



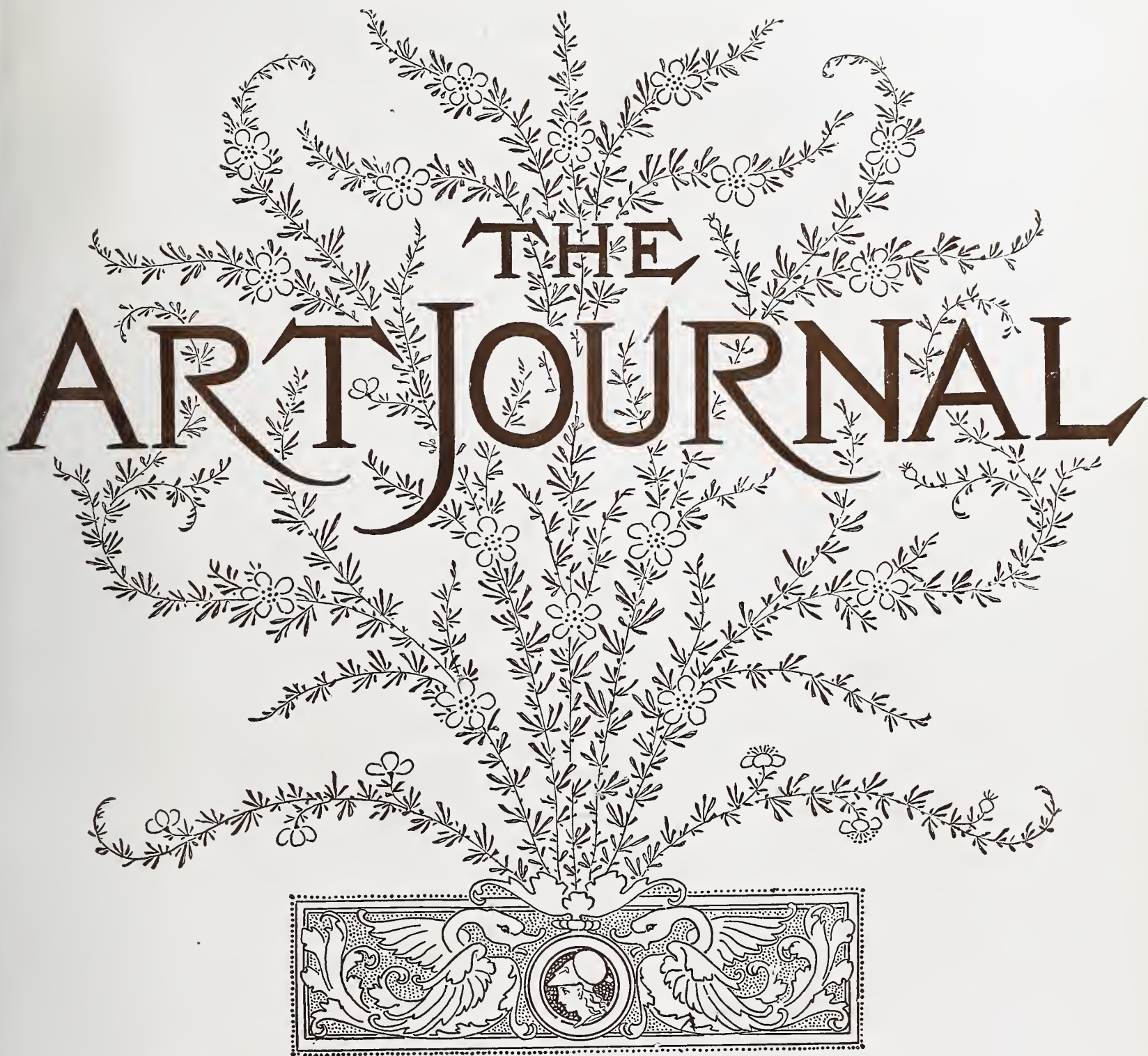




Painted by Arthur Hacker, A.R.S.A.

Etched by W. Heydemann


The Annunciation
From the Painting in the Tate Gallery



NEW SERIES

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THE ART JOURNAL,

1901.

The Wallace Collection.

BY THE KEEPER OF THE COLLECTION.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is not my intention in the following remarks to trace the history of the Wallace Collection, the successive phases of its formation, the fortunes of the pictures, sculpture, and works of art, now definitely—and it may be hoped for all time—grouped together at Hertford House. There will be other opportunities for doing this. What I now propose to do is to offer some general appreciation of the collection as it stands, and to mark out its place, first among the great private collections of Europe, next among the public museums of England and the world.

Among the private galleries there is, indeed, nothing that precisely answers, or answered, to the Wallace Collection—nothing that parallels, even on a smaller scale, the extraordinary comprehensiveness of the vast and wonderful groups of works of art which three successive collectors—Francis Charles, third Marquess, and Richard, fourth Marquess of Hertford, and then Sir Richard Wallace—brought together, and the munificence of Lady Wallace made for

ever the property of the British Nation. We have here in one a National Gallery on a smaller scale and a South Kensington Museum on a smaller scale. And yet the

Wallace Gallery preserves in its merits and attractions, as in its defects, the character of a private collection, with something of that charm of *intimité* which a national museum, brought together under wholly different circumstances, must inevitably lack.

The great private galleries are fewer than they were some twenty years ago; and among those which remain, several are shorn of their former splendour.

To go no further than London, we have the Ellesmere Collection at Bridgewater House, which, now that the Wallace Collection and the Borghese Gallery at Rome have been nationalised, may be placed first on the list of the private galleries of Europe; the Liechtenstein Gallery, with its Rubenses, its Van Dycks, its Frans Hals, its Rembrandts, its examples of early Italian and early Flemish Masters, coming second. And then we have



"Innocence."

By Jean-Baptiste Greuze. Born, 1725; Died, 1805.

One of the most finished and attractive pieces of the master in this popular style. From the Pourtales Collection. This title has also been given to the 'Girl with Doves,' No. 428, in the Wallace Collection. The latter is probably the picture which was exhibited at the Salon of "AN VIII" (1800) as 'L'Innocence tenant deux pigeons.'

Dorchester House, with its unsurpassable Italian, Spanish, and Netherlandish pictures; Panshanger, with its Italian Masters and its gallery of Van Dycks; Longford Castle, Castle Howard, Alnwick, Cobham, Petworth; the rich if unequal collection of Sir Francis Cook at Richmond; and many smaller but not less exquisite gatherings of pictures. But then, these are galleries pure and simple, and thus, apart from all other considerations, they do not sustain a comparison with the Wallace Collection. To find any true parallel for its comprehensiveness, one must go to the Royal Collections of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, with their British and foreign pictures, their Sèvres china, their French furniture, their tapestries, their works of art of all kinds, good, bad, and indifferent. The Dutch pictures of Buckingham Palace are in quality finer even than those of Hertford House; its Rembrandts make, with those of Windsor, a group which at least balances that of the new metropolitan museum in Manchester Square; the Van Dycks of the two Royal galleries form a series wholly without parallel of the English period of that master. It must be considered, on the other hand, that with the exception that we find at Buckingham Palace four important Paters, and at Windsor those two superb series of tapestries by Jean-François de Troy, "The History of Jason" and "The History of Queen Esther," the whole section of French art which gives to the Wallace Collection its chief distinctiveness, is here wanting.

The gatherings of works of art which in type come nearest to the Wallace Collection are those of the Rothschild family in France and England. Thus—to take one instance—Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, of Paris, owns such famous pictures as the 'Hélène Fourment' and 'Hélène Fourment, with Rubens and their Child,' from Blenheim, the 'Violin Player,' ascribed to Raphael, but really by Sebastiano del Piombo, the grand Palma Vecchio, once ascribed to Titian, which came with that picture from the Sciarra Palace at Rome, the 'Occupation selon l'Âge' of Watteau, the 'Mrs. Hibbert' of Gainsborough. With these pictures he owns the finest Limoges to be seen out of the Louvre, the most admirable Majolica and Palissy ware, by far the most remarkable group of Saint-Porchaire or Henri-Deux ware that has ever been brought together, Sèvres china of the highest quality, and other treasures of the same order. If it were possible to combine this last-mentioned collection and those of Baron Edmond and Baron Gustave de Rothschild, also at Paris, with those of Miss Alice de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, of Lord Rothschild and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in and out of London, we should, no doubt, have an ensemble, to say the very least, as comprehensive and as fine in quality as that which the Wallace Collection actually offers. But then this is an "if" which must for ever remain unrealised, and the pre-eminence of the Wallace Collection in its own special branches, as in the vastness and comprehensiveness of its ensemble, must remain unchallenged.

Notwithstanding its relative weakness on the side of Italian art of the great periods, it takes, all things considered, the first place among the private, as distinguished from the imperial, royal, and public collections of the time. The representation of Italian painting is, moreover, weak only relatively and by comparison with the other main sections of the collection, since we find at Hertford House a splendid Cima, a curious Bianchi Ferrari (so re-named by me), the most important and the most undoubtedly authentic

'Holy Family,' by Andrea del Sarto, to be found in the United Kingdom, two admirable 'Madonnas' belonging to different periods of Luini's career, important fragments of frescoes by Bramantino, Luini, and others, and last, not least, the 'Perseus and Andromeda' of Titian, which it has been my great good fortune to restore to the collection, and thus to place once more before the world. The Italy of the seventeenth century is represented by the noble 'River Scene with Apollo and the Sibyl' of Salvatore Rosa; the delightful Venice of the eighteenth century is less well illustrated by a large but indifferent series of Canalettos—mostly if not entirely school pictures—than by an exquisitely fresh and luminous series of Guardi's. And further, the pre-eminence of Italy is unmistakably asserted in the sculpture and terracottas, in the arms and armour, in the medals and bronzes, in the majolica.

But this is a digression, and the facts thus roughly stated as to the Italian sections of painting, sculpture, and applied art, belong really to a later division of these notes. Let us endeavour to ascertain the exact place due to the Wallace Collection among the galleries and museums of the United Kingdom, and to show what part it is called upon to play, what gaps to fill up, what lessons that cannot be learnt equally well elsewhere it may afford those who approach its teachings in an unprejudiced spirit.

It is peculiarly fortunate that, grouping themselves round those great central establishments, the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum, we should have provincial and local galleries which fill up—for the most part very happily and sufficiently—the gaps which still exist in the national collections so exceptionally rich and complete in most particulars.

The National Gallery has still no Watteau, and will now, for obvious reasons, be in no hurry to acquire one. But Edinburgh has the 'Fêtes Vénitiennes' and the 'Dénicheur de Moineaux,' the Dulwich College Gallery the 'Plaisirs du Bal' and a 'Hunting Scene,' the Soane Museum the ghost of the beautiful 'Accordée de Village.' Glasgow can show examples of Van der Goes, Campagnola, Rocco Marconi, and other scarce painters. Edinburgh and Hampton Court have the finest early examples of Giacomo Bassano in existence, and this is peculiarly lucky, since the group of the Bassani as a whole is quite insufficiently represented at the National Gallery. Dulwich and the Wallace Collection have superb genre pieces by that passionate realist Adriaen Brouwer, and these make some amends for the total absence of his works from the walls of the parent establishment. Hampton Court, above all, may stand as the complement, in the section of Italian art, of the collection in Trafalgar Square. It has, what no other gallery north of the Alps save that of Dresden can boast, an important series of works by Dosso Dossi; it has what the metropolitan collection conspicuously lacks, a beautiful 'Sacred Conversation' by Palma Vecchio, it has fine canvases by the Bonifazi, so meagrely represented in London. It has what, alas! the National Gallery will in all probability never now obtain, an authentic and attractive work by Albrecht Dürer. Again the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge can show, among a good many other things of price, panels by the 'Master of the Death of the Virgin,' and by Herri de Bles, the former of whom is provisionally represented at the National Gallery by an example lent by Mr. George Salting, while the latter appears there only in a 'Crucifixion,' which is the work of an imitator or of an artist of kindred aims.



Portrait of Nelly O'Brien.

Painted in 1763. By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. Born, 1723; Died, 1792.

The masterpiece of the painter's earlier period, and one of his best-preserved pictures. The beauty presented was a celebrated character of the time, and the friend of Lord Bolingbroke, among others.

The most recent bequest to the Nation, that made by Mr. Constantine Ionides to the South Kensington Museum, again most fortunately fills some important gaps. The Le Nain family will now be splendidly, instead of as hitherto quite insufficiently, represented. Another, and a very fine Adriaen Brouwer, is now to be numbered among the national possessions. Ingres and Jean-François Millet, neither of whom is to be found among the nineteenth-century Frenchmen at Hertford House, enter the sacred precincts within which, like so many other French masters of the first rank, they have not hitherto, by those who preside over the destinies of the National Gallery, been deemed worthy to be admitted. Lastly, a halo of officialism and artistic respectability, to which he may very possibly object, is given to that supremely vigorous and militant master Degas, whose 'Robert le Diable at the Grand Opera' now, as a result of the Ionides bequest, counts among our pictorial treasures, and certainly not least among these. Degas is already to be found at the Luxembourg in the "Caillebotte Bequest." There, however, he is grouped with other uncompromising modernists; here he will magnificently assert himself and "disconcert the citizen" alone.

But, again, we stray too far afield, and the Wallace Collection awaits us. The remark is not a new one that its most distinctive characteristic is one of princely magnificence, of a certain stateliness, brilliancy, and gaiety of aspect. Fine taste, however, and searching connoisseurship have, while keeping ever in view these qualities, prevented splendour from degenerating into mere show, or grace and elegance into mere *mignardise* and affectation.

It is evident that the succession of *grands seigneurs* and great connoisseurs to whom is due the formation of the Wallace Collection have regarded art as a splendid accompaniment of life, rather than a thing to which the whole devotion of life may properly be given. There is much to be said for both points of view. The one is that of the dilettante of fine taste and vast means, the other that of the student, who would extract from the art of the past—and not from its merely material aspect, but from its spirit—lessons for the present and the future.

The point of view which has guided the founders of the Wallace Collection, and those who have continued and completed it, is well illustrated by the general preference shown for the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries over the fifteenth and sixteenth; by the predominance in the picture galleries of genre, portraits, landscapes, and decorative pieces, over sacred, poetical, and historical art; by the predominance, as a rule, of the splendid reality, not too far removed from earth, over the dream. But this again is relative. All the centuries from the twelfth to the nineteenth are in reality represented at Hertford House, though in the first bewilderment caused by the sumptuous display of great pictures and great furniture of the later periods, the works of art which illustrate the earlier ones may be a little overlooked.

Those who look for inventions round which, enlarging their scope, circle the luminous rings of the imagination, for embodiments of creative genius which are enveloped in a special atmosphere of their own, will find less to satisfy their cravings than in some other great collections. There are comparatively few things here over which the onlooker gazing spins the web of his own dreams—which evoke in the questioner a special train of thought, thus drawing him back again and again, puzzled and

delighted, to solve some enigma which still withholds itself. The lover of what is finest and most masterly in painting will, indeed, come many times, and it will be to admire passionately, but not often to dream or to wonder, with that misgiving at the heart, with that "divine despair," rising from unknown depths, which some great works of art indefinably evoke. This, again, like every generalisation that has been ventured upon with regard to the wonderful collection under discussion, requires considerable modification. There is the glamour of old Venice about the 'St. Catharine' of Cima da Conegliano, and still more hauntingly about the 'Venus and Cupid,' of the early sixteenth century, though it may not be possible to leave it to Giorgione himself. The 'Perseus and Andromeda' of Titian, so long hidden away and so completely forgotten, is a genuine *poesia* of his latest time. The Rembrandts, fine as some of them are, do not show the passion of a great human soul working, as those of the Louvre, of Cassel, of Berlin, of the National Gallery do. The greatest of the Dutchmen, other than he—if we except Jacob Ruysdael and Philip de Koninck—are not at any time the men to set us dreaming. A note of mystery and pathos is struck, however, in one strangely modern masterpiece of the Dutch School here, the 'Interior: Woman Cooking,' of that very rare master Esaias Boursse.

