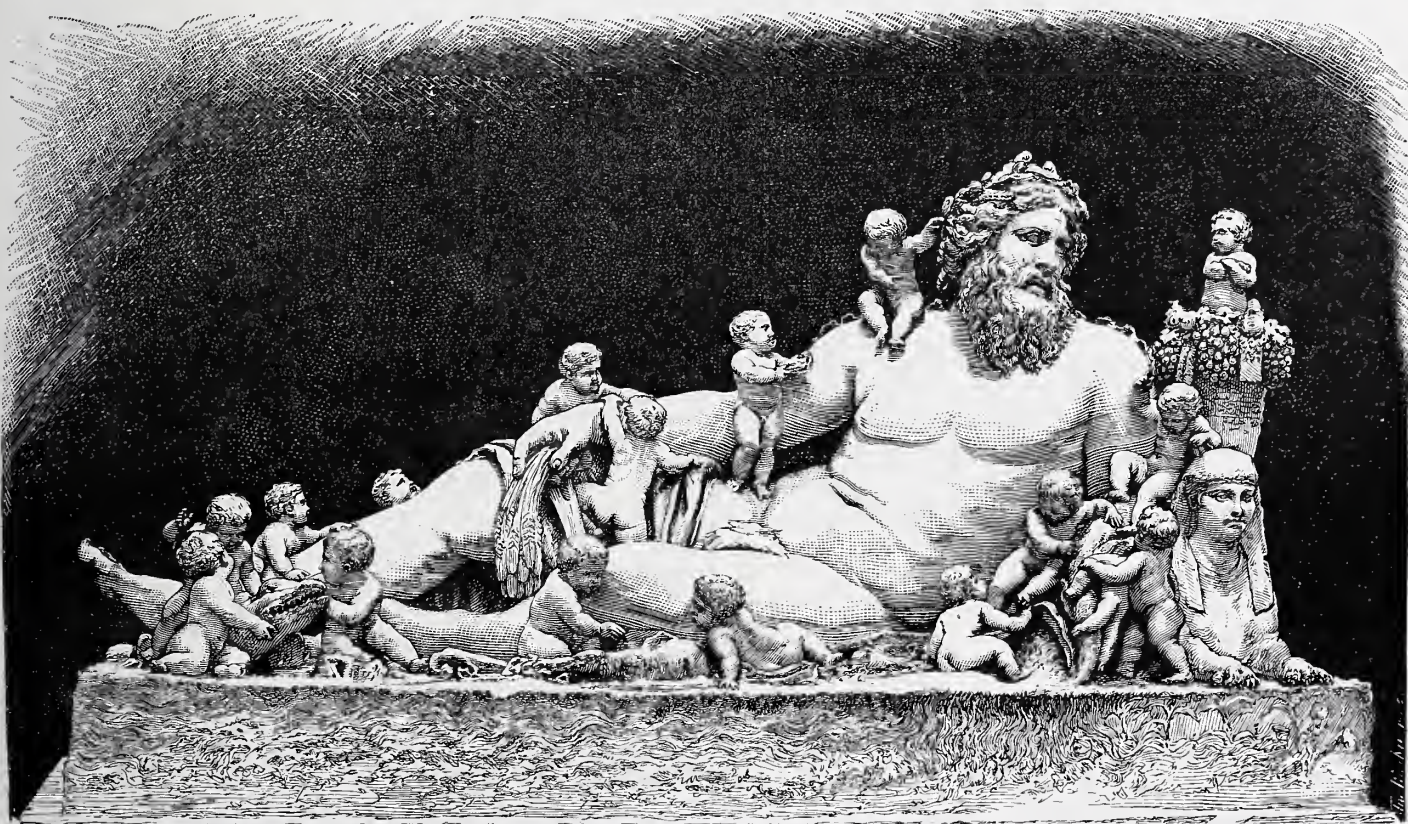


HA RDLY a happier subject or a pleasanter task could be found than a consideration of the treatment which childhood and early youth have received at the hands of artists. It is not our purpose to attempt a task so ambitious as a complete survey of the representative arts, or to trace

the descent of particular types by which schools or periods may be distinguished from master to pupil. To enter on so large a field we should have to provide an apparatus of engraved illustrations, and some facility for referring our readers from one gallery to another. Then, too, in such a subject-matter, experience does not always lead all minds to the

same results. Our present object is the modest one of inviting attention to a feature of great, and sometimes extraordinary, beauty in painting and sculpture. Such an inquiry, nevertheless, must necessarily range over considerable periods of the history of Art, and implies some comparison between the works of one age and one country and those of another.

There is one gift to men, that faculty of reproducing the works of nature by the help of the mind, and in a certain and true sense of *generating new beauties*, for which outward nature does no more than furnish hints and sketches. This gift, the same in kind from the days of the Egyptians to our own, has always been uncertain and partial in its distribution. As, too, it has been variously and most unequally bestowed upon mankind, so it varies indefinitely in its creations. One



The Nile, from the Vatican.

kind of subject has been its object at one period, and a different kind at another. Man, however, his history, his fortunes, his joys, trials, hopes, and fears, are *the* subjects of all others on which mankind has concentrated its interest. As man is dispersed over so many nations, and races and

families have grown to the possession of distinct lines of descent, codes of laws, and manners, so they have come to vary in make and countenance. We recognise in Babylonians, Jews, and Egyptians distinct types of feature—types recognisable in ancient sculptures and paintings, and trace-

able in their descendants to this day. And if we are to compare the children we see in works of Art, there will be found marked differences between Greek and Roman, Italian



Bas-relief in the Organ Gallery of the Cathedral at Florence.

and Flemish. These differences in sculpture and painting are often striking. The ideas, also, which have prevailed regarding religion have powerfully affected the way in which artists have looked at childhood, for religion has been the great inspiring influence of Art, not in the Europe of Christian times alone, but in Egypt, Babylon, India, Greece, and Rome. Artists of old times felt deeply and worked earnestly, because they worked in the cause of their religion. Nor has the truth or falsehood of their religious beliefs or sentiments prevented this spirit of devotion. But when the objects of devotion are true, and the thoughts inspired by those objects pure and holy, it is probable that artists would imagine and express beauties which would hardly be looked for when men's thoughts were less sacred and refined. This will lead us to a comparison between ancient and modern Art in respect of our special subject.

Before going further, however, it may be worth while to ask why childhood, of which feebleness, ignorance, want of reasoning powers and of judgment are such obvious attributes, should deserve our interest, and, indeed, in what the special attractions of this early stage of life may consist? The body does not reach its perfection, nor the mind maturity of any kind, till long after childhood and youth are past. If we were to measure children by such standards only, they would merely be thought of as burdens for which we are responsible, or as playthings fit for the hours of recreation. To the artist they would have only a minor interest, as necessary details in making compositions of history or of family portraiture. Childhood, however, has not only the fresh and charming beauty which belongs to the young of all creatures, but it has the mind and the will then, and then only, pure and untried, ready to take

the shape, or bend to the direction, that shall be given it. We cannot tell of any child what its future possibilities may be. We may see an Alexander or an Aristotle, a Nero or an Attila, a Dante or an Ignatius, a Winifred, a Clare, or a Teresa, in the tiny creature that crawls about its mother's knees. It may be bent, moulded, and trained in this direction or that. What should we think if we could see as children persons who have lived to fill such places in the course of history as those of heroes, tyrants, or saints?

Then the child is what none of us can dare to call ourselves, in all personal respects an innocent creature, and without conscious perversion of the will. It comes from the font a fit companion for the hosts of heaven. That it can, and that it ought to advance to a perfection far higher in after-life is certain.

The possibilities, then, of the future are one of those broad characteristics which the artist may read or dream of in the bright unclouded looks of childhood. He will do so, and will give expression to his meaning in accordance with the depth of his own imagination. And as these mysterious lights and shades, these pure unsullied splendours which innocence and ignorance of sorrow shed on the young, are moral rather than merely material perfections, they will be seen only by artists of refined taste and great accomplishment.

So far, then, on the subject generally. We may proceed now to consider how artists of various times and nations have treated it. Oriental Art, old and contemporary, interesting in so many ways, we shall leave aside as but indirectly concerned with our inquiry. We divide those epochs during which the arts have reigned in their power and beauty into ancient and modern; and the modern period into that of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance.

Except for a limited time the traditions of antiquity have



Bas-relief from the Organ Gallery of the Cathedral at Florence.

never ceased to animate our European Art. How, then, did the ancients treat our present subject? We know from

their poetry, architecture, and sculpture how deeply the Greeks were imbued with religious sentiment. They peopled their beautiful land with gods and goddesses, inhabitants and guardians of land and sea, of rocks, streams, woods, grottoes, and springs of water. They imagined a sort of earthly paradise reserved for the repose of the more important of these personages. They fully believed in the personal interference of such divinities in the concerns of men, in their taking the parts of their special clients in the trials and struggles of the general course of human life. But then these beings were subject to human passions, love and desire, hatred and revenge. Childhood could therefore

have but a small place in the religious sentiments of the ancients.

Passing, therefore, to Roman Art, we are at once confronted in one of its earliest examples. The first engraving in this paper represents a group of sculpture well known to visitors of the Vatican, from Messrs. Cassell's volume on Egypt. A bearded god reclining on a sedge bank is holding the source of the river Nile. Sixteen tiny boys are climbing and playing gracefully round this noble impersonation of a stream as familiar to the ancient Romans as to ourselves, its actual source excepted. Egypt was the granary of the imperial city, and the rising Nile was watched by farmers and specu-



The Princess Christina, Prince John, and Princess Dorothy, Children of Christian II. of Denmark, from the Picture by Mabuse at Hampton Court.

lators with far wider interest than now. Sixteen cubits was the standard measure of a sufficient rise of the water, and these sixteen cubits are typified by the chubby boys of the composition. Here these children figure as types of natural fecundity; their gambols are emblematic of happy homes, flourishing families, overflowing with life, joviality, and abundance.

Another and a more interesting representation of childhood amongst the Romans was that of *genii*. The *genius* was a spirit, good or bad, one of each kind having a sort of tutelary right over every one from his birth. Sometimes these spirits were spoken of as abstract notions—the spirit of fun or of mischief, the *genius loci*—influence of a particular scene or spot—and so on. They were represented by winged boys, often of much beauty. Not only were there

the *genius* of Cæsar, Brutus, or Antony, but of gods and deified heroes—of Mars, Venus, Hercules. They are sculptured on altars, on the bases of lamp-stands, and other spaces. They are flying, and are often graceful and beautiful pieces of sculpture. The *genius* of Mars carries the shield and sword, cloak and helmet, of that divinity, flying away with them as the soldier's child might carry off those of a father released from military service. We meet with painted decorations at Pompeii in which are pictures of these beautiful creatures driving the harnessed doves of Venus through the air, or dolphins along the surface of the sea, or handling the reins of creeping snails—playful and graceful compositions. The games of the circus, so important an element of Roman life, as fruitful occasions of strife and speculation as modern race

meetings, had their *genii* as well. Sculptures are still extant in which fairy chariots and horses are driven by these winged spirits, sometimes on sarcophagus fronts in which persons engaged in the sports have been buried. That the superstitious did their best to secure the favour of such patrons for the horses or athletes on whom they staked we may be certain. In these compositions may be seen, as in miniature, all the interest of the games—struggles for the inner place round the turning-point of the *spina*, collisions, rearing horses, upsets and mishaps of all sorts. It was the spirit of humour and fun that ruled such spirited representations. A more interesting series of representations of *genii* will be found on sarcophagus fronts of the first three centuries, examples of which can be studied in the galleries of the Louvre, engraved in Clarac's "Mélanges." The busts of the deceased—sometimes of husband and wife—contained in a circular frame, are supported by two spirits in full flight. These particular compositions, when brought to the notice of artists of the fifteenth century, seem to have had a peculiar attraction for the painters and sculptors of the day, probably from their easy adaptation to Christian ideas.

There remains the infant god of love, Cupid, a beautiful boy, the son of Venus, armed with a bow and arrows; capricious, shooting barbed stings with blinded eyes, taking his pleasure in undoing the harmony of honest attachments—altogether a far from noble type of love.

Taking a general view of these traditions of antique Art with reference to children, they may be said to embody the perfection of health, fulness of limb, and childish gaiety. In these respects the children of classic Art have been chosen with a sort of enthusiasm as types and models of shape and proportion by modern masters—very generally, indeed, as conventional representations of childhood which have superseded actual studies from nature. Greek and Roman children must have been beautiful creatures—all that antique Art has handed down to us is of a robust and well-formed bodily type. Of that moral charm, the innocence, confidence, and purity belonging to the countenance of childhood in every age, we discern but few traces. Of what great painters and great sculptors—who could make colossal statues of gold and ivory, covering the borders of their dress, and the bars of their seats and footstools, with groups of figure subjects on many scales of size in relief—of what such men may have done when they have had to commemorate some touching history of the young, we can say nothing. If ancient society was corrupt in morals; if the mind of it was warped by false ideas of philosophy and religion, this condition of things had its exceptions too. There were wise and noble minds among the aged, pure and innocent hearts among the young. Natural virtue, if not widely cultivated, was held in honour. Purity and innocence, in all ages, shed a sunshine over the soul and pour a special serenity over the face. That sculptors of the measure of Phidias and Polyclitus, painters of that of Apelles and Parrhasius, should have had no power of discerning such moral beauty and of representing it, is what we should not dare to maintain.

Art during what we call the Middle Ages was a new growth under altered skies, but from old roots. It was animated by a new poetic force, higher, purer, holier than that of old—a force which owed its power to religious beliefs, but of a more spiritual kind. The highest qualities of our modern Art are due to the poetry so inspired. Let us see how far it has done honour to childhood.

The engraving at the heading of this article is from the frieze of a chimney-piece in the Kensington Museum, by Donatello, a Florentine sculptor of the fifteenth century. The composition follows exactly those representations of *genii* on sarcophagus fronts to which allusion has been made. It is difficult in a reduced drawing to give anything like an adequate idea of the grace and elegance of the original. Not only has Donatello done full justice to the roundness and bodily grace of Italian children, but he has given to the faces, both of the two centre children engraved and those at the corners, that expression of seriousness, that mysterious solemnity, we so often notice on the countenance of infancy.

At the Museum also the reader may see twelve little angels in full relief, cast from the bronze of Donatello on the altar of St. Antonio of Padua. They are playing musical instruments to do honour to the saint. Two beautiful weeping angels in slight relief, sculptured on the ends of a marble shrine in the Museum, are also attributed to Donatello; and he may be studied in other marbles and casts in that collection. On a bas-relief (No. 5795) there are two lovely children, winged, with their hair blown about by the breeze. The joy they feel is expressed with the utmost refinement and delicacy.

Another series of compositions, casts from a singing gallery in Florence, represents groups of boys and maidens singing and dancing. Two of these, engraved in Yriarte's Florence, are here reproduced; they are by the Della Robbia family, sculptors, and also modellers in glazed earthenware, of which there are admirable examples in the Museum.

If we look at other compositions by the same authors representing the Saviour of the world and his Virgin mother, the tenderness, sweetness, and reverence with which the Child is treated are still more emphatic. This remark applies to a vast number of representations both in sculpture by Donatello, or by those of his school, and by painters of his time, *e.g.* Nos. 7473, 108, 78, 7624, in which five little angels surround the mother and Child, shielding them from the sun, and playing music before them.

We may conclude this part of the subject with a notice of some children painted by the Flemish artist, Jean de Mabuse, in the sixteenth century. He was admirably trained, and drew and painted with great perfection. This group of children is from a picture in the Holbein gallery in Hampton Court. The children are portraits, and were for a long time supposed to be those of the children of King Henry VII.* It will at once be noted that these children have the roundness, fulness, and grace of robust children sprung from a muscular race, but they want much of the special beauty, serenity, even grandeur, which are so widely expressed by Italians of the time on Italian children. The infant Saviour of Van Eyck, in his small picture in the Salon Carré of the Louvre, well shows this great difference in the beauty of the models; or, again, the lovely miniature by Roger van der Weyden, No. 697 of the same collection.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

* The engraving, by Vertue, from which our illustration is taken, executed in 1748, bears on it the inscription that they are "three children of Henry VII. and Elizabeth his Queen—Prince Arthur, Pr Henry, Ps Margaret." The original picture, too, at Hampton Court, still bears the title, "Children of Henry VII." But this theory was demolished, twenty years ago, by Mr. Scharf, who identified the work with the following picture entered in Henry VIII's catalogue: "Item, a table with the pictures of the three children of the Kynge of Denmarke with a curtayne of white and yellow Sarcennett paned together." This and other interesting facts concerning the picture will be found set out at length in Lord Ronald Gower's "Historic Galleries of England" (Part 21).

THE BRUSH, THE CHISEL, AND THE PEN.*



F the distinctions of the arts are as interesting as their connections, there is something more fascinating to the mind of the "outsider" in tracing the likenesses of storytelling and picture-painting, of sculpture and song. To the artist, on the other hand, the separations of the arts, the differences of their methods, and the strength which they

gain by a strict limitation each to the capabilities of its own material or method of expression, are more important, more conducive to well-directed technical effort *within* those capabilities, and therefore to the dignity, precision, and concentration of artistic work. Art gains by faithful and restrained respect to its own methods, and this is true of the separate and distinct arts, and also of the several branches of one art; that is to say, painting and letters gain in power by studying, the former the impression, and the latter the thought; and the art of sculpture gains by a strict and modest adherence not only to the possibilities, but to the fine proprieties of its material,—bronze, or marble, or stone. It may be said, perhaps, that the connections of the arts are legitimately charming to the public, and their distinctions supremely important and significant to the artist. The non-technical lover of the arts is pleased with the romance of the harmony between them; nothing seems more possible or more desirable to him than a combination of powers in some Admirable Crichton of æsthetics who, full of that vague quality of "genius," would excel in those various works which demand not only various capabilities, but, in a measure, various training. The impressionary or perceptive arts on the one hand, and the thoughtful or meditative on the other—in other words, the intelligent and the intellectual—can, in fact, seldom be perfected by one man, because the intelligent and intellectual temperaments are generally peculiar, in their highest development, that is, to the different races. It may be said, generally (though of course the exceptions are numberless, and are indeed exemplified by the two eminent artists of whom we have to speak), that the Latin races are more distinctively intelligent, and the Teutonic more distinctively intellectual. Where a poet has done fine painter's work, or a sculptor has produced a poetical poem, such achievements must assuredly be the result of an unusual comprehensiveness not only of nature, but of preparation. Even in these rare cases, nevertheless, we may rather hope than fear that the one or the other force of the artistic faculty will prevail; that the sculptor's poetry will have a definiteness of form and show a love of distinct description rather than qualities more purely literary; also that the poet's pictures will contain more of meditation and less of the impression.

It is to be noted that both Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Woolner belonged in their youth to the pre-Raphaelite movement, and this fact justifies an opinion we have entertained, that the reform or revolution in modern English Art which bears that name was rather a literary than a pictorial movement, even

when the painting of pictures was in question. Insomuch as it was the result of reading and scholarship rather than of that observation which belongs essentially to the vividly realised moment, it was undoubtedly literary, and the published sonnet in which the promoters opened the heart of their intentions dealt less with the projects of the pencil and the chisel than with those of the pen. This definite and explicit little poem, printed in the first number of the *Germ*, as a manifesto of the party, looks forward to the time when in any art

"—whoso merely hath a little thought,
Will plainly think the thought which is in him,—
Not imaging another's bright or dim."

Men more concerned with painting for painting's sake would, we conceive, have expressed their intentions somewhat otherwise, even in a literary magazine. The *Germ*, by the way, contained etchings which were strictly illustrative; they were not the purely impressionary pictures which are so widely appreciated in our day, but illustrations of incidents taken from the principal article of each month's number. It was in this periodical that Dante Rossetti first publicly appeared, and in its pages also was printed Mr. Woolner's poem, "My Beautiful Lady," republished some thirteen years after the demise of the *Germ*. This poem has taken its own place in pre-Raphaelite verse, being true to its school both in its simplicities and in that archaism which it would be harsh to call affectation, but which was at least a constant self-consciousness. That so much intensity of feeling (the word may now surely be allowed, even by the writers of pantomime libretti, to take its place again among sane substantives) should have generally lived within such a tensity or strain of form and habit says much for the sincerity of the brotherhood; and passages of "My Beautiful Lady" are exquisitely sincere. It began upon the first printed page of the *Germ*, and was illustrated by an etching from the point of Holman Hunt; now that more than thirty years have passed, the illustrator remains as one of the only two "pre-Raphaelites" who have not evolved another manner and other methods of Art since those days of the movement, while the poet can only be claimed, we should imagine, as belonging to that movement by ties of principle which hardly appear, or at least require discovery and explanation; if we may borrow a word from Catholic theology, Mr. Woolner may be said to be a member of "the invisible Church." In his own art of sculpture he is charged with a denial of, rather than an insistence upon, realism; so in the poem with which, rather than with his earlier work, we have now to deal, there is an almost entire abandonment of what we may call, more suggestively perhaps than definitely, the pre-Raphaelite *attitude*. He has not altered his way so completely indeed as Mr. Millais and Mr. Watts in painting, and Mr. Coventry Patmore in poetry, have changed their own, but he has altered it nevertheless; and "Pygmalion" may be taken as a strong and independent poem, bound to no school. It has at once the fault and the charm of being, not technically merely, but in its subject and motive, a sculptor's poem. Assuredly there is no theme upon which the world would more gladly hear Mr. Woolner; the Pygmalion myth is his by every right. Cast into the form of a direct narrative, the work is neither enriched nor burdened with much of that feeling which used to be called "subjective;" it appeals

* "Ballads and Sonnets," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (Ellis and White).
"Pygmalion," by Thomas Woolner (Macmillan & Co.).

distinctively to the mental eye rather than to removed thought, and its chief beauties will be found in bits of word-painting and word-sculpture with which it abounds; while some of its most interesting passages are those in which the sculptor's special knowledge appears—little scenes of studio life, in fact, although the studio in question is sufficiently remote, and phrases of dialogue between Pygmalion and his amateur models. Mr. Woolner's hero is a youth of genius whose atelier is in rather dangerous proximity to the school of noble maidens whom his mother has in training. One of these, Ianthe, has the daily task of bringing the young sculptor the bread, wine, and fruit for his mid-day rest. Once as she watches him "working at Cytherea's smile," and holds the while the full cup which he is too absorbed to take, he turns, and is struck with a pose and a look of veneration which would do well for Hebe waiting before Zeus. She stands to him for that subject, bearing bravely those nameless and unnumbered pains which belong to her occupation, and which any other poet than Mr. Woolner might have forgotten to mention. He makes a good likeness, but the expression which had made a Hebe of the lovely and stately woman has never returned, and the general verdict of the girls (whose visit to the studio is prettily grouped) is that the statue is Ianthe indeed, but no Hebe. The sculptor seeks the altar of Aphrodite, whose constant adorer he has been, and receives promise of help. Meanwhile the suit of a friend for Ianthe's hand opens Pygmalion's eyes to the fact of his own passion for the damsel; she rejects his friend (who is consoled instantaneously and ecstatically by the proffer of another maiden), and in speaking to Pygmalion of his art, looks once more the Hebe before Zeus, and the sculptor recognises his goddess and falls at her feet. Man and maid, troth-plighted, stride away to the mother and her girls to proclaim the wonder that the statue lives at last. This is the fresh, fanciful, and graceful turn which Mr. Woolner has given to the well-worn old myth. The treatment, it will be seen from this, is decidedly human, and so is much of the detail of the story. The subsequent dangers that beset Pygmalion's path, with his final triumph and crowning, are told in verse which, if not perfectly well finished, is full of spirit. Some slight faults a little care would mend—such as a dissyllabic "chasm," and lines which end upon an "and," and between the active verb and the accusative. There are many Tennysonian passages, remarkable in a time when the Laureate is seldom followed. The scenes between mother and son are dignified and fine, and gain greatly from touches which slightly recall the two noblest mothers and sons of the world—Monica and Augustine, Volumnia and the great Coriolanus.

If Mr. Woolner's is thus a sculptor's poem, Mr. Rossetti's work is, as we have said, distinctively poet's work; his poems and his pictures are a poet's. Nevertheless, his own best art of words has always obviously gained some beauty, some riches, some lovely power, from the habit which the use of colour and pencil must have kept alive in him—the habit which as children we all possess, and generally lose as we grow older and more literary—the instinctive habit of making definite mental pictures. He has preserved this, and yet has foregone nothing of the literary and poetic power over thought and emotion. A lesser master than Mr. Rossetti might have been led to impair his principal art of poetry, to violate, or at least to strain, his material instead of ruling it by being wisely ruled by it; but his magisterial knowledge and self-control have caused him to confuse nothing—only to enrich and complete his work *within* the boundaries of his means.

The present volume—the first he has given to the world since 1870—contains as its chief piece the "Ballad of Rose Mary;" the "House of Life" sonnets are completed and set in sequence; a number of other sonnets and lyrics, and two long ballads, "The White Ship" and "The King's Tragedy," are added to what we possessed of Mr. Rossetti's poetry. Let us say at once that we have found the two last-named ballads scarcely equal to the poet's usual work in this form, probably for the reason, so honourable to the impulses of his power, that the stories which he has chosen in both instances were too complete—too completely tragic—and too sufficient in themselves, to leave him at liberty. "Rose Mary," which is in every respect a great poem, is certainly more elaborate in plot and more full of incident than either of the two other ballads, but the plot and incidents are his own, and do not hinder him. Rose Mary is a damsel whose lover is gone to shrift before the wedding, but his way lies by a road beset with danger; in the hope of averting it her mother tells her of a beryl stone which she keeps upon an altar in her secret chapel, and in which virginal and innocent eyes may see distant things. It had been the home of evil spirits, housed therein by heathen worship; but hallowed and brought from Palestine it had become the abode of truth, and the fiends could not enter again save by a Christian's sin. Rose Mary's heart misgives her, but she looks and sees an ambush laid by the weir for Sir James of Heronhaye in one road, while the other road, over the hill, is free. The loving mother sends word of the danger to her child's knight, and he takes the mountain-way. The second part opens with the exquisite painfulness of the mother's unreproachful questioning of her daughter, whose fault she now knows too well:—

"Lost Rose Mary, what shall be done
With a heart that is but a broken one?
'Mother, let it lie where it must;
The blood was drained with the bitter thrust,
And dust is all that sinks in the dust.'"

She whispers comfort to her own quailing heart because of the shrift her lover has gone to win, and because of her own heavy moan of sorrow and remorse since her fall. But the evil spirits had possessed the beryl again through a Christian's sin, and had shown a lying vision, and Sir James of Heronhaye has been borne home dead from the hill-road which he had taken, guided by Rose Mary's forecast.

"Closely locked, they clung without speech,
And the mirrored souls shook each to each,
As the cloud-moon and the water-moon
Shake face to face when the dim stars swoon
In stormy bowers of the night's mid-moon."

Then the lady tells her the truth, and the daughter slips into the pathetic swoon of despair, the waking from which is told in some of the most wonderful images of the poem. We use the hackneyed adjective advisedly (as we wish we could use it freshly) in the attempt to convey the impression of poetical and penetrating magic which brings the emotion of a passage so close to the reader's heart. Other perfections are to be granted to other poets, but this quality of *nearness*—whether it is some wild and significant phase of nature which is brought to us and revealed to us, or some intimacy of a human soul—is the special attribute and the treasure of Mr. Rossetti's genius. And yet he is so complete a poet that he would be great even if he did not possess it, for some of the noblest sonnets in this volume—"The Last Three from Trafalgar," for instance, "Czar Alexander the Second," and "Untimely Lost"—in which the quality of which we speak does not appear, are such as would be the memorable

achievements of great poets who are without a touch of it. To return, however, to the fortunes of Rose Mary. The mother finds, from a letter fastened by his blood to the dead man's heart, and from a lock of hair ill according in colour with her remembrance of her child's fainting face in its dark-waved tresses, that the lover had not only undone but betrayed Rose Mary. The sweet but heart-broken forgiveness which she would have whispered to the dead whom her child had loved, is turned to a bitter malediction. But meanwhile the girl has found her mother's secret chapel and the altar of the beryl; with a sword she strikes the enchanted stone in two, and sends the lying spirits back to hell, while her own soul, absolved through its truth in love and its remorse for sin, is preferred to heaven. The several parts of the poem are followed by three "Beryl Songs," in which an uneasy chorus of the evil spirits, moving with a rhythm of imprisoned swiftness, helps and explains the action of the

ballad. The measure of the poem itself goes with a pulse of peculiar vitality, and with beautiful and wild varieties of cadence. The best of the sonnets will probably not be generally considered those in which a foreboding and pathetically passionate love is celebrated with what we can only call an immoderation which offends against virile self-control; others in the volume—sonnets old and new—are magnificent.

Mr. Robert Browning, in his memorable "One Word More," has told us of secrets which have been all too well kept—the other side of the moon, Raphael's sonnets and Dante's picture. Michael Angelo we know in word, in colour, in marble, and in stone; Salvator Rosa in design and in tunc. Mr. Rossetti shows the world little of his other art, and by this we may perhaps judge that he permits us to consider it as the *other*, and that the poetry which we so gratefully welcome from him is the chosen form of his power.

ALICE MEYNELL.

FLORENCE.*

"Of all the fairest cities of the earth
None is so fair as Florence."



O said the poet Rogers, and few who have visited the city but will echo the sentiment. And if this is the universal verdict nowadays, what must it have been in the centuries when her sons outshone all others in physique, in learning, and in dress; when even proud Rome acknowledged her supremacy; and when, after giving birth to Dante, Giotto, the Medicis family, the two Pisani, Brunelleschi, Donatello, and Alberti, she could eclipse all these with the giant Michel Angelo! Where, since the world began, even in mighty Athens, has such a galaxy of glorious names formed the crown of any city?

Is it a wonder, then, that attempts should be made by successive generations of writers to transcribe the history of Florence; that the chroniclers of to-day should feel that the six centuries which have elapsed since Dante penned his "Inferno" and "Purgatorio" have not sufficed to complete its history; and that a single number of a journal professing to deal with the Fine Arts can hardly be compiled without one or more references to the treasures, the history, or the inhabitants of a city not inaptly termed the 'Heart of Italy,' the 'Centre of the Universe'? And nowadays what aids has not the invention of photography given to the compiler of a work which depends to so great an extent upon a description of the marvels of Art which adorn the subject! At page 47 Mr. Ruskin has shown, in dealing with that fairest of architectural monuments, Giotto's Tower, how indebted he is to photographic aid; and in the volume before us a series of magnificent photogravures throw into the shade, for accuracy and delicacy of treatment, all attempts of the graver. The student in London has now the opportunity of studying at the South Kensington Museum casts of many of the chefs-d'œuvre of the masters of bas-relief; such, for

instance, as those of Donatello round the pulpit of the Prato; but even to him photo-engravings on the large scale which this volume allows must be of immense value, whilst to those who have not ready access to that treasure-house, and who wish for reminders of a doubtless too hurried survey of the original, the work will be undoubtedly welcome. The gorgeous golden tabernacle at San Michele, by Andrea Orcagna, has never before been adequately represented, or the wonderful monuments raised to the illustrious dead in so many of the churches throughout the city. The publishers have placed at our disposal three blocks, which may be taken as specimens of the ordinary illustrations with which nearly every page of the four hundred which go to make up the work is adorned. Those of Luca della Robbia's dancing and singing boys, which will be found at page 82, are sufficiently described in Mr. J. H. Pollen's article on "Childhood and Art." The bust of a Warrior, by Leonardo da Vinci, is from a silver-point drawing in Mr. Malcolm's collection. Florence has always included Leonardo amongst her famous men, spite of the fact that he was neither born nor educated there.

M. Yriarte, it will be remembered, only a very short time since produced a work on Venice, which was remarkable for the colossal scale on which it was conducted, and the lavishness of illustration with which it was adorned. He has now encompassed Florence in the same way. Rapidly glancing at the place which Italy occupied in the thirteenth century as the civiliser of the world, he commences with the history of the city when she began to assert her supremacy over the whole of Italy, and to exhibit her children to the world as very demigods. Naturally the career of the Medicis occupies much space, but the Renaissance, and the many illustrious men who accompanied that movement—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Savonarola, Galileo—call for equal notice. That portion of the work completed, M. Yriarte reverts to the origin of Etruscan Art, and analyzes the historical buildings and monuments which adorn the place. A review of each sculptor and painter of note and his works closes the volume, and it is needless to say that the last hundred pages which this survey takes up are as fully and completely

* "Florence." Par Charles Yriarte. Paris: Rothschild. London: C. Davis, 47, Pall Mall.

illustrated as the earlier portions. Again we have to point | to a work by a French writer which has a value to all



Bust of a Warrior, by Leonardo da Vinci.

educated Englishmen. It is seldom that we can claim | the same cosmopolitan character for English works on Art.

ON SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF RENAISSANCE ORNAMENT.



NO other country was the Gothic revival of our day so enthusiastically taken up as in England. One very substantial reason for this exists in the rich treasures of Gothic ornament spread over this country, and the scarcity of good Renaissance detail. For it is, after all, detail that attracts the young men to the profession of architecture. Every lad is open to

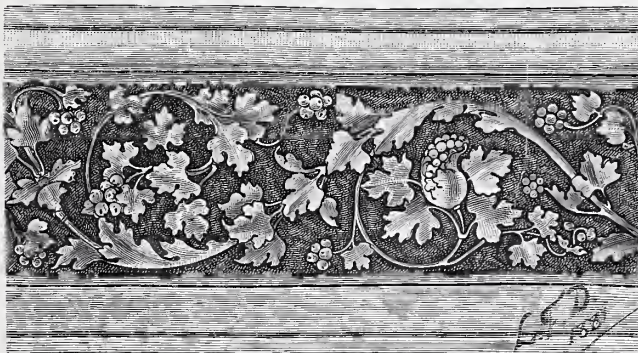
the fascination of Gothic detail; but the attractions of proportion, symmetry, and constructive science are less obvious to the beginner. The student found in England everywhere at hand, in country towns and villages no less than in the more imposing cities, admirable models of the one kind of Art, whilst of the other examples were comparatively few, and far to seek. What have we even in London? Torregiano's tomb of Henry VII. at Westminster, a fragment or two by Inigo Jones, and the works of Sir Christopher Wren.

We are not now dealing with the question of architecture, but of ornamental detail. We may admit, therefore, that Wren was a great architect, as we acknowledge that Grinling Gibbons was a wonderful carver, and yet assert that neither appears to have shown much feeling for ornament. Renaissance Art was not transplanted into British ground until so late that it was already somewhat overblown, and we have, perhaps, no right to expect in the seventeenth century, ornament that will compare with that of the sixteenth. Wren came a century too late. No doubt he would have given us work more delicate in detail had he had time to devote himself to it; the steeple of Bow Church indicates something of what he might have done; but it was manifestly impossible for him, with the rebuilding of London on his hands, to think out any of his designs to the end as an artist should, and as he would have done, had not the great fire driven him to produce rather on the scale of modern manufacture than of old-world Art. The artist who designed St. Paul's as we see it from the Surrey hills, from the river, from Fleet Street, who schemed the grand dome, must have been capable of something better than that coarse detail stuck on in patches, making the bare walls of the cathedral more bare by contrast. The genius of Sir Christopher is ill represented by the tasteless carving of fat festoons, supernatural palm-branches, and lumpy roses; by the broken curves that do duty for grace, and the repetition of every detail until it becomes inexpressibly tedious.

It is interesting to compare our great cathedral with an Italian example of the seventeenth century. That of Brescia, for example, is much smaller, but the two have points enough in common for the one to recall the other to memory. In the ornament, however, the difference between the two is significant. The detail at Brescia is florid, but it is admirably distributed, right in scale, and refined enough in execution for the position it occupies. Assuming that Wren was in no way deficient in the power of ornamental design, we can only regret that he left that part of his work to men who were not

artists in the same sense as were the Italians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

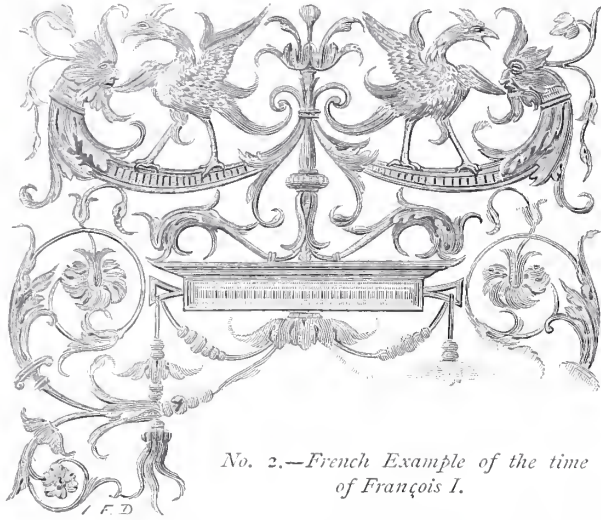
There are examples, no doubt, of Italian workmanship amongst us that are worth study—the carved stalls of King's College Chapel, Cambridge, may be cited—but they are not often to be met with, and the English Elizabethan performance is rude and graceless in comparison with contemporary Art on the continent. It is, in fact, not till he goes to France that the Englishman begins to apprehend what Renaissance Art may be; it is only in Italy that he realises what it is. Something he will have gathered from woodcuts and photographs, but the chief value of these is that they remind us of what we have seen; it is only in presence of the works themselves that we feel all the magic of their influence. The very "selectness" of the examples that are invariably brought to the notice of the student at home helps him to form a mistaken idea of Renaissance ornament. The consummate execution and the perfection of design in the models set before him give him a notion that therein is the whole charm of the Art. It seems to him that one type of ornament does duty everywhere; accordingly he is soon tired of it, and longs for a little of the energy and individuality which belong, as he imagines, exclusively to the Gothic period. He does not know that this sickening sameness is due to the selection of his masters, and not at all to the character of the sixteenth century: The first thing that strikes him abroad is the vigour of the execution of Renaissance detail, and next the variety in its design. It comes upon him as a revelation that the artist of the Cinque-cento worked with all the freedom of a Goth, and that he impressed his individuality upon his design as plainly as ever his ancestors left their mark on theirs. The grotesques on page 92 are none the less quaint than they are graceful. Modern architects and ornamentists affecting the style move always more or less constrainedly within the limits of precedent; but he had no more thought of precedent



No. 1.—Late Quattro-cento Detail, from S. Giobbe, Venice.

than had the Goth. Each worked, without thinking about anything of the sort, on the lines of his master before him, extending them according to his own ability and character. There was the difference, of course, that the Quattro-centist began now to refer to antiquity, and to select his models more consciously than had been done before. In the border given above the influence of the Roman scroll is evident; yet it is far from being a copy from the antique. He did not abuse his advantages and multiply forgeries of antique forms, or he

would never have left behind him a Renaissance style of his own, for us, in turn, to forge with more or less clumsiness. What with our laborious imitations of Renaissance detail, in which the spirit of the past is altogether lost, and what with the select character of the examples submitted to the student,



No. 2.—French Example of the time of François I.

he is urged to the precipitate conclusion that the Art of the Cinque-cento consists in "finish," and that in finish lies its chief or only charm. Once abroad, he cannot long hold to this erroneous belief. A single French example would suffice to open his eyes—such, for instance, as the choir screen at Chartres, which begins, as one might say, at one end as Gothic, and culminates at the other in Renaissance. But long before that his conversion would probably have taken place at Paris. What a difference between the familiar types of the style and the jubé at the church of St. Étienne du Mont! Here is a proof, at all events, that great effects may be produced with little labour in Renaissance no less than in Gothic Art. The ornamental details of this work are as free as any mediævalist could desire. Its author did his thinking before ever he put his hand to the carving, and every stroke of the chisel tells. No time was misspent in smoothing out the character that comes of such direct and straightforward workmanship. Here is no niggling, no false finish, but accomplishment; what is done is done with a purpose. In place of the familiar egg-and-tongue moulding, in which each oval is as accurately rounded as if it had been laid by a veritable hen, we have a modification of it, in which the curve of the moulding it enriches is scarcely disturbed, the effect being almost entirely produced by cutting away the background of the pattern, and leaving the face of the ornament to take the curve of the moulding. There is only just enough modelling in the ornament itself to obviate the appearance of flatness. Sometimes even this much is not done, and the carving is practically on two planes only, resulting in the appearance almost of an inlay of black and white, the shadows telling as black. There is a simplicity about such work that the modern carver may despise, but it is far preferable to the work we do, where all breadth is lost in minute modelling. Better even frank brutality than the mincing affectation of refinement. The carved enrichment of a cornice from the Tartagni monument at Bologna (No. 3) may not have the refinement of the best examples, but the type of ornament is so familiar that we are grateful to the artist for taking liberties with it, and rendering it in his own fashion.

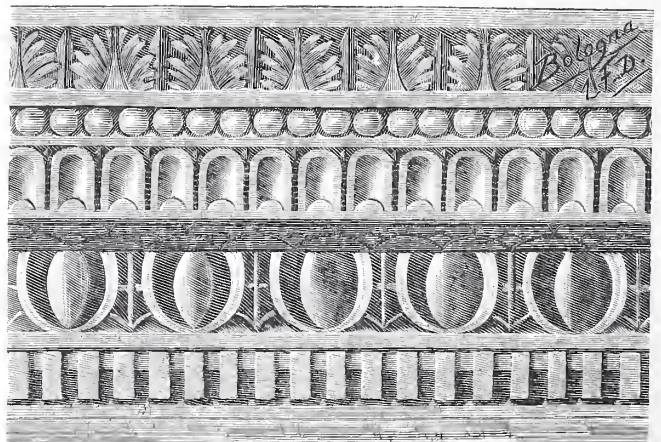
The Gothic artists, we are taught to believe, painted their

sculpture elaborately. The men of the Renaissance knew better than that. Where a moulding was destined to be painted, they lost no labour in making it difficult to paint, but left it bare of carving, so that the painter could, with very little pains, paint what enrichment he pleased on the smooth surface. There is a panelled ceiling richly decorated on this principle at Dijon, in the Salle d'Audience of the Palais de Justice (built in the reign of Louis XII.), which is quite a lesson in the art of adapting the means to the end. It is curious to compare it with the more pretentious, but less effective, ceiling in the Salle des Procureurs, under the same roof, which every one goes to see, neglecting the worthier example. Again, in the church of S. Maurizio, at Milan, there is ornament painted on the mouldings as rough and free as any Gothic work, yet having a grace beyond the reach of the earlier artists.

The question is often an open one, in work of this kind, how far painting should imitate sculpture. It has every right to supply its place, but not to simulate it. At S. Maurizio there is no pretence of the kind, but there is abundance of it abroad, and more particularly in Italy. Deception seems to come naturally to the Italians, and they appear to be just as well pleased with the semblance of a thing as with the thing itself. No matter whether it be the blank wall of the courtyard of a dwelling-house, or palace, where you see through the archway facing you a painted landscape worthy of the stage, or whether it be the roof of a fine cathedral, such as Milan, where the elaborate tracery is only in paint, it is all one to them.

If it be contended, as it often is, that great artists have practised the art of simulation, and that therefore surely lesser men need not be ashamed to follow in their steps, the answer is, that the greatest were great only in proportion to their strength, and that their want of sincerity was a weakness in which it is all too easy for the smallest to follow them; their work is so much the worse for their failing. To quote the weak side of a great artist as a justification of error is as if we were to put forward the lapse of King David as a plea for our own covetousness and concupiscence.

One very marked characteristic of the Art of the Cinque-



No. 3.—Cornice from Monument to A. Tartagni, S. Domenico, Bologna.

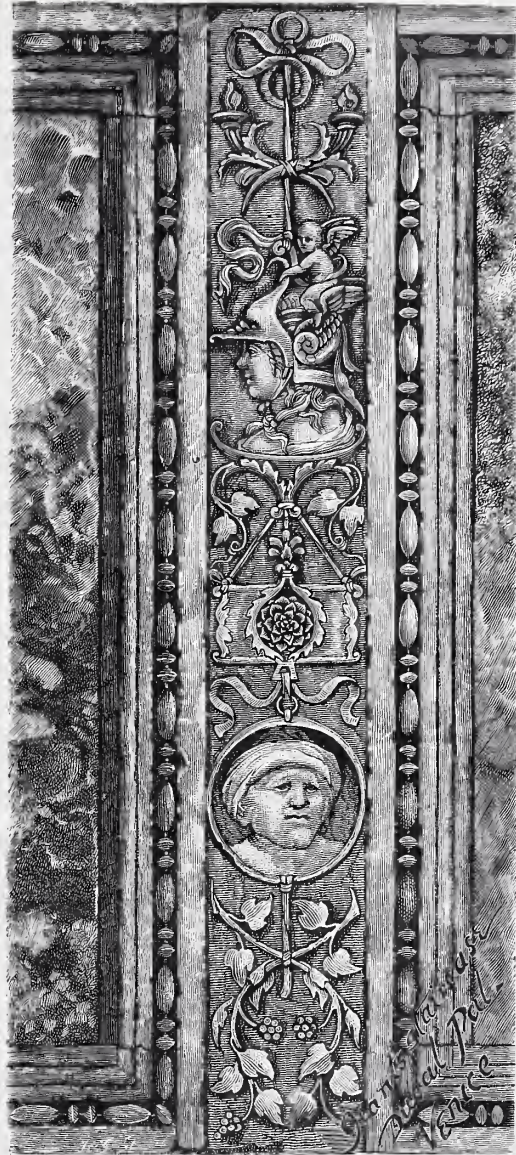
cento is that it seems so often to reflect only the better side of the artists' character, the more ignoble seldom appearing except in this same dissimulation in which they revelled. Yet if one-tenth part of what historians tell us concerning the lives of those men is true, it is wonderful that their Art should be so grand.

Human nature is many-sided, and the popular voice is well within the mark in saying that there are two sides to any man's character; and what is more, it is not unusual for one side of a man's nature to reveal itself under one set of conditions, and the reverse under another; so that it would appear as if a man could consciously be at one time his better, and at another his worsed self. Every one counts among his acquaintances some who seem to lead two separate lives; men, for example, who in their family and personal relations are more than generous, and in business more than mean; men who are hard to cruelty in all that relates to economy or politics, whilst in face of a visible sorrow or distress their tenderness amounts to a fault; men whose public life is irreproachable, whilst their private morals will not bear investigation. What is more immediately to the point is, that in many instances the artist seems certainly at first sight to be quite separate from the man. And in a measure it is so, but only in a measure. Just as it is possible for one who is living the life of a very determined sinner to wear for awhile the face of a saint, so it is possible for an artist to produce works that seem to contradict his character. But as the life a man leads must in the end be revealed in his physiognomy, so the man must eventually betray himself in his Art. The carver of the pilaster given on this page could hardly have been a low fellow.

It is only charitable to suppose that the mask is not in any case altogether a mask; that so long as one can keep the saintly look, there must be something of the saint, or some capacity at least for saintly life remaining; and that so long as a man's Art is noble, he cannot himself be destitute of nobility. Indeed, the truth seems to be that our faults attack us often just at one point with signal success, whilst at another we are unassailable. It would appear to be easier for an artist to be honest in his Art than in his life; as if he reserved his conscience for his work, borrowing, maybe, from a friend more needy than himself, whilst indignantly refusing to modify one stroke of his work, though by doing so all occasion for borrowing would cease. An artist does no more than right in obeying his own sense of what it is his to do, and if he sacrifice no one but himself to his artistic ideal, he is worthy of all respect. But the state of mind which will allow a man to borrow, beg, and almost steal, in order to preserve his independence as an artist, is one of those phenomena at which we can only wonder, without pretending to explain. That it is not a very uncommon one the lives of the poets, and others of the artist temperament, bear witness. It will help, perhaps, to throw some light upon Renaissance Art, upon the delicate work done by men of coarse habits, and honest work by men whose dealings with their fellows were anything but fair. Whatever the villainies of the sixteenth century, it was an age itself full of contradictions. We can scarcely believe that the scoundrels who were in power in Italy at that time were the patrons of the greatest Art of modern times. But the fact will serve in part to explain that Art. Bearing it in mind, we cease to wonder at any unscrupulousness in the Art of the countrymen and contemporaries of the Borgias and the Medici. It was the work of artists, but also of Italians of the sixteenth century.

So much having been said concerning what is false in it, we may praise without stint the consummate Art of the Renaissance. Ample justice has from the first been done to its perfection of execution, but the freedom and variety in it are seldom recognised; and yet how different the develop-

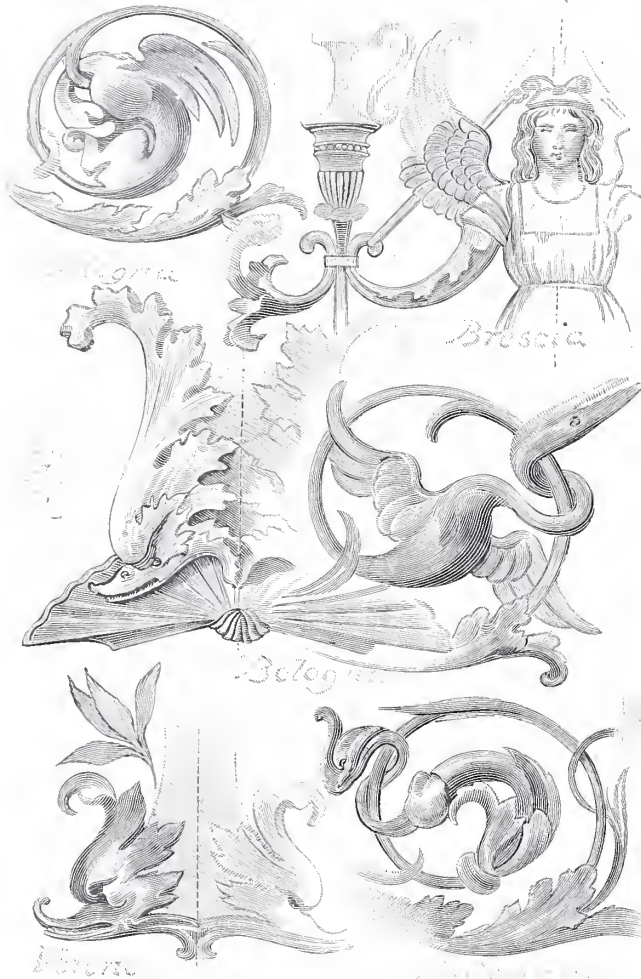
ment of the revived Art in France where it was fostered, and in Italy where it was born! Compare the French example on the opposite page with the pilaster below. Even between its manifestation in one Italian province and another the diversity is strongly marked. Compare the detail of the carving at Perugia, at Siena, at Venice, at Pavia, and you will see how wonderfully different it was. Every competent artist formed his own school. It is most interesting to observe how one man sought first of all in his design for beauty of *line*, and all his ornament grew out of that; how another concerned himself primarily about the distribution of the *masses*, and used



No. 4.—Pilaster, in low relief, from the Ducal Palace, Venice.

the lines of his ornament to bring them together. So also one sculptor confined himself to the development of pure scrollwork; another revelled in the invention of fantastic creatures, graceful or grotesque, according to the feeling of the individual. Some men sought everywhere the opportunity of introducing the human figure, either in the form of medallions, panels, and the like, or as terminal points of the scroll; whilst others enlivened their arabesques with birds, butterflies, and lizards. The last mentioned was a very favourite form—it adapts itself so readily to the line that is required; and it is as graceful as it is amenable.

The influence of the material upon the design of the Cinquecento is often most apparent; as, for example, in Venetian ornament, where the use of large slabs or bosses of rich marble gave the key-note to the scheme of decoration, and a sort of undertone of Byzantine influence runs through it in consequence. Generally speaking, the "intarsia," or inlaid work, which was in such favour in the sixteenth century, shows in its design the obvious influence of Eastern Art; in many cases the patterns have been taken directly from Arabian sources, and at times the work might as well have been produced in India as in Italy for all one can see. By



No. 5.—Examples of Grotesques.

the way, that same influence of Eastern Art upon it is another element of interest in the new style. It shows itself most plainly in the stuffs, embroideries, book-bindings, damascened metal work, and other such industries, which were naturally more directly affected by the intercourse of merchants with the Eastern countries, and the consequent familiarity with Eastern fabrics, than the more substantial art of architecture was likely to be. Yet even in architecture we see the Saracenic arch adopted, and the bulb-shaped, pointed dome. Strange to say, the influence of Arab Art is least felt

in those very "Arabesques" which derive their name from Arabia.

The continual reference to nature by the artists of the best period is another charm in their ornament, and one that is not sufficiently recognised. Even in the forms that pretend to be no more than ornamental, the grace, the growth, the life of nature are embodied. Whatever the departure from natural forms, nature herself was never quite lost sight of. Let us take an example that may stand for a type. A better one could not easily be found than the portico of the church of the Madonna dei Miracoli at Brescia, itself a "miracle" of ornamental detail, exuberant but delicate. Pilasters, panels, and every part are rich with arabesques, in which occur the vine, the oak, the ivy, and many other forms of vegetation, rendered always with some fidelity to nature, but, at the same time, with considerable reference to ornamental and sculptural conditions. In no case, however, is there any thought of treating a natural form so consistently and thoroughly after the manner of ornament as the acanthus was treated by the ancient Romans, and by their more modern disciples after them. The branches of the oak and vine entwined round the base of one of the columns are so ornamentally treated that it is wonderful how much of nature they yet retain; but, after all, the growth is more after the oak and the vine than according to ornamental conditions: they are branches, not scrolls. Among other natural forms that occur here are the fig, the medlar, the nut, the walnut, and others, distinctly recognisable, and no less distinctly ornamental. In the sculptured ornament of the Palazzo Comunale, or Loggia, in the same town, there is singular grace and delicacy. Some of it is purely ornamental, more so than anything in the church of the Madonna dei Miracoli; some of it, again, is semi-natural. Among the latter there is an adaptation of the foliage of the wild clematis to ornament, that is as instructive as it is beautiful.

It is more than probable that some injustice has been done to the ornament of the sixteenth century through the common acceptance of the painted arabesques of Raphael, Julio Romano, and others, in the Loggia of the Vatican, as types of what is best. They are very far indeed from that. Infinitely finer types are to be found wholesale in the work of the great sculptors—great, though their names, in many instances, have not even come down to us. Those were men who knew better than to perpetrate the inconsistencies and absurdities of the more famous painters. Any ornamentist who deserves the name (and it does not follow that he deserves it because he is deserving of another and a greater name) knows how to treat forms ornamentally without doing violence to common sense. There is more to be learnt, in the way of ornamental design, from the pilasters in the cathedral at Verona, or the staircase of the Ducal Palace at Venice (illustration No. 4), than from any painted examples with which we are familiar. Oh, the tyranny of great names! Because Raphael was Raphael, the ornament done in his name is falsely praised, whilst the work of simple craftsmen, who could have taught the great painter better, is ignored.

LEWIS F. DAY.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

ON the present occasion the Exhibition of the Scottish Academy is more exclusively than usual confined to the works of its own members and adherents, the number of borrowed pictures being exceedingly small; and every central point in the exhibition, with one exception, is filled with native work. The exception is Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Samuel Cousins, R.A., which here, in the home of a famous school of portraiture, firmly and distinctly asserts its power.

The collection may be pronounced to be strong in landscape; fairly strong, with a few instances of exceptional power, in portraiture; and weak in figure painting and in works of imagination.

Of the few works in the latter class there is no one more prominent than Mr. MacTaggart's seaside group—the theme so often acceptably treated by this artist, and which bears the title, 'Away to the west as the sun wears down.' The subtle charm of brilliant daylight, the dancing waves so expressively yet indefinitely set forth, and the fine colour and character in the romping children—all those points must be admired, even by those who sigh for higher finish. Mr. Hugh Camron exhibits his large work, 'Funeral of a Little Girl in the Riviera,' purchased for presentation to the Dundee Public Gallery by Mr. Orchar. Mr. Herdman, in 'Antigone,' a life-size three-quarter figure, presents in full front a woman of statuesque grace, in rich and harmonious colour, fully sustaining his repute; and a smaller figure, 'Penelophon,' is also fine. Mr. Otto Leyde, enlarging a work now exhibiting in Glasgow, 'Off and Away,' gives excellent colour and effective grouping of children tumbling down a sand-hill—a trifling subject, but wrought out into a telling and important picture. Besides this, there is hung a work of much promise by Robert Noble, a young artist, in which the sense of colour is displayed in no ordinary degree. The subject, 'Sunshine and Shade,' is an interior with figures. Near it Mr. Hamilton, whose 'Strolling Players' we noticed last year, has an ambitious picture, showing an incident in the history of James IV. of Scotland. There is here an absence of transfused air, and the ladies surrounding the queen present an unfortunate similarity of feature. But such works deserve a word of encouragement, as presenting "the promise and potency" of success as years advance. Mr. W. B. Hole, in 'Prince Charlie's Parliament,' carries indoors his studies from the Jacobite rising, showing here the Young Pretender, in a humble cottage, discussing the plan of his campaign with some of his adherents. The grouping and execution are throughout satisfactory. The place of honour in the gallery is occupied with Mr. Lockhart's 'Cid and the Five Moorish Kings,' exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery last year. Mr. Robert Macgregor, in 'Drawing an Audience—a Punch-and-Judy Street Scene,' and 'Labourers Resting,' gives two fine open-air pictures, with many figures, touched with all the delicate sense of colour and harmony and feeling for character shown in previous examples of his strong and attractive style. Mr. Gavin, besides an important Moorish figure subject, exhibits in 'The Flower Mission' the visit of two young ladies to a children's hospital. Mr. Hay, the new Secretary, paints daintily costumed women in antique interiors with familiar deftness, but shows no signs of a new departure.

In portraiture Mr. George Reid holds front rank, and in

the marvellous harmony of reds and blacks in the Lord Justice General, in the two civic portraits—Duncan McLaren, ex-M.P. for Edinburgh, and the Provost of Selkirk—in the half-length of Sir Bartle Frere, the head of Principal Tulloch, and the sketch portrait of Mr. Froude, and, above all, in the cabinet portrait of Mr. Best, he shows a force and a mastery of colour to which no other artist here attains. Mr. Pettie is represented by his portrait of John Ballantine, R.S.A., in military uniform, and by a colossal head of W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., which is certainly very strong, suggesting the blind man's description of vivid colour as being "like the sound of a trumpet." There are several portraits by the late Sir Daniel Macnee, and from the brush of J. M. Barclay, N. Macbeth, Otto Leyde, W. MacTaggart, and others are works of more or less interest in this branch.

In landscape Mr. Archer takes a high position with 'The Moor under Ben Vrackie,' and amongst other Academicians who show works of merit in this branch are Messrs. Waller Paton, Smart, Vallance, and Fraser. Mr. Smart's 'Glen Ogle' and other works show mastery of hill and river scenery, and in two important works Mr. Vallance illustrates, under well-diffused light, shipping scenes on the Humber. Amongst the Associates Mr. Beattie Brown takes an entirely new departure, forsaking brown foliage and metallic rocks for bright spring sunshine. In a very large picture, showing the Valley of the Spey, in Inverness-shire, there is a rare combination of water and foliage, of splendid sky and distant mountain ranges, making up a scene far in advance of all previous work. Mr. Mackay revels in sunny landscapes, his 'Scottish Pastoral,' which alone can be named, having a tender grace not to be resisted. Mr. Lawton Wingate, whose works are mostly of small size, gives the very poetry of landscape in every touch. Mr. J. C. Noble, in a range of subjects as diverse as the 'River at Rouen' and 'Shere Heath,' gives strong effects subtly rendered; while Mr. Aikman, in a series of coast scenes, throws the grace of clear light over subjects themselves not always significant, and in one, 'A Coming Storm,' realises strongly a moorland effect with sheep and shepherd seen against the dull light. Mr. David Murray, the new Associate, has several excellent works, the largest a brilliant sunshine view of 'Tullietudlem Castle,' so bright that however excellent artistically, it seems almost unreal for misty Scotland. The younger artists who show excellence in this branch are Mr. R. Scott Temple (whose 'Nature's Calm' is a work of unexpected power), Mr. Martin Hardie, who may best be described as a disciple of Mr. Mackay, Mr. G. W. Johnstone, and Mr. J. Kinnear, who sent some creditable work. Mr. A. D. Reid handles the pearly light of his native soil with much power, and in the rainy view of 'Dumblane Cathedral' he has produced a notable success. Mr. D. Farquharson's 'Sunset in Snow,' with sheep, is excellent as a study of light at a low angle. Amidst the few examples of sculpture Sir Noel Paton's bronze alto-relievo, 'Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good,' holds a prominent place, and the few imaginative works embrace a fine sketch group, 'Love in Ambush,' by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, and a bust of a Florentine priest, of very high merit, by T. S. Burnett, the same sculptor sending a clever boy figure, 'The Bather.' Mr. W. G. Stevenson and others exhibit statuettes for niches in the Scott Monument.

ART NOTES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—In our March number of last year we took advantage of the unusual occurrence of the election of five Associates to the Royal Academy to analyze the branches of Art followed by those who then composed that body. A comparison between that analysis and one formed at the present time may not be without interest.

In March, 1881, the Royal Academy was made up of seventy-one members—thirty-eight Academicians and thirty-three Associates. There are now seventy members—forty-two Academicians and twenty-eight Associates.

The *Genre* painters number forty, as against forty-one last year, Mr. Woods having taken one of the placês rendered vacant by the deaths of Messrs. Knight and Hart.

Three *Portrait* and four *Animal* painters are the same as last year.

Landscape painting is now represented by six members, no one having been elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Redgrave's retirement.

Nine *Sculptors* show an accession of one to their ranks, namely, Mr. Thornycroft.

There are now five *Architects*, as against a similar number last year, Messrs. Aitchison and Bodley occupying the vacancies caused by the deaths of Messrs. Street and Burges.

There are three *Engravers* on the list, which contains the same names as last year.

The painters of genre can well afford the slight reduction which has been made in their numbers, but not so our landscapists. It cannot be too often reiterated that they are not fairly represented in the Academic body. A group of men, any one of whom has shown far greater ability than the most recently elected Associate, Mr. Woods, still wait, we can hardly say patiently, for a tardily bestowed honour. Last year we mentioned the following—Alfred Hunt, C. E. Johnson, Henry Moore, Keeley Halswelle, W. B. Leader, and Albert Goodwin—as eminently worthy to fill any vacancy. It is a curious anomaly that whilst, on the one hand, these slights are continued to one of the few branches of English Art which exhibits distinct vitality, the Academy should be proposing to hold an exhibition of a deceased "outsider's" work, Mr. John Linnell.

PICTURES FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We understand that a number of artists residing in Kensington have hired the Vestry Hall, for the purpose of exhibiting their works "to their friends and others" preparatory to sending them in to the Royal Academy. This is carrying the visits to the studio rather far, and the exhibitors could not complain if their pictures were one and all rejected by the hanging committee, as under Rule 5 of the regulations "No works which have been already publicly exhibited in London" are admissible. As matters stand at present, the majority of Academy pictures have been seen and talked about *ad nauseam* long before the Academy opens by every one who has taken the trouble to go the round of the studios. To effect an entrance to any studio of note was, but a short time since, a matter of difficulty, but nowadays no one who can boast of an address card is refused; whilst in proportion as the painter is little known, and generally deservedly so, are invitation cards showered broadcast for his "At home."

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—It is not generally known that the late Mr. Burges, A.R.A., bequeathed a few choice illuminated manuscripts to the British Museum. Among them the following call for particular notice:—A Psalter of late thirteenth-century work, unfortunately much cropped in the binding, the marginal ornament being, on many pages, almost entirely cut away. The old Gothic colours, deep blue, red purple, and brilliant scarlet, with burnished gold grounds, prevail, and would, perhaps, be wearisomely uniform were they not relieved by the remarkably bold and spirited designs of the decoration, and especially the comical grotesque monsters which are painted on the lower margins of the pages. There are also two fine French *Horæ*, one of the fifteenth century, with forty-six miniatures and rich borders of careful execution, and in beautiful preservation, the other a late fifteenth-century *Horæ*, with fine borders of flowers on gold grounds; also a small Italian quarto *Horæ* of about the same date, with beautifully executed borders of birds, flowers, and insects scattered over a gold ground. This dainty little volume is said to have belonged to Cardinal York.

PARIS.—A curious pictorial scandal is reported from Paris. Two years ago M. Alexandre Dumas purchased from M. Jacquet, the water-colour painter, a picture entitled 'La Première Arrivée,' at a price which the artist says was nominal, and which he only accepted for the pleasure of having his work of Art in the collection of such a distinguished writer and connoisseur as M. Dumas. Recently M. Dumas sold his picture for 10,000 francs. The artist, furious at a profit having been made out of what he considered a sort of present, revenged himself in a curious fashion. He made a striking portrait of M. Dumas for the Water-Colour Exhibition, representing him as sitting among all sorts of curiosities on sale, and described it in the catalogue as 'Un Marchand Juif de Bagdad.' The exhibition was crowded to see this venomous caricature. A summons by M. Dumas against the proprietor of the rooms to have the obnoxious picture removed was not acceded to, because M. Jacquet, as a member of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, claimed his right to so many square inches on the wall. Thereupon M. Lippmann, M. Dumas' son-in-law, came to the exhibition, smashed the glass with a cane, poked several holes in the painting, and would have destroyed it altogether had he not been laid hold of by the keepers of the Salon. A judge has ordered the removal of the pictorial libel, subject to the judgment of the Court on an action brought by M. Dumas.

SHEFFIELD.—The Sheffield School of Art very justly draws attention to the fact that at the recent competition of the Goldsmiths' Company its pupils carried off the following prizes:—First prize, £20, for large silver salt-cellar, Robert Needham; first prize, £10, for small silver salt-cellar, E. Thickett; first prize, £20, for silver dessert stand, Robert Needham; second prize, £10, design for tankard, E. Hozland.

BRADFORD.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, in connection with the Bradford Technical School, will be opened by their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, in May or June next. The exhibition will be held in the building which has been recently erected at a cost of about

£30,000. It will remain open for three months. All pictures intended for exhibition must be sent to the Technical School, Great Horton Road, Bradford, not later than the 1st of May.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The report of the autumn exhibition of 1881 of the Arts Association, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, has been issued. The total number of works hung was 774, of which 81 were by local artists. The sales amounted to 130, representing a catalogue value of £3,000. The exhibition of 1882 will be held during June and July.

WALES.—*A Cambrian Academy of Arts.*—A movement is on foot among artists resident in Wales to establish a Society of Arts for the Principality. Annual summer exhibitions will be held, probably at Llandudno.

EDINBURGH.—*The Election of President of the Royal Scottish Academy.*—It is extremely difficult for any one outside the Royal Scottish Academy to understand why the office of President was not conferred on one or other of the two distinguished artists who bear in their titles a well-deserved mark of royal and popular favour. In making the following observations it must be clearly understood that they are not written in disparagement of Mr. Fettes Douglas, who has been elected to the office. He is an Academician of long standing, a courteous gentleman, whilst as an artist we recognised his merits in an illustrated article in this Journal thirteen years ago; he is also acknowledged by every lover of Art in Scotland to have rendered a great service in the recent rearrangement of the National Gallery of Scotland, of which he is principal curator. But the two gentlemen we refer to are his seniors in years, and in the Academy, and they both possess in a remarkable degree that standing in the world of Art which would have made the election of either of them rather an honour to the Academy than to the individual.

It is very long indeed since a decided impression prevailed in Art circles that Sir Noel Paton, as the most distinguished living painter in the Scottish Academy, should be its President. In 1864, on the death of Sir John Watson Gordon, the first opportunity arose, and it is allowable to say that at that time Mr. Noel Paton's repute as an imaginative and cultured artist was at its highest. But the choice of the Academy fell on Mr. George Harvey, much his senior in years, and one who had laboured well for the Academy in its early and troubled years. The usual honour of knighthood was conferred on Mr. Harvey, but it was accompanied by a like mark of royal favour being bestowed on Mr. Paton, emphasizing in a valuable way the general opinion that distinction in the world of Art merited this reward, although local and temporary feelings as to the deservings of an older man had carried the President's chain in another direction. Twelve years later, on Sir George Harvey's death, a somewhat similar condition was found to exist, and Sir Daniel Macnee, also Sir Noel Paton's senior by many years, was elected President.

If the Royal Scottish Academy had desired to be consistent, it would have found in Sir John Steell an artist older in years than either of the two past Presidents, and like them associated with the very early days of the Academy. This distinguished sculptor was knighted by the Queen on the inauguration of the Scottish National Monument to the Prince Consort, whilst as one who, having firmly resolved to adhere to Scotland, had virtually created a native school of sculpture (whose merits his own works have carried to many

lands), he was peculiarly fitted to adorn the Presidential chair. We admit that there is no precedent for appointing a sculptor to this post, but the Scottish Academy might have made one in honour of a man to whom it is mainly due that it can call itself an "Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture."

Granting this objection, what possible reason can be assigned why the other titled artist was not elected? It has been said, indeed, that Sir Noel Paton had resolved not to accept the office, and that therefore his name was not considered. If it had been cordially offered, and with some approach to unanimity, would it have been refused? Or is it true that Sir Noel's resolution proceeded from some antecedent knowledge as to cabals and jealousies inside the Academy? The Royal Scottish Academy apparently stands condemned for having slighted its most distinguished member, selecting as its head one who, although personally acceptable, and artistically not unworthy of the honour, is younger in years, younger in Academic standing, and of much less distinction in the world of Art than Sir Noel Paton, the Queen's Limner for Scotland.

AT a meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy on the 10th of February, Mr. Robert Gibb, Associate, was elected Academician in room of the late William Brodie.

THE SCOTTISH FINE ART ASSOCIATION.—It has been a frequent subject of remark, both in Scotland and elsewhere, that the ratio of expenses in carrying on the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland has been out of proportion to the amount actually expended by it in the purchase of works of Art. As the Association has now been nearly half a century in existence, and has done much good work in the popularisation of Art, such a charge as that we refer to should not pass without notice, and we propose briefly to state the financial results of the past year, as shown in the last report. The figures speak for themselves: it should be stated, however, that last year was an unfavourable one as regards revenue, and the ratio of expenses would thus be higher. The guinea subscriptions yielded £3,961, or, with arrears, £4,045. Out of this amount a sum of £603 is allocated for expenses in previous years, this being partly on engravers' accounts and partly on expenses of distribution. As this plan of paying the arrears of one year from the income of the next has been carried on by the Association as a system, the general result is not affected thereby. The main item under Art expenditure is £1,551 in the purchase of prize works for distribution: the printing of Rajon's etching of Chalmers's 'Legend,' the binding of sets of prints formerly distributed, and a payment to Mr. Lumb Stocks, R.A., of £632 for engraving 'Cattle crossing the Solway,' by the late Sam Bough, R.S.A., exhaust the expenditure on Art, with a total of £2,589. A balance of £1,619 is left for costs of management and distribution. This shows a proportion of 38.47 per cent. as the cost of carrying on the business of the Association, leaving 61.53 per cent. of the guinea to be returned to the subscribers in works of Art. As this proportion of cost is undoubtedly high, a closer analysis of its component parts is desirable. From the rolls of membership we find that the operations of the Association extend to a certain degree over the whole world. The cost of correspondence, of remittance, and of conveyance of the presentation prints and prizes to those distant parts, no doubt is considerable, though £692 is a large sum. This leaves, however, one-fifth of the entire receipts for the working expenditure in Edinburgh. The collection of

subscriptions and delivery of engravings in that city absorb £89, the number of subscriptions so received being under 700. The office expenses amount to £500, or 12½ per cent. of the gross income. The remaining expenses embrace the cost of the annual meeting, advertising and printing, insurance on pictures in the National Gallery, and bank interest. By the Board of Trade rules the Association is bound to assign a percentage of its income (not exceeding 10 per cent.) towards the purchase of works for the Scottish National Gallery. Only in one year has the full 10 per cent. been set apart, and for three years the sum has been only 1 per cent. In all, an amount of £4,820 has since the formation of the Association been so set apart, of which a balance of £904 now remains unspent.

ART NOTES FOR MARCH:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in Days:—Royal Academy, Paintings and Drawings, 27th and 28th; Sculpture, 29th. Painter-Etchers, 1st; Society of British Artists' Spring Exhibition, 7th; Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, 10th and 11th. Brighton Water-Colour Exhibition, early in month.

Opening Days.—Dudley Water Colour, 6th; Bristol Academy, 9th; Southport, 13th. Society of British Artists, Lady Artists, and Royal Society of Artists, Birmingham, open.

Closing Day.—Institute of Painters in Water Colours, 4th.

REVIEWS.

BARTOLOZZI AND HIS WORKS," by A. W. Tuer (Field and Tuer).—The long-announced and oft-postponed publication of this work has at last taken place. As was to be expected, it is a handsome specimen of the printer's and the bookbinder's art; too much so as regards the latter, for nowadays cream-coloured vellum is hardly the right material in which to bind a book which is to be used for reference. As regards the contents, they have been needlessly expanded. The title leads to the supposition that the work combines a survey of the talented engraver whose name it bears, and the artists whose quaint but somewhat affected productions he did so much to perpetuate. But, instead of this, Mr. Tuer has digressed—pardonably, perhaps—into a dissertation on the art of engraving as practised by Bartolozzi, but further, at the risk of damaging the whole work, into such by-paths as copper and steel plate printing, a list of printers at the present time, the Printsellers' Association, print sales, auction-rooms, and even to the "coupons" frauds. A catalogue of two thousand of Bartolozzi's engravings has been compiled by Mr. Tuer—a great advance on Le Blanc's, which was the largest hitherto. The second volume contains a list of the prices fetched at the principal sales of these works; but it is all but useless, as the lots are put down as catalogued, instead of alphabetically. For some reason or another both volumes are separately indexed.

"SCOTLAND IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES." Second Series (P. Douglas, Edinburgh).—In this new volume Mr. Joseph Anderson, Keeper of the Museum of Antiquities in Edinburgh, continues the research into the capacity and culture of the inhabitants of Scotland in former times. In the *Art Journal* for November, 1881, were presented some illustrations of ecclesiastical architecture and furniture, showing in a high degree the sense of ornamental art displayed within the Celtic area

in early centuries. Those interested in such studies will find in the present volume a large number of reproductions of brooches and sculptured stones, in which the characteristics of Celtic Art are portrayed in a very marked degree. From these the argument is deduced that the skill called forth in the production of these beautiful examples, and the culture necessary to create a demand for, and enjoyment of, such works, indicate a higher capacity and range of civilisation than is generally associated with Scotland in the centuries between the Roman and the Norman occupations. In the sculptured stones, several of which are reproduced by photography, and thus owe nothing to the art of the draughtsman, there are displayed a wealth of design and a feeling for form not less wonderful than those shown in the brooches. It is impossible to resist joining in Mr. Anderson's lament that those most interesting memorials of a lost branch of Art should be exposed to all the vicissitudes of this climate. Gathered together, they would form a collection of illustrations of a bygone age of great value to both student and designer. Mr. Anderson's curious investigations as to the symbols and inscriptions on the stones is of considerable antiquarian interest.

"MEN OF MARK" (Sampson Low & Co.).—This gallery of contemporary portraits, done from the life by means of photography, has now reached its sixth volume, and has by no means exhausted its subjects. Our senators, our clergy, and our distinguished lawyers are always before the public, and their features are well known to all; not so our artists: even those best known to fame pass unnoticed in our streets, and even at such places as Academy private views and soirées. In the volume before us those who are desirous may learn what manner of men are Messrs. Orchardson, Pettie, Leslie, Calderon, Watts, Riviere, Horsley, Stone, and Pickersgill. The likenesses of all, save Mr. Calderon's, are admirable.

PRIZES FOR WOOD ENGRAVING.

IN accordance with the announcement made in our last number a meeting of Wood Engravers was held on the 14th of February, at the offices of this Journal, to consider the best way in which the desire of the Proprietors of the *Art Journal* to institute a prize competition could

be carried out. The whole matter was thoroughly discussed by the principal engravers, namely, Messrs. Cooper, Dalziel, Paterson, Swain, Whympers, etc., and we trust shortly to announce a scheme which will bring about the desired results.



Virginie Demont-Breton 1861

PAINTED BY V. DEMONT-BRETON.

ETCHED BY L. FLAMENG.

FISHWOMAN BATHING HER CHILDREN.

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*



PRINCIPAL feature of our last paper was the treatment of childhood by the artists of the fifteenth century. We now pass to a more celebrated period, to an age of masters whom the world justly refers to as "Old Masters"—not the oldest, as we have seen, but the most accomplished. They were men of

infinite acquirements—painters, sculptors, goldsmiths, architects, engineers, and inventors all at once. Like the ancients,

these great men studied "man" from the life, his bodily likeness, the anatomy of his bones and muscles, and the thoughts and emotions of his soul. How did they deal with the charms and graces of his earliest years? Were they as tender and sympathetic with childhood as those of a generation before them, and in proportion to their strength and skill in treating the action and passion of maturer life? Undoubtedly they were.

The artists of the sixteenth century were many in number, of various races, and living in different countries; yet all may be said to have been inspired by one spirit, though wide diversities of gifts are discernible in their works. Their number, indeed, makes it a matter of difficulty to decide how to give any adequate account of their treatment of children in the limited space to which these remarks are con-

fined. It would be convenient, if we could do so, to observe a strict historical order in treating of their labours and achieve-

ments; but when we are reviewing their works, rather than their lives, this order cannot conveniently be maintained.

That scholarly perfection which marks the great period of modern Art was attained much earlier by some artists than by others. Luca Signorelli, for instance, was nearly forty years senior to Michelangelo, yet his attainments were in many ways equal to those of the greater master, and far ahead of those of most of his contemporaries. Perugino lived longer into the sixteenth century, but reached a smaller measure of its special gifts, than Francia, who lived in Bologna,

out of the society of contemporary painters. So with others also; their lives or their careers overlapped each other, but the countries or states in which they lived gave them, or prevented, opportunities of maturing their powers, or confining them within the narrower limits of old tradition.

It must, therefore, be enough to select some few out of many names that enjoy a well-deserved renown.

To begin, then, with that of Michelangelo Buonarroti. The works of that artist are colossal, whether in painting, sculpture, or architecture. He represents men and women rather than children; but children, if rarely portrayed, are the most tender and touching illustrations of his powers. The Infant Christ here engraved belongs to a life-sized group in white marble now in the cathedral of Bruges, of which a cast can be seen in the South



Madonna and Child, by Michelangelo.

Kensington Museum. The artist has here displayed the perfect proportions of health and beauty. There is no exaggerated bigness of limb or emphasis of muscle, nothing to suggest extraordinary strength, as in the Caryatides of the

* Continued from page 84.

Sistine Chapel; the Child leans against one of His Mother's knees, while one of His feet, soft and elastic, half rests in a fold of her dress while venturing a forward step. The face and the action of the Child express the timidity of His tender age. With this sculpture we should compare the unfinished Holy Family attributed to the same artist in the National Gallery. The elegance, the exact roundness and grace of the children's outlines in that picture can scarcely be attributed to any other hand. We should also carefully study the slender proportions and the refined conception of early manhood in the personages standing on the two sides.

Leonardo da Vinci was a man of great refinement and accomplishments. His paintings are finished to a high degree of perfection; they are modelled with the fineness of polished sculpture, and the shades of expression he gives to his faces can hardly be surpassed for delicacy of execution. Among the Holy Families he has left, a fine example may be studied in the picture lately acquired for the National Gallery. It would be difficult to point to any painting of Leonardo in which there is so much unearthly beauty of expression as he has imparted to this Infant Saviour. The face is seen in profile, but there is a light in the eye and a tenderness in the lines of the mouth which cannot be described in words. Love and compassion were probably the special emotions of the soul which the painter here wished to give to his subject, such as might arise from a foreknowledge both of the special mission of the future Baptist, the voice appointed to herald the rising of the coming day, and of the cruel end in store for him. That what the painter wished to express was this, and this only, it would be rash to pronounce. But we know that his custom was to meditate

long over special parts of his paintings, not only when he first composed them, but throughout their execution; as in the instance of the Christ in his 'Last Supper,' the place for the head of which was long left unfilled because he could not find or see anywhere such a head as, in his mind, he desired. There are copies of the National Gallery picture, painted probably by himself, or prepared for his completion by pupils. One of them is in the Louvre, but it does not surpass, if it equals, our recent acquisition. Amongst the drawings in the Louvre there are two studies in chalk on grey paper for the Holy Child in this composition. They are beautiful

outlines, of a delicacy and suggestiveness hardly excelled in the finished painting. These first fresh renderings of impressions made on the artist by some momentary sight, some face in the crowd or by the wayside—can they ever be reproduced and worked out by the slower and more careful manipulation of oil painting? If the hand is mastered for a moment by the imagination, and absolutely mastered for that moment only, the laborious, often painful, effort to carry out the image left on the memory rarely preserves the supreme tenderness of the sketch; and the little drawings in the Louvre will, perhaps, press this consideration on the student who is familiar with the beautiful composition in Trafalgar Square.

For a careful and appreciative criticism of the sketching powers of Leonardo, especially in sketching childhood, we need only refer the reader to the thoughtful remarks of Mr. Henry Wallis at page 33. They are written with the genuine feeling of a painter for a painter's gifts and accomplishments.

Two of Leonardo's pupils, Bernardino Luini and Beltraccio, inherited many of the charming qualities of his art. Luini so nearly resembled his master that many pictures once ascribed to the latter are now considered as the work of his pupil. Two fresco paintings transferred to canvas, each containing two infant angels, have been hung in one of the small galleries of the Louvre. Beltraccio painted Holy Families, one of which is in our National Gallery, No. 728.

The artist most justly famous as the master of expression is Raphael. He executed, during a comparatively short life, a large number of paintings, many of the most beautiful during his early years. These are the freshest of his works, and have a certain superiority of grace and charm, though they may not possess all the scholarly qua-

lities that belong to his later productions. He was imbued with special gifts, such as no man since the Greek age has possessed in equal measure, and he preserved, to the day of his death, a generosity, gentleness, and elasticity of character rare even in the age of great enthusiasms and warm emotions in which he lived. One so young in mind was drawn by natural sympathy to paint the graces and beauty of youth. His little Christs, his Virgins, his young men and maidens, have been the charm and delight of generations. That attractiveness of early youth which appeals to the hearts of all has been recognised as a sort of sunshine on



An Angel, from a Picture by A. Pollajuolo.

the faces of Raphael, resembling that smile of joy which the natural creation wears in answer to the goodness and fertility breathed upon it from above.

It must be enough to refer to one out of many works, the Madonna called *di San Sisto*, a work too well known from engravings to require more than a reference in these pages. We may study not only the beauty of the two chief personages in this picture, and the likeness traceable between them, but the divine fire and the penetrating light imparted to the Infant's gaze—a gaze to which lay open, as in a vision, His long passion and fearful end; the malice of His enemies and the desertions of friends; the trials and struggles of the Church; these, and things unspeakable beyond them all. Critics have said of this picture that Raphael succeeded in it, as he has in no other picture, in representing "the Word made man."

We have the Garvagh Holy Family, the St. Catherine, and other beautiful pictures by Raphael, in the National Gallery.

His representation of childhood is adequately illustrated in the first, and of the faith and purity of his virgin saints in the second.

We next come to the great school of painters in Venice, of whom Titian is the head. We need not compare him with Raphael, not on account of inferiority, but because he had other and different gifts—gifts in which he is unsurpassed. A boy's head, a little satyr, in the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' of the National Gallery, is full of grace and playfulness. He is best seen as a painter of children in the great picture of the 'Assumption,' now in the Academy of Arts, in Venice. A band of angels, lovely winged boys, of which we engrave two, bear up the Virgin in a mantle of clouds that receive her out of the sight of the Apostles below.

In the 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' in the National Gallery, where the saint is embracing the Saviour on His Mother's lap, we can study the freshness of the painter's treatment both of the Child and of the tender love and innocence of the maiden saint.

Giovanni Bellini, an earlier master, will appeal more immediately than Titian to the affections of the lovers of children. His Infant Saviours, and the little angels he loved to paint piping or touching the strings of the lute at the feet of his compositions, have an unfailing charm. There is an admirable example (No. 200) in the National Gallery. The Child wears a little shirt or tunic girt round the middle; the limbs are

admirably drawn, the features round, firm, but delicate; the expression tender but serious, with that solemnity so often seen in infants, mysterious because we cannot divine, nor they explain to us, what thoughts may be passing through their minds. There is a beautiful Holy Family in the gallery in Venice, in which the Infant is dancing for joy before the Virgin and St. Joseph, with a like seriousness on the features. There also are examples of his little musical angels. A charming picture, formerly in the Church of SS. Giovanni and Paolo, in which these little creatures were represented, was destroyed by fire a few years since.

Vittore Carpaccio, another Venetian painter, rather later in date, evidenced his love for children by introducing them into his pictures whenever practicable. The child angel, of which we give an illustration on the next page, is the centre of a delightful group which forms the pediment to a 'Presentation in the Temple.' The little band finds much pleasure in discoursing sweet music from lute, violin, and guitar.

A 'Mother and Child,' by Marco Basaiti, and again another by Vivarini (Nos. 599 and 286), in the National Gallery, have similar excellent qualities. Carlo Crevelli, of Milan, a severe, almost a harsh draughtsman, may also be referred to here for his tender, affectionate treatment of infancy in the two angels supporting the dead Christ (No. 602), and in the centre compartment of a large altar-piece (No. 788), in which the Infant Saviour leans an earnest face over the hand



Cherubs, from the 'Assumption' by Titian.

of the Virgin that sustains Him, gazing with compassion on the worshippers below.

Although we pass over many names, it will be well here to consider certain painters, of different schools, who have much in common as regards children. Sandro Botticelli was a painter of human affection and natural passion. No. 275 of the National Gallery, the 'St. John and the Angel,' is an example of his powers.

Pietro Perugino, the master of Raphael, is nowhere more powerful or better seen than in his drawing of the young, whenever they make part of his compositions. No. 181 (National Gallery) has a charming Infant standing on a parapet, and holding, as for protection, a long lock of His Mother's hair. No. 703, of similar character, is by Pinturicchio, one of his pupils. No. 288, by Perugino, contains three pictures, in one of which, 'Tobias and the Archangel,' he represents admirably the purity and grace of early youth.

Luca Signorelli, an accomplished anatomist and draughts-

man, seems to have had a singular influence over his great successor, Michelangelo. His frescoes at Orvieto treated of the "four last things"—Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell. Among these compositions we may notice the great beauty of his youthful angels. Unhappily there remain few easel paintings by his hand, and he can be fairly studied only in his frescoes. A set of outline engravings may be seen in the library at South Kensington, "Stampe del duomo d'Orvieto, 1791."

Antonio da Pollajuolo died about 1496. His drawing is correct, and shows abundance of power. His pictures have all the tenderness, the careful study, and faithful rendering of expression found among his contemporaries. A picture of the Holy Family with two angels is in our National Gallery, and

the engraving we give on page 98 is from one of these figures. They represent the characters, one of a boy, the other of a maiden. The action of the hands and the expression of the eyes are full of meaning.

Filippino Lippi, a Florentine, and a pupil of Botticelli, treated his Infant Saviour with much tenderness. We have one of his pictures, a good example, in the National Gallery, No. 293.

With these paintings we may compare the children, the maidens, and young men of Francesco Francia, a better-trained artist. No. 179 contains a Holy Family, with St. Anne, the Virgin, and Saviour, and a lovely infant St. John below, with blue eyes and golden hair. Of this series of



Angel from the 'Presentation in the Temple,' by Vittore Carpaccio.

painters, and of Francia especially, we may observe that they set before us youth and infancy, slender, refined in make and feature—creatures whom, if we met them by the wayside, we should take to be sprung from some royal or noble stock; not wanting in healthy roundness or due sufficiency of strength, but perfect within their own proportions. We should not think of them as too fragile for this world, but as sent into it to carry out some high mission; the abodes of heavenliness of mind—nature refined to its utmost.

Lastly, to close this portion of the subject, let us turn to a painter of children *par excellence*, Antonio da Correggio. His great fresco in the dome of the Cathedral of Parma

represents a trellis of foliage with angels, winged boys, peeping into it through numerous round openings. He painted an 'Assumption,' with a heavenly host attending, in the postures and movements of whom he shows a command of the laws of perspective unsurpassed among his contemporaries. We have more than one example of his painting in the National Gallery, but none that does entire justice to his genius. It is the smiling and joyous human serenity, together with the naturalism and softness of his painting and its admirable execution, that have secured the popularity of Correggio with modern critics, and particularly with the Germans.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

CHARLES I. AS AN ART COLLECTOR.

No. II.—AT HOME.

"To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor."



IN a former notice we gave some account of the origin and progress of King Charles's taste for Art, and of the acquisitions which he had made towards the formation of a gallery, up to the time of his return to England, on the failure of the negotiation for his Spanish marriage. This return took place in the early autumn of 1623, while he was still Prince of Wales. During the two years that elapsed between that event and the death of James I. he used such opportunities as fell in his way for carrying forward his favourite scheme, and a variety of works of Art were added to those which were already his own private property, and which consisted of the bequest by Prince Henry, of works purchased or presented to him in England, and of the cargo he had brought with him out of Spain. It is worthy of notice that he had not paid Spain itself the compliment of securing any specimen at all from the brush of her native artists. But this was only a temporary omission. No long time elapsed before Spanish pictures also began to find their way into his hands, as well as into the hands of other Englishmen of wealth and position. And thus it is, perhaps, with a truer insight than we might at first be inclined to attribute to him, that, in later years, the artistic spirit of the Spanish author Cean Bermudez is found mourning over this visit of the foreign prince.

Without stopping to consider any of the social or political events of the time, save to notice how the presence of the Duke of Buckingham must have acted as an unfailing stimulus towards the increase of the royal Art treasures, till the sudden blow fell that parted King and minister for ever, we pass hastily over the first fourteen years of the reign, to witness the installation of the new Art Gallery at Whitehall. Erected at right angles to the Banqueting Hall, it ran out eastwards towards the river, and thither were now brought, from the neighbouring palace of St. James, a variety of works that had been temporarily housed there till they could come to share with treasures stowed away at Whitehall the more ample accommodation of the "New Cabinet Room." Under the guidance of the King's Dutch Keeper, we may take a rapid survey of some of the more notable works of Art in the collection.

The famous 'Venus del Prado' first attracts our attention. The Raffaele cartoons, placed in the Great Gallery within a year of the King's accession, are just now not on view. Five are at "Mortlack," where Mr. Franciscus Cleane has them in his charge, while hangings are being wrought from them at the Tapestry Works; and two are standing in the passageway that leads from the Privy Lodgings to the Banqueting

House, carefully packed away in "a slit deal wooden case." In like manner the beautiful painting of the 'Holy Family and St. John,' one of the greatest prizes obtained by the purchase of the Duke of Mantua's collection, with "its sky of Titian-like blue streaked with red," is not to be seen here to-day. It is away farther down the river, at Somerset House. But there is a head by Raffaele where yonder ray of sunlight falls; and hard by, flanking his 'Holy Family,' hangs Titian's stately portrait of Charles the Emperor. Holbein and Porbus and Bassano are represented yonder; Oliver and Mytens and Sandrart here. Upon the wall, in a place of honour above the mantelpiece, hangs Honthorst's painting of the 'Duke of Buckingham, his Duchess, and two Children.' Away to the right the delicate touches and brilliant colouring of a pair of Breughel's landscapes lighten the more sombre tints of Leonardo's 'St. John the Baptist.' On the left the transparent flesh tones of Rottenhämer's female beauties act as a foil to the more solid depths revealed in Cranach's 'Martin Luther.' Vandycks and Poelemburgs abound on every side, fresh from the easel; and interspersed with them are Palmas, and Veroneses, and Tintoretts, that ably maintain the reputation of distant Italy.

But whence come these examples so choice and so numerous of so many different schools? Subjects at home and ambassadors abroad, like those of the Monarch of Spain and the Emperor, have been on the watch for gifts that shall find favour in royal eyes. Sir Henry Wotton, at Venice, has been a diligent searcher after such impersonifications of "sweetness and light." Lord Cottington, in Spain, has kept his agents constantly on the *qui vive*. Rubens, an old habitué of the picture markets, has possessed himself of the earliest intelligence, and has aided with his ready advice and assistance. The States have followed in the wake of the King of Spain, and a few years ago sent by their ambassador's hands, as a present not unworthy of the acceptance of a crowned head, four paintings in oil and a picture wrought in silk. Within the four corners of the kingdom donors have sprung up in every quarter. On the long list figure the names of Lord Carlisle, Lord Fielding, and Lord Hamilton; of Sir Harry Fanchurch, Sir Dudley Carleton, and Sir Henry Vane; of Sir Arthur Hopton and Sir Francis Crane. The untitled names of Heriot and Dewarts, his Majesty's jewellers, claim their place upon the roll; nor has the historic Villiers forgotten to fulfil his part, and send a contribution to the show. Many a courtier of lesser note, possessed of some choice specimen, has made the best "exchange" he could; and when the royal purse strings have been untied, there has been no lack of agents like the fertile and inventive Inigo Jones, or the trusty Mr. Endymion Porter, to act as go-betweens, and land the coveted prizes with as little loss of gear as common fishermen.

From the Hague came that delicately finished little painting of 'A Falconer,' protected by its covering of isinglass, that seems at first glance to fill too proud a position at the farther end of the gallery. But where, if not in a palace, shall the work of a royal hand find honour? Emulating the example of the Spanish monarch and of the Infante Ferdinand, the

* Continued from page 52.

Princess Louisa has been toiling at the easel, and an Anstruther has safely borne her present to her royal uncle's gallery. A pair of Albert Dürer's portraits hang close alongside—the painter and the painter's father, the choicest gifts that Nuremberg could find to lay at the feet of the English virtuoso; while the Clouet, rivalling Van Eyck in the tender transparency of its flesh tints, eclipsing him in the grace and dignity of its pose, is Lord Fielding's latest offering. It was but this morning the King settled where he would have it hung.

Lit mainly by the candle-beams that shed their "dim religious light" upon the empty skull that St. Jerome holds, the panel which contains Lucas Van Leyden's powerful work hangs between two of the windows. In the full light of the embrasure alongside, the beauties of the two Correggios are better seen, the one a 'St. John the Baptist' that the King brought out of Spain, the other a 'Madonna and Child and St. Katherine,' a gift from Villiers. Farther on still comes the yet more highly prized example from the same master hand, 'Venus teaching Cupid.'

And now just for a moment glance at that 'Indifferent ancient Gentleman,' in his black cap and "grey coney-skin coloured furred gown," or away at those eager Israelitish heads, so quaintly labelled as 'A Piece of two Jews,' that by some odd fancy have been placed so close alongside 'A Piece of Noah's Flood.' But we must not talk of anachronisms in a picture gallery.

And thus we pass on from window to window, and from wall space to wall space. But there is plenty else around us to show that the King's tastes have not been narrowed down to mere picture collecting. He is a genuine connoisseur in other walks of Art, and shares the true collector's admiration for all that is curious and rare. Cottington was well aware of the breadth of the artistic sympathies to which he had to minister when he wrote to him a few years ago as follows:—"The shoeing-horn is rough hewn, and I carry it along with me; so shall I also the Conde of Benevente's pictures, with some others that I think your Majesty will like well. I had information that in the King's house at Carthagen there were two rare heads of Brutus and Cassius, both of white marble; so I begged them of the King, who instantly wrote his letter commanding that they should be taken down, and forthwith sent to Seville to meet me there; which I hope will be performed. Yet I have since understood that there is fear they are each of them the load of a cart, for they have great pedestals of white marble also with inscriptions on them. However, I will take such heed that if they cannot be brought to Seville, they shall be shipped from thence to England."

No such massive blocks of antique marble occupy the floor space here. Yet it is amply "furnished forth" with ranges of statues of no mean order, disposed at intervals down either side. The bulk of these were once Prince Henry's. Not so the series of intaglios that fill the intermediate cases; they are of the King's own collecting. And in him also we shall find the original owner of the profile in black and white embossed in wax. So, too, the Scripture story, chased in silver, that shines on yonder stand, wrought by the hand of Van Vianan, and the rainbow colours of that sparkling morsel of Lamoine's enamel, have each their claim upon the memory of the King. It was he also who first acquired the "little running horse in brass blacked over," cast by Fanelli the one-eyed, alongside which there stands Lord Denby's uncouth present of the Indian brazen idol.

Here on this table lie the precious volumes of Gentileschi's drawings, and of "Wooden Prints of Alberdure." Unfolded on a reading-stand is the quaint collection of "Forty-nine Pictures by the Life done in Dry Colour;" while down beside the case of coins a pair of reference books may be described, in "speckled" leather edged with blue. These the King has made the vade mecum for his "medals" almost from early boyhood. Within the case there lies one coin of the Atrabates, as to which the familiar authority is silent. But the careful Camden has elsewhere figured such a type, and the label here describing "a piece of pale gold, at the one side some characters, and on the other side worn very smooth, said to be an old British Piece of Coin," is conclusive evidence of the wisdom of the choice that has placed the worthy Dutchman over the storehouse and its marvels.

If we would yet see more, Guido's fine canvas, representing 'Judith and Holofernes,' hangs down the corridor, within the chamber of which the Duchess of Shrewsbury was a quondam tenant. There, and in the Privy Lodgings, are to be seen the older treasures of the palace, kings and queens and pillars of the State in "lively portraiture displayed." But it is pleasanter here this bright November noon. The trees in the Privy Garden down beneath us have not yet shed all their summer glories, and quite a fleet of covered boats has slipped its moorings from the Palace Stairs, to ply out yonder on the gently swelling tide away towards Chelsea, where old Thames is sparkling in the sunlight.

"Slowly the finger of the dial moves on,
Silently moving with the silent sun."

The struggles and anxieties of another ten years have come and gone. The awful climax has arrived. The deadly axe has been uplifted, and has fallen.

Hardly is the King's body cold for the tomb before the appraiser is at his fatal work, making ready for the great dispersion. Out of crown and sceptre and bauble the jewels are torn, and the battered remnants forthwith hurried to the Mint. The treasures of the jewel-house are hastily cast into the scales, and a price set upon each. The arras, the hangings of the windows in the royal palaces, the cloths of estate and pavilions, are, with the carpets and chest covers, scized and rudely measured with the deadly cloth-yard. The tables and stools, the inlaid cabinets and cypress chests, are catalogued and numbered and priced ready for the purchaser. And suites of scarcely frayed magnificence, the historic wardrobes of ancestral kings and queens, are drawn forth from their safe repositories to be examined and appraised with the same fell purpose.

Nor will the royal galleries be spared. Their death-warrant has been signed by the newly instituted powers, alike in utter disregard of their interest for the day and of the claims of posterity. The abode tenanted by kings shall be emptied and swept till nothing but the barren walls remain. All that added to the state or majesty of royalty, all that ministered even to the relaxation or pleasures of a king, is tainted by the plague-spot, and shall be cast into the fire of purification. But even as the very dross of the melting-pot has yet a use and a value, so the nation will not forbear to utilise what it cannot, by any act of volition, oust from the world of being, and the converted property shall swell the national exchequer.

The news of this determination falls pleasantly upon the

ears of foreign sovereigns, so lately startled by the death-knell of a member of their order; and to the Netherlands, to France, to Spain, and to Austria portions of the spoil will shortly be finding their way. It is thus the world wags. We feel a touch of compunction, a little shame, perhaps, but it is almost more than human to stay away from the auction where our late friend's goods are being sold—and sold so cheaply.

For that they will be sold below their value none can doubt. It is a time of panic still, and Englishmen, with their eyes scarcely cleared from the bloody mists of the battle-field, are dimly looking round, uncertain whether the next evil that is to befall them will be banishment, imprisonment, or death on the scaffold. Thus the present will be no time for really gauging what advance in the appreciation of artistic treasures the late monarch's steadfast pursuit of Art has brought about in the minds of his subjects.

But to return to the appraisers. They must not be losing time if they would win the race against the sturdy tribe of thieves, whose plunder is already to be seen boldly installed in other cabinets before February is a fortnight old. But the task before them is a heavy one. The Tower and Westminster Abbey, the "closetts" of Denmark House and Somerset House, the palaces at Nonesuch, Oatlands, and Richmond, each and all are to find occupation for their ink-horn. There are stores of goods sent up from Greenwich and from Wimbledon, consigned to Mr. Browne, keeper of Denmark House. There are pictures to be catalogued in the galleries at Greenwich. There are "Church Roabes" and "Musique" to be valued at Hampton Court. Windsor has to be visited, and "Stuffe" viewed in the wardrobe there. There is property of royal holding away in the Haberdashers' Hall. Sion House must be seen before plunderers get hold of its contents; and down in the Parliament House as well, there are hangings and pictures and miscellaneous property, all claiming speedy attention.

Members of the Council, such as Ludlow and Mildmay and Purefoy, must, with the inferior officers quartered about the precincts of the palaces, be called upon either to give up the national property around them, be it in furniture or in Art treasures, or to pay a composition. The Knights and Halls, and Myddletons and Frosts, and a host of minor note, will make heavy work for the scribes. Treasures of costly worth will have to be entered as "in the service of" the Lord Protector: only in his case, and in his case alone, need there be no entry made of corresponding payments. Well to the front in the struggle for possession of the coveted spoil stands the figure of John Hutchinson, of Owlthorpe, Colonel of the Forces, and a Member of the Council of State that has issued the order of dispersion. He makes himself master of the great 'Venus del Prado' for the sum of £600. Half that amount is entered in the register as fair value for the Raffaele cartoons, the title in which passes over to the Lord Protector. The painter, Sir Balthasar Gerbier, secures for £200 the portrait of the late king on horseback, and for the balance of the £350 which he paid over in the following June, that of the Emperor Charles V. Honthorst's fine painting of the 'Duke of Buckingham, his Duchess, and his Children,' removed by this time from Whitehall to Somerset House, passes into the possession of a Mr. Latham. The sale of 'A Prince of Spain' adds 10s.

to the national exchequer. Lucas Van Leyden's 'St. Jerome' is sold to Mr. Greenc for £25. Against an assessment of £60 the name of Cromwell stands entered as the owner of Titian's 'Holy Family.' That painter's 'Lucrece' becomes the property of Colonel Webb for £70, while Mr. Grinder and his joint creditors take Myten's picture of 'Sir Geoffrey Hudson,' entered as "Geoffrey Nanus," and write off £10 from the account against the King's estate. A thousand pounds stands out in strong relief as fitting value for 'The Triumphs of Cæsar,' by Mantegna.

With compositions, dividends, and cash receipts, the whole total realised does not far exceed the monthly levy on the lands of England for the maintenance of her standing army.

Meanwhile the foreigners are far from idle. It is a later effort on the part of the kindly Hollanders to pour forth their wealth, not to outrival other realms in the glories of their gallery of Arts, but to restore, so far as may be, to the home of an outlawed Stuart its old familiar treasures. But the Spanish monarch is early bestirring himself, and promptly lets his ministers understand how welcome will be their efforts to secure a share of what is in the market. Haro is not slow to pass the message forwards, and in England Don Alonzo de Cardenas is soon feeling his way among the purchasers. Dewarts and Sir Balthasar and Hutchinson are plied with glittering baits. Backed by the wealth of Spain, Cardenas bids the golden shower fall right heavily; the bolts and bars give way, and the frail objects of his pursuit fall into his eager hands. For Spain is also finally secured the famous Raffaele that once had graced the Mantuan gallery. Old Spanish purchases go back by the way by which they had come. Bearing them and their new companions across the rugged mountains of Cantabria, eighteen mules toil painfully, while Philip awaits with ill-concealed impatience the hour of their arrival. The Mantuan picture draws forth his warmest expressions of delight. "It is 'La Perla,'" he cries, "of all I ever saw." To this hour, hanging in the Museo del Prado, it bears the name then given.

A different future is in store for the Correggio, 'Venus teaching Cupid,' which Colonel Hutchinson also lately made his own. For many a year it will adorn a ducal gallery in Spain, but Murat's restless eyes will one day behold it, and it will be thenceforth Spanish property no longer. From French captivity Lord Londonderry's purse shall, as the years roll on, redeem the truant beauty, to rest again in peace on English shores.

A fate similar to that which stripped Whitehall had previously overtaken the other famous English collection, the gallery of the Duke of Buckingham. There also thieves had had their share, but a faithful old retainer of the house had rescued many and shipped them safely across the seas to Holland; and there they had been finally dispersed.

It is indeed a fact well worthy of note that both Prince and Favourite should, as travellers, have escaped the many dangers of their adventurous journey; as Protestants, the fanaticism of an intensely Catholic metropolis; as Cavaliers, the chances of a broil amongst foreign noblemen—to fall each by a bloody death on English soil. The history of the dispersion of their gathered treasures is but a minor detail in the thrilling history. *Vanitas vanitatum*. "Verily every man living is altogether vanity."

EDWIN STOWE.

THE EXHIBITION OF SMOKE ABATEMENT APPLIANCES.



HE promoters of the movement for endeavouring to diminish the smoke which spreads a persistent canopy over the metropolis deserve the best thanks of their fellow-citizens.

The problem is not new, but it has been forced into prominence by a concurrence of conditions which give a somewhat new aspect of the case. There have been areas in England as vast as the metropolis which have been covered with a canopy of smoke arising from manufactories—such, for instance, as districts round Manchester, or between Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and in the Potteries; but there has never been, in this country or in any other, so vast an aggregation of dwelling-houses as that which constitutes London.

The Smoke Abatement Exhibition affords a view of many arrangements by which fuel may be consumed without smoke under steam boilers, and under various forms of furnaces. It is even shown how the Potteries, which have been some of the most persistent creators of smoke, may be freed from smoke in future.

The real difficulty in relieving the London atmosphere from visible smoke lies in the almost universal employment of the open fireplace for warming our houses. The open fire is a companion and a friend to a solitary individual, and it is the almost necessary complement of a social gathering. In an artistic point of view the fireplace is the central feature in every room, and there are few matters of internal decoration upon which so much thought has been bestowed.

The open fireplace of the old-fashioned pattern is undoubtedly the best engine of ventilation for a room. An open fire with a bright flame conveys warmth to the walls of a room, whilst its rays leave the air to be breathed cool; and there is no doubt that the perfection of ventilation would be to have cool air to breathe, but to be surrounded with warm walls, floors, and furniture, so as not to feel ourselves parting with our heat to surrounding objects. Besides this, the open fire enables each occupant of a room, by selecting his position, to regulate according to his wishes the amount of heat he desires to obtain from it.

There are, no doubt, cold countries in Northern Europe where this worship of the open fire does not prevail; but so far as England is concerned, it may be said that the abolition of the open fire would materially alter, if not revolutionise, many of our social arrangements.

In considering the arguments in favour of so complete a change of our habits, it will at once be seen that it is from the large number of houses brought together in the metropolis that our difficulties arise. For instance, there are few things more picturesque than on a bright, calm autumn day, when the sunshine is modified by a haze, to come in sight of a cottage situated near a wooded hill, from whose chimney a thin column of smoke rises straight up into the air. When, however, we aggregate together cottages and houses into a vast town, the smoke which we admired whilst it proceeded from one fire becomes a source of trouble and evil.

The matter resulting from the incomplete combustion of coal which is projected into the atmosphere on a foggy day, prevents the dissipation of the fog, and thus smoke and fog

act and react on each other to keep the atmosphere polluted. But the incomplete combustion of bituminous coal not only sends smoke into the air, but deposits a mass of soot in the chimney; and as if the householder was determined to do all in his power to make the atmosphere impure, the smoke which is thus arrested in the chimney-flue in the form of soot, is periodically pushed up out at the top of the chimney into the air, not only to the detriment of the occupier of the house, but to that of the neighbours—an arrangement which may be witnessed any morning in houses where chimneys are being swept.

In addition to these visible products from bituminous coal, of which so many complaints are made, there are invisible products of combustion, and were successful arrangements made to abate all visible smoke, these invisible products would remain to injure the air of the town. Of these products sulphurous acid deserves probably the most consideration. This product is very apparent in London air; it adds to the pungency of the air in a fog, and gives acidity to the rain which falls in London; and it is from this that arises the decay of many varieties of stone in some of our most splendid buildings, as well as the rapid deterioration of certain descriptions of work in metal. The presence of sulphurous acid in London air may, however, have beneficial results in destroying some of the evil influences which might otherwise arise from the vast amount of organic matter in a state bordering on decomposition, which pervades the whole atmosphere of a great city.

The visible as well as the invisible products of combustion would be diminished by a reduction of the quantity of fuel consumed in the metropolis. The consumption of an ordinary open fireplace is far greater than what would be necessary, provided all the heat created were properly utilised; and the fuel consumed in the kitchen of an ordinary dwelling-house is very far in excess of what would be required for cooking the food of the family if there was no waste of heat. It is largely within bounds to say that three-fifths of the coal consumed in the metropolis in domestic fireplaces might be saved, provided the appliances for warming and cooking were devised upon the rational basis of avoiding waste of heat.

But so large a diminution in the consumption of fuel would effect a material saving in other ways. The labour entailed by the use of open fireplaces in houses is enormous. In a house of moderate size the consumption of coal, at a low calculation, will be twenty-four tons a year, which would require twelve carts to convey it to the house—or a street such as Eaton Place would require more than 1,200 carts to supply it with coal. When the coal is placed in the house, these twenty-four tons require to be carried up in coal-scuttles, each holding probably a quarter of a hundredweight; that is to say, that there would be to be carried from the cellar to various parts of the house nearly 2,000 coal-scuttles full of coal. The residue would have to be carried down again in the shape of ashes, probably to the extent of 400 coal-scuttles, independently of the proportion of ashes which get scattered from the fireplace about the room, and have to be cleaned up by the housemaid. In addition to this, the dirt engendered by the smoke and soot sent up into the atmosphere renders much additional cleaning necessary, and entails on the inhabitants of London a vast

expenditure on soap, and on repainting and redecorating our rooms. The labour thus entailed is wasted force which might be saved and used in other ways, if we were prepared to adopt systematized arrangements for the supply of heat to our houses.

With the present size of London, the pollution of the atmosphere is a very serious evil. But the rate of extension is continuous. At the beginning of the century the population did not exceed 960,000; since that time it has continuously increased by one-fifth in every ten years; it is now nearly 4,000,000; and at this rate, which shows no symptoms of decrease, the population will exceed 8,000,000 in 1920. The houses spring up on the outskirts of London on every piece of spare land. Each new house contributes an addition to the smoke, and therefore the evil is becoming intensified year by year in an accelerating ratio. It cannot, however, be said that up to the present time any system of domestic warming has been presented to the public which affords the undoubted advantages which the open fireplace possesses.

For cooking purposes gas presents many advantages, because it is available at any moment, and it affords a means of regulating the temperature to any desired point. But gas has not yet been applied to the warming of rooms in such a manner as to provide the various advantages, both for health and comfort, which the open fire possesses.

Gas heating is, however, in its infancy. The production of gas can be effected without creating smoke, but the preliminary to its general use for heating is the production of a gas adapted to heating, as distinguished from gas for lighting purposes. This is a very easy matter, so far as the production of the gas is concerned; and the gas for heating would be cheaper, but duplicate pipes would be needed for delivering the two sorts of gas.

The method of heating houses by steam, as a combined system, presents many advantages. In this system the steam is conveyed by pipes laid along the streets from boilers placed in a central situation: by proper arrangement the production of steam would be effected without creating smoke. The steam is laid on to each house in the same manner as gas is laid on. The system would be more conveniently applied to new houses and in newly laid-out streets, because in many existing streets the number of pipes already laid down would present a serious obstacle to the adoption of the system. It would be specially applicable to the warming of the blocks of model dwellings which are being erected for the accommodation of the artisan and labouring classes.

But there remains the broad fact, that however valuable these various makeshifts may be, we have not at the present time any system of which we could at once say to a person seriously desirous of contributing to the abatement of smoke, that its adoption would insure unqualified satisfaction. The Smoke Abatement Exhibition affords the public an opportunity of seeing to what extent the skill of English manufacturers has succeeded in mitigating the evils of smoke from the open grate. The exhibits of open fireplaces which seek to prevent smoke may be roughly classed under six heads, viz. :—

1. Those which bring air warmed, or otherwise, to the top or back of the fire.

2. Those which draw down the gases and flame through

the fire to unite with warmed air, or otherwise, at the back, whence the gases pass up the chimney.

3. Those which are based on the principle of coking the coal before use. Of this class Dr. Arnott's was the earliest example; and this method has many adaptations in the exhibition at South Kensington.

4. Those which claim to obtain a smokeless fire by means of smokeless coal.

5. The plan of using coke and gas, as proposed by Dr. Siemens; or

6. The combustion of gas on asbestos, or gas on fireclay. The latter can only be classed as mere makeshifts, which do not give the real advantages of the open fire.

There is no doubt that in many of those under the first two heads, which are devised to burn bituminous coal without smoke, when the fire has once been carefully lighted and made to burn brilliantly, and when great care and attention are bestowed on the firing, little or no smoke is produced.

The Arnott stove and its modifications, which are embraced under the third head, do, after the fire is once well lit, burn without visible smoke. The fault of the Arnott stove was the dull fire it created; this fault is modified by Messrs. Barnard and Bishop's glow stoves, and by some others of the stoves exhibited. But the true charm of the open fire lies in a bright flame from bituminous coal, and the merit of the open fire lies in the powerful radiant heat which that flame and the glowing coal afford, and in the strong draught up the chimney which the flame causes, by which a most efficient ventilation is furnished. The difference in the velocity of current in a chimney with a red fire without flame, and a bright fire with flame, is as much as from fifteen to twenty feet per second. The fire furnished by smokeless coal is a glowing red fire without flame, and Dr. Siemens claims as one of the advantages of his fire of gas and coke combined, that it does not send so much heat up the chimney as an ordinary fire. If in the open fire, therefore, smokeless coal only is to be used, or if Dr. Siemens' plan be adopted, it would be possible to obtain quite as efficient an arrangement for ventilation by other means.

The fact is, we must look upon the Smoke Abatement Exhibition as the first practical effort to direct public attention to the enormous importance, in its relation to the health and comfort of the community, of getting rid of smoke. It has not solved the problem, but it has done something towards it. It has produced sufficient evidence to show that it would not be unreasonable for the Metropolitan Board of Works to proclaim in the next Building Act that in every new house the arrangement for warming and cooking should be such as to prevent the generation of smoke. If that were done, the attention of architects, engineers, and builders would be so constantly devoted to this object that we might reasonably hope in a few years to see whole districts in the newer parts of London free from this evil.

Pure air is as important to a community as pure water. Much attention has been given to obtaining pure water for the metropolis, and we have succeeded in obtaining water of a fairly good quality. Our efforts should not be relaxed until we have secured pure air.

DOUGLAS GALTON.



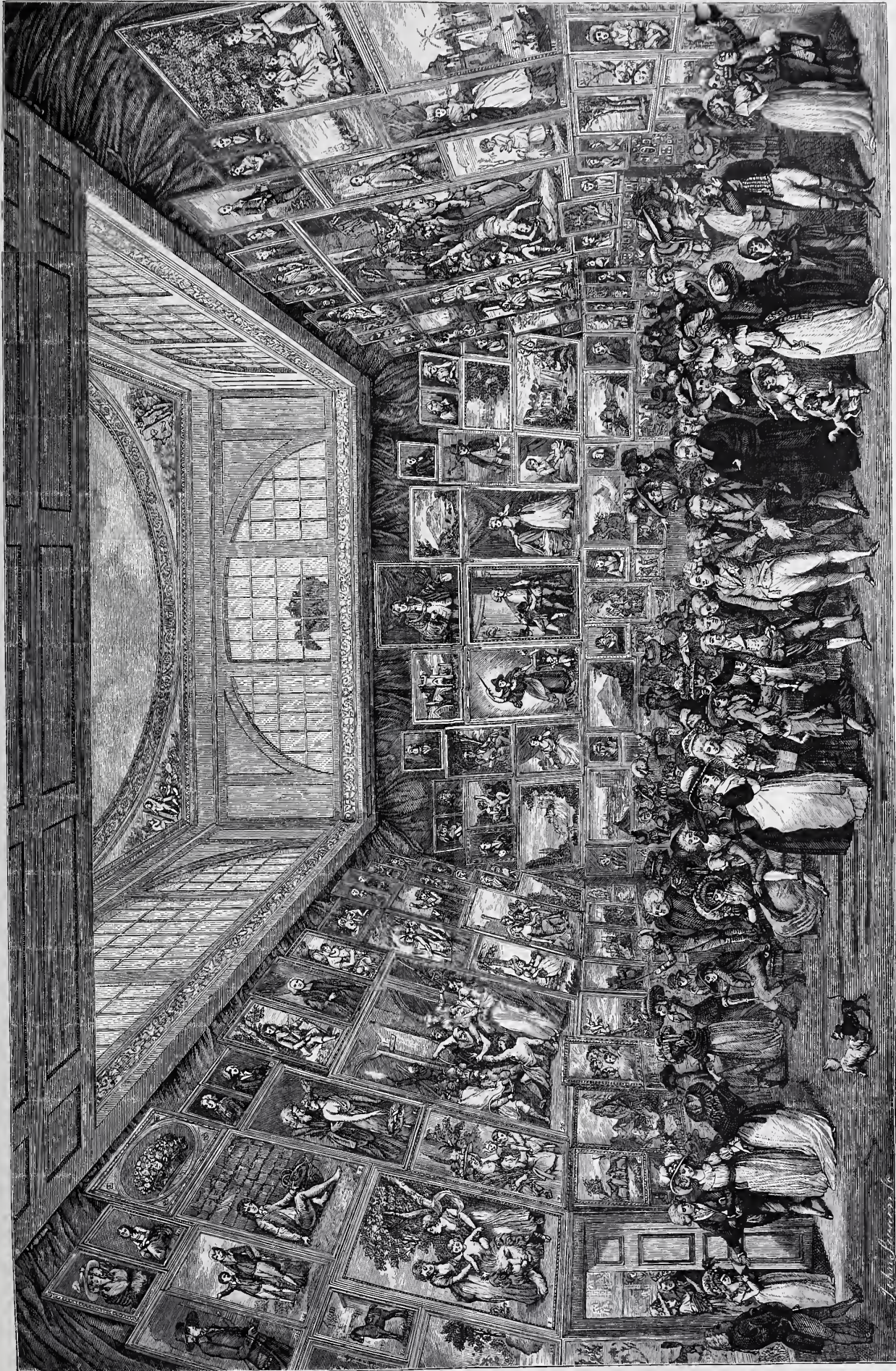
VARNISHING DAY AND PRIVATE VIEW DAY AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY

THE "outsiders'" varnishing day at the Royal Academy is, in many respects, the great artistic field day of the year. No gathering is looked forward to with more interest by the wielders of the brush and chisel. It is true that the expectant exhibitor now knows beforehand that he has something "in;" he has received a card inviting him "to inspect such of his works as have been accepted for exhibition." But, supposing him to have sent several works, and to have received no previous missive of rejection, he is ignorant until he reaches the galleries how many of them, and which, he is destined to find on the walls, and, a still more important point, where they are on those walls—on the line or near the roof.

People's memories are now so proverbially short, that probably few are aware how recently these varnishing days, as they at present exist, were instituted, and still fewer what a battle raged round the question for many years at the Academic Council board. The members of the Academy had, indeed, enjoyed the privilege for many years, though not without interruption. It was in 1809 that the permission to retouch and varnish their pictures after they were hung was first granted to them. There is no record of any objection being taken to this by other exhibitors until 1835, when Mr. John Martin, in giving evidence before the Parliamentary Committee appointed to inquire as to the state of the higher branches of Art, and the best mode of advancing them, brought forward as a grievance against the Academy that one of his pictures had been injured, after being sent for

exhibition, by some varnish spilt upon it, as he conceived, in malice, by some envious Academician. The President, Sir Martin Shee, in his rebutting evidence, said that he thought the varnishing days might be regarded as among the privileges granted by the diploma, but that so far as he was concerned it was one which he did not care to see retained. Retained they were, however, until 1852, when at the instance of Mulready, seconded by Maclise, the privilege was abolished. It is to be noted, however, that Mulready's proposition contained the first germ of an outsider's varnishing day, for it suggested "the propriety of doing away with the varnishing days, or of making such alteration in the present arrangement as shall equalise the supposed advantages of those days to the exhibitors generally." The decision of the Academy showed that it considered the advantages to be nothing more than "supposed," for it abolished the days altogether, merely giving members the right to repair any accident that might have happened to a picture. But—and this was an important concession—it gave the Council power to grant the same right to non-members. A curious fact in connection with this is that the then President of the Academy, Sir Charles Eastlake, stated publicly at the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, that the practice would have been discontinued long before but that the works of Turner, who had died a short time previously, gained so much by it, that it would have been a great loss to their effect if they had not had the benefit of his final touches. Leslie, in his "Recollections," says he believes it would have broken Turner's heart if the varnishing days had been abolished, and that whenever such a measure was hinted at, he said, "Then you will do away with the only social meetings we have, the only occasion on which we all come together in an easy, unrestrained manner. When we have no varnishing days we shall not know one another." And Leslie adds that Turner painted all the effects of his pictures then, as, indeed, many well-known stories go to prove.

Numerous attempts were made to regain the privilege, but without success. In 1860, however, a round-robin was signed by



The Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House, 1787.

J. Smith del.

the following members, W. Dyce, J. R. Herbert, E. Landseer, F. Grant, G. Jones, P. MacDowell, H. W. Pickersgill, A. E. Chalon, W. P. Frith, E. M. Ward, C. Stanfield, and S. A. Hart, calling for a reconsideration of the whole question, with a view to restoring the varnishing days. The agitators, though not immediately successful, eventually gained their point, and not only obtained in 1862 a renewal of their former privilege for the members, but actually got something for outsiders; it being resolved that such exhibitors whose works might appear to the Council to require such advantage should, on special invitation of the Council, be permitted the privilege of varnishing and retouching on the last of the three days set apart for that purpose; and in that year forty-eight such invitations were accordingly issued. This limited concession remained in force till 1869, when, on the occasion of the first exhibition in the Burlington House Galleries, the present custom of giving all outsiders a whole day to themselves, immediately following the three days allotted to members, was initiated, and has been continued ever since. Now it is the outsider who can spill his varnish over the academic canvas.

That the boon, somewhat tardily conferred, is thoroughly appreciated, is proved by the number of artists that come up specially from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, in response to the invitation to inspect their works accepted for exhibition. Besides, it is a sort of private view of the exhibition, for those at least who have not too much to do to their own pictures. Our illustration, by Mr. W. C. Horsley, shows the scene in the large Gallery No. III., though hardly at the most animated part of the day. It is here generally that the most cheerful and excited groups are to be found, either at work or engaged in criticism. Cheerful because it is always considered an advantage to have something in the big room, even though it may be near the ceiling; and animated because here are generally the pictures of the year, those which will provoke the most discussion, and whose merits and defects are consequently most fiercely argued. One feature in the scene is the number of ladies; last year there were nearly one hundred and fifty exhibitors belonging to the fair sex. It is true that a great many of them have nothing to do on this occasion, as the bulk of their contributions is in the water-colour room; still a goodly number arrive with colour-box and brushes, and are soon hard at work. Down the centre of each gallery is a table, on which are sponges and basins of water, while carpenters are stationed about ready to move the stages and ladders for those whose pictures are in an elevated position. Two or three members of that much-feared and much-abused body, the Hanging Committee, are always in attendance, ready to listen to all sorts of appeals. The usual request is merely that a picture may be tilted more or less, but occasionally some sanguine individual does not hesitate to suggest that his picture would look much better where Jones's is (Jones's being near the line), while Jones's "broad, powerful work" would look quite as well where his, Smith's, is (near the ceiling), and that, as they are the same size, the exchange could very easily be made. It is very interesting to watch the groups that will gather round the work of an unknown man who has got a picture on the line, discussing it and him. Sad, on the other hand, is it to see one who has grown grey in the service of Art without obtaining more than her smallest favours, perched at the top of a ladder, giving a coat of varnish,

or a few last loving touches, to the work which, when he sent it in, he perhaps fondly hoped might bring him the fame that had so long eluded his grasp.

As the varnishing day is the carnival of Art workers, so the private view day may be said to be the carnival of Art amateurs. When this latter festival was instituted cannot be very clearly ascertained. Royalty had, as now, a day to itself, but whether fashionable Art-loving society was invited on the same day, or had another to itself, is not certain. The former would seem to have been the case, to judge from the accompanying woodcut, which is done from Martini's engraving of Ramberg's picture or drawing of the Great Room at Somerset House in 1787; though whether it is intended to represent the scene at a private view, or the visit of royalty on some ordinary day, or whether, so far as the spectators are concerned, it is a made-up representation, cannot be accurately determined. The foremost person in the centre is the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., with a catalogue in his hand; on his right is Sir Joshua Reynolds, carrying his ear-trumpet, and pointing to one of the pictures on the walls; following them are other Academicians, members of the Council, the one on the Prince's left being probably F. W. Newton, the secretary. Who the tall and portly ecclesiastic is seems uncertain, though it may have been the Honorary Chaplain, the Rev. W. Peters, himself an Academician. Many well-known pictures can be recognised on the walls. In the centre, at the end, is Reynolds's portrait of the Prince of Wales, in the robes of the Garter, with a black servant arranging his dress; on the right, next but one to this, is the same painter's Lady St. Asaph and Child; and above, Beach's portrait of Tattersall, the horse-dealer; the corresponding place to the Lady St. Asaph, on the left, is occupied by Reynolds's Mrs. Stanhope, the portrait engraved as 'Contemplation'; the two portraits on the line, on the extreme right and left, are those of Boswell and Sir H. Englefield, both by Sir Joshua. The centre, on the right wall, is occupied by Northcote's 'Death of Wat Tyler;' next to it, on the right, is the portrait of Master Yorke with a bird in his hand, and a dog beside him; and farther still to the right, on a lower level, is the portrait of Lady Cadogan: both these by Reynolds. In the chief place on the opposite wall is Opie's 'Death of Rizzio;' to the left of it is Reynolds's portrait of Lady Smyth and her children, which has just again been exhibited in the Academy's Old Masters' Exhibition; and below the Opie are the President's 'Cherubs' Heads,' being different views of Lord William Gordon's little girl. The people in the room afford an interesting study of the costume of the period, but one certainly is surprised to see the dogs. Can it be that that notice, so insulting to the canine race, "No dogs admitted," had not yet been invented? The publisher of the engraving evidently thought that some people should be excluded, for he has placed at the bottom the inscription, *οὐδέις ἀμυνος εἰσέρω*. If, however, admission to the exhibition had been limited to those only who had a taste, the resources of the Academy would hardly have been what they are. The shilling of the uncultivated Philistine and of the æsthetic devotee are equal in value for all practical purposes. Perhaps the notice for the former should be slightly varied, and he should be warned not to go away uncultured and unrefined.



ENGRAVED BY A. DAN

PAINTED BY FRANK W W TOPHAM

HOME AFTER SERVICE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF R. T. STEELE ESQ. LIVERPOOL.

ROUEN.

A LANDSCAPE painter can hardly hear the name of Rouen without thinking of Turner and Ruskin. Some of the finest designs in the "Rivers of France" are views of Rouen, and Ruskin, in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture," has drawn from its great churches examples of nearly every good and noble quality in the art. Both saw the place before the hand of the destroyer was laid so heavily upon it. The changes and chances of Mr. Ruskin's artistic life led him thither just as the last of the picturesque houses on the quay was being pulled down, and sorrowfully he records the fact. Turner came earlier, and saw more of them, and he was there before the cast-iron spire was set up on high on the great tower of the cathedral to throw everything else out of proportion—before St. Ouen was "skilfully restored," or so many factory chimneys gave Rouen a claim to be called the Manchester of France. He could doubtless have evolved beauty from the chimneys, but what could he have done with that hideous flèche? In all the three drawings which give a distant view of the cathedral he has introduced a kind of spire on the central tower, but this must have been supplied from memory, or from sketches made during a former tour, for when he went abroad with Mr. Leitch Ritchie in 1831, or thereabouts, to make sketches for the "Wanderings by the Seine," in which the beautiful series of engravings, now known as the "Rivers of France," appeared, no spire was to be seen—the wooden one which used to be there having been destroyed by lightning in

1822. St. Maclou also once had a tall and graceful spire, but it was terribly injured by a storm in 1705, pulled down during the Revolution, and finally rebuilt as it now appears in 1869. Turner does not seem to have felt the need of a spire for St. Maclou. Having done his best to equip one church with

all that was necessary to make it a dominating feature in the landscape, he left the tower of St. Maclou as he found it, finished only by a shapeless stump. If, however, this church has lost some of its best features, it still has Jean Goujon's beautiful work to show on its doors. He, the great leader of the Renaissance school of sculpture in France, came to Rouen in 1540, and stayed there three years, during which time he did much to enrich the town. The fine ornamentation on these doors consists of arabesques and bas-reliefs of scriptural or allegorical subjects, which are remarkable for strong feeling and vigorous execution. He was the sculptor of the four Caryatides which support the gallery of the ancient Halle des Cent-Suisses in the Louvre. It was while working on a scaffold on some bas-reliefs on the outside of the Louvre that he was killed by a stray shot in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

But if we cannot walk for ten minutes in the heart of the city without being vexed by the evident

loss of many a fine subject, Turner's views, from points just outside the town, have suffered little from the demolitions and restorations which would indeed have vexed the heart of poor Prout. Two of them are from the left bank of the river—one



Porte de Jean Goujon, St. Maclou, Rouen.

from the Grand Cours above, the other from the Quai du Havre, below the bridge. The latter is perhaps the finer of the two. It is perfect in composition, yet looks as if it were thoroughly faithful to local character. There is hardly any change in the substance of the scene. The houses on the quay opposite are Turner's houses; the cathedral would be Turner's cathedral, or nearly so, if the monstrous Jacob's ladder were away from the top of it; the vessels are lying at the quay-side now as then; and one might possibly see the same lovely phantom of showery cloud which breaks into light above them: the chief difference between his and any modern draughtsman's materials would be in the moving and floating foreground.

When I last saw the spot, a large English "screw," black, grim, and coaly (the *Cybele* was her name), was being unloaded just where Turner had placed his little steamboat with the white cloud of steam flitting upwards from the ornamented funnel, with the old



Street Scene, Rouen.

lady prominent among the crowd, standing dangerously near the said funnel, and the whole thing looking very confused, cranky, and top-heavy. What a huge, smooth-sided, toil-enduring slave of modern commerce the steamer of to-day looked beside my memory of Turner's ferry-boat!

The other riverside view is taken from the Grand Cours—a noble avenue of elms which appears in a rather conventional and compressed way on the left of the drawing. The trees, however, were but young then, and could have had no claim to be made much of in the composition. The cathedral, seen from this point, would tower up with a clearer supremacy when the horizontal lines of the house-roofs and bridge were longer

and more unbroken, and Turner has instinctively brought his materials together, by strong lateral contraction, so as to magnify the cathedral considerably, if any strict realistic test of likeness be applied to the drawing. But to me, using my memory and sketches together, it is like, although no later hand of similar power will ever give us another representation of those facts conceived in a similar spirit. As for the foreground, whatever it was then, nothing can be more pictorial than it is now. The riverside is embanked in a very stiff manner (perhaps that was the same in Turner's day); but the barges are so large, and present such fine entanglements of ropes, sails, cabins, rudders, and what not, and such varieties of painted surfaces, and the elm branches stoop so low, and perhaps an elm which has been felled comes in so well as it lies across the path, that for once a sketcher, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, might fancy that Turner had not a better time of it than he himself was enjoying. There are houses, trees, and sheds which encumber the Ile de la Croix, and hide a fine feature in Turner's composition, namely, the staircase descending to the island from the middle of the bridge, but, on the whole, there are compensations for what is lost. Only the huge spire, black, rigid, and merciless in its look of overweight, is a thing which I am inclined to say no man can tame; a very dexterous arrangement of masts might do it, but then farewell to the supremacy of the cathedral in the picture. How this thing looks from any of the streets may be seen from our illustration.

But Turner's finest drawing of Rouen is that from St. Catherine's Hill. Whoever examines the engraving with a strong memory of the actual place will be delighted and astonished by the wonderful grasp of a likeness which the great master has shown in it. We can recognise the truth of the sweep of the river; of the bridges, subtly contrasted both in form and perspective; of the road winding up the hill, and the little ravine which causes the great twist of it to the right. How beautifully the strong dark vertical lines of the poplars, starting up from the very base and corner of the drawing, make us feel the sharpness of this curve, and how we sympathize with the line of diligence passengers who are cutting off the zigzag by going straight up the hill! Then the sky of the drawing is distinguished even among Turner's skies. I have always thought it represented the afternoon of the showery forenoon which appears in the riverside views. Mr. Ruskin often quotes it as a masterpiece. He says that "the clouds are arranged on two systems of intersecting circles, crossed beneath by long bars very slightly bent," and of the whole drawing he says that "none in the great series of the Rivers of France surpasses, and few equal it. It is beyond all wonder for ease, minuteness, and harmony of power, perfectly true and like the place; also inestimable as a type of Turner's consummate work." I have sometimes fancied that Mr. Ruskin, when showing his drawings, uses this as a kind of test as to whether his friends are worthy of such an intellectual treat. He is apt to put it silently before them, and stand quietly by, but when he sees that it is really appreciated, a smile of pleasure breaks over his whole face.

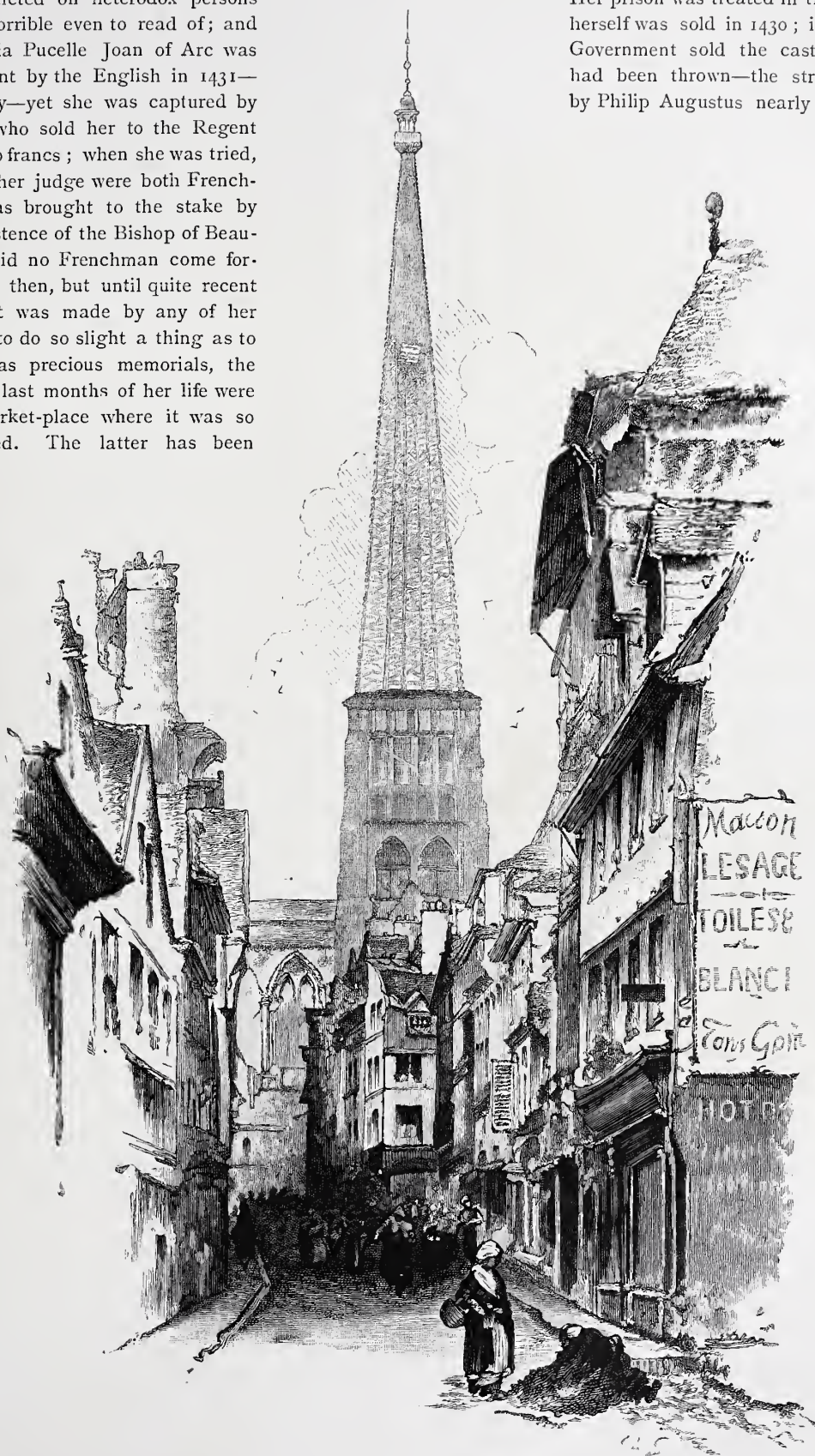
Unhappily, when we are in Rouen, all our thoughts cannot be given to tracing out the changes in a Turner view, or dwelling on the stone poems of artists of another kind. So many deeds of cruelty have been wrought there, and frequently by the very men who set the mark of a living faith on the buildings by which they surrounded themselves, that our hearts are chilled within us. La Haute Vieille Tour,

itself most picturesque, formed part of the prison where young Prince Arthur was murdered; the Square of Notre-Dame has seen tortures inflicted on heterodox persons which are too horrible even to read of; and in the Place de la Pucelle Joan of Arc was burnt alive. Burnt by the English in 1431—so runs the story—yet she was captured by French soldiers, who sold her to the Regent Bedford for 10,000 francs; when she was tried, her accuser and her judge were both Frenchmen, and she was brought to the stake by the zealous persistence of the Bishop of Beauvais. Not only did no Frenchman come forward to save her then, but until quite recent times no attempt was made by any of her countrymen even to do so slight a thing as to preserve intact, as precious memorials, the prison where the last months of her life were spent, or the market-place where it was so barbarously ended. The latter has been almost entirely changed. We learnt in our youth that she suffered death in the old market-place at Rouen. We go to the old market-place, and are sent on to a small irregular square, with an ugly fountain in it, and are told that this fountain marks the exact spot where the "Maid" was burnt, and that the square is called La Place de la Pucelle in memory of her. We are struck by its apparent unfitness, from the smallness of its size, to be the theatre of such an event, but find that the Place de la Pucelle was once a part of the Place du Vieux Marché (which, by-the-by, has every right to that name, for markets were held in it even in the eleventh century), and that in the beginning of the sixteenth century some houses were built which divided the market-place into

two irregular parts, the largest of which retained its old name, while the other was christened La Place de la Pucelle.

Her prison was treated in the same way. She herself was sold in 1430; in 1796 the French Government sold the castle into which she had been thrown—the strong castle set up by Philip Augustus nearly five hundred years

before on the hill of Bouvreuil, but now growing ruinous from lapse of years and sundry well-directed cannon shots—to some Ursuline nuns from Elbœuf, who came and settled on the ground hard by. It is needless to say that in a very few years they demolished all that was left of Joan's prison-tower: after this, all that remained of the château was the donjon tower, which contains the chamber where she was interrogated and threatened with torture. In 1840 a new generation of nuns wanted to destroy this last fragment of the ruins; but times had changed, an outcry was raised, and Government at once voted funds to rescue the tower. Soon afterwards, lest the same thing should occur again, a subscription was set on foot to buy it back for the town—the town itself heading the list with



Street and Cathedral, Rouen.

25,000 francs, more than twice the sum paid for the Maid herself. I am afraid, however, the municipal authorities have shown their love for the tower by having it restored.

Thus far with received tradition, but now, I rejoice to say, it seems almost certain that Joan of Arc was not burnt at all. It was always difficult to believe that a king who owed his crown, a great nation which owed its salvation, to a mere girl, could allow her to be burnt alive without raising voice or hand to save her. Yet such has hitherto appeared to be the fact. No sum startling in its magnitude, but for that very reason possessed of power to tempt her enemies to stay their hands, was offered to ransom her, nor do we hear of any bands of her countrymen, strong only in zeal, rising in fury to rescue her. The story ought to be incredible—she was not burnt. It was necessary to make the English soldiers believe she was, for to them her power was either that of a sorceress or of an emissary from heaven, but it is quite possible that many of the great people knew that her execution was but the semblance of one. If Charles VII. knew it, he could afford to be passive; if the Bishop of Beauvais knew it, he might well hand her over to death *avec le cœur léger*; and the Bishop of Winchester whose impatient speech, when he interrupted the priest who was confessing her, has been transmitted to us as a proof of English brutality, was not brutal at all, but only emphasized the part he was directed to play. These were his words:—"Now, priest, do you mean to make us dine here?" Probably the only idea in his mind was, that it was a pity that a pleasant reality, namely, a good dinner, should be spoiled by a farce too long drawn out, and he spoke accordingly. That Joan of Arc lived after 1431 is proved by documentary evidence of the strongest kind, and various places combine to furnish it. In the archives of Metz there is a contemporary account of her arrival in that town on the 20th of May, 1436. She was recognised by her two brothers. The same paper relates that she afterwards married a *Sieur d'Armoise*, a knight of good family, to whom she bore two sons, and though it is said that the person who assumed the name of the Maid was only a worthless woman named Claude, is it likely that the *Sieur d'Armoise* would have been deceived into marrying a well-known adventuress? This discovery was supplemented by finding in the muniment chest of the family of Des Armoises of Lorraine a contract of marriage between Robert des Armoises, Knight, with Jeanne d'Arcy, surnamed "the Maid." Again, in the *Maison de Ville* at Orleans, and carefully preserved amongst its archives, under dates 1435 and

1436, are records of money paid to various persons for bringing letters from Joan the Maid. Also on Wednesday, Aug. 2nd, 1436, 12 livres were given to Jean du Lis, brother of Joan the Maid, for that the said brother of the Maid came before the council to ask for money that he might go back to his sister. (The family of Joan were, as is well known, ennobled under the name of Du Lys, in memory of the fact that she had raised up the lilies of France from the very dust.) On the 18th October, "for carrying letters from the Maid to the King at Loches, 6 livres." After Joan was married she was called Dame Joan, and whenever she came into Orleans she appears to have been sumptuously entertained, and to have had meat and wine for herself and her attendants at the cost of the town. The town also presented her with 210 livres, a very large sum when the value of money at that time is taken into account; and this, as was entered in the accounts of the city, was for services rendered during the siege in 1429. Now are town councils so ready to part with money that they will entertain any doubtful impostor at their expense whenever she enters their town, or forward her letters at a heavy cost, or give her a large sum of public money? They did more: so sure were they that the Dame des Armoises was the veritable Joan, that they at once put an end to the masses which had been said for the repose of her soul ever since her execution. Orleans, be it remembered, was a town where she must have been thoroughly well known, where her greatest deeds had been done—a town where, it is said, the people could never gaze their fill at her. They must have gazed to mighty little purpose if, after four or five short years had gone by, they could let themselves be deceived to this extent. There can, however, be hardly any doubt but that they were right in believing that Joan herself was once more among them. They, of course, had more reasons to assign for their recognition of her than time has suffered to come down to us, but we may hereafter be furnished with some that are conclusive. Possibly her reappearance had some connection with the death of Regent Bedford, which took place about the same time. At any rate, even if we are not able to state as a positive fact that this barbarous execution never took place, the discovery of these faded and long-forgotten old papers, and the new reading they seem to give us of Joan's history, have the effect of considerably lightening the air of Rouen.

MARGARET HUNT.

COLOUR AS APPLIED TO ARCHITECTURE.*

HOWEVER pent up we may be in the narrow streets of a smoky town, we cannot often look up at the sky without being struck by its beauty of form or of colour.

The effulgence of the sun at mid-day in a deep blue cloudless sky is a type of splendour (Shakespeare says, "as gorgeous as the sun at midsummer"), while the lurid blackness of the thunder-cloud with its jagged edges is a type of sublime horror; but between these there is every form of beauty or magnificence, from the first pale saffron rays of sunrise to the deep crimson splendour of sunset. The starry heavens have ever been the admiration of mankind, poets

have sung of them from Job to the Poet Laureate, and yet their charm is as fresh for us as for the first man that wandered across the desert or chipped a flint. And if we emerge from the town, almost every phase of the earth's surface—where unspoiled by man's hand—teems with sights of beauty or magnificence. The whole realm of water, too, from the boundless ocean to the babbling brook, presents us with effects as varying and as beautiful as the sky itself.

Nature, who mostly speaks to us in the softest whisper, doubtless tells us the almost infinite powers she can bestow if we will but study her laws; but even in her mutest moments she invites us to gaze on and to admire her beauty:

* Read at the London Institute, December 19th, 1881.

this alone we can enjoy without trouble and without effort—this is evidently the true solace and delight of man.

Man is an imitative animal, and those things which delight his eye he tries to depict on his body, his implements, his furniture, and his habitation, and when he has risen to a worship, on his temples. It is rarely the case that we can learn what were the first beautiful things that struck man's fancy; but from our own feelings we can form a rough guess that it was novel beauty; for however beautiful our habitual surroundings may be, we have gradually come to know them from the earliest dawn of our intelligence. They have become a sort of hieroglyphic, more apt to recall past emotions or events than to be enjoyed for their intrinsic loveliness, and the mind must be re-trained to appreciate their beauty. It seems likely that from this cause, though in a minor degree, mankind has ever evinced such pleasure at seeing the first flower or the first bud of spring after the barrenness and desolation of winter. The first sight of the mountains and the waterfalls is almost divine to the dweller in the plain. The exotic flower or bird gives, even to a child, the greatest delight. So I think we may affirm that it is novel beauty which excites our highest admiration.

Crude and brilliant colours delight children, and perhaps they have not much less effect on the highly educated man. How often have most of us stopped to admire a bit of green-stained wood that has fallen in our path in a forest, or been struck by the novel harmony or even discord of a scrap of some brightly coloured stuff, a bead or a button, with the grass that it has fallen amongst! There are, too, certain rarely seen effects that impress us with undying recollections: the golden flash of the first green lizard that has crossed our path, the sparkle of red flame in a wood when the sun streams through one single red leaf, the emerald blaze from the eye of the cat, or the flash of sapphire from the gurnet's fins.

The desire to reproduce the forcible impression of some new beauty probably first stimulated the savage to imitation. Tradition relates that those deep blue bars floating in golden green on the silver side of the mackerel seemed so exquisite to the New Zealanders that they tattooed themselves in imitation.

It is almost self-evident that the first worship of beneficence must have been the worship of the sun, the source of light, of warmth, and proximately of vegetation; while night, with its cold and darkness, became the evil deity.

When the first shrine or temple to the sun-god was made, it seems likely that those colours that were most striking or most prized were lavished on the deity or the temple, and it was dependent on the mood of the priest or of the worshipper whether the same colours were used on the shrine or the temple of the evil deity—whether he was to be propitiated by having the same attentions bestowed upon him as upon his rival, or whether his temple or his image was to strike the suppliants with the proper horror. It is probable that from their rareness, their beauty, or their brilliancy, certain colours were appropriated exclusively to religious use, and were afterwards bestowed upon the chiefs and their families, or were seized upon by them. The imperial yellow of China and the imperial purple of Rome may serve as examples.

Little is at present known of the gradual process of man's elevation; almost all trace of his artistic progress is lost. Those wonderful drawings of animals on the cave bones are supposed to be the work of primeval man, but I think other and more probable solutions may be found; but be that as it may, these drawings afford no evidence of his taste or skill in

colour. Fortunately for us, there are the traces of colour amongst the ruins of Babylon and Nineveh, and we still have the colouring of some of the temples in Egypt. But it is almost useless to speak of such colouring unless it has been actually seen by our own eyes in its proper situation, or at least by persons whose judgment we can trust; that which looks crude and harsh in the light of a climate like our own may have the greatest richness, splendour, and harmony in its original situation, with a "mighty contiguity of shade," and under a burning sub-tropical sun.

The scheme of Egyptian colouring we all know from books, and from the specimens at the Crystal Palace, and it may be described as bands and spots of brilliant colouring on a white ground. Sir Frederick Leighton, who has seen the temples of Upper Egypt, describes their effect as fairylike, not as a rich sustained magnificence of colour, but like a flight of lovely butterflies, through which the polished white ground is seen.

That the Greeks painted their temples and statues, or at least portions of them, we know, and by some critics this painting has been described as crude, garish, and vulgar; but in temples we have to consider this point—was the colouring a fair specimen of Greek taste, or was it done solely to please and attract the herd of vulgar worshippers? I may mention, in reference to this subject, that Mr. Watts, R.A., was with Mr. Newton when he was carrying on the excavations at Halicarnassus. A large slab was turned over, and is now in the British Museum, which formed a part of the tomb of Mausolus: on its face was a wide floral border; this ornament was painted with vermilion and golden yellow on a ground of greenish-tinted ultramarine, and under that blazing sun, Mr. Watts declared that the effect was magnificent; and his were the only cultivated eyes that ever saw it. It was carefully covered up for Mr. Newton to see on his return, but on being uncovered some few hours afterwards the whole colouring had vanished.

It would, perhaps, be well to speak first of the effect of some of the coloured exteriors that I can recall: the most striking of them are the Cathedrals at Genoa and Pisa, and some of the buildings at Cairo, which are horizontally striped with black and yellowish marble, or sometimes with red and grey at the latter city, while on a few mosques and houses there are bands of coloured tiles alternating with bands of grey stone that give a quaint, but not unpicturesque effect.

The inlaid marble work of the Cathedral, Tower, and Baptistery at Florence gives to them rather a mechanical and flimsy appearance; A. W. Pugin said they looked like Tunbridge ware. The exquisitely varied tones of the crumbling marbles that encase St. Mark's almost reconcile us to the unsubstantial character that this veneering gives to the building. The pink and white diaper of the Doge's Palace is so endeared to us by old recollections, and by its place in picture, that we are hardly capable of forming a proper estimate of its true value. The garlands and festoons of flowers, the variegated carpets, the embroidered silks and rich velvets that are hung from the windows and balconies of Italian palaces on gala days, when even portions of the streets are carpeted with flowers, naturally suggest less evanescent decoration.

When I first saw Venice, nearly thirty years ago, many of the houses and smaller palaces had their plastered fronts ornamented in colour: bands of green or red were painted round the windows, apparently in imitation of porphyry, with gold ornament upon them, and the spaces between them were

formed into panels enriched with floral ornament, and on one house there was still the last fading remains of a figure subject in fresco. But in that fairylike city, where everything seemed made for enjoyment, no colour could be too brilliant when the sun flashed from the broad mirror of the canal, and the boats along the bank had painted sails and coloured streamers; where the very piles were painted in bright colours, and slabs of porphyry or jasper gave points of colour to its white marble palaces, while St. Mark's was not only cased with richly coloured marbles, but had panels of mosaic, and portions of it gilt, besides its bronze horses and copper roof. Another sort of half-coloured decoration is found in parts of Italy, where some of the fronts are executed in black, red, and yellow sgraffiato. Enamelled and coloured bricks are also used, and coloured pottery is sometimes built into the brick-work; with the former some of the Italian steeples are covered, arranged like party-coloured ribbons twisted round the spire, and are more curious than beautiful. The green and gold tiles with which some of the churches at Botzen and Vienna are covered are certainly very magnificent, but they do not accord well with the mass of grey stone beneath.

We will now consider roughly the schemes of internal decoration, and what is true of a whole interior is also true of any piece of decoration forming a whole by itself, such as a window, a carpet, a shawl, a screen, or a movable panel. It may be said that there are only three divisions: the first is the fully coloured, where white and the very pale tones are used as jewels on a generally rich half-tone. The second scheme is where a white or very light-coloured ground is wholly enriched with ornament. The third scheme is where a white or very light ground is only partially enriched by spots, bands, or car-touches. The effects produced will greatly vary with the materials used; greater limpidness, depth, and richness will be attained when polished marbles, glazed tiles, and mosaic are used than when a similar effect is sought by the use of fresco or distemper; nay, than even by the use of oil colour itself.

The most perfect example of full-coloured decoration I have seen is the interior of St. Mark's at Venice. The damp salt air acting for so many centuries on the polished marble has crumbled its more perishable parts, and produced an effect almost like the bloom on a plum; and sometimes a haze of greenish gold is produced by distant mosaic; while the dust, the smoke from lamps, from wax tapers and candles, fixed by the damp, has given such tone to the whole that no single harsh colour betrays itself. Cross lights, too, coming from behind ranges of columns, throw slight gleams on to polished surfaces, and cause reflections on the shining pavement below, producing an effect almost unrivalled.

Perhaps the next most splendid example of full-coloured decoration is the under Church at Assisi, said to have been painted in fresco by Giotto and his pupils; and the third is probably the great Council Chamber of the Doge's Palace at Venice. The grand ceiling itself is formed into panels, the woodwork between rolling and curling itself into magnificent, but rather rococo, gilt framework, deeply carved, for the pictures, which, with those on the walls, are painted by the great Venetian masters. But, like most ancient decorative oil painting, its richness scarcely atones for its overpowering blackness, which hardly allows the subjects to be deciphered. The churches at Subiaco, at St. Gemignano delle belle Torre, and the Arena Chapel at Padua are all fine examples, but of course the dusty quality of fresco produces an entirely different

effect from the depth and limpidness of marble, however fine the colour of the frescoes may be.

There was once a lovely room at the Luxembourg called Marie de Médicis' Room, with coloured scroll-work on a gold ground. The saloon of the house of the Sheykh Abbas Mufti, at Cairo, is lined with coloured tiles of the Rhodian quality to a height of about six feet from the raised floor; over this is a wooden shelf on which the precious porcelain was put, so that if it fell it might fall on the mattresses of the divan beneath. Above this shelf are landscapes, with figures hunting and hawking, in what may be called the Persian manner, rather heavy in colour, and above is the gorgeously coloured ceiling. The lower parts of the walls have wide windows in them, glazed with white glass like vial ends, and were doubtless furnished with wooden lattice-work, and over them are the lovely pierced plaster windows, filled with coloured glass. The floor is of whitish marble, with coloured borders, but when the house was inhabited some of this was probably covered with highly coloured carpets. In the middle is a fountain, inlaid with coloured mosaic, and at one end and on one side are slabs of white marble inlaid with coloured marbles, and marble steps in the wall, down which water once ran in cascades. This room in its neglected state cannot be cited as a perfect example, as there is too much white, but when furnished and occupied in its palmy days it was doubtless a splendid example.

Supposing Owen Jones's restoration at the Crystal Palace be correct, the Alhambra must have been very gorgeous and wonderful, as on a sunny day we may see how the carved plaster-work, coloured and gilt, comes out in fresh variety of patterns as we shift our position, the sun catching different planes of gilded surface. Of the wholly decorated buildings on a white ground I cannot recollect a single good specimen, but of the partially decorated the Church of St. Anastasia at Verona is a very perfect example.

Stained glass is of itself the most perfect vehicle for the highest form of colour. It may possibly be objected that painting in oil is the highest form, and it is difficult to conceive anything more gorgeous than the colour of the masterpieces of the world—Titian's 'Entombment' at the Louvre, his 'Venus' at Madrid, his 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in our own National Gallery, Bonifazio's 'Supper' at Venice, or his 'Finding of Moses' at the Brera, Tintoretto's 'Miracle of St. Mark,' Paris Bordone's 'Woman' at the National Gallery, or bits of Vandyck, of Rembrandt, of Peter de Hooe, or Sir Joshua Reynolds. But the colour in these pictures forms a portion of the subject itself, an imitation of rich stuffs, of architecture, of landscape, or of palpitating flesh. It is true that if the colour is not good we do not look at the picture at all, but be the colour ever so exquisite, it is but a setting of the subject, or only one of the means to produce a complex effect; but the stained-glass windows of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are like a glory of every lovely tone and colour, that exceeds one's imagination; these windows are like the liquefaction of all lovely gems, the essence, as it were, of mother-o'-pearl, of tortoiseshell, of beryl, deepening into deep emerald and orange; of rubies sinking into carbuncles, garnets, and black; amethyst and sapphire absolutely without any distinct form or shape, but such a divine effluence of colour that you seem as if you could bathe in it and be cured of all mortal ills. You ask yourself, can it be human work? And when that cannot be denied you say, how did these magicians get the power of presenting such unique loveliness to mankind?

Where we have stained glass in its fullest perfection, no further colour decoration is needed, though I admit that in certain rare instances it does not greatly interfere with highly coloured decoration, as may be seen at some of the mosques at Cairo, and the Sheykh Abbas Mufti's house. The stained glass in the Duomo at Florence is divine. The great window at St. Giovanni e Paulo, with its lovely blues and greens, might tempt any one to go to Venice solely to see it. There are some lovely windows at Perugia, where the predominant colour is pale apple-green. There is magnificent stained glass at Strasburg, in the choir at Cologne, at Poitiers, at Angers, and there is one fine window at Canterbury; but let any one who loves colour go to Chartres, and though in the ambition of his youth he may have desired to be a hero, a saint, a lawgiver, a philosopher, or a poet, the moment he has seen those windows in the aisles of the nave he will feel that the height of man's ambition is to execute such stained glass.

It may be well to give you some rough idea of the extreme subtlety of colour, more especially as those whose tastes have led them to study its application are often asked what colours will harmonize with others. Suppose we take a couple of boards, and put at equal distances along them a thousand and one ounces of black paint and a thousand and one of white, and let us take of both black and white enough thousandths of an ounce by weight to mix with the black and white, and add them in arithmetical progression, viz. one thousandth of black to the second white, two to the third, one thousandth of white to the second black, two to the third, and so on. We shall then have a thousand and one samples, descending in regular progression from pure white to pure black. If an ordinary person mixed these colours, he would probably be unable to detect several hundreds of the tones that would be discernible by a skilled colour mixer. In the case given, each thousandth would be something less than half a grain; but scales are used that weigh to a thousandth of a grain, and in all probability the trained eye of an artist could distinguish the tone of white tinged with the thousandth part of a grain of black as well as the movement of the balance hand. But this example only deals with two colours, and it is obvious that the whole series of known pigments may each be singly used to tint the original mixtures, and when several of these are mixed a large infinity may be produced.

Now, if you apply this to any two colours you please, you may judge how many thousand tones and tints of each there may be. And, again, the relative areas of the two colours may make the difference between a harmony and a discord; consequently, to answer the question, you must see the colours in juxtaposition, and the mass of each, before you can say whether they will or will not harmonize.

Painting itself is but a translation of the perfect language of nature into one that is imperfect: to speak of nothing else, nature's circle extends from the white brilliancy of the sun to the deepest black in shadow, while the artist's range is but from white to black. We may say roughly that in nature every colour, from white to black, harmonizes with green, taking flowers as the example; but when we come to analyze these greens, the variety of colour, of the texture, and modellings of the leaves renders it only possible to approach the colour when the palette is in the hands of an accomplished painter. This may, however, be affirmed, that where the same species of plant have different coloured blossoms, the leaves will vary in tone or tint with the colour of the blossoms:

geraniums, for example, that have scarlet blossoms have a different coloured leaf from geraniums with white blossoms. Perhaps we may go further, and say it is possible to harmonize any two colours if we are allowed to arrange our own proportion of surface, and the tints and tones of the two colours. Azure blue and crimson are found to harmonize in the tail of the macaw, but the crimson feathers run into maroon at their upper ends, and into an orange yellow at the lower, and thus harmonize with the azure of the large feathers of the tail; and these edges, too, of the crimson feathers are so thin, and in some cases the filaments are so wide apart, that they make a sort of greenish haze; in some cases the crimson feather itself is tipped with azure, but then the crimson shades off into yellow before it begins to be blue.

In many instances the old masters, with all their skill, have been unable to harmonize red and blue where they both occur in large masses together, and though I think that prince of the colourists, Bonifazio, has occasionally made the attempt, his instinct generally prompted him to use green or black instead of blue.

When we see how difficult is the task to make harmonies even with the colours to our hand, it is astonishing to find a person directing mosaic or stained glass to be arranged by writing the names of colours on the spaces, and if an harmonious result is obtained we may fairly give the credit to the glass painter or the mosaic worker. I mean where red, blue, green, pale yellow, or the like is written on the spaces, and not where there is a reference to the particular colour in the palette of the glass-painter or mosaic worker.

If it be allowable so to speak of nature, she spares no trouble in obtaining her effects, whether various artifices of form and texture are adopted, subtle devices of colour had recourse to, or, what is more commonly the case, when both are used. The black swan with its body of black silk, partly plain and partly watered, with corded silk and velvet trimmings, is an instance of the effect got with one colour by difference of texture and modelling; but to give emphasis to this, the colour of its beak runs from crimson into orange, with a greenish-black tip.

Most of us have noticed in the green parroquet of Australia how this pale green runs into a deep canary colour on the breast, while two small azure feathers, like delicate spots made with the finger tip, placed symmetrically on either side the breast, give both value to the yellow, and charm us by a feeling of surprise. In another and a larger yellow and green parroquet—the golden Conmure of Guinea—where the deep yellow of the wings comes against the green back, a charming and novel effect is got by a range of deeper-coloured yellow feathers which curl out. It would be impossible to go through the various devices which nature has used for giving charm and beauty to birds, from the little brown sparrow to the magnificent macaw with its green, azure, crimson, and yellow feathers. In the azure and yellow macaw, where the colours are in large masses, fine lines of black or dark grey feathers stripe its whitish wrinkled cheeks.

I should like to give you instances of what I may call splendid inventions in colour, and new and original harmonies, but time only allows of my mentioning one: in the Cathedral of St. Maurice, at Angers, there is a fine late fifteenth or early sixteenth century window of St. Christopher carrying the infant Christ across the river. The sky is not bluer than an English sky after a shower in spring; the giant, with his weather-beaten face and tawny locks and beard, is in a blue

dress with a palish yellow staff, fording the white-edged wavelets of the pale blue river; round his neck is an apple-green tunic, and below that a crimson scarf; this comes against the black robe of the infant Jesus, and so does the giant's hair, while all the rest of the robe cuts black against the blue of the sky and of dress, except where it touches the little pink chubby face, with its curling yellow hair and gold nimbus. I do not recollect ever having seen this harmony of a mass of black against blue in any other stained glass, perhaps not in any material, unless it be in a Chinese enamel.

I must omit all further description of the delicate pencilling of the silver pheasant, of the burnished greens, blues, and bronzes of the peacock, the Impeyan pheasant, and the humming-bird, and all the subtleties that are found in the colouring of flowers; but let me say that if music be a passion for those whose ears are exquisitely strung, so is colour a passion to those whose eyes have cognate sensibilities. I have heard people express wonder at Linnæus for seeing such exquisite beauty in the flowering broom as to fling himself on his knees and thank the Almighty for having made anything so beautiful.

I trust that brilliant composers in colour may again spring up amongst our race, for we might have English colour as well as English music, and I may point out that though colour will lend itself to any form, as music will to any sense, still it is well to have it set "like perfect music unto noble words." I wish I had time to fully explain the peculiar position civilised mankind are now in. Since the middle of the last century the desire for beauty has died out, at least as a master passion; at that epoch we entered on the iron age, and the energy of mankind has been devoted to physical discovery and to mechanical invention. The result of this has been twofold: it has put mankind into the possession of powers only dreamed of before, and it has dissociated beauty from the implements and structures of daily life. We are to our ancestors, before the date mentioned, as the men who had learnt to make chipped flint tools and weapons were to those who had only sticks and stones; and as the inventors of chipped flints had too much to do in making their weapons, and conquering with them, to bestow time on their perfection or ornamentation, so have our immediate ancestors been too busy to bestow a thought on the beautifying of their great inventions; consequently we have a whole grand phase of life where, roughly speaking, everything is not only hideous, but where the inventor and designer are proud of these very defects. An engineer of some distinction boasted in public that he never cast away a thought upon the look of anything he did. Though, in fact, the problems are still too complex, all we can hope for at present is to do the work anyhow; the time has yet to come when we can hope to make the work beautiful; consequently we have not yet re-learned to love the beauty of anything, and are contented with what some other age thought beautiful, or some half-barbarous people think beautiful now.

Neither will time allow of our entering minutely into the details of some of the more splendid modern specimens of internal decorations which exist in various parts of the world, to produce which almost every material has been used—the metals, marbles and precious stones, mosaic and enamel, painted tiles and glass, native woods, and those of the Indies,

of Africa, and of America; ivory, tortoiseshell, and mother-o'-pearl; embossed, gilded, and enamelled leather; silk, velvet, satin and plush, cashmere, worsted, cotton, and matting; plaster, both rough and polished, fresco, distemper, oil paint and paper—but the same principle underlies the use of all, *i.e.* the various colours used must form an harmonious whole. But a more beautiful and interesting effect is gained where gems, marbles, finely marked woods, mother-o'-pearls, shining metals, gold mosaic, or glazed tiles are used, than where the surface is opaque or of a dusty quality. So again with stuffs, there is more variety and greater depth of tone in velvet and plush than in plain silk, cotton, or worsted. A gem, whether tallow cut or in facets, shows one point of its purest and brightest colour, and shades off into numberless tones; the marbles, even when pure, *i.e.* of one uniform colour, have what in painting is called transparency; and in most coloured marbles, besides this quality, the ultimate colour is made up of a great variety of different colours; the same may be said of finely figured woods; mother-o'-pearl has the same transparency, and a slight iridescence as well; gold mosaic glitters in the sun, but as the tesserae are set at a slight angle from the plane of the face, the surface always has a more or less glistening aspect; glazed tiles, besides getting depth and richness from the glaze, have tones of colour not to be got by other means. I think it right to mention that the use of gems, of marbles, and finely coloured woods is beset with this difficulty—that as the number and variety are so restricted great difficulty is found in producing the harmonies required.

There is one great rule in interior decoration, that when the eye is half closed there should be but a delicate suffusion of the particular colour we wish to predominate; and in any complete system of decoration we want a small portion at least of pure white and of pure black, as scales by which all other colours and tones may be measured; but the obtaining of one suffused colour need not prevent us from making any deep recess—or portion that is so cut off as to make itself a separate object—a spot of brilliancy or coloured loveliness quite different from the main colour of the decoration.

As far as the external decoration of buildings is concerned, I admit that greater dignity may be obtained by a light monochrome than by any other means. It is obvious that where great beauty of form and exquisiteness of line are obtained, colours are apt to draw off the attention from that which is too precious to be lost. Still I would fain see our streets filled with houses of some more cheerful and beautiful material than dingy brick, with its patina of soot and dust. Coloured tiles and earthenware seem to afford us a means for this indulgence; for more costly buildings polished granite, porphyry, serpentine, and bronze might be used with happy effect. All the marbles perish too rapidly in our damp atmosphere for outside use. I have longed, too, to see those walls in our fine public buildings, which are protected by porticos, adorned with splendid mosaics on a deep blue or a golden ground, on which our great artists may portray some grand episode of our national history, and the interiors of our fine public buildings also enriched by gorgeous friezes and splendid panels, such as have been described by the poets from Homer to Tennyson.

G. AITCHISON.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

OUR first three illustrations this month are of the class in which metal is used conjunctively with enamel in ornamental design. To some extent such work stands, no doubt,



No. 22.—*Fermaire, early Limoges Enamel.*

on a different footing from the class of purely metallic work with which we are here chiefly concerned. It is work in which the metal, in many cases at least, is not the most prominent element in the design, but serves the purpose chiefly of a background or matrix in which to insert the coloured designs produced in enamels. In some of the methods of enamel work on metal, however, the latter material is so treated as to have a distinct influence on the character of the completed design; and even apart from that, the use of metal in this combination occupies so important a place in the history of mediæval decorative art that it could hardly be passed over in dealing with metal work generally.

As far as can be traced, enamelling on metal is an essentially mediæval or Teutonic form of Art work. It seems to represent that love of colour which is inherent in both the northern and eastern nations of the world, but is not highly developed in the pure Latin race. We detect this want of feeling for richness and harmony of colour in what is left of Greek colouring and in Roman mosaic work, where the design is infinitely superior to the colour. And though Limoges, the earliest known centre of the practice of enamel work on metal, is said to have been originally a Roman colony, it is not to Rome, but to Byzantium, that the style of its early enamels is evidently to be traced. The workers in the art were, in the first instance, the monks of the monastery founded near Limoges probably at the beginning of the eleventh century, and they drew their artistic inspiration, though not perhaps

direct from Constantinople, at least from the Græco-Venetian artists who formed the link between the decorative art of the eastern and western worlds, and some of whom probably went to Limoges when it became a centre of ecclesiastical Art work. They stamped their peculiar feeling on the work fabricated there, the fame of which soon spread, so that in the twelfth century Limoges had not only become renowned for the productions of its own monastic ateliers, but had given the lead in a style of work which was largely and closely imitated in other parts of Europe; many specimens called "Limoges enamel" being probably so only in style, and being imitations, made elsewhere, of the work for which Limoges furnished the pattern.

The enamels used in decorative art of this class are fusible vitreous substances with a coating of metallic oxide, and may be either semi-transparent or opaque, oxide of tin giving the quality of opacity. The manner of incorporating them with the metal varied at different periods, two methods having been employed, that called *cloisonné* and that known as *champlevé*. In the first-named method, which was the earliest practised, the surface on which the design was to be formed was left plain, and the main lines of the design were then formed in thin ductile strips of metal, which were soldered with their edges to the ground metal, and thus formed a series of enclosures (*cloisons*), each of which was filled up with coloured enamel to the same thickness as the metal walls, leaving a level surface in which the colours were separated by thin strips of metal emphasizing the main outlines. In this form enamel work on metal somewhat resembles stained glass on a small scale; the metal strips answer to the leading of the stained glass, and the coloured enamel to the glass itself. This was



No. 23.—*Dish, Champlevé Enamel.*

the most prevalent form of enamel work in Europe during the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and during that period

* Continued from page 56.

the design was mainly embodied in the enamel, the figures introduced being partially realistic in colour, the enamel being used to represent actual flesh tints as well as the more highly coloured draperies and other parts of the design, and introduced also in various geometric and other forms, simply for the sake of colour effect; sometimes forming a diaper, all over a surface, of coloured spaces separated by a network of metal lines. But this formation of the metal *cloisons* separately, and soldering them on to the ground, was of course a delicate and difficult process, and towards the end of the twelfth century the *champlevé* method, already introduced in the eleventh century, had gradually almost superseded the cloisonné method. In *champlevé* enamelling the solid ground of metal which it was intended to decorate in this way was traced with a design, and the spaces hollowed out of it for the reception of the enamel. This process gradually led to a change in the parts played in the design of the metal and the enamel respectively. Instead of the metal merely forming dividing lines to enclose the enamel design, the design came to be formed much more largely in the metal, the enamel being so disposed that, although it was really an addition of another material on a metal ground, it appeared in many cases merely as the coloured ground from which the metal design stood out; it occupied the interspaces only, and the design was represented in the metal. Hence it came to pass that after the twelfth century the realistic colouring of figures was nearly disused, inasmuch as the figures, when introduced, were in the metal, and not in the enamel, and in place of coloured representation the modelling of the figures was represented by tooling and chasing on the surface of the metal. Thus this later class of *champlevé* enamel comes much more properly

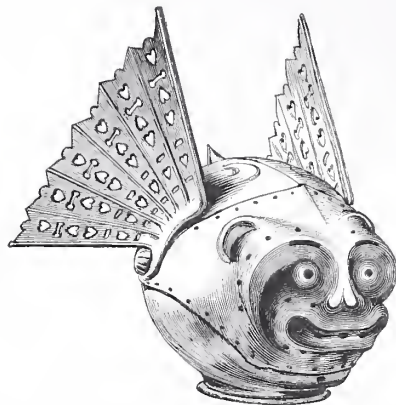


No. 24.—Detail from *Champlevé Enamel Dish*.

under the definition of metal work than does the earlier cloisonné method, in which the part played by the metal (generally gold) was constructive rather than artistic.

Our three illustrations represent, as far as can be without the aid of colour, these two different styles of combining

enamel and metal. The Fermaire engraved as No. 22 is of early Limoges work. The ground of the centre portion and of the four semicircular spaces is composed of light-coloured enamel designs on a ground of darker enamel, divided by thin lines of metal. These metal *cloisons* are shown in the



No. 25.—*Helmet, German*.

engraving merely by stopping short the shading, leaving a margin all round the lighter enamel; the real effect would perhaps have been more truly conveyed by a decided line separating the white strips from the dark interspaces of enamel, as the metal makes a sharp line always in the actual work. The figures are probably (for we have not seen the original from which the drawing is made) raised in metal and coloured with enamel. The border, of open metal work with crystals, is beautifully rich in effect, and is interesting from its resemblance

to other work engraved in our last article, such as the Irish cross (No. 17, *ante*). In both these the influence of Byzantine taste, which controlled all Europe at one time, is obvious; in this example we find the Byzantine form of scroll ornament, and the setting of the work with crystals to enhance its richness of effect, a method of treatment which in the Byzantine and early mediæval period seems to have prevailed almost all over Europe.

Nos. 23 and 24 represent a piece of *champlevé* enamel, of probably late twelfth or early thirteenth-century date. The construction is sufficiently indicated on the enlarged drawing of the centre portion, No. 24. Here it will be seen that the ornament filling the spaces around the figure has not that double line round it, that strip of white, which in cloisonné enamel is formed by the metal boundary; the ornament is simply white spaces, which are part of the solid face of the metal left untouched, while the interspaces are hollowed out and filled with a dark-coloured enamel (probably blue), which, artistically speaking, forms a ground to the metal design. Only in the flower in the lower part of the circle the centre space is filled in with a differently coloured enamel, leaving a strip of metal round in the same manner as in cloisonné work, so far as appearance goes; so that at this point the treatment is reversed, the enamel forming the design, and the metal the ground. The two leaves below the bud, and from which

it springs, are again treated differently, the metal being left as the design, but engraved on with a line round the edges of the leaves. The same treatment is carried out with the equestrian figure in the centre and the other figures in the compartments round the outer portion of the plate, all of which, it will be

seen, have a double line round them; this double line is produced merely by the fact that the metal design is left rather larger than the intended drawing, and then the actual design is traced in outline by the tool just within the margin of the visible metal. This treatment no doubt arose from the habit of using a strip of metal to separate different parts of the design in cloisonné work, which led to the eye demanding the effect to which it had been accustomed, though no longer constructively requisite.

Our next illustration carries us from the cloister into the battle-field. The German helmet here represented is a very plain and unpretending example of the application of Art to the metal implements used in different ages for offence and defence in fight. The amount of decorative design and workmanship of the highest class which has been lavished on arms and armour is indeed extraordinary, and the taste for richly ornamented accoutrements of this kind seems to go back as far as history will take us, seeing that Homer devoted so much space to the elaborate description of the decorations of the shields and armour of some of his heroes—descriptions which are evidently given *con amore*. It is singular to reflect how entirely all this taste for decorative weapons has disappeared in European society, though it retains its hold still among Orientals. Whatever the defects of modern Art, we still at least desire to have many objects of our daily use rendered ornamental, and those who can afford it will even demand very rich and costly ornamentation; but in the case of weapons of war we nowadays look only to workmanship, and any attempt to ornament a

rifle or fowling-piece would probably be scouted by the purchaser as pretentious and uncalled for. Our cannon, which formerly had a certain elegance of shape, have become more and more ugly as they have been improved in effectiveness, and are now perhaps about the ugliest manufactured objects that can be seen; and even the sabre-hilt aspires to nothing beyond neatness and convenience to the hand. The meaning of this probably is that war has ceased to be the great pride and interest of whole communities, as it once was, and is now regarded as a disagreeable business, to be done, when unavoidable, as effectively as possible. There is, no doubt, a certain beauty in the extremely fine workmanship of modern fire-arms, which is not without its value even in an artistic point of view; and, on the other hand, some ancient weapons,

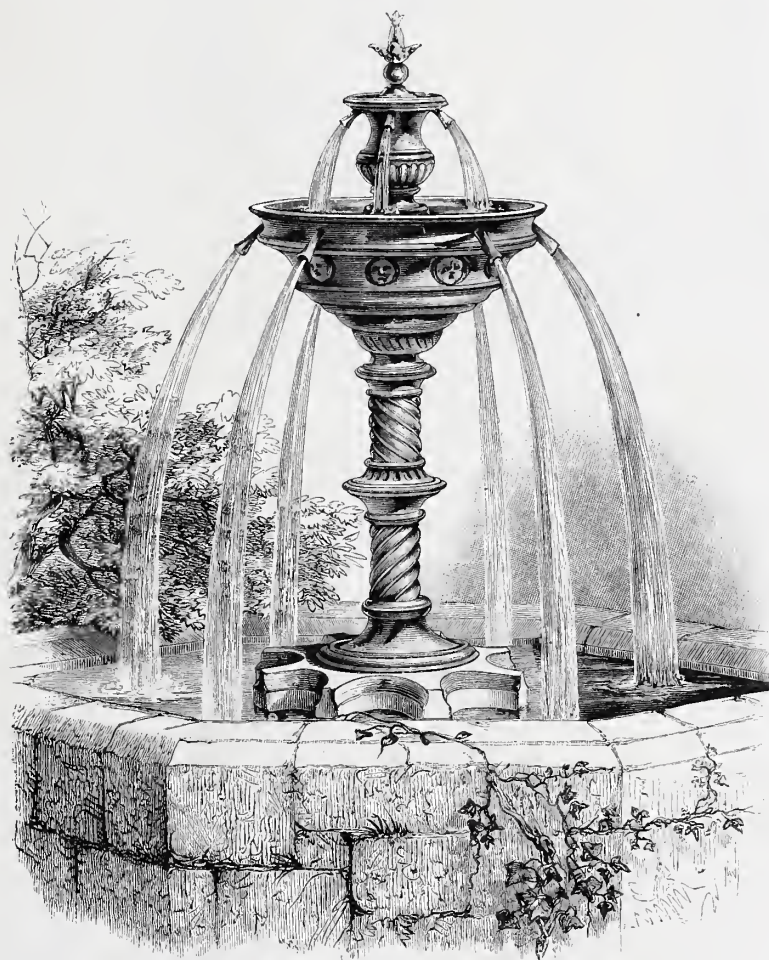
arquebuses and such arms, are undoubtedly more overlaid with ornament than is consistent with the best taste, or with their fitness for their special purpose.

The German helmet represented (No. 25), though a very simple piece of work when compared with the great elaboration that has been bestowed on helmets in various periods, has, however, two points of special interest. In the first place it is a good example of the grotesque element in design, not too much forced, arising merely out of the exaggeration of the natural features of the face. Secondly, and which is more to the point in connection with our present subject, it is a very good specimen of design precisely suited to the character of the material. The rounded surfaces and hollows, the repoussé nose and angles of the mouth, represent exactly the kind of modelling for which thin metal is suitable.

The wings attached to the helmet are not quite so essentially metallic in design as the body of the helmet proper, though they are an effective addition. It may be observed that their design strongly recalls features in German architecture. Let anyone examine some of the open-work spires that exist in German Gothic architecture, and he will see just the same features as are observable in these "wings"—spaces divided by ribs and pierced with geometrically shaped openings.

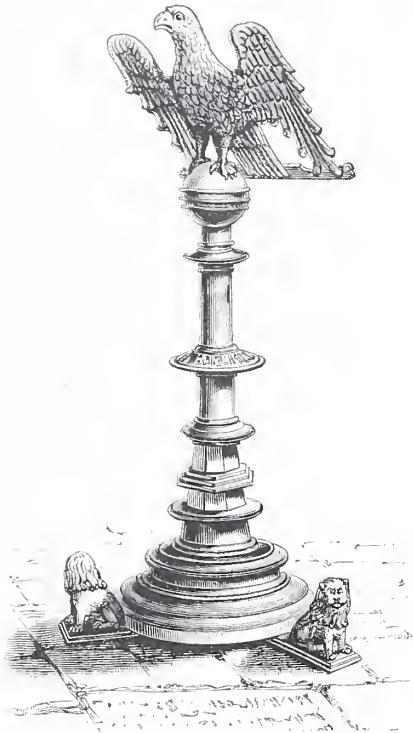
The design for a metal fountain, Fig. 26, is from a picture attributed to Mabuse, which was in the possession of the late Prince Consort. The fountain, which is represented in the picture as of a bright copper, is the centre object, around which figures of the Virgin and saints are grouped. It was probably painted by the

artist from some existing fountain, in its general character as well as its details, or perhaps from a font; at any rate there can be no doubt that it represents a style of work prevalent in his day (about the beginning of the eleventh century). This may be taken as a typical illustration of a large class of objects in metal work, in which the forms are in reality architectural, with sometimes more or less attempt to give a certain degree of metallic character to them. This is partly the case in this example, for the twisted or spiral design of the stem of the fountain is a form which has a specially metallic character, partly from its association with the frequent practice from the earliest times of treating gold and wrought metal generally by torsion, and partly because the spiral mouldings, with their alternate edges and rolls,



No. 26.—Fountain, from Picture by Mabuse (?).

bring out those sharp and glittering reflections from which so much of the effectiveness of bright metal work arises. But in



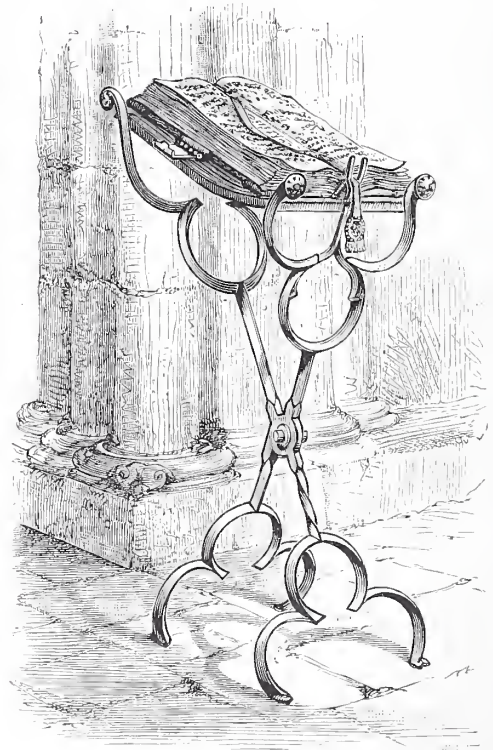
No. 27.—Lectern, *Mediæval*.

general this, which would have been a cast design, of course, is what we may call an architecturalised metal design; the mouldings are derived from architectural mouldings, and have no especially metallic character; the proportion of thickness to height in the stem is a little less than what would be proper in marble, but not much so; for wood it would be just about right. The whole character of the object, therefore, is not essentially metallic, and though a fair design in itself, it cannot by any means be regarded as a satisfactory example of artistic metal work. The same criticism may be applied to the lectern, No. 27. This is a specimen of a type of design frequently employed in mediæval work for this class of object, and which has been much imitated in the modern mediæval brass-work which has emanated from the neighbourhood of Southampton Street. It has the merit of solidity of appearance and of a good broad firm base, in this case rendered still more firm and steady by the spreading feet, the lion figures seated on which, however, are much too small and delicate for the scale and proportion of the whole. But this, again, is not essentially a metal design. It might just as well and suitably be turned in hard wood. The base is simply a cast representation of the moulded stone base of thirteenth-century architecture. It is for this very reason that the lion pedestals are, as aforesaid, out of scale and relation to the whole. They would be too delicate, and their pedestals too thin for the position, if of anything of less tenacity than metal, but they would only appear in keeping in connection with a design which was really metallic in its proportions throughout; and this is not so.