Among the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century Watteau and Fragonard alone possess the wand of the poet, apt to transmute things the most ordinary and trivial by the magic of its touch. Let the man who has the good fortune to be dreamer and connoisseur in one stand opposite 'La Fontaine' and 'Amusements Champêtres,' and ask himself why these are great pictures, and not what the casual observer deems them, mere fantasies of light and ephemeral charm. Fragonard is a poet much nearer earth than Watteau, a poet all fire, lightness, and grace. Again the great portrait-painters of the British School (as they are seen at Hertford House) give us enchanting presentments of individualized humanity, which do not, all the same, prompt us to dive deeper, or to find out more about these delightful people. If we dream at all about handsome Nelly O'Brien or the slender grace of bright-eyed Perdita, it is in quite another fashion, and our dreams will be of the earth earthy.

When we come to the French Schools of the nineteenth century we have enough poetry and romance, and to spare; but it is not infrequently of literary rather than true pictorial quality—that is to say, arbitrarily imported into the work rather than naturally evolved from its artistic motive. A rare suavity, a most pensive charm are breathed forth by the creations of Prudhon; the flame of colour corresponds to the flame of passion in Delacroix; Decamps is a true poet-painter and a true romanticist. But the quiet dreamer, in love with pastoral solitude, will be soothed and delighted by Théodore Rousseau's 'Fontainebleau,' while he in whom imagination soars higher and requires food less earthly, will linger spell-bound before the 'Macbeth and the Witches' of Corot, more deeply penetrated, perhaps, by its etherialised passion, by its sombre beauty touched with light, than by anything in the galleries.

If, however, the imagination of the dreamer of dreams is not always fed at Hertford House, what may be called the historical imagination finds the amplest basis prepared for the revivification of historical personages, for the reconstitution of historical scenes. In no private collection—indeed in very few State galleries—are there to be found finer or more suggestive portraits of royal and famous personages, or souvenirs of people and

events at once so magnificent as works of art, and so suggestive of the personages whom they serve to evoke.

The bronze 'Charles IX.,' by Germain Pilon, is unrivalled, even in the Louvre; hardly less striking, notwithstanding the smallness of the scale, is the painted terra-cotta bust of his brother, the sinister, ill-fated Henri III. Then, outside Versailles and the Louvre, Louis XIV.—le Roi Soleil—is not to be seen and studied as he may be at Hertford House. We have him in bronze, in marble, on canvas, on medals, on snuff-boxes; the great bronze which I have ventured to ascribe to Girardon being perhaps the finest and most characteristic presentment of the Grand Monarque in existence. He has here a grandness of swagger that will not be gainsaid; even though it is not the god-like majesty of Rameses II., the "sneer of cold command" of Ozymandias, or the supreme hauteur of Charles the Fifth. The wonderful clock presented to Louis le Bien-aimé on his recovery from a sickness well-nigh mortal, by the City of Metz, serves to recall the dismissal of that fair Vashti, the Duchesse de Châteauroux, so soon to be replaced by an Esther not less crafty than the beloved of Ahasuerus, Madame d'Étiolles, Marquise de Pompadour. The Sèvres inkstand, so delicately moulded and decorated, which was presented by Louis XV. to the Dauphine, Marie-Antoinette, brings before us the earlier and happier days of the execrated *Autrichienne*, with whose reign and immediate entourage a whole section of the most exquisite French art is associated. A beautiful table in green lacquer and gilt bronze, by J. Dubois, has the strangest history. It was presented, we are told, by Louis XV. to that lover of French art the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. Then when her grandson Alexander I., after the bloody battles of Eylau and Friedland, met Napoleon I. and Frederick William III. of Prussia at Tilsit, it was on this table that the famous peace which made France and Russia friends for the moment, and almost annihilated Prussia, was signed. Most curious of all these souvenirs is perhaps the inkstand, of grey and red porphyry and green basalt, framed in gilt bronze, which was made by order of Napoleon I. for presentation to Pius VII. on the occasion of that first visit to Fontainebleau and Paris which the sovereign pontiff was forced to make in 1804, in order to add still greater glory and distinction to the Emperor's self-coronation. We may well imagine that after the famous interview, in which the Pope, undaunted by truculence and menace, met the theatrical demonstrations of Bonaparte with the contemptuous "*commediante*," the inkstand was *not* presented. As to this part of the story I am, however, for the present in the dark. But an enumeration of all the interesting things of this class comprised in the collection would take us too far.

Let us now seek to establish what are the substantial benefits which accrue to students of art, to the public, and to the nation through this marvellous accession of artistic and material wealth. It has already been seen that even among the Italians, in whom the Wallace Collection is relatively so poor, while the National Gallery is positively so rich, there are to be found works of high importance.

In the section of Spanish art an important gap is filled by the 'Vision of St. John the Evangelist' in the earlier and finer style of Alonso Cano, a master whom hitherto the student had to seek for in the collections of Sir Francis Cook and Sir John Stirling Maxwell. The incomparable 'Femme à l'Eventail' of Velazquez, with his 'Don Baltasar Carlos in the Riding School' and his portrait of

the same Infante in the baby stage of his short life, are great additions to the nation's already rich store, while Murillo in 'The Nativity,' 'The Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva,' and 'The Marriage of the Virgin'—to say nothing for the moment of lesser and more doubtful examples—is seen to far greater advantage than at the National Gallery.

When we come to the art of the Netherlands we find additions still more numerous and desirable. Pieter Pourbus, and Frans Pourbus the Elder, are names unknown in Trafalgar Square. The Wallace Collection possesses in the 'Allegorical Love Feast' of the former ("Old Pourbus"), the masterpiece of that painter, and a work so attractive in the pleasing artifice of its conception that, but for the signature, few would have attributed it to the stern, searching portrait-painter of Bruges. Van Dyck, incomparably represented at Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, as in many private collections, had not hitherto occupied in the national galleries the place to which he is peculiarly entitled as an adopted child of our land. The 'Portrait of an Italian Nobleman' in the so-called Genoese manner is a superb example of a phase hitherto illustrated only in the great private galleries. The pendant portraits, 'Philippe le Roy' and 'The Wife of Philippe le Roy,' are perhaps the finest and best-preserved *portraits d'apparat* of the Second Flemish period, which begins with Van Dyck's return from Italy; and it is just this very important phase of the master's ripened art which receives no illustration at the National Gallery. The pair of portraits of a citizen of high degree and his spouse, by Cornelis de Vos, though not precisely in his finest style, are again desirable and important additions. The splendidly exuberant art of Jordaens, against whom the doors of the National Gallery remain unaccountably closed, is illustrated by a splendid decorative canvas, 'The Riches of Autumn.' Then there is the quiet but exquisitely sympathetic and distinguished 'Portrait of a Dutch Lady,' by Mierevelt, a most prolific master whose name nevertheless would be sought for in vain in the catalogue of the National collection. Its demure charm recalls that master's best pupil Moreelse, the painter of the charming portrait 'La Petite Princesse' in the Ryks-Museum at Amsterdam.

If but a bare mention is made in these preliminary remarks of such great Netherlanders—magnificently represented at Hertford House—as Teniers the Younger, Gonzales Coques, Cuyp, Hobbema, Isack van Ostade, Philips Wouwerman, Paulus Potter, Karel du Jardin, Nicolas Berchem, Willem and Adriaen van der Velde, Van der Heyden, Terborch, Metsu, and Caspar Netscher, it is that, though the admirable examples of these masters are most welcome additions to a metropolitan picture gallery, they are, all the same, additions to an already very rich group to be found elsewhere. Jacob van Ruysdael, Jan Steen, and Adriaen van Ostade are also to be seen in the Wallace Collection, but hardly at their best. Priceless jewels, notwithstanding their modest and unsensational aspect, are the 'Interior: Woman Cooking,' by Esaias Boursse, which has already been referred to, and the 'Boor Asleep,' by Adriaen Brouwer, the tremendous realism of which, in its very brutality, rises almost to grandeur. Pieter de Hooch, superbly represented at the National Gallery, is no less superbly represented here, especially in that supreme example of legitimate skill and sympathetic truth, 'Interior with a Woman peeling Apples.' The great Vermeer of Delft had not been resuscitated by modern research when the Dutch paintings of the

Wallace Collection were brought together; and it is not strange, though it is a subject for infinite regret, that he is not to be found in it. Among some few Dutch painters of the first rank whom we do not find at Hertford House may be cited, besides this prince of painters, Van Goyen, Salomon van Ruysdael, and Jan van de Cappelle.

Again, the National Gallery is singularly poor in fine flower and fruit pieces, game pieces, and still-life groups of the seventeenth century. Neither the eminent Jan Davidsz de Heem nor his less admirable son Cornelis de Heem is to be seen on its walls. If Melchior de Hondcoeter is by no means splendidly represented there, and the two Weenixes, father and son, most insufficiently, the Wallace Col-

lection comes to the rescue with two brilliant examples of Jan Davidsz de Heem, of which one is celebrated as 'Les Champignons,' with three Hondcoeters of tremendous energy, with three examples of Giovanni Battista Weenix (the Elder) and an unrivalled series of game and still-life pieces by Jan Weenix (the Younger). Giovanni Battista Weenix is not only to be studied in two of his decorative landscapes with classical buildings, but what is much rarer, in an important group of flowers and fruit, which, on the strength of a hitherto unnoticed signature, I have taken from Cornelis de Heem and placed to his account. The illustration of the masterly but conventional and a little wearisome

art of Jan Weenix is even over-rich in relation to the dimensions of the collection. In hardly any European Museum would it be possible to point to a group containing as many of his masterpieces.

But, after all, the chief gain to the national treasures is to be found in the complete section of the collection devoted to French art of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. True, the great, pompous, conventional century of Louis XIV. is not, as regards painting, to be fully understood from the few examples to be found in the Wallace Collection. The canvases by Philippe de Champaigne, in portraiture a master, but in sacred art not more than

a coldly conscientious practitioner, form a curious and interesting group. Though there are two not bad examples of Claude Lorraine, he must still be studied at Trafalgar Square and in the private collections, while Nicolas Poussin is badly and Gaspard Dughet feebly represented. The portrait group by Largillière, showing Louis XIV., his morganatic consort Madame de Maintenon, the dull, good-natured Grand Dauphin, the youthful Duc de Bourgogne, and the baby who was afterwards Louis XV., is on the other hand of the highest interest, if not as a picture, still as an historical document.

It is the eighteenth century which, so far as France is concerned, is so absurdly under-represented in the National Gallery. Besides the four well-known Lan-

cretts, a small and in its present state rather crude Boucher, one mediocre and one doubtful Chardin, and some fair examples of Greuze and his school—what is there to show the lightness, the grace, the stimulating brilliancy of that epoch? The idea still sticks that the French art of this time is mainly naughty, artificial, and decorative; that it may be admired, but with a certain contempt and turning away of the shoulder, with a certain reservation of one's better self for better things. If there be a foundation of truth in this sort of appreciation or depreciation, it is the time that we must blame more than the artists who, with so light and exquisite a grace, with so much measure and elegance even in their seeming ex-



The Strawberry Girl.

By Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. Born, 1723; Died, 1792.

Exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1773. Described by Reynolds himself as "one of the half-dozen original things which no man ever exceeded in his life's work." The original of several replicas and copies, and a rare example of the master's powers of intuition and invention where childhood is concerned.

travagance, illustrated it. So splendidly complete is the illustration of this century at Hertford House, that it is best to begin by stating what we do *not* find there.

We have, alas! no Chardin. Both Frederick the Great as Crown Prince, and the Crown Prince of Sweden—two of the greatest collectors of French art of the eighteenth century—were great amateurs of his art and deemed its homeliness, its pathetic simplicity and truth no drawback to its inclusion in the royal collections. But here it has apparently found no favour. We must still, outside the Louvre and France generally, look for Chardin at Potsdam and Berlin, in the Hermitage at St.

Petersburg, and in the little gallery of Carlsruhe, which contains a splendid series of his fruit and still life pieces. Again we have nothing by the great pastelliste Maurice Quentin de la Tour, or by Perronneau; nothing by Pesne, or Tocqué, or Roslin; nothing by Drouais. But the gains are so enormous that these gaps are forgotten; it is only the singular completeness of the collection which causes us indeed to record them. Nine Watteaus, where before there were none! And among these more than one of his finest works. Lancret, too, is exquisitely well represented, from his beginnings, as a too-faithful imitator of Watteau, to the full development of his sparkling art of pictorial comedy and of vivacity wanting the warmth of passion. To him I have been able to restore three canvases of the early time, of which two were ascribed to Watteau, and one to Pater. Pater, that pretty, iridescent bubble, empty yet pleasing to the eye, who without the light and the glow of Watteau would have had no existence, is here to be seen in a greater number of examples than in any other gallery save only those royal ones of the town and entourage of Potsdam. The frigid yet singularly able productions of Le Moine, the precursor of Boucher and the rival of Jean-François de Troy, can be better studied at Hertford House than in the Louvre. The two spontaneous and brilliant hunting subjects by the latter are less characteristic of his usual style than is the well known conversation-piece 'La Surprise' in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. Boucher is in no gallery in the world—not in the Louvre itself—more brilliantly represented than in the twenty-two canvases at Hertford House. In this preliminary survey it is not necessary to make more than a bare mention of his two masterpieces of decorative painting, 'Le Lever du Soleil,' and 'Le Coucher du Soleil,' works in which *par exception* he shows the fire and imagination of the true poet as well as the supreme skill of the decorator, for whom, in his own peculiar style, difficulties have ceased to exist. Nattier, the skilful but unmoved painter of Court beauty and conventional elegance, makes his first public appearance in a permanent metropolitan collection with five canvases, well, though not in the most commanding fashion, illustrating his style and his limitations. Fragonard, the irresistible, the man whom the *Concours* rightly grouped alone with Watteau, as a true poet-painter, has never been understood in England until now. In the Wallace Collection he wins a decisive victory even over the most recalcitrant, obtaining by his frank gaiety and passionate directness an easy pardon for any excess in the direction of licence. The youth and insouciance of 'Les Hasards heureux de l'Escarpolette' afford a piquant contrast to the more sombre and concentrated passion, to the severer style of 'La Fontaine d'Amour.' Since the opening of the museum 'L'Enfant Blond' has been the delight of all modern painters, and especially of those who swear by the arch-impressionists, Manet, Claude Monet, and Renoir.

To many one of the chief attractions of the eighteenth century galleries will be the unexampled series of twenty-two Greuzes, of which very few are in the vein of bourgeois sentimentality that first won for him fame and the impassioned praise of Diderot. Let us not be unjust or foolish enough to deny the practised skill, and the power to please *l'homme moyen*, which Greuze undoubtedly possessed, and still in a measure possesses. Yet how frigid and superficial even the very best of his canvases look by the side of a Watteau, a Lancret, a Fragonard, even a Boucher! We have further at Hertford House Carle van Loo, Lépicié, and that too-

cold and self-possessed enchantress, Madame Vigée Le Bruu. It is interesting to contrast the works of the two great French painters of game and still-life, François Desportes—chief favourite at Court in the later time of Louis XIV.—and his more brilliant rival and successor, Jean-Baptiste Oudry—the sporting painter-in-ordinary to Louis XV.—with the works of Hondecoeter and Jan Weenix. Though Desportes is fairly represented at Hertford House, he is there entirely eclipsed by Oudry, two of whose masterpieces are included in the group of works displayed in Gallery XI.

Then, bridging over the gap between the schools and styles, and belonging not more to the eighteenth than to the nineteenth century, come Boilly, most quaint and charming among contemporary observers of men and manners, De Marne, and above all Prudhon, the only true painter, the only true poet of the turbulent finish to the eighteenth century—the man who could assimilate the qualities of Leonardo and Correggio without losing his own individuality. We are appreciably the richer for such exquisite things as 'The Sleep of Venus,' 'La Maternité,' and 'Le Zéphyr.' It would have been desirable to add to the collection one of the great portraits of Jacques-Louis David, and something by Gérard; something, too, by Ingres, who, having begun as the *révolté*, ended as the tyrant of modern French art. These men are, however, absent, and as belonging to this same time, but to a phase of nascent romanticism which then sprang up, we can only point to the 'Napoleon I.' of Gros and the 'Cavalry Skirmish' of Géricault. It is much, however, to have here at last as a national possession some, at any rate, of the great Frenchmen of the nineteenth century who have so long and so vainly waited on the threshold for admittance to the official paradise.

Delacroix, a great master even in his obvious faults and inequalities, is finely represented by his well-known 'Death of Marino Faliero,' all aflame with the lurid splendour of colour, not only sumptuous but tragic in significance. Elsewhere in the gallery which at Hertford House is devoted to French and British art of the nineteenth century, he hangs side by side with his brother-in-art, the Englishman Bonington, who must be accounted quite as much a French as an English painter, though his greatest triumphs are achieved in landscape treated from the English standpoint. No collection in or out of England can show such a rich and varied series of oil paintings and water-colours by the too short-lived Englishman as is to be found here. Still more splendidly is the chief of the Orientalists, Decamps, represented, even the Musée Condé at Chantilly being surpassed in this particular. Then we have four examples of another Orientalist, the scarce Prosper Marilhat, who at his best can well bear the comparison with Decamps himself. Even the canvases by such *démodé* painters as Ary Scheffer and Delaroche have their uses as landmarks of an epoch. A good deal of cheap scorn has been lavished upon them and upon Horace Vernet, who is certainly represented with unnecessary liberality in the Wallace Collection. These men held in their time a commanding place among modern painters, and, though we can no longer enjoy their work, wholly to obliterate them, even were it possible to do so, would be to falsify the history of art.

Among the great glories of the Wallace Collection are the magnificent landscapes by Corot and Théodore Rousseau which hang on either side of the 'Marino Faliero,' the noble design and deep significance of the 'Macbeth' by the former contrasting with the realistic truth and the quiet yet solemn pathos of the 'Fontainebleau'



The Music Party. ('Les Charmes de la Vie.')
By Antoine Watteau. Born, 1684; Died, 1721.
A larger variation of 'The Music Lesson' ('La Leçon') also at Hertford House. Like the well-known 'Plaisirs du Bal' in the Dulwich College Gallery, this picture bears strong traces, both in the vivacious colouring and the florid architectural frame-work, of the influence of Paolo Veronese.

by the latter, Though some of the finest landscapes of the Netherlandish School are to be found in the galleries, can it indeed be asserted by those who approach the question without prejudice that any of them surpass—nay equal—these great canvases of the modern

French School? We are nearer the heart of Nature in these last, and nearer the heart of Man too, pulsating in unison with it. There is, alas! no Jean-François Millet here to keep them company; but we have examples—not of the highest importance, it is true—of Jules Dupré, Troyon, and Diaz. One of the most envied possessions of the Wallace Collection is the series of sixteen Meissoniers—so costly a treasure this, that to-day it could only find its way into a national collection through the generosity of some private owner. The opportunity is a unique one for comparing this wonderfully brilliant and painstaking executant with the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century to whom he owes so much—with Terborch and Metsu. The gifted

modern will appear by contrast a consummate painter of high comedy and of drama the intensity of which is that of the stage. Wipe him out of the century altogether, and, although we lose a painter of exquisite skill and a popular gift, modern art is not deprived of a great or lasting influence.

Another novelty of the display at Hertford House is

the arrangement of the English pictures of the eighteenth century with the Italian Masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth and the Netherlanders of the seventeenth century. The result proves that the audacity of the experiment was not excessive. Though Reynolds suffers somewhat

from immediate juxtaposition with masters like Rembrandt and De Hooch, his variety, his incomparable suavity and grace in the 'Nelly O'Brien,' the 'Mrs. Carnac,' the 'Miss Bowles,' the 'Strawberry Girl,' the 'Mrs. Robinson,' the 'Mrs. Braddyll,' make ample amends. Gainsborough's 'Perdita' and 'Miss Haverfield,' though they face on the other side of the room such masterpieces as 'The Laughing Cavalier,' of Frans Hals, and the 'Femme à l'Eventail' of Velazquez, impose themselves with such a force of visual impression, with such an exuberance of physical life, as to pass through the ordeal unscathed. Though the collection contains other notable examples of English art, including the Hoppners, the Lawrences, the Wilkies, the four

Turner water-colours, the Copley Fieldings, the examples of Sir Edwin Landseer, David Roberts, Clarkson Stanfield and others, these cannot—leaving out of the question the unrivalled series of examples by the Gallicised Englishman, Bonington—be said to add anything appreciable to our complete series of British Masters in the National Gallery and the South Kensington Museum.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



A Lady carving her Name. ("Le Chiffre d'Amour.")
By Jean-Honoré Fragonard. Born, 1732; Died, 1806.

In the relatively smooth and polished style which this master only exceptionally adopted, and in this respect contrasting strongly with the other paintings by him in the Wallace Collection.

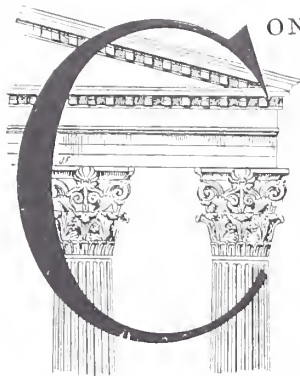
(To be continued.)

“The Annunciation.”

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE TATE GALLERY BY ARTHUR HACKER, A.R.A.

ETCHED FOR “THE ART JOURNAL,” BY W. HEYDEMANN.

THE IDEAL IN MODERN ART.



Initial.

By Jas. Fitzgerald.

CONSCIENTIOUS reaction towards the Ideal in art, is one of the most interesting and significant movements of the end of the nineteenth century. It has developed more rapidly on the Continent than in England: but that it has affected the greater part of Northern Europe, and that in Scandinavia, Germany, France, and England, its manifestations each year assume greater importance, is undeniable.

The human soul, it would seem, has grown weary of the brutalities of so-called realism, of the arid wastes of rank materialism, both in art and letters. Its cry is once more for the Ideal—for romance, for some mystery, for something to worship, for such art as shall lift it high above the mere sordid representations of the ugly, the ordinary, or, at best, the frivolous side of life that it knows only too well. It asks to be taken out of the known into the unknown. And the revolt against a *terre-à-terre* realism has found its refuge in works of purest imagination.

In France such artists as Puvis de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau, Dagnan-Bouveret, Lhermitte, Cazin, Besson, Aman-Jean, Bartholomé the sculptor, are among the leaders—though in very varied ways—of this movement towards the Ideal. It is represented by von Uhde in Germany; by Skredsvig in Norway. In England the three great idealists, Rossetti, Mr. Watts, and Sir E. Burne-Jones, have been its leaders, and have exercised a deep and lasting influence on the work of their European contemporaries, as well as on that of their fellow countrymen; while among the younger English artists we see each year fresh evidences of its growing strength.

It is the “beyond” in one form or another, that each is striving for in his own way, according to his personal temperament.

This sense of the beyond, of mystery, of something to be worshipped, need not be limited to one obvious set of subjects. It may be found in pictures of merely natural objects revealed by the lofty imagination of the poet. We get a glimpse of higher things in the silvery poems of Corot's brush, and in the lives of Millet's peasants. Or, again, we may seek for the beyond in mystic conceptions of faith, of religion, in heroic myth, or in transcendental dreams of humanity. But let differences of subject and treatment be what they may, the movement towards the Ideal does most undoubtedly preoccupy the mind of many a modern artist in a remarkable degree.

Here, however, we must note a special character-

istic of the present reaction from materialism. Our modern artists have learnt too much from the naturalists, nay, even from the materialists of the nineteenth century, to sin against nature by idealizing, which really means falsifying, the natural world. They have learned that truth to nature is absolutely essential to art. And therefore, we get the singular phenomenon of men who are at one and the same time mystics and realists; men who attempt the daring experiment of endeavouring to express the supernatural by the natural. It is an experiment which in any but very reverent hands leads often to absurd and sometimes to offensive results. What could be more ridiculous than certain pictures which were to be found in the Grand Palais of the Paris Exhibition last summer, in which stalwart angels appeared in present-day cornfields, or served monks with bread, or rocked babies in cradles? What more offensive than the commonplace vulgarity of Vollet's ‘Départ des trois Mages’—our blessed Lady an ordinary French model, with a collection of jewels hanging on a little stand at her feet, while St. Joseph, apparently regretting the departure of the Three Kings, looks out after them into the dark night. Nay, some, like Jean Beraud, have gone yet further, and use such subjects as the medium for a Socialistic propaganda.

The experiment, I repeat—for an experiment it must always be to try to introduce the supernatural into the natural, to clothe what is purely spiritual, mystical, in actual form—needs to be treated with extreme reverence, with more than ordinary skill. And seldom has this experiment been undertaken of late years with more serious purpose than by Mr. Arthur Hacker in that subject which has attracted the artists of all times—the mystery of the Annunciation. Here, in common with the best of the modern idealists, he reverently endeavours to express the most mystic tenet of the Christian Faith, while remaining absolutely true to nature. His white-draped Virgin is hardly flesh and blood, for he has refined away that flesh and blood until it is little more than the suggestion of spirit. But the copper waterpot at the well, the flowers of the field, the sparse grey foliage of the olives, the shining white-walled city, are as true to the natural world as if no blue cloud, thin as smoke that flies upward—the mysterious, lily-bearing angel—floated softly overhead.

Very graceful, very tender, and very thoughtful, the picture is delightful in its light scheme of colour, its light touch, its dreamy atmospheric harmonies of white, grey, and blue. And above all, it is as an evidence of the reaction that we have always valued this work by Mr. Arthur Hacker; for in it, whatever its inevitable imperfections, he has travelled far towards that supreme goal of the artist, to evolve the Ideal from the Real, to apprehend the spiritual in the natural.

ROSE G. KINGSLEY.

“The Fury of the Goths.”

FROM THE PICTURE BY PAUL JVANOVITS.

MODERN warfare, with all its devastating machinery, would of necessity appear tame to an ancient Roman or a Goth. On occasions, it is true, when positions are stormed, or when, as at Rork's Drift, a handful of men defend a building against a determined enemy of overwhelming force, that world-old elation is experienced which causes men to forget all save the quintessential moment, that holds either victory or death. “Furor Teutonicus” represents one of a hundred like incidents in a long and deadly strife. The sway of Rome, too proud mistress of the world, goaded to frenzy the Goths of the north. Time and again the Goths poured over the Alps, and once before the dawn of Christianity, two Consular armies of 80,000 men were completely annihilated by the enemy. The barbarians in our picture are clad only in skins, their statuesque heads, save that of the chief, who wears a winged helmet, are unprotected, their arms bare but for metal armlets, nor are their oblong shields of wicker or of leather comparable for protective purposes with those of their foes. Yet the impetuous onslaught of these spearmen is irresistible. Trained to arms as they are, each one with cuirass and helmet, the Roman soldiery cannot withstand the apparently surprise attack of this fierce, strenuous people. Because hand-to-hand combat was as the breath of life, because death was glory, they finally wrought the overthrow, as the artist here suggests, of Roman civilization. It lies within the province of art thus to recreate a scene of old-time fury.

The Art Journal London, 1874, p. 102.



Painted by Carl Gornow.

THE FURY OF THE GOTH.

A Worker in Metals.

THERE is at the present time a pleasant tendency among the younger artists to avoid that narrowing of their capacities which was not so many years ago regarded as a first essential for professional success. Till quite recently it was an understood thing that the man who refused to trudge along methodically in a rut, and to be bound in his practice by distinct and definite limitations, could not expect to arrive at popularity, and certainly could not hope to enjoy those monetary advantages that come as a matter of course to the favourite of the public. It was impossible to take seriously the erratic person who was always dealing in surprises. His versatility was disconcerting because it was apt to produce unexpected results and to put all kinds of difficulties in the way of those people who appraised the merit of an artist by the closeness of his adherence to a set pattern.

But now, although there still remains a large class of art-lovers who will not accept as a master of his craft anyone whose work cannot be immediately identified by its exact resemblance to everything that he has previously produced, a fair number of thinking men have developed sufficient interest in artistic accomplishment for its own sake to give a hearty welcome to new departures that are made in a properly inventive spirit. These thinkers have the judgment to discern that the artist who has something fresh to say is entitled to a hearing, 1901.

and that he has a just claim to encouragement if his assertions are well considered and founded upon correct experience. They, at least, are not wedded to the idea that the narrowest kind of specialism is worthy of the highest praise, and stamps the workers who believe in it as the leaders of their profession.

It is to the growth of this better judgment among the supporters of modern art that is to be ascribed something of the energy that distinguishes now the production of the younger men. Versatility is no longer at a discount among people of intelligence, and unexpected departures from the beaten track do not fail to attract attention. Consequently the whole scope of professional practice is widening, and the boundaries which hedged off different types of performance one from the other are steadily disappearing. It is possible at the present time for an artist to gain a reputation not only as a painter, but as a sculptor also, and as a designer and worker in various kinds of crafts. He may spread his activity over many branches of accomplishment, and occupy in each a position of acknowledged prominence without losing touch with his public or running the risk of being dismissed as a Jack-of-all-trades unfit to be taken seriously in any of his various attempts. The knowledge that appreciation will not be denied to him if he tries to be an all-round craftsman is to the sincere worker a vitalising one that spurs him to ambitious



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Statuette of "Launcelot and the Nestling."



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The Helmet.

accepting their wider responsibilities could be quoted than that which is afforded by the career of Mr. W. Reynolds-Stephens. He was born in 1862, so that he is not yet forty years old, and he began his student life comparatively late, for he did not enter the Academy schools till 1884. Yet in the short space of sixteen years he has taken rank not only among our ablest painters, but, as well, among the most original and inventive of the decorative sculptors who are in this country establishing a new record of memorable achievement; and he has, with conspicuous ability, made frequent excursions into the domain of the designer. In his case this desire for variety is instinctive, and may be taken as an expression of a particular temperament; but the chances that have come to him of developing all sides of his capacity have had more than a little to do with the completeness of his success. It might have been his lot to labour, as so many other men have, at only one of the forms of practice with which he is fitted to deal, and he might have been forced unwillingly into a rut from which he might never have emerged. But this fate he has, fortunately, escaped; and as he has not been hampered by want of opportunity, he has done himself justice in the whole of his work.

It is in his practice as a sculptor that he shows the most persuasive combination of the various qualities that mark his individuality. In the first place his sense of design guides him exquisitely in the choice of just what is most worthy of consideration as material, and in the next his constructive and decorative capacities help him

experiment, and urges him to master new forms of expression. He feels that whatever the direction in which he launches out, success is possible to him if only he can show that his effort is sincere and his ambition justifiable.

No better instance of the way in which artists are

to the appropriate realisation of the mental intention that he has formed at the outset of his undertaking. In his power of construction may be seen evident traces of the training as an engineer that he underwent before he decided that the only vocation he could follow was

that of an artist. The scheme he makes is always a consistent and coherent one, and every part of it fulfils some essential purpose. Its mechanism is exact and well-balanced, and it is so devised that it admits of completion by the addition of decorative accessories that fit in rightly with the general idea. What results is a happy alliance between the practical contrivance of the craftsman and the imaginative invention of the artist—a



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The Head.