Fig. 28, a folding lectern, represents almost the opposite extreme. This is a purely metallic design, not a single portion of which would be strong enough to be safe if executed in any material except wrought metal. Even in cast iron it would be practically doubtful, for it would be a difficult form to make the model for; it would be liable to twist in cooling, and, under

any sudden shock, to break at one of its acute angles. It is an article that emphatically proclaims itself as wrought iron in every line, and therefore is a piece of true artistic metal work. Its defect is, that the feet are not designed with the appearance of sufficient resistance to the lateral or oblique pressure which they have against the floor when the lectern is at its full spread. We cannot but feel that they will be liable to a little twist after considerable use. This should have been provided against by so designing the foot as to give not only greater lateral stiffness, but greater appearance of this, by some kind of spur at right angles to the line of pressure.*

The reason why wrought-iron work is so superior a class of work to cast iron we gave in our first article. The latter is not, in the first instance, design or modelling in iron at all, but in wood, or some other material quite different in its qualities and character from iron. Wrought iron is worked as iron from the first, and its special characteristics are the capability, under heat, of being readily bent, twisted, or hammered, according to the will of the worker; and incapability, on the other hand, of being made in very large or extended single pieces; anything elaborate in wrought iron demands, therefore, the joining together of a number of separate pieces; and it being quite impossible to conceal or ignore this fact in the workmanship, true taste demands that these joinings should be frankly acknowledged and turned to account in the design. Now let the reader observe how admirably all these conditions are exemplified in the wrought-iron font

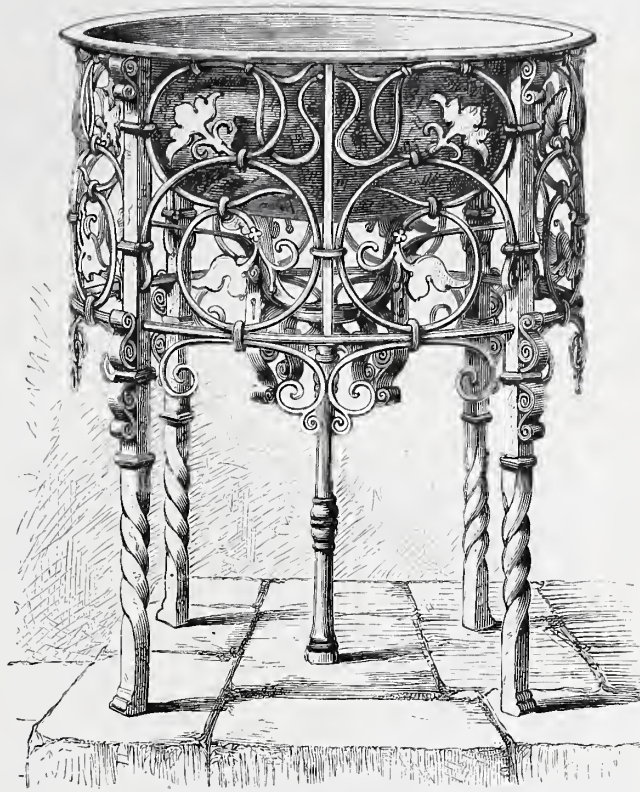


No. 28.—Folding Lectern.

from Fribourg, No. 29, probably about the beginning of the fifteenth century, which is one of the best of all the

* The same practical defect is to be seen in many of the old brass fenders of the Queen Anne period which have been so much hunted after and collected lately. These are often of excellent design, but the large proportion of them have "buckled" inward more or less, under the pressure of frequent feet placed upon them, because the men who made them forgot to provide them with any feature which would stiffen them laterally.

examples that we have to offer in the course of these articles. Observe, in the first instance, how completely the proportions and thicknesses of the various parts are true to the character of the material. They are strong enough, but no material is wasted; they satisfy the eye in regard to strength, as metal, but in no material of less tenacity could they be executed, if at all, without conveying the impression of extreme fragility. Observe the characteristic treatment of the legs by the splitting and torsion of the metal, giving relief to their outline in the manner which so well expresses the character of the material, and which could be used with no other material saving gold or silver. Note the elegant and natural twinings of the thinner metal which forms the screen of the bowl, while at the same time binding the upper portion of the construction together, by curves which follow the feeling and fancy of the worker's hand, which at their ends are beaten out and cut into spreading leaflets, and the joinings of which are shown and emphasized by the welded rings which hold



No. 29.—Font at Fribourg.

the curves together at their points of contact. The scrolls which form brackets under the rim of the bowl are a correct adaptation of iron to that purpose; their repetition lower down on the legs is not quite defensible; they seem rather an excrescence there. The feet are hammered out so as to give more steadiness, but only on the outer side of the leg, which is all that is wanted; the projection is not made to take the shape of a moulding all round, which would be unnecessary and out of place. It would have been still better, however, for the appearance of stability, if this outward projection of the foot had been made more marked, and carried still farther out, so as to have more hold on the floor, and to have given more decided character to the treatment of the leg. With these slight exceptions, this is an admirable example of the qualities which should characterize artistic design in ironwork, and which go to make what is called "style" in ornamental

work, a quality dependent in great measure on consistent recognition, in every detail, of the character of the material used.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF VAN DYCK.*

FEW works could be more interesting to the English Art-loving public than a life of Van Dyck, for though born in a foreign land, Van Dyck was nowhere so well appreciated as in England, where his instinct brought him, and where, after having acquired both fame and wealth, he finally settled and died. It has been said of nations that they always have the rulers they deserve; it might, with equal truth, be said of kings that they have the artists they deserve. Can we fancy Charles I. and his Queen, the courtiers and fine ladies who flocked to his frivolous but elegant court, sitting to another painter than Sir Anthony Van Dyck, one of the most elegant men of his time, and the most refined artist ever known? Who, better than Rubens, could depict the festivities of the court of Henry IV. of France, and the pomp and grandeur inseparable from the name of that proud Spanish monarch, Philip IV.? And if it were wanted to give posterity an exact idea of a military, rough, and anti-artistic age like that of Napoleon, would it be possible to find a better formula than that given by the cold and rigid art of David?

But Van Dyck is not only the painter of a number of

aristocratic personages, his influence on English Art of the seventeenth century has been so great that he can be truly considered as an essentially English painter, and the direct precursor of Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, in whose works his influence is easily discernible. This explains sufficiently why M. Guiffrey's "Life of Van Dyck" should commend itself to the attention of English readers. The gorgeous volume now before us opens with a sonnet to Van Dyck by M. Sully Prudhomme, whose harmonious lines form a befitting introduction to M. Guiffrey's work. After a short preface in which the author explains how, after having taken as a basis for his "Life of Van Dyck" a little-known manuscript in the library of the Louvre, he travelled in Italy, Belgium, and England in quest of authentic documents and information, we are introduced to the home of the Van Dycks. M. Guiffrey then shows us Van Dyck studying under Van Balen and Rubens, follows him to Italy and Flanders, carefully noting the development of the artist's talent, and its successive transformations until what may be called the English period of his life is reached, when his genius and fame are at their height. Alluding to that part of his life, M. Guiffrey says, "Toutefois, dans les toiles peintes en Angleterre, surtout dans celles qui datent des

* "Antoine Van Dyck, sa vie et son œuvre." Par Jules Guiffrey. Paris. A. Quantin, 7, Rue Saint Benoît. 1882

premières années de son séjour, il arrive à une sûreté, à une puissance d'exécution toute nouvelle chez lui. Certains portraits de Charles I. ou de ses enfants peuvent se classer parmi les œuvres les plus accomplies que l'art ait produites."

Van Dyck's sojourn in England, his marriage, and his death

are very fully described in the fourth chapter, whilst the fifth and concluding portion of the work is exclusively devoted to a general survey of the whole of the artist's career and works, and to a short notice of each of his pupils and *collaborateurs*.

In a work of this kind the illustrations are of the greatest



Simon de Vos.

importance, and the most fastidious critic could not but praise M. Guiffrey and the artists who have lent him their assistance, for the care and attention bestowed by them on the thirty full-page engravings and etchings and the numerous

woodcuts which adorn this volume. M. Guiffrey has very wisely refrained from copying the celebrated etchings of Bolswert, Pontius, and Vosterman, as it would have been necessary to reproduce them on a reduced scale, but he has

reproduced, together with some of the best-known works of Van Dyck, such as the portrait of Charles I. in the Louvre, and the portraits of himself and his friend Endymion Porter, a number of drawings belonging to public and private collections, and not so universally known. The latter have been engraved by means of a mechanical process, the advantage of which is to insure a perfect accuracy and an almost photographic likeness. The portrait of Simon de Vos given in this number is one of the celebrated portraits of contemporary artists engraved by Van Dyck, and so enthusiastically admired by the late Charles Blanc.

M. Guiffrey has appended to his volume a very complete catalogue (numbering nearly 1,200 works) of the paintings by Van Dyck and the engravings executed after his works, as well as a copious index. Carefully printed on fine paper, in bold and clear type, and remarkably free from the numerous errors in proper names unfortunately too common in French books, the "Life of Van Dyck" is a valuable addition to the series of volumes brought out by M. Quantin under the general title of "Les Grands Maîtres de l'Art." Both the author and the editor are to be congratulated on the production of this work, truly worthy of the great genius who inspired it.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE development of a cultured Art taste in Glasgow is the work of comparatively recent years, and the Institute has been one of the main means by which this work has been fostered and carried on successfully. Through its annual

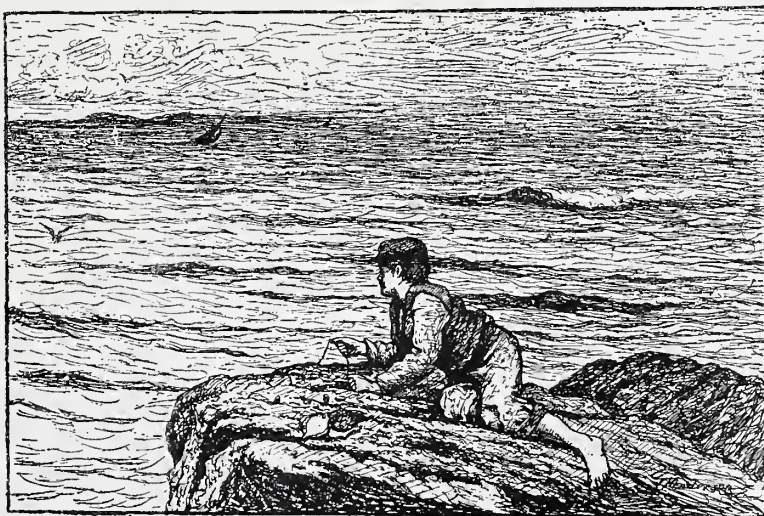


Summer Breezes, by W. MacTaggart, R.S.A.

exhibitions, not only has local artistic talent been encouraged, but the general public have been led to appreciate the difference between what is good and what is bad in Art. The advance in this respect is most gratifying, and the credit of it is not a little due to the unselfish and enthusiastic exertions of a few Art lovers in the city, who spare neither time nor trouble in their efforts to make the Institute exhibitions educational as well as pleasing. While the Institute does not, as a rule, procure for its exhibitions the most important pictures of the year by members of the Scottish Academy, which they naturally reserve for their own galleries, the deficiency is more than made up by the contributions drawn from the wide area to which the Institute, in a cosmopolitan spirit, appeals for support. Scottish, English, French, and Dutch studios are well represented at Glasgow, and the result is an exhibition of a high average of excellence, and of varied interest. Among the loan pictures, always a feature of considerable importance at Glasgow, there are, in the exhibition lately opened, examples of Turner, Corot, Rousseau, Pettie, Dupré, Linnell, and Orchardson. These pictures are of great value to all those young artists who can understand that painting means

something more than merely laying colour on canvas. One of the most delightful works in the gallery is 'Summer Breezes,' by W. MacTaggart, R.S.A. Mr. Cecil Lawson's large landscape of 'Barden Moors,' from the collection of Mr. Graham of Skelmorlie, attracts considerable attention. Mr. Burne Jones's 'Sea Nymph' is to the multitude one of the puzzles of the exhibition.

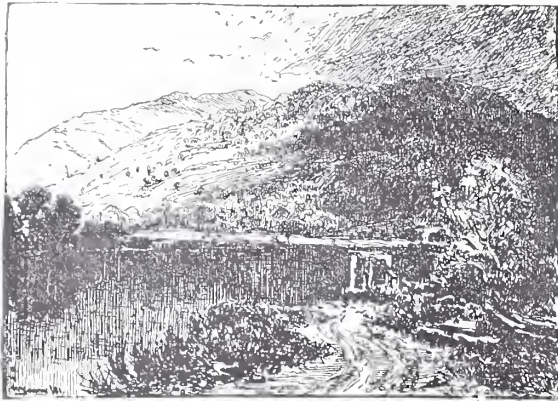
It cannot be said that, this year, many Scottish artists have made a notable advance. Mr. David Murray, A.R.S.A., is of the number whose motto is "Forward." He seems to be feeling the ground firmer under his feet. His 'Sannox Sands and Shallows' and his 'West Loch Tarbert' are both excellent pictures. In the 'Sands and Shallows' the tone is very charming. Mr. Joseph Henderson's 'Mr. Stoddart, Editor of the *Glasgow Herald*,' is a capital portrait and a faithful likeness. 'Fishing from the Rocks,' by the same artist, gives us a fine fresh sea and a feeling of breezy nature. Than 'The Broken Jug,' by the late J. C. Henderson, no better work has been produced of late years by a Scottish student. Among other landscapes by Glasgow artists may be mentioned Mr. Robert Allan's 'Cordova,' Mr. Wellwood Rattray's 'The Heart of the Highlands,' Mr. M. G. Coventry's 'On Loch Ridden,' Mr. Wm. Young's 'Glenfalloch,' Mr.



Fishing from the Rocks, by Joseph Henderson.

Peter Buchanan's 'Pass of Loch Ard,' and works by Messrs. Wm. Glover, A. K. Brown, Walton, R. C. Crawford, East, Guthrie, W. Y. Macgregor, and McGregor Wilson.

Mr. J. D. Taylor's 'The Morning's Catch' is fresh and has good colour. Mr. Alex. Fraser, R.S.A., shows two fine landscapes, 'Rowallan Castle' and 'The Clyde.' From Edinburgh there are also contributions by Mr. John Smart, R.S.A., Mr. W. D. McKay, A.R.S.A., Mr. George Aikman, A.R.S.A., Mr. Beattie Brown, A.R.S.A., Mr. Pollok Nisbet,



Glenfalloch, by Wm. Young.

Mr. John Nesbitt, and Mr. Lawton Wingate, A.R.S.A. The works by Mr. A. D. Reid (notably his 'Moonrise,' marked by genuine poetic feeling) and Mr. Sam Reid merit particular attention. Messrs. Crawford, Mackellar, Davidson, Hutcheson, and Tom McEwan show that figure painting is not neglected in Glasgow. Mr. Robert McGregor's 'Going to the Field' is a well-painted canvas.

Among the important pictures sent from London, many of which have already figured in the Academy, are Mr. Pettie's 'Trout Fishing,' Mr. Paget's 'Buondelmonti's Bride,' Mr. Val Prinsep's 'Young Solomon,' Mr. W. Lawson's 'Jesus in the House of the Pharisee,' Mr. Fred. Barnard's 'Barnaby Rudge' and 'Chaff,' Mr. J. R. Reid's 'Peace and War,' Mr. Weber's 'Mid-day Meal,' Mr. J. White's 'Rustic Wedding,' and Mr. Cox's 'The King breaks many Hearts.' Mr. Aumonier's 'Cornish Orchard' is charming with its careful work, its good light, and its general feeling of completeness.

There are portraits from the late Sir Daniel Macnee, Mr. George Reid, R.S.A., Signor Patalano, and others, but the two that attract the most attention are 'Professor Owen,' by Mr. Holman Hunt, and 'Principal Caird,' by Mr. Millais. The workmanship of the latter is magnificent, but the painter has somehow missed the picturesque "absence of prettiness" of his distinguished sitter.

In the collection of water colours Mr. Herkomer's magnificent drawing of 'Grandfather's Pet' is the most important exhibit. Mr. R. W. Allan's 'At Fraserburgh' is an excellent drawing, and high praise must be given to Mr. D. A. Williamson's poetical treatment, and to the telling workmanship of Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Aumonier, Mr. Carlaw, and Mr. Allan Buchanan.

The sculpture calls for no particular notice. Mr. Lawson's 'Cleopatra' is, however, a striking figure, and the work of Miss Montalba and Miss Halse is clever and bright.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LIEUTENANT WALTER R. POLLOCK HAMILTON, V.C., by C. B. Birch, A.R.A., engraved by G. J. Stodart. This admirable group is a worthy memorial of a gallant young officer who was killed on the 2nd of September, 1879, in the defence of the Residency at Cabul, together with Sir Louis Cavagnari and two other Englishmen. Lieutenant Hamilton's death is thus described:—"The gate was broken down, and in a few seconds the native troops were massacred almost to a man. A few soldiers, with the four white men, met the assault of the infuriated throng, who, wild with fanaticism and the exultation of feeling their prey in their grasp, swarmed to the attack. Again and again did the Afghans, like a recurring wave, forced on by the pressure of those behind, vainly essay to win their way into the house. Each effort but increased the heap of slain. Cowed by their reception, they withdrew to the cover available from walls and houses, and from their vantage-ground poured a hail of lead into every opening in the building. Gallant Hamilton, so lately adorned with the Victoria Cross, honoured it by his heroic bravery. He exposed himself undauntedly to the hottest fire; for a time he seemed to bear a charmed life, but at length a bullet pierced his heart, and, fighting nobly, he fell." Mr. Birch has conceived this group with a fine perception of the heroic theme; every detail in it bears evidence of conscientious effort, of work which the sculptor has produced from his heart. There is remarkable strength and power in the principal figure (Lieutenant Hamilton stood over six feet high), and the dying Afghan—so grim in his last vengeful effort—is rendered with an accurate knowledge of the physical characteristics of that spare and sinewy race. This group, in addi-

tion to its personal interest, might well serve to represent the ideal of military prowess and heroism.

'HOME AFTER SERVICE,' by F. W. W. Topham, engraved by A. Danse. This picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1879. It attracted much attention, not only on account of its excellent colour and the effective grouping, but from the interest and pathos naturally associated with the subject. Italian soldiers, just home from a campaign, have timed their arrival at the entrance to a church so that they meet the emerging congregation. The groups tell their several stories with no uncertain utterance, and go to make up a picture which is full of interest and attractiveness.

'FISHERWOMAN RETURNING FROM BATHING HER CHILDREN,' from the painting by Madame Virginie Demont Breton, etched by Leopold Flameng. This talented lady, who was born at Courrières (Pas de Calais), and who was educated for an artistic career by her father, has contributed to the Salon many excellent pictures, but none more excellent than that which adorns our pages this month. For the proportions and modelling of the figures, the muscular physique of the mother contrasting so well with the rounded outlines of the children, for the clever balance of the group on the uncertain foothold, and for the general perfection of the drawing, this work will well repay a careful study. M. Flameng has evidently been delighted with his subject, and has produced one of the most highly finished and technically perfect of his etchings.



CABUL. 1879.

LIEUT. W. R. P. HAMILTON, V. C.

ENGRAVED BY G. J. STODART, FROM THE STATUE BY C. B. BIRCH, A. R. A.

LONDON, J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

THE GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATIONAL MUSEUMS.

ON the 8th ult. a large deputation waited upon Earl Spencer and Mr. Mundella, at the Privy Council Office, to urge that the Government should give increased aid to local museums of an educational character.]

Mr. J. Collings, M.P., in introducing the deputation, said about forty towns were represented. The movement had grown out of a feeling that if our centres of industry were to hold their manufacturing supremacy, attention must be given to the means by which the workmen were advanced in their various trades. This country had the finest workmen in the world, and very little was done by the State for their cultivation; in fact, less than in others to keep the workmen posted in the advances of their trades. That this was a national question was to be easily seen, for if trade suffered in competition with other countries through the inferiority of the workmen, the whole country suffered. Further, the provincial towns had a right to participate in the collections at the National Gallery and British Museum—institutions which should be brought under the direct administration of the Government. The towns distinctly desired it to be understood that they did not seek for money grants. They had established and could maintain their museums, and Government money would naturally bring Government supervision, from which they desired to be free. He acknowledged the liberality with which local museums had been aided by South Kensington—a liberality which was constantly increasing; and this, he said, made the towns hunger for some of the hidden treasures, or copies of the hidden treasures, in the British Museum and National Gallery.

These views were supported by Sir James Picton, of Liverpool; Sir E. J. Reed, M.P. for Cardiff; Mr. Gripper, of Nottingham; and Dr. Webster, of Aberdeen.

Lord Spencer assured the deputation that what he had heard had increased his desire to assist in the promotion of industrial art throughout the kingdom. With regard to having all the collections—the National Gallery, the British Museum, and South Kensington Museum—placed under one management, this subject had been under consideration by certain commissions, which had reported upon it; but it would not be expected that he should then make any declaration on the part of the Government. Consideration must of course be given to the views of the Trustees of the British Museum and National Gallery, but he was fully aware of the importance of the suggestions which had been placed before him that day, and they should not be forgotten hereafter. It was due to the trustees of the Museum to say that they had within the last few years helped to carry out the object of the deputation by sending into the provinces part of their coins, prints, engravings, and zoological specimens. He rejoiced to hear the terms in which the South Kensington had been spoken of. These large central museums in the capital were necessary as models and as feeders to local museums. He thought it reasonable also to continue the policy of central institutions of a like character in the capitals of Dublin and Edinburgh. Great interest had been shown at South Kensington in promoting local museums and Art exhibitions by lending objects from the national collections. The following return would show the increase which had taken place:—

1882.

		1871.		1881.	
		No.	Objects, Pictures, etc., lent.	No.	Objects, Pictures, etc., lent.
Permanent museums	1	642	10	2,907
Exhibitions, conversazioni, etc.	...	12	2,317	49	11,029
Schools of Art for study	...	85	1,563	116	3,089
		98	4,522	175	17,025

This assistance was made in two ways—by circulating objects of the best possible kind among the different local museums, and also by giving reproductions of Art objects. Some objects, almost unique, it was impossible to send to different parts of the country. There were others of immense value in Art on account of their form, colour, and beauty, which could be reproduced almost exactly. Accordingly, a movement had been set on foot during the last few years to reproduce this class of objects, and lend them for the purposes of Art study to the various local museums, where they were highly appreciated, and the demand for them had greatly increased. Last year was the first on which a vote was taken for this object in the Estimates. The local museum was expected to supply half the cost, and the Department did the rest, but in its turn expected to exercise some authority over the choice of the objects; for no Art objects should be lent for exhibition unless the models were well chosen. He was happy to say that the Treasury had agreed to a considerable increase in the vote for the coming year for works of Art, with a view to the further assistance of local museums. This would contrast as follows with that of the current year:—

		1881-2.	1882-3.
Purchases	£8,000	£10,000
Local museums	1,500	1,500
Reference museums	2,000	3,500
Photography	750	1,000
		£12,250	£16,000

Thus there was a total increase of £3,750 with which to assist local museums in the mode desired by the Department. Special collections had been sent of ironwork to Sheffield, of china to Worcester, Hanley, and Stoke, and of Japanese lacquer and metal work to Birmingham. The Department had also lately begun a museum of casts from the antique, which was to be historical. This collection would be arranged at South Kensington in such a way as to enable the Department to aid those local museums and schools of Art which desired replicas. In this way he hoped that much would be done to aid in the spread of Art education and advance the object which the deputation had at heart. The Treasury were the masters of the Department in their control of the purse, but they had, as he had shown, assented to an increased vote for the coming financial year, and this was of good augury for the future.

Mr. Mundella said that in pressing him on this subject they were "flogging a willing horse," and while he maintained that it was necessary to uphold central collections in the capital, he said that the Department would be unsparing in its efforts to make the local museums of the utmost possible benefit to the population surrounding them.

K K

EXHIBITIONS.

THE EIGHTEENTH EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, at the Dudley Gallery, is certainly an interesting one. The usual level of excellence is sustained, and in some respects, especially as to the flower painting, the standard is raised. The most notable drawings are: 'A West Highland Fishing Town,' Miss Macaulay, a good representation of the little houses on the quay, and the boats crowded together in the harbour. Mr. Wetherbee's 'Golden Burden,' an excellent picture, subdued in colour, and suggestive throughout of the calmness and beauty of a summer's evening. 'A Calm Afternoon,' by M. E. J. Du Val; it is a pity that it is hung so high; the incoming tide is excellently rendered. 'Provence Roses,' Mrs. Cecil Lawson, one of many excellent flower-pieces. 'Near Leatherhead,' Mr. E. Law, a lovely reach on the river, with placid water and bowery trees, but literally placed on the ground. 'Summer Flowers,' Miss V. Dubourg, the soft, tender petals well rendered. 'Chrysanthemums,' Miss Emily Jackson, an excellent rendering of crimson, white, and pink flowers. 'Aumeris,' Mr. J. H. Henshall, one of the most remarkable pictures in the gallery. It is of a low-browed woman of Oriental type, almost repulsive in features, standing before a heavy purple curtain. 'Les Misérables,' Mr. J. C. Dollman, though somewhat stiff in the drawing and crude in colour, full of humour and effect. 'Interior of a Turkish Bath,' Mr. A. Melville, though an unpleasant subject, undeniably strong in colour; the figures are, however, scarcely defined from the drapery, and appear to be unfinished. Mr. Arthur Severn's 'Ice on the Thames at Battersea:' admirably painted; the ice is opalescent, and especially well drawn; the mist and clouds are very effective; altogether one of the best pictures in the gallery. 'Flowers,' Miss Maud Naftel and Miss Ada Bell, in which whites preponderate, are exquisitely painted. Mr. Knight's large drawing, 'Lingering Light,' is of abnormal gloom, scarcely relieved by the fading sunlight on the mountain's summit. Mr. Cabiana's 'Scene in Venice in the Seventeenth Century,' brilliant in colour and effect. 'Winter in Westmoreland,' Mr. H. M. Marshall, three charming little views, in which the mountain effects are most delicately rendered. Mr. G. S. Aspinall's 'Paddington Farm, near Dorking,' shows marked ability. Miss Kate Sadler's 'Chrysanthemums,' a further instance of excellent flower painting. 'Wanderers from the Flock,' Mr. R. W. Radcliffe: the tree trunks, with the bright autumn leaves clinging to them, and the vagrant sheep among the fern, are well painted, whilst the colour is pure and true. Mr. Ruskin's two drawings, 'In the Pass of Killiecrankie' and 'Study of Box,' are marked by a delicate rendering of intricacies which can only be obtained by an artist patiently laborious and a thorough master of his pencil. 'Somebody's Coming,' Mr. Philip Norman—a girl leaning easily against a fence, well drawn and of good colour. 'Wapping,' another excellent picture by Mr. H. M. Marshall, pearly in colour, and with barges in the foreground remarkably well drawn. 'A Brittany Windmill,' Mr. R. Phené Spiers: most effectively painted; the work throughout is that of a skilful and painstaking artist. 'Weir Bridge, near Farnham,' is another noteworthy drawing by the same artist. Mr. A. F. Cobbs's 'The Esk at Low Tide,' and Mr. S. H. Lofthouse's 'Bellagio,' both hung on the ground, deserve a better fate. 'Bread and Sunshine,'

by Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., is an exquisitely finished work on ivory.

SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.—The present exhibition, called the "First" because that of last year was considered experimental, is held at the rooms of The Fine Art Society, in New Bond Street. It naturally suffers from being composed exclusively of original etchings and engravings which have never before been published or exhibited, for these new works by no means represent the original etchings produced within the year. We note, as a peculiarity of this Society, that instead of the works of the members of the Council forming a prominent feature of the exhibition, they are, for the most part, conspicuous by their absence. This absenteeism can hardly be advantageous in the case of so young a body, especially when the absentees include such names as Alma-Tadema, Cope, Hook, Poynter, Marks, Hodgson, Hamerton, and Tissot. This notwithstanding, an exceptional merit characterizes many of the works. We proceed to notice a few. 'A Fen Flood,' by Robert W. Macbeth, has great delicacy of touch, but we are beginning to tire of the subject. 'Innholder's Hall, College Street, 1881,' by Charles J. Watson, a faithful likeness to the old hall, very much in the manner of Méryon. 'Asphalting,' Mr. Herbert Marshall, hardly so successful as an etching as a drawing; we should have expected that the lights would have been stronger. 'A Lancashire River,' Mr. Seymour Haden, a thoroughly good etching, exhibiting all the qualities of selection and omission, suppleness, liberty, and directness of utterance, which the President has laid down as the prime qualities to be sought for in a good etching. 'Chartres,' by Axel H. Haig, a further contribution to the delightful series of fanciful architectural creations which this artist has lately invented. This etching should induce many tourists to go out of their way this next summer to visit this wonderful city and cathedral. We cannot give a higher tribute to Mr. Haig's etching than to say they will probably be disappointed in not finding such a mediæval scene as they expected. 'The Sick Child' and 'Head of a Peasant,' notable works by W. Strang, a young pupil of Legros. 'A Middlesex Lane,' by Fred. Slocombe, and 'The Bridge,' by R. S. Chattock, etched for this Journal. 'Dr. Thomson, of Trinity College, Cambridge,' a powerful mezzotint, by Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A. 'Whitby by Night,' by David Law, one of the most popular etchings in the gallery, though rather an engraving than an etching. We also note 'A Street,' by Brunet Debaines, also etched for this Journal; 'Portrait of a Painter-Etcher,' by G. P. Jacomb Hood; 'The Ferry Inn,' by Robert W. Macbeth; 'The Island Harvest,' by Colin Hunter, a thorough specimen of what an etching should be; 'A Village Ford,' by F. Seymour Haden; 'Grig Weals,' by H. R. Robertson; 'The Riverside Inn,' by A. F. Bellows; 'Tycroes,' by Thomas Huson; 'Hard Times,' by Edward Rischgitz; 'Camp Followers,' by Heywood Hardy; and 'The Halt,' by R. S. Chattock. In the outer room there is a fine collection of original drawings in black and white by Leighton, Poynter, Holman Hunt, and other distinguished artists. So unusual an advantage for study has rarely been afforded to the Art student.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR APRIL:—
EXHIBITIONS:—

Sending-in Days.—Arts Association, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 21st; Albert Hall, 17th to 22nd.

Exhibitions Open.—Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours; Institute of Painters in Water Colours; Brighton Water Colours.

The Grosvenor Gallery Winter Exhibition closes on the 6th.

On the 28th the private view, and on the 29th the banquet of the Royal Academy are held. On the 29th the private view of the Grosvenor Gallery is held.

MR. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., has been elected a foreign Associate of the French Academy of Fine Arts, in the room of the late Mons. Dupré, sculptor. The committee brought forward three names, the others being M. Geefs, Belgian sculptor, and the Abbé Liszt. At the first ballot Mr. Millais obtained twenty-one votes to thirteen given to M. Geefs, and one to the Abbé. It may be well here to mention that the Academy consists of 60 members, 25 elected from Paris, 25 from the Provinces, and 10 from Foreigners. Besides this there are 50 Foreign Correspondents. The honour conferred upon Mr. Millais is the more marked as he has been elected over the heads of all this latter class, and, as our French correspondent says, "il est assez rare qu'un artiste étranger soit élu d'emblée."

SCENE-PAINTING AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.—Bearing in mind how many notable painters have been produced from amongst the artists who decorate the scenes of our theatres, we must go out of our way to notice the lavish amount of care, thought, and talent which has been successfully bestowed upon the mounting of *Romeo and Juliet*, now playing at the Lyceum Theatre. The artists employed in painting the scenery were Messrs. Hawes, Craven, W. Cuthbert, and William Telbin. So extraordinarily good are their varied productions that it is hard to award the palm, but The Terrace of Capulet's Garden, A Public Place, and A Street at Mantua seem to stand out amongst the rest for prominent notice. No piece has ever been produced by Mr. Irving except in a manner which evidenced his artistic instincts, but *Romeo and Juliet* oversteps them all in this respect, for its *mise en scène* has not one single discordant note to mar its artistic excellence.

MR. J. C. ROBINSON, H.M. Surveyor of Pictures, has given the people of Glasgow a pleasant surprise. The collection of pictures belonging to the Corporation has always been looked upon with contempt by the citizens generally, and "the old masters" it includes have been universally regarded with suspicion. Mr. Robinson was lately called in by the Corporation, and his report—just published—has rather astonished the lieges. He considers one hundred and ten works "utterly worthless," but among the remainder some one hundred and twenty are quite notable enough to make the Corporation Gallery "rank as a collection of European importance." Speaking of the pictures, Mr. Robinson says, "Unquestionably, first on the list comes the beautiful picture by Giorgione—'The Woman taken in Adultery.' When it is considered what an important place is occupied in Art by the

great Venetian master, and how extremely rare are his authentic works, it is not easy to overrate its importance. Dr. Waagen, some years ago, called attention to it, and was the first to signalise it as a fine work of the middle period of Giorgione. In this opinion I entirely concur, and of its period in the master's career (probably about 1500), I cannot call to mind any other picture of greater note.

"I am not able to endorse Dr. Waagen's opinion in regard to another very remarkable work—the great panel representing the Virgin and Child enthroned, with four Saints at the sides. Dr. Waagen, following the received attribution, believed this picture also to be the work of Giorgione, and of his early time. I am disposed, though with some reserve, to ascribe it to one of the Montagna family. Of two Titians, one, 'The Virgin and Child, with Saints,' of the great master's earlier time (*circa* 1520), is certainly genuine and in excellent preservation; the other, 'The Danae'—a later work—is unfortunately greatly and irreparably injured. It is my belief, nevertheless, that it is a genuine production of the master.

"The Collection contains two fine and certainly genuine pictures by Palma Vecchio; one of them, that from the McLellan Collection, is a splendid specimen of this rare master. It will be interesting to Art connoisseurs to learn that in a hitherto little-regarded picture I have, as I believe, discovered an unrecorded work of one of the most important of all the early Italian masters—Antonello da Messina. Should my judgment be confirmed, the history of Art will be enriched by another interesting page. The work I allude to is a small highly-finished oil picture on panel, representing the 'Adoration of the Magi,' hitherto catalogued as by an unknown master of the early Flemish School. This picture passed unnoticed by Dr. Waagen, and it does not seem to have attracted the attention of any more recent observer. The style and technical execution of the work, as an early Italian picture *painted in oil*, entirely agree with similar characteristics of authenticated productions of Antonello known to me. It will be recollected that the exceeding interest which attaches to Antonello arises in great part from the fact that in his early life he became a pupil of the Van Eycks, or of some one of their immediate successors, in Flanders, and that he it was who imported the newly discovered art of oil painting into Italy.

"I should not omit to mention amongst the Italian pictures a small work of Sandro Botticelli, representing the 'Annunciation,' in his best and most careful manner. Its style in general recalls that of his most famous work on a similarly small scale—'The Calumny' of the Florence Gallery."

The collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, Mr. Robinson says, is especially good. "Perhaps the most important amongst these is the picture by Rubens, 'An Allegory of Abundance.' In this fine work of the great master's rather early period, his contemporary, Breughel, had some share, the beautiful wreaths of flowers being by his hand. This picture is in the most perfect possible state of conservation, and of its class and period I consider it one of the finest works of Rubens."

Mr. Robinson advises an entire rearrangement of the pictures, and that they should be more safely and worthily housed than they are at present.

THE SMOKE ABATEMENT EXHIBITION.—The Lord Mayor entertained, on March 11th, some eighty gentlemen who have shown a practical interest in the recent exhibition for the abatement of smoke in the metropolis. After the customary loyal and patriotic toasts, Mr. G. A. Sala proposed "Art," coupled with the name of the President of the Royal Academy.

Sir F. Leighton, in reply, said, "In the name of those arts which have been so graciously acclaimed, I desire to join in protesting against what I shall venture to call the crushing curse under which the inhabitants of our great city groan during the better part of the year. Among the melancholy millions who grope their darkling way through our English winters, none suffer so much under this smoke-pest as the members of the community to which I belong. Whilst the infection which emanates from the tainted breath of that smoke-pest fastens upon us artists just as it does upon you, and whilst, in common with the rest of you, we wheeze, we cough, we gasp, we choke, and occasionally we fairly flicker out like the rest of you, we are further and especially attacked and paralyzed in the heart and centre of our intellectual activity; for we live by the suggestive imitation and presentment of that which is revealed to us by light—and by light alone—and made lovely by its splendour. To us, therefore, the quenching of light, the blotting out of colour, is an approach to the drying up of the very life springs from which we are fed and set in motion. Many a brother painter must regret with me the interminable hours, days, and weeks of enforced idleness spent in the continuous contemplation of the ubiquitous yellow fog, depressing the spirits all the more for recalling the memories of distant lands, where the sun shines in the sky and sheds its gold over all things, where the fragrance of a thousand blossoms, not the soot of a

thousand chimneys, is wafted in through open windows, and where grime does not blot out the heavenly face of nature. It is to be hoped that the day is not very remote when the problem of the abatement of smoke may be effectually solved. But when this happy day arrives there will still be a far more herculean labour for the Smoke Abatement Committee. The remedy having been found, the patient must be taught to take it. It must be brought home to every man that he is not a victim only, but a begetter and spreader of this plague of smoke, which rises not only from his neighbour's chimney, but from his own also. When he is awakened to that sense of responsibility, when every householder shall say, 'My chimney shall not smoke,' then the millennium will have come. From that day forward the half-remembered sun will again shine in the forgotten blue sky, and the foul, fuliginous days of the present will become a horrid dream and memory of a very dismal past."

SWITZERLAND has decided to erect a monument at Zurich to Zwingli, at a cost not exceeding £3,400. The artists of all nations are invited to compete. How long is it since our Government offered such a sum as that for a statue?

A PRIZE OF £200 is offered by the Institute of Science and Art at Milan for the best life of Leonardo da Vinci. The time allowed for its preparation is four years, and it may be written in Latin, English, Italian, French, or German.

NEW ZEALAND.—Dwellers in the Old Country will be glad to learn that at Otago, in New Zealand, an Art Society, having for its object the production and exhibition of works of Art, is making steady progress, as evidenced by the display at its sixth annual exhibition, when 124 objects of Art were hung.

REVIEWS.

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE," by W. C. Perry (Longmans).—This work follows somewhat closely on Mr. Murray's "History of Greek Sculpture." It, however, does not profess to enter so thoroughly as its predecessor into the argumentative side of a question on which such varied opinions exist. It endeavours to enlist the sympathies of its readers by showing to them the intimate relations which exist between the Art of a nation and its religious, political, and social life; to set before the artist the principles by which the greatest masters were guided, and the influences to which they were subjected; and to furnish to the inexperienced amateur the knowledge requisite to make men understand and appreciate the remains of ancient plastic art in the museums of his own and foreign countries. And in this it succeeds. The amateur especially will hail with delight a work which will enable him to form some idea of the various periods and schools by which sculpture is distinguished, and to have it set before him in so fascinating a form as much of it is by Mr. Perry. If he starts by reading the chapter on the Niobe group, he is sure to go farther. The preface states that the illustrations with which the book abounds are not offered as works of Art, or as representations of the beauty of the originals. We presume that cost had something to do with this, but it is a mistake to suppose, especially in sculpture, that anything is better than nothing. A comparison between the following engravings, which we have selected at random

from Mr. Perry's and Mr. Murray's volumes, namely, Perseus and Medusa, Hermes carrying a calf, the statue of Aristoteles, or the Dying Hero on the Pediment at Ægina, will show that in every case glaring discrepancies exist between them. In a work which proposes to be educational, this should, if possible, be avoided.

"THE MANCHESTER QUARTERLY," No. 1 (Abel Heywood), 1s. 6d.—The moving spirits in the Manchester Literary Club, who, since 1874, have yearly published a volume of papers of increasing intellectual and artistic interest, have now felt themselves strong enough to project a quarterly magazine, under the editorship of Mr. Axon. With the literary portion we are not concerned, but the contents include two autotypes of drawings by local artists. That from the pencil of Mr. George Sheffield is made much of because it was produced in seven and a half minutes. We see nothing wonderful in the performance: there is no attempt at correctness of form, nor can we discern any good quality in it. It may be "pleasant to watch his marvellously trained hand sweeping the charcoal at lightning speed over the paper," and the practice may be permissible in one who has executed work beside which "Mr. Ruskin's looks almost coarse." But the example is mischievous, and we much prefer Mr. Bancroft's modest and interesting drawing of Leicester Hospital, which is without, because it does not require, a page of encomiums.



LIVERPOOL

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY J. A. McNEIL, WHITFIELD

SHERE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.



Shere Mill.

IN the present day, when the great city spreads its arms like those

of the all-devouring, all-embracing kraken of northern fables, and covers the fair fields which surround it with ever-growing streets and suburbs, those who love wild and sequestered loveliness are driven each year to seek it farther afield. To many such it will be welcome news that districts may yet be found within thirty miles of London unpolluted by smoke, unfrequented by fashion, where the smock-frock is still worn by the labourer, and the sound of the flail still resounds in the roomy barns. In the centre of such a district lies the village of Shere. Situated on the high-road between Guildford and Dorking, and close to a station, it seems almost incredible that it has retained its primitive picturesqueness, that its commons and woods are as lonely as of yore, and that the hateful notice-boards of "eligible building sites" and "proposed villa residences" are still unknown.

The village has indeed been long a favourite haunt of artists, whose white umbrellas are frequently to be seen along the banks of the stream and by the old mill, and some among them, after returning year after year, have ended by adopting it as their permanent home. Their houses, and those of a few men of business or letters, who come here in the summer months to seek repose, cling round the skirts of the village and its outlying hamlets, and their pointed gables and red-tiled roofs peep above the trees, and add to the beauty of the little valleys between the heather-clad hills.

The village itself completely retains its old-world appearance and air of sleepy repose; indeed, even as we turn from the station down the shady lane, as we pass under the shadows of the great elms, by the meadows deep in flowery grass, by the old mill where the rippling stream widens into a quiet pool fringed with tall bulrushes and waving plumes of

MAY, 1882.

meadow-sweet, and the cattle stand knee-deep in calm enjoyment, a feeling of rest and peace sinks into the soul; the great city, with its hurry and bustle and harassing cares, becomes a thing of the past, and fades from the mind like a bad dream from which we awake with relief.

The more important features of the village seem to have altered but little since the days when the Manor of Essira was entered in the Domesday Book as having been settled by Edward the Confessor on his Queen Editha, and containing woodland sufficient to feed five hundred swine. The church and mill, the farms with their existing names, even the division of the manor into wood and pasture, meadow and heath, as stated in the ancient documents, correspond very nearly with the present order of things. Part of the manor was retained by the Crown for many centuries, and was included in the dowry of each of King Henry VIII.'s wives, but another portion passed to Roger de Clare, and from him through the hands of many knightly possessors, most of whom seem to have met with violent deaths either on the field of battle or on Tower Hill. In Edward I.'s time we find the mill valued at £2 10s. yearly, and the meadow land at 2s. 6d. per acre, while the arable land is put down at 4d., and the wood and heath at 1d. yearly. At that period the villagers were bound to deliver to their lord thirty-eight cocks at Christmas at 1½d. apiece, and in the summer one hundred eggs value 3d., twelve barbed arrows, and two pairs of gilt

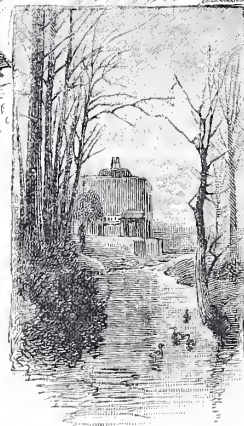


Shere Village.

spurs. A weekly market to be held in the village street was granted by Edward II., and also a fair on the eve of St. John the Baptist, which is still celebrated on Shere Heath. A little later the estates passed to John Touchet, Lord Audley, who

was buried in the south chancel of the church, where his brass can still be seen. His son being beheaded as a traitor, the lands were granted to Sir Reginald Bray, in whose family they have remained ever since. To the generosity of this knight, whom Holinshed calls "a verie father of his country," we owe the greater part of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster and St. George's Chapel at Windsor. His curious crest, the braye, or hemp-breaker, so often repeated in the mouldings of the latter building, will at once be recognised in the stained glass in Shere Church. In another window appear the arms of England, Ormond, Warren, and Clare, while the tracery of the windows (Edward III. period), the bold dog-toothed mouldings of the Norman door in the south porch, the curious font, and the piers and columns of Sussex marble, all carry us back to the different periods of its history.

The centre of the village is marked by two great elms, and standing here we obtain a good view of the irregular streets, with their projecting eaves and gables, stacks of twisted chimneys, and old-fashioned shops with narrow latticed windows, half concealing the goods they are meant to display. On our right rises the ancient church, with its deep porches and massive walls, the sturdy yews casting deep shadows over the moss-grown headstones, and contrasting with the graceful wych-elms which droop over the clear stream at the bottom of the churchyard. On the left the stream ripples out from the low bridge and overhanging boughs, past the half-timbered cottages forming the Lower Street, and disappears from sight as it turns into the rich water-meadows, where its course is marked by tall flags, long purples, and blue forget-me-not. On a hot summer's afternoon, as we sit on the low parapet of the bridge, we can watch the trout gleam in the shallow stream, and hear hardly a sound beyond the rippling water and the shrill screams of the black swifts circling round the church steeple. Beyond the red-tiled roofs to the north, behind the straggling street, rise the chalk downs, the green turf broken by white paths, and the beech-trees standing out against the blue sky; while behind us, to the south, lie the deep lanes, wide heaths, and dark firs peculiar to the sandstone district. The village lies on the junction of the chalk and sand, and the great variety of scenery thus produced is one of its chief charms. The contours of the hills, the colour of the soil, the trees and shrubs, flowers and ferns, even the birds and insects, are totally distinct on the north and south sides of the little stream of the Tillingbourne, which here divides the two districts. Its windings take us into so many



On the Tillingbourne.

charming nooks, so many subjects for the pencil or brush are to be found along its banks, that they well deserve to be followed from its very source, where it bubbles out of a mossy bank on the side of Leith Hill. Flowing down the Lonesome valley, it reaches the old house built by Mr. Jacobson, a Dutch merchant, who, coming, "as was the custom, to eat water-souhey at Dorking," fell in love with this secluded spot, and made it his home. A little farther on the brook is joined by another hill stream, and enters the grounds of Wotton Place, well known as the favourite resort of Evelyn, "the great virtuoso," and still held by his descendants. The mansion-house, which lies in the midst of beech woods long celebrated for the size and beauty of the trees, came into possession

of the Evelyns in 1579; and we hear of one of the owners setting out soon afterwards to attend the judges in his capacity of high sheriff, followed by one hundred and sixteen servants and thirty gentlemen, all arrayed in green satin doublets with silver braid, and white ostrich feathers.

The terraced garden, the island, fishponds, and avenues, were all laid out by Evelyn himself, who writes in his Diary of "the house large and ancient, well suited to these hospitable times, and so sweetly environed with these delicious streams

and venerable woods that it may be compared to one of the most pleasant seats in the nation." Here in his youth he planned a hermitage well suited to his studious and contemplative mind, and here he constantly came to visit his brother, and to advise on the improvement of the grounds and the laying out of walks and shrubberies. He delighted in streams and woods, and in his Diary are many entries such as "Went to see Mr. Hussey at

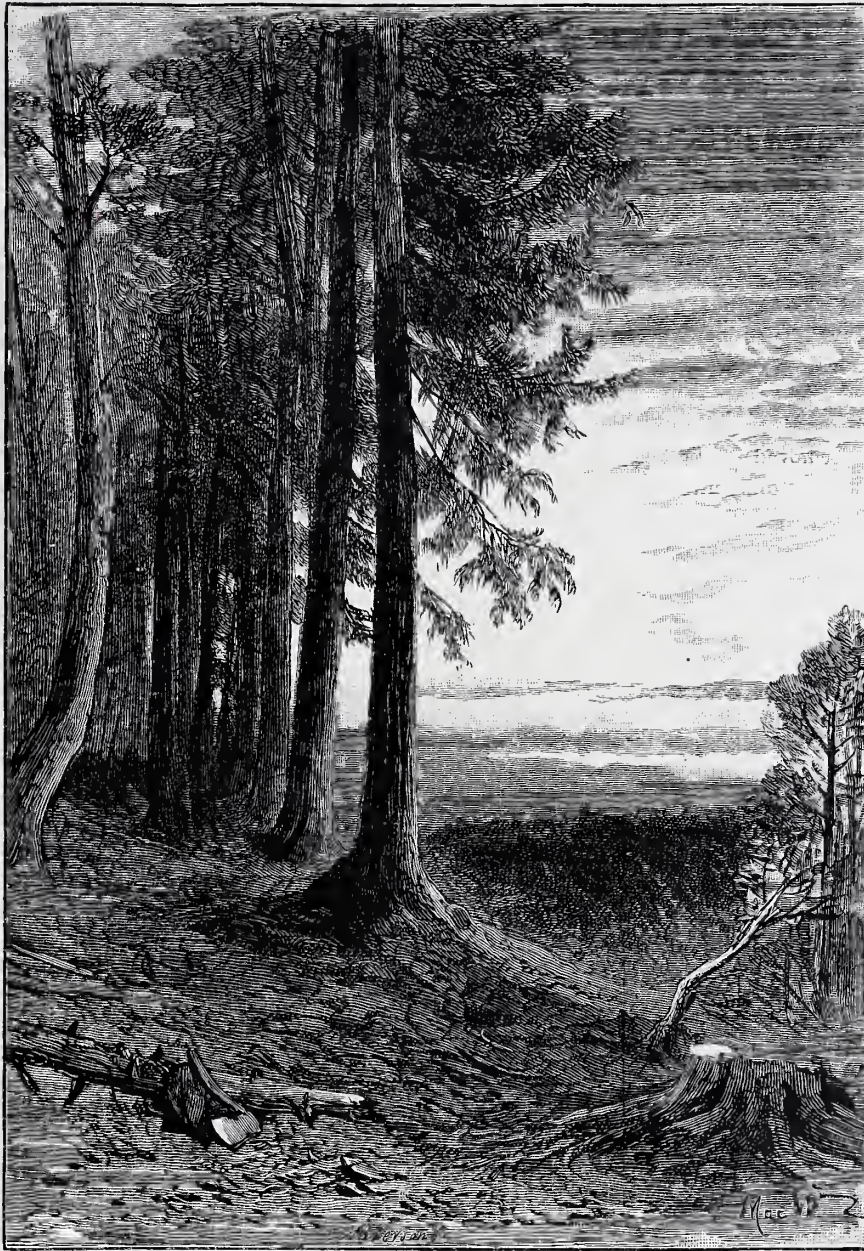
Sutton, in Shere, who hath a pretty seat well watered;" or, "The rest of my time at Wotton I spent in walking about the goodly woods, where in my youth I have so often entertained my solitude." It was probably under these very beech-trees that he composed his "Sylva," or discourse respecting forest trees, and here he came to spend the last years of his life. His love for trees grew rather than diminished in his old age, for he speaks in most pathetic terms of the groaning and sighing of the woods during a great hurricane which did much damage in 1703, and expresses a wish in his will "to be buried under the laurel grove at the bottom of my garden." This, however, was not carried out, and his tomb, engraved

with his favourite saying, "All is vanity which is not honesty," can be seen in Wotton Church, with many other interesting altar-tombs and brasses.

Leaving Wotton, the Tillingbourne flows through Abinger Hammer, where the red ironstone of the district was formerly worked, and the stocks and whipping-post still adorn the village green, through Gomshall, with its ancient Anglo-Saxon name, *Gum-sele*, chief court or residence—and passes the gardens of many quaint farmhouses, with their sunny

stack-yards and vast barns, deep eaves and brilliant lichen-covered roofs. In such a farmhouse Evelyn was nursed when a baby by a kind peasant woman, "a most sweet place, towards the hills, flanked with wood and refreshed with streams, the affection to which kind of solitude I seem to have sucked in with my very milk."—*Evelyn's Diary*.

Just beyond Shere the Tillingbourne enters Albury Park, where gnarled oaks and spreading Spanish chestnuts, with



The Fir Wood, by J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

the glimpses of distant moor, form inviting subjects for the artist. Here again we are met by memories of Evelyn, for the grounds and gardens owe much to his skill. Here he often visited his friend Mr. Howard, and designed for him the canal, the garden, and the crypt beneath the hill. The canal has been drained and planted, but the crypt remains, as well as the broad terrace walk, skirted by close-growing yews and laid with fine turf, which is still known as "Evelyn's Walk."

In later days the old house became well known as the place

where the enthusiastic followers of Irving met to discuss the approaching millennium, and found their faith rewarded by the mysterious gift of tongues. The apostles and archangels of the new dispensation have long since resumed their places as ordinary mortals, and the manifestations which aroused public curiosity to such an extraordinary degree are now things of the past, but the handsome cathedral-like church still forms a conspicuous object in the landscape, and is frequented by numerous members of the sect.

Beyond Albury the stream widens into two large pools, which have been frequently painted, and flows on peacefully through green pasture meadows to join the Wey at Guildford. In these fields is still found the large edible snail unknown elsewhere in England, said to have been introduced by the Earl of Arundel, "his lady delighting in such food;" and Evelyn chronicles that "this huge and fleshy snail was held *in deliciis* by the Earl himself!" Fortunately for its descendants, their merits are no longer appreciated here as they are in Paris.

If in search of more extensive views, we need only follow one of the many paths leading from Shere towards the chalk downs, through some deep combe, with its fine turf spangled with flowers and dotted with clumps of juniper, yew, and holly. As we reach the top, wide views open out on either side, while before us lie grassy glades tempting us to trace out their windings. Here we can wander in solitude for miles; now through a hollow where the hawthorn-trees are wreathed with honeysuckle, and the path disappears under tall bracken and tangled undergrowth; now down an avenue of tall beeches, where the soft turf deadens our footsteps, and the harsh cry of the jay or woodpecker alone breaks the silence; now passing a clearing where tall clumps of foxgloves spring up to hide the traces of the woodcutter; until suddenly, in the heart of the wood, we come upon a tiny cottage, so lonely, so ancient, so far removed from other habitations, that as we see the door open and a diminutive old man in a snowy smock gazing at us as he leans on his stick, we feel that our childish dream is fulfilled, and we have found the very cottage where Snowwhite was watched over by the seven little dwarfs.

Turning to the west, the paths widen into stretches of open down, extending towards Guildford, along which we can still trace the "Pilgrims' Way" by the ancient yew-trees, now hollow and twisted with age, which were planted by the palmers on their way to the great shrine at Canterbury. Even in those days they can hardly have been indifferent to the fair prospect which met their gaze as they passed "o'er the long backs of the bushless downs;" the wooded valley and purple moors stretching away to the blue hills of Sussex and Hampshire in the south; on the north the rich plain watered by the Thames; while in the foreground rose, as now, St. Martha's Hill, crowned with its ancient cruciform chapel of dark sandstone. Here the pilgrims paused to renew their vows and obtain indulgences; and here the inhabitants of the village still nod drowsily through the service, and sleep at last beneath the thyme-scented turf.

Let us now pass to the south of Shere, and follow one of the many deep lanes where the sun is shut out by overarching boughs, and the air is cool and damp. We soon reach the commons, with smooth-shaven cricket grounds and clumps of oak and fir, one of which forms the subject of our largest sketch. As we advance the cottages and farmhouses become more scattered, the fields narrow, and the heaths join and spread out into purple moor and thick fir wood, extending nine or ten miles from east to west, and clothing the range of hills which jut out into the Weald of Sussex like headlands into the sea.

Narrow paths and disused tracks traverse the woods and moors in all directions, and lead us into the little valleys with their glistening undergrowth of young oak and holly, where the brown pools are fringed with soft cushions of moss and drooping ferns, and the air is full of the resinous scent of the firs. Here the brown lizards dart across the path, and the golden-crested wren slips shyly from twig to twig; and here in early summer the woodcock has been found watching over her downy, bright-eyed brood. On the higher ground the serried ranks of the firs open out, the heather glows purple in the sun, and as we emerge at length on the crest of the hill, a grand view breaks suddenly upon us; the wooded fields and distant downs of Sussex lie like a map unrolled at our feet, while on the right the dark outlines of Hascombe, Blackdown, and Hind Head rise in succession and close the prospect.

It is a curious fact that during the last fifteen years the wood has been encroaching with rapid strides on the more open spaces, and many paths have been rendered almost impassable by the growth of young firs. Formerly these were destroyed by the constant paring of the surface for turf, but now that coal has been brought within reach of the poor this is no longer done, and the railway has thus actually caused the extension of the wood—an unlooked-for result of civilisation.

The scenery which surrounds Shere on all sides is so varied and beautiful, that those who wish to know it better will not regret the time spent in studying it minutely. The artist will find on all sides subjects well worthy of his art, the botanist's and naturalist's search will be rewarded by rare and curious specimens, while those who merely wish to enjoy a summer's holiday will rejoice to think that breezy moors and lonely woods are still to be found almost within sight of London.

The views of Shere Village are from the pencil of a promising young artist, Mr. Gordon Fraser, whilst that of the Fir Wood has been drawn by Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

M. J. SALIS SCHWABE.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS

SIGNIFICANCE IN PARTICULARS.—General knowledge is remote knowledge: it is in particulars that wisdom consists, and happiness too. Both in Art and in life general masses are as much Art as a pasteboard man is human. Every man has eyes, nose, and mouth; this every idiot knows; but he who enters into and discriminates most minutely the manners and intentions, the characters in all their branches, is the alone wise or sensible man; and on this discrimination all Art is founded.

As poetry admits not a letter that is insignificant, so paint-

ing admits not a grain of sand or a blade of grass insignificant, much less an insignificant blur or mark.—*Wm. Blake.*

PAINTING OFF-HAND.—*The Use of Sketches and Studies.*—Great works, which are to live and stand the criticism of posterity, are not performed at a heat. However extraordinary it may appear, it is certainly true that the inventions of the *Pittori Improvisatori*, as they may be called, have, notwithstanding the common boast of their authors that all is spun from their own brain, very rarely anything that has in the least the air of originality.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING ON WOOD.*



AMONG the many wonderful features of this wonderful age, there are none more definite in their effect, more useful in their character, than the wholesome and ingenious methods of familiarising the whole world with "facts" through the medium of Art. And it has been nobly said

that "the highest of the Fine Arts are appointed to relate to us the utmost ascertainable truth respecting visible things and moral feelings; and this *pursuit of fact* is the vital element of the Art power—that in which alone it can develop itself to its utmost."

The pursuit of fact opens a vista of research far beyond that of mere form; to have fact correctly declared there must be a hue or tendency visible of the interpreter's *motive*. The truth of a scene represented by mere mechanical skill, without the spirit of interpretation, would be *nil*, although we can but represent what is natural, and not what is supernatural; so the highest refinement of expression is but an interpreted representation of fact, the production of a mind capable of ascertaining truth.

If a fact be properly represented, it is reasonably comprehensible to most minds, and to fit this interpretation into an age of utility and haste, combined with vigour, it only needs the proper medium for sending this mind's interpretation of fact to all the thinking world.

Many will recognise such truth by an unexplained feeling of exaltation; and this by having had certain facts enforced upon them by direct means—in short, by being addressed to them in a language understood by all—the universal language of Art. A kind of quick-acting method of Art handiwork (indeed, a kind of Art telegraphy) would naturally become the most familiar of all arts, and peculiarly adapted to the requirements of the age, or as an adjunct to human life. Such a method we might recognise in the modern state of wood engraving, embracing as it does the manner of illustration of newspapers and innumerable books. An art, to be truly familiar, must be of a "repetitious" nature (if I may use such a word); it must reach the many: owing naturally to its cheapness, rapidity of execution, and adaptability to ordinary newspaper type, the "*woodcut*" stands foremost in this respect. Unfortunately it shares much of that proverbial fate of all familiarity—if not contempt, at least indifference with the public. Yet it strictly belongs to that section of remarkable features of the day that possess the power of familiarising the whole world with facts. What, indeed, is more fascinating than a well-illustrated magazine or book?

This age has been called the iron age. It may be so; but it has produced a cable of strength—never before experienced—for holding fast all that is good and great. It is an age of quick recognition and reward. Without crediting the arts.

with the power of rising higher than they have done, they can never fall into such decadence as they have been known in past times—so much lamented by some. The reason is that Art is now more the property of every thinking person than it was before. We are building galleries in our big towns to be filled with good works, so that every citizen can see and enjoy them with his family (especially on Sundays, by-and-by). The more we have of such institutions, the stronger will be the hold that Art will have on the public. It cannot again lie as if dead.

Good Art work in a weekly newspaper of high quality is far more advantageous to the artist—opening out, as it does, more possibilities to the development of his art—than either the Greek line in clay, or the Gothic line with colour (of stained glass), ever could have done. To the public it offers fairer terms, for scenes of their daily life are given them in a form both agreeable and distinct, subject to no irreparable loss if damaged, as it must have been with Greek vases; or, on the other hand, not subject to so little familiarity as the stained glass offered, it being an exceptional thing to look upon those; whereas Art, in some form or other, should be ever present in the midst of us.

If, therefore, the "woodcut," used universally as it is, holds an honoured place in our list of familiar arts, we have to consider two things in order to prove its vitality or strength, and utility: the first is, *the immediate effect it has upon the development of the Art craftsman*; and the second, *the extent to which the material lends itself to artistic expression*.

To consider the first point adequately from my point of view, I should have to inflict upon you all my revolutionary ideas of tuition—ideas mostly diametrically opposed to the standing canons of Art tuition. The study of Art is, as the study of medicine, clouded by traditional superstition.

We are able to point out many painters who have had their Art minds entirely trained by the practice of original wood drawing. Two painters, so trained, stand so high that their works will live as long as the material upon which they are painted remains. One is dead; the other still living. The dead man brought a new art to us—new, because it was so strangely natural, and having withal the grace of the painter's mind upon every tuft of grass, upon every stone, upon every face. He first taught us to observe two things we had neglected to find for ourselves: the tender phase of nature, and the possibility of combining the grace and proportions of the antique with the ordinary type of English peasant, without, however, losing character or sacrificing truth. It was he who first taught us what loveliness there could be in a grey day, giving us a new light in his pictures. He told a new truth, after which everybody readily accepted his discoveries and imitated them. Many will recognise in this description Frederick Walker.

In his early life he was employed by a wood engraver to produce drawings—as he was told, "as much like John Gilbert as possible." But his individuality grew in spite of this. Then he was put to copy on to the block the very bad drawings of Thackeray for his "Philip." Walker soon resented this procedure, and suggested, though timidly, that he would like to do some original drawings for the story. Thackeray

* This paper was delivered at the London Institution in January, 1882.

consented, and new life came to Walker, and a new art to us. His feeling for line was new, and exercised a remarkable influence on all subsequent wood drawing. By this work he learnt to express himself in a way that has never been offered in equal terms by any Art school or academy.

He felt his way to composition, expression of character, and tone of colour. His Art study had a purpose beyond the mere drawing from a model, whereas Art schools encourage a purposeless system of drawing and painting from the life.

He soon added colour to his art, and painted one of the drawings to "Philip" in water colours, showing the scene where Philip is in church. This painting possessed the sensitive, sympathetic touch that characterized his wood drawing. There was, so to speak, more *drawing in colour* than ordinary brushwork in this first painting. This picture commenced a new era in the history of water-colour painting, and during his short, but precious life he brought water-colour painting to its highest possible perfection. His oil painting was the outgrowth of his water-colour art, and both were evolved from his first black and white art. In his most perfect work the wood draughtsman was ever visible, and that gave another and newer character to the handling of the brush. This particular quality in Art has been called by some critics an untutored condition, which is tantamount to positive deficiency of training. I emphatically deny this. To many minds a picture is wrong when it lacks the conventional treatment handed down to us by tradition. But to prove that wood drawing, in its best and most worthy aspect, affects the Art craftsman favourably towards this handling of the brush that I hold to be so beautiful, and is only attainable by the practice of wood drawing, I must point out to you another painter; he belongs to another country, but has developed the very same characteristics as the wood draughtsmen of our English school, started by Walker, without, however, seeing any of their work, drifting only into the characteristics by force of the same training, the variation in the result alone being modified by the idiosyncrasy of the artist. This artist I have mentioned already as the one that still lives, whose works are of lasting worth. His name is Adolph Menzel, resident in Berlin.

Menzel's art is distinctly that kind which results from the practice of realistic drawing—mark this—realistic drawing as opposed to academic drawing. It is that kind of drawing that accepts the presence of colour and tone. It is therefore unlike all other drawing in which "Form" alone, irrespective of local tone or colour, is represented. His eye and hand are trained to look for truth *generally*, and although belonging without a doubt to the school of wood draughtsmen just named, he differs from Walker in one point. Walker looked for the truth that was in keeping with his love of the tender and graceful. Menzel looks only for the truth that lends itself to artistic treatment. Hence he is sometimes crude, his subjects sometimes lacking the charm of happy selection.

Probably the most striking triumph over difficulties of grouping, of local tones, and variety of expression, has been achieved by Menzel in his scene at a Berlin Court Ball. He has selected the room in which the guests are scrambling for refreshment. The room is all ablaze with lights that further help to disturb and distort the already overdone rococo decorations of the walls and ceilings. To paint so many figures packed closely together, with each to tell its story; each approximately right, at least, in its light and shade; varying so astonishingly in tone and colour, according to its

position between the lights, offers difficulties that few would grapple with, and fewer still succeed in overcoming. He represented actual facts—actual truths of expression that have come under his notice; he has brought together a number of beautiful ladies in most fashionable dresses, greedily devouring whatever they can get to eat, a greediness that is accompanied by not the most elegant of attitudes. All this he has given with grim truthfulness. He has produced a picture that charms, without, however, agreeably affecting our sentiments. He has surmounted artistic difficulties, solved knotty problems, and conquered. This is distinctly the work of a painter trained in a peculiar school, and the special qualities that constitute the success described are owing entirely to the peculiar training that early illustrative work gives to an already gifted man.*

How Menzel has watched Nature, and how he has resolutely set to work to note every change of attitude and expression of man, woman, or beast that crossed his path, was made very clear to me when he showed me his sketch books. Drawers and drawers full of the most precious jottings. Wherever he might be, he would be ready with his sketch book noting the action of a man bending forward, or talking to somebody, or an action denoting doubt or ease; getting perhaps nothing more than an elbow, or a bit of a head, but having secured so much, the rest could follow. These books seemed hardly less without end than the subjects to be found in the precious books themselves. No man more fully carried out Leonardo da Vinci's advice, always to have a sketch book at hand when out walking.

We are still, remember, upon the question of the immediate effect wood drawing has upon the artistic development of the Art craftsman, and so far I have named two remarkable painters who have been materially influenced by this manner of study.

Now, if I say that neither would have produced that particular art if trained otherwise than as a wood draughtsman, it will not, I fear, make you familiar with the qualities that separate his art from the art of others. But I will try and make it as clear to you as possible. You will at least easily perceive that the position wood drawing has held in their respective arts was never a subordinate one.

The one great truth about painting is, that it is only *drawing with colour*. But there is another feature that belongs to the *drawing* in a picture, which must be called the *composition*. To show you the especial advantages the wood draughtsman has of gaining this indispensable power, I must to some extent treat the subject of composition itself. At starting you must clearly understand that seeing a good subject, either in Nature or in your inner consciousness, does not of necessity mean that it is already arranged for pictorial purposes; and the folly of non-painters who gain a kind of reputation by asserting that they see things clearly in their mind's eye—and could paint them exactly, if they were artists—cannot be ridiculed too severely. Nature never arranges herself quite rightly for painting—she is sure to put in something that cannot be used, and a foolish school has been formed by half-formed minds to paint anything and everything they see in Nature, irrespective of all claims to beauty, or interest in subject. Without naming this school, you will easily recognise their productions, and I can assure you with safety, that should one of their works meet the appro-

* For specimens of Menzel's work see the illustrations to the article on that artist at page 136.

bation of intelligent minds, it will be caused by the accident of its being a happily selected subject. In portraiture you would certainly not select the moment for representation when your sitter is blowing his nose, or even paint him with that feature showing marks of a cold day. Not only is Nature frequently out of drawing, and badly designed from the artistic point of view, but she also has a nose, and blows it, and the school just described would not hesitate to represent her in this unbecoming pose. You must *select* from Nature. Nature is so changable, and represents so much to our minds (even different things to different minds), that the space of a few feet of canvas, and the strength of a human mind, can only represent a selection of that Nature, which will at once represent truthfully not *all* that is visible, but what a certain mind feels to be a true interpretation of that Nature. It is most mischievous not to select, for it at once shuts out the possibility of making Art a teacher.

It stands to reason, if Nature does not pose herself advantageously always, with all her attributes properly arranged, that something must be done by painters to supply this deficiency in Dame Nature. And a peculiar phase of cunning steps in called "making a picture."

So to bring the art of picture-making clearly before you, you must first think of one prodigious difficulty the artist has to deal with, namely, that of knowing how to place an unlimited scene on a canvas of limited size. He must impart his impression of a scene to you without the aid of Nature. And the impression he received from Nature must be manifested to you through an inanimate medium, for on his canvas must be represented the points that constitute the gist of the subject; and if rightly done, his original impression from Nature should be made clear to you through his handiwork. Whilst looking at Nature the very atmosphere affects your imagination; and associations will make a glorious subject of an ugly church, or a new and vilely built street, to your mind. But added to this, Nature is all around you, and you do not get your impression from one bit only. What impressions would you have of Nature if you were only permitted to look upon her through a box, with the ends open, placed to your eyes so as to allow you only a small square view at a time? Think of the unbearableness of this limitation of view, and how difficult it would be for you to fix clearly in your minds what was around you. You could hardly be expected to form a correct judgment. You even hesitate to say what a country is like when travelling in a close carriage, getting only occasional peeps out of the window in passing along. How this irritates you! But what is the artist to feel when he is expected to represent in one limited space what you see and feel when you gaze around you, north, south, east, and west?

These demands will explain to you how it is that the finest "bit-painting" or "bit-drawing" ever fails to kindle people's imaginative faculties, and fails to awaken the broader reflections and longings of those who do look at Nature, and who love works of Art *because they have looked at Nature*. Still, speaking of landscape art to explain my subject, a *selection of subject* is perfect so far as it contains the points that impress the heart and mind when looked at without the open-ended box that was alluded to before; and so *there should be more suggested in the picture than actually represented*. That is the art of all arts; that satisfies; for all idiosyncrasies will equally find their sympathies touched. That is, moreover, composition as we should most truly understand it. And possessing this power—the other minor conditions of

composition, those that mean the proportion of quantities, and pleasing lines, will naturally and readily find their existence. The ordinary Art student, obedient to traditional practice, paints at his school studies of the figures placed before him. These studies, however well painted, remain but studies. They never look anything else but studies, however much they may be doctored up by the introduction of various accessories. This pernicious doctoring of studies for exhibition is a procedure to which a wood draughtsman would scorn to lend himself. He is, from the first, educated to exercise the power of "making pictures of his subjects," and his studies are always the beginnings of his pictures. This education enables him to make pictures of his bits, so that he never finds his "bits remain fragments." Bits that are pictures, and not fragments! Understand me rightly. By "bit" I mean the smallest amount of artistic material in Nature, selected as subject for drawing or painting. This bit can be complete in its treatment and suggestive of large thoughts. Lacking these qualities, it remains a fragment, no matter how perfect the work.

Again, the wood draughtsman's work has frequently to be done rapidly. He learns to compose his subject mentally, and sees the arrangement and treatment on the bare paper. When he has the living model for the different parts, he can, in the very act of drawing, modify what he sees before him in Nature, and so produce at once what his mind has conceived his subject to be. This operation necessitates attention to correct drawing, to lines of composition, to expression, and to light and shade. In such a drawing there will be vigour, and spirit in execution, and the shorter duration in actual labour often produces the greater amount of vigour. This method, I venture to say, enables him to throw off a much finer impression of his ideas than he would with the orthodox cartoon. It can be just as much the preliminary vision of an after-work in colour, but it is, from the nature of the method, quick-acting in its fulfilments, which cannot be said of that tiresome cartoon of past celebrity. I will even say that the cartoon, which is supposed to be the correct preliminary preparation for a picture, is useful in proportion to its approach to a good wood drawing in feeling and general realisation of truth.

The art that is evolved from this training may have its faults, but it has its peculiar triumphs over other artistic peculiarities. It seeks for no display of touch, and for no unpleasant assertion of crude colour, in order to attract. No, in this art there is a sensitiveness of drawing and a delicacy of gradation of tone seen in no other art in that particular guise. It was this school that first thought of painting a figure subject under the effect of a grey day, showing us how beautiful grey days really were.

It may be necessary to state, in parenthesis, that with a few notable exceptions, the engraved wood drawing taken up at random to-day would hardly answer a fair test to my argument. I rather draw my conclusions from what has been done within the last thirteen years—starting from the commencement of the *Graphic* newspaper. A process for saving the original drawing was soon perfected, and photography was employed to transfer the drawing, which was done on paper, to the actual block for engraving. This not only permitted the engraver to refer to the drawing, but it also enabled the proprietors of the *Graphic* to exhibit a number of these drawings at the Paris International Exhibition of 1878. It was a collection of drawings such as I venture to say was

never before seen—a collection that every Englishman ought to have been as proud of, as every foreigner was charmed by it. I go further, and say there was as much of the truest and most complete Art realised in that collection of drawings as in the whole of the pictures that hung on the endless walls belonging to the different nations. Although the successful

period of wood drawing is of this recent date, I should only mislead by not mentioning that the immediate present does not fulfil all that wood drawing can fulfil, or has fulfilled, and later on I will tell what I have to quarrel with in the modern phase of this art.

HUBERT HERKOMER.

(To be continued.)

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OLD CHELSEA.—Etching by J. A. McN. Whistler. A study of the recent Exhibition of The Society of Painter-Etchers, which has lately been formed under the presidency of Mr. Seymour Haden, certainly warranted the assumption that its members were for the most part either ignorant of, or antagonistic to, his teachings as to what a good etching should be. Instead of simplicity, rapidity, and a careful selection of line, a straining after elaboration, fulness of subject, and repletion of line was everywhere visible. Such a slight rendering of a subject as Mr. Whistler's 'Old Chelsea' was hardly to be seen; and yet this simplicity, this sketchiness, as the unlearned would call it, is a sure sign of a mastery of the art, and can only be satisfactorily achieved after a long apprenticeship to more elaborate work. It required the training which had its outcome in the celebrated "Thames Series" to enable Mr. Whistler to produce the unpretentious plate which we give in this number. To those who read aright this rendering of Chelsea will possess much interest. The artist, seeing a grouping of the subject which he wished to perpetuate, evidently sallied forth from his house hard by, plate in hand. The winter's day made lengthy work on the cold copper an impossibility. There was no time for any lengthy elaboration such as is contained in the etching of the same subject of which we gave a fac-simile at page 3 of our last volume. So the scene was rapidly sketched in, the artist not even thinking it necessary to reverse the subject so that it might be recognisable when

printed. The suppleness of line, and the vivacity and personality of the rendering throughout, will give it a value not only to Mr. Whistler's countless admirers, but to those who regard our series of etchings from an instructive, or even a pleasurable, point of view.

'THE STUDENT IN DISGRACE,' by J. W. Burgess, A.R.A., engraved by Joseph Greatbach.—This picture, exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1878, was painted in the University of Salamanca, the different professors sitting to the artist. The class-room in which they are assembled is one of the oldest rooms in this ancient university, of which Oxford alone takes precedence, the long-disputed question being decided in 1414 at the Council of Constance, when the Warden of Merton (Henry de Abendon) successfully advocated the claims of his university. The quaint dresses of the professors—entirely accurate as they are—give this picture a special interest. It may be mentioned that the different schools are distinguished by the colour of the tufts on the caps, white signifying divinity; green, common law; crimson, civil law; blue, arts and philosophy; and yellow, medicine. The student overtaken in some fault is receiving an impressive rebuke from the stately professor on the right.

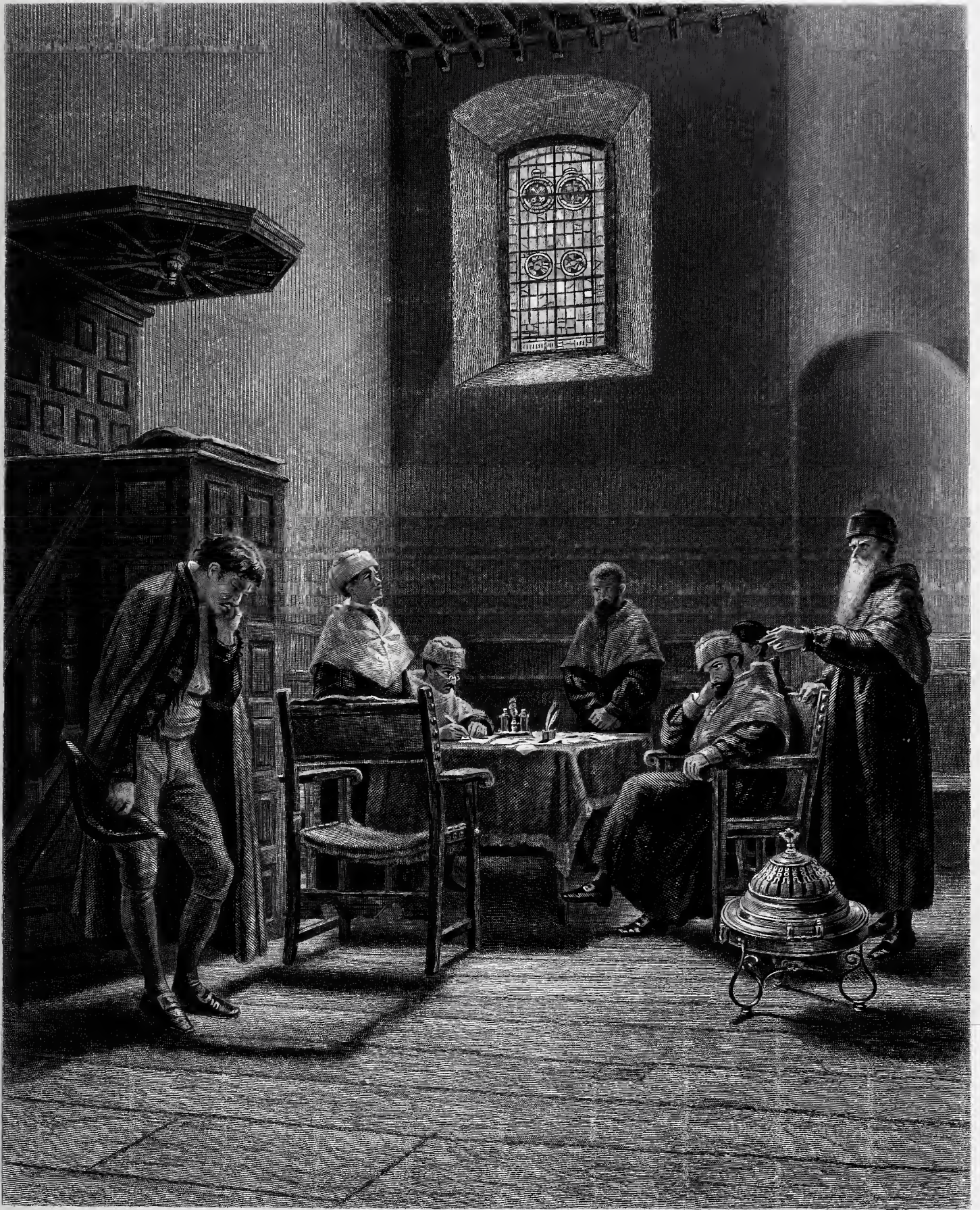
FAC-SIMILE OF DRAWING BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—This is referred to in the article at page 152.

ADOLPH MENZEL.

I PROPOSE to bring before the reader a career, one of the most remarkable in the annals of modern Europe; a character singular for individuality; an art so original as to be in great part self-created. Adolph Friedrich Erdmann Menzel was born in Breslau the 8th of December, 1815. His father had been occupied as principal in a girls' school, but being an ardent lover of the arts, and taking special interest in the then newly discovered process of drawing on stone, he quitted his educational calling and started a lithographic establishment. The son, an infant prodigy, had shown from his earliest days strong predilections for Art, accompanied by uncommon repugnance to strict discipline or study. As soon as he could hold a chalk in hand he drew of his own self-whatever met his eye or came into his head. His father, with the intent of securing the advantage of thorough training, transferred, in 1830, his business to Berlin, and wished his

precocious boy to enter the Academy. But the erratic youth—to the detriment of the future—disdained so prosaic a course. Life in the public streets, Art such as could be picked up by looking in at the shop windows of printsellers, with desultory yet somewhat diligent lithographic work at home, pleased the young truant better than plodding, persevering studies under the Academy professors. Matters, however, grew more serious when, at the age of sixteen, he suddenly lost his father, and was thrown on his own resources, with the burden of the household cast on his shoulders.

Young Menzel proved himself both the artist and the hero. The struggles of these early days will perhaps never be fully known, but a modest personal narrative gives some insight into character and mode of life. We find here briefly set down how from the first began that "auto-didactic" method which brought the ready draughtsman without a master



PAINTED BY J. B. BURGESS, A.R.A.

ENGRAVED BY JOSEPH GREATBACH.

THE STUDENT IN DISGRACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF HENRY TURNER ESQ

LONDON, J. S. VIRTUE & CO LIMITED.

confronted face to face with nature. Close contact with life was at the same time joined to an early begotten love for literature; hence the double aspect of the unaccustomed Art manifestation which was soon to take the world by surprise. School-day lessons had implanted the desire for historic reading; books with stories of classic, mediæval, down to modern times were devoured, and the scenes vividly conceived were off-hand reduced to pencil and paper. The mind, restless as the body, passed in a vagrant sort of way from century to century, groping after, if not grasping, illimitable knowledge; mingling actual life with creations of the imagination, and passing from men to heroes, and so to mythic gods. And while by stealth taking in food to satisfy the intellect, the hand was mastering the mechanical process of drawing upon stone—a facile adroitness which in after-years, was turned to signal account. “Left to my own resources,” we are told, “by the unexpected death of my father, thrown upon inevitable business concerns, I yet gave up none of my aspirations; if the day was short, the night helped out. In 1833 I came before the public with my first work, ‘The Artist’s World Wanderings,’ compositions in lithograph suggested by Goethe’s ‘Wilhelm Meister.’ The effort was little more than tentative; it was as nought compared with what I had behind it, lying in reserve in the back-ground. Nevertheless for me the result proved cheering; I felt that I had reached my element, and most gratifying was the flattering reception given on all sides. I was warmly welcomed into Art circles, and the director of the Academy, Gottfried Schadow, much feared for the severity of his judgments, and an absolute stranger to me, bestowed on my work an eloquent eulogy.”

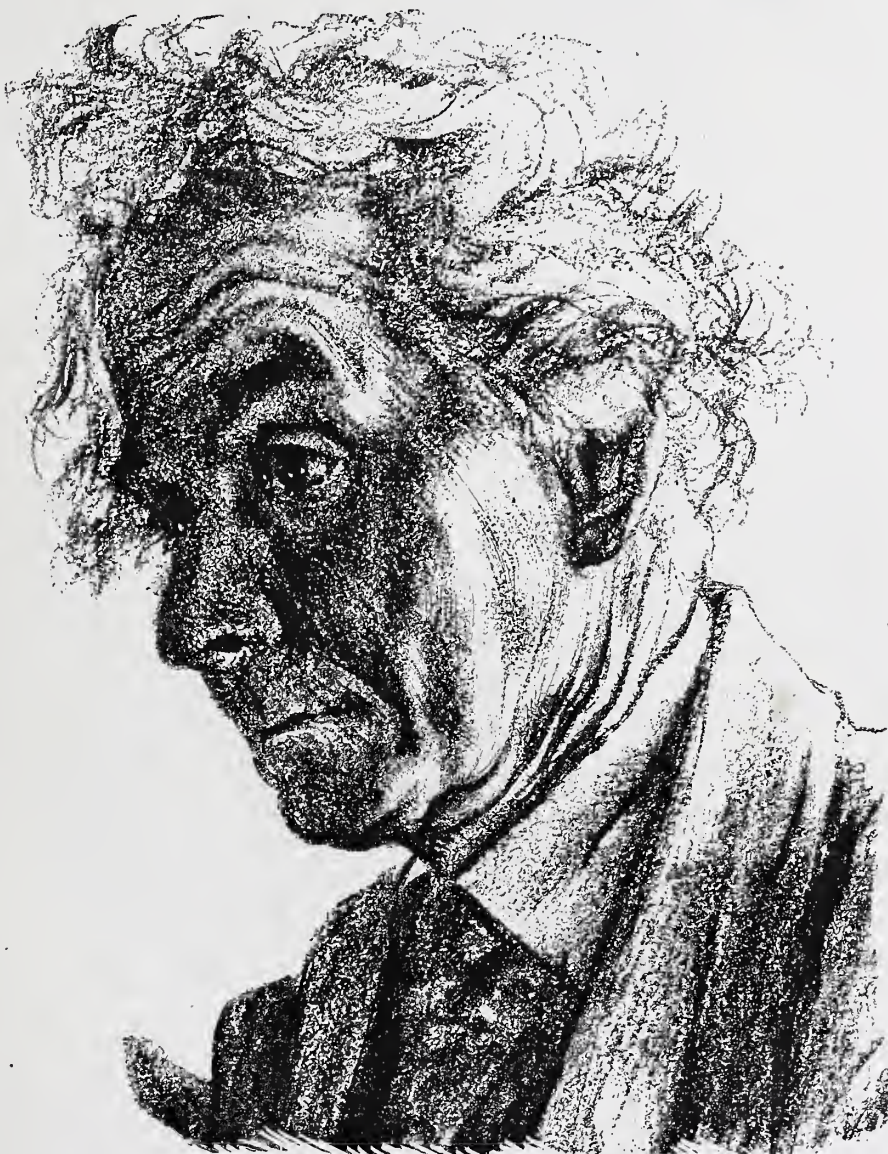
Boundless enthusiasm, untiring industry, with talent amounting to genius, sustained the artist in a struggle which soon passed into a triumph. But Rome was not built in a day, and the great life-work here entered on had com-

paratively small beginnings, accompanied by usual discouragements and misgivings. The early products, though not without indications which at once arrested public attention, were comparatively crude and ill digested. Ideas flowed indeed copiously, but were set down with little method; invention proved fertile, but lacked form; observation was keen and discursive, but the delineations of character had yet to gain ultimate incision. The tyro, having disdainfully thrown aside old professors, had to find out for himself everything he needed; no wonder then that in the meantime he stumbled somewhat in the dark. A design is before us, drawn

when just under the age of twenty, abounding in errors which a regular academic course would have rendered impossible. Established laws of composition are simply ignored, nature is not reduced to Art treatment, and as to the style of ornament, historic schools are blindly violated because wholly unknown. But this embryo condition could not last long; Menzel, probably, is of the same opinion as Mr. Millais, that the best part of Art is that which cannot be taught, and he certainly does not belong to the order of mediocrity, for which academies mainly exist. Space does not permit us to inquire how far the abnormal pictorial phenomena that followed might have gained or lost by passage through the academic crucible. No doubt the

unities, symmetries, and proprieties would have been better preserved. But most will prefer to take the man and his Art just as they are, even though the individuality be somewhat rugged and rude. The artist, speaking for himself, declares that his utterances are best expressed by “the round word Naturalism.” Genius is a law unto itself, or rather let us say, it works as nature works; genius plus nature make a Menzel!

The mass of work thrown off over a period of more than half a century is in magnitude so amazing, and in character so miscellaneous, that only a general survey can be attempted



Fac-simile from a Pencil Sketch by A. Menzel.

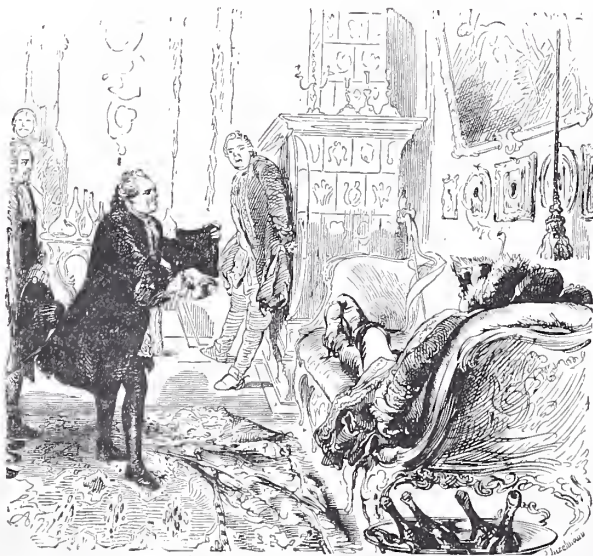
in these pages. Drawings are to be counted not by hundreds, but by thousands; besides those known to the public, there are



Frederick the Great: Forced March to Breslau.

multitudes of sketches stored away in portfolios open only to friends who are favoured to listen to the artist's vivid descriptions within his studio. Then also beyond power of reckoning are numberless lithographs, of which the speciality is that they are drawn without the intervention of an inferior hand, direct upon stone, by the master himself. Menzel has the credit of having matured the process of lithography, and his agency and activity have been scarcely less felt in the sister art of wood engraving. His drawings on wood, astounding for their number, are still more remarkable for their knowledge, for the full cognisance of conditions and limitations, of the significance in line and touch, of the value of light and shade in the accentuation of form. Such intelligence in the reading and illustrating of a printed page is comparable, with a difference, to the skill of Sir John Gilbert.

By logical art sequence, light and shade passed into colour, and Menzel, as a water-colour painter, may be fairly judged by the drawings contributed last year to our Royal Water-Colour Society. Lastly, in order of time and process of



A Berlin Merchant's Interview with the Generals.

development, follow paintings in oil, which, though in comparative minority, swell to numbers sufficient to crowd

the lifetime of an ordinary worker. At the outset the technique was ill understood, but in the end, as one critic remarks, "the art of painting was evolved and perfected within the largely capacious brain." The style and method, as with all else pertaining to the man, are self-originated and peculiar. The masterpieces selected for the Paris Universal Exhibition in 1878, owing possibly to professional rivalry and national jealousy, were not rewarded, as they deserved, by a grand prize; but the slight received compensation two years later by highest honours gained in the Munich Exhibition. These fivefold manifestations—drawings in pencil, pen, or chalk; lithographs; wood engravings; water-colour drawings; and paintings in oil—present Art phenomena unaccustomed and startling; but the enigmas appearing may be in some measure solved by looking on the materials employed as accidental, as languages used for expression, or garments clothing thought. A gifted musical composer may have at his command many and varied instruments, but one and the same mind speaks through one and all. So is it with the manifold Art of Menzel.

As form in Art is the primal element, so drawing in Menzel's work, whatever be the instrument or material, is the chief constituent. The Germans, as a rule, stand pre-eminent in form; they are unsurpassed as draughtsmen and designers: with the point of the pencil, chalk, or charcoal, they set down precisely, as with the pen of a ready and sure writer, just what they see or think. Some are swift, others slow. Cornelius and Overbeck would take five or ten years to elaborate a design, and then the composition came out harmonious as a symphony, and full of ideas and exhaustive as an encyclopædia. Menzel, compared with such pictorial essayists, is a rapid shorthand writer; he is a journalist of current events, and yet his jottings never degenerate into penny-a-lining. We are enabled to give, through the kindness of the artist, a fac-simile of a sketch from the life. The original pencilling does not reproduce as well as drawings in pen or Indian ink; the sharpness and accent of touch, the play, yet precision of hand, become blurred. The artist, in assenting to the publication of this specimen of his work, explains that during the many years he has been thus accustomed to draw from nature, he has preferred to use pencil, because, in the hurry and accident of sketching expeditions in out-of-the-way places, water colours or oils are cumbrous, long in drying, and otherwise prove less ready and convenient.

The number of such sketches and scraps from nature accumulated during a long life, the pencil seldom out of hand, is incredible to those who have not enjoyed the privilege of looking through the crowded portfolios put away in cabinets or lying by dozens about the studio. Not a character, incident, or accident escapes observation. Life passing through the streets of Berlin, or attitudinising on Parisian boulevards, old churches in Bavaria or the Tyrol, with picturesque worshippers before rococo shrines, market-places, fountains, and figures in time-beaten towns—even the cypress gardens in Verona sketched as recently as last autumn—all, with much more besides, are indiscriminately devoured with omnivorous pencil. Nothing is left out; animate and inanimate nature share the life of man; horses, dogs, cats, barn-door fowls, goats, geese, pigeons, sparrows, are all copartners in these serio-comic scenes of modern civilisation. Even trees, fields,

and foreground weeds stand by as not wholly indifferent spectators; gnarled roots, serpent-twisted branches, pebbles in a stream, or flowers in a path, each speaks a word which adds a meaning. The point of view is frequently singular, as if the subject were looked at askance from an odd corner; the eye is that of a sly spectator, catching by stealth folly as she flies, or seizing perchance on something almost too good to be true. And yet when put on paper nature herself is not more real.

Whether the outsider be intended to hold himself serious or to split with merriment is not always quite apparent. Something between the two extremes is probably the state of mind the artist inclines to. Menzel assuredly by his impromptu proves himself the involuntary and irresistible satirist; with him the soberest truths sparkle into jest, and fact is spiced with fun. Yet, on looking through a miscellany of sketches,

we do not find provocation to loudest laughter, but rather the quieter mood of laughing in the sleeve. Nothing absolutely coarse meets the eye, yet little would serve for the illustration of Alison's "Essay on Taste;" more there is in the way of Addison, and much of "mixed wit" mingled with wisdom. Certainly, as we have said, satire cuts keenly, and humour circuitously hits slyly; sometimes, indeed, the poking of fun becomes even rowdy and rollicking. The comedy of Shakespeare is akin to this Art; scenes are here found comparable to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and to the character of Falstaff, and yet the quieter

currents of Sir Roger de Coverley are not wanting. Such was the train of thought suggested by portfolios, which reveal an Art that passes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe."

Four illustrations to these pages are taken from the "Life of Frederick the Great." A work published in Paris dedicated to the achievements of the historic parallel, Napoleon the Great, had by the drawings of Horace Vernet attained no inconsiderable success. And so the idea suggested itself of a companion volume on the hero of Prussia, and Adolph Menzel was asked to furnish the illustrations. The earliest drawings went to Paris to be cut on wood, but the work turning out "wooden" in the worst sense, German executors were substituted with the advantage of the personal superintendence of the artist himself. Few illustrated volumes display greater inequalities, and that not so much from the disparity among the engravers as through the

inferiority of the earlier to the later drawings. Menzel ranks, as we have seen, among self-made men; comparatively unknown, he entered on the arduous undertaking which brought him an European reputation; thus his first efforts might almost be mistaken for the well-meant woodcuts of a Juvenile Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, but he warmed with his subject, and gained as he went on knowledge, freedom, and enthusiasm.

By the time some hundreds of drawings were out of hand, the designer's position among his contemporaries became pretty well determined. Yet in the "Life of Frederick" we hardly recognise Historic Art, at least in its high academic sense. The compositions seldom concern serious affairs of State; they do not compare with the solemn dignity of Delaroché, they are not grandiloquent as Kaulbach's

contemporary well-painted epics of civilisation; they are more concerned with the circumstance of ceremony, the accident of the battlefield, the by-play of court life. And taken for all in all this pictorial history sustains comparison with the best products in the Art and Literature of our times. These trenchant pictures are more perspicuous and pleasing than the ponderous prose of Thomas Carlyle, while they share in like epigram and caustic stricture. These slashing political and social skits sparkle with passages which recall the brilliance of Macaulay, his play of antithesis and power of psychological dissection. We read in



Royal Concert: Palace at Potsdam.

these withering designs the hollowness of pomp and power, the nothingness of the world's glory; vanity of vanity, all is vanity, saith the painter! The Great Frederick is seen in this volume clothed in his threefold greatness of soldier, statesman, and poet-philosopher; to these may be added a fourth, that of a half-civilised savage addicted to wild outbursts of temper. In character of soldier one illustration here shows the King heading his troops: war and statecraft doubled the dominions inherited from the father. Another woodcut presents a diplomatic episode, the rencounter of a Berlin merchant with bellicose generals; a third from the same volume exhibits his Majesty drivelling garrulously on the flute, a pastime which had grown into a passion. The spinet and the royal music-stand figuring in this palace concert are still preserved as historic relics at Potsdam. Here, and in the neighbouring garden palace at Sans Souci, the liveried

guides who conduct visitors through the State apartments are accustomed, in the fustian language of lackeys, to pay tribute to "Herr Professor Menzel," and to point out the festive dining-room and the spangled music chamber severally depicted in the well-known canvases of the Berlin National Gallery. The last of our illustrations represents the old King riding the high horse through the streets of Berlin, amid the cheers, jeers, and wonderment of town boys and court flunkies.

Only an artist of utmost versatility, capable of viewing his subject from many sides and in divers lights, could do justice to a character so complex or a career so chequered as that of Frederick. The portrait drawn of the King, who valued himself more on his poetry than on his dispatches, is far from flattering; even in happiest moments, when seated amid the great men collected round the court, the artist's ironical compliments to the crowned head, his sly hits, covert jests, creep out at every turn and touch. The dignity that should hedge in a king, the sceptre, sword, and crown, "thrice glorious ceremony," with "the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of the world"—such are the regal circumstances cast around the monarch whom the world calls Great!

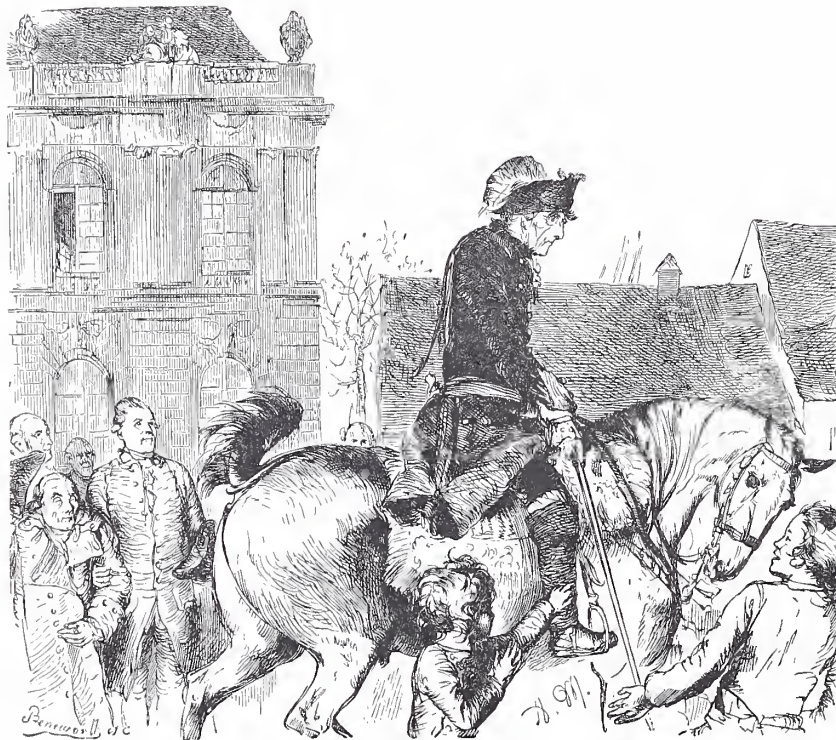
It has been said that for an historic artist the first qualification is the ability to paint a good portrait, not so much in a technical sense as in the delineation of character. Menzel, so judged, is almost without a rival; he not only seizes on the salient traits outwardly, but he penetrates beneath the surface, probes the springs of action, and by a certain imaginative insight suggests the mind's latent possibilities. His chief snare is overdrawing, a besetting sin which occasionally pushes character to the verge of caricature. Certainly neither his portrait of Shakespeare nor that of Henry VIII. will be received in England with the same encomium as in Germany. But in Berlin and within the boundaries of Prussia the artist is more at home. German to the backbone, his volleys of satire against the comical dealings of Voltaire with Frederick are not likely to be agreeable to Frenchmen. The two characters, each great in his way, were unequally matched, and the one distrusted and despised the other. The relationship was altogether incongruous and

paradoxical; "the great poet would talk of nothing but treaties and guarantees, and the great king of nothing but metaphors and rhymes!" The strangeness of the personalities and situations offered, as was likely, irresistible temptations to the pen and the pencil. Abundant materials ready to hand are found at Potsdam and Sans Souci: a drawing is shown by the King representing Voltaire as a monkey, while the literary expert on his side is known to have stigmatized the royal poetry as dirty linen put out to wash! Menzel, in some half-dozen scenes from this memorable but melancholy story, of which the oil picture of 'The Round Table at Sans Souci, 1750,' in the Berlin National Gallery, is the most considerable, takes the middle course of censor, yet moderator. At the feast of reason and the flow of soul the wiry electric little Frenchman gains each eye and ear, and enacts the part of lion or professional wit. Again, on the favourite terrace outside the dinner-table, the King and the critic walk as closest bosom friends; and then, in direst contrast,

appears the fugitive Mentor under arrest at Frankfort, raving in towering passion as a maniac! Greatness and littleness in one person have never met together in smaller compass, yet with more concentrated force, than in this stinging drawing: this is "the mad piper who," in the words of Carlyle, "made dance to tune the gloomy bear of the north pole!" An example no less striking of Menzel's satirical touch in portraiture is Machiavelli's bust. Frederick, in youth, had heralded his entry on the political stage by a refutation of that Satan-inspired book, "The

Prince." Menzel, gifted above other men with sudden flashes of thought careering across the brain, conceived the idea of thrusting Frederick's volume of refutation into the face of the Italian philosopher. The drawing depicts the author of "The Prince," "the discoverer of ambition and revenge, the original inventor of perjury," looking upon the whole proceeding with supercilious silence and contempt. Designs such as these speak more than whole libraries; we seem to understand why portrait painting preceded the printing-press: printed pages remain unread while these illustrations are devoured, and Art here for once has the advantage over Literature.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



Greetings of the old King in the Streets of Berlin.

ORIENTAL CARPETS.



It would seem to be specially the province of an Art Journal to observe any change in taste and note its origin, more especially when that change affects decorative art as applied to our domestic life.

Twenty years ago the strangest ideas seem to have prevailed as to what kind of decoration was appropriate to floor coverings. The very marked change in the public taste which has since taken place is to a considerable extent attributable to the number of Oriental carpets which have found their way to Western Europe. A few years ago Persian carpets could only be obtained from one or two shops in London, but now there is scarcely a large upholsterer who does not keep an assortment of Persian, Indian, and Smyrna carpets, and there are wholesale warehouses where thousands of Oriental rugs may be seen. Almost simultaneously with this demand, political events have caused immense quantities of these rugs to pass into the hands of Levant merchants, who have sent them on to the markets of Western Europe. The fact that numbers of Daghestan, Kurdish, and Anatolian rugs have been included in the consignments has been due to the famines in various districts of Asiatic Turkey, which have obliged the poor people to sell their rugs as being the only goods on which they could realise anything. The bankrupt state of the Turkish Empire has also caused the richer classes to part with their valuables, and in the East carpets are frequently the most valuable possessions of a family. Long ago the Turks, in their great raids into Western Asia, took whatever portable valuables they could lay their hands on to Constantinople. Selim I., who conquered Arabia about A.D. 1517, is known to have carried off a number of fine carpets from the mosques at Medina and Mecca. These had been the prayer carpets of distinguished pilgrims, left as offerings at the shrines. The Sultan's treasury at Constantinople contained a great number of fine carpets, and I believe that the remarkable antique specimens which have lately appeared in Paris and London have mostly come from this source. It is not our business to explain the means by which these valuables are made to pass from the treasure-house into the hands of the Greeks and Jews, but any one who is acquainted with Constantinople knows that most things can be effected there by a judicious employment of money.

The weaving of carpets by hand is of itself a simple process, but the weavers of the very fine specimens above referred to must have had at least as much artistic knowledge as the best tapestry workers at the Gobelins. Probably they copied an outline design, and put in the colours much in the same way as the workers in the high-warp tapestry loom. The simple machinery required is identically the same in the two cases. There may, perhaps, be workmen in Paris who possess the knowledge of drawing and colouring, and also sufficient manipulative skill, to copy one of these very fine carpets; but I doubt if any of them would ever have the patience to finish a rug of moderate dimensions. If my readers have seen a specimen of a very fine Persian carpet they have probably not considered what an amount of labour has been expended thereon. I will therefore give some particulars of a carpet which came from the Sultan's treasury, and which is now

in the possession of Mr. George Salting. I now speak merely as to questions of cost of production and expenditure in labour, and I will add that my calculations are mainly based on details given by Chardin, who lived in Persia in the reign of our Charles II.

Mr. Salting's carpet has about four and a half square yards of surface. Two persons might have worked at the loom simultaneously, but from the uniformity of the work I think it more probable that one hand alone executed it. If one person worked ten hours per day at it, he could not have completed it in less than twenty years. The labour expended would have cost, according to Chardin, about £420; its selling price would have been about £504 of the money of the seventeenth century. If we take the wages of the tapestry workers at the Gobelins for a comparison with modern skilled labour, the cost of imitating that carpet nowadays could not be less than £4,000; and it would probably be much more! In making this last calculation I have taken as a basis the wages which can be earned by a good tapestry worker in Paris: had I taken the highest prices paid for labour at the Gobelins, the amount would have been about half as much again.

At the Savonnerie, adjoining the Gobelins, some carpets are made which are intended to imitate the Oriental manufacture; but as the patterns are put on point paper, the part played by the workman is as mechanical as that of a worker in cross-stitch. A fine Persian rug could not be worked in this way, and I therefore do not think that the Savonnerie workmen could produce an exact imitation. The best tapestry workers at the Gobelins are, however, extremely expert, and no doubt if the proper materials were supplied them they could produce a tolerable imitation of a fine Persian rug. The work, however, as compared with the finest tapestry, would require about twelve times as much labour. It would at best be a mere imitation, because, if we may judge from the designs which the French artists make for tapestry and Savonnerie work, it does not seem likely that they could make a fine original design for a carpet. Persian carpets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries are real works of Art, and bear about the same relation to ordinary carpets as the pictures of Titian do to the painted canvases put up for sale in a third-rate auction-room. Their quality is due to the special material of which they are made; their artistic excellence in a great measure to the identity of the designer and the worker. This is a condition essential to the development of any high-class decorative art. Unfortunately the tendency of modern manufacturing makes the part played by the workman more and more mechanical, and the designer frequently knows nothing of the technical details of the manufacture. Competition in trade leads to the building of immense manufactories with thousands of workmen, without which it is said that cheap textiles cannot be produced. It is an abnormal state of things which separates the designer from the workman, and it is necessarily fatal to the development of a school of design applied to textile fabrics.

We have in these days so reversed the natural state of things in reference to making designs for textiles, that perhaps some persons acquainted with manufacturing may be inclined to doubt my assumption on this thesis; and it will be too much to take for granted that every one will allow the necessary identity of the designer and the worker. So I will state

where I think I see intrinsic proof that such was the case in all old Persian carpets of fine design. In these carpets some part of the design is always repeated, and as it is not difficult for a person who has worked a carpet to say at which end the work was begun, it is practicable to compare an ornament executed in an early part of the work with a similar ornament near the end. To a practised eye some change can almost invariably be detected. Perhaps we see that the workman found a difficulty in executing some detail of the design, and when he comes to the repeated portion he modifies or improves his ornament. Scroll-work and ornaments which appear confused in the first part are altered and made intelligible when repeated, and colours which are too intense in tone are altered in a manner which shows a knowledge of the original conception of the designer. Now, unless we suppose that the designer was always at hand to help the workman and suggest these changes, it is difficult to understand how they could have been carried out. It is much easier to imagine that the workman was capable of designing and executing the whole work himself. When we compare the designs with those of the illuminated manuscripts, it will be seen that the workman took the style of ornament used at the period, and adapted it to his special purpose with a skill which could only be arrived at by a workman acquainted with every technical detail of the manufacture.

My object in writing on Persian carpets is to put the information which exists in some sort of order. We have certainly specimens of carpets representing the manufacture of several successive centuries in Persia, and there ought to be less difficulty in determining the age of such elaborate works of Art than in the case of European pictures, to which we assign dates by the peculiarities of their style.

It is greatly to be regretted that the artists who worked these carpets neither signed nor dated them. One would have thought that the man who could spend twenty years of patient labour on his work would have had sufficient pride in it to have signed his name on it. I have neither succeeded in finding the name of the place of manufacture, nor the name of the workman, nor the date of the work, on any fine early carpet. The numerous inscriptions I have examined are almost all devoid of interest. If in Arabic, they are prayers or quotations from the Koran. Inscriptions in ornamental letters placed in panels in the borders of Herat carpets are generally lines from Hafiz. The inscriptions in the narrow borders next the fringes are also usually complimentary verses addressed to the owner of the carpet. The only inscription I have observed which threw any light on the age of a carpet was a monogram in Cuphic character, which was found to have been copied from a Herat coin of about the year A.D. 1300.

In the carpets of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries dates are not unfrequently met with, and I may as well here give the means of deciphering them. The Arabic numerals are used and read (as we Europeans read) from left to right—

$$\begin{aligned} \bullet &= 0, \quad 1 = 1, \quad 2 = 2, \quad 3 = 3, \quad 4 = 4, \quad 5 = 5, \quad 6 = 6, \\ & \quad \vee = 7, \quad \wedge = 8, \quad 9 = 9. \end{aligned}$$

The Arabs use the lunar year of $354\frac{1}{2}$ days, and count from the Hijra, or flight of Muhammed from Mecca, which took place on July 16th, A.D. 622.

If we read, for example, on a carpet $\text{r}3\text{c} = 1235$, we must first deduct from this number 3 per cent. to find the equivalent of solar years: $1235 - 37 = 1198$; to this add 622, and the result will be that the carpet was made in A.D. 1820.

The earliest date we have observed on a carpet was 1028 from the Hijra, which is equivalent to A.D. 1619. But almost all the dated carpets met with have been made in the last hundred years. The inscriptions on the modern Kurdish rugs are generally mere gibberish; they have evidently been imitated from older carpets by persons who could neither understand Persian nor write the Arabic character. So I may finish this part of my subject by warning amateurs of early Persian carpets that the deciphering of the inscriptions is generally mere waste of time.

All old Persian carpets are made of goat's hair. There is no sheep's wool whatever in them, neither in the warps, wefts, nor pile. The only carpets with any pretensions to artistic merit in which I find wool are the old Smyrna rugs. Goat's-hair carpets with a cut pile were probably made in Persia and Central Asia at a very remote period, and some persons have supposed that the description in Exodus of the hangings round the Temple refers to such a manufacture. But I do not propose to attempt to treat of the archæology of the subject earlier than the thirteenth century after our era, as I think that about A.D. 1200 is probably the maximum antiquity which can be assigned to any specimen now existing.

As the tapestry of the high-warp loom was the highest development of the weaving of worsted yarns in Europe, so Persian carpets were the finest textiles made with goat's-hair yarns in Asia. Carpets with a cut pile probably first came to France through the Crusaders, for I must maintain, in spite of French antiquarians, that Tapisserie Saracenoise of the mediæval French inventories means carpets, although the word may have been used as a generic term including brocades of Eastern origin. Hakluyt, in his "Voyages," written in the time of Queen Elizabeth, speaks of Persian carpets "with a thrum," but he evidently had never seen one, and he intimates that the English of that time did not understand how they were made. The manufacture must have been known and imitated in France before this time, as we have "Tapissier Saracenois" mentioned in French works of the fifteenth century. But the originals and imitations of Oriental carpets may have been scarce and precious, and probably only in the hands of the few. The period when they were brought to Europe as merchandise may be judged by their appearance in pictures. The carpets depicted by Memling and his contemporaries are Oriental worsted tapestries, probably from Samarkand, but about the beginning of the sixteenth century we find true Persian carpets in both German and Italian pictures. These have a cut pile, and were no doubt made of goat's hair. I cannot understand why these carpets did not find their way to England before 1600, but the passage referred to in Hakluyt seems conclusive on this point.

An Oriental carpet now exists which is believed to have belonged to Charles the Bold, who died in 1477. None of the early French imitations have, as far as I know, been preserved to this time. As they were certainly made of wool instead of the more durable goat's hair, it is unlikely that any specimens exist even of the seventeenth century.

Several Persian authors—for instance, Nessari and Raschid-el-din, who wrote about A.D. 1300—make passing reference to carpet-weaving, but the first detailed information I can find in any work occurs in Chardin's Travels in Persia. Sir John Chardin lived many years in Persia about A.D. 1670, and was a French dealer in precious stones, knighted by Charles II. Some carpets exist which probably belong to the period when Chardin wrote; notably two specimens of very high artistic

merit, which are in the possession of Mr. William Morris, of Kelmscott House, Hammersmith. These carpets have about two hundred and twenty stitches per square inch, and we learn from Chardin that this was the finest pitch then used in the Persian carpet looms. One may imagine that Chardin had seen in Persia some fine ancient specimens, such as have from two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and seventy-five stitches per square inch, for he says that the Persians of his day had long ceased to make very fine carpets. In speaking of the carpets worked with a fine stitch, I wish to explain that I leave out of consideration the comparatively modern Sennaar carpets. I am aware that some of these carpets have five hundred to six hundred stitches per inch, but the extreme inferiority of their designs prevents them being confounded with the carpets of the fine period.

As to the interesting question of the antiquity of the finer specimens of carpets which are in the hands of our collectors, I will now state very briefly the general conclusions formed during my investigations. I believe all the carpets with two hundred and fifty to seven hundred and seventy-five stitches per inch were made prior to A.D. 1530. I see no reason why some carpets, worked on goat's-hair warps, and ornamented with quaint animals, may not be as old as 1200—1225, the period preceding the Mongolian invasion of Persia. A carpet of this kind is in the possession of Mr. Spottiswoode, President of the Royal Society. The very finest carpets, worked on silk warps, and showing pronounced Chinese influence in their design, probably belong to the period of the Ilkhanian dynasty, 1260—1335. The carpets of this period which have gold and silver thread in tapestry stitch were made at Herat. All carpets with cochineal dye in them were made after A.D. 1530. There seems to be but one reliable method of ascertaining the antiquity of these carpets, and that is to compare their design with specimens of contemporary Persian Art. The same style in vogue at a given period may be observed in all kinds of decoration, whether in architecture, sculpture, metal work, faience, or textiles; and specimens are not wanting in our collections in all these branches of Art. Unfortunately most of these subjects are also undated, and it would require a very extended study to arrive through them alone at accurate conclusions as to the age of carpets. I rely, therefore, on illuminated manuscripts, which are almost always dated. In the miniatures of these manuscripts carpets are frequently depicted, but more valuable indications are given by the style of the decorations of the borders. After making due allowance for the difference of treatment for the design of a carpet worked in stitches, and that of a painting made by the lines of a fine brush, very close parallels may be found between the designs of manuscripts and carpets. Some people have hastily assumed that it would be impossible to reason out a chronology in carpet designs, because the same ornaments are so frequently repeated. It is true that the ornaments used in the fourteenth century may still be recognised in carpets made four hundred years later, but I believe that every time an ornament is copied it undergoes some slight change, until perhaps the original idea is lost. The modifications, therefore, of a particular scroll or ornament afford us the greatest assistance. I feel sure that if I had a hundred carpets of one class of manufacture placed before me, I could easily arrange them in a chronological sequence; and if I had a series of manuscripts extending over a similar period, it would be apparent that the ornaments on the manuscripts have a tendency to change in the same way as the ornaments

on the carpets, and that therefore the date could be fixed with some accuracy from the contemporaneous specimens.

The only real difficulty I find in the investigation is that materials are scarce, and insufficient for a complete comparison. I have not been able to refer to any illuminated Persian manuscripts earlier than A.D. 1330. If any collector possesses illuminated Oriental manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, I would ask to be allowed to examine them. I should also be glad to hear of any fine old Persian carpets, my investigations being still incomplete, and this article having been compiled chiefly with the object of drawing the attention of Art collectors to the subject.

At present we have no literature on the subject. The only book to which I feel I have been under any obligations is a French folio, "Art de faire les Tapis façon de Turquie," which describes very completely the process of carpet-weaving by hand, as it is practised at Aubusson and at the Savonnerie at Paris. A book has lately been published in Germany by Lessing, figuring carpets from ancient pictures. The patterns are carefully reproduced, but the value of the work is diminished by the author not having been able to distinguish carpets worked in tapestry stitch from those with a cut pile. And unfortunately, almost all his plates are taken from the former kind, which are the least interesting class of carpets. There is an American work which refers to ancient carpets, and there is an English work with a chapter on Oriental carpets, which refers to the old Persian manufacture. But on reading these books I found that neither the American nor the English author had taken the trouble to ascertain how a carpet was made, or what it was made of!

The English-speaking races certainly use more carpets than any other people, so they ought to feel an interest in the study of the best specimens of the manufacture. Half the designs brought out by modern carpet manufacturers show a tendency to imitate the Oriental models. If, therefore, we want to make carpets like the Persians, we must use a similar material for the pile which forms the surface. The essential requisite to make a carpet wear well is that the material which forms the pile should be sufficiently stiff to stand upright, and sufficiently wiry to spring up again after any weight has pressed it down. Wool is too fluffy and curly to make a good carpet, but the longer hairs of goats and camels being wiry in their nature are very suitable for this purpose. Camel's hair is not much used, because it can only be dyed certain colours. There are many qualities of goat's hair, and the diameter of the hairs varies from 1-300th of an inch down to 1-1500th of an inch. For the making of carpets such as we have been describing, the finer qualities of goat's hair are essential, but in carpets for ordinary use with a larger pile a coarser hair is more suitable. Asia Minor, Persia, and Central Asia are probably capable of supplying any quantity of goat's hair if the demand arose. Probably the hemp now discarded by the mohair-spinners could be utilised for this purpose. If goat's-hair carpets could be obtained for town furnishing, they would probably be preferred on the ground of cleanliness. Many people must have observed that Persian rugs may be left for years in our houses without much apparent deterioration, whilst a modern pile wool carpet will, if left uncovered, get grimed with the greasy dirt of a town in a single winter. It is easy to understand that the fluffy nature of wool absorbs the dirt which can be shaken off from the goat's hair. These are utilitarian questions; if we also want to make carpets

artistic in colouring and design, other considerations must influence the choice of materials. The Persians happened to have a breed of goats with long silky hair, and they gradually adapted their carpet manufacture to make the best possible use of this material. The hair from different districts varied somewhat in colour and other qualities, and we find, consequently, that the carpets vary also. If we want to imitate a particular kind of Persian carpet, we must obtain the same quality of hair with which it is made.

An avowed imitation of Oriental carpets has long been carried on in England, Scotland, and France, but it has not been attended, according to our ideas, with any great measure of success, nor can it be expected that a satisfactory result can be obtained by attempting to imitate a textile with a totally different raw material. Perhaps the difficulty of obtaining the Angora goat's hair prevents the using of the proper material. This breed of goats probably originated in the high plateaux of Central Asia, and no district in Europe has been found suitable for them. The hair of the Angora goat was scarcely known thirty years ago in Western commerce. It now forms the chief export from Asiatic Turkey, and is known in trade as Constantinople mohair. This comes from Anatolia and the central parts of Asia Minor, and there is a tradition that the Ottoman Turks brought the breed with them on migrating from Central Asia. In treating of Smyrna and Anatolian carpets I shall point out that the character of the designs seems to support this tradition; and as my argument as to the origin of the Persian carpet manufacture will require me to seek to identify the districts in which this breed of goats existed in the earliest times, I shall here presently to mention the historical facts of this Turkish migration which brought them within reach of Europe.

When two years ago I commenced these investigations, I believed, like most of the rest of the world, that carpets were made of wool, and it was only after spending a year in trying to imitate a Persian carpet that I became aware of the importance of the selection of the raw material. I then had recourse to the microscope to ascertain what the raw material used in the fine carpets really was. I obtained hair from various living animals, chiefly from those in the collection of the Zoological Society in London, and found that there was no great difficulty in determining the species of animal which had supplied the material for the carpets. There appeared to be only the hair of four animals—that of the common camel and Bactrian camel, of the yak, or Thibetan ox, and the long-haired goat. The first three only occur in very small quantities, and therefore practically the pile of ancient carpets is all goat's hair. It is also all goat's hair of a similar breed to that which we call Angora or Constantinople mohair.

Hair has not got what manufacturers call high felting qualities, and is by no means so easy to spin as wool. The hair of various animals was first utilised in English manufactories by the late Sir Titus Salt, and I am indebted to Mr. Edward Salt, the present head of the firm at Saltaire, for the greater part of my specimens. I have goat's hair from Thibet, Yarkand, Badakshan, Herat, Bokhara, Khiva, Kerman, Lake Van, Angora, Smyrna, and South Africa, the last-named country being the only district out of Asia where the goats have been successfully naturalised. It appears that these animals require very peculiar climatic conditions, and it is

almost certain that the districts of Central Asia where they are now found are the same where they have existed from time-immemorial, and it is probable that these districts were also the original seats of the carpet manufacture. The nomad tribes of Asia, who shift their camping grounds periodically to obtain pasturage for their numerous herds, do not possess this breed of goats, probably because they are more troublesome to herd than sheep, and because they will not bear being driven long distances day after day. To develop their long fleeces a very cold winter is required, whilst the ground must not be covered deeply with snow, so as to prevent the goats browsing on the brushwood and herbaceous plants. It also seems a necessity, for the reasons above stated, that they should be able to obtain food all the year round in or near the same district. These climatic conditions occur on some of the elevated plateaux of Central Asia and Persia. They happen to be those parts which are the least accessible to travellers; and although we know little of these countries, a certain general similarity in their physical geography is noticeable. They are the plateaux surrounded by mountain chains, where the interior watersheds drain into salt lakes. In such districts the evaporation exceeds the rainfall, and the amount of rain or snow which falls during the year must be small. The most accessible of these countries is the Persian province of Kerman, including almost all the interior of Southern Persia and the borders of Beloochistan. Mountains surround this district wherever it approaches the sea, so that the moisture of the clouds is deposited before it can reach the plateau. From the general elevation of the country low temperatures prevail during the winter months, but the coating of snow is said to be so slight that it has entirely evaporated by the middle of February, leaving the ground still frozen.

The central plateau of Asia Minor, where the Turks successfully naturalised these goats, has a configuration somewhat resembling Southern Persia. All the districts, in fact, where these goats are found have climatic similarities, but the differences in soil, flora, and herbage are sufficient to produce minute peculiarities in the fleeces of the flocks; and such peculiarities, due to a constant cause, might become intensified, but would retain their general character through centuries. When specimens of goat's hair are magnified 550 to 600 times, the very minute details of structure which become apparent allow the Kerman goat's hair, for example, to be distinguished from Khivan goat's hair, and further distinctions may be made with other kinds by a comparison with specimens of known origin. The difficulties are somewhat increased when we have to examine dyed specimens, but I consider that I detect similarities between hairs pulled out from the antique rugs and modern samples. It is, at all events, possible to divide antique carpets into different categories by an examination of the hair of which they are made.

As not every one might be inclined to enter into a microscopical examination of hairs, I hope in a future article to indicate the characteristics of the different classes, so that they may be distinguished by the make, the designs, and the colours of the dyed hair.

After dividing the carpets into their respective classes, I shall then give the means of an approximative determination of their age by a comparison with the decorations of illuminated manuscripts.

WENTWORTH BULLER.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



THE examples in this article are entirely taken from ecclesiastical work, including two very important classes of church furniture, objects on which some of the richest decorative Art work was lavished by mediæval workers, and which were thought worthy of almost any expenditure in rich material and in design and execution.

These were the pastoral staff, the bishop's or abbot's sign of office, and the reliquary in which were preserved and exhibited the relics of departed saints.

The first-named object is often erroneously spoken of as a "crosier," which is a misapplication of a term properly belonging to a different object. A crosier was a small cross fixed at the end of a staff, and was the symbol not of a bishop, but of an archbishop. The bishop's symbol is the crook at the end of a staff, and though called in French *crosse* (*crosse d'évêque*), it is probable that this was a popular corruption of *croc* or *crochu*, as it is difficult to understand how anything which is so palpably different from a cross could have originally received that name.

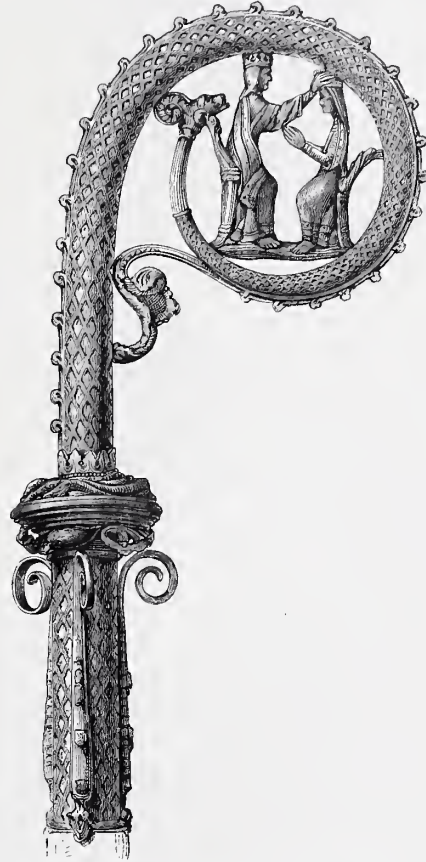
The origin of this particular form of staff has been much discussed, and is open to several explanations. The most



No. 30.—Pastoral Crook (Early Thirteenth Century).

obvious one, of course, is that it simulates the shepherd's crook, and thus illustrates metaphorically what has been frequently

called the pastoral office. But there are reasons for suggesting a possibly older and less simple origin for this symbol. A staff with a crook at the end (*lituus*) was one of the ensigns of the



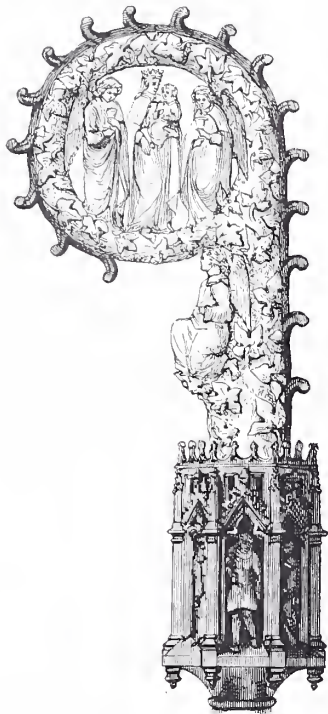
No. 31.—Pastoral Crook, from Hôtel Cluny.

augur in the religious rites of pagan Rome, and those who remember how close was the connection between the pagan Roman Empire and the early Christian Church, and how the temples in some cases became churches, will probably be inclined to think that the connection between the augur's *lituus* and the bishop's crook may be a probable one enough. While on the subject we may mention another theory which has been propounded by writers on ecclesiastical antiquities; namely, that the pastoral staff was only the survival, in the hands of a dignitary of the Church, of what was formerly in the hands of every worshipper; for in days when there were not only no pews, but no seats of any kind in churches, it was the custom to supply staves for the worshippers to lean on as a partial support. But as such a staff would have no symbolical meaning, there seems no reason why the bishop should have retained it when its practical use was superseded, any more than any other member of the Church; and we merely give the theory as a curiosity of antiquarian criticism.

The form of the pastoral staff in early times appears to have been very simple. There is an illustration of one carried by one of the figures on an enamelled relic chest of Limoges work of about the twelfth century (engraved in Du Sommerard's great work, "Les Arts du Moyen Age"), which shows the staff in its simple form, with a round knob near the top, from which

* Continued from page 121.

springs the crook. This is the foundation of all the more elaborate designs which came into fashion subsequently. For a considerable period the knob was retained in nearly its

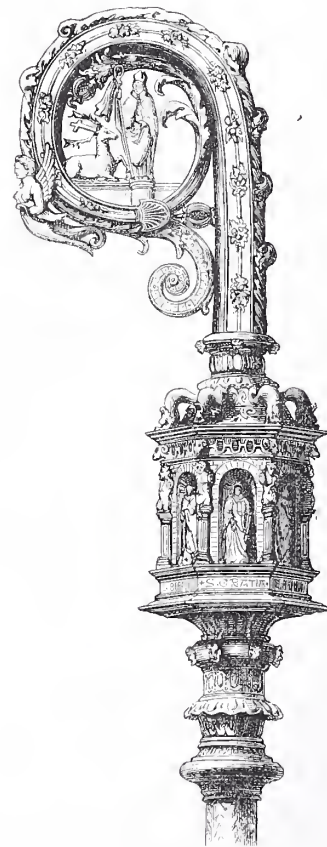


No. 32.—Pastoral Crook (Fourteenth Century), from Hôtel Cluny.

original form, being merely ornamented without any material alteration; but the crook at a comparatively early period began to assume considerable elaboration in its curves. The form of a serpent was frequently given to it, or suggested at least in a conventional manner. Whether this adoption of the serpent form was in any way symbolic, or merely resulted from artistic fancy, is not known. The next step was in the insertion of small figure subjects, having some relation to Church or Christian history, in the curve of the crook—a fancy which, once adopted, seems to have been universally approved, as it becomes after that an almost invariable feature in the design of the staff. The growing importance of this feature, no doubt, led to the discontinuance of mere metal for the head of the staff, and the frequent introduction of ivory for the principal part of the head, as a material capable of highly finished carving on a small scale, though the ivory was still usually combined with metal, probably as much for strength and protection as for decorative effect. While these changes were being developed in the crook portion, another development was also in process in regard to the knob, which towards the close of the fourteenth century had almost entirely lost its original form, and developed into a much larger and richer feature in the shape of a series of small niches and canopies, often filled with figures, forming a kind of little shrine at the top of the staff, from among the pinnacles and finials of which sprang the crook. In the most elaborate specimens the niches are often repeated in two or more stages. The change illustrates the tendency, in late Gothic detail, to architecturalise the details of furniture and church implements of every kind. This tendency we noticed in a former paper as characteristic of Byzantine and Romanesque designs for shrines and reliquaries. Under the influence of the purer and more refined taste of the earlier mediæval artists this tendency to make

details in the form of miniature architecture was very much modified, and for a time seems to have nearly disappeared; but it reappears again very decisively in the later mediæval period. This treatment of decorative work, especially metal work, in forms which arose out of, and which properly belong to, masonic architecture, is æsthetically a mistake, though a great deal of the work done in this style is unquestionably of great richness, beauty, and delicacy.

Most of the points we have touched on are well illustrated in the four specimens of pastoral crooks given in this article. No. 30 is probably of early thirteenth-century date, and shows the original form of the knob and crook, unaltered essentially, though treated in a highly decorative manner. This is a staff entirely of metal, partially gilt, and decorated with enamel. The spaces in the trellis ornament which covers the crook portion are formed of enamel, the lines being the metal surface, of copper gilt. In both this and No. 31, in which the same form of ornament is introduced not only on the crook, but on the staff, it should be observed that the metal lines or cloisons are thicker in the drawing than they should be; they are, in fact, the usual thin lines of cloisonné work, and have a much lighter appearance in execution than the drawing conveys. In this and the succeeding example, which are both from the celebrated museum of the Hôtel Cluny, and were very possibly made by the same hand, we see the indication of a wish to give more importance to the head of the staff, by adding below the knob four pieces of metal, riveted on and curved outwards below the knob, somewhat in the



No. 33.—Pastoral Crook (Early Renaissance), St. Hubert's Abbey, Brabant.

same manner as the scroll of foliage curls outwards below the abacus of an early French Gothic capital, and from this the idea was probably taken. This is a good example of purely

metallic treatment of metal: these little scrolls are precisely metal ornament, and would look ill, and suggest the idea of weakness, if executed in any other material. At the same time it must be admitted that they are not very well in keeping with the character of the detail of the crook, and have rather a "stuck-on" appearance, which is not satisfactory to the critical eye. The space between these added scroll ornaments is decorated with *champlevé* enamel, leaving a design in the metal, which is also partly engraved on the surface. The decorative treatment of the crook is identical with features in the carved stonework of French thirteenth-century architecture; the same rounded leaflets are found over and over again in running ornaments and capitals of the same period; the little crockets which break the outer line of the curve are imitations of a well-known decoration of the gablets of buttress-heads and other architectural features. In this case, however, they are applied in a manner not unsuitable to metal work.

No. 31 retains the knob form unaltered, and shows the same crocket ornament round the outside of the crook, and the same scroll ornaments below the knob. The trellis ornament is carried down as low as the insertion of the scrolls; below this, in the original, the staff is moulded into a spiral. The crook shows one of the earliest examples of the introduction of figures, in this case of metal, and the termination of the scroll in what may be called a serpent's head, though very conventionally treated; but as many other examples show the serpent's head in a much more realistic and unmistakable manner, there can be no doubt as to the intention in this case. The figures appear to represent the coronation of the Virgin.

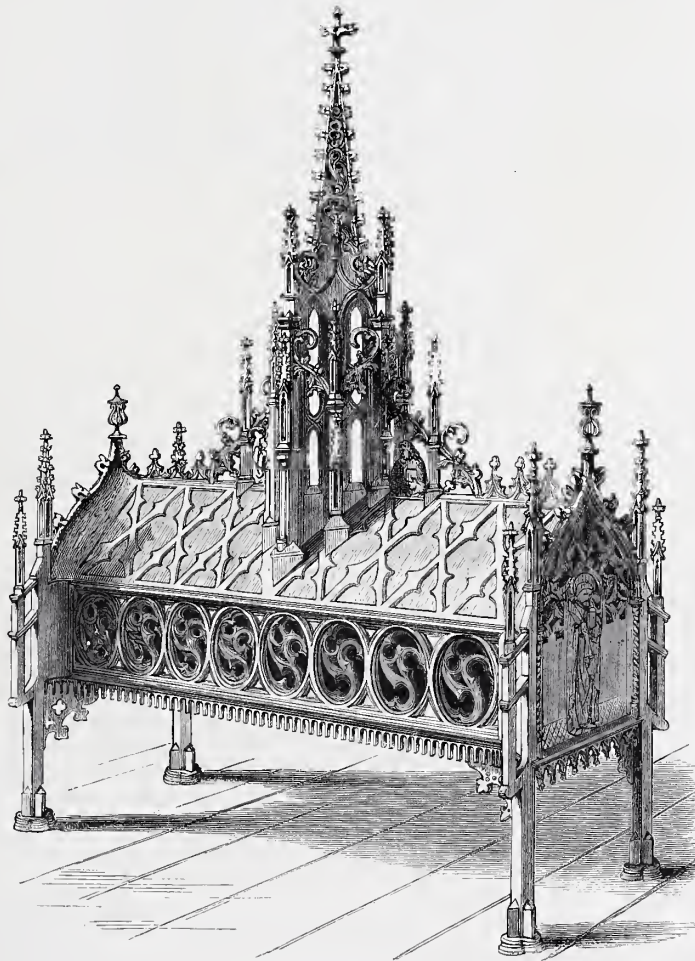
The whole of the metal, where its surface is not concealed by enamel, is gilt; the enamel forms a blue ground between the cloisons of the trellis ornament.

In the rich and ornate example, No. 32, the character of the design, it being more than a century later, has greatly changed. The knob has developed into a shrine with niches, buttresses, and pinnacles, and it must be confessed that, regarded as metal work, it has entirely lost that truly metallic character which the two former examples exhibit, and in this respect it cannot be regarded as very good or pure artistic work. The crook has become an elaborate carving in ivory, and here again there is more of elaboration than of pure taste, for the naturalistic foliage employed weakens and obscures the line of curvature, producing an effect very inferior to that of the fine

pure curves in the two previous examples. The crook is filled with sculpture, which on this side represents the Virgin and Child and two angels; but if we had the engraving of the other face of the crook it would be found that the carving represented the Crucifixion. This is a curious and ingenious refinement, frequently found in these late carved ivory crooks. Although the sculptured figures stand quite free of one another, and the whole can be seen through between them, the artist artfully contrived to represent on the other face a perfectly different subject, even with apparently perfectly different leading lines. This is not metal work, we admit, but it is a curiosity of art worth mentioning in passing. We are brought back to our subject by observing the admirable manner in which the metal is used to strengthen and guard

the frailer ivory, at the same time producing a series of radiating crockets round it, adding much to the decorative effect throughout. This is really the only piece of truly metallic design in the whole, and it serves to suggest one most suitable use of metal in combination with other materials, in which it may be made to serve the double purpose of protection and ornament.

No. 33, from St. Hubert's Abbey, Brabant, is an exceedingly interesting example of a crook of the same main characteristics, but entirely of metal, and of early Renaissance character; a lingering touch of Gothic manner appears in the octagon shape of the shrine head, and the mouldings at its base, and in the quasi-Gothic crocketing round the crook, the style of which is in curious contradiction to that of some of the other details. The material is copper, beaten and chased, and partly gilt. The crook portion is entirely covered with gilding; in the shrine



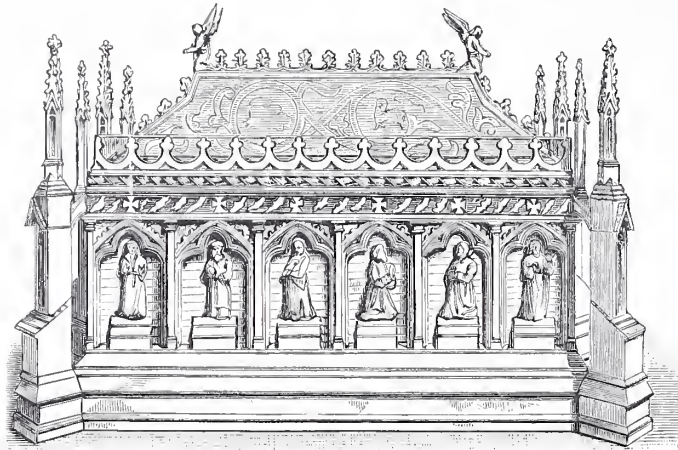
No. 34.—Reliquary, German.

portion the circles in the frieze are picked out with gilding, and the pilasters and outer edges of the niches; the ornaments between the shrine and the stem of the staff are also picked out in gold; the staff itself is moulded in a spiral ornament, with the spirals lined out in gilding. The whole work must be considered deficient in homogeneous style, and also in the sharpness of line which should characterize metal work; it is not by any means essentially metallic. Indeed, among these examples there cannot be a question that the highest artistic merit belongs to the earlier and simpler ones, and that the artistic excellence decreases regularly in the later ones. The effect of gilding on copper, in the last example, is, however, very good; and it may be observed that copper is really a much better

ground for partial gilding, where the ground is to be shown, than silver: gold in combination with silver loses some of its lustre and richness of effect, and looks paler, whereas in combination with a copper surface the whole decorative value of the gold is fully brought out, and even enhanced.

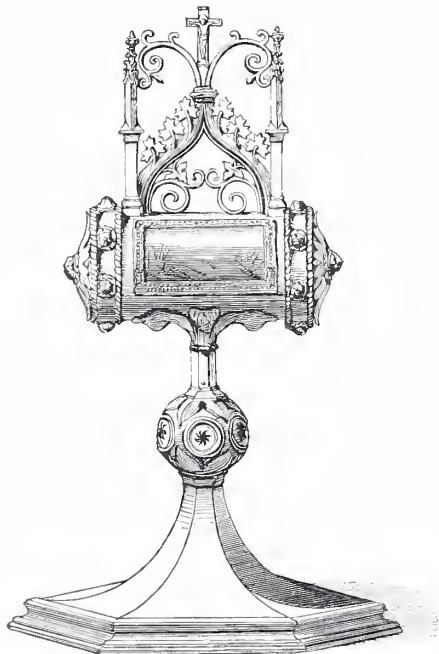
We now come to the examples of reliquaries, of which we have here two perfectly distinct types. Numbers 34 and 35 represent a type designed for the special purpose of containing personal relics of saints, either clothes or sometimes bones, and intended on occasion to be borne in procession. These large relic boxes symbolize the bearing about of the body of the saint, and were actually called *feretories*, a name properly signifying a bier (Latin *fero*, to carry), and their general form was a reminiscence of the coffin form, with sloping top and ridge. These objects are, as in the two examples given here, almost always architectural in detail. No. 34, it will be observed, has its traceried openings at the sides (through which the relics could be seen), its lantern and spire on the roof, its buttresses and flying buttresses. It seems probable that in both examples the semi-detached buttresses at the angles were intended to afford ready means of lifting and

for the most part, of that sharply defined and enriched style which is not ineffective in metal work. The work is German, and in regard to the treatment of detail it is a favourable specimen of German mediæval work. The crossed bars on the roof, it should be observed, are not flat, as the drawing would seem to indicate; they are in the ordinary form of Gothic tracery bar-work, and should show a centre line, with an eyelet behind each of the cusplings. The other example, No. 35, which is silver gilt, and decorated with champlevé enamel on what we may call the roof, is less effective as metal work, being more completely and solidly architectural in design. It differs from the last-named specimen in having no openings through which the relics could be seen, and appears, therefore, to have been intended



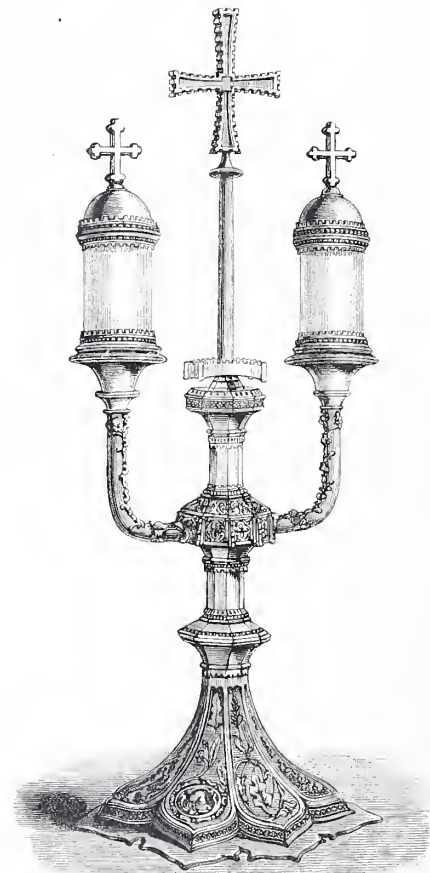
No. 35.—Reliquary.

rather for the safe keeping of relics than for their exhibition. It was not uncommon to have such relic boxes placed on pedestals of wood or stone of a highly decorative design, and not improbably this one, which is not raised



No. 36.—Reliquary, from the Cluny Museum.

grasping it with the hands. Reliquaries of this form were usually between two and three feet long, and therefore of no inconsiderable weight. In No. 34 the lantern and the roof are silver, but the cresting along the ridge is gilt, and the tracery also, as well as the small brackets at the junction of the legs with the body of the chest. The whole is a very rich and handsome object, and though it is merely an imitation of architecture in metal, the architectural detail happens to be,



No. 37.—Double Reliquary.

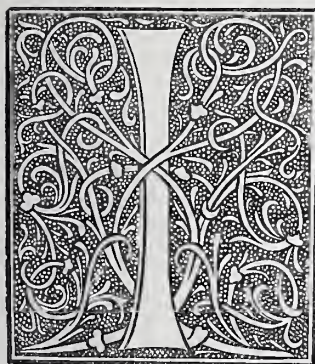
from the ground by feet, was so placed. The relic box with open lights for exhibiting the contents was called in French *châsse-ossuaire*, its most common use being for containing some of the bones of sacred personages. Under

this name some of the reliquaries in the South Kensington Museum are catalogued.

The next two specimens belong to a different type, and resemble the kind of casket which was used for exhibiting the consecrated host to the worshippers; for which purpose these may have been intended, or they may have been for the exhibition of small relics. When used for the display of the host, this form of transparent casket was called a *monstrance* (*monstrare*, to show or exhibit). The form, at least, came into use when, in the early part of the fourteenth century, it became the custom to carry the consecrated wafer in processions, in such a manner as to exhibit it visibly to the worshippers. Before this time it was carried in a closed *pyx*, and not seen. It is probable that this form, even when used as a reliquary, was adopted from the shape of casket used for carrying the host. The most usual form was that in which an upright tube of crystal was fixed on a base and in a setting of metal, with a cover of the same material. The double reliquary, No. 37, approaches the usual form more nearly; No. 36 is an unusual form. Occasionally these small reliquaries, like the larger *feretory*, assumed in their metal setting the forms of architectural details; there is an interesting example in the South Kensington Museum in which the buttress forms of architecture are used in greatly attenuated proportions, so as to appear almost as if the forms were originally designed for metal work. In these two examples there is no architectural imitation whatever; they are admirable specimens of pure metal design. In No. 36, though the arch or canopy at the top is a partly architectural form, it is filled in with metallic scrolls, and the crockets on its outer edge take the form of thin beaten-out metal leaves, quite

distinct from the ordinary solid rounded shapes of carved stone crockets when used in a similar position in architecture; the pinnacles only are a little too much like stone pinnacles starved into great tenuity. In every other respect this and its companion are beautiful examples of design of their class. The spreading foot gives every security and stability to the whole; the knob on the stem makes it more secure for the grasp of the hand; and in No. 37 the arrangement of the double casket rising from the central stem is exceedingly graceful. In No. 36, which is again from the Cluny Museum, the metal is either gold or gilt entirely, the rims of the casket are set with jewels, and the small circular bosses on the stem-knob are inlaid with spiral stars in enamel, red and blue alternately. The ornament in both is admirably applied, with the single exception of the rather straggling little bits of conventional foliage running up the stems of the caskets in No. 37; the effect would be better without these, which make a ragged outline. The general design and shape of the foot or base, which is the same that is commonly found in mediæval chalices, is one of the most admirable forms that decorative art has ever invented, as combining entire suitability for its purpose with beauty of line. No curves in Greek work are purer and finer, or more fittingly placed, than those which are formed by these spreading bases, on which the mediæval chalice or reliquary stands with such combined grace and stability, illustrating the fact that the best form for a practical purpose is also frequently the best and most expressive form in design. Forms of structure which are unsuitable for their practical purpose seldom please the eye, whether in goldsmith's work or in larger and more important constructions.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE AT MANCHESTER.



IN the course of last year a number of gentlemen interested in the technical instruction and general artistic education of their fellow-citizens in Manchester drew up a scheme on which a local museum, with these objects in view, might best be started. This was submitted to Sir Frederick Leighton, to Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., and to

Mr. Ruskin and others, and received a very cordial approval.

The leading idea of the committee—which probably owed its origin to the need of finding a fitting home for Mr. Mothersill's legacy—was to induce the Manchester Town Council to erect an Art Museum in one of the public parks, and to intrust to them its management during the first four years. On their part the committee promised to raise the sum of £5,000, which should be expended on works of Art, to be placed in the Museum on its completion; and they further undertook to bring together, during their four years' management, works of Art to the value of a further sum of £5,000, and to hand over the whole to the citizens of Manchester at the close of the period named. Afterwards the

management was to be vested in a committee chosen partly by the Town Council and partly by the subscribers to the Museum.

Such a demand upon the resources of a rich city such as Manchester could scarcely be regarded as exorbitant, and met with a prompt response from a number of persons interested in fostering so desirable an outcome of local self-government. Emboldened by their success amongst their friends, the committee of the Manchester Art Museum now appeal primarily to their fellow-townsmen, and indirectly to the public generally, to assist them in carrying out their scheme systematically. We sympathize so heartily with any effort to raise the level of British workmanship, that it is with reluctance we make any comments which may seem to be disparaging. We therefore begin by saying that we are firmly of opinion that each and all of the special features of this Art Museum are worthy of support, and will, we hope, in due process of time, find full recognition in this undertaking; but experience, as well as precept, should warn us of the dangers of going too fast, and of ranging too far afield whilst we are still ignorant of the country we have to explore. "Qui trop embrasse, mal étreint," is a homely but wise adage; and to no economists or stewards of public trusts is it more applicable than to those who would take in hand the raising of the taste standard amongst producers and consumers of Art works. Art is long—not only for those who

would achieve distinction in its practice, but for those also who would learn its attractions and influence, and we fear that anything like hothouse forcing would produce among the industrial class (for which the Manchester Museum is specially designed) an outburst of something even more silly and intolerable than the Art affectation by which the middle class has been of late attacked, and from which its recovery seems so slow.

The methods by which the committee hope to achieve its lofty ideal challenge greater criticism than the benevolent spirit by which that body is actuated. We seem to recognise in the arguments put forward distant echoes of the thunders of those literary Olympians who from time to time discharge their bolts into the midst of artists and craftsmen, firmly confident that to both classes their advice and warnings should be at once salutary and final. We have before heard it maintained that in the study of the Fine Arts alone familiarity does not breed contempt, but we doubt the wisdom of the dictum that "all pictures in the Museum should be either of subjects which are familiar to large numbers of people, or of subjects which are closely connected with things which are familiar." If this principle is to govern the selection of works for the Manchester Museum, it restricts the duties of the purchasing committee to somewhat modest proportions, whilst it is at variance with other parts of the programme. If the committee believe, as they suggest, Wordsworth's canon, on which Mr. Ruskin based so much of the second volume of his "Modern Painters," how do they think that "admiration, hope, and love" are to be aroused and sustained by the contemplation of familiar subjects treated artistically? Dutch "still life," however meritorious in its technical qualities, can hardly be regarded as a high or ennobling phase of Art; but such works deal distinctly with familiar subjects.

Again, we must demur a little to the proposal of teaching therapeutics or inculcating a love of gymnastics as a proper, or at least an important, function of Art. It is possible that we misapprehend that part of the committee's programme which deals with this subject, and as we are anxious that through no fault of ours should their motives be misunderstood, we will quote their own words:—

"Of the things of which every one ought most strongly to love and admire the beauty, the most important is health—perfection of life; and as all classes of people fail to love and admire it deeply, it is highly desirable that Art should strengthen the love of it, if Art can do so without losing her charm. Happily, modes of life offer good subjects for painting, almost in proportion to the degree in which they are favourable to perfection of life. For it can hardly be doubted that beauty, the presentation of which is admittedly one of the chief functions of the Fine Arts, is essentially a revelation to the eye of those qualities which we believe are those which the object represented should possess, and that hence the idea of beauty of appearance varies with the conception of the nature of perfectness of substance."

This may be very learned, or it may only be a fine artistic way of putting a trite aphorism. At any rate we can only hope that in the interests of the unlettered and uncultured, who are to be the favoured guests of the Museum, the explanatory labels to be attached to each work of Art will be written in a more intelligible, we had almost said in a more vulgar, tongue.

It seems too, to our untutored mind, that under such narrow

limitations not only would the works of Fuseli or Nollekens be excluded, with which we might perhaps dispense, but that the powerful moralists of the school of Hogarth and Cruikshank would find no favour in the committee's eyes.

But the good fruits to be hoped for from the Museum, when constituted as proposed, have not yet been exhausted. Examples of the most beautiful products of the industrial arts, native and foreign, are to be exhibited, in order that work-people and "people of the middle class should acquire familiarity with, and admiration of, objects beautiful in form and colour." For the use of the unlearned labels are to be attached to each object, explanatory of its intended use, and of the reasons for its selection. The great rock which in this instance would lie in the way of the committee would be the fair exercise of that freedom of criticism which "the experts" would claim. The canons of taste are indeed wide enough to admit much, but as interpreted by dogmatists or enthusiasts they seem to exclude every development of form or colour save that which their authority pronounces orthodox. To expect from this new academic standard of taste, which the Museum committee seems desirous to erect, stability of fashion, is, we think, to ignore the whole habits of our daily life and the tendency of the human race. It is only by constant changes that society survives, and with it the whims and fancies of an unæsthetic period have as good right to be ministered to as those of one more enlightened. There is nothing to indicate from our own history, or from that of the most Art-ridden nation, that a phase was ever reached, or even desired, when "no new form could ever be substituted for an old one, unless the new seemed more nearly right than the old; and that desire for novelty, for fashionableness of form, could not long co-exist with a keen sense of beauty." We may be reminded that in China and Japan, the promised lands of the anti-progressionists, some such standard must have been enforced at a remote date, and that to it we are indebted for the almost unbroken tradition of good work (in certain limited fields), of which specimens from far-off antiquity down to quite recent times continually come under our notice. But to this we answer that conditions which might be imposed upon a walled-in nation, despising its neighbours and ignorant of its fellows, are hardly applicable to Manchester workmen, or to European and American customers. The committee in their anxiety to cut away the excrescences of industrial art, and to train it in fixed lines and within fixed limits, would end by stifling its growth altogether, and would render it absolutely impotent to compete with the enterprise of those workers who had taken no higher standard than that of popular caprice. It is the true mission and undoubted right of artists to direct this ever-shifting stream, but the workers have more material duties to perform; and these can best be discharged by giving their skill and labour to carrying into effect the passing wants and fashions of their employers.

In one matter we cordially indorse the views of the committee—that English people will not be led by simply seeing collections of beautiful objects in a museum to accept them as guides for their own work; but we are by no means so certain that the makers are not insensibly affected by the sight of such objects, though probably in a less degree than the purchasers. We, however, scarcely share the committee's confidence that labels and cheap catalogues will advance the cause it has at heart, and we are altogether opposed to the proposal to furnish a part of the Museum, "as the committee

think that the rooms in a house of moderate size ought to be furnished, to teach effectively the important lessons that the difference between beautiful and ugly wall papers, carpets, curtains, vases, chairs, and tables, is as real as the difference between good and bad pictures and sculpture; that beautiful form in the things which surround us can give us keen pleasure; and that the habit of enjoying beauty in such things as furniture and pottery fosters sensibility to the highest kinds of beauty." In our mind the first-fruits of such an arrangement would be a certain display of ill-will on the part of the producers of the "ugly wall papers, carpets," etc., and a very general extension of discontentedness amongst those who discover themselves to be endowed with a taste which, happily for its owners, had up to that moment dwelt in peace in the midst of its "unlovely home." We are very far from saying anything which might hinder the spread of a higher or a truer appreciation of what is beautiful, but this standard we maintain must not be sought in Queen Anne decorations or Chippendale furniture, but in the accessories of our daily life. The true artist's mind is that of Flaxman, who in the groups of dirty St. Giles's children could see poses and lines of beauty which were hidden from a less trained perception. The only outcome of the school to which the author of the pamphlet we have under our notice has seemingly given his or her approval is that veneer of so-called æstheticism which is rendering a large section of the intelligent middle class supremely ridiculous. It is with them that the struggle to "live up to their blue china" has been so eager; and though we may readily admit that like all other social movements it has been not without its good side, still it has induced a hot-house growth of artistic cant, which cannot be too highly deprecated. There is nothing to be gained, and much to be lost, by an exaggeration of the conditions under which we live, and a true artist, if he is to be the faithful interpreter of his age, will use his talents to make the most artistic use of the materials at his disposal.

But to return to the proposals of the Museum committee. The scant words with which they announce their intention to provide a collection of casts of the best Greek sculpture contrast ominously with the copiousness with which they discuss questions on which diversity of taste or sentiment may without scruple be allowed to exist. If the Museum is to have the revivifying influence which its projectors anticipate, to no higher sources of inspiration can they look than to the remains of Greek sculpture which have been preserved. To artists and workmen of every grade, and in every branch, the study of form, as ennobled in the Parthenon and Phigaleian marbles, is of the highest importance, and we should be inclined to believe that arts of design would in this country prosper in exact proportion to the attention given to these marvels of purity and truth. The almost unbroken supremacy of the city of Lyons in designs for textile fabrics is mainly, if not wholly, due to the diligent study in the Museum of Casts, which has been urged by artists and professors, and pursued by foremen and workmen in this direction. It is therefore with some reason that we express the earnest hope that the directors of the Manchester Museum will make their Museum of Casts the starting-point of the good work they have in view, and will provide, with the reproductions of the antique, able and simple-speaking expositors, who by slow degrees will unfold to all who come the hidden beauties and mysteries of the works before them.

The suggested acquisition of pictures of beautiful scenery

and of animal life will form pleasant objects, provided their didactic character be not too obtrusively put forward. Against the restriction which the committee proposes to place upon animal pictures we must, however, protest. The visitors to the Manchester Museum will be neither more nor less brutal because they are to be kept from seeing pictures which "serve to give knowledge of the numerous ways in which animals are destroyed by each other and by men." There is something almost childish in introducing conscientious safeguards of this sort into an institution which is primarily intended for such as have arrived at the age of reason.

But the sphere of usefulness and regeneration to which the committee would make their Museum attain is not limited by the aims already enumerated. It is not only to be an exhibition where true Art is to be cultivated, and a temple of Hygeia where healthful influences are to be inculcated, but it is to enter into the lists against both church and chapel, and to discharge for each, under more favourable conditions, the functions now reserved to Sunday schools. It is, moreover, to be the assembling place of all whose dirty and unattractive lodgings are sufficient to destroy home influences and to render home life burdensome. But there is obviously some misgiving lest this object should fail. "Few people," we are told, "are willing to stay long enough in a gallery in which there are only things to be seen, to really enjoy and remember the pictures." On this account, therefore, music will be played in the afternoon and evenings. If the assumption on which this resolution is based be correct, then has South Kensington existed in vain. Few people, we are certain, have power to appreciate at the same time an appeal to both eyes and ears. The committee seem to hold that it is through the latter organ that the way is most readily found to man's inner nature, forgetting apparently the Horatian maxim—

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus."*

We are not concerned to discuss here the vexed question of Sunday opening. We believe that in this matter it is better to follow the wishes of the majority, provided always that the convictions of the minority are not ostentatiously outraged. We are, perhaps, a little sceptical that the Manchester Museum will, at first starting, prove itself the earthly Paradise its projectors anticipate, but we may rest assured that the influences to which its visitors will be subjected will be healthy and elevating; and for this reason the proposal to throw it open on Sundays will, we trust, meet with calm and charitable consideration even from those to whom the idea may at first sight seem distasteful.

And here we take leave of the scheme, trusting that ere long we may have an opportunity of showing what the committee have done towards carrying out the programme through which we have run. If we should have seemed in any way to laugh at some of their high-flown hopes, it is with no desire to impede their flight. We appreciate the noble task of becoming their brothers' keepers which its members have set themselves to perform. We admire the zeal with which they have set to work. In their desire to raise the powers of rational enjoyment amongst their fellow-men we believe they are setting an example which, if generally followed, would remove from the upper and middle classes the stigma of selfishness not unfrequently with truth brought against them.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.*

MICHAEL ANGELO. (No. 2.)



REMEMBERING the reputation of Michael Angelo, and the unique position he holds in the domain of Art, it is only natural that his drawings should be among those the most prized and sought after by collectors. And nowhere has the almost religious veneration for even the slightest sketch by his hand been so strong as in England; neither have we been surpassed in the length of time over which our steady, pertinacious acquisition has extended. Hence it has come to pass that both for numbers and importance our collections of the master are the richest in Europe. This wealth of material has rendered the selection of an example for reproduction an easy task, and we venture to think the choice of one of the studies for the 'Lazarus,' from the British Museum, will be approved by the readers of the *Art Journal*. Sebastian del Piombo's 'Raising of Lazarus,' in the National Gallery, is, perhaps, the most important picture in this country. That it was painted in competition with Raphael's 'Transfiguration,' Sebastian being assisted by Michael Angelo, is known to all. In the letters of Sebastian to Michael Angelo there are to be found references to the picture, though there is no documentary evidence to show the precise share the latter master had in its composition. It possesses extraordinary interest from many points of view, not the least being the singularly felicitous fusion of the special and distinctive qualities of two schools so radically diverse as the Venetian and Roman. The impassioned splendour of Venetian colour may here be said to have attained its highest excellence. Surpassing Titian in the depth of his harmonies, Sebastian has succeeded in rivalling the breadth and largeness of style of his master, Giorgione, who, in a sense, stands here in his fullest presentation. And this feeling, that a very noble phase of Art here touches its highest development, gives an added impressiveness to the work. Taking the subject as it is narrated in the Gospel, it would perhaps be impossible to find a representation more inadequate. In contrast to its vast size and perfect manipulation one may recall Rembrandt's etching of the smaller 'Raising of Lazarus;' therein, with a few scratches, the Dutch master renders the fact with a perfect truth, a touching sincerity, and a reverent feeling corresponding to the homely words of the story. But Venetian Art, seeking its emotional expression in colour, never attained the force of dramatic presentation to be found in other schools. The depth of its tragedy, the joyousness of its lyrical motives, the languorous sweetness of its idyls, are translated into harmonies of colour, strong or subtle, gay or sombre, whose charm is irresistible in its attraction, but which often leave us indifferent to the persons represented in the scene. Michael Angelo was quick to discern that if these captivating and attractive qualities of the Venetian school could be combined with his vigorous draughtsmanship and dramatic grasp of a subject, it

might be possible to produce a picture which would successfully compete with the more popular art of his rival, Raphael.

There has been considerable diversity of opinion as to the result of the contest. The verdict of contemporaries evidently decided in favour of the 'Transfiguration,' since the Cardinal Medici retained it in Rome, and relegated the 'Lazarus' to Narbonne; modern feeling will probably more highly esteem the manifestation of inborn gifts like those of the Florentine and Venetian rather than the academic mastery of the versatile Urbinati. Apart from technical qualities, there is certainly nothing in the 'Transfiguration,' not even the floating presence of the Transfigured, which reaches the sublimity of the figure of Lazarus; indeed, Michael Angelo himself never conceived a form more terrible and impressive. Lazarus casts aside his grave-clothes with the look of one who has just risen from the nether world; his regard is fixed on the Redeemer, but there is no expression of joyful recognition, rather is it the despairing gaze of one who finds himself again burdened with the load of life. The magnificent action of the arm flung across the torso, and the struggling of the leg to relieve itself from the drapery, suggest the weary Titan; or it may be that the painter intended to personify Italy itself, for whom henceforth there was no hope of freedom, but only the dull, brutal life of the enslaved.

It will be seen that the drawing we have reproduced differs materially from the figure in the picture. The right arm is here extended, possibly to touch the hand of Jesus; the action of the right foot extricating itself from the drapery is not indicated, neither is the face thrown into shadow; nor have the supporting figures their ultimate action. In each respect the change made has added enormously to the force of the action, especially in the case of the Lazarus. If only on account of the similarity of the position of the figure to that of the Adam in the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, Michael Angelo would not have adhered to this motive; otherwise it gives the opportunity for a magnificent piece of drawing in the exposed torso. The study must have been made in Michael Angelo's forty-third year: it was evidently not drawn from nature. Years of practice had given him an absolute certainty of hand and scientific accuracy of anatomical drawing which, within their own limitation, have never been surpassed. Neither has any other artist reached such perfect manipulation in the modelling of the nude. The material in this case, it is scarcely necessary to say, is red chalk. It may be remarked that the majority of his designs are either in red or black chalk, and sometimes elaborated to the highest degree of finish, though never attempting what may be called realistic treatment. The sketch before us is especially valuable from showing Michael Angelo's method of working out a conception. We see how he is, as it were, feeling for action in the different indications of the foot: had he retained this position of the figure, successive studies would have developed the action of the various parts of the group, until all was finally determined; then a cartoon would be made of the size the figures were to appear on the canvas. Lomazzo, in his "Trattato dell' Arte della Pittura," says that Michael Angelo once told Marco da Siena that he ought

* Continued from page 36.



FACSIMILE

OF DRAWING BY MICHAEL ANGELO IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

always to make his figures pyramidal, serpentine, and multiplied by one, two, and three; and in this precept, he added, consists the whole secret of painting. How far, and in what manner, Michael Angelo's practice in the present instance follows his precept we must leave the reader to determine. There is a fellow-drawing to our example in the British Museum, also in red chalk, in which the Lazarus has the same action as in the picture.* Both drawings were from the Woodburn sale, previously belonging to Wicars and Buonarrotti.

The study for the 'Resurrection' is from the collection of her Majesty at Windsor Castle. It is evidently later in date than the 'Lazarus,' and while showing Michael Angelo's power of drawing the human form in energetic action, and containing magnificent examples of foreshortening, is less firm and decisive in the expression of form. The arrangement of the composition is also more obviously artificial than in earlier work, as, for example, the group of naked figures in the cartoon of Pisa. From the stand-point of Michael Angelo's art

nothing could be finer than the action of the Christ springing out of the tomb, nor the sudden terror of such of the soldiers as have been awakened. No better example could be found of the ultimate determination of the master's method, which aimed at pure abstraction: the form is abstract, so also is the conception of the subject. Art is here reduced to its simplest elements, the expression of all phases of emotion by the sole representation of the naked human form, drawn with rigorous scientific exactitude. It is a return to the simplicity of the earliest masters, only whereas their art was absolutely deficient in scientific knowledge, this resolutely subordinates all other qualities to accurate anatomical drawing. An illustration from the work of a master, removed by two generations from Michael Angelo, will show the aims and practice of the respective periods. In the Palazzo de' Conservatori at Borgo, San Sepolcro, there is a fresco of the 'Resurrection' painted by Piero della Francesca (Piero being the master of Luca Signorelli; Luca, though not the master of Michael Angelo,



Group of Naked Figures by Michael Angelo. In the British Museum.

was the artist who most strongly influenced and determined his style), which may fairly be considered a typical work of the middle of the fifteenth century. Jesus is represented quietly stepping out of the tomb, while four Roman soldiers in full armour, and with their weapons and shields, are sleeping on the ground beneath. The scene is laid in an olive garden on a hillside—the same as may be seen without the walls of the city—the dawn is just breaking, and may be supposed to be throwing a flush of tender rose light on the form of the Saviour. He holds a small banner in his right hand; the traces of the wounds are visible in his side, hands, and the raised foot; the form is full and masculine, the head noble in type, and with a

grave solemnity of expression which is extraordinarily arresting. The aim here is to express feelings of intense solemnity: nature is hushed to perfect stillness, the watchers are buried in deep sleep; Jesus awakes and passes away. Michael Angelo imagines the scene as one of violent action, of agitation and panic fear; he flings about muscular forms in a wild and terrible tumult, until the spectator is stunned and overpowered as by some furious tornado. Which method of treating the subject, it may be asked, is the more impressive; which painter has the more profoundly and imaginatively conceived the event?

Considerations of this nature naturally lead to the demand, wherein consists the secret of the enormous influence of Michael Angelo on his contemporaries, and of the position he held, and still holds, in Art? In England the greatest, if not the first exponent of the cultus of the master, was, without doubt, Sir Joshua Reynolds: he may be said to have constituted himself the arch-priest of the Michael Angelo worship.

* Since these drawings illustrate the method employed in working out the picture, it will naturally be asked why they are not in the same building at the National Gallery? Indeed, one of the most important uses of the contents of the print-room is the assistance it affords to the study of the masterpieces of the National Gallery; therefore the existence of the two collections in buildings a mile apart ought not any longer to be tolerated.

In the eloquent pages of the "Discourses" the Florentine is the central figure, and before him the courtly and genial little man is in a continual posture of prostration. Heine was not a student of Italian Art, and probably had small sympathy with Michael Angelo, or we might, perhaps, have had in the infernal chase in *Atta Troll* a pendant to the figure of Shakespeare on his black charger, attended by his commentator, Franz Horn, on a less noble animal. But with all the praise and admiration, it is singular how hazy is the picture of Michael Angelo set forth in the writings of Sir Joshua. There is an infinity of declamation about the "Grand Style," and the student is

doing so he was furthering the cause of English Art. Still he must have known that in some of his own portraits he had succeeded in creating genuine works of Art, faithfully representing his age, and which, therefore, would have a perennial charm; whilst, respecting pictures like the 'Death of Dido,' in the last exhibition of Burlington House, in which it is to be presumed he attempted to put into practice the result of his study of Michael Angelo, he must surely have had doubts; he could scarcely have been unconscious of their aberrations of drawing, even if he did not detect their affected sentiment and tawdry magnificence. The tendency of Art, already

plainly declared in his time, was towards nature and realism; therefore, for him to direct the student to commence a composition by selecting a figure from Michael Angelo, and placing it on his canvas, seeking to design the other figures in the same manner, was sheer folly, and was only exceeded in simplicity by the touching docility of the generation who blindly followed his advice.

It is not difficult now to see how Reynolds became imbued with these notions. He evidently found them in the dilettanti circles at Rome and in the pages of Vasari. Valuable as is Vasari's biography—not forgetting, however, that it owes much of its material to Condivi—it is, with regard to the source of Michael Angelo's real power, essentially misleading. If Reynolds's attitude was that of worship, Vasari's was idolatry; only it is impossible not to feel a lurking suspicion that the idolatry had in it a touch of officialism. There were, however, many and sufficient reasons why Vasari could not rightly estimate the art of Michael Angelo. The canons accepted by him and his contemporaries showed that Art had lost all vitality, and was, at least at Rome and Florence, nought else but lifeless mechanism. And further, nothing could be more diametrically opposite than the characters of Michael Angelo and the official painter and obsequious servant of a worthless despot. A conclusive example of Vasari's judgment is to be found in his remarks on the bas-relief of the Virgin and Child, an early work by Michael Angelo, now to be seen in the Casa Buonarrotti at Florence. He says

it is of marble, and somewhat more than a braccia high. Our artist was still but a youth when it was done, and desiring to copy the manner of Donatello therein, he has succeeded to such an extent that it might be taken for a work by that master, but exhibits more grace and a higher power of design than he possessed. Mr. Heath Wilson truly observes, "It is not possible to find a criticism more remote from the truth than this. The forms are clumsy and ungraceful, the relative relief of the parts, which in the works of Donatello was managed with such perfect skill, is here misunderstood. The drapery is poorly designed in confused, tormented folds, and whilst it is evidently meant to be



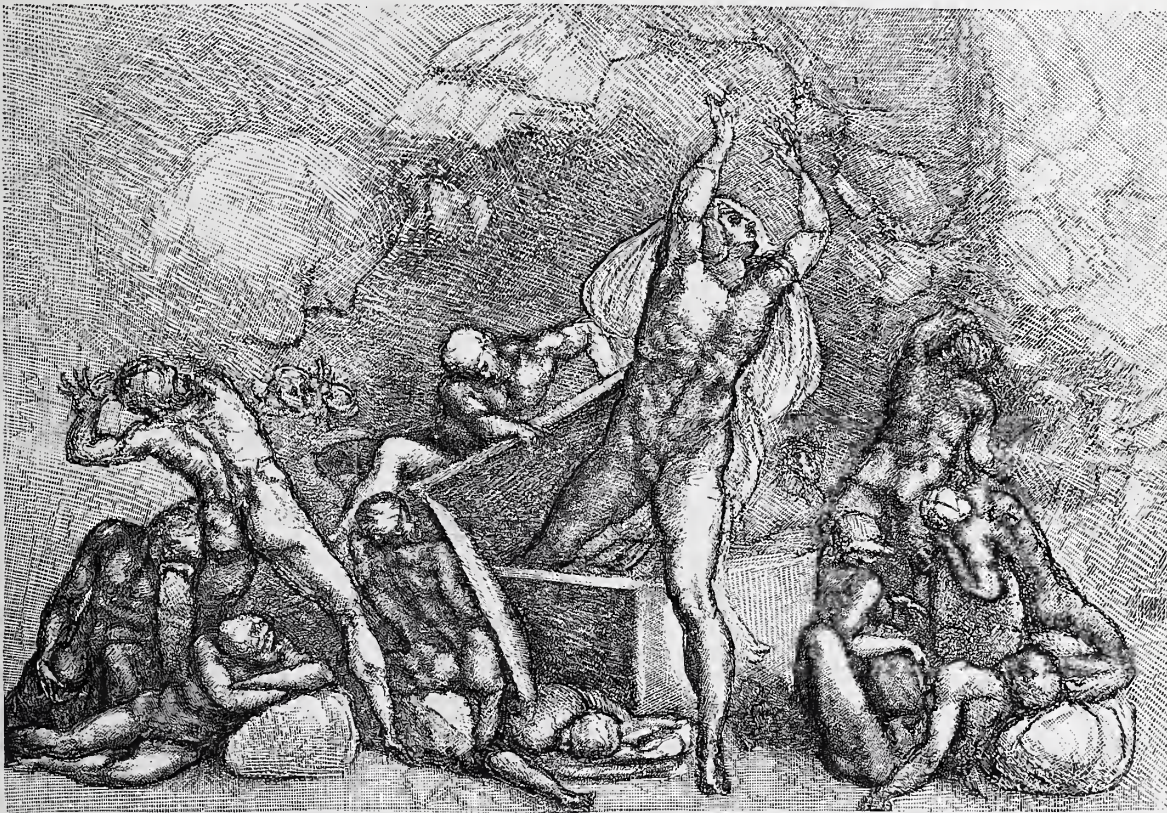
Sketch of Head by Michael Angelo.

directed to devote himself to that alone, but wherein consists the true grandeur of Michael Angelo's art there is not the faintest hint, neither is there any suggestion of the extraordinary personality which stood behind that art. The curious, almost humorous aspect of the case is the unconscious irony of events bringing into spiritual relationship the stern, solitary Florentine and the sprightly and social painter of fashionable portraits in an age of perukes and gold lace. It is always difficult for the actor in a movement to judge of its future course; therefore Reynolds may have been perfectly sincere in insisting on the imitation of Michael Angelo, and he may really have believed that in

an imitation of the style of Donatello, it is in every way inferior to the works of that great master. It is, indeed, strange that at so short a distance from the period when Donatello lived, and with his masterpieces on every hand, artists should have become so dead to their spirit teaching. His fidelity to nature, whether in those tragic gestures, cries of anguish that rend the heart, or in the calm beauty of his Madonnas, or his joyous groups of children, makes his work more inspiring than that of any other artist, and it might have been thought would have kept Florentine Art sound, and sweet, and natural for evermore."

If, however, we look in vain to contemporary authors for the reason of the sway Michael Angelo has held over the minds of men, we are not left in the same uncertainty on turning to the biographies which have appeared of late years. In no department of learning has modern criticism produced more

valuable results than in the history of Fine Art. Meaning has been restored to work which had long ceased to have any intelligible interest. In the lives of the artists, in the history of the times that shaped those lives, and the ideas that influenced and modified their activity, we obtain the clue to the purport of their productions. Then much which before was only more or less dexterous manipulation becomes instinct with vitality; fresh interests are awakened, and clear knowledge takes the place of vague impressions. In no instance, perhaps, has this revivification been more complete than in that of Michael Angelo. Several biographies of him have appeared, all distinguished by research, learning, and remarkable critical acumen. Moreover, the State archives and documents in the possession of the Buonarotti family have furnished material, which was formerly either inaccessible or unregarded. And what a marvellously dramatic story we have



Study for the Resurrection, by Michael Angelo. From the Royal Collection at Windsor.

revealed to us! So picturesque are the events in which Michael Angelo was an actor, so absorbing their interest, so important is the epoch in which he lived in the cycle of modern Art, that we do not wonder at biography succeeding biography. Then we come to understand the fascination of these priceless drawings, and how each line embodies the thought and emotion of one of the most profound and subtle workers in Art, and then also we learn the reason of their presenting an attitude of revolt or despair. By his works he gave utterance to those protests, almost prophetic denunciations, which he dared not speak with his lips. The tragedy of his life consisted in this: that he, the sober republican, the follower of Savonarola, and whose religious convictions were strongly tinged with the scriptural doctrines of Luther, saw his native land the prey of savage or licentious despots, and her priests the ministers of a spiritual tyranny still more terrible. True, there came occasions when Florence rose in arms

to repel her tyrants, and to Michael Angelo was assigned an honourable post in the direction of her defence, but even then he seems to have been impressed with the hopelessness of resistance. His desertion and sudden flight from Florence in the hour of danger, though atoned for by his subsequent return, was neither more nor less than deplorable cowardice, and must have caused him many bitter tears of repentance. Excuse there can be none, unless it be in that strange and mysterious mental malady which seems to have smitten the Italians of the fifteenth century. We hear of men who had conducted enterprises with extraordinary skill and coolness up to a certain point being suddenly stricken with incapacity: such was the incomprehensible collapse of the conspiracy of Grifonetto Baglione at Perugia, so also with the sorry endings of the careers of men like Duke Valentino and Sigismund Malatesta. A fixed despair seems to have settled upon the souls of men; therefore when Michael Angelo carves his

celebrated statue of Night, her face and attitude indicate hopeless and inexpressible suffering; neither does the Dawn presage brighter things. This is without doubt the most beautiful of his works, but the spirit which infuses her is that of absolute despair, and grief without end. Thus, too, if we study the most perfect example of his genius in painting, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, we find the same sentiment throughout. Adam receives the breath of life from his Maker with an attitude of sullen indifference; fiery serpents smite his progeny, or the Deluge engulfs them; prophets lament over a wasted world, until at last, in the final Judgment, Christ, with angry, almost atrocious gesture, consigns humanity to eternal perdition.

Once, however, in his artistic career he laid aside his prevailing mood, and depicted a scene inspired by a much less sombre sentiment. This was in the cartoon of Pisa, wherein his art touched its highest point, and which was evidently, in the opinion of contemporary artists, from every technical point of view unsurpassable. He here undoubtedly strove to grapple with nature; he set apart his æsthetic theories, and successfully endeavoured to reach objective truth. We especially hear of the marvellous exactitude of the representation of individual form, and such reproductions of portions of the composition that have come down to us fully bear out the statements of contemporaries. The attitudes, also, though representing energetic action, are entirely natural and unconventional. Drawn in his thirtieth year, there is none of the mannerism of the later work, nor the rigidity of the earlier. It was the one example of his genius showing what he might have produced had he lived in happier times, and under more favourable artistic conditions. For it must be remembered the earliest record we have of his practice was his endeavour to arrive at imitation of nature: when copying Martin Schöngauer's 'Temptation of St. Anthony,' the better to attain reality in the forms of the devils, he went to the fish-market and bought fish having scales of strange colour. Again, when a pupil of Ghirlandajo, and while the painting of the great chapel at Sta. Maria Novello was in progress, he made an accurate drawing of the scaffolding, trestles, &c., with the young men at work on the frescoes. Had he remained in the workshop of Ghirlandajo instead of being admitted into the household of Lorenzo de' Medici, he might have continued the tradition of Florentine Art; it was the association with the literary men and pedants who sat at Lorenzo's table that warped the right direction of his talent. It must have been there also that he was first initiated into those pseudo-Platonic speculations which inspired his verse and paralyzed his art. Till his time, literature in Italy had held the second place, and Art the first; but when painting became learned, when it accepted its theories from men of letters, at once the former positions were changed; and this was one of the main causes of its decline. It is easy now to see that Michael Angelo should have continued the path which Signorelli had followed—that he should have taken up the torch which the latter had borne so splendidly. That he was influenced by Luca is, of course, understood, but it was the form rather than the spirit which he assimilated. At the same time it must be admitted Luca's task was the more easy: when he worked it seemed as if there were boundless hopes for Italy. And he stood, like one of his own men-of-arms, determined to maintain the rights of freedom, in revolt against what cramped the fullest spiritual and intellectual development in the past, while recognising all that was noble in its patiently accumulated wisdom, alive to the new movement that was struggling into birth, passionately

worshipping beauty, but proclaiming that the highest beauty must live in an element of joyful serenity. Michael Angelo, whether from choice or necessity, trod a different road, but he also bore himself bravely, and peace came to him at the end, or, if not peace, at least ironical acquiescence in the inevitable; not accepting what was as right, for in the last years we find him writing to Vasari, "No man should laugh when the whole world is in tears." Pope Julius said of him, "He is an awful man, and difficult to deal with:" when, however, we read of the hindrances he received in his work from the vacillation or imperious demands of popes and princes there can be little surprise at his difficulty. For his biting speeches to his fellow-artists there was less excuse, though we may believe they came rather from the head than the heart. The antagonism of Michael Angelo and Raphael seems rather to have been commenced and carried on by their scholars and followers than to have sprung from any personal feeling in the masters themselves. Michael Angelo, moreover, instinctively felt that his veritable rival was the many-sided, far-seeing Leonardo: the more dangerous because he saw Da Vinci held himself aloof from all personal rivalry. Basing his principles on fundamental laws, Leonardo had a calm assurance of their truth and ultimate triumph. He could no more cherish an antipathy or nurse a hatred than could Shakespeare or Goethe. It was not so with the sombre, brooding nature of Michael Angelo. In the anonymous contemporary *Life of Leonardo*, published in the *Archivio Storico*, there is related an anecdote vividly illustrating their respective characters. Leonardo one day, in company with G. da Gavina, passed by Santa Trinità, where there was a company of honourable men who disputed about a passage of Dante; they called to Leonardo and asked him to explain its sense, and by chance it happened that Michael Angelo passed by at that moment, and he too was called by one of those present; then Leonardo suggested that he doubtless could give the desired explanation, whereon Michael Angelo, supposing this was said in mockery, angrily answered, "Explain it thyself, thou who designed a horse and could not cast it in bronze, and for very shame abandoned it." And having said this he turned his back and went on his way, whilst Leonardo reddened at the words, and Michael Angelo, wishing further to wound Leonardo, added, "And thou wert believed in by que' caponi de' Milanesei." Representing principles so radically diverse, and all semblance of courtesy being disdained by Michael Angelo, the rivalry became a duel to the death. While living Michael Angelo triumphed, but at his chariot wheels he dragged the lifeless body of Florentine Art. Or perhaps it would be more fair to say that the Art of the past had run its course and accomplished its destiny. Art, being the finest and most delicate expression of man's thought and sentiment, can scarcely show fair and sweet when the body politic is fatally corrupt. The praise and honour for what was truly sublime in Michael Angelo's work are due to him alone; what there was in it of shortcoming or misdirection arose from causes not within his control. We may imagine a time when his frescoes shall have crumbled away, and the works of his hand have turned to dust, but the imperishable records of his life will show that at a period the most intensely exciting of modern history, and the actors in which were men of unsurpassed daring, originality, and force of character, the heroic figure of Michael Angelo stands forth as one of the noblest and most highly gifted.

HENRY WALLIS.

TEMPERA PAINTINGS RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT WESTMINSTER.

AT Westminster, as in other Benedictine abbeys, there is a long western range of buildings called the *Cellarium*, which, until the suppression of the monastery, contained the guest-chambers and the hall and offices of the Cellarer—one of the most important officials of a Benedictine house.