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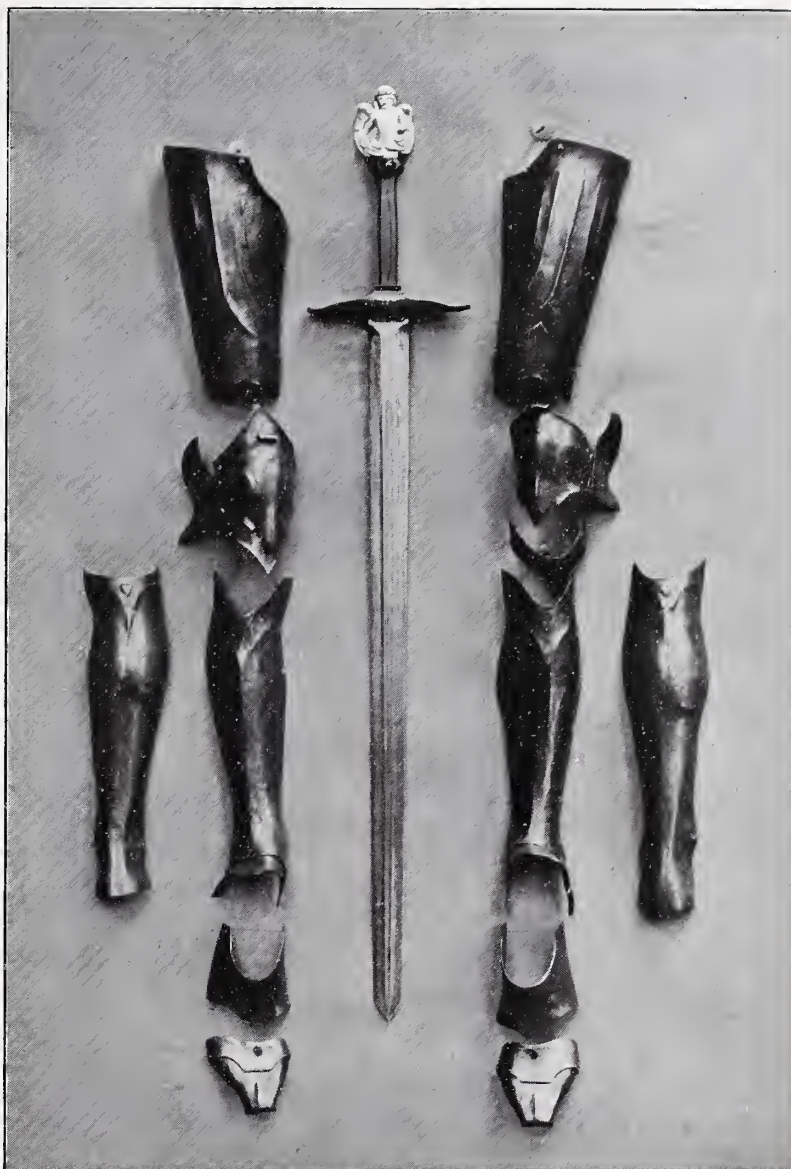
The Jerkin.

perfectly harmonious agreement in which there is nothing jarring or contradictory.

As an example of his methods it would not be easy to find anything better than his "Launcelot and the Nestling," a statuette in bronze and other metals, by which he was represented in the Academy Exhibition of 1899. On the execution of this little figure he lavished an extraordinary amount of ingenuity, for it was to be not merely a piece of well-studied and carefully-handled sculpture, with good qualities of design and modelling, but it was to embody as well all his most ingenious devices as a metal-worker, and to show how the most subtle arts of the decorator could be used to amplify the effort of the sculptor. That it fulfilled its purpose is certainly undeniable. Few such achievements have come from modern artists, few things so admirable in taste, so delicate and yet so strong in handling, and so consummately skilful in the adaptation of technical details to the requirements of imaginative art.

The success with which Mr. Reynolds-Stephens must be credited in this particular instance was, however, gained by no series of lucky accidents. From beginning to end he spared himself no trouble to secure the qualities that seemed to him to be essential. He began by modelling the figure nude from life, and from this clay model a plaster cast was made. On this were modelled in turn the various garments, each one separately, and these were carefully put together and made to fit, each in its right place. Then gelatine moulds were prepared of all the separate parts, and from these moulds casts were taken in founder's wax, which were in their turn fitted together and retouched. The next process was to obtain bronze castings from the wax, and these castings again had to be arranged in place and worked on, to make good defects and to remove any irregularities of surface. Different qualities of bronze were used in different parts of the work, so as to gain varying effects of colour and varieties of patina, and any castings which were not wholly satisfactory were rejected and done over again.

The "Launcelot" figure was, however, by no means finished when the bronze portions of it were put together and carefully adjusted. So far, only the face, the hands, the jerkin, and the legs were provided; all the other details had to be added. In the execution of these Mr. Reynolds-Stephens had many chances of emphasising his power of invention and his skill of hand. The helmet and the armour for the legs he hammered, bit by bit, out of steel; he forged the sword, and gave to the jerkin a surface of oxydised silver, which was stopped out or cut away so as to show the colour of the bronze beneath in a pattern. The figure of the infant was carved out of ivory and fixed in its place in the knight's arms. Every tiny piece had to be made to play its part properly in the general scheme of the work; nothing was neglected, and the artist strove to make this production without flaw, either in design or execution.



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Details of Armour.

He knew what he wanted to do, and he fully understood the necessity for the closest attention to every detail; consequently he has achieved something that bears the stamp of sincere conviction, and shows the hand of a consummate craftsman throughout.

It is a good thing that a man of his temperament, and endowed as he is with the instinct for technical contrivance, should be able at this moment to follow his inclination to explore many fields of activity. The time is coming when artists will have to be, like their predecessors in the Middle Ages, men of wide and general knowledge, and qualified for success in more than one direction. The picture painter and the sculptor of great statues will no longer be able to pose as the chiefs of the profession; they will have to share their pedestal with the men who have found other ways of giving expression to their beliefs. Room will certainly have to be made for artists like Mr. Reynolds-Stephens, who take a comprehensive view of æsthetic questions, and realise the necessity for attacking boldly the many problems of art. He is earning a right to be regarded as a leader of a new school, and that he is fitted for such a position no one who has watched his development can doubt.

A. L. BALDRY.



The Entrance Gate of Fez.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

Fez, the Capital of Morocco.



Initial
By Geo. Montbard.

WE have our camp near a little village, a few thatched cottages and a score of brown-coloured tents streaked with black bands, made of goat-hair. A little farther off a tiny hamlet stands in clear relief against the blue background of a chain of hills. Between these the camp lakes, or rather large ponds, extend, surrounded by bulrushes, marshes, and bogs. On the other side of the water very far away you perceive bare, ruddy hillocks, a narrow line of trees of bluish green, the Sultan's gardens near Fez, and miles behind the Atlas with its eternal snow, the whole bathed in a great neutral shade, soft and harmonious.

The route of the caravans lies between the douar and our tents, and horsemen, foot soldiers, files of camels, and flocks of sheep are constantly passing by.

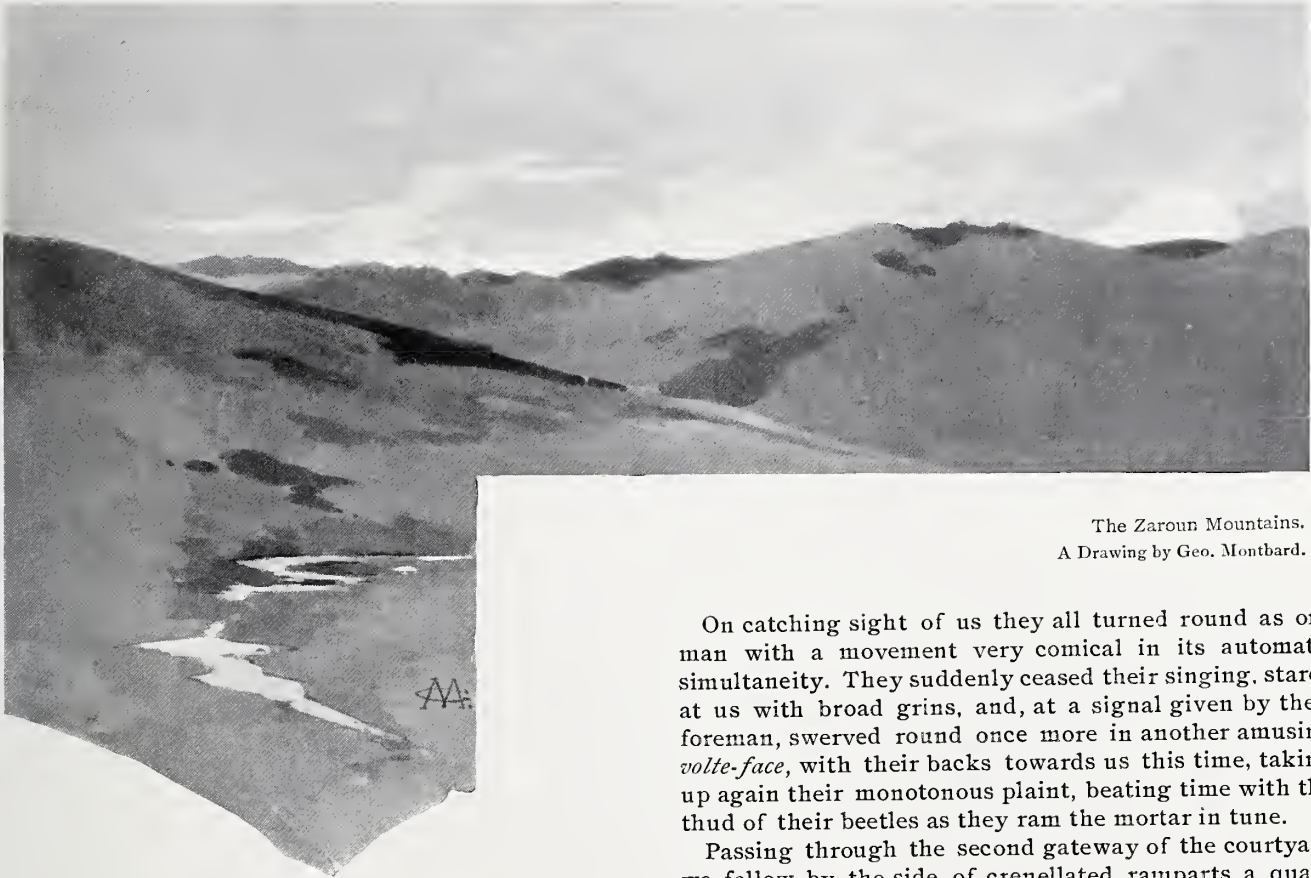
A troop of men on camels advances, preceded by a grey-bearded negro in a white turban, and followed by a mounted escort. Men, bare-headed and nearly naked, are tied on the camels; heavy chains are fastened to their ankles and wrists,

and streams of blood run from wide tears produced by the constant friction of the rings against the flesh. They

are the chiefs of rebel tribes who are being taken to Morocco. For days and months, under a broiling sun, over barren regions, across wild ravines, they will go, in order to end their wretched days in a loathsome dungeon. And on they are driven, their energetic heads proudly erect, and a grim expression on their fierce faces, accepting their fate with that passive resignation to the will of Allah before which the whole world of Islam bows without a murmur.



A Morocco Horseman.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.



The Zaroun Mountains.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

Our men have finished packing the tents and loading the mules; we start, the Kaid in front. We pass by the few hillocks of ruddy sand and, all at once, from the top of a last ridge, Fez, the old capital, the Mecca of the Occident, comes in sight, dominated by the glittering peaks of the Atlas, between the two high mountains on its sides. We descry a great line of crenellated ramparts, broken with square towers, from the middle of which rise numberless terraces, mosques, minarets, and the fierce walls of the Sultan's palace. We proceed for some time along narrow intersecting paths, through fields of barley, and we are at the foot of the precincts of the town.

The lofty construction, when seen close by, has an austere aspect with its dark embattlements towering into the sky. In front of us, above the immense ogee of a doorway, is a row of sharp iron hooks. After each revolt of the tribes the heads of the rebel chiefs are fixed on those sinister points, where they remain exposed as a terrible example of the omnipotent justice of the Sultan, and, during days, during weeks, the birds of prey will flock from all parts of the horizon, to pluck their eyes from their sockets, to tear the flesh from the bones. We pass under the dismal and decrepit gateway, eaten up at the base, and enter a vast courtyard enclosed by gloomy walls.

On the east side masons are erecting a wall: it is built in *tabia*—that is, a mixture of sand and lime. It is run like concrete, between two plank partitions propped in a vertical position by stakes fixed in the ground, joined in pairs through the masonry by cross-pieces, which are drawn out when the mortar is solid enough. This explains the multitude of holes which you remark in all the buildings in Morocco. About forty masons armed with wooden rammers are at work on the top of the wall, chanting in unison, and between each stanza, all at the same time, they batter the concrete to ram it down.

On catching sight of us they all turned round as one man with a movement very comical in its automatic simultaneity. They suddenly ceased their singing, stared at us with broad grins, and, at a signal given by their foreman, swerved round once more in another amusing *volte-face*, with their backs towards us this time, taking up again their monotonous plaint, beating time with the thud of their beetles as they ram the mortar in tune.

Passing through the second gateway of the courtyard we follow by the side of crenellated ramparts a quagmire of a road obstructed by big blocks of stone, broken up by cavernous mouths of silos, gaping apertures of ruined vaults. Clearing one more ogee gateway, we reach the inner part of the town, Fez-djedid, the New Fez. Proceeding along narrow streets, and others of greater width more frequented and lined by houses, shops, high decayed walls, we trot under arches, vaulted buildings, roofs of reed.

Now and again we halt at a crossing under the shade of an old fig-tree with boughs outspread over the terraces of the houses, in order to let the caravans, the droves of oxen, and the files of laden camels pass by. Then we plunge under a ward's gateway with triple arches beyond which there are no more shops. We



A Soldier of the Rie.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

descend a tolerably wide street with a steep slope between houses with bare fronts, crumbling walls supporting plank huttings. Then we enter a narrow lane lined by garden walls in which our stirrups grate, for the path is so strait. Turning on the right and then to the left, at a part of the road where the least slip would have plunged us with our beasts into a stream that drives a mill in front of us, whose tickings we can hear, we pass through a low door opened by an old negro, and we stop in a large garden, an orange grove where saddled horses are tethered and soldiers move to and fro.

We are on friendly ground, at the place of an English officer in the service of the Sultan, whose army he is drilling. The excellent Kaïd MacLean, who was expecting us, receives us most cordially. Our host introduces us to his brother, Captain Allan MacLean, and our kindly hostess, Mrs. MacLean, entertained us in the most charming manner.

We stay at the house of Captain A. MacLean, who lives a little distance off in a pavilion in the middle of a delicious garden of orange and citron trees, gaily decked with flowers and watered by fresh streams.

In a high, vast room, with apparent rafters supported by a strong pillar in the centre, and lighted by a large grated window, our camp beds, which are put up, and our baggage piled on the floor, fill up the captain's elegant dwelling. A narrow staircase in a corner of the building leads to the ground floor and the terrace. From the platform on the roof we get a view of the town, rising amid a belt of valleys in an infinite number of white terraces, from the middle of which surge the domes of mosques, the square towers of the minarets, the men-

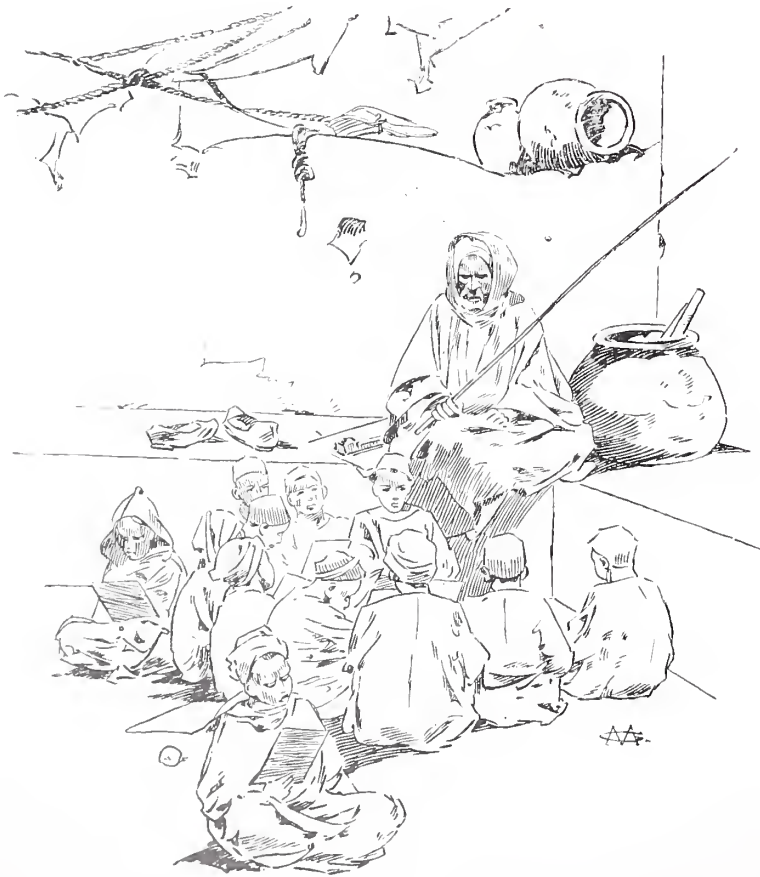
acing enceintes of the ramparts, the tall yellow walls of the Sultan's palace. Down below, a portico stands in front of the pavilion, and its tripleogee arcade is supported by pretty octagonal columns with a coating of lime-wash.

In front of this façade a fountain pours its clear water into a broad, deep, square reservoir, formed level with the ground, and lined with mosaics. Its overflowing waters escape in rills between the flowers, the plants, the clusters of orange and lemon trees. Their boughs laden with fruit, form a verdant dome above the reservoir, and their green fringes graze the walls of the house



AA

One of the Soldiers in
Kaïd Maclean's Garden.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.



A Primary Boys' School in Fez.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

and penetrate right through the window grating into our room.

The sun shines through interstices of the thick leafy vault on the ground in an endless number of luminous flickering spots; warbling birds wing their flight; the wind rustles gently over the tops of the trees. Now and again an orange falls into the liquid surface with a splash, making the water leap up in diamond sheaves.

Mosses, lichens, wild roses cover the rugged summits of the old walls surrounding the garden. Honeysuckle, convolvulus, bindweed hide the crevices, creep over the crumbling masonry, crawling through the shrubs. A quantity of plants, gorged with sap, grow in an extravagant profusion and luxuriate in every nook and corner of the dilapidated parts, and a fresh, delicious odour perfumes the air.

We set off to the town, accompanied by our Kaïd. Everything is quite old, decayed, decrepit: houses, mosques, palaces, fortifications, constructions of all sorts are mingled and interwoven in some inextricable fashion and odd complexity of architecture. Series of arches one above the other are erected at great heights across the streets, buildings are thrown like bridges, at different storeys, from one house to the other. On their façades are grafted little canted bays with domes, supported by carved corbels of cedar wood; storeys project on offset beams, artistically shaped, and between the tops of the



Interior of the Entrance Gate to Fez.
A Drawing by Geo. Montbard.

houses, which almost touch one another, you perceive a strip of sky.

One feels oppressed between those high, gloomy, bare walls, pierced, at long intervals, by a narrow loophole, a grated window, where now and then, through a door barbed with rows of nails, which half opens and is shut at once without noise, a white shadow disappears.

We venture under long, dark, vaulted tunnels, oozing with moisture and stained with mouldiness; passages with carved rafter ceilings. Through ogee wretched doorways we get glimpses of courtyards surrounded by arcades and filled with folk, cattle and steeds. These places are caravanserais where lodging is afforded to man and beast.

At every moment you find yourself under double or triple ranges of elegantly decorated arches with indented ogees. There are wide holes in the paved streets, and you hear the sound of rippling streams.

In some of these streets it is difficult to move about, the crush is so great, and ever and anon, in front of you, behind you, beside you, always and everywhere, you hear the continuous yelpings, the execrable menacing cry of, "baleuk!" or "beware!"

Galloping soldiers pass by on horseback, and before we have time to squeeze ourselves against a wall for fear of being run over, there comes the yell, "baleuk!"

Camels laden with planks, piles of wool, voluminous sacks of barley come stalking along, obstructing the whole street, thumping their heavy loads right and left, and jostling the people in front of them—baleuk!

A drove of oxen, driven by fierce herdsmen, blocks up the way, and ere we can take refuge under the arch of a gateway or any other nook at hand in order to let the menacing tide flow away—baleuk, baleuk!

An important functionary, an amin or a nadir, attended by servants, is riding along on his mule, his finely-shaped head set off by the folds of his muslin haik—baleuk, baleuk!



Mechawari of the Sultan's Guard.

Then comes a magnificent negro horseman, one of the Sultan's guard, a bokhari in white sulham, clad in the folds of his silk haik, mounted on a black horse—baleuk, baleuk, baleuk!

And still for ever baleuk! still in the towns, in the villages, along the routes everywhere, hum in your ears, buzz in the crowd the eternal baleuk! the incessant, the inevitable watchcry of the Moghreb.

We quit those noisy streets and roam through gloomy labyrinths of lanes, passages, blind alleys, where awful silence reigns, where carcases are rotting. We stumble over big, lean,

mangy cats, with bristling backs, climb heaps of refuse, piles of rubbish; we skirt yawning holes, at the bottom of which the waters of underground canals run with a dull noise, gleaming with a cold lustre.

Then we suddenly emerge on open spaces, orchards, gardens, lanes lined by low walls cracked by the sun, covered by yellow lichen, wild roses, slender plants, bushes above which fig trees spread their twisted branches; orange trees, laden with fruit, form a bower over our heads, and the breeze, warmed by the sun, sweeps by with fragrant odours.

On every side you hear the trickling of waters, the rolling of millwheels. You constantly come across streams of water rushing from mossy walls and disappearing with a hollow murmur under vaults.

This profusion of water is due to the position of the capital. Fez, Fâs in Arab, comprises two towns: Fâs-el-bali, the Old Fez, which is the real town, the Medina, and Fâs-djedid, the New Fez, built later, in 1220, by the Emir Abou Yousseuf, which includes the Kasbah and the Mellah.

It lies in a valley watered by the Wad el Fâs or Wad Djouhai—the river of precious stones—which takes its source at Ras-el-mâ, at the foot of the Cherarda mountains, no great distance from the town.

At Fez the river divides into two branches, one passing to the south, the other separating the old and the new city. The two arms rejoin immediately afterwards, to throw themselves into the Sebou hard by.

The bed of the river being higher than the old town, it results that the streets and habitations are never without water. On the other hand, vast reservoirs, supplied by means of hydraulic wheels, abundantly meet the demands of the new town. Moreover, some locks, which are partially opened once a week, give a surplus of water serving for the gardens. When it is wanted to free the town of the quantity of filth and rubbish of all sorts accumulated in the streets, and to clean the water con-



A Negress Servant.

“The Campbells are Coming.”

FROM THE PICTURE BY LANCE CALKIN.

THE incident depicted by Mr. Lance Calkin is no uncommon one in an English village. The bagpiper wears the kilt, the sporran, the bonnet, and the other accoutrements of a man in a Highland regiment, but were the blind man to the left to educe a word from him, his speech would probably betray that he did not belong to the Campbells of the “curved mouth,” possibly that he was no Scot at all. He has the strut of the itinerant musician, which is but an imperfect replica, over-emphasised, of that of the genuine Highlander. The artist centres in the foreground the whole of his interest, using the picturesque cottages and a stretch of road behind merely as a setting to enhance verisimilitude. The world in little, with its vagaries and preoccupations, is suggested. The children are eager to see this unaccustomed figure of the piper, to hear the weird droning of the pipes; so it is with the old men who have almost reached their second childhood, and to whom fresh sounds and sights are welcome. But, although forming part of the group, the young man, gun over shoulder, and the girl into whose ear he is whispering, are concerned with other and more personal things.

The Illustrated London News & Co. Ltd.



Painted by Lance Eddles

Lance Eddles 1891

'THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.'

duits contaminated by the drains, all the locks are thrown wide open, and the water rushes into the streets, into the subterranean canals, sweeping all away to the Sebou.



Black Slave Woman.

Donkeys laden with sacks of corn and flour pass by, driven by white-powdered lads, and you try to efface yourself along the wall to make room for them.

And everywhere in the middle of these ruins, of this absolute decrepitude, one remarks even in the least details of architecture an acuteness of observation, a search of elegance, a refinement of taste surprising. On the worm-eaten doors of empty houses are suspended, half torn away from their fastenings, marvellous knockers of wonderful shape, and chiselled with exquisite taste and amazing sureness of hand. Horse-shoe arches, with curves of admirable purity, are adorned with delicious laces of arabesques, of mosaics, composed with a rare felicity, both in design and colour. Angles of walls are chamfered with curves and broken lines charming in their unexpected effect. On the façades of the houses, decorations in high relief on the stucco produce plays of light and shade that delight the eyes, by breaking the wearisome monotony of the great bare walls.

Sometimes, in order to embellish a simple opening, an unpretentious window, treasures of art and patience have been spent on the elaboration of a series of arches—small columns, ogees, interlacings, ornamental designs, combinations of curves and straight lines, that unite in producing an architectural jewel of an adorable fancy.

But all the seductive picturesqueness is dearly pur-

chased. These narrow streets, so interesting from an artistic point of view, for the most part covered in, running in zigzag fashion between immeasurably high walls, seem like gigantic warrens. In these sombre trenches where one can barely get a glimpse of the sky, where neither air nor sun penetrates, where the decaying filth throws out unbearable stenches, there reigns a constant unhealthy humidity loaded with deleterious miasma.

The most pernicious fevers rage there permanently, and make terrible ravages among the inhabitants, already for the most part victims of the evil habit of smoking *hashish*, which is dried hemp, in search of *kief*, beatitude; which practice renders them quite stupid, depriving them of memory, and destroying all will, as well as physical and moral energy.

Moreover, in dens, places of low degradation, kept by Spaniards escaped from the galleys at Ceuta and Melilla, these Moors become initiated into the vices of the Occident, gambling and intoxicating themselves with mahia, a spirit distilled from the fig by the Jews and very much appreciated even by young Moorish girls. In spite of these scourges, which carry off so many inhabitants, the population of about 80,000 souls which Fez numbers is annually on the increase.

We return home by the low and thickly populated quarters. It is meal time. One is deafened by the piercing cries of vendors of all sorts of aliments. For a little *fous*, which is bronze money, some offer you skewers grilled of bits of meat; the *Rababs* seasoned with chillies, cumin, and saffron; the *Reftza*, the *Sfeinges*, a species of fritter cooked in rancid oil. "*El Aloua taieb!*"—the good sweet—they shout as they thrust their not very tempting preparations under your nose.

Near by are open-air butchers. On a cross-beam supported by two forked poles planted in the ground, sheep are suspended by the legs. An Arab with his sleeves tucked and his arms bare, his burnous thrown back, is slaughtering an animal, skinning it with an old notched knife. In a twinkle the beast is cut up into joints, and the butcher, standing in a pool of gore and mud, his arms red with blood, his burnous soiled with big purple patches, dresses the meat, hangs it on nails driven in the crossbeam, suspending the smaller pieces by cords, and serves his customers. The latter make a horrible mess with the gory joints, wrangle over the price, lay the lumps down, pick them up again, move away, then return and slip them into their hoods, or into a corner of their burnouses, after paying the butcher amidst much grumbling.

From a ground floor escapes a monotonous murmur of infantine voices. By the gaping door we cast in a glance as we pass; it is a *mektib*, an elementary school. A dozen urchins squatting on the ground in a circle are all reciting together, in a nasal tone, verses from the Koran, written on their tablets by the *thaleb*, or schoolmaster, as they sway backward and forward. The master, an old Moor with a grey beard, provided with a long stick, listens without losing a single word, to the noisy melody, immediately distinguishing amidst the tumult of voices whether a fault has been committed and by whom, correcting the culprit at once with a smart stroke from the extremity of his cane.

GEO. MONTBARD.

(To be continued.)



No. 1.—Peacock Frieze, designed by Walter Crane for Jeffrey and Co.

“Mere Ornament.”

ENGLISH people do not care for ornament, and do not understand it. Whether one of these shortcomings in appreciation may be the outcome of the other, or, in that case, which may be the result of which, it would serve no purpose to inquire. The two facts hang together; and the two facts are: the average Englishman does not care for ornament, and does not know much about it. His ignorance stands most nakedly confessed when he repeats, as he is never weary of repeating, the stereotyped phrase anent “unmeaning ornament.”

For what is ornament? What does it mean? There is no doubt or ambiguity about the matter. The word expresses the thing about as plainly as words can speak. It means neither more nor less than adornment. To find fault, then, with ornament because it does not mean something (something more than ornament) is as though you found fault, say, with heraldry because it was not pictorial. It argues that what the objector wants is picture, poetry, symbolism, or whatever it may be, meaning in short, not ornament. To scorn

“mere ornament” and to appreciate it according to the meaning there may lurk in it, is about as discriminating as to value a picture according to its story, or a poem by its moral. It is the old, old fallacy of judging art by the measure of something else. Of course, it is not actually possible to draw a definite line of distinction between a thought and its expression, between the thing repre-

sented and the way it is rendered—the one always influences the other—but, in order to discuss the question of art, we have to make some such distinction, and, broadly speaking, we may say the art is in the way we do a thing, not in what we do. A painting is art, not according to the subject chosen, but to what is made of it. This must not be taken to mean that it is just a

question of drawing and painting, composition, colour, light and shade, and so forth, but of all such technical qualities and what is called treatment. The subject is “another story,” a more important one if you like; but, even if we allow it to be the end of art, it is not art, and has strictly speaking nothing to do with it, except in so far as it affects the treatment of the design.

A decorator, to be honest, must confess to liking painting and sculpture of the kind which lends itself to decoration. But he need not be so narrow as to question the artist's right to think more of the story he has to tell, or of the natural effect he wants to get, than of the value his work will have as wall decoration. That

is his affair. All we have any right to expect of a man is that he shall do what he set out to do.

Now, the designer of ornament sets out to adorn, and it is his business to do that. If he does not do it, he fails. No amount of symbolism, no faithful rendering of natural forms, will make his work more ornamental, or make it ornament at all. It would be foolish to deny



No. 2.—Heraldic Glass-painting of the Sixteenth Century, not ornament with a meaning, but a symbol treated ornamentally.

that there may be meaning in ornament. In certain instances there must be. A lover would not design a locket for his lass (nor cause it to be designed) without putting into it some hint of sentiment. One may go further and allow that in the design of a thoughtful man there will, as a rule, be something more than art or craft, something you may call meaning if you like, though it will not necessarily be read at a glance, nor perhaps be understood at all by any but the sympathetic. But that is a meaning which the artist puts in for himself, not for the public: it is over and above what, as an ornamentist, he undertook to do: it is more or less by the way, and (if one may judge by personal experience) usually comes to him *apropos* of the decorative problem before him, and is not the motive of his design. Still less is it dragged in by the heels, as much most meaningful ornament appears to be.