The ground-floor of this range is vaulted in stone, and was cut up into small and badly lighted rooms, chiefly used as places to store provisions for the abbey. The upper floor was divided into four or five long halls for the cellarer, and for the accommodation of guests of middle rank who were not of sufficient dignity to be entertained in the Lord Abbot's house. These guests were under the special charge of the cellarer, who, in addition to this work of hospitality, had duties towards the monastery somewhat resembling those of the Bursar in a college at Oxford or Cambridge.

When Edward VI., in 1550, suppressed the bishopric of Westminster, founded by his father in 1540, the old Abbot's house (now the Deanery), which for ten years had been occupied by Thirlby, the first and last Bishop of Westminster, was granted by the Crown to Lord Wentworth, together with the northern part of the cellarium. Lord Wentworth appears to have divided the upper cellarium hall at the north—a room about eighty feet long—into several rooms of more convenient dimensions. The partitions which were then added are made of oak uprights about a foot apart, the intermediate spaces being filled up by plastering on interlaced wattle-work.

The decorations discovered a few weeks ago are painted on the solid stone walls which form the sides of this hall, and are also carried over the later wood and plaster partitions. Their preservation is owing to the fact that oak panelling was fixed over them while they were yet fresh and uninjured by light and air. The work is executed in tempera on the dry plaster, the design being white, with black outlines and shading, on a black ground. The white was laid on first all over the plaster, and then the design was formed by the black ground being painted over, leaving the white under-painting to form the main blocking out of the figures. Inner outlines and hatched shading were then added to complete the details of the design. The painting is drawn with great boldness and freedom of execution, but without much regard to neatness of finish. The general effect is, however, markedly decorative, and shows great invention on the part of the painter as well as skill in manipulation. The painter has evidently designed his work as he went along, and has had no finished cartoons to copy or transfer.

On the west wall there is an oval shield charged with France and England quarterly, with lion and dragon supporters. At the sides are Caryatic pilasters and human figures growing out of flowing arabesque scrolls and foliage, which cover the

wall in large sweeping curves. The character of the decoration is strongly Holbeinesque, and is another illustration of the wide influence that Holbein had on almost all forms of Art in England towards the middle of the sixteenth century. There appears to be little doubt that this painting is contemporary with the subdivision of the hall into smaller rooms, and the shield with the royal arms has the supporters used by Edward VI., from whom Lord Wentworth received this part of the abbey building.

On the plastered partitions the designs are rather different, owing to the wall being divided up into long panels by the oak framing. The oak uprights are painted white in oil colour, and the plaster panels between have figures and arabesques in black and white, done in tempera like the other paintings, but necessarily somewhat stiff and cramped, owing to the narrowness of the spaces they have to fill. We have abundant evidence to show that this style of decoration was not uncommon in England during the sixteenth century as a cheap substitute for wood panelling or tapestry. It supplied, in fact, the place of printed wall papers, which scarcely came into common use before the middle of the last century. Unfortunately, owing to the perishable nature of distemper painting and the difficulty of cleaning it without injury, scarcely any specimens of it have lasted till our time.

There is an interesting allusion to this sort of painting in Shakespeare's play of *Henry IV.* (Part II. Act ii. Scene 1), where the hostess is complaining to Falstaff about the non-repayment of the money she has lent him.

"*Hostess.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

"*Falstaff.* Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in *waterwork*, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries."

The term "waterwork" is a very expressive one, as, at least in the case of these Westminster paintings, it is evident that no medium of egg or fresh tree-sap has been used, as was the practice in Italy, but the colours have been mixed simply with water, in which very little size can have been dissolved. The result is that the pigment is not really *fixed* on the plaster, but powders off at a slight touch.

It would be interesting to uncover the walls in some of the other subdivisions of the Cellarer's Hall, as there is no doubt but that other paintings of a similar character still exist behind the panels or canvas wall linings. The rooms, however, are now occupied as canons' residences, so there is little hope that this can be done.

J. HENRY MIDDLETON.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.—In the interesting collection which Mr. Wallis has brought together this year there can be no question as to the exceptional merit of some of the figure subjects. Pre-eminent among these are the three works of Professor L. C. Muller, 'An Almée's Admirers,' 'An

Arab Home,' and 'A Cairene Merchant.' In the former the Arab spectators of the richly dressed but coarse-featured and massive dancing girl either give hearty expression of approval and delight, or regard her with Oriental gravity. The musicians toil on with their primitive instruments, giving no

attention to anything beyond the monotonous cadences of their barbaric music. The composition is throughout admirable, and the colour faultless. 'An Arab Home' is also remarkable for its clever studies of character. M. Bastien Lepage's large painting, 'Un Mendicant,' a rascally beggar at the porch of a country house thrusting into his wallet some broken food which a child has just given him, caused a considerable sensation at the Salon last year, and was noticed by us at the time. M. Capobianchi's 'Le Tir à la Cible' is bright in colour and attractive in subject. In a Pompeian zenana a beautiful child is shooting arrows at a target; the pose of the lithe and graceful figure is admirable, and there are other lovely faces and forms as well drawn as they are effectively grouped. Mr. C. Heffner's landscapes are painted with his accustomed skill: of notable excellence are 'The Last Glimpse before Gloaming' and 'Near Beaulieu.' One of the most charming among many excellent works is 'The End of the Day,' by M. Jules Breton. Three girls, with arms interlaced and in loving converse, walk homewards, the setting sun making golden bars across their path. Soft evening light and the tender radiance of the dying day are rendered by M. Langée with remarkable power in his picture of 'Gleaners.' 'A Trying Ordeal,' a young rustic who is having his hair cut by means of a blunt pair of shears in the hands of an awkward and pitiless Figaro, shows not only that M. Gysis possesses a strong sense of humour, but also considerable powers of draughtsmanship. There are many other attractive works in the gallery.

THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.—The annual exhibition opened on March 6th, and affords an excellent survey of Irish Art. The Members and Associates of the Academy are well represented, and the younger artists are found pushing strenuously forward. As a whole, the Academy sustains its reputation in a time of trial, and proves that Irish Art still possesses a strong vitality.

BIRMINGHAM.—For the first time in the history of the Royal Society of Artists, the spring exhibition contains more than a thousand works; a considerable portion of these, however, consist of etchings and works in black and white, a section which has this year sprung into unexpected prominence, and, in reality, the number of pictures is rather under than over the average in point of numbers. If in the whole collection there is nothing of transcendent excellence, neither is there much rubbish. Amongst the most noteworthy pictures we may mention J. D. Linton's 'Scene from "Peveril of the Peak;"' 'Birds of a Feather,' C. J. Staniland; 'An After-glow, Venice,' C. Montalba; 'The Gleaners,' J. Eyre; 'Wrecked at Home,' Samuel Palmer; 'Ailsa Craig,' F. Powell; 'A Passing Storm,' A. E. Everett; 'Evening after a Wild Day,' H. Moore; and 'Clearing after Rain,' J. Curnock.

TURNER'S DRAWINGS.—A small collection of water-colour copies, by Miss Jay, of Turner's drawings, unlikely to attract ordinary buyers, but, according to Mr. Ruskin's opinion, of higher value than most modern pictures, is now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, 133, New Bond Street.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR MAY:—

EXHIBITIONS:—

Opening Days.—The Royal Academy, 1st, at 10 A.M.; Grosvenor Gallery, 1st; Arts Association, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 6th; Liverpool Society of Painters in Water Colours, 8th; Yorkshire Fine Art, York, 25th; The Flaxman Gallery, University College, open every Saturday.

Closing Days.—The Glasgow Institute, 6th; the Royal Hibernian Academy closes.

The Annual Meeting and Election of the Royal Institute of British Architects take place on May 1st.

THE HANGING COMMITTEE at the Royal Academy this year were, Messrs. Herbert, Millais, Oules, Riviere, and Barlow for paintings, drawings, and engravings; H. H. Armstead for sculpture; and R. N. Shaw for architecture. It will be noted that no landscape painter was included in the Committee.

THE GOVERNMENT AND EDUCATIONAL MUSEUMS.—We referred last month (p. 125) to the interview which a deputation had with Lord Spencer respecting an increase of the Government grants in aid of local museums. The subject was discussed in Parliament on the 3rd of April, on the motion of Mr. Jesse Collings, who called attention to the increasing competition in all our manufacturing industries on the part of foreign nations, and to the necessity that arose of improving, by all possible means, the artistic and industrial education of our workmen. He said that the large provincial

towns were not jealous of the South Kensington and British Museums; on the contrary, they were thoroughly satisfied with those institutions and their management, but they wished the advantages conferred by such institutions to be extended to the provinces. He mentioned, as an illustration, the splendid collection of jewels in the British Museum, which is comparatively unknown, while in the town of Birmingham there are from ten to twenty thousand working jewellers who have but a small chance of seeing such splendid specimens of their art. Among other examples of the spirit with which the great provincial centres had helped themselves already, Mr. Collings brought forward the case of Birmingham, where £750,000 had been expended on museums in a period of ten years, and the number of visitors to the Art Gallery came within 20 per cent. of that of the British Museum. Mr. Collings concluded by moving that in the opinion of this House grants in aid of Art and industrial museums should not be confined to London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, but that a special grant should be made to the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, to enable it to supply provincial Art galleries and museums with original examples and reproductions of industrial art adapted to their special requirements; and also to maintain and still further develop the circulation system now administered by the Department; that such aid be confined to those towns or localities which are rated under the Free Libraries and Museums Acts; and that the amount of such aid be proportionate to the sum raised and spent in each locality; that in order to give due effect to these proposals, it is desirable to place the whole of

the national Art and other collections, including the National Gallery and British Museum, under the direct control and administration of a department of the Government.

Mr. Gladstone rehearsed some of the technical objections to the motion, but was far from objecting to the spirit of it. It was the result of a healthy appetite, but there was no end to its extension. We have been travelling at a considerable pace already, and the grant for Education, Science, and Art, which amounted this year to £4,553,557, was growing at the rate of £200,000 a year. The whole subject required a much more searching investigation than they could give it there. He recognised the vast importance of the work. Perhaps they were not able to travel so fast as his honourable friend, and he hoped he should not be asked to give a legislative pledge which would be premature, and might involve them in difficulties.

Mr. Beresford Hope agreed with the motion, but advocated as peculiarly English the existing administrative system of the British Museum, of a committee who possessed some individual independence, and took a personal interest in the objects under their care, in preference to a "hard, merciless concentration of Art treasures under State administration," such as prevailed in France and other countries.

Mr. Slagg spoke in support of the motion, and Mr. Mundella replied on the subject of the demand that South Kensington should supply provincial Art galleries with original examples and reproductions. In the course of the details Mr. Mundella gave of the great increase of the work done by South Kensington Museum in the way of loan collections, he mentioned that last year his Department sent 15,047 objects of Art to eighty or one hundred museums, selecting in each case the objects suited to the prevailing local industries, and that the cost of the carriage alone of these objects was £4,000. He was of opinion that everything that could be done to stimulate Art throughout the country was done.

Mr. G. Howard explained what the trustees of the National Gallery were doing in the same direction. Several other members expressed opinions that the set of public feeling was in the direction indicated by Mr. Jesse Collings. His motion was, however, negatived without a division.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The annual general meeting was held on March 28th, when Miss Constance Phillott and Messrs. R. Beavis, C. Gregory, J. J. Hardwick, and S. J. Dodson were elected Associate exhibitors.

A MEETING was held at the New Law Courts, on the 4th of April, of the committee formed to raise a memorial to the late Mr. Street, R.A. The Prince of Wales was present, and moved the following resolution:—"That the intended memorial shall be a mural monument, including a full-length figure of the late Mr. Street, and that it shall be placed on the east side of the Central Hall, in the second bay on the south side." The task of preparing the memorial has been confided to Mr. Armstead, R.A., whose peculiar qualifications for the task are his special study of sculpture in connection with Gothic architecture, and the close friendship which subsisted between him and the distinguished architect.

CANTERBURY.—Mr. T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., at a recent meeting, expressed his intention of presenting to the city the Gallery of Art he founded some ten or twelve years ago, in which he has ever since given gratuitous instruction to students.

WORCESTER.—One of the most complete exhibitions that have ever been projected in the west country will be held at Worcester during the autumn months. It is expected that the Fine Arts department will be unusually large and attractive. The celebrity which Worcestershire enjoys for its successful application of Art to manufactures, and the variety of its industries, warrant the belief that the industrial section will be of great merit and importance. Exhibits must be sent in between the 1st and 30th of June.

GLASGOW.—Mr. Alma-Tadema, R.A., and Mr. W. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., have been elected Honorary Members of the Society of Scottish Water-Colour Painters.—A stained-glass window, the work of Mr. W. Morris and Mr. Burne Jones, has been presented to the Woodland Road United Presbyterian Church. It is one of the finest examples of stained glass in Scotland.

OBITUARY.

GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI died at Birchington, near Margate, on the night of the 9th of April, in his fifty-fourth year. He had been for some time in failing health, and had for years suffered from one of the most exhausting of physical evils, insomnia. Concerning the paintings of this most gifted member of a singularly gifted family, we propose to give shortly an extended description, merely recording here the tidings of his death. As artist and poet he has left behind him a name which will long be illustrious in the history of English Art. Under the title of "The Brush, the Chisel, and the Pen," this Journal referred in March to his last volume of poems, and next month his portrait will appear in a line engraving of Mr. Millais's picture, 'Isabella.'

EDWARD DUNCAN, long a foremost member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, died on the 11th ult., in his eightieth year. He was elected an Associate of the Society in 1848, and a full Member the following year. No collection of English water colours has hitherto been considered complete without one of his drawings of marine subjects.

THOMAS JONES BARKER died on March 28th, in his sixty-second year. During his early life he resided in Paris, and studied under Horace Vernet. In 1851 he painted the picture of 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance.' This work was followed by 'Nelson receiving the Sword of the Spanish Admiral,' 'Relief of Lucknow,' 'Allied Generals before Sebastopol,' and many others of a military character.

REVIEWS.

NEW ETCHINGS.

'THE SACRED LION OF ALGERIA.' Etched by Heywood Hardy (Thos. Agnew and Sons).—Mr. Heywood Hardy is a thoroughly representative painter-etcher, as the newly coined phrase goes. His translation of his Royal Academy picture of last year is not a mere reminiscence of the subject, but an honest, masterly work, by an artist who is as much at home with the needle as with the brush. In evidence of this the modelling of the lion and of Sidi Ahmed ben Avuda's hands may be noted. Mr. Hardy's etchings are amongst the few which should maintain a value in the future.

'CARDINAL NEWMAN.' Etched by P. Rajon, from a portrait by W. W. Ouless, A.R.A. (The Etcher's Society).—This is the first work which we have had occasion to note of a young society which has been founded for the publication of etchings of a high class. The wisdom of going to an etcher of the first rank has been borne out by the results. The portrait in question is the second in order of date of three, which will probably all be translated into black and white. The first, painted by Lady Coleridge, was engraved by Mr. Samuel Cousins, R.A.; the second, now before us, was a presentation to the Cardinal by his Birmingham friends; the third, by Mr. Millais, now in the Royal Academy, has been purchased by a small number of his admirers, and will be presented to the National Portrait Gallery. Mr. Ouless's picture differs in many respects from Mr. Millais's, but principally in that it represents the Cardinal in a plain undress, which has nothing in it to distract the attention from the powerful way in which the straightforward countenance, upon which the light falls strongly, has been etched.

'ON THE ALERT' and 'A FORAGING PARTY.' Etched by A. Gilbert, after pictures by Rosa Bonheur (L. H. Lefèvre).—We have received two important etchings after Madame Bonheur's pictures, which we noticed when they were on exhibition in London last summer. As a rule, etching is not suited to plates of large size, as they have to be deeply bitten, and consequently there is a lack of delicacy, and a superfluity of opaque blackness. But in this case the etcher had subjects which required a forcible treatment, with strong oppositions of light and shade, and the result is that the adoption of the needle rather than the graver has been a wise selection, although in the hands of any one but a first-rate master of his art there was plenty of opportunity for turning out very uninteresting plates. As it is, the subscribers cannot fail to be satisfied with them.

NEW BOOKS.

'THE GRAPHIC ARTS: A Treatise on the Varieties of Drawing, Painting, and Engraving, in comparison with each other and with Nature,' by P. G. Hamerton (London: Seeley and Co.).—Mr. Hamerton prefaces the considerable and important task he has undertaken by an apology which may be briefly summed up as follows:—That criticism, whether by the professor or the amateur, of any work can only be justly indulged in when the material conditions under which it was set about, the temptations offered by each substance used, and the obligations which impelled the choice amongst the

thoughts and sentiments expressed, owing to the nature of the materials employed, are thoroughly weighed and understood; or again, when it is remembered that every material used in the Fine Arts has its own subtle affinities with certain orders of natural truth, and its own want of adaptability to others. Another reason actuating the author was the prevalent indifference with which one branch of Art is regarded by those who know and practise another not widely removed from it, prominent instances of which are to be found in the case of water-colour painting in France, which until lately was so despised that no one would consider it as a serious art; or of etching in England, which, until still more recently, was regarded with a degree of contempt hardly imaginable now; all which evidences a remarkable want of trust in the practical sense of great artists who have practised such branches. For although such men may have accepted quite contentedly what may be called limited means of expression, they have never tolerated a bad form of Art. Certainly the vast majority of amateurs and of critics, if they can bring themselves to acknowledge it, will admit that they have never judged, or thought of judging, the arts by such a standard; and, further, that their line of conduct has hitherto been an illiberal and ignorant one. Though the amateur may well plead that the means of arriving at such a judgment has never hitherto been afforded him in any compact or easily attainable form, that plea must in the future be disallowed. For Mr. Hamerton has, in this volume, and with the aid of the most efficient of the reproductive processes, explained, illustrated, and weighed the merits of the various methods of Drawing, Painting, and Engraving, such as drawing with pen and ink, the silver point, lead pencil, chalk, and charcoal; painting in monochrome, pastel, tempera, fresco, oil, and water colours; engraving on wood by line, etching, mezzotint, and lithography. Of all these methods there are illustrations, more or less successful; in the former category being drawings in pen and ink by Boughton, in pen and wash by Sir John Gilbert, in silver point by Leonardo, in black and white chalk by Poynter, and in black and red chalk by Zuccherro.

"LA MOSAÏQUE," by M. Gersbach (Paris: A. Quantin).—This is the first of an important series which are now being published at intervals under the patronage of the Ministry of Fine Arts in France. It has long been felt in that country that no text-books were in existence from which either the scholar or the man of letters could obtain reliable information on the various branches which are summed up under the comprehensive title of "Les Beaux Arts." A determined effort is now being made to meet the want, and how vast that want is may be gauged by the fact that it is estimated that it will require one hundred volumes to complete the series. A capital start has been made: the first four volumes are *Dutch Painting*, by Henry Havard; *Mosaic*, by M. Gersbach, Head of the Department of National Manufactures; *Artistic Anatomy*, by M. Duval, Professor of l'École des Beaux Arts; and *Greek Archaeology*, by M. Collignon. Each part contains some three hundred pages, with one hundred engravings, and is published at 3s. We hope to see the series translated and adapted to English students, who suffer from a similar want of good text-books.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S ETCHINGS.

PERHAPS the two qualities which, as one gets a little blasé about the productions of Art, continue the most to stir and stimulate, and to quicken the sense of enjoyment, are the quality of vigour and the quality of exquisiteness. If an artist is so fortunate as to possess both these virtues fully, he is sure not only to please a chosen public during several generations, but to please the individual student—if he be a capable student—at all times and in all moods, and, of the two, perhaps that is really the severer test. But to have these qualities in any fulness, and in equal measure, is given to a man only here and there over the range of centuries. It is given to a Titian, to a Rembrandt, and of course to a Turner; it is given in the days of the Grand Monarch to a Watteau, and in the days of the Second Empire to a Méryon. But so notable and rare a union is denied—is it not?—even to a Velasquez; while what we praise most in Moreau le Jeune is by no means a facility of vigour, and what is characteristic of David Cox is certainly no charm of exquisiteness. To unite the two qualities—I mean always, of course, in the fulness and equality first spoken of—demands not a rich temperament alone. The full display of either by itself demands that. It demands a temperament of quite exceptional variety: the presence, it sometimes seems, almost of two personalities—so unlike are the two phases of the gift which we call genius.

With the artists of energy and vigour I class Mr. Seymour Haden. Theirs is the race to which, indeed, quite obviously, he belongs. Alive, undoubtedly, to grace of form, fire and vehemence of expression are yet his dominant qualities. With him, as the artistic problem is first conceived, so must it be executed, and it must be executed immediately. His energy is not to be exhausted, but of patience there is a smaller stock. For

him, as a rule, no second thought is the wisest; there is no fruitful revision, no going back to-day upon yesterday's effort; no careful piecing and patching, to put slowly right what was wrong to begin with. He is the artist of the first impression. Probably it was just, and justly conveyed; but if not, there the failure stands, such as it is, to be either remembered or forgotten, but in no case to be retrieved. Such as it is, it is done with, no more to be recalled than the player's last night's performance of Hamlet or Macbeth.

Other things will be in the future: the player is even now looking forward to to-night; but last night—that is altogether in the past.

There is no understanding Mr. Seymour Haden's work, its virtues and deficiencies, unless this note of his temperament, this characteristic of his productions, is continually borne in mind. It is the secret of his especial delight in the art of etching; the secret of the particular uses to which he has so resolutely applied that art. With the admission of the characteristic comes necessarily the admission of the limitation it suggests. Accustomed to labour and patience, not only in the preparation for the practice of an art, but in the actual practice of it, it is possible to be suspicious of the art which practically demands that its work shall be done in a day, if it is to be done at all. Such art, one says, forfeits at all events its claim to the rank that is accorded to the *œuvre de longue haleine*, when that is car-

ried to a successful issue, and not to an impotent conclusion. To flicker bravely for an hour; to burn continuously at a white heat—they are very different matters. The mental powers which the two acts typify must be differently valued. And the art that asks, as one of its conditions, that it shall be swift, not only because swiftness is sometimes effective, but because the steadiness of sustained effort has a



High Park.

difficulty of its own—that art, to use an illustration from poetry and from music, takes up its place, voluntarily, with the

mechanical difficulties, his own quality of concentrativeness preserved to his work the quality of unity. Then, again, it must be said that Rembrandt and Claude employed, as it were, the two methods, and found the art equal to the expression both of the first fancy and of the realised fact. To see which, one may compare the first state of Rembrandt's 'Clément de Jonghe'—with its rapid seizure of the features of a character of extraordinary subtlety—and the 'Ephraim Bonus,' with its deliberate record of face and gesture, raiment and background. And in Claude the exquisite free sketching in the first state of 'The Shepherd and Shepherdess Conversing,' with the quite final work of the second state of 'Le Bouvier.' Mr. Haden, then, has full justification for his view of etching; yet Mr. Haden's view is not the only one that can be held with fairness.



A Water Meadow.

lyrists, and with Schubert, as we knew him of old—foregoes, voluntarily, all comparison with the epic, and with Beethoven.

Well, this remark—a remonstrance we can hardly call it—has undoubtedly to be accepted. Only it must be laid to Mr. Seymour Haden's credit that he has shown a rare sagacity in the choice of his method of expression. The conditions of the art of etching—a special branch of the engraver's art, and not to be considered wholly alone—were fitted precisely to his temperament, and suited his means to perfection. Etching is qualified especially to give the fullest effect to the mental impression with the least possible expenditure of hard work. Etching is for the vigorous sketch—and it is for the exquisite sketch likewise; it is for the work in which suggestion may be ample and unstinted, but in which realisation may, if the artist chooses, hardly be pursued at all. To say that, has become one of the commonplaces of criticism. We are not all so gifted, however, that commonplaces are to be dispensed with for the remainder of time.

Of the great bygone masters of the art, some have pursued it in Mr. Haden's way, and others have made it approach more nearly to the work of the deliberate engraver. Vandyke used it as a speedy and decisive sketcher: the later and elaborate work added to his plates was added by other hands, and produced only a monotonous completeness destructive of the first charm—the charm of the vivid impression. Méryon used etching evidently in a different method and for different ends. With something of the patience of a deliberate line engraver, he built up his work piece by piece, and stroke by stroke—touching here, and tinkering there—he says so himself—and the wonder of it is, the work remains simple and broad, and the poetical motive is held fast to.

Nothing eluded Méryon. The impressions that with some men come and go, he pertinaciously retained. Through all

may naturally see in his work the characteristics of youth and those of an advanced maturity, in which, nevertheless, the natural fire is not abated nor the eye dimmed. That is to say, the mass of his labour—over a hundred and eighty etchings—already affords the opportunity of comparison between subjects essayed with the careful and delicate timidity of a student of twenty, and subjects disposed with the command and assurance that come of years, of experience, and, may I add, of recognition. But in his early time Mr. Haden did but little on the copper, and then he would have had no reason to resent the title of "amateur," now somewhat gratuitously bestowed on a workman who has given us the 'Agamemnon,' the 'Sunset on the Thames,' the 'Sawley,' and the 'Calais Pier.' Somewhere, perhaps, knocking about the world are the six little plates of classical subjects which Mr. Haden engraved in the years 1843 and 1844. All that remains of them, known at present



Sawley Abbey.

to the curious in such matters, is a tiny group of impressions cherished in the upper chambers of a house in Hertford

Street—a seanty barrier indeed between these first tentative efforts and oblivion.

But in 1858 and 1859 Mr. Haden began to etch seriously, and to give up to the practice of this particular way of draughtsmanship a measure of time that permitted well-addressed efforts and serious accomplishments. Nothing is more marked in the array of Mr. Haden's mature work than the sense of pleasure he has had in doing it. How much, generally, has it been the result of pleasant impressions! How much the most satisfactory and sufficient has it been when it has been the most spontaneous! Compare the absolute unity, the clearly apparent motive, of such an etching as 'Sunset on the Thames' with the more obscure intention and more hesitating execution of the 'Greenwich,' or with the Aeademical exercise of the 'Windsor.' The plates of

the fruitful years, 1859, 1860, 1863, 1864, and so onward, were done, it seems, under happy conditions.

Any one who turns over Seymour Haden's plates in chronological order will find that though, as it chanced, a good many years had passed, yet very little work in etching had been done, before the artist had found his own method and was wholly himself. There were first the six dainty little efforts of 1843 and 1844; then, when etching was resumed in 1858—or rather, when it was for the first time taken to seriously—there were the plates of 'Arthur,' 'Dasha,' 'A Lady Reading,' and 'Amalfi.' In these he was finding his way. And then, with the first plates of the following year, his way was found: we have the 'Mytton Hall,' the 'Egham,' and the 'Water Meadow,' perfectly vigorous, perfectly suggestive sketches, still unsurpassed. In later years we find a later



John Swain, Engraver.]

A River in Ireland.

manner, a different phase of his talent, a different result of his experience; but in 1859 he was already, I repeat, entirely himself, and doing work that is neither strikingly better nor strikingly worse than the work which has followed it a score of years after. In the work of 1859, and in the work of the last period, there will be found about an equal proportion of beautiful production. In each there will be something to admire warmly, and something that will leave us indifferent. And in the etchings of 1859—in the very plates I have mentioned—there is already enough to attest the range of the artist's sympathy with nature and with picturesque effect. 'Mytton Hall,' seen or guessed at through the gloom of its weird trees, is remarkable for a certain garden stateliness—a disorder that began in order, a certain dignity of

nature in accordance with the curious dignity and quietude of Art. This is the landscape gardener's work—his and the architects'. The 'Egham' subject has the silence of the open country; the 'Water Meadow' is an artist's subject quite as peculiarly, for "the eye that sees" is required most of all when the question is, how to find the beautiful in the apparently commonplace.

Next year, amongst other good things, we have the sweet little plate of 'Combe Bottom,' which, in a fine impression, more than holds its own against the 'Kensington Gardens,' and gives us at least as much enjoyment by its excellence of touch as does the more intricate beauty of the 'Shere Mill Pond,' with its foliage so varied and so rich. In the next year to which any etchings are assigned in Sir William Drake's catalogue—a thoroughly systematic book, and done

with the aid of information from the author of the plates—we find Mr. Haden departing from his usual habit of recording his impression of nature, for the object, sometimes not a whit less worthy, of recording his impression of some chosen piece of master's art. This is in the year 1865, and the subject is a rendering of Turner's drawing of the 'Grande Chartreuse,' and it is an instance of the noble and artistic translation of work to which a translator may hold himself bound to be faithful. And here this is the proper place, I think, to mention the one other such instance of a subject inspired, not by nature, but by the art of Turner, which Seymour Haden's work affords—I mean the large plate of the 'Calais Pier,' done in 1874. Nothing shows Mr. Haden's sweep of hand, his masculine command of his means better than that. Such an exhibition of spontaneous force is altogether refreshing. One or two points about it demand to be noted. In the first place, it makes no pretence, and exhibits no desire, to be a pure copy. Without throwing any imputation on the admirable craft of the pure interpreter and simple reproducer who enables us to enjoy so much of an art that might otherwise never come near to many of us, I may yet safely say that

I feel sure that Mr. Haden had never the faintest intention of performing for the 'Calais Pier' this copyist's service. To him the 'Calais Pier' of Turner—the sombre earlyish work of the master, now hanging in the National Gallery—was as a real scene. That is, it was not to be scrupulously imitated; what was to be realised, or what was to be suggested, was the impression that it

made. With a force of expression peculiar to him, Seymour Haden has succeeded in this aim; but I think he has succeeded best in the rare unpublished state which he knows as the "first biting," and next best in the second state—the first state having some mischief of its own to bear which in the preparatory proofs had not arisen, and in the second state had ceased. The plate is arranged now with a ground for mezzotint—it lies awaiting that work—and if Mr. Haden, having to-day retraced to the full such steps as may have been at least partially mistaken, is but master of the new method—can but apply the mezzotint with anything of that curious facility and success with which Turner himself applied it to a few of his plates in "Liber," in which the engraver had no part—then we shall have a masterpiece of masculine suggestion which will have been worth waiting for.

To go back to the somewhat earlier plates. The 'Penton Hook,' which is one of many wrought in 1864, is another instance—and we have had several already—of the artist's singular power in the suggestion of tree form. Of actual leafage, leafage in detail, he is a less successful interpreter,

as is indeed only natural in an etcher devoted on the whole to broad effects, and looking resolutely at the *ensemble*. But the features of trees, as growth of trunk and bend of bough reveal them, he gives to us as no contemporary etcher has given them. And, in old Art, they are less varied in Claude and in Ruysdael. Leafage counted for more with both of these. And if it is too much to compare Mr. Haden as a draughtsman of the tree with a master of painting so approved as Crome—the painter above all others of oak and willow—as an etcher of the tree he may yet be invited to occupy no second place, for Crome's rare etchings are remarkable for draughtsmanship chiefly. Crome knew little of technical processes in etching, and so no full justice can ever be done to his etched work, which passed, imperfect, out of his own hands, and was then spoilt in the hands of others—dull, friendly people, who fancied they knew more than he did of the trick of the craft, but who knew nothing of the instinct of the art. Crome himself, in etching, was like a soldier unequipped. Mr. Haden has a whole armory of weapons.

Seymour Haden has been a fisherman; I do not know whether he has been a sailor; but at all events purely rural life and scene, however varied in kind, are discovered to be insufficient, and the foliage of the meadow and the waters of the trout stream are often left for the great sweep of tidal river, the long banks that enclose it, the wide sky that enlivens every great flat land, and, by its infinite mobility and immeasurable light, gives a soul, I always think, to the



Sunset on the Thames.

scenery of the plain. Then we have 'Sunset on the Thames' (1865), 'Erith Marshes' (1865), and the 'Breaking up of the Agamemnon' (1870), the last of them striking, perhaps unconsciously, a deeper poetic note—that of our associations with an England of the past, that has allowed us the England of to-day—a note struck by Turner in the 'Fighting Temeraire,' and struck so magnificently by Browning and by Tennyson in verse for which no Englishman can ever be properly thankful.*

In the technique of these later etchings there is perhaps no very noticeable departure from that of the earlier but yet mature work. But in composition or disposition of form we seem to see an increasing love of the sense of spaciousness, breadth, potent effect. The work seems, in these best examples, to become more dramatic and more moving. The hand demands occasion for the large exercise of its freedom. These characteristics are very noticeable in the 'Sawley

* See, of course, "Home Thoughts from Abroad" and "The Revenge: a Ballad of the Fleet."

Abbey' of 1873, of which a reproduction is given here. But they are to be traced far more clearly when the work is seen on the large scale of the original.

'Sawley Abbey' is etched on zinc, a substance of which Mr. Haden has of late years become fond. It affords "a fat line"—a line without rigidity—and so far is good. But the practical difficulty with it—he goes on to explain to me with reasons which it is not necessary to reproduce here—is that the particles of iron it contains make it uncertain and tricky. And we may notice that an etching on zinc is apt to be full of spots and dots. It succeeds admirably, however, where it does not fail very much. Of course its frequent failure places it out of the range of the pure copyist, who copies or translates as matter of business. He cannot afford its risk. In 1877—a year in which Mr. Haden made a very sufficient number of undesirable etchings in Spain, and a more welcome group of sketches in Dorsetshire, on the downs and the coast—Mr. Haden worked much upon zinc. And it is in this year that a change that might before have been foreseen is clearly apparent. Dry-point before this had been united with etching, but not till now have we much of what is wholly dry-point; and from this date the dry-point work is almost, though not altogether, continuous, the artist having rejoiced in its freedom and rapidity.

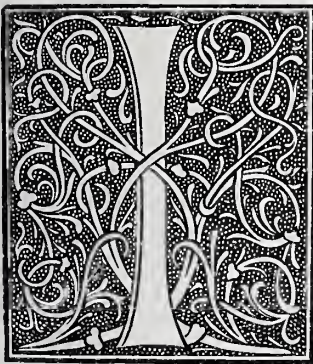
The Dorsetshire etchings, 'Windmill Hill,' 'Nine Barrow

Down,' and the like, are most of them dry-points. In them, though the treatment of delicate distances is not evaded, there is especial opportunity for strong and broad effects of light and shade. Perhaps it is to these that a man travels as his work continues, and as, in continuing, it develops. At least it may be so in landscape.

Here, for the present, is arrested the etched work of an artist thoroughly individual and thoroughly vigorous, but against whom I have charged, by implication, sometimes a lack of exquisiteness, the only too frequent, but not inevitable, "défaut" of the "qualité" of force. So much for the work of the hand. For the process of the mind—the inner character which sets the hand upon the labour, and pricks it on to the execution of the aim—the worst has been said also, when I said at the beginning, that Mr. Haden lacked that power of prolonged concentration which produced the epic in literature and the epic in painting. These two admissions made, there is little of just criticism of Seymour Haden's work that must not be appreciative and cordial—the record of enjoyment rather than of dissatisfaction—so much faithful and free suggestion does the work contain of the impressions that gave rise to it, so much variety is compassed, so much are we led into unbroken paths, so much evidence is there of eager desire to enlarge the limits of our Art, whether by plunge into a new theme or by application of a new process.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

DRAWING AND ENGRAVING ON WOOD.*



WOULD open this second part of my subject by stating that I am responsible for the following opinions concerning the effect wood drawing has upon the Art craftsman: it gives him the training in subject-seeing and in composition that cannot be learnt or taught in a school, and thereby trains him from the cradle of his career to make his

slightest effort a complete work in design, and never to produce a fragment, or a picture that can only claim the title of "a study." It teaches him to look for tone, so that he studies colour whilst he is drawing form, and then arrives at the period of painter in colours, a ripe artist. Moreover, this process of study awakens the mind and enables it to act quickly and healthily, preventing thereby all chances of eccentricities of workmanship, or of inanition—a condition that the shackles of a school frequently bring about.

Before leaving this part of the subject, I ask permission to give my own personal experiences, for I owe all the Art that I may be fortunate enough, or unfortunate enough to display, entirely to the training that results from honest drawing in black and white for a newspaper. If I am a little too autobiographical, I shall, I hope, be forgiven, for it will answer the purpose of showing more clearly than by argument the stages

through which many a wood draughtsman has gone, and will go again.

It was a sad, dull time for a new wood draughtsman when I first wanted such work; it was just before the *Graphic* started, and after I had drawn from the life at the Kensington Art Schools during two summers. All the drawing required then was done by Walker, Pinwell, Small, Fildes, and Gilbert. I used to draw small subjects, in weak imitation of some of the men named, and then worry Mr. E. Dalziel, who in his goodness to me worried publishers again to take them. A few were accepted and engraved, then published, after stories had been written for them. This was a reversion of the usual order of illustrating stories, for it was a case of stories illustrating drawings. What a tax upon a young imagination! Fancy supplying my subjects to writers! What a mine of hidden meaning there must be in a drawing that is to suggest a plot—a story! I need, however, hardly say that those drawings of mine did *not* possess such wealth of ideas.

Now, you must bear in mind that I had little money to pay for models. I had to trust to friends to sit to me without payment to follow. Such sittings being limited, I worked without proper resources from Nature, and that before my art was strong enough to bear it. How often this happens to young workers! My work did not, and could not progress, and the week's rent had to be met.

Never having been of a nature to despair without a great effort, I determined to apply for an evening engagement as zither player to some Christy Minstrels, then performing at St. George's Hall. Happily there was no vacancy for me, and I searched farther, but nearer my art, for I obtained some stencilling work to do at Kensington Museum at ninepence

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* Continued from page 136. This paper was delivered at the London Institution in January, 1882.

the hour. But I failed to appreciate the ninepence, and hearing of the *Graphic* starting, I boldly struck, my comrades—now well-known painters—going on with that work a little longer. With a very small capital in hand I bought a block, the page size of the *Graphic*, which cost me one pound (over twenty-six hours' work at the stencilling), and set to work upon a subject, I thought might be interesting, of Gipsies on Wimbledon Common. I brought the actual gipsies, dirty and unsafe as they were, into my rooms, and did my utmost to make a good specimen drawing. I took it to the *Graphic*, but was not allowed to enter the august presence of the manager. The block was taken to him, and I was left to my reflections. Soon, however, I was permitted to follow the block, and was told by the manager that it was very good, and I could go on drawing for the *Graphic*. How differently my legs carried me out—how nice everything and everybody seemed! Those happy moments never return in after-life; this was the first good news I had to tell my parents.

Excepting Mr. E. Dalziel (to whom I owe a lasting debt of gratitude), there was now no need to go to publishers, who would either show you the door, or their hard hearts, or to engravers, some of whom were as bad—one telling me I had not yet eaten enough pudding, being a vulgar allusion to want of practice in Art: what a damper to an enthusiastic young mind! With the eight pounds I obtained for the gipsy drawing I felt I could now really do some good work.

This was a characteristic situation. In the first place, it proves the high standard of work thus required, that made me feel that anything short of that standard would prove unsuccessful; and it emphatically declared the seriousness and importance of the work, and the accompanying enthusiasm it aroused in a young artist. There was no thought of doing a drawing destined only to die with the week in which it appeared. It was a desire (not only in me, but in all those similarly engaged at that time) to produce a work of Art in black and white of a striking subject that would attract attention and fix a reputation. In the second place, the situation was one that educated the subject-seeing faculties. There is not an Art school in the world that accomplishes an education in this direction. The everlasting drawing and painting of studies from models arranged by masters leaves this precious and absolutely indispensable faculty dormant, and the longer the academic training of the student lasts the less chance this faculty will have of awakening. Every painter has had that painful period of not knowing what to paint, or what subjects to select. The first thing he does is to look for those subjects that his favourite painter has selected before him. The difficulties of starting in painting are enormous, and of this the world knows nothing. As I maintain that the wood draughtsman arrives at subject painting by a different and more expeditious process than the ordinary academic student, I can use the last situation I was describing to prove this.

I had eight pounds in hand from the first drawing. Allowing two pounds ten shillings for the expenses of actual living during the two weeks I proposed to labour upon a second drawing, that would leave me five pounds ten shillings to pay for models and other expenses incidental to the production of the drawing. This was being positively rich.

Now for a subject—one that has not been done. One that is striking, combining character with sentiment to move hearts. The very word "subject" runs in your veins; it is on your tongue and in your brain, asleep or awake. You ask some friend in whom you have had confidence, to suggest a

subject to you. He says, Read. I ask what? He answers—Try Dickens. I try, but fail to find any subject that can stand by itself to tell its own story. In your despair you unwittingly go to the fountain—to Nature. But curiously enough only as an alternative. I cannot tell you why this is felt first, but so it is. You expect to find your subjects everywhere but in Nature, and you look at her for your first materials as a miserable alternative. Turned by force out of doors into the visible world, you look at everything with new eyes, and with a distinct purpose in view, to find a subject for artistic treatment. You are aware of being in a poetic country, but looking at the unpicturesqueness of the costumes worn, you are not quite sure where the poetry lies. This is not singular, for we always feel the presence of a poetic condition before we can identify it with any particular object. I felt this in a striking manner when I turned in at the gates of the Chelsea Hospital for old pensioners. In an indistinct way I felt there ought to be something there. I saw the old men sitting about, or hobbling through the gardens, or along the corridors of the picturesque old building. I saw them sitting in groups, spinning yarns; and saw them in their hall playing at dominoes or at cards, or reading the papers, and smoking their pipes. But I was not made aware of a subject. This did not discourage me, for I only felt I had not yet found it. The following day was a Sunday, and I attended the service in their chapel. The moment I entered and beheld that assembly of old men I knew I had found my subject. There was no need to give reasons why it was a good subject, I felt it in my heart, and knew I was right. There was even no hesitation in the management of the subject. I could only do a section, and I unhesitatingly decided upon the section I saw before me from my position at the side of the hall, feeling that it had all the elements of a fine subject. I obtained permission to have the men in the chapel to draw from, so as to get the correct light and shade on their faces. The idea was to make every man tell some different story, to be told by his type of face and expression, or by the selection of attitude. My studies were all good, but they were timidly drawn on the block, and in an unsatisfactory manner, for I was nervous, and it was carelessly engraved. In that drawing I already introduced the incident of the dying man, showing the situation by the anxious look of his neighbour, rather than by any death-like appearance of the man, that might give a sensational tone to the drawing. In spite of the shortcomings I have just explained, the drawing was successful with the public, and the subject was henceforth my own. This is the truest and surest law of copyright. It was done in '69. In '75 I painted a large oil picture of the subject, improving the design throughout, but selecting many of the same models for the leading characters, retaining the same treatment of the subject. When the picture was exhibited, a gentleman called upon me and told me he suggested the very same subject to David Roberts, and took him there to see it. But Roberts said nothing could be made of it because the windows were so unpicturesque, but he would try it. A few days after that he died. David Roberts looked for stones and windows, I tried to look for hearts.

From this time I never felt the want of a subject; principally because I found Nature to be the real source, and looked at her, and at humanity as it was around me, to find endless opportunities for the display of artistic workmanship and of lofty interpretations of our troubled existence. The chief difficulty now was the capability of drawing what I saw.

Does not this seem to you an education singularly safe and

right for the painter? Singularly free from all dangers of morbid conventionalism?

To gain this training, and obtain money that not only enabled you to work out your subjects to the full, but left you a good surplus to devote to the painting of pictures, are indeed marked advantages. To be independent, too, of that poisonous influence, private patronage, and of the sale of the first efforts in colour.

Perhaps the most important practical result of this training is that it enables the artist to make his first painting an excellent and striking work, one that will at once establish his reputation. Whereas the Art student working out his Art in the ordinary orthodox groove produces at first a bad work, or a feeble work, only attracting notice after years of laborious struggling with the difficulties that the former conquers first. He cannot strike out his path so readily, but has to feel his way and slowly establish his position.

Morally, and practically, the wood draughtsman has exceptional advantages. But do not mistake my man. I do not for a moment mean the man who simply draws on wood as a means of living. He gets into a certain style, but gets no further in his art. He is a person whom nobody knows anything about, and nobody misses when his pencil is taken from him by death. Not so with the true draughtsman. His drawings are recognised, criticized, and looked forward to as pictures in exhibitions are, and are missed when they cease to appear.

Now let us consider how far the material will lend itself to artistic expression, and its claims to a position among the highest arts.

To answer the first question we must almost wholly consider the engraver, or the person who has to alter the surface of the block in such a way as to produce the exact effect of the drawing when subjected to a process of printing. Let us see what the process of wood engraving is. The wood block is about one inch in thickness, but of small size, owing to the limited dimensions of the box-tree (for little else is used than box). This is close grained—the end grain always forming the surface for the work. Boxwood is also said to be poisonous, thereby keeping out the approach of worms. Now if you were to print this block as it comes from the maker—that is, blacken the surface with a roller, and lay paper on the blackened surface and then subject them both to the pressure of a press—the result would be a dense black patch on the paper, the exact size of the blackened block. But if you cut into the surface lines, and subject it to the same process of printing, you will find your cut lines white and the rest of the surface black. The roller could not touch the lower surfaces of the cut lines, and they remain colourless. Hence, all that you cut away from the original surface of a block remains white, and whatever is left will form the black, and only visible, marks on the paper when put under the press, for they alone take the black from the roller. As the parts that receive the black are raised, the ordinary wood block is identical with the letter-type, and can be printed by the same press. This, and its facility for electrotyping (so as to produce many blocks of the same engraving), are sufficient reasons for its practicability. No other form of engraving can be printed side by side with letter-type.

It now stands to reason that the most natural and self-evident application of this method to Art would be to get an artist to draw his subject in a few simple lines, and then put it in the hands of the engraver, who will cut away the surface

of the block wherever there are no lines, taking great care to leave the exact shape of the lines.

The earliest efforts were very simple, being a gradual process of development of other kindred arts, such as the manufacture of coins, monograms, and monumental brasses. And although the art of wood engraving was practised in China long before it was known in Europe, a woodcut bearing the date 1423 is believed to be the earliest extant. After this, wood engraving was used for works known as block-books. Then came Gutenberg with his movable types, and wood engraving seems to have declined. However, towards the close of the fifteenth century, Albrecht Dürer took the art up with enthusiasm. From Germany, the birthplace of the art, it went to Italy, where it succeeded very well. But the art seems to have declined until 1700, when it reached its lowest ebb, and it is to Thomas Bewick, who was born in 1753, that we owe the revival of an art that can be as little dispensed with in the present as electricity in the future.

After Bewick, and the school he formed, who drew as well as engraved their own works, wood engraving was done by a personage other than the draughtsman.

Now, here we pass to modern times, when some of our best painters have drawn their best works on wood, and for whom a body of engravers has been raised up who have brought the art of engraving on wood to such a degree of perfection, that the most modern work, especially that of the Americans, is done to show the skill of the engraver rather than the art of the draughtsman. I do not hesitate to say that this is the first sign of a decadence. Take up any number of the *Century* or *Harper*, and you will see what I mean. Effect is the one aim. Engravings, with few exceptions, are not well-considered representatives of painted drawings—such as the *Graphic* first introduced—but are represented by a method of ill-regulated blots, or blotches, to enable the engraver to render a disturbed surface by an ingenuity of lining or texturing of his own devising. You marvel at the handling of the engraver, and forget the artist. Correct or honest drawing is no longer wanted; complete designs are no longer in request; a “bit,” just covering an awkward corner of the page, is all that is required. And if the dress of a lady hangs into the letter-press, or a tree grows out of the margin of the drawing, breaking the margin line, people are made to believe that it is the newest and most enlightened style of illustration. This kind of wood drawing is most pernicious to the student who would believe that the highest class of wood drawing carries with it a complete Art education.

Accepting the engraver as an interpreter, we have only to look back in order to see that all interpreters, no matter what their art, have at times allowed their cleverness to mar the dignity of their mission.

Many a violin player has used other men's compositions simply as an excuse for the display of certain tricks or difficulties invented and practised by himself. Many an actor has entirely destroyed the character of a piece by the introduction of sayings of his own. In these cases the violin player ought to compose his own piece for the display of his tricks; the actor ought to write his own play, if he has so many more clever things to say than his author; and the engraver ought to draw his own designs, if he is so over-anxious to show that his material can render what it never was intended to render, namely, the quality of other materials, such as stone or steel. The Germans have a good phrase: “Die Kunst darf nie ein Kunststück werden,” or Art should never degenerate into a trick.

Although the Americans were the first to foster this species of "Artistic tight-rope-dancing," I do not hesitate to prophesy that they will be the first to correct it. America is a great child full of promise in Art, but one that hardly yet knows what to be at. It is a child that is destined to be a great master; so let us not imitate its youthful efforts or errors, but rather endeavour to assist its education, until it has reached that sure goal, when it will teach us what we have not yet known.

I have spoken so highly of the *Graphic*, that it is necessary for me to say, I cannot feel the pleasure in their present issues that we all used to feel formerly. The managers declare that the public require the representation of a public event, and are satisfied if it is correct and entertaining, caring nothing for the artistic qualities of the drawing. I do not believe this. The *Graphic* might be the most artistic periodical, and the most correct, for it is extremely rich. Therefore do not take meekly (without at least some resistance) what they offer of inartistic work. The only excuse you may accept is, dearth of good draughtsmen. The *Illustrated London News* has had, since the establishment of the *Graphic*, some admirable work. But, alas! the last summer number was an example of the imitation of the worst features of the American school of wood illustration.

You may divide wood drawing into three styles: the severe in line, treating all objects as if they were without local colour; the free and realistic in line, which purports to show the local tone and colour, as well as light and shadow; and the entire or partial absence of all line, being a painted drawing, devolving upon the engraver the invention of lines to represent the tints.

The first style is represented by Albrecht Dürer and Alfred Rethel, and in our times by Sandys; the second is the invention of Fred. Walker; and the third style was, I may say, first used, if not invented, by William Small. Dürer had a forerunner in the earliest styles, which he only improved. Frederick Walker may have been led to his original style by

a gradual progress of development, starting from the style of John Gilbert. But William Small had no forerunner in his style. It was the haste with which drawings were required for the *Graphic* that I believe first led to the painting of drawings, the engravers assuring the artists that they could manage their part. So it was, perhaps, that it fell to the lot of W. Small to start that school of wood engraving which has reached such a dangerous degree of excellence across the Atlantic. No doubt this style demands the greatest intelligence on the part of the engraver, whereas in the other two styles care is a paramount quality, for the lines are all drawn by the artist, and if the engraver renders them well, the drawing should bear no trace of his hand. In short, one should be able to say, as Walker frequently did to his favourite engraver (W. Hooper) after he had finished engraving one of his drawings, "It does not look cut at all."

Now to sum up my subject in a few words.

The vital element of the Art power is the pursuit of fact. For the artist's first efforts in this pursuit, wood drawing stands unrivalled. Not only is it mechanically advantageous beyond all other methods, but it offers special advantages to the young painter, to whom Nature has given the divine spark. It frees him from the bondage of conventionalism. It awakens his subject-seeing faculties. It develops the powers of the most delicate draughtsmanship. It trains his powers of composition. It gains for him a reputation before he touches a brush. It obtains for him a livelihood, and he can paint pictures with an independent spirit that is free from the anxiety of sale, so that his first appearance as painter stamps him once and for all.

To you, as the public, it offers infinite pleasure and edification. For you it is really done. Therefore clamour loudly for good work, and be sure it will be forthcoming. In this way you will do great service, and wood drawing and engraving will ever remain a noble, as it is a familiar, art.

HUBERT HERKOMER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, K.G.' Engraved by William Roffe, after a statuette by Lord Ronald Gower. Lord Ronald has well represented the great Minister, with the grave and preoccupied expression which was habitual to him when the intellectual face was in repose. It suggests Lord Beaconsfield in the vigour of his manhood, rather than as we see him in Mr. Millais's portrait, ill, suffering, and worn with the long labour and stress of years. When this statue was executed, shortly after the Congress of Berlin, he was at the topmost rung of the ladder, his great rival—as Lord Ronald in the companion statuette has portrayed him—being busied apparently with nothing more onerous than the felling of trees. This was their respective position only four years ago, and now! what an illustration for the Tennysonian line, "The great world spins for ever down the ringing grooves of change." In a letter to the sculptor, Lord Beaconsfield said that his friends considered the likeness to be the most satisfactory then executed of him, and we are able to state that this opinion has obtained the emphatic concurrence of her Majesty the Queen.

'À BIENTÔT.' Painted by Val Prinsep, A.R.A., etched by Leopold Flameng. This is an excellent example of the best manner of the artist. There is evidently much more than the commonplace "Good-bye for the present" in the parting which is here taking place; something more than the mere courtesies of the ballroom has been exchanged between the couple who now linger so long over the leave-taking. Similar episodes to this take place at every ball of the season, but the prosaic costume of to-day is so repulsive to the painter that he is perforce driven to abandoning the delineation of the history of his own time. Mr. Prinsep was engaged in painting a series of somewhat similar scenes, of which the most important was 'The Minuet,' when he received the commission from India which has apparently diverted his attention for the time into another channel. We have to thank Mr. Schwabe, of Yewden, near Henley, the owner of a delightful collection of modern pictures, for his courtesy in according us permission to etch the work.

'ISABELLA,' by J. E. Millais, R.A. For description of this engraving see page 188.



PAINTED BY VAL. PRINSEP, A.R.A.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

"A BIENTÔT."

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF G.C. SCHWABE ESQ.

TOURS.

"VIRTUE, happiness, life, mean an income of six hundred francs a year on the banks of the Loire." Thus wrote the great Honoré de Balzac, born May 16th, 1799, on the banks of the Loire at Tours. He fixed the sum on which he could feel sufficiently at ease to be able to practise the Chris-

tian virtues considerably lower than Miss Becky Sharp, who was wont to declare that she could be very good on a thousand a year. His love for the Loire was partly imbibed during his youth (when, as Madame de Surville, his sister, tells us, he would stand and watch the splendid sunsets lighting up the Gothic towers of Tours, the villages scattered on all sides, and the majestic Loire covered with sailing vessels, great and small), and partly the longing of a weary and heavily overworked man for rest from thought and labour. The soft and beautiful scenery of Touraine was probably intensely soothing to him, its level plains restful, and most restful of all the placid, easy-going habit of mind of the people. "If you only knew what sort of a country this Touraine is," said he, "it makes you forget everything! I quite forgive the inhabitants for being so stupid, they are so happy." And again, "Touraine has on me the effect of a *pâté*

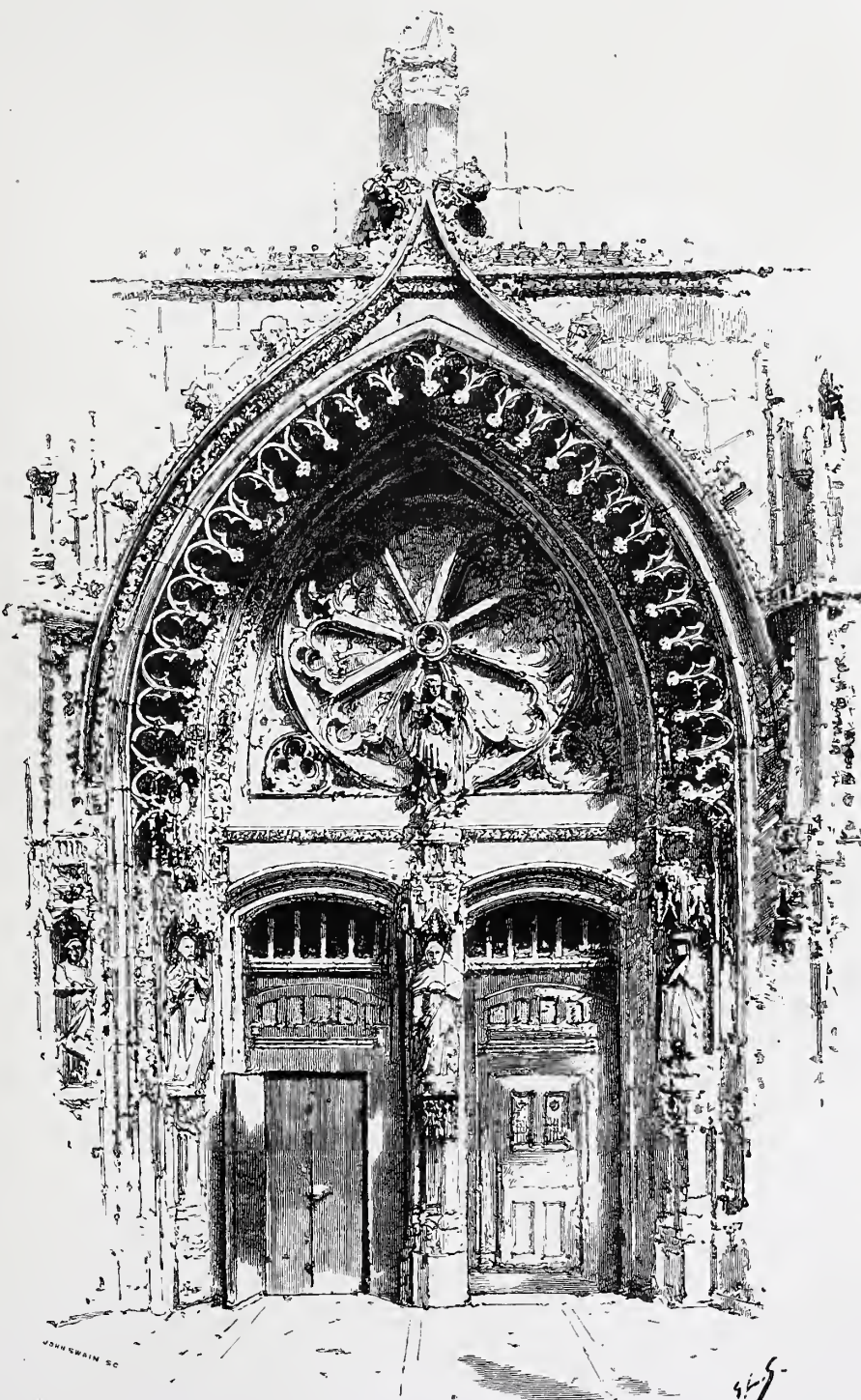
de foie gras, in which one is up to the chin, and its delicious wine, instead of making you tipsy, makes you stupid and happy" ("vous bétifie, et vous béatifie"). No wonder that

this miserable man, who had hung a millstone of debt round his neck by entering into speculations which had failed, who habitually rose at six in the evening and wrote from eight till eight next morning, and often longer, when he found that he had fallen short of the tale of manuscript which he was

bound to supply—no wonder that he, whose neck was scarcely ever out of the halter of never-ending, still-beginning toil, sometimes even envied the existence of the passive and indolent people of his own province, who are so aptly satirized in the local saying, "Tourangeau, veux-tu de la soupe?" "Oui." "Apporte ton écuelle." "Je n'ai plus faim."

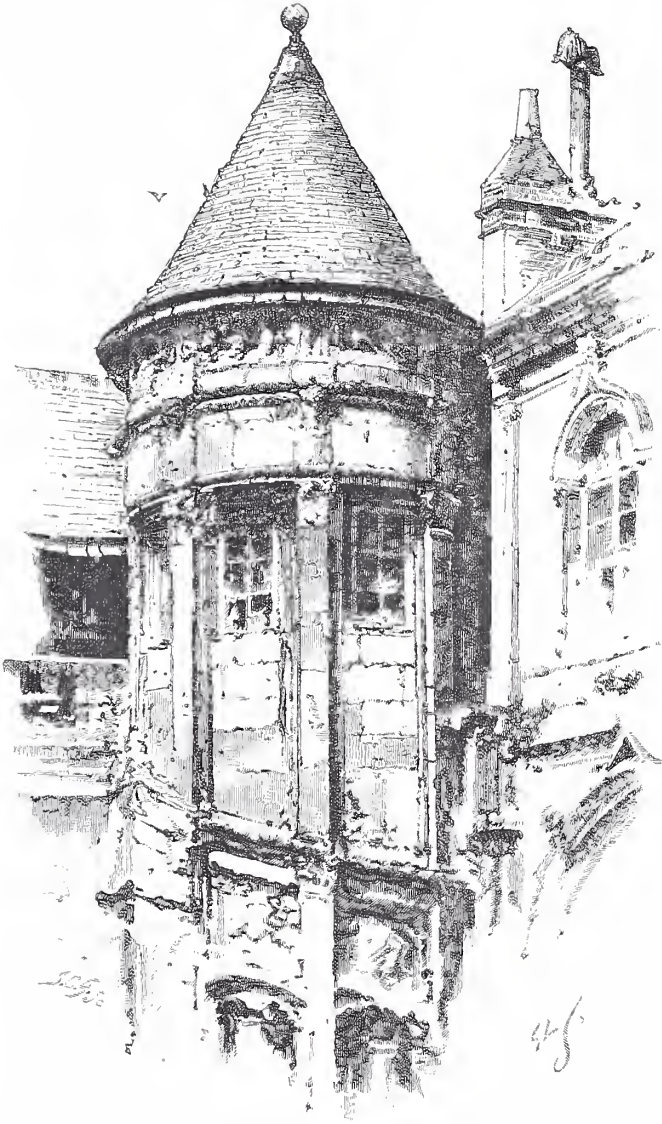
"One can put a great deal of black upon white in twelve hours, little sister," said Balzac when remonstrated with, but he often wrote sixteen or eighteen. He left Tours when young, but frequently returned to it, and, like many other great men under similar circumstances, was on these occasions by no means satisfied with the estimation in which he seemed to be held by the inhabitants of his native town. He was fond of collecting curious old books, and had gathered together a number which were valuable. These he bequeathed to the Public Library of the town. Tours has a very fine library,

containing fifty thousand volumes. It has highly curious old MSS., illuminated and not illuminated. It has a copy of the Gospel written in the seventh century in gold on vellum. This



Portail de Notre-Dame la Riche, Tours.

is the selfsame copy on which the Kings of France took their oaths as Abbots of St. Martin. It has Charles V.'s Book of Hours, Anne of Brittany's likewise, and many other most interesting and valuable works, but it has not the books collected by Honoré de Balzac, for as time went on he became less and less able to bear the coldness and indifference of his own townfolk, and he revoked the gift. He did not, however, cease to flout their intellect, or to explain to them how impossible it was they should have any; and if, as was very unlikely, they ever read his books, they would continually meet with such passages as the following:—"The



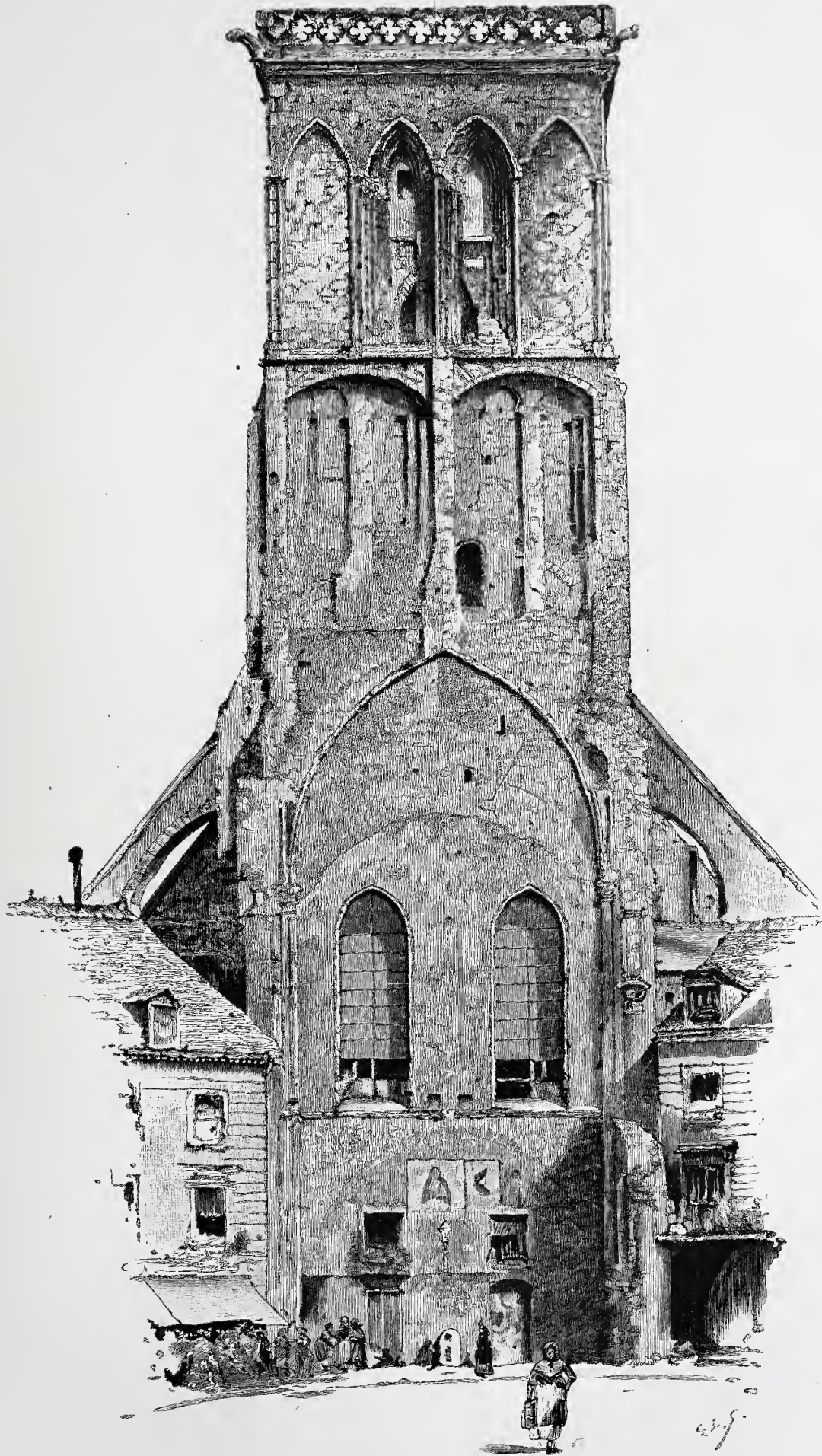
Escalier de la Psallette, Tours.

softness of the air of Touraine, the beauty of the climate, a certain facility of existence, and *bonhomie des mœurs*, soon stifle any feeling for Art, narrow the largest heart, and eat away the most tenacious of wills. Transplant the Tourangeau, and his gifts develop, and produce great things in the most diverse spheres of activity; but at home he stays like an Indian on his mat—like a Turk on his divan. He uses his intellect in mocking his neighbours and enjoying himself, and so brings his life to a happy close. Go to this Turkey of France—there you will be sluggish, idle, and happy. Even if you were as ambitious as Napoleon himself, or as much a poet as Byron, a power, strange and invincible, would compel you to keep your poetry to yourself, and would turn all your

ambitious projects into dreams." Ronsard lived for many years near Tours—he wrote poetry. Béranger lived for many years at La Grénardière, a cottage in the village of St. Cyr, just across the Loire, and we suspect many of his brightest songs were written there, but these two were not natives of Touraine—Descartes was, and it certainly is said that he always had a great dislike to early rising, and even died when at last he was obliged to practise it, for the sake of instructing his royal mistress.

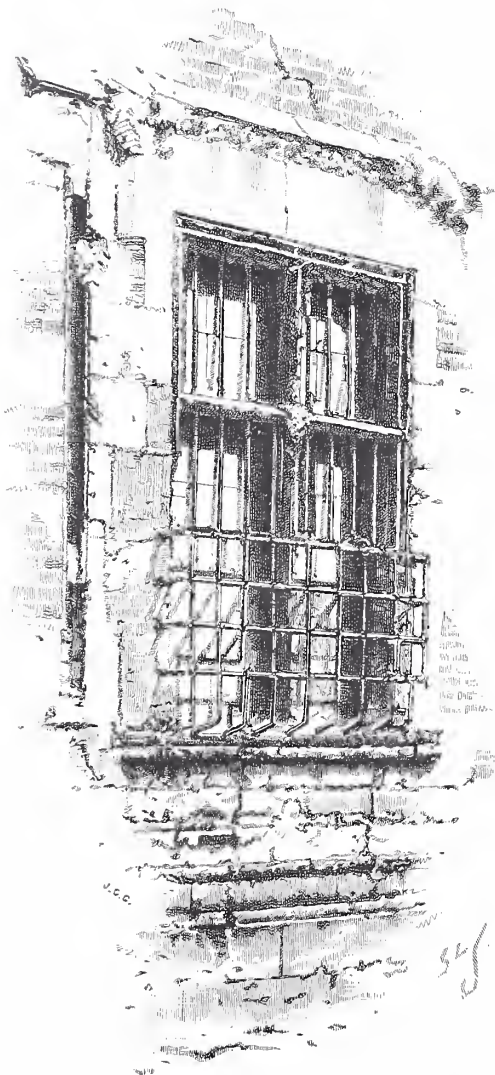
Tours is built on a flat piece of land lying between the Loire and the Cher. These two rivers hem the town in on the north, south, and west, and on the east is a canal from the Cher to the Loire. Of course modern Tours has overflowed these barriers, and stretched itself out in suburbs on the other side of them, but nearly all that is interesting lies within the girdle of these two rivers. They are, especially the Loire, by no means pleasant neighbours, having a trick of rising suddenly, and coming down on the low-lying town with a body of water extremely difficult to receive without danger and embarrassment. Time was when much of the security of Tours depended on the inhabitants of towns higher up the Loire being prompt about getting to horse and riding off to Tours to give warning that the river was rising: now the warning is given by telegraph. The river, however, rises *quand même*, and fills the streets, invades the boulevards, and raises the rent of fields all along its course by fertilising them in the fashion of the Nile. Beautiful fields they are, filled in summer with waving meadow-grass or golden corn. Nowhere is the grass of such an intense green as at Tours.

Another drawback to the Loire as a neighbour is, that it by no means adds to the beauty of the scenery, except at such times as it fills its channel. An immensely long bridge (1,123 feet English), with fifteen arches, has been provided to cross it, and in winter only just fulfils its task; but in summer the river dries up, and dwindles away into a narrow stream, which three or four arches can easily span, and the remainder are left stranded, with nothing better to do than smooth the wayfarer's path over a dismal waste of pebbles. In spite of these drawbacks, it is this long bridge, with its many arches, which is the distinctive feature of the place. The inhabitants flock to it on the summer evenings to "take the air" and watch the clouds rolling over the great plain before them, and see the sunsets, which nowhere else seem half so magnificent as here. Here they enjoy the coolness of the river, the sight of the green islands and varied river craft, and, more gratifying to their artistic sense than any of these things, the view of their long handsome Rue Royale, which runs on in a straight line from the bridge on which they are promenading so happily, as far as they can see, and is then carried on by the Avenue Grammont, and prolonged to a length of six kilomètres. Six kilomètres of handsome straightness is something to captivate the imagination. The Tours people are never tired of dwelling on the beauty of the "magnifique percée de la Rue Royale." The bridge itself is so long that when Balzac's hero, the unfortunate Abbé Birotteau, was appointed Curé of Saint Symphorien, over the water, he being rather gouty was practically banished for life from all that he held dear. Mademoiselle Salomon says, "Notre pauvre Abbé Birotteau a reçu tout à l'heure un coup affreux, qui annonce les calculs les plus étudiés de la haine. Il est nommé Curé de Saint Symphorien. L'Abbé Birotteau sera là comme à cent lieues de Tours, de ses amis, de tout." All that could be done to vulgarise the



Tour de Charlemagne, Tours.

bridge has been done by making a square at each end of it, each of identical proportions and arrangement. That on the Tours side is furnished with bad statues of Descartes and Rabelais, both born in Touraine. Descartes' statue may be known by its having the words "Cogito ergo sum" engraved on its base, but there is nothing else about it which would lead you to connect it with a man of genius. Balzac had a great deal of taste, but nearly all of it was bad: even he finds matter for admiration in the fact that both these squares correspond. He says, "Le pont, un des plus beaux monuments de l'architecture française, a dix-neuf cents pieds de long, et les deux places qui le terminent à chaque bout sont absolument



Street Window, House of Tristan l'Hermite, Tours.

pareilles." It is strange how certain minds can see no beauty in anything that is not large, or straight, or uniform on a large scale, and see most beauty when all these things are combined. This class of mind likes each artistic object to have a "beau pendant." Bad taste of this kind is rampant at Tours—the wretched statue of Descartes has for a *pendant* the wretched statue of Rabelais. The Hôtel de Ville, which is built at one corner of the square where the counterfeit presentment of Descartes stands, has at exactly the opposite corner, and just across the street, the Museum for a *pendant*. Both buildings are constructed on the same plan, both are almost alike, both ugly, and not only ugly, but as dull as the most refined want of taste could make them. The only thing about

the Museum which makes it remarkable is that in amusing contradistinction to our own habit in such matters, it is, or was until lately, open on Sundays, and on Sundays only. No doubt a great deal of money was spent on it, and on the Hôtel de Ville also, but we trust we shall not be thought hopelessly vulgar if we say, would that we could see in its place the old "Hôtel de la Truie qui file," once (in 1463) the seat of municipal administration, and, no doubt, a charmingly picturesque place in spite of its name.

In order to make the Rue Royale completely what it ought to be, the authorities of Tours took upon themselves the task of building the façade of every house in it to the height of the first story. By this means, that *sine quâ non*, absolute uniformity, was insured. Many a good old house, and fine, though ruined church, was cleared out of the way of the Rue Royale as it cut its relentless way through the town. Other buildings are doomed to follow. One of these is the Hôtel Papion, a handsome building which contains the Public Library. Its fault is that it is old. It is a blot on the neatness of a well-cared-for town. Tours is a dazzling place, full of glare and dust. The houses are built of a white stone found in the neighbourhood, which retains its colour for a long time. There is, however, no lack of pleasant places where a refuge can be found from the glare of the streets. The moat has been filled up, the walls thrown down; there are now more than two kilometres of boulevards and fourfold rows of elms, under the shadow of which one may almost make the circuit of the town. The cathedral, which was built in the place of one burnt in 1166, was so long in being finished that almost every style or want of style finds representation on some part of it. The west front is very richly decorated, and in many respects fine, and so is the pretty Escalier de la Psalette (see illustration), in the corner of the cloister square. As the name implies, this part of the building was once used as a singing school, in which boys were trained for the choir.

The Revolution accomplished itself without bloodshed at Tours, but not without much pulling down of churches great and small, and destruction of monuments. The outside of the cathedral was spared, but numbers of monuments inside it were destroyed.

St. Martin's was not so fortunate. Of this abbey, once the great national place of pilgrimage, and of which Kings of France were proud to be abbots, the Jacobins only left two towers, the Tour de Charlemagne (see engraving) and the Tour de l'Horloge. According to Balzac, the old people of Tours were for long after this wont to tell how all the men who lent a hand to doing this evil deed died an evil death, and that, too, before six months had passed. What punishment, therefore, ought to have befallen light-hearted Francis I., who took possession of a splendid railing of silver, with which in some fit of gratitude Louis XI. had protected St. Martin's shrine, and had the whole of it melted down and converted into a good supply of crown-pieces, of which crown-pieces it is more than probable that some came to a very bad end? St. Martin, Bishop of Tours, and gentlest and kindest of saints when not militant, ought after death to have been allowed to keep his little decorations in peace, for in life he was always ready, even in the bitterest weather, to share his cloak with any poor shivering beggar whom he chanced to meet. "What particularly distinguished St. Martin," writes Mrs. Jameson, "was his sweet, serious, unflinching serenity; no one had ever seen him angry, or sad, or gay: there was nothing in his heart but piety to God and piety for men." "He was particularly dis-

tinguished by the determined manner in which he rooted paganism out of the land. Neither the difficulty of the enterprise, nor the fury of the Gentiles, nor his own danger, nor the superb magnificence of the idolatrous temples, had any power to daunt or restrain him. Everywhere he set fire to the temples of the false gods, threw down their altars, broke their images." In proportion, however, to the fury with which he assailed the temples of the pagans were the tenderness and kindness with which he welcomed the penitent and fallen, and forgave their sins on the least sign of a desire to amend. The arch enemy himself is said to have made this a subject of mocking complaint, for such exceeding charity was most hurtful to his own power. St. Martin answered him sorrowfully (again I quote from Mrs. Jameson), saying, "Oh, most miserable that thou art! If thou also couldst cease to persecute and seduce wretched men, if thou also couldst repent, thou shouldst find mercy and forgiveness through Jesus Christ." This shows a grasp of true charity which transcends all that we have any record of at this period of the world's history; indeed, we are not at all sure that the dread personage addressed in this kindly manner by St. Martin had not to wait almost fifteen hundred years before he heard another speech conceived in the same spirit, and then it was spoken by poor Robert Burns:—

"But, fare you weel, auld *Nickie-ben*!
O wad ye tak' a thought an' men'!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!"

As before said, Francis I. devoted the silver railing to utilitarian purposes, but if he had spared it it would have been taken by the Huguenots, who in 1561 pillaged the abbey, seized on its vast treasures, broke its images, and burnt its relics; and what they left undone in the way of destruction was ended by the Jacobins, who left nothing but these towers and one small fragment of cloister of the time of the Renaissance. The Tour de Charlemagne is about a century earlier than the Tour de l'Horloge, and is so called because Luitgarde, Charlemagne's fourth wife, is said to have been buried beneath it. Even this tower is encroached on by mean buildings of all kinds; they thrust themselves before it and elbow it out of the way, and bring their wrangling noisy life into direct contact and contrast with the hoary dignity of noble old age. The whole of the site of what was once the abbey is built over. Sometimes the houses which cover it are pulled down, and the excavations which have to be made before new ones can be erected reveal buried treasures, which perhaps owe their safety only to the perfect concealment in which they have lain. In 1861 a tomb hewn out of the solid rock was thus brought to light. It was discovered beneath a house which occupied the exact spot where the high altar of St. Martin's once stood, and is believed to be the tomb of the saint himself. This was by no means suffered to remain in neglect. If the right amount of neglect could but be bestowed on a building, it would be better for the preservation of what we most value than any amount of tender care. The fine abbey church of St. Julien was at the Revolution sold and turned into a stable for the Hôtel d'Angleterre; but, though this was by no means what we wish to see, it suffered more terribly when the Tours people, growing ashamed of the desecration, bought it back and restored it. Notre-Dame la Riche (see engraving, page 169)—once Notre-Dame la Pauvre: its name was changed when it was enriched by the relics of St. Gatien—has been

restored too, but still has some fine features. St. Clément, a very interesting church, has been turned into a corn market. St. Denis is a stable. These should be rescued from their base uses, but not restored. We cannot help rejoicing that when the town of Tours bought back the abbey of St. Julien they did not buy back the chapter-room, which is still used as a stable for the riding school. It is a beautiful old building, with vaulted roof and many columns, and it has a history, for in this very hall Henry III., driven from Paris by the Leaguers, opened his parliament with great ceremony. Parliament was held at Tours for five years. This is not the only time that the seat of Government has been transferred to Tours. It is but twelve years since Gambetta alighted from the balloon in which he had left Paris, and struggled might and main to retrieve the ruined fortunes of his country.

There are still several examples of the domestic architec-



Courtyard Door, House of Tristan l'Hermite, Tours.

ture of the Middle Ages to be found in Tours, some of which, according to Mr. Dawson Turner, are as early as the twelfth century. Of course these are fragmentary, and their tenure of existence is probably brief. One of these remnants of a much later period is the house (see above and on opposite page) said to have belonged to Tristan l'Hermite, executioner to Louis XI., or, to give him his proper title, the Provost Marshal, and familiar associate of that king. Titles and honours were given oddly in those days. Louis XI. created the Virgin Mary a countess, and made her colonel of his Guards; and Tristan l'Hermite, the wretch who decorated the oaks about the royal château of Plessis with the strange acorns which were so distasteful to young Quentin Durward, had been dubbed a knight in the breach of Fronsac by the elder Dunois, the hero of Charles V.'s time. This house has obtained its name from

the fact that a decoration, which looks extremely like a halter and a running noose moulded most carefully in terra-cotta, appears on the outside of it, and as Tristan was a noted man in the neighbourhood, this ornament is vulgarly supposed to mark the house as his, and to convey a grim reference to his art. Sir Walter Scott makes Tristan's myrmidons, Petit André and Trois Echelles, habitually go about with a halter ready for immediate use, wrapped round their waists, lest the good chance of cutting a fellow-creature's days short should be lost for want of proper appliances, so it seemed but natural to expect that a house belonging to the great executioner should be encircled in the same way with the insignia of his calling; but the dates do not correspond, the building is of a later period, and is supposed by Mr. Clutton to have been built by Anne of Brittany for some of her retainers, perhaps for some of the gentlemen archers of her Guard, for the figure of one of these, in the costume of Louis XII., is built into the groining of the roof near the entrance to the stairs. Anyhow Tristan's fatal cord and noose seem to resolve themselves into the *cordelière*, or badge of widowhood which is said to appear on every building erected by Anne of Brittany during her widowhood. The same may be found in the oratory at Loches, on the tombs of her parents and children at Nantes and Tours, and in some parts of the castle of Blois. Who-

ever built this house, it was built for gentlefolks, and is very picturesque. It is a stone house faced with red brick. It is four stories high, and has fine old doors and windows, and a tourelle 70 feet high, which contains the staircase of the house. At the top of this is a curious old wooden gallery, from which fine views of the surrounding country can be seen. Above the four windows on the north side of the court are these inscriptions:—

ASSEZ AVRONS. PEU VIVRONS.
PRIE DIEU PUR. PRIE DIEU PUR.

Anne of Brittany, twice Queen of France, was a spirited lady, with a taste for building and a strong determination to have her own way. One of the few objects of interest in St. Malo is the tower on whose summit she set an inscription to inform all officious persons that she did not choose to be interfered with. She had been remonstrated with for spending so much money on building, but would not be checked, and finished the tower which to this day goes by the name of "Qui qu'en grogne," because at the very top of it are to be seen these words, "Qui qu'en grogne, ainsi sera, c'est mon plaisir." It is only another form of "La Reine le veut," and apparently it was equally potent in determining what should or should not be law.

MARGARET HUNT.

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM.



URING the present century the development of museums has made considerable progress in this country. Under the title of "Museum" people expect to find institutions well lighted and conveniently planned, in which objects in orderly arrangement can be looked at and studied. But Sir John Soane's Museum is not a "modern" museum. Its formation was commenced nearly a hundred years ago, and then possibly without any intention that it should eventually become a "public" institution. The idea of collecting objects in dwelling-houses, and calling the collection "museums," was prevalent long before Sir John Soane's time. The virtuosi of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries used to resort to the museums of John Tradescant and Elias Ashmole in Kennington. In like manner people went to Sir Hans Sloane's house in Chelsea to see his collections, which afterwards played so important a part in the founding of the British Museum. Sir Anthony Absolute hints at the horrors of Cox's Museum when rating Jack. Akin to Cox's Museum was a curious *omnium gatherum* which attracted customers to certain coffee-rooms in Chelsea kept by John Salter, popularly known as Don Saltero. In another direction Mr. Vertue had, like a second Vasari, diligently collected notes upon works of Fine Art in famous museums and country houses, and so had furnished Horace Walpole with materials for his "Anecdotes of Painters," a work which undoubtedly stimulated public appreciation of the Arts, and contributed to the favourable condition which has led to a National Gallery. A museum of Indian rarities, dingily, if

not unknowably, germinated in the cellars of John Company's house in Leadenhall Street, little anticipating a prospect of cleanliness and spacious accommodation at South Kensington. Founders of domestic, as distinct from public museums, made little, if any, provision for securing to succeeding generations the benefits of their labours as collectors. Some few might munificently leave their possessions to public institutions, but the majority would be callous to the future, whether their collections should be dispersed under the hammer of a Hutchings or a Robins, or, through the indifference of inappreciative heirs, degenerate into so much lumber and litter, to be stored away in attics, and to be discovered at the present time clothed in a hallowing mantle of housemaids' sweepings and dust.

To none of such last-named contingencies did Sir John Soane contemplate exposing his valuable library and collections, which, in their house at 13, Lincoln's Inn Fields, are, in a way, representative survivors of the eighteenth-century "domestic," as distinct from the nineteenth-century "public" museum. From humble origin Sir John valiantly fought his battle of life, ultimately issuing therefrom a knight and facile draughtsman, to whom the Governments of George III., George IV., and William IV. looked for advice and guidance in schemes for erecting great monumental public buildings—buildings which would have savoured more of the architectural dreams of a Claude than of the practical experience of an Inigo Jones or a Christopher Wren.

Towards his latter days the architects of England signalled their acknowledgment of Sir John's supremacy by striking a medal in honour of him, and by presenting him with an address. Thirty years previously he had been elected a Royal Academician. Throughout his successful career he had

amassed various works of Art and books, many to aid him in his profession, others to give him pleasure. As the collection grew, its due disposal within the rooms of his house gave rise to the necessity of adapting passages and basement offices into exhibition-rooms, all of which remain to this day just as they were when Sir John Soane died in 1837. The Monks' Parlour, Oratory, the Catacombs, the Sepulchral Chamber, the Crypt, etc., are fanciful names of the leading features of Sir John's metamorphosis of his dwelling-house into a museum. The conversion of a private dwelling-house into a public museum must, according to modern views at least, be an experiment of doubtful success. One can nevertheless realise the satisfaction which the old gentleman must have felt as he might saunter from his little breakfast-room, with its top-lighted domed ceiling, either towards the front of the house into the fine morning-room and library, with its painted ceilings and Pompeian red walls, or towards the back, into the sombre passages hung with casts of architectural details, fragments of sculpture, busts, torsos, and models, to look down upon the huge and unique alabaster sarcophagus beneath the cupola of the sepulchral chamber. That he was alive to defects in the plan of his museum is made clear in his own account of it, printed in 1835.

The preservation of a collection, which is more than one of *lares et penates* in the usual sense of the term, possessed Sir John Soane, and he took the best steps he could for securing it. In 1833 he obtained an Act of Parliament, and made a sufficient endowment for the maintenance of the Museum. Upon his death on the 20th of January, 1837, this Act took effect, and from that time to this a board of trustees has been charged to inspect and exercise a due control over the "collections," so that free access shall be given at least on two days in every week throughout the months of April, May, and June," and at other times. Within the last few years the number of free admission days has been increased, and those days have been fixed for Tuesdays and Thursdays in February and March, and Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays in the months of April, May, June, July, and August.

The handbook to the Museum was compiled from Sir John's fuller description, and draws attention to the most important of the contents. As may be imagined, a principal theme of the collection is the illustration of architecture. Apart from casts of details, which nowadays are elsewhere superseded by casts of complete works, photographs, and so forth, there are highly finished models to scale, done in plaster of Paris, of ancient Greek and Roman buildings, some cork models, fragments of antique friezes, mouldings, and capitals in marble and in terra-cotta; mosaics and paintings; and original drawings by Piranesi and Clerisseau, two eighteenth-century architectural artists. Besides these, here and there one comes upon original designs in plaster, by Barry and Flaxman, for monuments. Chief amongst these architectural examples are many of Sir John Soane's original designs for works carried out and projected only. In the former category those of the Bank of England are noticeable, whilst in the latter a view of a triumphal bridge and a design for a national monument are masterpieces of the style of pseudo-classical architecture which had so great a hold upon Sir John Soane, though not entirely to the exclusion of other styles, for amongst these stupendous projects we have a design for Gothicising the fronts of the Court of King's Bench at Westminster, a work of Art which pro-

bably finds a parallel in the Italianising of the Foreign and India Offices by the late Sir Gilbert Scott.

The library is catalogued and arranged for easy consultation. Quite recently the trustees have printed the catalogue of books.

In the present bent of public taste for Queen Anne and Georgian decorations, the great collection of some fifty folio volumes, containing original designs of Robert and James Adam for all sorts of architectural ornaments and decorations, friezes, panels, fireplaces, etc., rises into importance. Chiefly in the style of Etruscan and Roman arabesque decorations, these works are executed with much delicacy, and are full of variety and suggestiveness. Of equal value, perhaps, is a volume containing drawings for Greenwich Hospital, Hampton Court, etc., by Inigo Jones, with which, too, are some few drawings signed by Sir Christopher Wren. Standard works on Art, like Agincourt's "Histoire de l'Art par les Monuments," Piranesi's works, the "Museo Clementino," and many others are also here. An interesting collection of original Italian designs and studies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is well worth consulting.

Some fine missals and illuminations, named in the library catalogue, are placed out in glass cases; as, for instance, those attributed to Lucas van Leyden, those by Giulio Romano, and others in the breakfast-room and north drawing-room. Rare editions of classic works, such as Fra Landino's "Commento Sopra Dante," 1481, and the first three editions of Shakespeare, 1623, 1632, and 1664, which formerly belonged to John P. Kemble, may be seen here; "Les Amours de Henry IV., Roi de France," published in 1695 at Cologne; "A hyve full of hunnie," published in 1578; a religious work "contayning the firste booke of Moses, called Genesis, turned into English meetre;" "The Roman Historic written by T. Livius of Padua, 1600;" Lydgate's works, 1602; "Ortus Sanitatis," in black letter, 1517—titles taken at hazard from the catalogue—may convey some idea of the miscellaneous character of the library. Two important works attract popular attention. The one is a volume of Hogarth's engravings with an autograph inscription, "This copy was presented by Mr. Hogarth to Dr. Schomberg." Here we have excellent impressions of the 'Harlot's Progress,' the 'Rake's Progress,' the 'Marriage à la Mode,' the 'Industrious and Idle Prentices,' the series of Morning, Noon, Evening, and Night, the 'Enraged Musician,' the 'Stages of Cruelty,' 'Gin Lane,' and 'Beer Street.' Modifications which Hogarth introduced into his engraved works, as compared with the originals in oil colour, can be noticed in the case of the 'Election' series and the 'Rake's Progress,' the paintings themselves being here. For instance, a great forked flash of lightning, crudely caricatured, is introduced into the engraving of the 'Arrest,' and behind Tom Rakewell's sedan-chair are a number of street Arabs playing at cards and with dice, who do not appear in the painting.

A second remarkable work in the library is the six-volumed large-paper copy of Pennant's "London." Scarce engravings and water-colour sketches, pen-and-ink drawings by Nash and others, were collected and inserted on interleaving sheets by John Fauntleroy, a banker and amateur, remarkable not only for his taste—particularly, according to one of his friends, for fine curaçoa—but also for the fatal notoriety he acquired as a forger, which culminated in his execution at Newgate some fifty years ago. This copy became Sir John Soane's for the price of £694.

The books of the library are usually consulted in the morning-room, the ceiling of which is decorated with allegorical figure subjects, timidly painted in imitation of glowing processions, such as Guido's 'Aurora,' by H. Howard, R.A., a contemporary of Turner's. These paintings lose effectiveness through being brought into an incongruous companionship with panels filled with monochrome garlands. A story is told of Howard and his art. He was painting the portrait of a child and cat, but getting into difficulties over the cat's legs and tail, he appealed to Turner for advice. "Wrap them up in your red pocket-handkerchief," was the reply. This was done, and Mr. Thornbury records an opinion that this painting is one of Howard's best. Overlooking a large cork model of part of Pompeii, showing excavations round the Temple of Isis in 1820, hangs on the west wall of the library a rapidly decaying picture of the 'Snake in the Grass,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Bequeathed by Sir Joshua to Lady Thomond, after her death it passed, in 1821, into the possession of Sir John Soane for 510 guineas. In front of Beauty, seated, is a Cupid, who is loosening her girdle or zone. Her right arm is raised in a curve, so that her hand shades her face. The group is set in the darkening glories of what was once a luminous pastoral landscape. Waagen, commenting upon the replica of this painting, which is at the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, objects to the half-hidden face, and thinks the line of the right arm ungraceful. Nevertheless he fully approves of the warmth, power, and transparency of the colouring. These latter qualities, however, are disappearing from the original, which is past restoration and repair. It is now a mass of corrupting pigments, and the colourman, whoever he may have been, deserves the execration of Mr. Holman Hunt.

In far better condition are the four large paintings of the 'Election' series by Hogarth. These belonged to David Garrick, who had purchased the four for £200. Sir John Soane bought them for 1,650 guineas at the sale of Mrs. Garrick's effects in 1823. They are displayed in the "Picture Room," where ingeniously contrived movable planes have been inserted, by which an exhibiting space of 45 feet long by 20 feet broad is obtained in a space of 13 feet 8 inches by 12 feet 4 inches broad. The four subjects are respectively called the 'Entertainment,' the 'Canvassing for Votes,' the 'Polling,' the 'Chairing of the Member.' Hogarth's graphic and caricaturist force is fully displayed in these events, the like of which have been virtually relegated to the limbo of the past by the Ballot Act. In the polling scene is coarse vulgarity of persons and incidents, which lifts the Eatanswill election into a charm of refinement, and in comparison with which the modern solemnity of quietly crossing a balloting paper in a well-appointed temporary office almost ceases to have any sort of momentous interest. But it would be travelling over well-trodden ground to attempt to give a description of these famous works. Mr. Austin Dobson's recent *Life of Hogarth* supplies almost all that may be wanted in this direction. In the ballad of "Beau Brocade," which sparkles with touches of appreciation of characteristics of the early eighteenth century, Mr. Dobson speaks of Dolly, a barmaid, who, after shooting the highwayman, was wed to a Yorkshire squire, and

"Went to Town at the King's desire;
But whether His Majesty saw her or not,
Hogarth jotted her down on the spot,
And something of Dolly one still may trace
In the fresh contours of the 'Milkmaid's' face;"

and perhaps, too, in the series of the 'Rake's Progress,' which is displayed on screens in the south drawing-room. Tom

Rakewell, the hero, first appears as having succeeded to his property. Then he holds a levee—not in the St. James's Palace sense of the word, but one at which milliners, wig-makers, tailors, hatters, "dealers in dark pictures," musicians whose talents are exercised in the musical exposition of themes like the Rape of the Sabines, and others, all necessary to the young *nouveau riche*, are present. Then comes a scene of 'Orgies.' Rakewell is soon in difficulties, for the fourth picture of the series shows us his 'Arrest' in St. James's Street. But he temporarily recovers his position by marrying an old lady for money—some such ancient Urganda as Smollett may have had in his mind's eye for Miss Sparkle. With his poor old wife's money he gambles, thence proceeds to 'Prison,' and finishes his days in the 'Madhouse.' In 1745 the 'Rake's Progress' was sold by auction for £184 16s. In 1802 Sir John Soane bought the pictures out of the collection of Alderman Beckford for 570 guineas. If days of pure æstheticism come round, when subtlety of expression takes higher rank than virtue of subject, then perhaps Hogarth's paintings may suffer depreciation. He was, as Horace Walpole wrote, a composer of comedies. The scenes he depicts, Mr. Dobson says, show him to be "conscious how the grotesque elbows the terrible;" "the strange grating laugh of Mephisto is heard through the sorriest story." Hogarth professed himself to be a moralist. The "passions may be more forcibly expressed by a strong bold stroke than by the most delicate engraving. To expressing them as I felt them, I have paid attention; and as they were address to hard hearts, I have preferred leaving them hard."

From Hogarthian satires to architectural realism is an easy step in Sir John Soane's picture-room, for close at hand to the 'Election' paintings is a large canvas representing a view on the Grand Canal at Venice, looking towards the Salute in the left middle distance, with the Ducal Palace and Molo on the right. The foreground, waters of "opaque, smooth sea-green," rippled with a "monotony of concave touches of white," is busy with shipping and gondolas. Some say that this painting is one of Canaletti's finest works, but Mr. Ruskin says that Canaletti is "a little and a bad painter." There is much else to refer to. Foremost is the famous Egyptian sarcophagus, sculptured out of a single block of the "finest Oriental alabaster, of Seti I., which is translucent when a light is placed in the inside of it." Its dimensions are as follows:—Length at the top, 9 feet 4 inches; breadth in the widest part, 3 feet 8 inches; depth at the head, 2 feet 8 inches; at the foot, 2 feet 3 inches. It is minutely carved, within and without, with several hundred figures, which do not exceed two inches in height.

The early years of the present century focussed general attention upon the great Napoleon, and Sir John Soane has left evidences of his subjection to the then prevalent influence, in a pistol which had belonged to the Emperor, various likenesses of the Emperor, and a remarkable series of some one hundred and forty medals struck in France during the Consulate and reign of Napoleon. The artistic interest of the Museum, however, is naturally paramount with readers of the *Art Journal*, and whilst one cannot attempt to give any detailed account of a fine collection of Greek gems, rare Greek vases, a number of cinerary urns, and many specimens of Flemish and German painted glass, it may, perhaps, be right to close these remarks with a brief notice of one or two original works by Turner, which stand out in importance amongst the other drawings and paintings.

Turner sent his first contribution to the Royal Academy in 1792; that is, when he was seventeen years old. By far the greater number of his early works were in water colours. Mr. S. Redgrave considers that 'Hot Wells at Bristol' was an oil-colour picture, and this was shown in 1793; but the weight of evidence (according to Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, Turner's latest biographer) goes in favour of his first oil painting having been a 'Study in Millbank,' exhibited in 1797. In the summer of 1797 Turner seems to have made a sketching tour in Yorkshire, where, amongst other places, he visited Kirkstall Abbey ruins. In 1798 we find in the Royal Academy catalogue an entry of the 'Ruins of the Refectory of Kirkstall Abbey.' It has been a question if the water-colour painting of this subject, which Sir John Soane purchased in 1798, is the picture of that year's Academy, or if an oil-colour twin of it exists which is the veritable work hung in the Academy. The water colour signed "W. Turner" is a finished painting, and not a sketch. It is larger and of greater importance than the drawing in the National Gallery, from which the plate of 'The Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey' for the "Liber Studiorum" was made fourteen years later. The inscription upon the plate of the Liber shows that the plate is from "the original drawing in the possession of John Soane, Esq., R.A., Professor of Architecture;" and this inscription does not leave room for thinking that the splendid water colour of 'Kirkstall Abbey' in the Soane Museum is not the original work as registered in the Academy catalogue of 1798. Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the plate of 'Kirkstall' in the Liber, says, "Sound preaching at last in Kirkstall Crypt concerning fate and life. Here, where the dark pool reflects the chancel pillars, and the cattle lie in an unhindered rest, the soft sunshine on their dappled bodies instead of priests' vestments, their white furry hair ruffled a little fitfully by the evening wind, deep scented from the meadow thyme. . . ." The water-colour painting, however, represents the crypt at Kirkstall rather in mid-day than eventide. Through the ruined doorway or window in the centre of the picture one has a prospect of sun-radiant corn-fields, whilst bright contenting sun rays falling on the cattle inside the cool crypt have no tinge of redness of sunset. Mr. Wornum writes that "Turner had three styles as a landscape painter; the first was highly elaborated, especially in his water-colour paintings." During the early years of what is known as his "first period," Turner painted his exhibition pictures frequently in water, and sometimes in oil colours. At length he appears to have adopted the latter materials for his finished works, and the former merely for his sketches. In the summer or autumn of 1802 Turner made his first journey abroad, passing *viâ* Calais through France into Savoy. The following year's Academy showed fruits of this journey. Again he exhibited finished pictures in oil and water colour; and of the latter that of 'St. Huges* de-

* Is the St. Hugo here depicted the exemplary Bishop of Grenoble (eleventh century) who gave St. Bruno and six companions a deserted site in his diocese, where they founded the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse? It is said that St. Hugo paid a visit to the Carthusian monks when they were without food save a number of chickens, which being flesh might not be eaten by the monks. St. Hugo accordingly wrought a miracle, and changed the chickens into tortoises. But neither of this nor anything like it is there any mention in Butler's "Lives

nouncing vengeance upon the Shepherd of Courmayeur in the Val d'Aosta' is a large work, which Sir John Soane secured. This painting was probably removed from the walls of the Academy to Lincoln's Inn Fields in the very frame which now holds it. Larger in all senses than the 'Kirkstall Crypt,' it is unfortunately suffering from evil effects. The colours, in many delicate passages, have lost their original tone, whilst spots of decay are distinguishable in various parts. The main incident, so far as its *dramatis personæ* are concerned, passes into comparative insignificance when considered with the scene in which it is depicted to occur. A synchronism of three sorts of weather seems to enhance the majesty of mountain scenery. In the foreground we are conscious of the treacherous light, and almost of the gustiness of wind, which usually precede a storm; the storm rages in the middle distance, and far away is glorious sunlight. The right of the picture is solemn with mountainous heights, receding into the darkness and gloom of the raging storm. A flash of lightning silvers the leaden clouds, through which it bursts here and there, tracing as it were the profile of the rain-drenched heights to the north of the village of Courmayeur, and finally lashing its tail about the campanile of the parish church. At the back of the village rises an amphitheatre of mountains, whose higher and more distant peaks are bathed in brilliant sunshine. The chain of sunlit snowy tops is interrupted by heavy clouds passing over the pastures and wooded spurs of the southern hills of the valley. In the immediate foreground, at the entrance to a roadway leading through groves to the village, is St. Hugo (his back to the spectator) uttering his curse upon the shepherd who advances towards him. The flock of sheep is straggling; some have gone past St. Hugo, and have got to the pool of water at the foot of a lofty crucifix which stands in front of a clump of trees on the near left of the picture. On the right are an Alpine spring and stone trough, with two women drawing water. From the water-trough up to the village is a perspective of trees and white huts with large flat spreading roofs.

The third work by Turner in Sir John Soane's Museum is a sea-piece painted in oil colours, the first of the Van Tromp series. Exhibited in 1831, it belongs to the best time of Turner's "second period," and is called 'Van Tromp's Barge at the Entrance to the Texel, 1645.' The golden-coloured barge of the famous Dutch admiral is conspicuous in a gleam of sunlight. The wind has filled its large mainsail. To windward of it passes a dark three-master; to leeward, in front of it, is other shipping. A fresh breeze is blowing and feathering the broken sea. The second of the Van Tromp series, 'Van Tromp's Shallop at the Entrance of the Scheldt,' was produced in 1832, and now hangs in the National Gallery. The third, 'Van Tromp returning after the Battle off the Dogger Bank,' appeared in 1843; and eleven years later there was a picture of 'Van Tromp going about to please his Masters—Ships at sea getting a good wetting.'

ALAN S. COLE.

of the Saints." It is difficult to discover an esoteric meaning of this miracle applicable to the maledictions of the saint upon the shepherd of Courmayeur. Has Turner taken St. Hugo's name in vain?

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



AT Burlington House the arrangement of the galleries has undergone a change since last year, which is, undoubtedly, a considerable improvement. The gloomy passage to the north of the central hall, which was allowed for so long to form a blot upon the general brilliancy of the rooms, has, under Mr. Norman Shaw's direction, been transformed into a gallery with a top light so much better than the rest that it will next year probably be the most coveted position in the Academy. The sculptors, for whose benefit the room was originally constructed, have been relegated to the lecture-room, in which their work is, on the whole, better seen than it has ever been before. A north light is, no doubt, the best for a statue, as it is for a picture, but when the question to be considered is the arrangement of a large number of works in a single room, a top light is the only one by which results that shall be equally just to all can be secured. We should have liked, however, either to have seen pictures combined with the sculpture in the lecture-room, or, if that were impossible, something contrived in the way of warm-toned drapery to take away the cold and bare look which the walls have at present. The President, at the Academy banquet, stated that this alteration had materially diminished the wall space for the display of pictures, although it had been sought to make some amends by hanging works perilously near the last range of vision. As a remedy for having to reject so many works well worthy of being hung, he besought contributors in future to strike a juster balance between scale and matter, and he promised that the Academy would see if they could not add further rooms upon the small residuum of ground which still remained to them to the west of the present buildings. Before this is done, it certainly would be well to see whether the adhesion of the Government and the other learned societies could not be obtained, whereby the central courtyard could be roofed in, and at one and the same time a magnificent site for sculpture and the most delightful lounge in London be secured. This would not only restore the lecture-room to pictures, but allow of the central hall and the ante-room, which at present look miserably empty, being used for the same purpose. The alterations have necessitated the renumbering of the rooms, which now run from 1 to 11, the new one being No. 6.

The *personnel* of the Academy has also undergone considerable modification since the last anniversary. Two officers, Mr. Hart, the Librarian, and Mr. Street, the Professor of Architecture, have died; the former when full of years, the latter when little beyond the prime of life, and in the middle of his greatest work. These vacancies, and another caused by the retirement of Mr. Richard Redgrave, have been filled up by the election of Messrs. Barlow, Oules, and Briton Riviere, all of whom afford in the present exhibition full justification for their preferment: their places amongst the Associates have been secured by Messrs. Aitchison and G. F. Bodley, architects, and Mr. Henry Woods, a hitherto little-known painter.

Of the gigantic total of 7,312 works sent in, the hangers of the year have been able to place 1,696, or 125 more than last

season, and the better part of the increase is in oil pictures, which number 970 against 895. There are 237 water-colour drawings, 155 pieces of sculpture, and 328 works of various kinds in the architectural room. The members and associates are represented by 203 works, although six of them—Messrs. Pickersgill, Calderon, Richmond, Nicol, Bodley, and E. B. Stephens—fail to contribute.

Nothing is more difficult than to form a just comparison between one Academy exhibition and another. The impression left upon the mind of the most careful critic, after an interval of nine months, is so different from that which he receives upon his first visit to the exhibition, that no good end is served by comparing them one with another; but, speaking generally, we may say that the present show strikes us as containing quite an average amount of that good sound work which, after all, is of more importance to Art progress than the presence of a few pictures which create a furore and set the world talking. Works of this latter class are conspicuously absent; there is not a picture in the rooms which is likely to attract any special crowd, but there are very many that will repay attention from those who seek them out. The hanging of many of the rooms is decidedly successful, and presents evidences of an extraordinary amount of care, but the placing in the central position on the line of certain inferior works of one of the committee has rightly called forth considerable indignation. Landscape art shows a continued advance, and must ere long be recognised in a greater measure by the Academic body. As matters stand at present, those who profess that art are so sparsely represented that, amongst the seven members of the Hanging Committee, there was no landscapist. The pictures which merit special attention are—

ROOM I.

No. 3. A portrait of 'Mrs. Charles Holland,' by Mr. T. B. WIRGMAN. So like the work of Mr. Oules, of whom it is not unworthy, that it might readily be mistaken for his.

No. 5. 'Il y en a toujours un autre,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. Purchased with the Chantrey Fund. A very tall and narrow picture. A lady seated upon a garden bench at the top of a flight of steps; over the back of the bench leans a young man who has just received an answer to a question, which may be divined by the title of the work. The story is completely and tenderly told, gesture and attitude helping it out.

No. 15. 'Low Tide: Coast of Normandy,' by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES. A French fishing village, with a beach strewn with seaweed, and a luminous blue sky. Decidedly good, by a young painter who is fortunate in having four other works in the exhibition, to make up for his rejection last year.

No. 17. 'Noontide's Hush, and Heat, and Shine.' One of the best works we have seen from the brush of Mr. FRANK WALTON. The colour is fresher than in most of his previous works, and although it is hardly so expressive of the heat of a July noon as he seems to have meant it to be, it must be pronounced a decided success.

No. 23. One of two portraits here present of "our other General" hangs next to Mr. Pettie's work. It is from the brush of Mr. OULESS, and shows us Sir Frederick Roberts in the interior of his Indian tent. He wears an undress uniform and a huge fur-lined yellow overcoat. He has just

risen from a table with maps upon it, and seems upon the point of some important decision. The likeness is good, but Mr. Oules has hardly succeeded in making the head and features dominate over the rather gaudy accessories as completely as it should have done.

No. 24. 'The Magician's Doorway,' by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE. This is a curious subject. A magnificent marble portal, with highly wrought pillars of nondescript architecture, which seem, however, to suggest ancient Persia, is guarded by two chained leopards. On one door-post hangs a horn waiting for him who is adventurous enough to blow it, while in the dim recesses of the interior a lamp burns in the ante-room of the sorcerer himself. All this gives Mr. Riviere an opportunity to display his powers, both as an animal painter and as a master of tone, to great advantage. The picture is almost in monochrome, the warm and creamy hues of the marble columns, the yellow and brown of the leopards, and the dark rich greys of the corridor beyond the gate helping to make up a whole which could not be improved in harmony or unity of expression.

No. 29. 'Mrs. James Stern,' by Mr. J. E. MILLAIS. A lady of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, painted with perfect skill, with perfect sincerity, and with perfect content on the part of the artist to interpret the life of the age in which he lives. She stands, dressed in crimson velvet and lace, among surroundings in which real blush roses are skilfully echoed by those on a background of tapestry.

No. 30. 'The Duke of Monmouth's Interview with James II.' This is one of the most powerful pictures in the collection. After Monmouth had been defeated at Sedgemoor, found hiding in a ditch, and finally condemned to death, he besought an interview with James, at which he grovelled at the King's feet and begged for his life. It is this moment Mr. PETTIE has chosen, and he has fixed it on canvas with consummate skill. The scene is laid in an apartment at St. James's. The tall windows, veiled by transparent blue curtains, cast long reflections upon the polished floor, while the scanty furniture and the obscure light give a look of mystery to the apartment. James stands upright, dressed in black, which is relieved only by the ribbon of the Garter; his arms are folded, and he looks down with a contempt which is mingled with but the slightest shade of pity at Monmouth, who, utterly abandoned to his terror, is crawling along the floor to his kinsman's feet. The face of the condemned man is the personification of abject, long-continued fear. This is hardly a picture to live with, but it is a picture that will live.

No. 35. 'The Sources of the Thames,' a good example of Mr. VICAT COLE.

No. 36. 'A Village Maestro' is a clever little picture by Signor ANDREOTTI.

No. 41. 'Children of the Riviera' is a tenderly harmonious little composition by Mr. H. CAMERON.

No. 43. 'Dorothy Thorpe,' Mr. MILLAIS' best work. A pretty child kneeling upon a cushion on an oak floor is occupied, apparently, with the mixture of punch. Before her stands a silver bowl, in her hands she has a slice of lemon, and beside her sit two attentive spaniels. The colour harmony is made up of her light blue dress, the silver bowl and its warm reflections, and the deep rich browns of old oak panelling.

No. 49. 'Waiting,' by Mr. R. W. MACBETH. Identical in subject with an etching recently contributed by this artist to the Exhibition of Painter-Etchers. In colour and chiaroscuro it

is as fine as anything which Mr. Macbeth has done, but it is careless in drawing, though not so careless as the etching.

No. 62. A pleasant landscape, unnamed, by Mr. O. RICKATSON, an Academy student, which promises well for its author's future.

No. 63. 'The Burgomaster's Daughter,' the best of Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S contributions. The curious combination of metallic green with blackish greys and pale crimson flesh tints, into which Mr. Boughton's colour has recently degenerated, is here not conspicuous, and the quaint but rich skating costume of a Dutch girl of the better class in the seventeenth century is eminently pictorial.

No. 64. 'Avant la Fête du Papa' is a study of bric-à-brac and flowers, by M. MUNKACSY. Full of that piquant skill which is the highest aim of so many continental artists, but without any of the expressive power which M. Munkacsy's best work displays. We must here enter a protest against so considerable a space of the better positions being assigned to works of foreign origin, and from which but little benefit to English Art can be derived.

No. 71. 'Wedded,' by SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, represents conjugal love, and succeeds in suggesting the deepest of human passions in an extraordinary degree. A young man leans over the shoulder of his bride, and tenderly kisses the fingers of her left hand, while with his right he clasps hers as it lies upon her breast. Her head is thrown back upon his shoulder, and her features turn to his with as absorbing an expression of love as we have ever seen realised by Art. The deep blue of the sea and sky, which are seen in the background, give force to the colour, while they break the monotony of those violet and kindred hues of which the President is so fond.

No. 78. 'Dolce far Niente,' by Mr. C. E. PERUGINI. Hung in the neighbourhood of Sir Frederick's canvases, this picture provokes comparisons which, instead of damaging it, only help to call attention to its beauties. These are, briefly, a clearness of atmosphere and illumination which are not always to be found in decorative work, and an exquisite piece of design in the drapery of the taller figure.

No. 94. 'La Brodeuse,' a young woman, modern and French, at a tambour frame. One of Mr. H. FANTIN'S pieces of harmony.

GALLERY II.

No. 99. 'Blackdown, Surrey,' a good landscape, by Mr. CECIL LAWSON, with a well-painted, but rather spotty sky.

No. 102. 'A Pause in the Attack: Hougoumont, Waterloo,' one of Mr. E. CROFT'S two battle-pieces. Full of life and animation, but the expressions are a little exaggerated, and the colour is very cold and poor.

No. 118. 'Our River,' by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE. A very clever study of the various smokes and steams which go to make up the atmosphere of the Lower Thames in November. Some barges are being towed up the middle of the river, and a lurid sun peeps through a break in the vapour below.

No. 122. 'C. L. Norman, Esq.,' a portrait of a good-looking man in a brown velvet coat, by Mr. OULESS.

No. 127. 'Sir Henry Thompson,' a portrait, and an absolute likeness, of our famous surgeon, by Mr. MILLAIS.

No. 128. 'A Falling Barometer,' a fine study of black driving clouds over a fretting sea, by Mr. J. BRETT.

No. 130. 'The Bracken Gatherer,' a good picture, hung rather high, of a woman carrying home a load of bracken in an autumn evening, by Mr. ANDERSON HAGUE.

No. 131. 'Portrait of an Etcher,' by Mr. JACOMB-HOOD, also rather ill treated by the hangers.

No. 135. 'Feeding-time,' feeding chickens on a lawn surrounded by curious old buildings like a secularised convent. A good picture, by Mr. A. G. BELL.

No. 136. 'Betrothed,' by Mr. R. W. MACBETH. A girl in white reading a letter at a window trailed over with clematis. The colour good both in quality and harmony, and wonderfully luminous and transparent; some odds and ends of Japanese furniture are painted with delicacy, but there is a great want of depth and solidity in the work.

No. 145. 'In Ross-shire,' a large landscape made up of mountains, lake, and a heathy foreground with Highland cattle, by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. Very good in atmosphere and illumination, though a little purple in colour.

No. 150. 'Robert Few, Esq.,' one of the strongest of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S very strong portraits, weakness only being discernible in the hands.

No. 151. 'Waifs and Strays,' a good example of Mr. JOSEPH CLARK. A number of boys, street Arabs, assembled for tea and bread-and-butter in some chapel or school-house. The expressions of the children's faces are excellent, but the colour is not equal even to Mr. Clark's own level.

No. 154. 'A. R. Campbell-Johnston, Esq.,' a very good portrait, head and shoulders, by M. ACHILLE ZO. Although hung rather high and in a corner, this is one of the most strongly painted and thoroughly individualised heads in the exhibition. Its bad position may be due to its being an oval.

In Nos. 155 and 165 we see the early and more matured work of the sons of two of our Academicians. Mr. W. C. HORSLEY'S 'Unwilling Evidence' shows an amount of determination and painstaking which must result in ultimate success. Mr. FRANK CALDERON'S 'Feeding the Hungry,' as the work of a Slade scholar, over whose head only fifteen summers have passed, is amazingly promising.

No. 157. Another of Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN'S representations of 'Sindbad the Sailor.' Marvellously clever.

No. 163. 'At the Golden Gate,' the Peri at the gate of Paradise, by Mr. VAL. PRINSEP. A quasi-Oriental girl draped in a light crimson robe, leaning disconsolate against the golden doors which are still closed against her. A clever decorative work.

No. 176. 'Luncheon-time in a Venetian Sartoria,' by C. VAN HAANEN. In the workroom of a Venetian dressmaker, which is scattered over with the materials for many a gay costume, are some six or eight young women busy over their mid-day meal of coffee and rolls. In the expression of exuberant and careless life, and in the management of a vast quantity of unmanageable tints, this work is a masterpiece. As a pendant to it hangs

No. 182. 'Bargaining for an old Master,' by Mr. H. WOODS, the new Associate. This juxtaposition shows very clearly whence Mr. Woods has derived much of his inspiration, but it must be said at once that his picture has also great merits which are due to himself alone. The subject is a sharp-looking 'customer' bargaining with an old Venetian dealer for an ancient canvas, which lies stretched out upon the pavement between them. The two heads are clever studies of character, and the innumerable brilliant tints of the accessories, and of the draperies of the interested spectators, are managed with great skill.

No. 181. A portrait, by Mr. ALMA-TADEMA, of Mr. John Whichcord, late the President of the R.I.B.A. There is no

attempt whatever to get away from any of the hard facts of modern life which have to be dealt with, and yet the picture is an undoubted success from every point of view.

We note also in this room No. 170, 'The Squirrel,' Mr. A. E. EMSLIE; No. 186. 'Pulling off,' Mr. T. C. S. BENHAM; No. 188. 'January,' Mr. T. IRELAND; No. 190. 'Romeo and Juliet,' Mr. E. N. DOWNARD.

GALLERY NO. III.

The general appearance of the great room is hardly so satisfactory as usual. One or two very bad pictures, which might have been put elsewhere, have conspicuous places on the line, and those that are good in themselves are not always happy in their mutual relations.

No. 200. 'The Golden Age,' by Mr. W. C. T. DOBSON, represents a child of seven or eight standing nude by the side of a pool of water, and drying herself after a bath. The flesh tints are very soft and true.

No. 202. 'The Old Bridge,' a good little picture by Mr. JAMES CHARLES.

No. 204. In 'Prince Arthur and Hubert' Mr. W. F. YEAMES has treated a hackneyed subject in a new way, and has produced a picture which is not unworthy to be a pendant to his 'Amy Robsart' in the Chantrey Collection. The scene is a pillared hall, like the chapel in the White Tower; Arthur grasps Hubert's arm and shoulder, and begs for his sight: they are both seated on a bench by a long table, a suggestive cord lies on the floor beside them, and a still more suggestive fire glows in the background.

No. 205. 'A Summer Afternoon,' cattle in a landscape beneath a well-drawn group of Scotch firs, by Mr. T. S. COOPER.

No. 212. 'Memphis,' by Mr. F. GOODALL. The site of the early capital of the Egyptian Pharaohs. A modern Arab is watering a pair of buffaloes in the pool in which one of the *colossi* of Rameses—the great Pharaoh Sesostris—lies prone upon its face. Two or three ibises and a cobra are in the foreground; the great palms which distinguish the region, and a few Mahommedan buildings, fill up the distance. The introduction of the cobra was, perhaps, an error in judgment, but as a whole the work is nobly conceived.

No. 213. 'Portrait of Jonathan Angus, Esq., Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne,' by Mr. H. T. WELLS. A truly formidable collection of civic properties, calculated to have no little effect upon Art progress in the North.

No. 219. 'Ossian's Grave,' by Mr. JOHN MACWHIRTER. The stone of Mora standing upright in a glen between the rocky hills. On the right a tall peak, round which the mists are circling. One of the most poetic of Mr. MacWhirter's landscapes, and more solid in execution than usual.

No. 222. 'Bad News,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. A mounted retainer has brought some message of ill to a girl dressed in a gorgeous costume of red and yellow silk, and crimson velvet. The girl's face is touching, but the pathetic effect of the picture, as a whole, is destroyed by the gorgeous elaboration of her garments.

No. 223. A splendid bust of Sir F. Roberts, by Mr. F. HOLL. His dress is the buff uniform worn on the great march to Candahar.

No. 224. 'In the Tepidarium,' a Roman lady, nude, at the bath, by Mr. E. J. POYNTER. Practically identical with a figure in his diploma picture.

(To be continued.)

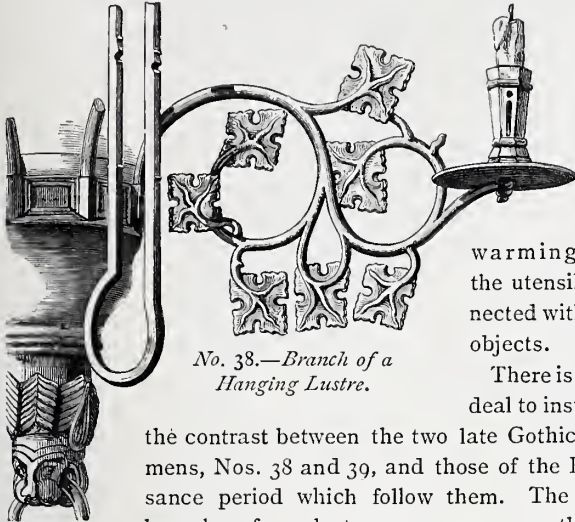


THE EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY LORD RONALD GOWER.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THE examples given in the present number, various as they are in style and date, have a certain connection, as being all concerned with the subject of lighting and



No. 38.—Branch of a Hanging Luster.

warming, and the utensils connected with those objects.

There is a good deal to instruct in

the contrast between the two late Gothic specimens, Nos. 38 and 39, and those of the Renaissance period which follow them. The Gothic branches from lustres, or corona, as they are sometimes called, are illustrations of the tendency to the use of natural forms in mediæval work of this kind, and at the same time of the true spirit of conventional treatment which was kept up by mediæval artists, even in cases in which they approached very close to the imitation of nature. In each case the idea of the design seems to be taken from that of the branch of a tree with leaves growing from it, the stem or shaft of the luster representing approximately the stem of the tree, from which all the branches spring. But there is not the slightest attempt at imitating the natural irregularities and knots of a living tree-branch, as we see done sometimes, with the extremity of false taste, in "rustic seats" as they are called, of iron cast in imitation of boughs and twigs woven together. Such a treatment of metal is not "design" at all, but mere coarse imitation; and the moment it is discovered it disgusts the observer, not only as a puerile attempt at deception, but from the harsh contrast between the rigid nature and feel of the iron, and the fragile and supple substance which it pretends to imitate. Into such vulgarities of taste the mediæval designers never fell. In the examples before us they have reproduced the essential qualities of the branching of a tree, the radiation of the branches from a central stem, the growth of the leaves from either side of the branch. The lines of the main stem, however, are the lines of Art, not of nature—of wrought iron, not of wood. They are carefully designed in symmetrical curves, in flowing but clean and precise lines. There are, however, in No. 39, one or two touches of absolute realism in the junction of the smaller branches with the principal one, which would have been better omitted; they interfere with the conventional unity of the whole; and in both the examples it may be observed that a better effect would have been produced if all the minor branches had sprung from the main one in curves tangential to the curve of the main branch, instead of springing, as some of them do, almost at right angles, or in no definite curve. The essential

principle of nature is, however, so far observed in both designs, that all the minor branches spring in the same general direction, from the root towards the apex of the main branch, which is the invariable rule in natural growths, except in some of nature's eccentricities, such as some forms of cactus, which appear to grow anyhow. In both examples the leaves are treated in a manner perfectly suitable to metal work, their thin, beaten-out character representing the proper characteristics of metal. In the German example a greater variety of detail is observable in the treatment of the leaves, which, in fact, approach very nearly to the freedom of nature; and if the more prominent feature, the stalks, had been treated symmetrically, these variations in the leaves might have passed as suitable, considering how slight and unobtrusive they are. In No. 38, which is fifteenth-century work, taken from Temple Church, Bristol, the leaves are treated in a rather more solid and more markedly conventional manner, and the designer has therefore done wisely in avoiding all pretence of natural irregularity, and treating all his leaves in the same square and rigidly artificial form.

These points have been dwelt upon more than the importance of the illustrations might seem to warrant, because they afford convenient illustration of certain principles in regard to the relation of ornament to nature, which are in themselves very important, and are too often overlooked. The whole of the work in them is suited to the nature and character of the material employed, and in so far they present no point for criticism. But the degree of conventionalism of natural forms which has been assumed in some parts of the detail has not been carried out in other parts quite consistently, and hence they fail in perfection of design; and though the principal curves are good and true, the smaller curves do not spring consistently or agreeably from them. It is a rule, admitting of no exception in design, that a curve springing out of another curve should be a tangent to the main curve at the point of junction. It has been said that it is a rule in nature; this is not the case, but it is a rule in design, because design is employed in describing artificial and not natural lines, and must describe them in the manner most theoretically perfect, which nature rarely does.

We are in a completely different type of work when we turn to the next three examples; almost in another world of Art and

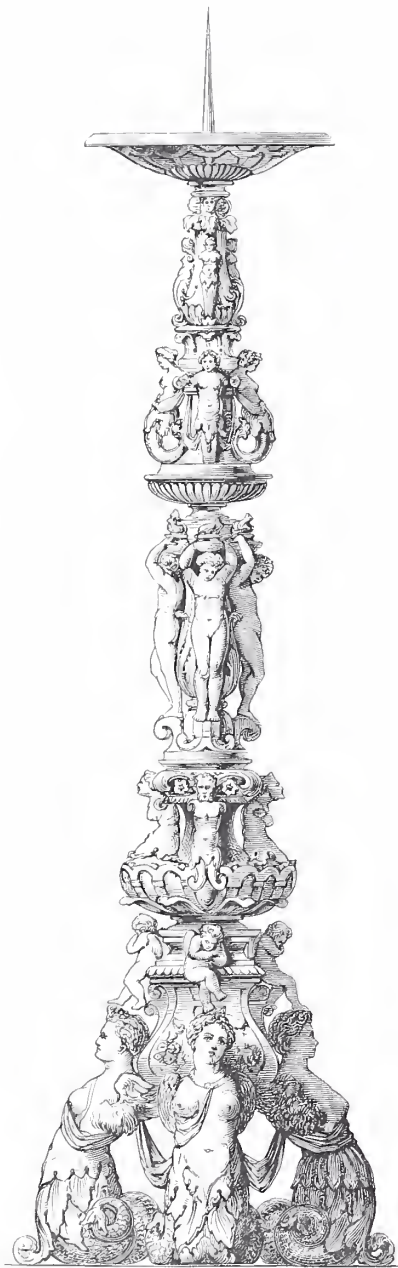


No. 39.—Branch of Corona, Church of St. Lawrence, Nuremberg (late Mediæval).

taste. These are all Italian examples of about a century later in time than the two mediæval specimens, but much more than a century in appearance and style. They belong, how-

* Continued from page 149.

ever, to the Art of a country in which the mediæval idea never took root, and in which the Renaissance had a long start of any other country. In one sense they are exceedingly inferior types of decorative metal design to the mediæval types we have been looking at, inasmuch as they have no constructive unity, and no principle of any sort. They are made up of details derived from, or modified from, different details of classic architecture, built up arbitrarily upon one another, with no constructive relation, and not even any principle of arrangement,

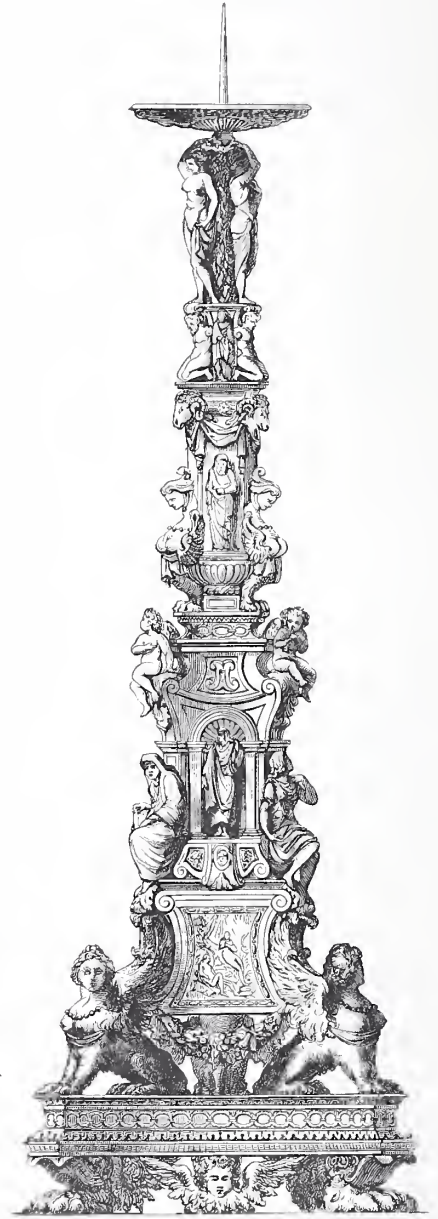


No. 40.—Bronze Candelabrum, Italian Renaissance.

except that which is involved in a rough principle of the larger sections being at the bottom, and the smaller at the top. And we should be at a loss to understand how such curiously incongruous forms came to be thus arbitrarily piled on one another under pretence of design, did we not observe that figures, or parts of figures, are introduced on almost every available portion of the design. That is the true explanation of the style of Italian Renaissance goldsmith's work, as exhibited in such specimens as these. The great painters and sculptors of the earlier Renaissance had already rendered the study of the figure the prime end and aim of Art, and the workers in metal had to make the figure a prominent portion of their work if they would keep up with the taste of the day, and keep up the interest of connoisseurs in their work. Consequently, designs were contrived so as to be, in all their stages, so many pedestals, seats, or niches for figures, or parts of figures;

and figures were contrived ending in scrolls and other devices, the better to connect them with the construction of the piece, so far as it could be said to have any construction. There is no doubt that the intellectual interest of figure subjects is higher than that of mere ornament; but in their enthusiasm for the figure the Renaissance artists too often forgot the important requirement of unity and coherence of design. They threw together a number of parts, content if each part separately were finely designed and modelled, but

troubling themselves little about the meaning expressed by the figures, or the relation of each part to the rest. Of the two companion specimens of tall candelabra given here, both executed in bronze, No. 40 is the best designed, although it has the defect of having no marked base-line, the scrolls of the mermaids' tails forming the base, which has an unsatisfactory and unstable appearance. But the supporting masses of the base figures connect themselves much better with the superstructure than in No. 41; they fall back towards it in a pyramidal line, and it rests principally upon their shoulders; whereas the sphinxes which form the supports in the other case stand quite away from the superstructure, which is carried only by their wings, a very unsatisfactory and weak-looking device. It should be borne in mind that even when entirely artificial and conventional combinations of this kind are made in ornamental design, a certain apparent probability in the combinations should be aimed at, and that where this is attained a combination may be passed off as not inoffensive in taste, while with a less considerate arrangement the very same materials may appear vulgar or absurd. No. 41, it will be observed, has the merit of a well-marked base, and it would have been, on the whole, better and more satisfactory if the base mouldings had been made the actual base, instead of being mounted on a combination of consoles standing on griffins' feet at the angles, and cherubim in the interspaces. If, however, the pedestal were to be raised on feet, the angle feet should have been of better considered and more truly structural design, and the intermediate cherubs should have been omitted, not only because they are absurdly misplaced in point of design (a cherub being, at all events, worth something better than to be stood upon), but because, practically, the intermediate feet are a disadvantage, and the candelabrum would be a great deal steadier with only the three principal feet at the



No. 41.—Bronze Candelabrum, Italian Renaissance.

three angles, a tripod being the firmest and the least liable to rocking or derangement of any possible arrangement of points of support. The supporting figures of No. 40 are bold and graceful in design; the little Cupids above them sit awkwardly on the pedestal, and look as if they would fall off, or as if, at least, they had nothing to do with the general design. The other figures fall in pretty well with the lines, and what must, by courtesy, be called the construction of the whole. In No. 41 the supporting sphinxes, which, as we have

observed, support nothing, are weak in themselves; the other figures are, on the whole, tolerably well placed, and fall in harmoniously with the lines of the architectural portion. It must be observed, however, that this style of ornamental composition is open to the objection, in these two examples as well as in many others, of producing an irregular and ragged outline, whereas detail should be subordinate to purity of line in the main form of the object; and that figures, or portions of figures, on several different scales ought not to be employed in the same design. The human figure is the most important and generally recognised standard of scale, and the scale of the figure, or of any portion of it which may be employed, gives the scale to the subordinate portions of the design, and in working with several different scales of the figure the designer is in-

roducing several conflicting and contradictory scales into his work, which was one of the most frequent sins of the Renaissance designers. They introduce the figure in every scale and in almost every attitude, for its own sake, regardless of its relation to the other portions of the design.

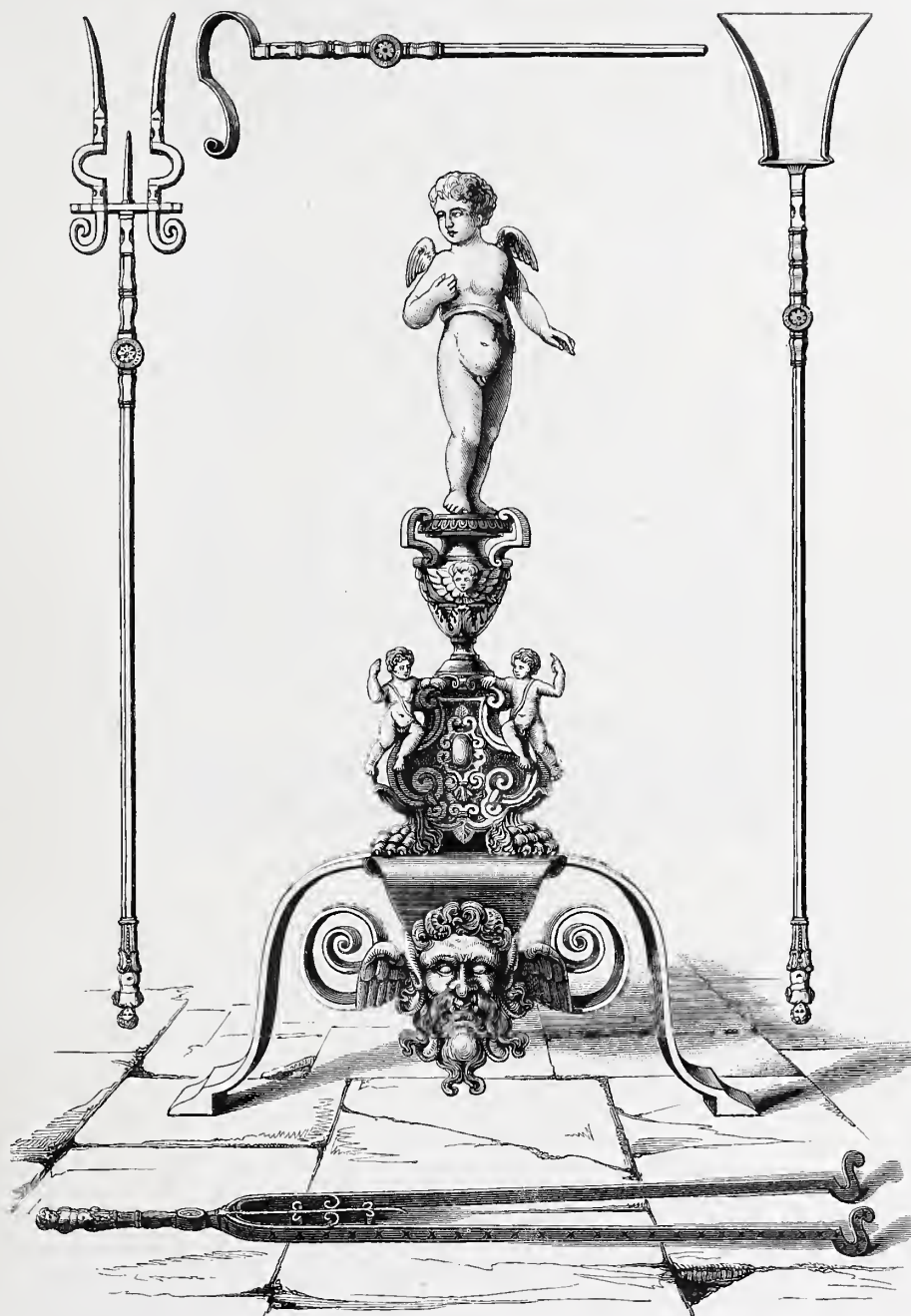
The candlestick figured in No. 43, belonging to the same school of Italian Renaissance design, is free from several of the defects noticed in the two previous examples. The upper

portion is here also, it is true, on a different scale from the base; but the base is, allowing for the mannerisms of the style, well designed. The feet have a form proper to give a firm support, and they are constructively connected with the rest of the design; and the wings of the figures, which do not form an absolute support, but only an *appui* to the central stem, are conventionalised into a form which has sufficient appearance of strength and solidity for the part they play, that of connecting the angles with the centre; and the

general outline is more simple and harmonious in line than in the other two examples.

The fire-dog and fire-irons, No. 42, exhibit a mingling of some of the defects of Italian Renaissance design with some much better qualities in metal design than are shown in the candelabra we have been examining. They date from about the middle of the sixteenth century, and the design of the "fire-dog," or stand for setting the irons against, represents a general form which was prevalent for a considerable period in objects of this kind, that of a pedestal surmounted by a figure; the very same style of design, in fact, as that of the "andirons" in Imogen's chamber, described in *Cymbeline*, only that those were of silver, this one is bronze. The figure in this case is pretty in attitude and well modelled; the pedestal portion is in-

congruous in design, presents figures of just the same character as the surmounting figure, but on much smaller scale, and rests badly upon the base, with which it seems to have no connection in style or design. The base is very good work, both in the distinctly metallic character of its thin scrolls and the satisfactory treatment of the feet, which are spread so as to give a firm base to the whole, and appear as designed for their practical purpose. The difference between this portion



No. 42.—Fire-dog and Irons (Soulanges Collection), Italian Renaissance.

of the work and the upper portion is so striking, that one is tempted to think they must have been the work of two separate makers, and that the feet have been designed as a base on which

to carry the rest of the design. There is a companion example to this in the South Kensington Museum, in which the upper portion and the mask are identical with the design here engraved, but the feet are formed by the legs turned in a round scroll, on the outer circumference of which the whole rests; certainly not so good a design as that shown here. The fire-irons are elegant, but somewhat weak in appearance, and seem as if designed more for show than use, and the employment of terminal figures on them is not to be approved, as it is putting the figure to too mean a use to employ it merely as an object to grasp with the hand.

The last two objects in our list this month form a very pointed contrast both in regard to style and what may be called motive. They are cast plates, the one of steel, the other of iron, intended for the backing of fireplaces. The steel one, No. 44, of late Renaissance style, contains, in fact, nothing that can be rightly called a motive; it is a conglomeration of strap-work, of imitation knots and interlacing, with a satyr's head (we may call it) in the centre. The wrinkled face and beard are modelled with spirit and effect; it has no relation to the rest of the design, however, nor has the whole any relation to its peculiar position. The other design is a marked contrast. We have not its history, but we should take it to be German work done before the Renaissance had invaded Germany. The main part of the design is symbolical of fire. A demon's head at the bottom of the plate seems to blow up from its mouth a triple wreath of conventionally represented flames, amid which is seen

the fir-cone, representative of the combustible material of fire, which the fir and pine supply so largely. From amid these flames leap winged dragons with tongues of fire,

the whole evidently being intended to represent the energy and wrath of the fiery element. Thus, from the designer having in his mind a distinct idea in relation to the subject,

and working it out, an interest and meaning are imparted to his design quite beyond the mere interest of good modelling and shaping, which is all that we can admire in the other fire-back. No. 44 might occupy any position equally; No. 45 would have no meaning except in the position for which it was made, in which position its meaning is both intelligible and spirited.

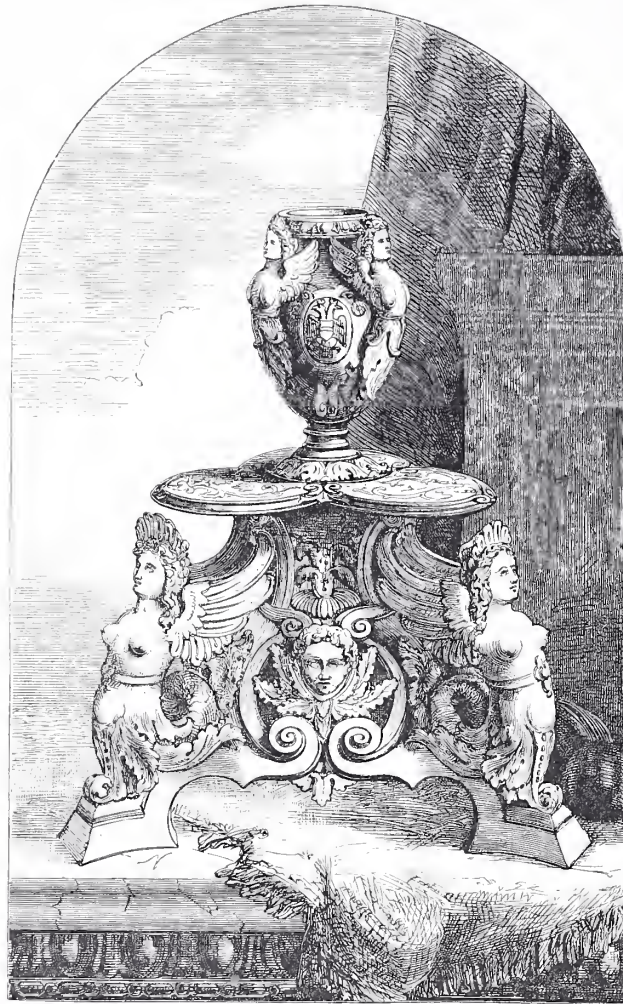
The reader should observe the contrast between the first two examples in this number and the remainder. The first two only, which are purely mediæval, are really and exclusively *metal* design; that is, design the form of which at once presupposes metal. All the succeeding designs, with the exception of the single feature of the feet of the Soulagès fire-dog, might have been equally well cut in marble or stone or wood, or No. 45 might have been cast in fireclay. All these, therefore, are only metal designs by accident, not essentially. They belong to a period when a style of design derived from sculpture and from sculptors was in the ascendant, and metal, or any other material, was required

to adopt the forms in which the reigning arts of the period expressed themselves, instead of those which would naturally have arisen out of an unbiassed treatment of the material in accordance with its special characteristics.

Another remarkable and significant contrast is to be noticed

between the style of the detail in the mediæval and the Renaissance designs in this number; not merely the distinction in appearance and character, which of course is obvious at a glance, but a distinction in principle. Both the mediæval and the Renaissance form here given aim at the pro-

duction of agreeable and harmonious curves in the lines of the design; but in the mediæval work these curves are produced by adaptations of natural forms, in the Renaissance



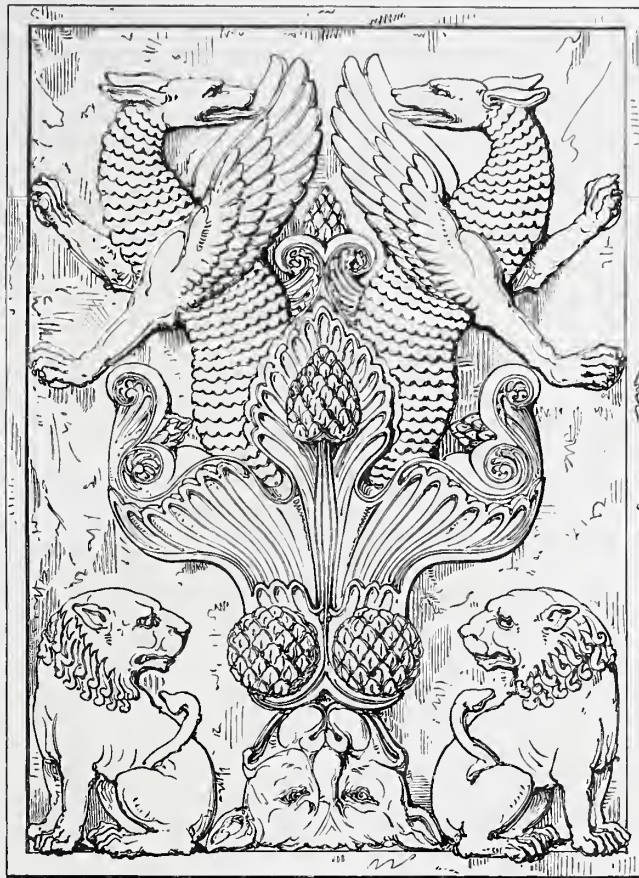
No. 43.—Candlestick, Italian Renaissance.



No. 44.—Steel Fire-back, late Renaissance.

work by adaptations of artificial forms and objects. In the mediæval candelabra the curving branches have, as we have shown, a meaning; they are the conventional representation of the stem in nature. In examples 43 and 44 the curves and scrolls represent nothing whatever which has any meaning or interest; in 43 they are forms twisted into a scroll for the sake of a scroll; in 44 they are imitations of interlaced strap-work, twined in and out of slits cut for them, and wound round into a knot at the end. This latter is the worse principle, or want of principle, of the two, since it has absolutely no interest or value of any kind, except that which arises from the mere cleverness of imitation in metal of something which is not metal. No. 43 is better, inasmuch as the scroll-work in it is not imitative of any meaner object, but is really introduced under the idea of producing an agreeable and harmonious sweep of line. It is, however, a failure in this respect, inasmuch as it is not very free or flowing in line, and is weak in its constructive effect. The

scroll-work at the base of No. 42 is quite different in this respect. It is drawn in fine full curves; it appears to be (and probably is) only the prolongation of the strips of iron forming the feet, turned round into spirals which serve to balance the whole to the eye, and fill up in an agreeable and natural manner the space that would otherwise be left open between the spreading feet. It has thus both practical and artistic meaning. The fault of a great deal of ornamental detail of the Renaissance date lies in either introducing, as in No. 44, mere imitations of mean and uninteresting objects, or in the introduction of detail which seems only so much filling up, without regard to real meaning or constructive unity. This criticism does not, of course, apply especially to metal more than to other classes of work, but it is not out of place to apply it in considering the examples before us. The proper value of such examples lies in affording opportunity for the consideration why this or that form is to be admired or condemned.



No. 45.—Iron Fire-back, German (?).

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*

THE great movement of the Renaissance made itself felt north of the Alps as well as in Italy. We considered this as it affected the Italian masters in our last paper. It will therefore be interesting, in pursuit of our special subject, to observe how it influenced the French, Flemings, Spaniards, and Germans.

France, owing to Italian marriages on the part of her kings, and the consequent presence of Cellini and other Italian artists in France, may be said to have adopted Italian Art at once; and the same applies to Spain, then under the wide-reaching rule of Charles V. The Limoges enamellers of the Renaissance, the painters, sculptors, architects, and tapestry weavers of France, were thoroughly Italian. They retain, indeed, certain lengthiness of limb in their sculpture, and many elaborations of detail in their architecture, in both of which French artists lack the breadth and dignity of the Italians. As regards children, however, the roundness, fulness, and vigour of their design were thoroughly Italian.

The Low Countries and Flanders owed allegiance to Charles V. of Spain, and Italian artists were employed by the

Crown and by the great feudatories to decorate churches and palaces, and to design tapestries, arms, and sumptuous furniture. The Flemings possessed a great fecundity of imagination in the whole field of decorative art. As they had been in the Middle Ages, so they continued to be, well trained and taught, and works of Art of every kind by sixteenth-century Flemish artists found their way all over Europe. We have already noticed a painting of children by Mabuse (p. 83), full of good design and delicacy of handling.

Passing on to Germany, we may observe that the Germans retained the traditions of the Middle Ages much longer than the Flemish or the French. No mediæval city had preserved its freedom, its municipal privileges, its guilds and traditions of art, more inviolate than Nuremberg down to the time of which we are treating. Two artists of the Renaissance time, natives of that city, deserve special notice—Peter Vischer and Albrecht Dürer. Peter Vischer was a sculptor, and employed his sons to work with him; he has left many monuments in bronze and freestone in Nuremberg. His earlier works have the rigidity and want of flow in composition and line so often seen in mediæval sculpture, but he travelled and studied in Italy, and this worked a great change in his

* Continued from page 100.

art. We have in the Kensington Museum a cast of the most remarkable of his works. This is the Shrine of S. Sebaldus, in the church of that saint in Nuremberg. It is covered with noble sculptured figures partly fitted to, and forming decorative parts of, the structure. Over and above these details Vischer has covered his main cornice with little boys playing musical instruments, sporting and tumbling over dogs—a playful recollection of honest every-day life. Nothing can exceed the animation of these little creatures, some three inches or so in height. If they have not the refined beauty of Italian children, they are sound and well proportioned, bearing witness to the genuine love of children in a powerful German mind, full of seriousness and devotion.

Albrecht Dürer differed widely in his drawing from his Italian contemporaries. There remains with him much of the austerity, somewhat of the harshness, of masters of an earlier period. In drawing the figure he seems to have a sort of cynical contempt for the full, rounded convexity of outline that has so great a charm under the hand of Raffaello or Leonardo, but in his children he is full of grace and joyous completeness. A Holy Family by him, which will be found engraved in any collection of his works, represents the Carpenter's shop at Nazareth, with a crowd of tiny angels swarming about the floor, busy as bees carrying off chips of wood and setting the place in order. It is unsurpassed for tenderness and charm by any similar composition by the Italians that could be named.

Next we may notice Hans Holbein, a German also, who was so long employed at the court of Henry VIII. that he almost counts as an English artist. The best examples of his children are the portraits in chalk and on panel of the infancy and youth of Edward VI. His finest and most elaborate picture of childhood is the Holy Family now in the Dresden Gallery.

With these notices we may take leave of the great period of the Renaissance.

Coming down to the seventeenth century, it must be admitted that an immense interval divides its productions from those of the sixteenth. Admirable schools had been set on foot by the great masters and their immediate pupils, and it seemed reasonable that the same, or even greater accomplishments, should be expected of their descendants. The artists of the seventeenth century were not wanting in scholarly training, but they were no longer the "all round," universal artists that had gone before. The fervour and imagination, the dignity

of conception and treatment, of an earlier time are everywhere wanting. The century produced great men, nevertheless, and great painters of children.

Rubens, a Flemish painter, is the chief figure of his time. He was born and educated before the old century had run out. His powers were prodigious: sacred subjects, history, portraiture, boar hunts, wild animals, landscapes, nothing came amiss to his dexterous brush. His men and women are far removed from the high-bred tenderness of Leonardo or Raffaello, and his heroes from those of Michael Angelo. His Flemish models are big limbed, full fleshed, ruddy, often coarse, but always full of life and action. But his children are healthy, tender, full of life and glee, always charming. A little group is here engraved, taken from the 'Peace and War' in the National Gallery: graceful, tender, smiling children.

His 'Chapeau de Paille,' in the same gallery, the portraits of himself, his wife, and child, well known from engravings, are full of attraction. His little angels, his genii, and Cupids, which he painted with inexhaustible freshness of invention in his decorative works, all show his tender appreciation of childish beauty.

One of the pupils of Rubens was Antonio Vandyck. He is well known in this country, where he settled, married, and died. The group in the engraving here given is from a picture in the royal collection of the family of Charles I. It represents Prince Charles (the second) with his sisters, the Princesses Henrietta Maria and Elizabeth. A smiling serenity animates this charming composition. The attitudes, the faces and hands, are thoroughly child-like in character, and full of grace throughout. Many of Vandyck's family portraits contain beautiful children. A number were exhibited in London in 1866



Group from 'Peace and War,' by Rubens.

(photographed by the Arundel Society), containing admirable illustrations of our subject: George Villiers and his brother, the Bolingbroke family, the Sydney family, and many more. The great family portrait-picture at Wilton House contains deceased children represented as angels in the clouds. A choir of angels in Vandyck's 'Flight into Egypt' are beautiful little creatures. They may be studied in any collection of engravings from his works.

Gerard Honthorst and Susterman of Antwerp were Flemings; the latter was employed at the court of Cosmo II. in Florence. Both painted the portraits of children admirably. They possessed much of the dignity and richness of treatment of Vandyck. Examples of Honthorst's children can be seen in the collection of photographs already described.

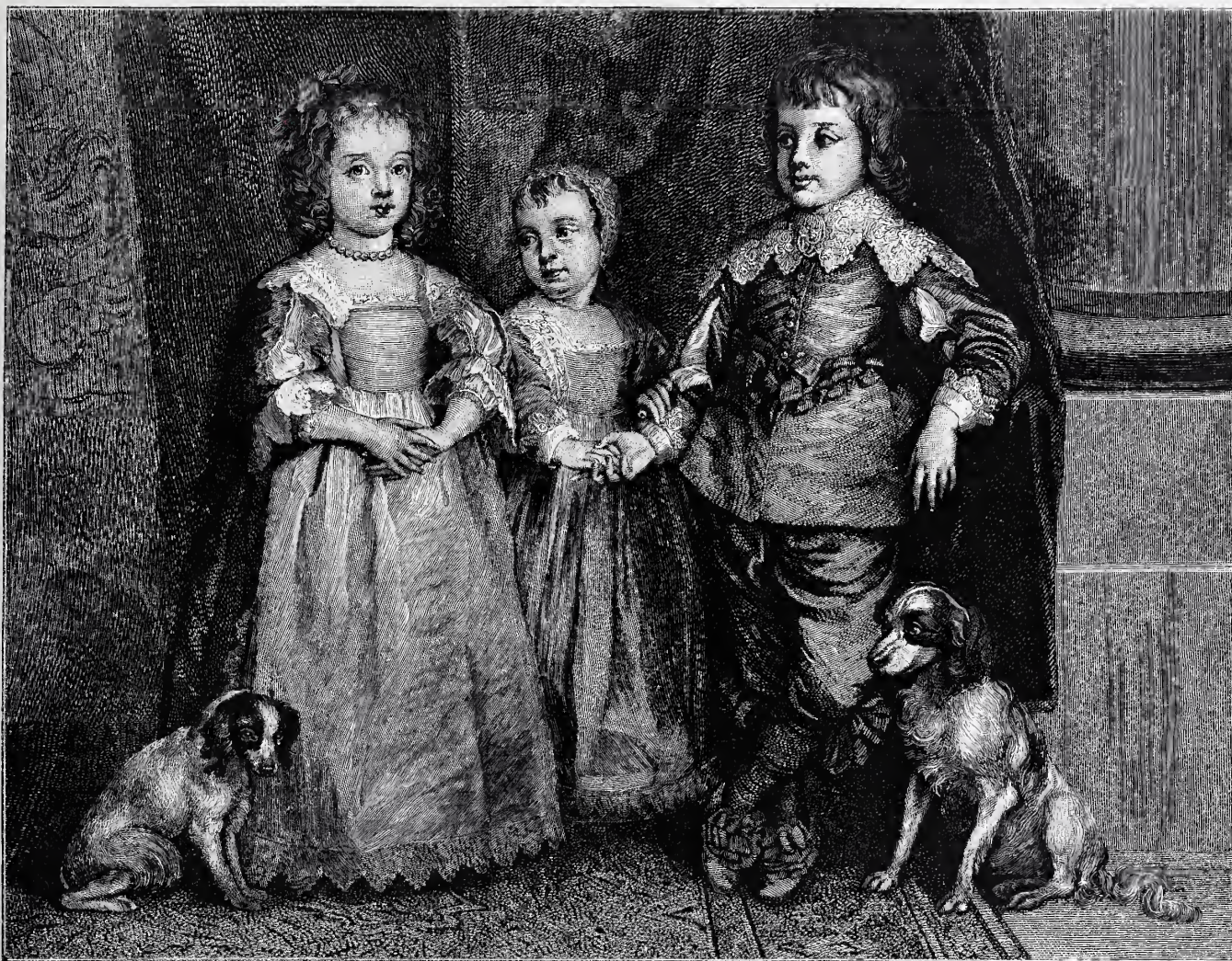
Esteban Murillo, a Spanish artist of a rather later date in

the century, is well known for the beauty of his children. His greatest success is the 'Immaculate Conception' of the Louvre, where a choir of beautiful little angels bear up the Madonna to heaven. A painting by him of the same subject was exhibited this year at Burlington House; the children, though perhaps less beautiful, are of the same make and likeness as those in the first-named picture. A charming Christ in the Holy Family of the National Gallery (No. 13) is a good illustration of this feature of his art. His little beggar boys are favourite compositions, and are to be seen in most galleries.

Velasquez, another Spaniard, was a portrait painter, and may be compared to Vandyck, though he is more severe and

simple. His portraits of the infant princes and princesses of the Spanish royal family, of the little Prince of the Asturias mounted on a small bay pony, and galloping towards the spectator, are genuine and thorough children: though solemn, they are so only with the graceful solemnity of little children oppressed by the state in which they are brought up. Most of these pictures are well known from copies and engravings, and have long enjoyed a well-deserved popularity.

It was during the seventeenth century that the Dutch artists rose to the front rank. They painted children, but generally as parts of groups and scenes of common life. Any general review of Dutch painters would lead us away from the present inquiry, and it must be enough to select



Charles, Henrietta Maria, and Elizabeth, Children of Charles I., by Vandyck.

the greatest of their artists, Rembrandt van Rhyn. The children and young girls he painted are often full of beauty. A girl in his great picture, 'The Night Watch,' at Amsterdam, passes across a crowd of guards and officers like a beautiful vision. A portrait of his own daughter was contributed to the Burlington House exhibition this winter. It represents a face full of animation and cleverness; fresh, joyous, and honest; if perhaps somewhat wanting in refinement, still a charming example of Dutch beauty. We shall look in vain, however, in his sacred compositions for that refinement of childhood which makes so many Italian pictures delightful.

Teniers, Jan Steen, and many other painters treated chil-

dren in their compositions—little, round, quaint peasant boys and girls—but they call for no special notice in these pages.

The works of another foreign artist, Sir Peter Lely, a native of Soest, in Westphalia, who painted almost entirely in England, should not be passed by without notice. Many of his portraits bear a strong likeness to those of Vandyck, but are colder in colour, and without the "distinction" which Vandyck gave to his subjects. Some charming portraits of children by Lely are preserved in this country. A portrait of Mary Stuart, afterwards queen, is among the Lely collection at Hampton Court. She is a child of nine or ten years, with a bow and arrows, represented as a fanciful Diana. Among his portraits of the young beauties of the court of

Charles and Catherine of Braganza, there are many pictures of great merit, tenderly and agreeably composed and handled, but not showing much elevation of mind in their general treatment.

It cannot be denied that, in passing from the old masters of the Renaissance down the succession of the seventeenth century, we trace a gradual decline of power. Schools survived, systems of good and workmanlike training kept the arts alive. Special subjects, such as light and shadow, landscapes, and sea-pieces, had their supporters and enthusiasts. Such subjects abound not only in powerful representations of intricacies and mysteries in the phenomena of nature, but at the hands of some painters give evidence of real poetical inspiration. But great scenes—subjects that interest all mankind alike—ceased to claim the services of artists. Many reasons could be given for this great change, but as a fact it cannot be disputed. Very simple themes, if they are of deep

significance, admit of endless freshness and variety of treatment. They appeal to the heart and to the affections of mankind, while mere historical compositions and portraiture claim the sympathies of a few only in comparison. This is especially seen in the gradual decline of the *imaginative representation* of childhood. It is treated tenderly in seventeenth-century portraiture, for in those cases artists have really studied their subjects directly from nature. The chief interest of portraits is for relatives and friends; but we, their posterity, feel an instinctive attraction for what are so evidently genuine likenesses. When we look at the portraits of a mannered, or a stiff and pompous society, the innocence and simplicity of the children seem to look out of the canvas to us fresh, smiling, and natural, unspoiled by the follies or the cruelties which disfigure so many characters in after-life, in some instances the maturer years of those very personages whose childhood so warmly claims our sympathy.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

'ISABELLA.'

By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

'ISABELLA,' by John Everett Millais, R.A. Engraved by H. Bourne.—This remarkable picture was painted when the artist was in his twentieth year, and was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1849. It occupied the earliest place among the works which were most powerfully influenced by the painter's association with the pre-Raphaelite movement, the others being 'Ferdinand and Ariel' and 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' both painted in 1849, but exhibited at the Academy in the following year. The picture was, at that time, by general opinion declared to be eccentric and characterized by a rebellious disregard of the canons of Art, but it received the following criticism in the columns of this journal:—"The works that have been exhibited under this name have already drawn forth unqualified eulogy at our hands. This picture is not less worthy of praise than any of those that have preceded it, and these are few, for the author of the work is a young painter, but already rich in reputation. The picture differs in style from its predecessors, inasmuch as it is a pure aspiration in the feeling of the early Florentine school. The subject is from Keats's poem, that passage describing the feelings of the brothers on discovering the mutual love of Isabella and Lorenzo, who

'Could not long in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some melody;
They could not sit at meals, but felt how well
It soothed each to be the other by.'

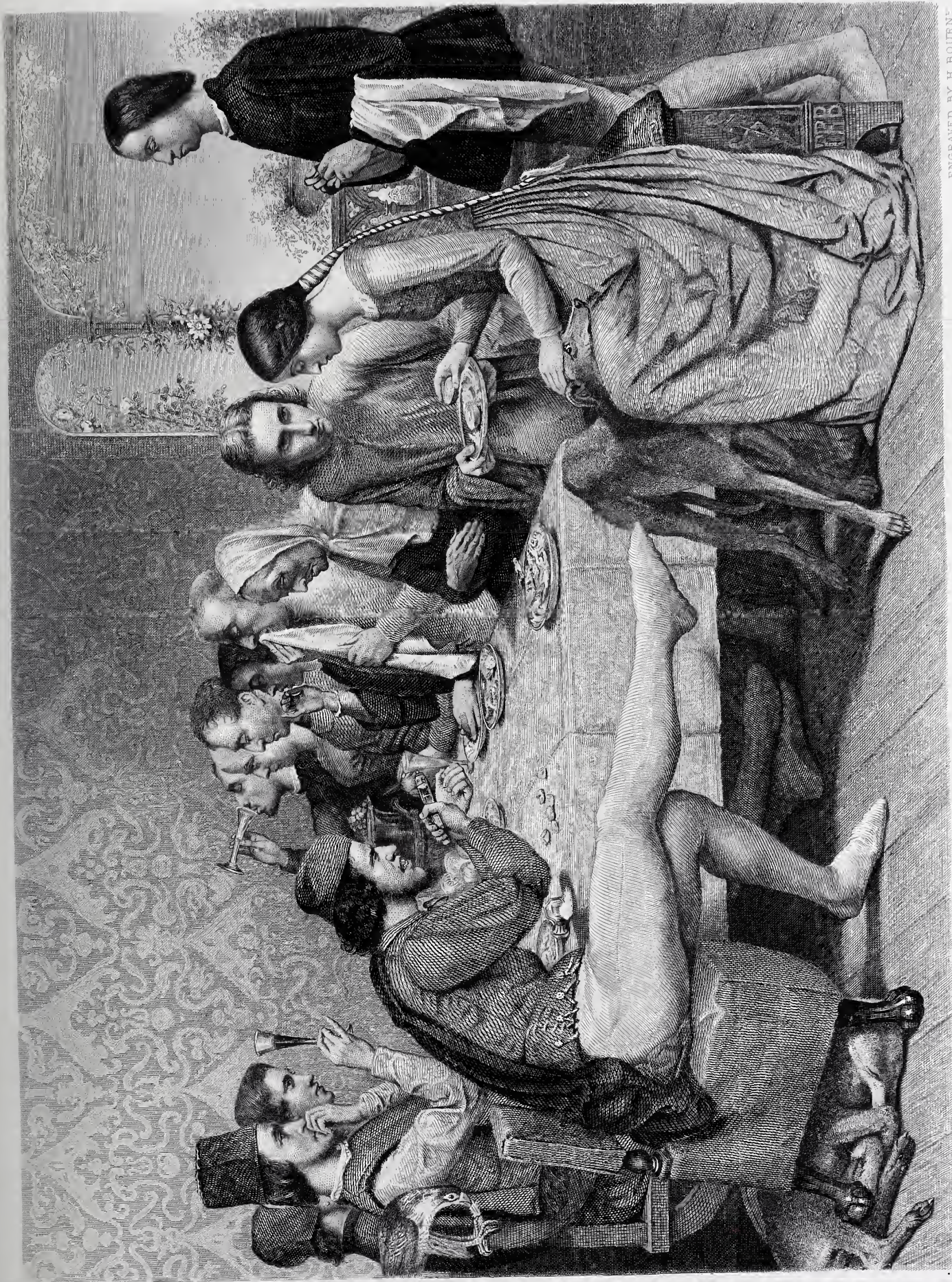
The composition, with all the simplicity of the old painters, presents two rows of persons seated at tables, all for the most part seen in profile, and there is no more shade than is demanded for the drawing, the relief being effected by opposi-

tion of colour. The figures are crowded, but this is characteristic of the period to which the work points. Upon the whole the picture is an example of rare excellence and learning; the artist arrives with apparent ease at a result which others, with old reputations, have been vainly labouring for half a lifetime to acquire. It cannot fail to establish the fame of the young painter."

Lorenzo, who has won the love of the Florentine maiden, has an intensity of expression which, while full of devotion, has also a sadness that seems to foreshadow the fate too near at hand, when, after the brief farewell at the lattice, "the two brothers and their murder'd man rode past fair Florence." The expression, indeed, reminds us that in the face of the Huguenot there is the same shadow of a violent death near at hand. The painting contains many suggestions of the coming tragedy; the falcon tears at the feather of a slain bird; the brother who torments his sister's hound with no gentle thrust of his foot, crushes a nut as he purposes to crush the too presumptuous servant; another brother regards the lovers with eyes of cruel watchfulness.

All the heads are painted with extraordinary minuteness; they have an individuality as distinct as it is characteristic: many of them indeed are portraits, amongst which may be mentioned the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti draining the glass, Mr. Fenn peeling the apple, the artist's father wiping his mouth, Mr. William Rossetti as Lorenzo, and Mr. Wright, the architect, as the serving-man.

The picture will ever be considered as the best illustration of the advent into English Art of a school whose motto was earnestness and truth.



ENGRAVED BY H. BOURNE

ISABELLA.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF CONSTANTINE A. IONIDES, ESQ.

PAINTED BY J. E. MILLAIS, R. A.

EXHIBITIONS.

GROSVENOR GALLERY.—The exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery is decidedly below the average of the last few years. Mr. Watts, who, when at his best, as he usually has been in the Grosvenor, is a tower of strength in himself, is not represented by any strikingly successful work; and neither Mr. W. B. Richmond nor Mr. Frank Holl, who were so strong in their portraits in 1881 and the year before, is quite so good as usual. To make up for these deficiencies, and for the remarkable absence of important works by those painters who take Botticelli and other quattro-centisti for their models, Mr. Burne Jones sends no less than nine pictures, which include at least one masterpiece from his point of view. This, 'The Tree of Forgiveness' (144), is an illustration of the classic myth of Phyllis and Demophoon. The story goes that Phyllis was deserted by her lover, Demophoon, and that the gods, in pity for the despair into which she was cast, turned her into an almond-tree, and that afterwards, as Demophoon passed by with sorrow in his heart for her fate, his shadow fell upon the almond-tree, which blossomed, and Phyllis became visible to him in all her former beauty. Mr. Burne Jones has treated the pathetic legend in a fashion that would be almost too realistic were it not for the false, though beautiful scale of colour of which he has made use. The trunk of the almond-tree is split down the centre, and from its heart issues the nude body of Phyllis, who is free of the wood from the knees upwards. She throws her arms round Demophoon, who seems more astonished than pleased, and looks into his eyes. The expression of semi-mystic passion is powerful, and the warm low tones of the carnations, contrasting strongly with the burst of white blossom which forms the head of the almond-tree, afford a fine tone composition; but the drawing of the bodies seems exaggerated; their muscular divisions are over-marked; they are too long, at least in appearance and the transitions between light and shadow are abrupt. It is a long time since Mr. Burne Jones has given us any of those colour harmonies in which the glowing hues of a Venetian palette were used with a skill which could not be surpassed by any contemporary painter; but there is a little picture in the large room which gives some hint of his powers in that respect. It is called 'Danae at the Brazen Tower' (62), and the principal colour notes are the crimson of her drapery and the yellow of the brazen plates with which the tower is being cased. Mr. Burne Jones also sends, among other things, a lovely portrait study of a little girl (136), a disappointing picture of 'The Feast of Peleus' (157), and a curious work called 'The Mill' (175), which is full of fine colour and mystic sentiment, but is difficult to understand, if, indeed, he mean it to be understood. From Mr. Burne Jones to Mr. Whistler is a considerable step, but the latter is responsible for the most conspicuous picture in the room after Mr. Burne-Jones's 'Tree of Forgiveness,' namely, a 'Harmony in Flesh-colour and Pink—Mrs. H. B. Meux' (48): a young lady in pinkish grey and pink, with a touch of positive red upon her lips, and a few threads of scarlet in the carpet upon which she stands, and her face partly shadowed by the broad brim of her hat. Mr. Whistler has never painted anything more delicate in colour than this, nor ever, perhaps, anything quite equal to it in the rhythm of line to be obtained from the sweep of female drapery.

Mr. Herkomer sends four portraits, of which the most interesting, and perhaps the most picturesque, is that of his own father at his work of wood carving (173). Mr. Herkomer, sen., in shirt sleeves and leather apron, stands at a board upon which he is roughly cutting out with chisel and hammer the shapes which will afterwards be elaborated with the knife. The massive head and strongly marked features are painted with great vigour and truth. The portraits of Dr. Oakes (141), a Cambridge don in red robes, and of Mr. James Forbes (177), have the appearance of undeniable likenesses. But the finest portrait picture in the show is Mr. Millais's group of two children, 'The Children of Mrs. Barrett' (83), one a girl of ten or thereabouts, dressed in sea-green silk, and seated upon a Turkey rug-covered table, the other a boy in brown velvet. In natural pose and in richness of execution this is one of Mr. Millais's best works, but the boy's coat looks curiously empty. Near this hangs a portrait (73) of a lady in black against a golden cream-coloured background, and with a few azaleas about, which holds its own very well: it is the work of the Princess Louise. Mr. Alma-Tadema, besides several minute works, sends two remarkable portraits—one of Ludwig Barney as Marc Antony (55), and the other of Hans Richter, the famous conductor (59). Both are of the same downright character as the 'Mr. Whichcord' at the Academy; but in the case of Herr Barney the Roman toga and a background of polychromatic classic architecture give the painter an opportunity of which he knows well how to avail himself, and he has accordingly given us a work in which perfect flesh painting combines with pure but skilfully harmonized local tints to form a whole which is as brilliant and gemlike as an old stained-glass window. Among the smaller works 'Early Affections' (54), a Roman child playing with a Roman doll on her sister's lap in a Roman garden, with a *term* of Pan smiling benignly upon the scene, and 'An Audience' (61), three heads of looking and listening women, are the best. Mr. W. B. Richmond contributes some eight or nine portraits, one of them being an extraordinary picture of the Prime Minister (77) in the D.C.L. robes, which are now *de rigueur*. In attitude, colour, and expression this picture is very startling indeed. A half-length portrait of Miss Clough, of Newnham College, Cambridge (229), and a head of Mr. Browning (112), are good; but the elaborate composition of which Mrs. Luke Ionides (186) is the centre is so hard and cold in execution, that much of the charm which it would otherwise possess is destroyed. Mr. Richmond also shows portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Lothian Bell (194 and 198). The same artist's Hercules releasing Prometheus (57) is nothing more than a couple of "academies" grouped. Mr. Julian Story's 'Entombment' (51) is a clever picture, and so is his own portrait (277) from the brush of M. Chartran. Besides the works we have mentioned, the following should be noticed:—'Loading Corn, Roundstone, West of Ireland' (5), by W. H. Bartlett; 'Spring-time' (22), by M. Fisher; 'The Storm Cloud' (30), by Cecil Lawson; 'A Dirge in the Desert' (31), a lion lamenting the death of his mate, by J. T. Nettleship; 'Passing the Bridge' (32), by P. R. Morris; 'Shooter's Hill, Pangbourne' (33), by Keeley Halswelle; 'Mrs. John Collier' (52), by her husband; 'A Rehearsal' (79), by E. J. Gregory; 'Oporto' (100), by C. Napier Hemy; 'The Sirens Three'

(104), by P. R. Morris; 'A Pastoral' (116), gorgeous in colour, by C. Fairfax Murray; 'E. H. Pember, Esq.' (125), by Frank Holl; 'A Scotch Glen' (132), a marvellous little landscape, by E. J. Gregory; 'View near Mentone' (154), by T. Armstrong; "Habet!" (159), by J. R. Weguelin; 'F. R. Leyland, Esq.' (160), by Miss Rosa Corder; and 'Judith' (196), by C. E. Hallé. Among the sculpture we noticed with pleasure 'A Bronze Mask' (382), by M. Rodin; a bust of Mrs. Bram Stoker (367), by Mr. Onslow Ford; a portrait study (369), by Miss H. S. Montalba; another of Dean Stanley (381), by Mr. Boehm; and a graceful 'Hero' (364), by Count Gleichen.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETIES.—The hopes which have been raised, concurrently, as it were, with the walls of the new Institute building, that this season would see a fusion of the two societies, have, we understand, been dissipated. Overtures of a very moderate character made by the younger body, namely, their admission into the "Royal Society" as Associates merely, have been rejected. What our feeling on this matter is, it is almost needless to recapitulate. The "Royal Society" will, no doubt, last the lifetime of those elderly members who are opposed to the fusion—but what then? So soon as next year all the attractions to rising artists will be on the side of the Institute. A good situation, fine galleries, an open exhibition, and a chance of membership, with a voice in the direction immediately on election. As opposed to what? A chance of election, once in a year, as an Associate of a body which confers on the elected no single privilege, no voice in the affairs of his society—not even a place in the hanging committee—until the best years of his life have passed away. Hitherto the secessions have principally been from the New Society to the Old, and this year a name that has been a household word at the gallery in Pall Mall West, Mr. Beavis, is added to the list of Associates at Pall Mall East. If the New Society is well and judiciously managed, he should be the last deserter from their ranks, and the tide should set the other way.

The increasing size of the drawings at both the exhibitions is noteworthy, and it is specially remarkable that the larger the drawing the weaker and less interesting it becomes. It is curious to note, too, that the amount of sales is in inverse proportion to the size. All along the line the exception is to find a drawing sold; on the screens the majority are disposed of.

The sunlight in Mr. Boyce's drawing of Halton Castle, Northumberland, is a charming greeting and welcome on turning into the "Royal Society's" rooms. A terribly difficult task the rendering of this uninteresting bit of sunlit greensward, most men would say; and we oftentimes, on drawing attention to this the most delightful work in the exhibition, have been greeted with the query, "Was there no finer view of the castle to take than this back way?" or, "Shouldn't you tire with perpetually looking at a view of nothing but that strip of grass and the commonplace-looking buildings behind?" To the pretentious mind, who is content with nothing less than extended landscape, castellated buildings, or prettily dressed peasants, no doubt there is but little participation in the enjoyment which the artist evidently felt in the lengthened shadows which cut up the sunshine that flickers over the bit of waste land. But once a pleasure is taken in honest, truthful, and delicate work, and in the repose and quiet which are so seldom nowadays associated with

brightness, this drawing must be recognised as a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

The shock in turning from this work, so full of peaceful sunshine, to Mr. Marshall's delineation of the London streets is not so abrupt as might be supposed; in 'Pall Mall East,' 'A City Square,' or 'Westminster Bridge,' although the element of toil and bustle is not absent, it is subordinated and hardly felt, the emphasis being reserved for those atmospheric effects, sunshine, smoke, and mist, which combine to beautify our most hideous streets. Mr. Marshall is the first who has portrayed these interesting phenomena, and we trust he will not leave the subject until, with increasing power, he has perpetuated a mass of matter which will be not only topographically, but artistically of value for generations to come. Mr. Albert Goodwin's work must never be overlooked by any one desirous of studying the most poetic renderings of water-colour art; whether we regard his grand drawing of 'Nightfall,' the novel rendering as a military subject of scampering sheep and hares, entitled 'War,' or the cliff side, with the suggestive appellation, 'Proposed Site for a new Hotel and Iron Pier,' there is more to be learnt, and more enjoyment to be derived, than from almost any work in the room. A drawing that may easily be overlooked, for it hangs low down on a screen, is Mr. North's 'Morning in Marshland,' exquisitely tender in every respect, and as much to be coveted as Mr. Boyce's. Akin to it, in some respects, is a fine work by Mr. Marsh, 'The Garden Gate,' in which, in addition to excellent work in the landscape portion, there is a powerfully drawn group of resting vagrants. We should have preferred the drawing without the other figures. In the same class of refined work we may include Mr. Alfred Hunt's 'Summer Day at Sonning,' the late Samuel Palmer's 'Bellman' (faulty in many respects, but grandly conceived), Mr. George Fripp's 'On the Mowdach, North Wales,' and Mrs. Allingham's 'The Children's Tea Party,' an unusually important and delicate example. Mr. H. Wallis continues his excellent series of illustrations to *The Merchant of Venice*. Other drawings calling for notice are Mr. H. Moore's 'Break in the Storm,' Mr. E. A. Waterlow's 'Pet Lamb,' Mr. Carl Haag's 'Shiekh Abdul Rahman,' Sir J. Gilbert's 'Head of the Procession,' and Mrs. Angell's wonderful 'Plate of Raspberries' and 'Chrysanthemums;' these latter with backgrounds admirably adapted from the panel of the marble staircase in the Doge's Palace at Venice. None of the new Associates justify at present their election saving, of course, Mr. Beavis, who, however, has been seen to greater advantage than in his 'Forest of Fontainebleau—Clearing Timber.'

This year's exhibition at the Institute can hardly be called a strong one in any sense. Besides much notable absenteeism, there appears to have been but little endeavour to render this the last show in the old room a remarkable one. As regards landscape the Institute always has yielded the palm to the elder society, no one, with the notable exception of Messrs. Hine and Leitch, laying great claim to any attempt at rendering more than the prosaic side of nature. Mr. Collier, whose work we always look for, is by no means present in his full strength this year, and Mr. E. J. Gregory, who promised to be a tower of strength in landscape as well as in figures, is unrepresented. Nor can Mr. MacWhirter's accession at all compensate for these deficiencies. His single contribution, 'The Lake of Menteth,' has nothing important to recommend it except its size, and seems to point to that distinguished

artist being as yet hardly master of the technicalities of his art. Mr. G. S. Elgood, another new member, promises well, though at present his work too much resembles Mr. Pilsbury's; 'A Churchyard,' exhibited, if we mistake not, last year at the Royal Academy, is full of pleasant subtleties of colour. Mr. Keeley Halswelle, also recently elected, emphasizes the faults which distinguish his work in oil colours. These time will doubtless eradicate, and the Institute has made a wise selection in electing him. Of the elder members' work we note on the walls the following as calling for special comment:—'Summer Goods,' C. Green; 'Mill near Arundel,' J. Orrock; 'Shrimpers,' S. P. Smythe; 'Good-bye,' T. W. Wilson; 'Ship Ashore on Greenbank, Swansea,' E. Hayes; 'The Pré Meadow on the River Ver' and 'Across Brayford Head,' H. Hine; 'The Lute,' J. D. Linton; 'A Talented Troupe,' C. Green; 'Alms Day,' Guido Bach; 'Boy and Man,' G. Clausen; 'View in Wales,' G. M. Wimperis. Four-and-twenty members do not exhibit, and many appear to be such only in name.

SOCIETY OF LADY ARTISTS, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.—This is a bright and pleasing exhibition, and contains some pictures of exceptional excellence. Mrs. Marrable, who sends no less than eleven works, paints always with skill and knowledge, and is generally strong and effective in colour. Of Mrs. Louise Jopling's two pictures we greatly prefer 'Little Muriel,' which is beautifully drawn. 'On the Bar,' by Harriette A. Seymour, a fishing-smack, high and dry on the beach, having her sides tarred, is an effective picture. In 'The Butter Cross, Salisbury,' by Louisa Rayner, the drawing of the buildings is accurate, and the distance rendered with ability. 'On Guard,' by Madame Giampietri, in the manner of Cattermole, is finely and well painted. The face of 'Evangeline,' by Mrs. H. Champion, is singularly sweet and pathetic. 'The Valley of the Oak,' by Kate Nichols, is remarkable for the clever manner in which the foliage is painted, the light and shadow being well managed. 'The last of the Brotherhood'—an aged monk sitting in his stall in the monastery chapel, all the other stalls being tenantless—is full of pathos. In 'The Old Mill,' by Jane Deakin, the evening sky is painted with unusual skill. 'Fishing Boats on the West Coast,' by Miss Macaulay, despite the spottiness of the water, is characterized by ability. 'Bude Haven,' by Miss Grace Hastie, is one of the best pictures in the exhibition. In 'Some Mediterranean Fish,' by Mrs. Anderson, nothing could be better than the opalescent tints of these beauties of the deep.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY.—Mr. W. L. Thomas exhibits here the results, in water colour, of his ten years' holidays in Switzerland, and a very attractive collection it undoubtedly is. Among these Alpine peaks and valleys, these quaint Swiss homesteads and rushing streams, one seems to breathe again the keen inspiring air of the mountain-side, and to feel again the stress and strain of the long ascent. The colouring of these sublime altitudes is generally well suggested in these drawings, but the distances can of course only be hinted at. Several of the smaller works were purchased by her Majesty, to whom the collection was exhibited at Osborne; and these, for charm of subject and delicate manipulation, are among the best works in the gallery.

'CHRIST BEFORE PILATE,' by Michael Munkacsy.—This picture, heralded by so great a flourish of trumpets, is now

being exhibited at the Conduit Street Gallery. In many respects worthy of the master, and especially so in the strong and accurate draughtsmanship, in the richness of the colouring and the admirable rendering of the light and shade, it is somewhat disappointing in other respects. As a composition the picture is wanting in harmony and judicious arrangement. It does not rise to the dignity of the great event of which it treats; there is no crowd or tumult of the people. In this latter respect Doré's 'Christ leaving the Prætorium' is far superior. But the most disappointing of Munkacsy's work is undoubtedly his head of Christ. The figure is not wanting in a quiet, patient dignity, but the face is of no heroic, far less of a divine type. Worn and pallid, wasted with an intensity of anguish and fasting, we certainly find it; but we fail to recognise either the ideal of humanity or the latent divine fervour which other critics have confessed to finding. It would be interesting to know what the phrenologists would say of the shape of the head, which appears to us to be of a decidedly inferior order. Some of the details are, however, worthy of high praise. One of the seated figures on the estrade is remarkably dignified; the yelling scoundrel, with uplifted arms, is drawn with power, and is effective where there is so much that is tame. Pilate himself—a typical Roman governor—is one of the most successful figures in the picture, with strong, square-cut features: he is deeply pondering over the intricate question he has to decide. The treatment of the draperies throughout is masterly, and there is well-marked diversity of type in the various heads.

OLD GERMAN WOODCUTS.—A collection of woodcuts of the German school, executed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, has been brought together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and is on exhibition in the gallery at Savile Row. A. Dürer, Hans Holbein, and Louis Cranach are fully represented, and there are works by several of the less prolific artists. It is pointed out, in the introduction to the catalogue, that few of the designers engraved the wood blocks themselves, but relegated their execution to persons who were specially fitted for the mechanical performance, and who worked under the direction and supervision of the originators of the designs.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The eleventh exhibition of this society was opened on Saturday, the 6th of May, at the Liverpool and London Chambers, these galleries being more central than the Royal Institution, where the society's exhibitions have hitherto been held. The collection contains 323 drawings, and among the attractions are Mr. Edward Brewtnall's 'Little Breeze' and 'The Brook,' a charming illustration to Tennyson's poem; Mr. Joseph Knight's 'Verdant Green,' an important work; Miss Edith Martineau's 'My Beautiful Lady,' from Woolner's poem; Mr. John Finne's 'Light and Shade' and 'Trefrew'; Mr. Thomas Huson's 'Ruth and her Friends'; three characteristic drawings by Mark Fisher; and four by Ernest Waterlow.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—In connection with the Arts Association the seventh annual exhibition was opened on the 5th of May. The collection consists of 220 water-colour and 500 oil pictures. The quality of the exhibition is much higher than usual, and the valuable influence of these exhibitions is clearly shown by the great advance in the technical work of the local artists. As the Association was formed in a great measure to foster local Art, this result is gratifying.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART NOTICES FOR JUNE:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Opening Day*.—Cambrian Academy of Art, Llandudno, 20th.