There is always a danger to the designer in the introduction of meaning lest it should lead him astray from ornament; and, as a matter of fact, we find that most men when they start with a meaning—a meaning apart from ornament—end in sacrificing to it something of ornamental fitness, which, as it seems to the true lover of ornament, they are, according to the code of art, not justified in doing. As for the poetic person who appears to think that meaning is enough (and what trivial meaning will content him!) he has yet to learn what ornament is.

Before sacrificing ornament to meaning, let us inquire what this much-talked-of meaning amounts to. Is it perhaps worth the sacrifice of ornament? The ornamentist says not. The prettiest part of the idea is often just what cannot be expressed in ornament. It does not follow that because a flower, or its name perhaps, has attractions for us, it will therefore make a good pattern. The things which delight us in nature, and which, for the sake of associations, we itch to bring into our designs, are by no means the most amenable to ornamental treatment. And that which in the work of naiver days we find delightful, delights in contemporary work no longer. What interest the cypress tree gives to southern landscape, and what decorative use the potters of Damascus made of it in their tile paintings—but, reduced to modern ornament, it reminds one of nothing so much as a box of toys.

What was simplicity in the Middle Ages is to-day simply affectation. The peacocks, more or less orna-

mental, which sufficed for ornament in Byzantine or Gothic carving (Nos. 4, 9, 12), in thirteenth-century silks (No. 6), in old oriental or other embroideries (No. 11), are, at the point at which we have arrived, quite inadequate as peacocks. There are designers, indeed, who, by the simple process of plucking the poor bird of its beauty, think to arrive at style; but what does this brood of awkward wooden peacocks mean except that it is easier to affect a Byzantine manner than to design for yourself. Compare with these poor effigies the peacock of Walter Crane (No. 1), a bird with the stuff in him to be the father of many peacocks (which he has proved to be), but conforming, it should be said, to the conditions

of ornamental design as the modern mock-archaic peacock fails to do. The device, by the way, of two identical birds face to face, perhaps, on either side of a conventional tree (Nos. 6 and 7), has in modern work no longer any meaning; it is an easy dodge by which to make sure of symmetry, but it hardly amounts any longer to design.

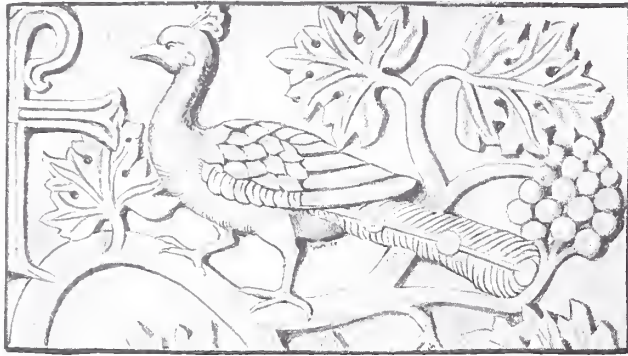
Another difficulty with regard to meaningful ornament is that the drift of it is likely to be either trite or unintelligible. Suppose a man to have found a symbol for himself, or to see in a familiar one a significance of his own—who then shall understand it? There was published not long since a description of a scheme of decoration in which the artist had made use of the orange tree to signify strength. He is free, of course, to do that, and the wood of the orange is tough enough to justify the inference; but the symbolism of the orange tree has been, so to speak, appropriated; and he has only himself to blame

if people read his tree to mean something to do with weddings. The dilemma is this: the meaning which the artist has thought out for himself is, in proportion to the depth of its significance, obscure, and so fails of its purpose. On the other hand, obvious meaning is apt to be so thin that it is certainly not worth sacrificing to it one jot of art.

The happy thoughts which help, instead of hurting, ornament are few and far between; and what were once happy thoughts are stale enough now. The poppy pattern does not make one think of slumber, nor the briar-rose of the Sleeping Beauty; and the golden stars on the blue vault of the church do not wake memories of the firmament, but remind one only of the church furnisher. If you can but give a pattern a name, that helps, no doubt, to sell it; but afterwards what does it count for? Does any mortal man after the first week of



No. 3.—Fifteenth-Century Textile—"pine" or "cone" pattern.

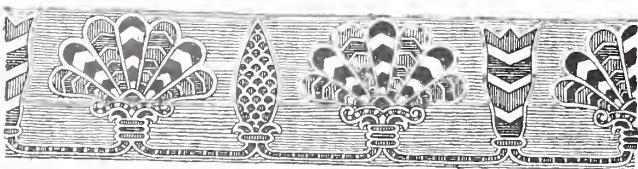


No. 4.—Byzantine Carving.

proud possession (when, of course, his patriotism is duly inflamed) derive satisfaction from the circumstance that his wall-paper design embraces the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle? Does he ever give it a thought? Does the sick man, confined to his bed, find consolation for his aches in the consciousness that hangings and counterpane refer to a familiar song? Hardly, though Shakespeare wrote it. Least of all, if the oxlips stare at him, and the violets insist on his attention. And they are likely to be an annoyance, just in proportion as the artist was thinking of the verses and not of pattern, which, after all, was his business.

We are told there is meaning at the root of nearly all old ornament. Very likely. But it is not that which attracts and enchants one. Persian ornament, they say, is all imagery, a posy of poetic meaning; yet we enjoyed it before ever we knew it meant anything; and, in effect, it is so far removed from the flowers it is supposed to represent, that you may think yourself rather clever if you can be sure what flower it is meant for. It seems, too, that Japanese ornament is all picture-writing. Well, the language is a dead one to most artists, and yet their enjoyment of it is at least as keen, and quite as sincere, as that of the scholar who can interpret it. One may admit the poetic thought underlying perhaps all Oriental design, and yet be disposed to think that the sentiment which it is possible for us to get into modern ornament is dangerously near sinking to the prosaic level of the Language of Flowers.

What though there should have been meaning in ancient pattern generally; that is not why lovers of ornament enjoy it. It is, in the first place, by no means always clear to us, even when we see that it must mean something, what the meaning is. Take, for example, the device which occurs again and again in Byzantine stuffs of a man struggling with a lion. Is it Hercules wrestling with the Nemean lion, or Samson, or a Christian martyr in the arena? Must a man put off admiring it until he knows what it is all about? May he not, without stopping to inquire into its significance, say that the idea of multiplying little men and lions all over the surface of a textile fabric, natural as it was in the Eastern Empire, is at best barbaric, and would be in our day childish.



No. 5.—Assyrian "pine" or "cone" pattern—enameled brick.

There is a form of ornamental detail familiar in 15th and 16th century work which is called, indiscriminately, the "cone" or "pine" pattern. It has often so little likeness to any form of natural growth that it is only by a certain family likeness to more pronounced types that one recognises the traditional design which once, at least, meant something. But what? Does it stand for a fir-cone, or for a pine-apple, or for a pomegranate? Each of these fruits seems in turn to have influenced it. Traced back to its beginning (No. 5) the learned say it is the fruit of the date-hom. To the artist the all-important thing is that it makes pattern, and pattern in its way perfect. The pomegranate itself in a quite unmistakable



No. 6.—Thirteenth-Century Oriental Silk.

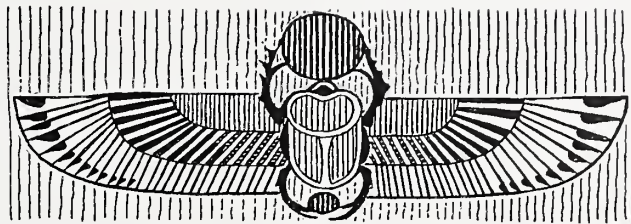
form makes excellent ornament—so pregnant of meaning, too! But how are we to determine whether it is the symbol of love's passion, or the emblem of the Resurrection, or merely an heraldic badge?

And then, symbols which once meant one thing, are understood eventually to mean another. The stags, for example, which kneel on either side of the familiar tree (direct lineal descendants of earlier pagan beasts), acquire in early Christian art a distinct significance. But, to accept them as recognised symbols, "as the hart panteth after the waterbrooks," is to wipe all the poetry out of the words of the Psalmist, and make the image trite and commonplace.

Apropos of badges, the old Sicilian silks are obviously heraldic in significance. But the meaning of all the dogs and swans, and lions, and hybrid creatures, disporting over their surface, is in great part problematical. Moreover the Italian silk-weavers who imitated them did so

without any care for their meaning. The fashion was for Sicilian silks, and there was money in imitations of them made in Lucca and elsewhere. It seems tolerably certain that the symbolic forms which run through the great part of historic ornament survived because they were familiar, and human nature was conservative. When once a form has been effectively treated, that is, to most people, reason enough for repeating it. To this day your enterprising manufacturer believes quite fervently in the success of only what has already succeeded—else why should he lie in wait for his competitors, and try to discount any success they may achieve?

That ornament may have originated in symbolism is no argument, once the ornamental instinct has been



No. 8.—Egyptian Scarabæus—from a mummy case.

familiar device, but we are not all of us so constituted as to enjoy the sign the more for that we know it to be a dung-beetle, or to find about it therefore an aroma of peculiar poetry.

In modern ornament, as in ancient, there is often more pretence of meaning than intelligible purpose: the fashionable swirl, for example, of ornament “up to date” looks as if it ought to mean something. It means, of course, for one thing, that it is easier to whirl lines about as though they were whip-lashes than to devise articulate ornament. There may be a deeper significance in it too. The squirm may be expressive of the pain it cost the artist to bring forth this new birth of design; or does it curl about in wreaths of incense offered at the shrine of William Blake, who, on the grounds presumably that his flaming forms mean something—though it is impossible to say what—is hailed as a master of ornament? But the sincerity of his poetry is one thing, the beauty of his ornament another: to speak plainly, it is no more coherent than the Rocaille of Louis Quinze.

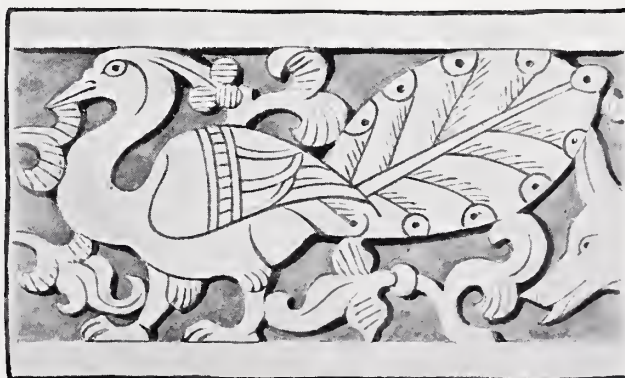
A type of ornament more than objectionable in eyes of unrestrained modernity is the fret, beloved of the Greeks, and indeed of other nations endowed with a sense of form. Is the Greek fret meaningless? or is it an angular version of the wave? or perhaps a continuous form of the symbolic Swastika? The question may afford ample matter for antiquarian dispute. Enough for the artist that, when all is said, it gives a pattern which, better than most, fulfils the difficult condition of a boundary design or border. Misused and abused it may no doubt become tedious; but, after all these years of repetition, it does not weary us as we are wearied by the sunflower or the honesty tree, or whatever natural or unnatural growth happens for the moment to be in fashion with draughtsmen. Just lately the field of decorative design has been overgrown by a plague of dandelions. The truth is, the more abstract the ornament, the less it is likely to become a bore.

What right, when you come to think of it, has anyone



No. 7.—Fourteenth-Century Printed Linen.

developed in us, to cling always to symbolic meaning in its design. The meaning underlying traditional forms of ornament interests us; we pride ourselves, for one thing, upon discovering it; but the understanding it does not always add to our real artistic satisfaction, or at all events it does not add to the enjoyment of all who realise it. The scarabæus, for example, is a type—the type, it may be said—of meaningful design, and is adduced by way of convincing us of the necessity of meaning, and of its beauty, and of the poetic charm it gives to mere ornament. All the world knows the Egyptian symbol and its significance. A certain beetle lays its eggs in filth, enveloping them in a ball of it which it drags about between its hind legs (No. 8) until it is hard: eventually the eggs are hatched in the sun—in which operation the ancient dwellers on the Nile discovered a symbol of the globe, fruitful of life. That is, no doubt, a very interesting explanation of a



No. 9.—Medieval Ivory Carving.

to say of a given piece of ornament that it is meaningless? "Meaningless scrollwork," says the symbolist, with a fine air of contempt. For all he knows, the most arbitrary looking of meandering lines may signify the continuity of human life, the endlessness of life eternal! Who shall decide from how far away the artist is at liberty to fetch his meaning? There may be no form of ornament which, if you go back centuries enough, is not to be traced (conclusively as many will think) to a symbolic source. If that proves anything, it proves all ornament to bear a meaning; and the cry of meaningless ornament means nothing, except that those who raise it do not understand.

The charm of ornament, we are told, lies in its meaning. Just now it is the fashion to insist upon this charm. Design is nothing; draughtsmanship is nothing; accomplishment is nothing; beauty is nothing, or at most an affair of personal predilection: design may be childish, drawing feeble, execution unworkmanlike—no matter—the one thing needful is charm! But what is charm? The thing which charms me (ornament without meaning) does not charm you, and what charms you (meaning without ornament) does not charm me. We may be charmed, are charmed, ought to be charmed, by things devoid of art. It should be clear to the dullest of us that our liking a thing does not make it art; yet we imply that it does when we pretend to determine the quality of art by the personal predilection which makes us sympathetic to it or the reverse. Or is it



No. 10.—Early Italian silk—woven at Lucca.

implied that personal preference is the one and only criterion, and that there is no such thing as good or bad in design? Of taste, in that limited sense, there is, indeed, no disputing.

It is to be observed that with all our talk about craftsmanship, a word on every modern person's lips, design is never mentioned. That is a gift of the gods! And so in a sense it is: the poetry of design is born with the artist; but practical design is not compact of imagination, fancy, poetry alone. There go to it also faculties which must be trained; the faculty of planning and contriving, of ordering and subordinating, of weighing and balancing, of welding together and harmonising, and, more than that, of fitting and adapting, without which there may be design perhaps of an unruly sort, but certainly not consistent ornament. The designer, in short, has to learn his trade, to master the technique of design—which amounts to neither more nor less than craftsmanship. But what matters the craft of design, so long as ornament is meaningful?

Another catchword (we are not convinced by argument, but caught catchwords) is "joyless." There is truth, no

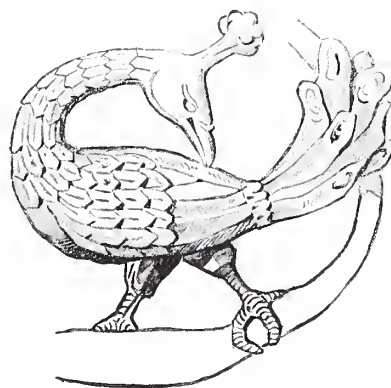


No. 11.—Sixteenth-Century Embroidery.

doubt, in the theory that work in which the artist took no pleasure is not likely to give us joy. But the converse does not hold good. The fact that you or I do not find a pattern interesting is no proof that the designer did not. The presumption is that he did, or, being an artist, he would not have done it. Suppose you cannot abide geometry. Is that ground enough for concluding that the Arabs (who were mathematicians by race) took no pleasure in devising all that intricacy of pattern which to you is only bewildering? The evidence of their work points the other way.

On the other hand we are bound to believe, on the evidence of things done, that playing at Noah's Ark, though it may not amuse all of us equally, does give infinite pleasure to the new craftsman. How often I have heard the term "joyless" hurled at work which I, for one, could have found delight in doing! And all this rapture about "charm," and all this scorn of joyless work amounts in the end to this: that we are not all built one way, that work in which one man finds pleasure would bore another to death, and it is only by an effort of the imagination to which, perhaps, he is unequal that he can bring himself to believe or understand that anyone had ever satisfaction in doing it.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 12.—Gothic Wood Carving, from New College, Oxford.

Of Methods of Art-Teaching.