Closing Days.—Royal Hibernian Academy, 17th; Southport, 17th; Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 10th.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—A memorial is in preparation, to be presented to the Royal Academy, limiting the number of works to be sent in by "outsiders" to three each year. On a recent occasion one artist sent in as many as thirty.

THE HAMILTON PALACE SALE.—Much interest is being evinced at the prospective sale of the treasures from Hamilton Palace, which will be disposed of, on the 17th and following days of this month, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods. Besides many royal and family portraits of great interest, the gallery contained a number of magnificent works, including Rubens's 'Daniel in the Lions' Den,' an 'Entombment' of Poussin, a 'Madonna' of Correggio, an 'Ascension' of Giorgione, 'The Miser,' an interesting example of Quentin Matsys, a grand work of Botticelli, and two portraits of A. Dürer by himself; characteristic specimens of Snyders, Salvator Rosa, Holbein, Claude, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Reynolds, etc. The family portraits, it is understood, will not be sold.

EDINBURGH.—The Queen conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. William Fettes Douglas, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, at Windsor, on May 17th.—The Board of Manufacturers, having considered the names submitted by the Royal Scottish Academy, unanimously agreed to recommend Mr. Gourlay Steell, R.S.A., to the Treasury for the office of Curator of the National Gallery of Scotland, in succession to Sir William Fettes Douglas.

NOTTINGHAM.—The annual distribution of medals and prizes gained in connection with the School of Art was held on May 2nd. Mr. Geo. Aug. Sala, after awarding the prizes, addressed the students, and concluded a characteristic speech by urging them, through working steadily and correctly, to endeavour to make the world better. "Let every beautiful form they drew," he said, "every statuette they modelled, every beautiful lace curtain they executed, be a distinct and direct contribution to the wealth of the world; not perhaps directly in gold or silver, but in the softening and ennobling of the people, in the purification of self and the elevation of their hearts. They should do their best to make the world and the life before them beautiful, in the humble and happy hope of the infinitely more beautiful life that is to come."

VIENNA.—The famous Belvedere Gallery of Ancient Masters will soon be removed from the palace which gave it its name to the new Museum of Art built on the Ringstrasse, opposite the imperial palace. A new catalogue has been published, from whence it appears that the Emperor has given a great number of pictures, which had hitherto adorned his private apartments, in order to complete this historical collection. To the Italian, French, and Spanish schools the Emperor's gift will add more than eighty pictures. Among these is the portrait of Cardinal Pucci, by Sebastiano del Piombo; a 'Madonna,' by Cima da Conegliano; and an 'Annunciation,' by Luca Signorelli; a portrait of Charles V., 'The Painter's

Daughter, Lavinia Sarcinelli,' and 'Nymph with Shepherd,' all by Titian; an 'Apostle,' by Palma Vecchio; the 'Immaculate Conception,' by Palma Giovine; 'The Ruler of Capernaum,' 'Susannah and the Elders,' the 'Flight of Lot,' 'Rebecca at the Well,' 'Hagar and Ishmael,' 'Esther and Ahasuerus,' 'Abraham's Sacrifice,' and a female portrait, all by Paul Veronese; 'The Finding of Moses,' 'The Israelites collecting Manna,' 'Mutius Scaevola,' by Tintoretto; portrait of a man, by Giovanni Bellini; 'Adam and Eve,' by Paris Bordone; 'Christ bearing the Cross,' and others, by Bassano the elder. The twelve views of Vienna and Austrian imperial castles, painted for the Austrian court by Canaletto, are also to be added to the collection.

REVIEWS.

"BELCARO," by Vernon Lee (Satchell and Co.).—"An immense chaotic mass," so the author is pleased to stigmatize the works of Mr. Ruskin. A "conglomeration of chaotic molecules" would not inaptly describe the volume of essays on æsthetical questions which requires a preface of sixteen pages to apologize for the vagueness of its title. The work would hardly come within the province of Art criticism were it not for the essay on Ruskinism, upon which the writer looks with pity and regret, for Mr. Ruskin "belongs to a generation which is rapidly passing away; he is the almost isolated champion of creeds and ideas which have ceased even to be discussed among the thinking part of our nation; he is a believer not only in good and in God, but in Christianity, in the Bible, in Protestantism; he is, in many respects, a man left far behind by the current of modern thought." This extract sufficiently reflects the tone pervading the volume.

"THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JACOB THOMPSON." By Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A. (London: J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited).—Although not popularly acknowledged as a painter of the greatest ability, the name of Jacob Thompson is favourably known as a truthful delineator of nature and the author of many thoroughly sound works. Born in Penrith, in Cumberland, in 1806, Thompson, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends, as a youth encountered much of the prejudice against the pursuit of Art as a profession that has been so often brought to bear on embryo painters. Persevering in his chosen studies, however, he was fortunate enough to find a patron in the Earl of Lonsdale, and thereafter his progress was assured. He removed to London, and was admitted a student of the Royal Academy, and encouraged by Sir Thomas Lawrence, in 1833 exhibited his first picture, a full-length portrait, at the Royal Academy. Undoubtedly a man of ability, he never rose to the height to which his early works gave promise, and his choice of subjects seems too often to have run in the vein of Landseer's to be considered entirely original works. He died in Cumberland, where he lived for forty years, in December, 1879. Mr. Jewitt's volume contains a number of steel plates and wood engravings from Mr. Thompson's work. It is compiled with full knowledge of the capabilities of his powers, and as a labour of love for a departed friend, Mr. Jewitt is to be congratulated on the success of his production.



Liverpool from the River Mersey.

OUR PORTS AND HARBOURS*—LIVERPOOL.



THE origin of the name Liverpool has been the subject of many controversies and much learned research, but unfortunately no satisfactory conclusion has ever been arrived at respecting it. The popular theory is that it was taken from the name of a bird, the Liver, which haunted an old stream called the Pool. Nothing concerning it can be found in ornithological works, but it is represented upon the corporation seal as long in the legs and neck.

No town in Europe has made such continuous and rapid progress as Liverpool. It now extends for many miles along the shore of the Mersey, and is the second port in the kingdom, although in 1672 it was so small and poor that the corporation took the lordship from Lord Molyneux, with all dues and customs, on a lease for one thousand years, at an annual rent of £30: these, in 1871, produced an annual revenue of more than £200,000. The advantages of its position as a port were, however, seen and appreciated long before this date, for King John, in consequence of a visit which he paid to Lancashire in 1206, by a charter made in the following year, "granted to all who shall take burgages at Liverpool, that they shall have all liberties and free customs in the town of Liverpool which any free borough on the sea hath in our land."

But it is with the river Mersey and the Port of Liverpool rather than the city that our article and its illustrations have principally to deal. The river, which at the end of the seventeenth century supplied all the market towns for twenty miles round with salmon trout, suddenly expands at Runcorn, some miles above the city, from a small stream to a noble estuary, one of the most beautiful features in the local scenery. It is closed in on the south by the ranges of the Cheshire Hills, and on the west by the green fields and woods of the Hundred of Wirral, beyond which the line of the Welsh mountains is easily seen. Between Liverpool and Birkenhead the stream narrows to a little under a mile, again gradually widening until it falls into the Irish Sea at New Brighton.

But the Mersey in its natural state would never have made the port that it is; for the strong currents consequent on tides rising sometimes thirty-two feet, the numerous shifting sand-banks in the Upper Mersey, and the exposed situation of the river, have always rendered it an undesirable and unsafe anchorage. And so far back as 1551 the inhabitants of the town—which had been mentioned in an Act of Parliament a few years previously as one of several which had fallen into decay—perceiving this, and recognising the importance of doing something to induce vessels to come there, appointed a water bailiff to prevent encroachments and obstructions in the port, and constructed some simple harbour works, which, however, were destroyed some ten years later, as we read in Sir J. A. Picton's "Memorials of Liverpool," by a tremendous hurricane, which swept away the jetty of the old haven. But nothing daunted, the mayor called the whole town together to the Hall on Sunday, "where they counselled all in one consent and assent" to make a new haven, which was commenced on the following Monday with a capital of 13s. 9d.!

Very shortly afterwards (in 1565) the shipping of the port was represented by fifteen vessels, having an aggregate burden of 268 tons. Some of these, no doubt, were more than coasters, and were employed in foreign commerce, for we read that in 1588 the master of a Liverpool vessel, a worthy merchant and mariner named Humphrey Brooke, fell in with the Spanish Armada, and was the first man to bring the tidings to England; indeed, he was able to furnish many particulars of the fleet and its equipments, mentioning that, amongst other provisions, they carried 100 tons of garlic and 20,000 porkers for victuals.

As a contrast to the shipping in 1565, it may be stated that in 1881 20,249 vessels, of an aggregate tonnage of 7,893,948 tons, paid in Liverpool dock, tonnage, and harbour rates amounting to £1,051,927.

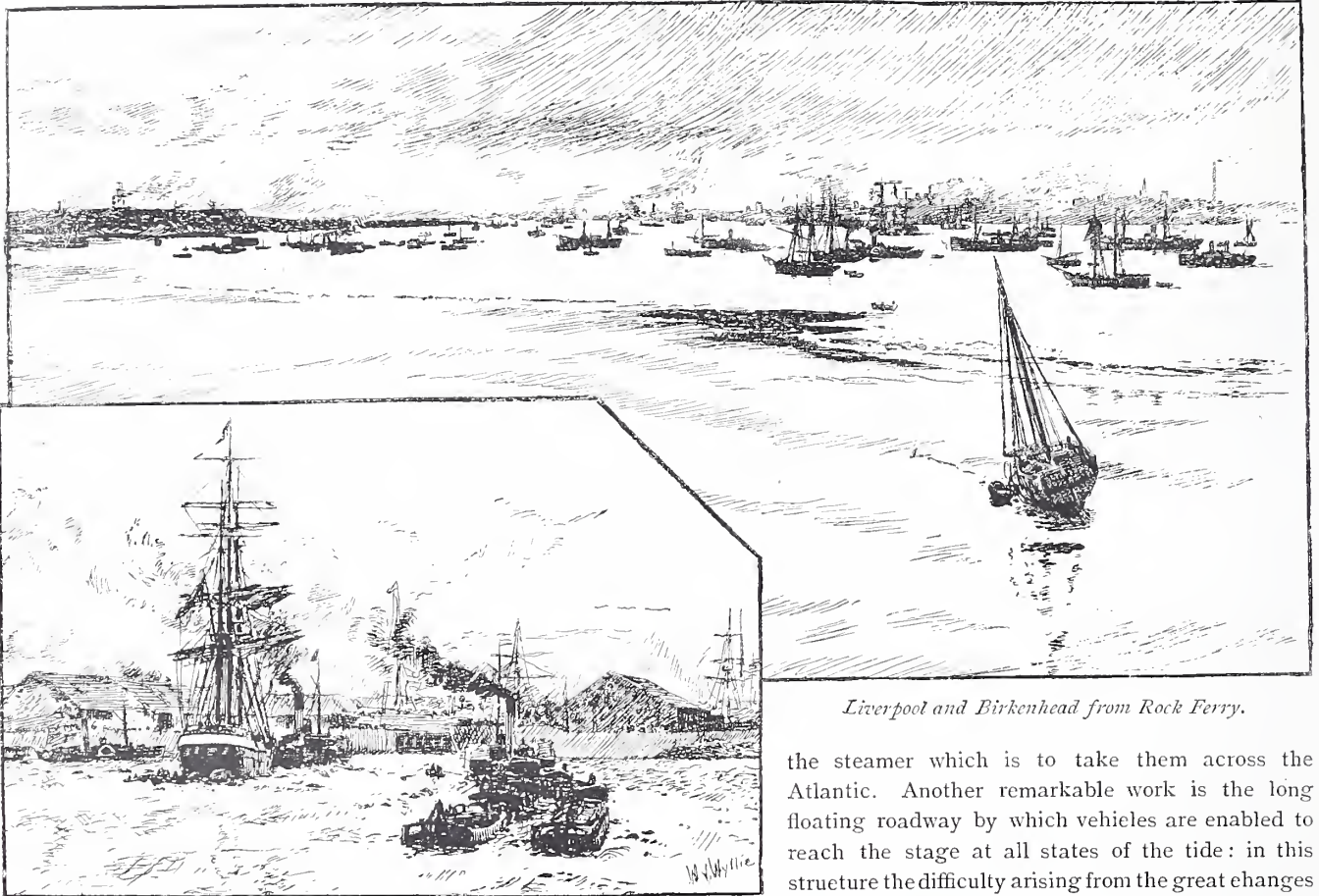
In 1708 the idea of a dock where vessels could remain afloat at all times of the tide was first started, and the following year saw the commencement of what long went by the name of the Old Dock (occupying nearly the site on which the Custom House now stands), with a water area of something over three acres. This was opened in 1715. By the end of the century

* Continued from page 76.

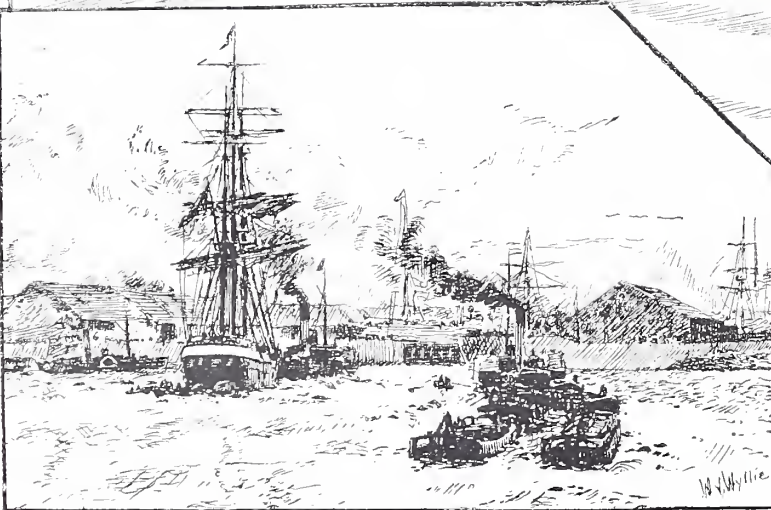
other docks had been made, and the total water area was increased to upwards of twenty-seven acres.

From these small beginnings has arisen the system of docks as it now exists, and without entering into unnecessary details it may be interesting to state that the total area of the docks at Liverpool and Birkenhead, which now form one vast estate, administered, for public purposes only, by a body of trustees, amounts to upwards of four hundred and eighty-four acres, with quays extending in length nearly thirty-three miles. In the more lately constructed of these docks many of the largest Atlantic Liners are able to lie at one time without inconvenience, and one of the most interesting sights of the port is to witness the river entrance to the New Docks, at the north end, on a stormy day; there the full force of the gales is felt,

and the skill and care with which the enormous steamers, trading to America and elsewhere, are taken through the entrances and brought alongside the quays, are little short of marvellous. An equally animated spectacle can be seen on a fine breezy day about the time of high water. Steamers and sailing vessels of all descriptions, the latter for the most part in tow of steam-tugs, which, if not remarkably picturesque, are well adapted to the work they have to do, are moving about, either entering or leaving the river, or being taken to one of the dock entrances; trawlers and flats with their red and brown sails add picturesqueness to the scene in all directions, as do the brightly painted barges, which now and again may be observed in strings of eight or ten, in course of being towed with difficulty against the heavy tide.



Liverpool and Birkenhead from Rock Ferry.



Dock Entrance at Birkenhead.

But perhaps the sight most interesting and novel to a stranger is the landing-stage, an immense wooden structure which, supported upon iron pontoons, rises and falls with the tide, and is connected with the dock walls by massive mooring chains and several iron bridges. It is here that the passengers by the many lines of foreign-going steamers land and embark, and here may constantly be seen crowds of emigrants from all parts of Northern Europe, starting to enter upon new lives in the great western world. Steady, strong, and reliable-looking, they may be met walking about the streets in large bodies, the men leading their wives and daughters by the hand, and all gazing about them with an evident sense of strangeness and wonder. They are well looked after and protected by the agents of the steamship lines in which their passages are taken. An interpreter meets them at the railway station, and leaves them only when he has seen them safely deposited in

the steamer which is to take them across the Atlantic. Another remarkable work is the long floating roadway by which vehicles are enabled to reach the stage at all states of the tide: in this structure the difficulty arising from the great changes of level produced by the rise and fall of the tide has been admirably overcome. Some idea of the skill of design and excellence of workmanship involved in this work may be found by watching its snake-like movements under the influence of the heavy swell frequently existing in the river at high water.

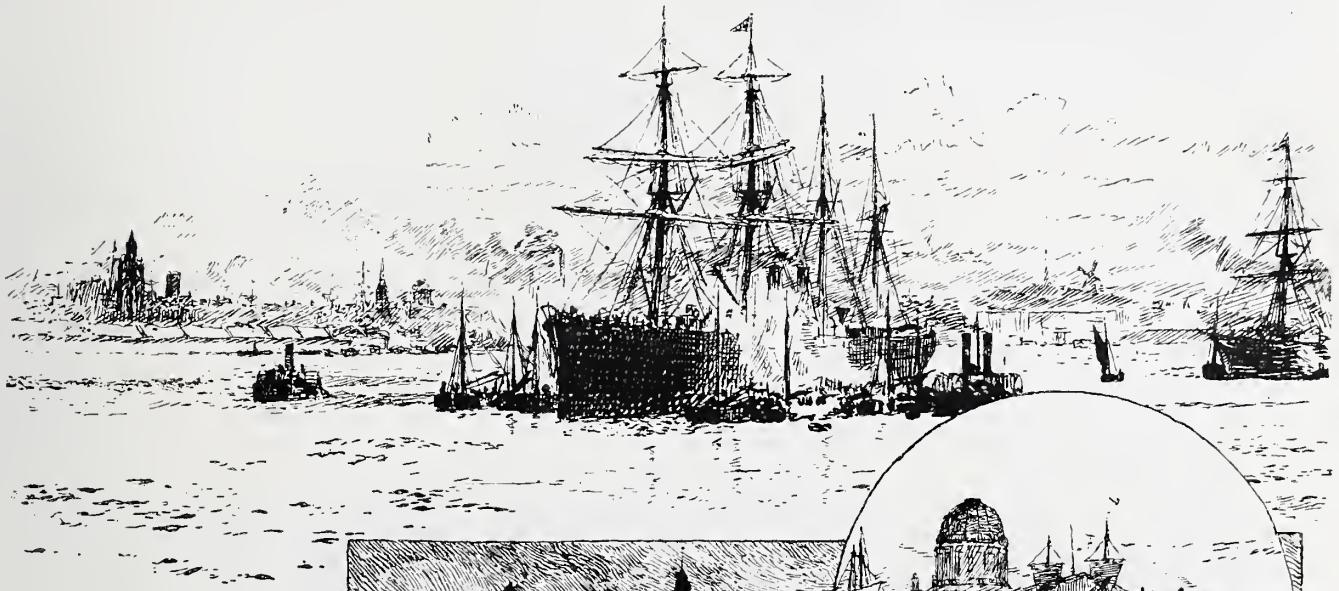
At another part of the stage are the berths of the various ferry-boats which ply across the Mersey constantly throughout the day, and at longer intervals throughout the night also, keeping up communication at many points with the Cheshire shore. In fine weather the crossing is pleasant enough, but in the winter when storms are prevalent, or more than all when a thick fog hangs over the river, it is no uncommon matter to take half an hour over a passage ordinarily accomplished in five or six minutes. The stage is a favourite promenade in fine weather, and on Sundays and holidays is generally crowded with visitors. The plate illustration gives an excellent idea of what the place is like under less favourable auspices—

on a dark cloudy evening, with a strong breeze and driving rain from the westward. In 1874 a disastrous accident happened to the structure. Originally there were two separate stages, but it was determined to make a continuous one nearly half a mile in length; this was accomplished on the 24th of July, but three days later, owing to the carelessness of a gas-fitter who was working underneath the deck, the new stage caught fire, and the woodwork having been soaked in creosote to preserve it, it was almost entirely destroyed. The damage was estimated at about £250,000. However, with the same energy as was shown two centuries previously in the case of the jetty, a new and improved stage, that which now exists, was at once commenced, and completed with all possible dispatch.

One of the illustrations on the next page, taken from the

river looking towards Birkenhead, shows a very picturesque tower, used in connection with the hydraulic works there. It is an adaptation from the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence. Seen against the rich glow of a sunset sky, with the many masts and yards of ships lying in the adjacent dock, it forms a picture not easily forgotten by those who may be crossing the river at the time. Soon such a crossing will be merely a matter of inclination, for a tunnel underneath the river is in actual progress, and will, unless some unforeseen alteration in the nature of the strata is encountered, be probably completed within the next two or three years.

The illustration at the head of this article gives a good idea of the general appearance of the city of Liverpool as seen from the river. Although it can hardly be called imposing, there are many towers and spires, with picturesquely irregular



Atlantic Liners at Liverpool.

buildings, which break the long straight lines of granite quays, the solidity and permanence of which are always a matter of wondering comment to foreigners visiting Liverpool for the first time.

On the extreme left, but at a distance which renders details invisible, stands the fine tower of the church of St. Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners; it possesses a beautiful peal of bells, and is situated most appropriately close to and looking over the Mersey. Next in order to the right is the dome of the Town Hall, a fine building at the north end of Castle Street, so called because the old castle (shown in the illustration on the next page), which has altogether disappeared, stood at the south end of it. Then comes the handsome modern clock-tower of the Municipal Offices, where all the administrative business of the city is carried on; and finally, on the right, is the dome of the Custom House, of which an illustration is given above. This building occupies the site of the Old Dock, which was filled up in 1826.

There are few traces of the old town now to be found; improvements have been devised and carried out to a very large extent. Many public buildings have sprung up, amongst which St. George's Hall—one of the finest examples in the



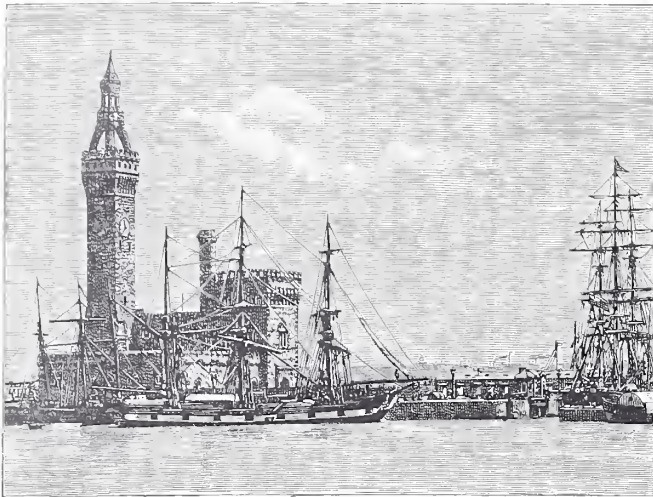
New Brighton Pier.

Custom House, Liverpool.

world of the modern Corinthian style—with its fine organ; the Walker Art Gallery, already containing the nucleus of an interesting collection of pictures; the Brown Library, with its extensive Museum; and the Picton Reading Room, are the most worthy of notice. These, grouped as they are round a space of which St. George's Hall is the centre, form, with the North-Western Hotel—a handsome erection of recent date—a noble pile of buildings of which Liverpool is justly proud.

In the matter of churches Liverpool is badly off, so far as any pretensions to architectural beauty are concerned. Though it is the see of a bishopric, it as yet possesses no cathedral, the building used for that purpose being St. Peter's Church, which has nothing to recommend it except its size; this will doubtless in due time be supplanted by an edifice fit for the great city in which it is to stand. That money is forthcoming when required for worthy purposes is abundantly proved by the fact that

within the last five years the necessary funds have been raised for the endowment of the bishopric, and also for the establish-

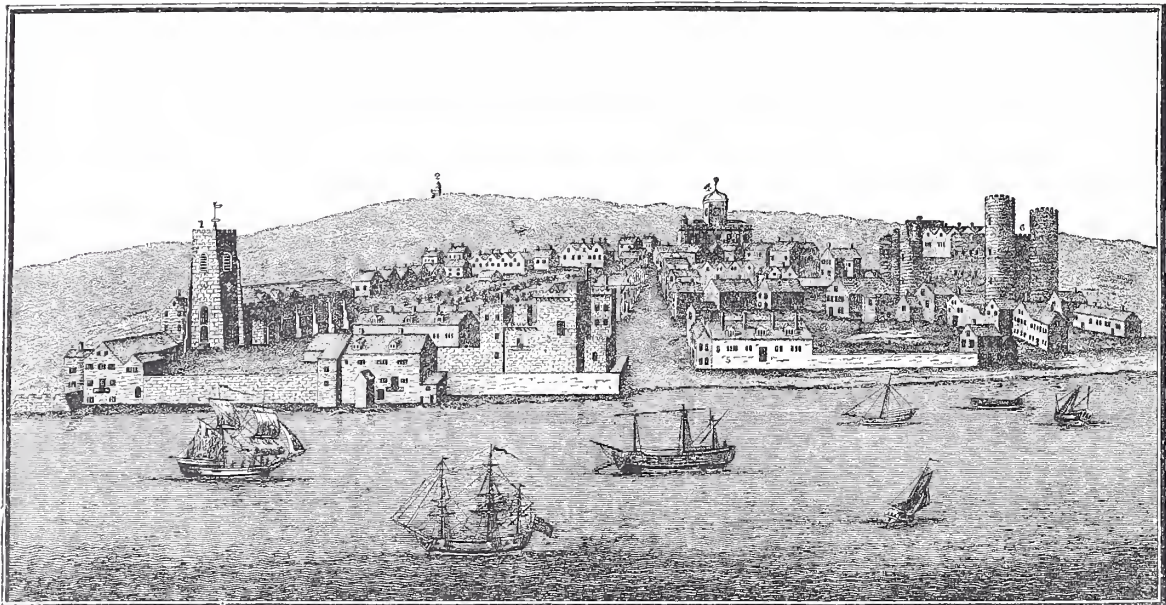


The Hydraulic Tower, Birkenhead.

ment of a new University College with various chairs of Literature, Science, and Art; the latter great work having been most liberally aided by the corporation placing at the disposal

of the University Council a building which, in point of size and situation, is admirably adapted for the carrying on of the work.

No account of Liverpool would be complete without the mention of what, although it is not a matter to be proud of, undoubtedly contributed to the present wealth of the city, namely, the slave trade, which was carried on with great vigour in the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1771 no less than 105 ships sailed from the Mersey for Africa, carrying thence to the West Indies 28,200 negroes; and even so late as 1765 there appeared in *Williamson's Liverpool Advertiser* an advertisement setting forth that there was for sale "At George's Coffee House . . . a very fine negro girl, about eight years of age, very healthy. Any person willing to purchase . . . may apply to Capt. Robert Syers . . . near the Exchange, where she may be seen." From this stain Liverpool has long been free, and it may be hoped that in other respects her inhabitants are no longer open to the charges so freely made against them in 1667 by one Edward Moore, son of the regicide John Moore, who, in a work called the "Moore Rental," thus describes his fellow-townsmen:—"I know this by experience, that they are the most perfidious knaves to their landlords in all England, therefore I charge you in the name of God never to trust them . . . for there is no such thing as truth or honesty in



REFERENCE
1 St. Nicholas Church rebuilt 1360.
2 Beacon at Everton built 1220.
3 Tower, fortified 1102.

VIEW OF LIVERPOOL IN 1680.

4 Town Hall, built 1672.
5 Custom House
6 Castle, built 1070.

such mercenary fellows but what tends to their own ends. In a word, trust them not, lest you may find by sad experience what I have here forewarned you of, which God in mercy divert, for such a nest of rogues were never educated in one town of that bigness." The bitterness of his remarks may, to some extent, be explained by the fact that he had twice stood as a candidate for the representation of the town in Parliament, and also for the office of mayor, and had been each time rejected.

Liverpool is connected with many celebrated names. The Earls of Derby and Sefton have long been staunch friends to the town, near which they dwell, and by the rapid growth of which they have been enormously enriched. Francis Bacon was returned as one of the borough members in 1588, and

continued to serve till 1592, though, curiously enough, there is no record of the circumstances under which he was induced to seek the suffrages of a place with which it does not appear that he had any connection whatever. William Roscoe, the distinguished scholar, poet, and philanthropist, was born in Liverpool in 1753. The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone is also a native.

The town, which in 1881 became a "city," is still rapidly increasing. As the port forming the connection between America and the manufacturing districts of England, it fully justifies its motto, "Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

The plate and first three illustrations to this article are taken from drawings made by Mr. W. L. Wyllie.

T. F. SQUAREY.



FROM A DRAWING BY W. L. WYLLIE.

THE LANDING STAGE - LIVERPOOL

LONDON. J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.

THE LOVE OF LANDSCAPE.



LBETIT the rigours of the English climate, as well as the exclusiveness of our domestic habits, forbid our passing our lives as much out of doors as continental people do, it is nevertheless indisputable that no nation excels us in an intuitive love of landscape, or of all that is im-

plied in our enjoyment of open-air occupations.

It is not necessary to insist on our supremacy in field sports, or on those qualities which make us the first of maritime nations, to prove the truth of this statement. We have only to look at the immense and ever-increasing popularity of the landscape painter's art, as it at present exists, and we shall see in that conclusive evidence of the esteem with which we regard everything which has to do with country life, or the beauties of natural scenery.

Within the past fifty years probably more landscapes have been painted in oil and water colour in England—relatively to the total number of pictures executed—than have ever been produced in a like period of time in this or any other country; whilst the universal patronage bestowed upon the artists has drawn, and is drawing, to their ranks hosts of students who, in other days, would have devoted their energies to what were then held to be more lucrative and respectable pursuits. Nor do we find that this tendency to adopt the profession of the *paysagiste* is confined to the younger painters of the day, or to those who have never appeared before the public in any other character. We need only look at the way in which many of our most distinguished figure painters are in the habit of contributing one or more landscapes to our annual exhibitions, to see what a growing inclination there is to strike out into this attractive branch of Art. From Millais, with his 'Chill October,' and the numerous more or less admirable specimens of pure landscape from his brush which have succeeded that remarkable picture, downwards, a dozen instances might be quoted all illustrative of the fact.

Without, however, egotistically asserting, upon these grounds alone, that we are the best landscape painters as a body with which the world has ever been blessed, it is nevertheless pretty certain that, as a class, we are at this moment more numerous, and possess a higher average of ability, than could be found elsewhere. I am speaking in general terms, of course, and on the most comprehensive scale, and thus speaking, it can be safely declared that *en masse* the English landscape painters of the present day can hold their ground with those of any people, living or dead. Their art, *per se*, never stood in the world's history higher than it does now. The encouragement which has brought about this state of things is, as I suggested at starting, greatly due to the Englishman's love of the open, and his admiration for pictures which represent it skilfully and pleasantly; but it is, at the same time, worth while briefly considering whether there is not also another and very potent reason for the popularity

and excellence of landscape painting in this country. Is it not partly due to the fact that we are, as a whole, better landscape painters than figure painters? Is there not in our delineations of natural scenery more universal superiority in all respects than is to be found in our historical or genre pictures? I fancy the verdict would be in the affirmative if the question were left in the hands of a jury composed of the most competent continental authorities; they would say, "You have a distinct and recognisable school of landscape painting both in oil and water colour—especially in the latter—which you have not in figure painting."

If such should be their true finding—and it could scarcely be otherwise—it is worth while again briefly to consider why this is the case; why do we not hold our own equally with the great masters of the past when dealing with pictorial subjects in which the human form divine is the principal feature?

In a very able article, published some time since in a contemporary, Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., says, "With the language of beauty in full resonance around him, Art was not difficult to the painter and sculptor of old as it is with us. No anatomical study will do for the modern artist what habitual acquaintance with the human form did for Phidias. No Venetian painted a horse with the truth and certainty of Horace Vernet, who knew the animal by heart, rode him, groomed him, and had him constantly in his studio. Every artist must paint what he sees, rather every artist must paint what is around him, and can produce no great work unless he impress the character of his age upon his productions, not necessarily taking his subjects from it (better if he can), but taking the impress of its life."

Further on Mr. Watts says, speaking of Phidias, "No materials were to be invented or borrowed: he had them all at hand, expressing himself in a natural language derived from familiarity with natural objects. Beauty is the language of Art; and with this at command, thoughts, as they arise, take visible forms, perhaps almost without an effort. . . . In many respects the present age is far more advanced than preceding times, incomparably more full of knowledge; but the language of great Art is dead: for general, noble beauty pervades life no more. . . . Nothing beautiful is seen around him (the artist) *excepting always sky, and trees, and sea.*"

Now if Mr. Watts's conclusion be correct, and it be true that the language of great Art be really dead, and that nowadays "general, noble beauty pervades life no more," . . . "excepting always sky, and trees, and sea," which are, thank heaven, unalterable, we surely come at the rudimentary reason for the high place which landscape painting has taken amongst us. We are "native here, and to the manner born;" we are familiar with the language of landscape—which in England, at any rate, is a very beautiful language; we can write it fluently, expressing our thoughts in it automatically, and "almost without an effort." No scenery or atmospheric effects lend themselves more readily to the development and perpetuation of a landscape painter's feelings, sentiments, and ideas than do those which are to be found in the British Isles, under which circumstance it seems but a fitting adjustment of things that there should be a great

school of landscape painting in England. Moreover—and this is the gist of the matter—it is to the country that the artist must go in the nineteenth century ere he can find that general all-pervading beauty in the surroundings of his daily life without which he cannot become a complete master of the tongue in which he speaks to us. Unless he be imbued with the essential element of beauty, which can only be extracted from the materials amongst which he dwells, he cannot hope to obtain supremacy in his craft. It is to the country he must go if he would give his abilities their best chance; it is to the country he must go if he would make the education of his heart and brain perfect and complete.

Banished from the cities by the pre-eminent value given to utility, beauty has been driven back to her cradle and primitive abode, and consequently it is there alone that the artist can find her. She exists only, comparatively speaking, in natural objects—the sky, the hills, the trees; and even here she is so little respected by the utilitarian, money-grubbing spirit of the age, that few people scruple to fell noble timber, or wreck the picturesque details of fine scenery, where they are likely to interfere with the accumulation of monetary profit. Our houses, our utensils, our common arrangements for existence, our machinery, our dress, entirely fail to offer the painter subject matter out of which he can produce aught that is eminently beautiful or ennobling. Involuntarily the impress of these things is upon him, and when he strives to express in colour or form his thoughts, however strikingly original, poetic, or grand, he can only do so, if he would do so gracefully and beautifully, by borrowing the language of the past; he cannot do so with the materials around him, or in those words which constitute his accustomed daily form of speech.

It is urged, properly, that a painter should paint the time in which he lives: it is the only one which he can reproduce with accuracy and strict fidelity—he is the graphic historian, and when he represents the motive power, the mainsprings of human actions, whether real or imagined, and which are the same all the world over—when, in short, he “holds the mirror up to nature,” he, like the actor, should “show the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.” If the artist conscientiously does his duty in this respect nowadays, it is not too much to say that the means which he is compelled to use can hardly be beautiful or elevating; he can scarcely extract grace, colour, or poetry from modern costume, male or female—the chimney-pot hat, the frock-coat and trousers, will not help him to express dignity of demeanour or grace of action, whilst the accessories, in the shape of hansom cabs, locomotive engines, St. John’s Wood villas, or Manchester manufactories, do not assist him to fill up his backgrounds with the purest of æsthetic forms. Should he, conscious of these barriers to the expression of his ideas in lovely guise, have recourse to a period when the *mise en scène* would be more favourable, and “when general noble beauty” pervaded life universally, he immediately begins to use, so to speak, phrases and idioms with which he is not familiar, and which, at best, he can only get at second hand, and this is as much as to say his utterance cannot be as fluent and perfect as if it were made in his every-day parts of speech.

But let him go forth to the mountains, fields, moors, lakes, and rivers, to the billowing downs, woods, and seas—let him give up his aspirations to deal with the thoughts and actions of man, and confine himself to the portrayal of the simple facts and sentiment of so-called inanimate nature, and then he can

happily still find the wherewith to speak in a language which, as I have said, is all his own, and which in itself is inexpressibly beautiful and eloquent. What wonder if, with these patent facts before us, the English school of landscape painting should at present surpass and take higher rank than does that of the figure-painter in the opinion of the best judges? What wonder if this superiority has created, or at any rate fostered and developed, the present widely extended love of landscape common among Englishmen?

Fortunate, too, it will be for mankind if the same will not have to be said in the future (if it must not indeed already be said to some extent) of the continental schools of Art; for it cannot be held that even the best of these produce figure painters who can vie with the great masters of yore, whereas their modern landscape painters compare very favourably with those of any time. Thus it looks as if the advance of civilisation, modern progress, whatever we may choose to call this destructive demon, were destined in the end entirely to trample out that beauty of language by means of which the figure painter attains his highest flights. His stock in trade, all over the world, seems to be gradually disappearing, in proof whereof we need only glance at the way broadcloth and felt are superseding national costume everywhere. In England this modern progress began somewhat earlier than it did on the continent, and therefore it is, probably, that we are by just so much behind some continental schools of figure painting, and, perhaps, by just so much before them in landscape. Losing that beauty of language with which a figure painter has to speak sooner than our neighbours, we were sooner driven to learn the language of landscape. When they are reduced to the same level, landscape will be as much loved on the continent as it is in England, because the balance of excellence will be in its favour there, as it has come to be here.

Speculation, however, need not be indulged in very widely in this direction—we must take things as they are, regrettable though they may be, and if inevitable, not the less regrettable. The world will go on, and if it be destined that there shall never again be a renewal of those halcyon days of Art, we must make the best of it; and the best is far from bad, for this love of landscape is a very precious instinct in human beings, well worth all the cultivation which can be bestowed upon it through the artist’s aid. Often we are led to admire the original, and to discern its merits through the fidelity and skill of an imitation, and should pictures of beautiful scenery lead us, through our admiration for them, to love beautiful scenery itself, we are on a very healthy mental highway. If the very loftiest thoughts and noblest aspirations are only attainable in Art by representations of the human face and form, and can on canvas only be expressed and induced by counterfeit presentments of human acts and sentiments, there is, nevertheless, sufficient of the good and beautiful to be extracted from an appreciative and loving contemplation of nature to lift the province of the landscape painter into one of the highest importance. Everything which will tend to spread an intellectual knowledge of the subtler beauties existing around us among the fields or mountains becomes invaluable as a factor in the process of educating, perfecting, and elevating the mind of man. He who by brush and pencil leads us on step by step to the fullest comprehension of all that is revealed in the simplest, no less than in the sublimest, landscape, is a teacher who must needs be ranked in that “choir invisible of those immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence.”

And truly by his work in every touch does the landscape painter live again, live on indeed continuously, in his own individuality, as well as in the minds made better by his presence, for in his transcript of the scene we see the work of his hand, fresh and vivid as at the moment when the subject, passing through his eye and brain, was fixed on his canvas; and, if his labour has been faithful, he has perpetuated for us a reflex of what may have faded, or what would have passed away before our eyes unobserved. By the aid of his brush we have it always before us. There is no fear of that rain-cloud melting, or of that gleam of sunlight vanishing from off the hillside, ere we can divine the glories it exhibits. We have time to examine at our leisure the surprising revelations which it makes; for the artist, by untiring watchings for repetitions of the effect, has been enabled to capture the minutest facts, which the keenest eye of the casual looker-on, however reverent and admiring his spirit, has only been permitted to view for a moment or two together, at longer or shorter intervals. The deliberate contemplation of the truths and grandeur of nature which is afforded by these means, besides instructing, inspires, and gives the diviner attributes of man a chance and plea for their expression—the soul is stirred by the harmonious resonance of the language in which we are addressed.

As a familiar instance: could we have hoped, even with all his profound knowledge and sincere love of landscape, that Mr. Ruskin would ever have poured his adoration forth in those superb and masterly floods of magnificent English, had Turner, and the lesser giants of the British school, whom the Professor delights so justly to honour, not caught and perpetuated with their pencils the wondrous and supreme elemental effects which have made their names famous for all time?

Great and noble, therefore, should be the function of the *paysagiste* as a teacher and a humaniser. Without him, we should not know, and consequently should not care, so much about nature as we do at this present period in our history, even when we take but superficial inattentive glimpses at her. Assuredly our forefathers, as a body, were very far behind us in this respect, and the instances of reverent appreciation and delight in the mere outward aspect of a landscape were infinitely limited even fifty years back, compared with what they are now.

Again, the expression of the sentiment of nature, or the description of her in poetry and prose (upon which our predecessors mainly had to rely for their inspirations, before pictures of landscape were as common as they have since become), could not, beneficent as the influence of the poet must ever be, do for the appreciative what the graphic art does. The undying verse of Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, and others, in exaltation of the charms of landscape, never, at the best, could appeal so directly to the multitude as will a faithful transcript of them by brush and colour. It could not so encourage and foster the love of landscape as our painters do, and we cannot as fully appreciate the

“ . . . pleasure in the pathless woods,
 . . . the rapture on the lonely shore,
 . . . society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

It is not possible, I say, by merely reading Byron's lines, as fully to experience and appreciate the sentiment they express as by the contemplation of some grand landscape veraciously depicting the “pathless wood” or the “lonely shore.”

The painters have taught us much of what we ought to look

for as we wander through our country lanes, or amidst the grandeur of the mountains. Even the least thoughtful on these subjects among us now see a thousand things to delight in and admire in their walks abroad, which, but for the mass of landscape works now such a common feature in our civilisation, would have failed to attract anything more than a passing attention. It is quite customary to hear positively inartistic people say, as they come upon some striking scene, or some quiet rural “bit” among our fields and farmsteads, “Why, that is like a picture by David Cox, or Constable, or Vicat Cole;” or maybe, “The cliffs and sea yonder remind me of Brett's paintings;” or, again, “I have seen a sketch by my friend So-and-so just like this place—he must have taken his view from somewhere hereabouts;” thus plainly showing that it is the transcript in the first case which has caught their eye, and then turned it upon the reality. Hence it must be very evident that the one process reacts upon the other, and that, by degrees, he who is led to contemplate nature through the eyes and mind of some one else, at second hand as it were, gradually getting to know something about her and her more palpable truths, begins to take her for his standard, and to test, by comparison with her, imitations of her. And so the love of landscape grows and grows, with, it cannot be doubted, a vast advantage to the community at large. To quote the great and eloquent writer upon Art above referred to, we may say with him, “Man's use and function is to be the witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness. Whatever enables us to fulfil this function is, in the pure and first sense of the word, *useful* to us: pre-eminently, therefore, whatever sets the glory of God more brightly before us.”

This it is, this setting before us of “the glory of God,” which makes the landscape painter “in the pure and first sense of the word *useful* to us”—helping us as he does to be the witness of it. He makes it oftentimes our daily, hourly companion, even though we may be in “populous cities pent,” and far removed from waving trees, silvery streams, golden corn-fields, or breezy shores. He brings into our room rays of sunlight and colour, to which, without him, we might be strangers for months together. He opens, as it were, a window on yonder sombre wall, and bidding us look forth, shows us by the wave of his magic brush a glimpse of “the glory of God,” letting daylight, air, and life fall upon us with the beneficence almost of the reality, aiding us and preparing us intelligently to appreciate the value of these things when we stand beneath the canopy of heaven itself. Herein surely lies the secret why a school of landscape painting is likely to take precedence, as a great school, of that of figure painting in England at the present time. We are, as I have said, through many causes, steeped in the beauties of natural scenery—a very potent one being that these beauties are now so commonly brought within the reach of the very humblest. By those facilities of locomotion which modern civilisation and progress afford, a day in the country is common to all. By means of the holiday van or excursion train, rural scenes, from the simplest to the grandest, are accessible to millions; and notwithstanding that the multitude at present may take little heed of what they are carried away to see, yet this familiarising of their minds with nature, grafted as it is upon an instinctive love of the open air, must, and does, imperceptibly penetrate them gradually with some regard for the face of the great mother, leading them by degrees, as I have said, to recognise in

certain combinations of natural objects a likeness to pictures they have seen, or to discover in pictures portraits of places and scenes of beauty which they have visited. Whichever way it is, however, with this language of beauty in full resonance around us we cannot fail to become scholars, or at any rate to comprehend in a greater or less degree its meaning and purpose. That there are so many more than there were in past times who speak it fluently is evidence of this. Not only are the ranks of the professional painters crowded, but we may turn with satisfaction to the amateur element for further proof of the way the language of landscape beauty is getting to be appreciated; for however poor the attempts of the humblest, idlest, most amateurish tyro in Art, the promptings to his efforts spring from a worthy wish to know something about its language, whilst it has become proverbial that not a few of the best of our water-colour painters began their career as amateurs. The question of whether they all succeed or not, or justify by the ability they display the course of life they have adopted, is away from the point; their conduct only further testifies to the growing affection with which nature is regarded.

Morally, at any rate, their influence is for good, as their exertions are also evidence of the way the love of landscape

is penetrating the community. A comparison alone of the relative number of amateurs who sketch ably from nature in this year of grace, with that of forty or fifty years back, may fairly be taken as a sign of the times. Where we then had, at the most, perhaps a score or two in the British Isles, we have now simply thousands.

Habitual acquaintance with the human form did for Phidias what our habitual acquaintance with earth, sea, and sky, and the best examples of the pictorial representations thereof, does not only for our landscape artists and amateurs, but for those who judge their work—for those who, not aspiring to any executive power, not even possessing any in the slightest degree, nevertheless become honestly constituted critics by reason of their education and proclivities, their taste and appreciative culture.

Here again, therefore, this constant resonance of the language of beauty which is around us, this habitual acquaintance with landscape, leads to the testing of all the painter's efforts by the standard of nature herself; and thus, as our familiarity with the beauty of the language increases, as it must, so do we demand more skill, truth, and fidelity from him who speaks in it to us—the painter.

W. W. FENN.

ADOLPH MENZEL.*

IN a previous paper I endeavoured to show how the art of Menzel stands self-created and self-sustained. I will now indicate how far it possesses historic pedigree, and to what extent it gains or loses by comparison with the contemporary Art of England or of the continent. Menzel may be said to trace historic descent from Dürer and Holbein. For more than three centuries, indeed, Germany had been building up naturalism and realism, had been framing a school which, by individual character, furnished a salutary protest against Italian ideals and Academic generalities. And this sinewy and muscular school of Northern Germany, in accord with usual experience, rose simultaneously with the political power, intellectual activity, and commercial wealth of the nation.

Berlin, the focus of political action, naturally became the centre of Art production. Armies were formed, and so arsenals had to be built. The house of Hohenzollern rose to the first rank among the powers of Europe; hence commands for spacious palaces, triumphal arches, and commemorative statues. In 1664 was born Andreas Schlüter, architect, sculptor, and Director of the Academy—a prolific artist, who impressed vehement power on stone and marble; specially do the heads, or masks, in the royal arsenal, Berlin, representing the human face in the agonies of death, exemplify the stalwart character, not to say the vehement passion, imprinted on the naturalistic school of Prussia. Another memorable artist, equally the product of the situation and of the period, is Daniel Chodowiecki, born 1726, and also Director of the Berlin Academy. Limits of space forbid me to recount how, as draughtsman, illustrator, creator, Chodowiecki and Menzel fell into parallel, and often into identical lines: each in turn became the Hogarth of Germany. Neither

must be forgotten in this chain of descent the naturalistic sculptor, Rauch, known by the most skilled and complex equestrian group in modern times, the Monument to the Great Frederick, the chief ornament of Unter den Linden. Art renewed her strength by coming once again in contact with mother earth. Menzel remains the survivor of men who mark the reawakening of the people; the nationality of Germany owed less to the sword than to Art, literature, and the general impulsion given to the human intellect. Hence Menzel, as a representative of a wide and deep national movement, begets an enthusiasm akin to the fire of patriotism.

A peep into an artist's studio, or den, is known to reveal much of his mind and mode of work. Menzel, save as to stature, made for a hero, rushes in impetuously; his finely arched brain has been fitly compared to an ample cupola; his head has capacity to compass a world; his keen glance penetrates all, and what the eye sees the mind there and then grasps. Never has been found closer relation between a man and his art. Around are ranged on walls and cabinets volumes, illustrated works, engravings, photographs, as sympathetic daily companions. I observed handsome illustrated books on John van Eyck and Albert Dürer—masters who, for character and touch, had served as examples. And next found place in handsome quarto two equally representative men in literature, Dante and Cervantes. The intellectual horizon was further enlarged by illustrated volumes on the exquisite classic terra cottas from Tanagra—apparently wide as the poles asunder from the sphere of the German Hogarth. But the conversation chanced to turn on Classic Art: I had in my hand the *Art Journal* containing an illustrated paper on that Teuton classicist, Frederick Preller. Menzel, with furor, seized on a reproduction from a drawing in the manner consecrated to Greek vases.

* Continued from page 140.

"This artist," he exclaimed, "did a vast deal of mediocre work; it is an utter mistake that Greek costume makes Greek Art; it is possible to endow actual figures in modern dress with the best essentials of Greek Art." This impulsive utterance strikes a key-note: the marbles of Phidias are real, and the pungent Prussian, in a well-known drawing from antique master works, has given further exposition to the doctrine that the ideal resides in the real. Again turning to the studio walls, I could fancy I was reading an autobiography. Michael Angelo's 'Moses' I was not surprised to find among the favourites: in this famous figure meet startling contrasts between classicism and modernism, between the grand and the grotesque, between character and caricature—traits which hostile critics have traced in Menzel. However, a fair balance seems struck by the prominence given to magnificent portraits by Holbein and Velasquez. Strangely enough, no living artist finds a place except Meissonier. Thus latitudes and longitudes in historic Art may be calculated: Menzel's sphere apparently lies somewhere between Holbein, Dürer, Phidias, Michael Angelo, and Meissonier. When in Germany last autumn, talking to a friend, I said, for sake of provocation, "The Berlin School is nought; you have no Raphael, no Michael Angelo!" The retort was, "We have something better—we possess Adolph Menzel!"

I have stated in the previous paper, briefly and in the general, the contents of the studio portfolios, and have also endeavoured to indicate treatments and modes of execution. Some little more may now with advantage be added. Menzel, like other great figure painters, deviates into landscape, but, as might be expected, his approaches on nature are eccentric; yet while his path is devious and zig-zag, his ultimate pounce on his prey has the grip of the tiger. And like the feline monarchs of field and forest he fastens on nature stealthily and by surprise; and just as in his figures he seizes adroitly on some moment of transition, fixing an attitude ere it passes into final action or repose, so in his nature studies he transfixes the transient incidents of the hour, the passing of a cloud, the falling of a shower, the dash of the torrent, the sweeping movement of the wind over trees and grass. And so large and decisive is the manner, that accident becomes stamped with inevitable necessity, and circumstances which might be fortuitous are so

clenched and keyed into the compact whole as to appear pre-ordained. The rapid transcripts are the best: highly elaborate drawings such as 'The View down the Valley of Gastein,' exhibited by our Royal Water-Colour Society, are comparatively heavy and inert. As indicative of modes of study may be mentioned among the portfolios two sketches of one and the same wild Alpine torrent, the first made on a fine day, the second in the foulest of weather. The contrast is simply appalling, and each is doubtless equally faithful. Such examples prove the dramatist: nature is viewed as a great stage or as a grand scheme, wherein, however, humanity moves the chief actor; one life animates all; whether be depicted an

old man or an old tree, it is gnarled in limb, timeworn in cuticle, beaten in brow, yet brave to stand or to stoop under stress of weather or storm of circumstance. Most figure landscape painters—Nicholas Poussin and Salvator Rosa for instance—impressed upon landscape personality, and soul-moving poets have in like manner made rocks quake, trees bend, and torrents roar under human passion. Menzel, notwithstanding a certain callous coolness, is on occasion fired by like divine furor.

What has been said may lead to the understanding how the habit of seizing on nature at moments when she is doing something significant or strange, how the custom of viewing outward phenomena from a personal side, how the practice of identifying the operations of nature with the life of man, serve to bring figures and landscapes into unison of sentiment and oneness of composition. The quest after truth is by Menzel always conducted after the same fashion; just as in the Alpine torrent, sketched, as we have seen, under double aspects, so in the studies of the figure,

attitudes, actions, and expressions are noted in divers moods, and from varied points of view. On a single sheet of paper I have seen half-a-dozen versions of the same character; for example, in the arduous composition, the 'Coronation at Königsberg,' the artist thought it worth while to draw a certain old lady under three aspects: one in profile, grey; another full faced, in water colour; the third a seated figure in chalk; thus the whole personality was rehearsed exhaustively, and the individuality thrown into such high relief that the spectator might almost walk round it. For the same picture I also find that an old general, plumes in his hat, was made to manœuvre over three sheets; another head obtains



Bismarck: Fac-simile of a Pencil Sketch by A. Menzel.

five versions; and then I come upon a central face set round as by episode with delicately minute pencillings of mouth, eyes, and hands. This amazing accumulation of material—vastly in excess of the immediate need—reminds me of scientific inquiries, wherein the overwhelming evidence obtains large generic truths and fixes landmarks in creation. Thus in part may be accounted for the overflowing fulness of these pictorial records, digests, and epitomes; the each contains the all, the individual embodies the species, and yet the theme is not expanded to weariness or prolixity. Nothing is thrust in for mere show—brevity is not more the soul of wit than here the pith of Art; the diction is concise, yet weighted with thought, and as soon as all is set down worth the saying, the pencil is thrown aside and the sketch is never worked on

more. Never have I known more vitality or purpose in a touch; that indescribable quality in handling, comparable to accent, cadence, tone in speaking, that precision which defines, that sweeping slur which suggests, make a mere stroke of the pencil communicative and potential. Somewhat of this dexterous felicity is retained in the reproduction of a pencil head kindly lent by the artist to illustrate this paper. I write with an original drawing lying on the table before me, a close transcript in pencil of an old man's head; no drawing or etching, ancient or modern, surpasses this study in character or quality, in play of hand, movement in line, or in clean keenness of a touch which seems to probe the life. I may add that the incredible prices gladly given for these swift products of an hour prove my praise not inordinate.



"The Broken Pitcher:" The Worse for his Adventure. (Fac-simile of the original Drawing.)

An exhaustive account of the collected works of Menzel would very far exceed my limits; a printed list on the table might alone occupy more space than is at disposal. The number of original inventions, either designs for wood or drawings direct on the lithographic stone, defy calculation. Then we have to reckon "The History of the Prussian House of Brandenburg," 12 sheets and title; "The History of Frederick the Great," with 400 illustrations (four were used in my prior paper); "The Works of Frederick," four volumes, with 200 illustrations; and "The Army" of the same grand monarch, three volumes, "Cavalry, Infantry, and Artillery," with 443 illustrations. The last publication affords a fair example of the artist's thorough way of going to work: no historian

bestows more research in massing materials. The uniforms, arms, and military accoutrements of the Prussian army were diligently collected, and the artist tells us how he placed the dresses of dead heroes on living men. Libraries were also searched for books on costume, and royal collections and private cabinets ransacked for relics. The drawings were made by the artist himself direct upon stone, and the coloured tintings on the paper added under his personal supervision. Many kings have owed debts of gratitude to illustrious artists, but none is deeper in obligation than Frederick to Menzel. Besides these historic labours—not forgetting illustrations to the life of Martin Luther—must be counted a multitude of miscellanies, such as the early series, "The Artist's World Wan-

derings," also lithographs from animals, likewise landscapes with and without figures. The immense popularity of these productions naturally stimulated to more; the pencil never paused in impromptus, and so came crowding general genre pieces, multitudinous and varied as fancy can conceive. In the way of facile and profuse improvisation on paper I know no parallel; as instances, here may be noted in brief wholly exceptional compositions tempting to description, but in multitude defying even enumeration. The Berlin public has for more than half a century been electrified at short intervals by brilliant programmes or pictorial announcements of military festivals, Art fêtes, Kunstvereins, theatrical performances, concerts, and rifle matches; in short, genius has not disdained to stoop even to visiting, new year, and dinner cards. The most fugitive of these effusions are saved from common oblivion by some

living germ of thought, or by racy, savoury manner. Always, indeed, must be held in remembrance studiously sustained melodramas, such as that in honour of the sculptor Schadow, and another commemorative of the return of troops to Berlin in 1866, on the close of the war with Austria. History and romance, fact and fiction, intermingle in varied quantities and with many incongruities; indeed, a baroque style is not out of keeping with such *capricci*. The total mass of work presents, as we have said, startling pictorial phenomena; the range includes all between the building of an empire and the breaking of a pitcher.

Menzel's position, if not as a poet, at least as an interpreter of poetry, and as a pictorial dramatist, setting comedy in the framework of tragedy, is determined by his renowned illustrations to Kleist's standard play, *Der Zerbrochene Krug*, "The



"The Broken Pitcher:" More Haste less Speed.

Broken Pitcher," from which we here publish three examples. The story runs as follows:—An old judge forms an illicit love for the young daughter of a good widow woman living in a German village. The venerable suitor one night steals into the house, but, being surprised, has to make a precipitate escape through the window. Thereby hangs the tale, for in his fearful haste he unhappily not only breaks the jug, a precious heirloom, but wounds his leg and loses his wig! The first drawing exhibits the wigless hero in the act of binding up his scarred shin. At this crucial moment the news comes that the Government Superior is about to make the round of official visitation and inspection. The dismayed judge gives orders to his domestics for all needful preparations: the second engraving depicts the household confusion. The catastrophe thickens into the plot

when the mother of the girl brings the case before the Court: the superior dignitary has arrived and is present, and the wigless lover is placed in the awkward dilemma of figuring both as judge and culprit. Our third selection presents an episode in this strangely perplexed situation. Menzel here, as always, goes direct to the point; he hits hard, and never misses the mark. The thirty or more illustrations form a pictorial drama no less immortal than Kleist's national comedy.

The oil pictures of Menzel are of a number and magnitude much in excess of the narrow limits of this article. I have examined most of them from the earliest to the latest: some of the best known are 'The Round Table of Frederick the Great' (1850), 'The Flute Concert of Frederick' (1852), 'The Crowning of Wilhelm at Königsberg' (1865), 'The Ball Supper,' and 'The

Iron Foundry, or *The Modern Cyclops*' (1875). The earliest oils show imperfect knowledge of the resources of the material: the latest, though absolute in command, are still mannered, and display, as all other products, the artist's idiosyncrasies. The devil himself might have inspired '*The Modern Cyclops*' as displayed in the royal smelting furnace of Silesia: the Infernal Regions have not more fire or smoke: here is realism with a vengeance.

The rank taken by Menzel in historic Art is determined by his prodigious picture, '*The Coronation of William of Prussia at Königsberg.*' The preliminary studies have even more value and significance than the completed picture. The National Gallery, as the guardian of the nation's genius, conserves the original sketch, together with innumerable drawings.

Menzel stands conspicuous in the comic, sarcastic, and

grotesque Art of modern days. Within our century throughout Europe has come such a reaction against scholastic solemnity that it might seem as if Hogarth had everywhere ousted Raphael. In Spain Goya disported his illicit passion as *Don Juan*; in France, Gavarni and Gustave Doré sowed wild oats, and threw a thorn and a sting in haunts where the Sirens were singing; while in propriety-abiding England, Doyle, Cruikshank, and Leech swore prayers and jested at the expense of folly. In Germany during this period all eyes have been turned to Menzel. A German joke has a raciness peculiarly its own; it is not sparkling like the French, it is pithy and caustic as the Anglo-Saxon of Chaucer. Menzel may offend taste, yet he never violates morals; if not always refined, he is never coarse or lewd; neither is he ill-natured; while stinging as a wasp he smiles kindly. His pencil is



"The Broken Pitcher: A Critical Situation."

impartial and fearless; using ridicule as a legitimate instrument, he strikes terror in high places, and sporting round life with wit and pleasantry, he adds to the sum of human happiness.

To compare Menzel to Shakespeare were too trite and too far also from truth, and yet to the works of the artist may without violence be applied a famous criticism by Dr. Johnson on England's greatest dramatist. Shakespeare is excused for the irregular intermixture of comedy with tragedy; his dramas, like the compositions of the Prussian painter, are true to life because they exhibit "the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination, and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another, in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine and the mourner

burying his friend, in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another, and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design." Certainly Menzel, in "the power of exciting both laughter and sorrow by one composition," and in a certain "chaos of mingled purposes and casualties," has points of contact with Shakespeare. Like all national or world-moving artists, he is representative of his age; he lives to see the day when a strong reaction has come against the preceding schools of High Art, and he is known to hold in absolute hatred the grand cartoons of Cornelius for the Campo Santo. The present time reverses the immediate past, and thus Menzel and Knaus, for better or for worse, lead Northern Germany into stern realism and pungent naturalism.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



A MIDDLESEX LANE.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY FRED* SLOCOMBE.

“OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US.”



VERY day during the next three months the railway station of Amiens will witness a hungry crowd of British travellers discharging themselves from the tidal and mail trains, in a terrible hurry to get as much eating and drinking as possible compassed into the period known as “vingt minutes d'arrêt.” It always has been the exception for any appreci-

able portion of the scampering crowd to stay, or contemplate making any stay, in order to see the wonderful cathedral which forms the glory of that halting-place. For such as may be fortunate enough to do so, Mr. Ruskin has recently issued a pocket guide to the celebrated fane under the above heading, and with the sub-title of “The Bible of Amiens.” He has further accompanied it by a splendid series of photographs, numbering twenty-one, of the quatrefoils, and the front and sides of the central pedestal, of the west front of the cathedral. None of these (than which it is impossible to obtain anything more instructive and interesting as expositions of the manner of central thirteenth-century sculpture) have hitherto been engraved or photographed in any form accessible to the public.*

As in the case of ‘The Shepherd’s Tower, Florence’ (see page 47 of this volume of the *Art Journal*), Mr. Ruskin has allowed us to engrave certain of these photographs, and further to interpret the same by the following excerpts from the before-mentioned guide:—

“It is the admitted privilege of a custode who loves his cathedral to depreciate, in its comparison, all the other cathedrals of his country that resemble, and all the edifices on the globe that differ from it. But I love too many cathedrals—though I have never had the happiness of becoming the custode of even one—to permit myself the easy and faithful exercise of the privilege in question; and I must vindicate my candour, and my judgment, in the outset, by confessing that the cathedral of Amiens has nothing to boast of in the way of towers—that its central flèche is merely the pretty caprice of a village carpenter—that the total structure is in dignity inferior to Chartres, in sublimity to Beauvais, in decorative splendour to Rheims, and in loveliness of figure-sculpture to Bourges. It has nothing like the artful painting and moulding of the arcades of Salisbury—nothing of the might of Durham; no Dædalian inlaying like Florence, no glow of mythic fantasy like Verona. And yet, in all, and more than these ways, outshone or overpowered, the cathedral of Amiens deserves the name given to it by M. Viollet le Duc—‘The Parthenon of Gothic Architecture.’”

“I have never been able to make up my mind which was really the best way of approaching the cathedral for the first time. If you have plenty of leisure, and the day is fine, and you are not afraid of an hour’s walk, the really right thing to do is to walk down the main street of the old town, and

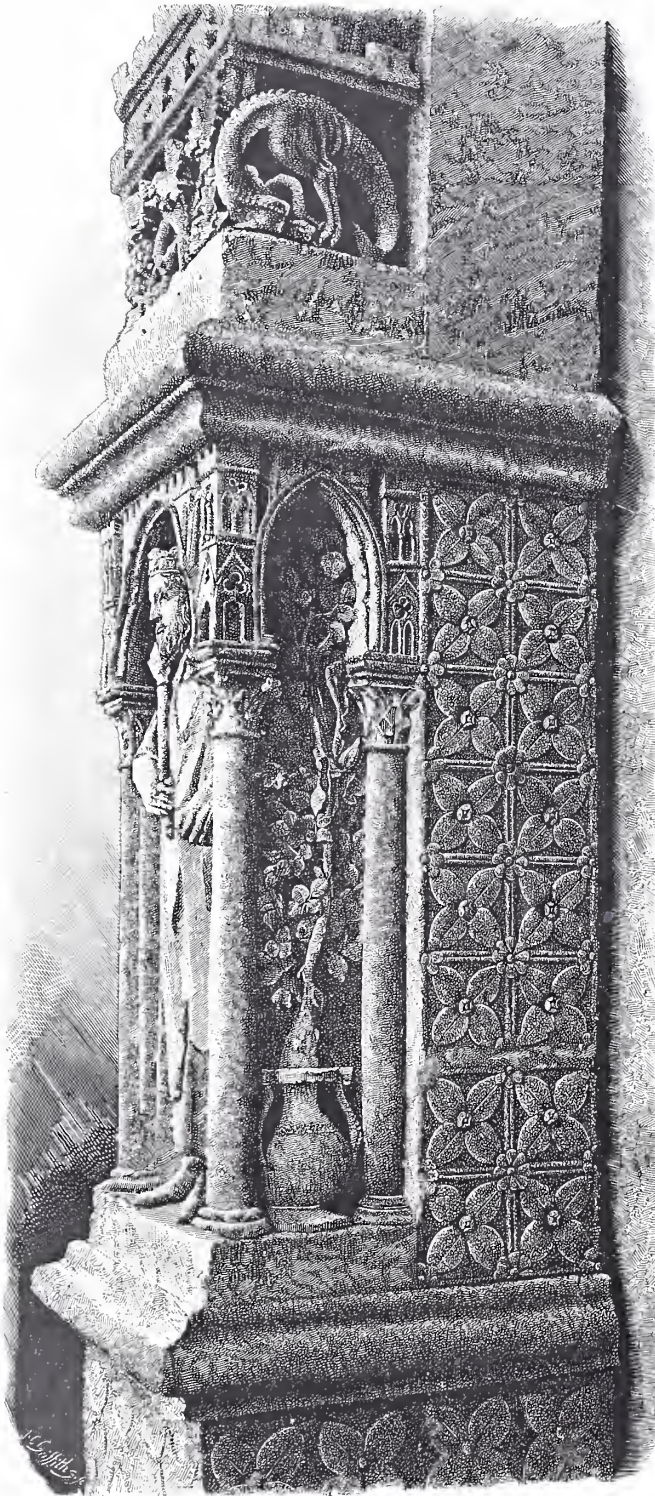
across the river, and quite out to the chalk hill out of which the city is half quarried—half walled—and walk to the top of that, and look down into the citadel’s dry ‘ditch,’ or, more truly, dry valley of death, which is about as deep as a glen in Derbyshire (or, more precisely, the upper part of the ‘Happy Valley’ at Oxford, above Lower Hincksey), and thence across to the cathedral and ascending slopes of the city; so, you will understand the real height and relation of tower and town: then, returning, find your way to the Mount Zion of it by any narrow cross streets and chance bridges you can—the more winding and dirty the streets the better; and whether you come first on west front or apse, you will think them worth all the trouble you have had to reach them.

“But if the day be dismal, as it may sometimes be, even in France, of late years—or if you cannot or will not walk, which may also chance, for all our athletics and lawn-tennis—or if you must really go to Paris this afternoon, and only mean to see all you can in an hour or two—then, supposing that, notwithstanding these weaknesses, you are still a nice sort of person, for whom it is of some consequence which way you come at a pretty thing, or begin to look at it—I *think* the best way is to walk from the Hôtel de France or the Place de Perigord, up the Street of Three Pebbles, towards the railway station—stopping a little as you go, so as to get into a cheerful temper, and buying some bonbons or tarts for the children in one of the charming pâtisseries’ shops on the left. Just past them, ask for the theatre; and just past that, you will find, also on the left, three open arches, through which you can turn, passing the Palais de Justice, and go straight up to the south transept, which has really something about it to please everybody. It is simple and severe at the bottom, and daintily traceried and pinnacled at the top, and yet seems all of a piece (though it isn’t): and everybody *must* like the taper and transparent fretwork of the flèche above, which seems to bend to the west wind, though it doesn’t—at least the bending is a long habit, gradually yielded into, with gaining grace and submissiveness, during the last three hundred years. And, coming quite up to the porch, everybody must like the pretty French Madonna in the middle of it, with her head a little aside, and her nimbus switched a little aside too, like a becoming bonnet. A Madonna in decadence she is, though; for all, or rather by reason of all, her prettiness, and her gay soubrette’s smile; and she has no business there, neither; for this is St. Honoré’s porch, not hers; and grim and grey St. Honoré used to stand there to receive you—he is banished now to the north porch, where nobody ever goes in. This was done long ago, in the fourteenth century days, when the people first began to find Christianity too serious, and devised a merrier faith for France, and would have bright glancing soubrette Madonnas everywhere—letting their own dark-eyed Joan of Arc be burnt for a witch. And thenceforward things went their merry way, straight on, ‘ça allait, ça ira,’ to the merriest days of the guillotine.

“But they could still carve, in the fourteenth century, and the Madonna and her hawthorn-blossom lintel are worth your looking at—much more the field above, of sculpture as delicate and more calm, which tells St. Honoré’s own story, little talked of now in his Parisian faubourg.

* The series may be obtained from Mr. Ward, 2, Church Terrace, Richmond, Surrey; and the guide from Mr. Geo. Allen, Orpington.

"I will not keep you just now to tell St. Honoré's story—(only too glad to leave you a little curious about it if it were possible)—for certainly you will be impatient to go into the church; and cannot enter it to better advantage than by this door. For all cathedrals of any mark have nearly the



No. 1.—*Figure of David: Pedestal to Central Figure of Central Porch, West Front, Amiens Cathedral.*

same effect when you enter at the west door; but I know no other which shows so much of its nobleness from the south interior transept; the opposite rose being of exquisite fineness in tracery, and lovely in lustre; and the shafts of the transept aisles forming wonderful groups with those of the choir and

nave: also, the apse shows its height better, as it opens to you when you advance from the transept into the mid-nave, than when it is seen at once from the west end of the nave; where it is just possible for an irreverent person rather to think the nave narrow, than the apse high. Therefore, if you let me guide you, go in at this south transept door (and put a sou into every beggar's box who asks it there—it is none of your business whether they should be there or not, nor whether they deserve to have the sou—be sure only that you yourself deserve to have it to give; and give it prettily, and not as if it burnt your fingers). Then, being oncè inside, take what first sensation and general glimpse of it pleases you—promising the custode to come back to see it properly (only then mind you keep the promise); and in this first quarter of an hour, seeing only what fancy bids you—but at least, as I said, the apse from mid-nave, and all the traverses of the building, from its centre. Then you will know, when you go outside again, what the architect was working for, and what his buttresses and traceries mean. For the outside of a French cathedral, except for its sculpture, is always to be thought of as the wrong side of the stuff, in which you find how the threads go that produce the inside or right-side pattern. And if you have no wonder in you for that choir and its encompassing circlet of light, when you look up into it from the cross-centre, you need not travel farther in search of cathedrals, for the waiting-room of any station is a better place for you; but, if it amaze you and delight you at first, then, the more you know of it, the more it will amaze. For it is not possible for imagination and mathematics together, to do anything nobler or stronger than that procession of window, with material of glass and stone—nor anything which shall look loftier, with so temperate and prudent measure of actual loftiness."

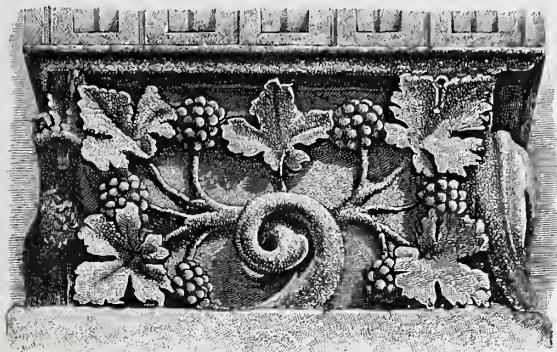
After a glowing eulogy of those who could erect such a work as this, the traveller is conducted out at one of the western doors, "and so sees gradually rising above him the immensity of the three porches, and of the thoughts engraved in them.

"What disgrace or change has come upon them, I will not tell you to-day—except only the 'immeasurable' loss of the great old foundation-steps, open, sweeping broad from side to side for all who came; unwall'd, undivided, sunned all along by the westering day, lighted only by the moon and the stars at night; falling steep and many down the hillside—ceasing one by one, at last wide and few towards the level—and worn by pilgrim feet, for six hundred years. So I once saw them, and twice,—such things can now be never seen more.

"Nor even of the west front itself, above, is much of the old masonry left: but in the porches, nearly all,—except the actual outside facing, with its rose moulding, of which only a few flowers have been spared here and there. But the sculpture has been carefully and honourably kept and restored to its place—pedestals or niches restored here and there with clay; or some, which you see white and crude, re-carved entirely; nevertheless the impression you may receive from the whole is still what the builder meant."

The order of its theology is then told us. Space will not allow of our dwelling at length on such portions of this as we have not illustrated. Suffice it to say that the central figure of the whole, on the central porch, is "Christ Immanuel—God with us." Beneath, and acting as a pedestal, is David (see illustration No. 1).

"We will begin our examination of the Temple front, with this its goodly pedestal stone. The statue of David is only



No. 2.—Vine Tendril: Front of Central Pedestal, above figure of David, Amiens Cathedral.

two-thirds life size, occupying the niche in front of the pedestal. He holds his sceptre in his right hand, the scroll in his left. King and Prophet, type of all Divinely right doing, and right claiming, and right proclaiming, kingdom, for ever.

"The pedestal of which this statue forms the fronting or western sculpture, is square, and on the two sides of it are two flowers in vases, on its north side the lily, and on its south side the rose (see illustration No. 1). And the entire monolith is one of the noblest pieces of Christian sculpture in the world.

"Above this pedestal comes a minor one, bearing in front of it a tendril of vine (see illustration No. 2) which completes the floral symbolism of the whole. The plant which I have called a lily is not the Fleur-de-Lys, nor the Madonna's, but an ideal one with bells like the crown Imperial (Shakespeare's type of 'lilies of all kinds'), representing the *mode of growth* of the lily of the valley, which could not be sculptured so large in its literal form without appearing monstrous, and is exactly expressed in this tablet—as it fulfils, together with the rose and vine, its companions, the triple saying of Christ, 'I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley.' 'I am the true Vine.'

"On the side of the upper stone are supporters of a different character. Supporters,—not captives nor victims; the Basilisk and Adder. Representing the most active evil principles of the earth, as in their utmost malignity; still, Pedestals of Christ, and even in their deadly life, accomplishing His final will.

"Both creatures are represented accurately in the mediæval traditional form, the basilisk half dragon, half cock; the deaf adder (see illustration No. 1) laying one ear against the ground and stopping the other with her tail.

"The first represents the infidelity of Pride. The basilisk—king serpent or highest serpent—saying that he *is* God, and *will be* God.

"The second, the infidelity of Death. The adder (nieder or nether snake) saying that he *is* mud, and *will be* mud."

On either side of this dividing pillar, to the right hand and to the left of Christ, occupying the entire walls of the central porch, are the apostles and the four greater prophets. The twelve minor prophets stand side by side in the front, three on each of its great piers. Under the feet of each are quatre-

foil medallions, representing the virtues which each taught, or his life manifested.

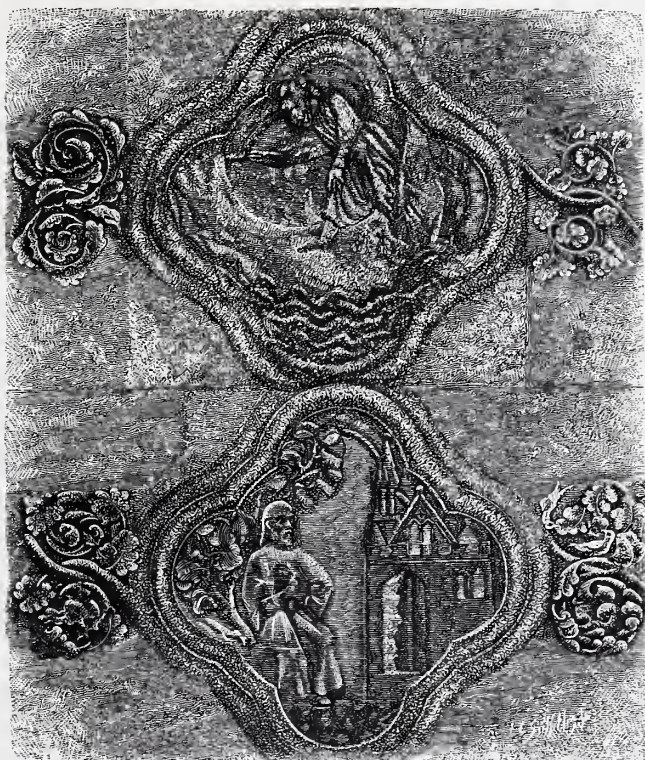
Those under the prophets represent an historical fact, or a scene spoken of by them as a real vision; and they have in general been executed by the ablest hands at the architect's command.

The two selected for illustration here (No. 3) represent Jonah escaped from the sea, and under the gourd, a small "grasshopper-like beast" gnawing the gourd stem.

Into the question concerning the Art of these bas-reliefs Mr. Ruskin does not, in his pamphlet, attempt to enter. They were never intended to serve as more than signs, or guides to thought. But if his reader follows this guidance quietly, he may create for himself better pictures in his heart, and, at all events, recognise certain general truths as their united message. Mr. Ruskin concludes with an eloquent description of what these truths are:—

"The Life, and Gospel, and Power of Christianity, are all written in the mighty works of its true believers: in Normandy and Sicily, on river islets of France and in the river glens of England, on the rocks of Orvieto, and by the sands of Arno. But of all, the simplest, completest, and most authoritative in its lessons to the active mind of North Europe, is this on the foundation stones of Amiens.

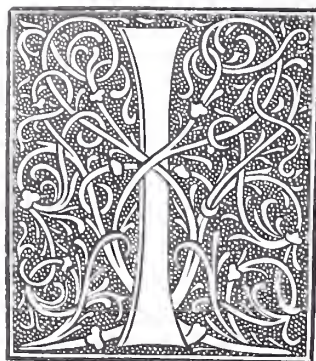
"Believe it or not, reader, as you will: understand only how thoroughly it *was* once believed; and that all beautiful things were made, and all brave deeds done in the strength of it—until what we may call 'this present time,' in which it



No. 3.—Quatrefoil on Central Porch, Amiens Cathedral.

is gravely asked whether Religion has any effect on Morals, by persons who have essentially no idea whatever of the meaning of either Religion or Morality."

ALEXANDER NASMYTH.



Bringing together the following sentences, it is desired to make public property of some records of an artist whose name and works are well known to many, but whose personality has been hitherto almost unknown. What has here been collected has appeared in the biographies of others casually, almost as it were by accident, and has been supplemented by inquiries among those still living who knew the man, and also by memories of conversations with those long since, or more recently, departed.

ALEXANDER NASMYTH, "the father of the Scottish school of landscape painting," was born in the Grass-market of Edinburgh in 1758. His father, by profession a builder, observing his son's taste for Art, placed him as a pupil under Alexander Runciman, an artist of considerable celebrity in his own day, and afterwards sent him to London as an apprentice to Allan Ramsay, portrait painter to George III. Nasmyth, when he became Ramsay's pupil, was in his seventeenth year, tall for his age, and had such a handsome face and striking appearance, that Philip Reinagle, at that time Ramsay's principal assistant, at their first meeting asked him to sit for his portrait. After spending some years under Ramsay's tuition, copying pictures and laying in backgrounds, Nasmyth, by his master's advice, visited Italy. He lived in Rome several years studying the works of the great Italian painters, and making a very varied collection of sketches of Italian scenery. By 1786 Nasmyth had returned home, and was settled in Edinburgh as a portrait painter. In that year he married Barbara Foulis, daughter of Sir William Foulis, of Woodhall, Colinton. In painting portraits his favourite method was to group the various members of a family in what were then called *conversation pieces*, the figures being about twelve inches high. Good examples of his work in that branch of the Art may be seen in Minto House, the seat of Lord Minto, and at Dalmeny Park, the residence of the Earl of Rosebery; but his best-known portrait is the head of Robert Burns, the only picture for which the poet gave sittings. "When Creech, the Edinburgh bookseller," was about to publish his edition of Burns's poems (Robert Chambers's account of the transaction is here given), "it was thought that a portrait of the Bard would be a welcome ornament to the book, and Creech selected Nasmyth as the artist most likely to produce a suitable work. Accordingly the publisher invited the painter to breakfast along with the poet. Nasmyth and Burns became at once friends, and the latter was soon in due attendance at the artist's painting-room, in Wardrop's Court. Nasmyth worked *con amore*, and having attained a certain point at which the likeness was thought good, he stopped. The picture was never finished, and was put by Creech into the hands of an engraver named Beugo, also a friend of Burns, to be reproduced on copper in the style of engraving known as *stipple*." Beugo was but an indifferent artist, and the painter was never satisfied with his work; indeed, always

spoke of it with dissatisfaction. Of Walker's mezzotint from the same picture the painter had a very different opinion. "I cannot give you," said he to Walker, on first seeing an impression of his mezzotint, "a more convincing proof of my entire satisfaction with your print than to tell you, that your engraving actually reminds me more distinctly of Burns than does my own picture." The faults the engravers have generally fallen into, but which Walker has avoided, has been narrowing the face and neck and contracting the shoulders in order to give it more refinement. The defect of the original picture lies in the colour being too light and too pink, not sufficiently suggesting the dark, swarthy complexion of the poet. Another account, the tradition in the Nasmyth family, however, says that it was at the express desire of Jane Armour that Burns sat for the picture, and that the painter and the poet first met and formed their friendship under the roof of Mr. Patric Miller, of Dalswinton, an old and staunch friend of Nasmyth's, and who, it is said, had some years before advanced him £300 to enable him to visit Italy. The probability of this last account is strengthened by the circumstance that the picture, when the engraver had finished with it, went directly to Jane Armour, whose son, the late Colonel William Burns, bequeathed it to the Scottish National Gallery, where it now hangs. The painter made two duplicates of the picture, one of which is now in the National Portrait Gallery, London, the other being the property of E. Cathcart, Esq., of Auchendrane.

In 1827 Nasmyth painted another portrait of Burns, a small full-length, from memory, in order that he might leave his record in that way of the general personal appearance of the poet, as well as his usual style of dress. Robert Chambers claims the credit of originally suggesting that work, an engraving from which was first published in Lockhart's *Life of Burns*. By the year 1793 Nasmyth had given up portrait for landscape painting. At that period political feeling ran high. The painter was a very independent thinker on all subjects, and made no attempt to conceal or disguise his opinions, some of which ran counter to those of many of his aristocratic patrons. The artist's connection with certain Liberal meetings and associations brought upon him expostulations from some of his employers. To rid himself at once of all such sources of embarrassment he gave up portrait painting, and, as he himself expressed it, "took to painting the beautiful face of nature instead of their faces." His own natural bias towards landscape may have influenced him more than he was aware of. About that time Nasmyth showed the possession of another talent, and one of some monetary value in those days. Lancelot Brown, the landscape gardener, commonly known as "Capability Brown," from his frequent use of the phrase, *this spot has great capabilities*, had recently died, and Nasmyth began to be consulted, both by public bodies and private persons, as to the improvement of their properties. In this capacity he made many architectural designs, such as those for the little classic temple of Hygeia at St. Bernard's Well, Edinburgh, also the original design for the Dean Bridge over the Water of Leith, many years afterwards carried out with some alterations by James Jardine, C.E. Nasmyth had a strong taste for mechanical contrivances, and spent most of his leisure time in his workroom; he invented the bow and string bridge now in general use for roofing great spaces, and also largely assisted Sir



ENGRAVED BY W. M. LIZARS

PAINTED BY J. F. FORTAELS.

BOHEMIAN GIPSIES

James Hall, then President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, in his work "On the Origin of Gothic Architecture."

His taste for mechanics was his amusement; the serious work of his life was painting, and that not confined to easel pictures alone; he was also a skilful scene painter. David Roberts, R.A., in his Autobiography, writes as follows:—"In 1819 I commenced my career as principal scene painter in the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. This theatre was immense in its size and appointments, in magnitude exceeding Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The stock scenery had been painted by Alexander Nasmyth, and consisted of a series of pictures far surpassing anything of the kind I had ever seen. These included chambers, palaces, streets, landscapes and forest scenery, &c. One, I remember particularly, was the outside of a Norman castle, and another of a cottage charmingly painted, and of which I have a sketch. But the act scene, which was a view on the Clyde looking towards the Highland mountains, with Dumbarton Castle in the middle distance, was such a combination of magnificent scenery so wonderfully painted that it excited universal admiration. These productions I studied incessantly, and on them my style, if I have any, was originally founded." Talking of styles, Roberts adds, "I may here mention an anecdote related to me by Stanfield. Stanny had shown his sketch-book to the veteran Nasmyth, and told him that he wished to form a style of his own. 'Young man,' exclaimed the experienced artist, 'there's but one style an artist should endeavour to attain, and that is the style of nature; the nearer you get to nature the better.'" Some of Stanfield's early pictures, still remaining in Edinburgh, give evidence of a direct imitation of Nasmyth's manner.

Clarkson Stanfield's father was originally prompter, and afterwards an actor, in the Glasgow Theatre when Nasmyth was painting there. Hence the friendship that ultimately existed between Stanfield and Nasmyth. In 1820 Nasmyth executed for the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, the scenery for *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*. From this period of his life Nasmyth was regarded as one at the head of his profession in Scotland. He was chairman at the dinner given to do honour to Sir Henry Raeburn, when that artist had been knighted by George IV., in 1822. Sir David Wilkie, writing to him from Seville in 1828, says, "I have heard with extreme satisfaction that the Directors of the Edinburgh Institution have complimented the Fine Arts of Scotland, and I am

sure gratified every Scottish artist, by conferring an annuity upon you, to whom we all look up as our head; allow me, dear sir, as an old friend, to wish you all joy and happiness upon this, I may say, national mark of respect for your high talents and accomplishments."

Nasmyth wrought to the end with almost undiminished vigour: in his eightieth year, his eye retained its brightness, and his hand had lost little of its cunning. His last picture exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy was the 'Bridge of Augustus,' his fancy curiously reverting to studies he had made in Italy some sixty years before. His last work of all was a small picture, 'Going Home;' it represented an aged labourer crossing a rustic bridge on his way towards a lonely cottage, a sombre evening sky hanging over the distant hills. It was the artist's own silent requiem; he died a few weeks afterwards, in April, 1840, aged eighty-two.

Alexander Nasmyth was an active man both in mind and body; he was above the average height, of a rather spare figure, with a clear florid complexion; his hair, black in his youth, was snow white in his old age. His eldest son, Patric, so called after Patric Millar, of Dalswinton, was the famous landscape painter, known as the "English Hobbema." His youngest son, James, is the well-known eminent engineer and inventor of the steam hammer. Several of his daughters attained to considerable reputation as artists. Of Nasmyth's peculiar manner of working little is now to be learnt; he drew in his subject matter carefully with blacklead pencil, and then put in the masses of shadow with burnt sienna; he mixed up tints for his skies, and used largely a colour he called peach-stone grey, made from calcined peach stones. His pictures are sometimes found a good deal cracked; however, they have retained their colour and brilliancy well. When a picture attributed to Alexander Nasmyth appears dull and heavy in colour it may be set down as a copy; indeed, few artists of recent days have been more copied. Nasmyth made sketches in pencil from nature, and sometimes studies in oil to work from, but he never painted a picture altogether on the spot. From having spent so much of his time in teaching the mechanical processes of his art, he became latterly somewhat of a mannerist; but his best works possess so much artistic feeling, and so many varied excellences, that a good specimen of Alexander Nasmyth is a valuable addition to any collection of pictures.

ALEXANDER FRASER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'BOHEMIAN GIPSIES,' by J. F. Portaels, engraved by W. M. Lizars.—The painter of this characteristic picture, Jean François Portaels, of Brussels, was born at Vilvorde, and received his artistic training in the studios of Navez and Paul Delaroche, proceeding thence to Italy, where he developed—from classic sources—the instruction of his distinguished masters. Among his earliest successful pictures were the 'Suicide of Judas' and 'A Funeral in the Desert of Suez,' both exhibited at the Paris International Exhibition of 1855. M. Portaels is a sculptor as well as a painter, and has gained marked distinction in the sister art.

'A MIDDLESEX LANE,' drawn and etched by F. Slocombe. 1882.

—Notwithstanding the pastoral character of the artist's subject, this 'Middlesex Lane' is actually situated close to the metropolis, namely, between Willesden and Harrow. There is great effectiveness in the lighting, and a general soft hazy autumn colouring in the etching which is very pleasing. The tree forms are rendered with a strong hand, securing relief without blackness; and the banks, with their thick clothing of fading vegetation, are drawn with freedom and knowledge.

'THE LANDING STAGE, LIVERPOOL,' a fac-simile of a drawing by W. L. Wyllie, is referred to in the article on Liverpool, on page 193.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*



OUR last article we carried our notice of this year's exhibition through the first two rooms and part of the large gallery. The appearance of the latter is not so good as usual, a large number of comparatively poor pictures being hung there. To resume our analysis:—

No. 227. 'Spring on the South Downs,' by Mr. A. F. GRACE. An harmonious com-

position of rolling downs, distant wooded country, showery sky with rainbow, and in the foreground a number of ewes with lambs.

No. 234. 'For Pity and Love are akin.' A large-eyed young woman in white brocaded silk dress and yellow scarf, by Mr. FRANK MILES.

No. 235. 'Housekeeping in the Honeymoon.' A bride and groom of the first years of the century out shopping together; a clever, but rather chalky little picture, by Mr. ORCHARDSON.

No. 237. 'A Guard of the Royal Harem,' a well-painted janissary, by Mr. KNIGHTON WARREN.

No. 242. 'The Lord Say brought before Jack Cade,' a famous event in the history of London, painted by Mr. MARKS. The Kentish rebel, who wished to be called the Lord Mortimer, is dressed up in armour and feathers, to which he is evidently but little accustomed, and is abusing his prisoner for having given up Normandy to the Dauphin of France. The colour and drawing are good, but, as in most of this painter's work, the characterization of the heads is the chief point of interest.

No. 250. 'Autumn,' a pleasant landscape, by Mr. J. E. GRACE.

No. 251. 'Rev. W. H. Thompson, D.D., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge,' by Mr. HERKOMER. In black robes, which show up his sallow face and silvery white hair with great force. Deservedly well hung.

No. 252. 'The Palmer,' by Mr. JOHN PETTIE. A large picture of an old palmer telling the story of his life to a mediæval knight and lady in the rude hall of some feudal tower. There is in it little positive colour, but great harmony and unity of effect are obtained by the skilful use of golden green, yellow, and brown.

No. 259. 'The Life of the Year is gone,' a very tenderly painted landscape by Mr. HERBERT DALZIEL, in which the neutral tones of December are treated with skill.

No. 260, a portrait of the late Captain A. M. Sim, by Mr. FRANK HOLL. This picture was painted when the sitter wanted but a year or two of being a century old. In its complete rendering of the aged face, and thin, but still upright frame, it is a masterpiece.

No. 261. 'Friends at Yewden,' by Mr. H. T. WELLS. A collection of portraits of Academicians and Associates in the Thames-side garden of a well-known Art collector.

No. 262. 'Sir David Chalmers,' by Mr. J. H. LORIMER. A clever portrait of a colonial judge. The robes of scarlet and drab, a terrible combination, are very well managed.

No. 269. A fine portrait head of Vice-Chancellor Sir James Bacon, by Mr. FRANK HOLL.

No. 270. 'The Wild Swans' carrying Ella through the air, by Mr. J. SCOTT; from Andersen's "Fairy Tales." Very well painted.

No. 272. 'Clytemnestra,' by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. This large picture represents the Grecian queen as she emerges from the bath-room of Agamemnon, the blood-dripping axe in her hand with which she has done him to death. In all qualities of execution, except, perhaps, in harmony of colour, it is excellent. But Mr. Collier has not been happy in the choice of his model, who is obviously acting the character with some difficulty.

No. 274. 'After Rain,' the best of three examples of Mr. PETER GRAHAM.

No. 290. 'A Love Story,' by Mr. FRANK DICKSEE. An arched canvas; mediæval Italian lovers upon a marble seat in the moonlight. Moonlight pictures are generally unsatisfactory, and in some ways this is no exception to the rule, but the drawing is so good, and the execution so thorough and careful, that it deserves to be named among the remarkable pictures of the year.

No. 294. 'The Letter-Writer.' The best picture we have seen for a long time from the brush of Mr. J. B. BURGESS. A Spanish letter-writer under some old ecclesiastical doorway, writing to the dictation of a pretty girl, who seems bewildered by contradictory advice from the gossips about her. The composition is particularly good.

No. 301. 'The Thin Red Line, October 25, 1854,' by Mr. ROBERT GIBB. The 78th Highlanders receiving the Russian cavalry in line at the Battle of Balaclava. A good picture in all but colour, which is very poor.

No. 302. 'Why tarry the wheels of his chariots?' The mother of Sisera waiting among her maidens for the return of her son. A large picture, by Mr. E. LONG, remarkable for its absence of dramatic feeling, but also for fine painting.

No. 303. 'Caller Herrin,' by Mr. HOOK. A couple of stout Scottish fisher-girls helping to land herrings from a boat. They are, perhaps, too like each other, being practically identical, both in figure and costume; but otherwise this is one of the best pictures recently painted by Mr. Hook.

No. 304. 'November,' by J. HERBERT SNELL, a reminiscence of 'Chill October.'

No. 306. 'A Crown of Fire: Sunset Effect at Lake Ogwen,' by W. G. SHRUBSOLE. A telling landscape, the "effect" being that of the reddish sun-rays upon peaks of bare rock.

No. 307. 'Phryne at Eleusis,' by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. The scene here depicted is that related by Athenæus, where, at a festival at Eleusis, Phryne, the most celebrated of the Hetairai, loosening her hair, descended into the sea before all the Greeks. Praxiteles, who has been called the "sentimental adorer" of these courtesans, was so moved by her beauty, that from her he moulded the Venus of Cnidos, and from the same model Apelles drew his Venus Anadyomene. Mr. Walter Perry, in his recent work on Greek and Roman sculpture, adds that an incident such as our President has placed on canvas "would have been impossible at the earlier and nobler period of Greek Art, and that it clearly shows to what an extent the worship of mere beauty had

* Continued from page 180.

lowered the tone of the national morality." We cannot but feel that Sir Frederick Leighton, in encouraging in this prominent manner the delineation of the nude on the walls of our exhibition, is rendering a very questionable service to English Art. We are quite willing to allow that the 'Phryne' is no mere portrait model, but an ideal figure, and an example of

"What mind can make where nature's self would fail."

Still the example of great men (especially in the Fine Arts) is always followed, and next year we may expect the delineation of the nude to form a prominent feature at the Royal Academy. We cannot, therefore, welcome with cordiality a work which can effect but little good, and may be productive of so much harm to our weaker brethren, by opening the door to the admission of a class of Art which renders the Salon at Paris so repellent to wholesome-minded people, and from which our exhibitions have hitherto been markedly free.

No. 308. 'Devon Harvest Cart: the Last Handful Home,' by Mr. HOOK. Hardly so good as No. 303, but yet a fine work.

No. 309. 'A Sunny Slope.' A good landscape with a brilliantly painted sea, by Mr. STUART LLOYD.

No. 320. 'A Winter Afternoon in the South of France,' by Mr. ADRIAN STOKES. A diligence starting from a Provençal village: a brilliant little picture.

No. 322. 'Painter and Critic,' a pleasant study of Dutch life, by Mr. HODGSON.

ROOM NO. IV.

No. 346. 'Something Interesting,' a good little canvas dealing with children and story-books, by Miss MARY L. GOW.

No. 347. A fine landscape, unnamed otherwise than by a Shakespearian quotation, by Mr. BRYAN HOOK, the son of the Royal Academician. It received the Turner medal at the last distribution of prizes at the Academy.

No. 353. 'H.R.H. the Princess Marie,' daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, by Mr. MILLAIS. Remarkable for the truth of the carnations and the ease and unconsciousness of the attitude. The harmony of the two greens and a pink seems, however, doubtful.

No. 376. 'Sea and Land Waves,' by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. A clever landscape, in which Mr. Davis, who is seen to great advantage in the present exhibition, has attempted, not entirely without success, to paint the passage of gentle breezes over waving fields of corn and grass.

No. 377. 'Mrs. J. P. B. Robertson.' An unnecessarily huge canvas, upon which Mr. ORCHARDSON has painted a lady in black velvet sitting among the comfortable properties of her own drawing-room. Warm in tone and full of fine colour, but the tint and texture of all Mr. Orchardson's faces are rather too like that of the backgrounds upon which they are placed.

No. 384. 'Sweetness and Light,' by Mr. FRED. B. BARWELL. A curious effect of sunlight upon a river and a high bank of overhanging woods.

No. 385. 'A Highland Auction,' by Mr. MACWHIRTER. The household properties of a Highland crofter being sold by "public roup." Very good in colour and atmosphere, but rather slight in substance.

No. 391. 'The Yacht *La Sirène*,' by JAN VAN BEERS. We suppose this picture was hung on the line because of its fame in the Belgian Law Courts. It certainly can serve no good purpose to English Art by so distinguishing it.

No. 398. 'His Excellency the Hon. J. R. Lowell,' the American minister, in a D.C.L. gown, by Mrs. MERRITT.

No. 407. 'Dreamers,' by Mr. ALBERT MOORE. Three girls on a sofa, robed in white, and surrounded by tints of creamy white, gold, and golden green.

No. 412. 'Sunlight and Shade,' an orchard with sheep, by Mr. MARK FISHER, who is, we fear, losing some of the fine colour and power of illumination which distinguished him a year or two ago.

No. 413. 'Inverlochy Castle and Ben Nevis,' by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, a frightful example of misdirected vigour.

No. 417. 'Sale of the Boat,' by Mr. P. R. MORRIS, a fisherman's boat being put up for sale after his death. In the foreground of the picture sit his wife and children. Mr. Morris can do much better than this.

ROOM NO. V.

No. 427. 'The Mew Stone;' the best of Mr. OAKES'S contributions.

No. 445. 'The Sea-Gulls' Toilet.' A brilliant study of blue transparent sea under a summer sky, grass-grown cliffs, and a shingly beach, upon which some sea-gulls are preening themselves, by Mr. COLIN HUNTER.

No. 447. 'Roman Drovers and Cattle,' a good picture by Mr. C. H. POINGDESTRE.

No. 465. 'Low Tide,' a clever study of a beach at low water and a number of fishermen's houses bordering it, by Mr. COLIN HUNTER.

No. 466. 'The Right Hon. Sir Arthur Hobhouse,' by Mr. FRANK HOLL. One of the strongest and quite the most picturesque of Mr. Holl's portraits in the present show. Sir Arthur Hobhouse wears a greenish grey cloak, of which the painter has made good use.

No. 468. 'The King drinks,' a lion drinking by moonlight, Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S diploma picture.

No. 474. 'Antigone,' a fine female head and bust by Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

No. 476. 'Homeless and Homewards' is a very able, though melancholy, picture by Mr. JOHN R. REID. A family of itinerant musicians—a miserable old man with a clarinet, a fine-looking young woman with a guitar, and a child with a tambourine—are waiting for the ferry-boat under the leafless trees which border a wintry river. Some laughing children on their way from school afford a contrast to this melancholy group; the whole is painted with great thoroughness and expressive ability.

No. 482. 'The Doll's Dressmaker,' by Mrs. PERUGINI (Kate Dickens). A continuation of this talented artist's series of illustrations to her father's works.

No. 484. 'Nearly Bedtime,' a very truthful effect of lamp and fire light, by Miss BLANCHE JENKINS.

No. 498. 'The Harvest Field,' by Mr. A. E. EMSLIE. A large picture of harvesting, with many figures, in which harmonious colour, thoroughly good drawing and modelling, and sincere feeling are all to be found.

No. 499. 'Floreat Etona,' by Mrs. BUTLER. The death of an Eton boy, an officer in the Rifle Brigade, who fell at Laing's Neck. In colour this is rather crude and *criant*, but it is full of vigorous design.

No. 505. 'Mrs. Budgett,' by Mr. MILLAIS. Simple in composition and excellent in colour, but a little woolly in texture.

No. 506. 'The Grey of the Morning:' "The ripples whispered to the mussels in the grey of the morning, and the lily-white clouds got up early and peeped over the wall." A

superb example of Mr. BRETT'S work. The artist appears to have aimed at absolute illusion in the painting of some grey mussel-covered rocks in the foreground. The "wall" is one of those banks of vapour which so often lie over the sea in the early hours of the day, and the round tops of a few cumuli just rise above it.

No. 510. A very straightforward, but yet not unpicturesque portrait of Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, M.P., in court dress, by Mr. EDGAR HANLEY.

No. 517. 'The Forest on Fire, Woolmer,' by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE. A great deal better than 413, but still very poor in colour.

No. 521. 'The Moat House, Ightham,' by Mr. SANT. A portrait of one of the most picturesque old houses in Kent.

No. 522. 'There is no God but God,' by WALTER C. HORSLEY. The deck of a Red Sea steamer, with Mahomedans at their devotions and European travellers looking on. Many of the single figures are painted with vigour and with considerable power of colour, but the picture as a whole lacks unity, and sadly wants pulling together.

No. 525. A portrait by Mr. J. D. WATSON of a gentleman in a costume of the seventeenth century, in which white satin is well and broadly painted, and skilfully harmonized with other hues and textures.

No. 526. 'A Venetian Fan Seller,' by Mr. H. WOODS. A courtyard with several girls surrounding a pedlar with a tray of fans. Far inferior to Mr. Woods's other contribution.

ROOM NO. VI.

This is the new room which, as we noticed in our first article, has been obtained by the conversion of the old sculpture gallery from its former uses. It is lighted on a rather different principle from the rest of the rooms. The whole ceiling forms one semicircular sweep, two-thirds of it being glass. By this means the pictures which are hung very high upon the walls are much better seen than in those rooms where the arrangement of the roof is less simple. It is also without a dado, so that a considerable number of little pictures have been arranged below the line, where they may sometimes be seen by those who have any reason to seek them out.

No. 531. 'A Daughter of Charity,' a little girl in mob-cap, blue ribbons, and mittens, by Mr. G. D. LESLIE. The carnation is very good.

No. 533. 'Margaret of Anjou and the Robber of Hexham,' by Mr. W. C. SYMONS. The old tradition of the flight of Margaret after the Battle of Hexham, and of her throwing herself upon the protection of one of those border outlaws who in those days oscillated between England and Scotland, has been skilfully treated by Mr. Symons, whose picture is very much better than anything else we have seen from his brush. The only fault we have to find with it is the absence of all traces of long and hasty flight in the figure and dress of the Queen and her son, or of the rough life of the woods in those of the outlaw.

No. 551. 'Sweethearts and Wives,' by Mr. S. E. WALLER. The end of a border raid. A company of moss-troopers driving in the cattle they have "lifted" to the courtyard of their castle, where their wives and sweethearts welcome them with open arms. The foremost group of an old man supporting a young one who has been badly wounded is well conceived. The horses are, of course, well painted.

No. 553. 'Daniel Thwaites Esq.,' by Mr. MILLAIS. An uncompromising portrait of a modern Englishman.

No. 557. 'Winter and Rough Weather,' a piece of sea painted as only Mr. HENRY MOORE can paint it.

No. 558. 'The Death of Siward the Strong, Earl of Northumberland,' by Mr. VAL. PRINSEP. A large and pretentious picture. The old Earl has been carried out of his castle gate to die in the open air, the battle-axe is falling from his right hand into that of a kneeling page, his white helmeted head is bowed, and his eyes are closing, while sons, daughters, and retainers look on with varying expressions. The head of the Earl himself is well conceived, but the picture lacks expressive colour and chiaroscuro.

No. 567. 'Maiwand: Saving the Guns,' by Mr. R. C. WOODVILLE. An excellent picture, full of vigour and life as well as of merits of a more technical kind, but it is also a sad picture when we remember that the backs of all those galloping artillerymen are turned to the enemy. It is but three or four years since Mr. Woodville first came to the front with his picture of Frederick the Great before Leuthen, and his progress has been so continuous since then that we may expect great things from his hands.

No. 578. 'The Slain Enemy,' by Mr. HEYWOOD HARDY. A small boy listening to his father's tale of how the wolf, whose head lies on the ground at their feet, had died. The hounds, which form an accessory, are, of course, well painted, but this is one of numberless pictures which would have been far more satisfactory had it been half the size.

No. 582. 'The Geese of the Capitol,' by Mr. HENRI MOTTE. The Gauls are attempting to scale the walls of the Roman Capitol by climbing over each other's shoulders. The geese, in a cage overhanging the wall, raise their hubbub as the topmost Gaul reaches the parapet. A happy idea poorly realised.

No. 588. 'Madlle. E. C. C.,' by Mr. H. FANTIN. A Roumanian lady in white muslin and silk. Her dark features are painted with great truth and delicacy, but the picture would have been improved by more thought given to the composition.

No. 592. 'In the Dock, Boulogne,' by Mr. WALTER W. MAY. A tender little landscape by a painter who is not often seen in this medium.

No. 594. 'The Poet's Dream' is a wonderful picture, by Mr. JOHN FAED, of a young man asleep in a landscape, while the sky above is filled with all kinds of ghostly forms. It looks like a free rendering of "Jacob's ladder."

No. 597. 'The Marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught,' by Mr. SYDNEY P. HALL. Not much worse than such things are wont to be, but very ugly in shape.

No. 602. 'The Foundling,' by Mr. MARCUS STONE. A young lady in black, with a little red and green about her, and a white kitten in her hands. The colour composition is good.

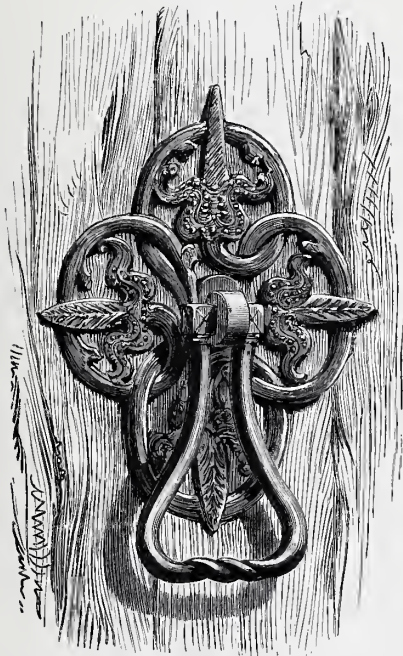
No. 609. 'The Banquet: one of a series of six, illustrating the history of a soldier of the sixteenth century,' by Mr. J. D. LINTON. This is the third picture of the series which has been exhibited. It is an open-air scene, while the other two were interiors, and its colour harmonies are in a much higher key than theirs. Across the background stretches a very well-designed classic screen of white marble, with gilded bronze ornaments. In front of this a long table stretches from end to end of the canvas, at which about sixteen or eighteen guests are seated, and at the right of the picture some musicians provide the music for a female dancer, who pirouettes in the foreground. The colour generally is clearer and lighter, and freer from black tones, than has sometimes been the case with Mr. Linton. The drawing and the modelling of the heads are good.

(To be continued.)

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THERE are few among the minor adjuncts of furnishing about which more was displayed in mediæval times than the appurtenances of doors—the hinges, the handles, and the latches. To a lesser extent, in the Renaissance period, considerable attention was bestowed on the fanciful treatment of knockers, and sometimes of key-plates; but the treatment, in regard to the knockers at all events, was less practical and workmanlike than in the mediæval period. In the modern period we had, until the recent revival of decorative art, come down to the lowest commonplace in these matters of door furniture. An attempt is now being made again to render these accessories artistic in character, though at present the tendency is to do this in the simplest manner, by avoiding anything beyond the practical requirements of the handles and knockers, by shaping them suitably and conveniently, rather than by the indulgence in fanciful design and elaborate workmanship.

Metal almost inevitably comes largely into the construction



No. 46.—Door Handle.

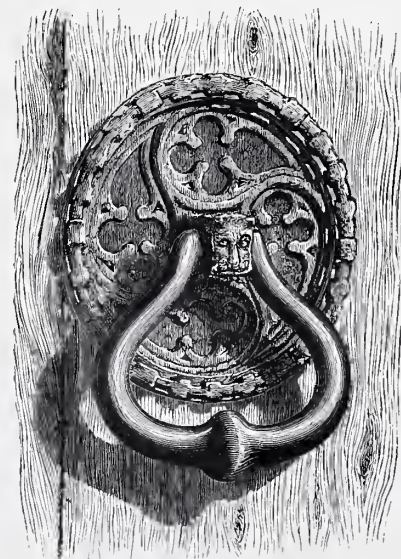
of door furniture, since no other material has the requisite strength and tenacity. In the modern days of "mortise locks" we do find metal for the latch-handles discarded in favour of wood, porcelain, and other materials; and we remember seeing a very fine panelled room in the Adelphi, occupied by a learned society, utterly vulgarised by the substitution of cut-glass door-knobs for the old sensible, oval-shaped brass knobs which were usual at the period when that corner of London was got into its present shape. But before the modern refinements of lock and latch making, door handles and latches were things subject to a considerable strain, and were strongly made accordingly. The examples of door-handles given here appear to be all handles for pulling the door to—closing rings, not handles for opening latches.

Of these No. 46, the first of our illustrations, is an excellent specimen of the effectiveness, combined with practical suit-



No. 47.—Door Handle (probably Flemish).

ability, which generally characterizes mediæval metal work. It is desirable that the ring should be of a form strong in appearance and convenient to grasp with the hand, and that it should have a good and solid hold on the door to which it is fixed. In accordance with these conditions, it will be seen that the handle is entirely unornamented, except in regard to the shape given to it, and the spiral twist in the metal on the outer ring, a mode of ornamenting which in no way interferes with its practical suitability for its purpose. The form of the ring is exactly what is best suited for its position; expanding where it is to be grasped by the hand, its shanks narrowing together where they approach the door, for the better

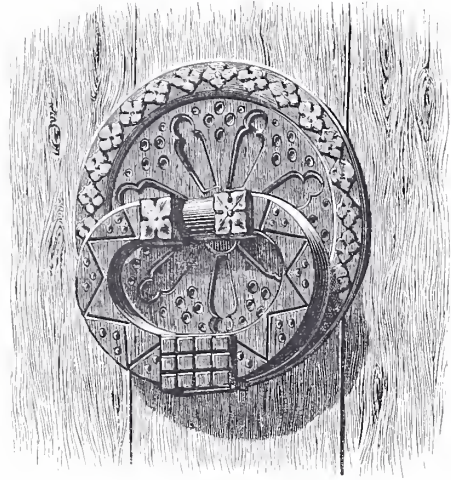


No. 48.—Door Handle (English).

convenience of attachment. The ornamental plate round the attachment is also thoroughly metallic in design, and besides

* Continued from page 185.

serving to give importance to the handle and connect it with the door surface, it is probably employed—and if not it ought to be so—to strengthen and render firmer the attachment, by spreading it over a larger portion of the door surface. It seems a little doubtful how far this and similar ornamental



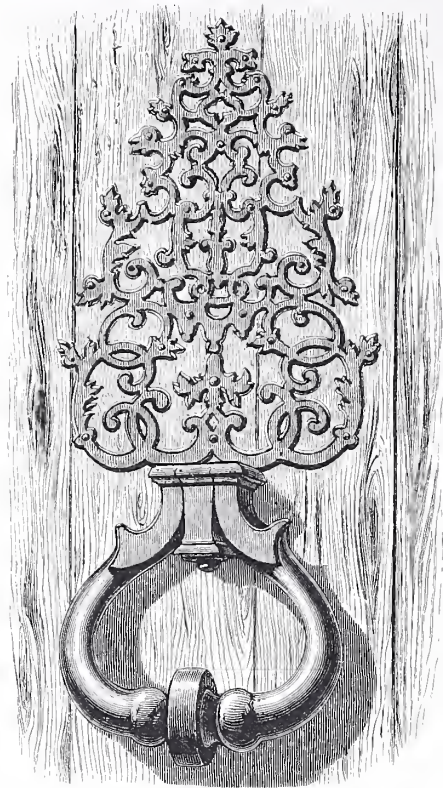
No. 49.—Door Handle.

door-plates, in connection with mediæval door-handles, were in part constructional or were purely ornamental; some of them may have been only ornamental, but looking at the general spirit of mediæval work, we are disposed to think that this was not very often the case, and that in most instances the ornament round the handle was made use of to extend and spread the strain of the handle. It should, and did act, in fact, as a kind of “washer,” keeping the ironwork firmly in its place on the door, and preventing shaking and wearing of the wood.

No. 47, which is said to be Flemish work, is a less artistically designed handle, but the geometrical ornament of the circular plate is very effective, and the whole has a remarkably neat appearance. It may be observed, by the way, in regard both to this and the preceding example, that one practical use of the iron plate attached to the door is to keep the ring clear of the woodwork, so that it is more easily grasped for use, and does not strike upon and wear the wood when let fall. The shadow in each of these illustrations shows that the ring is hanging quite clear of the door. In No. 48 this is not the case, and the design of the ring is somewhat defective, in that it too much resembles a knocker, and appears as if the thickened portions in the centre were intended for that purpose. The design generally is not nearly equal to the two preceding ones; the little grotesque head in which the ring is fixed is too small for the scale of the ring, and the door-plate is poorly designed, with a ragged naturalistic rim, looking like a branch with buds upon it bent round. So plain and massive a ring required a seating in the same

plain and massive style: the ring, in fact, looks as if it did not belong to the rest of the work, but had been

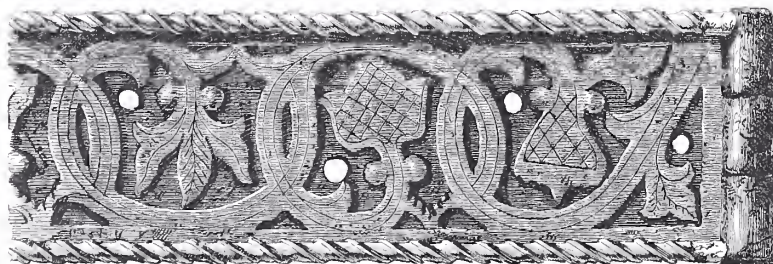
added by another hand. No. 49 is a peculiar design, looking rather more like modern than old ironwork. It is cer-



No. 50.—Door Handle (and Knocker?), German.

tainly late in date, and is evidently cast-iron work, and shows on the handle a form of ornament in slightly sunk furrows, which has been much used again recently as an appropriate method of ornamenting cast-iron surfaces. The whole design is in keeping, but the handle is a bad shape for a handle, inconvenient and uncomfortable to grasp, and the square projection on it has no sense at all, unless it be a mere repetition of a similar projection on the inner side, intended as a rest for the ring on the rim of the door-plate. It seems probable that this was intended for use indiscriminately as a handle and as a knocker, which possibly may have been the case with the last-named specimen also, but not with the first two, which are simply rings. It is obvious that the same ring cannot appear equally suitable in both capacities, or be equally so practically. There seems little doubt that the next one, No. 50, was intended for both purposes; it is called a handle, and could be used so, but the large knob in the middle is only a source of discomfort to the

hand when we regard it as a handle, whereas it is necessary and suitable for a knocker. It should, as a knocker, have a metal bed to strike on, but this provision is omitted in many old knockers, and seems to have been added later in consequence of the



No. 51.—Hinge (German).

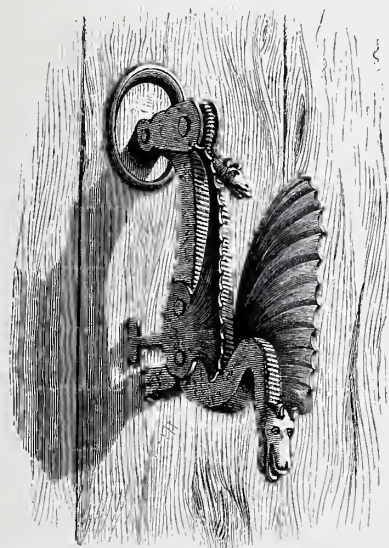
wear to the wood occasioned by the striking of the knocker, as well as, perhaps, to render the sound of the knock

sharper and more penetrating—qualities which it certainly has now, as many of us whose doors are largely besieged



No. 52.—Boss on Door, serving as Handle and Knocker (Mediæval).

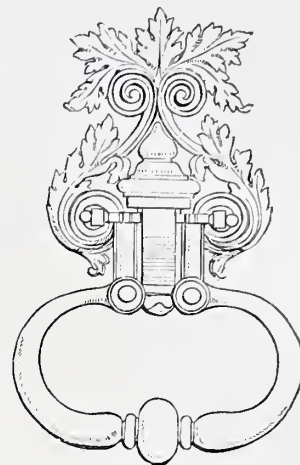
know to our cost. In No. 50 the ring is well and boldly designed, and the flat ornamental work on the door above it is also well adapted for obtaining a wide and firm hold on the woodwork of the door; but its connection with the ring and its seating is not satisfactorily shown in the engraving, and this makes all the difference. If this flat ornamental work is connected with, or forged together with, the ring and seating of the handle, then it is an honest and solid piece of work, an ornamental treatment of construction; but if the flat ornament is merely added over the ring for the sake of ornament, then it is only so much "gimcrack." The same point is illustrated by the large spreading and foliated hinges



No. 53.—Knocker (Mediæval).

of wrought iron which were so much used in mediæval work, of which we have not an example among our illustrations; but their appearance is quite familiar to most people since the Gothic revival, and the establishment of Gothic imitation ironwork everywhere. In almost all genuine mediæval work these scrolls which spread over the surface of the door were a portion of the hinge upon which the door actually turned, and

they were not introduced merely for ornament; they had a practical value in giving the hinge a larger hold on the weight of the door, and supporting it more firmly, rendering it less liable to give and to hang crooked on its hinges; and as doors were then commonly made not in stiles and panels, but in boarding nailed and pinned on to one side of the framing, the spreading hinges had another value also, in assisting to hold the whole framework of the door together. The Gothic wrought-iron hinge formed, in fact, an admirable example of the decorative treatment of construction. In the modern revival of Gothic it has been constantly imitated, not as a real hinge, but as a piece of ornamental ironwork riveted on to the door quite separate

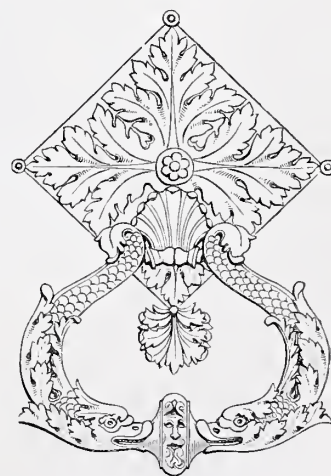


No. 54.—Knocker (Rue d'Anjou au Marais, Paris).

from the real hinge; so habitually has this been done that joiners speak of these apparent hinges as "the shams," with no satirical intent, but as the recognised name for them.

The specimen of a German hinge given here, No. 51, is of a much tamer type of design than the spreading and foliated hinges we have been speaking of; it is a straight bar with a raised roll at the edge, and in which forms based on foliage are used merely as a surface decoration; but it has the same merit as the other ornamental Gothic hinges we have referred to—it is a real constructive hinge, as will be seen from the drawing, not a mere toy. The character of the foliage design is bold and free, though not very refined; the additional expression and style given to it by the thin lines engraved on the surface of the stems and leaves should be especially noticed, however: although this seems a small detail very slightly executed, it makes all the difference in the effect of the design, which would look comparatively dead without it.

The quaint specimen given in No. 52 is a bit of mediæval fancy, combining, we believe, handle and knocker in one. It is formed of two heads, one of them inverted, and placed back to back with the other, the whole hinged so as to be grasped as a handle or used as a knocker, the feet apparently striking on the door-plate. The face and the feet are modelled with great spirit, but the design would have been more satisfactory if it had consisted of one head only, joined to the hinge by a more natural continuation: the junction of the two heads is too unnatural a combination. It is essential to good grotesque that, although an exaggeration of nature, it should be formed in some accordance with natural anatomical principles. In that respect this example, though a very clever one, is open to criticism.



No. 55.—Knocker (Rue Nicolai, Paris).

The next illustration is a very clever and interesting one, a door-knocker, No. 53, probably German, but we have no precise information as to its *locale*. It is a good example of grotesque fancy, for the indulgence of which such an object



No. 56.—Knocker (French Renaissance).

as a door-knocker seems a very appropriate opportunity. It is also a good specimen of metal design, both the body and wings being in distinctly metallic form, and the grotesque idea embodied being effective, and, at the same time, practically convenient and suitable for use as a knocker, and preserving the appearance of strength and solidity. In this case it will be seen that a metal boss is provided, under the body of the dragon, for the knocker to act upon, but at the same time the feet of the dragon, which form, constructively, part of the wings, and are riveted on with them, appear to stamp upon the wood surface when the knocker is used. This is a piquant idea, and carries out the general fancy embodied in the design, but practically it is better for a knocker to have one point of contact only for knocking. The metal ring fixed round the attachment of the knocker should have been connected with the metal base of the knocker; as it is, it has no meaning.

We shall find nothing among our specimens of knockers and handles of the Renaissance school so piquant, and at the same time practically suitable and expressive, as this. The knockers and door furniture of the Renaissance period contain fancies, but without any kind of relation to the special function of door furniture, being merely the repetition of the usual Renaissance ornaments—nymphs, mermaids, tritons, and dolphins. A special form of design seems in some times and places to have been adopted by habit for door-knockers, and repeated very often with little variation. The Art Library of the South Kensington Museum contains a book of illustrations

of Venetian knockers of the seventeenth century, "Raccolta di Battitori da Venezia," in which the same types constantly re-appear, and which simply show the determination of the Renaissance ornamentists, on which we have before remarked, to get in the figure wherever they can.

Of the three Renaissance knockers of which we give illustrations, No. 54 is the best design for its object, the most purpose-like as a knocker, and the most solidly fitted; and apparent solidity is always desirable in work of this kind, which is liable to a good deal of hard usage. No. 55, however, is a very pretty and not inappropriate design, and it will be seen that the ornamental plate behind it is visibly put to the practical use which is the only excuse for it, being nailed or screwed down on to the door at the four angles. No. 56 is defective in the way Renaissance work is so often defective, by the want of any coherence in the several parts of the design, and still more by the absence of any evident joining between the horses' heads and the base of the knocker; so that just where there should be the most strength there is the appearance of absolute weakness and want of continuity. The best workmanship (and the workmanship seems to be very good in this case) could hardly redeem such defects as these.

The lock-plate, No. 57, is open to the negative criticism that there is nothing specially metallic in the design, nor the slightest reference to its use or situation; it is simply a repetition of common elements in Renaissance ornament, applied to a metal lock-plate. No ornamental design can reach high excellence or deserve commendation which does not show that it is designed with direct reference to the material of which it is made and the purpose to which it is to be applied.



No. 57.—Lock Plate (Château d'Écouen).

Further, it requires an intimate knowledge not only of previous Salons, but the lives and works of many hundred

THE SALON.

FROM AN ENGLISHMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

A REVIEW of the vast annual exhibition of French Art is no light task to any one. If it is to be a proper and impartial one, it means, first, a careful study of close upon six thousand works distributed as follows, and comparing them with those of our Royal Academy:—

	Salon.	Royal Academy.
Paintings	2,722	976
Drawings, &c.	1,328	238
Sculpture	886	155
Architecture	154	134
Engravings	522	193
	<u>5,612</u>	<u>1,696</u>

Further, it requires an intimate knowledge not only of previous Salons, but the lives and works of many hundred

artists, from which the critic is altogether dissociated during the greater part of the year. It almost goes without saying that there are very few, if any, on this side the Channel who can lay claim either to a memory sufficiently retentive for, or a knowledge equal to, the task. For ourselves, we frankly admit that a week's close attendance at the exhibition, and a very fair remembrance of previous Salons and knowledge of foreign artists, were not sufficient to do justice to the task, and we therefore readily handed over the critical notice of the works to our French *collaborateur*,* and merely ourselves furnish a few remarks on the collection generally from the point of view mentioned above.

* The article will appear next month.

Undoubtedly a pardonable feeling of pride arises in the mind of a foreigner, and specially of one speaking the English tongue, on seeing the prominence which is this year bestowed on works by artists who have no claim to a French origin save in the matter of their education. When it is remembered that the hanging committee consists of a body, ninety in number, selected by, and representing, every shade of opinion, from that of the most devoted Academician to that of the most ardent impressionist, this unanimity gives an appreciable worth to the distinction. On this account, too, whatever may be the verdict as to the rank which this Salon will take in the scale of merit, the exhibition is one which calls for special notice on our part.

The inevitable first question addressed by Englishmen to one another on meeting in the Salon, or on returning thence, is, How does it compare with the Royal Academy? Every exhibition of the one appears to differ from every exhibition of the other in these respects. First as regards uniformity. In the Salon there is no cohesion of styles: it is true that this year a noticeable feature is the many, and often clever, imitations of the style of Bastien-Lepage; but, spite of the system of schools, there is not that marked following after popular masters which distinguishes our genre, portrait, and landscape painters. Then, again, the system of hanging the works in alphabetical order imparts a continual freshness to an exhibition which is altogether wanting in the Academy. At Paris the fortunate owner of names beginning with the letters R to V, I, H, and L, happen this year to be in the large room on entering; whilst one who can prefix to his name the aristocratic "De" finds himself perforce in the remotest chamber. This, and the fact that each artist can only be represented by two pictures, which are hung as near together as the exigencies of size will allow, makes the show astonishingly different from one where, before entering, it is certain that in room the first there will be, as its most prominent features, a genre picture by Academician "A.," flanked by portraits by "B.," R.A., and "C.," R.A., with landscapes by "D.," R.A., and "E.," R.A. Yet again: individual artists abroad appear to range over a much wider field of subject than their confrères on this side of the water. We go to the Academy as assured that so and so will have painted a sheep and cattle picture, or a landscape, or a character scene, all under

aspects identical with his work of the year before, as we are that, when we call for our umbrella on leaving, we shall see a threepenny piece and some coppers lying apparently unnoticed by the caretakers on the counter in front of them. But at the Salon, though we often recognise the style of an artist's painting, we seldom remark upon the similarity of his subject. There are other features which are altogether in favour of the Academy. The rule restricting the number, but not the size of the works sent in to the Salon, is apparently working most disastrously in the direction of the creation of enormous canvases, which seldom can find a permanent home, and must curtail the purchases of those who buy them, simply from sheer inability to find house room for many such.

The eccentricities in framing, which have long been an astonishment to Englishmen, are this year more marked than ever; in fact, in many instances more trouble and pains appear to have been taken over the setting than in the cutting of the jewel. For instance, M. Van Beers thinks it a necessity that the blues in his picture of 'Embarqués' should have an echo in the violets of his frame, and accordingly environs it with a foot of plush of that colour; a well-known actress, painting a picture of considerable talent, with the subject in two compartments, 'The Poor and the Rich Man's Christmas,' decks her panel with real mistletoe, holly, and fir branches, cunningly fixed to the framework, and gilt; whilst an American, not to be outdone, has selected a bordering of old tapestry, which is really effective. Mr. Sargent, in a picture which we shall shortly speak of, has cunningly contrived his frame so that its lower edge has all the appearance



Cosette, from the Picture by G. Guay.

of a set of foot-lights. These are but single instances of bizarrerie, which go to prove that frame-making is at present by no means the monotonous or mechanical business which it is over here.

Space will not permit of an extended notice of the many works, both French and foreign, which deserve it; we shall, therefore, confine ourselves almost entirely to the pictures of those English and American artists which, as we before stated, occupy this year so prominent a position.

Chief amongst these is the 'El Jaleo,' or, 'Dance of the Gitanos,' by Mr. John S. Sargent, a young artist born at Florence of American parents, and a pupil of Carolus Duran. Mr. Sargent, having gained in successive years a third and second

medal, now finds himself the most talked-about painter in Paris, with every opportunity of having his head turned by the adulation he has received. The pictures which have gained him this reputation may shortly be described as reflexes of Spain and its great master, Velasquez: not, let it be understood, a slavish following of his methods, but pictures painted by a talented artist whilst saturated with admiration for, and a study of, the man and the country—the student producing original work, but of necessity impregnated with the best qualities of his master. In the larger picture a dancer occupies the foreground, her body thrown back into an almost impossible position. The dance in which she is engaged has nothing in common with what usually passes for such. There is no excited movement, but a slow, measured, voluptuous, languorous action, principally of the arms and body; the dancer, as a French critic has it, “est en proie à l’hystérie du *jaleo*, le vertige l’emporte, la danse c’est l’âme de sa vie.” Ranged against a white wall, on which their shadows are violently thrown by the strong lamplight which illumines the scene, are a row of black-robed musicians, whose attitudes are curiously sug-

gestive of negromin-strels. The strength of the picture lies in the originality of the subject, and in its powerful and masculine rendering. Mr. Sargent’s other picture is a portrait of a young American lady in a dress of antique pattern, puffed at the hips, but adapted to the modern fashion. The contrast between the sombre blacks and the fresh hue of the lady’s complexion gives such a ripe richness to the whole that we prophesy that there

will be a rush of commissions from the fair sex when Mr. Sargent takes up his abode, as he proposes, in London. We hope early in next year to give an etching from Mr. Sargent’s hand of the ‘El Jaleo.’

The landscapes of Mr. Stott, of Oldham, have attracted a considerable amount of attention this year, and deservedly so. A pupil of Gérôme, he has cut himself away entirely from his master’s method of work, and mapped out views on Art which he promulgates with considerable force, and which, whilst including most of the tenets of the impressionist school, have much individualism. In his most important picture, ‘La Baignade,’ we are confronted with a calm expanse of water, which is, for the most part, darkened by the reflection of the tall trees which fringe its farther side. The level roofs of white houses, whose gardens drop down to the water’s edge, add an intentional monotony to the scene. Midway between either bank a boat, with three nude boys (capitally modelled for one who does not profess to be a figure painter), forms a principal object, but does not detract from the quiet-

ness of the surroundings. The water in the foreground reflects a vivid blue from the sky, and bears on its surface a couple of white water-lilies. In the other picture, ‘Le Passeur,’ the hour is later. Two girls wait on the river’s bank for the ferry-boat which, just starting from the farther side, is to transport them to the village, the brown roofs of which stand up sharp against the evening sky. Here, again, the desired impression, repose, has been admirably caught, with the sacrifice, it is true, of many details which would vex the soul of the majority of English landscape painters.

Mr. L. W. Hawkins, an Englishman, and a follower of Mr. Stott, though a pupil of Bouguereau, J. Lefebvre, and Boulanger, has also an important place on the line for his two pictures. In ‘La Paysanne et les Oies’ a peasant girl in an orchard watches the loves of two geese which occupy the foreground. The picture is spoiled by the determination of the artist that every adjunct to the scene shall attest to its simplicity. Half-a-dozen tall reeds in the ditch, instead of half a hundred, are a prominent example of this affectation. Mr. L. B. Harrison’s ‘Novembre,’ which hangs hard by, has

none of this. The impression to be conveyed here is that which would strike any one walking through a hazel wood where the brown leaves strew the ground and the day is frosty, namely, the pronounced sound which the rustle of the feet makes in the stillness—a motive for a picture which would hardly be dreamed of in England. Mr. Harrison’s other picture, ‘The Return from the First Communion,’ white-robed girls sauntering in the sunshine



Souvenir d'Alsace, from the Picture by E. F. Schutzenberger.

through the fresh meadows, is delightfully simple and honest. The ‘Châteaux en Espagne’ of another American—a brother, we believe, of the last named—whilst weaker in the colouring, has a higher charm, owing to its idyllic character. A boy, having exhausted all the resources at hand, in building a turreted castle out of stones, shells, grasses, and sea-birds’ feathers, has stretched himself on his back on the sand-hills, and gazing upwards, indulges in

“ Dreams that wave before the half-shut eye :
And castles in the clouds that pass
For ever flushing round a summer sky.”

Mr. Walter Ullmann, a Londoner resident in Paris, has also received the distinction of having had his ‘Un Jour d’Automne’ placed on the line. Whilst adhering to the tenets of the foregoing band of artists, Mr. Ullmann is possessed of perceptions of his own, and his pictures exhibit a marked superiority in respect of the drawing of the figures, to which, in the present instance, his landscape holds a secondary place.

Mr. Ridgway Knight's work is altogether in another category to that which we have hitherto reviewed. His picture entitled 'Un Deuil' represents the quiet of the village street disturbed by the presence of death, as evidenced by the small gathering of idlers which encircles a girl who, overcome with grief, sits on the threshold over which the enemy has passed. The painting, as becomes a pupil of Meissonier, is matter of fact enough to please the most severe Academician; but we need no catalogue to initiate us into the whole story of grief, desolation, and woe, for it is told in a most touching way in every detail of the picture.

The pictures of Mr. F. A. Bridgman, who obtained a third-class medal in 1877, and a second-class at the Great Exhibition of 1878, show continued advance; his 'Dame Roumaine' must be placed high in the list of portraits of the year.

Mr. Whistler always obtains for his pictures a graceful reception at the Salon. This year he exhibits a portrait of Mrs. Meux (entitled in the official catalogue 'M. Harry-Men'), which is altogether more satisfactory than the artist's 'Harmony in Flesh Colour and Pink' of the same lady now exhibiting at the Grosvenor Gallery. The French artists, who delight in experiments, are much interested in the rough canvas and the thin coating of paint which Mr. Whistler affects.

The school of French battle painters is not complete without the name of Mr. J. A. Walker, an Englishman whose birthplace was Calcutta. In his picture of 'Le Guide' his ability not only to harmoniously mass his soldiery and paint their accoutrements, but to infuse into each an individuality and character, is very marked.

The Medal of Honour for this year has been conferred, by almost universal acclamation, on M. Pierre Puvis de Chavannes for his 'Pro Patria Ludus.' The style of painting affected and persevered in by this artist has long been a puzzle to, nay, we might almost say, a subject for derisive ridicule by the majority. Only last year, after specially directing attention to the merits of his 'Pauvre Pêcheur,' we were fain to state that if it had been presented to any hanging committee in England it would, without a second consideration, have been marked with the fatal cross. But on the wave of admiration which is now passing over France for decorative ornamental work M. Puvis de Chavannes has been borne in triumph, and the representations of enervated humanity which he portrays with the faultiest of draughtsmanship are extolled to the skies for their epic simplicity, their profound sincerity, and their subordination, as a whole, to the requirements of decorative art.

Our illustrations are taken, one from a picture by G. Guay, of Cosette, that poor little maid of all work, whose life of toil Victor Hugo thus describes in "Les Misérables:"—"Cosette montait, descendait, lavait, brossait, frottait, balayait, courait, trimait, haletait, remuait des choses lourdes," etc. The artist has selected the touching incident where, there being no water within a mile of the house of her mistress, the child had to carry it thither in an enormous bucket. The 'Souvenir d'Alsace,' by E. F. Schutzenberger, represents one of those scenes of French peasant life, so fitting for the painter's brush, which may be witnessed by the score even in a few hours' ride by train, but which never attracted attention until Millet's poetic renderings of them suddenly came into vogue.

EVANGELINE.*



only fair to the printers of the present time to say that they rival their predecessors.

BOOKS are a great luxury, and fine editions have seldom been more in favour than at present, as testified by the enormous prices every day obtained for old, rare, and valuable specimens of the printer's art. It is an undisputed and indisputable fact, that the ancient masters of the craft reached a very high standard of perfection; but without in the least detracting from their merit, it is

We have a proof of the ability of modern printers in an *édition de luxe* of Longfellow's "Evangeline," recently published by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co. The editors have been fortunate in the choice of the artist to whom the arduous and delicate task of illustrating this work has been intrusted, and they have reason to congratulate themselves on the result, for every one of the twenty-three designs by Mr. Frank Dicksee, A.R.A., is in itself a perfect picture. It is pleasing to see how well the artist has understood and interpreted the poet's meaning, and with what skill and true artistic feeling he has given a visible yet poetic and graceful form to the various ideal personages of this tale of Acadie. Whilst strictly following the requirements of the poem, Mr. Dicksee has succeeded in giving to his designs, always subordinate to the story, a personal touch which enhances the effect of the whole series as a work of art—a by no means inconsiderable achievement.

Admirably conceived, the illustrations are among the happiest efforts of the artist, and are worthy of his high reputation. Of the twenty-three designs, fifteen have been reproduced by the process known as photogravure, the only objection to which is that, by affording hitherto unparalleled facilities for reproducing designs, it tends to take the place of those fine line engravings which are every day becoming

*"Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with twenty-three illustrations by Frank Dicksee, A.R.A. Cassell, Petter, Galpin and Co.

more scarce, and the art of which threatens soon to become a thing of the past. As it is, these photogravures do full justice

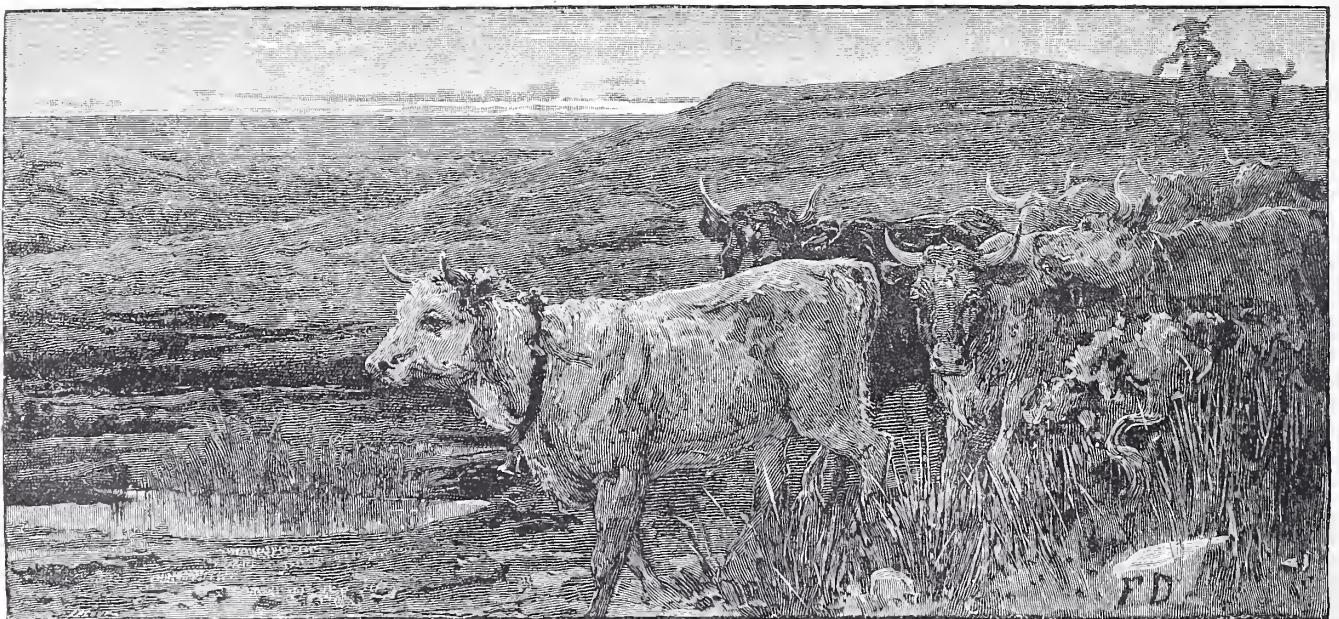
to Mr. Dicksee's drawings, which are reproduced with the usual accuracy in every detail, and a careful rendering of



"Mounted upon his horse with Spanish saddle and stirrups."

light and shade, not to be obtained by any other mechanical means. We believe that the commission for the work originated from the success which Mr. Dicksee's picture of 'Evangeline' met with at the Royal Academy in 1879, and of which a reproduction is given in the volume.

There has been much care bestowed on the typographic part of the publication, and the illustrations throughout have been satisfactorily rendered. We are kindly permitted by the publishers to use three of the wood engravings, which give a favourable idea of the general character of the work. The



"Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer."

volume being printed on good paper with large margin is altogether a desirable one, though no doubt the size is an

impediment to those who desire to enjoy at their ease either a perusal of the letterpress or a study of the illustrations.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—This special exhibition is of great interest, but mainly to the student of ethnography. The Art craftsman will not find very much that is suggestive to him among these vivid colours and rude forms of a barbaric age. The principal loans are from the King of Sweden, the Nordiska Museum at Stockholm, the Royal Museum at Copenhagen, Dr. Simonson, and Consul Heftye. It has been well said of this collection, that “beauty of pattern and technical dexterity in use of material are not the first considerations in the scheme of the exhibition, which aims rather to show how the wave of Semitic artistic influence, generated in the East, rippled onwards into the countries of northern warriors, whose glory is historically reflected from the achievements of Thor, Wodin, and the Vikings. Little as may be generally known of the social condition of the early wild barbaric hordes who peopled the Scandinavian districts, Scandinavian myths have long inspired poets, and something more ethnographical in value than mere imaginings, such as have been sketched in ‘Tales of a Wayside Inn,’ may be found in stories like Mr. Morris’s ‘Lovers of Gudrun’ and the ‘Fostering of Aslaug.’ This exhibition will be a sort of supplement of realities to these poems.” Interspersed among original specimens are many reproductions of Scandinavian Art objects, which the authorities of the South Kensington Museum have from time to time caused to be made, and which now, to some extent, supply missing links in this collection. And this plan has the advantage that it shows, from an educational point of view, the technical development of Scandinavian Art. The general collection is rich in wood carvings of a primitive type, and there is some excellent peasant jewellery. There is also a fairly representative collection of embroideries and of Swedish and Norwegian costumes. Apparently it has not been found possible to obtain a model of the Viking ships. Such a specimen of the skill—and it was very great—of the ancient northern ship-builders would have been of great interest. A handbook of the exhibition is being written by a distinguished Swedish expert.

THE COSTA COLLECTION.—By a small and appreciative circle the works of Professor Costa have for many years been reckoned as amongst the most cherished of their artistic treasures. But to the majority who assembled at The Fine Art Society’s private view, in answer to the invitation of the committee of gentlemen who had taken upon themselves to bring that artist’s productions more prominently into notice, his name even was unknown. It is true that Mr. Gladstone, with his marvellous memory, not only recognised Signor Costa, seen seventeen years ago in Rome, but recollected individual works which had passed before him on that occasion; but this was an exceptional case. The English public can hardly be blamed for this. A knowledge of Italian landscape painting of today is unattainable in this country, and hardly worth pursuit in that of its birth. It is principally because Professor Costa’s work is not in the manner of the contemporary school that it is noteworthy. His scenes are not laid on the sunny, dusty roads, with peasants in rollicking mood, on their way back from a festa, but on the solitary shore, or in the desolate worn-out Campagna. He avoids the turmoil of towns, and

prefers the uncultivated trackless waste to the fertile peopled country. Even when in England he takes a greater delight in delineating the sandy dunes, as in the ‘Bamborough Castle,’ than the more picturesque features of nature; and in the view of the Thames at Lee he dwells more lovingly on the flowery river bank than on the expanse of river and the passing ships, which one would have imagined would have been the greater attraction to a foreigner. Our greatest Art critic complained that Signor Costa saw Italy without the sun, and its people without their joyousness. It is true that he oftentimes appears to prefer his country when she is veiled in cloud or mist, or by the approach of night; but that this is not always a voluntary preference is evidenced by the sunlight with which the painter has instilled Miss Howard’s little picture of the Arno, or which permeates the more important work of ‘The Mountains of Carrara,’ an exquisite piece of delicate opalescent colour. The contributors to the exhibition include the President of the Royal Academy, the Earl of Wharnccliffe, Mr. George Howard, M.P., and the Rev. Stopford Brooke. The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian met Sir F. Leighton and Signor Costa at The Fine Art Society’s shortly after the opening of the exhibition, and one of the most important works will, at its close, pass to his Royal Highness.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL’S GALLERY.—The three paintings by De Neuville, now being exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell’s, in New Bond Street, are good examples of the first battle painter of the day. No one, in our opinion, has succeeded so well in reproducing the turmoil and fury of conflict, the rage and passion of men in mortal struggle, as De Neuville. Of ‘The Cemetery of St. Privat’ we need say but little, as it has been seen before. Two smaller pictures, ‘Saving the Queen’s Colours’ and ‘The Last Sleep of the Brave,’ by the same artist, record the story of how, in Zululand, Lieutenants Coghill and Melville saved the symbol of their country’s honour and loyalty, and died like heroes with the colours wrapped around them. The desperate fight with the fleetest and bravest of the Zulus—almost at the brink of the river beyond which lies safety—is magnificently painted. The horses are badly cut by spears, and almost beyond control; the Zulus, men of splendid physique, are surrounding the young officers, who, apparently as yet unwounded, are fighting with eager and desperate courage. In the other picture the gallant pair lie side by side on the opposite bank of the river. The officer in command of the search party has just found them, and stands bareheaded beside them. They have been well reproduced in oleography.

UNITED ARTS GALLERY.—The third exhibition of this proprietary body consists of about four hundred works, which are fairly representative of the present condition of the principal continental schools. No doubt it is a great advantage, not only to the collector, but also to the Art student, to have opportunities of comparing—in rooms well lighted and commodious—the various styles and mannerisms, the growth or decadence, of these Art centres. ‘La Petite Coquette’ and ‘Pauvre Fauvette,’ by Bastien-Lepage, are good and happy examples of his method, and have not hitherto been exhibited even in France. In ‘La Petite Coquette’ the expressiveness

of the face strikes one immediately, and both pictures are characterized by extraordinary breadth and power. Van Bochmann and Münthe send excellent works; the 'Winter Sunset' by the latter is admirably painted. M. Lobrichon has some clever and humorous sketches of child life, in which the drawing is excellent. They are treated decoratively, some having backgrounds of mat-gold. C. M. Boer's 'A False String,' a monk tuning his violin, is rich in colour, and has much force and expression. 'On the Riva,' by Ettore Tito, is bright and full of movement. 'Graziella,' by Harlamoff, has an elfin grace and vivacity. Scenes in the lives of the toilers of the sea are ably rendered by V. Gilbert and Émile Vernier, and there are many noteworthy pictures by Albert Amblet, Jimenez Aranda, Carl Gussow, F. Streitt, the Polish artist, Rico, Chierici, Snet, Barison, and others. The scheme of the promoters has so far been well and intelligently carried out. A distinctive feature in it is an illustrated catalogue.

YORK.—The exhibition of the Yorkshire Fine Art and Industrial Institution was opened on May 25th. It consists of ancient and modern pictures and water-colour drawings. The industrial department includes tapestries, embroideries, lacework, paintings on silk, ivory, glass, and porcelain. The exhibition will remain open to the end of September.

LEEDS.—On May 28th the sixth exhibition of the Leeds Fine Art Society was opened. The principal artists whose works are represented are Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A., E. Armitage, R.A., P. H. Calderon, R.A., B. Riviere, R.A., J. Tissot, H. Herkomer, A.R.A., E. J. Gregory, H. Woods, A.R.A., H. S. Marks,

R.A., Luke Fildes, A.R.A., G. D. Leslie, R.A., J. R. Reid, J. White, and a large number of local painters, some of whose works are of exceptional merit. There are upwards of one thousand exhibits, and the present exhibition is considerably superior to its predecessors. A number of paintings and drawings have been presented to the committee to be sold, the proceeds to be appropriated towards the reduction of the debt for which the committee are liable on account of former exhibitions, some of which had not paid expenses.

DERBY.—The seventh annual exhibition of Works of Art was open at St. James's Hall, Derby, during last month. Nearly five hundred works were shown, many by local artists. The large exhibition-room was divided into five bays, and a large amount of hanging space was thus secured, with a pleasing effect. We understand that Mr. R. Keene, the public-spirited projector of these exhibitions, has not hitherto received that amount of local patronage which should be his due, and which is necessary to the continuance of the exhibitions.

LEICESTER.—The Leicester Society of Artists opened their first annual exhibition at the end of May. There were one hundred and twenty-four pictures and drawings hung, the works of the local painters—many very excellent—being supplemented by important contributions from London. The society has only recently been established, and consists chiefly of local artists and amateurs, the object being to advance general Art culture in the town, and to provide a means for promoting social intercourse among those interested in Art.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR JULY:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Receiving Days*.—The Sheffield Society of Artists, 1st; the West of England Exhibition, Devonport, 31st.

Opening Day.—The Sheffield Society of Artists, 14th.

Closing Day.—The Grosvenor Gallery Summer Exhibition, 31st.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DIPLOMA GALLERY.—Three additions have recently been made to the Diploma Gallery of Academicians on their election. It is curious to see how the fortunate recipients of Academic favour pay the debt which is required of them. Mr. Tadema has deposited a fine example of his powers (his two hundred and thirty-ninth work), which would be readily saleable at five times the "one hundred guineas," the price at which the diploma work is supposed to be assessed. Mr. J. E. Hodgson's appears to be a cast-off from his studio, and will make persons in the hereafter wonder what possible claim he could have had to be elected. Mr. Armstead has deposited a panel sculptured in slight relief, with the subject of 'The Ever-Reigning Goddess.'

STOLEN PICTURES.—Lord Suffolk, writing to correct some errors which have been made with regard to a robbery of pictures in 1856 at Charlton Park, says, "The stolen canvases were hidden away, not under Blackfriars Bridge, but in London—one, the gem of the collection, behind a press in the War Office, where the thief, who had formerly been valet to

my father, held a situation as clerk. He said at the trial that whilst in service at Charlton he had heard much talk of the immense value of these pictures, and he expressed astonishment and regret at the want of appreciation displayed by the trade when such works of Art were submitted to them. The one he had sold (a small Leonardo) had realised only £8."

ART BEQUESTS.—By the will of Mr. Henry Charles Newton, late of Rathbone Place, who died on April 7 last, the testator bequeaths £1,500 to the Royal Academy of Arts of London upon trust, to pay the interest annually in one sum to some person of good repute, but in indigent circumstances, being the widow of a painter in oil or water colours, a native of Great Britain or Ireland, such widow to be resident in England, Wales, Scotland, or Ireland, to be selected by the President and four senior Members of the Council of the Academy.—A munificent bequest is also announced for the erection and endowment of a Museum and Free Library for Preston. By the will of the late Mr. Harris, Prothonotary of Lancashire, a sum of £60,000 is bequeathed for the erection of a building, £15,000 for providing a suitable site, and £15,000 for the purchase of objects of science and Art.

THE SALON.—The votes of the artists to decide the recipients of the Medals of Honour at the Salon were given on May 20th. The following are the results:—*Painting*.—M. Puvis de Chavannes obtained the medal by 215 votes. The other artists who received votes were M. Lefèvre 131,

M. Henner 48, M. Bonnat 21, M. Roll 16, M. Dagnan-Bouveret 13, M. Bouguereau 10, M. Lhermitte 8, M. Cot 7, M. Bastien-Lepage 5, M. Jules Breton 4, M. Manet 4, M. Cervex 4. *Sculpture*.—None of the candidates received the requisite majority of votes to obtain the medal. The highest numbers given were M. Lançon 43, M. Mercié 36, M. Idrac 34. *Engraving*.—M. Waltner obtained the medal by 55 votes upon 90 voters. The other medals were bestowed as follows:—*Painting*.—The jury unanimously decided not to award any first-class medals. Medals of the second class, M. Delort, M. Adan, M. Lapostollet, M. Quost, M. Brissot, M. Edelfelt, M. Huguct, M. Moutte, M. Moyses, M. Lobrichon, M. Demont, M. Soyer. Medals of the third class, M. Baudoin, M. Callot, M. Lagarde, M. Desbrosses, M. Delahaye, M. A. Girard, M. J. Béraud, M. P. Lcroy, Mdlc. Vegman, M. A. Édouard, M. Stott, M. Brielman. *Architecture*.—Medal of Honour, M. Paulin. First-class medals (none awarded). Second-class medals, M. Arnaud, M. Calinaud, M. Claude David, M. Defrasse, M. Déverin, M. Jaffeux, M. Julien. Nine medals of the third class were also awarded. *Engraving*.—First-class medals, M. Jacquet (line engraving), M. Boilvin (etching). Second-class medals, M. Leenhoff (line), M. Bellangé (lithograph), M. Rousseau (wood). Nine third-class medals were also awarded. *Sculpture, Medal Engraving, and Precious Stone Cutting*.—First-class medals, M. Hugues, M. Léon Longepied, M. Paris, M. Hector Lemaire. Second-class medals, M. Daillion, M. Croisy, M. Roulleau, M. François, M. Roty (engraving), M. Massoule, M. Escoula. Thirteen medals of the third class were also awarded.

THE SYDNEY MUSEUM has acquired from the Royal Academy exhibition Sir Frederick Leighton's picture of 'Wedded.' The gentlemen who are intrusted with the delicate task of purchasing works for that Government could not have made a more popular or judicious selection.

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY COLE, K.C.B.—The originator and administrator of the South Kensington Museum, Sir H. Cole, died on the 18th of April. He was born at Bath on July 15th, 1808. At fifteen he left Christ's Hospital, where he was educated, and commenced official work under Mr. Palgrave (afterwards Sir Francis Palgrave), of the Record Commission. In 1835 Henry Cole was called upon by the secretary of the Record Office to resign his official post. This he declined to do, and for two years, whilst engaged in exposing the incompetent administration of his department, he contributed to the *Athenæum*, the *London and Westminster Review*, and edited a newspaper called the *Guide*. During this time the attention of Parliament had been aroused, and a select committee inquired into the Record Office. In 1838 Cole was reinstated, and made an assistant keeper of the Public Records. In the same year he gained one of the four prizes offered by the Treasury for schemes to facilitate the adoption and working of the penny post. From 1839 to 1845 he compiled a number of handbooks to public buildings and collections, amongst them the Felix Summery's Guides to Hampton Court, Canterbury, the Temple Church, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, the National Gallery; wrote an elementary handbook upon Light, Shade, and Colour; edited a reproduction of Albert Dürer's "Small Passion;" produced a

second journal called the *Historical Register*; and supervised a new edition of Bishop Tanner's "Notitia Monastica." In 1846 he organized exhibitions of Art workmanship. His connection with the movement to influence the taste of the country in this direction brought him into the notice of those who were struggling to give life to the schools of design, and Henry Cole wrote three exhaustive reports upon these schools, their administration, and the work they might endeavour to accomplish. In 1848 Cole's labours brought him into contact with H.R.H. the Prince Consort, and the result was the Great Exhibition of all Nations held in Hyde Park in 1851. Of this enterprise Cole was certainly one of the few ruling spirits. In 1852 his services were recognised by his being made a C.B. In this year, as general superintendent, he commenced his organization of the Government Department of Practical Art, with a Museum of Ornamental Art; and in 1853 this became the Department of Science and Art. In 1855 Cole was appointed Secretary and Chief Commissioner for the British section of the Paris Exhibition of 1855; and in 1862 he was a principal adviser to the Commissioners for the International Exhibition of 1862. In 1867 he was appointed Secretary of the Royal Commission for the International Exhibition in Paris. Six years later, having completed fifty years of public service, he retired upon a full pension to seek the rest his health required. The Queen conferred the Knight Commandership of the Bath upon Mr. Cole in 1875.

MR. CECIL LAWSON.—Early death falling upon one whose powers had been the subject of some discussion and dispute, has turned all criticism of the works of Cecil Lawson into praise, and has hastened a verdict which otherwise would have followed upon longer and better ponderated evidence. The young artist who has just died has left behind a noble promise half fulfilled. Time alone would have shown explicitly that which was implicit in its beginnings.

The short career of the late landscape painter had its well-defined stages. Neglect marked the first few years of public work—a deeper obscurity than is wholesome for that time of probation, which is most profitably spent in the light of criticism, but not in a too great conspicuousness. The Academy hung his pictures so high that they could not be said to be exhibited at all. This hard treatment culminated in 1876, when 'The Hop Gardens of England,' a landscape on which its painter had placed many hopes, was "skied." In his second period Cecil Lawson won almost too sudden a compensation for his time of trial. The recognition which had been denied him by an Academic jury was accorded by the fiat of one autocratic judge. Sir Coutts Lindsay granted a place of honour to his 'Hop Gardens'—engraved in this Journal in January, 1880—to the great 'Pastoral,' the 'Minister's Garden,' the 'Voice of the Cuckoo,' and other large canvases, as well as to all the smaller works of the same hand in the several seasons of the Grosvenor Gallery's exhibitions. And the response of the public, of the critics, and of the picture buyers to this call to admire a new painter was speedy and hearty. The 'Minister's Garden' was bought for £1,200 at the private view. The second year of the Grosvenor made Cecil Lawson famous. Thereafter he worked with renewed delight and impetus, but with a gradual calming down from the excitement of so great a success. His marriage in 1879 was followed by his choice of a country home; he went to live at Haslemere, under the

Blackdown. It is a good sign—a very good sign in the case of a young man flattered and lionised by excitable London—when an artist proves that he loves nature well enough to live with her; that he is not content with making her serve his purpose, but takes pleasure in the growing and the passing away of the effect which has made his picture—in the green corn and in the harvest, though he may have painted only the standing wheat.

The revival of what we may call heroic landscape was apparently Cecil Lawson's chief aim in Art. Some of his slighter work belonged to that new school which treats nature in the way of anecdote, taking the same pleasure in her characteristics and accidents as a realistic portrait painter takes in those of a face, but his larger labours were essentially heroic—historic, not anecdotal. Perhaps his happiest pictures stood between the two extremes. 'Barden Moors,' for instance, in last year's Academy, should be remembered as one of the loveliest landscapes seen there for many years. 'Blackdown,' in the present Academy, repeats the 'Barden Moors' effect of fleeting and shining clouds, and is a little work full of grandeur.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY SIMMONS.—This eminent engraver died last month at the age of seventy-one. He received his Art education in London, where he resided the greater part of his life. Up to the last Mr. Simmons was actively engaged in his profession, and at the time of his death had several important plates in progress; among these are 'The

Lion at Home,' 'The Pride of Life,' and 'The Old Charger,' after Rosa Bonheur; 'Lux in Tenebris,' after Sir Noel Paton; 'Charity at Home,' after Heywood Hardy; and 'The Nearest Way Home,' after H. Le Jeune. Mr. Simmons will also be remembered as the engraver of Millais's 'Rosalind' and 'Proscribed Royalist,' Landseer's 'Sick Monkey,' and others; Holman Hunt's 'Light of the World;' Sir Noel Paton's 'Mors Janua Vitæ' and 'Hesperus;' Frith's 'Marriage of the Prince of Wales;' and others after Erskine Nicol, J. C. Hook, T. Faed, and P. R. Morris.

MR. ALLEN EDWARD EVERITT.—This well-known Birmingham artist died on June 11th, after a brief illness, at the age of fifty-eight. He was the honorary secretary of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists, and the present exhibition of that body was organized by him. We have had occasion at different times to mention his works, which were chiefly in water colour. Highly esteemed among the artists and amateurs of Birmingham, he was not long ago presented with a handsome cabinet, in friendly recognition of his services to his profession.

MR. WALTER ULLMANN.—We regret to learn that, since our article on the Salon was written, which appears this month, this promising young artist has died after a few days' illness. Born in London, he passed his short artistic career almost entirely in Paris, in the studios of Messrs. Lefebvre and Boulanger.

REVIEWS.

"THE FUNERAL TENT OF AN EGYPTIAN QUEEN." By Villiers Stuart, M.P. (London: John Murray).—The recent wonderful discoveries at Deir el Bahari of the series of mummied kings, queens, princes, and princesses have been considered, and rightly so, by Mr. Stuart an event of sufficient importance to warrant his adding to his "Nile Gleanings" another work of a kindred character. The volume under notice has for its main object the placing before the public an interesting addition to our knowledge of Egyptian Art, in a description of Queen Isi em Kheb's funeral tent or canopy. This ancient piece of tapestry covered the royal corpse when it was placed on the barge which conveyed it from her palace, on the eastern side of the Nile, to the royal mausoleum on the farther shore. The fabric, which covers a space of over two hundred square feet, still retains all its brilliant colouring, although it was last used about sixteen years before the death of Solomon. When we consider, as the author reminds us, that the Greek, the Roman, the Macedonian, the Assyrian, and the Persian Empires have come and gone since the busy fingers of Egyptian damsels stitched together the multitudinous morsels of which it is composed, and that after nine-and-twenty centuries it has been taken from the silent vault amidst the wild gorges of the Libyan Hills as fresh as when it was first exposed, we cannot wonder at the vast interest it has awakened. By means of chromo-lithography the pall is presented to us in colours, and on a considerable scale. Mr. Stuart, too, has been at much trouble to decipher and give a meaning to all the hieroglyphics which adorn it. It seems a pity,

therefore, that whilst the subject has been so carefully, capitally, and interestingly illustrated, more pains have not been taken in the compilation of the letterpress, which shows evidence of much haste and carelessness, as constant repetitions, references (as on page 22) to illustrations which do not exist, and faulty binding, irritate one in the perusal of what is otherwise a most fascinating book.

NEW ENGRAVING.

'THE TORCH DANCE,' by Aug. Blanchard, after L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. (London: L. H. Lefebvre).—We believe we are correct in saying that there is no artist in England who obtains so high a price for his works, in proportion to their size, as Mr. Alma-Tadema; there certainly is no engraver in Europe who can command the sum which Mr. Blanchard does for his works in line; and in both instances the price is a proper criterion of their deserts. This being so, a publisher who so continually brings the two artists into connection with each other is rendering a real service to Art. In 'The Torch Dance' we notice how thoroughly *au fait* Mr. Blanchard has now become in the rendering of Mr. Tadema's work. There is a suppleness and juiciness in this last translation which is seldom to be found in this method of engraving, and which is decidedly absent from many of Mr. Blanchard's earlier reproductions of Mr. Tadema. The engraving is one which can with confidence be recommended as a good specimen of the state of the Arts in 1882.



FROM A DRAWING BY ANDEA MARTIGNA, IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM

CALCUTTA

WILLIAM & MARY

DRAWINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS.*

ANDREA MANTEGNA. (No. 3.) 1431—1506.

UNDOUBTEDLY at no period, saving that during which the painter worked, has Andrea Mantegna had so large a number of admirers as at the present day—a fact which, if it does not prove that we live in an artistic age, at least shows there

is a public capable of taking an interest in Art not merely popular and trivial. For of all the masters of style Mantegna is the severest, as in matters of scholarship and research he is certainly the most uncompromising. Hence Zanetti, after characterizing his works, remarks, "Elles sont plus propres à être appréciées de préférence par les véritables connaisseurs, plutôt que goûtées par les simples amateurs." It must not be imagined, however, that Mantegna's art is merely scholastic. In the conception of a tragic subject and in intensity of expression he is second to none; at the same time, taking the opposite end of the scale of emotion, nothing can be more tender than his delineation of maternal love or the wayward playfulness of infancy; and in this singular

combination consists the peculiar fascination of his work. The conditions were these: a nature of extraordinary imaginative power, with a faculty of great dramatic expression,

endowed with a profound feeling for colour, yet resolutely realistic in the presentation of form, seeking to set forth its conceptions in the garb of a remote past; and not only using the classic costume, but striving to attain the classic spirit.

It is scarcely necessary to say, the task Mantegna set himself was impossible of accomplishment. Yet the outcome of his attempt was so strange and attractive, we are stirred by scenes of such tragic grandeur, or soothed by glimpses of such calm beauty, that none of the great masters holds his admirers in surer or more steadfast allegiance. If criticism is compelled to affirm that a classical or any other revival is in the nature of things destitute of inherent vitality, at least of Mantegna it must be said that of all artists starting from the point of view of a past Art, he has achieved the highest success.

Looked at in another light, there need be no qualification in the verdict passed on Mantegna's art. Taken as the exponent of the aims and sentiments of his times,

it was without flaw. In his art, as in a mirror, we see reflected the passion for classical studies, the love of arts and letters, the delight in arms, stately processions, and quaintly devised allegories, for which Padua, Verona, and Mantua were



The Death of Orpheus. From a Design by Andrea Mantegna.

* Continued from page 156.

celebrated. And also we see the fervent religious aspiration, the spirit that scorned the shows of the world, that welcomed privation and stripes and martyrdom; in short, of that mediæval Christianity which was not yet dead in the mountains and rural districts of Italy. Mantegna, it will be remembered, was the son of a herdsman, and the quivering Sebastian pierced by arrows, of the Belvedere Gallery, or the St. James beaten to death, of the Eremitani, may have been incidents he himself had witnessed in the wars that now and again swept over the fields of North Italy.

It is precisely this representative character which so strongly marks the works of Mantegna, and is the main reason of the increasing interest he excites; for his technical skill can naturally only be duly appreciated by those practising his calling.

Thanks to the genius and research of several writers of exceptional power, our knowledge of Italy of the Renaissance is singularly clear and distinct; and in no direction has research been more amply rewarded than in that of artistic biography. Starting from the first free and facile sketch of Vasari, we are enabled here to correct an outline, there fill in an empty space, in some cases even freely using the sponge to entirely remodel the design. As regards Mantegna the work required is mostly that of filling in, although in one or two instances there are in Vasari very serious errors of fact, as in the date of his death and his condition at the end of his life. Instead

of living on in the "beautiful house he had built and adorned," he was obliged to sell it and live in lodgings. And in place of "being honourably maintained by princes to the end of his days," the said princes haggled with him about the price of his antique marbles, which shortly before his death he was compelled to part with to furnish the wherewithal for necessaries. It was very characteristic of the artist that the last objects he retained were his cherished antiques; and when he gave up his Faustina his heart broke, and he died. However, though there can be no excuse for the neglect of Mantegna by the Marquis Francesco, it is probable the fortunes of the house of Gonzaga were not at this time very prosperous; the treasury of an Italian Condottiere, like those

of adventurous gentlemen of all times, was occasionally at a rather low ebb. Certainly Francesco's father Federico, and his grandfather Lodovico, who first induced Mantegna to settle at Mantua, treated him with liberality and consideration, though we now, at this distance of time, see that the more munificent donor was the peasant's son; and also that if he had not been enticed to Mantua he would have been happier, both in his life and works. Even from the point of view of their art, his brothers-in-law, Giovanni and Gentile Bellini, found freer scope for their abilities by settling in manufacturing, shop-keeping Venice, than he in courtly Mantua. Andrea entered the service of the Gonzagas in the

year 1460. He had then produced at Padua the great series of the Eremitani frescoes, which, as has been justly observed, was to North Italian painting what the Brancacci Chapel was to that of Florence. He had also painted in tempera the St. Zeno Madonna of Verona, the Crucifixion of the Louvre being a portion of its predella. Representative of his Mantuan work may be cited the frescoes in the Castello, and the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' now at Hampton Court; and for easel painting, the 'Madonna of Victory' of the Louvre. The whole of these are veritable masterpieces. The transition from the earlier to the later is nowise strained. The sequence is perfectly easy and natural. The production of the later may be said to involve the qualities displayed in the earlier works.



A Sacrifice. From a Drawing by Andrea Mantegna.

There is no deterioration of power, although it is true the realisation in the Victory is not carried so far as in the St. Zeno Madonna. Yet, while admitting all the splendid power of invention and composition, and the learning and research in the Julius Cæsar series, it is impossible to resist the feeling that something which was in the art of Mantegna's earlier period is not in the later, and that the potentialities of the former might have more deeply influenced posterity than the realisation of the latter. Few artists of Andrea's gifts have been more fortunate in the influences which shaped their earlier career. He was born at a time when artistic production received an extraordinary impetus. If of the Squarcione system of instruction we perhaps hardly

know sufficient to speak with certainty, at least it was calculated to cultivate qualities of accuracy and precision. There can be no doubt of the influence exercised on Mantegna when he was learning his calling by the works of Donatello, Paolo Uccelli, Lippi, and Jacopo Bellini. These were his real masters. Especially was he impressed by the daring design and dramatic force of Donatello, as is evident if we examine the bronzes of that master in the Santo at Padua.

Mantegna's taste for classic Art must have been fostered by contact with the scholars and professors attracted to Padua by its famous University. Felice Feliciano, who dedicated his "Epigrammata" to Mantegna, describes how in company they visited the classic remains in and around Verona and Padua. In his friendly enthusiasm he calls Andrea "principe, unico lume e cometa dei pittori." The poet Battista Spagnuolo, while ranking him with Parrhasius and Apelles, exclaims,



Judith. From a Drawing by Andrea Mantegna.

"Tu decus Italiae nostrae, tu gloria saeculi." Matteo Bosso, addressing him in one of his letters, says, "Qui primam gloriam nostro aevo est assecutus." And it must be remembered that such laudation from scholars meant much more in those days than the same would in ours; therefore it will be seen how strong was the incitement to Mantegna to impart a classic element into his art. Drawing his inspiration from

this high source, he produced a series of works in fresco, tempera, and pure water colour, or by means of the burin and the pen, which for lofty imagination and clear conception certainly place him in the same rank with the artists of the classic age. He did not absolutely assimilate the form, but what he fashioned had the genuine ring of antiquity—it had the antique grandeur and directness of design pre-

eminently characterizing the art on the practice of which he had moulded his own style.

Mantegna, possessing in such a high degree the faculty of design, his drawings are naturally both numerous and of exceptional interest. They were so much sought after during his lifetime that he executed many as the final completion of a design, and not as studies for pictures. It was in response to this demand for his designs that he mastered the art of engraving. For his drawings are the reverse of sketches, each having rather the elaboration of a highly finished water-colour drawing. Such is the Judith here given. This drawing, now in the Uffizi, was formerly in the possession of Vasari, and is thus referred to in his life of Mantegna: "Among the drawings in my book is one in chiaro-scuro, on a half sheet (royal folio), by the hand of Mantegna: the subject, a Judith placing the head of Holofernes in a wallet held by a black slave. The manner of the chiaro-scuro there adopted is no longer used, the artist having left the white paper to serve for the lights; and this is done with so much delicacy that the separate hairs and other minutiae are as clearly distinguishable as they would have been if ever so carefully executed with the pencil, insomuch that one might, in a certain sense, rather call this a painting than a drawing." It is interesting to note that in leaving the paper for light Mantegna anticipated the special practice of modern English water colour. 'A Sacrifice,' on page 226, is from a drawing in the Verona Gallery. It is a design conceived in the genuine classic spirit, and has all the spontaneity of an antique bas-relief. 'The Death of Orpheus,' on page 225, is a fac-simile of one of the designs in a book of drawings attributed to Mantegna. It must, however, be observed that such attribution does not receive general acceptance from students of Mantegna. Still the drawings are so masterly, and so well represent one phase of Andrea's art, that there is every probability the book was produced in his studio.*

The full-page illustration is from a drawing in the collection of the British Museum, and is entitled 'Calumny.' The subject is taken from a description by Lucian of a picture painted by Apelles. It was probably first suggested to the fifteenth-century painters by Leon Battista Alberti. He calls atten-

tion to it in his "Libro della Pittura," in a passage which may be thus briefly rendered:—"In this picture the unwise judge was represented with long ears; on either side of him stood Ignorance and Suspicion. Calumny, represented by a woman of seducing aspect, held a lighted torch in one hand, and with the other dragged forward Innocence. She is accompanied by Envy, Perfidy, Fraud, and Error. Last of all stood Repentance, turning to look at Truth triumphantly advancing." Vasari relates that Leon Battista was invited to Mantua by the Marchese Lodovico, and that he designed the church of St. Andrea in that city; hence it is highly probable the two artists may have met at the court of the Gonzagas.

To people living under a despotism the subject would be specially interesting, therefore we find it often serving for themes for the artists of Mantegna's times. Besides his own, there is a fine drawing of the same motive by Raphael in the collection of the Louvre. Botticelli has painted it in tempera in the panel of the Uffizi; Dr. Thausing gives an engraving of Albert Dürer's version in his life of the painter; others also by less distinguished artists might be quoted. We have not space to refer to Mantegna's engravings; they are now necessarily very scarce, but it may be useful to mention that faithful reproductions have lately been issued by M. Amand-Durand. For the above-mentioned reason we can only indicate the pictures of Mantegna to be found in England. Neither of the works in the National Gallery can be said to represent him at his best, and the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar' at Hampton Court is a wreck, of which only the composition remains.* The recently discovered 'Adoration of the Shepherds,' exhibited this year at Burlington House, deserves all the enthusiasm it evoked. The 'Pietà,' which was in the same exhibition last year, though in matter of execution fairly open to doubt, yet had qualities of imagination which could only be assigned to Mantegna. Lord Ashburnham's 'Agony in the Garden' is a forcible example of his earlier period. Lord Elcho possesses a Madonna and Child which, if not by Mantegna, in all probability came from his studio, and the Hamilton panels will be fresh in the memory of our readers.

HENRY WALLIS.

THE PICTURE GALLERY OF HENRY VIII.

KING HARRY, the bluff and "merrie" monarch—King Henry VIII., the savage, licentious, ruffianly king of the latter half of a reign of nearly forty years' duration, are separated one from the other by a chasm, the edges of which are but very indistinctly defined. The shades of the transition from a life, if not of piety such as that which marked the earlier years of a Solomon, at least of manliness, diligence, frankness, and light-hearted gaiety, to an existence in which there was scarcely any struggle to resist the claims of passion, are marked by lines too subtle for analysis. It is only by keeping our eyes fixed on the broad result that we are enabled

to discern how much has been the extent of the change, and how fatal its character.

Were it permitted us to trace, even if but faintly, in the history of his patronage of Art, and in the character of that Art itself, a reflection of the change that thus gradually overspread the horizon of the monarch's life, how interesting would such an investigation prove! But we fear that this is scarcely within the limits of the possible. We are thrown back on an age remote, and, to some extent, obscure. While the sense of the nation is still lying uneducated to any general

* We are indebted to Mr. J. Comyns Carr for permission to copy this drawing; it is one of the illustrations in an admirable catalogue of the winter exhibition of the Grosvenor Gallery (1877-78). One cannot help observing how much the study of Art would have been facilitated if all similar exhibitions had been accompanied by catalogues of equal value.

* The present writer, in co-operation with Mr. J. Dixon, of the Temple, superintended the reproduction of the 'Triumph' series in permanent photography. The edition is exhausted. Within the past few weeks M. Braun has again photographed them, and they will shortly be published. After all, the most valuable reproduction, excluding, of course, Mantegna's own engravings, is the series of chiaro-oscuro woodcuts by Andrea Andreani, but it is now scarce.

interest in Art, there are none to record those details without a knowledge of which we can but construct baseless theories. Yet in the present instance we may at least find some cause for congratulation in the reflection that the royal collection, as it grew into being, found room for works commemorative of events that marked the earlier history of the time, and for others that bore tacit witness to the changes that had occurred in the state of feeling on ecclesiastical matters before the reign had closed.

But for more than that we must not look. It is not as if the King himself had been an artist; at most he would not have gone beyond originating a scheme or suggesting a subject. And so far as the effect of the current of events during his reign would have been calculated to make itself felt in the handiworks of those employed about him, we have to remember that in his time England still relied mainly on the foreigner, whose sympathies would be but faintly stirred by matters that were of all-absorbing interest to those amongst whom he was sojourning. How much English architecture had owed to foreign talent long before this is everywhere admitted. Had the cognate art of painting developed itself and culminated at an equally early period, still the precise nature of our debt would have remained much more difficult to ascertain, owing to the far more perishable nature of its productions. The intercommunication between the monastic establishments of England and the continent had lain at the root of this importation of skilled artificers. We do not now allude to the decoration (a work more proper to the monastery) of missals, breviaries, and chronicles, but in connection with the rising art of painting there will at once occur to the mind the thought of the numerous frescoes, the traces of which may still be found in our cathedrals and parish churches. If we go back to the reign of Henry III. we shall find it comparatively rich in links of connection with such examples of early art. We shall find old documents presenting us with hints of a painter royal, a Florentine who had, as it would seem, anticipated the fancy for seeking a home and employment in other lands, which manifested itself so frequently in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and who might have been seen at work for the King on the decorations of a hall at Guildford. The same period will tell us of the decoration of the room beneath the chapel at Clarendon with the history of Antioch; of a crucifix with St. Mary and St. John, painted near the royal seat in St. Stephen's Chapel; and of a chamber at Westminster ornamented with a border, "well-painted with the images of Our Lord and angels with incense pots." These references indicate something of the growth of a feeling for culture amongst us: always presumably under the guidance or initiatory suggestion of a foreign element. The years roll on, and we see reared beneath the lofty arches of Canterbury Cathedral the tomb of the Black Prince, its canopy painted with the representation of the Holy Trinity. Here, again, we are forced to the conclusion that if we are looking upon the drafting of a foreign hand, it cannot be the only one that is finding similar employment on our shores. It is a greater step to advance to the reign immediately preceding that of Henry VIII., and see such a master as Jean Mabuse at work upon panels that he fills with glowing colours and majestic figures, in whose countenances the nobility of sweetness is scarcely yet permitted to soften the severity of the austere. As we come into immediate contact with the earlier half of the sixteenth century, we find no lack of foreign names amongst those who have taken service in the English

monarch's court. Notably is this the case amongst musicians: of painters we hear of a Penni, a Horcbout, a Toto, a Cornelys, and a Jerome di Trevisi. What they possessed of individual talent, it is true, we must for the most part leave as undetermined and indeterminable problems. The attribution to any one of them of any still existing work must be most uncertain; but it is not so with the great painter of Augsburg, the father of portrait painting in England, if not in Europe, Hans Holbein. The story of his life and of his numerous works must be left to tell itself in detail elsewhere, but any sketch of the period of the reign of Henry VIII. as an Art period must remain admittedly incomplete, in the foreground of which ample space is not left for the figure of so extraordinary a genius.

It is no part of our present purpose to dwell with any minuteness on the historical events of King Henry's reign. Even with the great Cardinal himself we have but little to do unless we regard as a certainty the statement that it was through his agency at Rome that the King endeavoured to treat with Raphael, and to persuade him to seek our shores. We pass on to a period when Wolsey has fallen from his lofty eminence; when Holbein has paid his first visit to this country, has left it, and has again returned amongst us to start afresh under perhaps less advantageous circumstances than when he first wended his way hither to find shelter under the roof of Sir Thomas More. The ancient palace at Westminster having, since the great conflagration there some years ago, been no longer tenable, the old royal residence at Greenwich has been recently exchanged for the more convenient site presently to be known indifferently either as Whitehall or Westminster, but now known as York Place, and here we find Henry installed as the "Supreme Head of the Church." Proud of the new palace which he has enlarged and embellished, he is yet, after the manner of Eastern sultans, busy in the construction of others, the one at St. James's, the other at Hampton Court.

Benedict di Bartolomeo da Rovizzano, a Florentine sculptor, is receiving from Cromwell, on the King's account, remuneration in the shape of "Twenty Marks in Crowns of the Sun." Anthony Tote, an Italian painter, known also as Toto del' Nunciata, and whose name has not been deemed unworthy of a place in the pages of Lanzi, has also just received his "contract" price for paintings executed for the "Kynges Lybarye" and the "Kynges Closet." He wears his livery coat, though he has not yet been naturalised. His smaller works in the former chamber, from which we might have learnt "howe Adam dylfied in the grownde," and how he was "droven owght of paradyce," have been produced at the moderate charge of twenty-eight shillings and sixpence each; but five pounds apiece has been a more adequate remuneration for the four larger paintings made for the decoration of the closet. However, it is not mainly for these incidental notices of two artists in the pay of royalty that we have here momentarily arrested our steps; it is because we catch at last a glimpse of the royal collection as it is transferred from one palace to the other. Just at the close of the year prior to the one on which we have entered, there were duly "moved up from Grenewich, Two Bote loads of Pictures." It is only a momentary glance that we get, for they are again immured within palace walls.

Nor are we to have the pleasure, in the case of this monarch, of seeing him from time to time watching the production of some particular work of Art, or of accompanying him as he

orders it placed in gallery, withdrawing-room, or study. It is only when the long reign has come to a close that we are permitted to look upon the treasures that have been gradually accumulating within the royal residences. In this way we can visit the sumptuous mansion at Hampton Court, and renew our acquaintance with the palace at Whitehall.

Alas that we must view them without an interpreter! There is no royal keeper here, well stored with the tale of the origin and history of each of the valued possessions under his charge, to answer our questions and to give life to the silent canvases. It is true we have a list in our hand, but it is one that has been drawn up with no more consideration than was needful to insure correctness in the numbers, and to give certainty to the identifications. The specimens on the walls have been treated, in fact, exactly like so much "furniture." Certain works we should not, it is true, fail to recognise without our catalogue, for there are here many portraits, notably those of the deceased king himself—

"Whom not to know argues ourselves unknown;"

and, with these, others of contemporary crowned heads and personages of high degree. About the identification of many of these we could scarcely err, having regard to the style and nationality of the attire; and, again, on several the custom which led Holbein to write within the body of the work (for instance, in his *Christina, Princess of Sweden*) the title of the personage he had been painting, has been duly observed. But when scriptural scenes on circular or oblong panel, on diptych or on triptych, succeed one another in bewildering numbers, we do indeed feel our weakness. Patenier or Memling, Van der Weyden or Van Eyck, the Master of Cologne or Albert Dürer himself—which of all these was the author of this "Table with twoe folding leaves," the central panel of which shows us the 'Offerings of the Three Kings,' while the wings are decorated with a 'Virgin and Child' and a 'Nativity?' Which the author of 'The hangeman holdinge Sainte John's headde in his hande and a woman holdinge a dishe to recyve it?' To whose careful hand are we indebted for the harmonious colouring and transparent delicacy that mark this diptych of 'Our ladye holdinge our Lorde in her armes with cherries in her hande?' In vain shall we now look for an answer except in those special cases where the treasures have survived the accidents of time, till they have come to be classified and arranged anew under the fostering hand of Charles I.

But notwithstanding this great drawback we may inspect the collection with a closer scrutiny. 'A Table with a picture' denotes a painting on panel, whilst such a work on canvas is designated as 'A Stained Cloth;' clothe, tike (or tick), being the representative of our present canvas. Thus 'A Table with the picture of Sainte Mychaell and Sainte George beinge in harnes holdinge a streamer;' 'A Stayned Clothe of Phœbus ridinge in his carte in the Ayre, with thistorye of hym;' 'Thistorye of Judithe strikinge of Olifernus headde, paynted upon tike;' and 'A greate Table with the picture of the Duchyes of Myllayne, beinge her whole stature.' This last work is, in all reasonable probability, one that still remains to us, and, thanks to the kindness of the Duke of Norfolk, is for a time accessible in the National Gallery. It is from the brush of Holbein, and represents the widow duchess who was within so little of coming to share King Henry's throne.

As we look round, two things strike us at once: first, the

distinct predominance of religious subjects; and next, the frequent intermixture with these paintings—many of which, were they preserved to us now, would rank among the choicest productions of early Art—of pieces of framed embroidery. The occurrence of the latter in such a connection deserves particular attention, because it is a factor of considerable value in enabling us to form a correct estimate of the point to which feeling for Art had attained, or perhaps we should rather say of the limits within which it was confined. King Henry seems to have been a lover of colour, an ardent votary of the gorgeous and the magnificent. We cannot think he had any deep appreciation of the more subtle and profound qualities that raise the painter's art to heaven. He may not, perhaps, have been utterly insensible to the claims of beauty of form and elegance of design, but his perception of qualities of that nature was subordinate to the feeling that revels in pageantry. Brilliancy of colouring in his own apparel and in that of his suite, the blaze of golden ornaments and the gleam of flashing jewels, seem to have had a strange charm for him. The "hattes," the coats, the sleeves of the royal dresses are stiff with cloth of gold or pearl-embroidered, and of the most dazzling hues; and, so far as colour is concerned, the same may be said of half the articles that lie about the chambers, or form their needful furniture. The "masques," the "tourneys" and "jousts," all appeal to the same one sense, as does also that greater example of magnificent pomp which, displayed upon the Field of Guisnes, has left a legacy in the honour, or reproach, of which two nations possess an equal share. And thus we think that there is more than probability that Henry's encouragement of painters and of painting, such as it was, had its origin in a desire, if not to eclipse, at least not to be outshone by, his stately neighbour who, at the court of France, was extending a welcome to a Primaticcio, a Cellini, and a Leonardo. An appeal to the pleasure that Henry is reported to have taken in the acquisition of portraits does not materially affect the question. They are Art specimens of a kind that has a charm even for the least educated.

Among the likenesses that hang upon the walls, many of which probably, some of which certainly, came from the hand of Holbein, we may here see those of the Archduke of Austria, the Queen of Denmark, the Duke of Saxony, Ferdinand of Spain, the Emperor Charles V., the King of France, the Regent of Flanders, the Duke of Burgundy, and, coming nearer home, without mention of the many royal English portraits, that of "Jacobbe Kynge of Skottes."

The sacred subjects are chiefly taken, as we see at once, from the New Testament. Among them the Madonna and Child is by far the most frequent. The Magdalene, too, is often represented; and we have also the parables of the Prodigal Son and the Unmerciful Servant. The embroidered pieces are naturally almost invariably religious in their motive. Outside the scheme of religious pictures, if we except the sieges of towns, neither here nor in all the ranges of palaces and residences shall we find anything but a scanty sprinkling—some six or eight in all—of works of an historical nature composed of a variety of figures. The two paintings of the taking of Pavia,* and the representation of the 'Siege and Wynnynge of Bolloingne,' are of particular interest, as to them an approximate date can be assigned. An English artist, John Crust, was paid for the latter work in 1515. In 'A Table of the naked Truth, with the works of y^e Bishoppe of

* Walpole pronounced the one at Wilton to be Albert Dürer's work.

Roome sette forthe in it,' and in 'A Table with the picture of Kynge Henrye theight standinge upon a Myter with three crownes havinge a sarpent with seven headdes commynge out of it, and havinge a Sworde in his hande wherein is written "Verbum Dei,"' we have a striking testimony to the revolution in feeling on ecclesiastical matters that the later years of the long reign have witnessed.

But we must not dwell longer over tables, embroideries, and stayned clothes, or over the plattes and mappes that are also hanging here. We must leave unexamined the enamels and carvings in alabaster. So must we the ivory diptych of the Nativity and the Entombment, "all of sondrye wooddes loyned togither," the "wallnuttree" panel of King Midas and Misery, "raised with liquide golde and silver," the sacred scenes wrought in mother-of-pearl in "roundells" and in "squares," and the drawings on parchment of various "Manor Places." Only, as we turn away, we must spare one moment for a glance at the large Holbein wall paintings in the Privy Chamber, and see if we can trace in the lineaments of his royal parents and grand-parents features of resemblance to the Prince who, at such a tender age, has become lord of the broad realms, and owner of the richly furnished palaces.

Had we leisure to wander through "Studye," through "Chaier Room," and through "Jewell Houses," we should find much that would be interesting, and not a little that would be artistic: golden crosses, reliquaries, and tabernacles, coffers of metal and velvet, with the royal initials worked all over them; "Comb cases" of all sorts of fancy forms; and quaint receptacles for even such unmentionable articles as "Tothe Pykes." But still such further "purview" would be

at best but a by-way for reverting to a point already reached. We might examine all that still remains unseen, and yet not abate one jot of our conclusion that possession has not implied any real and genuine sympathy with the feelings of the craftsman, or any high appreciation of the art that has inspired his dexterous labours.

It is sufficiently remarkable that the two periods to which our eyes are directed, as to those at which Fine Art began to find protection and encouragement at the hands of the occupant of the throne of England, should be synchronous with the two strongly marked historical eras that form such important landmarks in our civil and religious liberty. But it would be idle to endeavour to prove the existence of any closer connection than that of mere coincidence. Charles I. may indeed have expended on his favourite pastime sums larger than were justifiable out of a failing treasury; but Henry VIII., owing to the parsimonious care of his father, had from the first been the possessor of large wealth, and the lavish profusion of his manner of life can scarcely be said to have at all recoiled upon the nation. In that direction there is nothing in the nature of cause and effect common to the two cases. What we do see in both instances is that as neither contact with examples of high Art, nor association with one or more of its most highly gifted masters, nor even (in the case of the Stuart) the natural gift of a fine taste and its subsequent cultivation, availed to raise them out of and beyond themselves, so neither can they avail to dissociate the name of either the one or the other from the memory of the grave faults of character which dimmed the lustre of the prime, and cast so deep a shade over the close, of their respective careers.

EDWIN STOWE.

M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

AMONG contemporary painters who have inherited the reverence which the illustrious Eugène Delacroix, Marilhat, Fromentin, and Henri Regnault entertained for glowing Eastern sunlight we must include M. Benjamin Constant. Although but thirty-seven years of age, his name already deserves to rank next to the masters in whose steps he seeks to follow. Each spring the pictures he exhibits in the Salon add both to his success and his fame, and the public increasingly appreciate works which depict the burning heat of African landscape. He has established his reputation as the illustrator of Morocco, and has familiarised us with the manners, dress, and picturesque scenery in its less-known districts.

M. Benjamin Constant was born June 10th, 1845, and belongs to an ancient and noble family. He was brought up at Toulouse, in Southern France, and there acquired something of the passionate vivacity, as well as the accent, of the South. After receiving a classical education, he evinced a desire to become a painter. Far from thwarting, his father encouraged him in this career, and after various school successes the young man came to Paris to pursue his studies at the *École des Beaux Arts*, where he obtained several prizes, but did not gain that highest distinction, the much-coveted *Prix de Rome*. In 1869 he made his *début* in the Salon with a picture representing 'Hamlet,' which was bought by the

State, and sent to the museum at Tarbes. In 1870 he exhibited an allegorical picture, 'Too Late,' of which the subject was a poet dying just as he arrives at fame and fortune.

On the Franco-German war breaking out, M. Benjamin Constant enlisted as a soldier, and did his duty bravely.

In 1871 he left Paris to visit in succession Madrid, Toledo, Cordova, and Granada; then he took up his residence in Morocco, where he was attached to the embassy sent by France to the Sultan Mahommed. Thanks to the facilities which this privileged position afforded him, he was able to traverse the country in all directions, making observations at his leisure, and accumulating sketch upon sketch, study upon study. A letter he wrote from Tangiers to one of his friends expresses the admiration and enthusiasm which the scenes before him called forth. He says, "I have been in Madrid, and seen Velasquez; in Seville, where I found Murillo, and saw the Alcazar, and the cathedral, and many other wonders; and in Granada, with its women and its flowers, but, above all, its Alhambra. This is indeed a gem of Arabian Art, a palace unequalled for taste and magnificence. There you find the memory of that great painter, Henri Regnault, and the handiwork of Fortuny, still preserved. I shall always remember this wonderful artist, sculptor, and extraordinary composer. His example, I confess, was very valuable to me at the time when I was forming my style. I tried to follow him. I did

my best to get rid of everything mean and of the trammels of my early training. I gave myself up entirely to a nobler life, studying the sun, life, and the picturesque—quite the opposite of what I had hitherto learnt. At length, wishing to go as far as possible on my journey to the East, I set out one fine morning for Tangiers. On my arrival I only intended to stay a month, and I have been here two years. Tangiers! This was on my road to Damascus, and from that day forward I dreamed of nothing but being a thorough Orientalist, and following in the path of Marilhat, Delacroix, and Henri Regnault."

Returning to Paris, M. Benjamin Constant now courted no other ideal than this marvellous sunlight, whose glory had filled his whole soul. He soon afterwards married one of the daughters of M. Emmanuel Arago, the French ambassador to Switzerland, but the comforts of family life and parental joys did not prevent his working assiduously. He arranged for himself, in the Rue André del Sarto, on the heights of Montmartre, a studio furnished in Oriental fashion, where he can, forgetful of reality, believe himself once more in his beloved Tangiers, amongst sumptuous costumes embroidered in gold, caftans, turbans and oriflammes of various colours, fantastic arabesque carpets, and weapons inlaid with precious stones. If he wishes to compose a picture, he has but to open his portfolio; he has but to cast his eyes over the thousand sketches he has taken from nature, and soon under his spirited touch the scenes he has witnessed are conjured up with surprising fidelity.

With these aids this young artist has produced pictures much noticed and admired in the Salons of the last few years. 'The Square of Tangiers' (1872), 'The Women of the Harem' (1875), and 'The Entry of Mahomet II. into Constantinople' (1876), established his reputation, and brought him into public notice. Since then his talent has increased his renown, and it is only needful to call to mind the following pictures, which are now in the State museums or in the galleries of the most celebrated collectors:—'The Moorish Harem,' (1878), 'Women on the Terrace,' 'The Emir's Favourite' (1879), 'The Last Rebels' (1880), 'A Kalif's Pastime,' and the picture of 'Herodias' (1881), of which M. Leopold Flameng has etched the masterly interpretation, which we are glad to be able to present to our readers.

Who is this woman, in demi-toilet, seated on a handsome couch in her own room, her elbow on her knee and her chin on her hand, with fixed eyes that indicate she is lost in thought? The beauty of her features is very striking, although the roundness of her cheek has neither the freshness nor the vigour of early youth. Her forehead denotes the proud dignity of a queen accustomed to homage, although one detects from her air of anxiety that her power is in danger of being undermined. Is she beginning to doubt the perpetuity of her charms? Has she seen rising on the horizon of her triumphant fortune the little cloud-messenger of fate, which comes in the autumn of life to warn us that the roses are gathered, and that the rest of the path we have to tread is

strewn only with thorns? As the figure is leaning forward, absorbed in deep meditation, her silken veil has fallen lower than her neck, and reflections from it light up her face with the brilliant purple of the setting sun: she is motionless as a statue.

This woman is Herodias—daughter of Aristobulus, King of Judea, and of Bernice, and grand-daughter of Herod the Great—who, after having married her uncle, did not scruple to become the consort of Antipas, his brother, in spite of the scandal caused by such a union, and in defiance of the indignation of the Jews.

M. Benjamin Constant seems to have chosen the same subject as one of the great French modern romance writers, Gustave Flaubert, who has employed it in an admirable tale of old times. In this picture Herodias appears to have arrived at that period of her life when she has lost her influence over Antipas. He refuses to grant her request for the death of John the Baptist, his prisoner, by whom she believes herself insulted. The forerunner of Christ has really reproached Herodias for her manner of life, her inordinate love of finery, her earrings, her purple robes, her bracelets and anklets, and the little golden crescents which trembled on her bosom; he denounced her silver mirrors, her ostrich-feather fans, the pictures on her nails, and all the artifices of her luxuriousness; the high-heeled shoes which increased her height, her diamonds and her perfumes. Herodias wished to punish the prophet for saying these things of her in public; she is thirsting for vengeance; she is meditating the death of John the Baptist.

Such are the dark thoughts which agitate Herodias, and M. Benjamin Constant is satisfied with showing us the queen in the midst of her bloody reverie; he does not tell us its result. But history gives us the sequel: we learn that Herodias had, by her first husband, a daughter Salome, whom she had caused to be brought up in retirement, and who was as beautiful as her mother had been in her girlhood. Antipas had never seen her. Herodias introduced her suddenly during a feast. Antipas was charmed by her, and granted the girl what he had refused to the mother—the head of John the Baptist.

From this one picture of Herodias a just estimate of M. Benjamin Constant's talent may be formed. In it the artist displays many of his best qualities, particularly a singular originality of expression concentrated in the head of this Oriental woman. But there is no scope here for what constitutes one of the painter's chief merits—skill in large compositions, knowledge of action, the versatility of his pencil in depicting groups, and his special power of reproducing tumultuous scenes, faithful rendering of Moorish architecture, and the various types of African races. 'Herodias' is but an interesting fragment of this young master's work; still it is enough to make one appreciate the individuality of his drawing and the elaborately skilful richness of his colouring.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

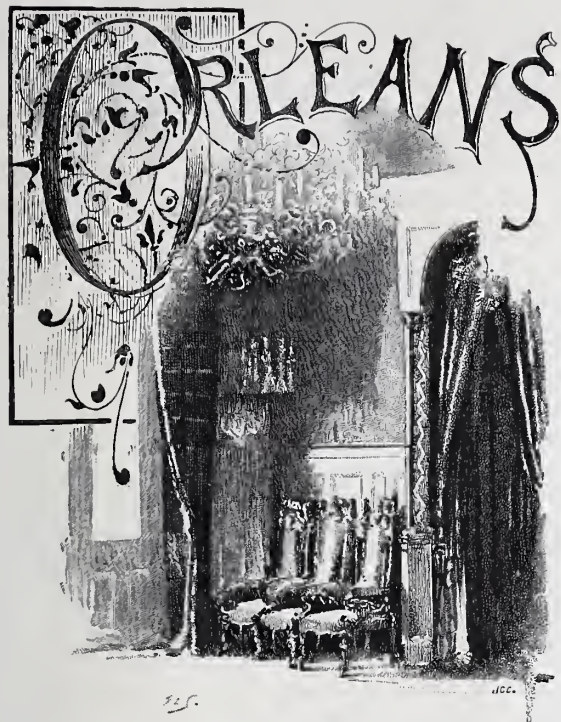


PAINTED BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

HERODIAS

ORLEANS.



In the Salle des Réceptions, Hôtel de Ville, Orleans.

ORLEANS lies in a dreary, monotonous plain, across which the two towers of the cathedral can be seen for many miles. The town is built on the banks of the Loire, a confidence often ill repaid, for floods on that river are dangerous and frequent. It is a disappointing place: so much has happened within its walls, so many interesting people have dwelt within them, and so few traces of these great people or their deeds remain. The walls themselves, "the saucy walls of that contemptuous city," are gone. They are pulled down, the moats filled up, the towers and gates are destroyed, and for the most part, I grieve to say, within the memory of man. I should have thought that any bit of wall, any house, any fragment of any kind which was ever connected with the life and triumphs of their noble deliverer, "the Maid," would have been guarded and treasured by the men of Orleans as long as one stone of it would stand upon another; but nothing that played any part in her story is left; indeed, no memorial of her is to be found except some pictures and a good deal of indifferent sculpture, and not very good stained glass. The only traces of the siege are sundry cannon-balls, which from time to time are dug up when the ground is excavated for any new building. Of course the people of Orleans themselves, past and present, are not entirely responsible for this. Their town lies in too exposed a situation—well-nigh in the centre of France, and on the banks of its greatest river—not to be almost continually the theatre of a struggle between contending parties; and it is a fact that fighting of one kind or another went on at Orleans for nearly fifteen centuries. We English, if we read the history of the place, will constantly find ourselves referred to as the people who are to be blamed for the destruction of this or that old church or house. It was not always

of malice aforethought that we compassed the destruction of churches or towers, but that the people of Orleans themselves, finding our armies approaching, were forced to blow up, burn, or pull down any building which, from its exposed situation, might easily have been seized by our troops and used as a point of vantage. It seems at first sight strange to us to find our countrymen in Orleans taking rank with the Huns, Normans, Huguenots, and, worse than all, with the most rabid Jacobins, as destroying forces; yet such is, to some extent, the fact. Here is an extract from an old writer which gives us a glimpse of what happened in 1358:—"Et le mercredi vingt neuvième jour d'iceluy mois de décembre furent bruslées et abattues plusieurs églises et maisons qui estoient encore demeurées auprès d'Orleans, comme Saint Euverte, la Chapelle Saint-Aignan, Saint Vincent aux Vignes, &c. &c., afin que les Anglais ne se puissent là loger, rétraire, et fortifier contre la cité." Saint Aignan was demolished a second time at the second siege by the English in 1428-29. The Huguenots were much worse than the English. First they carried off the treasure of Sainte Croix (the cathedral), and then they came back and destroyed the building itself. Prince Condé did his utmost to save it, but on the night of Tuesday, March 24th, 1568, Theodore Beza, student of the University of Orleans, and his fellow-believers undermined and blew it up.

The present cathedral owes its existence to Henry IV., who came here with his wife, Marie de Médicis, in 1601, and either because he wished to conciliate the people, or because he really was very sorry that the Leaguers had destroyed the great church of the town, he offered to lay the first stone of a new one, and to find the money for building it. It was begun at once, but the work progressed slowly, and it was not completed until 1829. This is the last historic Gothic cathedral built since the Middle Ages, and it is in many respects very fine, though it wants originality and the beauty given by strength of religious purpose in the builders. The west front has the usual three great portals with three rose windows above them, flanked by two towers. In Sainte Croix they are of equal height, nearly 300 feet. It is very fine inside, but I am told that it is so built as to deceive the spectator into believing it both larger and loftier than it really is. Another outrage committed by the Huguenots was to dig up the heart of Francis II. (husband of Mary Stuart), which was buried in an urn under the pavement of the sanctuary in Sainte Croix, burn it, and scatter its ashes to the winds. He had come to Orleans to the trial of the Protestants, and died there in 1560, so the next time the Protestants had the upper hand in the town they revenged themselves thus on their oppressor. They did a much more cruel thing to the townspeople when they burnt the statue of Notre-Dame des Miracles, which had for centuries been an object of especial veneration. During the wars with the Normans in 879 this statue had been carried out of the church where it stood, and placed on the city walls by its faithful worshippers, in the hope of its giving help. A skilful archer of Orleans screened himself behind it, and under its shelter discharged arrow after arrow at the Normans, all of which went straight to their mark. At last he was perceived by one of the enemies' soldiers, who at once aimed at him. The arrow was well

aimed, but just as it was about to pierce the heart of the archer, the statue bent forward and received in her own breast the arrow intended for him.



Portion of the ancient Church of Saint Jacques, Orleans.

After this, Notre-Dame des Miracles and the church which contained it were held in more veneration than ever, and when in 1429 the English were driven out of Orleans it was one of the first places to which the people, with Joan at their head, marched in procession to offer up their thanks. In 1562 three Huguenot soldiers got possession of the statue, and after heaping insults on it, used it as fuel for a fire which they had lighted at the crossway of La Porte Renard. No sooner were the Orleansois delivered from the Huguenots than they at once set about providing themselves with another statue, and this time the material which they used was stone, and not wood as before. This new statue is now in the church of St. Paul, to

which Notre-Dame des Miracles is joined. It is of a curious brown colour, about which local opinion is much divided. Some say that the sculptor wished to represent Sainte Marie l'Égyptienne, others that this swarthy statue owes its colour to the fact that it had to lie in a deep well for safety during the dangerous days of the Revolution. The colour was probably intentional.

Representations of the Holy Virgin of this kind have always been the greatest favourites, as witness that at Chartres, which receives more homage and gifts and larger tapers than any other. The artist was probably thinking of the words, "Nigra sum, sed formosa." Whatever the Huguenots had left of gold, silver, statuary, or fine carving was taken or destroyed by the Jacobins in 1793. The Huguenots mutilated the cross which Charles VII., aided by subscriptions from the women of France, raised in 1450 to the memory of Joan of Arc. As soon as possible the people of Orleans made good the injury. The cross of Joan of Arc, as it was commonly called, originally represented Christ on the cross, with the Holy Virgin embracing his feet, and Joan on the right side, with hair unbound and the sacred banner in her hand. On the left was Charles VII. himself, armed with a lance, but with his helmet, surmounted by the royal crown, lying at his feet. In 1793 this cross and all the figures were melted down into a cannon, on which was inscribed the name of Joan of Arc. It would be curious to know what became of it. In 1803 a subscription was set on foot to replace the cross which had been turned into material of war. The promoters raised 50,000 francs, and applied to the First Consul for a subscrip-

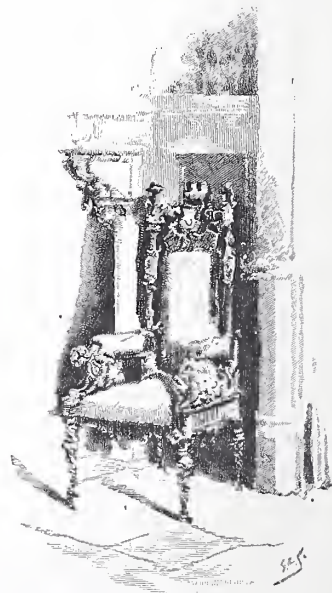
tion. On the 10th Pluviose, year 11, he urbanely replied "that the idea of restoring this monument was extremely agreeable to him, and that the illustrious Joan was a standing proof that there was no miracle too great for French genius to perform when national independence was in question;" and having uttered this noble sentiment, he sent a subscription of 5,000 francs. The new statue is unfortunately in the bad taste of the period. It represents a fierce theatrical Amazon, and not the brave but gentle shepherdess.

It would be in vain to attempt to speak of a title of the havoc of 1793. Numbers of churches were demolished, others sold and applied to purposes of trade. Whenever it was possible to inflict an especially painful blow on the religious susceptibilities of the people, it was done. It may be remarked that the fact of having been born in a place never softened the hearts of any of these revolutionists towards it. Robespierre was born at Arras, yet never raised a finger to save either buildings or people. The cathedral was pulled down, the churches were desecrated, and the guillotine was worked so incessantly that in one street, known ever after as Rue sans Têtes, every single person was put to death. It was the same at Orleans. Bourdon was born there, yet the only difference this made in the lists of victims was that they were compiled much more searchingly, owing to the fact of his superior knowledge. During the Revolution the Grand Séminaire became a prison for priests and "suspects," the Maison des Minimes the seat of the Cour Nationale. The cathedral was turned into the Temple de l'Éternel, and a Phrygian bonnet was carved amongst the foliage on the pediment of the door. The ancient church of St. Paul became the Temple de la Jeunesse.

Saint Paterne was, in the *année terrible*, at first made into a granary; then the Jacobins seem to have thought it worthy of a better fate, and turned it into the Temple de la Vieillesse. Saint Jacques, a fine old church originally built by Louis VII.

on his way back from the shrine of St. James of Compostella, met with no such consideration at their hands. It was sold for what it would bring, converted into a warehouse, and only rescued from total destruction a few years ago. It has an extremely beautiful flamboyant doorway, and is rich in garlands of thistles, festoons of flowers, and long trailing lines of leaves, in the midst of which grotesque animals and children disport themselves, and amongst them lovely yellow wall-flowers have made their home and grow in happy security, intermingling their blossoms with those of the busades of the Huguenots may still be seen on the walls—walls which have been ruthlessly pillaged for stone whenever a little bit of building was going on in the neighbourhood.

To return to the evil days of 1793. Saint Marceau became



In the Salle des Réceptions, Hôtel de Ville, Orleans.

the Temple of Agriculture, and the splendid orange-trees belonging to the Duc de Penthièvre were placed in it. The episcopal garden was converted into a pleasure garden, where such of the inhabitants as had any heart to dance could enjoy a ball for thirty sous. The names of many of the churches in Orleans are somewhat puzzling at first sight; for instance, Saint Pierre-le-Puellier, or Sanctus Petrus Puellarum, the baptistery for girls; and still more strange is Saint Pierre Ensentelec, or Saint Pierre et Sainte Lee. Sainte Lee was a pious widow, in whose honour a small chapel was built. When it became ruinous Saint Pierre was built in its place, but the former name not forgotten. In this church at one time was celebrated at mid-day what was called La Messe des Paresseux, *i.e.* persons who could not get themselves ready for church before twelve o'clock.

Nearly all these churches have fine fragments of older buildings in some part of them, but have suffered terribly at the hands of the destroyer. The Jacobins made away with everything which by any effort of the imagination could be accused of reminding those who saw it of a condition of servitude. Mr. Stothard, son of the artist of that name, and himself a distinguished man, went abroad in 1818, soon after peace made it possible to do so, to see how much of the work of our forefathers had survived the havoc of war and revolution, and this is how he wrote home:—"Orleans, Blois, and Tours, the names of such places as these would lead you to expect something curious, but I found little. In the interior of both cathedrals and churches I found little but bare walls. Antiquity in France has received such a blow as she can never recover. The best idea I can give you is to say that had I gone over the same space of ground in England as I have done in France I should have filled a folio, whereas in the latter I have not found more than would furnish me with a dozen drawings."

Orleans is now an essentially dull, languid-looking town. The main streets are broad, and full of glare and dust, and there is a marked absence of traffic or signs of industry. The side streets are all but deserted, and left to the grass, which grows at its own sweet will. And yet many of these streets are full of the most charming fragments of old houses of all periods—some wooden, some brick. They are tantalising to the last degree, for they have names which stir up our historical enthusiasm; but so little is left of them, and they are so often misnamed, that they hardly repay a visit. The house of Jehan du Lys, escuier, once known as the humble Jehan d'Arc, brother of the shepherdess Joan, is, of course, gone; so is that of Isabel de Romée, her mother. The house of Coligny is a mere fragment—that of Louis XI. little more. Of the former nothing remains but two doorways, with delicate arabesques of flowers and birds. The house, or palace, of Louis XI. is not what it was in his day. It has been altered, and the spot once inhabited so frequently by him, by Louis XII., Margaret of Austria, Francis I., Charles V., and last, not least, by MM. de Lescures and de la Rochejaquelin, would not now be recognised by them. Probably none of these great personages enjoyed themselves so much here as Louis XI. There was much to make Orleans attractive to him. It was crowded with churches, and he could run from saint to saint, confessing to one what he was hiding from the other, and blinding the eyes of heaven to his misdeeds, as he thought, by enriching his "bon Messire Saint Jacques," or his good patroness and gentle mistress, Notre-Dame d'Orléans, by some splendid gift. This palace was in the convent of Saint Aignan, of which

Louis XI. was a canon, and beneath it were vast subterranean caves with arched roofs. A secret passage led from these vaulted caverns to the underground church of Saint Aignan, and from thence to the church itself. Perhaps this suspicious king felt himself more secure because of this secret means of escape. If so, it is odd to think how opinion has changed, even on such a point as this. In these days the very last thing a monarch who had any reason to fear assassination would wish to have would be a large expanse of vaulted chambers, ready made beneath his palace. Saint Aignan also, as before said, has its subterranean chambers, in the shape of a huge crypt, built by Robert the Pious in the eleventh century. This is as vast as the church itself, and the crypt again has a cavern beneath it dating from the ninth century. This is supposed to have



Doorway of the ancient Church of Saint Jacques, Orleans.

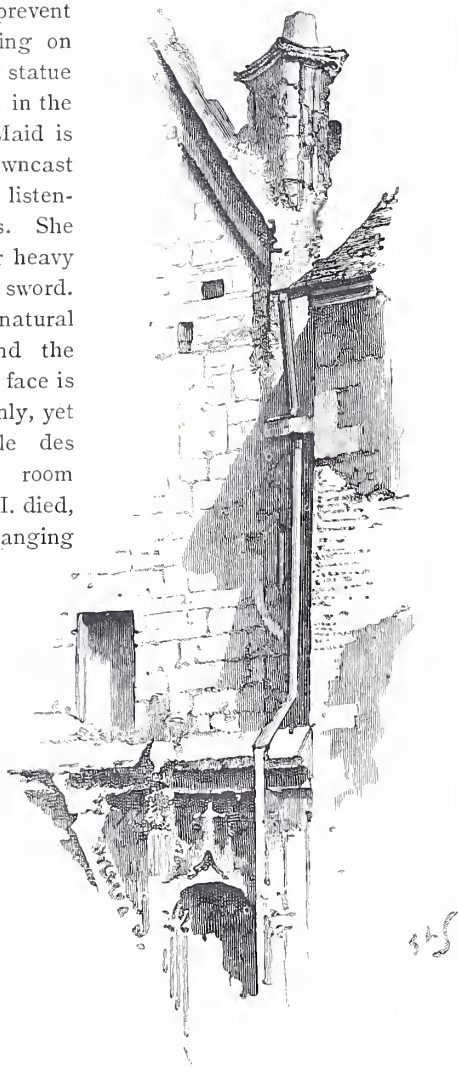
been originally a place of interment, but it was afterwards found extremely convenient as a hiding-place for relics and other treasures when the Normans invaded the country. Saint Aignan is the oldest church in the town—at least, parts of it are older than any other, for it has suffered many changes. It was twice pulled down at the approach of the English. It was wrecked by the Huguenots, received several visits from the Jacobins, and lastly, was skilfully restored in 1862.

The Hôtel de Ville, or Hôtel Grosloz, as it was originally called, is a Renaissance building, with fine old rooms, which are most appropriately decorated with the armorial bearings of the "échevins" of the town, beginning at the fourteenth century. It contains a large collection of pictures, statues, and bas-reliefs of Joan of Arc, amongst which is one which

is especially appreciated by the Orleanois, because it is the work and the gift of an Englishman—"hommage délicat et pieux," as they say, "du peintre Anglais, Lewis Wingfield." It represents Joan at the church of Saint Jacques. She was probably conducted thither by the artist, because it is so extremely picturesque. In the Grande Salle des Réceptions is an equestrian statue in bronze by Princess Marie of Orleans, which is much better than most which have been done. Joan has overthrown an assailant, who is lying powerless at her feet, and she is anxiously endeavouring to prevent her horse trampling on him. A still better statue by the Princess is in the courtyard. The Maid is standing with downcast eyes, praying, or listening to her voices. She is leaning on her heavy cross-handled sword. The attitude is natural and graceful, and the expression of the face is sweet and maidenly, yet lofty. The Salle des Mariages is the room where Francis II. died, and a picture hanging on the walls depicts the scene. In 1850, or thereabouts, the whole building, which had fallen into disrepair, was restored. A tablet of marble in the courtyard quaintly records the fact. It begins thus:

"Cet hôtel, bâti en l'an 1530, des deniers de Jacques Gros-

lot, seigneur de l'Isle, chancelier d'Alençon, bailli d'Orléans, qui en fit sa demeure. Habité après lui par Jérôme Groslot, son fils, bailli d'Orléans; F. de Balzac, seigneur d'Entragues; Cl. de la Châtre, maréchal de France; F. d'Orléans Longueville, comte de Saint Pol, gouverneur d'Orléans. Logis accoutumé des rois François II., Charles IX., Henri III., Henri IV., des reines Catherine de Médicis, Marie Stuart, Louise de Lorraine et Marie de Médicis. Résidence de Louis, prince de Condé, maître de la ville pour le parti



*Portion of the ruined Church of Saint Jacques,
Orleans.*

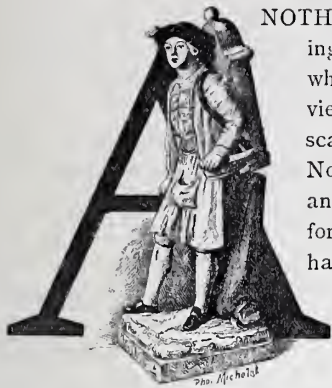
protestant en l'an 1562." The inscription goes on to say that it became the Hôtel de Ville in 1790, and was restored "sur le vote, et par les soins," of a great many influential officials in 1850. I only quote this to show what a resort of great people this town was, and it has been the same from the earliest times. The Seigneur d'Entragues was the gentleman who married Marie Touchet, the anagram of whose name is, "Je charme tout." She was so beautiful that she charmed Charles IX., who composed a very pretty song in her praise, the name of which, "Toucher, Aimer," was also a kind of anagram on hers.

Napoleon I. visited Orleans, but did not stay at the Hôtel de Ville. On the 2nd of April, 1808, he descended at the Bishop's Palace at eight o'clock in the evening, supped, and retired to bed. His supper consisted of two wings of a fowl, a small bundle of asparagus, and two large pears; at four in the morning he re-entered his carriage, and went to Bayonne. A day or two after Joséphine, who was doubly connected with the town by the Beauharnais and La Pagerie families, followed him, and then came the ill-used King and Queen of Spain, and not very long afterwards the broken-spirited Pius VII., when released from Fontainebleau. Altogether the stream of royal folks never ceased to flow towards Orleans; every one has visited it in turn, from King Clovis and Charlemagne down to the indefatigable Emperor of Brazil, who perfectly delighted the Orleans people by being present at the Fête de Jeanne d'Arc on the 8th of May, 1877, and walking bareheaded, like any other gentleman, among the Town Council in the procession through the town, having no doubt been up at five in the morning, and seen nearly all the churches in the town, numerous as they are, before the ceremonies of the day began.

In the Rue de Tabour, or Tambour, so called because the bellman lived in it—only in France the bellman uses a drum instead of a bell—is a house said to have belonged to Agnes Sorel, la Belle des Belles. It is an extremely beautiful and interesting house, though it does not seem to have been Agnes Sorel's. It is most picturesque in every part of it, within and without, with sculptured doorways, windows, chimney-pieces, and a very handsome staircase. One or two memorials of the great war with England still remain. The Tower of Notre-Dame de Recouvrance is built on the site of an old English fortress called Bastille-Windsor; and in the Rue Puits-Landeaup, a corruption of Puits-London, was a well which gave its name to the street. The fact that the well bore this name does not mean that our occupation of the street was of a peaceable character, but the reverse. In 1423, after a severe combat at Porte Renard, the Orleanists, who had been driven into the Rue du Cheval Rouge, regained the upper hand, and flung a great number of Englishmen into a well in the street in which they were fighting. Another and much more interesting trace of other days may be seen by any one who stumbles on a period of excessive drought for his visit to Orleans. That of 1870 brought once more to light the substructions of the very bridge where Joan of Arc fought so bravely, and won so great a victory.

MARGARET HUNT.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*



NOTHER instance of bad hanging is afforded by the picture at which we next arrive in our review. It is a large land and sea scape by Mr. EDWIN ELLIS, No. 610, 'Waiting for the Boats,' and its position is peculiarly unfortunate, because it seems to have been painted with a care and sobriety which are not always to be found in that artist's work.

No. 617. 'Miss Frances Sterling,' a pleasant portrait by Mr. MARCUS STONE, but rather green in the flesh tints.

No. 628. 'The Favourite, 1566,' a clever picture by Mr. SEYMOUR LUCAS, would have been quite as clever had it been half the size. The "favourite," who is evidently the Earl of Leicester, seems to be coming out from an audience, and around the doorway through which he is about to pass stand some half-a-dozen lords in waiting, whose varying expressions of dislike and jealousy are capitally rendered.

No. 648. 'On the Road,' an effective picture of oxen being driven along a road at sunset, by Mr. ROBERT MEYERHEIM.

No. 649. 'Prince Edward VI. (*sic*) and his Whipping Boy,' by WALTER S. STACEY. The young prince interceding for Fitzpatrick, who is about to be birched for some fault of his royal companion. The expressions of the boys' faces are very good.

ROOM NO. VII.

No. 660. 'Ajanta Caves, A.D. 600,' by Mr. J. GRIFFITHS. A clever restoration of a past phase of Indian history.

No. 661. 'Dummy Whist: Portraits of the Marchioness of Westminster and Mr. and Lady Theodora Guest,' by FRED. G. COTMAN. The hangers have given a conspicuous place upon the line to this work, which contains almost every fault that a picture can have, with but one redeeming virtue: its execution is thoroughly careful and painstaking.

No. 670. 'Charles Russell, Esq., Q.C., M.P.,' by Mr. C. E. HALLÉ. A good likeness, more solidly painted than most of Mr. Hallé's work.

No. 671. 'Home again,' by Mr. ERNEST A. WATERLOW. Wayfarers waiting for a coach upon a country road. This, although hung upon the line, is hardly so powerful an example of Mr. Waterlow's art as a "skied" picture of which we shall have to speak farther on.

No. 678. 'The New Fugue,' a rather commonplace portrait of a young lady at the key-board of an organ, by Mr. EDWIN LONG. Mr. Long is at present deficient in the trenchant power of characterization which produces good portraits without the help of picturesque accessories, whilst he adds nothing in the way of colour or chiaroscuro to make up for their absence.

No. 679. 'A Misty Day, Venice,' by Miss HILDA MONTALBA. Cleverly painted, but far too large for the subject.

No. 682. 'Homeward,' a Welsh landscape by Mr. HER-

KOMER. Good in colour and well composed, but wanting in atmosphere and texture.

No. 683. A portrait of the Lord Chancellor, by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. The head vigorously modelled, but the velvet coat not completely successful.

No. 688. 'The Convalescent.' One of Mr. N. CHEVALIER'S characteristic illustrations of Chinese life, remarkable for the harmonious treatment of the yellows, the capital modelling of the crania of the two principal figures, and a poetic feeling which the artist has instilled into what at first sight appears a commonplace scene.

No. 693. A pleasant portrait of Mrs. Arthur Hopkins, by Mr. ARTHUR HOPKINS.

No. 701. 'A Dancer,' by Mr. ARTHUR HILL. One of the few studies of the nude in the collection. It is distinguished by care in execution rather than by any great power in grappling with the difficulties of flesh carnations.

No. 705. 'Mrs. Phil. Morris and Daughter,' by Mr. PHIL. R. MORRIS. A portrait, in which clever manipulation of the varying textures of silk, satin, plush, silver, and gold is the most conspicuous merit. The flesh painting is of that transparent silvery quality which we find in Mr. Morris's best works, and the composition is natural and pleasing.

No. 706. 'A Window Garden,' by Mr. ARTHUR STOCKS. A workman's family at a window decorated with pots of geraniums. Thoroughly well painted, but rather prosaic in conception.

No. 711. 'Merry as the Day is long,' by Mr. FRED. MORGAN. The best picture which we have ever seen from Mr. Morgan's easel. Three children playing in a farmyard, and climbing about a pair of huge timber wheels, are contrasted with the tired form of an old labourer to whom they are gleefully shouting. The shadows are rather blue, and there is a want of force in the composition of light and shade, but the colour is harmonious and warm, and the leading lines are thoroughly expressive and agreeable.

No. 722. 'Three Counties, from Whetham Hill, Petersfield,' is a panoramic view, by Mr. KEELEY HALSWELLE, which would be an attractive picture in black and white. As it is, the blackish purple, which is the prevalent colour, destroys both its truth and beauty.

No. 729. 'B. W. Wynne, Esq.,' by Mr. HERKOMER. The head well modelled and full of expression, but the rest of the figure very commonplace.

No. 730. 'At the Farm of Mont St. Jean, Waterloo,' by Mr. ERNEST CROFTS. This is a very business-like battle picture. The foreground is occupied by wounded men and troops in reserve, while farther into the canvas sits "the Duke" upon his famous chestnut, under that equally famous tree, which has long since disappeared under the knives of the relic hunters. Mr. Crofts' powers as a colourist seem to have deserted him in this picture.

No. 736. 'Maidenhood,' a young lady in a simple grey robe. Perhaps the pleasantest of Mr. SANT'S contributions.

No. 737. 'In the Evening there shall be Light,' a coarsely painted picture by Mr. LEADER.

No. 738. 'Sheep Washing, East Sussex.' A very delicately painted and skilfully composed landscape by Mr. ERNEST A. WATERLOW. Its colour is a little too grey, and that fusion

* Concluded from page 212.

of tints and modelling which takes place under a vertical June sun is, perhaps, carried slightly too far; but, on the whole, it is a true and well-felt piece of work, which should have found a place upon the line.

No. 747. 'As Hungry as a Hunter,' by Miss EDITH HAYLAR, would have been a very good little interior if the gentleman in "pink" had been omitted.

No. 752. 'The First Kiss,' by BLANCHE JENKINS. A happy idea well carried out. Two children, boy and girl, exchanging a shy kiss under a piece of mistletoe.

ROOM NO. VIII.

No. 766. 'The Feast of Flora,' by Mr. J. R. WEGUELIN. A girl placing flowers upon an Egyptian basaltic statue, which stands at the foot of some steps leading to a Roman temple. Her transparent orange drapery looks like an afterthought, and is out of harmony with the greyer hues of the rest of the composition.

No. 773. 'Music o'er the Water' is in some respects the most successful work yet exhibited by Mr. HAMILTON MACALUM. It is not so brilliant as the 'Water Frolic,' neither is its atmosphere so true as that of 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,' but the painting of what we may call the foreground—the deck of a small coasting vessel which is cut across by the frame—and the figures upon it, is very true to the sentiment with which the picture deals. It was, perhaps, an oversight to place at least two of the figures in such positions that the helm could not be starboarded without knocking them overboard; but that has little to do with the æsthetic merits of the work.

No. 778. 'The Fisherman and the Genius,' by Mr. ALBERT GOODWIN, is a happy conception. Of its execution little can be seen in the position which has been assigned to it.

No. 779. 'The Happy Valley,' by F. WALTON. A very careful and elegant transcript of Down scenery upon an over-large canvas.

No. 784. 'Friday,' by Mr. W. DENDY SADLER. A good picture, which would have done much to make its author famous had it received better treatment from the hangers. Nine or ten monks are seated at a long table covered with the Lenten fare of fish and fruits, while humbler members of the order act as waiters, and come and go in the background. Several of the minor details, such as the excessively modern appearance of the table and its furniture, might be severely criticized; but on the whole the picture is to be praised for its genuine humour, and for the careful solidity of its execution.

No. 785. Miss MARGARET HICKSON'S landscape, 'A Shady Lane,' to which the Constable prize of this year was awarded. The subject proposed did not, perhaps, allow of any great originality in the general conception, but in all technical qualities Miss Hickson's work is very good indeed. The vigour of its light and shade and the richness of its impasto are especially noteworthy.

No. 786. 'A Jacobite Proclamation,' by Mr. A. C. GOW. A replica, with some slight modifications, of a water-colour drawing exhibited some years ago. There is a monotony in the tones of this picture which was absent from the work in the slighter material; but Mr. Gow's excellent draughtsmanship and harmonious colour atone for many shortcomings in other directions.

No. 787. 'Archibald Forbes, War Correspondent.' This is, on the whole, the best of the numerous portraits which Mr. HERKOMER has this year exhibited. The strongly marked

features are painted with extraordinary vigour and no little insight, while the figure expresses the man of action in every line. The hands, over which Mr. Herkomer too often blunders, are prudently hidden.

No. 793. 'The Wounded Stag,' by Mr. C. E. JOHNSON. The real subject is a fine old oak growing in precarious fashion above some rocky boulders. A straightforward piece of work, to which imagination had little to say.

No. 801. 'Trouble,' by Miss ALICE HAVERS. A cottage family in time of sickness and want: rather scattered and incoherent in composition, but good in colour and design.

No. 814. Mr. SANT had a capital model in Mr. T. W. Boord's handsome boy. He has admirably painted him, too, in a quaint russet garb of an entirely suitable character, but which may be rather misleading in years to come.

No. 825. In 'Asleep' Mrs. ALMA-TADEMA shows continued advance. The manner in which the blue silk dress and the parchment missal are painted shows that she is now with certainty entering upon more important subjects than those to which she has hitherto most wisely confined herself.

No. 839. 'A Rainy Day, Venice.' A good study of atmosphere by Mr. MACWHIRTER.

No. 840. 'The Defence of London in 1643,' a large picture by Mr. EYRE CROWE. The general composition is animated and bustling; but when we have said that, we have said all that we can in its praise. There is nothing which, by any stretch of courtesy, can be called colour; the drawing is careless and the modelling childish.

No. 852. 'The Queen of the Revels,' by Signor F. VINEA. A clever picture of the Italian school, in which dexterous handling and skilful combination of a vast number of strong local tints are the most conspicuous merits from a technical point of view.

No. 860. 'Light Reflections,' by WALTER TYNDALE. Firelight, lamplight, and pleasant thoughts. A clever little study.

No. 861. 'Labourers,' by Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN. Also a good study.

ROOM NO. XI.

No. 1432. 'Unà,' by Mr. BRITON RIVIERE. Spenser's heroine is pacing the woods with her lion "at heel" like a big dog. The lion is all that could be desired, but Una seems too tall, and the animal is obviously walking much faster than the girl. The colour of the whole is good, but the texture of the forest trees which form the background is rather flimsy.

No. 1434. 'High Lifé,' by M. JEAN BÉRAUD. A clever picture of a Parisian salon, but entirely without incident.

Nos. 1440 and 1441. 'Portraits,' by Mr. GEORGE CLAUSEN. Two male and female heads, painted with a simple sincerity which recalls the pencil drawings of Holbein.

No. 1449. 'Sonning: about Mid-day,' by Mr. A. W. HUNT. A water-colour picture painted in oil colour. The delicacy which is so completely at Mr. Hunt's command in the lighter material has here escaped him, without the characteristic vigour of oil being caught to fill its place.

No. 1456. 'Viscount Cranbrook, G.C.S.I.' Perhaps the most straightforward and unæsthetic of Mr. FRANK HOLL'S contributions, but yet a masterly rendering of his sitter's personality.

No. 1457. 'Broken Weather in the Highlands,' by Mr. H. W. B. DAVIS. The weather is what, for the Highlands, we should call "set fair." It is long since Mr. Davis has been seen to so much advantage as this year.

No. 1465. 'Charles Darwin,' painted for the Linnæan Society by Mr. JOHN COLLIER. It may be doubted whether the somewhat diffident look which the artist has given to his sitter was characteristic of the great searcher for the "missing link." The head is, however, finely modelled, and the colour of the whole harmonious, as it usually is when Mr. Collier keeps clear of the brighter hues upon his palette.

No. 1470. 'Sir Charles John Herries, K.C.B.,' by Mr. FRANK HOLL. An excellent portrait, in which some brightly coloured accessories are used with great skill.

No. 1475. 'A Coming Tragedian,' by Mrs. JOHN COLLIER. A girl posturing before a tall mirror in an attic. Very cleverly modelled, but hung too high for detailed examination.

No. 1497. 'Autumn in New England,' by Mr. ALFRED PARSONS. Brilliant in colour, but rather wanting in substance.

No. 1498. 'Prof. Monier Williams,' C.I.E., D.C.L.,' by Mr. W. W. OULESS. Mr. Oules has, of course, painted the Boden Professor of Sanskrit in his scarlet and crimson D.C.L. robes, but he has not grappled frankly with their true colour.

No. 1506. 'The Port of London,' by Mr. W. L. WYLLIE. We have already described and criticized one picture by Mr. Wyllie, and the same remarks will do for both. There are not many works in the collection which equal them in rendering an original subject in a masterly fashion.

No. 1514. 'His Eminence Cardinal Newman,' by Mr. MILLAIS. Mr. Millais's belief in the prowess of modern Art, and in its ability to hold its own against the old masters, is well known; and, indeed, we should find it difficult to name any achievement of the Venetians themselves which could with certainty be preferred to this portrait of an English cardinal. Colour could not be forced up to a point more brilliant than that which it has here reached, and yet both its harmony and its truth to fact are perfect. The modelling of the aged head and hands, the suggestion of the figure within its gorgeous robe, the tints and textures of hair and flesh, are complete and masterly.

No. 1520. 'Waiting for the Homeward Bound,' by Mr. COLIN HUNTER. A striking picture, hung in trying proximity to Mr. Millais's chef-d'œuvre, from which, however, it does not greatly suffer. Two tugs are waiting off Ailsa Craig for steamers bound to Glasgow. Sky and sea are full of the purple tints of evening, and the great rock raises its grey sides in the middle of the picture.

No. 1524. 'Mary,' by Mr. H. RAEBURN MACBETH. A portrait study, hung rather high, but remarkable for the warmth and harmony of its colour.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

No. 894. 'Scotch Herring Trawlers.' A clever piece of light and atmosphere by Miss KATE MACAULAY.

No. 906. 'Valley of the Lledr,' by Mr. ARTHUR CROFT. An ambitious, but not altogether successful, attempt to rival the solidity and depth of oil painting.

No. 956. 'Birds and Fuel,' by MARTIN SNAPE. A true but laborious piece of foreground, reminding us, in all but colour, of the foreground studies of Mr. Ruskin.

No. 984. 'Castellamare,' by Signor GALOFRE, would be very good indeed but for its rather artificial colour. The perspective of the sky particularly good.

No. 1023. 'The Pilgrim's Prayer,' a clever Saracenic interior by Mr. ARTHUR MELVILLE, which is rather spoilt by the poor carnations of the only figure it contains.

ROOM No. X.

No. 1133. The design for the decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, for which Mr. POYNTER and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON are jointly responsible. We regret to see that the catalogue makes no mention of the late Mr. Stevens, to whom much that is good in the general design is due. Sir Frederick Leighton's medallion is finely conceived, but Mr. Poynter has allowed the architectural framework to become too important in his part of the work.

Nos. 1279, 1284, and 1289. Mezzotints by Mr. BARLOW after three pictures by Mr. Millais, 'The Bride of Lammermuir,' 'John Bright,' and 'Alfred Tennyson.' The head in the last named is, perhaps, the finest passage in the three plates.

No. 1291. An etching, by Mr. C. P. SLOCOMBE, of Mr. Frank Holl's portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson. This etching challenges comparison with the work of Mr. Waltner, to which, however, it is decidedly inferior in richness and "colour."

No. 1300. 'Le Connoisseur,' a line engraving after Meissonier, by M. A. BLANCHARD. Very delicate, but rather monotonous in its textures.

No. 1304. 'The Lady of the Woods.' Mr. MacWhirter's well-known picture reproduced in pure line by Mr. JOHN SADDLER, an engraver who formerly worked under Turner. This proof is unfinished, but the beauty of the work is none the less appreciable.

No. 1335. 'The Rev. E. H. Cradock, Principal of Brasenose.' A satisfactory rendering, by Mr. RICHARD JOSEY, of the finest of Mr. Frank Holl's recent portraits.

SCULPTURE.

No. 1550. A bust of Lord Beaconsfield by Signor M. RAGGI. The profile much better, as to likeness, than the front face.

No. 1566. The plaster sketch of Mr. BOEHM'S 'Lord Lawrence.' This statue is much better fitted for the narrow space in which it here stands than to be seen across the wide roadway of Waterloo Place. Here the features can be scanned at the same time as the figure, and the expression of the whole work can be understood by their help. There the spectator at a distance sees only the undignified, general lines of the attitude.

No. 1567. An excellent and sympathetic bust, in terra-cotta, of the late Dean Stanley, by Mr. W. R. INGRAM.

No. 1620. 'A Mother's Love,' by Mr. FREDERICK CALLCOTT. A nobly conceived and ably modelled group.

No. 1626. 'Lord Beaconsfield,' by Mr. HAMO THORNYCROFT. An animated little statuette in bronze.

No. 1644. 'Artemis,' a group in marble of Diana and her dog, by the same sculptor. Mr. Thornycroft has here expended extraordinary care upon the composition of line and contour, and has been rewarded by another decided success.

No. 1672. A repetition in marble of Mr. BOEHM'S fine seated statue of Carlyle. The bronze is to be placed on the embankment at Chelsea.

No. 1676. 'The Sailor's Wife,' by Professor LEGROS. The technical ability shown in this bronze group is beyond question, but its sentiment is somewhat false and artificial. A thickly and warmly clothed peasant woman seems to be demanding our pity for the absolute nudity of her child.

No. 1681. 'Oliver Cromwell at Marston Moor,' a vigorous and expressive equestrian group by Mr. H. RICHARD PINKER.

ST. GEORGE'S MUSEUM, SHEFFIELD.



O not many persons in search of an eligible site for a museum, or place of education for students of Art and nature, would the smoky, busy town of Sheffield have suggested itself; and to still fewer, Sheffield being once selected, would it have occurred to establish the museum on the top of a suburban hill, in the neighbourhood only of workmen's cottages, and at a considerable distance from any part of the town in which persons sufficiently cultivated to appreciate intelligently its contents might be supposed to reside. Yet, disadvantageous as such a choice of site may appear, it is not, in the case of Mr. Ruskin's Museum at Walkley, without certain counterbalancing advantages; and chief of these is the beautiful locality, the Rivelin valley winding away to the left, with distant hills beyond, over which the sun sets; while more to the right, as one looks from the Museum window, come far-off Yewdale and the thickly wooded slopes of Wharncliffe. The one shadow in this bright picture is cast by human hands, and becomes year by year deeper and more extended. The clear waters of the Rivelin are already fouled by refuse from the mills which stud its banks, and along the hillsides is already spreading a devouring blight of tasteless dwelling-houses, invariably built on the model of a square stone box with a slate lid. But this evil is as yet of small proportions, and to the visitor ascending from the smoky town the fair scenery and pure air of the hills bring refreshment and renewed life, and enable him to enter with keener zest into the delight of the treasures collected for him within the Museum itself.

St. George's Museum at present consists of one small room in a small stone cottage, situated in the middle of about an acre of garden ground. The room is, indeed, far too small either for the convenience of students or for the adequate exhibition of the examples which it already contains; and if, as I understand, the number of students does not show an increase, but rather the reverse, on that of preceding years, this must be partly accounted for by the want of sufficient accommodation. Partly, for there is another and a far more important reason for the lack of sustained interest in the Museum shown by those in whose midst it stands. This reason is to be found in the very nature of the Museum, which is, as Mr. Ruskin admits, a place of education for advanced students, not of elementary instruction for beginners. But among the class of people living in the vicinity, composed almost entirely of workers in the Sheffield forges, with a sprinkling of small shop-keepers, how many advanced students of Fine Art and geology—examples of which subjects form the bulk of the collection—are likely to be found? However naturally intelligent, it is quite evident that they will need the most elementary instruction in these subjects before they can be fitted to make profitable use of the objects assembled for their advanced study. With regard, however, to the objection of want of space, I am informed that this is already on the way to be remedied. Plans for the enlargement of the building have been prepared, and it is to be hoped that the moneyed men of Sheffield will heartily cooperate with Mr. Ruskin in so excellent an undertaking.

To many persons the most valuable of the contents of St. George's Museum will be the collection of minerals and precious stones. This is said to be the choicest in the kingdom, and it is easy to believe such to be the fact, judging from the superb examples, which range from the common flint pebble to the most precious jewels and metals, all carefully selected, some absolutely unique. A portion only of the minerals is exhibited, under glass, to the public, the greater part being kept in drawers for the use of students. A handbook to the latter portion has been written by Mr. Ruskin.

Around the walls of the little room are hung pictures, original and copied. The most important is a painting—of which we give an outline—of the Virgin and Child, by Andrea Verrocchio, goldsmith, painter, and sculptor, but best known as the master of Leonardo da Vinci. A particular interest is attached to this picture, as being the only work of the master in England, whither it was brought from Italy by Mr. Ruskin. But apart from this, its intrinsic value as a work of Art is undoubtedly great. The Virgin, clothed in a crimson dress, with a mantle of dark green falling about her, kneels with her hands crossed in the attitude of prayer. She is not, however, praying, but only looking down on the Child with eyes full of tenderness, and a half-smile on her lips. He lies before her, finger in mouth, and with that far-away expression in his wide blue eyes that is seen in very young children. The background is occupied with architectural ruins, among the crevices of which weeds are growing. A distant landscape appears through the arch on the left. This picture, and two highly interesting sheets of pen drawings by Andrea Mantegna, comprise all the original works by early Italian masters at present in the Museum, but there is a number of excellent water-colour copies by Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Charles F. Murray. These are chiefly from the paintings of Carpaccio, four being from the series representing the Legend of St. Ursula, in the Venice Academy. One only of these four is a copy of the entire picture, 'St. Ursula's Dream,' copied by Mr. Ruskin. The three others, by Mr. Murray, represent portions of the following pictures:—'The King's Consent,' 'The Pope's Benediction,' and 'The Martyrdom.' Besides these, the Museum possesses sketches by Mr. Murray of several other paintings by Carpaccio, and two studies by Mr. Ruskin from the same master's great symbolical picture, 'St. George and the Dragon,' in the chapel of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni, Venice. Next to the Ursula series hangs a copy, by Mr. Murray, of a Madonna and Child by Filippo Lippi, at Florence. Beautiful as this picture is, Mr. Murray's unfinished sketch of 'Children with the Guardian Angels' is, to my mind, a still lovelier example of Lippi's work.

The visitor will not fail to notice two water-colour drawings by Mr. Ruskin hanging on the walls. The larger of these represents a panoramic view of a portion of the Alps. The grand lines of the mountain summits are given broadly and effectively, yet with all the delicacy which students of "Modern Painters" associate with Mr. Ruskin's mountain studies. The other is a drawing of the Chapel of St. Mary of the Thorn at Pisa, executed with the poetic feeling which gives an unrivalled charm to his architectural drawings. The chapel is now destroyed; a cruel and inexcusable

piece of barbarism, when we remember Mr. Ruskin's testimony to its condition in 1840, "As perfect as when it was built." Two more drawings on the walls yet remain to be noticed. One is a careful and valuable water colour, by Mr. Bunney, of the north-west angle of St. Mark's, Venice. The other is a modern water-colour drawing by Mr. W. Small. It is entitled 'The Wreck,' and represents a group of fishermen and their wives on the seashore, watching with anxious eyes the fate of a vessel, while the fury of the waves prohibits any attempt at assistance.

Turning now to the cases, we find some exquisite examples of early English illumination in two MS. Bibles of early thirteenth-century work. The larger one is in a perfect state of preservation. Each page forms a lovely piece of decorative penmanship, the initial letters rich with gold and colours, uninjured by time or accident. The lines are drawn by a hand exquisitely firm and delicate. The faces, however, are utterly devoid of character, of imagination, and, except in the rudest and most childish way, of expression. In the smaller Bible the ornamental lines are far less firm and beautiful in curvature, but the text is, if possible, still better written, and the illuminations are, on the whole, finer, richer, and more subdued in colour; faces a degree less ludicrous; and folds of drapery more artistically treated. We come next to a Bible which offers in every respect a complete contrast to these. This is an old German Bible of the days of the Reformation, "Getruckt zu Zürich," as the title-page informs us, "bey Christoffel Frohschouer, in Jar als man zalt MDXL." It is illustrated with numerous woodcuts, somewhat roughly executed, but full of vigour and imaginative power. Many are copied from originals by Holbein, namely, in the Old Testament, fifty from his celebrated "Historiarum Veteris Testamenti Icones;" and in the New, the entire series of illustrations to the Apocalypse. Even those cuts which are not from Holbein's designs are often marked by something of the same vigour and inventiveness, however inferior in degree, betokening in the artist an earnestness in attempting to grasp the real meaning of his subject, which, if not always leading to a successful result, marks nevertheless a striking change in men's minds since the days when those monkish scribes sat patiently combining, for merely decorative purposes, their exquisite harmonies of line and colour.

The fine copy of Holbein's "Dance of Death," earliest edition, Lyons, 1538, is, artistically, perhaps the most valuable possession of the Museum. I will not, however, enter into a detailed account of a work so well known, but will pass to the examples of the other great German master of the age of Reformation, Albert Dürer. These comprise three of the larger engravings, and five or six of the smaller. The former consist of the 'Erasmus,' the 'Knight and Death,' and the 'Melancholia.' Among the smaller Dürer engravings are the two which represent the patron saint of the Museum, St. George, on foot and on horseback, victorious over the dragon.

Modern English engraving is here represented by Bewick's "Birds" and a few plates of Turner's "Liber Studiorum." Of the latter the finest are 'Raglan Castle,' 'Solway Moss,' and the 'Clyde,' all first states; the others are inferior impressions. The only other examples of Turner's work at present in the Museum are a beautiful original pencil drawing of Conway Castle, and a copy, by Mr. Wm. Ward, of a water-colour drawing in the possession of Mr. Ruskin. Of Blake it possesses as yet no examples. The copy of Bewick's

1882.

"Birds" calls for special notice, not alone by reason of its own intrinsic value as the greatest work of the greatest English master of wood engraving, but also because to many of the cuts are appended critical and elucidatory notes by Mr. Ruskin in his own handwriting. This annotated copy is of the first edition (1797—1804), and there is also in the Museum a copy of the 1809 edition, marked by M. Ruskin "for common use."

An important feature of St. George's Museum is the collection of drawings, casts, and photographs illustrating the architecture of St. Mark's, Venice. I have already mentioned Mr. Bunney's fine drawing of the north-west angle. A drawing, by the same artist, of the entire west front is to be added to the collection. Drawings in water colour of the old mosaics have been made with remarkable success by Mr.



The Virgin and Child. Outline Sketch of the picture by Andrea Verrocchio.

Rooke: some of these are already in the Museum, and a number of photographs of various portions of the building are exhibited in sliding frames. Of even greater interest is the series of casts taken for Mr. Ruskin from the sculptures of St. Mark's, and at present packed away for lack of space. The casts, of which there are a considerable number, and that not only from St. Mark's, but also from the Ducal Palace and from the Cathedrals of Amiens and Rouen, will form an especially attractive feature of the enlarged Museum. Some of them are of extreme beauty, notably some figures of angels in low relief from St. Mark's, exquisite alike in delicacy of workmanship and beauty of expression.

Among the other objects of interest I will mention only one

recent acquisition, a water-colour sketch by Mr. Burne Jones, of which the subject is Love, ruler of earth and sea. Love is depicted as a winged figure, bearing a bow and arrows, and clad in drapery descending in straight folds to the ankles. Earth blossoms about his feet, and before him flow, in gentle undulations, the waves of ocean. His face possesses the pensive beauty familiar to us in Mr. Burne Jones's works.

I must not conclude without a brief glance at the small but select library of the Museum. Among the old books are a fine black-letter copy of Chaucer, and works on Heraldry, one being a copy of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone's favourite author, Guillim. There are also some rare works on Birds and Fishes, including a remarkable book on the Fresh-water Fish of Great Britain, with illustrations drawn and coloured by hand. The writings of Bacon, Pope, Johnson, Carlyle, and a set of Mr. Ruskin's own works, are also among the contents.

I have said enough, I believe, to show that the little room at Walkley contains already a peculiarly interesting and instructive collection, and that, when completed, it will prove a

rich mine of wealth to the earnest seeker after knowledge, an ever-fresh oasis of Art and culture amidst the barrenness and gloom of an English manufacturing district.

WM. C. WARD.

POSTSCRIPT.—On the 3rd of June, and since this article was written, Mr. Ruskin published his views regarding a large model Museum to take the place of the building described above. Special attention is to be given to painting, and valuable pictures and drawings, and copies of great works, will be added as the funds permit. A library and reading-room are to be among the features.

Mr. Ruskin has appealed to the public for assistance in obtaining suitable objects for the Museum. He expects Sheffield to build the Museum, and in answer to the question often asked, why he selected Sheffield for its site, he says, because Sheffield is in Yorkshire, and Yorkshire yet, in the main temper of its inhabitants, is Old English, and capable, therefore, yet of the ideas of honesty and piety by which Old England lived.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THE majority of the specimens which are engraved in our present number consist of ecclesiastical plate, a class of subjects among which it is needless to say there are included an immense number of the finest specimens of goldsmiths' work which have ever been produced, many of which are still in existence, though a very far greater number have doubtless perished, English work of this kind especially having been sacrificed to the bigotry or cupidity of the Puritans.

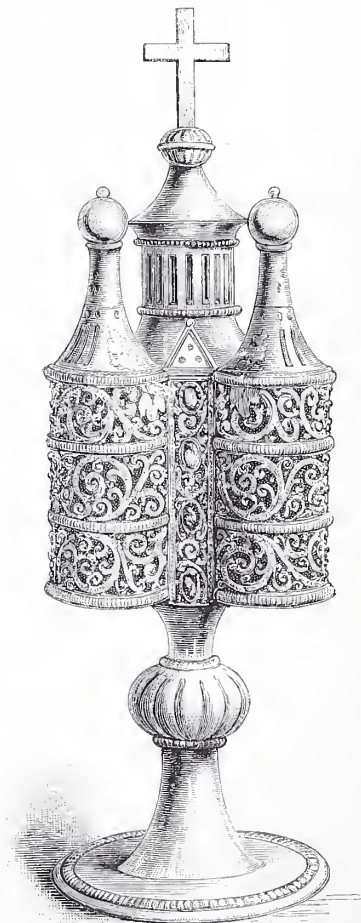
The specimen which we place first is an example of a kind of vessel called *navicula*, *navire*, or *nef* in French, so called from having been always made—for some symbolical reasons, no doubt—in the form of a boat or ship (*navis*). The use of the *navicula* was to keep incense in (sometimes called in English an "incense-boat"); but occasionally also a vessel of this shape was used as a reliquary. When put to this use it was made nearly always in a form of design which seems to have some connection with the name; for instance, it represented the ship which carried the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne. Such a *nef*, or *navicula*, was presented to the treasury of Rheims



No. 58.—*Navicula*: Limoges Enamel (Hôtel Clugny).

Cathedral on the occasion of the coronation of Henri III. of France. In the inventory of the treasures of Rheims, made in

1669, it is described as a "navire" of "cornelian" (?) mounted on a silver-gilt and enamelled base, bearing eleven figures,



No. 59.—*Chrismatory*: English (?)

six of gold and five of silver, all enamelled, and which represented the "eleven thousand:" the rigging of the ship was

* Continued from page 216.

of gold. Our present example (No. 58) is one of those which merely retains the general boat form, ornamented with Limoges enamel; it is from the Hôtel Cluny collection, and is evi-



No. 60.—Chalice: late Mediæval—"King John's Cup" (Worcester College).

dently of very late work, approaching the termination of the mediæval period. Its general outline is very elegant, and the decoration is well applied.

The chrysmatory, a fine specimen of which is figured next (No. 59), was a vessel for containing the three holy oils used by the Roman Catholic Church in baptism and extreme unction; its elegant triplet shape is therefore a practically suitable expression of its use. This is an admirable piece of design in almost every way; the flat base on which it stands, and the large knob for holding it, are each well suited for their purpose; the ornament is concentrated just where it gives importance and richness to the sacred receptacle (in judging of the design of such utensils we must consider them from the point of view of those who designed them); the pierced work containing, and partly concealing, the actual flask, as in a silver shrine, is of beautiful flowing design, bound together, and strengthened at the same time, by the intermediate horizontal bands which divide the foliated ornament into three sections. The centre finish, or miniature cupola, is the only defect in the design; it is rather awkward in shape, and the cross is badly set on, and looks as if added as an after-thought, which is possibly the case. In every other respect this is a beautiful example of rich and suitable silver work, probably of early fourteenth-century date.

The chalice, of which three examples are given here, is a much more important class of object than either of those already mentioned. There is perhaps no one utensil, sacred or secular, on which so much of the best art of the goldsmith and silversmith has been expended as the chalice; and if we come from this ecclesiastical species of cup to the genus cup taken at large, the amount of work that has been bestowed on

drinking vessels of this description in silver and gold is something enormous. Oddly as it sounds to us now, there seems at one time to have been even an idea of practical economy connected with the use of drinking cups of silver. So universal was the use of cups of this material in the sixteenth century, that in Elizabeth's reign we know that every student in the Temple, Gray's, and Lincoln's Inn was provided with one. This may partly have resulted from the fact that at that time, if silver was dear, earthenware and glass were not nearly so cheap as now. It is related that official objection was once expressed to the governing body of a college as to the unsuitability and extravagance of this extensive use of silver vessels among the students, and it was suggested that earthenware or glass would be much more suitable to the mode of life and the status of students. The college authorities replied that they were ready to make the objector a present of all their plate, provided that he would undertake to supply them with all the glass and earthenware they should have a demand for, since it was very likely he would find the expense, from constant breaking, exceed the value of the silver.

It was no doubt from a different kind of motive from this that the use of meaner materials in the manufacture of chalices was discontinued, and even disallowed, at an early period in Church history. The use of the precious metals for chalices has, in fact, been so long universal that we never entertain the idea of this class of object in any metal but gold or silver. The use of glass, wood, or copper for chalices was interdicted by a council at Rheims in the early years of the ninth century, proving that these materials had previously been in use for the purpose; and glass was, in fact, occasionally used until the eleventh century. The increased sanctity attached to the cup in the twelfth century, the period when its administration was denied to the laity and confined to the priesthood, led to a more strict regulation in regard to its materials, and a special canon framed at this period enacted that the bowl



No. 61.—Chalice: Renaissance (by Paul Flint, of Nuremberg).

at least of the chalice should be of the precious metals. This ritualistic movement also affected the size of the chalice; for in earlier times the chalices in which the wine was adminis-

tered to the congregation were of great size, and there was much ostentation in the display of these large vessels, which were often hung up conspicuously in a church which possessed a good store of them, as a sign of its wealth and importance. But with the withdrawal of the cup from the laity the necessity for their large size was at an end, and the chalice besides was regarded as too sacred an implement to be conspicuously displayed after the old fashion; so that from this period the chalice assumed those moderate dimensions which it has since retained.

The history of the shape and design of the chalice is not



No. 62.—Chalice: late Renaissance (*Virgile Solis*).

without interest. The earliest examples which have survived, either in actual material or in drawings, were evidently derived from classic models, and represented a form of elegantly shaped two-handled cup such as is familiar to us in Greek and Roman design. In short, at first it was an ordinary two-handled drinking vessel. But as the idea of the drinking vessel became less prominent, as the communion became less of a supper and more of a symbolical rite of tasting the consecrated wine, the chalice assumed a form of its own, which in its main features was fixed about the eleventh century, though the refinement of its design was not matured until later. The constituents of the chalice at this period

were a hemispherical bowl, a widespreading base, and a stalk with a large knob on it half-way between the base and the bowl, for better convenience and security in grasping. This knob, or "knop," as it was sometimes called, is a distinguishing feature in the chalice form of cup, and afterwards was often very beautifully and richly decorated. The chalice retained this form till near the fourteenth century, the continued persistence in the conservation of one type of design being doubtless due to an idea that the form had been fixed by ecclesiastical rule and precedent, and was therefore to be adhered to. In the chalices from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century the main features in the design were the same; but the bowl, instead of being hemispherical, assumed a longer inverted conoid form, and the base or foot was much more elaborated, becoming, instead of round, hexagonal or octagonal, and worked into cusp forms analogous to those seen in the outlines of Gothic window tracery. The form of the chalice at this best period of its development is of the most perfectly artistic and expressive design, and shows, in fact, qualities as refined as those of Greek Art. The base, wrought into a form at once ornamental and eminently calculated to insure stability, and spreading with beautiful sweeping lines from beneath the knob of the stem; the knob, with its glittering ornaments of jewellery or enamel; and the bowl, enriched and chased generally at the base, but perfectly plain above where it touches the lips, and shaped in the finest and most delicate outline, altogether go to make one of the most perfect instances of fine design—exactly expressing the purpose and use of the object to which it was applied—which is to be seen in the whole history of Art workmanship.

Of this best form of the chalice of the mediæval period we have no example among these illustrations, but its form is fortunately so well known from numerous ancient examples, as well as from the more or less successful reproductions which have been made since the modern ecclesiastical revival gave rise to this class of imitative work, that the omission is the less important. The first example given of chalices, that called "King John's Cup" (No. 60), and belonging to Worcester College (though unquestionably, from its style, of considerably later date than the reign of John), is a specimen of the most florid late Gothic style, in which the fine shape of the bowl, characteristic of the best period, has given place to a graceful, but much weaker curve, and the whole of the bowl is ornamented, instead of the upper part being left plain as before. The ornament round the rim forms part of the cover, though this is not quite apparent from the drawing; if it were not so, it would be a serious misapplication of ornament, so as to produce discomfort and interfere with the practical use of the cup. The example illustrates the other special points in the typical chalice form, the knob and the spreading base, but the ornament of the knob, chased materialistic foliage, is not good, and the foot, though exceedingly elegant in its finish, has not that appearance of weight and stability which was given by the old form of base resting solid on the table, instead of standing upon its points as in this case. The best qualities of mediæval chalice are better shown a great deal in the next example (No. 61), though it is classic design based on a Gothic form. Here we see the spreading and solid base (though the lines are not so fine as in the best Gothic work); the knob in its true form, or nearly so; and the cup with that delicately spreading outline and the large space of plain metal at the rim which were the characteristics of the best mediæval

chalices. The detail, though not of the highest character, is well designed, and is superior in almost every way to the richer and more showy mediæval example which we have just noticed. It is the work of Paul Flint, or Flind, sometimes called Paul of Nuremberg, who was prominent among the goldsmith artists of that city in the middle of the sixteenth century.

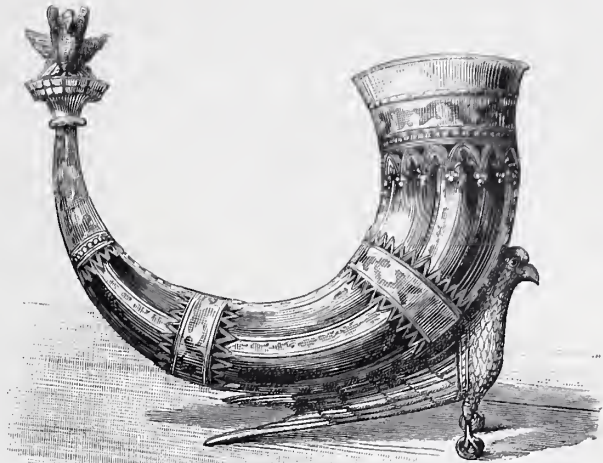
Church plate, however, at this period, began to lose much of its severity and purity of form, and to partake of the florid taste in ornament which accompanied the Renaissance. The comparatively pure taste of the last example (No. 62) is therefore, in fact, exceptional, and the type of Church plate of the full Renaissance period is better shown in our next example, a chalice designed by Virgile Solis, one of the most brilliant and celebrated of the German Art workers of the Renaissance.



No. 63.—Pewter Tankard: Sixteenth Century (by François Briot).

In this it will be seen that though the widespreading base is retained, the other portions, the knop and the bowl, have completely abandoned all reminiscence of the shapes into which mediæval practice had wrought them, and adopted purely classic shapes; and the stem has become, as it did in many other instances at this time, the opportunity for that introduction of the figure which, as we have before remarked, was always the object with the Renaissance artists. The design of the bowl in this object is very fine and bold in effect, as far as outline and modelling are concerned, though the appearance of rather formless incrustation on the surface of the bowl is not good; the base is weak, and wanting in weight and mass in comparison with the rest; and the

naturalistic tree trunk forming the stem, around which the figures of Adam and Eve are grouped, is a piece of very bad



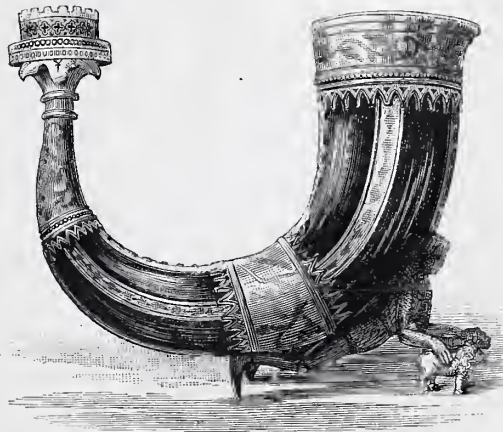
No. 64.—Mounted Horn: Pitti Palace.

taste, totally at variance with the true principles of ornamental design.

The next example (No. 63) takes us to quite a different material. It is a tankard of pewter, or a material closely resembling it, and then called "latten." The word occurs in a well-known passage in Shakspeare, amidst the threats of Pistol against Master Slender—

"I combat challenge of this latten bilbo;"

i.e. this pewter sword—a sword easily bent. This material came a good deal into use from the beginning of the fifteenth century, partly owing to the increasing cost of silver and gold, partly (in France) to sumptuary laws, which at this time placed a check on the increased amassing of articles in the precious metals; partly also to the wish on the part of the bourgeoisie to have on their tables articles which, at least in general design and material, were equal to those on the tables of the aristocracy, though not of so rich material. In this feeling there was a tacit recognition, at least, of the fact that the value of truly artistic design lies more in the work than in the material, and that good Art can confer value and dignity on mean material, though of course costliness and beauty in the material do confer an additional charm.



No. 65.—Mounted Horn: Pitti Palace.

Another reason, perhaps, why there are sometimes found very beautiful and rich designs in pewter is that this more ductile

and cheap material was sometimes used, in the case of important works, for a first model to test the appearance of the design before finishing it in gold or silver; and some of the models thus made were very probably preserved for the sake of their intrinsic beauty after serving their practical purpose as proofs. Cellini, in fact, actually recommended this use of pewter as a testing material. In France a great deal of beautiful work was done in pewter in the sixteenth century, among the best works being those of François Briot, to whose hand is due the beautiful tankard here engraved, and which is now in the British Museum. There is little, if any, room for criticism in regard to this admirable work, in which the artist has availed himself of the ductile nature

of the material to play with the whole surface with rich repoussé ornament, and has produced a work in which a commonplace material is raised almost to the value of a precious metal by the beautiful design into which it is fashioned.

The two silver-mounted horns, with ornament in enamel (Nos. 64 and 65), are both from the Pitti Palace. They exhibit a very pretty and effective use of silver as a mounting, and there is a piquant fancy in the manner in which their stands are designed. That formed by the bird is the best; the other one is defective, in that the human figure and the animals are on different scales, and the fancy is somewhat too far-fetched, whereas the conventional bird comes in very happily for the use to which it is put.

THE HAMILTON COLLECTION.

THE dispersion of a grand collection of works of Art like that of Hamilton Palace is an event which naturally causes regret, but there are no circumstances in the present case to make us regard it as a national misfortune. There is no reason to fear, for instance, that it will be transferred *en masse* to another country, as the Orleans Gallery was transferred from France to England; nor is the danger

great that any very precious objects will fall into careless or obscure hands. The days in which masterpieces were disfigured, destroyed, or buried out of sight by sheer ignorance and neglect are, we hope, over, at all events for the present. Whatever becomes of the treasures of Hamilton Palace, it is some comfort to think that the history of the most remarkable objects, whether pictures, furniture, or china, is not likely to end at Messrs. Christie's rooms. But at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, when the greater part of this collection was formed by the tenth Duke of Hamilton, the taste for Art was not so widely diffused, and the perpetual wars, both before and after, retarded its cultivation. In all the principal towns and cities on the continent the markets were

full of fine things to be purchased for sums which would seem ridiculous nowadays, and Alexander, the tenth Duke of Hamilton, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and once ambassador at St. Petersburg, was one of those men of taste and wealth who travelled and bought. He, like Sir Horace Walpole, Mr. Beckford, and other connoisseurs, cannot be

ranked amongst the great patrons of Art, or compared with the Medici, the Strozzi, or even such humbler men as Mr. Rogers or Dr. Monro, who not only preserved ancient treasures from destruction, but stimulated the production of new ones; but they did good service to Art, nevertheless, in affording asylums for precious things during times of tumult and ignorance. Through his wife, the daughter of Mr. William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," the builder of unfortunate Fonthill, famous for his wealth, his taste, and his luxurious habits, the Duke of Hamilton also added not only the Beckford library to his possessions, but many valuable pictures and beautiful things.

In giving some account of this remarkable collection, it will be most convenient, for present purposes and for future reference, to follow to some extent the order of the sale, and to give the numbers in the catalogue. This contains no less than 2,213 lots, divided into five portions. The sale of each of the first four portions occupied three days, that of the fifth and last, five days. We propose in this article to deal with the principal objects sold in the first six days' sale.

Dutch and Flemish Pictures.—Rubens's great picture of 'Daniel in the Den of Lions' (Lot 80, £5,145. Denison*), once belonging to Charles I., is of such world-wide fame, and so well known from engravings, that it demands the first



No. 1.—A Writing Table, formerly in the possession of Marie Antoinette.

* The sums given are the prices obtained at the sale, the purchaser's name being attached.

place. It is also so superb in design, and so rich, yet soöer, in colour, that it would be impossible to deny the importance of the work. An additional claim for attention is found in that historic letter from Rubens to Sir Dudley Carleton, in which he states that it is entirely by his own hand, and that the lions were studied from nature. Nevertheless it is not in all respects a capital work by the master. The figure of Daniel is clumsy, and the lions, though nobly grouped and full of savagery, are not wholly accurate or natural.

Since the sale a question has been raised as to whether this is the original picture. Another Daniel, said to be of equal, if not superior quality, is said to exist in a church in the Isle of Wight. The collection contained several other fine works by Rubens. Some doubt has been expressed regarding the portrait of his first wife, 'Elizabeth Brandt' (Lot 37, £1,837 10s., Whitehead), though it is a brilliant example of luminous flesh tones. A design in grisaille for a salver, representing the birth of Venus (Lot 44, £1,680, Denison), shows the freedom and lightness of his touch to perfection, and all his fertile grace of composition, while the whole vigour of his imagination has been occupied in conceiving the 'Loves of the Centaurs' (Lot 48, £2,100, Stewart), which is as fresh and delightful in colour as if it had been painted for the sale.

Of Van Dyck the collection contained several fine examples. The finest is a portrait of 'Henrietta Lotharinga, Princess of Phalsburg' (Lot 18, £2,100, Rosebery), signed and dated 1634, formerly in the collection of Charles I., and afterwards in the Orleans Gallery. A less grand but noble picture represents the 'Duchess of Richmond and her Son,' the latter in the character of Cupid (Lot 31, £2,047 10s., Denison). Exquisite also in its pearly colour and refinement of characterization is a profile of 'Queen Henrietta Maria' (Lot 75). A sea-piece by W. Van de Velde (Lot 35, £1,365, Denison), a water-mill by Hobbema (Lot 40, £4,252 10s., Sedelmeyer),

an 'Interior of a Cabinet,' by A. Ostade, are examples of quite exceptional merit; and other pictures which deserve record are a small portrait of Edward Scymour, Duke of Somerset, by H. Holbein (Lot 8, £514 10s., White), a large portrait of Edward VI. wrongly ascribed to the same artist (Lot 43, £798, White), a 'St. Jerome in a Cavern' (Lot 26, £493 10s., National Gallery), attributed to H. de Bles (called Civitta), without much reason, a grand Van Huysum (Lot 30, £1,228 10s., Agnew), an 'Adoration of the Magi,' beautiful in colour and execution, ascribed to Mabuse (Lot 76, £525), and a very good specimen of that rare pupil of Franz Hals, A. Blauwer (Lot 45, £609, Ionides). As the National Gallery contains no example of this artist, and this was a very characteristic specimen of his fine touch and beautifully broken light, we are sorry that it was not secured for the nation.

Italian Pictures.—

'The Assumption of the Virgin,' by Botticelli (Lot 417), painted for the church of San Pietro Maggiore at Florence, on the commission of Matteo Palmieri, was the most important of the Italian pictures, both on account of its undoubted and interesting history and the extreme rarity of such large compositions by this master. Its size is 147½ inches by 82 inches. The picture is faded, but otherwise in good preservation, and executed with great care. It was exhibited at Burlington House in 1873, and was secured for the National Gallery for the sum of £4,777 10s. after a spirited competition with the agents of the French Government. A smaller picture, also attributed to Botticelli, and well worthy of him,

is the 'Adoration of the Magi' (Lot 397, £1,627 10s., National Gallery), remarkable for the unimpaired beauty of its colour and the fine finish of the figures, some of which are very graceful, and all spirited in design and full of character. A grand portrait of 'A Venetian General in half-armour and trunk hose' (Lot 411, £530, Davis), attributed to Giorgione, and one of the very few works which have any



No. 2.—Louis XIV. Armoire, by Boule, from the design of Le Brun. Formerly in the Louvre.

pretension to such an attribution, was remarkable even among the many very fine portraits of the Italian school which were sold at the same time; and of these should be recorded 'An Admiral in armour,' by Tintoretto (Lot 410, £1,155, Colnaghi), and 'Leonora di Toledo, wife of Cosmo de' Medici, and her Son,' by Bronzino (Lot 399, £1,837 10s., Vokins). For rarity and beauty of sentiment nothing can excel two exquisite heads by Fra Angelico of 'The Virgin' and 'The Announcing Angel' (Lot 356, £1,312 10s.). A little Cima, from Fonthill (Lot 395, £651, Agnew), bought from the collection of the Nuncio di



No. 3.—A Silver-gilt Standing Cup and Cover.

Verona in Venice in 1770, is of the choicest quality. Of the gorgeous colouring of the Venetian school 'The Story of Myrrha,' ascribed to Giorgione (Lot 383), is an unusually fine example; it was purchased for the National Gallery for £1,417 10s., as were two panels by Mantegna (Lot 398) in monochrome for £1,785. Of singular interest, as showing the influence of Michel Angelo, was a 'Madonna and Child' by Marcello Venusti (Lot 380, £430, Agnew). In the latter painter's 'Christ driving out the Money Changers' (Lot 402, £1,428, Mainwaring) we have Michel Angelo's own design. This beautiful work was in the Borghese Gallery, and after-

wards in the collection of Sir Thomas Lawrence. A very charming little Francia (Lot 382, £262 10s.), a Perugino (Lot 404, £504, Radley), a portrait of much character by A. de Messina (Lot 343, £131 5s.), a lovely little head by Leonardo (Lot 344, £525, National Gallery), a very large Tintoretto of 'Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet' (Lot 353, £157 10s. only, National Gallery), are among the works whose merit is most easily recognisable.

Furniture, &c.—Of these objects some of the best have been chosen for our illustrations. As examples of the grandiose character, and of the sumptuous and somewhat heavy grace which mark the time of Louis XIV., the works of Boulle are interesting and admirable, nor could choicer ones be found than the Armoire (Lot 672, £12,075) and the Cabinet surnamed 'D'Artois' (Lot 184, £766 10s.). They both present fine specimens not only of that inlay of metal in tortoiseshell which was, according to tradition, the invention of M. Boulle, but also of the solid carved brasswork with which his finest productions were enriched and strengthened. In the Armoire (see illustration No. 2) the panels are of inlaid tortoiseshell of the natural colour, which is generally considered a sign of early buhl, but in this cabinet and its companion there are some small panels with a red ground. The elaborate design of the inlaying, with its trophies and figures, and the boldness of the applied brasswork, are distinctive features of this magnificent armoire and its companion.

Of the less virile but more dainty development of the Louis XIV. style which took place under the influence of his successors the Hamilton Collection possessed some very choice specimens, most of the Louis XVI. period. If its frivolity was shown, in that "secrétaire," decorated with tawdry drawings in imitation of flowers and lace (No. 300), which was made by P. H. Pasquier for the Du Barry, the daintiness of its design and the exquisiteness of its execution were vindicated by numerous tables and "commodes," clocks and mounts of the finest taste—as taste was then. Englishmen generally are not good judges of such work; they know what is handsome and grand, but do not go into raptures over a festoon and in ecstasies at an arabesque, but we may accept the warrant of a recent French writer, who speaks of the suite made by Riesener for Marie Antoinette as the *ne plus ultra* of *ibénisterie*. Of the shape and proportions of the elegant little writing-table which belonged to it, and fetched no less than £6,000, our illustration (No. 1) will give a good notion. Equally fine in execution, and especially remarkable for a beautiful marqueterie medallion of Silence, was a secrétaire sold on the fifth day (No. 518, £1,575), the chased key to which was made by Louis XVI. himself. Of the many ormolu clocks of the same style none was more curious or elegant in design than that of which an engraving will appear in our next number.

Of the art of the silversmith the examples were few, but choice. Our engraving (No. 3) represents one of the most elegant—a silver-gilt standing cup and cover (Lot 644, £3,244 10s.)—of German manufacture. The whole of its surface is exquisitely chased with minute ornamentation; every lobe and boss has its story or its figure. Classic fable shares with birds and beasts the occupation of the precious plots on its delicately moulded sides; a figure of Jupiter surmounts it, and underneath its elaborate foot is a beautiful medallion of a man's profile inscribed "Georgen Roemer, año. 1580."

(To be continued.)

THE KAISERHAUS, GOSLAR.



AMONG the old historic monuments of Germany the palace of the Emperors at Goslar, lying on the borders of the Hartz Mountains, is one of the most memorable. It is coeval with the imperial castle at Nuremberg; it is more ancient and considerable than the Rathhaus at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The Kaiserhaus, of which we give an illustration, built by Henry III. in the middle of the eleventh century, remains almost the last relic of a long past: as a colossus it appeals to the imagination somewhat as an extinct mammoth of the old world. Standing apart from the mediæval and modern town of Goslar, it has been left in comparative solitude since its companion and coequal, the Romanesque cathedral, was, save a fragment, swept away. This historic monument, in its vast dimensions and massive proportions, in its stern simplicity and noble symmetry, in the bold rounding of its arches, and in the elaborated ornament of its capitals, becomes the leading representative in Northern Europe of the Romanesque period. Parallel manifestations of conquering races and of dominant architectural styles appear in the Lombardic churches of Northern Italy, but the historic monuments in Pisa, Lucca, and Pavia are inferior in scale, and by their expressly ecclesiastic uses are unidentified with imperial memories and transactions.

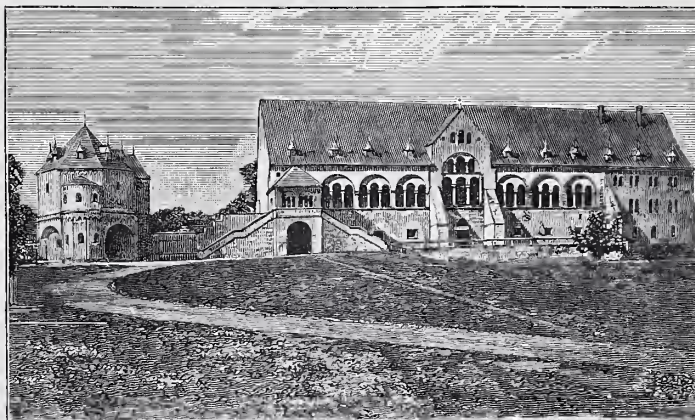
Unfortunately the Kaiserhaus at Goslar does not remain intact; from time to time its structure has been somewhat tampered with; indeed, within living memory the grand hall was desecrated as a store for grain; and now the present generation witnesses its thorough restoration. Germany, in common with the rest of Europe, has of late grown zealous, possibly even to excess, in the way of refurbishing time-worn, crumbling, and falling monuments. Archæologists and archaic critics, especially in England, shed tears when decayed stones are carted away as rubbish. But practical men have to deal sternly with inevitable necessities; statesmen pledged to move with the age cannot look on cities as mere museums; old stonework cannot be allowed to tumble on the heads of the people; in short, the difficult problem has to be solved how, with least injury, the relics of the past may be made to meet the requirements of the present. The engraving here given shows what has been done with the Kaiserhaus at Goslar. The reader will judge that, while decayed materials have been removed and replaced by new, the identity of the original structure, the integrity of the first conception or design, have been strictly conserved.

The restoration of the Kaiserhaus structurally, naturally suggested its renovation decoratively. The inside of the Great Hall, occupying the first floor, as indicated by the arcade of large windows (see illustration), stood in imperative need of mural adornings. Bald surfaces had been left by the architect, as if expressly to furnish a field for frescoes or other polychrome ornamentation. We all know how the revival of the arts in modern Germany was signalled by the prolific production of wall paintings, first by Cornelius in Munich, and then by artists in his school, or inspired by his spirit. Sometimes churches and museums were newly built,

with the ulterior end of pictorial decoration; in other cases, as with the old Cathedral of Spire and the ancient Rathhaus of Frankfort and at Aix-la-Chapelle, the time-defaced walls had long been waiting the ministration of high Art. The purport and character of this national movement in Germany may be judged somewhat by the attempt made in England to adorn with historic frescoes the Houses of Parliament. That the Kaiserhaus in Goslar should in like manner commemorate the honour and glory of past ages became but a logical sequence to the re-establishment of the German Empire; it was but natural that the structure reared by old German emperors should be made to serve as an imperial programme or political proclamation.

The reigning Emperor, William, visited Goslar on the 15th August, 1875, just after Imperial Germany had been re-established, and thereupon he commanded that the restoration of the Kaiserhaus, already begun, should be carried out with promptitude and energy. Accordingly the Minister of Public Instruction, in December, 1876, issued an invitation to the artists of Prussia to prepare and send in by the 15th of August, 1877, designs for its pictorial decorations. Eleven artists responded to the summons, and their sketches were thereupon exhibited in the Berlin National Gallery.

The adjudication on their merits devolved on a standing Government commission constituted of distinguished artists and connoisseurs, specially qualified for the task by the annual function of apportioning and bestowing the funds provided by Prussia for the encouragement of Art. The commissioners soon reduced the number from eleven to three. Among these stood Herr Friedrich Geselschap, an artist whose power and inventive originality have been since further attested in Berlin by the mural decorations in the Arsenal. However, the commissioners ultimately decided, by twelve votes against two, that the designs, of which we engrave one on page 251 as an example, prepared by Professor Hermann Wislicenus, should receive the first prize.



The Kaiserhaus, Goslar.

This competition was memorable as a sign of the times, the victorious Prussians striving that peaceful arts should spring up in the place of warlike arms. That clever painters at shortest notice could elaborate a large and complex scheme of pictorial design may be taken as a proof that the training in Academies is not far behind the discipline of the camp. The Art organ-

ization resembles that in the olden times—masters, aided by scholars, are ready to conceive and carry out arduous undertakings. The works may sometimes leave much to desire, but the system is sound and thorough. Armies of disciplined artists through the length and breadth of Germany are prepared for national enterprise: all may not be qualified to lead, but each is trained to his part in the organized whole.

Hermann Wislicenus was born in 1825 at Eisenach, amid the beauty of Thuringian valleys, and under shadow of the wooded hill of the Wartburg. Frederick Preller had been cradled in the same lovely spot twenty years before. The two painters, though differing in their art, moved through parallel experiences. Weimar, their adopted home, brought to each refining and elevating influences, together with kindly patronage. Each grew under the traditions and presences of the Modern Athens; the memory of Schiller, Wieland, and Herder still haunted the streets, the woods, and the streams; and specially did the genius of Goethe guide the intellect and inspire the imagination. The school of Art, like that of poetry, thus formed was many-sided. Preller took part with the classic, while Wislicenus inclined more to the romantic. Thus incited, Wislicenus in 1865 made designs for the Goethe Institute, embodying what may be supposed to have been the poet's conception concerning "the conflict between Man and the Elements." These cartoons are conserved in the Weimar Museum. Other creations of the artist which have fallen under my observation, such as a wall painting in the Schloss Chapel, 'The Watch on the Rhine,' and 'The Four Seasons,' are imbued by a like spirit of romance. The creative faculty, if not bold or original, is certainly fertile and copious. The style is an eclectic compromise; the period lies at farthest remove from that of the pre-Raphaelites; hence the grace of Guido and the suavity of Correggio imbue this essentially modern manner. The artist thus pledging himself to please has received full measure of triumph and reward. Wislicenus in 1880 was appointed Director of the Düsseldorf Academy: the office, however, of necessity had to be renounced when he commenced at Goslar labours which seem likely to last to the term of his natural life.

Five-and-thirty pictures for the Kaiserhaus are sketched on paper, and in part carried out upon the walls. The series is what the Germans call a "cyclus"—a theme is taken, sometimes from history, occasionally from the region of poetry, and the method is to expand the idea over successive wall spaces; thus picture after picture elucidates the main subject as so many chapters in a book, or treatises in an encyclopædia. The treatment aims at being exhaustive, and indeed seldom fails of becoming heavy and wearisome. The Germans are not content to know that every historic personage must have been first born and ultimately buried, but they insist on searching out and setting down every intermediate particular. The old masters, as usual, are made more or less responsible for modern modes. We all know how at Assisi, Siena, Padua, and Florence large wall spaces were covered with frescoes setting forth, in consecutive scenes, the History of our Lord, the Life of the Virgin, or the Story of St. Francis. Since the secularisation of the Arts, the same expository treatment has naturally been extended to mere mundane history. Thus at Aix-la-Chapelle Alfred Rethel expounded Charlemagne, in Berlin Kaulbach dramatized the world's civilisation, in Cologne Steinle made a like triumphal march across history, while in Munich the local school still more voluminously ex-

patiated over the annals of Bavaria. The method once acquired, the materials at disposal are of course simply inexhaustible, and the sphere thus laid open to Academic mediocrity becomes boundless. Goslar, however, has a supreme advantage over competing centres; her historic transactions are not trivial, but imperial.

The Great Hall in the Kaiserhaus is the largest interior in Germany; its length is 165 feet, its width 50 feet, its height at the centre over the throne is the same. The long west wall, unbroken by door or window, is of dimensions sufficiently ample to receive in its total length of 165 feet three central compositions, and on either side three further compositions, each with two predellas beneath. These six side pictures are supported and divided by eight painted pilasters, with ornamental borders, and including three figure designs, the centre of the three forced up in colour as a picture. Thus this chief wall will carry nine principal pictures, twelve predellas, eight pilaster pictures, making a total of twenty-nine wall paintings. The opposite or east wall is broken, and chiefly occupied by the large windows, which appear as the salient ornamentation on the external façade. But in a concerted scheme of polychrome the spaces between and around these window piercings must necessarily receive composition and colour. Accordingly in these quarters are scattered about somewhat promiscuously angels, girls, monks, children, with landscapes occasionally interspersed. Here, at all events, is little suspicion of high Art. But the two end walls resume the historic business with due solemnity. Each is broken by a door, yet sufficient space remains on either wall for three large compositions, with usual predellas beneath. Thus, at a rough estimate, this acreage of mural decoration will not reach completion short of some fifty pictures!

The theme imposed on the painter was sufficiently large—it was nothing less than the building up of the old German Empire, and the reconstruction of the new empire on the ancient foundations. Wislicenus, whose designs on the whole did most justice to the idea, unfolds the historic panorama as follows:—He commences on the farthest left of the long west wall with Henry II. (1002—1024), crowned Emperor of Germany by Pope Benedict VIII. in the old Basilica of St. Peter's. Next follows Henry III. (1039—1056), a picturesque, spirited composition, showing the victorious monarch with Pope Gregory VII. as captive. Here is the triumph of the Empire over the Church. The third picture presents a converse in the supremacy of the ecclesiastical over the temporal power: Henry IV. (1056—1106), standing in cold wintry snow at the castle of Canosa, does penance before Pope Hildebrand (1077). These three pictures, as a kind of triptych, occupy the left of the long wall. The corresponding right in like manner receives three large compositions. The first depicts Frederick Barbarossa (1152—1190) prostrate at the feet of Henry the Lion of Brunswick. In the second scene humiliation is changed into triumph—the irresistible Barbarossa at Iconium, on fiery steed, rushes to victory. The triptych closes with the German Emperor, Frederick II. (1215—1250), holding his festive court at Palermo. This pleasing composition, hitherto unengraved, illustrates these pages, with the kind permission of the artist. The five emperors thus successively brought upon the scene have been more or less identified with Goslar; indeed, the diets of the empire were, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, held in this very hall.

History might almost seem expressly to shape herself for mural decoration. The two large end walls were wanting in

pictures, and what could be more appropriate than Charlemagne for the one and Charles V. for the other? And so, as if no sooner said than done, forthwith are turned out of hand half-a-dozen compositions, with suitable predellas below. The south wall, dedicated to Charlemagne, is destined to receive the following triad: the Emperor's Victory over the Saxons in the middle, his Coronation on the left hand, and the Baptism of Wittekind on the right. The north wall is not too large for a personage so considerable as Charles V. In the midst appears Luther in the presence of the Emperor at the Diet of Worms. Then on one side are seen certain Princes receiving the Sacrament, while on the other is discovered Charles V. in the Cloister of St. Just. This last triptych is made intentionally to take a religious turn, and the presence of Luther proves of course most appropriate here in the midst of Lutheran Germany. The historic readings and teachings throughout the whole "cyclus" are marked by accustomed German evolution and elaboration; the theme of a central composition is echoed on either side, repeated with further particulars in the predellas, and again taken up in detail by the decorative pilasters. Of the painting of such pictures evidently there is no end.

The Kaiserhaus, after the twelfth century, fell into utter neglect, and is described in guide-books either as a ruin or a corn magazine. The historian having nothing to recount, the artist finds nothing to paint; thus a gap of some centuries breaks the chronologic series. But the reigning monarch having, in 1875, made his public entry into the imperial city, won a right to appear on the walls in company with his illustrious predecessors. The place assigned to the Emperor William is conspicuously that of honour; the grand hall at the centre reaches a climax above the spot assigned to the throne. On the left and on the right are the triplet compositions before described; the centre remains for the well-known figure of the old soldier King, life size, on horseback. Bismarck and Moltke are of course present; also assist more ideal personages, such as three females—Muses of some sort—and a certain old gentleman seated cross-legged, apparently resting on his return

from river-boating or sea-fishing. The upper sky is held by sundry floating figures in full costume; in the midst a lady—propriety personified—with the assistance of *putti*, showers down on the old Emperor heavenly honours. In the higher effulgence appears a Gog or Magog sort of divinity. Other spectres, clothed by the tailor, float across the firmament, and assist in the august ceremony. Really to look seriously at such a performance is out of the question; the art is of the quality usually identified in England with Lord Mayors' shows. Unfortunately court painters in Germany do not enjoy the privileges possessed by the old masters; Michael Angelo, without ceremony, thrust distasteful dignitaries into purgatory or a still hotter place. But modern painters do but echo the strains of laureate poets.

The general scheme of decoration presents few, if any, special or exceptional traits. The ornamentation naturally corresponds with the rounded arch and the Romanesque style of the architectural structure. In Germany decorative polychrome has been so far reduced to scientific certitude that pictures, painted pilasters, and foliated and geometric patterns are brought almost as a matter of course into keeping and agreement. But as for "processes," whether fresco, tempera, water-glass, wax, or oil, the practice, just at present, in Germany is mostly capricious and often ill judged. Here within the Kaiserhaus the technique adopted is a compromise. The walls I found prepared in the usual way: since



Frederick II. of Germany at Palermo. From a Design by Prof. Hermann Wislicenus.

the days of Cornelius scarcely an artist has ventured to paint on the wet mortar. Here, as elsewhere, the plaster is allowed to harden and dry; the surface is slightly granulated, like that of fine freestone. I have observed that preference is shown to a smooth wall, as offering greater facility to the brush, and giving less trouble generally; but the luminosity of fresco vanishes, and wall decoration assumes the character and quality of easel painting. Indeed, though I confess to my surprise and dismay, I found Wislicenus actually working in oil, apparently regardless of the ruin which has befallen 'The Last Supper' painted by Da Vinci in the same medium. The plea for persisting in a method that proved fatal is that the

pigments will thereby attach themselves all the more firmly to the wall surface. This oil ground, however, is only preliminary—an ultimate coat will be added of pigments mixed with wax; a medium—now much favoured in Germany—which has the advantage of drying “mat,” or without a



Goslar. From a Sketch by Archer Bowler.

gloss. The artist's manipulation cannot be said to be Michael-Angelesque; it is the reverse of broad and bold, and I observed that after the colours had been laid with a painstaking hand, a fluffy brush was used as a softener: thus form was modelled, though at the total sacrifice of touch. A full-

sized cartoon served for guidance, and a small sketch in oil gave general indication of the colour aimed at. Assistants—employed in Germany on large monumental works, as formerly in Italy—were engaged on draperies and other subordinate parts. Throughout, the manner is that of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, brought down, however, still further into modern times; the school is eclectic, as if the Kaiserhaus had fallen under the hands of some German branch of the Carracci family. On the whole, the general effect bids fair to be agreeably decorative, not to say even florid, though the brilliance and transparency of the old “buono e puro” fresco are lost.

Goslar, long neglected and forsaken, will year by year attract an increasing flood of guests and pleasure-seekers. A railway brings the capital of the Hartz Mountains within easy reach of Brunswick and Hanover. The old city, as already indicated, is a study for the archæologist and the artist; successive historic periods are here stratified or thrown into a conglomerate. The Romanesque period still survives in the Kaiserhaus, the porch of the Dom, and the church of Neuwerk Monastery; then, five centuries later, came a time of commercial prosperity, when, as in Nuremberg, rose picturesque watch-towers, halls, guilds, warehouses, and private dwellings. How inviting to the pencil are the aspects of the old streets and by-ways may be judged from a sketch, here engraved, made last autumn by Mr. Archer Bowler, Art master in Cheltenham College. Among guides the most attractive is Mr. Henry Blackburn's illustrated handbook to the Hartz Mountains. This pre-eminently sketchable region of hills, valleys, and running streams has been called the North Wales of Northern Germany. Within narrow compass and easy distance can scarcely be found materials so varied and inviting for the portfolio of the artist or of the amateur. Here, too, the poet may take imaginative flight among the haunted heights of the Brocken, where witches of yore kept riotous Sabbath with the devil. Goethe fitly chose the spot for the scene wherein Faust, conducted by Mephistopheles, beholds in vision Margaret, with throat cut, walking across the wild waste. And Heine sounds the key-note of local legends when he tells how the savage rocks, spectral trees, and stormy skies of the Brocken look weird and bewitched, and how all things thereabouts hold the semblance of a dream of the ghostly past.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

‘THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.’ Engraved by C. G. Lewis, from the picture by James Holland.—This view, taken from the entrance to the Grand Canal, embraces some of the chief attractions of Venice. On the right the Ducal Palace is shown, with the Campanile of St. Mark appearing above it. The celebrated granite pillars in the Piazzetta stand between the Palace and the Mint; one carrying the bronze lion of St. Mark, and the other bearing the statue of St. Theodore, protector of the Venetian Republic. On the left of the picture the Dogana, or Custom House, is the first building on the promontory, and behind is seen one

of the most conspicuous objects in Venice, the Church of Santa Maria della Salute; while the canal of the Giudecca opens away on the left.

‘HERODIAS.’ Etched by M. Léopold Flameng, from the picture by M. Benjamin Constant.—This is fully described in M. Champier's article on the painter at page 231.

‘CALUMNY.’ Fac-simile of a drawing by Andrea Mantegna in the British Museum.—This is noticed in Mr. Henry Wallis's article on Mantegna at page 225.



PAINTED BY JAMES HOLLAND.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.

ENGRAVED BY C. G. LEWIS.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE EXHIBITION.

WITH great eclat and an extraordinary amount of enthusiasm this exhibition was opened on the 18th of July. Worcestershire people are possessed, and very rightly too, with a very considerable appreciation of their own county and city. They boast that their actual products and local manufactures embrace everything needful for the use of man, and a survey of their exhibition shows that even such extraneous requirements as hops, cider, and perry, needles, fishhooks and sauce, can be satisfied. The idea of an exhibition which should be exclusively confined to products of Worcestershire is a happy one, for it shows in a striking manner what wonderful Art treasures, and what diversified manufactures, are contained in a single county. It would be well if the example of these local bounds could be followed by other districts, though certainly none will be found where a more zealous and indefatigable body of workers can be enlisted, or where those who could in any way assist were more ready to do so. Specially prominent amongst those who have brought about the Worcester Exhibition, must be mentioned the Mayor, Lieut-Col. W. Stallard, Lady Alwyne Compton, the members of the Historical Committee, and above all the honorary secretaries, Messrs. R. W. Binns and C. M. Downes. The committee were fortunate in finding ready to their hand an admirably adapted building of imposing elevation, which, having been erected at a cost of nearly £100,000, had so far failed to serve its purpose that it was obtainable at a nominal rent. This afforded a floor space of nearly an acre and a half, and a wall space of 36,000 feet. We cannot now refer to the exhibits in the nave and southern annex, nor to the remarkable collection of needlework; to these we shall hope to return at a later date. Our steps must be directed towards the northern courts, where, in three long galleries, are ranged specimens of the graphic Arts. Taking these in the order of their classification in the admirable catalogue, we first notice the statuary, conspicuous amongst which is the bronze group, 'A Moment of Peril,' by T. Brock, a native of Worcester. It has been lent by the Royal Academy, by whom, it will be remembered, it was purchased under the Chantrey bequest. We next reach a selection of objects lent by the Department of Science and Art; we note the same infelicity of choice to which we were obliged to call attention last year in the exhibition at Whitby: Oriental carpets or fine ceramic work would have been infinitely more appreciated in this stronghold of carpets and china, than Indian armour and silverwork. In this way the contributions of Oriental porcelain by Mr. W. W. Old, of Sèvres china and Limoges enamels by Earl Beauchamp, and of Worcester porcelain by the Earl of Dudley and Mr. F. Bodenham, are of greater educational value and interest.

Passing on to the pictures, those by the old masters and deceased British painters first court attention. These have been selected and hung by Mr. J. H. Pollen. We are at the outset attracted by the pictures lent by Lord Northwick, including Sir Joshua Reynolds's celebrated 'Duchess of Argyll;' 'Diana and the Nymphs,' by Frost, R.A.; a wonderful portrait of Doctor Locke, by Hogarth; a portrait of Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice, by Van Dyck; a magnificent picture of an Elector of Hesse, by Terburg; Cardinal Fisher, by Holbein; the Vision of St. Gregory, by William of Cologne; St. Fiacre,

by Quentin Matsys; and the Prince and Princess of Orange, by Van Dyck. Lord Windsor's loans include the wonderful production by Rubens and Snyders, of figures, fruit, and game, which is hung as a pendant to the Marquis of Northampton's great work by Landseer, 'Swans and Eagles.' From Mr. H. G. Galton's many contributions we can only name a charming picture of 'The Lovers,' by Opie; the 'Prince of Orange,' by Mirovelt; 'Admiral de Ruyter,' by F. Hals; 'Moses in the Bulrushes,' by Pietro da Cortona; and a hunting scene by Moucheron. Surprise will be experienced by many at making the acquaintance for the first time with the works of Thomas Woodward, who although honoured in his own country is almost entirely unknown elsewhere. His power of painting animals drew forth, we understand, expressions of wonder from Landseer himself; but his extraordinary painting of the minutiae of a picture is more surprising, and places him on a par with the first of the Dutch painters. Of his works, Mr. S. M. Beale's 'The Tempting Present,' Mr. Archer's 'Dying Woodcock,' and a picture of 'Hunters at a Meet'—which, we believe, is for sale at a not exorbitant price, and which certainly should be acquired as an example of the artist in our national collection—call for special notice. We trust that in any event not only this, but many other pictures here, will be obtained by the council of the Royal Academy for their next winter exhibition. Gainsborough's well-known 'Girl with Pitcher,' lent by the Earl of Coventry, and the Marquis of Hertford's equally renowned 'Mrs. Robinson,' in hat and feather, by Sir J. Reynolds, next come in view, and are succeeded by Sir E. A. H. Lechmere's 'Daniel's Vision,' and 'Susannah,' by Rembrandt. From that gentleman's stores some of the most interesting of a number of early paintings have been selected, namely, Luini's 'Petra's Laura,' Van Leyden's 'St. Christopher,' and a wondrous Mabuse, 'Jacqueline de Bourgogne.' The centre of this magnificent array is occupied by Lord Dudley's 'Madonna and Child,' attributed to Montagna. This most interesting and delicate work has been lent at very considerable risk, for the paintwork has cracked away to such an extent that we positively shuddered to think what would be the consequences of a sudden tumble, or, in fact, of any rough usage. Mr. G. E. Martin's 'Princess Elizabeth as the Perfect Wife,' by Holbein, must not be overlooked in this group.

Of the fine paintings in the centre avenue we have but space to mention a Cuypp lent by the last-named gentleman, Earl Somer's charming portrait of Mrs. Cocks, by Angelica Kauffman, and a portrait of that artist; the Rev. B. Morland's portraits by H. R. Morland of the celebrated Worcestershire beauties, Elizabeth and Maria Gunning; Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Lord George Seymour as a Boy,' an exceptionally fine Wilson belonging to Mr. W. Rose, and 'Gainsborough's Daughter,' lent by Mr. J. Corbett, M.P.

In the third gallery are hung a large collection of works of the modern school. Prominent amongst these are many from the brush of Mr. Leader, of whose success the inhabitants of Worcester are not only very proud, but have done much to assist: so much real interest, in fact, do they take in local Art that, it appeared to us, that it would be financially a wise move for many of our artists to cultivate this patronage by a residence in the town of their birth, for certainly

hereabouts the artist, whatever may be his deserts, receives honour in his own country. Another native of Worcester, Mr. Haynes Williams, is represented by a picture which was in the Academy some years back, "Ars longa, Vita brevis." Mr. Firkins, whose 'Toward the Wane of Autumn' certainly shows too direct an imitation of his master, Ernest Parton, is, we understand, a local artist of promise. Miss E. J. Binns, whose works are well known in our London galleries, is well represented in 'That Wicked Weed—the Hop.' Amongst others who live in the neighbourhood, the woodland scenes of D. Bates and the flowers of Mrs. Leader single themselves out for commendation. Contributions to this section include such important works as Holman Hunt's 'The Shadow of Death' (lent by Messrs. Agnew); Luminais's 'Les Énergés de Jumièges' (lent by Mr. Wallis); 'The Lament of Ariadne,' by Professor Richmond; 'A Coal Schooner,' J. C. Hook; Giovanni's 'Gamblers' (lent by Mr. M. Tomkinson); several portraits by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A.; Bouguereau's 'Shepherd Girl;' and Sir F. Leighton's 'Elisha raising the

Son of the Shunamite' (lent by Mr. J. D. Perrins). In the water-colour room the principal features are some of the Rev. C. J. Sale's splendid collection of Turners.

The contributions of historical portraits of county worthies are of extreme interest. Amongst the one hundred and fifty-eight we were only able to note two who had been in any way connected with Art, namely, Prince Rupert and Valentine Green, the fame of whom curiously enough rests upon mezzotint engraving, and neither of whose connection with the county can be said to have been a pleasant one. We have already mentioned one adjunct to the Art section, namely that of the Art needlework; hereafter we shall hope to give a more extended account of this and of the Art manufactures. Enough, however, has been said of the exhibition to show how replete with interest it is, and we cannot do less than recommend an excursion to it during these summer months; with its beautiful cathedral, its interesting town, and its surrounding scenery, few better places could be found than Worcester, whereat to spend enjoyably a portion of one's holiday.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR AUGUST:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Receiving Days.*—The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 1st to 14th; Nottingham, 8th to 14th; Kirkcaldy, N. B., 12th; Brighton (oil paintings), 19th; Montrose, N. B. (ceramic), 31st; Manchester Royal Institution, early in month.

Opening Days.—Birmingham Royal Society of Artists, 28th; West of England, Devonport, 22nd.

Closing Days.—Royal Academy, 7th (open at night during the last week); Society of British Artists, 7th; The Flaxman Gallery, University College, 26th—re-opens in May, 1883; The Soane Museum, 26th—re-opens in February, 1883.

ANIMAL PAINTING AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1882.—It is an extraordinary fact, but nevertheless a true one, that Southdown sheep and shorthorn cattle appear to be the only sorts of animal known to the animal painter of to-day. We went to the Academy straight from seeing Mr. Holman Hunt's marvellous picture of 'Strayed Sheep,' and our mind was kept continuously considering the same type of animal the whole afternoon. But whilst the 'Strayed Sheep' fixed itself indelibly on our memory, so that we can recall its every detail—down to the red admiral butterflies in the left-hand corner, one depicted in the very act of flying with its wings vibrating—it was all we could do to retain a true recollection of those in the Royal Academy. The reason is because they are so superficial, and show no sign of earnest study. Hunt's sheep one feels are portraits, but judging from the majority of pictures of sheep and cattle at Burlington House it would never appear to enter the brains of our modern Paul Potters that sheep had any individuality. We grant that, just at first sight, a novice might have difficulty in a flock of sheep in telling one from another, but let him for five minutes study two of their faces together, and he will soon distinguish marked difference. It is this absence of appreciation of distinctive peculiarities that is the present curse of this class of painting. We have in past years directed attention to the curious fact, that pictorial cattle never appear to get either muddy or dusty, and this season too we note the same curious phenomenon.

Of the few pictures of animal life not drawn from the farm, or stable, perhaps the most noticeable as depicting a novelty is No. 508, 'A Norfolk Heronry,' by Mr. Samuel Carter. The drawing in the head and neck of the upright old bird is very fine and right, the wonderful flexibility and expanding power of the neck is shown, and the young birds are almost, if not quite, as ugly as young herons are in nature. We are distinctly thankful to Mr. Carter for having broken fresh ground, and taken this new phase of a familiar friend's life. We are sick of the stuffed heron on one leg, supposed to be intently fishing, and therefore usually shown staring blankly straight in front of him. No. 325, 'A Race for Life,' is another ostentatious canvas in which bird life is shown. Here we have hooded crows (of a stumpy or tail-less species not known to us) pursuing a hare, who is careering along over a snow-covered waste. The sky and landscape are admirable, and intensely true and cold looking, but the birds are so clearly from stuffed specimens, that criticism of them is impossible. And this is the case with nearly all the birds painted in the act of flying. It is so in No. 210, startled wild duck flying up; 270, the wild swans winging away with Hans Andersen's heroine, Ella; and in 157, where flamingoes are shown on a rocky coast; besides others too numerous to name. As long as this way of working continues it is hopeless to expect that bird or animal pictures can be really great or good, or in the least interesting. Most people feel they are excessively unentertaining, and hardly know why. It does not seem to occur to men who paint such pictures as these, that it would be well before starting to make themselves really acquainted with the bird's anatomy, and the way the feathers are massed over the various muscles of the body. They never, therefore, realise that the feathers always lie in certain well-marked masses, corresponding in some degree to the muscles which they cover, and that the feathers of the wings are always in fixed numbers, varying slightly in different species, and lying one over the other with exact regularity; had they studied the subject they would never paint these parodies of birds.

There are several pictures of dogs, scattered up and down the galleries. In No. 692, 'The Eve of the Battle of Salamis,'

the dogs are of all sorts, bloodhound, greyhound, collie, and cur, but though so diverse, they are all alike, and Mr. Percy Macquoid clearly believes in one common progenitor, as all have long legs and very accentuated joints, and points and ear tufts. Close to this picture is No. 690, entitled, 'A Warm Corner,' by a Royal Academician; possibly this was painted to help on the aim of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; it is admirably adapted to do so, as it is a picture of brutal butchery. The way these birds are painted should be compared with the painting close at hand by Mr. W. Logsdail, where a group of pigeons, tame and happy, are feeding in a Venetian courtyard.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—At a meeting held on July 14, Mr. Carl Haag was elected an Honorary Member; and Messrs. Fred. Barnard, Ed. F. Brewtnall, John Charlton, A. H. Marsh, John Scott, J. D. Watson, T. J. Watson, and R. C. Woodville were elected Members of the Society.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Mr. George Scharf, F.S.A., has been appointed Director of this gallery—a most thoroughly deserved compliment.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—The first illumination of a private picture gallery by means of electricity occurred last month at Stafford House, the London residence of the Duke of Sutherland. The light used was that known as the British Incandescent, and one hundred and seventy-six of twenty standard candle power were required to illuminate the gallery, which has a length of 123, a breadth of 32, and a height of 48 feet. The banqueting-room was lit by 73 lamps, the whole being sustained by machinery erected in the garden, and driven by a twenty-horse engine. His Grace received a large and distinguished company, whose eulogiums upon the comfort, steadiness, and brilliancy of the lighting were unanimous.

AMERICAN PAINTINGS.—A collection of paintings executed by a process which, if not altogether a new invention, is at all events but little known in this country, has lately been on view at 148, New Bond Street. The artist, Mr. Bicknell, paints his picture on a zinc plate, and then prints an impression from it on paper in the same manner as an etching. No doubt the question arises, *cui bono* is all this trouble taken, as the same effect might be produced by etching, when not a single but a hundred impressions might be printed off? The answer presumably is that effects can be produced which could not be obtained in etching without a much greater expenditure of labour, and that both producer and purchaser often attach a higher value to work from the fact that it is unique. There are also included in the exhibition specimens of steel engravings of a very dexterous character, as applied to Christmas cards, which will be published by Messrs. J. S. Lowell and Co., a Boston house, who are apparently bent on contesting (and with considerable prospect of success) the supremacy of wood engraving and chromo-lithography as applied to this rising branch of Art. Some tiles from the firm of Low and Co., upon which the talent of some of the first American artists has been bestowed, complete an interesting exhibition.

GRESHAM COLLEGE.—An exhibition of artistic productions is now open at Gresham College, which will prove of much interest to workers in wood-carving, modelling, and ornamental casting and chasing. The collection is sent for the inspection of the Council of the City Guilds of London Institute for the advancement of Technical Education, and is

the work of the pupils of the Fach Schule at Iserlohn, Prussia. Though small, the collection is specially interesting as displaying the thorough grounding given in Germany to the producers of artistic ornamental work.

BRADFORD.—On June the 23rd the Bradford Technical School was formally opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, accompanied by the Princess of Wales. In connection with its inauguration a Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition is being held in the building on an extensive scale. The merchant princes and manufacturers of Bradford and the district have been eager patrons of Art, and their liberal contributions have resulted in the bringing together of a fine gallery of modern paintings by the best masters.

THE 'ICONOGRAPHIE DE VANDYCK.'—A splendid set of the engraved portraits by Vandyck was sold at the Beckford Library sale, on July 12th, for £2,850. Many of the impressions are of the earliest states of the plates, and those of Waverius and De Wael are unique. They were purchased for Beckford at the sale of Count Fries of Amsterdam for under £100, yet the price obtained is quite within the value of the collection, as a single slightly inferior example of Waverius fetched £450 at the sale of the Bale collection, last year.

FRANCE.—The French Chamber has refused, by 247 votes to 191, to allocate the moneys arising from the sale of the crown diamonds to the formation of a purchase fund for the museums, but have decided to institute a charity for sick and destitute artists. This has caused considerable dissatisfaction among those who are watching with alarm the yearly diminution in the exports of *objets d'art*. The reason for this, they state to be the increasing spread of Art knowledge amongst the workmen of other countries, which is due to the establishment of museums and schools of Art. They angrily point to the South Kensington Museum as having been beforehand in securing everything that has been worth purchasing during the past twenty years, and to the chance which was afforded at the Hamilton sale of restoring to France some of the finest examples of furniture, and other artistic objects, which that country has ever produced. The sale of the jewels is expected to produce an annual sum of £16,000.

THE PARIS SALON.—Our second article on the Salon (from a French critic's point of view) will appear in the September number.—The 5,612 exhibits at the Salon this year were contributed by 4,264 artists; of these 697 were foreigners, belonging to 37 nationalities, of which the principal were—Belgians, 94; Americans, 86; English, 81; Italians, 60; Swiss, 56; Germans, 53; Spaniards, 39; Dutch, 35; Russians, 31; Swedes, 31.

THE SALON AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The Salon closed on the 21st of June, having been open seven weeks. The admissions amounted to 270,000 paying, and 295,000 free entrances, the latter being principally on Sundays. The receipts were £15,440, and it is expected that, after deducting all expenses, there will remain a surplus of £8,000. The Royal Academy's figures must be very considerably in excess of these, as it is open nearly twice as long, and the admission money on each individual is 25 per cent. greater. Their surplus should, therefore, be nearly double that of the Salon.

SWITZERLAND.—A curious discovery of a masterpiece by Annibale Caracci has recently been made. It appears that an hotel proprietor has had in his possession for about forty years a large picture with life-size figures, which is now found to be the altar-piece presented by Philip II. of Spain, at the

and of the sixteenth century, to the Convent Church of Baden, in canton Aargau. About a hundred years after its erection the painting was so badly treated by a local "restorer" that it had to be banished to a lumber room, and in 1841, when the convent was dismantled, it was sold for a trifling sum. The father of the present proprietor purchased it soon after, and it hung in the hotel, until, by a lucky chance, it was sent to an intelligent cleaner, who has found the artist's signature on the picture, the date 1592, when it was painted, and traced its history so as to leave no doubt as to its genuineness.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.—Mr. A. Nesbitt writes to us, under date June 26th, "The panel engraved on page 185 of the *Art Journal* is one of those of the bronze doors of the Cathedral of Ravelli, near Amalfi, a Byzantine work, I think, of the twelfth century. Some twenty-five years ago I made a mould from the panel, and some cast from it must, I suppose, have got abroad." We presume Mr. Nesbitt is sure of his facts, as he expresses himself positively. We can only say that the block came into our possession, among other illustrations drawn under Sir Digby Wyatt's direction, with the endorsement, "backing for fireplace."

It is possible the same design may have been repeated in such a position, and that both statements are correct.

OBITUARY.

MR. CYRIL W. HERBERT.—This young artist, the son of Mr. J. R. Herbert, R.A., died on July 2nd, at the age of thirty-four, after a very short illness. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870, but since 1875 his work has not been seen at any public exhibition in London. He had recently been appointed Curator of Sculpture at the Academy, where his knowledge of Art and genial temperament won him many friends among the students.

MR. HABLOT KNIGHT BROWNE.—The celebrated book illustrator, who obtained a world-wide reputation as "Phiz," died at Hove, near Brighton, on July 8th, at the age of sixty-seven. His best-known works were the inimitable designs for Dickens's novels, and the individuality of such characters as Micawber, Mrs. Gamp, Pecksniff, and Sam Weller, was directly due to his pencil. Mr. Browne was also an etcher of some power, a fertile draughtsman on wood, and a steady worker in water colours.

REVIEWS.

"THE LIFE AND WORKS OF THOMAS BEWICK," by David Croal Thomson (*The Art Journal Office*, Ivy Lane).—When a young and comparatively unknown author undertakes to write a lengthy volume on a personage well known in the artistic world, and to give the story of his life with ample details of his labours, the book, when finished, is looked on with something more than ordinary curiosity, and is made to undergo a scrutiny more severe than would the work of an author of established reputation. That Mr. Thomson's book will come safely through this ordeal will certainly be admitted by those most conversant with the subject; and the evident care that has been taken to arrive at correct conclusions will recommend the volume to all who come under the category of "Bewick Collectors." Mr. Thomson has studied the bibliography of the books of a hundred years ago with advantage, and in one instance has established as fact what has hitherto been strongly disputed, namely, whether or no Bewick made a number of engravings for the "Select Fables" of 1776. It behoves owners of the famous "British Birds" also, to see that their "first" editions are not what Mr. Thomson demonstrates to be second editions. The number of hitherto unpublished letters adds to the interest of the book, and the chapter on John Bewick will be read with interest. The work, which has been printed in two quarto editions of limited numbers, contains one hundred illustrations, and besides fac-similes of the 'Chillingham Bull,' and the 'Old Horse Waiting for Death,' include one of the rare 'Cadger's Trot,' a lithographic sketch drawn by Bewick to test the power of Senefelder's then recent discovery. The chief productions of Bewick, the "Birds," the "Quadrupeds," and the "Fables," receive prominent notice, and the book closes with a chapter on the Drawings by Bewick in the British Museum, while the appendix contains a copy of Bewick's Will and extracts from an unpublished manuscript, describing a visit to Bewick made in 1825. From the large scope of the volume it will probably become and remain the standard work on our world-known wood-engraver.

"JAPANESE MARKS AND SEALS." By J. L. Bowes (Sotheran & Co.).—Mr. Bowes has not rested content with assisting in giving to the world an account of the Ceramic Art of Japan—a task for which his discriminate collection, during many years, of fine specimens had rendered him so well fitted—but he has, since its publication, been turning his attention to the marks and seals with which the pottery, the lacquer, enamels, metal, and even the MSS. and printed books produced by that country, are distinguished. The extreme difficulty of the work will be appreciated when we remember the great variety of the characters and styles in which these marks are written, as well as the differences necessarily incidental to their rendering by workmen during a period which extends over more than three centuries. To show how little has hitherto been done towards making either a grammar or a classification of these marks, we may mention that a reference to two leading handbooks on marks on pottery and porcelain, discloses the fact that a page has hitherto sufficed in both cases for the manufactures of Japan. Mr. Bowes, in the work before us, has enumerated five hundred and fifty of the marks on pottery alone. These have been gathered from his own collection, the celebrated one at Dresden, and those of the British and South Kensington Museums. This fact will, we fear, limit the service it will render to the ordinary collector, who can hardly hope to find in it any marks such as those which adorn his modest treasures; at least this conclusion was sorrowfully impressed upon the writer, whose collection of blue and white and Shunuri lacquer contains a few good pieces. Then, again, the author presupposes a knowledge which is not every one's; as, for instance, whether the inscriptions are read from right to left, or upward or downward. The volume, too, appears to be made unnecessarily bulky and costly by the way in which the inscriptions are set out. Opening the book at random, we find an imperial octavo page occupied by seven small hieroglyphics and seven lines of letterpress. This appears a serious fault in a work which is intended for a handbook, and not merely to adorn a table.



E. Renouf - 81

PAINTED BY E. RENOUT

ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

A HELPING HAND

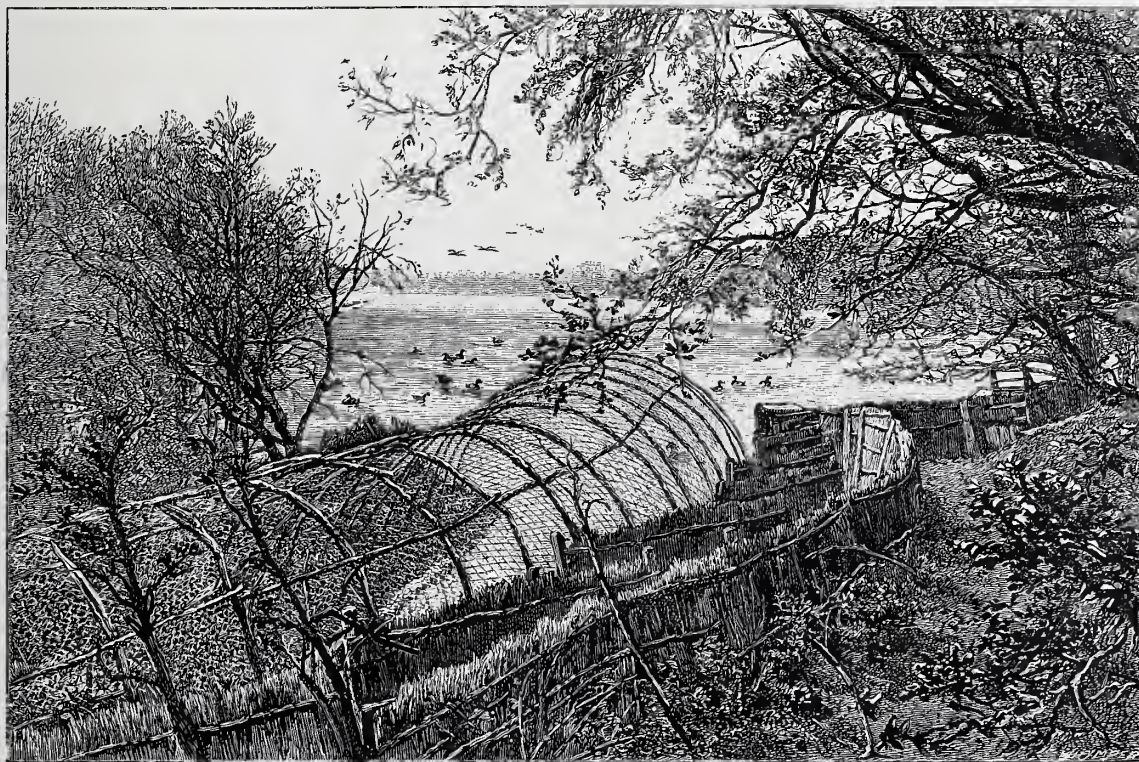
AN EAST ANGLIAN DECOY.



ALL lovers of the picturesque must view with infinite regret the disappearance of so many of the wilder phases of country life before the dread march of progress. The landscape painter must search diligently indeed ere he find the unsophisticated and interesting subjects of fifty years ago. More especially is this rarity of subject noticeable with respect to bird and animal life. The solitude or wildness of a scene is accentuated by the presence in it of wild life; and this wild life is in itself of intense interest to a large proportion of the public. The gradual extinction of English wild fowl and wild animals is

as detrimental to landscape art as it is to the pursuits of the naturalist and the sportsman.

In the "broad" district of East Anglia there yet remain some of the more curious phases of country life, such as should tempt the artist to explore those watery regions. These phases are chiefly connected with fishing and fowling, and are so secretly carried on as only to be cursorily known to the majority even of local artists: and chief among them is the decoying of wild fowl, which is wonderfully interesting and picturesque in all its surroundings. He, however, who would paint a decoy must have some special knowledge of its objects and working; and owing to the secrecy necessarily enveloping the decoy while it is in work, such knowledge is



Outside the Pipe, looking towards Entrance.

obtainable by very few indeed. The structures themselves, however, can be visited at will in the summer time, and it is hoped that a somewhat minute description of the working of a decoy in the winter will be of use in enabling the artist to avoid any technical blunders which would lessen the value of what would otherwise be a valuable work.

When, with the approach of winter, the wild fowl come to

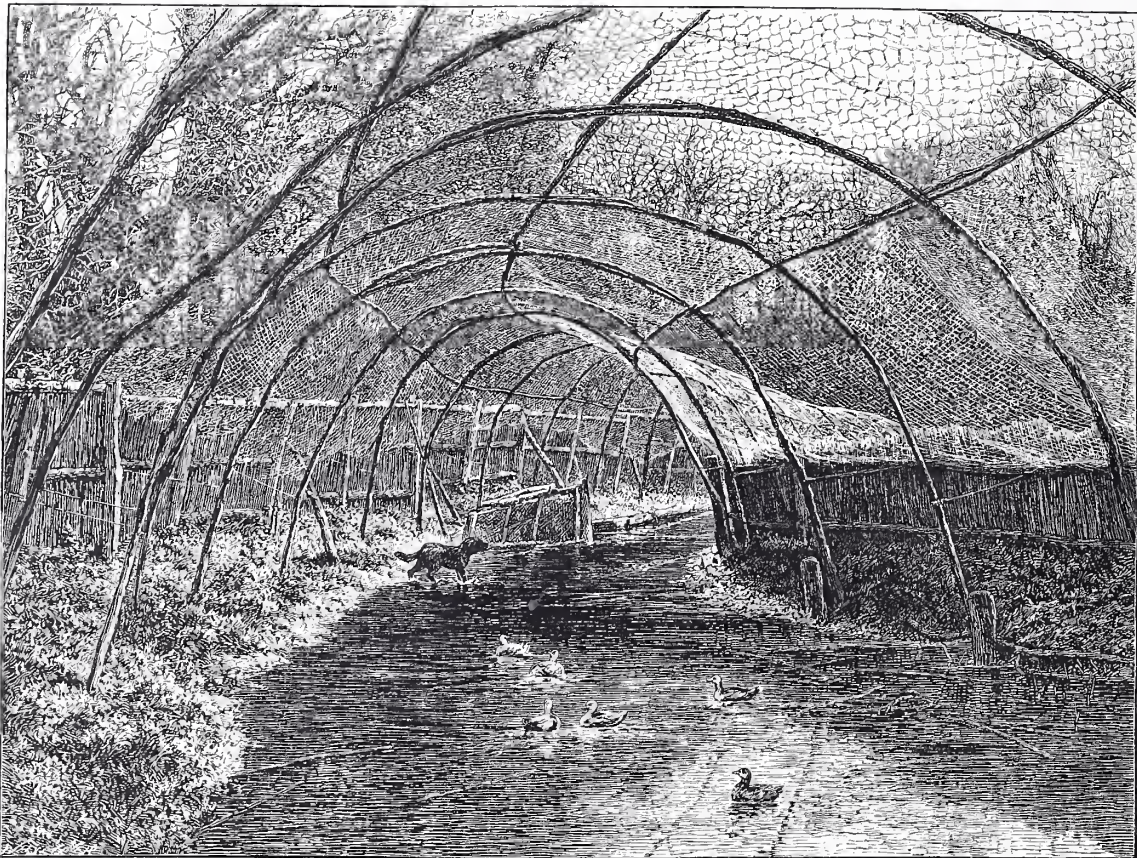
SEPTEMBER, 1882.

us from northern latitudes, they find but little of that quiet and seclusion which is necessary to their abiding with us in any great numbers. The protuberance of Norfolk and Suffolk into the North Sea arrests a large number of the southward speeding birds, and the great lagoons, silent rivers, and far-stretching marshes of East Anglia offer them a safer harbourage than do other parts of England. Yet the proportion

of fowl remaining, even in so suitable a district, is not by any means so large as formerly. Of course there are many reasons for this: marshes are drained and lakes lose their wildness, the number of sportsmen is greatly increased, and no spot is long free in the wintertime from the noise of guns. The chief cause, however, in my opinion, is the decadence and disuse of decoys; and this view is shared by most of the "water abiders" among the broads, the men who live by shooting, fishing, and eel catching on the slow, sinuous rivers, and reedy, shallow lakes or broads of Norfolk. One night, while out on a certain quest on the river Bure, near Ranworth, in the midst of the best possible grounds, or waters rather, for wild fowl, I was struck by the scarcity of ducks going to and fro at night and morning "flight" time; and on remarking this to the eel fisher who was with me, he said, "Oh, it was a bad job the giving up of Ranworth decoy.

When that was worked there was plenty of fowl for the decoy, and plenty for the flight shooters; but since the decoy was given up, and the broad shot over, the ducks don't come, and nobody gets any."

The reason of this is obvious when the habits of ducks are considered. They feed chiefly by night, when, in the cover and silence of the darkness they fly to different feeding-grounds which they dare not visit in the daytime. Just before dawn they fly back in small bodies to some sequestered lake, where the Argus eyes of numbers collected together afford a feeling of security to the timid fowl. If they are not disturbed in their retreat they spend the daylight there, feeding a little, sleeping a little, and preening themselves until the night gives them leave to go forth in fancied safety. It is while they are thus collected in numbers that they fall victims to the decoy. So silently and skilfully, however, is the decoy-



Looking up the Pipe.

ing practised, that while half a hundred ducks are having their necks wrung by the decoy man within fifty yards of the water's edge, hundreds more may be sitting on the water close by, all unconscious of the tragedy which is being enacted.

Much of the mystery which formerly surrounded the working of decoys has been dispelled by the patient investigations of Mr. Thomas Southwell, F.Z.S., who has gone into the subject with loving zeal and has made his discoveries public. It is to him that I owe the pleasure of seeing a decoy worked, and I shall long remember a visit I paid in his company to one of the decoys at Fritton.

Decoying was the only item of the wild life still existing in the Broad district with which I had not made myself acquainted, and time after time I let opportunities slip. The day after Christmas, 1881, lifted the veil of secrecy. A misty

morning brightened into a sunny day, and thin sheets of glistening ice threw a sheen over the green and slightly flooded marshes. The worst aspect of Norfolk marsh scenery is that seen from the railway. The noise and rush of the train are foreign to the lonely calm and eloquent silence of the river highways and the level reedy land through which they glide.

Fritton Lake is not strictly speaking a broad, as it is not connected with, or a broadening of, any river. It is also out of the marsh district, in a sylvan part about three miles from the coast, and midway between Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and is really a deep lake of about three miles long and a sixth of a mile wide, of a straggling and irregular shape lying between wooded banks of great beauty, and with numerous creeks or indentations, of which advantage has been taken to construct the decoys. There are two groups of decoys, one at each end of the lake, and those we saw worked are at the east end, and

are the property of Sir Saville Crossley. A decoy should be sheltered from all observation of passers-by on roads or fields, but owing to gaps caused by the falling of large numbers of trees in the great gale of October 14th, 1881, we could, from the high road, catch glimpses of the water in the secluded bay where the decoys lay. Two or three score of ducks were swimming quietly about, and the keeper told us that men driving by would, out of sheer wantonness, crack their whips or shout for the purpose of putting the fowl to flight. He had built up huge bastions of reeds in the spaces left by the recumbent trees to screen the decoy, but the damage caused by the gale was not so easily set right, and the fowl were much shyer than before. Decoys are worked, if fowl are plentiful, twice a day, morning and evening, but this exceptionally mild winter only very few ducks had come south, and consequently very few were at the "Coy," as the keeper called it. The weather

in which the most ducks came was snowy cold weather, when the ground was covered with snow, and food hard to get at, yet when the frost was not severe enough to "lay" the larger pools. At the time of our visit the decoy had not been worked for a few days, and some fowl were present, but very shy, as some one had been passing up wind of them, and the man had seen a footmark in the wood which was not his own. Cautioning us to stoop as low as he did, not to cough, or sneeze, or speak above a whisper, or tread on a dry branch, the keeper gave us a bit of smouldering turf, the object of which is to destroy the human scent, which would otherwise travel down wind and alarm the ducks.

Like all other birds, ducks like to swim or rise with the wind in their faces, hence it is only possible to work those pipes which are to windward of the birds, and in all decoys there are pipes made to suit the prevailing winds.



End of Pipe.

The decoy dog accompanied us, and was a retriever of reddish colour—red being apparently a colour which more powerfully excites the curiosity of the ducks than any other. This dog was a large one, too large, the man said, inasmuch as small dogs were found to be more effective. As we approached the lake, we entered a dry ditch with a bank thrown up on the side next the water. This was the "traverse," or means of approach to the decoy, and along a series of these traverses we proceeded, crouching double, hats off, the peat smoke making our eyes water, and the dog tripping us up. There was something decidedly conspirator-like in this stealthy progress over the soft dead leaves in the narrow ditch, and under the deep gloom of the trees and bushes which shaded the earthworks, and our expectations were wound up to a high pitch, our eagerness being, however, checked by our guide, who in hoarse whispers bade us "keep lower, keep

lower"—a necessary admonition in my case, for my back ached dreadfully already.

In order that the reader may understand the subsequent proceedings, I will explain what an after-inspection, when there were no ducks present, revealed to me of the plan of a decoy. Out of the quiet wood-surrounded bay dykes or arms of water extend into the land; each dyke is about eighteen feet wide at the mouth and gradually narrows to a point, curving the while to the right or with the sun for about the quarter of a circle, and is eighty or ninety yards along the curve. Over this dyke are light arches sometimes made of long pliant rods and sometimes of iron; these, again, are covered partly with cord network and partly with galvanised wire-netting, the network being generally near the mouth where it is more invisible than the wire, and the wire-netting over the rest. These avenues of netting are called pipes, and

are, speaking roughly, ten feet high at the open end, diminishing rapidly to three feet in diameter. At the small end is a pair of double posts, in the groove between which slips the first hoop of the "tunnel net," which is a bow-net eight or ten feet long, the extreme end of which is stretched out and tied to a stake. Owing to the curve of the pipe the ducks in the decoy can only see a short way up it, and the massacre of their comrades and the movements of the decoy man are unseen by them. Along the outer curve of the pipe, for a distance of nearly half its length from the mouth, screens made of reeds are placed obliquely, overlapping each other, and about a yard apart, the openings looking up the pipe, while towards the lake they present an impenetrable front. Continuous screens along the edge of the lake, near the pipe, and outside the pipe and oblique screens, still further add to the secrecy.

Inside the pipe is a wire-work pen in which is immured a lively quacking duck. The water in front of the pipe and inside is kept free from weeds, and is very shallow, with, if possible, a hard bottom, so that the "feed" with which the decoy is plentifully supplied may be easily seen and got at by the fowl. The oblique screens are connected by low barriers called dog jumps. Through two or three of the screens flat sticks of wood are inserted edgewise. If these are turned flatways they form small openings or peepholes, through one of which the keeper has been peering while we wait.

Blowing his turf to fan the smouldering fire, he beckoned us on, but with emphatic gesticulations to keep low. He planted each of us at an eye-hole, and then we saw a very beautiful and interesting sight. Quite at the mouth of the pipe was a flock of teal paddling quietly about, some with their heads tucked back fast asleep, and others toppling over feeding on the grains which had sunk to the bottom, but the greater number just floating lazily, with the sun shining on their glossy blue and chestnut heads. It was indeed curious to see these wild and timid little creatures within a few yards of us, all unconscious of the presence of three men intent on their capture. We held our breaths for fear of disturbing the intense stillness which reigned around, a stillness so great that the cry of a distant jay caused the ducks to lift their heads in listening attention. Beyond the flock of teal were several decoy ducks, tame ducks of a colour and marking as nearly as possible like the mallard. These decoy ducks are kept in the decoy and trained to come in for food whenever they see the decoy dog, or hear a low whistle from the decoy man. Beyond the decoy ducks was a flock of mallards, looking large and sitting high on the water compared with the teal.

Then the obedient decoy dog leaped over one of the jumps on to the narrow strip of margin within the pipe, and so became visible to the fowl, returning to his master over the next one. In an instant every head was up among the teal, and with outstretched necks they swam towards the dog, their bright eyes twinkling, and every movement indicating a pleased curiosity. They halted as the dog disappeared, but as at a sign from the keeper he jumped into the pipe again higher up, the birds again eagerly followed him. They were now well within the pipe, and directly under my nose. The keeper ran silently towards the mouth of the pipe, so as to get behind them, and then appearing at one of the openings between the screens he waved his handkerchief, a motion invisible to the ducks still outside the pipe, but a terrifying sight to those within. In an instant they rose and flew up the pipe in a panic, the man following them up and waving his handkerchief at each opening. As the pipe grew narrower

the doomed birds struggled along half flying, half running. Only one dared to turn back and fly out of the pipe, regaining safety by its boldness. The others crowded through into the tunnel-net, and when all were in, the keeper detached the first hoop from the grooves, gave it a twist, and so secured the ducks.

As I ran up after the keeper I took the opportunity of straightening my back, thinking that all necessity for further concealment was at an end. Immediately there was a rush of wings, and a flock of mallards left the decoy. "There now, you ha' done it!" exclaimed the keeper excitedly; "all them mallard were following the dog into the pipe, and we could ha' got a second lot." I expressed my sorrow in becoming terms, and watched the very expeditious way in which he extracted the birds from the tunnel-net, wrung their necks, and flung them into a heap. We had got twenty-one birds, nineteen being teal and two mallards.

From Mr. Southwell I learn that about six decoys are now worked, either regularly or occasionally, in Norfolk. I do not know whether there are many in the other parts of East Anglia, but not very many I fear. The present rage for shooting will go far towards exterminating the decoys, and landlords who feel the pinch of tenantless farms, will let the shooting of places which for generations have not been disturbed by the sportsman's gun. From the same source I learn that at the decoy now being described the average take of fowl each season is one thousand.

My next visit to Fritton was in the spring, with the same genial companion, for the purpose of photographing the salient points of the decoys, and we were favoured with a still, bright day. We first visited the decoys belonging to Colonel Leathes, at the Fritton end of the lake, and the views of the screens and of the interior of the pipe are of these decoys. The third view, representing the end of the pipe and the tunnel net, was at the one which we had seen worked in the winter. Altogether we obtained sixteen negatives, all of them good and typical, and a set as unique as in a few years time they will be valuable. The lake was then merry with Easter Monday holiday parties, and picnics were held at the very mouths of the pipes. We saw some breeding teal there, and the keeper said that the subsequent season ought to be excellent for fowl, as so many had been left to breed. The decoy ducks were still swimming about the decoy, and we found some of their nests among the rough herbage and brushwood behind the pipes. A curious fact in connection with these nests was that the birds, on leaving them, covered the eggs over with dead leaves, so as to hide them. This is an interesting bit of evidence in favour of reason rather than instinct, for these were domestic ducks leading a semi-wild life, and taking the precautions observed by wild fowl.

All around the lake there are most charming combinations of wood and water, and excellent quarters may be obtained on the margin at Fritton Old Hall, kept, I believe, by Pettingill; or one might lodge at the Bell Inn, St. Olaves, a mile and a half from the lake. There is a station at St. Olaves, and another close by at Haddiscoe. A spot well worth sketching is Wicker Well, at Somerleyton, a station about two miles from St. Olaves. It is a lilyed pool, surrounded by ancient trees.

All the places named are within easy reach of Lowestoft, and might be worked from there; and charts and guide-books are published by Jarrold, of Norwich.

G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.

JOHN LINNELL, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.



THE first appearance of the name of Linnell in the history of artistic England—that is, so far as it is yet known to me—was about one hundred and forty years ago, in the lists of the members of the Drawing Academy in Peter's Court, St. Martin's Lane. This academy, or rather company of students,

was an educational institution of great importance in promoting exercises in painting and sculpture during the interval between the death of Sir James Thornhill in 1734, and the foundation of the Royal Academy in 1768. Before the St. Martin's Lane Academy existed the most useful Art school in the metropolis assembled at Sir Godfrey Kneller's house in Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and constituted a society which was dissolved on that painter's death in 1723. The rupture which occurred among the members of this school was by no means the first, nor was it the last of the kind. It was a characteristic fact of such societies that the union was broken into two fragments, one of which followed Vanderbanck and rapidly came to grief. The other company was more fortunate under the leadership of Thornhill, who, behind his own house in James Street, Covent Garden, built a large room, which was used until the painter's death. A new rupture followed this event, and another society was formed, the members of which met in Greyhound Court, Arundel Street, Strand, until, their number increasing very much, they, in 1738, migrated to those larger premises in St. Martin's Lane, where the association flourished until, in 1767, Mr. G. M. Moser, then one of its leaders, and afterwards an R.A., persuaded the members of the older body to surrender their property to the nascent Royal Academy, and thus efface themselves.*

The house to which the atelier of the society was attached had been occupied by Thornhill, Van Nost, F. Hayman, R.A., and by, as one authority avers, Reynolds, immediately after his return from Italy in 1753. It was No. 104 in "the Lane." The atelier itself had, before the society took possession, been in Roubiliac's use. It was pulled down, and a Quakers' meeting-house built on the site. The St. Martin's Lane Model Academy survived until our own days.

Such was the historical society in which I find the first Linnell, whose speciality was carving in wood, in respect to

which he held so considerable a position as induced occasional publication of his name in the journals of that day as that of one of the foremost practitioners of an art which was then held in high esteem. In the *Somerset House Gazette*, October 25, 1823, this Linnell is named among the members of the society, which had included Cipriani, Allan Ramsay, Zoffany, J. H. Mortimer, Grignon, G. Russell, R. Cosway, R. Earlom, and R. Wilson. About a quarter of a century after the dissolution of the society we find another Linnell, who was named James, and seems to have been born in 1759, and to have been connected with Chenies, in Buckinghamshire, where some at least of the family were seated. He appears in the same line as the above—that is, as a carver in wood—who carried on his business as a frame-maker and picture dealer in a house which no longer exists, and was No. 2, Streatham Street, at the corner of Thorney Street, Bloomsbury. This was the father of our painter.

John Linnell, our subject, was born June 16, 1792, not, as has been often stated, at No. 2, Streatham Street, Bloomsbury, but at another house in the same neighbourhood, which, like the above, has been abolished from the face of the earth, and the thoroughfare of which it formed part has been converted into, or absorbed by, a larger street. John Linnell's birthplace stood at one of the corners of Plumtree Street, which erst led into Hart Street, Bloomsbury. While his son was yet a child James Linnell removed from this house to Streatham Street. Following the name yet farther back, we find that James Linnell was the only survivor of the eleven (or thirteen) children of his father, the greater number of whom were born, died, and were buried at Chenies. The father of James died when the son was seven years old, or thereabouts. The latter was left in the charge of his paternal uncle, Thomas, who was settled at Paddington. According to the memoranda of the artist, John Linnell, this uncle Thomas was a nurseryman and florist in the Edgeware Road. One of the printed bills he was accustomed to use still exists.

Thomas Linnell, accepting the charge of his young nephew James, brought him up, and in due time apprenticed him to a carver and gilder of large repute in those days, named Southerby, whose place of business was in the Strand. Another authority states that Thomas Linnell was the proprietor of The Green Man at Paddington. It is not impossible that both statements are correct. I have not endeavoured to disprove either of them, because the point is

* Among the noteworthy details in the history of the St. Martin's Lane society are the following, which have an indirect bearing on the subject of this paper; because in one of the facts the Linnells of three, if not four generations, are concerned, with numerous other artists of high distinction. Hogarth, having inherited from Thornhill a collection of casts from the antique, which had been used in the Covent Garden rooms, lent or gave them to the society. Moser, as above stated, persuaded his fellows to hand over its effects to the Royal Academicians, in whose possession these articles now doubtless remain. It is, therefore, almost certain that some of the casts now used by the students in the Antique School at Burlington House were successively the property of Thornhill, Hogarth, and the members of the drawing school in St. Martin's Lane, and were employed by one and all of these artists, to say nothing of their forerunners, contemporaries, and successors, including Kneller, Zoffany, Woollett, Reynolds, R. Wilson, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Haydon, Mulready, Millais, and a host of living men to hoot, besides Linnell the carver—possibly his son, who was a carver likewise—John, the son of the latter and the subject of our notes, and all his sons who are artists now among us. It can hardly be doubted that the identical casts have been the objects of study of at least six generations of artists. A curious circumstance suggests that the casts in Burlington House may include examples which belonged to the Duke of Richmond's gallery in the Privy Garden, Westminster,

which that peer generously opened to students in 1758. In Edwards's list of the casts, etc., belonging to the Whitehall collection, it is mentioned that "to these were added a great number of casts from the Trajan Column." It is easy to conclude that one hundred and thirty years since such *moulages* as these, must have been exceedingly rare, and the existence in the collection of the Royal Academy of a considerable number of examples moulded from the great sculptured military monument of the Roman emperor whose name it bears, suggests that in them we may see some of the débris of the duke's school at Whitehall. Besides this, it is not, as Sir Thomas Browne was wont to write, "quite beyond the possibilities of conjecture" that some at least of the casts which Hogarth had from Thornhill once belonged to Kneller, and, before him, to Sir Balthazar Gerhier's Academy in Whitefriars, which existed, if it did not flourish, about 1648, until it was extinguished by "the troubles." No great stretching of probability might refer some of the articles in question to that atelier which, about twenty years before Gerhier's time, Van Dyck promoted at his own house in Blackfriars. The anatomical figure in the attitude of the 'Dying Gladiator,' a cast from the dead subject, which is still in the possession of the Royal Academicians, is described in a letter of John Deare's, dated 1776: see "Nollekens and his Times," ii. 306.

immaterial to my subject, which is the biography of John Linnell, the painter and engraver.

It is most probable that the advertisement printed below, which I found in the *Public Advertiser*, Friday, May 13, 1763, refers to the well-known carver, who was a member of the Drawing Academy in Peter's Court, as above stated.* It would be very difficult to establish this point. The reader must, therefore, take the suggestion for what it is worth. The William Linnell whose decease in, or not long before, 1763, is stated in Mr. Ford's announcement, may have been an uncle, or even the father of James Linnell, the orphan, who owed early education and training to his uncle Thomas. We know that in 1766, *i.e.* when he was seven years old, James Linnell was an orphan; that he came from Chenies, and lived in Berkeley Square, are statements easily reconcilable, although I have no evidence on that point. Of the near relationship of the parties there is ample testimony in the declarations of deceased members of the family.

It is certain that there was a John Linnell, likewise a carver of much repute, who, as he died in 1799, aged seventy-six (see below), must have been born in 1723, and was, in all probability, an associate of the best artists of the day in the Drawing Academy, as above noticed. Of this John Linnell the first there is very substantial evidence in the large and copiously illustrated folio of original designs and drawings of pieces of costly furniture, enriched with carvings and fine decorations of all kinds, made by himself for use in his business, and executed to scale. In the possession of Mr. George Richmond, the accomplished Royal Academician, who kindly permitted me to see it, is this volume of drawings, with manuscript notes, none of which, unfortunately, are biographical. The written title-page of this book is as follows:—"A Miscellaneous Collection of Original Designs by John Linnell, made, and for the most Part executed, during an extensive Practice of many Years in the first Line of his Profession by John Linnell, Upholsterer, Carver, and Cabinet Maker. Selected from his Portfolio at his decease, by C. H. Tatham, Architect, A.D. 1800." † The subjects of these drawings, which are about two hundred in number, are state furniture of all kinds, such as mirrors and picture frames, sideboards, side and central tables, wine coolers, bookcases, bedsteads, couches, chairs, girandoles, and consoles, all more or less enriched with carving. By far the greater number of these examples are in very pure and elegant taste, analogous to that of Chippendale, but with a

* "To be Sold by Auction. By Mr. Ford. On Tuesday, the 17th instant, and the two following Days. The large and genuine Stock in Trade of Mr. William Linnell, Carver and Cabinet Maker, deceased; at his late House and Ware Rooms in Berkeley Square. Consisting of magnificent large Pier and other Glasses, large Library Book Cases and Writing Tables, elegant carved Terms, Brackets, and Girandoles, Hall and other Lanthorns, large Sienna, Derbyshire, and Italian Marble Tahles, Mahogany Chairs and Settees, Dressing, Dining, and Card Tahles, Commodes, Cloaths Presses, and variety of other Cabinet Work, in Mahogany, &c.; a large India Japan Screen, and other Pieces of Japan, and a Lady's Sedan Chair. The whole may be viewed on Saturday and Monday till the Time of Sale, which will begin each Day exactly at Twelve. Catalogues may be had at the Place of Sale, and at Mr. Ford's in the Haymarket."

† Mr. Charles Heathcote Tatham, an architect of considerable standing, studied his art in Italy, and exhibited works in the Royal Academy from 1797. These were chiefly of a decorative character. He published "Etchings representing the Best Examples of Ancient Ornamental Architecture, Drawn from the Originals in Rome," 1799. There are four editions of this valuable work. Likewise "Etchings representing Fragments of Antique Grecian and Roman Architectural Ornaments," 1806; and in the same year "Designs for Ornamental Plate," forty-one plates; "The Gallery at Brocklesby," 1811; "Representations of a Greek Vase," 1811; "The Gallery of Castle Howard," 1811; "The Mausoleum at Castle Howard," and "Engravings of Cathedrals," etc., 1832. The last was a joint work with J. Coney. Mr. Tatham was Warden of Norfolk College, Greenwich, and died April 10, 1842, in his seventy-second year. He was allied by marriage to Mr. Richmond.

dash of graceful classicism; some of the others are affected by the rococo, if not the baroque taste of the fourth quarter of the eighteenth century, and disfigured by whims and conceits, wonderfully out of keeping with the superior specimens of the graceful fancy of the designer, many of whose works have doubtless since been sold as Chippendale's, and exist still under his name. It would appear that not a few of these pieces of decorative furniture were designed for special patrons; at least such may have been the case with regard to those works of which drawings in duplicate parts, with alternative details, are found in the book of Mr. Tatham's selections, which were made in 1800; that is, a year after the decease of the designer, whose tomb, and that of his wife Eleanor, is in Paddington Churchyard, and records the death of the latter in 1788, of the former in 1799, March 20.

We must recollect that the art of the carver enjoyed very high consideration in those days, when public taste was strongly directed towards works of decorative art enriched with fine carvings, and designed with enviable refinement and pure taste.

Having traced the antecedents of my subject to a greater extent than the records of artistic families generally permit, it is time to turn to the house in Streatham Street and its famous inmate, the boy, John Linnell. This place was the centre of a considerable business, and its occupier a man of standing sufficient to insure for his son such professional advantages as attend association with works of Art, in addition to those personal connections with painters which could not but be useful to a tyro so energetic and intelligent as the boy soon proved himself to be. Frequenting a school in the neighbourhood, but chiefly bent towards that art to which, while yet a mere child, he devoted his energies, the young Linnell did not, of course, make great progress in what is called "education," a term which is commonly supposed applicable only to attainments of a literary sort, as if Art studies are not an education! In painting and drawing there is no doubt our student was doing wonders. As to training of the literary sort, Linnell disciplined himself thoroughly, but independently and with characteristic energy, in later years.

Even at eight years old, and two years before Sir Edwin Landseer, himself a marvel of precocity in Art, was born—that is, in 1800—Linnell had so skilfully copied pictures by George Morland that his versions were often taken for originals. There was about this period a certain demand for such works, and Linnell's father was able to dispose of his son's productions in a manner profitable to himself, and indeed at tolerably good prices. One of these copies remained at Red Hill, as John Linnell told me, and attests the extraordinary powers of the child who executed it. It is recorded that even earlier works than these, said to have been water-colour drawings on boys' kites, were attractive enough to command the juvenile market in the Bloomsbury region. At this very time, and within a quarter of a mile of Linnell—see a note below—Mulready was earning early pence by painting "Turks' caps" for sale among his schoolfellows. (See "Memorials of Mulready," by F. G. Stephens, 1867, p. 19.) Also, in 1804, George Cruikshank, then twelve years old, was earning his first pence by etching; his work was a child's lottery picture.*

* The remoteness of the period we are now considering will present itself strongly to the mind of the reader, if I say that Linnell was born nearly four months before George Cruikshank came into the world, on the 27th of September, 1792. Cruikshank, who had long been regarded as the *doyen* of the artists,

Linnell had attained such facility in using his pencil even by this primitive course of studies, and apparently without much better advice than his father could offer, that we next hear of him—it must have been late in 1804—in Christie's auction-room making sketches from drawings by Girtin, which were then "on view" before a sale. With a dry glee peculiar to himself, the painter has related that these sketching practices once obtained for him the honour of being turned out of the sale-room in King Street, St. James's. One does not exactly see why a boy of ten years old should on such an account be thus ignominiously treated, but there is no doubt of the fact. That the lad was even at this period a very brilliant sketcher is confirmed by a circumstance which gave at once a colour and a direction to his after-life, and occurred in the sale-room in question. William Varley, a younger brother of John Varley, and himself an artist of standing, was lounging at Christie's one afternoon, and noticed the felicity with which a highly intelligent-looking lad made sketches in his pocket-book from pictures on the wall. Attracted by the circumstance, the observer invited the student to call on his brother John, then the most eminent Art teacher in England, who reckoned among his pupils Mulready and others, and afterwards William Henry Hunt, the first since famous in figure painting and a Royal Academician, the last the most genial of our painters of rustic character and humour, and who gave to countless flowers and fruit a delicious immortality of colour, beauty, and solidity.* It appears that Linnell availed himself of this invitation, and went to No. 2, Harris Place, a *cul-de-sac* near the Pantheon, Oxford Street, which was then occupied by John Varley.† Kindly received, and closely questioned by the water-colour painter, the lad so far justified his introduction that Varley called on the elder (James) Linnell and induced him to allow the tyro to become his inmate and pupil. The "consideration" on the father's side was payment of one hundred pounds by way of premium for instruction, board, and lodging. This arrangement fell in with the son's wishes, because, on the one hand, it freed him from the drudgery of copying Morland's pictures, and, on the other hand, it set him free to study nature and the antique. Varley's pupils did not copy their master's drawings, but took nature for their model. The house of Varley was a sort of rough-and-ready academy, where much frolic and gaiety, mixed with high poetic talk, sound technical instruction, and serious

studies, occupied the days and nights of his *entourage* and following. Mulready was the real teacher in this queer academy, Varley conducting the theoretical part. Thus began that lifelong friendship which united Mulready to Linnell, as well as that close intimacy which bound W. Hunt to the latter. Linnell remained with Varley for a twelvemonth only; his friendship with Hunt began in 1808. Mulready, stating his age to be fourteen years, was admitted an Academy student October 23, 1800.

I do not know whether it was before or after joining Varley that Linnell availed himself of the introduction of Andrew Robertson, the Scottish miniature painter, himself a protégé of the P.R.A., in order to call on Benjamin West in Newman Street. I am inclined to think that this visit preceded the equally important one paid to John Varley. It is certain that West received Linnell with abundant kindness, gave him instruction in the practice of chalk drawing, and worked on some of his studies from the antique. West was especially pleased by some of the pupil's chalk sketches on blue paper of the excavations, foundations of buildings, and numerous workmen's sheds used for the erection of Russell Square, which was then in progress. The joint influence of Mulready and the President encouraged Linnell's wishes to study in the schools of the Royal Academy, to which, giving his age for the Academy record as thirteen years, he was admitted November 28, 1805, and where he worked from the antique, and, somewhat later, from the living model. So strenuous had been Linnell's labours that in 1807 he gained a silver medal in competition with R. D. Thielke and H. Corbould; the subject was "an Academy figure." He was, in 1810, brought into the Life School to compete with Thomas Wyon, jun., the medalist, in modelling in bas-relief a back view of Sam Strowger, the renowned model and porter at the Royal Academy, whose praises were sung by Haydon and others. Linnell backed himself in this contest, in order to prove his faith in an assertion that modelling is easier to a painter than drawing to a sculptor. This is an old point of contention in the schools, which was, in this case, settled for the nonce by the superior energy of the painter, who came off victorious, thus defeating the sculptor with his own tools. Linnell's robust training had given him peculiar advantages in a competition of this nature.

In the summer of 1805 Varley had a small house at Twickenham, to which Linnell and Mulready resorted. This is the first indication presented to me of our subject's opportunities for studying landscape from nature. At a later period he was painting on the banks of the Thames, at Teddington and thereabouts, in company with W. Hunt; that is, probably before their meeting at Varley's. At Red Hill the elder painter preserved sketches and studies in oil made at this period by himself, Hunt, and, I think, Mulready, of water-side and rural subjects. These examples are very firm, powerful, bold in execution, rich in colour and tone, and attest the severity of the previous studies of the youths who made them, as well as their fidelity to nature.

To conclude these notes on the academical career of Linnell, let me record that in 1805 Haydon, Wilkie, Jackson, Hilton, and others were assembled in the schools at Somerset House. Linnell did not, it appears, attract much attention from these fellow-students, most of whom were older than he. A note of Wilkie's, indicating Linnell at a later date, will be found further on, and, in referring to "Master Linnell," suggests that the writer looked down on the landscape painter

departed from among us on the 1st of February, 1878. The extent of history spanned by the life of Linnell will be impressed on the imagination of the student who learns that the event of the day of the painter's birth was the addressing of a letter by Lafayette, from the camp at Mauheuge, to the French Legislative Assembly, in which, unluckily for him, that famous "highflyer" stringently assailed the Jacobin Club of Paris. Linnell was only four days old when the Parisian mob attacked the Tuileries, and forced King Louis to assume the red cap of "Liberty" in place of his ancestral crown. Linnell was three weeks old when Sir Robert Strange, who was born in 1721, and was fully adult when he went "out" in the "45," joined the greater number.

* It is noteworthy that the small district between Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and Long Acre produced within about a decade two very distinguished artists, the sons of trading craftsmen of the husier sort. Linnell, the son of a carver, was born, as above stated, in Plum-Tree Street; William Henry Hunt, the son of a tin-worker and japanner, was born eight years later, March 28, 1790, at No. 8, Old Belton Street, now Endell Street, Long Acre, in a house which is still occupied by a connection of the family, who carries on the old craft on the old premises. Mulready, then quite a little hoy (he was born April 1, 1786), the son of an Irish leather breeches-maker, was then living "near Long Acre," and quite unconscious that Linnell and W. Hunt, his lifelong fellow-students and friends, were living near the same street where he disported himself, and were destined to careers parallel to his own. Two of the most distinguished now living English artists, the one renowned for poetic designs, the other as a landscape painter, are sons of carvers and gilders; the former was born in Birmingham, the latter in Liverpool.

† Turner of Oxford, and Copley Fielding were among Varley's pupils at this time. F. O. Finch joined the circle some years later—1813 or 1814—when the teacher had removed to 15, Broad Street, Golden Square.

from the "sad eminence of years." A noteworthy student of this period was the before-mentioned William Henry Hunt, of whom, Mulready, and himself, Linnell sometimes told the story of a students' prank, which is worth repeating on account of those who took part in it. One evening, on leaving the Life School at Somerset House, the three students found the Strand choked by gazers at the illuminations intended to celebrate some "glorious victory" won by the British. Whichever triumph evoked the display, it is certain that the painters could not get home to their suppers by ordinary methods of locomotion; therefore, not to be baffled, Mulready and Linnell took Hunt on their shoulders, where the little man extended himself as stiff as a corpse, while the bearers cried to the mob to make way for a dead person. The crowd parted to the right and left with loud expressions of sympathy and surprise.

I have said that Linnell, the last survivor of the trio concerned in this prank, accompanied, or was accompanied by, W. Hunt in short sketching tours on the banks of the river. These excursions had for their centre Teddington, but they were occasionally extended to Chiswick, Millbank, and even to Lambeth. The studies, preserved and shown to me by Linnell as having been made by Hunt and himself at this period (1805—9), are all in oil colours, and represent bits of scenery, hedgerows, banks, little landscapes with cottages, and water; those indicated as of our subject's making being firmer in touch than his companion's, and more free in painting, with somewhat richer colour, are the more powerful of the collection. Linnell was in similar company at Dr. John Monro's house, No. 7, Adelphi Terrace, the able owner of which was one of a family of "mad doctors," whose name is, so to say, loaded with the honours of their profession. The Monro in question was George III.'s physician in insanity, a man of high social position, good means, portly person, and genial manners. Shortly before this date he had employed Varley to make a series of drawings at Fetcham, where the doctor then lived. He kept a sort of Art academy, with the unusual arrangement that the master paid the pupils. The latter frequented not only the doctor's London house, but his second country mansion at Bushey, near Watford. There is a tradition that Hunt, not being strong enough to walk far, was commonly trundled about the woodland roads in the neighbourhood of Watford and Cassiobury, the vehicle employed being a tray not unlike one of those the costermongers of London still affect, and named "donkey-slants," and, like these, it was set on low wheels. Mounted thus, and seated in a chair under an umbrella, drawn by a donkey and attended by a boy, the little sickly artist spent glorious and happy days in that region, while he painted all the old churches within reach, and made studies, some of which were lithographed by Hullmandel and published.

A dozen years or more before this date I find Turner, Girtin, and others taking tea with Dr. John Monro at Adelphi Terrace, and receiving from their Mecænas such sums as he thought fit to give for the studies and sketches made at his table; doubtless the pecuniary circumstances of the students were carefully measured by the generous patron, so that the poorer man got the larger fee. Nonsense has been written to the effect that Dr. Monro sought a profit by these transactions.

Now, independently of the problematical value of the greater number of the drawings thus produced, and the consequent rashness of such an adventure when conducted on so large a scale as he practised it, it may be assumed that the youths did not think themselves wronged; it is certain they gladly went to the Adelphi as long as it suited their purposes. A parcel of Hunt's drawings after Gainsborough were, as I have already stated in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, 1865, sold after the doctor's death for any but remunerative prices. Other students succeeded Turner and his contemporaries, until their places were occupied by Linnell and Hunt. The task set before the latter two was to make copies from drawings by good artists, such as Gainsborough, of which the doctor had a considerable number; these copies were produced in black and white chalks on blue paper. The student's fee at first was one and sixpence each evening, but, I believe, it was afterwards increased to half-a-crown, the same Turner and Girtin had had.

By means of diligence in studies of the nature I have indicated, Linnell's progress had been so rapid as to insure places in the Academy exhibition of 1807 for No. 153, 'A Study from Nature,' and No. 164, 'A View near Reading.' These were oil pictures. W. Hunt made his *début* in the same exhibition with three similar examples, one of which is associated with his friend's work, being another 'View near Reading,' No. 78; the others were, No. 51, 'Scene near Hounslow,' and No. 190, 'Scene near Leatherhead.' I have been informed that these early productions were simply carefully composed studies from nature, not marked by infusion of sentiment of any sort, impressive, cheerful, or otherwise, and in this respect different from later works by Linnell at least, if not from those of Hunt, who rarely contrived to impart pathos to his pictures or drawings. Hunt's address in the catalogue of 1807 is at Varley's, 15, Broad Street, Golden Square, to which house the master had by this time removed from Harris Place. In 1808 Linnell sent to the Academy No. 195, 'Fisherman,' which he had painted for Mr. Ridley Colborne (Lord Colborne) at the price of fifteen guineas. In the same year he contributed to the British Institution, for the first time, a picture entitled 'Fishermen, a Scene from Nature,' No. 25. In 1809 Linnell, then still living with his father, achieved a noteworthy success by obtaining the premium of fifty guineas which the Directors of the British Institution offered for the best landscape sent to their gallery in Pall Mall. His picture, No. 147, was called 'Removing Timber—Autumn,' and it remained in his possession unsold, so that a few years ago I saw it to be a solid, grave, and learned work, of high technical merit, and far better than boys of sixteen are wont to produce. It was executed in 1808. The painter's only competitor in Pall Mall was John James Chalon, afterwards an R.A., a landscapist by profession, who was four years older than Linnell, and a man whom to overcome was a distinction. Chalon's picture was sold to Earl Grosvenor. The prize, fifty guineas, for an historical picture, fell to George Dawe, who died a Royal Academician, for No. 89, 'Imogen found at the Cave of Belarius.'

F. G. STEPHENS.

(To be continued.)

THE CORONA RADIATA AND THE CROWN OF THORNS.



O inquiry into the origins of Christianity can be pursued without a close study of the origins of Christian Art. Drawing precedes writing in the history of man, and comes next to language as a means of expression. "Addressing the eye by symbols, more generally and readily understood

even than words, drawing seems to have passed gradually into writing: the ancients have bequeathed to us not only a mythology but a mythography, and so," writes Mr. Newton, "in the painting and sculpture of mediæval Christendom we find an unwritten theology, a popular figurative teaching of the sublime truths of Christianity, blended with the apocryphal traditions of many generations. The frescoes of the great Italian masters, from Giotto to Michael Angelo, the ecclesiastical sculpture of mediæval Europe generally, are the texts in which we should study this unwritten theology." But as we hold that the foundations of Christianity date from the beginning of time and the origin of man, may it not be true that the origins of Christian Art are also traceable in these earliest mythographies? We would now exemplify the use of this course of study by bringing forward the result of an inquiry into the true significance of the Saviour's crown of thorns, and this will show that the farther back we trace this symbol in Art, the closer we approach to a true apprehension of its meaning. It will be necessary, in the first instance, to inquire into the nature and history of the especial form of crown which this spiked wreath was meant to represent. This was the Corona Radiata of the Roman emperor.

It was among the earliest customs in the East to mark the consecration of a chosen leader to his sacred office by encircling his head with either a crown, a diadem, or a wreath. The crown was generally a cap or helmet, with a golden band; the diadem a fillet, often of linen or silken ribbon, studded with gems; and the wreath a garland woven of leaves, flowers, twigs, or grass. These emblems, or signs of royalty, were introduced to the Romans through their Oriental campaigns and intercourse with Asiatic nations; and there is abundant evidence that the crown was an actual part of the regalia of most nations, and worn by living men on certain occasions. But it is a curious fact that another ornament is spoken of, the practical use or wearing of which by men in any office is not so clearly proved. It seems to have been reserved for ideal heads, and is only found in Art, whether in clay or marble, bronze or fresco painting. This is the Corona Radiata, or rayed crown. Its form was that of a circlet, from which sprang seven or twelve horn-like points.

This crown is evidently meant to symbolize light, or pointed flame; and the symbol may be as old as religion herself, at whose beginning the very name of God and Light was one. "Before the Aryan languages separated . . . there existed in them an expression for light, and from it, and from the root, *div*, to shine, the adjective *deva* had been formed, meaning originally 'bright.' 'Deva' came to mean 'god,' because it originally meant bright and brilliant."*

* Max Müller, "Origins of Religion." This light, which in ancient mythologies is thus held to be a sensible manifestation of divine presence, is sometimes
1882.

The rays surrounding divine heads so common in Eastern Art are seen on terra-cotta fragments, bases, and fresco paintings found in Etruria and Herculaneum; and we shall now confine ourselves to the first examples that we have discovered of such converted into a crown. There is a terra-cotta fragment engraved by Ficoroni in his work on Masks* (illustration No. 1), where a woman's bust is seen, her head being crowned by lambent rays which cross. We believe that an actress in the floral games is here represented, whose head is crowned by woven leaves so arranged as to imitate rays.

M. Raoul Rochette † describes a vase in a museum at Chiusi, ‡ where the throne of Jupiter is portrayed, with a



No. 1.—Actress in Floral Games. Early Roman Terra-cotta.

female figure seen behind it holding a radiated crown in her hand. On another vase a mystic figure is seen, his brow encircled by this crown, from which, however, the rays project almost horizontally. On a third the Genius of Death, winged and clothed, holds the radiated crown above the head of the deified Hercules. On yet another there appears the Genius of Birth, under the form of a youth clad in white, and bearing a new-born child, which opens its arms wide as if in intercession, and whose head is crowned by a radiated diadem. A somewhat similar image occurs on a Greek vase found in Etruria, where a figure, winged and clothed, whose head

figured merely by horns; and there is a Roman sculpture, engraved by Montfaucon, where the Sun-god is seen crowned with seven rays, and a horn, the symbol of Serapis, in the centre. The horns of Moses are held by some to have their origin in the Vulgate Latin translation of Exodus xxxiv. 35, where the Hebrew word *karan*, which in the Septuagint is rendered *δέδοξαστα*, and in all the ancient versions conveys the idea of shining or radiancy, is in the Vulgate represented by *cornutus*, or "horned." Whatever the origin of the symbol in this instance may be, it is clear that its meaning refers to the pointed flames or rays of light issuing from the head of him on whom the Shechinah rested.

* "Le maschere sceniche e le figure comiche d'antichi Romani descritte da Francesco de Ficoroni," p. 168, cap. 67.

† "Monum. ined. Oresteide," page 230, note 2.

‡ Mentioned by M. Dorow as preserved in the collection of M. Casuccini.

is adorned with a radiated crown, holds a caduceus in the right hand, and bears an infant in swaddling clothes on the left arm. This image is also to be found on a Florentine bronze, and on various Roman sarcophagi, where, in one instance, a figure, thus crowned, stands behind the image of Prometheus forming Man.

On another unpublished vase in the collection of this writer,



No. 2.—Hora in Fresco Painting of Marriage of Peleus and Thetis.

Teletes, the Genius of Mysteries, naked and winged, is represented flying with a radiated crown in his hands, which he is about to place upon the head of a youth who holds himself erect before him, enveloped in his peplos. A priestess of Apollo, hearing a similar crown (see above illustration), is represented in the famous fresco, now preserved in the Vatican library, depicting the marriage of Peleus and Thetis.* By this crown Winckelmann discerns that this priestess and the two maidens who accompany her are not Parcae, or Fates, as some have suggested, but the Hours—beneficent deities, ministers of Jove and guardians of the doors of Olympus, who, to the sound of the harmonious cithara, call down blessings on the marriage.

The radiated crown is seen worn on the heads of three figures in a bas-relief on the base of a candelabrum in the second cabinet of the Villa Albani at Rome. They are women performing some sacred rites, and are called by Zoëga Hierodules, or sacred slaves, and by Winckelmann Hours; while Visconti holds them to represent young Spartan virgins executing a national dance called thyraïtics. According to Winckelmann these Hours, daughters of Jove by Themis (Law, Right, Order, Justice) were nymphs dedicated to Apollo, draped and dancing round a burning fire. "In fact," he says, "that which must be taken as the distinctive mark in these three Hours is the crown, which is similar in all three, and is the same as that worn by the Hours on a pillar base in the Villa Borghese."

The radiated crown formed of intertwined palm-leaves is

seen in another bas-relief in the same collection; it is worn by a female figure, apparently moving in a slow and solemn dance. Precisely the same bowed and mournful head, now no longer crowned—but winged—is seen to dance round the altar of Victory in a representation which is embossed upon the breastplate of Claudius Albinus on the statue of this Roman consul, No. 248, Gallerie delle Statue of the Pio Clementino Museum in the Vatican (illustration No. 3).

Winckelmann has observed, when speaking of the origin and probable significance of the radiated crown: "The first instance that occurs to me in the consideration of this corona was the notice of Lucian, who relates that the warriors of Ethiopia went into battle with arrows tied round their heads so as to stand upright like rays; and this people, according to the same author, never faced their enemies save in the act of dancing. Such crowns are formed of leaves of the palm peculiar to the Muses, which, we know, among the Spartans were fixed so as to resemble rays. When such an example occurs, as that before referred to, on the base of the candelabrum in the Villa Borghese, in which these leaves are crossed, we hold that this form may explain a passage in Apuleius (*Metamorph.*, l. ii., p. 389), where a garland woven like a net is spoken of."* This crown, with white points or horns, as represented on Greek vases, is formed of blanched-white palm-leaf, such as is still prepared in Bordighera in Italy, for use on Palm Sunday in the Church of St. Peter's, in Rome. Apuleius (*Metamorph.*, xi. 237, 805, ed. Oudendorf), when describing the costume of the initiated, says: "But I carried in my right hand a flaming torch, and had encircled my head with a graceful garland, the leaves of the shining palm projecting like rays."

In the sculpture of the later Greek period radiated heads occasionally are seen, and one of the finest examples of such is the head of Jupiter Serapis, in the Pio Clementino Museum of the Vatican. The same symbol occurs on a metope from a Doric temple discovered by Dr. Schliemann at Ilium Novum. Its date is about the year 286, B.C. The subject is the Sun-god in his four-horse chariot, setting forth on his diurnal course, the light, represented by horn-like rays, issuing from the nimbus around his head (see illustration No. 4). A radiated diadem is seen on a coin of Ordes, son of Phraates III., B.C. 53 to A.D. 37, and Mr. William Scott remarks (*Num. Chron.* vol. xvii., p. 160): "Whether such diademed heads as Gotarzes represent the tutelary spirit of the prince, or Ormuzd himself, I am not able to decide." The same diadem is seen on coins struck in Jerusalem in the third century; it appears on a head of Hostilian struck there, A.D. 261.† On a Palmyran bas-relief, figured by Mr. Layard,‡ a full-faced radiated head may be seen, borne up by an eagle. The radiated crown is frequently associated with the myth of Hercules, as is seen on the pre-historic Greek vases and the bas-reliefs of Greek art, as well as the Gaulish coins of the first centuries of the Christian era.

We find, also, that the Roman emperors, loving the allegory of Hercules as the invincible, and his subjugation of the image of Evil in the Erymanthean boar, adopted on their medals many symbols in connection with him. The worship

* "Monum. Antichi," p. 59. Zanetti, *Stat. nella Bibl. S. Marco, Venice*, T. 2, fig. 34. A similar relief appears on a marble candelabrum here. Zoëga, *Bassi rilievi. Ficoroni, Sculture della Villa Pinciana*.

† See M. de Saulcy; Mr. J. M. Madden, *Brit. Mus.*; H. C. Reichardt, *Num. Chron.*, N.S., iv.

‡ "Layard," l. c., Tab. i. No. 1, and Tab. vii. 6.

* Winckelmann, "Monumenti Antichi," p. 59. Zoëga, "Bassi rilievi," pp. 32, 33.

of Hercules and the boar had been generally adopted by the Celtic tribes, after the Grecian custom. To them these forms were symbols of invincible power and divine gifts, and the association of this symbol of divine inspiration with the invincible power of labour becomes more interesting still when we see it worn on the head, or borne in the hand, of mystic figures on Greek vases, held as a symbol, now of initiation into mystery, and again of victory over death.