METHODS of teaching in art are, I take it, like most other human methods, of strictly relative value, depending at all times largely upon the current conception of the aims, purpose, and province of art.

As this conception necessarily alters from time to time, influenced by all sorts of subtle changes in the social organism—manifesting themselves in what we call taste—as well as by fundamental economic conditions, so the ideas of what are the true methods in art-teaching change also.

Naturally in a time when scepticism is so profound as to reach the temerity of asking such a question as, "What is art?" there need be no perceptible shock when enquiries are instituted as to the best methods of art-teaching. As important witnesses in the great case of the position of art in general education, or *commercial interests v. the expansion of the human mind and the pleasure of life*, methods of art-teaching have to be put in the box. What do they say?

Well, have we not the good old (so-called) academic method always with us. The study of the antique by means of shaded drawings stumped or stippled "up to the nines"—if not further—leading on to equally elaborate life-studies, which somehow are expected to roll up the impressions of eight, ten, or more sittings into one entirety—and wonderfully it is done, too, sometimes.

Are we not led to these triumphs through the tiresome defiles of "freehand" and "shaded drawing" from the cast, perhaps accompanied by cheerful "model-drawing," perspective puzzles, and anatomical dissections, and drawings from the antique, which seem to anticipate the Röntgen rays?

"The proper study of mankind is man," but according to the Academic system it is practically the *only* study—study of the human frame and form isolated from everything else.

No doubt such isolation, theoretically at least, concentrates the attention upon the most difficult and subtle of all living organisms, but the practical question is, do these elaborate and more or less artificial studies really give the student a true grasp of form and construction? are they not too much practically taken as still-life studies, and approached rather in the imitative spirit? Then again, such studies are set and pursued rather with the view to equipping the student with the necessary knowledge of a figure painter. They are intended to prepare him for painting anything or everything—and generally, now, *anything* but something classical—that can be comprehended or classified as "an easel picture," that is to say, a work of art not necessarily related to anything else. It is something to be exhibited (while fresh) in the open market with others of a like (or dislike) nature, and if possible, to be purchased and hung in a gallery, or in the more or less darkness of the private dwelling—"to give light unto them that are in the house."

Works of sculpture—or *modelling* as she is generally practised—may not fare any better, privately, in the end when one remembers the busts placed back to the windows, or the marble statue forced to an unnatural whiteness by purple-velvet hangings, but, certainly the methods of teaching seem more in relation to the results.

To begin with, a sculptor's or modeller's figure—unless

a decorative group or an architectural ornament—is isolated and has no background, and it is undoubtedly a severe test of skill to model a figure in clay in the round from the life.

Some are of the opinion that it is more difficult to model perfectly a basso-relievo, but there is no end to the work in the round. I am really inclined to think that *ever since the Italian Renaissance the sculptor's and modeller's art and aims have dominated methods of art-teaching generally*, and have had chief share in establishing what I have termed the Academic method, which seems mainly addressed to the imitation of solid bodies in full relief and projection of light and shade, which method indeed entirely reversed the whole feeling and aim of ancient and mediæval art.

In architecture, or the classical and Academic method, the young student is put through the five orders, and is expected to master their subtle proportions before he can appreciate their artistic value, and with but a remote chance of making such knowledge of practical value in a country and climate to which such architectural features are unsuitable.

Our methods of art-teaching have sailed along in this stately way from time immemorial. Do not Burlington House and South Kensington stand where they did? At all events a new spirit is abroad, since the arts and handicrafts of design have asserted themselves.

Methods of art-teaching in relation to these must at any rate be definite enough. Each craft presents its own conditions, and they must be signed, sealed, and delivered at the gate, before any triumph or festival is celebrated within.

Such conditions can be at least comprehended and demonstrated; materials can be practised with and understood, and even if invention in design can never be taught, on the negative side there are certain guides and finger posts that may at least prevent lapses of taste and loss of time.

The designer may teach what different means are at his disposal for the expression of line and form; for the colour and beauty of nature, recreated in the translucent glass or precious enamel, or speaking through the graphic printed line or colour of the wood-block—eloquent in a thousand ways by means of following the laws of certain materials in as many different arts.

What are the qualities demanded of a designer in such arts? Quickness of invention and hand—power of direct definition of form. The expressive use of firm lines—sensitive appreciation of the value of silhouetted form, and the relief and effect of colours one upon another—perception of life and movement—knowledge of the growth of structure of plants—sense of the relation of the human form to geometric spaces, and power over its abstract treatment, as well as over the forms of the fowls of the air and beasts of the field. This is a glimpse of the vista of the possibilities of teaching methods opened up by the arts of design, and in so far as those arts are understood and practised and sought after, as important and necessary to the completion of a harmonious and refined life—nay, I would say *human* life—as well as the intimate record and expression of national life, so will our methods of art instruction have to adapt themselves to meet those now old demands.

WALTER CRANE.



MRS. MAGILLCUDDY (to her daughter): "Why, why, Roseen! what's been delayin' ye? Why! and me waitin' this hour past to come in wid the milk!"

ROSE: "O, sure thin, mother dear, on me way back from the meada' I met such a darlin' English jintleman—a rale artist. Why, and he axed me to allow him to take me landskip! And O, mother mavrone, it's a wonder how like me he's med it, glory be to the Saints!"—From *Punch*.

By permission of Messrs. Bradbury Agnew and Co.

Charles Keene and Pretty Women.

THIS slowly-known artist has had strenuous partisans during the last few years, and it is only to be regretted that he did not have more of the pleasure of their praise during his lifetime. The fit close to a great artist's life is that of the great king. He should have a surrounding of the willing subjects who have been taken captive by his genius, a little inner court of faithful barons, who have shared in his great deeds, a larger outer court of admirers—all equally ready to defend him from the inroad of petty cares, and all proud of the heritage which his cunning right hand has made for them among the nations of this earth. Then the great artist may perceive that he has not lived in vain, and that he is not "One whose name is writ in water." A little more of this ending would have done Charles Keene a great deal of good. He was a modest man, and on the one occasion when I was privileged to sit by him in a dusky nook of the billiard room of the Arts Club, he struck me as a shy man. Now shy men, under judicious praise, are as Jordan roses in water—they expand and become beautiful. My neighbours

praised him judiciously, and Keene expanded and became fascinating. He had the toothache at the time, also a cold, but these made no difference. He talked well and luminously, once he had been drawn out. But he needed the latter initiative.

This may be the reason why the Pretty Woman is comparatively rare in his works—because she was not asked for. People soon came to identify him with middle-class humour, not to say middle-aged humour—anyhow, the humour of the average man, and so the average human being was expected of him. Average comic women were expected of him, and as the average comic woman is dowdy, he drew a good selection of that respectable class. I once met a man who informed me that Charles Keene's women frequently reminded him of hens. Yet, it can be answered, one may draw hens in the great style, as one may paint fowls in the spirit of Velasquez, or of Fantin-Latour. Charles Keene has done the former, and H. M. Livens has done the latter. What Keene was expected to give, that he gave, and he always gave breadth and tone also. But people do not

notice these qualities unless they are taught the value of them, and one rarely learns them outside of the atelier. The word *style*, like the word politics, comprises in itself a study of no inconsiderable magnitude, and the public prefers the politics. So style is generally its own reward, and though always a stylist, Keene did not happen to strike the pretty woman note early, and when he did so, she escaped general attention. So even now it is occasionally said that he did not care to draw a Pretty Woman, and could not draw a lady. The latter assertion may be very pleasantly disposed of by anyone who cares to look at 'Charles Keene,' by Mr. Jos. Pennell (Fisher Unwin). There he shall find several real ladies, not ladies of the Court circle, indeed, but ladies of fine old country family, who have traditions of solid squirearchy. There is a very pretty woman also, who looks very lady-like, and it is upon the pretty woman as he rendered her that I prefer to dwell, because I do not remember that she has been thus singly emphasized at such length. Mr. Layard's fine monograph on Keene and life covers the whole ground, but one may well turn attention again to him as a student of beauty.

It is at one particular masterpiece of his that I would stay, for it sums up his power on this line. Comparisons are frequently odious, but there are occasions when they may be used to help explanation of an idea. And what applies to Keene in this rendering of beauty



A Study for "Perspective," by Charles Keene.

From "Charles Keene," by J. Pennell.

By permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

applies in another instance to Velasquez in his painting of 'The Tapestry Weavers.'

One figure in this picture attracts instant attention, the girl with her arm stretched out and her face a lost profile. One at once allows that she is handsome. Then one examines her, and surely never before was beauty so careless, so concealed, and so elusive. One cannot see her face, her hair is but a few dull wipes of the brush, her figure is much enveloped, her dress has no particular fit, her foot, bare and strong, has not the prettiest pose, her arm is straight and held with that firmness which hardens the muscles. There is a certain suggestion even that she has loosened her stays in order to sit more easily



'Las Hilanderas.'

By Velasquez.

From the Prado.



By permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

A Study by Charles Keene.
From "Charles Keene," by J. Pennell.

at her work. But she is beautiful, somehow, in an easy everyday sort of style. You turn away from each detail, baffled, only to realize that the whole woman is quite human and will always give you that impression which first came, namely, that she is handsome. Furthermore, she is a Latin. One sees such girls in the dusky interiors of Southern Europe, working and chattering together in the coolest part of day. To use the words of Daudet, "A whole race is formulated" in this simple painting by Velasquez of one particular girl set in front of a group of others half seen. Only it is not a noisy and strenuous, but a reticent and graceful formula.

In *Punch*, April 13th, 1872, you will find a study of peculiar beauty by Keene, which has all the subtle charm of the tapestry girl, with the additional charm of a few pleasant words, characteristic of an amiable nature.

Mrs. Magillicuddy (to her daughter), "Why, why, Roseen! what's been delayin' ye? Why! and me waitin' this hour past to come in wid the milk!"

To which Rose replies, "O sure thin, mother dear, on me way back from the meada' I met such a darlin' English jintleman—a rale artist. Why, and he axed me to allow him to take me landskip! And O, mother mavrone, it's a wonder how like me he's med it, glory be to the Saints!"

She leans easily against the post, her hand on her hip, one bare foot across the other. She at once strikes one as a handsome young woman, and then one attentively regards her in detail. She has a common handkerchief round her head, her black hair has a touzled look, one cannot see her neck and shoulders for the rough old shawl flung round plaid-wise. Her skirt was evidently not made at Redfern's, and her hands and feet are those of a young woman who understands the practice as well as the theory of cow-milking, and who carries her shoes in her hand as far as the church door, to save the wear of good leather.

Yet she is beautiful and as graceful as an osier, and evidently profoundly unconscious of the fact, or undisturbed by it. She is only gently amused by the artist's testimony to her good looks, as generally happens with really beautiful folk, who accept their beauty as a fact and do not worry about it.

And she is an Irish girl in every detail, yet there is none of that over emphasis thereof which we call caricature. She is

ragged and poor and not over-clean, yet she is not in the least vulgar; her hands and feet are by no means too fine for everyday work, yet she is not in any way coarse.

How this is done I cannot tell you, any more than I can tell you how Velasquez painted 'Las Hilanderas.' Only one sees that in her a whole race is formulated, that curious Celtic race of old peculiar ways and old peculiar refinements, which wears rags with a certain aristocratic ease unknown to new, raw, rich peoples. She is the central figure of the composition, and was evidently a discovery of Keene's, in some Irish journey of his, and he has thrown all his strength into the achievement of her "landskip," carefully avoiding anything which is not the truth. "Roseen," too, is a name which seems to fit this charming person most convincingly, with its delicate suggestion of the flower which is the lady among flowers, wasting her sweetness upon the desert air.

One might go questing on and find more pretty women above the signature C.K. It is merely a matter of perseverance in well-doing. But for my part, I find Roseen and the other lady I have mentioned sufficient to cite as examples of what this potent artist could do when the favourable occasion would let him.

LEWIS LUSK.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STATUARY IN THE GRAND PALAIS OF THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900.

See "Sculpture at Paris" in "The Paris Exhibition" (special series of THE ART JOURNAL), February, page 289.



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Crabs and Crayfish.
By C. Napier Hemy, A.R.A.

English Art in Various Galleries.

THE Society of Portrait Painters admits for exhibition works other than those recently executed; indeed, deceased artists are represented. Hence we may reasonably expect shows of more than average interest in this kind. Yet the tenth exhibition of the Society, held at the New Gallery, was in the main a collection of third or fourth rate pictures. The large west room, it is true, held a fair proportion of interesting work, but the north gallery and the small south room were as a wilderness, with here and there a welcome oasis which served to remind us that some modern artists are still concerned with individual visions of beauty. The well-known portrait of Ford Madox Brown by himself, palette in hand, posed against a luminous background, is charged with pictorial significance; matter of thought, to use Stopford Brooke's phrase, is wrought into it.

Mr. Whistler entitled his canvas, recently executed, 'Green and Gold: The Lady of the Black Heart,' a playful allusion not to a sinister nature, but to the heart-shaped black vest within the white coat. It is a quiet harmony of tones, a thing such as no other of the portrait painters could produce.

Mr. Watts does not allow himself to grow old æsthetically; his intellect remains eager, his heart buoyant, as is proved by his pleasant portrait of Mr. George Andrews, and in still greater degree by his 'Study' in the north room. To pass from the work of the distinguished veteran to that of a young artist who has come under his influence, attention may be directed to Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'Bunch of Grapes.' Its superficial kinship with earlier work by Mr. Watts is apt to blind us to its merits. Even

when full allowance is made for the outside influences which have operated with Mr. Shannon, there remains much that is his own; and after all the greatest genius does but re-mould, breathe his own life into already existing material. This circular portrait of a mother cutting grapes for her little daughter is beautiful; beautiful in its quiet, finely related colour; something more than merely deft, for deftness does not involve thought, in the brushwork; beautiful above all in the suave and rhythmic lines, felt so sensitively in relationship to the round form of the work. In admiring the brilliant onslaught of a Sargent, we should not lose sight of the subtle, half-evasive charms of a C. H. Shannon.

In marked contrast is the rapidly executed study by Mr. Robert Brough of a child in white carrying a yellow doll. A few strokes of the heavily-laden brush produced it, and it is clever. The 'Comrades' of Mr. George Sauter is a piece of work dainty in the best sense. The delicate colours used in this presentment of an aged man and a little girl, sitting at a sunlit casement set with flowers, is peculiarly apt, and the picture has sentiment but not sentimentality. Mr. J. Guthrie's 'The Late Alexander Osborne, D.L.,' painted in 1897, is sincere and dignified; we apprehend that his aim is to perfect a method, not to fall back on a mannerism. Mr. George Henry's portrait of 'Carola,' if not so pleasure-giving as his little girl all in red last year, indicates a refined taste, a careful hand. Of note in the west room, too, are a characteristic portrait of Mr. Arthur Symons, by Mons. Blanche, some technically good things by the Hon. John Collier, and the forceful 'Robert Roy' of Mr.

Strang, who, however, may be better studied in his black-and-white portraits of Mr. Kipling and Mr. Newbolt.