Representations of this radiated crown are found on the coins of such leaders among men as came to have divine honours attributed to them by the enthusiasm of their followers. Such divine effulgence from the head as is symbolized by this crown is alluded to by Latin writers about the dawn of the Christian era; and even so early as the destruction of Carthage the consuls of Rome are represented on their coins with various emblems of divinity; while after the time of Mark Antony and Octavianus the laurel wreath is superseded by the golden rays of Sol or Helios, the ruler of days.

In after-times the deification of the emperors succeeded to the adoration of the Roman governors which was practised in the East, where the magistrate was adored as a provincial deity, with the pomp of altars and temples, of festivals and sacrifices. Their images were adorned with crowns of rays, as represented on their coins, to mark their consecration and elevation to the rank of gods, whose brows were held to be thus arrayed.* The Egyptian laurel woven round the radiated crown was the highest symbol in this apotheosis. Lucan tells us of the honours paid by the Romans to Cæsar :



No. 3.—*The Hour of Victory.*

"Therefore, by citizens who were not ungrateful, all possible honours were heaped upon the one prince; his images were

* As we read in the description of Castor in the *Argonautica* of Valerius Flaccus: "And they behold the thin blood stream from his starry brow, and Pollux, unfrighted by the sight, drying his wounds with the back of his cestus. Castor weaves branches round his lofty head and arms, and binds his temples with green laurel."—*C. Valerii Flacci Argonauticon*, l. iv., p. 101.

in all the temples about, a crown of distinct rays in the theatre, a seat of honour raised in the senate-house, a pin-



No. 4.—*The Sun-God on a Metope from Ilium Novum.*

nacle (? tower) upon his house." One of the Scholiasts says that Cæsar was arrayed in the habit of Jove, and wearing rays in resemblance of the sun; while Lucan writes, in a spirit of sarcasm against Nero: "The civil wars will create divinities equal to the gods of heaven. The shades will Rome adorn with lightnings and with rays and stars: and in the temples of the gods will she swear by the shades of men."*

The crown offered by Mark Antony, and thrice rejected by Cæsar on the sacred course, was encircled by laurel-leaves, and must have been either a diadem, *i.e.* a ribbon, or one of these radiated crowns. "Antony was one of those who hastened to the sacred course, for he was consul. When he had reached the spot, and the crowd broke to let him pass, he approached the tribune, and presented to Cæsar a diadem, which he bore in his hand, and which was surrounded by a laurel-wreath. At first a clapping of hands was heard, not very loud, but low and indistinct, such as is only made by men placed there for the purpose. But Cæsar having rejected this diadem, then all the people began to clap their hands. Antony again presented the diadem, and a few persons applauded. Cæsar rejects it again, and every one applauds. Cæsar, disabused by the second attempt, arose, and commanded that they should go and consecrate this crown at the Capitol."

It is true that "diadem" is the word used by Plutarch in describing this scene; nevertheless, the evidence of other writers as to the appearance of a radiated diadem upon his head may render it probable that the crown offered to Cæsar was the radiated crown. M. C. Abbé Texier observes: "Les historiens romains (Valer. Flac. I. iv. Argon., flor. I. iv. c. 2) remarquent qu'on présenta, en plein théâtre, à Jules César, une couronne tout éclatante de rayons, et que Caligula prit lorsqu'il voulut s'arroger la divinité, était semblable."† This crown was then the symbol of divinity, grasped at by the last-mentioned emperor, when, in his madness, he ordered himself to be worshipped as a god.‡

In a future number we shall show that the crown of thorns placed on the Saviour's head was but a parody of this ancient symbol of spiritual kingship—the Crown of Rays.

MARGARET STOKES.

* "Lucan, *Pharsalia*," lib. vii., v. 458.

† "Dictionnaire de l'Orfèvrerie."

‡ Niebuhr, "Lectures on the History of Rome," p. 693.

THE SALON.*

FROM THE FRENCH CRITIC'S POINT OF VIEW.



FROM the French critic's point of view the Salon of 1882, though it may not have brought to light any extraordinary and hitherto unknown talents, nor displayed masterpieces of so high an order as to mark an epoch in painting, has yet begotten an interest so specially its own, that it well

deserves notice. After a careful study of the five thousand works, our first impression of doubt gives way, and we feel that we are standing in the presence of an entirely new phenomenon, for such must we call the development which is plainly being evolved from the painting of to-day. A scholastic and academic treatment is rapidly being abandoned; every artist appears to be eager to shake off the trammels and work freely and in his own way; each goes to seek nature direct, and interprets her for himself; true it is, that the treatment is not always free from blunders, but these are nearly always redeemed by an intense respect for truth. The result is that the brush finds a number of different ways of expressing itself, and with these the eye of the public, accustomed as it is to certain recognised styles, is not yet familiar. It will need some years yet ere the crowd of visitors to the Salon clearly grasp the fact that nowadays painting is not, as it was formerly, an art to be leisurely learned at school, but that in the future it is to be an art which will faithfully reflect the aspirations, tastes, passions, the intellectual culture; or, in turn, the coarseness of the society of the day in all its confusion and restlessness. Painting follows the same path as the human mind; this is the law of its growth. It changes as society itself changes; whether we approve or disapprove the change, we must give way to it, for it is forced on us.

Time was when it was the custom to think loftily, grandly. There was an art which consisted principally in the selection of the beautiful, and the elimination of ugliness, and which, although it was impregnated, if we may so say, with nature, was pleased to represent her as she certainly is not. At that time everything took its standard by the human form, and its grace, strength, nobility, and beauty. But to-day all this is modified; men think less loftily, their aim is lower, and they are determined to observe things and paint them as they really are. 'Tis the painting of the crowd, of the mob, of anybody, in fact. Art affects humility, and the representation of humble and familiar scenes. As to the beauties of nature, they are hardly considered, nor is there any attempt at selecting and portraying these; such a process would simply be trouble thrown away; the crowd would fail to catch its meaning. The 350,000 persons who every year visit the Salon must be catered for, and for the motley public pictures are now painted.

These preliminary reflections will explain why it is that in France, as elsewhere, critics are by no means unanimous when they are engaged in passing judgment on an exhibition of pictures. One party deplores the manifest tendency of the painters of the day to copy nature exclusively,

without either selection or exaltation; the other rejoices in it. The one views with dismay the abandonment of the traditions of the French classical school, its academic discipline, and the stiff and conventional design by which its productions were stamped; the other, on the contrary, demanding vitality and truthfulness in Art rather than exactness, applauds the efforts of the innovators. These latter are fully aware that those they praise do not seek a high intellectual standard; but then, say they, the painter, by thus throwing to the winds those old observances, is led to look for fresh methods, and a novel observation of nature, and he begins his education all afresh, analyzing things more closely, and demanding from a new reality that quickening inspiration which no teaching can give, and which cannot be learned. Traditional Art must lose its prestige, for it has now no vitality. A material Art will take its place, inexact, ill defined, and transitional it may be; one whose first utterances point to a desire to join hand in hand in a burdensome treaty with a democratic internationalism. But it will soon rid itself of its swaddling clothes, it will grow, seeking refinement yet retaining its innate qualities; and this being so, there need be no fear as to its future. Such is the progression which far-sighted critics are pleased to discern through the medium of the Salon.

But we must pass on to a rapid survey of the principal works in the Exhibition, only stopping at such as point to the foregoing general reflections.

A separate place must be allotted to M. Puvis de Chavannes, an artist who belongs to no school, who borrows his ideas from no one, and whose works, after having been railed at and even ridiculed for years, have obtained in this year's Salon the highest possible recompense, viz. the medal of honour, which was awarded almost unanimously by his brother artists. Though exclusively engaged in that special branch of Art which has for its object the mural decoration of monuments, M. Puvis de Chavannes has produced, in a style peculiarly his own, compositions which, although at the first glance severe and rudimentary in design, and poor almost to feebleness in colour, yet give an impression of extraordinary power when we learn to see their mysterious harmony and their strange and insinuating feelings. Whether he is executing huge cartoons, such as those which will adorn the walls of the Pantheon or the Amiens Museum, or whether he is painting works of moderate dimensions like the 'Enfant Prodigue,' or the 'Pauvre Pêcheur,' he always studies the *ensemble décoratif*—the optical effect which presents the appearance of unity to the eye. M. Puvis de Chavannes never troubles himself about details of embellishment. An eye accustomed only to appreciate the charms of colour, the external grace of objects, or a superficial though elaborate imitation of nature, resists this abstract and rigid art, which holds that its aim is simply to display figures in keeping with the dignity of the stone wall on which they are destined to live. It must be admitted that his compositions are by no means easy to understand in the Salon, where they are surrounded by works which are crisply finished realities, pleasing and intelligible. But once remove these majestic pieces from

* Continued from page 219.

such surroundings, and look at them in the cold light which is diffused round a monument, and you will then understand the singularly poetic power of these heroic compositions.

The ideal of the composer of 'Ludus pro Patria,' and of his other work, 'Doux Pays,' which he has given to adorn the mansion of his friend Léon Bonnat, the portrait painter, is not a vague fancy or a tiresome and impalpable dream, but human society in its primitive and wholesome condition. He does not copy nature, but translates her into a language whose simplicity constitutes its charm: this is the standpoint from which the works of this master must be viewed. We, of course, cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, even when considerable allowance is made for the peculiar conditions under which he works, faulty draughtsmanship is too often apparent in his productions. M. Puvis de Chavannes is unequalled in the expression of attitude and gesture, and his arrangement possesses congruity to a degree, but he is about the worst possible model for a heedless imitator to follow, as, indeed, many unlucky attempts in the palace in the Champs Elysées amply show.

The old divisions adopted by critics in speaking of paintings exist no longer. Where, it is now asked, does historical painting terminate? And where does landscape begin? To augment the confusion and fatigue incident to the examination of so enormous a number of pictures, comes the frequent impossibility of determining these boundary lines. Artists no longer recognise these barriers; they look round them and paint what they see, perfectly regardless whether they are painting portraits or genre, historical pieces or landscapes.

What has been called "high historical or mythological Art" has but few representatives at the present day, and the public is gradually forsaking the few who still adhere to it; for it is felt to be cold, lifeless, and devoid of eloquence and truth, by the side of the greater boldness and vitality, apparent in the compositions of the younger school.

M. William Bouguereau having adopted this teaching in its entirety, holds firmly to his position as the perfect master of a style of painting which is icy in its symbolism, and devoid of true character, thought, or emotion. Nothing gets so exasperating in the long run as this external perfection, when no real life underlies it. In his 'Twilight,' we see the nude figure of a woman balancing herself on the point of one foot on the top of the waves. A certain amount of gracefulness

is, it is true, displayed in the operation, as she covers her nakedness in the gauze folds of the bright blue garment which is inevitable in these cases. Extending her right arm, she carries the left back to her breast with an expression that is false and insipid, though extremely pretty. We do not wish to speak slightly of such an artist as M. Bouguereau, who is a thorough master of this particular branch of Art, but, to speak frankly, one tires of these tame allegories; they present a certain formal beauty, as befits them, but fail to appeal either to the heart or to the imagination.

M. Jules Lefèvre is also a disciple of traditional Art, but he knows better than to sacrifice vitality to shadowy grace. His picture of 'The Affianced' possesses a distinctive excellence peculiar to the author. A Greek maiden is seated

on a marble seat; a long mantle falls in graceful folds over her youthful figure, while she languidly submits to the offices of her attendants. The sentiment by which this work is inspired is a little too pronounced, but in execution it is unusually elegant, free, and clever. M. Paul Baudry, the distinguished painter of the pieces in the Opera House, and of so many important works, has sent to the Salon one small painting only, a 'Truth' seated on the brink of a well; this is a refined and most valuable production. M. Henner has gained a very brilliant success with a 'Barra.' The young hero of the First Revolution is a popular character just now. It will be remembered that when he received his death-blow he was a prisoner in the hands of the Vendéans, and they, touched by his youth (he was only thirteen), promised to spare his life if he would cry "Long live the King." Barra at once, unhesitatingly, called out, "Long live the Republic,"

and fell riddled with bullets. M. Henner has drawn this poor child with a poetry and a charm which alike baffle description, and make him the personification of heroism. An inexpressible feeling of vague, but deep trouble, asserts itself as we stand before the gloomy canvas, where the white form is descried through the mysterious and gathering shade.

Religious, like historical painting, is being more and more forsaken; with conviction and faith wanting, the inducement to search the vast range of subjects for a fitting one is also lacking. In this branch we may notice M. Carolus Duran's 'Entombment.' The eminent portrait painter here presents us with a somewhat ambitious attempt; he cannot be said to have completely failed, nor yet to have completely



Le Duo, from the Picture by H. J. Burgers.

succeeded. As regards the arrangement of the figures, the piece reminds us of Titian's picture in the Louvre, but the colour, though firm and bright, is not well distributed; the characters are unfortunately vulgar, and the Christ has neither nobility nor expression. But M. Carolus Duran has worked four years upon it, and is so firmly convinced that he has produced a master-piece, that he has rejected with scorn an offer by the Government to purchase it at a less price than fifty thousand francs. M. Gabriel Ferrier, a young painter, and one of the most brilliant results of our academic training, exhibits a scene from the Passion entitled, 'Hail, King of the Jews!' Its rich colour and pleasing novelty of style claim the warm support of the votaries of this class of Art.

Artists who borrow their illustrations from scenes in ancient history usually nowadays treat them anecdotally; carried along with the stream of realism they hope to persuade people that their creations once existed, and they attempt to show the life of the past even down to its minutest accessories. In this way M. Rochegrosse, a young artist still under instruction in the school, has been highly applauded for a 'Vitellius;' he shows the Emperor in a narrow street of ancient Rome, hemmed in, pushed about, and hustled by an infuriated populace, which is revenging itself cruelly on him, making him pay dearly for his baseness and his insolent tyranny. This piece tells of a lively imagination, with a healthy temperament, and is full of promise. It is in the anecdotal fashion too that M. Albert Maignan has treated the delicate page of religious history which relates 'The Sleep of Fra Angelico,' in the picture here engraved. He has never produced anything finer, more luminous, or more spiritual than this little canvas, where we see the good monk, the exquisite fashioner of scenes of Paradise, watched over during sleep by the angels as they complete for him the work which hangs on the wall of his cell. M. Maignan's other piece is called the 'Outcast.' In it we are shown a queen flying with two attendants from the palace which has been shut against her. This work the author has endowed with a wonderful breadth of treatment and grandeur of conception. Another artist who can also interpret religious history with delicacy and taking cleverness is M. Buland; his pictures in the Salon are positively crammed with good points. 'Jesus in the house of Martha and Mary,' and 'The Singing Lesson,' depict scenes grandly yet simply disposed, quiet colours judiciously separated, and delicate expression. We may further notice M. Benner's 'The Bathers,' for its elegance and exemplary feeling; the 'Foolish Virgins' of M. Glaize; and M. Jean Aubert's 'Winter;' and 'Pendant la Guerre,' by M. Luminais, a work calm and severe in its symbolic heroism. We can do no more than mention, under the head of historical paintings, the 'Camille Desmoulins' of M. François Flameng; the 'Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian' of M. J. P. Laurens, a work of questionable merit, and undoubtedly one of this artist's least brilliant productions; and lastly the 'St. Chrysostom preaching before the Empress Eudoxia' of M. Wencker, a huge composition by one of the most serious disciples of the Villa Médici at Rome.

We must now turn to the principal works by those who may be termed the adversaries of traditional Art. In the ever-increasing throng which presses bravely along the new paths, there are some who openly and violently revolt against tradition and rule, others who are contented with a compromise. These two parties are in accord to the extent of longing to express themselves with an intense reality, but whilst one of them

openly sets at naught the opinion of the multitude, the other takes some account of the educated feelings of their contemporaries. As regards those in the former category, M. Edouard Manet has such a reputation for eccentricity, that the French public seldom believe him to be in earnest. Yet there can be no doubt that this whimsical and incorrect artist, whose palette seems to have gone crazy, has exercised an undeniable influence on painting. He was the first to perceive certain capricious effects of the atmosphere, and to endeavour to interpret them with his brush. This year he sends to the Salon a small portrait of a young woman, whose clear complexion stands out in relief from a foliage background. The crowd did not find in this piece occasion for its usual pleasantries; but M. Manet's other picture, 'Bar aux Jolies Bergères,' has compensated those who content themselves with laughing at talents of this sort, without caring to recognise the rare fidelity which is occasionally their outcome. It is true that this canvas, whereon one sees an unintelligible medley of figures reflected in a mirror at a café concert, might pass for an undecipherable puzzle. M. Manet, unfortunately, seems to pride himself on the obscurity of his enigmas. It is a great pity. This innovator either cannot, or will not, take advantage of his discoveries; he leaves to others the credit of making a successful use of them. Even now numerous artists may be found who are leaving what may be termed the "light and shade style," to interpret the capricious combinations of iridescent light; and are discovering hitherto unknown effects in the harmonious clearness of scenes copied in the open air. The open air! to paint the open air—that fluid, almost colourless substance, so elusive to the grasp, to show forth its endless and fickle caprices, to reproduce its scarcely perceptible quiverings round the objects it bathes, as it draws them nearer or carries them farther apart, according to its density, its clearness, or its endless tricks of reflection—this is the new problem men are applying themselves to resolve.

It was in the open air of the forest that M. Bastien Lepage saw the poor woodman, the 'Père Jacques,' who, laden with branches and bending under his burden, in company with his little daughter, directs his old and tottering steps homewards. What poetry breathes in this canvas! No longer a languishing and epic feeling, conventional and over-refined, but a poetry that is inward, deep, eternal, such as only can come from a vigorous rendering of nature. Nothing could be more neatly or exactly rendered, nothing more carefully studied, than the head of this old peasant, so sparkling with life and vigour. Just the same fulness and truthfulness of expression is found in M. Lhermitte's 'La Paye des Moissonneurs,' where the painter has never succeeded better than in this really remarkable picture. It has been purchased by the French Government. The picture from which our engraving, 'Le Duo,' is taken was painted by H. J. Burgers, and is a pleasing illustration of popular French Art.

M. Dagnan Bouveret's 'Benediction of the Newly Wedded' was also one of the most significant exhibits in the Salon. It is a charming scene, full of intelligence and delicacy. In a low room, illumined with sunlight, a cottager's family has just finished the marriage feast; bride and bridegroom are on their knees to receive the blessing of their grandfather. Nothing could be better studied or more tastefully rendered in the minutest details than these different figures, parents, friends, and official notary; one reads their characters, professions, and temperaments, by the mere cast of face or attitude.

M. Roll's 'Fête of the 14th of July' has been much discussed. Some critics have decided that this enormous canvas, representing, in its naked truth, a Parisian mob, does not exhibit with sufficient force the patriotic feeling that should have been self-evident in such a scene. But those people who think that in Art truth ought to shine out and be strongly expressed before everything else, have done homage to this weighty composition. The individual actors in such a scene of indescribable tumult are portrayed as nature has made them, as one sees them going about in the streets of Paris on fête days, rather untidy, gossiping a little, crying out very loudly "Vive la République," and not, alas! troubling themselves much about their country. M. Roll paints with merciless fidelity. His canvas will be a document for future historians.

M. Henri Gervex exhibited a decorative picture destined for the residence of the mayor of the nineteenth *arrondissement* at Paris, representing the 'Bassin de la Villette;' an excellent piece of painting, but of questionable interest as an ornament of an official marriage hall. This quality of sincerity has, however, appeared in a considerable number of works executed by strangers. French critics this year have unanimously applauded their progress. These gentlemen first came among us to study our style; they have now become our formidable rivals. England, America, Belgium, and Holland have sent to us pictures greatly admired for originality and faithfulness of expression. The French public, after being accustomed for so long to read only

the names of their countrymen in the lists of medallists, is rather surprised to find an increasing number of strangers coming forward with works which testify to considerable talent, a vast amount of careful study, and much technical skill. Has this discovery evoked bad feeling? No; this would be contrary to our national disposition and our traditions of hospitality. Of course, there has been a little surprise, but no bitterness. If space permitted it would be delightful to show how the artists of a nation of a century's growth, of a race with no artistic past, can, in spite of imperfect technical knowledge, hasty work and untried processes, attain to a singular freshness of expression.

Among the other foreigners we may mention M. Isaac Israels, who exhibited 'A Military Funeral,' a piece full of promise; M. Edelfeldt, a native of Finland, winner of prizes at former exhibitions, whose 'Religious Service on the Seashore' answers for the progress he has made; M. Joseph Brandt, a Pole, whose 'Horse Fair at Balba' gives us a curious insight into Polish

manners and customs; M. Henry Mosler's 'Accordailles,' which proves him an intellectual and exact observer of the habits of our French provinces; M. Hagborg, the able marine painter; M. D. R. Knight, an American, whose 'Mourner' possesses undoubted merit; also M. Jeannot, of Geneva, for whom the 'Réservistes' has gained a complete success; M. Van Beers, a Belgian, whose treatment, though damaged by affectation, is in other respects not without delicacy and charm; M. Salmson whose 'First Communion in Picardy' has added to what we previously knew of the vigour of his brush. But the real honours belong to the English and American landscape painters, MM. Harrison, Hawkins, Stott, and Thompson; undoubtedly they are helping to introduce into France a new style, where the subject is, so to speak, a corner of nature; the colours are crude, but there is a taking sadness in these landscapes, cut off as they are at the horizon, so that scarcely any sky can be seen. Incontestably supreme among foreign artists in the Salon is M. John Sargent, the American; his picture of the gipsy dance,

'El Jaleo,' seems to have turned the head of all Paris. Without sharing the general infatuation to which M. Sargent's work has given rise, we may say that it forces on the mind an irresistible impression of its strength.

The success strangers have met with must not make us forget our countryman. French Art has always reckoned portraiture one of its strong points, and in this respect it keeps its place. That of M. Puvis de Chavannes, by



The Sleep of Fra Angelico, from the Picture by A. Maignan.

M. Bonnat, is one of this master's most distinguished triumphs. M. Henner, too, has never painted so perfect a portrait as that of Mme. R * * *. M. Carolus Duran has kept up his reputation as an extraordinarily ready colourist. In the Portrait of Lady D * * * M. Paul Dubois, the great sculptor, who wields the brush as well as the chisel, makes us feel that he is learning every day to portray female charms more uniquely and delicately. Beside him we must place M. Fantin Latour, who scarcely yields to him in the grace, the charm, and the subtle harmony of his colour. M. Bastien Lepage had a portrait of an old lady, a piece no larger than the hand, but painted with extraordinary delicacy and conciseness. We must further name the portraits of M. Jouaust, the publisher, by M. Levy; of Mdle. X * * *, by M. John Sargent, an excellent portrait, and a piece of work which, for our part, we prefer to his 'El Jaleo.'

An account of the Paris Salon, however brief, can scarcely be complete without a few words on sculpture. This section

comprised eight hundred and eighty-six works; they belonged to French artists without exception, and almost all displayed remarkable talents: mediocrity was the exception. A hundred at least were worthy of careful attention, and six or seven were really first rate.

Amongst monumental sculpture one piece is distinguished among its fellows by its powerful attractiveness, its interpretation of thought, and the strength of feeling it expresses. This is M. Antonin Mercié's plaster group entitled 'Quand Mème!' executed for the town of Belfort. The young and celebrated author of 'Gloria Vietis,' whose nervous genius can personify in the most elegant figures the symbols of a pure patriotism, or the delicately raised conceptions of imagination, has displayed in this piece a new side of his talents—the ardent manliness of an engrossing naturalism. We must also notice M. E. L. Barrias', already well-known group, 'The Defence of Saint-Quentin;' M. Frémiet's colossal statue of 'Stéfan-al-Mare;' M. Hébert's 'Rabelais;' M. J. Thomas's 'La Bruyère;' a most picturesque 'Sedanie' by M. Leconte; two admirable groups by M. Cairi, 'Lion and Lioness' and

'Rhinoceros attacked by Tigers.' Among the pieces which cannot be reckoned as monumental sculptures we may mention the 'Last Moments of Molière' by M. Allouard, where expression is given to really touching emotion; a 'Diana' by M. Falguière, delicately sensual; M. Chapu's 'Genius of Immortality;' M. Schroeder's 'First Kiss;' M. Croisy's 'The Nest,' representing two children lying clasped in an arm-chair.

We may well end with the same reflection as we commenced: the Salon of 1882 is one of the most interesting there has been for five or six years. French criticism has there greeted youthful talent full of sap and full of promise. If the ancient forms are disappearing, and with them, unhappily, sometimes conscientious knowledge, respect for rule and tradition, and the lofty sentiment of the ideal, at any rate we may see a new interpretation of nature blossoming into life, an observation more direct, truer, more fruitful in emotion, and in proper conformity with the ideas of contemporary society. Is this a sufficient compensation? The future alone will tell.

VICTOR CHAMPIER.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE. J. E. Boehm, R.A., Sculptor; W. Roffe, Engraver.—This monument has been recently erected by her Majesty the Queen at the Mausoleum at Frogmore, and commemorates the sad death of H.R.H. the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, which took place on December 14th, 1878, her life nobly sacrificed through devotion to her dying child. The sculptor, about five years before this event, made several portrait studies from her Royal Highness, and when the Queen gave Mr. Boehm the idea of the group—which was her Majesty's own conception—he was able to execute an effigy which, in respect of likeness as well as high artistic merit, is in every way satisfactory. A replica of the statue was presented by the Brothers and Sisters of the Princess Alice to the Grand Duke of Hesse, by whom it was placed in the family mausoleum at the Rosenhöhe, near Darmstadt. The cenotaph of the monument at Frogmore is in different coloured marbles, and bears the arms of Great Britain and Hesse; it was executed from a design made by Mr. R. Edis, F.S.A.

'THE VISITATION,' by Miss Elizabeth Thompson (Mrs. Butler), engraved by W. Greatbaeh.—The fame of this talented artist is founded so exclusively on her paintings of military subjects, that to many our engraving will be something of a revelation. Mrs. Butler's skill has often, however, been exercised in other than military directions, though mainly, we believe, in the earlier stages of her career. From the subject before us we can draw accurate inferences as to the assured reputation which she would have achieved had she devoted herself exclusively to sacred Art. 'The Visitation' was painted about 1872, when she was in her eighteenth year. The artist, in composing this picture, evidently felt that simplicity of treatment best accorded with

a subject so mystical and profound. St. Elizabeth welcomes her approaching visitor at the threshold of her house. Her attitude—the result of sudden impulse and inspiration—is exceedingly natural. "And whence is this to me, that the mother of my Lord should come to me?" seems to be on her lips. Her face has the sharp lines of one well stricken in years; the pose of the head, the carriage of the body, alike denote age, and the quick, agitated clasp of the welcoming, detaining hands, is full of pathos. The Virgin's beauty is of the sweetest and gentlest type, and the eyes have an expression of ecstatic adoration, which is one of the principal charms in the painting. The uplifted hand, in attitude of worship, gives a striking dignity to the figure, and the draperies are managed with skill and knowledge. It is probable that 'The Visitation' was painted for an altar-piece, and unquestionably the picture is well adapted for such a resting-place.

'A HELPING HAND,' etched by Leopold Flameng, after E. Renouf.—The etcher has had in this charming work of M. Renouf a subject singularly adapted to his skilful hand. The face of the tough old boatman, with its dry, kindly, humorous expression, has a fine antithesis in that of the plaid, gentle child, with the far-away look in her blue eyes, and in the sense of responsibility which speaks in her face. A gleam of romance has come into the life of this toiler of the sea, and he is evidently very tender to his little charge, as well as excessively amused by the tiny help so conscientiously rendered. The strength with which the boatman is pulling at his heavy sweep is well expressed. The gaff at his side, and the strongly made landing net, show that he is a fisher of the deep sea. The fittings of the boat are admirably drawn, and the various textures are indicated by the etcher with all his accustomed dexterity.



W. ROFFE ENGRAVER

J. E. BOEHM, R.A. SCULPTOR

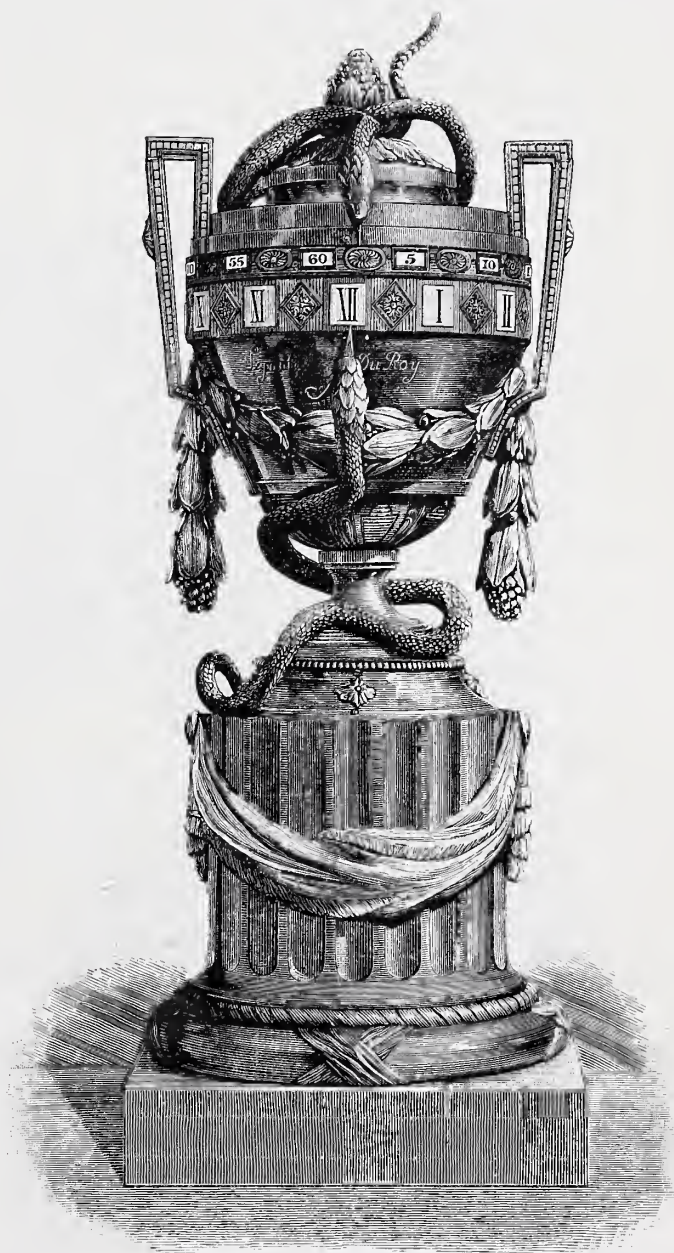
MONUMENT TO THE PRINCESS ALICE OF HESSE

THE HAMILTON COLLECTION.*



ALTHOUGH the main interest in the collection of pictures was well-nigh exhausted in the first two portions of the sale, there were a few of the first importance sold on the seventh day. Of these the celebrated 'Circumcision,' by Luca Signorelli, a splendid example of that rare master, rich in colour and exquisite in expression, was one of the most important, if, indeed, as we think, it was not the most important, item in the whole sale. The grand but graceful grouping, the dignified naturalism of all the figures, the rhythmical arrangement of the heads, the subtle differences in the reverent anxiety presented by each, the perfect but not too obvious concentration of every line of the picture in the figure of the Child, and, lastly, the Child himself, so natural yet so noble, make up a composition which there are few to equal in all Art. The general applause in the room at Christie's when this (Lot 769) was knocked down to Mr. Burton for 3,000 guineas, will find an echo throughout England wherever Art is understood. The National Gallery also acquired a very interesting and beautifully painted representation of 'The Last Supper' (Lot 759), ascribed (no doubt wrongly) to Masaccio. The fine preservation of this work, and its exquisite finish, well justified the price of 600 guineas. A remarkable 'Allegory' (Lot 766), ascribed to Giacomo da Pontormo, and a boldly sketched portrait of 'Ludovico Cornaro, Doge of Venice, Æt. suæ. 100, 1566' (Lot 748), ascribed to Titian, but thought by some to be by Theotocopuli (Il Greco), were also bought for the National Gallery. The price paid for the former was £315, for the latter £336. It is useless to regret that two other works, both of the first class, were not also secured for the nation. One of these was (Lot 751) a 'Portrait of a Youth,' by Antonello da Messina, and the other the celebrated 'Laughing Boy,' by Leonardo da Vinci, or Luini, once in the Arundel collection (Lot 760). The latter was bought by Mr. Winkworth for £2,000, the former by Mr. Sedelmeyer for £514 10s. A picture of 'The Dying Magdalen,' ascribed to Correggio (Lot 720), and a grand 'Portrait of a Venetian Admiral,' by Titian (Lot 767), were the most notable of the remaining pictures in the third portion. Of the fourth, sold on the 8th July, 'A Portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,' by Velasquez (Lot 1142), was the gem. It was taken from the Palace of Madrid by the French General Dessolle, and was afterwards at Font-hill. This celebrated work was bought for the National Gallery for £6,300. Another work of much interest was 'A Council of Eleven English and Spanish Statesmen' (Lot 1143), attributed to Juan Pantoxa. This represented, seated round a table, the Duke de Frias, Count Villarmediana, Alexander Rouldio, Count D'Aremberg, Verreykin, the Earls Dorset, Nottingham, Densier (Devonshire), Northampton, and Robert Cecil. It was signed and dated 1594, but, as pointed out by Mr. Scharf, the council in question is stated by Stowe to have taken place at Old Somerset House in 1604. The date in the picture is therefore false, and Mr. Scharf thinks it was probably painted by Gheeraedts. It was bought for the National Portrait Gallery for £2,400. A Claude of some reputation,

and exquisite in the clearness of its atmosphere (Lot 1134), called 'Ariadne and Bacchus,' was the only other picture of sufficient artistic importance to mention. Among some portraits of historical interest were one of 'Napolcon I.,' executed for the Duke of Hamilton by J. L. David (Lot 1108); one of 'Cardinal Mazarin,' by Mignard (Lot 1107); one of 'Henri Stuart, Cardinal of York,' by Blanchet (Lot 1118);



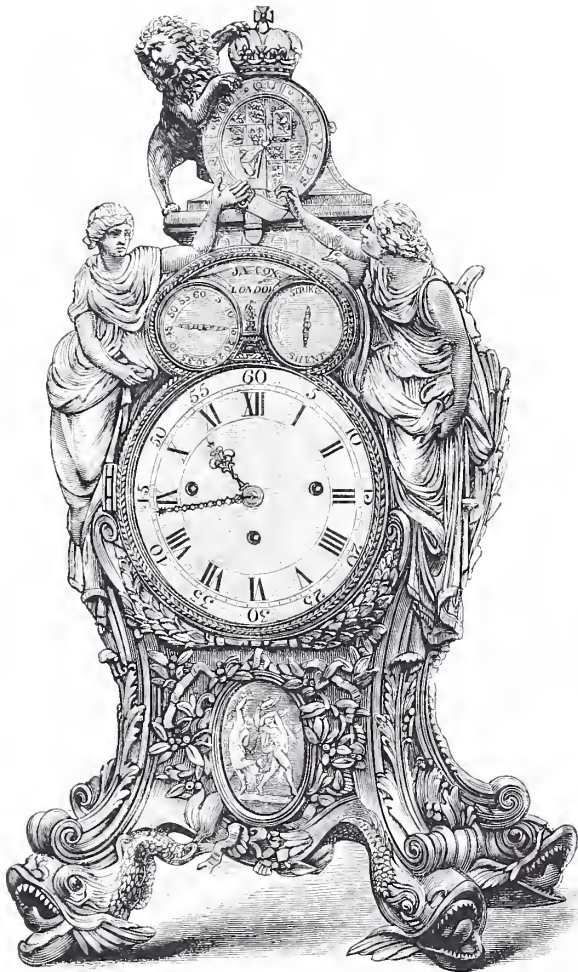
No. 4.—Louis XVI. Clock.

one of 'Le Marquis de Marigny,' by J. L. Tocqué (Lot 1133); and portraits of 'Pope Innocent X.' and 'The Duke d'Olivarez,' by Velasquez (Lots 1136 and 1140).

Although, after the first two days devoted to them the pictures showed a decided falling off in average merit, this was not at all the case with regard to the works of Art of other descriptions, nor did the prices fail to keep up to the extravagant pitch which was set at the beginning. This was,

* Continued from page 248.

no doubt, due in a measure not only to the prestige of the collection and the high quality and rarity of the objects, but also to their great variety. Each day had its special attraction. On the eighth day, besides Dutch, French, and Italian faïence, and Venetian glass of comparatively little importance, came a ewer of Oriental glass (Lot 857), decidedly Persian in character, very much the shape of the enamelled and gilt glass Arabian lamps of the fourteenth century, but with a handle, instead of rings for suspension; its most remarkable feature is the band of equestrian figures round its body, enamelled in rich colours on a blue ground. This possibly unique vessel was sold for £2,730. There were but few pieces of Etruscan pottery, and the



No. 5.—Chime Clock, by Alard.

only one of any moment was that known as the Beckford vase (Lot 864). The peculiarity of this small cenochoe (it is but 9 inches high) consists in its ornamentation, which represents "a triumphal procession, with a camel, the rider seated on an Oriental saddle sideways between the humps, and attended by figures playing musical instruments." In comparison with the prices paid for much less rare objects, this went cheaply for £168. The carvings in ivory were also few, but they had their one superb specimen, viz. a pedestal carved by Flamingo (Lot 872) with a bacchanalian dance in high relief, which, with its marble plinth and ormolu chasings, realised £536 10s. On the same day were sold some very fine bronzes, two of which, 'The Rape of Proserpine' (Lot 879) and 'The Rape of Helen' (Lot 880), by G. di Bologna, on Louis XVI. ormolu plinths, fetched £1,428. The full-sized

bronze of 'The Laocoon' (Lot 892), by Crozatier, from Stowe, went moderately for £504. On the other hand, the Duke de Choiseul's writing-table and cartonnère of parqueterie (Lot 878), the latter surmounted by a clock by Alard, good, but not very remarkable specimens of Louis XV. furniture, reached the enormous sum of £5,565; and the clock, of which we give an illustration, No. 5, fell to the extravagant bid of £861. This very expensive timepiece (Lot 884) is of ormolu, and the miniature underneath is painted in *grisaille* by Degault, the enamelled dial and movement being by James Cox, of London.

The special interest of the ninth day's sale were some fine examples of Limoges enamel, and two specimens of Henri II. ware. One of the latter, an hexagonal salt-cellar supported on pillars enclosing as in a shrine three Cupids sitting back to back with interlaced arms (Lot 960), was bought for £840; the other was a tazza about the same height, viz. 4 inches, richly ornamented with masks and mouldings in relief, and realised £1,218. As there are only about sixty or seventy specimens of this ware known, and these two are fine ones, the prices were not larger than was expected, but they are large enough to have astonished François Charpentier and John Bernart, who are said to have made them at Oiron for Hélène de Hangest, widow of Artus Gouffier, Sieur de Boisy. The specimens of Limoges enamel were extremely choice. A tazza and cover from Strawberry Hill (Lot 966), painted with scenes from the life of Samson, brought £2,100; an oval dish, with the 'Feast of the Gods' after Raphael (Lot 970), £1,207 10s. Two tryptichs (Lots 971 and 977), the one by Pierre Raymond very rich in gold ground, the other by Nardon Penicaud very brilliant in colour, were knocked down for £1,218 and £1,760 respectively. An interesting version of the 'Calumny of Apelles,' after Mantegna (Lot 974), was bought by Mr. Aug. Franks for £320 5s.; but perhaps the finest of all was a plaque in *grisaille* representing 'The Adoration of the Magi' (Lot 973), which, though only 6 inches by 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, was run up to £1,328 5s. It was signed P. M. On the same day were sold some fine specimens of Italian cinque-cento metal work. A chess-table (Lot 982) of Milanese work, inlaid with gold and silver and lapis lazuli, and covered over with elaborate arabesques, fetched £3,160. Of the other objects, the most remarkable were a set of life-size busts of old Roman faïence on pedestals, by Vavasseur, representing the Seasons (Lot 1003). These realised £2,646. On this day also was sold, for £1,081 10s., the fine Louis XV. sarcophagus-shaped commode of black buhl (Lot 994) of which we give an illustration, No. 7.

The cabinet, secretaire, and commode (Lots 1296-8), inlaid with slabs of black and gold lacquer, and beautifully mounted in ormolu, by Gouthière, rivalled, if they did not exceed, in beauty the celebrated marqueterie suite made for the same unfortunate queen, which realised such enormous prices on the third day. They brought the following still more enormous sums: £5,460, £9,450, and £9,450, or £24,360 for the three. The gems of the twelfth day were (Lot 1436) a rose-water ewer of brown jasper, fluted and carved and mounted in gilt metal, with a stand supported by four terminal figures of boys, and a large oval-shaped dish on a gilt stand composed of sphinxes; an exquisitely finished marble statuette of Voltaire by Houdon (Lot 1443), and a pair of oviform vases of gros-bleu Sèvres in richly chased tripods of ormolu, 31 inches high (Lot 1455). They fell at the following bids respectively: £850 10s., £1,050, £404 5s. On the same day two Louis XV. pier-tables, boldly carved, with terminal figures, masks, and festoons of foliage, richly gilt, with shaped slabs of matrix

of amethyst, and rich mouldings of ormolu, fetched £2,016; and a Louis XIV. writing-table and cartonnère was sold for £3,262 10s.

The collection of miniatures was so large that it occupied the whole thirteenth day's sale, although it contained no portraits of the Hamilton family. It was distinguished by the number of portraits of the Stuarts, and of royal and famous personages of France and other countries. Among them may be mentioned the Emperors Rudolph II. and his brother Mathias, the Emperor Maximilian II., and the Empress Maria, daughter of Charles V., Charles V. himself and Ferdinand, his brother, the Empress Marie Alexandrovna of Russia, wife of Paul I., Charles IX., Henri II., Henri III., Henri IV., Louis XIV., Louis XV., his wife Marie Leszczynski and her brother Stanislaus, King of Poland, Napoleon I., and the King of Holland. Of the Stuarts were James I., Charles I., Charles II., Prince Rupert, Mary Queen of Scots, the two

Pretenders, Marie Sobieski, the wife of James Edward, Lady Arabella, and others. Other interesting portraits were of Madame de Genlis, Ninon de l'Enclos, Richelieu, Madame de Maintenon, La Belle Gabrielle, Admiral Gaspar de Coligny, and his brothers, Jack Bannister, Burns, and Adam Ramsay, John Van Eyck and Montaigne, John of Leyden, and Count Egmont. Altogether a miscellaneous gathering, comprising examples of the most noted miniature painters. Of those attributed to the Clonet family (Janet), the Holbeins of France, the most remarkable were an exquisitely finished set of six in one frame—Henri II., Henri III., Charles IX., Catherine de Medici, Le Grand Dauphin, and Claude de France (Lot 1651). This Lot was bought by Mr. King for 1,675 guineas. By a Hilliard (which is not stated), was one of James I., "in lilac dress brocaded with gold, blue riband and lace collar, the background formed of a crimson curtain, in original case, enamelled with the royal cypher in



No. 6.—Louis XV. Parqueterie Commode.

diamonds, and with openwork border set with diamonds" (Lot 1615). This was the "sensation" Lot of the day's sale, and was bought by Mr. Joseph for £2,835, a price which was probably due more to the case and its curiosity, than its value as a work of Art. It was, however, beautifully painted, and with much character. By J. Hoskins was a portrait of Sir John Maynard, from the Strawberry Hill Collection (Lot 1599, £231); and one of the Earl of Sandwich was the most important example of S. Cooper, his nephew and pupil (Lot 1598, £267 15s.). A good but faded example by Peter Oliver was Lady Digby after Vandyck (Lot 1608, £294). There were also a few good specimens of the exquisite art of Cosway, especially Lots 1546, 1547, and 1548, all of unknown ladies; they fetched 185, 195, and 140 guineas respectively. One of the miniatures of Prince James Edward was by the Swiss painter, J. A. Arland (Lot 1571, £26 5s.), and his countryman, Petitot, was represented by some specimens of unusual beauty, and some of unusual size. Amongst the former we

noticed a small circular enamel of Louis XIV., of very fine colour and finish (Lot 1530, £71 8s.), and of the latter were (Lots 1659—60—61) representing Louis Dauphin, Colbert, and a lady (perhaps Madame de Maintenon); 650 guineas was paid for the Dauphin, 230 for Colbert, and 180 for the lady.

There were a few miniatures by Zincke, and a very large one of the Coronation of Henri IV., by P. de Champagne. Others were signed with less well-known names, such as Jean Antoine Mussard (1745), J. N. Barbette (1690), J. D. Wilpes, Dun, Augustin (1803), Hoffman, Hall, Lenglois (1786), J. Guerin, L. B. Parant, E. Stryck, Bourdon, Cottellini (1785), Dumont, Weiter, Lonsdale (1801), Périn, Vincent de Mont-Petit, Largillière, W. Bate, Smart, Bullfinch, Boit, Bordier, Lewis Cross, David de Grange, Ramsey, Siccardi, Henrietta Wolters (1759). The figures in brackets refer to the date affixed to the miniatures, and as everything is interesting in connection with this comparatively little-studied branch of Art, we add the initials and dates with which a few others

were signed, viz. "C. G., 1659;" "G. S., 1760;" "N. W., 1536."

The very fine Louis XV. *parqueterie commode* (Lot 1806) was the greatest attraction of the fourteenth day's sale.



No. 7.—Louis XIV. *Commode*.

Although there have been a few good specimens of Louis XV. furniture sold before, there had been nothing of this period to compete with the *buhl* cabinets of Louis XIV., or the furniture of Marie Antoinette. In design, if not in historical interest, this commode was of equal rank with those other masterpieces of *ébénisterie* and *ormolu* work. Its bold and massive ornaments of boys and birds and oak branches are well seen in our engraving, No. 6. Two ebony commodes (Lot 1805), inlaid with plaques of black and gold lacquer singularly rich and quiet in effect, were sold on the same day for £3,150.

On the fifteenth day were sold several grand pieces of furniture of the time of Louis XVI., carved and gilt, and covered with Gobelins tapestry. One of these was a sofa of unusual size from Versailles (Lot 1902), which fetched £1,176. The chairs *en suite* went for seventy guineas a piece, and a bedstead of extreme grandeur for £1,155. The tapestry hangings disposed of afterwards were not of any artistic importance. The best pieces were Gobelins with scenes from Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," by Nouzou, dated 1735. One of these, 12 feet by 19 feet 4 inches (Lot 1918), reached £882, a sum very greatly in excess of its value as a work of Art. It was bought by Mr. Denison, as well as a portrait of the Empress Catherine II., for which this gentleman was contented to pay £325 10s. (Lot 1941). On the same day a fine bust in bronze of the same imperial character fetched only £210 5s.; but another of Peter the Great (its companion) was sold for £1,060 10s. (Lots 1900 and 1901).

The sixteenth day was mainly occupied with a miscellaneous collection of "objects of Art and vertu," which included a very fine cup of rock crystal (Lot 2030) from the royal collection of France, and afterwards at Fonthill, with a female figure in high relief. This singularly beautiful specimen of cutting in hard stone was bought by Mr. Boore, the dealer, for £840. Another cup of crystal (Lot 2027), very finely carved with marine monsters, &c., fell to Mr. Durlacher's bid for £1207 10s. Among other curious articles was a delicately executed and coloured circular wax medallion portrait of Titian, holding a portrait of his son (Lot 2018, £325 10s.) The day's sale concluded with the full-size bronzes of the Apollo Belvedere, the Diana of Versailles, the Borghese Gladiator, the Belvedere Antinous, and Hercules and Telephus, which were cast in Italy by order of Francis I., early in

the sixteenth century, for the decoration of his palace at Villeroi (Lots 2061-5). Like the large bronze of the Laocoon, they fetched comparatively small prices, varying from £561 15s. for the Gladiator, to £477 15s. for Hercules and Telephus. They were all bought by Mr. Stettiner.

On the seventeenth and last day were sold the coins, medallions, and gems. A very fine Syracusan coin, with heads of Apollo and Diana (Lot 2070), brought £31 10s. The "Cruikstone dollar" (Lot 2114), struck on the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with Lord Darnley in 1565, was bought by Lord Moray for £168. A fine onyx cameo of the Emperor Augustus crowned with laurel (Lot 2164) fetched £882.

The last lot swelled the grand total of the receipts to £397,562, a sum greater than was expected by some £100,000, and more than double the proceeds of the Stowe, Strawberry Hill, and Bernal sales put together. If we divide the total by the number of lots (2,213), we shall find that the average per lot was about £179 13s., an average not so much accounted for by the large prices realised by the objects of great rarity and beauty, though these were extraordinary, as by the extravagant sums paid for second-rate and third-rate articles. This was perhaps particularly the case with the inferior pictures, some of which went for five or six times their market value. The buyer most consistent and most lavish at the sale was Mr. C. Beckett Denison; but his expenditure, though enormous, was directed with singular taste and judgment, qualities which were also shown in a remarkable degree by the purchasers for our national collections. Our regret that a few of the pictures were suffered by Mr. Burton to pass into private hands is increased by the statement in the *Times* that the amount he spent in all, £21,719 5s., was considerably under the grant made by the Treasury: but we may well be grateful for the wisdom which governed his selection, when we think that we have acquired no less than thirteen pictures, all of interest, and many of great importance, for so comparatively small an outlay. Nor can we imagine any more judicious employment of comparatively modest



No. 8.—Panel from the D'Artois Cabinet, by Boulle.

means than the acquisitions by Mr. Doyle for the National Gallery of Ireland. An important example of the learned and too little regarded art of Nicolas Poussin, a good large Bonifazio, a beautiful Francia (or Perugino), and a fine portrait that may be a Leonardo, are cheap at £1,212 15s.

Our first illustration in this paper is of a Louis XVI. clock (Lot 529), in a case of *ormolu*, formed as a vase, with snakes entwined to point to the revolving enamelled dials. It sold for 860 guineas at the early part of the sale.

Amongst the purchases of Mr. Denison was the D'Artois Cabinet (Lot 184), a very fine specimen of the art of M. Boulle. Our last illustration represents the front of one of its richly ornamented drawers inlaid with white and yellow metal, with an *ormolu* mask in relief. The price which he paid for this interesting piece of furniture—£766 10s.—seems enormous, but it was cheap compared with what it would have probably fetched if it had been sold a few days afterwards.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

ALBRECHT DÜRER.



DÜRER, the most original of German artists, has for centuries occupied the attention alike of professional and amateur biographers. From the epicedium, or dirge, pronounced over his scarcely closed grave, down to the present time, there has been an almost uninterrupted display of both the critic's and the

historian's zeal; and it is owing to Dürer's genius that his work has surmounted the mass of discordant praise and blame under which his life has been successfully obscured. The two latest, and perhaps the two most sympathetic, writers on Albrecht Dürer, Herr Thausing and M. Ephrussi, are as hopelessly irreconcilable respecting the chief incidents of their hero's career, as Dr. Waagen and M. Charles Blanc are as to the limits of his art, and the influence he exercised upon his contemporaries. Between theories so opposite, though based apparently upon the same facts, no allowance for partisanship or prejudice can suggest harmony; and we can, therefore, do no more than state plainly the two views, without pretending to decide between authorities at once so competent and so opposed.

According to the ordinarily received tradition, Albrecht Dürer, the third child and second son of a numerous family, was born at Nuremberg in 1471. At the age of fifteen he was placed in the Art school presided over by Michel Wohlgemuth, who at that time (1486) was regarded as the greatest painter in Germany. Here he remained three years, at the expiration of which period he set forth, after the manner of German students of all ages and professions, on his *Wanderschaft*. How far Dürer's footsteps carried him is a matter of serious dispute between his later biographers. M. Ephrussi, who seems to follow the more accepted view, dismisses as worse than useless the idea that Dürer came south of the Alps until ten or eleven years later, whilst Dr. Thausing ingeniously, but somewhat laboriously, works out a theory originally broached by Grimm and Von Retberg, according to which the student made his way through the Tyrol to Venice. If this point can be sustained, it is clear that Dürer would have been brought into closer relation with the works of Mantegna than the slow displacement of works of Art in those days could have effected; and the obvious, though fleeting, influence upon him of the Mantegnesque style would be satisfactorily accounted for. Twelve years later, when the undisputed visit of Dürer to Venice took place, Mantegna was dying, and the two Bellinis, Titian, Giorgione, and the naturalist school were dominant in Venice. Dr. Thausing sees not only in Dürer's figure drawing, but also in various landscapes which he attributes to an earlier date than that usually assigned to them, conclusive proof that the Nuremberg artist had had more intimate knowledge of Italian Art than could have been gathered from acquaintance with the few drawings or etchings which might have crossed the Alps. No one, moreover, can study his works produced during this period, without seeing that there is in them something of greater human and wider interest than Dürer could have learnt from his master, Wohlge-

moth, or even from his friendly adviser, Martin Schöngauer. M. Ephrussi, who refuses to attach the least belief to the story of the early Italian journey, somewhat overproves his case, or at least suggests an argument which might be turned against him with effect, for he is forced into the dilemma of either denying to Dürer in early life those imaginative powers of which later he gave such convincing proofs, or of disputing the Art supremacy of Italy at the close of the fifteenth century.

This much vexed question must, however, be left an open one, and perfect freedom of judgment permitted to all who care to weigh the argument on either side. It is certain that Albrecht Dürer returned to Nuremberg in the spring of 1494. In a few months' time he found himself married to Agnes Frey, whom tradition has represented as a shrew, a miser, and an unfeeling wife. Dr. Thausing's efforts to rescue her memory from these aspersions are, it must be allowed, fairly successful. There is nothing to show any relaxation of affection between Dürer and his wife during the four-and-thirty years of their married life, and after the artist's death his widow's generous conduct towards her husband's family is sufficient answer to the charges of avarice which have been brought against her. On the other hand, it is difficult to bring one's self to believe, as Dr. Thausing would have us do, that the evil reputation attaching to Agnes Dürer arises out of her refusal or forgetfulness to present, after her husband's death, to his friend Pirkheimer, a pair of antlers, on which the latter is supposed to have set his heart. For more than a quarter of a century Dürer and Pirkheimer had been on terms of more than ordinary friendliness, and there is nothing known of the good old merchant's character to lead one to suppose that he would, for so petty a reason, have vilified his friend's widow.

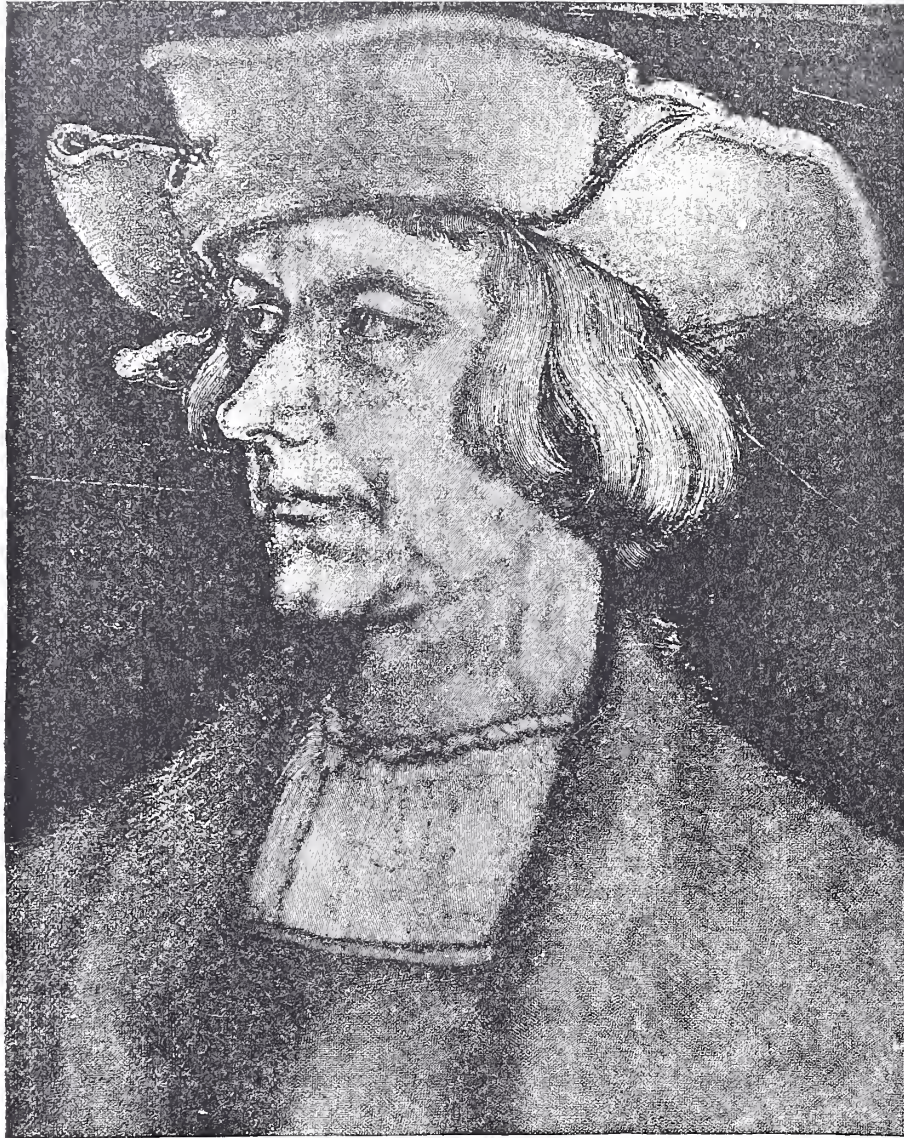
Dürer's Art career seems to divide itself naturally into a series of successive phases. From 1494 down to the very close of the century his work was for the most part imitative. On his travels he had filled his portfolios with sketches and his memory with impressions, and, by the aid of that marvellous dexterity which was to be one of the chief characteristics of his style, he consciously or otherwise reproduced other men's ideas down to the minutest details. The portraits, altar-pieces, and even engravings on copper, which are referable to this period, alike bear the impress of that German School he had found dominant at Basle, Colmar, and Strasburg. In like manner later on we find him by turns imbued with the mannerisms and influence of Mantegna, Lorenzo di Credi, Barbari, and others; and eventually, by the help of his 'God-given Diligence' and his innate love of nature and her works, accepting only for guides those artists of the Renaissance who showed themselves nature's true interpreters. At first, too, his art was as thoroughly orthodox from the technical as from the theologian's view, and no trace of his subsequent revolt against traditional beliefs is to be found in these earlier altar-pieces and church-pictures. The rise of theological criticism at Nuremberg, soon to become a centre of dispute, seems to date from Wohlgemuth's caricatures of the Papal system, thinly veiled by classical disguises. Dürer from the first seems to have taken the matter more seriously, for, after a few attempts to deal with subjects drawn from pagan mythology, he boldly faced the difficulties of the

Apocalypse, to the interpretation of which he applied the resources of the new learning. The fifteen cuts which composed this series inaugurated a new epoch in wood-engraving, but whether Dürer did more than sketch the designs upon the blocks and leave the actual cutting to the *Formschneider* has ever remained an open question. Dr. Thausing holds strongly to the view, that it is not amongst these master-pieces of the art, but rather among the least successful specimens bearing his name, that Dürer's own handiwork as an engraver is likely to be found.

The next epoch of Dürer's career dates from his acquaint-

Italy, he was, in a peculiar sense, fitted to profit by the teachings of the new school of "humanists," who, under the leadership of the Bellini and Titian in Venice, of Leonardo da Vinci at Milan, of Francia and others at Bologna, had inaugurated the Italian Renaissance, and who were as ready to honour German Art, as personified by Dürer, as he was to follow them. This transition period is marked by the series of engravings known as the "Green Passion" (1503), in which he bade farewell to the traditional style, which had predominated in the "Great Passion," and shows that even in his architectural studies he was being drawn towards the antique. Meanwhile

he had finished his most important oil picture, the 'Assumption of the Virgin,' painted for the Frankfurt merchant, Heller, and placed by him in the Dominican church of that city, whence it was purchased, in 1615, by the Elector of Bavaria, Maximilian, to be destroyed by fire about sixty years later. This work, generally regarded as Dürer's master-piece, was replaced in the church by a copy, made by another Nuremberg artist, Paul Juvenel, and it is by the copy alone that we know anything of the colour and composition of the original work. The other great oil painting, 'The Landauer Altar-piece,' or as it is better known, 'The Adoration of the Trinity,' is doubly interesting for its artistic merit and its similarity in conception to the contemporary work of Raphael, 'The Dispute,' in the Vatican. At the same time it seems to mark almost the moment when Dürer finally broke with the traditional beliefs in which he had been reared. From this time onwards, although he still occasionally painted oil pictures, and even religious subjects, Dürer kept himself to actual portraits, and to ideal figures, as in the one of the well-known 'Four Temperaments' (1523-6), of which the four apostles, St. John, St. Mark, St. Peter, and St. Paul, are selected as the types. In these, however, there is no touch of the Roman catechism which marked his earlier works, for Dürer, who had shaken himself free of the fetters which had bound his art, was not likely to watch un-



Portrait of a Man of Quality, by Albrecht Dürer.

ance with Jacopo de' Barbari, to whom he owed that appreciation of the human form, and that love of natural objects, which were afterwards to be the keynote of his genius. It was from Barbari that the young Nuremberg artist received his first lessons of anatomy, and at the same time obtained a glimpse of that inspiration, which enables southern natures to attain instinctively results that the peculiarities of the Northerner only permits him to reach after laborious investigation and effort. There could have been no better foundation on which to build than the principles inculcated by Barbari, and when, in 1504, Dürer was enabled to make his undoubted journey to

removed the struggle which was taking place in thought and doctrine. Outwardly he never threw himself into the contest, but, like Erasmus, he gave to the new doctrines his sympathetic approval; and the undisguised dismay with which, in his letters from Flanders, he alludes to the imprisonment of Luther, coupled with his intimacy with Melancthon, Erasmus' advances, and Luther's eulogy, are sufficient evidence as to the side to which he leaned.

The last and longest period of his life, extending from the completion of his great oil paintings until his death in 1528, was filled with work of every kind, and affords proof of a

versatility hardly less Catholic than that displayed by his contemporary, Leonardo—pencil drawings, sketches marked over with water-colour, drawings in red, black, green, and blue ink were produced with rapidity, and with a truthfulness to nature till then unknown. His use of the pencil was not less varied—on tinted paper in plain outline or shaded with Indian ink, and occasionally with crimson-touched lips he gave out portraits and fancy sketches by the score. One of these, that of a young girl supposed by some to be the head of his niece, Katharine Zinner, is here given. The original, a life-size bust in charcoal in the British Museum, illustrates Dürer's sweet but simple treatment of a childlike face at this period (1515). The other portrait, probably that of a nobleman whom Dürer might have met about the court of Maximilian, shows a further advance. The features are boldly accentuated, the eyes clear and full of life, and the whole face marked by a certain distinction as well as energy. This portrait, which dates from 1518, is in white chalk on a black ground, a somewhat rare method at that time. But besides his drawings and woodcuts, Dürer had shown himself an adept at etching and engraving on metals: copper, tin, and iron were alike employed by him in the production of his work, and to each he gave a finish which in no degree lessened its vigour. With his burin, or graver, he produced within this period no less than 105 etchings on copperplates, 170 on woodblocks, without counting the 92 engravings illustrating the Triumph of Maximilian. As a sculptor he produced a number of medallions and high-relief works, of which

few are ever to be found outside Germany, where they are diligently sought after and highly prized. Besides these he designed letter types and book plates, tried his skill in his father's art as a goldsmith, and even wrote about, if he did not actually practise, architecture. In the midst of a busy life

he found time to write three valuable treatises on Measurement, Perspective and Proportion, and Dr. Thausing goes even so far as to claim for his hero the discovery of that true system of fortification which the German War Office has within the last few years adopted as most reasonable and effective. Although his fame as a poet will not rank



Bust of a Young Girl, by Albrecht Dürer.

with that of his fellow-townsmen, Hans Sachs, some light easy verses survive attributed to him, and there is every reason to believe that he was also his own printer and publisher. His frequent voyages, undertaken probably rather with the view of business than of pleasure, were the occasion

of his writing many interesting letters to his wife and friends; whilst his impressions of foreign towns, as shown in the accompanying sketch of the port of Antwerp in 1520, make him a pleasant guide to the Netherlands in the sixteenth century.

Of the two works, to which we owe many of these details, a few words are necessary. That by M. Charles Ephrussi (Paris: Quantin, 1882) is the tribute of an enthusiastic admirer rather than a biographical notice. It deals only with Dürer

and his drawings, and is designed to attract the attention of French lovers of Art to a great master who has been hitherto somewhat neglected, or at least but little known in France. The sumptuous tribute which M. Ephrussi offers to Dürer's reputation is accompanied by an appreciative notice of his principal etchings and engravings; and whether we turn to the letterpress or to the illustrations, we can scarcely fail to find our knowledge increased, or our memory refreshed. Two of the illustrations accompanying this paper are reproduced

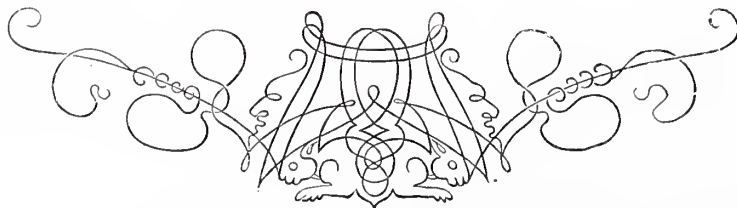


The Port of Antwerp, 1520, by Albrecht Dürer.

by permission of M. Quantin. The English edition of Dr. Thausing's valuable work is edited by Mr. F. A. Eaton (London: John Murray, 1882), and sums up in the most complete form all that is known of Dürer's life and works. From it the initial letter and the tailpiece to this article, both taken from designs by Dürer, with the Landing Place of Antwerp in 1520, have been lent by Mr. Murray. The chief drawback to Dr. Thausing's book is the apparent want of sequence in the story; the result being, that were it not for the two admirable indexes by which the work is supplemented, the seeker after any special event or picture would

be left to hunt through many chapters in his quest. The English translator is, of course, not in any way responsible for the inherent defect of the original work, and Mr. Eaton must be congratulated on the whole on the way in which he has discharged his self-imposed task. In any future edition it is to be hoped that such strange blunders as Dibdin's Biographical Tour, Stilvio, etc., will disappear, whilst the names of towns would be more easily recognised, and some confusion avoided, if an uniform system of spelling were maintained.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.





PAINTED BY MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON.

ENGRAVED BY W^M GREATBACH

THE VISITATION.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



URING its greatest time the Church gave much employment to artificers in the precious metals, as well as in iron, and led to the production of much beautiful work, yet the palmy days of the goldsmith and silversmith were in the time of the Renaissance. We have referred in a previous article to the great use of silver vessels,

even among the comparatively poor corporations of colleges and universities, and the manner in which it was partly justified on economical grounds, or professedly so, as leading to less loss by breakage than would occur in the use of earthenware. But among the wealthier classes of society there was an absolute ostentation of the possession of valuables of this class. Nothing tended, perhaps, more to the encouragement of the goldsmiths' and jewellers' Art than the constant practice

derived, no doubt, from the Eastern world, reached its extreme development during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.



No. 67.—Cup : Italian Renaissance.

As early as 1395, when the son of Philip the Bold was married at Cambrai to the Princess of Bavaria, the Duke distributed gifts, principally in goldsmiths' work and gems, to the value of 80,000 francs. And this habit of munificence on such occasions, no doubt, contributed to the subsequent development of an extravagance in the use of gold and silver plate, which, from our point of view, seems out of keeping with any but monarchical or princely fortunes.

How much importance was attached to this branch of Art at the period of the Renaissance, is indicated by what we know as to the social position and status of the goldsmiths at the same period. Art workmen of this class were at this epoch retained in the suite of the great sovereigns, princes, and nobles, as a most important class of retainers, whose services were indispensable, and who even reflected a certain lustre on their employers. Not infrequently they took the position of specially favoured, and confidential servants, attached to the persons of their employers, if not with the functions, at least with the perquisites, of honoured domestics. The goldsmith, perhaps on account of the great value of the materials committed to his care for the prosecution of his Art, appears to have been peculiarly trusted, and his knowledge was frequently made serviceable to his master on such common occasions as those on which it was imperatively necessary to raise money on short notice. Thus we find that Charles V., having granted to Hannequin, his goldsmith, the title of his valet de chambre, his example was followed by the Duke of Burgundy, and from 1404 to 1419 Jean Manfroy and Jean Vilain were attached in this double capacity to the person of Duke John. Duke Charles of Burgundy also gave the same title to another eminent master of



No. 66.—Silver Ewer : Italian Renaissance, attributed to Cellini.

of the interchange of gifts, on great and solemn occasions, between royalty and its dependants. This custom, originally

* Continued from page 246.

the craft. It is hardly necessary to remind the reader what an admirable instance of the business relations between goldsmiths and impoverished monarchs is sketched for us by Sir Walter Scott (whose novels, in matters of this kind, are as good as history, and are, in fact, history vivified), in his account of the relations between George Heriot and James I. in the "Fortunes of Nigel." There is, at any rate, no question but that Scott's picture is amply borne out by records of writers of the time of which he speaks. The important part played in society and in business by the English goldsmith is testified to unmistakably. The goldsmith was not only one of the leading artists, but also the banker and financier of his day; and down to a comparatively late period in this country, Lombard Street continued to be to London what the Rialto, the Ponte Vecchio, and the Pont Neuf had long been, and still continue to be, to Venice, Florence, and Paris, viz. the special street in each city in which the greatest splendours dealt in by the goldsmith, in his triple capacity of jeweller, bullion merchant, and banker, were displayed to tempt alike the rich and the needy.

In France, it is true, this prominent position taken by the goldsmith was not without its drawbacks. He was a member of a privileged body, certainly, and any competition from a tradesman outside the pale of the goldsmiths' corporation was distinctly forbidden, and rendered practically impossible; but, on the other hand, the goldsmiths had to pay for this State



No. 68.—Cup: German, 1620.

protection by subjection to a very strict code of State enactments. The privileges of the goldsmiths as a special guild in

France counted from about, or a little after, the middle of the thirteenth century. Their discipline had begun even



No. 69.—Flagon: German. Sixteenth Century.

before that in the shape of enactments forbidding the use of any but standard metal, or to work on feast days except for the royal family or for the Bishop of Paris, and condemning to a banishment of four or six years from the capital any goldsmith found using metal not according to the officially recognised standard. Later than this, and about the period of Louis XIV. (who was a great collector and connoisseur in gold and silver work), the members of the profession were subject to a very complete and onerous system of official supervision. They were to carry on their work in open shops not farther than so many paces from the public street, where they could easily be inspected; or those who were exempt from this condition of keeping *boutique ouverte* were obliged to deposit the tools of their craft every evening at the *bureau des orfèvres*, to be sealed and locked up till they were demanded for use again by their recognised owners. They were forbidden either to melt or to hammer down any gold or silver coin of the realm, however obtained, and whether current or in process of recall. When required they were to give to the Government officials memoranda of the articles they had sold, giving their weight, the price asked, and their *façon* or make. They were not to manufacture any articles composed partly of fine gold and partly of plated work in such sort that the two materials could not be separately weighed and valued. They were not to insert, or even to keep, in their shops on any pretext, false stones, jewels, or pearls. They were to use seals with the official stamp, and to keep none not so stamped on their premises; and they were to purchase no gold or silver vessels except from persons known to them and of undoubted credit. This latter provision seems a wholesome one, and designed merely to operate as a check upon the theft of articles of value; but some of the conditions were, or at any rate may have been made, very vexatious and harassing.

If the goldsmith in France was subject to much legislation, this did not, however, render it otherwise than a desirable country for him in which his efforts were especially honoured and appreciated. The honours which the French Court paid to eminent workers in the Art were sufficient at least to attract the

greatest Florentine goldsmith of the Renaissance period, Cellini, who, though he spent much of his time between his na-



No. 70.—Cup: Silver Gilt. Seventeenth Century. The property of her Majesty.

tive city, Florence (where he was born in 1500), and Rome, executed some of his best works in France and to French orders, including one of the very few pieces by him known to be absolutely genuine—the salt-cellar, now in a Vienna collection. Among his recorded works in France was a silver statue of Jupiter, apparently of considerable size, but of which all trace has disappeared. The work which we engrave as his on page 281, No. 66, is only among the class of “attributed” works, but it is so much in keeping with his known style, and with the descriptions extant of this class of work as made by him, that we may take it as probably genuine. It is a vase formerly belonging to the Lomellini family, a branch of the Dorias, and now in the collection of Lord de Mauly; the bas-reliefs on it symbolize the nautical triumphs of the Doria family. Cellini has left us a description of the manner in which he executed such a vase as this. He tells us how he cleaned the plate of its dross and cut off the corners, and then by gradual hammering he brought it into a circular shape, and then marked the centre of it by balancing it on a point of metal, and then hammered it up into the approximate shape it was ultimately to present, taking care not to lose the centre, which had been previously marked on the metal. Then, having got it into a general cup-like form, came the formation of the rim and the contraction of the neck; and, if there were to be bas-relief subjects on the surface, the interior was filled with black pitch so as to produce a semi-solid mass on which the punches

could be used. The outline of the design was then to be carefully drawn with a steel graver, and afterwards redrawn with pen and ink (the object of this latter operation is not very apparent), and the design marked permanently by partially hammering it out with punches applied on the exterior. The pitch was then melted away and the further operation carried out of raising and shaping the bas-relief from the interior, by hammering on iron tools ending in curves of varying shapes and sizes, according to the outline and the degree of relief required. It would appear from Cellini’s description that for this part of the operation the vessel was put into a surrounding mass of pitch, though he does not expressly say so.

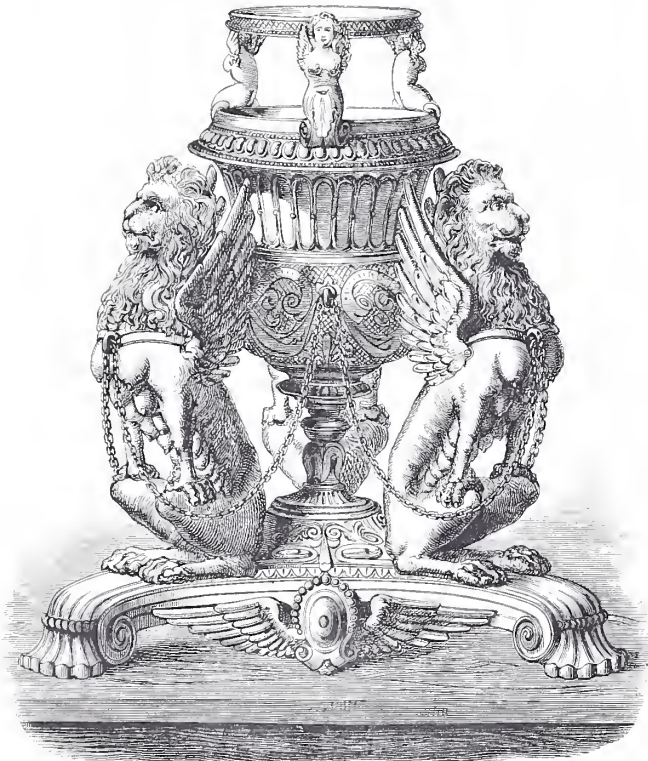
In this design we recognise, as we have recognised before, the importance attached to the figure in all work produced during the Renaissance period; and in this case there can be no doubt that the figures are by the hand of a master; but the cup has the additional merit of being finely and suitably designed as a whole, the outline is harmonious and well balanced, and the figures, though playing so important a part in the work, are arranged so as to fall in with the main lines of the design and not to weaken or interfere with them; and notwithstanding that, there is a little trace of that heterogeneous mingling and continuation of masks, and figures, and portions of figures, which was one of the vices of Renaissance Art; this is managed with much better taste and less grotesqueness of effect than in many examples. The smaller cup, No. 67, bold as its design is, is somewhat faulty in this respect, the heads around the bowl are rather inconveniently prominent, and the knob on the stem (so similar in shape and function to the “knop” of the sacramental cup of the Middle Ages) would have been in better taste if left more plain and



No. 71.—Timepiece: Silver Gilt. French (?) Renaissance.

obviously intended as the point for the hand to hold, instead of being developed into cherubs’ heads and wings. The

manner in which the heads on the bowl look out in high relief from the circlets which surround them reminds us of the similar treatment of Ghiberti's Gates at Florence; there, however, they are not in the way of anything; here they seem likely to interfere with the convenient use of the cup as a drinking vessel, and are therefore so far in doubtful taste, though there can be no question as to the bold character of the design and workmanship considered apart from its uses. We may compare with this the German example, No. 68, dated 1620, by Wechter, and which is obviously a German variation on the style represented by the last example. For the German silversmiths fell at a comparatively early date under Italian influence; German Art being thus drawn for the second time into the feeling and form of the Art of another country. The winged figure which surmounts the previous example, and which is purely Italian in its grace and beauty, serves, we should have observed, as a handle for the cover of the cup; a purpose for which



No. 72.—Salt-cellar: Bronze. Sixteenth Century.

it is of course far too good, though it is difficult to complain of any pretext for crowning the cup with so elegant a termination. The cover which is shown there, and which had its counterpart in many mediæval cups, both ecclesiastical and secular, was used not only for keeping the contents of the cup from dust, but also as the tasting cup into which the attendant poured part of the contents of the large flagon for the purpose of that precautionary testing of its contents, which, in the days when poisoning was a favourite amusement among the upper class of society, was considered to be a necessary duty on the part of the attendant.*

* There is a curious passage from a MS. in the Sloane collection, "The Book of Curtasye," giving proof of this use of the cover, though of course it does not follow that the covers were originally designed for any such use, or for any purpose but the natural and obvious one of keeping impurities out of the cup; a matter which would have been considered especially important in the case of the sacramental chalices, which furnished the original models of these covered flagons.

The flagon, No. 69, of German work, is also in all probability a survival of a very old ecclesiastical form, that of the flagon with the body in a disc shape, and with the foot and the neck circular on plan. The greater part of the character of this example is derived from this peculiar shape; the details which are specially representative of German taste of the Renaissance period are not very refined. The employment of the classic console form, as feet under the base, and placed parallel with the rim instead of at right angles to it, is a curious misuse of an architectural detail, piquant certainly, but not to be praised or imitated.

Nothing could be more alien from German taste than the charming example we give next, No. 70, which is in the possession of her Majesty, and described merely as of the seventeenth century; but it is not difficult to detect Venetian taste in this delicate bit of work, which seems, in fact, like part of the characteristic glass work of Venice, translated into silver; the bunch of fragile naturalistic flowers at the top, the twisted ornament of the stem, are completely in the taste of the Venetian atelier. The bowl is mother-of-pearl, the rest silver; the delicate ornament on the base is confined by a strongly marked rim, giving the requisite firmness and solidity to this portion of the work. No doubt the apex is a little too naturalistic, but it is not out of keeping with the delicate and fairy-like structure and design of the whole.

Not less fanciful and pretty is the clock, No. 71, which is in all probability French work. There is so much to suggest the play of fancy in the ornamental treatment of drawing-room clocks, that it is surprising that we have not had more invention bestowed on it. Nothing could be prettier as a fancy than the figure seated on the miniature dome, turning with the hours and pointing the time with his wand; and the pierced ornament of the dome is exceedingly pretty and well carried out. The figures carrying the upper rim are not quite so satisfactory. As silver bas-reliefs on a silver ground they would have done well enough; but as bas-reliefs on a glass ground they present the uncomfortable appearance of figures, of which the back half has been sliced off; there is a want of judgment in this part of the design. The griffin feet do not group well with the rest, and the clock is balanced on their backs, in a way that suggests the idea of its slipping down between them.

With the concluding example, the only one in our list of this month which is not of precious metal, we go back to the earlier days of the Renaissance. This is a bronze salt-cellar of the sixteenth century, and unquestionably Italian, probably Florentine. This example, No. 72, we may observe, serves to illustrate our remark as to the feet or supporters of objects of this class, and the desirability of designing them so as to appear firm and solid, and not as imitations of animals or other unsuitable objects. In this case the feet are admirably designed; they turn down towards the floor and spread, as if to get a firm grasp on it, somewhat after the manner of a hand or paw, but there is no imitation of nature; it is the idea of the paw translated into the language of monumental detail. As for the many-breasted lions or sphinxes, they are very probably heraldic; they are ugly enough, but are spirited for the kind of thing, and serve to fill up the angles and give solidity and mass to the whole. The bowl itself is admirably modelled, and the lifting up of the lid by the little terminal figures seated on the rim is one of the many pretty incidents in the introduction of figures in ornamental design, of which the Art of the Renaissance period affords such a variety of examples.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR SEPTEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Opening Days*.—Liverpool, Walker Art Gallery, 2nd; Nottingham, Autumn, 4th; Kirkcaldy, N. B., 4th; Manchester, Royal Institution, 5th; Glasgow, Black and White and Scottish Water Colour Society, 5th; Brighton, Oil Exhibition opens.

Closing Days.—Montrose Ceramic, 9th; Cambrian Academy, 20th; York Fine Art closes at end of month.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The Bill which Earl Granville introduced at the end of the session into the House of Lords, with regard to the National Gallery, proposes to empower any two or more of the trustees, together with the director, present at any meeting specially assembled for the purpose, to order that any pictures or other works of Art under their control, which can, in their opinion, be spared from the national collection, be lent to any public gallery. Such a loan would be made for such time and subject to such conditions as the meeting might determine. A condition of a loan would be that all profits derived from any exhibition at the gallery to which the loan is made shall be devoted altogether to the promotion of Science and Art. Pictures which have been acquired under any gift or bequest would not be lent until the expiration of fifteen years from the Gallery's possessing them. And this period is extended to twenty-five years where there is a condition of the gift that the pictures given shall be kept together, or one that is inconsistent with their being lent. The expression "public gallery" includes those in the United Kingdom which are under the control of the Government or of any municipal authority or of any society or body approved by any two or more of the trustees of the National Gallery and the director.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—The twenty-fifth annual report shows the number of visitors to have been nearly 40,000 during the first six months of this year—a number which compares favourably with previous returns. Several improvements have been made in the gallery, but much yet remains to be done to make the arrangement of the pictures and sculptures satisfactory.

THE NATIONAL COMPETITION.—The results of the national competition of the works of schools of Art for 1882 show that ten gold, and forty-two silver medals, have been awarded. The winners of the gold medals are as follows:—Thomas Alison, of Edinburgh, for oil figure from antique; Thomas E. Doran, of Macclesfield, for design for silk hangings; John A. Evans, of Gloucester, for modelled capital and half of arch; Francis Gibbons, of Coalbrookdale, for figure and arabesque design on vase; Alfred Hitchens, of South Kensington, for oil nude figure; Lucy A. Leavers, of Nottingham, for group in oil colours; James Meine, of Kidderminster, for design for carpet; Ethel C. Nisbet, of Bloomsbury, for groups in water colours; Arthur J. Nowell, of Manchester (Cavendish Street), for chalk figure from antique; Mark Rogers, of Lambeth, for three modelled heads from life.

THE CESNOLA COLLECTION.—The Nation apparently did not lose such a prize as was imagined by declining the purchase of the Cesnola collection of Cypriote antiquities; they passed, with a few exceptions, to the United States,

1882.

by whom they were purchased at a cost of £28,000. It is now two years since charges against the integrity of this collection were first made. These were promptly denied by General di Cesnola, and a committee of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, wherein the collection is installed, endorsed his denial by completely exonerating him of the charges. These were that the collection had undergone "deceptive alterations and unintelligent restoration," which had been carefully hidden from the eye. This decision has, however, not passed unchallenged; the persons who first started the accusations have persisted in them, the press have taken them up, and ultimately, in March last, two of the principal statues were taken out of their cases and placed in the main hall of the Museum, in order that the public might make a careful examination of them. The proprietors of the *Century* magazine, who were about to engrave the collection, have had as thorough an examination made by an expert as was possible without the use of baths and chemicals, and the result, which is set out at length in the August issue of that magazine, is most extraordinary. We quote the following:—"It appears there are innumerable repairs, most of them probably correct, but others of doubtful propriety; also numerous restorations, some of the latter being serious and unwarrantable, and others probably unimportant if explicitly acknowledged, though it would doubtless have been wiser to make no restorations whatever in such a unique series, at least until each object had been fully studied by archæologists, and definitely assigned to its proper date and locality. But it appears, moreover, that all points of juncture and all restorations have been hidden from the eye; that when plaster has been inserted, it is treated in some way both as to superficial texture and colour so as to resemble antique stone; that notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject since August, 1880, not one object in the collection has a card upon it announcing a repair or a restoration; that the public has no means of finding out what objects are restored; that these numerous restorations have been only accidentally discovered by the public—after it had been indignantly denied; the testimony goes to show that all the restorations in stone objects were made under Di Cesnola's authority, and mainly in his presence." Complaint is further made that the General, who has neither the scholarly equipment, strict conscientiousness, accuracy, or artistic taste necessary for the director of a great Art museum, should hold the four high offices of trustee, member of executive committee, secretary, and director of the Metropolitan Museum of New York.

ARTISTS AND THEIR HOLIDAYS.—One would naturally imagine that a search after fresh fields and new subjects would be engrossing the attention of our Royal Academicians at this period of the year. But such appears not to be the case. Considerable inquiry results only in the information that each is off to the same old quarters, for a doubtless needful rest after the season's studio work, but with no idea of varying its sameness. Notable exceptions are Sir Frederick Leighton, who has started for a lengthy tour in Greece, the Holy Land, and Egypt; and Mr. Herkomer, who leaves next month for a six months' sojourn in the United States, where,

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years ago, he came across a subject which he only now feels himself sufficiently proficient to attack. So also is Mr. Alma-Tadema, who has recently returned from Italy, finding the best time to work to be when every one else is away from London.

THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM.—A valuable collection of modern pictures has been lent to this Museum by H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh.

THE GUILDHALL MUSEUM.—A collection of views of the more celebrated buildings of Old London is on view at the Guildhall Museum, comprising illustrations of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell; the crypt of Bow Church; the interior of Guildhall in 1690; Cheapside Cross; St. Bartholomew's Church, Royal Exchange; and many other interesting places.

THE ART UNION OF LONDON.—The total amount allotted for prizes this year is £3,228, which is considerably less than previously, consequent upon the large expense incurred in the production of the set of etchings, 'The Road to Ruin,' after W. P. Frith, R.A. The prize pictures have been selected, the first being by G. A. Holmes, and the second by R. P. Staples. The print for next year will be an engraving by Lumb Stocks, R.A., and C. H. Jeens, from a painting by J. B. Burgess, A.R.A., entitled 'Stolen by Gipsies—the Rescue.'

ARTISTS must beware against introducing the popular sunflower into pictures which bear date anterior to the discovery of America, from which country it was introduced into Europe. Mr. L. Hooper shows that several of our best-known artists, amongst them that archaeological researcher, Mr. Alma-Tadema, have erred in this respect. The sunflower of ancient Greece was the heliotrope.

UPPINGHAM SCHOOL occupies, we believe, the noteworthy position of being the first public school which has so broken away from the trammels of tradition as to allow the walls of its schoolroom to be decorated otherwise than with the handiwork of the scholars. Seated figures, representing literature ancient and modern, are a portion of the Art work which has been introduced, and it has not been thought inconsistent with a due attention to study, that the scholars should have before them presentments of what Homer, Euclid, Cicero, Virgil and Horace, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and others, are supposed to have been like in the flesh.

MR. RUSKIN AND HIS PUBLICATIONS.—In the last edition of the catalogue of Mr. Ruskin's works the following note appears:—"I have directed Mr. Allen in this and all future issues of his list of my purchaseable works, to advertise none but those which he is able to dispatch to order by return of post. The just estimate of decline in the energy of advancing age; the warnings, now thrice repeated, of disabling illness consequent on any unusual exertion of thought; and chiefly, the difficulty I now find in addressing a public for whom, in the course of the last few years of revolution, all things have passed away, and all things become new, render it, in my thinking, alike irreverent and unwise to speak of any once-intended writings as in 'preparation.' I may, perhaps, pray the courtesy of my readers—and here and there, the solicitude of my friends—to refer, at the time of the monthly issue of magazines, to this circular of Mr. Allen's, in which they will always find the priced announcement of anything I have printed during the month. May I also venture to hint to

friends, who at any time may be anxious about me, that the only trustworthy evidences of my health are my writings; and that it is a prettier attention to an old man to read what he wishes to say, and can say without effort, than to require him to answer vexing questions on general subjects, or to add to his day's appointed labour the burden of accidental and unnecessary correspondence."

ART STUDENTS AND CRICKET.—The architectural students at the Royal Academy have this year felt themselves strong enough to challenge to a cricket match the combined forces of the painters and sculptors, and at Erith, on the 4th of July, they justified their confidence by giving their opponents a thorough thrashing, scoring 285 to 83. The highest innings were, for the architects, E. Woodthorpe, 78; P. T. Popplewell, 61; and E. J. Jackson, 58. Whilst amongst the artists and sculptors but one reached double figures, namely, H. Bates, who scored 60; Mr. Popplewell's bowling being too much for the remainder. It will be interesting to note in future years, as we shall hope to do, the names of those we have named as succeeding at work as well as at play.

SHEFFIELD.—The eighth annual exhibition of the Sheffield Society of Artists opened last month, and includes oil paintings, water colours, sculpture, china paintings, and etchings, to the number of nearly four hundred, being the largest ever held in the town. Its attractiveness is due solely to the success of the members of the Society and other local artists. The Society is in a flourishing condition, both as regards number of members and finance; and buyers have been moderately plentiful.

EXETER.—An interesting collection of amateur Art work, with a large number of exhibits, was opened at Exeter on the 15th of August.

ABERDEEN.—A committee has been formed to promote the establishment of an Art gallery and museum in Aberdeen. Over £10,000 has already been subscribed, and it has been decided to erect the building in the Gordon College grounds, School Hill.

CRIEFF.—On August 7th a loan exhibition of works of Art and industry was opened in this pleasant Perthshire town. Amongst the thousand exhibits were some notable drawings of Scottish scenery by J. M. W. Turner and oil pictures by Sir David Wilkie, E. Frère, and other eminent painters.

PARIS.—It is announced in the *Journal Officiel* that a national exhibition of the works of living artists will take place in the Palais de l'Industrie from September 15th to October 31st, 1883. Only those works executed since May 1st, 1878, are admissible. Foreign artists may contribute, and the number of exhibits are not limited. At the same time the jury cannot accept more than 800 oil paintings, 200 water-colour and other drawings, 300 pieces of sculpture, 50 architectural designs, and 150 engravings. This will be the first of the triennial Salons, and will be held in addition to the annual Salon in May and June. Half of the jury will be nominated by the Minister of Fine Arts, the remainder will be members of the Academy.

VIENNA.—The gold medal given by the State at the International Art Exhibition has been awarded to Mr. J. L. Boehm, R.A., who is an Austrian born, but became a naturalised Englishman in 1865.

OBITUARY.

MR. CHARLES HEATH WILSON.—This gentleman, who died at Florence on July 3rd, was the son of Andrew Wilson, a landscape painter of some distinction, who late in life left England for Italy, where he found a congenial and lucrative employment in buying pictures for British clients. The son, Charles Heath Wilson, filled successively the post of Director of the Edinburgh and Somerset House School of Design, and of the School of Art at Glasgow, which latter post he held until the abolition of the office in 1864, when he left Scotland to permanently reside in Italy. In 1876 he published "The Life and Works of Michael Angelo." He died at the age of seventy-two.

MR. J. C. WINTOUR.—Mr. Wintour died at Edinburgh on the 29th of July. As an Associate of the Scottish Academy he has long been known as a contributor to the annual exhibitions in Scotland.

MR. WILLIAN ELLIS.—This sculptor died at Sheffield on July 26th, at the age of fifty-eight. He was one of the oldest members of the Sheffield Society of Artists, and was a pupil of Alfred Stevens at the time the Wellington monument was executed.

MR. MARSHALL WOOD.—This artist, who died recently, was also a sculptor, and designed several statues for colonial centres, including statues of the Queen for Melbourne, Sydney, Montreal, Calcutta, and Ottawa.

REVIEWS.

"A PRIMER OF ART," by John Collier (Macmillan).—Mr. Collier has had an impossible task set him, and has of course failed. One would have imagined that the day had gone by for endeavours to be made to cram within the limits of an 18mo book of some eighty pages any serviceable information on such as the arts of sculpture and painting, from pre-historic times downwards, into the various branches of anatomy, perspective, colour, oil and water-colour landscape and portrait painting. We need only take a single section to show how incomplete the whole must necessarily be. Five pages, rather a larger allowance than usual, are devoted to *oil painting*. These give the author's reasons for preferring oil to water colour, namely, greater freedom of alteration, capabilities for a closer imitation of nature, superior power of rendering texture; Mr. Collier's palette, adopted from Mr. Tadema's; a method for training the eye to accuracy in colour by holding the palette knife, with colour upon it, in front of the object (the introduction of this common method being ascribed to Mr. Poynter); a recommendation of Mr. Millais's practice of walking backwards and forwards between each touch in front of his canvas, which has been placed side by side with the object to be represented; the advisability of having a looking-glass at hand. The whole is wound up as follows:—"The beginner will perhaps ask, is he to lay on his paint thickly or thinly? I can only reply, that some admirable painters have gained their effects by painting thickly, others no less admirable by painting thinly. He may choose whichever method he finds most convenient, but he must make his picture look like nature somehow." What possible good can arise from such teaching as this?

"THE LIBER STUDIORUM" of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., autotyped. With Notes by the Rev. Stopford Brooke. Vol. I. (The Autotype Company).—"There is one kind of criticism which is altogether vile; it is that which strives to find out mistakes for the sake of pluming itself on its own cleverness." So writes the editor in his preface to this volume, *apropos* of critical blame of Turner and his works, and the remark is a specially apt one of criticism of any reproduction of the "Liber Studiorum," for never has there been any work which has so persistently refused to be reproduced, or where the difficulties in the way appear so insuperable; therefore we feel it our duty to laud any success, however partial, rather than cavil at the failure where it occurs. The "Liber" has always

offered a temptation to reproducers, as any work is likely to of which original copies sell for extraordinary prices. This is the second attempt of the Autotype Company, and the majority of the reproductive processes have been enlisted in trials. In the present instance the Company have been fortunate in obtaining the advice and assistance of about the most competent man in England on the subject. They have further had the use of the fine originals in his possession, and under his direction they have had their plates worked upon by a qualified engraver. All this care and trouble reserved success, and the negative result of having surpassed previous efforts has certainly been attained. Many of the plates are really very good; amongst these we may mention the 'Leader Sea Piece' (here wrongly termed 'Sketch from sea piece'; if anything, the word "from" should be "for," as the title denotes); the 'Egremont sea piece'; 'Basle'; and 'Jason.' An inserted plate from the "Rivers of England," 'Norham,' is, however, better than any of them, which seems to point to the brown ink being against the success of the reproduction. We note that the deeper lines in the etching have all been worked up; this seriously affects the value of the plates in our eyes, and we wonder at Mr. Brooke's adhesion to it. If the plates could have been produced in two printings, one from a negative of the original etching, and the other from the finished plate, we imagine the necessity for this touching up might disappear; but perhaps such a method of production is not possible. The work is being published in parts, but each plate can be had separately.

"FLOWER PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS," by F. E. Hulme (Cassell's) 5s.—A cheap and, so far as the illustrations are concerned, well got-up manual for amateurs. The twenty chromo-lithographs admirably reproduce flowers which from their colour, form, and elegance, it must be a pleasure to copy. The succory, abutilon, trefoil, borage, and heart's-ease are a delightful change from the ordinary run of flowers which usually are presented to students. Opposite each plate is a sheet of drawing-paper, and the book is prefaced with sensible and terse instructions respecting each reproduction.

"TAPISSERIES DE LA CATHÉDRALE DE REIMS." Par Ch. Lorient (Paris: Quantin).—For five centuries the City of Rheims has been celebrated for the manufacture of tapestry,

a branch of industry which only succumbed before the march of the cheaper and cleaner wall paper. An enthusiastic chronicler might perhaps say that five centuries was much too scanty a limit within which to fix the range of this manufacture, and might point to annals nearly a thousand years before our thirteenth century, when we say it first came into note; certainly he could call as a witness the exclamation of Clovis when, astonished at the tapestries which hung and carpeted the streets and the church, he inquired whether he was not in the kingdom of God, of which he had heard so much. Be that as it may, the industry has become a thing of the past, and with it have passed away the greater portion of its magnificent products. But in the glorious cathedral, which is the pride of the City of Rheims, there are still preserved some wonderful pieces. The list of dangers that these have gone through, and which are chronicled in the work before us, make it a matter of marvel that they are still in existence. It is true that in olden times great care was taken of them. We read that the six pieces representing the 'History of the Wars and the Baptism of Clovis,' and the seventeen pieces representing the 'History of the Life and Death of the Virgin Mary,' with which the work principally deals, were carefully put away during the damp winter months, and only brought out in the summer; the "Tapisseries des Ursins" (which had once had their day of glory, and had been in their time reserved for fête days), doing duty on the walls in winter, and in the summer covering the organ during the annual cleaning. Great care was then taken of "Les Belles Tapisseries." Four times a year they were taken out, shaken, and inspected by a "maître tapisserie" specially charged for this purpose; and large sums were spent in their repair, as we read that in 1650, 3,500 livres were paid for reparation to the 'History of Clovis.' But they fell on evil times when the Revolution came in 1789; the inventory which was then taken shows what a rich store of tapestry still remained, but these soon dwindled when the edifice was portioned out into a club for the Jacobins, and a Temple to Reason. Made into carpets and bedding, they soon disappeared. Fortunately, in 1795, a section of the citizens, headed by the Abbé Bergeat, came to the rescue of the remnants. But the time was long in coming that their value should be recognised, and within the writer's recollection one of the landscapes forming the 'History of Clovis' has been used as a curtain at the west door; and it is a fact that within recent years a second has been torn from top to bottom, because it did not fit the opening of the door. A third was taken in 1830 by the bell-ringer, who lived in the north tower, to keep out the wind. We are thankful to say that latterly (but only since 1870) the value of these wonderful works of Art has been fully recognised. Thanks, too, to photography—brought to bear in a most satisfactory manner by Messrs. Marquet and Dauphinot—we at a distance can

study at our leisure these relics of a past Art, which are of supreme interest not only to the archæologist, but to the artist. The edition of the work, which is got up in a very handsome manner, is limited to five hundred copies.

"HAMPTON COURT PALACE."—Messrs. Mansell & Co. are continuing their services to the public by publishing a series of the pictures in this much frequented gallery. The selection before us, which include 'The Earl of Surrey,' attributed to Holbein; Janet's 'Mary, Queen of Scots;' Janssen's 'Duke of Buckingham,' and West's 'Queen Charlotte' are surprisingly good. We trust that the authorities will permit their sale on the spot.

NEW PRINTS.

'THE DISAPPOINTED ANGLERS.' Etched by V. Lhuillier, after a picture by W. D. Sadler (L. H. Lefèvre).—This plate has apparently been issued as a companion to that after Mr. Marks's picture of 'The Three Jolly Postboys seated at the Dragon.' Here we have three doleful fishermen driven from their posts by the rain. The story is not very happily told, for it is not without some difficulty that we arrive thus far, and if we descend into inquiry whether the repast over which they are consoling themselves is begun or ended, the nature of the remarks addressed by the fishermen to the serving-maid, or how it is they are so blind to the cat's making off with the fish, we are altogether at fault. This, no doubt, arises from the picture having been painted to order as a companion, a condition of things which is never conducive to good work. The etching, like all Mr. Lhuillier's work, is thoroughly good.

'CALLER HERRIN'.' Engraved by H. Herkomer, A.R.A., after a picture by J. E. Millais, R.A. (The Fine Art Society).—It is, we believe, universally acknowledged that Mr. Herkomer's portraits are the success of the year, and that this young artist has shown a greater advance in his work than any of his fellows, Mr. Frank Holl not excepted. It would be interesting to know how much of this advance has been unconsciously due to the admirable training he has had through engraving, first of all Mr. Millais's 'Earl of Beaconsfield,' and lastly, this lovely child-form now before us. If only for this reason, and apart from its other qualities, this engraving should always obtain a special value, especially if (as it would not surprise us) Mr. Herkomer never engraves another picture except those from his own hand. The fanciful title, and the adaptations to make it appropriate, are probably after-thoughts, but they serve to show what a great painter Mr. Millais is, for he has in a magnificently free manner painted those wonderful pieces of iridescence which in a common herring have been so often attempted and so often failed in. We understand that Mr. Ruskin brought a great Cardinal to see this picture, and told him that "there was more Religion to be obtained from it than from half the sermons he had heard in his long life."

THE YEAR'S ADVANCE IN ART MANUFACTURES IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

IT is proposed to include in next year's programme of *The Art Journal* a series of illustrated papers on this subject, and arrangements are being made to have each industry treated by an independent authority in whose hands the selec-

tion of the objects to be noticed will be left. Producers of articles of high artistic merit are invited to contribute notices, drawings, or photographs of their works for the purpose of these articles.



ST. MARY LE - STRAND.

DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY A. BRUNET-DELAUNAY.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.



Tower of St. Nicholas' Church.

WHEN the "Flying Scotsman," in its rapid course from the sunny South to the happy hunting grounds of the North, emerges from among the workshops of Gateshead, and slackens speed to traverse the lofty viaduct that unites the counties of Durham and Northumberland, the traveller becomes aware that he has suddenly entered a

great industrial centre. A hundred feet below him is the river Tyne, covered with stately ships and innumerable craft of lesser pretension; before him rise, tier above tier, the buildings of Newcastle, with the old Norman Keep and the tower of St. Nicholas in the centre, while on either shore columns of smoke and jets of steam testify to ceaseless activity in furnace, forge, and mill.

He who has time to arrest his journey here will find—whatever may be his profession or hobby—something to attract, to interest, and probably to instruct him; for Tyneside is rich in memorials of the past, and abounds in achievements of modern science. The noble ruins of Tynemouth look down upon the Armstrong gun; the home of saintly Bede and haven of Egfrid's fleet sends forth the Palmer screw-collar; the Norman fortress at Newcastle vibrates with the rush of Stephenson's locomotive; and the lantern-crown of St. Nicholas' Church overlooks the incandescent lamp burning in the shop windows of its inventor, Joseph W. Swan.

To the antiquary the shores of the Tyne are classic ground. On the northern bank run that great wall of stone, with its stations, outposts, and mile-castles, which imperial Rome, under the sway of Hadrian, erected to protect and defend her conquests. Within easy access from Newcastle miles of that famous barrier, surviving the storms and tempests, the civil commotion and neglect of fourteen centuries, may be followed, as, over crag, moor, and fell, it pursues its relentless course from the Solway Frith to the German Ocean. Newcastle was one of the stations on the wall, named—after the bridge that linked it to the opposite shore, and in honour of its Ælian founder, Hadrian—Pons Ælii. The history of Roman occupation is written hereabout on innumerable altars, centurial stones, coins, pottery, and implements of war and husbandry,

which plough and spade have brought to light, and local sagacity has preserved for the benefit of posterity.

The two great streams of traffic that cross each other where now the "rail and river meet," owe their development to Robert Curthose, eldest son of the Norman conqueror, who founded on the steep promontory at the northern extremity of Hadrian's ruined bridge, a large and massive fortress. He named his stronghold the New Castle upon the Tyne, and that name the community, clustering round its base for protection, and gradually widening out to the north, the east, and the west, have preserved and perpetuated. Of this castle the Keep, erected by Henry II., two posterns, and one of the main gateways of later date, are still standing. Our picture of Newcastle in 1780 illustrates the position of the castle mound with its protecting battery, and shows the Keep as it appeared before so-called "restorers" crowned its summit with modern battlements.

During the reign of the Plantagenets Newcastle was a great military rendezvous. The monarchs of that race, hankering after Scotland, were continually marching in and out, waging war, arranging truces, and concluding short-lived treaties of peace with their turbulent neighbours across the border. Newcastle in their time was surrounded by a wall about two miles in circuit, provided with massive gates and towers: a wall which, according to Leland, surpassed all the walls of the cities of England, and most of the towns of Europe, for strength and magnificence. Such, indeed, was its strength, that for three centuries Scot and rebel broke their heads against it without obtaining an entrance; such its security, that time after time the burgesses within lived unharmed, while all the surrounding district was pillaged and laid waste. Modern improvements have destroyed the greater part of this massive fortification, but a few fragments, more or less modernised and dilapidated, remain. There is a long stretch of the wall, with three of its towers, in the western part of the town; and opposite the Central Railway Station stands Gunner Tower in a fair state of preservation.

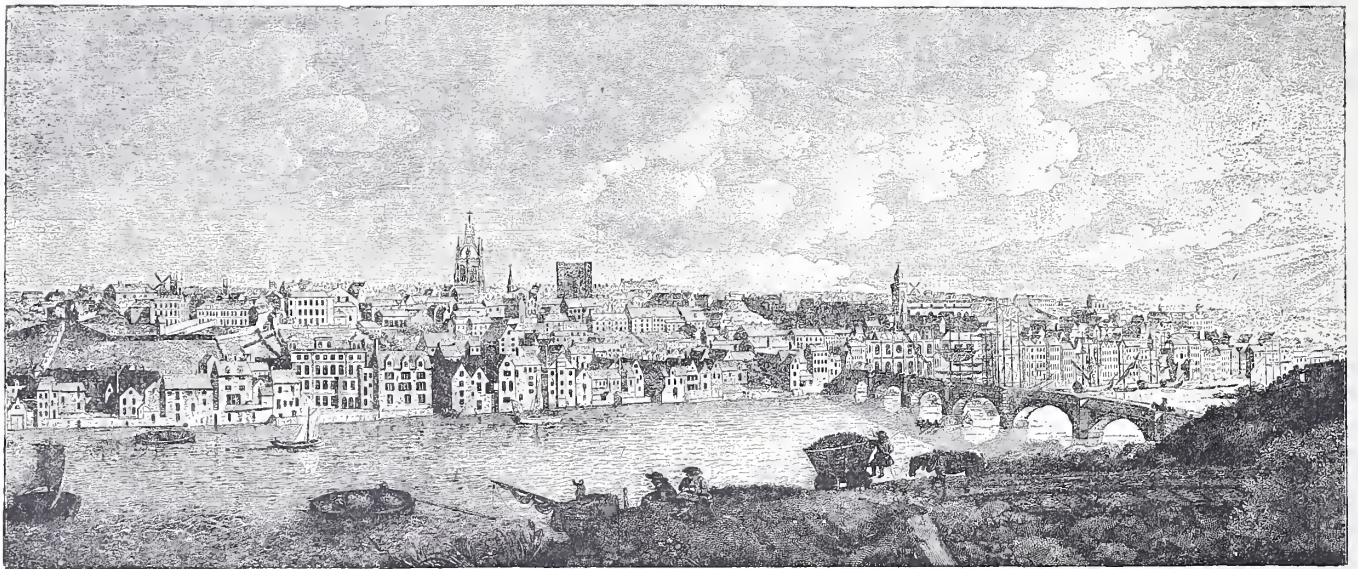
Prior to the Reformation eight monastic institutions flourished in Newcastle. Their "long drawn aisles" and cloisters have disappeared; only the quadrangle and chapel of the Dominicans, or Black Friars, survive to tell their ancient story. In this latter building, in 1334, Edward Baliol rendered homage to Edward III. for the Scottish crown. A quarter of a century later rose up the Church of St. Nicholas, now the cathedral of a new diocese. Its steeple, of later date and unknown origin, is the pride and glory of the town, and for boldness of conception and elegance of construction admits no rival. Within the precincts sleep most of the men who made Newcastle famous in valour, learning, and commerce. A hundred and fifty of its mayors, sheriffs, and representatives in Parliament mingle their dust with that of warriors,

clergy, lawyers, and merchants, in this great temple of silence and reconciliation.

Of the later Tudor and the Stuart times Newcastle preserves a few scattered memorials. The north side of the Sandhill, for example, retains in part the picturesque appearance it presented to James I. as he journeyed backward and forward between England and Scotland, accepting hospitality from opulent burgesses, and knighting his entertainers with generous hand. The overhanging balconies have been removed, but the long rows of windows remain, and a blue pane in one of them marks the aperture whence, a hundred and ten years ago, "Bessy" Surtees, the banker's daughter, eloped with John Scott, afterwards Lord Chancellor Eldon. In the thoroughfare called the Side, too, with its toppling houses projecting over the steep ascent to St. Nicholas' Church, scenes are recalled of stern-faced Covenanters marching up and down, and Oliver Cromwell receiving "great acknowledgments of love" from Puritan admirers seated at their gaily-decorated windows. Some of the old chares—narrow alleys so named—which open out on the quay, contain

the decaying residences of wealthy townsmen in days when merchants lived at their places of business, and watched the trade of the port from their own thresholds. And here and there, within a short distance of the water, and up the ancient ways that led from the river to the northern suburbs, are buildings that, although long since abandoned to squalor and ruin, speak of bygone affluence and departed grandeur.

From a very early period Newcastle has been an important commercial centre. Situated within easy distance of the sea, and on the nearest direct line from the northern provinces to the capital of Scotland, the place was admirably adapted for traffic by land or by water. Soon after the Conquest local history describes a settled trading community living under shelter of the castle mound, governed by laws which regulated mercantile transactions and protected the fiscal rights of the Crown. Henry II. gave them a charter; King John confirmed and enlarged it, permitting the inhabitants to hold the town in fee-farm at a fixed rental; Henry III. incorporated the Company of Merchant Adventurers, withdrew the right of the sovereign to appoint a provost, or governor, and



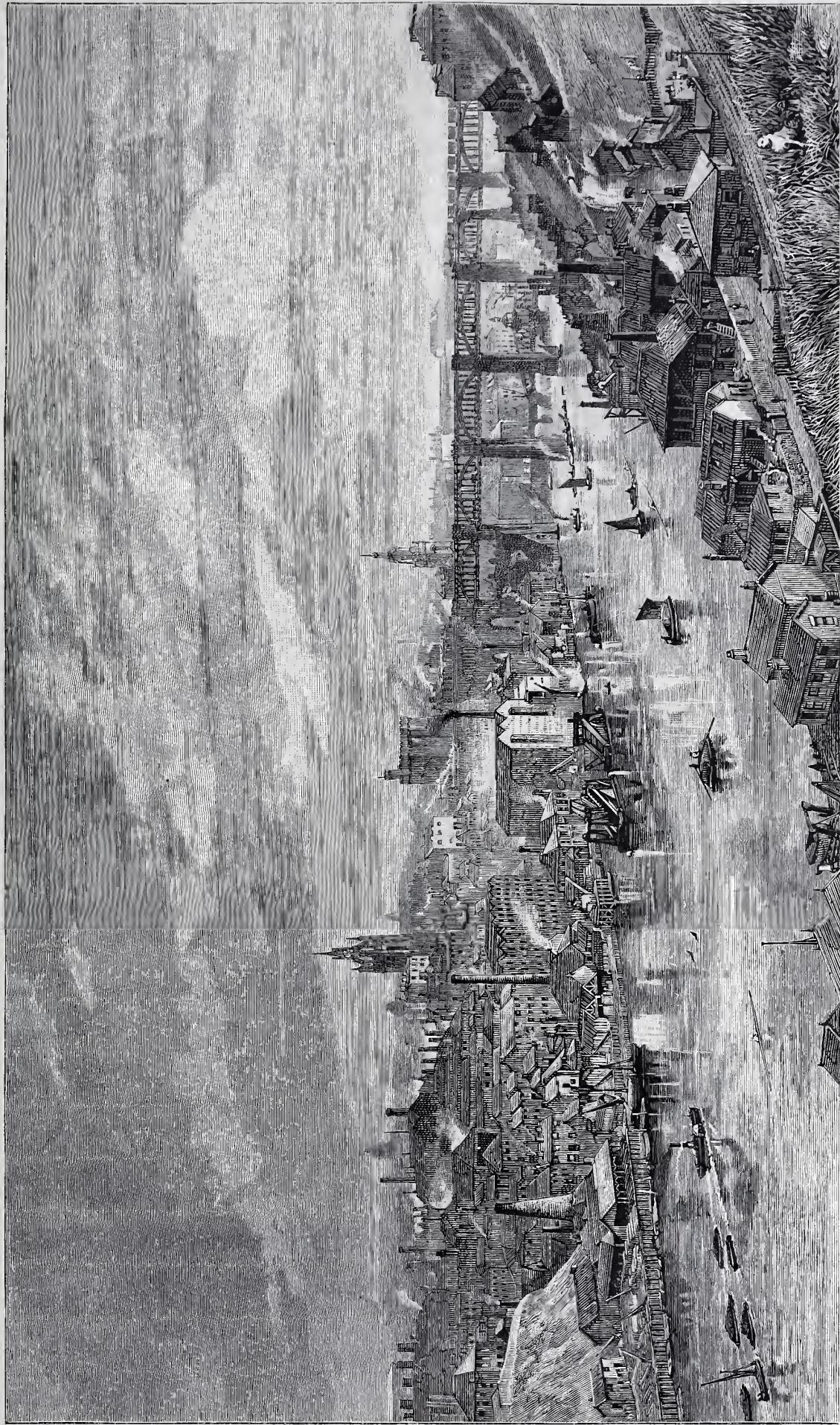
Newcastle in 1780.

enabled the commonalty to elect their own mayor; Edward III., with whose person and prowess the burgesses were sadly familiar, bestowed upon them the privilege of digging and selling coals; while Henry IV. raised the town to the position and dignity of a separate county, with power to elect every year a sheriff exercising functions independent of the county of Northumberland. Successive monarchs enlarged the liberties of the borough, incorporated guilds of traders and artificers, and by endless orders and charters fostered commerce, and promoted the industrial operations of the town and the river.

The discovery of the uses of coal led to rapid advances in the mercantile prosperity of the Tyne. The manufacturing spirit of the English nation was stimulated, and Tyneside reaped the benefit. Newcastle became "the Eye of the North, and the Hearth that warmeth the south parts of this Kingdom with Fire." Necessities of transit encouraged the building of ships, and the employment of sailors skilled in navigation; and in due time Newcastle became famous for shipbuilding and a valuable nursery for seamen. The winning and working of collieries attracted capital and employed labour; and

along the river banks villages sprung up, drawing their supplies from the protected traders of Newcastle, and adding to the population and the wealth of the district. Later on the application of steam to locomotion, which found its first successful realisation on this river, added a new and powerful impulse to local commerce. In its varied adaptations steam multiplied the demand for coal, increased a hundredfold the power of hammer and hand, encouraged manufacturing enterprise, and rapidly endowed Tyneside with "the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

The Tyne is neither a broad nor a long stream, and its commercial adaptability owes less to Nature than to the hand of man. Beyond the flow of the tidal wave, a few miles up stream, the river is shallow, fringed with woods, pastures, and corn land—a stream for the artist and the angler. In the other direction, beginning with the huge workshops at Elswick, and ending at the colossal ironmaking and shipbuilding establishment at Jarrow, are eight miles of pandemonium. The channel is full of ships, and the shores are lined with shipyards, ironworks, chemical manufactories, coal-staiths, wharves, slipways, and other industrial machinery. Two docks have



Engraved by R. Paterson.]

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

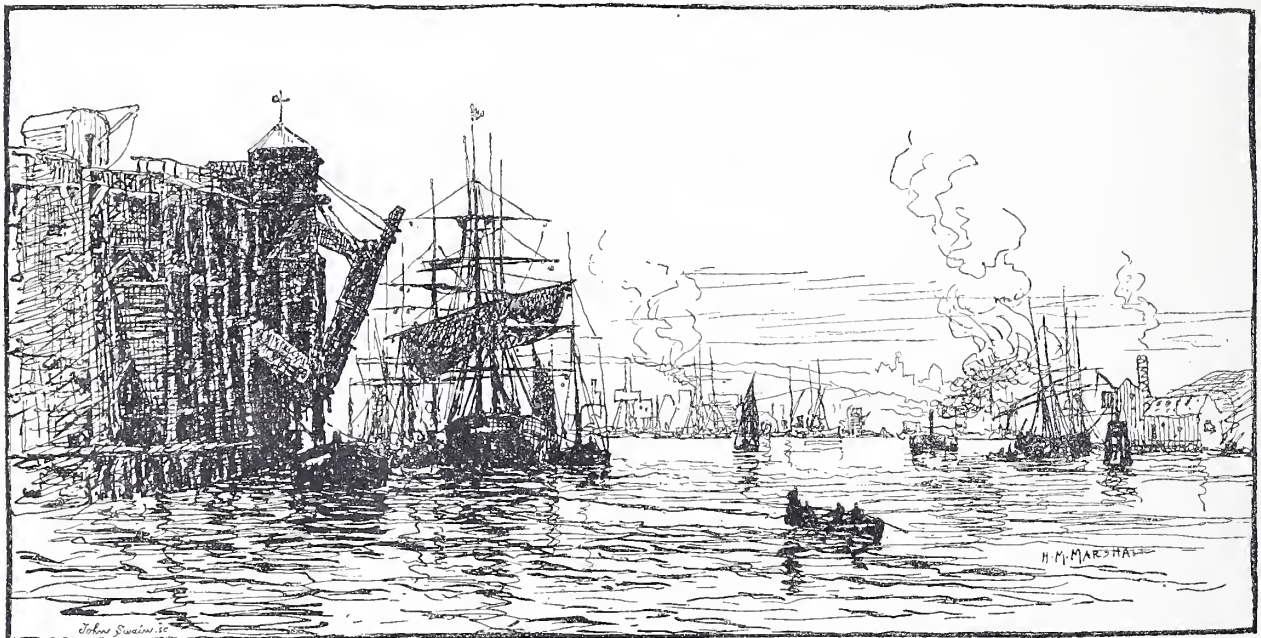
[From a Painting by J. O'Connor.

been constructed, and another is approaching completion; but the whole of the navigable river between Elswick and Shields is practically a deep-water dock, available, except for the largest steamers, at all stages of the tide. In the number of vessels that go in and out, the Tyne is excelled by the Thames alone; and in the tonnage of steam ships launched into its waters, it ranks next after the Clyde among the ship-building ports of the Kingdom.

A district that has achieved so much in practical engineering may reasonably be expected to show something special in that department of industry. Only a small percentage of strangers may have the *entrée* to the wonderful establishment of Sir William Armstrong, where gunnery and hydraulics reign; or to the great works at Jarrow, where iron ore enters at one end, and a steamer of three or four thousand tons burthen issues at the other. But the two bridges that span the Tyne at Newcastle are accessible monuments of local ingenuity and skill. The "high level," designed by Robert Stephenson, combines the unusual feature of a rail-

road above and a carriage road and footways beneath; the latter nearly ninety feet above high-water mark. The "swing bridge," adjoining, is the work of Sir William Armstrong's firm, and is moved by his hydraulic machinery. The length of the swing, or opening part, is two hundred and eighty-one feet, the weight 1,480 tons; and so evenly is the structure balanced, and so complete is the operating machinery, that the whole mass can be turned round in a few seconds by one man.

It is fitting to remark in this connection that nearly all the improvements and inventions which have made Tyneside famous in commerce, mechanics, and navigation are of native origin. The spacious and handsome streets which occupy the centre of the town, replacing the tortuous thoroughfares of five centuries, owe their construction to the artistic eye of a Novocastrian—Richard Grainger. Our railway system, originating in the necessities of the Newcastle coal trade, was successfully developed, as all the world knows, by two Tynesiders—George Stephenson and William Hedley. The system of bringing coals to the surface in tubs and cages, which



Coal-Staith near South Shields.

forty years ago revolutionised colliery haulage, is due to a local viewer—Thomas Young Hall. The lifeboat was designed and first employed at the mouth of the Tyne by two South Shields men—Wouldhave and Greathead. Screw-colliers, by which coals are conveyed to all nations at three times the speed, and in incalculably larger quantities, than the old sailing ships could accomplish, were invented by Charles Mark Palmer. Hydraulic machinery, moving ponderous matter by the touch of a finger, and breech-loading artillery—the big guns of our day—are the creation of Sir William Armstrong. And last, but not least, one of the most successful adaptations of the electric light to domestic purposes is due to a life-long resident in Newcastle, if not a native—Mr. Joseph W. Swan.

Tynesiders are a hard-headed and practical race. They are proud of their engineering, and with reason. They boast of the solid stone buildings which line the well-planned streets of Newcastle, and merrily contrast them with the stucco of more pretentious cities. They sing the praise of "owr noble river," its shipping and its commerce; and distinguished

visitors from far-off lands, hospitably entertained, gratefully join in the chorus. In mechanical science Tyneside has undoubtedly made its mark, and contributed to the prosperity and the happiness of mankind. In the Fine Arts the record is less interesting. Men of genius in the empire of imagination have arisen there as elsewhere, and of painters and engravers a larger proportion than in most other provincial towns; but fairer scenes and brighter pastures have generally wooed them away from the coaly stream. Thomas Bewick, the father of English wood engraving, remained on the banks of his native river, and his modest workshop is still pointed out in St. Nicholas' Churchyard. T. M. Richardson the elder lived his life of disappointment in Newcastle, and Charlton Nesbit clung to his humble village with true Tyneside tenacity. But other native artists—John Martin, J. W. Carmichael, George Balmer, William Harvey, and men of equal note—attained their celebrity, for the most part, in more genial and more appreciative communities. Of late years, with an increase of opulence and culture, local Art has been better patronised. The Art Gallery, a private speculation, supplies, to some

extent, the want of a public collection of pictures in Newcastle; there is also a flourishing Fine Arts Society with a Government School of Design; and a new Arts Association has been holding this year its seventh exhibition.

In several departments of research and investigation Newcastle takes an active part. The study of antiquity has been assiduously cultivated. Dr. Bruce's history of the Roman Wall practically exhausts the subject of Roman occupation in northern England, and Mr. John Clayton, the venerable ex-Town-clerk of Newcastle, has spent the greater part of a long and active life in opening out—upon his estates in the west of Northumberland—the buried stations of the Roman invaders. The old Keep at Newcastle contains a museum—

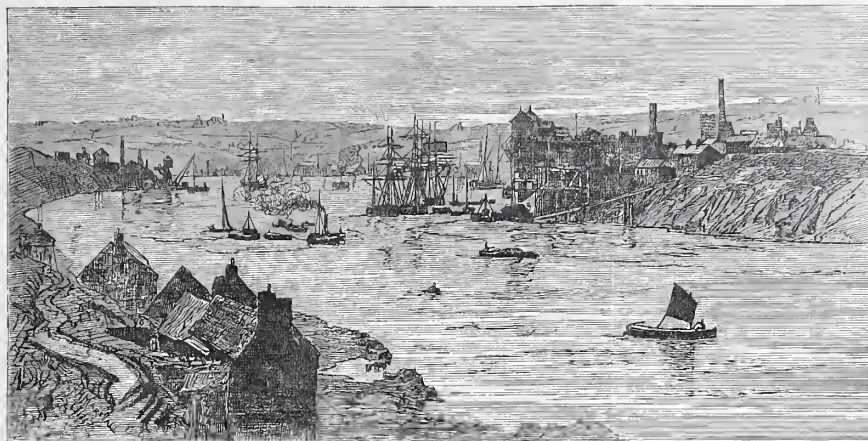
sadly cramped for want of space—rich in Roman remains; and the local Society of Antiquaries, to whom the museum belongs, is the oldest provincial archaeological society in the kingdom, its proceedings being published in a dozen portly volumes. Natural history, too, is well represented. The labours of Bewick,

Alder, and Hancock have added considerably to the stock of human knowledge in this special branch of inquiry; and the local museum of the Natural History Society, now in process of removal to a large new building at the north end of the town, contains a valuable collection of British birds and specimens of the flora and fauna of the coal measures; while an affiliated organization—the Tyneside Naturalists' Field Club—numbers several hundred members, and has issued seven or eight volumes of Proceedings. Other departments of science are cultivated by associations whose members meet periodically for discussion, demonstration, and the reading of papers. Such are the North of England Institute of Mining and Mechanical Engineers, with twenty-six published volumes of Transactions; the Society of Colliery

Engineers, the Chemical, Architectural, Pathological, and Microscopical Societies, and the Farmers' Club. To these may be added the Literary and Philosophical Society, which possesses a library of 50,000 volumes, and provides the district with lectures on literary and scientific subjects.

"Where there's smoke there's fire," says the old proverb. In Tyneside where there's fire there's smoke—palpable, unending smoke. In a pure atmosphere Newcastle would be a charming place, for the street architecture combines grace with strength; the public buildings, for the most part, exhibit patient study and faithful work, and the gradual rise from the river to the northern suburbs show architrave and cornice, capital and pilaster, to advantage. In the outskirts of the town

are mansions and villa-residences that indicate taste and culture. But smoke from the manufactories and steamers is allowed to pollute the air unchecked, while fumes from the chemical works stunt vegetation and destroy the beauty of what was once a delightful landscape. On the river sides, from Newcastle west-



The Tyne near Felling.

ward, Nature still holds her own; from Newcastle eastward to the sea no tree attempts to woo the sun, and the hedgerows no longer perform their wonted service. As some sort of compensation, the northern heights of the town include a fine tract of green sward—the Moor and Castle Leazes—twelve hundred acres in extent; and latterly a public park at Elswick, in the western suburbs, and another at Heaton, in the east, have been provided. But no amount of cultivation and care will restore to the present generation the picture of Newcastle which was drawn by John Wesley towards the close of last century:—"Lovely place, and lovely company! Certainly if I did not believe there was another world, I would spend all my summers here, as I know no place in Great Britain comparable to it for pleasantness."

RICHARD WELFORD.

JOHN LINNELL, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER.*

ABOUT 1809 or 1810 Hunt and Linnell were at work for George Dawe (who was made an A.R.A. in 1810) on a large transparency intended to celebrate a victory over the French. Such works as this enabled artists to earn honest pence. I do not know at what period of his life John Linnell worked for the elder Pugin at two shillings and sixpence an hour, but I conclude that it must have been shortly before 1813, when the architect's "Views in Islington and Pentonville" was published. Mulready told me he worked

in 1800 on that panorama of the 'Siege of Seringapatam,' which was shown in the Lyceum Great Room amid great applause, and was produced in six weeks, mainly by Sir R. Ker Porter. It was two hundred feet long, and crowded with figures and implements of war. Porter's later panorama, called 'Agincourt,' turned up, not for the first time, in the Mansion House cellars in 1880, and has been again exhibited with éclat by the City authorities.

Wilkie's diary referred to the already named contest at the British Institution in the following terms:—"January 8, 1809: I heard to-day that at the Institution the prizes were awarded

* Continued from page 264.

as follows :—Dow, for an historical picture ; Sharpe (Michael), for a domestic subject ; and *Master* Linnell for a landscape.” In the Academy of 1809 Mulready exhibited, No. 148, ‘Returning from the Alehouse,’ which is now in the National Gallery. This picture, like the better-known ‘Carpenter’s Shop,’ was painted on the first floor of No. 30, Francis Street, Tottenham Court Road. In the same house Linnell painted, if he did not likewise live, and, owing much to Mulready’s counsel, produced, his ‘Landscape—Morning,’ which was in the same exhibition. In 1810 Linnell contributed a coast piece, the title of which suggests a journey to his friend Hunt’s favourite resort. It was called ‘Fishermen waiting for the return of the Ferry-boat (? Fishing-boat), Hastings.’ What ferry-boat was waited for at Hastings is not clear. ‘The Ducking: A Scene from Nature,’ was at the Academy in 1811. This was the last work he sent there until 1821, when ‘A Landscape,’ a single portrait, and a portrait-group appeared.

A list of Linnell’s works at the British Institution and elsewhere, apart from the interest proper to such a thing, proves his efforts were in the direction of landscape painting, and that these efforts were sustained with the utmost gallantry, although our grandfathers had determined he should produce portraits—in doing which he had, it must be admitted for the credit of his contemporaries, shown himself most capable of admirable art—give lessons in drawing—which most of his companions, from David Cox downwards, were not unthankfully doing with all their might, but with many groans—engrave, which very few of his friends were accomplished or energetic enough to do.* Failing in these respects, it was resolved that Linnell should starve. Nevertheless he did not starve, but did all these tasks faithfully, courageously, and well, coming out triumphant at the end. The directors of the British Institution, or “British Gallery,” as it was familiarly called, adopted a kindly rule, by means of which pictures were hung on their walls, although they had previously appeared at the Royal Academy or elsewhere. These directors were likewise kind when, as is still done in the French Salon, they changed the places of examples during the exhibitions, and even allowed works to be withdrawn from the galleries while the latter were open to the public. The varying catalogues of the gatherings of 1811, 1812, and other years, severally, provided traps for students of the dry-as-dust order, and puzzled me as to the contributions of John Linnell. Warned of the results of these good-natured but anomalous proceedings of “my lords and gentlemen,” the reader of the following lists will know how it happened that Linnell’s works were shown and reshowed in the Academy, Institution, and elsewhere.

Linnell sent to the British Institution of 1810—the year after he got the prize and defeated J. J. Chalon—the following works :—No. 100, ‘A Cottage Door;’ No. 151, ‘A Landscape;’ and No. 238, ‘View of the Beach, Hastings.’ In 1811 he contributed to the British Institution ‘Quoit-players,’ which was sold to Sir T. Baring for seventy-five guineas, and resold in 1848 for £238. It now belongs to Mr. Simpson, of Red Hill, who gave £1,000 for it. Besides ‘Quoit-players,’ the Institution of 1811 comprised ‘A Scene on the Banks of the Thames;’ No. 190, ‘Fishing-boats—a Scene from Nature;’ and the above-mentioned ‘Fishermen waiting for the return

of the Ferry-boat, Hastings.’ (Here the error of the previous exhibition catalogue was repeated.) On April 15th of this year the gallery was reopened after the pictures had been shifted, and the second edition of the catalogue declared that all the above-named works, except ‘A Scene on the Banks of the Thames,’ had been withdrawn, and that the number of this exception was changed to 154. It is hoped the impatience of purchasers had expedited the removal of the other examples. In 1812 the same gallery contained of Linnell’s work, during the first hanging, No. 79, ‘The Dairy—Morning;’ No. 106, ‘A Scene on the Coast near Dover;’ and No. 188, ‘A View on the Thames.’ After the second hanging had been effected, April 13th, the numbers of the first two pictures were changed to 128 and 149 respectively. The artist’s address was likewise changed to 11, Queen Street, Edgware Road. In the Institution of 1813, giving the last-named address, he sent No. 99, ‘The Gravel Pits’ only. In 1814, directing persons about to buy that work to his father’s, in Streatham Street, he contributed No. 183, ‘Bird Catching.’ To this gallery in 1815 Linnell sent nothing. In 1816 we meet with him as the painter of No. 237, ‘Evening—A View of Snowdon.’ From this date till 1823 the directors knew him not during the winter.

The next paragraph will show that, persisting in his efforts to exist as a landscape painter, Linnell followed a new line, and had joined an important society of artists, which was generally independent of portraits. The year 1823 is beyond my present range, but it may be permitted to show how he obtained a measure of honour at this stage of his career. The so-called Summer Exhibitions of the British Gallery generally comprised works of the old masters and deceased British painters, and were otherwise analogous to the now current Winter Exhibitions of the Royal Academy. It was an exceptional honour, therefore, to Linnell that in 1825 the directors of the gallery chose two of his landscapes for “a collection of the works of living British artists, considered by each contributor as the most successful efforts of his pencil.” Such is the old-fashioned and gracious official statement of the matter. Among the contributors were Lawrence, Stothard, James Ward, Northcote, Callcott, Collins, Wilkie, Hilton, Jackson, Eastlake, Etty, A. E. Chalon, W. Linton, C. R. Leslie, T. Barker, Constable, J. Martin, F. Danby, E. Landseer, Haydon, and J. J. Chalon. Of most of these the world, then, thought more lightly than it now thinks. To several of the number tardy justice is still due. Linnell’s pictures were, No. 14, ‘The Wood-cutter’s Repast,’ which, it is sad to see, still belongs to the family; and No. 63, ‘Landscape: Wood-cutters—A Scene in Windsor Forest,’ the property of J. Allnut, Esq., of Clapham, a well-known collector. When the contents of the gallery were re-hung, Linnell’s examples were shifted, but nobody had been moved to buy the former work. It was No. 36, one of our artist’s contributions to the exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours in 1820, the last year of his membership of that society, which thenceforward reverted to its former style and character.

Having disposed of the Academy and British Institution, so far as this portion of Linnell’s career is concerned, let us return to an earlier date, and deal with one of the more important phases of his energetic life. As I have hinted, he, for some years, quitted the frequented exhibitions and joined an artistic body which was then undergoing throes of change, in the management of which he, during several years, took a

* Everybody who has studied the life of Blake knows how this soaring genius drudged with the graver, now for Basire now for Stothard, now for Linnell, and now for himself, and, worst of all, was compelled to toil at tasks the least fitted to his powers.

considerable part. This body was the quondam Society of Painters in Water Colours, which, owing to internal dissensions and other circumstances, had changed its character for the nonce and altered its title to the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours. These events occurred in 1813, when a considerable number of the older members of the society seceded, and a greater number of new men, most of whom were oil painters, were admitted.* Among the latter was Linnell, who contributed to the exhibition of the year 1813, which was held at the Great Room in Spring Gardens. His work was 'The Bird Catcher, a Scene from Nature;' his address was 81, Edgware Road. In 1814 he gave his address in Streatham Street, and sent to the same exhibition 'Evening, View in Wales;' 'Morning, Crossing the River, N. Wales;' 'Afternoon, Going to Milk;' two more Welsh views of 'Swansea,' and 'Snowdon,' and 'Windmill,' and 'Morning.' In 1815 he had seven pictures, including Welsh and Derbyshire views. In 1816 he had seven works, from Windsor, Newbury, Derbyshire, the Isle of Wight, and three portraits. In 1817 he was Treasurer to the Society, and exhibited seven works, including three portraits, the rest being landscapes. He contributed to the same gallery in 1818, when his noble 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,' No. 120, was included, and a great step made in the development of his genius. Linnell contributed to the gatherings of 1819, and 1820. He resigned his place in this body in 1820.

From this period he resumed, as we have seen, the practice of exhibiting at the Academy. Of our painter's movements and acts at this period take this summary:—In 1814 Linnell made a tour in Derbyshire in order to prepare certain drawings of interesting localities designed as illustrations to Walton and Cotton's "Angler." (See the list of his contributions to the Oil and Water Colour exhibitions.) In 1816 and thereabouts, then struggling to be allowed to be faithful to his first love, landscape art, he was at Winkfield, Windsor Forest. At another time we hear of him busily painting portraits at Kingsclere and Newbury, where some of these works may probably still be found. In 1817 he painted a portrait of the Duke of Argyll. In this year his first marriage took place, and his wedding trip was made in Scotland. He was in the same year residing at No. 35, Rathbone Place, where he began to paint 'John preaching in the Wilderness.' From this house he removed to No. 6, Cirencester Place, Fitzroy Square, and continued to send to Spring Gardens more portraits and a decreasing number of landscapes. In Cirencester Place his neighbour and fellow-member of the Oil and Water Colour Society was James Holmes, whose practice of painting miniatures on ivory was adopted by Linnell with increased success. In 1818 he is known to have copied a so-called Holbein's portrait of Martin Luther at Windsor Castle. About this time he was etching from Ruysdael and other

artists. It was not till 1821 that he put down his name for an Associateship at the Royal Academy.

I have not ascertained at what precise period Linnell came into contact with the *entourage* of William Godwin, which included Shelley, and Gisborne, the engineer, to whose wife the poet addressed the lovely verses beginning—

"The spider spreads her webs, whether she be
In poet's tower, cellar, or barn, or tree."

Others of this company are mentioned in Shelley's "Essays and Letters," 1852. It may have been through the Varley circle that Linnell was introduced to this company, the essential elements of which, in respect to their religious opinions, were thoroughly opposed to his own. Mulready must have known Godwin before 1805, in which year the latter published that now very rare book for children, "The Looking-Glass," by Theophilus Marcliffe, his own *nom de plume*. Linnell gave lessons in drawing to Mary Wollstoncroft Godwin (Mrs Shelley), Godwin's daughter. By some means the artist was a frequent visitor at that queerly-conducted establishment in Skinner Street, Snow Hill, where he, a faithful believer at all times, heard much strange doctrine and marvellous vagaries of would-be unbelief. Many readers remember that for several decades of years this befouled and sordid house stood in the most dilapidated condition, all battered by demolitions of predatory urchins, and windowless, smoky, forlorn, and ghastly in its ragged and weather-stained garment of tattered bills. It stood thus, as some thought, by way of protest and Providence, against the ways of its quondam inmates. The writer knew a painter whose genius and earnest piety have never been disputed, who averred that the conversation current in No. 41, Skinner Street, was such that he had been "forced to wonder the earth did not open, and swallow us all up." Holborn Viaduct abolished the dirty ruin, and the earth knows it no more; but bibliographers find its name in the publication lines of some questionable, and many excellent, books, the greater number of which we should now style "goody." They are, however, free from the cant of goodness, and their virtue is wholesome and sincere. In 1818 Linnell sold to Mr. Chance two pictures of landscapes, which, if they are the same now in the possession of that buyer's family, are jewels of fine painting and lovely colour.

The friendship of Mulready and Linnell was as notorious as it was close and sincere. To the former circumstance was due the making of a satirical design, which was, I believe, engraved and circulated, showing the latter seated on a stool and deeply engaged, while the former leans over his pupil, and seems to be instructing him. Another friendship of peculiar interest was formed about 1818 between Linnell and Blake, the visionary painter and poet. They were made known to each other, as the former told Mr. Gilchrist,* by means of Mr. George Cumberland, of Bristol, and then Linnell "became the kindest friend and stay of the neglected man's declining years." This friend "was then, and until many a year later, industriously toiling at *Portrait* as a bread profession; at miniatures, engraving—whatever, in short, he could get to do, while he painted *Landscape* as an unremunerative luxury." It appears that Linnell, who had already made a decided hit in executing many likenesses, and engraving some

* The following members left the society in 1812:—J. A. Atkinson, Miss Byrnc, J. J. Cbalon, P. Dewint, E. Dorrell, W. S. Gilpin, R. Hills, F. Nash, N. Pocock, R. R. Reinagle, S. Rigaud, F. Stevens, W. F. Wells, and W. Westhall. Some of these reappeared as "exhibitors" of the newly-arranged body of 1813; they were Atkinson, Dewint, Dorrell, Hills, Nash, and Pocock. The new members were D. Cox, C. V. Fielding (promoted from being an "associate exhibitor"), G. Holmes, J. Linnell, F. Mackenzie, and H. Richter. The new exhibitors were H. C. Allport, B. Barker (of Bath), C. Barber, J. V. Barber, J. Barry (miniature painter), A. Cooper (afterwards an R.A.), L. Clennell, C. Crammer, G. Hewlett, Mrs. Mulready (John Varley's daughter, wife of the R.A.), G. F. Robson, J. C. Robertson, J. A. Roberts, B. Rouw (a sculptor), F. P. Stephanoff, J. Stephanoff, T. Stowers, H. Villiers, W. Walker, and Mrs. C. White. Linnell's friend, W. H. Hunt, joined the society in 1814, and remained one of its greatest ornaments till his death fifty years after, Feb. 10th, 1864. Of the associate exhibitors of 1812, P. S. Munn, W. Payne, A. Pugin (father of the architect), and W. Scott continued as exhibitors of 1813.

* "Life of W. Blake," 1880, i. p. 293, where the date is given as about 1813, but Linnell's own note gives the date as 1818, when "I paid a visit to him, in company with the younger Mr. Cumberland."

of them, applied to Blake to help him with the latter. "Such as were jointly undertaken in this way," wrote Mr Gilchrist, "Blake commenced, Linnell finished." I fancy it is not difficult to trace the influence of Blake in the *technique* of one of the most important of Linnell's engraved likenesses, the wonderfully firm, learned, and solid print of "Mr. John Martin, Pastor of the Church meeting in Keppel Street, London," which was painted and engraved by Linnell, and by him "published May, 1813," at 2, Streatham Street, Bloomsbury. The influence of Blake was even more marked on the genius of Linnell's son-in-law, Samuel Palmer, who owed something of value for technical advice to our subject himself. Palmer did not, of course, know Blake at the time which is now in question.* His personal reverence for the poet-painter was so great that he had been known to kiss the handle of the bell at Blake's door in South Molton Street before venturing to pull it. Blake's spirit works in Palmer's pictures, as modified and sweetened by the beautiful genius of the younger and not less original master. Linnell was living at Hampstead, when Blake and Palmer were frequent and happy visitors, see Mr. Gilchrist's, "Blake," as above.

The list of Linnell's productions and his own narrative render it obvious that he was struggling to live as a landscape painter during the whole of the period referred to above. Nevertheless, fate made his efforts fruitless for a time, and compelled him to pass years and years in the drudgery of teaching, portrait-painting, and engraving before he could have his own way. Beginning with landscapes, he soon combined them with portraits, next the latter predominated, and then the former ceased for a long time, *i.e.* until about 1835, in which year 'Christ appearing at Emmaus,' a nobly-pathetic work, was at the Academy. This purgatorial interval was occupied in laying the acquisition of what is, in artistic estimation, wealth; when it ended very few portraits were seen on Linnell's easel. These struggles were maintained with gallantry, and it was in order to facilitate his studies in the desired direction that in August, 1812 or 1813 (see the list of his contributions to the Oil and Water Colour Society's exhibitions), Linnell made a journey into North Wales, with G. R. Lewis for a companion, where, during a month's tour, he gathered the materials of landscapes painted in later years. At this time no doubt profound impressions were made upon the mind prepared to receive them by the primitive motives of Morland's art, the serene and solemn, if not monumental mannerisms of Varley, the searching realism of Mulready, and the painter's inborn sympathy with the dignified poetry of Nature as he found her in Wales. In after-life Linnell was wont to refer to the studies he thus pursued and which were confirmed by the later visits to Derbyshire and the Isle of Wight. Like Blake, Mulready, W. Hunt, E. Landseer, Wilkie, and nearly all the other English painters of his time, our artist did not find it necessary to go "abroad." He nevertheless, as they had done,

* Linnell introduced Palmer to Blake. Here is the former's account of the meeting as given in a letter to the present writer:—"About this time Mr. Linnell introduced me to William Blake. He fixed his grey eyes upon me, and said, 'Do you work in fear and trembling?' 'Yes, indeed,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'You'll do.' No lapse of years can efface the memory of hours spent in familiar converse with that great man."

studied the Old Masters zealously in England, and in looking at nature was by no means indifferent to the lessons of their experience. I am bound to emphasize the statement that the style of Linnell—whether that noble element of his art, an element which is pre-eminently marked in nearly everything he did, occurs in landscape, engraving, or portraiture—was based on close studies of the antique, associated with select observation of nature. Whoever has not recognised these facts of Linnell's biography, has much yet to discover in his works.

Speaking of this period of his life Linnell said:—"I painted miniatures at that time. Such works were in general scarcely more artistic than the 'locket and brooch style' (that of Mrs. Mee) allowed, and they had no pretensions to being works of Fine Art. It seemed not to have occurred to the producers of such things that all which Reynolds had secured in oil and on a large scale was attainable on any material and on a small scale. When in 1819 I painted on ivory a portrait of my wife I found, without knowing how it came about, how different my work was from miniature painting as it was then in vogue. This work surprised many, and, on its being shown by Varley to the Marchioness of Stafford, a great authority, she pronounced it superior to anything of the sort she had seen, and the only example on ivory which approached the productions of the Old Masters. At her ladyship's recommendation I painted a miniature of her daughter, the newly-married Lady Belgrave; this was my second attempt on ivory. I then painted Lord Leveson Gower, the late Lord Ellesmere, Viscountess Ebrington, and many others, so that I had much practice in that way and might have become a fashionable painter of courtiers. I was, however, incapable of forsaking my first love, poetic landscape, which I lived to paint; although I painted portraits to live, I endeavoured to make portrait-painting subservient to my chief object. By studying flesh and human expressions I learnt how to deal with the individuality of nature in landscapes with more force and fidelity. Drawing at the Royal Academy and painting there from the life separated me in practice from the Varley school of art and gave me perceptions and taste more allied to those of the Italian masters. This became apparent to me when I went into Wales and saw in nature what I had already recognised in Raphael's backgrounds, and which was more precious than anything of the Water Colour school." In fact, our artist saw nature with the perceptions of a poetic figure painter, and had most pleasure in producing such works as 'John Preaching in the Wilderness,' where the pathos of the subject was made to saturate, so to say, the landscape, and the sentiment of the subject was evolved in the characteristics of nature.

That these strenuous labours, this far-reaching insight, and this profound poetic instinct were matched with an energetic temperament and a robust frame, is proved by the facts that Linnell walked nearly all the way back from Wales to London, and was accustomed to manly exercises of many kinds, including boxing, running, rowing, and swimming.

Having brought these notes to illustrate the career of the artist to a very important period of his life I must leave them to the indulgence of the reader.

F. G. STEPHENS.

PICTURESQUE PALESTINE.*

IT is now many years since Mr. Ruskin, who has often seen reason to despair of the English people, found renewed cause for despondency in the fact that they had accepted M. Gustave Doré as the illustrator of their Bible. Now every drawing and picture of the Holy Land, and every sketch of its hills and olives, its Arabs and its street-corners, is taken by the

English reader as an illustration of the Bible; and a healthy sign might be read in the fact that a sincere interest is generally felt in such illustration as deals with the theatre itself of the Biblical drama. The ideal ages had their Scriptures illustrated by the Holy Families of the great masters; the realistic age has them illustrated by maps, topographic



Taanach from the Waters of Megiddo.

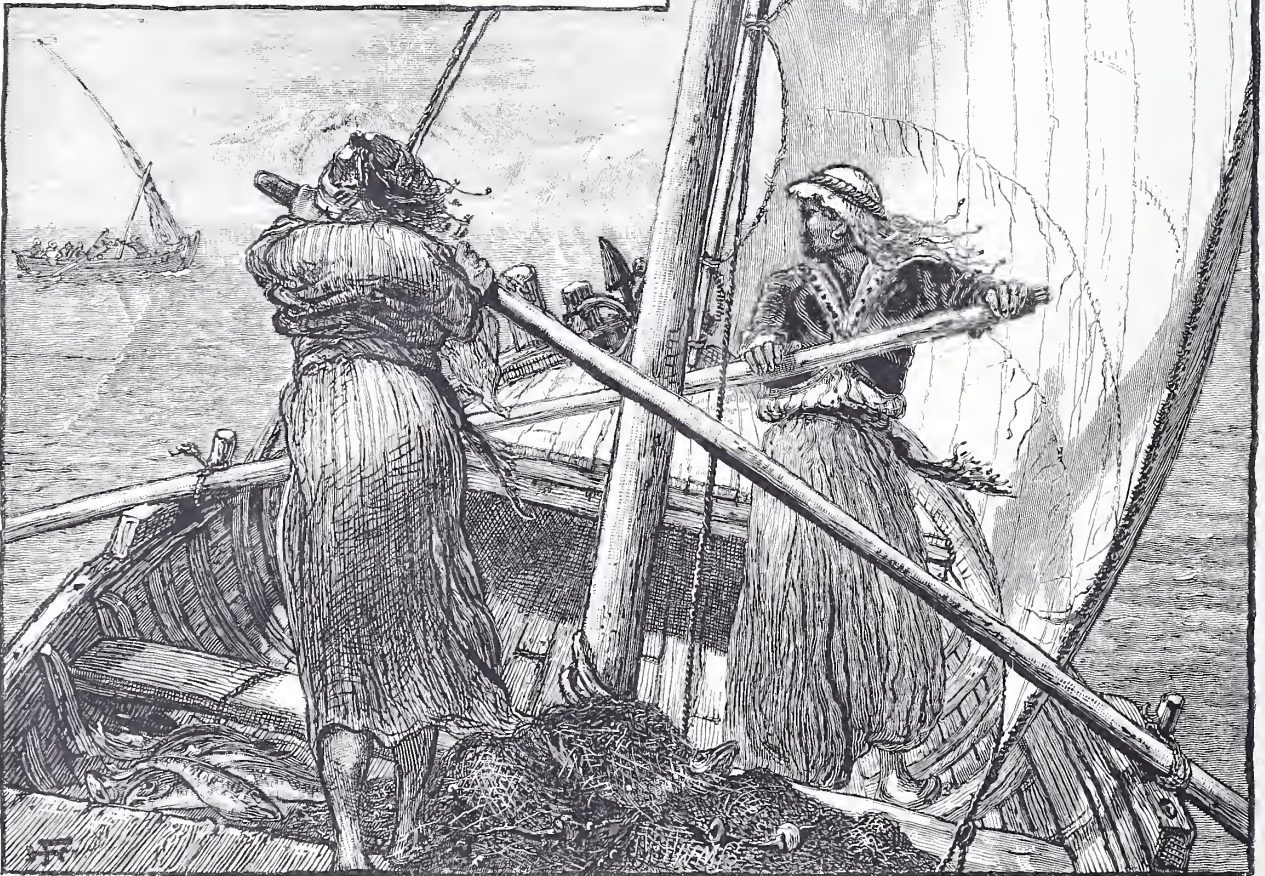
studies, and sketches of that Oriental life of the present which is so much better than a museum of the past. That was only a passing feeling—and we all grant to Mr. Ruskin that it was a singularly unworthy one—which took pleasure in such art as is neither ideal nor real, and consented to associate it with the Sacred Books. The present love of realistic illustration—of scraps and sketches of actual scenes and people—is an outcome of the present love of accuracy and growth in knowledge; and everything is sincere and healthy which is, like this feeling, proper to the time. The modern

reader of Scripture enjoys nothing more than following up the little incidental references which give so much vitality to the Sacred Narrative. At the same time there is unquestionably an early English association connected with the Bible, which makes its illustration by means of observation from modern Arab life novel, and at times almost startling. Not that any educated person does not fully realise the local Oriental colour of Scripture; but, nevertheless, to the English reader, there is in the very language of our great translation a classic tone

* "Picturesque Palestine, Sinai, and Egypt." Edited by Colonel Sir Charles Wilson, K.C.B., R.E., F.R.S. J. S. Virtue and Co., Limited.

which connects it intimately with our own noble literature. The Bible is Semitic in essence, but by the accidents of its history amongst us it is the very centre of English letters. Therefore we have been long accustomed to give to Scripture some such associations as the Old Masters of Italy gave to it in their own way. The abandonment of this kind of ideality and the adoption of the realism of research have produced a comparatively new science.

"Picturesque Palestine" begins, *in medias res*, with Jerusalem, for there is no continuous narrative of a journey, with its stages and divisions (a form of travel-record which, as everybody knows, is apt to run into egotism), but rather an impersonal description by eye-witnesses, sufficiently graphic, but without excessive dwelling on incidents and accidents. The editor has himself undertaken the chief part of the description of Jerusalem, and from him the reader has at first hand singularly interesting details as to the recent feats of exploration performed under his direction. While the illustrating artists are at work upon the living surface of things, he takes us down into the past, through the accumulations of the tragic overthrows, and the long, ignorant overgrowths, of the Holy City. And the third world—not that of every-day life, nor that of the masonry in the heart of the hills, but that of the Holy Places, technically so called, is richly represented. The pictures thus given are most valuable and complete. All the illustrations have been sketched for the work upon the spot, and have been executed, we hear, at a cost exceeding £20,000. Mr. Harry Fenn and Mr. J. D. Woodward, the artists, have been seconded by engravers of the first class, most of whom have



Fishermen on the Sea of Galilee.

done exceptionally good work upon these rich and attractive pages. From the Cross the descriptions pass to the Manger

—from Jerusalem to Bethlehem; but we are not allowed to leave the former city without pausing on its outskirts which,

unaltered in the outlines of the hills and the character of the vegetation, present to the travellers' eyes the very forms and colours which met the eyes of Christ and the disciples. The city has been a heap of stones, the sites of the gospel events within the walls are lost, confused with fable, vulgarised with imposture; but the Holy Places of the ever-

lasting hills stand as they stood, and the Oriental sunshine lights them with the colours of a hundred ages. Nay, the very roads, especially when they are old pathways hewn from the rock, are absolutely unchanged; and this is notably the case with the Roman road from Jericho to Jerusalem, which, after leaving Bethany, winds round the southern



Traditional Site of Bethphage, the House of Figs.

slope of the Mount of Olives, and, passing above Siloam, ascends the Kedron Valley to the Garden of Gethsemane. Another road upon which the feet of Christ often trod is that from the Mount of Olives to Bethany, of which we give an illustration above. For about five hundred yards this road follows the south side of the hill; it then turns abruptly to

the south, and crosses the narrow ridge which joins the Mount of Olives to the hill above Bethany.

The Christmas ceremonies are, of course, to Bethlehem what those of Good Friday and Easter are to Jerusalem, and enormous as is the concourse of pilgrims to the great Church of the Nativity, the sacred drama played there annually is

performed with little of the humiliating clamour and fanaticism which make Christianity at Jerusalem a spectacle to the Moslem. From Bethlehem we pass to Khureitun, and to Mar Saba, the great monastery there being illustrated by the best drawings we have yet seen of that extraordinary fortress and retreat. For beauty of effect, and for the excellent suggestions of height, and of the picturesque broken surfaces and accidents of the fastness, the engravings of the monk's cells,

of "St. Saba's Palm Tree," and of the mass of the convent as it rises five hundred and ninety feet from the ravine of the brook Kedron, are particularly to be noted. Then follow some very charmingly executed passages of riverside vegetation upon the Jordan; a full description, well illustrated, of Jericho, of Bethel, and Beth-horon, of the mountains of Judah and Ephraim, and of the city of Nâblus, the ancient Shechem, which lies in the land of Samaria between Ebal and



A Street Barber's Stall.

Gerizim. The last sketch among the Samaritan mountains is one of the illustrations here introduced, the view of Taanach from those "Waters of Megiddo," of which the associations are with the Old Testament wars, with Deborah's song, and with the sweeping away of the defeated army of Sisera.

We meet our travellers again upon the Sea of Galilee, where the boats are coming and going under the picturesque

sail and the oar. The writers and artists of "Picturesque Palestine" linger for some time upon the waters of Galilee; a steel engraving shows the lake from the heights of Safed, and a number of woodcuts illustrate passages of the natural growths, the life, and the remains of industry upon its shores. Much to be commended is the way, exemplified here, of framing the drawing in scraps of the things characteristic

of the scene within; thus fig-leaves stray about the border of the above-mentioned view of the road from Jerusalem, and oleanders in full flower, and storks in flight, surround the drawing of the supposed site of Bethsaida, where the glowing blossoming tree and the quaint bird abound.

By degrees we are taken upwards to the gardens of Damascus. Exquisite are the drawings of some of the minarets in their fanciful and felicitous beauty. The street that is still "called Straight," the bazaars, the markets, the interior of the rich Damascus houses, the tomb of Saladin, the quaint little houses growing out of the ancient walls into which they are built, the city gates, and the waters of irrigation which make this city in an oasis seem so divine to the Syrian—all these receive record. It is in the streets of Damascus that the white-bearded barber has been sketched at his work, and the life of the highways of the "Pearl set in emeralds"—the

city into which the Prophet refused to go, saying, as he gazed upon it from the mountains, that it was given to man to enter Paradise but once—is, even for the picturesque East, peculiarly full of sketchable incident and colour. From Damascus we go to the ruins of Palmyra, thence to those of Baalbeck, to the Cedars of Lebanon, to the Phœnician plain and Acre, the key of Palestine—but space will not allow us to follow in detail a pilgrimage made so vivid, by pen and pencil, to the untravelled. As regards the pen, it is to be noted that "Picturesque Palestine" contains in its introduction the first published of Dean Stanley's posthumous writings; Sir Charles Wilson has had the aid besides of Canon Tristram, Miss Rogers, Colonel Warren, R.E., Captain Conder, R.E., the Rev. Dr. Scharf, the Rev. Dr. Jessup, Professor Palmer, and Mr. Stanley Lane Poole; and each has taken the cities or the country which he knew best.

THE CORONA RADIATA AND THE CROWN OF THORNS.*

WE pointed out last month that the Roman emperors, when they arrogated to themselves divinity, adopted the Eastern symbol of the crown of rays, which appeared upon their coins, and was placed round the heads of their images in the temples. The Roman governors and magistrates followed the same course, and in early art Herod is always represented as wearing this symbol. It appears, then, that when the Tetrarch of Galilee mocked Christ's regal claims, he sent Him to Pilate in a travesty of his own kingly dress; and the Roman soldiers, in their contempt for the peasant king, parodied the homage due to their own governor with mocking and blows and spitting; for the Roman sceptre they placed a reed in His hand; and for the Roman radiated crown, encircled by the triumphal ivy wreath, they platted one of thorns and set it on His head. The green leaves of the Spina Christi bear a quite sufficient resemblance to those of the triumphal ivy, as did the piercing thorn to the pointed ray.

This thought was suggested by a work of Baldassare Peruzzi above the second altar in the church of Fonte Giusta, at Siena. The subject is the Sibyl announcing to Augustus the nativity of Christ; and here the spiked crown and wreath of the Cæsars bears a more than accidental resemblance to the crown of thorns.

Bishop Pearce remarks that Scripture throws no light on the particular plant used by the Roman soldiers for their blasphemous purpose. But among the numerous thorn-bearing shrubs of Judea one has received the name of Spina Christi; the thorns are sharp, and at the season of the year when this awful scene was enacted they grow to considerable length; the branches are soft and pliable, and capable, therefore, of being twisted to the small compass of a human head. The monks of Jerusalem show, or lately showed, an aged thorn-tree near the holy city, from which they say the branch forming the Crown was originally cut. This was so arranged that, when worn, the thorns pointed upwards, so as to resemble the rays or spikes of the crown with which the kings of the East were accustomed to be adorned. Hassel-

quist, a Swedish traveller, inclines to the belief that the thorny plant chosen was the Nabca Paliurus Athenai of Alpinus—the Nabk of the Arabians—because its leaves very much resemble those of ivy, as they are of a deep glossy green. "Perhaps," the writer adds, "the enemies of Christ would have chosen a plant somewhat resembling that with which emperors and generals were crowned, that there might be a calumny even in the punishment." Some writers, such as Bishop Pearce, Kenrick, Cappe, and Belsham, have gone so far as to suggest that we have no authority from Scripture for saying that this crown was intended to give physical



Head of Augustus. By Baldassare Peruzzi.

torture. The original word used signifies a point and a flower; *ac*, a point, *anth*, a flower, and was given indiscriminately to any spinous flower or flowering plant that bore thorns or prickles. The physical pain was there but only as the image and the shadowing forth of the far deeper moral suffering. "Tertullian," says Bishop Pearce again, "is the first primitive Christian who mentions this crown as an instance of the cruelty used towards our Saviour, and he lived one hundred and seventy years after Christ." A double

* Continued from page 267.

meaning of endless significance was evolved from the scene of the crowning with thorns by such early writers, converting



Corona Radiata.

the insulting attributes of a mock kingdom into the insignia of the highest spiritual sovereignty. While placed on His brow in mockery of a regal crown, it was said to denote the thorns and briars sown by the first Adam, and now for ever blunted on the sacred head of the second; or, according to St. Ambrose, the thorns are the sinners of the world, thus woven into a trophy, and worn triumphantly upon the brows of the Redeemer.

But a clearer, truer note was struck by the first Christian painters; for in the earliest representations of this wreath in Art we find its real significance much more fully indicated.

The first representation of the Christ thus crowned occurs in a painted chamber in the catacomb of Prætextatus, on the Appian Way, opened accidentally in 1848, and may date from the beginning or middle of the second century. During the excavations carried on under the guidance of De Rossi, by the Commission of Sacred Archæology, the discovery was made of the crypt of St. Januarius, who died A.D. 162, and of another, held by De Rossi to be the burial-place of St. Quirinus, who died about A.D. 130.

Near the tomb of Quirinus is the painted chamber alluded to, and one of the three subjects with which it is adorned is an illustration of the words, "They struck His head with a reed." As the treatment of the subject is utterly unlike that to which we are accustomed in Art of the German and later Italian schools, it is not surprising to learn that it has been by some mistaken for the Baptism of Christ. However, the crown, projecting from the head like rays, at once silences all questionings as to the real nature of the subject. We have here, in this earliest picture of the flagellation, an authentic representation of a spiked wreath, which is a parody of the rays of the Sun-God. This theory as to the true significance of this hitherto unexplained painting is apparently supported by the very attitude of our Lord himself, Who stands reserved, self-centred, reticent—as one who, deeply wronged, endures a moral rather than a physical agony.

In a representation of the same subject on the bronze doors of Benevento, in the Neapolitan territory, our Lord is also seen standing erect and noble, a robe of dignity upon Him, and the indication of a crown on His head, while He

holds a short staff, like a baton of power, in His hand. This is engraved by Ciampini, who considers it to belong to the end of the eleventh or the beginning of the twelfth century.*

In a miniature dated 1310, our Lord only holds the sceptre, and wears no crown of thorns during the flagellation; and it is not till the fifteenth century that we meet with any representation of the beating the thorns into the head. In the earliest representations of other scenes in our Saviour's life, where there can be no question as to the physical suffering inflicted and endured, such as the fainting beneath the cross, and the crucifixion, this crown of thorns is omitted; from which we should feel inclined to argue that it was not included among the instruments of physical torture, but was thought to have been laid aside with the reed and robe, the other mock insignia of royalty. Thus, in the year 800, the crucifixion is represented on an ivory, and the Christ has no crown; while in early Irish Art He is crowned with a pointed crown. So in the year 1000, in the catacomb of Pope Julius, the crucifixion is given again with a Christ uncrowned between the sun and the moon. In three illuminations and miniatures of the Ascent of the Cross and the Nailing to the Cross, painted in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, He wears no crown. Nor is He crowned in occasional paintings of this scene by Duccio, A.D. 1282; by Giotto, b. 1276; by Taddeo Gaddi, 1300; Pietro Cavallini, b. 1279; Angelico, b. 1387; and even in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries instances occur where Garofalo, Raphael, and Michael Angelo have represented Christ crucified without the crown of thorns. In all cases, we learn from Mrs. Jameson, "the Italian artists, with their usual refinement, have generally given a wreath of thorns, such as nature might supply, with branches slight and pliable; while it is from the north of the Alps—and, I imagine, from the German schools—we get a false image, an impossible object, an awful structure of the most unbending knotted boughs, with tremendous spikes, half a foot long, which no human hands could have forced into such a form." This is but an instance of how, in the disregard of a minor truth even for the sake of a higher, men may come to miss the finer truth that underlies all noble symbolism: for is not all semblance to the



Corona Spine Christi.

radiated crown of the God of Light, and all symptom of its mimicry, destroyed by this exaggeration?

* See *Vet. Monumenta*, tom. ii., p. 24; and "Tour through the Southern Provinces of Naples," p. 27.

The most striking instance we have met with of this association of the crown of thorns with that of rays occurs in an engraving from a fresco—now, alas! repainted—on the east wall of the little chapel of San Sylvestro at the entrance to the church of the Quattro Coronati in Rome. Here, after the utterance of the words "It is finished," an angel is seen to lift the crown of thorns from the brow, and to lay in its stead the symbol of the God of Light, the emblem of transfiguration. Beneath this painting is a small panel, in the centre of which two women kneel, their hands clasped in prayer, and the inscription, "A.D. MCCXLVIII hoc opus divitia fieri fecit."

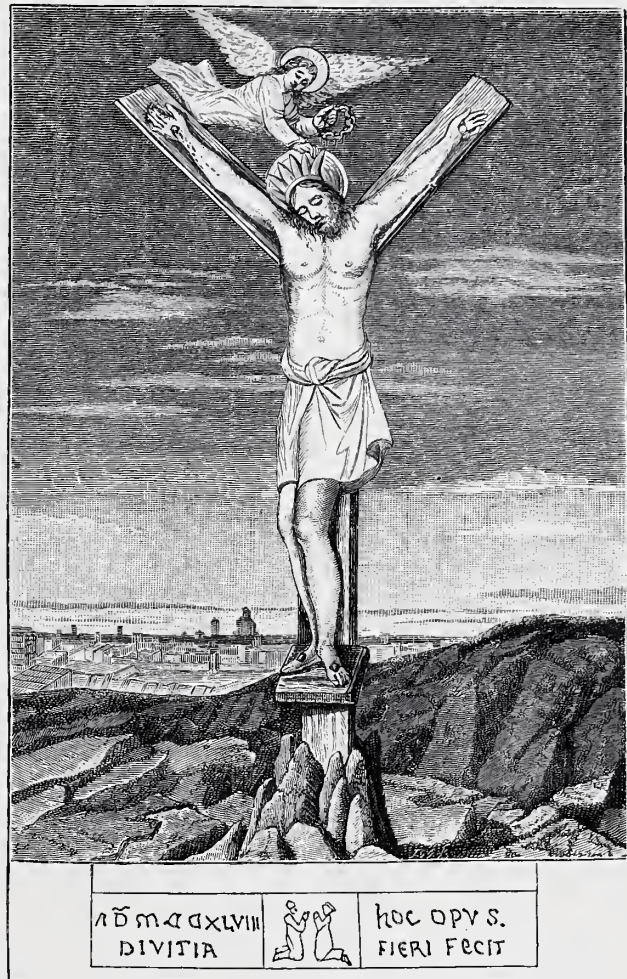
It is, however, on the treatment and conception of the 'Ecce Homo' that our remarks would immediately bear. This subject certainly does not occur in the Byzantine "Guide de la Peinture," discovered by Didron in the monastery on Mount Athos. The image now familiar to us as 'Ecce Homo,' according to Lady Eastlake, belongs to later mediæval Art. After the fifteenth century the Roman Church, desiring to fan a dying flame, demanded an image which must awaken passionate emotion and feed man's craving for excitement. But it is only when faith grows weak that it needs the stimulus given by sensationalism; and Christian Art in the future will do well to free itself from the false influences of later mediæval Art. It seems to us that a total misapprehension of the nature of this crisis in the Saviour's passion is involved in the misrepresentations of this subject and errors that have sprung from forgetfulness of the true significance of the crown of thorns. It has been thought that the words, "Behold the MAN," were uttered in order to disarm the fury of the Jews by pleading the humanity of Christ, and to awaken their sympathy by simply showing them this object of pity. But the problem before the mind of Pilate had rather been, is this being divine or human? Is this the Messiah, or a pretender to a kingdom that has no existence? "Behold the MAN" is the result of his vacillation. And if we strive to conceive the face of the Messiah at such a moment, how different is the image that rises before the imagination from that which is offered to us by later mediæval Art.

We need not go farther than our own National Gallery to illustrate our meaning. There five examples may be compared of the treatment of this subject from that of Giovanni Mattei, of Siena (c. 1462), to the works of Lo Spagna, Rogier Vander Weyde, Correggio, and Guido Reni. The first painting shows the upper part of the Saviour's form, His emaciated hands crossed upon His breast; it is hard and dry, but with a quaint fancy that calls to mind one of the emblems of Philip Quarles—the blood is drawn in radiating lines, like a crimson star in the centre of the forehead. In the works of later date it is difficult to trace anything in the face of Christ as the *source* of His agony except physical suffering in its most appalling form; but this is not so when we approach the thoughtful work of Lo Spagna (c. 1430). In those half-closed eyes we read that it is the heart that is wounded here, and something deeper far than any physical pain may be seen in the stillness of this face.

In cases where a subtle question may arise as to the significance of a particular subject or symbol in Christian Art, a clue to its solution may be often found by reference to the "Biblia Pauperum" and "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis" of the thirteenth century. In these works type and antitype are grouped together, and in the instance of the 'Crowning with Thorns' the types chosen from the Old Testament are

all cases of profanity, mockery, and usurpation—the profanity of Ham, the mockery of the prophet Elijah by the children, and the usurpation of a royal crown by the slave of a king. Such misinterpretation was His crowning sorrow, such were the transgressions with which His was numbered.

Before drawing these observations to a close we may be allowed to express a hope that in this paper we have indicated that the result of this study of the origins of Art as connected with origins of Religion, may be to lead us to fresh types for the Art of the future—types in harmony with the law of gradual development which all true religion follows, and which will be in sympathy with the growth of human mind—types in unison with those principles by which Greek Art was governed, where abstraction is to be



looked for in the image, no less than in him who designs it, where stillness is found to be the state most appropriate to beauty just as in the ocean. Future Art will give us in the 'Ecce Homo' no longer a blood-stained and distorted image, but one of nobler suffering, and show us that in placing the mimic radiated crown upon the sacred head, the soldiers mocked the ancient symbol of indwelling divinity and spiritual kingship handed down from the earliest ages, and placed their parody upon the only human head that could by right inherit it. This knowledge strengthens our impression of the moral as of the impersonal nature of the suffering endured; this contempt for, and rejection of, the ideal life which He died to purchase for mankind, was the true pain that pierced his brow.

MARGARET STOKES.

THE BEARING OF DRAUGHTSMANSHIP UPON DESIGN.

IT will, I suppose, be readily conceded that skill in draughtsmanship and skill in the arts of design are separate and distinct accomplishments. The difference between them is of the same kind as that between the performance of a piece of music and composing it, or between declaiming a poem and writing it. Executive skill and effective elocution can no doubt be taught, but the higher quality of original composition perhaps never.

Our schools of design have produced multitudes of draughtsmen of great technical excellence, but few designers of distinction; so, at least, say our Yorkshire manufacturers. If the Sultan wants a fire-grate of unusual magnificence, a Stevens is sent for, notwithstanding the fact that at Sheffield itself a crowd of pupils are permanently under education in the art of designing fire-grates.

In the architectural profession skilled draughtsmanship is by no means scarce, so easily is the art acquired; but how much of the higher art of original design is found in the works of even our best architects of the present day let those who understand the subject declare.

If any one will take the trouble to turn over an old portfolio of the architectural designs of the last century and of the early years of the present one, he will instantly see that the solicitude of the draughtsman was centred in the evenness, the fineness, and the precision of his lines. The style in vogue was carried by patient practice to its utmost limit of perfection, and had a distinct and powerful influence on the architecture of the period. The classical styles as then understood, with their refinement and cold formalities, their exactitude of systematized proportion and subdivision of parts, demanded an equally exact method of delineation, and the very perfection to which the draughtsman carried his skill reacted upon the architecture. It was not distinguished by artistic grouping, nor brightened by interesting detail and ornament. The buildings of that epoch are simple cubes, or assemblages of cubes, of varying sizes and proportions, lined over in varying directions—vertical, oblique, horizontal—by cornices, pediments, pilasters, architraves, and the rest, all in unbroken regularity, in low relief, and of a “shocking tameness.” The very jointing of the masonry was pressed into the service, and the whole façade was often scored over with narrow shallow channellings in parallel lines.

The succeeding fondness for Gothic Art gave rise to a new style of draughtsmanship, although not until such a skilful delineator as the elder Pugin had failed to render the spirit of mediæval works by his exquisitely beautiful line drawings in the traditional style. A closer study of ancient examples led the draughtsman to counterfeit their effect by the aid of crumbling, broken lines, and it was soon found that the sparkle and *chic* of Gothic mouldings, tracery, foliage, and enrichments could only be adequately rendered by the point. A reaction against the fine-line style of drawing set in, the delicacy and precision of the earlier manner were held to be a weakness, and bold broken lines, *à la* Prout, with specks and dots marking the characteristics of the ornamental details, speedily became the mode. This fashion had in turn a strong influence upon architectural design—outline and mass were but little studied; but the work of the day was alive with quaint and telling “bits.” Everything was elaborated in detail, and

great excellence of one kind was attained at the cost of breadth of general treatment. We have not yet wholly escaped from this method, and hence our modern work, whatever its scale may be, rarely possesses the grandeur and serenity of the ancient models.

To turn for a moment to another method of study. The diploma gallery of the Royal Academy has many examples of the work of a deceased artist-architect, whose brush was for many years at the service of the profession at large. His skill in its use was such that he held a place in the border-land between painting and architecture. He felt the difficulty of his anomalous position, and often bitterly complained of it to the writer. His painter friends would not wholly admit his claims to be one of themselves, but regarded him as an architect who dabbled in painting. There was a large historical painting which had been many years in preparation on his easel when he died. His architectural friends said, of course, that he was very clever as an artist, but not “a practical man.” It was assumed that he could not be both. Such are the risks of a modern Leonardo! It is, however, true that his architectural designs, brilliant and attractive as they undoubtedly were on paper, did not bear translation into brick and stone, losing nearly all their charm in the process. His command of pictorial grouping and effect was complete, but he had neglected the study of detail, and his executed works failed in this important respect.

Now I take it to be beyond dispute that, although much of the charm of the old works lies in their outline, proportion, light and shade, and that these are the qualities which impress us, still their charm is heightened and completed by every fresh discovery of the lovely details and ornament by which they are embellished. A mere assemblage of beautiful detail, unless artistically disposed, has but little effect.

And now for the moral of this. In architecture the draughtsmanship in a great measure determines the character of the work. Lines, of course, we must employ; but they must be subordinated as a means to an end, and must not themselves be enjoyed for their evenness, their thinness, or their regularity. The exclusive use of the line gave us the monotonous feebleness of a day that is happily dead. The *point* we must rely upon for the study and elaboration of special and dainty parts of our designs. An exclusive use of this means of expression gives us, indeed, a command of detail, but it undermines our power of designing noble masses. The brush gives us a power of generalising, but without a study of detail our works will be blank and uninteresting.

It is only by availing ourselves of every means of artistic expression within our reach that we can hope to design great works; to arrange and determine with the brush the mass, outline, proportion, the light and shade of our buildings; by line, their leading members and divisions; and by the point, all their elaboration of ornamental accessories. Wisely employed as means only to a great end, we shall

“Find no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.”

E. INGRESS BELL.

CORPORATION PLATE AND INSIGNIA OF OFFICE.



N previous volumes of the *Art Journal* I described the corporation plate and insignia of office of the principal boroughs of England. The following are the most interesting of those which have not hitherto been noticed.

The Corporation of FLINT possesses a silver mace, 27 inches long, a mayor's chain and badge of gold and mosaic, and a three-handled loving cup of silver, partly gilt. The mace is of simple form, with plain bands forming an open-arched crown rising from the crest of the bowl. On the flat plate at the top are engraved the royal arms of William and Mary between the conjoined initials *WM RR*. The chain and loving cup are recent acquisitions.

RYE has for its insignia, besides the town seal, four maces, two of which are silver gilt, of the usual open-arched form, 4 feet 6 inches in length; and the other two, which are small, have semi-globular heads and laminated bases of much the same form as that of Dunwich. They are of silver, 14½ inches long, with coats of arms at the top, and on one is inscribed, "J. D. Moy I·I·S 1570," and on the other, "J. R."

The Corporation of NEW ROMNEY, the central Cinque Port at which the "Brotherhood and Guestlings," or Cinque Ports Parliament, was usually held, when the bailiffs of Yarmouth were elected, pos-

sesses two fine silver-gilt maces and a burghmote horn.

BANBURY is fortunate in the possession of a mace of historical interest, it having been presented to the town about 1682 by Sir Francis North (created Earl of Guildford), Keeper of the Great Seal, who resided at Wroxton Abbey, near to that town. It is of silver gilt, of the usual open-arched crown form, highly and elaborately decorated, and bears on the flat plate at the top the royal arms and initials "C. R."; and there

seems to be some traditionary feeling that it is the veritable, though altered, mace that pertained to him in his office of Chancellor, or Lord Keeper. Banbury also possesses a mayor's chain and badge, and a loving cup.

WEYMOUTH possesses two silver-gilt maces, 40 inches long, of somewhat unusual design, given to the town by James Bower, in 1824; two smaller silver parcel-gilt maces of the time of Charles II.; and a massive silver-gilt chain of SS, with a pendant of gold and enamel bearing the borough arms and inscription of gift, in 1823, by William Oakley.

The insignia of NOTTINGHAM, of which we give illustrations, consist of three maces, a mayor's chain of office, covered loving cups, and four tankards. The great mace, of silver gilt, is fifty-four inches in length, and of the usual open-arched crown form. Round the bowl are the usual crowned emblems, the rose, the thistle, the harp, and the fleur-de-lis, and on the flat plate at the top are the royal arms. On the shaft is the inscription, "Johanne Carruthers Armigero Prsiede Nottinghamia, 1787." The head of the mace is removable for use as a loving cup. The town of

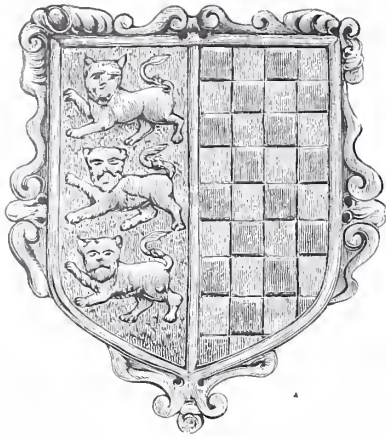
Nottingham is a county to itself, with, until 1835, two sheriffs; and the two other maces, 22 inches in length, are those pertaining to the sheriffs, and borne by their mace-bearers. They are of great beauty, and bear on the flat plate at the top of each the royal arms, and round the bowls are the usual crowned emblems of the rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, and the royal arms. The mayor's chain is a collar of SS, alternating with knots, Tudor rose, and portcullis; and the badge, of gold and enamel, bears the arms of the borough.



Corporation Plate and Insignia, Nottingham.

The Borough of TIVERTON possesses a pair of fine silver-gilt maces of the ordinary form, with open-arched crown rising from the circlet at the head of the bowl, which bears the borough arms and other devices.

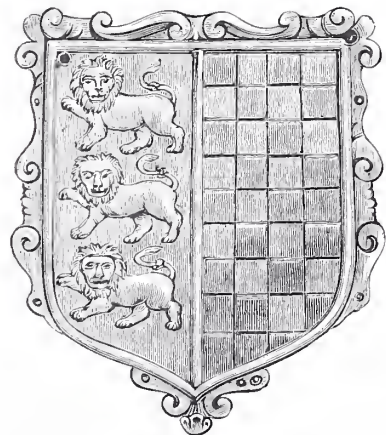
The Corporation treasures of the City of LINCOLN (see illustration) are many in number, and remarkably fine in character. The large, or mayor's mace, is of silver gilt, and said to have been presented to the city by Charles I.; it is of



Wait's Badge, 1823, Stamford (obverse).

the usual form, with open-arched crown rising from the circlet of crosses pattée and fleurs-de-lis by which the bowl is crested. Around the bowl, in compartments, are the usual national emblems of crowned rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis between the initials "C. R." The mayor's baton is of wood, mounted with silver. There are three magnificent swords; the largest, a two-handed one, has a scabbard of velvet, elaborately ornamented with silver filigree work in arms, badges, initials, and other devices. It is said to have been given to the City of Lincoln by King Richard II. when he visited that city in 1386, at which time he conferred on the mayor the privilege of having a sword carried before him on all civic occasions and in processions. The mayor's chain and badge of office, bearing the city arms, etc., was purchased by the corporation in 1849, on occasion of the visit of the Prince Consort to that city. A fine service of plate formerly belonged to the corporation, but was sold many years ago; the regalia itself being only saved from a similar fate by a very small majority of votes.

LUDLOW possesses one mace of the time of William and Mary, bearing the inscription, "D. D. Johannes Salwey, Armiger Unus ex Aldermanis Villæ de Ludlow, 1692;" two smaller maces of the time of James II.; two loving cups inscribed "Ex dono Somerset Fox, armiger;" two large and massive covered cups, and two large salvers dated 1718; and two massive snuff-boxes inscribed "Ex dono Gulielmi

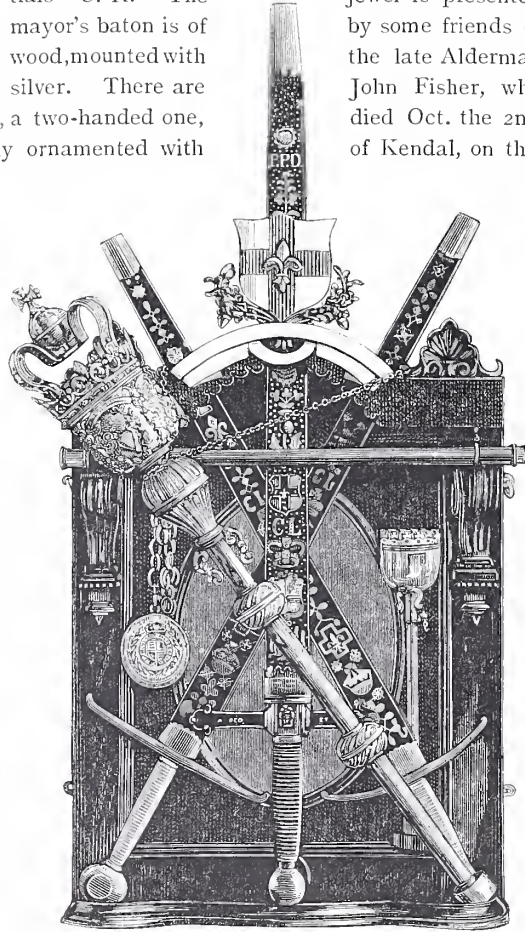


Wait's Badge, 1823, Stamford (obverse).

Cowley civis Londinensis, A.D. 1721. In usum Ballivorum Villæ de Ludlow."

The Corporation of KENDAL possesses, among others, the following treasures: two maces, which are of the ordinary open-arched crown form; a sword of state 47½ inches long, with handle and mountings of silver; a jewel of great beauty and value in form of a Mal-

tese cross, with circular medallion bearing a portrait of Queen Elizabeth. It is composed of gold, diamonds, and pearls, and around the head of Queen Elizabeth, which is in enamel, is the inscription "Regina · Elizabeth · D. G. Ang. Fra. et · Hiber.," and on the back, "This jewel is presented by some friends of the late Alderman John Fisher, who died Oct. the 2nd, 1870, to the Mayor and Corporation of Kendal, on the



Corporation Insignia, etc., Lincoln.

of Yarmouth on the bases, and at the top are the royal arms and monogram of William and Mary, W M R A. Six small silver maces with semi-globular heads, one of which, about 8 inches long, bears the town arms on its head and those of the Admiralty on its base, and is said to have been made about 1562 from some silver articles taken from the church; the other five are about 6 inches in length, and bear the town arms at the head. Another mace called



Wait's Badge, 1691, Stamford (reverse).

Three Hundredth Anniversary of the grant of their First Charter of Incorporation, 1575. In remembrance of his life-long interest in the service of the Town of Kendal." The mayor's chain and badge is modern. A silver cup bearing the borough arms, and inscribed, "This plate was founded by the Alderman of Kendal and his Brethren for a perpetuity, 1629;" another inscribed, "The gift of Thomas Sleddall first Maior of Kendall to the Maior of Kirbie Kendall successively" (1636-7); a covered silver tankard inscribed "The Legacy of Thomas Braithwaite, Esq., late Recorder, Kendall, to the Mayor and Aldermen of the same successively" (1648).

The Borough of GREAT YARMOUTH is fortunate in the possession of a fine assemblage of interesting objects, amongst which are the following. Two large, silver-gilt maces of the ordinary open-arched crown form, but of extreme elegance in chasing and in details; they were procured in 1690, and bear the arms



Wait's Badge, 1823, Stamford (reverse).

the "Pocket Mace," as a portable emblem of the mayor's authority, is of the date 1664, and bears the royal arms and monogram of Charles II. A sword of state, of the date 1664, is 4 feet 6 inches long, and bears on one side of its pommel a figure of Law and on the other of Justice, in high relief. The scabbard is of crimson velvet with silver-gilt plates of the royal and borough arms, badges, and other ornaments. It is carried, sheathed, before the mayor in all processions, and precedes the maces; when the country, however, is engaged in war with any European power, the sword is drawn and carried unsheathed. The silver oar, typifying the Admiralty jurisdiction of the borough, is about 4 feet in length, and gilt; it is richly ornamented in relief with the royal arms, the arms of the borough, and those of Killett, and other devices, and on the handle is the inscription, "Ex dono Suētis Killett armigeri MDCXLV." This remarkably fine oar is, in processions, carried behind the maces. The mayor's chain, of the date of 1734, had originally attached to it a badge bearing on one side the arms of the town, and on the other a

chain, which consists of five rows of plain oval links. The plate belonging to the corporation—only a remnant of what it formerly possessed—consists of the "Morse" loving cup and cover, weighing 63 ounces and dated 1737; a fine large silver punch bowl elegantly ornamented, dated 1699; and a large silver "rose water dish," weighing over 107 ounces, of the date 1664.

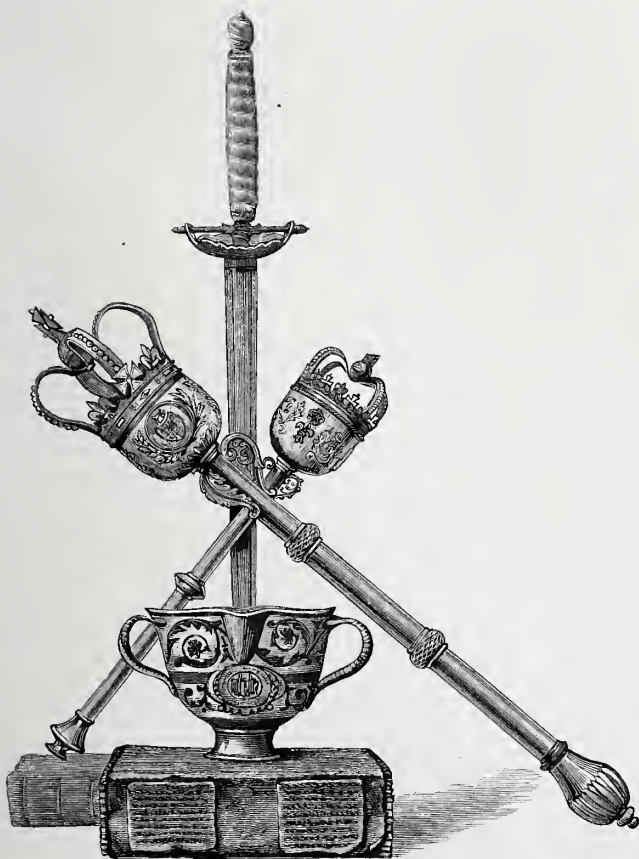


The Champley Loving Cup, Scarborough.

CARMARTHEN has two small silver maces and a sword of state. The maces, which are 20 inches long, are of unusual form, having urn-shaped bowls surmounted with a royal crown. The sword, "Ex dono Ricardi Birtt, armigeri," is supposed to have been presented about 1564; its hilt and pommel are richly ornamented, and the scabbard mounted with brass medallions of the royal arms,

the crowned rose, thistle, harp, and fleur-de-lis, and other devices. The sword, by charter of Henry VIII., was ordered by that king to be "freely and lawfully" borne "before the said Mayor in manner as is accustomed to be done in our City of London."

The Borough of CLITHEROE has a remarkably fine mace of



Corporation Insignia, Record Book, and Loving Cup, Wenlock.

ship in full sail, but this was unfortunately sold in 1746, and its value applied to purchasing some additional links to the



Corporation Insignia, Great Yarmouth.

the ordinary open-arched crown form, which appears to have been given to the town in the reign of Charles II. by the then Duke of Albemarle, and the several burgesses whose arms are

engraved on the shaft, to which some late vain-glorious mayors have, with bad taste, ignorantly added their own. There are six aldermen's staves of oak, mounted in silver, with the town arms, etc.; two bear date 1728, and four 1860. The corporation also possesses a large goblet-shaped punch bowl, of silver, with a ladle, a two-handled loving cup, and a "Colt's cup," bearing, with other words, the toast, "Prosperation to ye Corporation," which is invariably the first toast drunk at mayors' dinners by all strangers, who are termed "Colts."

The ancient Cornish Borough of MARAZION, or MARGHASIEWE, possesses two highly interesting pairs of maces and a mayor's staff of office. The two old maces, with conical heads and laminated bases, are 17 inches long; they are of iron encased in silver. The two large maces, 37 inches long, are of the usual open-arched crown form, and bear the borough arms and a long inscription, dated 1768.

BASINGSTOKE has two maces and a mayor's chain and badge. The large mace, silver gilt, is 38 inches long, and of the usual open-arched crown form, and is massive and elegant in proportions. Round the bowl are the rose and thistle, harp and fleur-de-lis, each surmounted by a crown, and on the top plate are the royal arms; on the flat plate, at the bottom of the base, is the figure of St. Michael and the Dragon, surrounded by the words, "Sigillum coë ville de Basingstoke." The smaller mace, 29 inches long, of silver parcel gilt, is of the same general form but plainer, and has the brackets at the base instead of, as usual, beneath the bowl, around which are



Mace and Tankard, Chesterfield.

a crowned C, a crowned R, and other emblems, and at the top are the royal arms. The bowl is removable to form a loving cup. The mayor's chain, of silver gilt, is composed of a series of Tudor roses in stars, connected together by three chains; the badge, or pendant, bears within a wreath of oak the seal of the town, St. Michael and the Dragon, in enamel, and on the back the words, "Commune Villa de Basingstoke. Anno. 1837. Presented by Charles Lyford."

The important manufacturing town of ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE, an ancient prescriptive borough, but not incorporated until 1832, possesses a fine and uniquely formed silver mace, a mayor's chain and badge of gold and enamel, and a magnificent two-handled loving cup, all of recent date. The mace, which is of unusual character, has its bowl crested with a mural crown.

The Borough of CHESTERFIELD possesses a remarkably fine silver-gilt mace (here engraved), a massive gold chain and badge, on which the town arms are enamelled; and a silver tankard. The mace, which dates back to 1681, bears around its bowl a rose crowned between the initials "C.R."; a thistle and portcullis similarly initialled and crowned; a harp likewise crowned and initialled; and a fleur-de-lis similarly arranged. It is crested with a circlet of fleur-de-lis and crosses pattée, from which rise the open arches of the crown; and on the flat plate are the royal arms and initials "C.R." The tankard bears in front the arms of the Mercers' Company.

I am now reluctantly compelled to close my notices in these pages of the corporation treasures of our kingdom. Many collections have, from want of space, not been touched upon,

while to others I have been obliged to confine myself to a few words where I would fain have devoted columns. The subject will, however, ere long be resumed in a different and more extended form. In conclusion, I tender my best thanks to the mayors and other officials of the kingdom for information supplied, and courtesies shown me during my inquiries.

LEWELLYNN JEWITT.



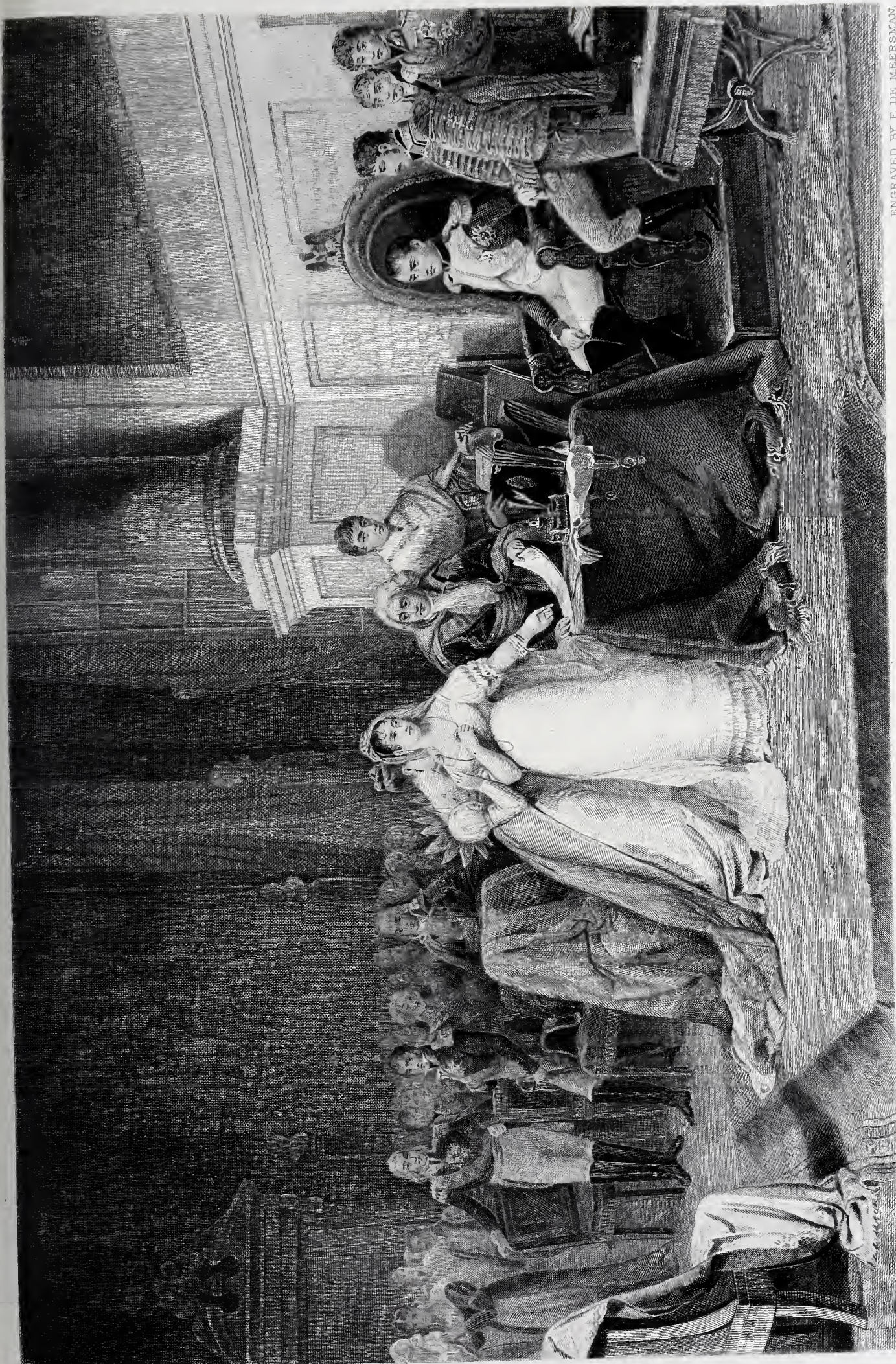
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE.' Painted by Heinrich Friedrich Schopin, engraved by F. de Meersman, from the collection of Sir Richard Wallace.—This extraordinary occurrence has been thus described by Guizot:—"On the 15th December, 1809, in a formally summoned meeting of the Imperial family, with the Arch-Chancellor and Count Regnault d'Angely also present, Napoleon himself openly announced the resolution which he had taken. 'The policy of my monarchy, the interests and wants of my people, which have invariably guided all my actions, require,' said he, 'that I should leave the throne, on which Providence has placed me, to children inheriting my love for my people. For several years, however, I have lost hopes of having children by my well-beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine, which urges me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to consider only the well-being of the State, and to will the dissolution of our marriage. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; but there is

no sacrifice which is beyond my courage, if proved to be useful to the well-being of France.' The Empress Josephine wished to speak, but her voice was choked by her tears; she handed to Count Regnault the paper evidencing her assent to the Emperor's wishes."

'ST. MARY-LE-STRAND.' Drawn and etched by Brunet-Debaines.—This effective etching of a London street is taken from the foot of Drury Lane, looking down Drury Street. The play of light throughout is noteworthy. The architect of the church would have been well pleased to see the elegance of his tower so effectively rendered. The picturesqueness of the old London streets is well expressed by etchings, and we trust that English artists will avail themselves of opportunities in this direction which get fewer every day.

AN OLD MAN'S HEAD. This fac-simile of a drawing by Leonardo da Vinci is described on page 316.



PAINTED BY H. F. SCHOPIN.

ENGRAVED BY F. DE MEERSMAN.

THE DIVORCE OF JOSEPHINE

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF SIR RICHARD WALLACE, BART.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO. LIMITED.



WORCESTER AND ITS EXHIBITION.

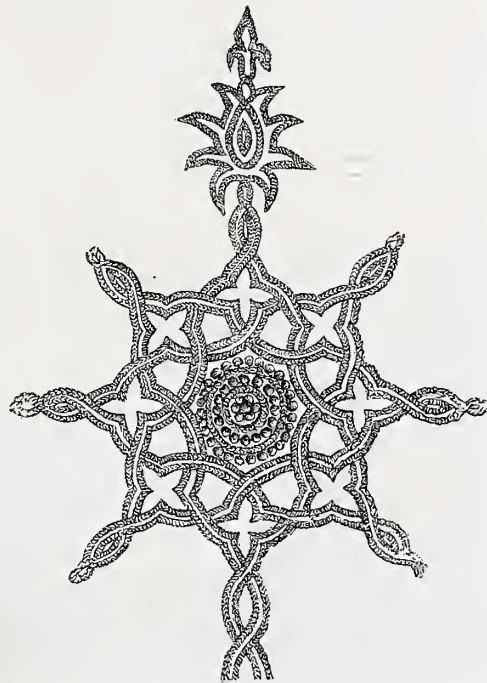
L YING almost in the centre of the heart of England, it would be a matter of surprise if the County of Worcester did not possess many features of interest—historical, topographical, and industrial. In truth, it is the boast of the inhabitants that their small county contains everything that is needful to the wants of man, associations which endear it to its inhabitants, scenery of an uncommon variety, and a climate of almost unrivalled salubrity. To this may be added that the varied industries carried on from one end of the county to the other have as yet done little to defile and spoil the natural beauty which everywhere abounds. Again, if we contract our survey and confine it to the fair city which, for twelve hundred years past, has nestled in the beautiful vale of the Severn, the points of interest there centred are exceptionally many and noteworthy. The subject of our article leads us elsewhere, but we cannot avoid a passing word of admiration for the cathedral, a noble specimen of Gothic simplicity, of late years magnificently restored.

We mentioned that it was the boast of Worcestershire men that their county contained everything that was needful for their wants, and the Exhibition, which has been open at Worcester these three months past, and which has rightly been attended with so much success,

certainly goes far to justify their assertion. We have elsewhere shown that, as regards the Fine Arts, they possess within their county collections of pictures which can vie with any in the land. The industrial portion of the Exhibition testifies on every side to the multiplicity of the trades and manufactures with which this prolific district abounds.

Entering the building, we are confronted with specimens of two industries which have a world-wide notoriety, namely, the porcelain and the carpets. The former is now carried on with a vigour which has never been equalled since the Royal Worcester Porcelain Works were founded, one hundred and thirty years ago. A glance at the show-cases, which adorn the centre and either side of the nave, shows us that varieties of manufacture are now being introduced which would never be recognised as "Worcester" china by those who only knew it through the fine old ware by which it attained its great name. Fashion has apparently demanded that even such magnificent work as the *déjeuner* service which was presented to the Countess of Dudley on her marriage by the City of Worcester, and which is made of what is known as "jewelled porcelain," should have its day, and

give place to the imperative demand for models founded on a Japanese or Persian style of ornamentation. For this pur-



Embroidery on Cloak found in Well at Wardour Castle.

pose the ivory porcelain, a special body introduced by the manager, Mr. Binns, some twenty-six years ago, has been found to make a beautiful groundwork. We are enabled through his kindness to give a specimen of a vase of this porcelain, designed in the Japanese style; it is richly decorated with modelled gold and bronze, and is supported by three dragons. No visitor to Worcester should omit to visit the works of this company, which are situated near the cathedral, or the museum of old Worcester china which has been formed. This museum, which contains Worcester pottery from the time of the Romans to the present day, is open free.

But the Royal China Works are not by any means the only manufacturers of Worcester's most noteworthy industry. A case labelled with the name of G. Grainger and Co., contains specimens of finely painted and gilded porcelain which were manufactured by them so far back as 1801. A dessert service of their make, in imitation of the old scale blue pattern, is so good as to defy detection. This firm also claim a speciality in their semi-porcelain ware, of which they were the inventors, and for which they hold a patent.

From the other end of the county comes the finest glass, perhaps, which is manufactured in the kingdom. This trade has long been carried on at Stourbridge, and is also now in a flourishing condition. We engrave, by permission of the firm of Messrs. Thomas Webb and Sons, a small two-handled vase, which is decorated with Arabesque ornament of pale green enamel on a brown ground. Notable amongst the exhibits is their engraved glass, which in many cases goes to the highest sources for subjects, as in boldly attempting, and with much success, a frieze from the Elgin marbles. Nor is the glass manufacture confined to one town, for from Dudley Messrs. R. Wilkes send some fine specimens of cut table glass. Worcestershire is nearly as famous for its carpets as for its china. A greater revolution has taken place in these than in aught else. For instance, at Kidderminster, the head-quarters of the trade, every other carpet but that which takes its name from that place is made. In the exhibits of the principal manufacturers, and in the manufacture itself, which is carried on in the building, we find Messrs. Brinton and Co. making Brussels, Wilton, and tapestry carpets; Messrs. Tomkinson and Adam, Royal Axminster or Indian; and Messrs.

Morton and Son, a speciality called Moresque. Nothing is more striking than the change which has come over the pattern and the colours of carpets. It would have been instructive had

the nave been hung on one side with the prize carpets of the Exhibition of 1862, and on the other with those of to-day. On the one side we should have seen gaudy colouring and foliated designs of gigantic size, which would have appeared outrages on good taste compared with the quiet blendings and subdued colourings that are now universally in vogue. Sages, browns, indigos, and buffs seem to have ousted such colours as scarlet, blue, and yellow.

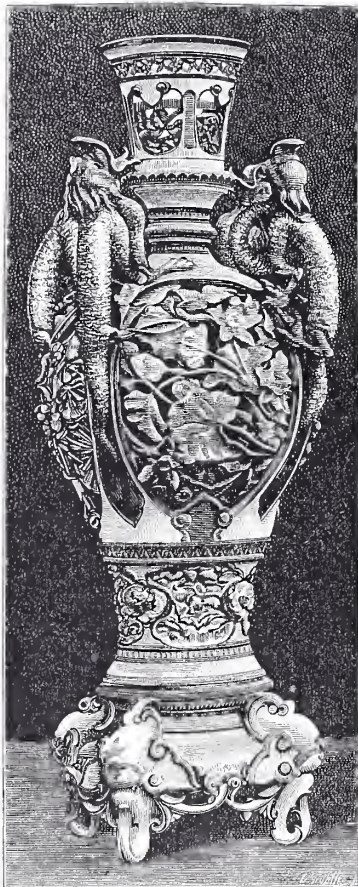
This change of taste is nowhere more apparent than in the matter of the ornaments of our hearth. We are reminded of this by the glittering array of brasswork which meets our eye in the exhibits of Messrs. Robson and Co., and Messrs. Hardy and Padmore. We were delighted to hear from them that if their products are to hold their own nowadays, they must go to the best designers; that many of their fire-grates, for instance, are designed by architects of eminence; and that cost is now held by purchasers to be a secondary consideration to æsthetic merit.

Space will not permit of our mentioning a title of the multitudinous and interesting industries which have sprung up and flourished in this County of Worcester. Most people are aware that one of its chief products is a noted "sauce," and "Dent's gloves" are a household word; but it may be news to the majority that almost all our needles and fish-hooks proceed hence; the deft machinery for sorting and counting the former of these articles is amongst the most

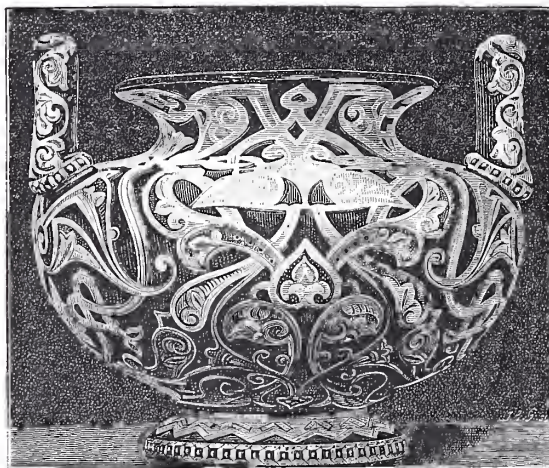
interesting sights of the place. In fact, the large avenue, where carpet, pottery, glove, boot, and other processes are to be seen in full working order, is of greater interest than almost anything else.

It is indeed a sudden change to pass from these modern products to the "Needlework Court," where, under Lady Alwynne Compton's direction, an exceptionally fine collection has been got together. Particularly is it the case as regards a large array of ancient ecclesiastical vestments, of which the majority are in their original state, not having been, as an old Venetian guide-book says, "Subito grave ristaurato." Of thirteenth-century work there are but two small fragments. But to the fourteenth century are ascribed orphreys (or broad strips of embroidery) from a set of vestments belonging to Lord Norreys, and one belonging to Mr. Reeves. They represent the early history of the Virgin, and that of her parents, SS. Joachim and Anna. The story runs through four vestments, and all faults of

drawing are forgotten in the life and expression which animate the whole. Of fifteenth-century work we have the famous frontal



Japanese Vase, Ivory Porcelain. Royal Worcester Works.



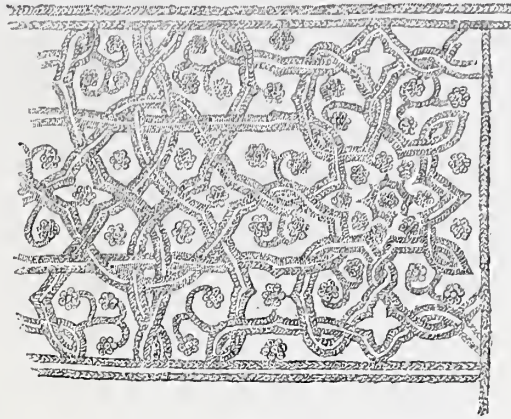
Onyx Vase. Thomas Webb and Sons, Stourbridge.

from Alveley Church, having in the centre a representation of God the Father with the souls of the righteous in His bosom. In another case is the set of vestments of Gothic crimson and gold stuff, which are said to have been found walled up in the old cathedral of Waterford, and which were presented by Lord Shrewsbury to St. Mary's College, Oscott. The work on these was designed at the end of the fifteenth century in the best style of Flemish Art, at the time when the power of expression was so great that all ways of rendering it seemed equally easy, whether in stone or glass, with brush or needle.

In a large case in the centre of the court are four copes and eight chasubles, chiefly of English embroidery of the fifteenth century, and including the cope mentioned by Henry VII. in his will, of which the gold stuff, with its great roses and portcullises, was made at "Florence, in Italy," and the "Westminster Vestment," lent by Lord Arundell, of Wardour, with fine Flemish embroideries and the arms of Charles the Bold and Margaret of York. Among others deserving also of special mention in this case are two chasubles from Stonyhurst, one having a very fine representation of the murder of Thomas à Becket, and another bearing a figure crucified, clothed in a black robe with three crosses in the girdle, and a chalice at the foot of the cross, and with the inscription, "The ride de Lucca." This was said by Dr. Rock to represent a rare Belgian saint, St. Wilgifortis, but there seems no doubt that it is the Rood of Lucca, a very ancient image, representing our Lord robed and crucified. The favourite oath of William Rufus was "Santo Volto di Lucca." The embroidery is Flemish. Another very interesting chasuble is lent by Lady Blunt, and was used in the Church of Mamble till the Restoration.

Of the sixteenth century there are no vestments shown, and where they reappear in the seventeenth century the style is quite changed. The figures, the stories, the teaching, are

gone, as well as the stately heraldic badges of the Tudors. In their stead we have a large case dazzling with white satin



Embroidery on Cloak found in Well at Wardour Castle.

and brilliant embroidery of fruit and flowers and raised gold and silver work, probably Spanish. Several are from the Convent of S. Augustine, Newton Abbott; a set with very highly raised fruits and flowers worked in silk over gold thread are attributed to Dame Winter, of Woollas Hall, Pershore, in 1660, and one is gaily worked in flowers by Mary Blount, Duchess of Norfolk, in 1740. Church-work of our own days is represented by a cope from St. Dominic's, Stone, of beautiful execution, yet hard in form and colour, and an altar frontal from the Leek School of Embroidery, charming in colour, but the figures poor in drawing; and a fine St. Nicholas, after Fra Angelico, worked by the sisters of St. Mary's, Wantage.

The most interesting collection, next to the church-work, is that of old christening clothes, so dainty as to make one believe that they must have been the work of fairy godmothers.



Worcester, from the Severn.

One complete set, not trimmed with lace, but having a crown marked in one or two of the pieces, is said to have been made by Princess Elizabeth and her ladies for Queen Mary. It has

always been kept at Ashridge in a little old box, on which is written, "Queen Mary's child-bed linnen." The next set, attributed to Charles I., is trimmed with Flemish lace.

There are many specimens of the "bearing robe," which it was the custom for the sponsors to present. Two—one belonging to King James II., and another to Bishop Lloyd, of Worcester—are of scarlet velvet, trimmed with silver lace; another of blue satin, with gold and silver lace; white satin, embroidered, etc. But the most remarkable of all is a little cloak or mantle, lent by Lady Arundell, of Wardour, with the romantic tradition that it was found during the civil wars at the bottom of a dry well at Wardour Castle. It is about a yard long, is very full, gathered closely into the neck, with a falling collar. The cloak is trimmed with narrow lace made with the needle, with three long pieces inserted in the sides

and centre. It is of linen, and is embroidered all over with thread, with interlacing patterns of Moorish design, in very fine chainstitch, the needle being always slanted. Two illustrations are given of some details of the patterns, but it is impossible to render an idea of the extraordinary beauty and intricacy of the work. We know nothing like it. It has been suggested that it is Moorish, and may have come from Spain in Queen Mary's time.

We have to thank Lady Alwynne Compton for the particulars as to the needlework, and Mr. S. Smith, of the Worcester Library, for those respecting the industrial portion of this article.

SYMBOLS OF SAINTS IN ART.

IT has been a custom with artists of all ages to distinguish saints by various symbols and badges, a brief enumeration of which may not prove unacceptable; and we propose, without touching on their origin or antiquity, or going minutely into details, to name the principal of these symbols.

A book occurs in several representations: a book and crosier being symbolical of St. Bridget; a book and palm-branch of St. Barbara; a book and gridiron of St. Laurence; and a book and arrows of St. Ursula. St. Anne, too, is depicted with a book in her hand; St. Barnabas with an open book in one hand and a staff in the other. St. Paul carries a sword and book, and St. Jerome reads a large folio volume.

St. Lucy is represented carrying a palm-branch and a dish with two eyes on it, or with a short staff in her hand and the devil behind her. In the representations of St. Theodora, that saint is being tempted by the devil, who is holding her by the hand.

Several of the saints are represented with dragons. The symbol of St. George is, perhaps, the best known. St. Michael is shown as a young man, winged, dressed in white or armour, and armed with a shield and lance, with which he is combating a dragon. St. Margaret is depicted as a beautiful young woman coming from the mouth of a dragon, trampling it under foot, or slaying it with the cross. She is also represented with the martyr's palm and crown, accompanied by a dragon. A bound dragon is represented with St. Martha, who carries a bunch of keys in her girdle and a pot of water in her hand. The symbol of St. John the Evangelist is a chalice, from which a winged serpent or dragon is issuing.

In many cases the instruments with which saints have been killed or injured appear as their symbols. Thus the symbol of St. Bartholomew is the knife with which he was flayed; of St. Simon the saw with which he was cut asunder; of St. Jude a club or lance; of St. Thomas a lance; of St. Andrew the X-shaped cross on which he was crucified; of St. Mathias the battle-axe with which he was beheaded; of St. Blaise the iron combs with which he was torn to pieces; of St. Catherine the wheel on which she was put to death; of St. Clement an anchor, which was tied round his neck when he was drowned; of St. Faith and St. Vincent a gridiron, on which they were roasted; of St. James the Less a fuller's pole; and of St. Philip a pastoral staff surmounted with a cross, this saint having been hanged on a tall pole.

Lilies enter into several of the symbols. St. Gabriel is represented with some lilies in a pot between him and the Virgin Mary; a lily on a trampled globe is the symbol of St. Francis; and the Virgin Mary is depicted with the infant Jesus in her arms and a lily displayed in some part of the design. St. Dorothy is represented carrying a basket of fruit, and St. Flower with her head in her hand and a flower growing out of her neck.

With regard to the animals and birds which are used as symbols, a lion is symbolical of St. Mark, a flying eagle of St. John, an ox of St. Luke. St. Agnes is represented with a lamb by her side; St. Anthony with a pig by his side and in his hand a *tau* cross with a bell at the end; St. Elizabeth with St. John and the Lamb at her feet; and St. Giles with a hind resting its head in his lap. St. Roche, with a plaque mark on his thigh, wears a wallet, and is accompanied by a dog with a loaf in its mouth. In the representations of Noah a dove is depicted with an olive-branch in its mouth. St. Cecilia is represented playing on a harp or organ; St. Cuthbert holds St. Osbold's head in his hand; and St. Denys holds his own mitred head in his hand.

The symbol of St. Felix is an anchor; of St. Asaph and St. Aidan a crosier; of St. Clement a pot, or papal crown; of St. James the Greater a scallop shell, a gourd bottle, or a pilgrim's staff; of St. Loy a hammer and crosier; of St. Francis a scraph inflicting the five wounds received by Christ; of St. Mary Magdalen a box of ointment; of St. David a leek; of St. Nicholas a tub containing naked infants; of St. Ignatius the monogram I.H.S. in the sky or on his breast; of St. Louis the arms of France at the feet of a kneeling king; of Judas Iscariot a bag; and of St. Peter a bunch of keys.

St. Christopher is depicted as a giant carrying Christ across a river; St. Fyacre dressed in a long robe praying, with his beads in his hand; St. Agatha with her breasts in a dish; St. Julian ferrying people over a river; and St. Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar. St. Matthew is represented with a scroll and pen in his hand, and looking towards his left at an angel; Esau with bow and arrows; Solomon in royal robes, with an arch above him; St. Stephen with a book and stone in his hand; St. Thomas holding a stone or a builder's rule; and St. Sebastian tied to a tree with his hands behind him, two archers standing by his side, and several arrows through his body.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



SEVERAL of our examples this month are taken from the decorations of weapons, to which, as before observed, so much Art was applied during the mediæval and the Renaissance periods, sometimes almost to the detriment of the value of the weapons in regard

to their suitability for actual purposes of offence and defence. The greatest refinements of Renaissance work in the matter of arms and armour were bestowed on the latter, and not improperly, since, although weapons may easily be so much ornamented as to be unsuitable for actual use, or to appear so, the function of armour is passive rather than active, and no elaboration of ornament on the metal surfaces displayed by breast-plates and shoulder-pieces can well interfere with the utility of the metal as a protection to the body. Hence there arose in the sixteenth century a fashion of great splendour in the chasing and decoration of armour, into which gold and silver often entered largely, in which men vied with one another in display; just as at a later period in the case of lace, coats, and cloaks. Subsequently, the extreme splendour of armour began to diminish, or at least to assume a richer and more sober effect, owing to the taste which gradually sprung up for brown, or, as it was sometimes called, russet armour, in which a rich brown surface, formed of oxidised iron,

took the place of the polished and glittering steel of previous generations. This brown armour, however, was found to form a most effective ground for gold enrichment and inlay, and had, perhaps, an effect as truly artistic as the bright steel armour, and was better adapted for rough usage in warfare. However unlimited may be the license allowed to the decoration of armour, that of arms must, nevertheless, be kept in due subordination to the use which is to be made of the weapon, and nothing ought really to be allowed which tends to impair

No. 73.—Detail—Termination of Dagger-sheath, by H. Aldegrever, 1536.

the suitability of the object in this respect. The fine specimen of rich and massive decorative treatment which we give here,

the dagger sheath by Aldegrever, No. 74, comes of course more under the heading of armour than of arms; it is the sheath of



No. 74.—Dagger and Sheath, by H. Aldegrever, 1536.

the dagger, as the armour at large is the sheath of the warrior himself. It is therefore legitimately the subject of rich decoration, the only practical limit being that it shall not assume any form which will render it an inconvenient object to hang by the side, or an insecure "carriage" (as Osric calls it)* for the weapon. The sheath here illustrated is fairly in accordance with these conditions. The top of the sheath is not, perhaps, quite as "responsive to the hilt" as it might be; the curved brackets which issue from the rim and turn over under the hilt leave an unsupported space in the intermediate portion, which is a little awkward, and makes a bad seat for the hilt. In all probability these scroll projections, as well as those at the foot of the sheath, are intended partly for a practical purpose, viz. to prevent it rolling when laid down, and are on that ground defensible, though they are somewhat awkwardly fitted into the main design, and the attempt to connect the design of the hilt with them by the small leaves on its upper rim over each of the scrolls, though well intended, is rather too like an after-thought. The shape of the hilt is one which was very common for daggers for a considerable period, and it is very solid and effective, but cannot be said to be very well suited for the hand; the part for grasping is liable to cause discomfort to a tight grip, and the broad circular pommel at

* "Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit."

* Continued from page 284.

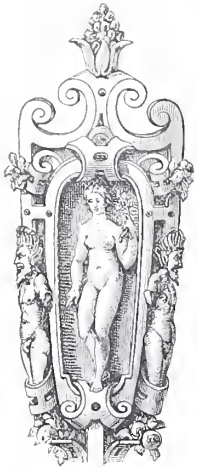
the top must have grazed the wrist so disagreeably in use that it is matter for surprise that this form of handle should have been so much employed as it certainly was. The remaining portion is admirable in effect; rich, and at the same time solid; the ornament is carefully distributed, the portions occupied by figures and foliage respectively being divided by a broad and well-marked ring, a similar ring marking the termination of the sheath. The figures again illustrate the almost universal tendency of the Renaissance ornamentists to introduce the figure wherever possible; those here introduced appear to be elegant and well modelled as far as one can see on this small scale; their meaning is not obvious, but they possibly represent Hercules and Omphale. The figures introduced in the decoration of arms, it may be observed, had often, in the Renaissance

period at least, no relation whatever to the uses of the object on which they were worked; they were introduced simply for their intrinsic beauty. The most interesting portion of this sheath, to the student of ornament, is the lower part of the shank, part of which is given on a larger scale in No. 73, because this represents the influence of German taste on the foliage ornament of the Renaissance. It is freer, fuller, and more naturalistic than the Italian ornament of the same class, though somewhat less refined. The German designers, while adopting many of the quasi-architectural details of Italian ornament of this period pretty nearly without alteration, generally put into their foliage ornament a style and feeling of their own, of which the present example is a good instance. Aldegrever, to whom the design is attributed, was one of the ablest of the German decorative designers, and derived a good deal of his taste in Art from Dürer, under whom he studied, more or less. He was born in 1502.

Occasionally silver dagger-sheaths and hilts of this class were studded with precious stones, rubies being not unfrequently used; perhaps, in reality, from some such ominous association of colour as is suggested in poetical form in the lines—

“A ruby crowned the hilt, a drop of blood,
That seemed to make suggestion to the
blade.”

There is certainly no warlike suggestion, however, about the design for the handle of a dagger, No. 75, in which the principal object is a figure which can only be interpreted as that of Peace bearing the olive-branch; an odd ornament for a weapon, unless intended as a kind of practical illustration of the proverb, “Si vis pacem, para bellum.” The figure is prettily modelled, and well placed within a little niche, so as to appear to some extent recessed and protected from too rough usage. The remainder of the handle is a conglomera-



No. 75.—Pommel of
Dagger: Venetian
Work.



No. 76.—Termination of
Dagger-sheath: Venetian.

tion of the strap work which belongs to a late period of the Renaissance, and was more adopted in French and in late Venetian work (of which this is an example), than in Florentine Art. It cannot be said to be very suitable for its purpose, being neither very convenient for the hand nor having that appearance of solidity and strength which ought to characterize a handle intended for strenuous usage. The foot of the sheath is given, No. 76, and is a very rich piece of work, representing, however, the worst side of Renaissance taste in its conglomeration of all kinds of heterogeneous masks and accessories thrown together without any meaning. In point of taste in design, this example is far below that of Aldegrever, in comparison with which it is almost vulgar.

The specimen of the pike given in No. 77 takes us from one of the smallest to one of the largest and longest of offensive weapons of “cold steel.” The pike, at different periods of its history, varied from 15 to 18 feet in length. In one form it was a further development of the old English weapon called a “bill,” mentioned in Shakespeare so often, the bill having a blade with a hook on one side of its base, the blade of the pike assuming a symmetrical form, with a hook, or two hooks, on either side of the central blade. The pike figured here was of French make, having been presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. It is a pike for state purposes, a weapon for show rather than use: so that its rich ornamentation is quite in place, and, indeed, would not interfere with its actual use as a weapon, since the upper portion of the blade is left plain. The reader may here see how exactly the same principle in the application of ornament is exemplified in this weapon as in so different an object as the mediæval chalice. We pointed out how in the chalice the lower portion of the cup only was chased and gemmed, the rim being left perfectly plain, so as to be convenient for use. Here is exactly the same principle in the decoration of this



No. 77.—Head of State Pike, presented
to Henry VIII. by Francis I.
From Windsor Castle.

pike; the ornament is concentrated about the base of the blade; the portion which, if the weapon were used in actual warfare, would be the working portion of the blade, is left quite plain, and capable of being ground and sharpened without interfering in any way with the design. That this question of the placing of the ornament is of real importance will be evident enough if we imagine for a moment how absurd and preposterous this object under consideration would appear if the conditions were reversed, and all the ornament placed on the end of the blade and the base left plain. As it is, the hooks are over-ornamented if they were supposed to be of any use; but, as a matter of fact, they hardly could be, being too far back from the point ever to come into action as part of the weapon, and are only intended to make it look dangerous. There is a certain Moorish appearance in the shape of these hooks which renders it probable that this was the form of pike sometimes called a "Morris" pike, a corruption of "Moorish," and the form of which was apparently derived from a Moorish weapon. The ornament on the blade cannot be said to be very appropriate to its situation, nor does it fill the space well or evenly; a flowing ornament of a homogeneous character, springing from the centre, and developing itself regularly outward to the edges, would have had a much better effect. The original of this illustration is, we believe, now in the collection of arms at Windsor.

The key shown in No. 78, an example of the time of Queen Elizabeth, is the only one in our series, but it is a beautiful specimen. Perhaps it might have been all the more effective if part of the shank had been left plain, and the ornament concentrated on the upper portion nearest the handle, but this is the only criticism to which it is open. The treatment



No. 78.—*Pass Key, time of Elizabeth.*

of the handle is admirable; the delicate looking open-work design is nevertheless capable of being made quite strong enough for its purpose, and it is spread out into a broad flat form suitable for the grasp of the fingers and thumb in using it. The form of the ornament is made subordinate to practical suitability, as it ought to be in every article that is intended for any kind of practical use, and not merely to be looked at.

From a key to a box is a natural transition. The trunk No. 79 is of interest both historically and artistically. It was the travelling trunk of William III. (in whose possession it is now we are unable to say). It is a good example of decorative effect arising out of the treatment of necessary utilitarian features. The brass nails with which the chest is studded are arranged in a very agreeable decorative pattern; the angle pieces of metal are formed into a decorative shape suggestive also of a crown, and the key-plate is finely and boldly treated as the centre of the design. There is nothing which is in the least out of keeping with the every-day practical use of a travelling trunk, yet the whole effect is rich and pleasing.

The spur of the time of Henry VIII., of which an illustration is given (No. 78), represents one only of the various forms which this implement assumed at different periods of its history. The spur was in existence long before its most characteristic feature, the rowel, was invented. The Roman and the early English spurs were in the form of a simple barbed spike, somewhat like an arrow-head. The rowel was invented about the time of Henry III., and in most of the older forms of spur the shank was either straight or slightly curved upwards. The form of the rowel varied greatly at different periods; at one time—about Edward IV.—it was

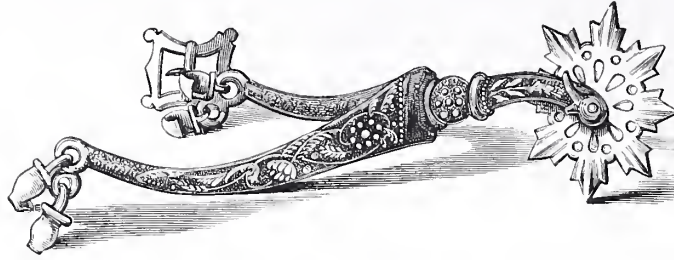


No. 79.—*Travelling Chest of William III.*

made with a few very long spikes, as much as three inches in length; but this was an exceptional, and probably not really

a very useful, form, and both before and after that date the rowel had short spikes, not longer, on the average, than those

in use at the present day. It was about the time of Henry VII. that the rowel began to assume a distinctly ornamental form, the spikes spreading out in broad leaves, cut into ornamental shapes at the points, and giving the general idea of a conventional decorative flower. This form of spur continued in use till the early part at least of the reign of Elizabeth, and it is this form which is here represented. At the same time came in the custom of making the shank with a convex curve upwards, which not only has a handsome effect, but is a practical improvement in bringing the spur



No. 80.--Spur of the time of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth.

to bear more horizontally when used. The form of the rowel, on the contrary, must be regarded as an example of ornamental treatment which is not derived from utility, for in this respect such a form of rowel is far less practical and purpose-like than most of those which preceded and followed it. The thing looks, in fact, like a show spur for full dress; but they were all made on this kind of pattern during the

time we have alluded to. The ornament of the heel-piece is very tasteful and effective, and appears to be chased work.

THE HEAD OF AN OLD MAN :

FROM A DRAWING IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

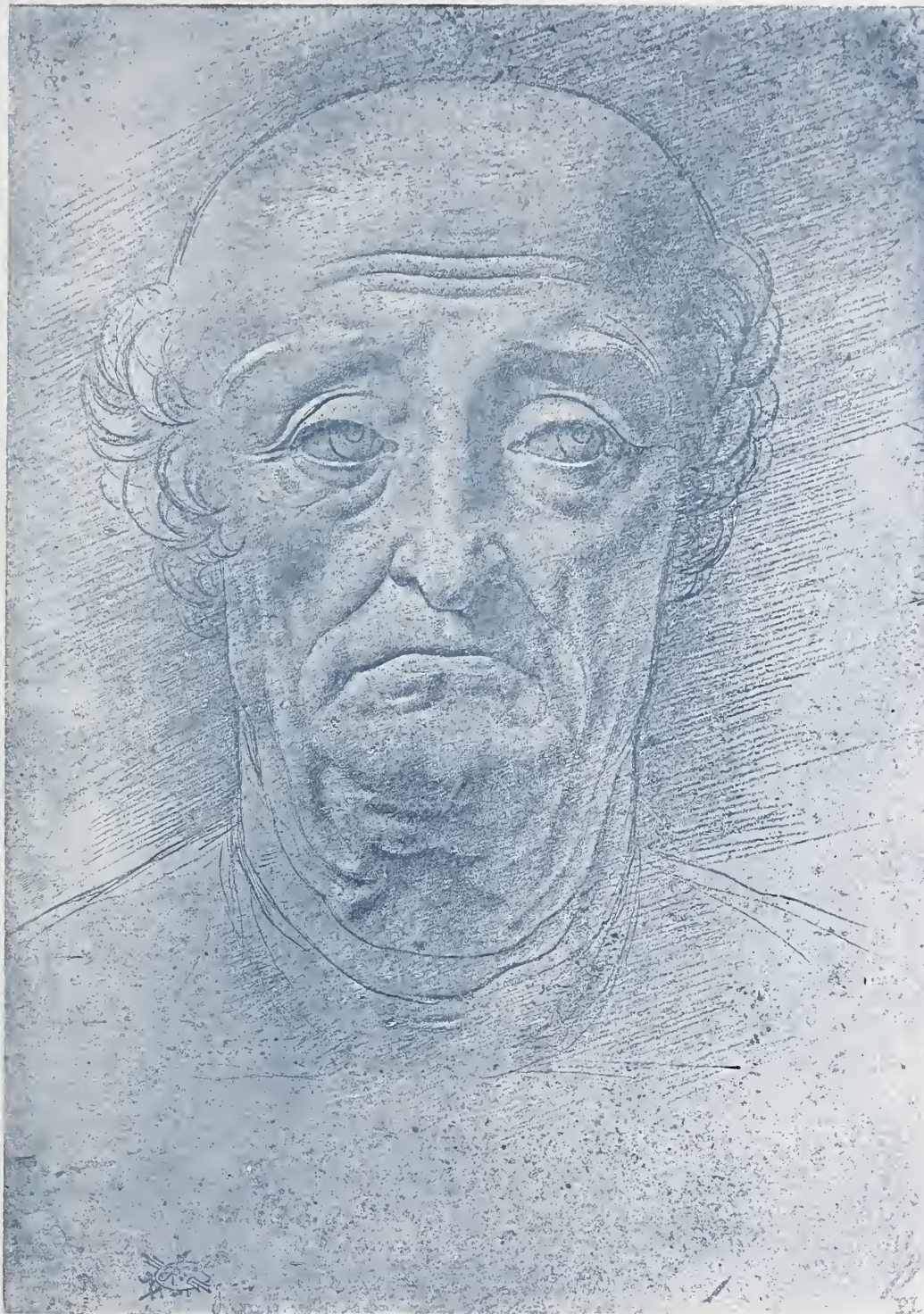
THIS drawing, of which we give a fac-simile in our full-page illustration, is one of the choicest treasures of the National Collection, and is especially held in well-deserved reputation. As we had lately occasion to remark, Leonardo da Vinci employed various methods in making his designs; they range from the most highly finished water-colour drawings to the roughest blottings in pen and ink. And it is interesting to observe how his unerring artistic instinct invariably selected the right material. This is very perceptible in examining an important collection like that in the Royal Library at Windsor. Where plain scientific facts are to be noted, Leonardo will generally use the pen, whereby he can more accurately define the intricacies of some machine of peace or war; the same method he found the readiest and most efficient to indicate the muscles and bones in his anatomical studies. But this selective faculty is perhaps most strikingly shown in the landscape studies. The student will not fail to notice how invariably the motive of the drawing governs its procedure. So, too, in the studies of drapery; and when we finally arrive at the heads, we find also the same rule holds good.

In the drawing before us Leonardo has set himself the task of delineating form with the minutest accuracy. And it must be admitted he could not have chosen a head better adapted for such a purpose. The bald head and clean-shaven countenance show every feature and muscle, so that no particle of character is lost. It is precisely the type that Leonardo delights in illustrating; one on which he can display his marvellous power of manipulation, and no less marvellous faculty of analysis. Not a line or a wrinkle, not a fold of the skin or the tightening of a muscle, is lost; and, moreover, under the worn integument we plainly discern the bony structure of the skull. It is simply the perfection of portrait drawing. There is the utmost possible realisation of form, all the parts are in perfect subordination, and the finish is of such subtlety that there is no appearance of execution. It seems rather a growth of nature than the work of the hand of man. With all the uncompromising realisation of form, it will of

course be seen that in this instance Leonardo has not aimed at a representation which shall be in any way deceptive. Therefore he has chosen a delicate grey paper, using the firm silver point to define form, and attaining relief by added tints of white. By this method something of the effect of sculpture is attained. Leonardo, it will be remembered, is styled by Vasari painter and sculptor, and besides the model of the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, his biographer refers to the figures over the north door of San Giovanni, at Florence, as being also executed by the master.

It is, perhaps, impossible to determine whether the head before us was intended for a study of a work in sculpture or painting. The same features are seen in other drawings by Leonardo, so it is likely the individual may have been a friend of the painter. If made as a study for one of the figures in a painting, it would probably be for a composition of a Holy Family or an Adoration of the Kings; the formality of the arrangement would naturally exclude it from being part of a design embodying strong dramatic action. For whatever purpose the drawing was made, it fully bears out the high character ascribed to his work by Vasari, who says, "He drew on paper also with so much care and so perfectly, that no one has ever equalled him in this respect; I have a head by him in chiaro-scuro, which is incomparably beautiful."

Simply from an artistic point of view, we venture to call attention to the remarkable accuracy of our reproduction of Leonardo's drawing. Without for a moment implying that, as a work of Art, it has the same value as the original, yet for all practical purposes, and especially for the purpose of study, the difference is scarcely appreciable. Fears have sometimes been expressed that photography may be injurious to Fine Art. A work like this is a triumphant answer to such misgivings. Here photography is seen fulfilling its true function, as the servant and minister of Art. And, indeed, such service is the ultimate object of all science. It is only when science has passed through the alembic of Art that it attains its highest and ideal expression.



FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

LONDON: J. S. VIRTUE & CO LIMITED.

THE ART SALES OF 1882.

THE greatest Art Sale of 1882—or indeed of the century—the Hamilton Palace Collection, has already received due recognition in our columns (see pages 246, 273); and in noticing the other sales of the past season we have space only to mention the works which obtained high prices. From the list appended it appears that no less than twenty pictures were sold for over a thousand pounds each, and of these nine are the work of living artists.

The highest price was obtained for Mr. E. Long's 'Babylonian Marriage Market,' which was sold to Mr. Thomas Holloway for £6,615, an amount exactly similar to that paid by the same gentleman in May, last year, for Landseer's 'Man Proposes,' which had hitherto been the largest sum ever paid for a modern picture. The Long picture, however, had the copyright attached, and had not been engraved. The second highest price was secured for Meissonier's 'Napoleon I. at the Campaign of Paris'—belonging to Mr. Ruskin—the enormous sum of £6,090 being paid for a canvas measuring only 12½ by 9½ inches; it has passed into the collection of Defoer Bey, of Paris.

Where not otherwise stated the work is a picture in oils.

FEBRUARY 25TH. LATE J. HENDERSON.

Hunt, W.	Black Grapes, <i>Water Colour</i>	£210
Guardi, F.	Grand Canal, Venice	404
Do.	Entrance to Grand Canal	210
Do.	Piazza di San Marco	204
Müller, W.	A View of Tivoli	262
Snyders, F.	The Larder Invaded	236
Van der Capella	A Frozen River Scene	257

MARCH 4TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Ansdell, R.	El Puento Viejo, Granada	£304
Creswick, T.	A River Scene	498
Hardy, F. D.	The Wedding Breakfast	535
Horsley, J. C.	Le Jour des Morts	483
Verboeckhoven, E.	The Fond Mother	320
Ward, E. M.	Judge Jeffreys and Baxter	399

MARCH 10TH AND 11TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Collier, T.	Blythburgh Common, <i>Water</i>	£320
Hunt, W.	Pine, Melon, and Grapes, <i>Water</i>	236
Turner, J. M. W.	St. Agatha's Abbey, <i>Water</i>	472
Do.	St. Mawes, Cornwall, <i>Water</i>	220
Alma-Tadema, L.	Sortant de l'Eglise	441
Bouguereau, A. W.	Charity	388
Callcott, Sir A. W.	A River Scene	2,152
Do.	Smugglers Alarmed	577
Claude	A Herdsman and a Woman	425
Clays, P. J.	A Calm in the Scheldt	315
Cooke, E. W.	Ruins at Philæ	336
Davis, H. W. B.	Sunrise at Boulogne	325
Orchardson, W. Q.	The Challenge	504
Ziem, F.	Vue de Venise	325

MARCH 18TH. G. R. BURNETT.

Billet, Pierre	Landscape	£472
Do.	Laveuses à Yport	525
Gregory, E. J.	Dawn	430
Hook, J. C.	Gathering Sea-weed	913
Do.	Home with the Tide	1,333
Do.	Sailor's Wedding Party	1,060
Müller, W.	View in Wales	572

MARCH 23RD TO 25TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Dawson, H.	Fir-trees, Thorpe Plaee, <i>Water</i>	£231
Do.	Ancient City	556
Do.	Arundel Castle, Sunset	336
Do.	Dover Castle	399
Do.	Durham Cathedral, Sunset	1,050
Do.	Guardship Saluting	577

MARCH 31ST. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Cox, D.	Richmond, York, <i>Water Colour</i>	£210
Do.	Flying the Kite, <i>Water</i>	256
Do.	Haddon Hall, <i>Water</i>	215
Do.	Beaumaris, <i>Water</i>	236
De Wint	Putney Bridge, <i>Water</i>	761
Do.	Saltwood Castle, Kent, <i>Water</i>	315
Fielding, C.	Loch Tay, <i>Water</i>	252
Do.	Highland Lake Scene, <i>Water</i>	252
Gilbert, Sir J.	Richard II. & Bolingbroke, <i>Water</i>	409
Hook, J. C.	Evening at Larice	346

APRIL 22ND. J. S. FORBES.

Clays, P. J.	Outward Bound	£404
Corot, J.	Evening	362
Do.	Landseape with Figures	336
Daubigny	Sunset on the Oise	360
Israels, J.	Out of Darkness into Light	1,102
Do.	Convalescent	577
Leys, Baron	Coming from Church	362
Munkaesy.	The Seasons (Four)	509
Do.	Picking Lint, War Time	1,207
Do.	Washerwomen	315
Sadée, T.	Crossing the Heath	372
Schreyer	Arabs Hunting	330
Tidemand	Norwegian Wedding	682
Van Marcke	Cattle	446
Do.	Cattle at Pasture	424

APRIL 29TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.

Haghe, L.	Oudenarde, <i>Water</i>	£260
Cooke, E. W.	Venice	378
Creswick, T.	Glangariff, Cork	320
Dawson, H.	Banks of the Trent	420
Hook, J. C.	"Whose Bread is on the Waters"	372
MacWhirter, J.	The Lord of the Glen	351

MAY 6TH. COL. ARBUTHNOT.

Green, C.	"Here they Come," <i>Water</i>	£330
Gow, A. C.	Requisitionists, <i>Water</i>	252
Do.	Jacobite Rendezvous, <i>Water</i>	325
Meissonier, E.	Corporal of the Guard, <i>Water</i>	514
Alma-Tadema, L.	Musician, <i>Water</i>	262
Collier, T.	Richmond, York, <i>Water</i>	304
Foster, B.	Primrose Gatherers, <i>Water</i>	231
Domingo	Interior of Cabaret	325
Hook, J. C.	Little Blue Bay	966
Israels, J.	The Convalescent	798
Do.	The First Sail	330
Linnell, J.	Returning from Corn-field	798
Madrazo	The Grisette	325
Millais, J. E.	Effie Deans	802
Nicoll, E.	Both Puzzled	357
Van Dyck	King Charles I.	2,200

MAY 13TH. LATE E. HERMON.

Calderon, P. H.	Cloisters at Arles	£446
Cooke, E. W.	Dutch Beurtnan Aground	535
Cox, D.	Changing Pastures	1,470
Do.	Carrying Vetches	535
Do.	Going to the Hay-field	1,035
Faed, T.	Taking Rest	745
Frith, W. P.	Altisidora	504
Graham, P.	Highland Spate	787
Do.	Deep Seas	798
Holl, F.	Committed for Trial	808
Holland, J.	Gesuiti Chiesa	241
Do.	Barbarigo Palae	320
Hunter, C.	Store for the Cabin	336
Landseer, Sir E.	Poachers Deer-stalking	840
Do.	Old Brutus	420
Long, E.	Babylonian Marriage Market	6,615
Do.	Suppliants	4,305
Do.	Billeting in Cadiz	525
MacWhirter, J.	Spindrift	315
Millais, J. E.	My Ruinous Walk	945
Do.	Getting Better	850
Morris, P. R.	The Bathers Disturbed	325

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITIONS.

THE EXHIBITION OF IRISH ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

—The collection of pictures in the Art department of this exhibition is select although not extensive, but has the advantage of being fairly representative of Irish Art during this century. Amongst living Irish artists of eminence we may mention Sir T. A. Jones, P.R.H.A., who exhibits a portrait of E. D. Gray, M.P., and 'Sabina,' the latter remarkable for the fine and truthful rendering of the flesh, both in colour and modelling. B. Colles Watkins is in his most poetical mood in 'Ecclesiastical Ruins, Co. Clare,' and 'Mountain Homesteads.' P. V. Duffy, exhibits several of his charming landscapes in the Co. Wicklow and elsewhere. C. Grey, and his three sons, Alfred, James, and Gregor, are well to the front, and A. J. Mayne, sends several small views of the neighbourhood of Dublin. J. Brenan, also exhibits some of his quaint subjects of Irish character; and we note with pleasure the pictures by J. B. Brenan and S. Catterson Smith. Amongst the works of Irish artists resident out of the country we notice those of Edwin Hayes, F. Walker, R. Marquis, E. B. De Satur, C. W. Nicholls, R. P. Staples, and R. C. Smith. Amongst examples of the works of distinguished painters who in bygone days upheld the credit of Irish Art may be mentioned Maclise's 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' N. J. Crowley's 'Taking the Veil,' and an excellent portrait of Daniel O'Connell, painted during the sitter's imprisonment; Martin Cregan's whole-length portrait of Mrs. Johnson, wife of the first President of the Royal Hibernian Academy; Catterson Smith's 'A Young Soldier,' a Rembrandt-esque treatment of a boy with a helmet; also specimens of R. Rothwell, W. Haverty, and G. Sharp. There are also pictures interesting from a purely historical point of view; for instance, 'The Irish House of Commons, 1790;' 'O'Connell addressing the Great Clifden Meeting;' 'St. Patrick's Close,' by H. Macmanus; 'Punchestown, 1868,' by J. F. O'Hea; and a fine portrait of George IV., by Sir Thomas Lawrence. There are also numerous works in sculpture, a branch of the Fine Arts in which Irishmen have long held a prominent position, amongst them a vast collection of productions by Foley, who as much as any one contributed to the result mentioned. John Hogan's fine bust of O'Connell also deserves attention, both from an artistic and national point of view. The resident Dublin sculptor, Thomas Farrell, who is a large contributor, bids fair to rival the reputation of his predecessors.

LIVERPOOL.—The twelfth Autumn Exhibition held by the Corporation of Liverpool was opened on the 4th ult., and promises to be even more successful than its predecessors. At the private view ninety-one pictures were sold, and since that date a number of other works have found purchasers; the amount realised being considerably in excess of the sum for the same period last year. There is no doubt that much of the popularity and success of this exhibition is due to the spirited manner in which it is conducted by the committee, and the liberal support accorded to it by wealthy merchants and others in the district, who last year made purchases amounting to £12,000. The present exhibition contains one thousand five hundred and eighty-nine works, of which eight hundred and twenty-five are oil paintings, and the remainder water colours, etchings, and sculptures. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.,

has contributed his 'Phryne,' which has a place of honour. In the same room, in a central position, is Mr. Goodall's 'Memphis.' A large number of the exhibits were recently shown at the Royal Academy. What may be termed the Liverpool School is well represented in landscapes, mostly depicting scenes in North Wales; many of these show an advance upon previous efforts, notably the works of Messrs. Finnie, Hartland, Salmon, Eden, Hime, Cooke, Rigby, Huson, Fowler, Pedder, Lang, MacDougal, Towers, and Ghent—the latter has made a success in his 'Nature's Mirror,' a scene in the Conway Valley; this work has been accorded a place of honour, and has been purchased for presentation to the Corporation collection. The Arts Committee have also made two purchases from the exhibition, viz. 'A Street in Brittany' (S. A. Forbes), and 'The Moray Firth' (J. Fraser).

MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.—The Autumn Exhibition opened on September 13th. The council have concluded their negotiations with the corporation of the city to transfer the building, and the works comprised in the permanent gallery, as a gift, conditionally on its being permanently kept up, and enriched by an expenditure of not less than £2,000 per annum in the purchase of works of Art. This is, therefore, the last occasion on which the Institution will be under management of the present council. The collection, as the usual, is a reflex of the summer exhibitions in London and Paris; though we hope the time is not far distant when the corporation will be able to limit their exhibits to works which have not been previously shown. An endeavour is being made to attract the working-classes by lowering the admission on Saturday afternoons, and it is hoped that explanatory lectures may also be given.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTISTS, BIRMINGHAM.—The Autumn Exhibition of this Society was opened on the 28th of August, just before the great Triennial Musical Festival. The two arts appear to have vied with each other, and the achievements of both are deserving of high praise. The exhibitions here are usually prepared with additional care and effort in the Festival year; and though they have now been in existence for forty-five years, it is the general opinion that the present is the finest ever held. Many of the principal works have been seen on the walls of the Academy or Grosvenor, and have already been noticed in our pages, but it is very pleasant to see them again in a new light, and with fresh surroundings—all showing to great advantage in these admirable rooms. Among members of the Society, the veteran landscapist, Mr. F. H. Henshaw, is well represented. Mr. E. R. Taylor, head-master of the School of Art, also appears in force, 'The Mill at Rest' being especially successful. Mr. S. H. Baker shows landscapes distinguished by quiet beauty and grace. The hon. secretary, Mr. Jonathan Pratt, has portraits and figure-subjects painted in Brittany; Mr. Munns' two characteristic portraits and a vigorous landscape, 'Mid Gathering Mists.' The most remarkable work by an Associate of the Society is 'Petitioners in the Ante-chamber,' by Mr. W. J. Wainwright. Though the first time the artist has exhibited an oil picture, it possesses sterling qualities. We must not omit to mention a portrait of Mr. John Bright by Mr. F. Holl, A.R.A., which is to be presented to him on his attaining the twenty-fifth year of his representation of the borough.

GLASGOW INSTITUTE OF THE FINE ARTS.—The third Autumn Exhibition opened on the 5th ult. It comprises works in black-and-white and drawings by the members of the Scottish Water-Colour Society. The black-and-white exhibitions have attracted widespread attention, and done much to educate and enlarge Art tastes and sympathies north of the Tweed. It is not too much to say that it is the Institute that has introduced to the Scottish public such men as Lhermitte, Lalanne, Lalauze, Rajon, Buhot, Bracquemond, Flameng, and many others who have won high distinction in this *métier*. One of the main features this year is the collection of Méryon drawings and etchings, lent by Mr. B. B. Macgeorge, of Glasgow. This is the most complete collection that has yet been got together. It numbers one hundred and thirty-eight. Among the artists exhibiting in charcoal, the French occupy the first rank. Lhermitte is represented by five drawings; the best are probably 'Le Pot de Vin' and 'Praying for the Sick Child.' The landscapes in charcoal by Lalanne, Velay, Karl Robert, Darinois, Vauthier, Allongé, Trouville, Vignal, and Mdlle. Piaud show admirable mastery over the material. Aumonier contributes a fine drawing, 'The Ferry, Evening;' and the best work from the west of Scotland is 'Heigho, the Wind and the Rain,' a large study of horses by D. MacLaurin. C. J. Lauder, W. Young, P. Buchanan, J. Henderson, and T. McEwan are among the Glasgow painters who have done well. A. Wasse's study of a monk is strong and full of character. J. D. Watson's pencil drawings are admirable in their ease and grace. Professor Legros' 'Head of a Young Woman' is a powerful piece of drawing, tender, yet decided and exact. The drawings by Wm. Small, Du Maurier, and others well known in connection with illustrated literature, are full of interest. Altogether there is much to instruct the younger generation of Scottish artists, who are far too strongly disposed to neglect exact drawing. The exhibits number altogether seven hundred and forty-four. Two hundred and forty-seven drawings in the Water-Colour Department testify to the great advance made by the members of the Society. The two honorary members, Alma-Tadema, R.A., and Sir W. Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., are both represented. The works by Wm. MacTaggart, R.S.A., appeal to purely artistic judgments and sympathies; "the rascal many" will find little in them to admire. David Murray's works are delicious in colour; and D. MacLaurin has two tender little drawings. We must also call attention to the works of the President, F. Powell, R. W. Allan, Wm. Young, Thos. Hunt, A. K. Brown, Alex. Davidson, Duncan Mackellar, Wm. Carlaw, J. D. Adam, and Wm. Glover. If we except, perhaps, a tendency to exaggeration and eccentricity in colour, the present exhibition shows that the Scottish aquarellists are making healthy progress.

CHINA PAINTING.—The seventh Annual Exhibition of Paintings on China by lady amateurs, held at Messrs. Howell and

James's, Regent Street, closed last month. It may interest our readers to learn that *The Art Journal* prize was gained by Miss C. J. Barber, a pupil of the Lambeth School of Art. Miss Barber's design was a semi-conventional treatment of white dog-roses with bullfinches, on a plaque having a deep conventional border, and was purchased by H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Hesse.

NOTTINGHAM.—The second Autumn Exhibition of modern pictures at the Art galleries, Nottingham Castle, was opened on September 4th. It embraces many works of exceptional excellence, including Mr. J. Collier's Chantrey picture, 'The Last Voyage of Henry Hudson'; J. D. Linton's, 'The Banquet,' and works contributed by J. Morgan, A. Stocks, J. R. Dicksee, A. MacCallum, A. E. Emslie, E. Hayes, W. Hunt, E. A. Waterlow, B. Goddard, the late W. B. C. Fyfe, and Mark Fisher. The foreign school of painting is well represented, the contributions from Düsseldorf making an attractive feature.

EXETER.—The second Amateur Art Exhibition closed on the 16th of September. It was confined to the productions of natives of, or residents in, the county of Devon. There were about nine hundred exhibits contributed by three hundred and seventy exhibitors. The most satisfactory feature of the exhibition was the number and quality of the works contributed by students of the Exeter School of Art.—On the 30th August the corner-stone of a new wing of the Albert Memorial Museum, to include a reference library and Art gallery, was laid by the Mayor of Exeter.

MALVERN.—A successful local Amateur Art Exhibition has just closed at Malvern. Considering the limited area from which the exhibits came, the collection far surpassed anticipations, numbering as it did four hundred examples.

KIRKCALDY.—The eleventh Exhibition of the Kirkcaldy Association was opened on the 4th of September, the number of works being nine hundred and sixty-eight, a considerable increase on last year. In the large room a conspicuous example of continental Art is seen in Carl Bauerlé's 'Hagar and Ishmael,' reproduced last year in *The Art Journal*. A moorland scene by the late Cecil Lawson also holds a prominent place. The Scottish School is of course largely represented, the pictures embracing 'The Armourer,' by the President; an ambitious scene, the tomb in *Romeo and Juliet*, by P. W. Adam; the 'Bridge of Sighs,' by R. Gibb; and works, many of them previously exhibited, by W. MacTaggart, J. C. Noble, John White, Waller H. Paton, A. Perigal, J. Smart, G. Aikman, W. B. Hole, and others.

MONTROSE CERAMIC EXHIBITION.—On August 31st an Exhibition of Ceramic Art was opened in the Municipal Buildings. All the principal places were held by English competitors, showing that in Scotland such a stimulus to the branch of art as is afforded by this exhibition is much required.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

ART NOTICES FOR OCTOBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Receiving Days*.—Manchester Fine Art and Industrial, 7th; Dudley, 9th; Society of British Artists, 30th and 31st.

Opening Days.—Dundee, 7th; Manchester Fine Art and Industrial, 20th; Leeds Fine Art Society at end of month.

THE SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.—The annual report of this department for 1881, being the twenty-ninth, has recently been issued. In the Art section we learn that during the year new schools of Art were opened at Bedford, Bournemouth, Burton-on-Trent, Chiswick, Hertford, Ilkley, South Shields, St. Albans, and Waterford, thus raising the number to 160,

with 11 branch classes. The total number of students taught in these schools has increased to 31,592, being 1,353 more than the previous year, but from some unexplained cause the payments on results have fallen to £16,415, or £676 less, and the fees paid by students from £36,467 to £35,452. In the Art classes for children over twelve years, and artisans, a large decrease is again reported. In 1879 there were 29,323 students in 732 classes, in 1880 26,646 in 632 classes, and in 1881 only 23,026 in 584 classes. This considerable decrease is not at all satisfactorily explained by the report. Turning to the results of the examination, we find that whereas in 1880 4,657 were successful, and 1,109 obtained prizes, only 2,905 and 600 were the respective numbers for 1881 in the second grade examination, and in the third grade, while the successful were about the same, those who gained prizes were reduced from 477 to 428. The result being that only £5,775 was given against £7,226 in 1880. This reduction of expenditure is, perhaps, what the Department is aiming at, but it would be better to make this plain than to say that there are fewer bad drawings submitted, when the results of the lower examinations plainly show a lack of merit. The Art classes in Training Colleges remain nearly stationary. The Elementary Day School Classes now teach 81,902 more children—or 850,563 in all, and nearly 100,000 more exercises were worked, being 816,041. The grand total of persons taught drawing, painting, or modelling in 1881 was 917,101. The total aid given to the classes has been reduced from £83,282 in 1880 to £66,933 in 1881.

PARIS.—The “sending-in” day for the French Salon of 1883 is the 10th of April. The number of medals which will be distributed will be raised from thirty-two to forty-two, of which seven will be allocated to artists of other nationalities than French.—Notice must be given by each artist to the *Commissariat Général des Beaux-Arts*, Paris, between the 1st and 31st January next, of the works which it is proposed to send to the triennial Salon mentioned in our September number, with their subject, size, and the localities where they have been already exhibited. The pictures must be sent in between the 1st and 15th August.—The model of the immense mass of statuary which is destined to crown the summit of the *Arc de Triomphe*, approaches completion. The group has been designed by M. Falguère, and consists of a female figure of France standing in a chariot with a half-furled flag in her left hand. Four horses draw the car, Progress leading them. In the foreground Liberty triumphs over Tyranny; at the back are two groups illustrating the defence of the country. The model is made of bronze-painted canvas stretched on wire netting, which is supported by planks of wood nailed together; it will cost £2,000. The almost universal practice in France of erecting cheap models of proposed statues, is very commendable. England would have escaped from many a hideous eyesore had the custom been observed here.

E. H. BAILY, R.A.—Mr. J. Riddel, 2, Gresham Buildings, London, the son-in-law of the sculptor, is engaged upon a Life of this artist, and will be glad to receive information on the subject.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—It is stated that the Treasury have decided to secure the “H.B.” caricatures for the British Museum for the sum of £1,000.

REVIEWS.

“THE PARTHENON FRIEZE AND OTHER ESSAYS.” By Thomas Davidson (London: Kegan Paul and Co.).—The greater portion of this small volume is taken up with a vigorous and determined onslaught upon the opinions which have been held during the past century and a half by savants and archæologists as to the subject of the world-renowned Parthenon Frieze. The attack is principally directed against the German authorities Overbeck, Michaelis, Brunn, Flasch, Petersen, and others. He accuses them of more wild guessing and absurd reasoning than all other scholars in the world combined, and not only for them, but for other archæologists, he thinks that a little common sense would be a desirable qualification. The majority of authorities having hitherto held that the frieze represented either the “Peplos,” or the “sacrificial,” procession of Panathênaiia, Mr. Davidson goes into considerable details to show that the elements which certainly, and probably, composed these processions are for the most part wanting. He sagaciously enlists the attention of his readers by withholding from them all this time any hint as to his own explanation of this masterpiece of Phidias; but having very satisfactorily shattered all his opponents’ arguments, he proceeds to fulfil the duty which he feels is incumbent on him by offering a substitute which he considers must appear to the mind of any unprejudiced person to be the true one. A perusal of the book will show that this substitute is not put forward without much sound and logical reasoning; but running as it does in the teeth of inveterate prejudice, it cannot, nor does the author expect it to, escape severe treatment and much hostile criticism.

“AUTUMNAL LEAVES.” By F. G. Heath (London: Sampson Low and Co.).—A book which at the first glance touches some harmonious chord of the forgotten past is sure to be popular. Now the work before us is hardly likely to fall into the hands of any one who has been so callous to, or so little observant of, nature, as to fail to awaken memories either of some glorious autumnal glow of colour, or of happy rambles when a bramble attracted the eye by its loveliness, or a fallen leaf by its exceptional beauty. Nay, it may carry one back to those sweet days of childhood when nothing pleased us more than to scamper through the fallen leaves with which the first frost had strewn the path. The author of “Our Woodland Trees” does not look upon the autumn as the waning and decadence of the year, but rather as a season of blossoming—

“Thrice happy time,
Best portion of the various year, in which
Nature rejoiceth, smiling on her works,
Lovely to full perfection wrought.”

He marvels, as do we, that with all the resources which Art possesses in the present day, it should be left to him to be the first to attempt to reproduce the blossoms of autumn. Fortunately he has well qualified himself for the task by a minute and careful study of the subject. Invoking the aid of photography, skilful draughtmanship, and chromo-lithography, he has illustrated the volume before us with a series of admirable plates, which delineate in their perfect beauty a typical selection of the leaves of this country. The forms and relations of these are interestingly dwelt upon in the second part of the work, which is rather unwisely made an addendum to a somewhat monotonous account of a ramble through the New Forest.

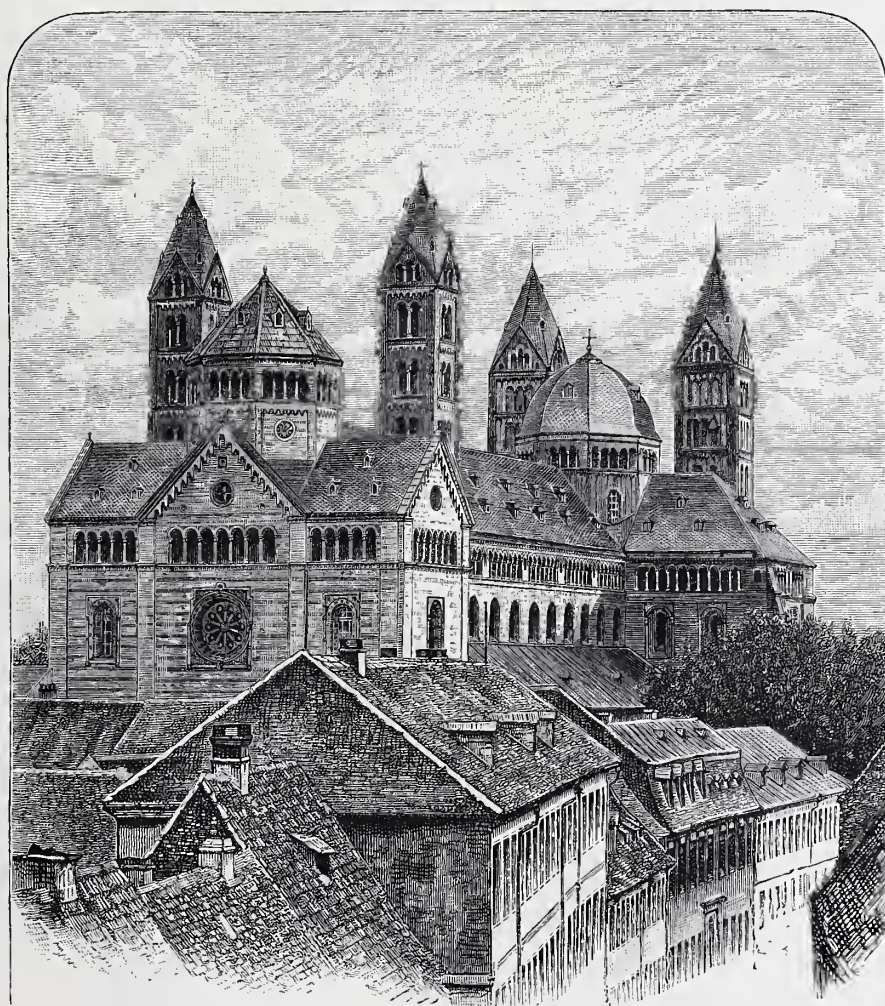
THE ROMANESQUE CATHEDRALS OF THE RHINE.

SPIRES, WORMS, MAYENCE.

IT has been a subject of wordy dispute among writers on architecture, whether or not there is any style of design in buildings which may properly be called Romanesque. Without entering into the technicalities involved in such a disputation, it may be well to observe that, though strictly speaking, Romanesque architecture is not theoretically far different from Gothic, the term has received such wide ac-

knowledgment, and the style possesses so well-marked practical differences from all others, that it is a useful term which may readily be admitted into service, and, in fact, has been adopted by the majority of authors as a designation implying certain known conditions of building.¹

Romanesque architecture in sacred edifices has been described as an avowed attempt to adapt classical forms to



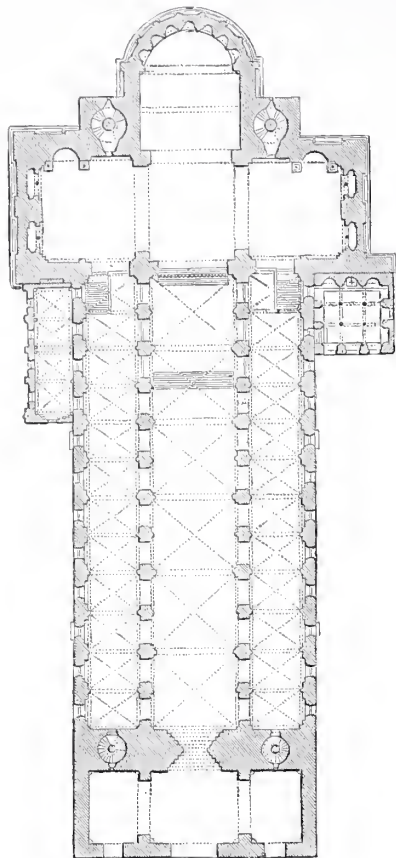
Speyer Cathedral.

Christian purposes. After the establishment of the Christian as the state religion, the builders, while adhering to the ground plan of the Basilica, employed different methods of carrying out the work; and though the Roman classic was the style on which they founded their plans, they modified it so considerably as to make the term Romanesque justifiable.

NOVEMBER, 1882.

At Bethlehem the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, erected a church of the Basilica form, which is one of the most perfect; and the Church of San Vitale, at Ravenna, on the Adriatic, about half-way between Venice and Florence, probably erected by the Emperor Justin, the builder of Santa Sophia, in the sixth century, is also one of the early examples

of Romanesque architecture. Later erections were not of a round or octagonal form, like San Vitale, but were long



Plan of Spires Cathedral.

parallelograms, with side aisles and transepts, having choirs and semicircular terminations at both ends of the building, and with entrances only at the sides, or with a principal door at the west end, in the manner shown in the plan above. The exterior was marked by numerous towers and domes. The most impressive and magnificent specimens of this style of architecture are the Rhenish cathedrals of Spires, Worms, and Mayence, these marking the highest development the Romanesque ever reached.

The architecture of the Renaissance has been described by Mr. Ruskin as chiefly expressive of the pride of its builders, and so the Romanesque may be said to be principally suggestive of simplicity, honesty, and lack of ostentatious display. If compared with classic forms, it is at once acknowledged to be rude and rough, but it is the rudeness of a mighty oak contrasted with the delicacy of a polished beech; there may be lack of finish, but there is a nobility and an impressiveness which amply atones for it.

The chief of the Romanesque cathedrals is undoubtedly that of Spires. A Christian community was established there as early as the second century, and a bishop in the third. The cathedral was commenced by Conrad II., the Franconian Emperor of Germany, between 1024 and 1039, as a burial place for himself and his successors; and it received the bodies of a long line of German emperors and empresses.

For six centuries the cathedral remained almost unharmed, though the times were perilous, and many a sacred building suffered severely. The Thirty Years' politico-religious war (1618—1648) did not, however, pass without leaving some tokens of the madness of men's minds on its stately walls,

but it was reserved for the soldiers of him who accepted the title of "Most Christian Prince," Louis le Grand, to deal the deadliest blows, and well-nigh ruin the noble building. On May 31st, 1689, the armies under that king set fire to the imperial city at various places, and tried to burn the cathedral; but fortunately the massive stone building, having little of the inflammable in its composition, would not ignite, and it stood amidst a melancholy waste of desolate dwelling-places until the cowed inhabitants, ten years after, came back, though never again to the same number or prosperity as before.

Once more the sacred building was held by soldiers of France, when the warriors of the Revolution used it as a magazine, singing the Marseillaise as an offering of "Reason," in place of the ecclesiastical pageants to which it had been so long accustomed. Since then it has been restored and re-decorated.

The Cathedral of Spires, of which we give a plan,* is 435 feet long by 125 feet wide, and covers 57,000 square feet, the large proportion of one-fifth of this space being occupied by the supports, pillars, etc. The nave is 45 feet wide and 105 feet high. The building stands at one end of the city, the houses approaching it on the west side only, whilst leafy walks surround the remainder. The stone of which it is



Worms Cathedral.

built being of a warm ruddy tint, the building always looks fresh, and is quite deceptive in proclaiming its age.

* By permission of Mr. Murray, from Dr. Fergusson's "History of Architecture."

From whatever side it is approached the edifice is felt to be imposing in size, and fascinating in character. The architecture is original in treatment, and seems to be a natural outcome of the rugged and unsophisticated manliness of the designers. The grouping of the square towers and dome is singularly striking, and conveys an impression of surprise at its Eastern character, combined with wonder at the audacity of the architect, and pleasure at the magnificent way in which the entire scheme has been executed. There is little ornament on the exterior, but this want is not felt, owing to the delicate columns and rounded arches which arcade every side of the building.

Romanesque architecture, indeed, prides itself, as it were, on the manner in which the ornament is made to yield to unbroken spaces of wall. In the rose-windows and pillars, and surrounding the doorways, the designer placed his choicest ornament; but the great masses of stone are left bare, or what in any other style would be called so, though it is readily seen that more carving would weaken the whole design.

The interior is as impressive as the outside. The apparent length of the nave—greatly assisted by its narrowness—the choir raised ten steps above the level of the church, and the neat square pillars, with long semi-columns, are as uncommon as delightful. Throughout, the red stone gives a tone of gladness to everything, and the beautiful gallery of small columns, corresponding with those outside, lends variety to the whole, and carries the heavy lines of the large rounded arches upwards with airy lightness. The carving of foliage, which, though beautiful, does not obtrude itself, ought not to be omitted in an enumeration of the lesser attractions, nor should the fine decorations executed by Schraudolph about thirty years ago.

Our illustration on page 321 is taken from the summit of one of the buildings in the city, looking west, or in the direction where the Rhine passes not half a mile off. Although it does not show the lower part of the cathedral, the four lofty towers and the two domes exhibit the special features, as well as the magnificence of the Romanesque work, eloquently telling of a time when the Gothic—popularly so called—was unknown, and the pointed arch undeveloped.

The churchyard, like many in London, has been made into a pleasant garden. The tombstones have vanished, but the famous cathedral bowl still stands. This is an immense vessel which the newly elected bishops of former days were

called on to fill with wine for the consumption of the townspeople, who drank it in response to his toast of prosperity to the city and province, and to preserve their privileges inviolate.

The City of Worms, a little more than twenty miles north of Spire, is one of the oldest in the empire, as the Romans had a station there, and the Jews, of which at present there are over a thousand in a population of fifteen thousand, claim to be descendants of a colony which settled before the Christian era. Attila destroyed the city, and Clovis rebuilt it, and Charlemagne often resided there. At the close of the Thirty Years' war Worms had over thirty thousand inhabitants, but, like its sister city, Spire, the "Most Christian"

monarch's soldiers reduced it to ashes. It was in Worms, in more prosperous and important days, that the great Diet was held, in April, 1521, when Luther was called on before the mightiest men in the empire to defend his doctrines. A costly and much spoken of, but not very impressive, monument, by Ernst Rietschel, was erected fourteen years ago in the city, to the memory of the great Reformer and his companions in the struggle. Worms is likewise interesting because the quarrel of Brunhilde and Chriemhilde, told in the "Nibelungenlied," is said to have taken place in front of the cathedral.

The Cathedral of Worms is built of stone of the same colour as Spire, and was dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul in 1110: but only the western part is of that date, the remainder being seventy years later; while the tower at the north-east angle was rebuilt in 1472. The exterior, like that of Spire, is capable of many artistic combinations, and the grouping of the four circular towers and

two domes is pleasing from almost any point. The galleries round the western towers and domes, in Romanesque style, assist the picture, affording light and shade. The pillars of the galleries have rich capitals, and their bases are composed of curious grotesques. The other decoration is, as usual, in small quantity, but what there is, is suitable to its position. The entrance on the south side—there are no doors at the west end—is a beautiful Gothic addition of the close of the fifteenth century; and the baptistery, forming a striking contrast to the Romanesque towers and dome, is of about the same date and style.

The interior of Worms Cathedral has less of the "dim religious light" than its fellow churches, the windows being much larger than theirs. The general effect, though scarcely



Worms Cathedral.

so striking as Spires, is nevertheless remarkable, and the double choir—one for the chapter and one for the priests—makes a noticeable difference from that cathedral. The piers in the nave are square, and give a semi-barbaric look to the interior, almost appearing as if they never had been finished; and the design of the western choir gives indication of the approaching reign of the pointed arch.

The cathedral stands almost in the centre of the city, and nearly a mile from the Rhine. It towers far above the houses that surround it, and looks down on many bustling scenes in

the market-place close at hand. Here, as shown in our illustration below, the people come daily to make their purchases, and the picturesque dresses of the Rhenish peasantry add variety to the scene.

Around the sacred building itself life is seldom so noisy, and our other illustration (on page 322) gives a view of the western apse from the quiet garden.

Mayence Cathedral, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, is the third representative building of the Romanesque style. Though of less value as an example than either Spires or Worms, it is

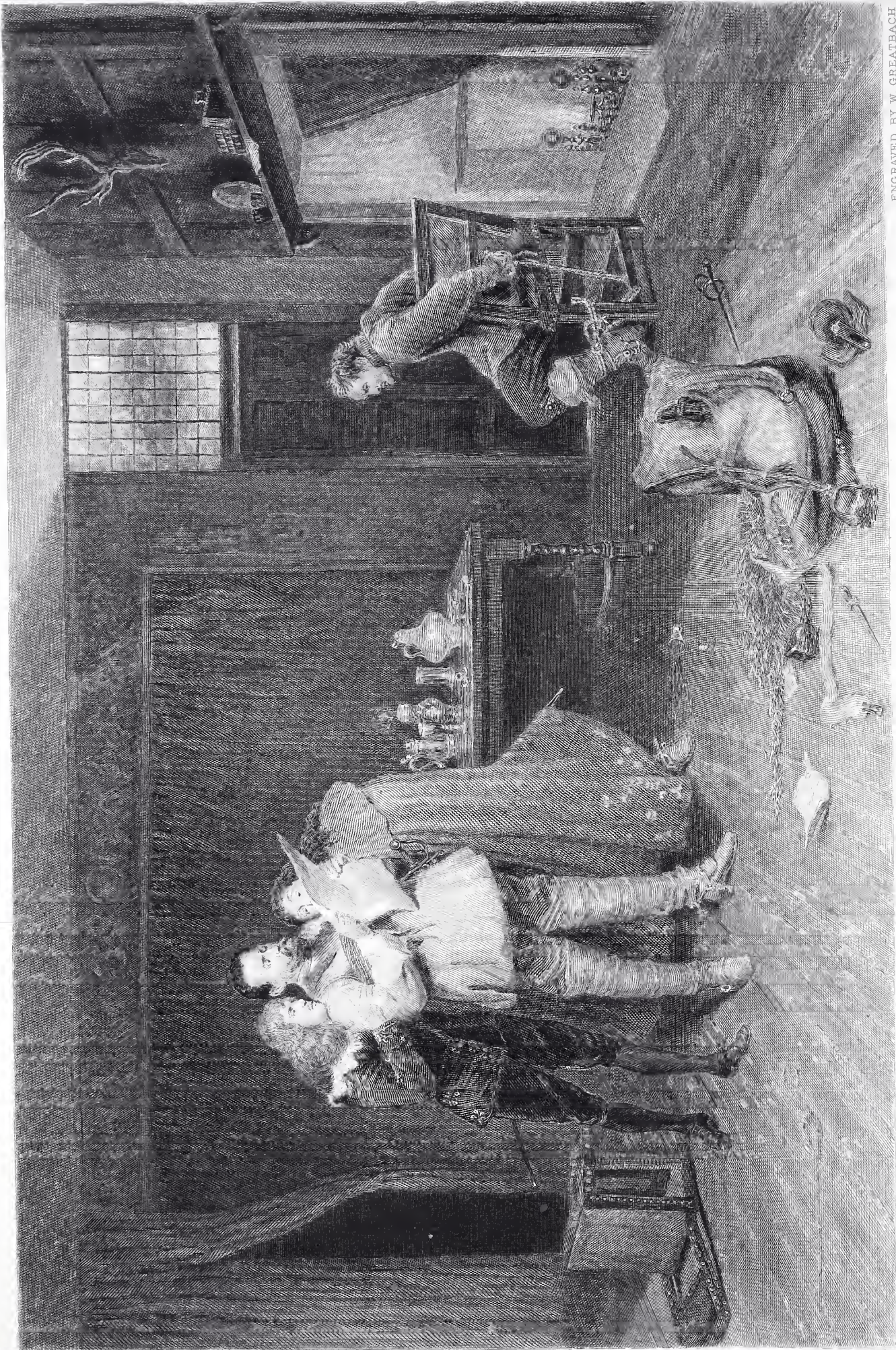


Worms Cathedral from the Market-place.

interesting because of the additions which have been made from time to time. The apse at the eastern end, with the two towers alongside, have been rebuilt, and almost the entire outside of the church has been changed. The patchwork of the western tower, Gothic super-imposed upon Romanesque, though theoretically despicable, is really picturesque, and the grouping of the whole of the towers is, like Worms and Spires, striking from all points.

The interior is fine, and the raised double choirs show the same design as Worms. The two brazen doors at the

northern entrance are said to have been executed in 988, and a tablet of marble, dated 794, is thought to be the tomb of the wife of Charlemagne. The painted decorations, now in course of execution, are in questionable taste: when a space of many square feet in an angle above an arch is occupied by a single palm-tree of Noah's Ark-like shape, some idea of the want of originality of the artist may be obtained. The eastern choir, which has not yet been "decorated," forms, with its severe simplicity and pureness of stone, a sight infinitely more impressive than the painted portions.



ENGRAVED BY W. GREATBACH

PAINTED BY SEYMOUR LUCAS.

INTERCEPTED DESPACHES

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FINE ART SOCIETY

Our illustration shows the eastern end of the exterior, which has recently been carefully and beautifully restored by Herr Cuypers, a Dutch architect. An excellent idea may be obtained from this of the difference between the Romanesque and Gothic, by a comparison of the view of this apse with that of Notre Dame at Paris, as shown in Méryon's etching of the Abside of the cathedral.* The crypt, which has also been restored, is architecturally interesting, as many of the pillars are of the original foundation, and show traces in the bases of strong Byzantine influence. The crypt at Spires is also fine, but it is too dark to see anything, while Mayence is comparatively light.

The fame of the City of Mayence does not, like Spires and Worms, rest solely on the associations of the past. It, too, has a history, and a glorious one; but it retains much of its importance, and is to-day as necessary to the German Empire as when, in 1254, it was chosen leader of the League of the Rhenish towns. It was then in the full tide of its commercial prosperity, and it received the title of the "Goldne Mainz." The history of a city is, however, like the life of man. One time everything appears happy and peaceful, then a season of misfortune arrives, and calamities succeed one another with surprising rapidity. Then calm comes again, and life goes on very much as before. So has it been with Mayence. The Swedes, the servants of French "divine right," and the fraternal-equals of Gallic republicans, have occupied it as conquerors. But times are again changed, and the plodding German pursues his way in peace. Nevertheless the fear of war still hangs about the place, and never-ceasing efforts are made to maintain the far-spreading fortifications ready for any emergency.

In our illustration the tower of the Gothic Church of St. Stephen is visible in the distance. From the top of this a grand view of Central Rhineland is obtainable, and the river, as well as its tributary, the Main, may be traced for many miles.

As has frequently been pointed out, the Cathedrals of Spires, Worms, and Mayence show that the Rhenish architects of that time were able to discover an almost new manner of work, and had Gothic not forced its way into notice, the Germans would have been able to fully develop the style. The Romanesque is, as we know, founded on the classic Roman, yet it was beginning to be treated so differently by the builders of the eleventh century, that we cannot but regret that it was so quickly displaced. Mr. Ruskin mentions that, as an abstract line, the Romanesque arch is beautiful, as its type is always before us in that of the apparent vault of heaven. The Palace of the Trocadéro in Paris, and the Natural History Museum, South Kensington, are examples of what can be done in modern buildings with the rounded arch and square towers. In London the Norman Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, Smithfield, built in 1102, has a close resemblance to the cathedrals on the Rhine; and occasionally new churches are erected with the Romano-Byzantine architecture as a basis, but great difficulty is always found in obtaining thickness of wall sufficient to preserve the character of the design. The depth of recess in door and window, which forms a prominent feature in the Rhenish cathedrals, cannot easily be secured in modern buildings. The semicircular arch and the rosette window, however, can be employed anywhere, and even in dwelling-house architecture may be used with charming effect.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'INTERCEPTED DISPATCHES.' Engraved by W. Greatbach, from the picture by Seymour Lucas.—This was one of the first of the subject-pictures by which this artist was brought prominently into notice: it was hung on the line in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1877. Since then Mr. Lucas has wisely identified his models, and grouped his figures into the semblance of historical episodes. But in the scene before us he was content to depict an incident which, having been enacted and re-enacted times without number, in every country and every age, called for no special definition. Nevertheless he instinctively selected the period, so dear to costume painters, of Cavalier and Puritan; and if he made the former as having the best of the game, he only followed what was until lately the usual routine in such matters. Much of the merit of the picture lies in the varied facial expressions and in the brilliant colouring of the whole.

'THE FARMER'S BOY.' Fac-simile of a drawing by Herbert Herkomer, A.R.A.—When the memoir of an artist comes to be written, we almost invariably find it stated that, early in life, he evidenced his talent by covering everything he

could lay hands upon, with examples of his skill. And we have heard of a very valuable collection of drawings in black and white being formed from the scribblings indulged in by the Academicians when seated round their council board. But that this *cacoethes scribendi* is not universal amongst artists of note, has been made painfully evident to us in our endeavours to obtain sketches suitable for the purpose of reproduction in this Journal, and unfortunately every year it appears to be becoming rarer for artists to preface their works by careful studies in monochrome. Mr. Herkomer, however, is one of those who finds it impossible to keep his hand idle even in its hours of rest, as the quaint and varied fancies which adorn his notepaper, his invitation cards, and his household surroundings testify. Somewhat more serious than these is the delightful study here reproduced. It had its origin, most probably, in a farm lad, selected for his looks, from out of the Hertfordshire lanes which environ the artist's home. We have to thank the Fine Art Society for placing the drawing at our disposal for the purpose of reproduction.

'OLD CHEYNE WALK.' This view of Old Chelsea, which was drawn and etched by Arthur Severn, is mentioned in Miss Thackeray's article at page 340.

* See p. 130, *The Art Journal*, 1881.

FONTAINEBLEAU AND BARBIZON.



Y one of those curious chances so often seen in the history of Art and of nations, the Palace and Forest of Fontainebleau have each in turn played a most important part in the history of French Art. The palace three hundred years ago was the irradiating centre of the Renaissance

in France, much of the lustre and glory of that golden period accompanying across the Alps the great Italian artists who found in the Fontainebleau Palace a second Vatican, and in François I. another Leo X. And now, in our own day, all that has made French Art greatest in originality and unsurpassed in poetic treatment of genre and landscape, has drawn its inspiration from the rich gloom of the forest and the rustic life which peoples its adjacent plains.

The artists of the Renaissance who have left the most permanent influence behind them on French Art are the Italians, Il Rosso, Primaticcio, Niccolo del Abati, and Benvenuto Cellini, the three former called to Fontainebleau to originate and to superintend designs for the decoration of the palace. These artists established a genuine Art school, called L'École de Fontainebleau. Vasari probably invests the work and the effects of this school with too much importance, when he describes it as second only in influence and splendour of achievement to those in Rome. Unquestionably the frescoes of Rosso, and notably those of Primaticcio, must have produced a powerful and stimulating effect upon the susceptible and imaginative French artists of the period. The superb frescoes of the latter artist in the grand Henri II. banqueting-hall of the palace are of a Michel-angelesque vigour and breadth of conception, and, owing to the admirable care with which they have been preserved, are still marvellously rich and strong in colour.

Benvenuto Cellini had the misfortune to offend, during his short stay in France, not the King, but the Queen of the King, the imperious Duchesse d'Étampes, so that the vast number of orders received from the King were but meagrely carried out. The most renowned of Cellini's works accomplished while in France is the 'Nymph of Fontainebleau,' a bas-relief in bronze, originally designed and executed for one of the doors of the palace, now to be found in the Hall of the Caryatides in the Louvre. One would like to know what has become of the magnificent works of Art which made Fontainebleau during the reigns of François I. and his successor Henri II. one of the wonders of Europe. Where, for example, can be the silver-wrought vases and the superb golden dinner set which were exhibited in the Oval Court on the occasion of the marriage of Elizabeth of France with Philip II. of Spain, vases and dishes so numerous that an *étagère* nine stories in height had to be constructed on which to display them? And where the treasures of silver-ware, of bronze and gold statuettes, wine and carved coffers which crowded every table and lined the rooms of the palace, so that, as one historian puts it, not a courtier in the palace could perform the simplest act of life without having either in his hand or under his eye some exquisite work of Art?

With the pride and egotism characteristic of the people, the French reject the idea of owing too much to their Italian

masters. Painting, they affirm, had already proved its power and its individuality in France in the works of François Clouet, the portrait painter, and of Jean Cousin, painter, sculptor, and architect, neither of whom owed his method or his technique to the school of Fontainebleau. Certain it is, however, that the two great French artists who were the direct heirs of the Renaissance movement not only learned, but mostly practised, their art in Italy itself. Claude Lorraine's magical light was a reflection of the soft Italian skies, neither his subjects nor his colouring being essentially French, while Poussin's tragic note shows the influence of his Greek and Italian models.

From the golden splendour of the Renaissance at Fontainebleau, from the spiritual Madonnas and the rapturous saints of Leonardo da Vinci and Andrea del Sarto, the goddesses of Primaticcio, and the smiling Bacchantes of Cellini, to the rude peasants of Millet and the sheep of Jacques of the modern French school, is a tremendous leap. But in three hundred years Art had descended from the skies and had become human. Modern French Art has found the chief source of its inspiration in its nature, in reproducing its landscapes, and in painting the rustic life of the peasants. It is in its treatment of external nature that the French school has proved its pre-eminence, its originality, and its sincerity, making this school essentially a contemporaneous product, original, initiative, and characteristic both of the time and the temper of the nineteenth century. This is true in spite of the fact of Claude Lorraine's landscapes and the genre masterpieces of the Dutch school of two hundred years ago. The painters of our own day not only do not see nature as did these their predecessors, but they no longer feel towards her as did those painters. The artist of to-day is not satisfied in merely reproducing natural beauty; he seeks to impress upon nature the thoughts and feelings suggested by his sympathy and contact with her. Art, in a word, forty years ago ceased to be objective and became subjective. The men in France who first initiated this new movement of feeling and of original creation, curiously enough, owed their earliest impulses to the delight excited by the beauties of Fontainebleau.

Some twoscore years ago a certain number of young and audacious landscape painters, weary of the artificiality and conventionality then so pronounced in the Parisian ateliers and schools, determined to trust to their instincts and to study nature for themselves. Bundle and paint-box in hand, they left Paris, wandered about the adjacent country, in their wanderings chanced on the Forest of Fontainebleau, and upon its northern skirts discovered the then unknown little hamlet of Barbizon. With these two discoveries the whole drift and current of modern French Art were destined to run in hitherto unworked channels. With the revelation of the splendours of that forest scenery and of the sturdy pathos found in the rude simple toil of the Barbizon peasant, a school of poet-painters was born to France, who revealed the poetry that lies in the simplicity of natural life.

Among the first to visit the forest were Diaz, Dupré, and Canot; Diaz hereafter to pass his summers there, and to find his studio in the heart of the forest. Later came Jacques and Millet; Millet to hire one of the common peasants' houses in the narrow street of the little Barbizon village, and to live

there with his wife and his children till death placed him by the side of Rousseau's tomb in the hamlet's distant graveyard. And these artists were not all; the *habitués* of the forest and the village during the succeeding twenty-five years were Corot, Troyon, Nanteuil, Decamps, Français, Gérôme, Hamon, and Jadin; these, while finding fewer subjects for their pencil than did the former artists, still paid the village and forest the tribute of their artistic curiosity.

What, then, are the peculiar charms of the Forest of Fontainebleau? and what can there be in a simple little village like Barbizon thus to inspire the imagination and to enflame the poetic fire of the first painters of the present century? Clearly to understand the spirit that actuated them, the absolute sincerity of their feeling, and fully to realise the breadth of their poetic and sympathetic appreciation of the scenes and scenery their canvases reproduce, something, at least, of the character of the village and the charm of the forest should be known. Hereafter Art lovers will turn their steps thitherward, as pilgrims in search of landmarks of the "genii of the English Lakes" haunt the picturesque sites immortalised by the pen of Wordsworth and of Shelley.

One of the chief attractions of the forest is that it has retained a gloriously wild untamed look. It has an almost primeval savageness and majesty. As a rule, the more monotony a forest possesses, the more it impresses. It thus appeals to the imagination as hiding in its depths a certain awesome mystery. Its very monotony suggests infinity. But Fontainebleau owes its charm to wholly opposite characteristics. So far from being monotonous, it presents an almost inexhaustible variety of phase and feature. It has a face of a thousand moods. To call it a forest, indeed, is almost misleading, since its wooded hills, its desolate plateaux, its gorges, precipices, caverns, its dense thickets, contrasted with the verdure of its smiling plains and its grand stretches of open lands, make it in reality a vast wild unreclaimed country, whose chief beauty, to the artistic sense, is its want of cultivation. Giant boulders, strewn prodigally over hill and plain, give to the forest a magical charm of wildness and picturesqueness, but surpassing all the effects produced by the contrast of its diversified surface do the glory and splendour of the forest foliage remain its noblest beauty. There are acres of massive full-grown birch-trees, whose light green foliage contrasts superbly with the mottled beauty of their grey, sturdy, vigorous trunks and irregular branches. There are long shadowy avenues of stately oaks, under whose arms of verdure tall and slender grasses rear their shapely heads. There are groups of maples, whose light yellow glory touches and enlivens the more sombre gloom of the fir and pine, and, like some feathery ribbon woven into this rich texture, the light crisp tassels of the curled willow sport and play in the sunlight. Nowhere are the trees so densely grouped but that broad splashes of sunlight penetrate and illumine the depths of shade. Each tree in the forest seems to have been allowed room to grow. In some instances this exposure brings with it peril to the unprotected. For in the tortured twisted shapes, in the blackened trunks, and in the ghastliness of the naked leafless branches one sees evidences of the blighting fire of the lightning and the too passionate kiss of the fierce swift winds.

It is these aspects of the forest Diaz has chiefly chosen as subjects for his pencil. He delighted in this struggle of gloom and shade; he never wearied in reproducing this war of the elements; in depicting the tragedy of the crippled monarch,

some Lear of the forest, contrasting it with the virginal strength and the fresh fair beauty of some slender maidenly birch—"that bride of trees," as Ruskin calls it. Who that has ever seen one of Diaz's pictures of the Fontainebleau Forest but has learned to delight in his deeply suggestive poetic rendering? His two canvases in the Luxembourg, 'Étude de Rouleau' and 'À la Reine Blanche,' are admirable examples of his treatment of this forest scenery. In the latter he chooses the birch as the high light of the picture, the sunlight which he has transfixed upon its pure white trunk only serving to deepen the impenetrable gloom of the dense boughs in the background. All of Diaz's pictures of Fontainebleau bear a certain family likeness to one another. Without being precisely reproductions, they are variations upon the same theme. His genius was under the spell of the mystery of the forest; the chiefest revelation of its charms to him was found in its fitfully illumined gloom.

Rousseau's genius was of a more versatile range. While this artist's palette has immortalised the vernal loveliness and the tranquil pastoral beauty of the quieter sites and more poetic seasons of the forest, he also knew how to ring the changes on the more tragic notes. In 'Les Grandes Chênes du vieux Bas-Bréaux' he has touched the theme of which Diaz has given us so many renderings. In that picture are all the gloom and tangle and savage wildness of the forest; but even in this thicket of the woods the canvas is suffused with more light, the sunlight penetrates with richer beauty through the dense branches, and stretched above the tops of the trees is one of Rousseau's wonderful skies, skies which, with their floating wind-swept clouds, seem to match with earth's vigour and activity. In the picture, 'Vue des Gorges d'Arbonne,' Rousseau has painted one of the wilder scenes of the forest. In the foreground there is a desolate naked plain strewn with masses of jagged rocks, and in the distance a line of bare and roughly outlined hills, while upon rocks and hills and gorges the light falls with a certain brutal fierceness, as the sun of the East falls on the sands of the desert, there being neither shrub, nor tree, nor plant to cast a restful shadow.

Then, in a tenderer mood, the great artist painted 'La Lisière des Bas-Bréaux,' the skirts of the forest, and one of his loveliest pictures, where the borders of the wood touch the edges of the rich meadows; where, grouped on the left of the canvas, are some of the grand monarchs of the forest coming to lave their feet in the tranquil meadow stream; in the foreground a group of cattle, up to their bellies in the rich sweet grasses of the brooklet, drinking slowly, as large animals do; to the west there is a magnificent space of sky, against which a gently sloping hill defines its tender outlines, and the whole is gloriously lighted with such a glow as Rousseau, of all modern artists since Claude, has best learned the secret of rendering.

Some of Rousseau's finest effects of colour have been suggested by the plains of Barbizon, which stretch out to the northward of the forest for fifty miles or more. And Barbizon itself owes much of its now famous attractions to being, as it were, the connecting chain uniting the long level stretches of these fertile plains to the borders of the forest. The plains of Barbizon, with their broad sweeps of meadow, appeal strongly to the imagination. Their horizontality impresses one with a sense of monotony which induces, even under the most smiling auspices of sky and weather, a certain melancholy. Objects stand out with an almost startling distinctness against the vast space of the horizon, as of ships at sea; and the un-

broken width and stretch of earth suggest something of the sea's immensity and sadness. The plains reflect with an almost human responsiveness the moods and tone of the sky; under sullen swollen masses of clouds, with gusts of the fierce wild storm-winds blowing unchecked over its defenceless face, the plains seem given over to the plunder and anger of the elements.

In the magnificent picture, 'La Marais dans les Landes,' which has recently been bought by the French Government at what seems now an extravagant price, when one remembers that during their lifetime neither Millet nor Rousseau could command for his finest pictures more than a few hundred francs, Rousseau has shown what an inspiration he found for his poetic fancy in the more tranquil rustic life of the plains. In this subject Rousseau's naturally happy nature found itself in perfect unison. The whole picture breathes the calm of early sunrise. The canvas has a vast width of sky luminous with a soft rich glow, and the flat level surface of the plains running out to meet this dazzling horizon reflects in more subdued tones the radiance of the sky. What a beautifully diversified life of nature and of humanity has he here presented, this diversity being attained by means of such simple expedients! In the foreground a herd of cattle walking through the rich moist marshes, some of them standing up to their knees in the bright limpid pools of water; to the left, under a charming grove of slender trees, the low drooping roof of a farmhouse projects its outlines against the luminous sky, the whole picture breathing nature's calm effulgent beauty, and its restful joy-giving power to man and beast. In comparing Théodore Rousseau's and Jean François Millet's pictures, it is well-nigh impossible to realise the fact that both drew their inspiration from the same scenes, lived in the same village, and painted for years in studios not a stone's throw from one another. When Millet arrived at Barbizon, Rousseau had already been settled there for several years. It has been asserted that Millet became Rousseau's pupil, but M. Alfred Sensier, in his biography of Millet, assures us that, "when they met they were of equal force. If afterward one showed the influence of the other it was Rousseau, whom Millet's art preoccupied so much that he was drawn by him toward simplicity of subject and sobriety of line." Less of a poet in the more imaginative sense perhaps than Rousseau, Millet's genius was veined with that fineness of fibre which thrilled in sympathy with the darker shadows seen in rustic life. And in Barbizon this son of a long line of peasants found himself the truer interpreter of the peasant life.

To walk through the little street of Barbizon is like walking through a gallery of Millet's pictures. The silent winding little street, wandering away from the plains with something of the uncertain irregularity of a stream, leads one directly into the forest. The houses on either side are low, with deep projecting roofs, moss-covered, having the grey and black tones Millet so loved to paint, because

he painted what he saw. The farmhouse life lies within the walled enclosure which faces on the street, and it is only when the large farm gate stands open that one sees the more active and intimate farmer-peasant's life beyond; children standing in the midst of straw-laden yards, among pigs and hens and goats; horses, threshing, the golden hayricks, and the farmer with his grimy sabots and long rake fresh from the fields. Millet has painted several of these interiors, one of the most charming being 'Teaching the Baby to Walk,' where, amidst a blooming mass of foliage, a mother stops in her work of hanging out the clothes to dry to teach her little one its first steps, while the father stoops with outstretched arms to catch his tottering babe.

The village of Barbizon distils the atmosphere of labour, of unprogressive, unchanged, unmodernised labour. Therein lies to the artistic sense its perfect and completed charm. Labour there has all the naturalness and sincerity of toil which smacks of real struggle with the soil. The peasants of Barbizon are "real countrymen," as Millet says of them, rude, simple, hard-working folk, with something of the serious melancholy and earnestness unending labour brings with it. Many among the Barbizon peasants have the coarseness of feature and the sluggish animalness of movement which betoken some of the more degrading forms of labour, labour that makes of a man a human beast of toil.

It is certain that rarely has an artist found subjects so entirely suited to the peculiar cast of his genius as did Millet in his discovery of the Barbizon peasant. What pleased him best was "sober-suited melancholy," a touch of the darker and more sombre shadows in life. He says of himself, "You have never seen me paint anything except in a low tone; *demi-teinte* is necessary to me in order to sharpen my eyes and to clear my thoughts." Barbizon is full of "low tones." Its life reflects the "*demi-teintes*" of existence, life there being lived under the shadow of endurance rather than bright with the bloom of joyfulness. It was not the tender flush of the lovely twilight in which I first saw Barbizon bathed that made Millet's canvases seem visibly present; it was later, when day had almost disappeared, when the sky took on rich dark tints, and only the shadow of sunlight remained, when all things were tinged with a mysterious depth and gloom, that the great artist's subjects and scenes resolved themselves into vivid realities. Then, when the houses were become merely outlines and the trees but masses of shade; when some dim shape passed before the darkly lighted window; when, struggling along over the rough cobble-laid street, some worn, work-bent form tottered under its huge burden of faggots on its way from the forest—or striding across the fields of the plains, the vigorous muscular figure of some belated labourer emerged into the light, it was in that hour that the Barbizon which Millet's brush has immortalised lived its life before us, and the 'Woodman,' the 'Woman carrying Water,' the 'Sower,' and the 'Woman carding Wool' were invested with a deeper beauty yet—the beauty of reality.

A. B. BLAKE.

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*

THE first example given in the present number is rather unusual, in more ways than one. It represents a specimen entirely in metal of a class of object which is not usually found in the Renaissance period executed in that material only, viz. a marriage coffer, or dowry chest. The style of this article of furniture, as most commonly occurring in Italian work in the Renaissance period, is well known to many from the numerous specimens to be seen in the South Kensington Museum, where, indeed, the repeated examples of these large coffers—many of them not differing much in general design—may be thought to occupy an amount of space somewhat disproportionate to that allotted to other not less interesting classes of objects. It must be admitted, however, that in articles of this kind, made often regardless of expense, in order to make a fine show on the auspicious occasion with which they were connected, we are likely, if anywhere, to find the best work of the place and period; and the decoration of some of these wooden marriage coffers, painted with figure-subjects, and inlaid and otherwise sumptuously ornamented, is, in some cases, splendid in the extreme. Here we have (No. 81) an example of one in which metal alone is employed, on which, therefore, painting could not so well be executed; and the place of colour and pictorial effect is supplied by the shaping and tooling of surfaces, and by niello, a style of work of which we shall have more to say in our next article. Perhaps in the instance for which this chest was made, the bride's dowry consisted more largely of money and less of bulky articles of clothing, for the reception of which the large and heavy wooden coffers were formed. Evidently, from the multiplicity of bolts or latches, it was intended to keep a considerable treasure in safety, and to be, in fact, a kind of decorative strong-box. As a design it is



No. 81.—Steel Casket, or Marriage Coffer, ornamented in Embossed and Niello Work. Sixteenth Century.

interesting, as a very good example of the treatment of architectural forms conventionalised in metal. The reminiscence of

column and capital and arch on the sides of the box is very elegant, and is carried out in the slight and thin proportions



No. 82.—Bronze Inkstand. Sixteenth Century.

peculiarly suitable to metal imitations of architectural forms. The handles are well designed, and the engraved figures in the arcade are very free and graceful in action; but this part of the design would have been all the better without the perspective effect of flooring beneath the figures, which is not the least required as standing ground for the figures, and introduces a bit of false taste in simulating the effect of perspective in connection with accessories which are, and must necessarily be, on one plane, and in a mode of execution in which perspective illusion cannot possibly be carried out. It is, however, a very artistic piece of metal work in the main, and the phrase we used in regard to it just now, that it was a "decorative safe," serves to point a contrast between the way they did those things then, and the way they do them now. Compare this with a modern iron safe, with its brass-knob handle, flat metal surfaces, and dingy black-and-green painted panels.

The two inkstands, which we engrave next, are exceedingly graceful and artistic specimens of Renaissance work of the sixteenth century, undoubtedly Italian, probably Florentine. It is curious, however, that in designing an object so suggestive of special associations as an inkstand—associations with literature, with great writers, etc.—the artists of the Renaissance have so entirely omitted (as in other classes of articles) any attempt to introduce decoration, or figures having any illustrative reference to the objects of the article designed. In these two examples the figures, one of Cupid (No. 82) and the other of Hope (No. 83), though both good in themselves, and crowning the design in a very effective manner, have not the remotest connection with the subject, neither have any of the adjuncts. The ornament is good, but to produce an ornamental object seems to have been the sole aim, without any regard to assisting the definition of

* Continued from page 316.

the use of the object; and, indeed, in the second of the two examples (No. 83) the figure is placed so as to actually hide the ink, and make the thing apparently a statuette on a pedestal, the inkcup being underneath the statue, which turns on a pivot when access to the ink is required. This kind of tricky construction is by no means in the best taste, nor is the tossing about of "masks and faces" on the pedestal; but it is the way of the Renaissance. The general outline of the pedestal is good and well balanced, however, and the figure is really beautiful, and, perhaps, all the more impressive from its calm and almost melancholy expression and downcast face, suggesting quite a different conception of Hope from the ordinary one—it is certainly a great deal too good a figure to be the lid of an inkstand.

The two hand-mirrors, which are engraved next, are both French work, from the design of Stephanus de l'Aulne, or Étienne de Laulne, for his name is written in these as well as in other various ways. De Laulne belonged to the comparatively early period of French Renaissance, when the art of the silversmith had recently felt the influence of the genius and style of Cellini, from whom, probably, the French ornamental designers of his day, and those immediately succeeding him, had gathered much of their inspiration. How much French Art at that time was actually imitative of Cellini we can only conjecture, since the hand of destruction seems to have fallen on all the goldsmiths' work of that period. The goldsmith's art in the time of the Renaissance in France was so important, and we know that such a quantity of work was executed in the period of Francis I. and one or two succeeding reigns, that it is difficult to understand how it can have so utterly disappeared; perhaps one explanation may be that plate in that older style was melted down to be founded anew into the style of Louis XIV. and his successors, but it is more probable that mere necessity for money led to raids upon the plate of the period, and its transition, to the melting-pot, and thence to the mint. Of the works of De Laulne, who was one of the leading goldsmiths of the period of Henri II., scarcely any undoubtedly authentic piece is known, but a certain amount of work exists which, it is pretty safe to conclude, if not his, represents his style; and of this are these two mirrors, of which the front of one, and the decorated back of the other, are shown in Nos. 83 and 84. These represent good workmanship, but it cannot be said that they represent fine design. The general shape of the handles is good, both in regard to appearance and practical suitability, but they are incrustated with ornament in a very inconsiderate manner, having no reference to their shape or function. The

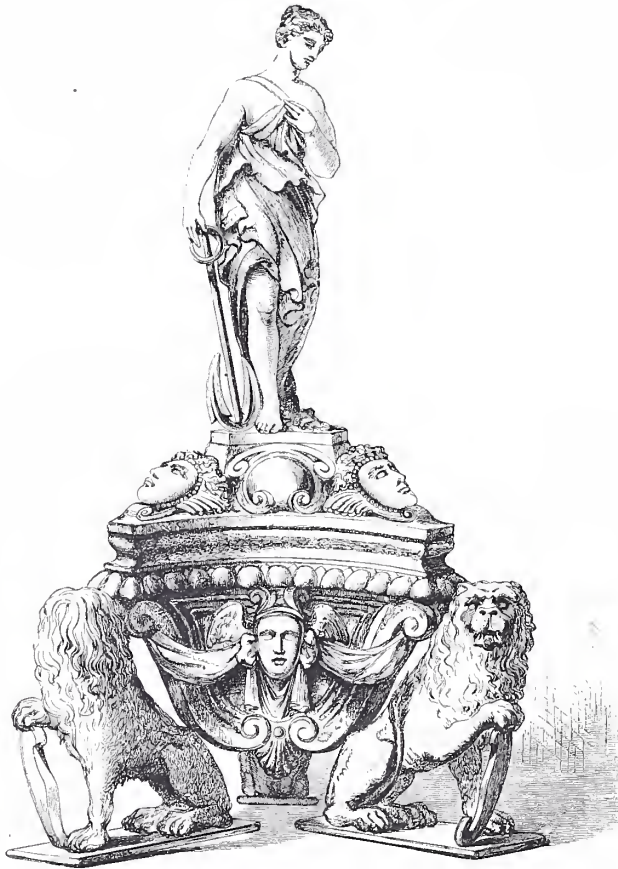
manner of ornamenting the rim is still more reprehensible. The grouping together of incongruous subjects by means of a few connecting scrolls, is of course characteristic of Renaissance ornament generally, and it would be to no purpose to pick out this particular example of it for reprobation; but the want of all consideration as to outline, the manner in which the ornament is hung on in a ragged mass to the rim of the glass, is in the worst and most vulgar taste; or at least we might say so if we did not know that it was destined to be followed (in France) by still worse vulgarity—

"Within the lowest deep a lower deep"—

in the styles of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But we have in this sort of design the first hint of the kind of ornamental art towards which France, after the earlier days of the Renaissance, was fast progressing; a style in which all that we may call the logic of design was put on one side, and the object seemed to be merely to produce what was considered to be a rich and sumptuous effect by plastering on ornament in scrolls and masses having no relation to one another, and burying rather than ornamenting the real forms of the objects on which they were fixed, as if at random, and the more confusedly the better.

This taste for crowded ornament without regular plan, logical relation, or outline, prevailed more and more in France under the reigns of the "Grand Monarque" and his immediate successors, and seems to afford a notable example of the connection between manner or morals and design, always perhaps existing, but not always so easily to be traced as in this period of the history of ornamental art. The time was one in which the court, its views and influence, predominated over everything, when it was a kind of gilded sham, a small corrupt society, a whitened sepulchre out-

wardly, but within full of all uncleanness. No one thought, seriously, on any subject, and the ornament of the period exhibits almost in excess the levity and the love of show which pervaded the society of the day. The whole object of furniture designer and ornamentist was to produce what may be called a rampant expression of ostentatious luxury, without any trammels of reason or logic. All the ornament of the period, consequently, assumed the ostentatious and bombastic expression only too suitable to the tastes of the society for whose pleasure it was produced. Nothing could be designed in a quiet, sensible, or practical style. Everything must be screwed and twisted into curves and contortions, so as to appear as if meant for nothing but display. M. Ménard, in his "Histoire Artistique de Métal," quotes some remarks of M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie in regard to Claude Ballin, one of the leading goldsmiths of the Louis



No. 83.—Inkstand. Renaissance.

Quatorze period, to the effect that he was an excellent master of his craft, but as to style, "He necessarily partook of the style of his day—a style the most false, the most corrupt,



No. 84.—Hand-Mirror. French: Sixteenth Century.

specimen of his school. There is unquestionably a certain grandiose richness about this style of furniture, in which the

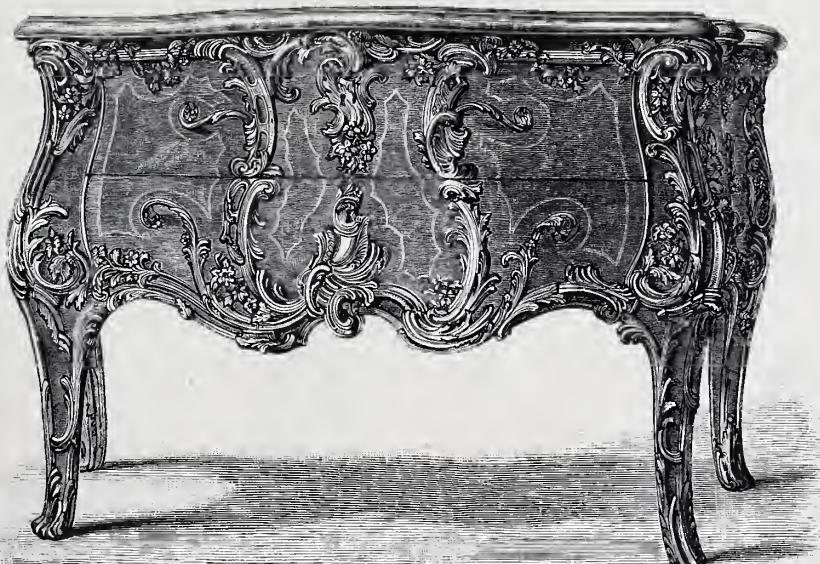


No. 85.—Hand-Mirror (back view). French: Sixteenth Century.

the most depraved that ever existed. Straight lines, plane surfaces, regular curves, even symmetry, or regularity in any form whatever, were absolutely proscribed. Nothing which could be reduced to a mathematical definition was admitted in that grotesque style, the rococo (*rocaille*) as it has been denominated since, of which the innumerable breaks and contortions fatigue the eye, as much as in usage they hurt or inconvenience the hand. Some clever artists, some good carvers, no doubt treated the nude figure with grace; but even this grace was so mingled with affectation that it served to afford another proof of the prevalent decadence of taste."

The table, which is illustrated in No. 86, represents one aspect of the style in question, as it was developed in the treatment of furniture, in which class of work Boulle was the great exemplar and authority; and the present example, if not his, is a typical

wood, which forms the ground, is incrustated with metal ornaments to give it glitter and brilliancy. As M. Jacquemart has observed, it is the furniture of official display rather than that of the *vie intime*; it is essentially palatial; it is furniture to be looked at and to produce an imposing *coup d'œil*, rather than furniture for use. All the lines are curved and swollen, so that

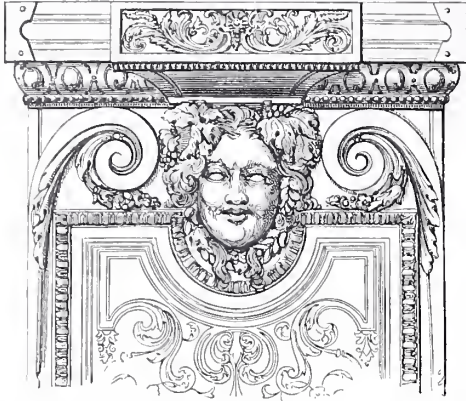


No. 86.—Table. French (Louis XIV.): mounted with Metal.

the thing cannot be conveniently placed except where there is plenty of standing room to spare; even in the curves continuous generation of lines and ornaments is avoided, and the different details are strung together with no connection except the mere contact of the convex curves, so as to produce a "gim-crack" and insecure effect, even in furniture which was in reality very carefully and substantially executed. There is, however, a certain consistency of treat-

ment running through it all which gives it the character of a homogeneous style, though it is a very bad style; and

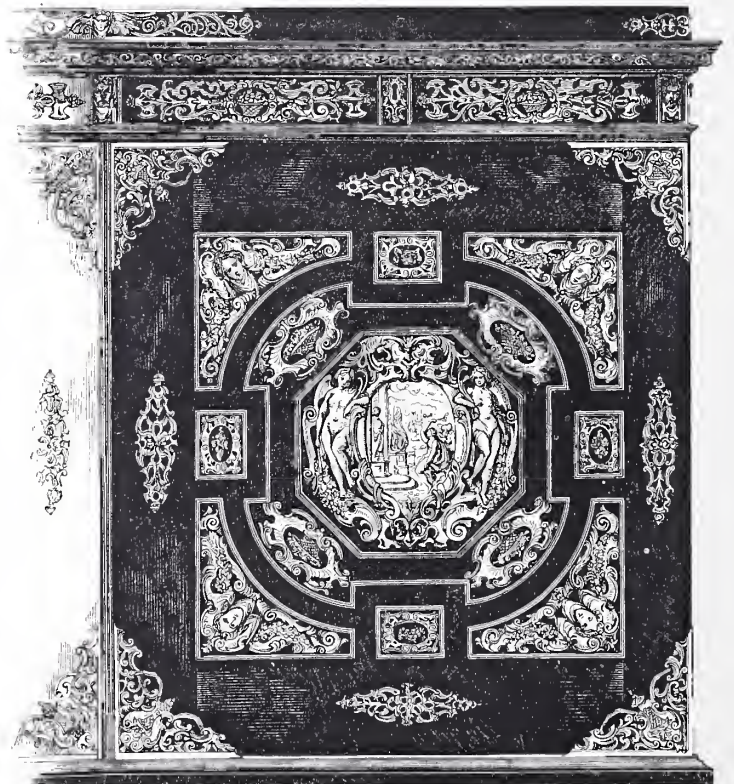
in this period the symmetry of the answering portions of the furniture was at least preserved. But even this was



No. 87.—*Top of Door of Cabinet. French: late Eighteenth Century.*

thrown off in the Louis-Quinze style which followed. To quote again the historian of furniture, Jacquemart, "Caprice was pushed to such a point that often the fundamental law of Art, convenience, was totally forgotten; to create perspective for the eye, the furniture has no two sides parallel; they twist and elude each other to lean against a background far larger than the front face, so that the drawers, which are necessarily rectangular, are isolated in a void space, and leave between their sides and those of the piece of furniture spaces that are completely lost." We have no specimen here of this style, once the received method of furniture for the best houses in this country, as well as in France; nor would it serve any good purpose to engrave what exhibits only faults to be religiously avoided in design. But it is instructive to remember how commonly admired at one time was this style, now abhorred by all who make any profession to understand decorative art, and how far fashion and general adoption may go astray from every law of good taste. The indulgence in the vagaries of the Louis-Quinze period seems to have tolerably quickly worked out its own reaction, for in the period of Louis XVI., although much of the feeling of the decorative work remains essentially the same, and the details are still compounded of fragments founded on a classic and Italian style, intermixed with toys of masks and periwigs and knots of ribbon of more thoroughly French taste, still the practical inconvenience, if not the unsightliness, of these sprawling curves seems to have been felt; and the details, themselves somewhat tamer and more orderly and refined in style, are drawn out on surfaces which present more squareness and continuity of line, and the ornamental detail is controlled within the lines formed by the main construction of the furniture, instead of crawling irregularly all over it. This is partly illustrated by the portion of the top of a cabinet (No. 87) in which the full face, crowned with vine-leaves arranged periwig-fashion, exhibits one of the vulgar features of the style; but the lines of panel and cornice are in more sober taste, and the twining foliage ornament in the panel is strictly confined within the constructional border. This is partly metal inlay and partly metal in relief; the drawing, however, does not show the inlay effect very well. This is much better shown in the portion of an ebony cabinet which forms the last illustration in this number,

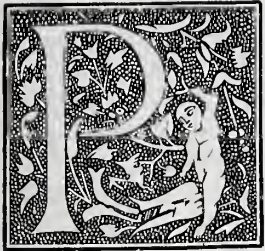
and which exhibits some of the best qualities of the style. This (No. 88) shows also how much better metal, in combination with wood, may be used in the method of inlay than in that of incrustation. Metal relieved or mounted on wood seems only in its proper place when it forms a constructional feature which adds to the strength of a portion of the work, or performs a constructive function, as in the case of hinges or lock-plates; otherwise metal merely mounted on wood looks like an excrescence, and suggests the idea, often illustrated in fact, of its comparative insecurity, as a portion which sooner or later may become separated from its ground. But metal used as inlay seems much more in its right place in this kind of ornamental work; it is capable of being used in very thin lines, even in mere wire (as also in damascening, which is wire beaten into, and incorporated with, a ground of another metal); and when thus used upon wood, the shining surface of the metal is strongly brought out in contrast with the duller surface of the wood, or, as in this case, the absolutely black surface of ebony. It must be admitted, however, that such a combination as this particular one, though brilliant in effect, is somewhat over hard and glittering. And in the case of such a ground material as ebony, it would probably be felt by most people that the combination of ivory as an inlay had a better and more truly artistic result, and that metal produces sufficient effect with a somewhat less strongly contrasted ground. The design here shown, however, has very good qualities, and is a fine piece of workmanship; and it should be observed how clearly the main lines of the construction of the design are defined, and the detail of the ornament confined within them; a method of subordination which is infinitely superior in effect to that rambling



No. 88.—*Pad of Inlaid Cabinet. French: late Eighteenth Century.*

irregularity of form which pervades the French decorative art of the preceding epochs.

MARSEILLES.



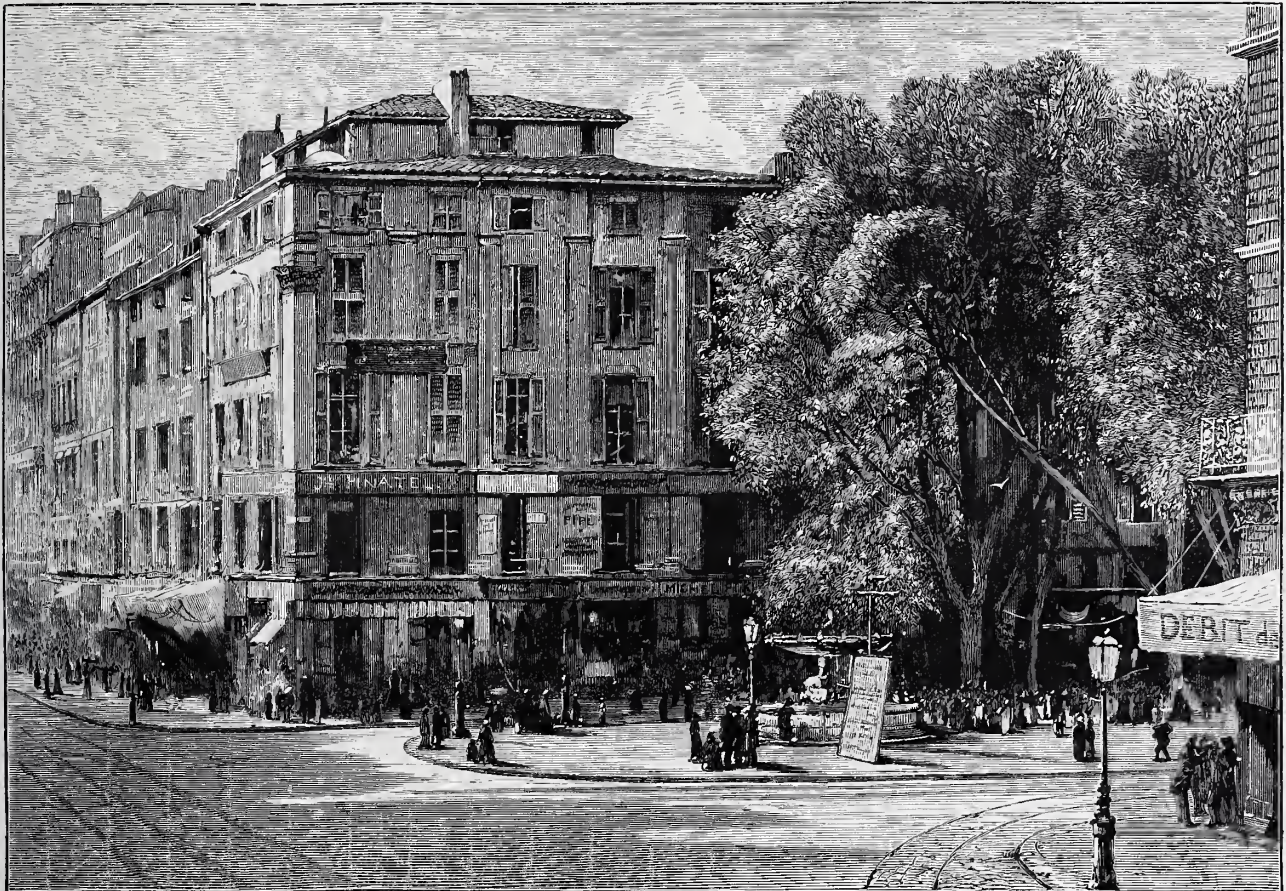
PROBABLY few travellers see more of Marseilles than the Cannchière and the Port; indeed, the larger number know only its railway station. Nor, to say truth, does it offer any particular attractions to the visitor to prolong his stay. The warm, bright sun which has welcomed him as he emerged from

the long tunnel of La Nerthe is apt to alternate treacherously in the streets with the bitter blasts of the mistral, and the town itself presents no feature of sufficient interest to make him wish to delay his voyage south or east, where mild breezes temper without neutralising the heat, and where the past has suffered no injury save at the hand of time.

Like many another place, Marseilles is best seen from without. Approached by the railway, it is difficult to con-

ceive a more lovely prospect than the one which meets the eye on emerging from the tunnel already mentioned. A large valley lies enclosed between high mountains and the sea, in colour, aspect, and vegetation entirely different from anything the traveller from the north has yet seen. Immense masses of grey-blue limestone form the background. On the summits of the spurs thrown out by these hills towards the sea are beautiful clumps of dark green pines, while their sloping sides are covered, in charming contrast of shape and colour, with the grey-green olive. In the crevices of the rocks and around the base of the trees cluster the thyme, the sage, and other wild flowers, filling the air with perfume. In the centre of the valley lies Marseilles, and beyond all the silver-blue Mediterranean. Lit up by the sun, the scene is enchanting.

Within the town, notwithstanding its broad streets and stately buildings, well worthy the most important seaport and the second largest city in France, there is little of beauty



Rue Cannchière, Marseilles.

or picturesqueness; while the attractiveness of the population may be judged of by M. About's dictum, that "Marseille est la ville de France où l'égalité des hommes ressemble le moins à une chimère." The Marseillais, indeed, have always been distinguished for their restless and self-asserting character, and old as their town undoubtedly is, tracing back a remote and semi-fabulous origin to some settlers from the Greek town of Phocæa, it can boast neither families of ancient lineage nor buildings of hoar antiquity. The busy ports, the

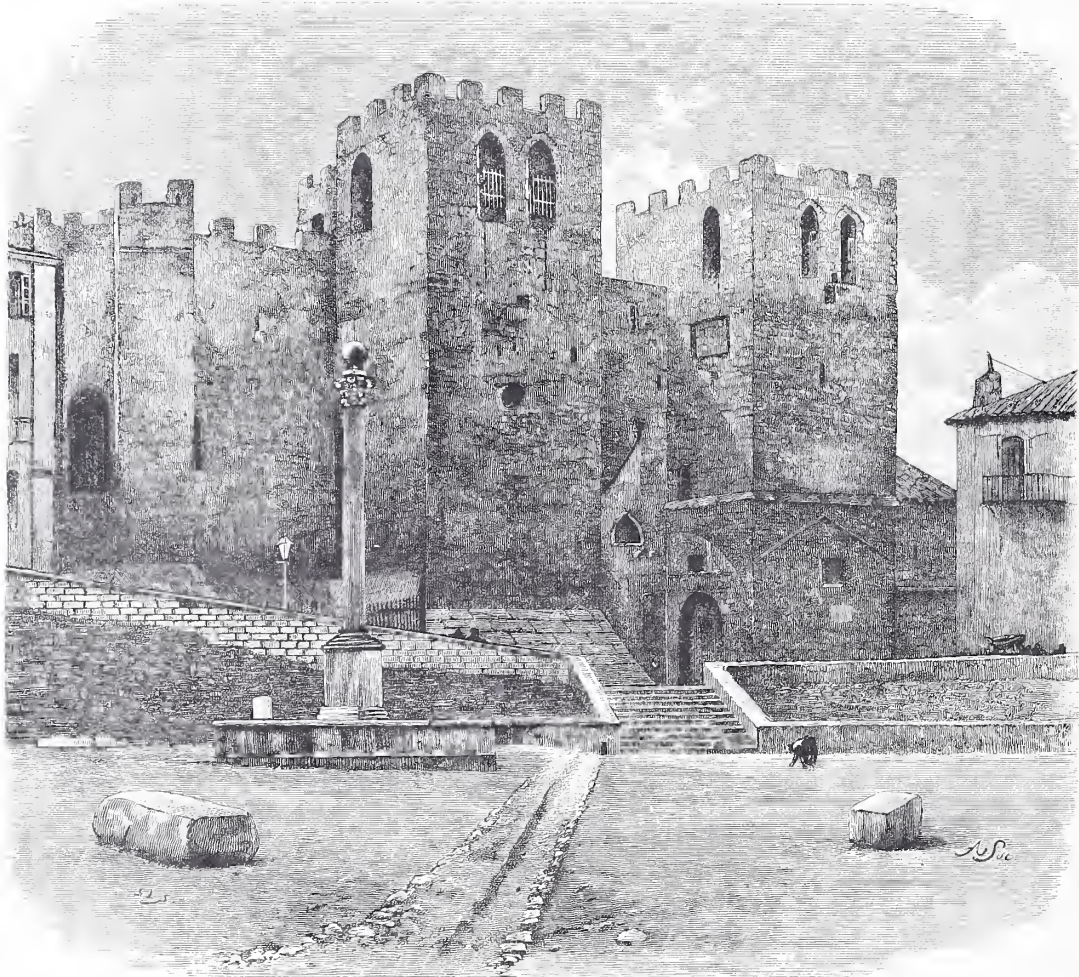
new streets, the wide boulevards, the gigantic blocks of handsome buildings, which have swallowed up nearly every remnant of the old town, are fitly typical of the inhabitants themselves, who are all engaged in either making or spending a fortune. Marseilles is, indeed, essentially a busy modern town, intent upon the present and the immediate future, and caring little, or not at all, for the past.

And yet its history is full of interest, and its old inhabitants were always distinguished for their skilful seamanship, their

commercial abilities, the wisdom of their institutions, and their civilisation. Cicero, speaking of Marseilles in his "Oratio pro L. Flacco," says, "Cujus ego civitatis disciplinam atque gravitatem non solum Græcia, sed haud scio an cunctis gentibus antependendam dicam; quæ tam procul a Græcorum omnium regionibus, disciplinis linguaque divisa, cum in ultimis terris cincta Gallorum gentibus barbaricæ fluctibus adluatur, sic optimatum consilio gubernatur, ut omnes ejus instituta laudare facilius possint quam æmulari." Tacitus speaks of Agricola's naturally good character having been strengthened and improved because as a boy "sedem ac magistrum studiorum Massiliam habuit, locum Græca comitate et provinciali parsimonia mixtum ac bene compositum." In the Middle Ages the trade of Marseilles with the Levant

rivalled that of Venice and Genoa. Its reputation in more modern times is hardly what it was in the days of Cicero, and its people have perhaps somewhat unjustly acquired an unenviable notoriety for revolutionary and violent proclivities. Among the distinguished men whom Marseilles may claim as her sons are Petronius Arbiter, the satirist; the illustrious navigator and astronomer, Pytheas; some of the most famous troubadours, such as Raymond des Tours and Raymond de Salles; the great preacher Mascaron; Puget, painter, sculptor, and architect; and M. Thiers.

In the opinion of the Marseillais the finest street in the world is the Cannebière. "Si Paris," they say, "avait la Cannebière, Paris serait un petit Marseille." And though that opinion may not be shared by those who have had the



The Church of St. Victor, Marseilles.

opportunity of comparing it with other streets, no one will be disposed to deny that it is, taken altogether, the finest street in Marseilles. Its name is said to be derived from *κάρναβος*, the Greek for flax, plantations of which used to flourish on the ground it now occupies. It opens out on the Old Port, and runs up into the heart of the town, whence its direction is continued under the names of the Rue de Noailles, the Allées de Meilhan, and the Boulevard de la Madeleine, to the banks of the small river Jarret, on the outskirts of the town. To the Marseillais, as has been said, it represents the *beau idéal* of everything that a street should be, and his exalted notion of it has furnished the subject for many a joke at his expense. "Toutes les fois," says M. About, "qu'un petit Provençal, frétilant d'ambition, vide

d'idées, débarque dans les bureaux d'un petit journal, son article est tout trouvé; la Cannebière! Les premiers ont plaisanté, les suivants ont enchéri, le comique a fait place au bouffon, le bouffon au grotesque, et Marseille a reçu de ses enfants cinq ou six couches de ridicule qui ne s'effaceront pas en un jour."

The Old Port at the end of the Cannebière offers a very striking and picturesque aspect, crowded as it still is with merchant vessels and sailors from all parts of the world, though the construction of the many new harbours along the northern shore of the town, and the transfer of a portion of the former Eastern trade to Italian ports, have shorn it somewhat of its importance and quasi-Oriental character.

The best time for seeing the Cannebière in its full glory is

the evening, when the pavements and the magnificent cafés which border them are crowded with a gay and lively throng, whose eager eyes, quick speech, and restless gestures betray the hot and adventurous spirit which has so often led the townspeople of Marseilles into many daring enterprises, and, it must also be added, great excesses.

The dearth of remarkable public edifices has been already referred to. One may, indeed, almost agree with the poet who said that there were only two beautiful monuments in

Marseilles, the sun and the sea. Certain it is that, notwithstanding the Cathedral, the Museum, or Palais des Arts, the Bourse, and the new streets bordered with handsome houses, there is little for the artist or the antiquary to admire. As M. Méry has wittily said, "Marseille a livré au mistral le dernier grain de sa poussière."

Among the few ancient remains the most important is perhaps the Church of St. Victor, near the south-east end of the Old Harbour. It stands on the site of an old Benedictine



The Museum, Marseilles.

abbey of the same name, founded about A.D. 410 by a monk called Cassien, a native of Provence, who had lived long in the East, and whose writings first made known in the West the origin and character of Oriental monastic institutions. The saint in whose honour the monastery was founded was a native of Marseilles, who, while serving in the Roman army, suffered martyrdom during the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian at the end of the third century. He shares in the annals of sacred legend the honour of

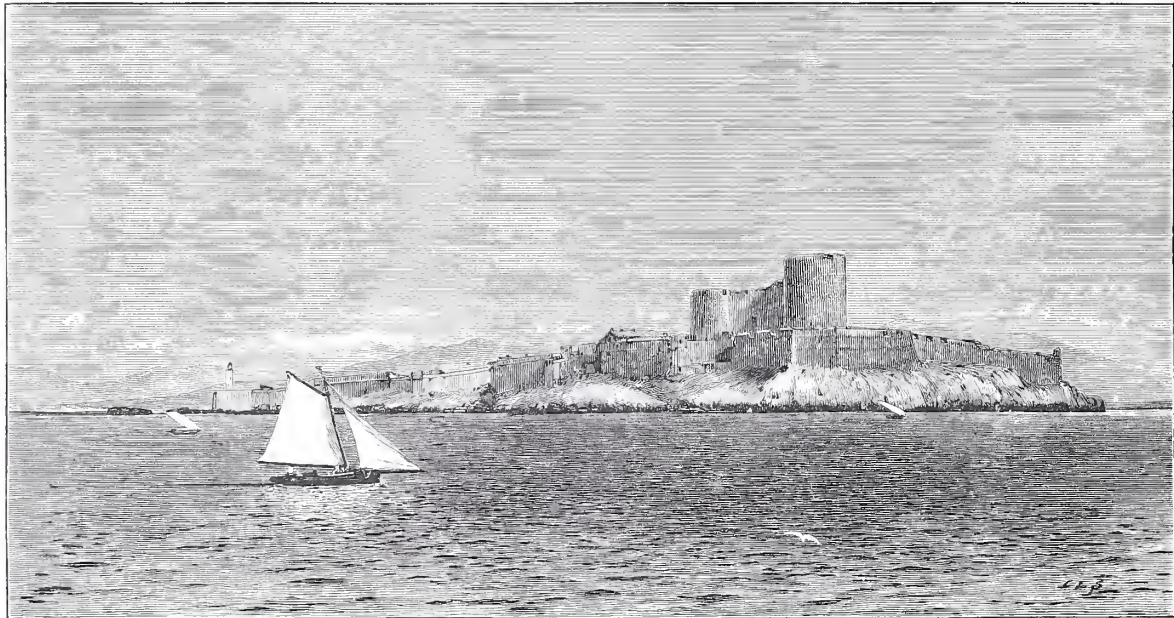
having introduced Christianity to Marseilles with St. Lazarus, the brother of Martha and Mary, the principal events of whose life are depicted in a series of seven old bas-reliefs over the altar of the Church of Notre-Dame de la Major. A Provençal legend, indeed, recounts how that, after the ascension, Lazarus, with his two sisters, Martha and Mary (considered by some as the Mary Magdalene); Maximin, one of the seventy-two disciples; Cedon, the blind man who was restored to sight; and Marella, the sisters' handmaiden, were

set adrift by the heathen in a vessel without sails, oars, or rudder. Guided, however, by Providence, they were safely carried to a certain harbour, which proved to be Marseilles. Being refused food and shelter, they took refuge under the porch of a pagan temple, whence Mary Magdalene preached to the people; and though they refused at first to listen to her denunciations of their idols, they after a time became convinced by her eloquence and the miracles she and her sister performed, and were converted and baptized. After the death of Maximin Lazarus became the first Bishop of Marseilles.*

To return, however, to St. Victor. The abbey is said to have been destroyed by the Saracens, and rebuilt in the eleventh century, to which period belong the crypts and substructions. Again destroyed, it was once more rebuilt in 1200, and the upper part of the edifice as we now see it dates from that epoch, with the exception of the two battlemented towers, which were raised in 1350 by Pope Urban V., who had himself been abbot of the monastery, and is supposed to have been buried there. In the catacombs belonging to the abbey, which are said to extend beneath the Old Port,

tradition places the burial-place of St. Lazarus and St. Victor. The old and highly venerated statue of the Virgin in olive-wood, ascribed to St. Luke, and known as 'La Vierge Noire,' which used to be preserved here, has now been removed to the Cathedral of Notre-Dame de la Garde.

From the oldest edifice in Marseilles we will pass to one of the most recent, the Museum, or Palais des Arts, situated quite at the other extremity of the town, at the top of the Boulevard Longchamp. It was finished in 1870, and consists of two buildings connected by an open colonnade, and between them a triumphal arch, beneath which is a figure of the river Durance, surrounded by emblematical figures; from the feet of the figure issues a cascade. This centre part is called the Château d'Eau. The building on the right contains the Museum of Natural History, that on the left the Picture Gallery. Neither of these collections is of very great importance, but that of paintings is interesting from the specimens it contains of Provençal Art. Several artists of more than local repute have been born or have flourished at Marseilles. A list of them, from the fifteenth century to the



The Château d'If, Marseilles.

present time, is given by M. Parrocel in his interesting account of the "École de Marseille." The most celebrated was Pierre Puget, who, from his varied achievements in painting, sculpture, and architecture, has been called the Michel Angelo of France. He was born at Marseilles in 1622, and died there in 1694. Several of his works are preserved in his native town. His most remarkable works in sculpture are in the Louvre, where one of the rooms containing modern sculpture is called the Salle Puget. The colossal marble group representing Milo of Crotona and the lion is sufficient to warrant the reputation he enjoyed in at any rate one branch of Art. Among other illustrious artists included in M. Parrocel's list may be included the painters Aubert, Dominique Papety, Beaume, and Recard, all born at Marseilles; and the sculptors David d'Angers, Pradier, and Guillaume, who, though not natives of the town, may claim to belong to it by reason of the works they executed there, and the memorials they have left behind them.

* Mrs. Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art."

We approached Marseilles by land—we will leave it by the sea. The Old Port has been already spoken of. It was the only one up to 1853, when the Harbour of La Joliette was added; and soon after in rapid succession the Bassins Lazaret, Arenc, Du Nord, and National, the whole affording an area of one hundred and seventy acres. La Joliette is the chief harbour for passenger steamers, and from it the traveller will in all probability leave Marseilles on board one of the fine vessels of the Messageries Maritimes, whose magnificent fleet, moored in imposing lines, is well calculated to excite his admiration. Immediately on the left of the *avant-port* is the Fort St. Jean, built in the fourteenth century; and opposite to it the Fort St. Nicholas, the first stone of which, laid by Louis XIV. after his capture of the town in 1660, bore an inscription in Latin to the effect that the erection of the fort was for the purpose of preventing faithful Marseilles from being again led by perfidious rebels into revolt against its king. On the shore to the left, as we turn towards the open sea, are the Château du Pharo, the Anse du Pharo, and the

Anse des Catalans, which takes its name from the village made famous in Dumas' romance of "Monte Cristo." Beneath the cliffs runs a magnificent road, bordered with numerous villas, commanding lovely views over the Mediterranean. Several islands next challenge the attention, and among them "la roche noire et ardue sur laquelle monte, comme une superfétation du silex, le sombre Château d'If." So Dumas describes this fortress isle, rendered famous by his account of the imprisonment and escape of his hero Dantes, afterwards the mysterious Comte de Monte Cristo. The castle was built by François I., and was used as a state prison. Mirabeau was at one time confined there.

If the Golfe de Lion, which has a stormy and turbulent

reputation akin to that of the city on its shores, should be in a peaceful humour, the view from it of Marseilles and the surrounding country is very striking and beautiful. M. Thiers, himself a son of the soil, has described it in language of enthusiastic admiration, with which the traveller cannot fail to be in sympathy. But though he may look at the city and its surrounding valley from without with the full feeling that he is gazing on "un des paysages les plus riants, les plus éclatants, les plus animés, les plus grands du midi de la France," his opinion of Marseilles itself and its population will probably be very much what Cæsar's was when, as he tells us, he spared the place, "Magis pro nomine te vetustate quam pro meritis in se."

LADY DIANA'S PRAYER-BOOK.



RELICS, like roses or moonlight, are infallible loadstones of latent poetry; and among relics none are more efficacious than autographs of dead men and dead women, of whom one knows something more than just that signature. And if the interest of such relics be not only extrinsic for

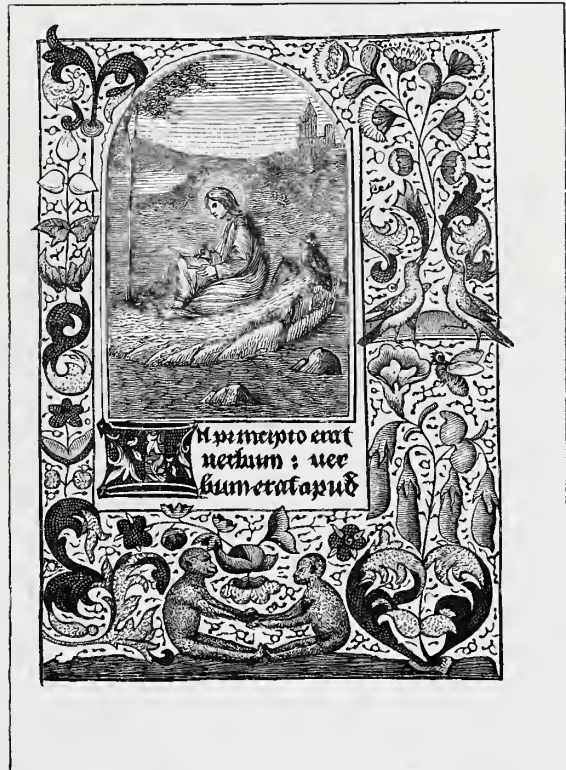
their associations, but intrinsic for their actual beauty, why, then you get such gems as Lady Diana's Prayer-book.

This Lady Diana was a French cousin to the Queen of Scots, in the days of St. Bartholomew's massacre and the Huguenot wars; and her Prayer-book, beside being a jewel of manuscript illumination, contains autographs and mottoes and verses by famous historical characters. Mr. Ruskin has lately bought it for the museum of St. George's Guild, at Walkley, near Sheffield, where it can be not only seen, but studied at leisure, by all comers.

The little book has had its adventures, its last journey being to America, whither it was sent as "the Queen of Scots' Missal," till recalled to its present quieter destination and humbler description. It was made for a lady* of that House of Lorraine which ruled France for half a century and gave Scotland a queen—the mother of Mary Stuart and grandmother of our James I.; the House whose chiefs were those Dukes of Guise and that Cardinal of Lorraine of whom the Marshal de Retz said, "They are so handsome that all other princes seem like common folk beside them."

So Lady Diana, herself a beauty, as her friends at least admiringly testify, must have the loveliest possible Prayer-book that could be made by the full-blown, but not yet over-blown religious Art of France. Tiny squares of regular, readable black-letter, in a sumptuous margin of vellum; daintiest delicate initialling, and gracefulest acanthus border in gold and lapis lazuli; pictures before every separate service—not in the slovenly dash and putrescent daub of the decadence, but rich alike in truth of thought and ardour of tint—crimson and blue and golden green, gradated into glorious harmonies. No modern still-life work is truer, none pretends to be more delicate, and at the same time intense, in drawing

and colour than this page, for example, sketched of the same size, in the first illustration; a dear little sweet-pea blossom in lilac and crimson, into which a velvety bee with gossamer wings is plunging; droll brown monkeys, tugging heel to heel; doves, with such downy warm breasts and sheeny grey backs as Hunt could hardly paint, their excellencies visible only with a magnifying glass; gold-hearted daisies, whose petals (in more perspective than our botany books afford) are every



St. John. From Lady Diana's Prayer-book.

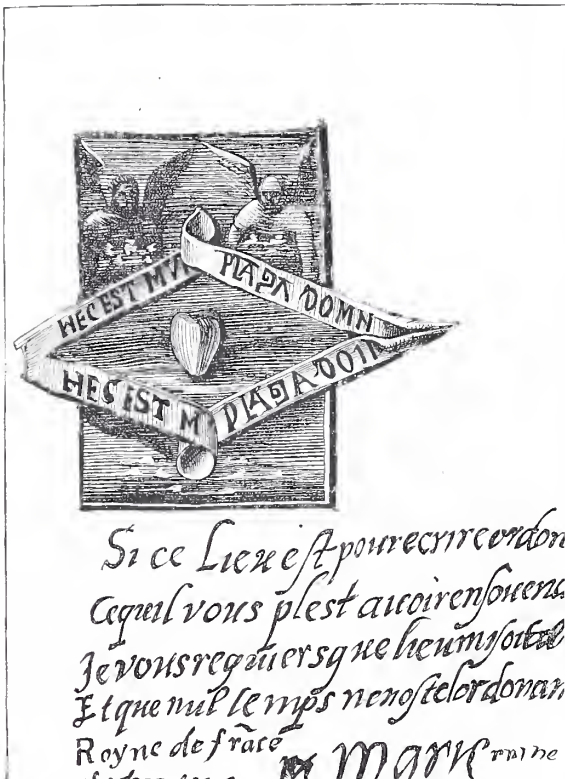
one tipped with tender henna. And then what a paradise of symbolic Art in this tiny arch where the beloved disciple, accompanied by his eagle, writes under the shadow of the tree of life, among

. . . "Waves on which weary noon
Faints in her summer swoon . . .
Around mountains and islands inviolably
Pranked on the sapphire sea."

* Three times addressed by name in Greek and Italian inscriptions.

The modern notion of illuminating is a thick line round and a flat sloop in the middle; no wonder we are bored with the result! The monk who painted these borders was at least as skilful as a South Kensington prize-taker, and he did his peas-cods straight from nature, taking a summer day to model them.

Other pretty things he did, which any visitor to Sheffield can see; all sorts of real flowers and real birds and beasts; little boy David, and Goliath; the Pope and the Emperor and the Patriarch (I suppose) of Constantinople; the usual Bible scenes; saints, of course, and angels, with Virgins of that fair-haired, black-eyed type which the Pleiad poets celebrate; and, because this book is made for my Lady Diana, a full-page grand historical composition, style of Raphael, of Diana and her nymphs bathing, surprised by Actæon, who is suddenly translated into a stag. Were not the period fixed by this picture and the type of face throughout, the excellence



Fac-simile of Autograph of Mary Queen of Scots.

of the miniatures would suggest an earlier date for this missal than the middle of the sixteenth century.

It was not then the fashion to collect autographs. Nobody worried public men for specimens of their handwriting; nor plagued private ones for signatures whose quantity might make up what the collection lacked in "quality." It cannot be said that this identical Prayer-book of Lady Diana of Lorraine started the fashion; but those Alba,* preserved as earliest of their kind in the British Museum, are decidedly later in date; when the fashion, originated at French and German courts, spread to England and elsewhere; developing among the learned into serious study of character in handwriting, and degrading among the fashionable into the snobbery of displaying the collector's extended circle of aristocratic acquaintance. It was common for young German

and English loungers on the "grand tour" to carry such Alba, wherein distinguished foreigners they met might enter their names, to the credit of the genteel and studious traveller.

But our Lady Diana knew nothing of this. When she went away to be married, a young cousin, in her school-girl's hand (as I take it), wrote on the first blank page, just before the picture of the Elevation of the Host:—

"Madame, when you are at your prayers, I beg you to remember one who loves you, and desires to serve you. Your very humble and obedient cousin,

"MARGUERITE OF LORRAINE."

Such a custom has not yet quite died out, among all the frippery of modern birthday-books. I have a little *cahier* full of such farwells in French and German from many friends to their Swiss pet, on her coming to be wedded wife in England. How it makes one live the happiest hours of their life, when you can pore over the very love-speech their own hearts indited, and their own hands wrote. And how angry it makes one to see (as I did the other day) a Glaswegian text-book with an opera-singer's signature, indorsing "Thy will be done;" a Royal Academician's against "Ho, my comrades, see the signal," and so on, with other notable and notorious incongruities, which I am only too thankful to have forgotten.

Madame Diana now (Madame de Croy, we gather from internal evidence) filled the fly-leaves with such entries as the above. Her "affectionate and humble cousin Francis," the first great Duke of Guise, ruler of France, scourge of heresy; "Charles, Cardinal of Lorraine," ablest statesman of his day, mainstay of the Catholic cause; "Dorothy of Lorraine, Duchess of Brunswick;" "loving Aunt Antoinette;" René, Catherine, Elisabeth, Anne, all Lorraines; and, most celebrated of the family, the girl-queen, Mary Stuart, who writes beneath the sacred heart of Jesus:—

"Since you appoint your friends herein to trace
Names that you love to keep in memory,
I beg you give me too a little space,
And let no age cancel your gift to me."

MARY, Queen of France (and of Scots).

She was only seventeen when she wrote those verses, and had yet to learn in suffering what she taught in songs like "Las! en mon doux printemps."* But how the intimacy of it, as you see it there written down the first time and the last time—"warmed by her hand, and shadowed by her hair"—leads you in almost to the presence of the beautiful queen who wrought and suffered more wrong than any of her age or nation.

And we can be quite sure these verses are genuine, though others called hers are variously attributed. The signature is

* Written when her first husband died, and set to music by Rizzio, her ugly Florentine music master. To translate—

"Ah! in my sweet springtide
In youth, the age of gladness,
Many's the sigh I've sighed
For pain of utter sadness:
Nor delight find I yet,
Save in longing and regret.

"When I am far away
By greenwood tree or meadow
Or at the break of day,
Or in the evening shadow,
Evermore my heart yearns
For a face that ne'er returns."

* Is it absolutely necessary to say that this is the plural of album, a blank book?

identical with other undisputed autographs preserved in the British Museum, and often copied, especially by Smith and Nichols, in their collection of 1829. Some barbarian has rebound the book, and cut off half the monogram, M. S[uarth], and more than half the "and of Scots," beneath "Queen of France." Still there it is (fac-simile in the second illustration), written during her brief reign with Francis II., boy-king and girl-queen, each sixteen years old, in 1558 succeeding Henry II., accidentally speared by Scottish Montgomery. The Lorraines managed the boy by means of the girl, and got them and their naughty court thoroughly hated by the Huguenots; so that the only remarkable event of their reign was the conspiracy of Amboise, and consequent cruel massacre by our Duke and Cardinal, whose mottoes, written for Cousin Diana, are, "All by love, and nothing by force," and "Christ is my aim." Is it not incredible, this one-eyedness of humanity, seeing in itself nothing but simplicity and earnestness, and seen by the equally monophthalmic crowd as impious duplicity?

Then Mary had to leave France, and was a prisoner in England before our dated autographs begin, and decapitated there before they end.* These dates range from 1570 and 1572 (St. Bartholomew) to 1590 (Ivry), covering a horrible period of blood and fire, and all foul crimes of lust and cruelty, in the midst of which blooms our little posy of courtesy, tenderness, and faith, like wild roses on the wilder Alpine moraines.

These entries are all more or less neatly made (though rather more than less faded), in Olivia's "sweet Roman hand," the firm Italian of Waverley's Flora MacIvor; that is, writing copied from what we call italic print, as opposed to the Gothic hand and engrossing. In autograph collections you can trace the pedigree of our scholars' and doctors' cramp hand to italics and back to Monte Cassino MSS., while the round, flourished hand of commerce and law is equally traceable to the capitularies of Charlemagne; curious instance of the persistence of survivals, for it holds in spite of uniform copy-books.

Under the date of 1572 we find Charles Philip, Count of Croy, Diana's husband; Charles, her nephew; Anne, her niece; and, without date, Charles Philip, her son. The association of the Queen of Scots with the name De Croy sounds natural somehow, till one recollects Quentin Durward and his pretty Countess de Croy. There is a wizardry in Scott which makes more come out of his work than he seemed to put in.

Besides these foreign relationships, the Croys had many friends, notably the families De la Laing (another Scottish name) and De Meleun; seven of the former, and four of the latter, write their names in 1572 and 1573; then come Anne de la Marck (another echo of "Quentin Durward," for we are among Burgundians and the Spanish friends of the Guises), two D'Aramberghes, two De Berselles, three De Berlaymonts, and De Montmorency, daughter, perhaps, of the Constable, the "great growler" and Huguenot rival of the Lorraines; these are all about the same time. A Count and Countess of Salm, her relatives, in 1590; Don Garcia Enriquez, Don Hernando something, and Don Sancho something else (just in the days of Gil Blas); Francesco Visconti,

* There is nothing to show the missal ever belonged to the Queen of Scots, and this fact and every other discountenance the idea. There is a shadow of a possibility that Madame Diana, the cousin of the Lorraines in 1558, may not be the same with the Countess of Croy. But that is unlikely, because, e.g. the Count de Croy writes most of his poetry opposite the picture of Diana.

from Milan; Hannibal, Count of Monte Doglio, 1574, writes Italian verses; Frederic, Count of the Rhine, 1576, writes German verses: Cardinal Verdelli, Count de Rieux, Admiral de Ligne, and many others.

Not all of them have so simply asked the lady's prayers as her Cousin Margaret did; some merely sign their name or monogram, some rise to a motto; Count Hannibal draws a heart and arrow to illustrate "Par trop aimer mon cœur est trapasé." The prettiest motto among them is this, "Bel fin fa, chy ben amando muore." And some have made verses in different languages, in their quaint old diction and spelling. Am I tedious in turning just a few of them into English?

"Among thy lady's serfs that I am one,
O little book, he sure thou understand;
I beg thee, then, if any should demand
Who wrote these words, to say 'Twas a Meleun.'"
A. DE MELEUN, 1573.

Here are two Italian compliments:—

"The god that holds me in his sway
Of life might soon hereave me;
But should I serve for many a day
My slavery cannot grieve me;
For no such torment need I feel,
While he that wounds hath power to heal."

"He who has never looked on Paradise
Should come to gaze upon your joyous eyes,
Diana, both in name and lineament
And gracious soul, and he will be content!"

Then two in French (so like *Love's Labour Lost*):—

"I would I could, but could not that I would;
And love's a pang, being so misunderstood."

"Ah, if you saw into my breast,
You'd read the name that I love best."
F. DE STANELAS, 1573.

Another admirer, piqued perhaps by the preceding:—

"Ah, one can see men's faces clear enough,
And hear their voice and language, smooth or rough,
But what their inmost heart is hent to do,
Passes the judgment of the keenest view."
WERCHIN, 1573.

This was all compliment or flirtation, perhaps; but read these two sweet, if psalmodic, stanzas from her aunts:—

"Let this for verity
In your remembrance dwell,
That to eternity
I long to love you well."
ELISABETH OF LORRAINE.

"You have been taught how God's decree
Ingratitude reproved;
Then love me still, where'er you be,
As much as you are loved."
CATHERINE OF LORRAINE.

And one of her husband's best to end with:—

"Here stand I at your altar, O my saint,
Who know my vows are pure without a feint,
And ever would I guard them so before you;
Your hallowed priest, my sacrifice I bring—
A burning heart for my hurt offering,
And my whole soul for ever to adore you."

You are laughing by now, I fancy, at these dear people's valentine verses. Well, they are not very grand poetry, but mean much; for they say that men who were fierce and foolish in tragical times long ago, could nevertheless read a pretty book, write a pretty hand, say a pretty word, and love a pretty lady. And she, whose ways and words you, perhaps, might think neither clean nor clever, was yet adored by many friends

G. COLLINGWOOD.

CHEYNE WALK, CHELSEA.

No. I.

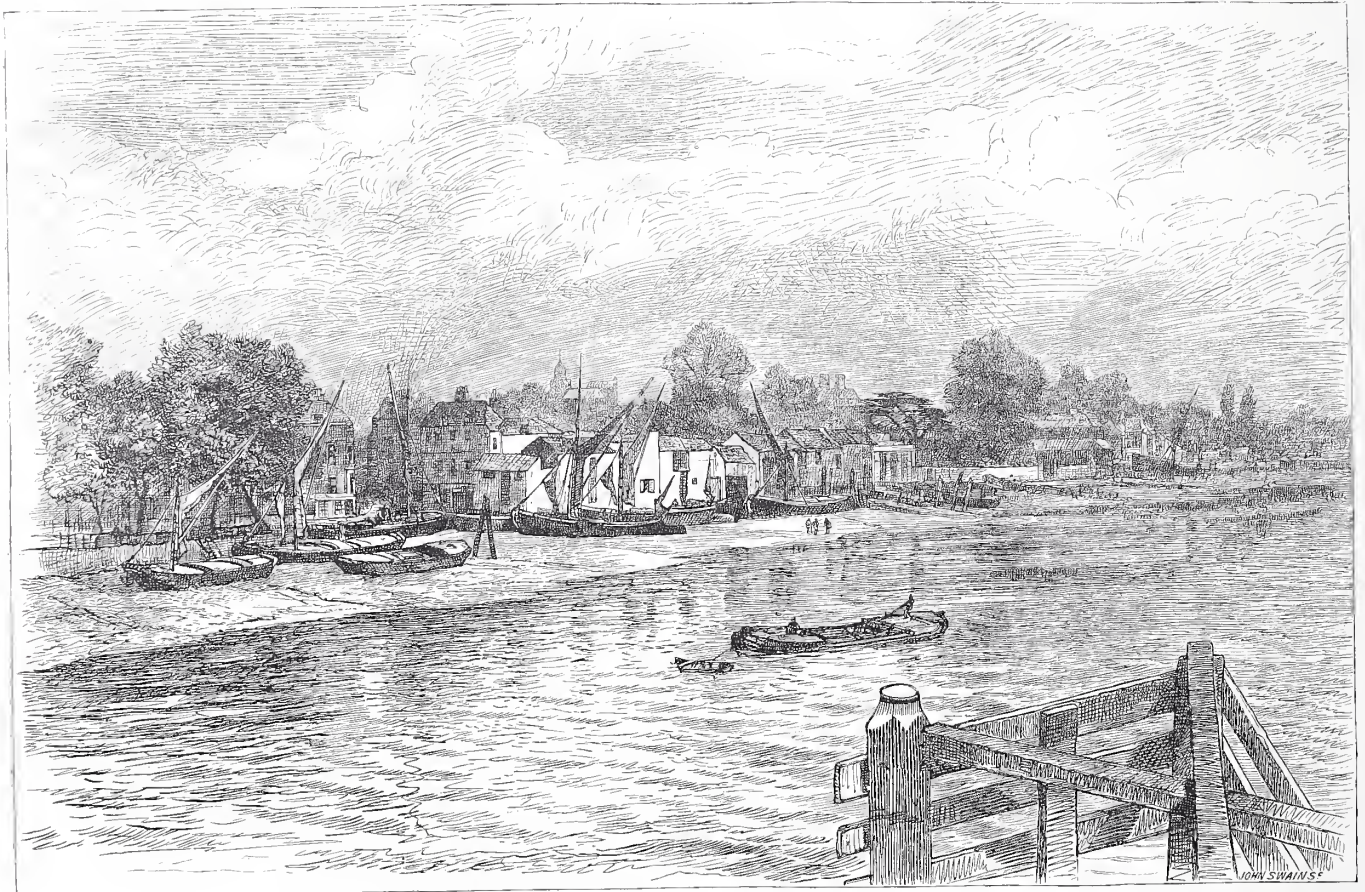


HERE is a picture that comes floating across a dozen years, bringing with it an old not-forgotten mood of what used to be. To look at it is something like watching a dissolving view shining through the row of palaces that now blaze to the sunsets where the old boats used to lie, and the sheds and the cottages used to cluster. Most of us can remember this odd corner within sound of city bells, where people hurried past without stopping, and where the quay came to an end. Here it is unchanged, in the engraving from Mr. Severn's charming drawing. You can see the street, and the busy people on their way into London. The trees are in leaf; the distant cupola of Chelsea Hospital overtops the trees; its old garden is shady beyond the wall, and the cedar we all know so well tables its dark shadows upon the

paler green of that bygone spring day. Art, whatever people may choose to say, is a good Christian democratic occupation; one of its chief doctrines is the beauty of modesty, of labour, of shabbiness, and of poor and lowly things. Art does not reject that which is splendid; it accepts good things in their places, but not the whole present stately row of the embankment, as I saw it in the winter sunset not long ago—brick carvings, latticed windows, iron and golden balconies all ablaze with light—could make a more delightful subject to the painter's hand than this tranquil heap of old sheds and whitewash and slated roofs, the boats lazily moored with furled sails and many cordages, the blue mists dropping at the end of the street, the river rolling in the foreground, and the distant hum of the city painted for us in some mysterious way, as well as the lapping of the water.

No. II.

Mr. Severn has chosen for his subject the two ends of the old avenue of Cheyne Walk, familiar to Londoners.



Cheyne Walk, from Battersea Bridge. From a Drawing by Arthur Severn.

This picture will be more easily recognised than the other. The square steeple of the church where Sir Thomas More lies buried, the row of trees by the river, the old house with the archway, all make up a pleasant Dutch picture of what was Cheyne Walk. Here, too, boats are moored, some upon the mud-bank, others upon a great wooden raft that lies upon the mud. There are many shadows of sudden sun and cloud and breeze; a barge with a filling sail is travelling

quickly towards the shore. The shadows are short, the light is not yet in the west, a thousand crisp little waves are on the river, and a thousand pleasant lights among the boats; a vaguely sketched figure leans against the posts of the embankment, watching some men who are overhauling a rope below.

Is this all? Perhaps to most of us this picture will mean something more than an old brick roadway, with a few trees



OLD CHEYNE WALK.

DRAWN AND ETCHED BY ARTHUR SEVERN.

spreading their green ; there are remembrances which belong now to Cheyne Walk and Cheyne Row, and names dear to every English heart will be for long years to come engraven upon the stones of this quiet place by the river.

The old roadway has been consecrated for us, paced by the feet of those bringing good tidings from the mountains ; not for many days did she stay here who came hither but to rest for an hour before crossing the great river ; but for forty years Carlyle wearily trod the old Chelsea stones. One can still see the well-known procession passing by, as one has met it time after time, the friends who made his last years' pain of life less heavy, walking slowly to his tired steps ; the faithful and warm-hearted niece who tended him when his wife was gone, all following in the wake of that grand and aged figure, bowed with years, looking out from the grim and grizzled front with sweet grey eyes ; so have we all seen

the old man walk along writing, as he has somewhere said, his sorrows in his footsteps on the ground. To give life was his gift, and it is with his own heart's blood and pangs that he fulfilled his mission. As we think of our old Chelsea prophet, and those who by their lives have added so immeasurably to our own, do we ask ourselves how we shall repay them ? By turning from the aspect of the noble battered face, with its seams and scars of eighty years, and casting down our eyes to count the specks of dust upon his feet ; by taking the passionate exaggeration of his lamenting love and remorse to point our neatest morals ; by interpreting every half-humorous word with solemn seriousness ? Ah ! not so. Peace be to thy manes, old friend ! With respect and remembrance of the past, and gratitude for help in our heaviest need, shall we speak thy name.

A. I. RITCHIE.

THE LOWLY ARTS.

ONCE upon a time Art was decorative. It was applied as a matter of course to useful or ornamental purposes, and no distinction was drawn between one kind of Art and another, excepting that of excellence. The difference between the unknown painters of the early Greek vases and Phidias was not that they were pot-painters and he a sculptor, but that he was a master and they were something less. All were alike content to work under decorative conditions, and submit to them. Whether the figures they designed were painted in outline on a simple vase of terra-cotta, or carved in relief on the frieze of a temple, the procession kept pace with its decorative purpose, and there was a consequent stateliness about the march of Art in those days. This was in an era before Fine Art. Now the Arts are so "fine" they pretend to be above any sort of allegiance or control whatever. For all that, modern sculpture has not eclipsed the art of Phidias, nor that of Michael Angelo, nor even that of the folks that came between.

We may indeed regret this separation of modern Art into pictorial and decorative. The greatest Art has always conformed to decorative conditions, and the Art of the greatest painters and sculptors has been decorative. But that is only another way of saying that the giants have in all times exceeded in stature mortals of ordinary dimensions. The perpetual iteration, however, of this fact may become tedious. It will be more profitable, therefore, for artists who make no extraordinary pretensions, to discuss Art from their own point of view—from the point of view of their own work—their own weaknesses even, and not from that of Michael Angelo, or any other giant who may be their ideal.

Admitting that we must have ideals, and lofty ones, far higher indeed than we are in the least likely to reach ; admitting that the ideal of the decorator should include something of the pictorial, and that of the painter something of the decorative ; each will find his immediate progress in Art facilitated by a clear comprehension of his immediate object. Taking artists as they are, not as they might be, they divide themselves pretty plainly into picture painters and decorators or designers ; and, more than this, it remains yet to be proved that, things being as they are with us (we do not live

under the conditions of the past), it is possible even for a great artist to combine the two with perfect satisfaction. He may attain to some proficiency in both of them but he will excel in one. Decoration is as much a separate craft as painting, having its own conditions and its own laws, and the proficiency in either does not qualify a man for the practice of the other. "The greater," says the painter, "includes the less," implying that his capacity for painting pictures qualifies him for the design of ornament. The powers which go to make a good painter might in many cases have served equally for his equipment as ornamentist had his bent taken that direction ; but the very cultivation of his powers of painting has been inevitably at the expense of those which would have served him best in ornament. Moreover his overweening respect for the achievement of painters will probably have led him to accept, as models of ornament, the very inadequate achievements of painters whose works in ornament would never, apart from their fame in their own sphere, have earned them a reputation at all.

The subdivision of Art into pictorial and decorative is, at best, only a rough-and-ready, wholesale way of expression. These two great divisions are again minutely subdivided ; and of the decorative arts there are even more varieties than of pictorial—if the painter will permit us to dignify by that name crafts which he dismisses from his mind with contempt, or which he may fancy he has only to stoop and pick up without much trouble. That fallacy concerning the ease and insignificance of the applied arts has greatly hindered the progress of decorative art. If the designing of patterns, for example, is a little thing in which the painter is bound to admit that he has no facility, it is more than probable that the decoration of a house or church is a greater thing in which (unless he has devoted a large proportion of his study to it) he possesses still less. A proficient in the smallest craft must have served some sort of apprenticeship to it. Because in decoration paintings more or less pictorial may be introduced, and because the great artists of the Renaissance (who were not ashamed to be held as craftsmen first, and fine artists afterwards) were not seldom masters of two crafts, it does not in the least follow that the one includes the other. The very fact that a man chooses to

paint pictures for exhibition argues—inasmuch as he is not just the creature of circumstances, led altogether by the market—that he has naturally more leaning towards art pictorial than to art decorative; and that, in respect, at least, to feeling, he lacks something which the man who has adopted decoration as his *métier* may be taken to possess.

It must always remain a question how far the art of a man is what it is, because he would not, how far because he could not, otherwise. Who shall decide to what extent one's taste is guided by the half-unconscious consciousness of power in some one direction, or in what degree his ambition is limited by an inner sense that his facilities do not lie in another? If, for example, an artist has never seriously studied nor attempted to master the drawing of the human figure, it may be that the modesty of his ambition is due to the limits of his ability. But it is, perhaps, at least, as true to suggest that he may not have given attention to figure-drawing because he cared less for it than for another form of Art, as to say that he cares less for it because he cannot master it. Undoubtedly the exercise of an art develops in most of us a liking for it, as the appetite is said to come by eating. The love of Art and the knowledge of it grow up together. We learn to know more and more because our love is stronger; we love more and more because of our more intimate knowledge, and it is greatly to the gain of Art that the instinctive consciousness of latent faculty should so direct our ambition in life. For, were that consciousness at fault, the artist, misdirecting his aim, could fail only by a fluke to miss the mark. Complete success is only possible when effort and facility are in perfect accord.

It may be conceded—whatever the concession be worth—that the inclination to the applied Arts betrays in the artist the absence of any conscious facility in the pictorial direction. Perhaps, on the other hand, the ambition to paint pictures argues in him little capacity for the application of Art to every-day use. One may be permitted to doubt very stubbornly the ability of even the most accomplished painter to adapt himself readily to the Arts of applied design. The easy condescension with which he stoops to patronise the inferior art shows how little he appreciates the difficulties before him. A really great artist may be master of many arts, but will despise none of them, else he had never mastered it. On the whole, there is more hope that a disciple of the lesser arts may rise by force of genius to take high rank among the “highest,” than that an acknowledged master of painting will ever feel himself in such sympathy with the necessities of ornament, as successfully to bring his power to bear upon the purposes of art applied.

Much of the success of the ornament of savage tribes, and of all nations in the earlier stages of civilisation, is due to the scantiness of their resources and the limits of their ability. Pictorial art could not lead them astray, for it was unknown to them, and undreamt of. The snares which beset the decorator of this generation had no power to entangle him, for he had none of the modern notions on which they could lay hold. It may be some consolation to the artist who feels that he is not endowed with the gifts that would lead him to eminence in the highest walks of Art, to remember that even the limits of his talent in one direction, rightly directed, add to its efficiency in another.

It is admitted to be characteristic of genius that it is conscious of its own power. The men who have done great things are those who felt that it was in them to do something, and, in spite of discouragement, did it. Such as have suffered

themselves to be discouraged by neglect or adverse criticism may, for the most part, be supposed to have felt within them some self-doubt that took part with the unfriendly world.

And where there is no question of genius, our efforts are instinctively, if not consciously, directed to what we apprehend it is in us to accomplish. We begin, it is true, by leaving out of account our want of education and experience, and set to work to cut our teeth on an epic poem or historic picture; but when once we settle down to work, after the first ebullition of enthusiasm, we soon begin to see (if we have any bent or faculty at all) wherein our opportunity lies, and wherein our weakness. Sometimes it is said, with half-truth, that no man is a good judge of his own work. The other half of the truth is that no other man can judge it so fairly as he. The men who have made their mark are those who were so far good critics of themselves, that they recognised where success was open to them; and it is because they sought it in that direction that they found it. Often, however, one is more conscious of strength than of the accompanying (and, perhaps, complimentary) weakness. We know, without telling, what we can do; but we are less conscious of our shortcomings. We do not always realise how much we leave undone, and how much we do ill, of that which we believe and feel to be within our reach.

The strong realist, for example, is not necessarily alive to the prosaic character of his work, nor to the sins against taste to which he is prone; the delicate idealist does not always see how nearly his beautiful dreams verge upon unreality, and how slight a hold he has upon the sympathy of stronger men.

The very choice of the craft of design shows a turn of mind quite different from that of the painter, and in many respects opposed to it. The art of the ornamentist grows naturally out of some circumstance with which he has nothing to do. Very often it grows out of use, and that is a soil on which it thrives. A handle, for example, must be roughened, in order that it may be more firmly gripped; and why should not that roughness take a form that is ornamental? Or, perhaps, it is only the *eye* that is offended by a monotonously plain surface, and so he disturbs its evenness with lines first of all, just to give difference of surface—light here, dark there, middle tint in another place. Then he goes on to make those differences of tint in themselves more interesting, and produces patterns, fuller or more open, according to the tint he desires to produce; and so, by simple steps, he arrives at the painted pots found in Etruria.

A poet once described a certain golden drinking vessel as “rich and rough with stories of the gods.” Just so might the metal-worker himself have expressed it. The first consideration was, that it should be rich and rough; this notion of roughening was that it should catch the light in all manner of unexpected ways, and so have a richness of effect of which the smooth vessel was incapable. The “stories of the gods” were an after-thought. Why not make that roughness tell a story having additional interest? and so we have an added interest of symbolism or poetry—something over and above craftsmanship, but not of necessity belonging to it.

Successful decoration, of whatever kind, begins from this feeling of the decorative want, even where it culminates in work that seems far removed from it. It becomes a habit of the decorator to begin thus at the starting-point of what is wanted; and it is no easy thing for a man whose whole practice lies the other way, who is thinking always of his pictorial effect, to reverse his method of proceeding.

In decorative design the artist has always to bear distinctly

in mind the conditions under which he is working. One who is habitually balancing in his brain all that is for and against ornament, comes not to feel the irksomeness of the weight; it only steadies him. But to him who is not accustomed to the burden it is no light matter. It weighs on his imagination and hinders the freedom of his every movement; spontaneous action becomes impossible to him. Just in proportion to the artist's familiarity with the restraints of decorative considerations is it possible for him to work freely under them. As a matter of fact, the painter usually throws off all such restraint, and indulges in pictorial effects that are worse than to no purpose. But imagining him disposed to submit to the conditions, it is difficult for him to know all that they admit or demand, almost impossible for him to have such an easy comprehension of them as to permit free play to his invention. On the other hand, the practised ornamentist has accustomed himself never to think of design without, at the same time, realising what it is for, and how it is to be executed. It comes naturally to him not only to fulfil the demands of the case, but to go to meet them. He anticipates the difficulties likely to occur, and by so doing wins them to his side. Seeking to invent only such forms as are apt to the purpose, he comes upon forms of beauty that otherwise had escaped him. No man who is not accustomed to strict conditions can avoid some hurt to his design from their inevitable interference with his notion; least of all can he develop to the full the beauties inherent in them. The unpractised is always inclined to think too much of his design itself, and not enough of it as it will appear in execution. The expert knows that he must sometimes slightly brutalise his own design if he will prevent its entire degradation by the manufacturer or artisan. This is the excuse for outline and flat treatment, which are of considerable importance in design, although not of such stern necessity as some would have us believe. In the case of a painter who paints his own work upon the walls, there is no reason why he should not treat it in a painter-like fashion, without flatness or hard outline, so long as he does not go contrary to the conditions of his decoration. Apropos to flatness in design, the most accomplished designers of the later Gothic period and of the Renaissance did not treat figures flatly, but carried the modelling in them to the utmost perfection. But it was a perfection quite compatible with ornamental purposes. The treatment was not pictorial. If the shading was not exactly that of ordinary daylight, neither did it suggest a studio-light. They managed to do in colour what the sculptor does in marble, and to render the utmost delicacy of modelling without going further in the direction of relief than the sculptor in basso-relievo.

It may not be an easy matter to adapt the figure to ornamental design. But there is as little excuse for the contemptuous disregard of decorative considerations in figure-design, as for the ignorant caricature of the human form. Those who find the difficulty insoluble have the choice of abstaining from decoration or from figure-work.

The whole course of study of the ornamentist is different from that of the painter. In all he sees he looks for other things. There are who declare that the study of the human figure is all in all, and if you can draw that you can draw anything. If that were true (which it is not, for you can only draw perfectly what you know) still the study of the figure would not teach you design, nor give you that intuitive insight into the decorative situation which is the most indispensable qualification of the ornamentist.

In modern ornament the question of style has inevitably to be answered. Whatever our dislike for the affectation in the nineteenth century of any bygone period—and it is obviously absurd—there are two things to be observed in decoration. The one is that most of the buildings we have to operate upon have some style about them, marked enough to compel us to take it into account in what we do. Our work must not clash with that. And we shall find it difficult, indeed, to work at all in harmony with it if we know nothing more of the style than what happens to be just obvious. We only see what we look for. Would any one see all the subtleties of human form who had no knowledge of its anatomy? Neither will you see all that is in a building, unless you know something of the principles on which it was constructed.

The other thing to be observed is that, even if we were at liberty always to design our own work *ab initio*, we cannot ignore the various styles of ornament which have come down to us from the past, or been imported from distant parts of the world. There they are before us, and we cannot help but see them. It may be a pity that we cannot do, as slower-going generations did before us, and just work on in the traditions of the school into which we were born. But the fact remains that there is all this mass of various work before us, and, once we have seen it, we cannot escape its influence—try as we may. This is no advocacy of the claims of authority. It is not contended that we should design according to any authorities—the chief use of an authority is as something to *depart* from. To depart from it with safety, however, we ought to know it, and to digress deliberately, not err unconsciously. The styles having so many dialects, we may liken ornamental art to language—a something living and progressive, never crystallising into set forms until it is dead. Heaven forbid that we should talk always by the grammar! Yet there is all the difference between the speaker who sees reason to differ from Lindley Murray, and the man who hashes the Queen's English without knowing it. The gist of this is that the ornamentist must know a good deal about *style* if he is to save his work from being a mass of anachronisms. And any one who has attempted to master the details of, let us say, the Gothic and Renaissance styles, to say nothing of all those forms of Eastern Art, which, perhaps, can teach an ornamentist as much as anything after nature, will admit that here is a little preliminary towards ornamental design, which is enough to deter from it a man who has other and serious studies attending his daily work.

The study of style is as important to the decorator as that of the old masters is to the painter. Neither may have any thought of imitating old work, but both should be familiar with the best that has been done.

It is not now as in ancient times, when men's wants were fewer and their lives more simple. A man does not spend fifty years of his life, as Fra Giovanni did in the woodwork of the choir and sacristy at the Church of Santa Maria in Organo, at Verona, working on serenely undisturbed at his work. He is called upon at a moment's notice to design for church or house decoration, furniture, glass and tile painting, mosaic, metal work, casting, carving, inlaying, weaving, embroidery, pottery, jewellery, printing, bookbinding, and even advertisements.

He has to design for every kind of material and for every conceivable shape. It is not likely that he will be equally proficient in the design of all of these, but he has to do it; and that being so, he may be excused if he limits his attention

to mere ornament, and does not aim at including amongst his achievements the art of painting.

The most universally successful artists, whether painters or poets, are those who are sanest. Still, if one of them have only genius, we willingly forgive him his freaks, and do not care even to draw the line too rigidly at a touch of madness. The ornamentist must be sane. He is not "of imagination all compact;" he must have something of the critic in his fibre. It will not do for him to represent things as he sees them, or as he imagines them. Painting may be purely sensuous; decoration must be intelligent also.

The art of design has suffered from neglect and depreciation. It is only quite lately that it has been admitted to the companionship of the "higher" arts, and even yet it has no recognised position or standing. The diffusion of a liking for Art, of a desire to understand it, if not a judicious appreciation, is becoming daily more general; and it is only natural that the interest which, during the dark days of Art—and only then—was confined within the narrow limits of picture painting, should spread itself over the whole range of craftsmanship and manufacture. It is one thing to separate decorative from pictorial art, and another to draw invidious distinctions between what is "high" and "low." The sooner such arbitrary titles are abandoned and Art is judged on its merits, and not according to its label, the better for it and all whom it concerns.

It is a misfortune for ornament that there are important vested interests in picture painting with which we have to contend. The powerful body attracts; and the votaries of the lesser arts, instead of protesting the dignity of their calling,

are ambitious rather of attaching themselves to the train of the Art more in repute. A government department whose *raison d'être* was to develop the art of design merges into a school of painting; and when, at last, a university determines to establish a chair for the teaching of applied art, it must, forsooth, christen it "practical Fine Art," imagining, it must be supposed, that an art which was not "fine" would attract no students.

Art is enough. Let us be content with that. There may be some shrewdness in the policy of claiming something more than we know to be our due; but such pretensions stand in the way of a frank recognition of our just claims. It is at best a kind of snobbishness that makes us proud to be classed in a higher rank, whether in society or in Art. The nobler pride is the pride an artist takes in his work, not brooking the least suspicion of any unworthiness in it. Some sense of satisfaction in the doing is absolutely essential to Art. Who was it who said that, in order to arrive in due season at civic dignities, a lad should start in life with the idea that the greatest man in all the world was the Lord Mayor of London? Of a certainty no one is like to succeed in the arts applied who begins by being half ashamed of them. If we are not proud of our work, we must not quarrel with the public for taking it at our own valuation.

Should the attention now turned to decorative art last long enough to draw to it adherents who are content to be decorators, whose aim is not to rise into a higher grade of art, but to raise the art they have adopted to its highest, we may yet have a school of decoration not unworthy of the age we live in.

LEWIS F. DAY.

SAYINGS OF GREAT ARTISTS.

GENIUS DEVELOPED BY IMITATION OF OTHERS.— I am not only very much disposed to maintain the absolute necessity of imitation in the first stages of the art, but am of opinion that the study of other masters, which I here call "imitation," may be extended throughout our whole lives without any danger of the inconveniences with which it is charged of enfeebling the mind, or preventing us from giving that original air which every work undoubtedly ought always to have. I am, on the contrary, persuaded that by imitation only variety and even originality of invention is produced. I will go farther: even genius, at least what generally is so called, is the child of imitation.

Nature is, and must be, the fountain which alone is inexhaustible, and from which all excellences must originally flow. The great use of studying our predecessors is to open the mind, to shorten our labour, and to give us the result of the selection made by those great minds of what is grand or beautiful in nature.

It is not properly in the learning, the taste, and the dignity of the ideas that genius appears as belonging to a painter. There is a genius particular and appropriated to his own trade (as I may call it) distinguished from all others. For that power which enables the artist to conceive his subject with dignity may be said to belong to general education; and is as much the genius of a poet, or the professor of any other liberal art, or even a good critic in any of those arts, as of a painter.

Whatever sublime ideas may fill his mind he is a painter only as he can put in practice what he knows, and communicate those ideas by visible representation. If my expression can convey my idea, I wish to distinguish excellence of this kind by calling it "the genius of mechanical performance." This genius consists, I conceive, in the power of expressing that which employs your pencil, whatever it may be, *as a whole*; so that the general effect and power of the whole may take possession of the mind, and for a while suspend the consideration of the subordinate and particular beauties or defects.—
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF ART.—Poetry as it exists now on earth, in the various remains of ancient authors, music as it exists in old tunes or melodies, painting and sculpture as they exist in the remains of antiquity and in the works of more modern genius—each is inspiration, and cannot be surpassed; it is perfect and eternal. Milton, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, Raphael, the finest specimens of ancient sculpture and painting and architecture, Gothic, Grecian, Hindoo, and Egyptian, are the extent of the human mind. The human mind cannot go beyond the gift of God, the Holy Ghost. To suppose that Art can go beyond the finest specimens of Art that are now in the world is not knowing what Art is: it is being blind to the gifts of the Spirit.—
William Blake.



The Prussian Eagle protecting the Globe of Empire.

MENZEL'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE WORKS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.*

THE reader may be somewhat prepared by two previous papers on Adolph Menzel to receive at their rare worth the illustrated volumes now falling under review. "The Life of Frederick the Great," which furnished four wood-cuts to our first article, had met with such high favour, that King Friedrich Wilhelm IV., in the year 1843, commissioned the artist in like manner to illustrate the literary works of the great monarch. Accordingly an *édition de luxe* in thirty quarto volumes, with two hundred designs interspersed among

the printed discourses, poetry, and correspondence, was completed in 1849. But this truly regal memorial has never been published; the few copies which issued from the press were reserved for private presentation to princes, or as special gifts to national institutions. The outer world has thus been shut out; in fact Menzel's designs over a period of thirty years have been seen by comparatively few. Herr Ludwig Pietsch, favourably known by biographic notices of the painter, and the writer of the explanatory letterpress to



Frederick the Great immobile 'mid Dangers.

the present edition, states that "with the purpose of popularising these creations of an exquisite art, so eminently

worthy of being known, his Majesty the Emperor and King has given authority to publish, separately from the text, the engraved wood-blocks preserved in the cabinet of engravings in the Royal Museum of Berlin. This edition is limited to three hundred copies," some with German text, the remainder

* Illustrations des Œuvres de Frédéric-le-Grand. Par Adolphe Menzel. Gravées sur bois par O. Vogel, A. Vogel, Fr. Unzelmann et H. Müller. 200 Feuilles avec Texte de L. Pietsch. 4 Tomes. Berlin, 1882, Chez R. Wagner, Editeur.

in French. The compositions were drawn by Menzel himself direct on the wood, and the engravings, he writes, "attain perfect fidelity in the rendering of my designs," they are in fact "superlative as fac-similes." The engravings given in this paper are specimens of these illustrations.

It is no superlative praise to say that Menzel's designs have greater merit than Frederick's writings. The king, though a hero in arms, figured in literature somewhat as a pedant and a poetaster in letters; he was so little the patriot that he eschewed his native tongue in favour of French, and showed contempt for German by swearing in that language at his grenadiers. Thomas Carlyle is known to have been disappointed in his demi-god, and discovered in his hero the humbug. Yet the weight and magnitude of the character may be assayed when we find that a writer so considerable as Carlyle, and an artist so great as Menzel,

thought it worth while to devote a large portion of life to the history of Frederick. It were interesting, did space permit, to make comparison of the diverse views propounded by the English historian and the Prussian painter. The two, if not agreed, may be accepted on the points at issue as the best authorities in Europe; each was hard at work at the same time, and yet the one owes nothing to the other. Carlyle, with characteristic contempt for everybody but himself, does not once mention his contemporary; while Menzel, making independent research on the spot among original records, won the right to enact historian on his own account.

The works of Frederick the Great here illustrated include "Anti-Machiavelli," "The History of the Seven Years' War," "Memoirs of the House of Brandebourg," various political and philosophical discourses, correspondence with Voltaire and other great men of the time, also odes, elegies, and



Courier of War in Times of Peace.

sundry other poems both serious and comic. Menzel has given to these materials Art expression in two hundred compositions, which may be analyzed as follows: forty-four portraits, thirty-seven historic and military pieces, thirty-six genre subjects and miscellanies, sixty designs based on the antique or taken from ancient history, and lastly a residuum of twenty-three burlesques. The order in which these illustrations are now published is that of the original edition: each literary work is handled in succession. The series begins with the "Memoirs of Brandebourg" and ends with a vignette to "The Philosophical and Moral Epistles." The treatment throughout is of the freest, the text is not literally transcribed but boldly paraphrased, the ideas suggestive of artistic rendering are with facile trenchant pencil disposed dramatically. Perhaps the first impression conveyed to the spectator is that

of infinite variety. Other artists, Horace Vernet, for example, in his illustrations to the "History of Napoleon," are comparatively one-sided or monotonous; but in contrast the art of Menzel stands out by its universality, by a freshness of creative power which knows no stint or staleness. In these designs the eye meets the historian, the poet, the satirist, a man true yet imaginative, an artist who holds up to nature a mirror, and yet who brings to life the dissecting knife. Genius is the only term for a force so amazing.

In one of the wood-cuts selected for these pages we see a military courier riding full tilt through fertile fields which armies soon laid desolate. The lines compose into varied harmonies; the skill is evident, yet the art is too well concealed for a mere trick. This, as well as the other cuts, are fair examples of the German school of wood-engraving formed

under Menzel; here, as in the original drawings, each touch rightly placed, is sharply accentuated with character; labour is seldom thrown away on meaningless elaboration, each line has vitality and intention.

Menzel may appear occasionally far-fetched, he sometimes goes a long way round and then forces the text into an unlooked-for meaning. Few, indeed, would guess the purport of the letterpress conjured into the sensational scene for which we have ventured to invent the title "Frederick the Great immobile 'mid Dangers." It appears that the indomitable soldier, sorely pressed by his enemies, addressed to his sister Amelia, on the eve of a battle, a poetic epistle wherein he complains that blind chance defeats the wisest council and the best-laid plans. A demon presides over the destinies of nations, yet, while statesmen and generals stagger and fall in dismay, the head of the king remains calm and collected. Such is the moral which this original and eccentric illustrator here essays to enforce.

The two small fancy vignettes are of value as indicative of the *capricci*, the spurts of fancy, in which this most wayward of artists abounds and rejoices. The first is one of those pictorial symbols by which abstract conceptions are embodied in concrete form. The Prussian Eagle is here seen vigilantly hovering over the globe of state, which suffers under furious attacks from envious enemies portrayed by the fierce talons of birds of prey. The eagle symbolizes the Great Frederick in his efforts to avert the threatened dismemberment of his kingdom. How concentrated is the thought, how symmetrical the form, how tersely epigrammatic the whole style and treatment! The second symbol is scarcely so neat in idea or pictorial diction, and the art suffers from a foliated ornamentation neither naturalistic nor conventional, but simply *rococo*, a style which not unfrequently mars the master's work. However, in this instance the excuse may be that the satire gains all the more sting from these base decorative adjuncts. The epigram reads as follows: "In the slumbering infant, robust, yet gross and sluggish, lies the personation of German literature as stigmatised by the king." And the note of interrogation, which will be observed beneath the figure, points the question asked by the royal satirist: When will the genius of Germany awake from her slumbers?

The answer came sooner, perhaps, than could have been anticipated, in the birth of a national literature under Kant, Lessing and Jacobi, Goethe and Schiller. The fashion of late has been to decry symbolism, but in the vigorous hands of Menzel this art, which seems to hold a lawful sphere between the imagination and the senses, shows itself no longer silly as the foolish sport of childhood, but becomes the manly recreation of the intellect, the vehicle whereby thoughts that burn find utterance in forms which speak.

The pictorial spectacle presented of the grand monarch in these handsome volumes is not wholly flattering. The House of Brandenburg does not offer so brilliant a field for the historic painter as might have been expected, yet the army of the great Elector gives to the Berlin artist occasionally the opportunity of measuring himself with Velasquez. Nevertheless the glory pertaining to Frederick must be accounted somewhat of the sounding cymbal sort; the solemn affairs of State were often draped in fustian, and the offices of Religion, few and far between, had full much the flavour of the Pharisee. Thus the illustrator had a difficult and a thankless task, and perhaps the utmost has been made of the material at his disposal. The artist's knowledge of human nature serves him well in a multitude of illustrious portraits, which read as biographies penned by a censor rather than by the courtier. Occasionally the characters look overdrawn: for example, the personifications of Voltaire border on burlesque. Houdon's statuette of the little Frenchman, which realised at the Hamilton sale a thousand guineas, is simpler and less spasmodic. Menzel, for independence, originality, and power of invention, has never been surpassed; moreover, as here seen, he goes direct to nature. His realism is pronounced and pungent; the materials of war massed in these pages might stock an arsenal, while the common properties of genre are not unworthy of Teniers. But, perhaps, the most individual traits come from the irrepressible faculty of wit and satire. If Carlyle or Macaulay had written down Frederick as the greatest of shams, the sarcasm could scarcely have been more biting. We thank Menzel for his outspoken truthfulness: history thus penned by the Muse of Comedy teaches serious lessons.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



SIR JOHN STEELL'S GROUP OF ALEXANDER AND BUCEPHALUS.

THIS noble group, which, at present, exists only in plaster, is, there is every reason to believe, about to be reproduced in bronze. The proposal is to give the group a permanent place in one of the beautiful Edinburgh squares, and with this end in view, an influential committee, headed by the Duke of Buccleuch, has been formed, and subscriptions invited. The subscriptions already amount to nearly £1,000, and as it is estimated that the bronze reproduction, with a suitable pedestal, will not exceed £1,500, it is confidently believed by the committee that the scheme only requires to be known to lovers of Art in Britain, America, and the Colonies, in order to be crowned with success.

The history of Sir John Steell's fine group is interesting. Nearly fifty years ago, when Sir John was a comparatively young man, and full of the enthusiasm which a residence at Rome engenders for classic Art, he conceived the idea of executing a colossal equestrian group of the famous conqueror and his celebrated charger. Action followed hard on the heels of imagination, and the result was the notable equestrian group now under consideration.

The celebrated anatomist, the late Professor Goodsir, one of Sir John's earliest and most cherished friends, used to say, "I love the horse, I have dissected him twice;" and so truly it might be said of Sir John, who has modelled and remodelled the animal until he has contracted a passion for him. Sir John in his day has modelled many horses—among them the well-known rearing charger of the Duke of Wellington, in front of the Register House, Edinburgh—but Bucephalus was his first, and, many competent judges think, his best.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group is ten feet in height, and highly classical, both as regards conception and execution. "As the title imports, the incident represented is the taming, by the youthful prince of Macedonia, of the redoubtable charger whose indomitable spirit had previously scorned all restraint. The animal is shown in the act of rearing, its figure being finely poised on the hind legs, and the fore feet thrown freely into the air. On the near side stands the young athlete, whose head has been modelled from a bust of Alexander in one of the Florentine galleries. He is firmly planted on his limbs, of which the right is boldly advanced. His right hand, drawn back with strong muscular action, reins in the fiery steed; the left, at the same time, patting its shoulder in a soothing manner; while he calmly watches its excited eyes, as if to discover the effect of his treatment. A loose garment shuffled from off the right shoulder by the energetic movement of the arm, droops in graceful folds over the left side of the figure, and falls in a voluminous mass under the horse's hind quarters. While individually showing good balance and proportion, the figures come well together, and, in their united effect, admirably carry out the sculptor's intention of displaying the predominance of mind over brute force."

The group when first exhibited created quite a *furor*, and obtained a prize of £50 from the Board of Trustees for Manufactures. The late Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A., wrote of it in the following terms to the late Sir Thomas Dick Lauder:—"It is a work of great merit; not only in composition but in execution; and, moreover, he has contrived to give that animation to the horse which I have never seen equalled except

in the equestrian statue of Peter the Great at St. Petersburg. I confess I was astonished to see such a work come from the hands of so young a man. I have seen almost all the finest of ancient and modern sculpture in Europe, and Mr. Steell's group stands very high in my estimation."

Sir John's group, while it attracted the attention and elicited the applause of the critics, influenced in no small degree the Scottish Art of the period. Thus the late Sir Daniel Macnee made a study of it in oils; Dyce and David Scott also executing careful drawings of it. Many noblemen and gentlemen, moreover, subscribed for small copies which were executed in bronze. Even at the early period in question, a very general opinion was expressed that the group should be executed in some enduring material; and very possibly it would have been, had not Sir John very rapidly risen into fame and had his whole time absorbed by the Scott memorial and other important commissions.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group, it will be seen, is invested with much historic interest, it being regarded by the best judges of Art as the most successful work of the kind ever executed in Scotland.

Sir John Steell was born in 1804, and studied Art in Edinburgh—where his parents resided—until 1829, when he went to Rome. Returning from that city, in 1832, he opened a studio in the Scottish capital, and he has remained there since that time. His most celebrated works are in Edinburgh, but New York, Greenwich, Glasgow, and other important places contain monuments executed during his lengthy career. The statue which first brought him into notice was that of Sir Walter Scott under the arches in the well-known monument by Kemp, in Princes Street, Edinburgh. A duplicate of this was made in bronze, in 1873, for the Central Park, New York, and the companion figure of Robert Burns was erected in the same place in October, 1880,* and a duplicate of the same in Dundee. One of his most important recent works is the equestrian statue of the Prince Consort—forming the chief portion of the Scottish national memorial to the Prince in Edinburgh—unveiled by the Queen in 1876, when the sculptor received the honour of knighthood. Many years before, however, he was appointed Her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland, and is one of the oldest members of the Royal Scottish Academy.

There is something beautiful and even pathetic in the present attempt to revive an interest in, and reproduce in an enduring form, Sir John's highly classical and striking group. Sir John is now the Nestor of British sculptors, and one of the most renowned; and we have reason to know that the present attempt to rehabilitate one of his earliest, and most graceful and vigorous works, not only meets with his most cordial approval, but affords him much gratification.

The Alexander and Bucephalus group is to Sir John very much what the first-born is to the doting parent. It marks an epoch in the sculptor's life as well as an epoch in British Art, and every one who has that Art at heart must feel that the present opportunity of securing, in some lasting form, a work of such distinguished merit, should not lightly be thrown away. The honorary secretary of the fund is Mr. Lockhart Thomson, 114, George Street, Edinburgh.

* See *The Art Journal*, 1881, page 71.



THE FARMER'S LAD.

FAC-SIMILE OF A DRAWING BY HUBERT HERKOMER, A.R.A.

THE ART SALES OF 1882.*

THE following completes our list of the principal prices obtained for pictures in the Art Sales of 1882:—

MAY 13TH. LATE E. HERMON—(continued).		
Müller, W.	Gillingham Church	£614
Pettie, J.	A State Secret	1,050
Phillip, J.	Church Porch	3,937
Do.	Highland Lassie Reading	945
Poole, P. F.	Wayfarers	430
Schampheleer, E. De	On the Dort	378
Troyon, C.	Near Trouville	420
Turner, J. M. W.	Cicero at Tusculum	1,890
Ward, E. M.	Louis XVI.	325

MAY 20TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.		
Ansdell, R.	Return from Deer-stalking	£346
Frith, W. P.	Race for Wealth (sketches)	693
Hook, J. C.	Coral Fisher, Amalfi	1,155
Linnell, J.	Milking Time	325
Do.	Over the Hill	640
Do.	The Harvest Waggon	588
Lee, F. R.	View in Devonshire (cattle by T. S. Cooper)	383
Phillip, J.	Al Duena	703
Stone, M.	Married for Love	514
Van Marcke	Brittany Cattle	430
Turner, J. M. W.	Geneva, <i>Water Colours</i>	871

MAY 27TH. VARIOUS OWNERS.		
Claude	Juno, Io, and Argus	£451
Gainsborough, T.	Miss Tyler, Bath	693
Do.	Miss Cholmley	1,123
Rembrandt	Nativity and Adoration	315
Teniers, D.	La Fumeuse	420

JUNE 3RD. VARIOUS OWNERS.		
Dawson	King's Mills, Donington	£609
Meissonier	Napoleon I. in the Campaign of Paris	6,090
Müller, W.	View of Tivoli	357

JULY 22ND. MR. RUSKIN AND OTHERS.		
Turner, J. M. W.	Eggleston Abbey, <i>Water Colour</i>	£787
Do.	Farnley Avenue	682
Do.	Farnley Stream	472
Do.	Fluelen, Lake Lucerne	1,491
Do.	Harlech Castle	325
Do.	Leeds	346
Do.	Scene in Savoy	1,207
Do.	Village of Heysham	787

JULY 22ND. VARIOUS OWNERS.		
Beavis, R.	Autumn Ploughing	£441
Müller, W.	View of Tivoli (peasants, etc.)	420
Romney, G.	Miss Benedetta Ramus	1,386
Do.	Miss Ramus (Noailles)	420

THE ART GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

AMIDST the rapid strides made by the Colonies of Australia, during the last decade, their progress in Art matters is not the least noticeable. Sydney, the capital of the mother colony, now boasts of an Art Gallery, which, although in its infancy, contains many valuable and important works. This was opened in 1880, and owes its origin to a private society, known as the New South Wales Academy of Art, founded in Sydney about ten years previously, with the object of promoting a taste for Art in the community. In 1875 Messrs. Montefiore and Du Faur took upon themselves the personal responsibility of leasing a hall for the use of the society. This gave a fresh impetus to the movement, inasmuch as it enabled the council to open classes, utilising a valuable collection of casts and models imported expressly for the purpose. It was not until three years after its formation that the Academy received a recognition from the State in the shape of £500, which was devoted to the purchase of a few water-colour drawings, forming the commencement of the national collection. In 1875 this was increased to £1,000, which sum was voted annually until 1879, during which year the first Australian International Exhibition was held in Sydney. The Government of the day, readily responding to the representations made by the trustees as to the desirable opportunity which presented itself of selecting suitable works for the gallery from amongst those sent for exhibition, placed £5,000 on the estimates for the year, this sum being cheerfully voted by Parliament, and has since been made an annual grant. The chief objects for which the Academy of Art was originated having been accomplished, and a society having been formed in the special interests of local artists, the Academy now

merged into the Art Gallery. How much the gallery is appreciated is best attested by the fact of its having been visited since its opening by over 250,000 persons, and there can be no doubt that it is exercising considerable influence on the Art taste of the community. As soon as suitable professors can be obtained the trustees purpose opening classes for students in design, painting, and modelling, on a somewhat similar basis to those of South Kensington.

The total value of the collection now amounts to about £30,000, comprising sixty-three oil paintings, fifty-three water-colour drawings; autotypes, drawings in black-and-white, etc., of the value of £450; sculptures of the value of £6,000; and other Art works in metal, ceramic ware, etc., of the value of £2,000; independently of presentations by the German, French, and Japanese Governments, and by private individuals.

The latest additions to the gallery include De Neuville's celebrated picture, 'The Defence of Rorke's Drift,' Sir F. Leighton's 'Wedded,' and Topham's 'Renunciation of the Vanities,' 1881. The gallery also contains works by T. S. Cooper, A. Elmore, F. Goodall, A. C. Gow, H. S. Marks, J. E. Hodgson, C. B. Birch, K. Halswelle, Seymour Lucas, C. Hunter, E. Hayes, G. Cole, C. Cattermole, W. Callow, G. H. Corbould, Bruce Joy, and Marshall Wood; also by Portaels, Landelle, Dubufe, Baron, Robie, and other foreign artists. These have been selected with great judgment by Messrs. N. Chevalier and C. M. Smith, the London committee. The Black-and-White Court contains a set of Barry's etchings and a collection of drawings and etchings by the best continental artists.

A brief telegram announces that the Sydney Exhibition building, erected at a cost of £500,000, was totally destroyed by fire on September 22nd.

* Continued from page 317.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.—The Annual Exhibition is now open in the galleries of the Royal Water-Colour Society, Pall Mall East. The five hundred exhibits include specimens of the recent advances of the art, as well as examples of what may be termed the more solid work of photography. The attempts to produce figure pictures telling a story are not very successful, but Mr. MacLeish's 'Misty Morning on the Wear,' Mr. Sutcliffe's 'Limpets,' Mr. Robinson's 'St. Nicholas,' Mr. Lewis's 'Portrait Studies,' Mr. Diston's 'Gloaming,' and Mr. Gale's 'Doorway Groups,' leave little or nothing to be desired.

YORK.—The Exhibition now open here has many points of attraction. The large central hall is occupied with examples of industries which have been, and may be, followed by ladies, such as tapestry, embroidery, lace work, leather work, and china painting. But the most important department, artistically, is the collection of old masters, contributed by Lord Feversham, the Duke of Leeds, Lady Mary Thompson, the Marquis of Ripon, Mr. Denison, and other collectors.

BIRMINGHAM.—A small but interesting Exhibition of works by past and present students of the School of Landscape Art was opened on the 2nd of October. The most notable work of the exhibition comes from former students. Mr. J. Fullwood sends four pictures distinguished by originality; Mr. Bernard Evans has a powerful drawing, 'The Valley of the Dee;' Mr. F. Mercer's 'Foot of the Hill, Crickieth,' is a luminous, healthy bit of painting; Mr. J. T. Watts has some studies on the Mersey; Mr. J. Keeley has been industrious and successful in his transcripts of Welsh scenery. In the Landscape-Art class, Mr. J. Billingsley receives the President's prize and a free scholarship for two years, and also a second prize.

BRIGHTON.—The ninth Annual Exhibition of modern pictures in oil opened to the public on September 21st, and appears this year to be above the average; it numbers four hundred and seventy works, amongst which may be mentioned pictures by E. Armitage, R.A., J. Adams, Davidson Knowles, Clem Lambert, E. M. Edmonds, F. G. Skeats, Edith H. Smith, E. Brace, E. Hayes, R.H.A., Arthur Stöcks, J. Aumonier, H. Montalba, H. Fantin, A. Parsons, R. Elmore, and Carl Bauerlé.—An exhibition of lace and fans is at present open at the Aquarium. There are about two hundred

fans, and an interesting collection of needle-point, pillow, and machine-made lace.

LIVERPOOL.—The "Liver" Sketching Club opened its seventh Exhibition early in October. The society, which began its career seven years since with some half-dozen amateur sketchers, now consists of seventy members, and their present exhibition shows the satisfactory progress that Art is making in Liverpool. Mr. Woodlock, one of the officers of the society, who has obtained the sobriquet of the "Local Whistler," exhibits some examples of his art, which for boldness and originality are very remarkable.

DUNDEE FINE ART EXHIBITION.—The sixth Annual Exhibition was opened here on October 7th. The exhibition numbers nearly eighteen hundred works, embracing paintings in oil, water-colour drawings, etchings, and sculpture. There is very little doubt that the collection would have benefited by the rejection of a considerable number of the works, whilst it would have removed one of the difficulties of this exhibition, from the works being, to a large extent, shown in rooms not adapted for the purpose. In places of honour in the exhibition are 'Bright Eyes,' by Mr. J. E. Millais; 'Scared,' by Mr. T. Faed; and 'Beads,' by Mr. A. Moore. Mr. Pettie shows 'The Laird,' now tolerably familiar in Scottish exhibitions, 'A Prince of the Church,' also well known, and an early work, 'The Minstrel of the Convent.' There is further an interesting example of Mr. Richardson's work in an earlier period of his career, in 'The Interrupted Interview,' in which a duenna breaks in on a conversation. Amongst works by members of the Royal Scottish Academy is 'Barncluith and the Vale of Clyde,' by Mr. Alexander Fraser (not a new work, but as rich an example of Mr. Fraser's work as is known to exist); a telling work by Mr. H. Cameron, the subject being the humble one of an old man "birling" a halfpenny on a table for the amusement of a child. In another canvas, 'A Cup of Tea,' the same artist shows his power of throwing rich artistic feeling into commonplace incidents of lowly life. Amongst the water colours there is a fine Egyptian drawing by Mr. A. Melville, and a number by the late Sam Bough. There is also an excellent selection of etchings by living and deceased artists. In the evening the exhibition is shown by the electric light, which has proved highly successful, rendering some parts of the exhibition, where in the day there are side or defective lights, much more accessible to examination.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR NOVEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—Receiving Days.—Tapestry, Howell and James, 11th; Sculpture at the Society of British Artists, 18th; Gladwell Brothers, Water Colours, 21st.

Opening Days.—Dudley, Oil, 30th; Glasgow Art Club, 15th.

Closing Days.—Glasgow Black-and-White, and Scottish Water-Colour Society, (about) 7th; Manchester Fine Art and Industrial, 25th.

The Scottish National Gallery is closed during November. The Annual General Meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy is held on the 8th.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—The new buildings of this Institute are now so far advanced towards completion, that there appears to be but little doubt that next spring will see the long-looked-for occasion when an exhibition of Water Colours, open to all, will be worthily housed and properly lighted. The façade of the building is decidedly disappointing from a distance, presenting nothing else than a basement of shadow, surmounted by a blank wall of unbroken lightness, save where a few busts project from shallow niches. These figures are (we presume) intended to represent the most eminent followers of the art which the world has seen. They are eight in number, namely, Cozens, Sandby, Girtin, Turner,

De Wint, Cox, W. H. Hunt, and G. Barret, none of whom, however, were members of the Institute, though the last four belonged to the "old" Society. This preference bestowed on the latter is, we trust, an omen that the Society which they so adorned will one day find its home in the sumptuous house which the junior Society has raised for the furtherance of the art of water-colour painting.

SCHOOL OF ART WOOD-CARVING, ALBERT HALL.—We are requested to state that certain free studentships in this school are at present vacant. They are maintained out of funds provided by the City and Guilds of London Institute for the Advancement of Technical Education. The school is open to amateurs as well as to those who intend making wood-carving a profession.

PARIAN MARBLE.—We understand that the ancient quarries which supplied the masterpieces of Phidias, Praxiteles, and other classic sculptors, are being again vigorously worked, and that a cargo of choice pieces is now in London. The blocks vary in size from such as would serve for busts to rectangular masses of thirty to forty cubic feet.

BIRMINGHAM.—During the past month the statue of the late George Dawson, by Mr. Woolner, R.A., has again been the subject of considerable public attention. It appears that one of the workmen engaged in removing the packing when the statue was originally placed on its pedestal, had the misfortune to break off a portion of the nose. This he carefully stuek on again, concealing the fact from his employers until time and weather revealed it. The damage is considered so serious that the subscribers have decided to erect a new statue, funds for which have already been obtained; and Mr. F. J. Williamson has been commissioned to prepare a model. Messrs. Barnsley, the employers of the workman, have generously contributed £250.

MANCHESTER.—Sir Joseph Whitworth has recently presented the Manchester Corporation with four important pictures by Etty—'The Last Judgment,' a portrait of the painter by himself, 'Godfrey de Bouillon,' and a 'Peacock.' This is the most valuable gift, as yet, to the proposed Corporation Art Gallery.

WORCESTER.—The Loan Exhibition was closed on October 18th, after a most successful season. The visitors numbered over 20,000, and a clear balance of £1,500 remains, which is to be devoted to the furtherance of Science and Art in the city.

GLASGOW.—It has for some time been a matter of surprise that the Government School of Art at Glasgow should obtain so few of the higher prizes awarded in the National Competition. As the third largest city in the United Kingdom, Glasgow ought to take a high place in the competitions; yet year after year passes without a gold medal being its chief award. Edinburgh, which is less than half its size, this year gains one gold and three bronze medals, with eleven Queen's prizes; while Glasgow takes two silver and three bronze medals, with seven Queen's prizes.

ON October 14th the Duke and Duchess of Albany opened an Exhibition at Glasgow, by the branch in that city, of the Royal School of Art needlework.

AMONG the local Art exhibitions lately held in Scotland, the Helensburgh Exhibition, and the Exhibition of the Dumbarton Art Club, deserve favourable attention.

PAISLEY.—On September 22nd, the extensive additions recently made to the Paisley Library and Museum were

opened. It is now fifteen years since the original building was erected at a cost of £30,000, contributed by Sir Peter Coats, who has also provided funds for the present extension, which in the main consists of two large galleries, one for pictures, and the other for sculpture.

MELROSE.—The Duke of Buccleuch has purchased several properties at Melrose, with the view of extending the amenity of the grounds and protecting the grand old abbey. In this the Duke has only given another proof of that munificence, patriotic feeling, and æsthetic taste which he has everywhere shown in desiring to preserve the historic associations of his country.

DUBLIN.—Mr. B. MacGuinness, landscape-painter, has been elected an Associate of the Royal Hibernian Academy.

FRANCE.—From a statement recently published, it appears that the total expenses of the Universal Exhibition were £2,200,000, being £800,000 more than the estimate. The receipts were £960,000, being £40,000 less than the estimate.—The archæological discoveries recently made at Poitiers are stated to be of an important character. They consist of a temple 114 mètres long, with a façade measuring 70 mètres; a thermal establishment covering two hectares, with the piscine, canals, and paving; a theatre with a stage of the depth of ninety mètres, and finally several entire streets of houses. The whole occupies an area of about seven hectares. Some of the buildings contain beautiful sculptures attributed to the second century, and a quantity of objects of iron, bronze, and earth.

THE PARIS SALON.—The copyright in the picture 'Le Duo,' by H. Burgers, which we engraved on page 269, belongs to Mr. P. Delarue, who will shortly publish a large etching of the subject by F. Dupont.

ROME.—Some interesting data have been supplied to the *Athenæum* by their Roman correspondent as to the practice in vogue in the imperial city, so long as the supply lasted, of building foundation walls with statues and works of Art. It seems that as soon as the trench was opened the workmen were dispatched to pick up as many statues as they could secure among the ruins round about. These were then smashed, hammered, and split into fragments. Within the last ten years not less than two hundred statues and busts have been found on the Esquiline alone, converted to this base use. As a rule, every portion of them is recovered, although the fragments are often far apart. For instance, the torso of the Farnese Hercules was found in the Baths of Caracalla, the head at the bottom of a well in the Trastevere, and the legs at Borillæ, ten miles from Rome. The Hercules and horse, one of the beauties of the Rotunda in the Conservatoire Palæe, have been pieced together out of seventy-two fragments. One of these curiously constructed foundations has recently been found in the Piazza Vittoria Emmanuele. It produced two hundred pieces, which had composed five statues (one of colossal size representing an athlete, another a female figure), as well as busts of Hadrian, Antinous, and others. It has not yet been definitely ascertained when this wholesale destruction took place.

MILAN.—The increasing number of travellers who, entering or leaving Italy by the St. Gothard route, make a halt at Milan, will be glad to be informed of the existence there of a new museum of much interest—the Museo Poldi, in the Via

Guardino. Established under the will of the late Cavaliere Gian Poldi-Pezzoli, it contains works of Art in various forms, pictures, carved furniture, tapestry, armour, glass, bronzes. Among the one hundred and ninety-five pictures by Italian painters—especially of the school of Leonardo—is Luini's celebrated picture of the 'Betrothal of St. Catherine,' from the Litta collection.

SILK PAINTING.—For a number of years a Florentine artist has been executing paintings on silk, which, when folded, or even rubbed, retain their appearance unaltered, the colours, it is said, remaining as bright as when first painted. The medium by which this has been attained is now being manufactured for sale, and, as a consequence, hand-painted dresses may possibly come into vogue.

REVIEWS.

NEW BOOKS.

"ART INSTRUCTION IN ENGLAND." By F. G. Hulme (London: Longmans).—In this handbook a successful attempt has been made to encompass and convey some information respecting the vast system of Art training which, within the last twenty years, has sprung up in England. In the school days of most of us instruction in the Fine Arts, however elementary, was considered an "accomplishment" and an "extra;" now hundreds of thousands of the children of the land are receiving it. Hundreds of schools and classes are now scattered broadcast throughout the country, and the opportunities for study and instruction open to all classes have been increased a hundredfold. The purpose of the work before us is to indicate these sources of instruction, of what they consist, and how they are to be obtained. To the intending student the manual will afford considerable information, finding room as it does within its pages for specimens of examination papers, hints as to courses of study, and much advice of a sensible nature as regards the Art instruction which now permeates every institution from the Board school to the University.

"JOHN RUSKIN: ASPECTS OF HIS THOUGHTS AND TEACHINGS." By E. J. Baillie (London: J. Pearce). 2s. 6d.—This collection of articles will, no doubt, serve the purpose for which it was intended, namely, to induce many of the middle classes to study Mr. Ruskin's works, or, perhaps, we should say, to attempt to study them, for at present their prohibitive price prevents their acquisition by the mass, or even by many of the libraries which are within their reach. To such, and many others, this epitome of the doctrines which this acute and novel thinker has enunciated on the subject of education, art, science, labour, commerce, political economy, women, ethics, and religion, will be welcome.

"CATALOGUE OF A CABINET OF OLD FANS" (The Autotype Company).—This catalogue is noteworthy for the painstaking care which is evidenced in its collation and illustration. Mr. Walker, who collected the fans which are here described, no doubt had a pecuniary as well as an affectionate motive in spending so much money upon what is nothing more than a sale catalogue. At the same time its possession will be instructive to future collectors, who will certainly find great difficulty in getting together so many fine specimens as this work shows Mr. Walker to have done, although, following his example, they ransack Europe in their search. We understand that the sale realised about £2,500.

NEW PRINTS.

'THE GREAT REVIEW OF SCOTTISH VOLUNTEERS.' Etched by R. W. Macbeth, after the picture by R. Anderson,

A.R.S.A. (Edinburgh, A. Elliot).—The 25th of August, 1881, will assuredly be a day long remembered by the majority of those who took part in the pageant which was so ruthlessly marred by the weather; for, if report speaks correctly, life-long ailments, and not a few premature deaths, were recorded in almost every battalion that was marshalled on that occasion before her Majesty. But to those who escaped, and to whom the ills and discomforts which befell them have faded away, some lasting remembrance of the extraordinary spectacle may be welcome, and in this case the etching under notice will suffice for all their wants. It is difficult to imagine how anything at all artistic could be eliminated from a foreground of umbrellas, with distance of blurred masses of soaked uniforms, and a background of pitiless rain storms, but the artist and etcher have been nothing daunted and have exceeded our expectations, and, we should imagine, those also of the subscribers. A series of portraits of the principal personages who assisted at the review are etched in the margin of the earlier sets of proofs, and add an interest to them.

'INKERMAN.' Engraved by W. T. Davey, from a picture by Mrs. Butler (London: The Fine Art Society).—This engraving completes, we believe, the series of important battle pieces which Miss Thompson gave to the world before her marriage, and which illustrated the Crimean campaign in a manner in which none other of our great wars have ever been attempted. 'The Return from Inkerman' is a picture which shows a decided advance upon its predecessors, 'The Roll Call' and 'Balaclava.' In both of these the theatrical element forced itself to the front, and a prominence was imparted to the ghastly realities of warfare which had hitherto been unattempted, but with which we are only now too familiar, thanks to the productions of the French school. In 'Inkerman' all that has given place to that higher phase of Art, "the pathetic." Mrs. Butler has selected the scene after the fighting is over on that Sunday which was termed by Lord Raglan "a glorious day for the British army." Through the mist the wearied soldiers return over the crest of the hill beyond which no Russian ventured. In every group, nay, in every figure, there is a mournful story which requires but little effort to imagine. This it is which is the great charm and merit of the talented artist's work; in filling her canvas there are no supernumeraries, no mere models acting as stop-gaps; as a consequence engravings are not the mere occupants of one's thoughts for a moment, but may be returned to again and again with the certainty that fresh incidents will be discovered, and new interest will be aroused. The engraving itself has elicited Mrs. Butler's warm approval.

CHARTRES.



TAKE the towers of Chartres, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the portal of Rheims, and you will have the finest cathedral in the world," is a saying which most people have heard, and, doubtless, they have also tried to set before their mind's eye this perfect building which never will exist. Chartres Cathedral, however, as it now stands, or rather as it stood some few years ago, was so beautiful that no such patchwork seemed necessary to enable it to satisfy all

Unhappily even then an omi-
ont essayé six à sept cents livres comme un jour: le temps s'est incliné devant elles, et a passé outre." What building of the nineteenth century will, after such lapse of time, wear its years so well? And yet our nineteenth-century buildings have much less to fear from one great enemy which, until comparatively recent years, played a terrible part in the history of these fine old churches of our forefathers. "Burnt by fire from heaven," the brief comment which accounts for the disappearance of many a stately tower and spire, will, we trust, appear no more in chapter records. Chartres Cathedral, probably from its exposed situation, has suffered many such misfortunes. It stands at the summit of a steep hill, rising grandly above the town which lies beneath it, and presses up to its very walls. Its spires are very lofty. When Strasburg belonged to France, those of Chartres were the second in height in the country; now they are the first, for we will not consent to recognise as a spire the iron deformity lately completed at Rouen. Their height, of course, added to

the needs of the imagination. nous amount of scaffolding was being set up against its walls, and it was only too evident that the noxious desire to do something to improve some part of the building had seized on some one possessed of authority, and the chances were that it would suffer grievously from such pernicious activity. Whatever may be said of the necessity of strengthening the masonry of any part of a cathedral like Chartres—and it is, of course, possible that such necessity may exist—it is certain that the very best builder of the present day would find it next to impossible to equal the work of his forerunner of the dark ages. The Clocher Vieux is more than seven hundred years old, and yet, as M. Viollet Leduc remarks, "On n'y voit pas une lézarde, pas une échancre, quoi qu'il ait été calciné intérieurement par deux terribles incendies." And of the cathedral itself he says, "Il n'y a pas une seule des pierres de la cathédrale qui ne soit saine, solide, adhérente aux autres, comme si elle avait été posée hier: elles

their danger, and so did the fact that so much wood was



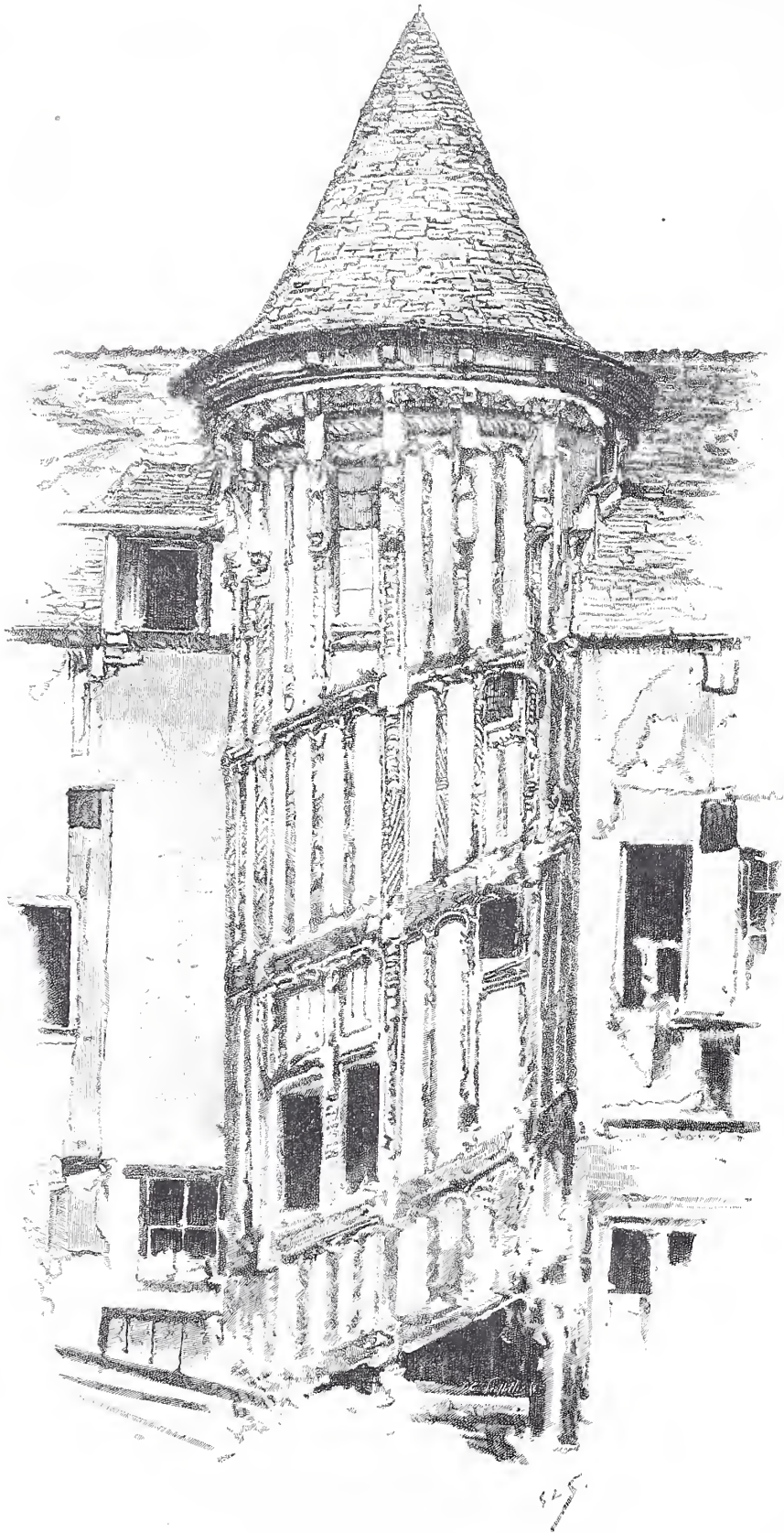
Ruins, Chartres.

employed in their construction. They have been repeatedly struck by lightning. In 1825, however, they were provided with lightning conductors, and now we trust that the people of

judgment, nothing to dread from fire, but will, on the contrary, save from the fire everlasting the numerous Christians who have contributed to its restoration." Both before and after this confident speech, Chartres Cathedral has suffered more from fire than almost any other. Four successive cathedrals were burnt before 1194, and the new one then begun, and consecrated sixty-six years afterwards in the presence of Saint Louis and all his family, has been in flames no less than eight times. The pious Chartrains of other days regarded most of these fires as special attacks of the evil one, who could not endure to see the beauty of the glorious church which they had raised to the blessed Virgin. They did not hesitate to attribute the great fire of 1194 to demons, who were plainly seen of men, flying through the air in the form of crows to Notre Dame, and carrying in their mouths burning coals, which they dropped on the roof. This fire of 1194 was a most fatal one, and destroyed everything but the crypts and the two towers.

When we read the history of these towers we are doubly rejoiced that they escaped. Few are aware of the self-devotion which went to the construction of a noble church in days gone by. It was not a mere question of raising money by subscription, eked out by a bazaar, and then handing it over to a gentleman whose only manual labour was designing the building. Architects of other days worked themselves, and worked hard; they were paid little beyond the wages of common day-labourers, and yet were artists such as the world has never seen since. Jehan de Texier, or De Beauce, architect of the upper part of the Clocher Neuf, built in 1507, received seven sous six deniers a day, and the men employed under him five sous—not a large percentage on the outlay, but the result left nothing to desire. No one knows the name of the architect of the Clocher Vieux. The date, 1164, is found cut on the soffit of a window arch near its summit; it was sufficient for the man, or men, who designed that tower to see it stand in its perfection there. But the falling off in the zeal of the public at large is infinitely more noteworthy and lamentable than that of the architects. How many people know how the spires of Chartres were built? and yet it would do every one good to be familiar with the story, and to think of the piety and fervour which must have animated every human being who lent a hand to the

work. Would that the day could come when men once more worked in the like spirit! Tolerably fine buildings may be erected—that is the word which is now preferred—but no really



Escalier de la Reine Berthe.

Chartres will with truth be able to say what was said in 1260, when the cathedral was entirely rebuilt in stone, "The Cathedral of Chartres has now, from this time forth till the day of

great, soul-stirring work can ever be produced without the heat of self-sacrifice which went to the building of the towers and spires of Chartres. Their foundations were laid in 1115, and for once we have a glimpse of how the work went on. Haymond, Abbé of Saint Pierre-sur-Dive, thus writes in his book on the "Miracles wrought by the Blessed Mary:"—"It is an unheard-of prodigy to see powerful men, proud of their birth and riches, and accustomed to a delicate and luxurious life, harnessing themselves to the shafts of a cart and conveying stones, lime, wood, and every necessary material for the construction of the sacred edifice. Sometimes a thousand persons, men and women, are harnessed to the same cart, so heavy is the load; nevertheless such a profound silence reigns that not the least whisper is heard. When they stop on the road they speak, but only of their sins, which they confess, with tears and prayer. Then the priests make them promise to stifle all hatred and forgive all debts. Should any one be found who is so hardened as to be unwilling to forgive his enemies, and refuse to submit to these pious exhortations, he is at once unharnessed from the cart and driven out of the holy band."

This is quoted from an extremely interesting history of Notre Dame de Chartres, written by Abbé Bulteau, to which we are much indebted. In estimating the amount of labour undertaken by these volunteers, we must not forget that the quarries from whence the stone was brought were at Berchères-l'Evêque, eight kilomètres from Chartres, and that these bands of devotees had to drag their heavily laden carts over the wretchedly bad roads of nearly a thousand years ago, and up the steep hill on which Notre Dame is built. Of course, their work was for the most part done during the finer seasons of the year, but even then it must have been anything but light. M. Viollet Leduc speaks with the greatest admiration of the energy and grandeur of the workmanship. "Vous voyez," says he, "des blocs de pierre qui n'ont pas moins de deux à trois mètres de long sur un mètre de haut, amoncelés les uns sur les autres jusqu'au niveau du sol de l'église." And again he speaks of "Ces constructions conçues avec une hardiesse héroïque, exécutées en matériaux énormes, durs comme la fonte de fer, taillés avec un entrain et un vigueur dont nous avons perdu la tradition." Abbé Haymond tells us that the pious custom of banding together to build or add to some church or cathedral originated at this time at Chartres, spread rapidly to other districts, and finally over the whole of France. Especially did it prevail, he says, in those parts of the country which had churches dedicated to the Mother of Mercy. Another development of the idea was that people from other places, who had no building of their own to do, joined together, and after con-

fessing themselves and obtaining the consent and blessing of their own bishop, hastened to offer their help to the men and women of Chartres, and having bound themselves by a solemn vow to work humbly and faithfully for an appointed number of weeks or months, took service under some man

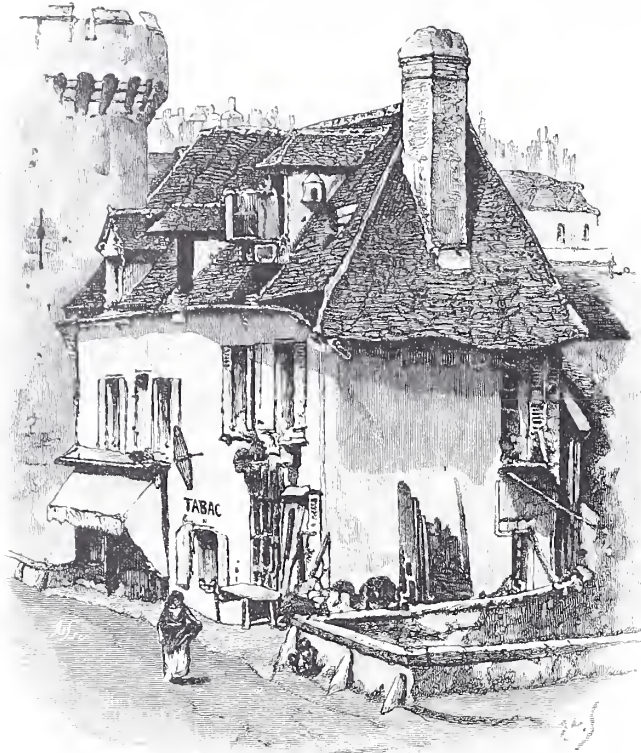


Chartres Cathedral.

who was chosen to be their chief, under whose direction they dragged their carts in silence and with humility. 'Tis little to be wondered at that a sculptured poem should rise up under the hands of men with hearts like these.

Inside the cathedral, at every turn, we come upon some mark of reverence and affection for the Virgin Mary, and an

attempt is made to connect her name with the town at a period when she yet walked the earth. A tradition is current here that even in the lifetime of our Saviour a church existed



Old Houses, Chartres.

on the site of the cathedral, in honour of His Mother, and that after His death she came to visit it. A tender feeling of veneration for her has also, from the very earliest days, made the Chartrains refuse to permit any one, man or woman, to be buried in the precincts. M. Rouillard, in his history of Chartres, gives us the reason:—"Ladicte Église ha cette préeminence que d'estre la couche ou le lit de la Vierge. Pour marque de ce, la terre d'icelle Église ha esté jusqu'a hui conservée pure, nette et entière, sans avoir jamais été fossoyée ni ouverte pour aucune sépulture." He goes on to relate how, in the year 1568, the "Sieur Doien," canons, and chapter of Chartres, were compelled by reiterated commands of the king, and by the entreaties of the most considerable princes and lords of the court, to inter in the choir of this church the Sieur Baron de Bourdeilles, Colonel of the Gascons, who was killed when repelling an attack on the town by the Huguenots. The Sieur Doien, the canons, and chapter, after having made all possible resistance, at last perceived that it would be better for them to acquiesce while yet there was time. They did so with the express stipulation that the ground should not be opened, neither should the bier touch the pavement, but that a grating of iron should be placed on the pavement, and on that the coffin should rest, and be shut in on all

sides with strong freestone, but that there should be no epitaph or inscription on it. The baron's body, however, even when these conditions were observed, did not remain long in its tomb. To insure its removal, the canons persuaded the people that the blessed Virgin, not choosing to endure this interment, had permitted the corpse to thrust his arm out of his grave to demand another place of sepulture. In 1661 the tomb was transferred to another place. This is the solitary occasion on which any interment has ever taken place in Notre Dame, and even then, as we have seen, the pavement was preserved from desecration. Much that to us of another faith would seem infinitely greater desecration has, however, been permitted, though not willingly. It will be seen that the pavement of the nave slopes in a very marked manner from the entrance of the choir to the great west porch. The difference between the two extremities is eighty centimètres. This slope was expressly contrived to make it easy to clean the church thoroughly after the departure of the bands of pilgrims who at one time flocked to Chartres from all parts of the kingdom, and, when there, would insist on sleeping on the pavement of the cathedral. Somehow or other they had established a right to do this, and, in spite of all that the canons could do to prevent them, succeeded in maintaining it. Any one who has seen the state in which the whole of the little island of Mont Saint Michel is left by pilgrims when they have mustered in force, will have a faint idea of the appearance of any building which has had the exclusive privilege of sheltering them.

In the middle of the nave is "La Lieue," a labyrinth or maze traced out on the pavement in black and grey marble. It has an scalloped border, and an scalloped circle in the centre. It is 30 feet in diameter, and its path is 967 feet long; but as its winding course has to be pursued on hands



Old Mill, Chartres.

and knees by those who put it to its proper use, and as a number of prayers have to be uttered at certain prescribed stations, it takes a whole hour to reach the end of the path—

about the same time as it would take to walk a league—hence perhaps the name. This penance in former days was imposed for various sins of omission or commission, and sometimes for non-fulfilment of a vow to go to the Holy Land; but in that case the weary path of the Lieue would, in all probability, have to be traversed a great number of times. The Chartrains are in the habit of affirming, that statues of the twelve apostles, in solid gold, lie buried beneath it. Another thing, which is much more usually found beneath the central stone of a labyrinth of this kind, is the grave of the architect of the cathedral. In this case neither the one nor the other is there, the ground has been searched, and there are no golden apostles, and from the invincible repugnance of the chapter to let any one be buried within the precincts of the cathedral, it is quite certain that the architect—if there was any special architect—sleeps his last sleep elsewhere. All the great men, too, who under other circumstances would have been buried in this the principal church of the town, found sepulture at Saint Pierre, or some of the other churches, and their tombs were destroyed during the Revolution.

Chartres Cathedral would repay months, nay, years, of patient study. Outside and in, it is a perfect treasure-house

of sculpture and painted glass; no cathedral has so many carved figures, none is so rich in splendid old windows. Before the age of printing, most of the education of the world was given and gained through the medium of sight; and almost the whole sacred history can be read on the walls and windows of this church. Especially fine are the great doorways, with their splendid sculptured figures of kings and saints; fine, too, are the grey, worn-looking old stone steps, which bear the impress of countless feet. For ages thousands have flocked thither to kneel before the sacred "Camisia;"

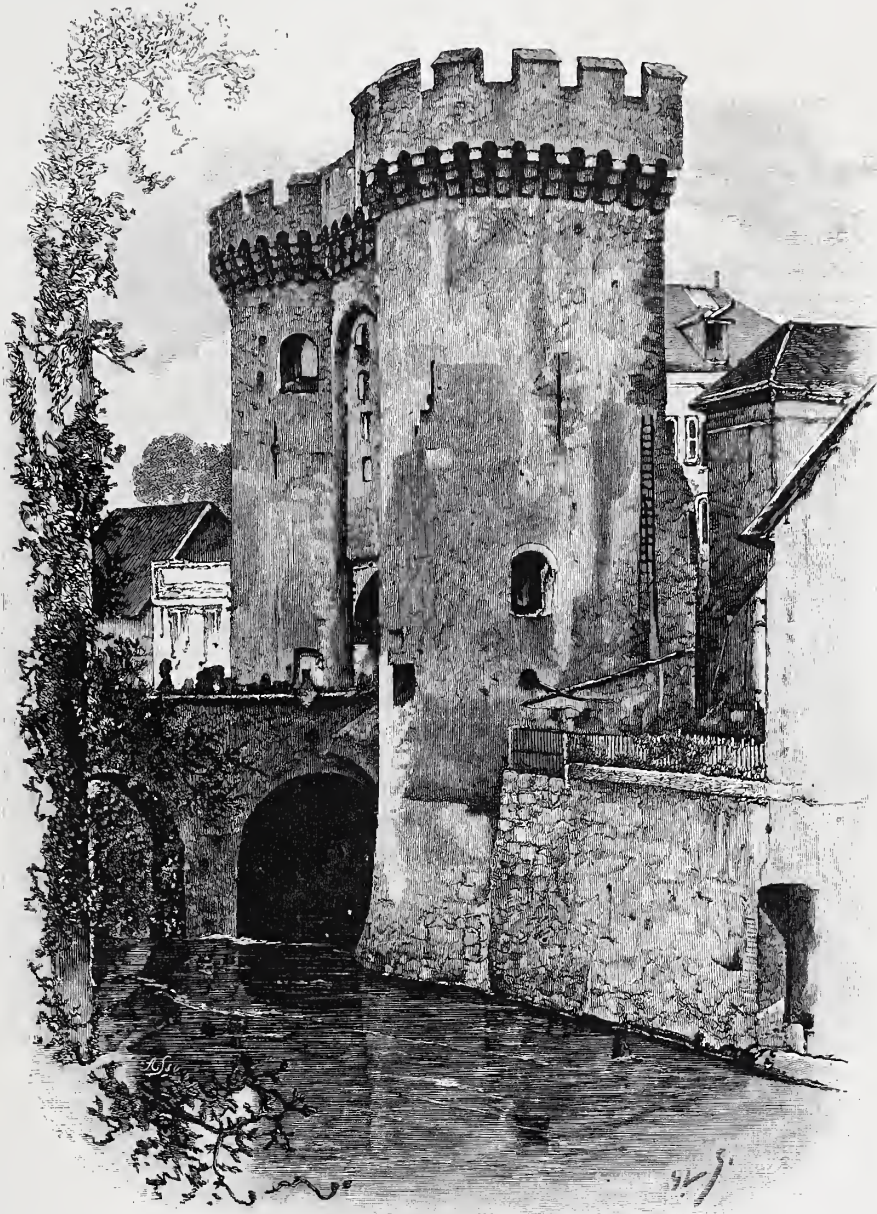
thousands, too, still flock there from the villages around, whenever the weather is bad, to invoke the help of St. Piat to enable them to get in their harvest.

The nave of Chartres is the longest in France. Much that once made it beautiful has, however, been destroyed, especially the painted windows; and the consequence is that now too great a glare of light comes in, and yet the effect is so impressive that even Napoleon I. is said to have exclaimed on entering, "Un athée doit se trouver mal ici!" It is curious to examine the effect which the same place has on men of

different natures. We can readily believe that many would find the nave bare and ugly now that it has lost its richly coloured windows and been whitewashed, but, surely, few would say with Macaulay, "The cathedral, which was my chief object at Chartres, rather disappointed me—it wants vastness."

The choir is enclosed by a wonderful screen of the most elaborate tracery, and is divided into forty-five sculptured compartments, each representing some event in the life of the Virgin Mary or of Christ. They were executed at different periods, and, as usual, those done first are much the best. The first are the work of the "mason," Jehan de Beauce. Many of the events in the life of the Virgin are, of course, of a purely imaginative character.

One compartment represents her death, which took place at her abode on the slope of Mount Sinai. Thither, according to the tradition which supplies the subject of the thirty-seventh sculpture, when her last hour came, all the disciples, dispersed in different parts of the world, were borne on clouds. She is represented as lying on her bed, having made her will, in which she commanded Saint John to give two of her garments to two maidens present, who had been with her for many years. One of these very garments is, as the Chartrains believe, still in their possession, and they regard it as their most



La Porte Guillaume, Chartres.

precious relic, though they have also a fragment of the true cross. It is called the "Sacred Camisia," or "La Tunique intérieure," and was given to the cathedral by Charles le Chauve, in 876. It is still in a good state of preservation, and is composed of two pieces of white *écru* silk, the larger of which is more than two yards long. It is wrapped in a piece of stuff much finer, and more transparent than itself, which is believed to have been a veil of the Empress Irene. There is also a piece of sculpture on the screen which represents the siege of Chartres by Rollo and his Normans. On the walls of the town stand the bishop and all the clergy in full canonicals, exhibiting before the eyes of the invaders this sacred relic of the Camisia. The invaders mocked it, but were smitten with blindness, and could neither advance nor retire.

The crypt of Chartres is said to be the largest in France, and to be constructed on the site of a Druidical temple, in which, by a kind of prophetic anticipation, a figure of the Virgin was worshipped, and regarded with the same veneration which the Chartrains of Christian times would have bestowed on it. This figure was made of black pear-wood, and was preserved for centuries; but, in 1793, the *année terrible*, the enemies of religion came, wrecked the crypt, turned it into a wine-shop, and burnt the black statue which had belonged to the Druids, before the Porte Royale. This statue must not be confused with La Vierge Noire du Pilier, which may be seen to this day surrounded by more burning tapers and silver hearts than any other image, and never without a crowd of kneeling figures about it. It is wonderful that it escaped destruction in 1793. Tradition records that it owed its safety to the happy thought of a workman, who put a *bonnet rouge* on its head. The bells did not escape. They were turned into cannon balls and *gros sous*, and a rich supply they must have yielded, for one "bourdon" weighed 13,500 kils., and the other 10,000.

As for treasures of gold, silver, and jewels, the gifts of devout kings, queens, and bishops of old, since that fatal year their place has known them no more.

We have lingered so long over Notre Dame and all the strange old traditions connected with it, that we have left ourselves little space for the town itself; and yet there are many interesting things to see in it, and we ought to descend the steep hill on which the cathedral stands to find the little river Eure, which washes its base. It is very narrow, so narrow that, when a church (St. André) on the town side required enlargement, an arch was thrown across the river, and the choir built upon it. This has, however, been destroyed, and the church has been turned into a barn. Narrow as the Eure is, it is often very picturesque, and animated, too, when the washing-sheds, which overhang it, are filled with busy women plying their trade. In this part of the town is found the Porte Guillaume. Seven great gates once gave ingress and egress to Chartres, but this is the only one left. All the others have been pulled down, and the ramparts have been levelled and turned into public walks. The Porte Guillaume is very difficult to find, and so is a picturesque fragment of a Renaissance building, the Escalier de la Reine Berthe. This is rarely mentioned in any guide-book, and we only became aware of its existence by seeing a photograph of it in a shop window, and asking the owner of the shop in what town it was to be found, on which we learnt that it was in Chartres itself. We found it at last in a side street behind some houses, nearly concealed by a carpenter's shop which was built up against it. We had to go into the shop and prevail upon the owner to move some planks and other things before we could see the lower part of the tower at all. It is of fine old grey wood, and is covered with a red tiled roof; altogether it is one of the prettiest things in the place.

MARGARET HUNT.

PAOLO TOSCHI AND CORREGGIO.

TO him who loves Art for the sake of Art, not because of a traditional greatness, there is hardly any name more cherished than that of the great painter who has made Parma the resort, from time to time, of every enthusiast, from Titian to Ruskin. And for any one thus loving the work of Correggio it would be impossible to grudge his gratitude to the artist-engraver, Paolo Toschi, who so ably interpreted for us the chief works of his cherished "Master," and preserved, in the severe and more permanent beauty of engraving, that which was fast fading in colour and threatening to soon decay altogether.

A brief sketch of Correggio's work in relation to its commemoration in Line by Toschi may prove to be interesting at a time when a quickened attention seems to have been awakened in the great engraver's productions.

As regards the life of Correggio we have few trustworthy data; on one hand we read that he was wealthy, on the other that he was poor to a degree, and even at times destitute; again, he has been described as of low birth, and again as belonging to the higher class. But we have the facts of his birth, marriage, death, parentage, and life's work, which is more than can be said of many another artist whose name

is familiar. As dates and facts are troublesome things to the memories of most people, even ardent Art lovers, it will not be impertinent to recall the personal circumstances of Correggio's life before specifying the work which has endeared his memory to every subsequent generation.

Correggio, in the Duchy of Modena, saw both the birth and death of the painter called by its name. Antonio Allegri was born in 1494, and though his father, Pellegrini, was not himself an artist, the artistic influence was not wanting in the family, for Antonio's uncle, Lorenzo Allegri, was a painter of some repute in his time. Of the young painter's boyhood hardly anything definite is known. That, wherever his education was carried on, and whatever such education was, he was not long in impressing his immediate world is evident, for when only about twenty years of age, we know that he was employed in the Monastery of St. Francis on a picture of the saint himself. Before painting the famous fresco of the 'Assumption of Christ' he is known to have been largely employed by the different religious bodies, so that there is ample evidence to show that his genius was recognised from the first. About 1520, when only in his twenty-sixth year, he commenced the fresco just mentioned upon the cupola of the Benedictine

Church of St. John at Parma, and three years later the well-known 'St. Jerome,' for which he received "four hundred gold imperials, besides some cartloads of faggots, some measures of wheat, and a fat pig." * In 1530 he completed his *chef-d'œuvre*, the great 'Assumption of the Virgin.'

In the well-known 'Holy Family,' sometimes called *La Zingarella* (from the turban worn by the Madonna) and sometimes *La Madonna del Coniglio* (from a white rabbit in the foreground), the model for the Madonna is supposed to have been his wife, Girolama Merlino, to whom he was married in his twenty-sixth year, and who died just before the completion of the great 'Assumption.' About four years after this event the great painter died, on the 5th of March, 1534, and was buried, with great pomp, in the Arrivabene Chapel in the Church of St. Francis.

Perhaps the most characteristic term to apply to Correggio's work is *harmony*. It is also distinguished for marvellous chiaroscuro effect and for powers of foreshortening quite beyond any of his contemporaries, and by a grace of execution and beauty of conception that are specially individual.

Engraving triumphs over painting in that it has an assured immortality, not in tradition alone, but in fact; for, unlike the latter, it need fear neither spoliation through war, fanaticism, nor neglect, owing to its having a multiform existence. Therefore, he who can rescue and fitly perpetuate the works of any great painter becomes himself participator in his glory, and deserving of lasting gratitude—and such an one is Paolo Toschi. Some fifty years ago, from one cause and another, mostly from the smoke of incense through generation after generation, and from the inroads of damp, many of the treasures contained in the churches of Parma were fast becoming shorn of their glory, and were here and there almost unrecognisable. Before this became irremediable, the Grand Duchess of Parma gave to Toschi, at his solicitation, a commission to engrave the famous frescoes, and from that date till his death, in 1858, the "last of the great Italian engravers" worked incessantly at what was indeed to him a labour of love. After his death the work (which he did not live to complete) was carried on by his pupil, Raimondi, who, however, never succeeded in obtaining the magic touch of his instructor.

Paolo Toschi was born in 1788 in Parma, and in youth studied under the well-known French engraver, Charles Bervic, and was thus a disciple of the same school as Longhi. He showed at an early period a most undoubted talent, but it is uncertain, had he never left Paris, if he would have achieved a name beyond even that of such contemporaneous engravers as Massard or Richomme, and hardly, probably, beyond that of Wille and Bervic. But on returning for a time to Parma, and witnessing the devastation that was slowly causing the disappearance of the noble work Correggio had there wrought three centuries before, he became animated with the desire to engrave all the frescoes, if possible, before it was too late. His enthusiasm was magnetic, and, as already mentioned, the Grand Duchess was prevailed upon to give him the requisite commission. After his appointment as Director of the Academy of Fine Arts, he founded, mainly for the sake of the assistance it would afford him in the carrying out of his great work, a school of engravers, of whom the best known are Raimondi and Dalco. To these two, and others, he assigned the subordinate details, though in some instances he undertook

the entire plate himself. That he was a thorough draughtsman as well as engraver is manifest in the drawings now mainly possessed by the Museum in Parma; moreover, he was, by temperament, peculiarly suited to interpret the kindred mind of Correggio. It was on the 15th of April, 1844, that Toschi issued the prospectus of his proposed work, that is, "proposed" so far as carrying out the scheme *in toto* was concerned, for already a good deal had been accomplished. The impressions were to be issued as they were completed, and it makes the heart of the connoisseur envious to remember that the rare and beautiful *Remarque Proofs*, the issue of which was limited to thirty, were sold at five pounds. Ordinary proofs (before letters) were issued to subscribers at about half that sum, and prints at about £1 15s. These engravings are much sought after, and though they are continually coming into the "market," good states nearly always fetch large prices; one reason for this being that, apart from their artistic value as the productions of a great engraver after a great painter, they possess an additional value in their decorative qualities. What could be more charming in this way than the exquisite series of seven plates called 'Diana's Cherub Train'—those lovely medallions, where the children, whom Correggio so loved to paint, laugh and play within their ovals of trellised vine-leaves?

Yet, strange as it may seem, the enthusiasm of the engraver did not affect more than a very limited number of Art lovers, for the better states of the impressions did not sell well—so badly, indeed, that after Toschi's death his heir found herself possessed of the greater part of them. It seems almost incredible that so lately as twenty-four years ago a government noted for its patronage of Art should have declined the purchase of these engravings at a ridiculously low price; yet it is known that Toschi's only daughter and sole heir offered to the Calcographia Camerale (the publishing house of the Papal Government) all the proofs of her father's plates at ten francs apiece—an offer that was not only declined, but met by a counter-tender of five francs for each proof. Fortunately this counter-offer was declined in turn, and the engravings remained for a time in the possession of the family, in due course being disseminated throughout Europe and America.

Perhaps the most famous of all Correggio's compositions, both as a painting and through the interpretation of engraving, is the beautiful 'Madonna della Scala,' now in the galleries of the Accademia delle Belle Arti at Parma. The enthusiastic praise of Vasari and other critics concerning this masterpiece is well known, though I do not agree with Mr. Fagan when he considers it as possibly "the loveliest impersonation of the Virgin that has ever been realised." The reason of the fresco of the Virgin and Child being designated the 'Madonna della Scala' is that it was painted in a recess of the Porta Romana, which was approached by a flight of steps, hence the "Della Scala." After some vicissitude it at last found its present resting-place in the Academy at Parma. It is the entire naturalness of this lovely painting that appeals so universally, the clinging, half-playful, half-frightened attitude of the child Christ, and the loving solicitous care of the mother.

We must be especially grateful to Toschi for his beautiful engraving of the 'Annunciation,' as the fresco in the Church of Santa Annunziata is now almost wholly destroyed; it is in the shape of a lunette, and is exceedingly lovely. Toschi has been specially successful in his rendering of the faces of the

* "The Works of Correggio," with biographical and descriptive notes by Louis Fagan. Bell and Daldy, 1875.

two divine figures, the matronly beauty of the one, and the sad *humanity* of the other.

The cupola of San Giovanni is rich with the incalculable richness of Correggio's genius, for here are to be seen the exquisite frescoes representing the Ascension, with the twelve Apostles, the Evangelists, and the Fathers of the Church. Grand in conception, they are in every sense equally fine in execution, and have been well styled models of perfection. Those who have seen either the originals or Toschi's engravings will remember the marvellous beauty. It is difficult to say in which of these four plates Toschi has been most successful—perhaps in the last, representing St. John and St. Augustine.

Probably the best known of Toschi's engravings from Correggio, after the 'Madonna della Scala,' are the lovely impressions of the series known as 'Diana's Cherub Train.' In San Ludovico there is the celebrated 'Camera di San Paolo,' which the abbess at the time of Correggio ordered him to paint; the subjects, however, are classical or mythological, and are said by some to have been suggested by Giorgio Anselmi. The chief of these is 'Diana returning from the Chase,' which was frescoed over the chimney-piece. The beauty of Diana in this engraving and fresco is thoroughly Correggiquesque, but, at the same time, not in the least like the conventional or common idea of the huntress-queen—not, indeed, sufficiently like to impress us as much as we might otherwise have been. For conventionality is sometimes right, and certainly in this instance must approximate more to the severe Greek conception than to the fair young Italian womanhood of Correggio's fresco. Beneath the fresco there was in the 'Chamber of St. Paul' a sub-roof of vine-leaves, under which are open oval spaces, wherein laughing, naked children play with emblematical weapons, or with animals,

or each other: and these make up the famous 'Cherub Train.' Beneath these latter medallions again are lunettes in chiaroscuro, representing sixteen separate mythologic subjects.

Anything more charming than these children-groups sporting through the trellised vine-leaves it would be difficult to imagine. Ruskin's mention of them will be remembered, as also the saying of Annibale Carracci, that they laugh "with a naturalness and simplicity that opens one's heart, and forces one to laugh with them." In these days, when decoration seems at last to be taking its due place in England, nothing could be more appropriate for wall-decorative purposes than Toschi's engravings of this series, as nowhere has he been more successful than in the exquisite rendering here of the convolvuli, and roses, and leaves of the wreaths amidst the trellis-work forming the ovals.

A specially beautiful one is that above the lunette of a young God Bacchus: the foreshortening here is wonderful, the grace and beauty alike remarkable. The backward poise of the near child's figure is as true as it is effective, and the interlacing of the limbs of the struggling twain more than adroitly managed. How beautiful, also, is that one wherein a chubby little fellow affectionately throws his arms around the neck of a deerhound!

Not only is Parma far removed from many who would fain visit it for the sake of Antonio Allegri alone, but even the Parmese themselves will soon have to lament the slow decay of much that is so valuable; for gradually the frescoes are peeling off, and many are already sorely defaced. But it is something to know, that if Parma itself were destroyed to-day no lapse of time could cause any diminution to the fame of its worthiest adopted son, for all over the world, wherever Art is cherished, he is loved in the faithful and beautiful transcriptions of Paolo Toschi.

WILLIAM SHARP.

'RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.'

THIS picture, etched by Leopold Flameng, from the picture by Henri Motte, represents Cardinal Richelieu standing on the mole which he constructed in 1628 to close the harbour of Rochelle. This mole was a massive work, formed of large stones laid on projections of rock, and completely stopped any communication by sea with the beleaguered city.

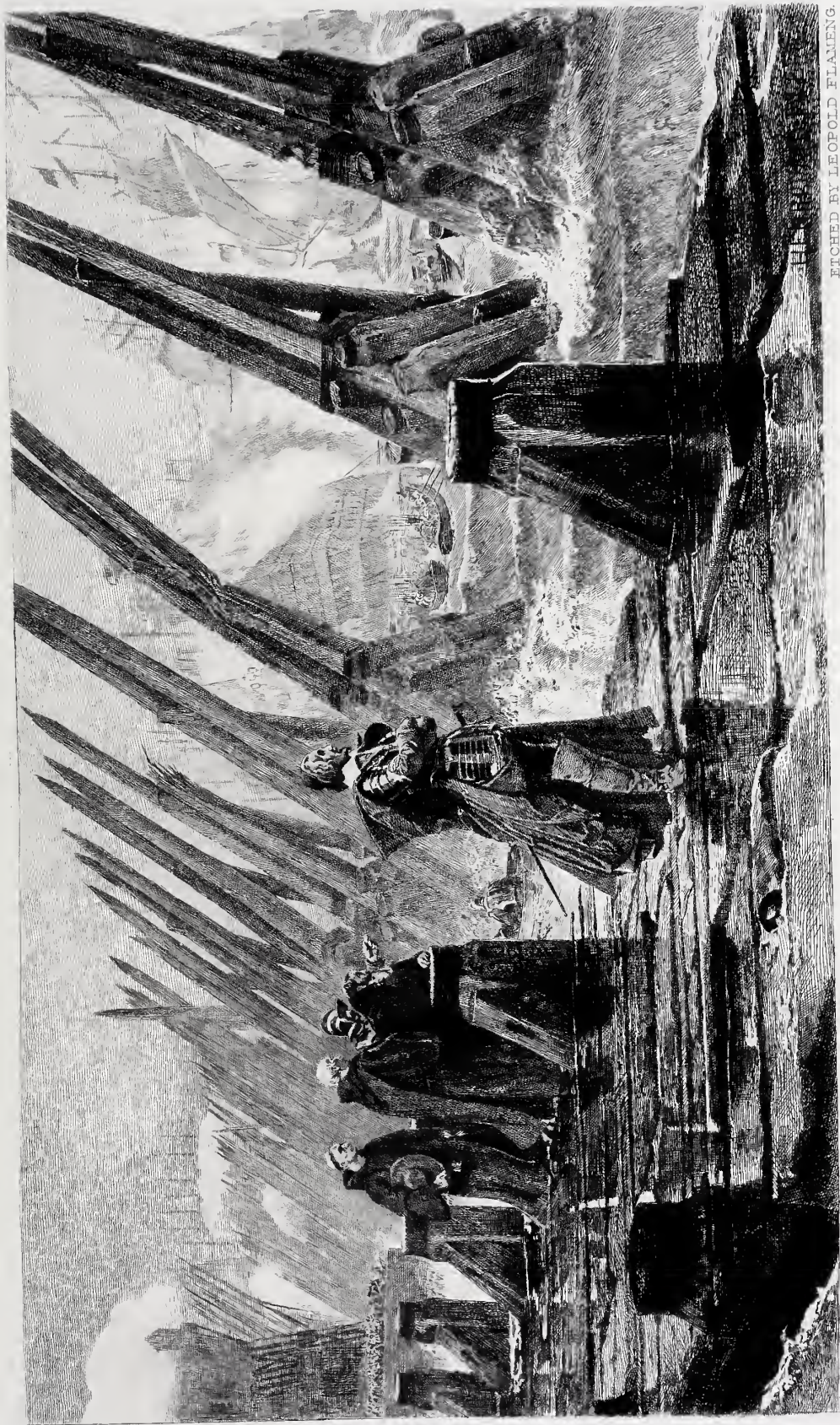
One of the three great objects of Richelieu's ambition, after his attainment to the red hat and the premiership of France, was to subjugate Protestantism and annihilate the Huguenots as a political party; the others being to make the power of the Crown absolute, and to reduce the strength of the House of Austria. For the first of these purposes he began a war, in 1626, with the Protestants, who had entered into a league with England. Desirous of ending the conflict by a decisive blow, he laid siege to Rochelle, and went in person to the stronghold of the Calvinists on the Bay of Biscay in order to urge it forward.

The episode which M. Henri Motte has chosen is when the English ships came to the rescue of the city. We see the Cardinal standing on the mole watching the naval encounter,

attended by some monks and a soldier in armour, who eagerly discuss the progress of the fight. The enormous iron-shod poles set *en chevaux-de-frise*, to withstand any approach by the vessels of war, make one of the most striking points in the picture; and the coolness and repose of the principal figure form a dramatic contrast to the turmoil of the sea and the peril of his exposed position. M. Motte's picture was one of the attractions of the Paris Salon of 1881, and by the power displayed in its composition and the brilliancy of its execution, has added greatly to the artist's well-earned reputation.

It may be of interest to add that the city withstood the Cardinal's forces for fourteen months, and it is estimated that out of a population of nearly thirty thousand souls, only five thousand famished men and women lived through the terrible time. But Richelieu's motive seems to have been more political than religious, as his after-treatment of the Huguenots was rather tolerant than rigorous.

The work of M. Motte has been interpreted by M. Leopold Flameng with his accustomed skill, and the difficulty of rendering in black-and-white the colour of the original has been overcome with even more than usual success.



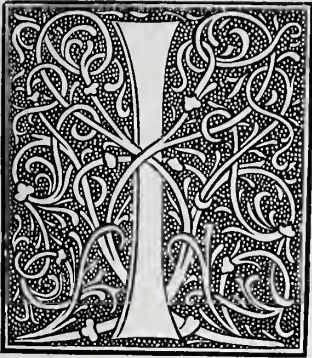
ETCHED BY LEOPOLD FLAMENG.

PAINTED BY HENRI MOTTE.

RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.

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GEORGE REID, R.S.A.



THE Scottish school of Art has as yet been little prolific in painters of the highest imagination, in artists able to deal effectively with poetic subjects, it has never, since its rise in Jamesone of Aberdeen, wanted for skilled and powerful portraitists. The realism required by portraiture, its strong and immediate hold on present fact, has been in thorough sympathy with the shrewd and practical nature of the national character. But it cannot be said that the finest masterpieces in this department have been the work of men who were professed portraitists and nothing more. Even the most widely known and prolific of Scottish portrait painters, Sir Henry Raeburn, has suffered somewhat by his exclusive devotion to a single phase of Art. He is great always by his instinctive and unerring seizure of character; but had his range of subject been wider, it cannot be doubted that his works would have possessed a more complete and more constant value on their purely artistic side, that they would have avoided the mannerisms of which they frequently show traces, and been distinguished by finer qualities of lighting, texture, and flesh-painting. For the supreme achievements of Scottish portraiture we must look to men whose art had wider scope, to the 'Lord Kelly,' of Sir David Wilkie; to 'The Artist's Mother,' by Andrew Geddes; just as the greatest portraits of old Italy are by Titian and Leonardo, and the greatest of our own time by Millais. The painter with whom we have now to deal is one who has kept the portraiture which has been the main work of his life fresh and artistic, free from "the curse of commonness" and routine, by wide and varied practice as a figure-painter, a landscape-painter, and a painter of flowers.

He is a native of Aberdeen—the city that has given to Scottish Art Jamesone and Dyce, Phillip and Cassie; and was born in 1842, coming of a family which must have had in it some germs at least of Art faculty, for two of his younger brothers, Mr. A. D.

Reid and Mr. Samuel Reid, have also proved themselves accomplished and capable painters. As has been the case with almost all who have attained eminence in Art, he early showed a fondness for pictures and an aptitude for

using the pencil; and when he had reached the age of twelve, and had received the elements of an ordinary education at school, his father was anxious that he should be put in the way of learning a trade which would give at least some degree of scope for his artistic powers. He was unwilling, however, that his son should encounter the risk and uncertainty of a painter's life, desirous that he should be able to earn with certainty an honest livelihood; so George was, in 1854, bound for seven years as an apprentice with Messrs. Keith and Gibb, lithographers, in Aberdeen. Here he was not quite separated from Art; drawing of a sort was going on around him, pictures of a kind were being turned out daily by the establishment, and his own work had in it something of artistry, at least during the last two or three years of his apprenticeship, when he was mainly employed in lithographing, from sketches by one of the firm, the illustrations to Dr. John Stuart's "Sculptured Stones of Scotland," a magnificent folio published by the Spalding Club. And he made the acquaintance of an actual artist, one William Niddrie, an itinerant portrait painter, who had been a pupil of James Giles, R.S.A., and who, we believe, ended his life as a porter in the Aberdeen Savings' Bank. Mr. Reid speaks of Niddrie with much respect, as a man of real instinct and enthusiasm for Art, whom poverty and untoward circumstances had prevented from attaining mastery. At any rate he taught Reid to lay the colour, gave him some general idea of the technical processes of Art, aided him, too, we doubt not, with the fire of his own enthusiasm. Once a week there was a regular lesson for two hours before eight o'clock in the morning, when George had to begin his day's work, one shilling being the fee exacted on each occasion; and in the evening, when the lithographing was over, the boy was still busy, sketching from nature, or copying Hill's

"Etchings from Nature" and the plates of Harding's "Park and Forest." In his holidays he would visit Edinburgh, choosing the time when the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was open. On one such occasion he called on Sir George Harvey. The excellent old President of the Academy had been shown some of the lad's drawings by a friend, and had expressed a wish to see him. He re-

ceived Reid with great kindness, gave him encouragement and much good advice, and displayed to his eager eyes his own portfolios of sketches. But to the young man's inquiry, "Would he advise him to become a painter?" Harvey



St. Machar's Cathedral, Aberdeen.

could only reply, "I daren't, I daren't; the decision must rest with yourself alone."

The seven years' apprenticeship came at length to an end, and having continued with his employers for several months longer and managed to save a few pounds, Reid resolved to leave for Edinburgh to prosecute seriously the study of Art. He started one chill, dark November morning, with a heart heavy and anxious enough about his future. He says that now, when he looks back upon the time, it seems all like some weird, unreal dream, and he remembers how, as the train skirted the coast between Aberdeen and Stonehaven, and the day dawned in splendour over the sea, his thoughts went instinctively to a similar effect of sunrise in the 'Columbus' by Sir George Harvey, which he had seen in Edinburgh—he, too, going out into the unknown to discover his New World.

When he arrived in Edinburgh the School of Design—that "Trustees' Academy" which has won for itself so honourable

a name in the history of Scottish Art—had just been reorganized; its method of instruction had been brought into something like uniformity with that of the South Kensington Department, and one of Reid's earliest memories of the place is of seeing Robert Scott Lauder, the painter of 'The Trial of Effie Deans,' the master of Orchardson, Pettie, and Chalmers, paying his last visit to the school and taking leave of the pupils.

After nine months of earnest study in Edinburgh Reid returned to Aberdeen, and though he received advantageous offers of work as a lithographer, he resolved to devote all his time to painting. He supported himself mainly by portraits done for a few shillings each; in his leisure moments he was busy with landscape sketching from nature, and the picturesque corners of the Cathedral and the St. Nicholas Church of Aberdeen were painted as appropriate backgrounds for such figure-pictures as 'The Monk cleaning Church Plate' and 'The Orphan soliciting Alms.' Having remained two



The Death of Savonarola, by George Reid, R.S.A.

years in his native town, he returned to Edinburgh to draw from the antique in the Sculpture Gallery, and from the figure in the life-class of the Scottish Academy.

It was about this time that he was greatly impressed by Continental Art. A friend in Aberdeen had purchased in the International Exhibition of 1862 a large landscape by Mollinger, a flat stretch of moorland, with a dark clump of trees in the middle distance, overhung by a great sky filled with golden clouds. Reid saw the picture, felt the charm of its tender sentiment, of its quiet truth to nature, felt, above all, the charm of its subdued and harmonious tonality, and was filled with a wish to study under its painter. Would Mollinger have him as a pupil? "Let the young man come by all means," wrote the Dutch painter in reply; so Reid started for Utrecht.

Here he felt the fresh and stimulating influence of one of the most powerful members of the school of revived landscape

in Holland, a school which may be traced back to England itself, to the influence of the works of Constable and Crome on the landscape-painters of France. Mollinger had been a pupil of the French Roelofs, had learned much from Troyon, and even in his short life—he died at thirty-four—he won for himself quite a foremost place among modern Dutch painters. Under his eye Reid worked unweariedly from nature, attaining a breadth and harmony of tone which could never have been acquired by practice in the manner of the Scottish landscapists of twenty years ago.

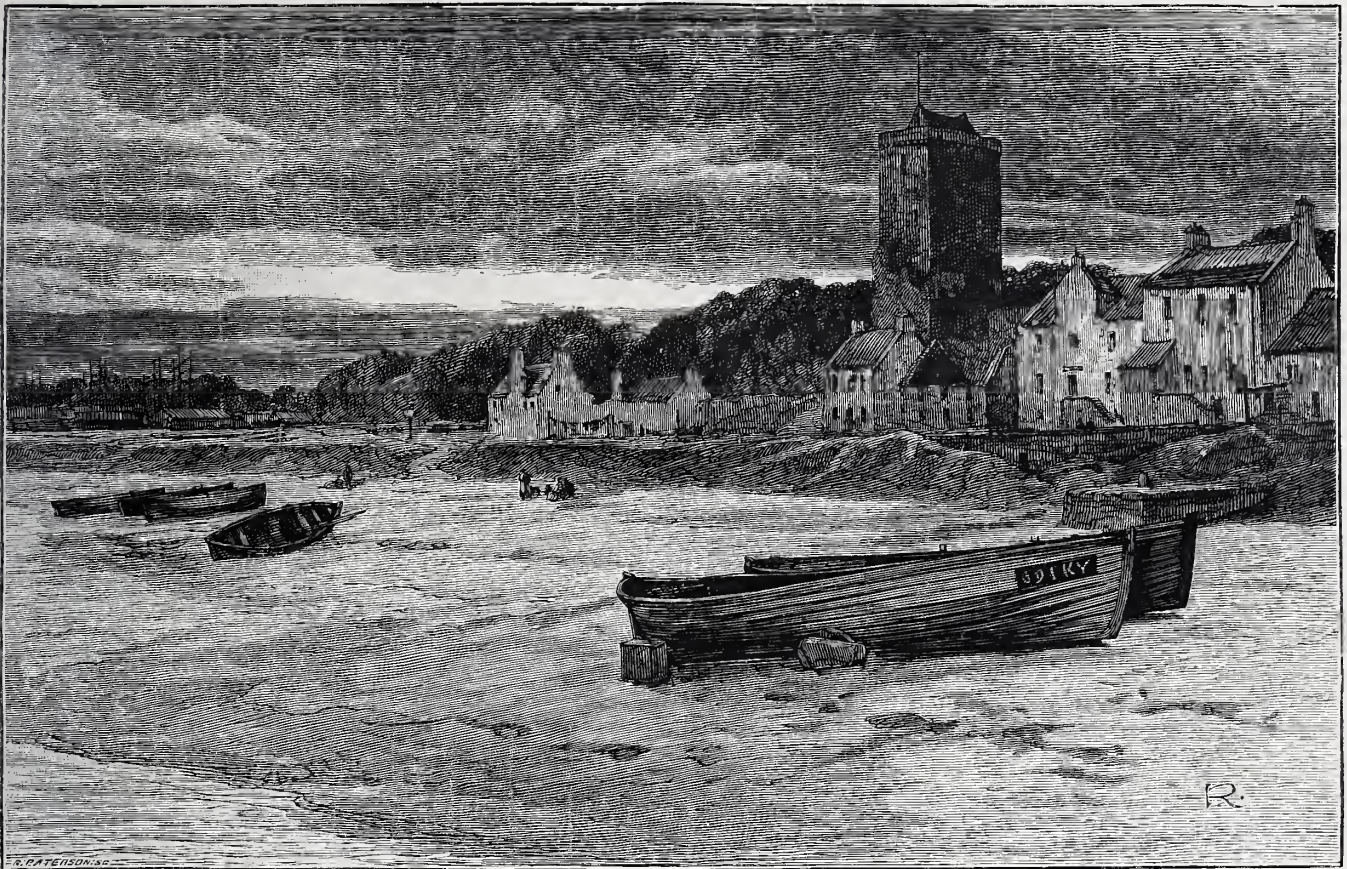
Next year Reid started for Paris, to study under Yvon, the painter of battle subjects. After a winter there he returned to Holland, and painted for several months with his friend Israels, and with this residence at the Hague, in 1871, his period of studentship may be said to have ended.

Since then he has lived mainly at Aberdeen, with such occasional, and sometimes rather prolonged visits to London

and Edinburgh and to the country, as his works of portraiture and landscape render necessary; for he has resisted that tendency towards centralisation which is so characteristic of Art and artists in our time, and has preferred to preserve his individuality in the comparative seclusion of the North, free from what he feels would be, for him, the distractions of life in a capital. He has formed for himself a charmingly artistic home some two miles from Aberdeen, near the interesting old Scotch mansion-house of the Skenes of Rubislaw, and beside some of the great granite quarries for which the district is celebrated. The place, originally a little farm-house, selected one year for summer quarters, was found to be eligible for permanent residence, and Mr. Reid has gradually built to it and enlarged it, till it has come to be quite an ideal artist's dwelling, with all the quaint corners and picturesque irregularity of a house that has *grown*—its

porch rich with the crimson and white roses which he has painted so often and so effectively; its red tiles set against the greenery of overhanging trees; and with a covered gallery, curious with leaded panes and antique-painted glass, leading to a noble studio, where the painter works surrounded by the white shapes of Greek sculpture, and with the faces of Velasquez looking down on him from great photographs on the walls. In this pleasant artistic retreat he spends his life amid his family circle and a wide *entourage* of appreciative friends.

In 1870, he was elected an Associate, and seven years later a full Member of the Royal Scottish Academy, to whose annual exhibitions he has been a liberal contributor. His works have been more occasionally seen on the walls of Burlington House, but such of them as the 'Publisher at his Desk,' of last spring, the portraits of Sir Bartle Frere



Dysart, Fife, by George Reid, R.S.A.

and of Principal Tulloch, shown in 1881, and 'The Provost of Peterhead,' of 1880, will be fresh in the recollection of many readers.

In the Town Hall of Aberdeen are three good specimens of Mr. Reid's portraiture, the full-lengths of Provost Alex. Anderson, Mr. John Angus, and Provost George Thomson, though it must be confessed that the first of these has that excessive palor of colour and blackness of shadow which was characteristic of some of the painter's earlier works. But there are other portraits which the artist has produced from time to time, less important in size than such gallery pictures, but showing at least an equal share of artistic skill, and possessing, from their subjects, a wider interest. These are a series of likenesses of men celebrated in connection with literature, science, and Art, and include an excellent

head of Mr. Millais, painted during a recent residence of the artist in Aberdeen, vivacious portraits of Mr. Charles Keene, of *Punch*; of Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A.; of Mr. P. H. Calderon, R.A.; and of Dr. John Brown; one of Mr. Froude, and one of Dr. Robertson Smith in his study, his pale student's face raised for a moment from the great folio of Hebraic lore over which he bends. To these may be added the 'Thomas Edward the Naturalist,' which has been transcribed by Rajon as a frontispiece to Mr. Smiles's biography, with a spirit and delicacy which entitles the little print to rank with the great head of Darwin after Ouless, as one of the very best of the Frenchman's portrait-etchings. Nor should we omit reference to a likeness of Dr. Jamieson, of Aberdeen, with its easy pose of the picturesque head against the background darkness, and its free tossing of grey hair

and beard, which has always seemed to us one of the most admirable and unforgettable of the artist's portraits. Among the works which Mr. Reid has more recently completed is a gallery picture of the Lord President Inglis in his robes of office, to be hung in the old Scottish Parliament House, and a full-length of Mr. Duncan MacLaren, ex-M.P. for Edinburgh.

If we discover in Mr. Reid's portraits, in their gravity, their reticence, their sobriety of colour, some trace of the artist's continental training, we find still more distinct signs of the same influence in his landscape work. It was as a landscapist that he painted in Holland, and he has learned much from the works of modern Dutchmen, from their low-toned scenes, so full of harmony and of pathos—scenes in which, as the poet says of

Del Sarto's pictures and Del Sarto's life, "a common grey-ness silvers everything, all in a twilight," and which contrast so strangely with the older Art of Holland, with the rich, dark, glowing colour and concentrated light of Rembrandt, with the vivid, sharply opposing shade and sunshine of De Hooze. Indeed, the three most important external facts to be remembered in connection with the landscape of Mr. Reid are his residence in the Netherlands, his study under Mollinger, and his friendship with Israels. How different was the treasure-trove which our artist brought with him from over-seas from that with which another Aberdeen painter, John Phillip, returned freighted to his native land: the one coming from Spain with dreams of splendid tinting, of lustrous-eyed, dark-skinned beauties; the other bringing with him from Holland a sense of all the pleasantness and all the harmony that may lie in a few quiet, slightly varied tones, set side by side with skill. Not that Mr. Reid has

by any means copied Dutch work in a servile way, or submitted himself passively to its influence; he has simply chosen the school of Art which was most germane to his own instincts and turn of mind—a school which happened not to be that of his own country—and has worked after its traditions in a freely independent and original manner.

The scenes that he paints are possessed and permeated with a spirit of pensive quietude. All through his landscape art the painter shows his power of making much out of little; choosing, by preference, quiet lighting and sober colour; choosing, too, not seldom, scenes of the most ordinary and every-day sort, like that of the large canvas which he titles 'Whins in Bloom,' with its foreground of rough sea-bents

brightened with the homely gold of the sturdy shrub, its flat receding distance and strip of dark blue-grey sea lying quietly beneath the grey brooding sky. In his diploma picture of 'Dornoch,' deposited in the Scottish National Gallery, we have a somewhat similar effect, over a similar sea-coast scene; but here, in the middle distance, we see the little town, with its picturesque intricacies of gables and square church-tower, and have pleasant warmth of colour in the mellow tiles that surmount the grey walls.

The artist has seldom set himself to depict the full glory of those moments when "triumph takes the sunset hour," and the heavens flush with crimson and flash with gold; rather he chooses the time when the sun has just set, and the "quiet-coloured eve, miles on miles," broods over the dark-

ening landscape, the sky spreading clear and delicate with hues of pale yellow and faint tender green against the solemn purple of the gathering night. Even when he paints Venice—the very city of enchantment and gorgeous dreams—he does not strive to follow any precedent of Turnerian splendour, he gives us no sumptuousness of sunrise or sunset tinting; only much refined loveliness of red towers and white domes and grey roofs, that raise themselves against the quiet blue, and mirror themselves, with soft play of mingling colour, in the calm lagoon beneath. Often in his rendering of the autumn woods, as in the little picture titled 'October,' we have much strength and sober richness of hue; but even here, as always in his landscape art, the dominant feeling is one of sobriety and quietude. In his 'Norham,' shown in the Royal Academy of 1879, in its bank covered with the ruddy fading trees and topped with the ruined walls of the an-

cient tower, in the curve of foreground river flowing quietly beneath the still grey sky, he has caught and embodied in a marvellous way the sentiment of the season, when the calm of autumn is passing into the sleep of winter. Again, in 'November,' painted for The Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, we have an impressive rendering of a lonely tarn among the hills, with its great beds of withered reeds among which is seen the solitary figure of a heron, its belt of trees that cross the canvas focussing the picture with warmth of russet hue, and the chill summits of snow-clad mountains that gleam mysteriously through the mist of the distance, with their suggestion of the desolation of the coming winter. And midwinter itself the artist has painted effectively more than once, notably in



Johnny Gibb, of Gushetneuk, by George Reid, R.S.A.

his 'Jedburgh Abbey' and his 'March of Montrose.' The sobriety and quiet poetry of the artist's landscapes is well indicated in the view of Dysart, which illustrates the present article.

If we were to judge Mr. Reid only by his exhibited work, we could scarcely call him distinctively a figure-painter. Some of his earlier pictures are, indeed, figure-pieces, and in an important landscape, 'The Peat-moss,' of 1869, the forms of rustic labourers appear prominently; but the former works are small in size and comparatively immature in treatment, while in the latter the figures are introduced greatly on the principles of the landscape-painter, and the picture owes most of its interest to its corner of fir forest and to its stretch of brown moorland and of blue sky. Mr. Reid is, however, at present engaged upon a large historical picture of 'Savonarola,' and we are fortunate in being able to present our readers with a reproduction from the artist's drawing of the subject. The time selected is the night before the execution of the prophet-monk of Florence, when, as Burlamacchi relates, the old man lay down on the floor of his prison, and asked Nicolini, the "Penitent of the Order of the Temple" who attended him, to support his head in his lap, that he might sleep for awhile and gather strength for the trying scenes of the morrow. The composition is of the simplest: we see just the bare cell and its two inmates, the dark-robed friar bending over the sleeping man who lies beside him, with the first chill light of the May morning resting upon his pale, worn, grand old face. The chiaroscuro of the picture is broad and noble, the subject is treated in a way at once profoundly mysterious and suggestive, and yet strangely realistic; and the work may fairly be said to prove the artist's power of painting a truly impressive and dramatic figure-picture.

It is only of recent years that Mr. Reid has been known as a painter of flowers. Perhaps some incitement towards this branch of Art may have come from the sight of a particularly fine flower-piece by Diaz, acquired by the same friend who possesses that work of Mollinger's which first attracted Mr. Reid to the Art of Holland; but, if so, he has only received incitement from the Frenchman's work, not guidance, for his own manner of flower painting is especially individual. One remembers the stately and elaborate flower-pictures of the old Dutch masters, how they realised their subjects with delicate and prolonged brush work, gathering together infinitely varied blossoms, arranging them in studied order in superb vases, and placing on the table beside them some suggestion of a feast in cut fruit, or richly chased goblet, or fantastic Venetian glass; and one remembers, too, that what we most admire in such pictures is just the artist's dexterity, that they too commonly leave one cold with a sense of remoteness from nature, spite of all the adroitly painted dew drops that glisten on the leaves, and the carefully articulated insects that hide among the petals. And we know the exquisitely homely and rustic flower and fruit pictures of William Hunt; how he "fudges out" his little subjects—the phrase was the artist's own—with delighted labour of prolonged cross-hatching and stippling. But Mr. Reid's work and its method contrast both with that of the Dutch painters and of the Englishman. It is done always at speed, aiming at breadth of effect and at a splendour of colour which the artist has as yet denied himself in his portraiture and landscape. He does not bring together a selected variety of blossoms,

but in each picture he deals with a single kind of flower and its leaves, painted with the simplest of accessories and against a plain background of cool grey or rich warm brown; it may be a few marguerites in a pot of embossed brass, or marsh marigolds in a blue vase, or, grandest of all, a great cluster of roses, white and red, lying on a slab of polished marble, which reflects their colours with softly opaline delicacy. Frequently such studies are made in a couple of sittings; the first spent in laying the colours in their places, and then one long day of strenuous labour, from earliest summer morning till latest twilight, and the work is completed.

Something still remains to be said about Mr. Reid's numerous and very excellent book illustrations—such as the St. Machar's Cathedral, which we reproduce—the original drawings for which show quite a marvellous daintiness and delicacy of touch. The first volume to which he contributed designs was "The Selected Writings of John Ramsay, M.A.," a former editor of the *Aberdeen Journal*. The various essays of the book deal much with the antiquities of the city of "Bon Accord," and the artist has found congenial subjects for his pencil in views of King's College, and the old church of St. Nicholas, and in various studies of the "sculptured stones" of his native place. The final illustration is a pathetic little subject, 'The Grave of Ramsay' in the "Auld Kirkyard" of Aberdeen, seen in the evening light, and under the dreary sobbing of winter rain.

A better-known volume is Mr. Smiles's charming biography of Thomas Edward, the Scotch naturalist, published in 1876, with the frontispiece, etched by Rajon, which we have mentioned, and illustrated with wood-cuts from our artist's designs—sea-coast views, for the most part, in Aberdeen and Banffshire. In 1879 Mr. Reid contributed to the memoir of his friend and brother artist, the late G. Paul Chalmers, a view of Montrose, and interiors of the painter's studio and of its little adjoining room—the limbo of his uncompleted works, over which, in moments of depression, he used to brood so despondingly. The final vignette of the volume is also from Mr. Reid's pencil, a symbolic design of a strange shadowy skeleton hand coming from the darkness and plucking the pencils and palette from the human fingers that hold them—a drawing which repeats, with still weirder emphasis, the sentiment of 'The Grave of Ramsay.'

The book, however, which shows most comprehensively and adequately Mr. Reid's power of design, is an edition of "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," published in 1880. The story, which is full of the quaintest, raciest humour, deals with life in Aberdeenshire some forty or fifty years ago, and its admirable fidelity to types of character and turns of speech, which are fast disappearing before the levelling culture of school boards and other engines of modern improvement, will give to the book a distinct antiquarian and philological value before many years are over. The illustrations—one of which, the shrewd, strong, worn head of Johnny Gibb himself, we reproduce—setting aside altogether their excellent artistic qualities, have in fullest measure a precisely parallel kind of interest, for the "portraits" of the *dramatis personæ* of the story have been drawn from typical specimens of actual living Aberdonians, and the landscape subjects of its scenes have been sketched with the utmost precision from nature.

J. M. GRAY.

SEINE SCENERY.



EW persons outside of France have any acquaintance with, or knowledge of, the rare beauties of Seine scenery. The river has thus far escaped the vulgarity of becoming a common tourist's high-road. The general impression is current that the Seine, being destitute of the

legendary romance of the vine-clad Rhine, the vivid and somewhat spectacular scenic effects of the Italian lakes, or even the lawn-like finish of the Thames, offers no attractions to either amateur or tourist. This opinion only proves the falsity of opinion based upon superficial knowledge. From the artistic point of view, perhaps, no other one river in Europe possesses a character of scenery so pre-eminently beautiful, or one so replete with the charm of contrast, or rich in variety; for the picturesque portions of the noble river are by no means confined to the grandeur and wildness of the Fontainebleau forests, or of the animated quays and crumbling mediæval houses of the ancient city of Rouen. To one in search of scenes which shall unite the charms of beautiful river scenery with the added note of pastoral and village rusticity, almost every turning of the river will reveal a mine of wealth. It is a characteristic of the scenery of the Seine that it is eminently sketchable at almost every point. For it is more than a purely picturesque, it is an essentially poetic river. A conclusive proof of its superiority in point of artistic resources and suggestiveness is, perhaps, that no other European river scenery has had so overwhelming an influence upon modern Art. During the past forty years, in which the Seine and its tributaries have been the principal camping-ground of the best French landscape-painters, the peculiarities of its scenery, and the features of its rustic life, have formed the taste, and developed a wholly original mode of treatment of genre and landscape in the modern French school.

The two principal characteristics of the scenery of the Seine are its naturalness, and its possessing in the highest degree that individuality which marks its landscapes as distinctively French. The Seine could never be mistaken at any point for other than a French river. The Parisian masters, in transferring to their canvases the peculiarities of the river and shore aspects, have produced a school of landscape as essentially national in character as that which marks the Dutch and Flemish masterpieces of two hundred years ago. The low wide meadows, the stately poplars, the reedy shores, and the delicate atmosphere which veils the jumble of roofs, and the quaint towers and turrets that are lanced from the Seine shores, have already become as familiar features of modern French landscape, as the cone-shaped hills of Flanders and the flat windmill-dotted fields of Holland, which make the character of the landscape in Dutch and Flemish canvases.

I have spoken of the naturalness of the Seine landscape. It is this which makes its lasting charm. Along these banks nature neither rises to the sublime nor does she appear in too wild or dishevelled a state. There is a happy blending of the cultivated and the uncultivated, of nature tamed and yet enjoying the wilder *abandon* of freedom. Nowhere are the scenes too grand or too wide for the pencil; the hills suggest, but do not attain, the majestic; the wide, flat fields and the

long stretches of meadows are broken into possible distances by a gently sloping ground or an avenue of tall poplars. The villages and farm-houses dotted along its banks wear a thoroughly rustic air; the villas and châteaux crowning its low hills become naturally a part of the landscape by their happy adaptation, architecturally, to the character of their surroundings; while the not infrequent ruins of monastery or ancient castle group charmingly with the fluffy foliage and dense shrubbery.

Perhaps the "impressionist's" most ideal landscape would be found among the villages of the upper Seine, that part of the Seine which flows between Fontainebleau and Rouen, as beyond Rouen the river takes on a stronger and bolder character both in its breadth and in the quality of its scenery.

First in point of beauty among the villages contiguous to Fontainebleau, is Grètz, a little village not directly upon the Seine, but upon its little tributary, the Loing. Grètz can be reached in an hour's drive from the town or palace of Fontainebleau. This charming village must have grown here, close to the low sweet level of the winding river's banks, with a view to its being sketched. Not a feature necessary to the making of a picture is wanting. The village street lies back some distance from the shore, the backs of the houses fronting upon the river, the village and the river life made one by the straggling rose, fruit, and vegetable gardens running down between their high stone wall enclosures to the very edges of the swiftly flowing streams. As one views the village from the mid-stream, one has the outlined irregularity of the village houses limned against the sky. To the right, between the tall grenadier-like poplars, or the higher branches of the willow, rises a beautiful group of old buildings; the blue spaces of the sky are seen through the arches and ruins of the old château of La Reine Blanche, that queen having made, centuries ago, Grètz her dwelling-place. The massive, simple lines of the castle's Norman tower contrast finely with the belfry of the still more ancient church close beside it, the dark façades of these old buildings being relieved by the gay touches of colour upon the adjacent houses. A queer old bridge appears to leap directly from the very courtyard of the château to the opposite shore, and on the bridge is constantly moving some picture of rustic life, peasants with loads of grapes or fagots, a herd of oxen laboriously dragging the teeming hay-cart, a group of chattering villagers, or the shepherd leading his flock to richer pastures. The river banks themselves are not wanting in the beauty of human activity. In the gardens, as our boat drifted along the banks, were half-a-dozen bent old women weeding, sowing, and plucking. Farther down, beyond the bridge, is the washerwomen's stand, the bare arms, short skirts, and gay kerchiefs of these sturdy peasant women, with the bits of colour their home-spun linens yield, making delightful contrasts with the delicate arabesques which the tender light foliage made against the sky. On the left the meadows and fields run out to meet the horizon with the flatness of a sea at calm, a feature of the landscape which invests the scenery with the charm of a certain indefiniteness. This, together with the soft-rounded finish of the river foliage, the touch of wildness imparted by the clusters of the tall weeds and grasses which fringe its banks and the romantic and picturesque features of its ruins,

bridges, and old houses, unite in making the place one of the most preferred haunts of French artists.

The upper valley of the Seine, that portion of the river lying between Paris and Rouen, seems at a first glance to be a country as sterile in artistic resources as it is uninteresting to the average tourist. But the French artist, so far from finding the flat, wide stretches of field and meadow, the scanty foliage, and the scattered groups of farm-houses which border the river banks, either too prosaic or too trite for his pencil, has discovered from a close study of this apparently commonplace valley scenery a new feature of landscape beauty. This feature has been the present original treatment of flat surfaces of ground and of large sunlit spaces. The character of all this valley scenery may be summed up in a few words; tilled fields running down to the water's edge; wild uncultivated fields and rich dank meadows, their flatness broken here and there by a clustering group of low shrubbery, by rows of the slim, straight French poplars, or an avenue of stunted, bulbous-trunked willows, with their straight, reed-like branches. The entire landscape has but two lines, the horizontality of the meadows and the perpendicular uprising of the trees, except that far off in the distance run the waving outlines of the hills of Normandy. Such is the aspect of the country in which some of the first among contemporaneous French artists have found new sources of inspiration. Those wide sunlit meadows, breathing the rich luxuriance of nature in undisturbed serenity; the golden spaces of the air shimmering like some netted tissue between tree and tree; the shadows cast by a single tree across the length of a field: an intimate knowledge and study of this landscape have taught the French brush the secret of its power in painting a flat picture, and in wresting from sunlight the glory of its gold. The peculiar qualities of the atmosphere at certain seasons of the year make the Seine valley especially useful to Art students. In the spring nothing can exceed the delicacy, purity and fineness of the colouring of the foliage, and the tones of light are marvellous in their dainty refinement and suggestiveness. Nature seems to be making a sketch in outline of a picture which summer is to fill in, so pure are the outlines of foliage and landscape in that wonderful medium of delicately coloured ether. In summer, sunlight fairly drenches the fields, and the unencumbered spaces of light seem its spiritualised soul. Autumn colours, also, here seem richer, firmer, more glowing than in other parts of France, and the October twilights in their brilliance and duration approach an American tint.

The first breaks in the monotony of the valley scenery are the approaches to, and the immediate suburbs about, Rouen. The river banks just below are particularly picturesque. The river between Rouen and La Bouille assumes a character different from that which marks it above the city. It was my special good fortune to traverse this portion sometime before sunrise. We left the city behind us masked in grey mist, only the iron *flèche* of the cathedral piercing the cottony wrappings. On the motionless Seine not a ripple was astir, and the morning fog held leaves and trees in a close, breathless embrace. But at Croisset, with the shooting of the sun above the horizon came the melting hues and the freshening breath of morning. As the clouds, slowly rolled apart, give us glimpses of the magnificent panorama of Rouen set in its cirlet of hills, the effect was that of the gradual lifting of a drop-curtain upon some fine scenic landscape. The river itself was a jewel of colour, reflecting the faintly tinted

shipping along the wharves, the rich emerald of the trees, and the shadowy grasses along the shores. The steamer on its way steers in and out among a hundred little islands which give a magical effect of enchantment, so fairy-like and exquisite are their shapes and forms. With Croisset, Hautot, Loquencq and Sahurs, the majesty of the Rouen quays, wharves, spires, and cathedral towers gives place to the richer, softer beauty of rural village loveliness. These little villages are each one prettier and more attractive than the other, with charming old houses and ruined old châteaux and churches. But the most beautiful picture greeted our eyes as we approached La Bouille, which is picturesquely set against the greenery of a hilly background, its bright, light-coloured houses so close to the water's edge that the river was like a broken rainbow of colour, reflecting their tints in its ripples. The turret of an old château and a bit of neglected terraced wall added their note of suggestive romance to the scene; while for the foreground of the picture was a large sailing sloop slowly unfurling its sails like some huge bird preparing to take its flight. Across the river was a magnificent expanse of meadow and tilled field, with a poplar now and then to serve as a sentinel guarding the bursting grain. The banks of the river are delightfully diversified by clusters of old thatched farm-houses, spreading fishing-nets, and old boats moored in tiny creeks. As we passed the last of the village houses, there were some wonderful effects of light and colour; all the confused indecision of light scurrying clouds piled above the meadows; the uncertain vagueness of a mist rolling still, like the skirts of a fleecy robe, over the distant river bends; and immediately about us the warmth, brilliance, and goldenness of sunrise in its early splendour. Couched amidst the mysterious shade of some dense foliage was the bending form of an old woman, filling her pitcher at the river-side, scarlet kerchiefed and dun skirted. Off in the grey distance was the figure of a peasant woman carrying her child upon her back, her tall, straight form magnified into strange attitude by the misty atmosphere. A brush capable of strong handling, and an eye trained to seize the more fleeting beauties of nature, would have found in this La Bouille picture a poem of colour and tenderness.

I have already mentioned the naturalness of the rustic life of the Seine fields and farm-houses. The sturdy simplicity of the Normandy peasant is his well-known characteristic. The farmers at the plough, the fishermen mending their nets, the shepherd tending his flocks, are not the least poetic of the elements which make the charm of this river scenery. There reigns here an Arcadian calm, a certain patriarchal simplicity. The complicated ingenuities and labour-saving machines of modern invention have not as yet become the fashion among these Normandy peasant-farmers, and thus every agricultural implement, seen out-of-doors, seems available for an artist's purpose. The ploughs are marvels of ancient construction; oxen and horses are harnessed in ways only known to those who have learned the science as a secret handed down from sire to son; and carts, threshing-machines, rakes, and hoes have an air of venerability that matches well with the old gabled houses and the worn rustic dress of the farmers. It is this aspect of age which imparts such beautiful low tones of colour to the pictures of human life along these shores. There are no flaring, flashing hues, no brilliant dashes of colour; instead, the tones of landscape, sky, atmosphere, and the human life blend in a beautiful harmony of

soft, low tints. In matters of toilet, the Normandy peasant's taste is perfect. The farmers wear blouses of dark, sober blues; the women short skirts of dull green, brown or home-spun grey; their aprons are snuff-colour or lilac, and their close-fitting embroidered cap, or the coloured kerchief tied over their heads, brings into admirable relief their brilliant complexions, strong prominent features, and flaxen tresses.

In that morning's journey from Rouen to Havre we enjoyed a delightful variety of out-door life. In the early sunrise hours there were visible the first symptoms of the farm-house in early rising. The farmer was seen striding over the dew-wet meadows to open barns or to drive forth the cattle; women were busy milking, and the children trudging to the river with pails and pitchers to be filled. Later, the fields were alive with the ploughmen's cries, and men and women were starting out, rakes and scythes in hand, for their day's work; children stood up to their chins in the yellow grain, in the midst of the scarlet *coquelicots* and the star-eyed daisies. Towards noon there was a pretty picture of a farmer wheeling along the river-bank a huge load of green grass, atop of which were seated two round, moon-faced children whose laps and hands were full of the brilliant field-flowers. Behind them walked the mother with a rake slung over her shoulder, her short skirts and scant draperies permitting a noble freedom of step and movement, her head poised as only the head of a woman used to the balancing of heavy burdens is ever held. Hers was altogether a striking figure, and the brush of Vollen or of Breton would have seized upon her to embody the type of one of his rustic beauties, whose mingled fierceness and grace make their peasants the rude goddesses of the plough.

One of the chief charms of the Seine scenery is the variety and contrast its shores present. One passes directly from the calm and the rural naturalness of sloping meadows fringed with osiers, willows, and poplars, to the walled quays of Caudebec, with its spires, broad avenues, and garden-enclosed houses. Caudebec is characterized by an imposing chateau crowning its hillside, by beautiful gardens, terraces, its long row of "striped" houses stretching along its quays, and the beauty of its cathedral spire rising above the tree-tops.

Perhaps Villequier may be said to be the culminating point of beauty upon the Seine. Here the river seems only like a large lake, a fact which invests the landscape with its noble uprising hills and the beautiful, thickly wooded

spurs of the hillocks, with something of the rounded finished aspect which belongs to lake scenery. The lovely village of Villequier itself peeps in and out of its encompassing trees as if with a conscious air of coquetry. The bright, gaily coloured houses grouped upon the water's edge give a touch of Italian brilliancy to the scene, while its fine chateau Villequier and the old Gothic spire of the village church add the noble lines to the *ensemble*.

This bay of Villequier is the beginning of the bolder beauty of the Seine scenery. Its quieter aspects lie above Villequier. The artist in search of striking scenes and a rich variety of contrasts will find this part of the river afford fine material. On the way to Quillebœuf and Tancarville the shores of the river assume a hundred different aspects. There is the forest of Bretonne, the lovely valley of the Bolbec, the beautiful chateau of Etalan, and the ruins of the twelfth-century church. Quillebœuf itself stands boldly out into the river, perched upon a spur of rising ground, and is, perhaps, the most pretentious town upon the Seine. After Quillebœuf and Tancarville the loftier hills and thickly wooded shores of the river give place to wide, flat marshes and open valleys. The marshes just beyond Quillebœuf are, to our taste, its most distinguishing beauty; they run directly out to the most distant points of the horizon, and the rich yellow-green grass, with its brilliant bouquets of wild flowers scattered profusely over the flat treeless surface, makes a kaleidoscope of colour under the broad unbroken splendour of the noon-day sun. Cattle in large herds, horses, and sheep, pasture upon the rich meadows, so that the animal-painter finds here a superb landscape for the setting of his ruminating cows, fleecy sheep, or wild unbridled colts.

Just beyond these meadows the Seine loses all the character of a river. It has assumed, before its final plunge into the ocean, the turbulent, tumultuous aspect of a small sea, and like a lover wearing his lady's colours, the river turns to the deeper greys and colder blues of the sea's dark tint. The boat stops long enough at the wonderful old sea-port town of Honfleur for one to catch a glimpse of its quaint turreted houses, its crooked narrow streets, its wharves with their picturesque assemblage of lateen-shaped sails. Then Havre is reached, and with those swarming quays and bright pebbly shores the Seine is lost in the great Atlantic.

A. BOWMAN BLAKE.

'BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.'

THIS is engraved by G. J. Stodart, from the statue by H. P. MacCarthy. We are indebted to Mr. Walter MacFarlane, of Glasgow, for permission to engrave it. In according this, he sends some notes on the subject which will be read with interest. After stating that the first idea of the statue was derived from his own experience of married life, Mr. MacFarlane says, "In 1877 I gave the commission to Mr. MacCarthy, the subject 'Confiding, adoring Love,' the position, dress, etc., to be in strict accordance with rustic Scottish life, taking for the groundwork my ideal, 'Burns and Highland Mary.' The sculptor's capacity for expressing contemporary thought much impressed me, judging from his former works; and now the masterly rendering of the work has more than realised my best expectations.

"Engaged as I have been throughout life with the Industrial Arts, please allow me to express in a few words what I believe to be the great obstacle to the progress of sculptural art in this country. As a rule, sculptors ignore contemporary subjects, and follow with a blind zeal the mythology of by-gone ages, with all its classic accessories, as if this world, in relation to this art, was ever to be after the Greek ideal; this may satisfy the conventional aspirations and semi-refined taste of the cultured upper classes, but falls short and appeals not to the people or wealthy industrial class, who now, speaking generally, are the patrons of Art, and who, following a true instinct, seek for subjects from the scenes around them, and from contemporary history, which they understand."



ENGRAVED BY GEO STODART FROM THE STATUE BY H P MACCARTHY

EXAMPLES OF ARTISTIC METAL WORK.*



THE general title which we have prefixed to these articles must, in some cases, as the reader will have already perceived, be taken with some reservation. We cannot, for example, describe the first of our illustrations (No. 89) in this number as Artistic Metal Work, at least in the true sense in which alone our critical conscience will allow us to apply that adjective. The cabinet here shown was no doubt intended by its designers and makers to be artistic; it is a work of Art in that sense; but it is by no means to be taken as a model in taste and style by the artist or artistic cabinet-maker of to-day. All of it is apparently well executed; parts of it are pretty.

The figures in the angles appear to be well modelled, and are well introduced so as to be sufficiently prominent, and, at the same time, so as not to break violently the square lines of the whole. But the festoons and the bundle of miscellaneous articles straggling over the front are in a poor and tawdry taste; and worse, much worse, is the design of the legs upon which the whole stands. All this square and solid superstructure is supported, it appears, on sheafs of arrows, the feathered ends of which form a kind of capital under the soffit of the cabinet. Anything in worse and more flimsy taste could hardly be imagined, and the work, in spite of the pretty finish of some parts of it, must be regarded in the light of an "awful warning." It represents the taste of the Louis XVI. period. The figures and the floral and bas-relief decorations are in metal work.

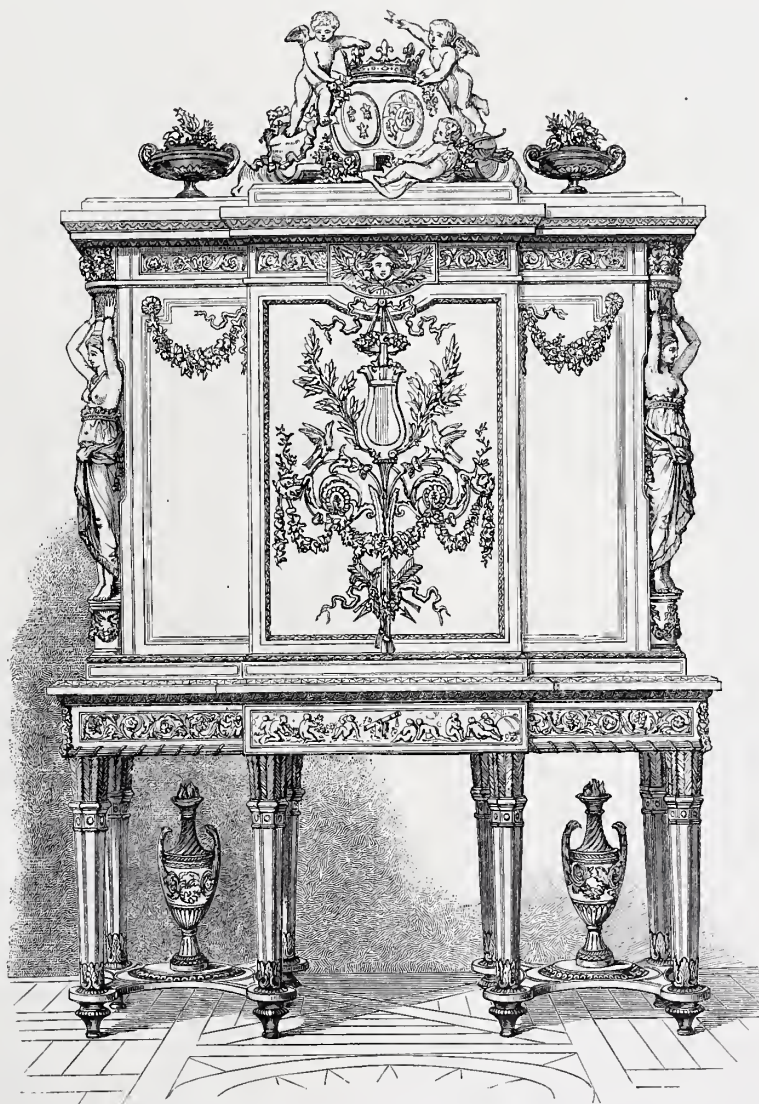
The next illustration (No. 90) belongs to the same class as some which we gave in the last number; it is one of the vivacious and ingenious designs of Étienne de Laulne. Like one or two of those of his which were previously illustrated, it

represents a rich effect and brilliant modelling, with no coherence of parts, no law running through the design. The lower part of the handles is the best designed, because here there is at least some appearance of coherence among the various portions which make up the whole. It is true that a cherub's head nestles among the scrolls at the base (reminiscent of the "unnecessary infant" in Mr. Burnand's "New Sandford and Merton"), and that the upper scrolls sprout into female breasts and female heads in a wonderful and unexpected manner, but the parts are bound together to some extent, and appear to develop from each other more or less. But the portion immediately below the mirror-frame is simply a conglomeration of figures and fruit packed together with nothing that can be called design at all, and looking, in fact,

as if a good shake would send it all to pieces. Such a piece of work as this may deserve praise as workmanship, but certainly not as design, for there is nothing to call design in it; so that here again our adjective "artistic" must be held to be limited in its application.

From a mirror we pass by an easy transition to a scent-bottle (No. 91), and here our æsthetic conscience is revived, for we can offer this conscientiously as an example of artistic metal work. The general shape is very pretty, piquant, and equally suitable for its usual position of hanging by a chain, and for holding in the hand for use; and the leading lines are clear and well defined, and within those lines the ornamental surface design, a free and flowing though tolerably symmetrical foliage ornament based on classic types, is allowed to display the fancy of the designer in a manner perfectly in keeping, in good taste, and subordination to the constructive out-

line of the whole. It may be questioned whether, as the scent-bottle is obviously intended to be swung by the chains which are shown at each side, the foot below the bottle is not superfluous, and rather an injury to the general outline. The decoration of the bulb, white on black, appears to be intended

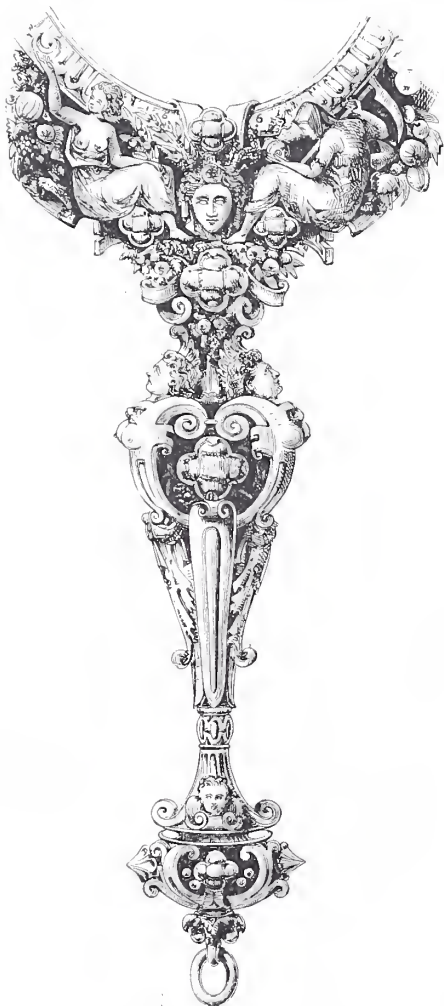


No. 89.—Cabinet. French (Louis XVI).

* Concluded from page 332.

for niello work (of which a word just now), but we have no information on this head, nor, we are sorry to say, any details as to the date, place, and maker of this very pretty little piece of *bijouterie*.

We have next two specimens which are more purely personal ornaments, the two wreaths or brooches (Nos. 92 and 93), which form rather an instructive pair, in the way of comparison as to style and treatment. We are now dealing with objects in which utility plays no part, but which are purely for ornament; but in these also there is an appearance of solidity and coherence of parts to be observed, and the want of this is felt as a defect. These two examples are both said to be—and probably rightly—of the school of Ghirlandajo, but they are of very different merit. That shown in No. 92



No. 90.—Handle of Mirror, by De Laulne.

has just the same defect as part of De Laulne's mirror-handle. It is rich in effect and delicate in execution, but it has no principle, no rule. It is just a set of heterogeneous realistic articles strung together without a motive, and looking very much as if they were literally threaded on a string, and would all scatter with the least violence. The other is very different in this respect. It has a visible and adequate connecting ring or hoop in the interior rim, and the design is grouped around this in such a manner as to form a well-defined band of ornament of about equal thickness; and the thick heavy scrolls which twine round the whole seem to bind the various parts together, and give that look of firmness and coherence which the other design so much wants. It may be said that

such a thing as a brooch may reasonably be made to look fragile; but this should be by the delicacy and tenuity of the



No. 91.—Silver Scent-Bottle.

various parts, not by making them appear as if they were all in danger of breaking away at a touch.

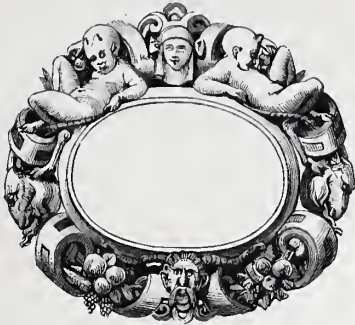
Very interesting, by way of contrast, are the two next examples (Nos. 94 and 95), which are German work of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century, and represent the period in Germany in which Renaissance forms had partly been taken up, but were still influenced by Gothic taste. In both these examples we see the Italian Renaissance foliage, or something based on it, but marked by the greater fulness of German workmanship, arranged in symmetrical forms which are essentially Gothic, and derived from the cross and quatrefoil. The effect of both these is very good, rich and yet elegant; and they certainly represent a better school of orna-



No. 92.—Wreath or Brooch. Italian.

ment, one of purer and more truly artistic taste than that illustrated in the two preceding examples.

The three last small illustrations represent specimens of Renaissance work in *niello*, a process which belongs to the same order of work, in fact, as enamel, for it consists in filling in interstices artificially formed in the metal with another sub-



No. 93.—Wreath or Brooch. Italian.

stance which can be worked in while soft, and which subsequently hardens; only, that in this case there is no colour, the filling being black, and the metal used mostly silver, as its white surface offers the most effective contrast to the black filling. The process is essentially the same as that which is so familiar to us in the lettering of brass name-plates, in which the sinking punched out for the letters is then filled with a black composition. Niello on the precious metals is a very old form of Art, as it is known to have been practised in the seventh century, though disused subsequently. The credit of having revived it is ascribed to Finiguerra, a goldsmith of Florence, in the fifteenth century. The process of niello had its practical results also, as it is supposed to have first suggested the idea of printing from engraved plates. Probably a plate of metal just filled with the niello compound, not yet dry, left its impression on some paper or other surface on which it was placed, and so suggested the idea of taking off other impressions. The paste used in the Renaissance period was composed of silver, copper, lead, sulphur, and borax, worked into the hollows of the metal, and then fused by heating



No. 94.—Pendant. German.

the plate, so as to allow of the composition settling completely into the metal matrix, and the superfluous portions being cut

away, and the whole rubbed down to a perfectly smooth and even surface before it finally hardens. There is the same alternative in niello as in enamel design: we may either leave the metal surface as the design, or make the design in black, leaving the metal as the ground. The latter is practically the easiest and simplest, as it renders much less cutting away of the metal necessary; but the effect of the design in the white lustre of silver on the black ground is so much more brilliant and effective than the reverse way, that this system has been generally followed, and it will be observed that all the specimens given here have the design in white on a black ground. Of the three No. 96 is the best design. It shows a very elegant and pretty adaptation of the style of foliage design common in Renaissance carved work to niello work, the extremities of the sprays being broken up into little dots, giving a very light and elegant appearance exactly suitable to the general character and effect of the style of work, and preserving a sufficient reference to natural foliage to keep up the association. The other two examples, also very elegant and

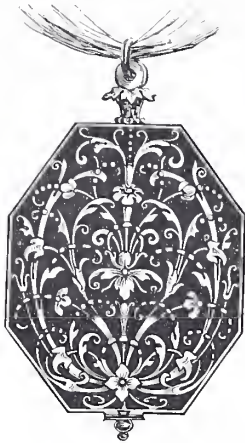


No. 95.—Pendant. German.

pretty, are in a more prosaic and mechanical style. They resemble a good deal the kind of semi-Arabic design which was fashionable on Venetian book-covers in the early days of bookbinding; patterns in which the main form is defined by straps or bands intertwined in symmetrical patterns, amid and around which twines a design in fainter lines, and with a very slight reminiscence of natural types. This manner of design, pretty, but artificial and deficient in feeling, has had many admirers, but the highest spirit of Art is not in it.

In concluding this series of examples of metal work, we may remark on the very varied principles and habits of treating metal which we have had occasion to notice. There may be said to be some epochs in Art which are metal epochs, and some which are not; some in which the treatment of the coarser metals for weapons of war and for construction is best understood, and others in which the treatment of the precious metals in delicate ornamental work is the most successful; and though the principles which should govern metal design are nearly the same either for large or for delicate work, as a matter of fact the same generation which has succeeded in

the artistic treatment of the one class of work has not always succeeded in the other. In the Greek period, for instance,



No. 96.—Pendant. Niello Work.

with which we began, the treatment of ornamental gold work was exquisite, and has never been surpassed in purity of taste; but metal work of a larger class, in both Greek and Roman periods, is generally much less distinctly characteristic of metal in its form. The true metal age was the mediæval, in which both iron-work on a large scale for grilles and door hinges, and silver and gold work for ornaments and for church plate, were



No. 97.—Panel. Niello Work.

treated with almost unerring instinct, and with the greatest force and character. The Renaissance taste brought the

reign of architectural details and of figures back again into metal work, and much of the work of that epoch is distinguished by richness of effect and clever modelling and tooling, but by no recognition of the peculiar qualities of metal; much of the work executed in gold, silver, and bronze being such as might just as effectively have been carved in wood. The taste of the early part of the present century in metal work was nearly as bad as could be; and the great improvement which has taken place since, in this country at all events, is in great measure due to the influence of the Gothic revival, which has led to a considerable revival also of the mediæval method of treating metal work. It should be



No. 98.—Panel. Niello Work.

our aim to continue to advance in this good path, now partially regained, and to carry out the spirit of mediæval metal work without adhering to its mere forms. Among the examples that have been given there are many hints to be found, both as to what to emulate, and also (as we have been careful to point out) what to avoid; and some of the examples of the latter class may, nevertheless, have had their value in suggesting ideas, designs in which the same *motif* might be carried out with better attention to the conditions requisite to produce what can be called really artistic metal work.

CHILDHOOD AND ART.*

THE eighteenth century was not generally productive of good painting or sculpture. Old energies seem to have worn themselves out; European society was overlaid by affectation in manners, and falsity of sentiment. How could the Arts, which require so fresh a spring of enthusiasm, and an honest, healthy love of nature as it really is, show any vigour in such an atmosphere? To represent childhood, the age of simplicity, these hearty qualities, so uncommon in that period of decay, are indispensable. England, on the other hand, slower in the first instance to reap advantage from the Renaissance movement, did not suffer so much from this moral decay; and it is to our native artists that the conclusion of these articles will chiefly be devoted. Something, however, must be said about other countries first.

In earlier pages of this series we have referred to a favourite subject of representation, the winged children that represented angels in sacred Art, and *amorini*, Loves or Cupids, in secular

compositions. Under the hands of men of tender affection and elevation of mind—Donatello, for instance, or Raphael—these latter creatures partook more of the purity, grace, and pathos of the ideal angel, than of the mere natural beauty of the old heathen representative of animal passion. This spirit seems to have died out of the eighteenth-century cherubs; we see them sprawling on vaulted ceilings, supporting huge, ungainly draperies of plaster over shrines and altars from which the noble old Gothic canopies had been removed. Perhaps the best and most artistic representations of children at that time are to be seen in the gay compositions of the porcelain workers of Saxony, and the various factories of central Germany. Such art was carried to the highest point of excellence to which it could reach under the patronage of Augustus, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony. Well-trained artists were invited from Italy to superintend the modelling and painting of a manufacture, the fine examples of which are held in such high estimation at the present day. Little children dancing, or dressed as shepherds and shep-

* Concluded from page 183.

herdesses, or as Cupids, are common among these productions. All the little figures partake of the affectation, the false sentiment, the sham notions of the impossible Arcadia of their time; but they are modelled with spirit, often with admirable skill, and always with perfect command of the material at the disposal of the artist.

The licentious court of Louis XV. encouraged the same sort of treatment of our subject where children entered into the compositions of modellers and painters. Among the latter were Watteau, Fragonard, and Boucher, accomplished artists. Over the doors of reception rooms of all kinds, compositions of Cupids, winged or otherwise, were painted in imitation of white marble reliefs, or dressed like grown persons, making concerts of various musical instruments. Children figured in painted ceilings, in the "apotheoses" of victorious kings and generals, where those personages were received at the entrance, and presented with the freedom, of the Temple of Fame. Cupids were carved and gilt as decorative details of mirror frames; roofs of state carriages; and so on in a thousand ornamental varieties. Probably Italian designers were the prime authors of this kind of ornamentation. It abounds with skilful manipulation, and much of it has a good feeling for real decorative effect, and harmonious balance of the various parts and divisions which are traceable in its arrangements. The roundness, graceful action, and smiling cheerfulness of children were well enough understood by such artists, but none of those interpreted the higher aspects of childhood which command the reverence due to the age of innocence.

Jean Baptiste Greuze deserves special notice. He was a painter of children and young girls during the latter half of the century, and his subjects were domestic scenes of rural life and single figures of young girls. The qualities of innocence and simplicity are not always characteristic of these pictures; there is something "modish" and precocious in the expression of most of them; their highest recommendation is rather "prettiness" than any more elevated character of real beauty.

From this barren field we now turn our attention to a succession of native English artists of great merit. William Hogarth was born before the close of the seventeenth century. The pictures which are best known are his satirical series, such as the 'Rake's Progress,' 'Marriage à la Mode,' etc. It is in his portraiture that he treats children with tenderness. One of the most attractive of his paintings is a set of portraits of the Graham children, exhibited this year at Burlington House. The group consists of a boy and three girls, the youngest, an infant, in a wheeled chair. The boy is turning a small barrel organ; a goldfinch is singing in a cage above; a cat mewing over the back of a chair; one of the little girls holding out her frock and dancing; the other grasping the baby's arm; the latter crowing with delight. The children are healthy, tender, and smiling, treated with simplicity and freshness of feeling, and the painting of the faces and accessory details powerful and easy, leaving nothing to desire as to the representation of fashion and material. Unfortunately such pictures by Hogarth are rare.

George Knapton, a contemporary, has left a large family painting of the children of Frederic, Prince of Wales, now at Hampton Court, full of interest, though not free from faults. Francis Cotes, his pupil, painted some members of the same family. One of his pictures, Princesses Louisa Anne and Caroline Matilda, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the Old Masters Exhibition of 1881.

During the reigns of the first two Georges a broad line of demarcation separated the court and fashionable life of the time from the more retired and hearty English manners of the country families and of the middle classes. George III., an Englishman born, carried these honest manners into court life. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney, in their paintings of men, women, and children, give testimony to a more healthy social life among the upper classes of English society. All these painters show at their best in their representations of children.

Of the portraits of children by Sir Joshua Reynolds a few may be enumerated. A picture of Lady Herbert, with a beautiful infant boy, nude, and crouching by her side, caressing his mother's face with his hands, belonging to Lord Carnarvon. The 'Fortune Teller,' a little girl with a handkerchief over her head, dressed as a gipsy, holding the hand of a little brother in cavalier dress, who looks up slyly at the spectator. Another of a Duke of Marlborough and his family; a little girl in the foreground, smiling at the spectator, holds up a hideous mask to frighten a sister, who shrinks back, clutching the frock of an older girl; a spaniel dog recognises the child through this disguise. An indescribable charm pervades both pictures; they are at Blenheim. A group of two winged girls watching a sleeping baby, called 'Guardian Angels' (Duke of Leeds); Lady Caroline Montague, a child in a little black cloak and muff, exhibited a year or two since (Duke of Buccleuch); Master John Crewe, a little boy in the costume of Henry VIII.; Lady Caroline Clinton, a child in a woman's cap and feathers, feeding chickens (Earl of Radnor); Sophia Matilda, infant daughter of the Duchess of Gloucester, lying on the ground in a long baby's frock and cap, with her little arm round the head of a white poodle; Miss Boothby, a little girl in a woman's cap, a shawl crossed over her chest, and black mittens; the Lambe family, two brothers holding up a baby in triumph (Marquis of Ripon). A family group, Lady Smyth and her children, exhibited this winter, will be found engraved at page 68. Among more ideal compositions we may number the five heads, all of the daughter of Lord W. Gordon (No. 182 in our National Gallery). As an example of refined, "high-born" beauty, few of Reynolds's pictures surpass this graceful composition. The 'Age of Innocence,' the 'Infant Samuel,' and 'Robinetta' are also in the National Gallery.

Next to Reynolds we place Thomas Gainsborough, his contemporary—in some respects his superior. He was, perhaps, more faithful to nature in rendering the finer shades of expression on his faces, and his pictures have not suffered by time. His children are beautiful paintings. A fine example, 'Rustic Children,' is in the National Gallery. A boy's head was exhibited last winter at Burlington House, No. 261. His well-known 'Blue Boy' is in the Westminster Gallery. A collection of portrait heads of the children of George III. is at Windsor. They were rapidly painted, and are lifelike and full of beauty. A little girl carrying a spaniel puppy belongs to the Earl of Coventry. Unfortunately his portraits of children are not common.

George Romney was another contemporary, though scarcely the equal of either the last two. His portraits of little boys and girls are amongst the most beautiful of his works. A portrait of a little boy, with fair curling hair hanging loose over his shoulders, and cut straight across the forehead, was exhibited last winter, No. 251. He wears a boy's dress, not a man's in miniature. Other boys' portraits have been

painted by him, similar in dress and attitude. Groups of girls of various ages, in plain white frocks, classical in the dignity and simplicity of their treatment, occur amongst his family pictures.

Angelica Kauffman, a Swiss lady of great accomplishment, deserves a word of praise for the tender feeling, seen in her works, for the forms and faces of the young. The personal interest that was felt for her in this country gave her works a popularity which has not been maintained since her death, though it must be said that they are now once more "coming into fashion" along with the furniture of our great-grandmothers. Her children, and her young maidens, were the best figures she designed. They are soft, smiling, innocent bodies, to whom occasional weakness need be no reproach.

The name with which we may best wind up a review of those older masters of our English school who have proved themselves lovers and designers of children, is that of Thomas Stothard. He died in 1834, at the age of seventy-nine. The best years of his life belong to the present century. He was a designer and draughtsman rather than a painter, though he did exhibit oil pictures at the Royal Academy. The most interesting works he executed are his designs for book illustrations, and they are very numerous. Those for "Peregrine Pickle," "Clarissa," "The Rape of the Lock," and some in Rogers's poems, are among the best. All his representations of children and of the young are pure and graceful. They possess a charm which many stronger hands and better trained artists, before and since his time, have failed to impart to their works. Some of his admirers have spoken of him as the "English Raffaele;" praise which he owes to the tenderness and the serenity of his children.

Sir Thomas Lawrence succeeded to the place held by the great portrait-painters of the last century. His children are sometimes beautiful productions. His picture of 'Master Lambton,' which has been engraved, is one of his best.

The children painted by Sir William Ross, a miniature painter on ivory, have a beauty that has rarely been surpassed.

The schoolboys and village children of William Mulready are well known from his paintings in the national collections and from engravings. They are full of individual character, admirably studied, and carried out with the most earnest attention to detail.

Here we must bring these notices to an end. Into the excellencies of living artists we do not propose to enter. One popular name amongst those of our Academicians will occur to most readers, and many others would deserve careful notice were there room for it in our limited space. We hope to deal with the entire subject more fully at a future opportunity.

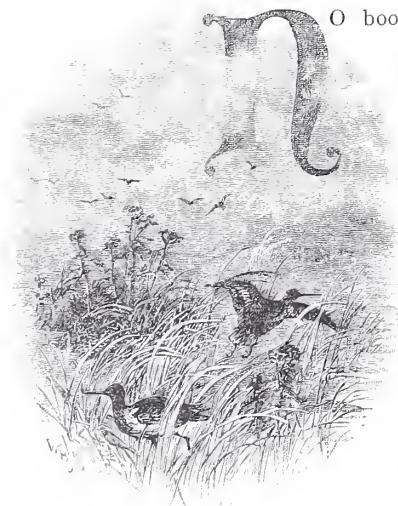
To take leave of a theme so full of charm, so touching in the memories and suggestions to which it gives rise, is to put aside what can but be a labour of love. States rise and fall; the world changes; men become possessed by the mind of the age in which they live. This subtle spirit acts widely on the national character, and expresses itself more or less distinctly on the features of successive ages. But little children, so pure, so affectionate, so generous, will be to-morrow what they are to-day—what they were a thousand years ago—what the authors of our race once were in the days of their innocency—

"By forms unfashioned, fresh from Nature's hand."

If such they are, men must be old indeed in mind and spirit, not in years only, when the love, the trustfulness, and the beauty of children have lost the power to stir their hearts, when that spring of hope is dry, that promise of a future, better and happier than their own, which the contemplation of a rising generation should inspire.

J. HUNGERFORD POLLEN.

AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF "LORNA DOONE."*



been of profit not only to the bookseller, but also to the world. Whatever may be said of Thackeray, whom Mr.

NO book was ever more suggestive of illustrations than the romance by which Mr. Blackmore made his greatest reputation; yet no book, perhaps, was ever less dependent on illustrations for its power to make vivid and definite pictures, delightful in colour and distinct in form, upon the reader's heart and mind. The partnership between artist and author has often

Trollope's opinion shall not beguile us into citing as an instance of one who gained by the alliance between the pen and the pencil—about the debt which Dickens owed to his illustrators there can be no manner of doubt. Such an association as that between George Eliot and Sir Frederick Leighton will always have an interest—the interest attaching to the contiguity of two great names; but in their art they were not united. With the art as well as the name of Charles Dickens, however, many generations will link the art and the name of Seymour, of Hablot Browne, of Cruikshank, and of Fildes. That it was possible for two of these artists to claim the paternity of some of the novelist's characters shows at least how thoroughly and quickly his creations—for his they were—became the common property of himself and his illustrators.

But Mr. Blackmore's relationship with his illustrators is of quite a different degree. The wild moorland, mantled with mists, or lurid with the ominous light from the Dunkery beacon; the waste of snow, out of which John Ridd dug his sheep, and over which he bore from a fate worse than death the lady he loved; the fecund farm, with its immortal family group; the bog into which Carver sank with all his sins

* "Lorna Doone: a Romance of Exmoor." By R. D. Blackmore. With illustrations by F. Armstrong, W. Small, and W. H. J. Boot. Sampson Low & Co.

heavy upon him; the brute-like John Fry; and the man-like, or woman-like horse of Squire Faggus; all these are portraits and pictures which Mr. Blackmore has made indelibly on the memory of his readers; and Mr. W. Small can add nothing to their power, Mr. Armstrong nothing to their charm. Still Mr. Blackmore's illustrators have a happy task, and they do real service by bringing into shape, but not coarsely, some of those mystic and romantic episodes and sights which many a reader, for want of weird imagination, might chance to miss. But between the author of "Lorna Doone" and the artists there could never be any emulation at all. Dickens and Seymour might have wrangled for ever over the creation of Mr. Winkle; and husbands and wives may be vague about the initiative of even the most important act of their lives,

and never be quite able to tell which of them it was who proposed to the other; but there can never be any question at all but that Mr. Blackmore's creations are entirely and delightfully his own.

Nature is never tiresome, because she never copies herself. Mr. Blackmore is never tiresome, because he always copies nature. He has not given us, in his descriptions of nature, the conventional rendering which finds favour with so many artists, but the result of a literal and loving study. He knows that among nature's millions of leaves not one is the exact counterpart of another; and he knows that one summer is not like another summer, any more than one year of a man's life is exactly like the year that has gone before it, or that which will follow after it. All who have felt strongly with



John Ridd carries Ruth home.

their fellow-creatures seem to divide themselves into the lovers of men and the lovers of what is arbitrarily called nature—all, that is, except Mr. Blackmore. He not only enters into the large and single soul of his hero, and into the delicacies of his heroine, but he feels the feelings of a horse and of a dog, and of a vine putting forth tendrils to the sun, and feels them from within. Two admirable sketches of horse character are those of Winnie and Kickums. Who but he would pause to make us understand the mortification of a mare taken into a stream she could have leapt over? Who but he, too, has groped and moved and grown in fancy with the plants? It is by reason of this extension of sympathy that his work is so fitly illustrated by landscape and by figures intermixed—the landscape which he can describe so well in

its bleak solitude, but so much better when against the sky appears the figure of lawless bandit or of sweetest maiden. And rightly are the landscape illustrations not mere imaginary passages of unindividual hills and trees, for the author's hills and trees are never generalised. They are as individual, as full of the incidents and accidents of character as Rembrandt's portraits. Nor is the colour of the time truer in Mr. Blackmore's hands than the colour of the place; and it is one of the special greatnesses of "Lorna Doone" among his books that in it are these two truths so eminently combined. Thus the very portraits of the moors, and the forests in which the action of his strong story takes place, have been most aptly used to illustrate it, in the best sense of illustration.

Devonshire may well be proud of its romancer, and think

his book, as he himself tells us he has heard that some sons of Devon think it, "as good as elotted eream, almost!" But all England, as well as Exmoor, is proud of the author of "Lorna Doone," who has shown himself to be of the very best type of Englishmen. It needs no local associations, no

knowledge of the soil, to make us feel at home with Mr. Blackmore's heroes and heroines in their haunts. "Spring's dimmest mysteries" he has penetrated; the voice of the summer he knows by heart, and the spirit of winter he has subdued. Thoreau, by looking at the flowers, could tell the



Lynmouth.

time of the year, almost to a day; but Mr. Blackmore can look at nature quite as closely, and can learn from her something more. He can rejoice with a great joy in the summer sun, "as it comes slanting over the hill-tops with hope on every beam, advance to the laughter of the morning;" and in "the lustrous meadows all awaking, dressed in pearl, all amazed at their own glistening, like a maid at her own ideas." And, later in the year, he glories in an October sunrise, when "the woods arose in folds, like drapery of awakened

mountains, stately with a depth of awe, and memory of tempests," and when "autumn's mellow hand" was on the trees, "and their joy towards the sun was less to a bridegroom than a father." All this he knows, but more than this—that the most beautiful of nature's things is the face of a woman; and that the lights of the morning, "casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich red-rose, all are proclaiming 'God is here.'"

WILFRID MEYNELL.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

'WHEN THE KYE COME HAME.' Painted by Mark Fisher and J. D. Watson, etched by C. O. Murray.—A partnership in Art matters is of infrequent occurrence, and when it happens is not always a happy one. The difficulty of working in unison of colour is probably the great drawback to an issue sufficiently successful, to prevent the work of each member being easily distinguishable from his fellow's. Could this be avoided, the benefit to each should be considerable in

a ease like the present, where one artist excels in figure and the other in landscape painting, and furthermore when a lifelong sympathy has existed between the artists themselves.

'RICHELIEU AT THE SIEGE OF ROCHELLE.' By L. Flameng, after Henri Motte. Described at page 360.

'BURNS AND HIGHLAND MARY.' By G. J. Stodart, after H. P. MacCarthy. Described at page 368.



PAINTED BY MARK FISHER AND J. D. WATSON.

ETCHED BY G. O. MURRAY

"WHEN THE KYE COM' HAME"

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF G. J. GALLOWAY ESQ THORNHILL

LONDON: J. SAVINIE & CO. LITHO.

THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

THIS Journal—devoted to all the arts—cannot close its record of the year's labour without a tribute of admiration for the great architectural work which, at last happily completed, will be fittingly inaugurated by royalty on December 4th.

At some future time we hope to treat the subject at length, and with suitable illustrations of its many beauties. Our present business is not criticism in the ordinary acceptation of the word. The sadness which surrounds the memory of a great architect, cut off in sight of the crowning glory of a life's work, would in any case at such a moment as this stay our hand. We address ourselves to the more congenial task of urging for his work a claim to high artistic excellence.

"What do you think of the new Law Courts?" is one of the questions of the hour, and one which is for the most part neatly parried. People do not, in fact, *think* about such subjects at all. They catch at some floating phrase—pro or con—and repeat it mechanically; if witty, and, above all, spiced with ill-nature, it has a sure passport to popularity. They suspend their judgment until one way or other an opinion is evolved, and as it gains strength they adopt it. This attitude of suspended judgment is an unconscious testimony in favour of the artist. The end of all great Art is to appeal to the imagination. But for its success there must be some imagination to appeal to. Music is lost upon a man who has "no ear." We are not an imaginative people. If a building is regular and symmetrical in plan and elevation, mechanically balanced in every feature, and of precise and finished workmanship, adapted, in short, to the meanest capacity, its success with the public is immediate and assured. Every one can appreciate a "neat" façade. The narrowest mind is wide enough to accommodate all that is presented to it. But before such a work of Art as the new Law Courts mediocrity is bewildered. That it is a work of Art is demonstrable. It has all the necessary characteristics. Of all the sources of appeal to the imaginative faculties of man, none is so powerful or so sure as the skilful use of language. And this supreme quality will, upon examination, be found to lie in its power of suggesting images without defining them; in the presentation of a succession of figures, which are expressed but in part.

This quality is present in all great Art, the element of expectation, of uncertainty, a region in which the fancy may expatiate at will. It is not in the power of man to make a rectangular hall, enclosed by four walls, as poetic and impressive as a mediæval cathedral, with its chiaroscuro of dim aisles and recesses, unnumbered outlets for the excursions of the fancy. Compare Westminster Hall with Westminster Abbey, and it will be seen that there is an essential difference between them; that the mere plan of each, apart from all questions of the artistic treatment of the superstructure, gives an incalculable advantage to the latter in its appeal to the mind of the spectator. The same rule holds good with the exterior; a formal front which the mind can grasp instantaneously, which shows all it has to show at a glance, is nowhere beside one which at every remove exhibits some new and unsuspected combination of beautiful features, all carefully adjusted by Art to their place in the ever-shifting group; every detail in the great scheme yielding its share of

variety, interest, and beauty. These are the qualities in which the building under notice is pre-eminent, and which secure it consideration as a work of Art. It exhibits to an unusual extent the imaginative or poetic side of architecture, and there are few buildings, ancient or modern, which offer so many effective combinations for the admiration of all who are sensible of picturesque beauty. One of its main characteristics is the studied proportion of all its members.

This command of pleasing proportion is a note of the author's works; it was a faculty which never deserted him. In presence of the "Venetian Gothic" movement, which brought in the stumpy column and large capital mania, he never swerved from the pursuit of that severe and simple elegance of proportion which distinguished all his works. And over them all he wove a web of the most delicate detail of a distinctly original and attractive kind. The mouldings and traceries of his works always declared their authorship, if other indications were at fault; and there was about them all a certain quality which can only be defined by the epithet sweetness. His work, moreover, had that great quality of all good Art, inasmuch as it was distinctly original. He had the closest acquaintance with every detail of the mediæval architecture of Western Europe, and had, so to speak, saturated himself with the spirit of the old architects. Yet he never blindly repeated their work. Labouring consistently for the resuscitation and development of our traditional and national styles, he succeeded in imparting to all he designed a distinct individuality, the impress of his vigorous mind; and thus, while working in the language of an earlier day, his conceptions are, in every sense, unmistakably original—original in the sense in which Milton's poems, though expressed in Latin, were original. His last work not only shows, in its general grouping and the adjustment and proportion of its leading features, the hand of a practised artist, but its success as a practical work is, in spite of some alleged minor defects, amazing, when one considers the enormous difficulty of accommodating to the satisfaction of all concerned a multitude of conflicting and sometimes incompatible requirements; and the refinement and beauty of its innumerable details, traceries, ironwork, carving, all of which were designed the full size, and many of which were modelled, by his own hand, leave one lost in wonder at the power and versatility of his genius; at a degree of artistic skill which is scarcely ever attained, and almost never, as in his case, in combination with business capacity of the very highest order.

It is grievous to reflect upon the premature termination of a career, which had been one long effort in the cause of Art, in sight of attainment of his dearest hopes. This much-maligned century will leave behind it an Art record which will in after times be generously appraised. St. George's Hall, the Houses of Parliament, the Manchester Town Hall, the new Natural History Museum, not to extend the catalogue, are buildings of which any age might be proud. The public ear is ringing with the acclaims which have fitly greeted the return of victorious heroes—laurel-crowned; but "Peace hath her victories no less than war;" and this, the latest of our public buildings, will hereafter take rank as not the least among the achievements which mark the happy reign of Queen Victoria.

THE WINTER EXHIBITIONS AT THE SMALLER GALLERIES.

IT is a decided gain to the interest of the minor London exhibitions that the fashion has grown of collecting works connected with each other by something more than a common medium, such as oil or water colour. Subdivision is one of the most striking conditions of modern life, and upon its judiciousness or injudiciousness depends much of the pleasure and profit of the contemporary world. A collection of a few of the recent pictures, notes, sketches, and impressions of the most variable city of Venice, is perhaps the happiest of all its forms which have occurred to exhibitors this winter; for it concentrates attention upon the characteristic varieties of artistic interpretation, where they show to most significant effect. Venice is, in fact, a Cleopatra of cities; custom cannot stale her infinite variety; she is like the lady in Coventry Patmore's idyl, who rewards her constant lord with "variety which men who change can never know." And not only does Venice vary according to her own moods of weather and light, but she seems to alter according to the bent of her artist's fancy. The Venice of Canaletto, for instance, is assuredly very unlike the Venice of Turner; we hope, therefore, that some day an historical collection of Venice pictures may be made to include the works of these great and dissimilar deceased artists.

The exhibition held by The Fine Art Society in New Bond Street deals only with modern works, Mr. John Bunney's pictures alone being due to a hand which labours no longer. A word must be given first of all to this faithful painter's portraits of the façade of St. Mark's, of the Salute, of the Ducal Palace, and of a score of the salient buildings the outlines of which the world knows by heart. Portraits they are in the full force of the term, painted in no way for the display of the painter, but altogether for the love of his subject—so much so, in fact, that his self-effacement was complete. To note down for perpetual remembrance the fast-vanishing beauties and glories of the Adriatic city seemed to him the next best thing to saving them from the demolisher and the restorer, and in these minute and constant labours he was only just in time. The demolisher and the restorer came close upon his heels, and already there are Venetian façades, mosaics, and carvings which have no existence except in the details of his accurate portraits. If Mr. Bunney's work keeps his personality out of sight, there is plenty of individual character in the Venice pictures of Mr. MacWhirter, Miss Montalba, and Mr. Van Haanen. The luminosity with which Mr. MacWhirter has so often treated the seas of the north is well displayed in the waters that reflect the Venetian sunsets. Miss Montalba's lovely flashes of sea and water light are all her own; and the young Dutch artist, whose studies of the Venetian populace have won him such an emphatic reputation, exhibits his graceful realism in the group who stand watching the first dip of a child in the waters of the canal. Mr. Woods contributes a very artistic and delicate treatment of an indisputably vulgar subject; and Mr. Arthur Severn's rather slight but noble drawings—lacking in glow but grand in aim and feeling—are perhaps an advance on anything he has before exhibited. But the brilliant success achieved by M. Roussoff would alone have made the little Venice exhibition memorable. His church interiors especially are treated with science, mastery, and unobtrusive perfection of detail, and peopled with figures studied with

an exquisite intelligence. No more learned and fresh water-colour work was ever produced with less display of dexterity.

A rather lower average of merit to what we are accustomed in the pleasant room of the French Gallery, Pall Mall, is atoned for by the salient merit of such works as Professor Müller's 'Guardian of the Sacred Well,' in which the painter's great completeness of execution is strikingly displayed; M. Julien Dupré's 'In the Fields, Brittany,' full of light, but perhaps not entirely satisfactory in that difficult matter, the painting of hay; Mr. C. M. Webb's honestly and truthfully painted 'Genuine Aldine;' 'A Partial Critic,' by Mr. T. E. Duverger; M. W. Velten's admirable 'Horse Fair,' and the flat sunshine and clever tone of M. A. Fink's 'Burden and Heat of the Day.' Mme. H. Browne's hard 'Alsace' is hardly worthy of one of the best pupils of M. Bonnat.

The Dudley Gallery has been called the nursery of young reputations. But reputations do not remain for ever young, and the nursery is in time deserted for statelier halls. So it happens that there is to be an exodus from the Dudley of the great body of artists who have presided over its fortunes in past years. The Egyptian Hall is to be deserted in favour of its new neighbour with the noble front, and the rather ridiculous heads, the Piccadilly Arts Gallery. Yet the family of Art in England was never less in danger of being extinct than it is at this moment. Generations follow generations, and over their nurseries the silence of death or of desertion can never hang. For the Dudley Gallery there is still, therefore, a mission, if only it will be true to it. The winter exhibition of cabinet pictures—the last to be held under the present auspices—includes many charming examples in both landscape and figures, among which we may mention 'A Bachelor,' by James E. Christie; 'A Summer Pastime,' by A. Ludovici, jun.; 'Hyacinth Bells in Spring,' by R. Catterson Smith; 'Rowing for the Port,' and 'The Morning Catch,' by C. Napier Hemy; 'On the Brent,' by E. J. Lambert; 'A Norfolk River,' by R. W. Radcliffe; W. Hatherell's 'Sketch at Burnham;' 'The White Calves,' and 'Does it Rain?' by Bertha Newcombe; and, above all, 'A Peasant Girl,' by George Clausen, to which the place of honour was deservedly assigned.

Peasant life is illustrated also in the most prominent picture at the gallery of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons, 'Le Père Jacques,' by J. Bastien Lepage—an old woodcutter and a young child. It is the glory of this painter, as it is also the glory of Josef Israels, who exhibited at the neighbouring gallery of Mr. MacLean, that he can invest the tritest subjects with freshness of pathos and of charm, all by the magic spell of sincerity. Mr. Millais's 'Pomona'—one of his series of child-pictures after the manner of Sir Joshua—is an element of novelty at the first-named of these two Haymarket galleries, which are apt to be devoted too largely to pictures with which the Art-loving public is familiar; and the Art-loving public, like the old Athenians, are for ever seeking after some new thing. Within a stone's-throw of these pictures, Mr. Martin Colnaghi gathered together in the Guardi and Continental Gallery, a collection of pictures—mostly foreign—among which are notable, for different reasons, 'Une Musicienne Vénitienne,' by Herman Phillips; 'Vivisection,' by Hamilton McLure; and works by Troyon, Domingo, and Baron Leys.

ART NOTES.

ART NOTICES FOR DECEMBER:—

EXHIBITIONS:—*Opening Days*.—Grosvenor Gallery, Works by Alma-Tadema and Cecil Lawson, 2nd; Howell and James' Tapestry Exhibition, 1st.

Closing Day.—Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, 2nd.

The National Gallery of Scotland, re-opens on 1st.

Prizes awarded to the Royal Academy Students on 9th.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—Messrs. R. W. Macbeth, R. C. Woodville, and W. L. Wyllie have been elected members of this Society.

STATUE OF THOMAS CARLYLE.—A statue of Carlyle, by J. E. Boehm, R.A., was unveiled at Chelsea, on October 26th, by Professor Tyndall, who delivered an eloquent tribute to the philosopher's memory. A steel engraving of this statue will be found in *The Art Journal* for 1878, page 148.

OXFORD.—Professor Richmond has resigned the Slade Professorship of Art.—Nearly sixty oil paintings have been unearthed at the Ashmolean Museum, where they were stowed away many years ago; some are said to be of considerable value, and will shortly be on exhibition.

MANCHESTER.—A Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition was opened in the St. James's Hall on October 20th. The managers have organized a valuable and comprehensive exhibition, and deserve praise for their efforts. The public have shown their appreciation by attending in large numbers. The collection includes Art furniture, decorative Art, mosaics, metal work, tapestry, velvets, silks, carpets, stained and painted glass, Art pottery and porcelain, paintings on glass and china, artistic embroidery, tapestry from the Royal Windsor Works, loan objects from her Majesty the Queen, H.R.H. the Duke of Albany, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, &c.; and in addition there are a number of oil pictures and water-colour drawings, but these two classes are certainly the weakest in the collection. Mr. Alfred Darbyshire is the Art

director. It is notified that the Exhibition will remain open during the month of December. On Sunday, November 19th, the working classes were admitted free, and it is calculated that upwards of 13,000 persons availed themselves of the privilege.

EDINBURGH.—At the Annual General Meeting of the Royal Scottish Academy, the following artists were elected associates:—Robert MacGregor and David Farquharson, *genre* painters, and J. H. Lorimer, portrait painter.

MR. HERKOMER IN NEW YORK.—Mr. Herkomer has been duly interviewed on his departure for the United States, and *The New York Herald* of October 29th publishes a lengthy report on his opinions, the most noteworthy of which is thus expressed:—"I want to see how the American artists live, and what is to be expected from them. I have every reason to expect that the next wave of Art will be highest there. We are showing signs of subsidence here, and I think it will rise there."

OBITUARY.

MR. EDWARD BOWRING STEPHENS, A.R.A. This sculptor died on the 10th November, in his sixty-sixth year, having been born in December, 1815. He was a pupil of E. H. Baily, R.A., and entered the Royal Academy schools in 1836, gaining a silver medal from the Society of Arts in 1837 for a model of 'Ajax defying the Gods.' He first exhibited at the Academy's Exhibition in 1838, and in 1843 was awarded the gold medal of the Academy school for a relieve, 'The Battle of the Centaurs and Lapithæ.' To the 1851 International Exhibition he sent 'Satan Vanquished' and 'Satan tempting Eve.' One of his best-known works was 'The Deer-stalker,' exhibited at the Academy in 1876. In 1866 Mr. Stephens was elected an Associate of the Academy.

REVIEWS.

"MONTHLY MAXIMS." By Robert Dudley. (De la Rue & Co.)—This work has been announced with a considerable flourish of advertisements, as one which will take a leading place amongst Fine-Art publications. And so far as draughtsmanship and the manner in which it has been produced are concerned, it leaves but little to be desired. But this said, the question at once arises, what possible good can such a publication serve? Mr. Dudley's drawing is exceptionally good, but his comicalities fail to raise a laugh; and as in turning each page a fresh instance of his power as an artist is seen, our annoyance only increased that so much time and trouble have been thrown away.

"PAN PIPES" (Geo. Routledge and Sons).—In this book, on the contrary, the Art of Mr. Walter Crane has been judiciously blended with that of Theodore Marzials in presenting to the public some new arrangements of old songs. They have gathered from an old-world garden the pansy and marjoram of song, and limned them in an altogether delightful

manner. We are only called upon to judge of Mr. Crane's share, but as regards that, we can say that it is replete with interest from cover to cover.

"SUGAR'D SONNETS" (Sotheran & Co.).—The cover of this book is so delicate in design that we opened it with pleasure. Our delight was, however, of short duration, for we found that Shakespeare's well-known sonnets had been, to use the compiler's expression, "re-sugared," and he might assuredly have added, "vulgarised." Ill drawn and badly printed etchings surround a selection of the rhymes, which each, for some unknown reason, repeated, are sandwiched between some senseless remarks, to which the author is sensible enough not to append his name.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS BOOKS.—One of the honestest books that we have met with this year is *Sea Pictures* (The Religious Tract Society), compiled by Dr. Macaulay, editor of *The Leisure Hour*. That Element is dealt with from a poetical, historical, and physical point of view, and the whole is illus-

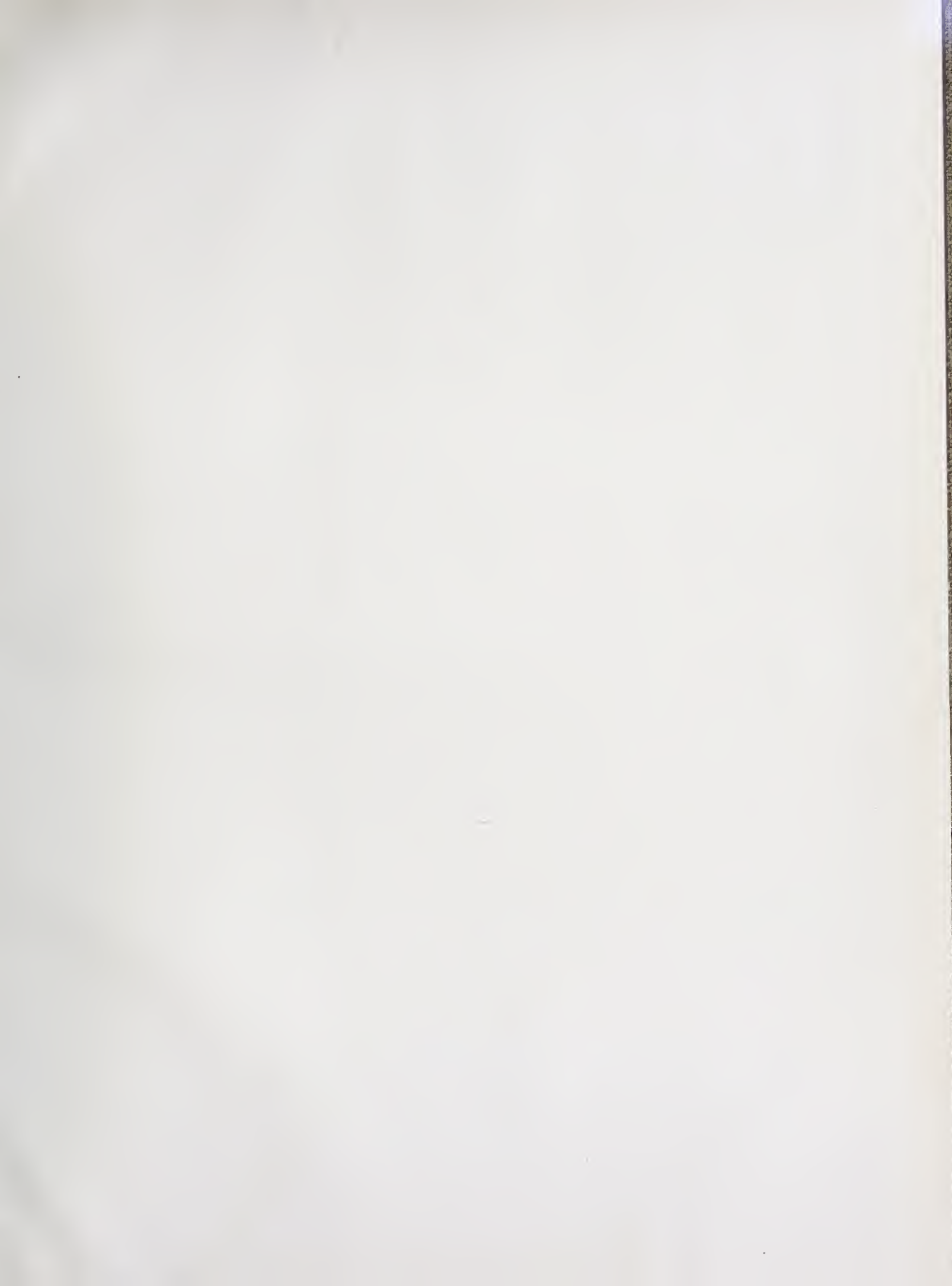
trated with an abundance of admirable woodcuts—a better present for a lad could not well be found.

It is astonishing how the importation of American books is increasing. They vary in merit considerably. *Woe Babies* (Griffith and Farren), from the breadth of drawing and simplicity of its illustrations, will probably commend itself as highly as any to the infantile minds to whom they are addressed; some mothers may, however, object to the introduction into the nursery of the illustration entitled 'In the Park.' *Fly away, Fairies*, of the same firm, appears to us to be far too elaborate in its illustrations for the class to whom it is addressed. If the publishers cannot, however, get better illustrations than those of Miss Kate Greenaway in *Fairy Gifts*, no wonder they go over the water for them—they certainly will not enhance her reputation. In *The Baby's Museum* we recognise many of our old favourite rhymes and ditties, as well as many old friends amongst the woodcuts; still Harrison Weir's and the late C. H. Bennett's are always welcome. Of Messrs. Routledge's publications, *Our Soldiers and Sailors in Egypt* will be received with pleasure by boys, and the illustrations of the various arms engaged appear exceptionally accurate. We cannot say as much for *Song Land*, of which the illustrations are for the most part miserable specimens of draughtsmanship. *Abroad* (Messrs. Ward & Co.) is not nearly up to the standard of the companion volume of last year. The idea is a capital one of illustrating a visit made by a party of children to Paris and Normandy; but the whole book suffers by the faulty drawing which is everywhere apparent; it is a thousand pities, for much of the decorative work, which we presume is by Thomas Crane, is admirable, notably the inside to the cover, of swallows flying over the sea.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—There appears to be a considerable difference of opinion in the minds of publishers of these trifles as to the success of the Prize Exhibitions which, it will be remembered, have been recently held with the view of obtaining the best possible designs. Messrs. Raphael Tuck & Sons state that this system, which was introduced by them, has been discarded, as it "has been pronounced to be fallacious by the entire trade, who preferred the publisher's practical experience to the judgment of artists, who, however high their standing, could not bring a practical knowledge of the public to bear on their decisions." On the other hand, Messrs. Hildesheimer & Faulkner, who offered £5,000 in prizes, state that their exhibition "greatly exceeded their expectations." It is a significant fact, however, that they have not repeated it this year. It always appeared to us that if half the amount offered in prizes were judiciously expended in commissions to artists of known reputation, a much better result would follow. Messrs. Tuck have, after a fashion, thought so too, for they have gone to what they term "the very fountain-head of English Art," viz. Burlington House, and have invited the Royal Academicians to contribute designs; but, unfortunately, only those least qualified by the necessary training in decorative Art have responded, and this wholesale and haphazard method of selection cannot be said to have been successful—Mr. Leslie's dark-eyed maiden, Mr. Dobson's light-haired lassies, and Mr. Marcus Stone's pensive ladies are no doubt admirable reproductions of reminiscences of their pictures, but this is all.

Mr. Yeames has gone somewhat farther, and not only has produced a card which has considerable merit, from a decorative point of view, but also with some slight appropriateness of subject. Mr. Poynter's 'Winter Cherries' and 'Christmas Roses,' gorgeous in colouring, will certainly be considered the most successful of the series. Mr. Sant's delightful but earthly Cherubs' Heads will probably, however, vie with them in the race for popularity. Of the other cards issued by this firm, 'An Old Surrey Cottage' (printed on satin), 'A Picnic,' by Alice Havers, and 'The Old Bird on a Tree,' may be mentioned. The first thing to be noticed in Messrs. Hildesheimer and Faulkner's series are the tasteful designs and colouring of the backs of their cards; in many instances better Art is to be found here than on the fronts. Especially is this the case in the first set we take up, landscapes of the seasons, by A. Glendinning. How the judges could have seen fit to bestow a £100 prize on them we are at a loss to conceive. Taking them as a standard, Mr. Blair Leighton well earned his £75 for his two mediæval German figures of 'Memory and Hope,' which rank as high as any that have come under our notice, whether for artistic merit or success in reproduction. Singularly weak are the designs by G. Marks, which also gained £100, and we can only hope, for the artist's sake, that much of the blame may be laid at the reproducer's door; though this appears somewhat doubtful, as almost all the cards sent by this firm are marvels of chromolithography. The Christmas roses and white daisies of W. J. Muckley; the iris, by W. G. Sandars (which gained a £50 prize); various specimens by V. Dubourg, and a delightful bouquet of pansies (£75 prize), by W. Rathjeans, are only a few out of an admirable number of reproductions of flowers. To lovers of animals, A. W. Cooper's Dogs (£50 prize) will commend themselves; whilst sportsmen and a host of others will buy and laugh at the series of 'Shooting the Cat.' Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co. do not in every case give the name of the artist to whom they are indebted for designs, and so we cannot record the author of a set exhibiting considerable originality, of which 'January comes round again' and the 'Arrival of the New Year' are especially noteworthy. 'Chips of the Old Block' is the title of a well-reproduced set. 'Pastoral Gems' are admirable miniatures of water-colour drawings of country life in the four seasons of the year. 'A Tale of a Tail' is clever and humorous. The poetry on Messrs. Ward's cards is taken from the works of Tennyson and Miss Havergal, and, in common with the productions of the other houses, shows an immense advance on the selections to which we used to be treated. Messrs. J. Hildesheimer & Co.'s cards are for the most part the product of an exhibition held by them last year, when they gave away prizes to the extent of £2,000. They placed a practical Fine-Art printer on the jury of awards, and the wisdom of so doing is apparent in the results. The figures of little girls, by Miss C. Paterson (2nd prize, £100), are admirably chromolithographed, as are also 'Rare Old China' and 'Child among the Buttercups.' We renew our acquaintance with a set of clever little etchings by W. W. Ball, which were at the last exhibition of The Painter Etchers Society. Messrs. Mansell & Co. have, as usual, issued a number of figure and landscape subjects in photography of a varied and attractive kind.

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