At the 25th exhibition of the New English Art Club some of the old members continue to be among the most welcome contributors, Who but Mr. Brabazon, for instance, could give us a poem in colour like 'On the Riviera,' seen, felt, dreamed of as a rich harmony, the result having that element of unexpectedness which should be present in every work of art. Mr. Francis James sent no example of his Thames-side studies, and as an interpreter of flower life he had a competitor in Mr. D. S. MacColl, whose 'A Straggler,' a single bloom in a semi-transparent vase, is shorn of all unessentials, is a real picture, capable of evoking a serene mood. Interesting tinted work was contributed to the water-colour section by Messrs. Roger E. Fry and C. T. Stabb: there is charm in these archaic exhibits. Hardly less reserved in his use of colour

is Mr. A. W. Rich, who, too, follows an old and a great tradition. A sense of palpitating heat, of sunlight a-quiver falling through trees, is conveyed by Prof. Brown in 'The Avenue,' and a no less brilliant effort—for of effort we are conscious in these things—is by Mr. Wilson Steer, whose large 'Nidderdale,' inevitably reminiscent of Turner, yet strikes a defiantly original and splendid note. At first sight Mr. Charles Conder's Punchinello design for a screen may appear clumsy, but the disposition of the figures and the arrangement of the whole is clever; in his otherwise delightful coast scene, where a sea of enchanting soft blue is

backed by grey chalk cliffs, the pose of one of the figures at any rate conflicts with the sentiment. Mr. Frank Mura's 'Old Farm Yard,' and Mr. Charles Furse's 'Philip Crossley,' are noteworthy, the one for its deep and luminous tones, the other for its directness, the courage displayed in trying to solve a very difficult pictorial problem. Mr. Will Rothenstein, whose uncompromising

portrait of 'My Father and Mother' at the New Gallery gives us pause, has done nothing so good in its kind as 'The Browning Readers.' It is of a simplicity which comes only from study directed by fine taste. Solidly built up, there is refinement and grace in the picture—note, for instance, the way in which the white flower is introduced on the mantelpiece of the austere furnished room.

Under the title "English Art, 1900," Messrs. Agnew brought together 38 pictures, especially painted for them by as many Academicians or A.R.A.'s. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema's 'Vain Courtship,' all must admit to be technically a great triumph, while Sir Edward Poynter's 'Diana and Endymion' is a satisfactory essay from his brush, with more of freshness in it than is usual. Mr. Sargent's 'Italian Sailor' is a life-enhancing thing, swift and spontaneous, into which he has concentrated the essence of a century of southern sunshine; moreover,

his bronze crucifix, unusual as a composition, is strong and sculpturesque. A refined Orchardson; an able marine by Mr. Napier Hemy of which we are permitted to make a reproduction; an imaginative, musical 'October Evening,' by Mr. Geo. Clausen; a refined 'Young Orpheus,' by Mr. J. M. Swan; a piece of daring colour, 'The Burning Heart,' by Mr. Frank Dicksee; the daintiest of stories, related in old-rose, faint greens, and white, by Mr. Boughton; a brilliant study of poultry in sunlight by Mr. La Thangue; and a splendidly decorative 'Sirens,' by Mr. J. J. Shannon, are other exhibits that call for notice. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's 'The



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The Lady Clare.
By J. W. Waterhouse, R.A.

'Lady Clare,' here reproduced, is marked out by reason of the sobriety of colour, the poetry that informs it. Mr. Briton Riviere exhibited one of the best pictures, with a Collie dog, he has ever painted; Mr. Seymour Lucas emulated Terburg in his strongly coloured group 'Old Airs;' and Mr. Joseph Farquharson sent a successful landscape, with fir trees and mountains, 'On the Garry.'

At the thirty-ninth winter exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society, there are a few really interesting things. Besides some dream-like water-colours, Mr. Albert Goodwin sends a beautifully executed 'Salisbury Close,' in pencil; delicacy does not conflict with character, nor finely suggested detail with unity. In the same medium is an excellent portrait of two comely girls by Mr. James Paterson, who here shows that his impressionism is not founded on ignorance of linear requirements. Mr. F. Alexander has two remarkably good exhibits, one of an Egyptian donkey almost in monotone, ably drawn, life being within the contours; and a study of flowers. Than this last, by reason of its selection, its reserve, here its daintiness, there its certitude of touch, the exhibition holds nothing more distinguished in its kind. Mr. Matthew Hale, Mr. Louis Davis, and Mr. Lionel Smythe contribute other welcome drawings.

The exhibition, at the Company of the Butterfly, of a series of works by Mr. William Nicholson was an event of importance. Not only, as in the markedly individual portrait of the Queen, can he mass his blacks, and so use his lines as to give pictorial significance to uncovered spaces, but in drawings like that of 'The Princess Badoura,' he shows himself capable of using dissimilar and subtler decorative methods. In depicting either a real or an imaginary personage, Mr. Nicholson first seizes salient characteristics, then, not content with the merely superficial, by a process of selection gives them pictorial vitality. At the new galleries in Bond Street of Messrs. Forbes and Paterson, connoisseurs have had the best opportunity, so far afforded in London, to judge of Monticelli as a colourist. The examples belong to his finest period, and he weaves for us a spell of enchantment akin to that of gipsy music.

FRANK RINDER.

Passing Events.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to provide the United States with a National Gallery. There is already the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, which contains the famous Marquand benefaction, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie has founded the museum in Pittsburgh and endowed it with an annual income of fifty thousand dollars. Everything must have a beginning, and an American National Gallery should be no light undertaking. Ours began in 1824 with a vote of £60,000 to purchase the Angerstein collection. To attempt to buy the Trafalgar Square collections nowadays at the prices originally given would be hopeless, but, with its immense resources, America should be equal to the task of founding a gallery worthy of the name, and it would be better to start at once than postpone the project.

MR. NORMAN SHAW, R.A., has been fittingly appointed by the London County Council as artistic adviser to the committee entrusted with the architectural side of the Strand Improvement Scheme. In the midst of many amiable and amateurish suggestions, the appointment comes with welcome relief.

IN connexion with the suggestion made in these columns that a niche in the Royal Exchange Ambulatory should be devoted to commemorate the patriotism of the raising of the C.I.V.'s, it should be stated that Mr. C. W. Bartholomew, of Blakesley Hall, Towcester, has offered to defray the cost of such a panel picture.

THE fiftieth anniversary of Sir John Tenniel's joining the staff of "Punch" was recently celebrated by his colleagues. A silver tobacco box, engraved with the fac-simile signatures of all his friends on the staff of our contemporary, was presented to the distinguished cartoonist, who is now eighty years of age.

IT is said that the Société des Artistes Français will hold their 1901 exhibition (The Old Salon) together with the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (The New Salon), in the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées, a build-

ing not to be confounded, of course, with the old Palais, which was open for the last time in 1897, and then demolished. The 1900 display, limited to the Old Salon, it will be remembered, was held in the Place de Breteuil.

WHILST on the subject of French Art it should be recorded that the eminent painter, P. Dagnan-Bouveret, has been elected to the Académie des Beaux-Arts in the place of Antoine Vollon.

IT is announced that applications for Associateship of The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers may be submitted until the 1st of February, 1901, for the consideration of the Council. Not less than three, nor more than six, unframed specimens of original work should accompany applications in each case; and they should be addressed to the Secretary of the Society, 5a, Pall Mall East.

THE President of the Board of Education has appointed the following Committee to consider the best means for co-ordinating the Technological work of the Board of Education with that at present carried on by other educational organizations:—Sir William de W. Abney, K.C.B., F.R.S. (Chairman), Sir Philip Magnus, Sir Swire Smith, Mr. G. R. Redgrave, Mr. W. Bousfield, Mr. W. Vibart Dixon, with Mr. A. E. Cooper, Board of Education, South Kensington, as Secretary.

IN continuance of an appreciated custom, THE ART JOURNAL will, at the end of this year, offer to its subscribers, under certain conditions, an original Etching, 20 by 14 inches, being four times the size of the ordinary frontispiece plates. The subject will be a scene on the Thames, and the artist, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., whose delightful River subjects are well known, will show several fully-rigged sailing craft, together with landmarks of the City in the distance. Mr. Wyllie has a great reputation for depicting vessels in motion, and at the Paris Exhibition last year he was awarded a gold medal for his Etchings, of which the subject now being executed for THE ART JOURNAL will be one of the best.



From "Fra Angelico," by Langton Douglas (Bell).

The Annunciation.
By Fra Angelico, in San Marco, Florence.

Notes on Artistic Books.

FRA ANGELICO AND BOTTICELLI are two of the most interesting of the old Italian Painters; and Messrs. Bell, the Publishers, are to be congratulated on their part in two new publications on these Masters. The one on FRA ANGELICO,* by Langton Douglas, is thoroughly successful in every way, and although the writer is a new authority, he is likely to remain in possession of the field so far as a popular, yet learned account of the Priest-Painter has been given in English. Mr. Douglas's volume, full of illustrations, is, indeed, something more than a mere popular and superficial work: he has studied the Master with the closest attention, and his conclusions are reliable as well as easily understood.

So much cannot be said, however, for SANDRO BOTTICELLI, by Count Plunkett, for we have seldom met with an expensively produced book which is so unsatisfactory in the letterpress. Messrs. Bell are doing a good work in securing new writers on the great Masters, but something stronger than the text of this book is necessary to carry off even so excellently well printed illustrations.

Lady Dilke has continued her studies of French artists by a companion volume to the painters on "FRENCH ARCHITECTS AND SCULPTORS OF THE XVIII. CENTURY" * (Bell). Similar lines are followed to those in the previous book, and with the experience obtained by that volume the authoress has not failed to profit. The

* The Editor specially recommends these books.

principal artists treated are the Coustous, Bouchardon, Pigalle, Falconnet, and Houdon, with reproductions of their prominent works. The story of Falconnet is specially interesting, as he designed the group of 'The Three Graces' decorating the famous clock which formed one of the *clous* of the recent Paris Exhibition.

Of the smaller handbooks on the great Masters, the one on PERUGINO,* by Dr. Williamson (Bell), is the most complete. The author is particularly fortunate in being able to tell the story of Mr. Yates Thompson's miniature of Saint Sebastian, a miniature which the authorities of the Vatican endeavoured to repurchase, but it ultimately found its way into the Ashburnam Collection, and since then into the important library in Portman Square.

"SODOMA," by the Contessa Priuli-Bon, and "LUCA DELLA ROBBIA," by the Marchesa Burlamacchi (Bell), bear evidence of much research, the latter containing some documents not hitherto published.

A remarkably attractive book entitled "OBERITALIENSISCHE FRÜHRENAISSANCE," * by Dr. A. G. Meyer (Ernst, Berlin), is the second part of a German work on the Early Italian Renaissance architecture and decorations at Bergamo, Pavia, Milan, Como, and throughout Northern Italy. Illustrations and plans, with details of the principal decorations, render the volume specially worthy of attention.

The favour with which English decoration is received in Germany is exemplified in the large and fully illustrated portfolio in "DIE ENGLISCHE BAUKUNST DER GEGENWART," Part I., with text by Herr H. Muthesius (Cosmos, Leipzig). The plates are from the recently built houses in London and districts, with explanatory plans, and text, and they are of much interest and service to the professional architect. It is to be hoped an English edition will be arranged.

Mr. William Nicholson is seeking a new method of artistic expression, and in his sixteen "CHARACTERS OF ROMANCE" * (Heinemann), endeavours to adhere to the more traditional methods of work. In this he loses something of his individuality, and in his search for the characters of these more or less known personages (perhaps chosen by a literary friend—for the artist does not seem quite at home with them) he appears to stumble in a way which takes him far from the dignity of his portrait of Queen Victoria of earlier days.

The fashion of bringing together a number of pen-and-ink drawings in a special publication has induced Mr. Arthur Hopkins, R.W.S., to issue his "SKETCHES AND SKITS" (Elkin Mathews). The artist comes successfully through the ordeal of showing his work in a kind of "one man" exhibition, and that the drawings are quite up-to-date may be seen from 'The Hurricane Artist,' here reproduced, but only about one half the size of the original in the publication.

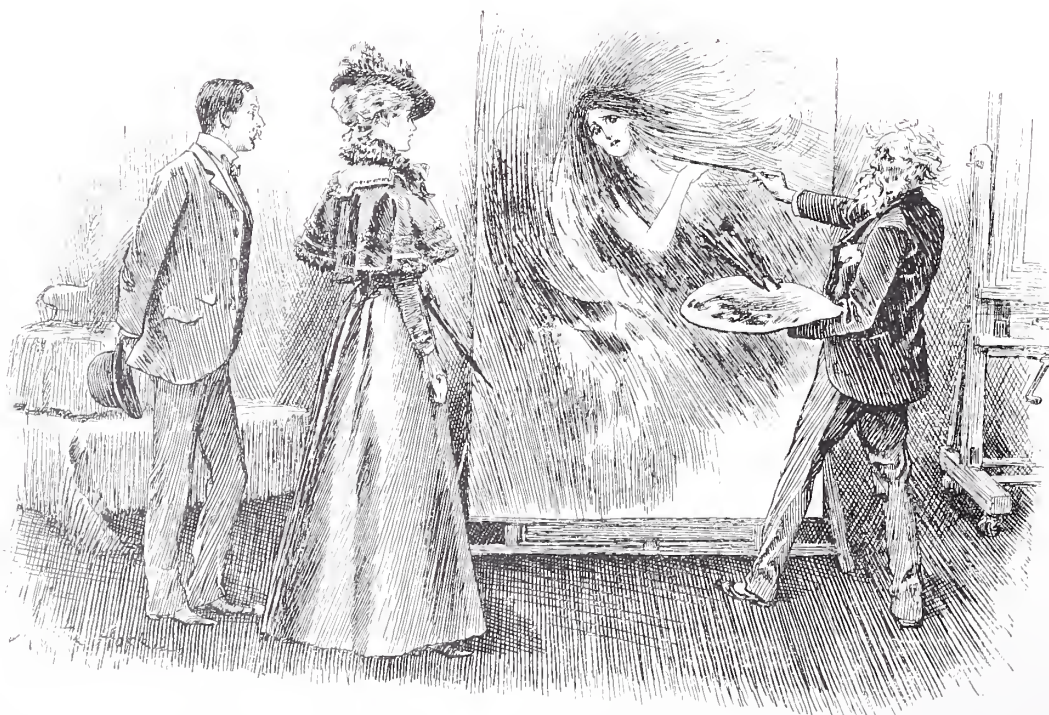
Although only somewhat indirectly connected with artistic productions, Professor Yrjö Hirn's Psychological and Sociological Inquiry into "THE ORIGINS OF ART" * (Macmillan) is peculiarly interesting to the art student. The growth in the untutored mind of the longing for artistic display, and in savages for ornaments, gradually increasing until a tangible work of art has been evolved,

form a story almost as interesting as that told in Darwin's "Descent of Man."

All artists and art teachers in their studies have found a difficulty in obtaining working diagrams from which anatomy can be studied and applied to an artistic work while in progress. "LIVING ANATOMY," by Mr. C. I. Burns, R.B.A., and Dr. R. J. Colenso (Longmans) is a series of forty detached plates of male and female figures from the life. Alongside these figures are anatomical diagrams displaying the anatomy such as would be necessary and desirable for the artist, while his composition is being decided.

Amongst the artistic books specially devoted to children, Mr. G. A. Henty's "WITH BULLER IN NATAL" (Blackie) takes a prominent place, and the well chosen and well drawn illustrations by W. Rainey, R.I., enhance its value. "CYNTHIA'S BONNET SHOP," by Lady Gilbert (Blackie), is illustrated by G. D. Hammond, R.I., who delights in singularly tall personages. For the Nursery "OUR DARLINGS' FIRST BOOK" and "DROLL DOINGS" (Blackie), are both humorous and artistic, the first having the well-worn rhymes quaintly illustrated, and the second, a series of spirited drawings of animals in human guise by Harry B. Neilson.

The skill and rapidity with which war pictures are drawn under the most difficult conditions conceivable has engendered a desire to know something of the producers; and in compiling "THE YEAR'S ART, 1901" * (Virtue), its Editor has decided to include portraits of the leading war artists of the present day. The introduction of this feature of great topical interest will not interfere with the general contents, which will be based upon its former lines of providing a compendium of useful information in reference to current artistic matters. Special care has been taken that the conciseness of the volume shall be maintained.



Reduced from "Sketches and Skits," by Arthur Hopkins (E. Mathews).

The Hurricane Artist.

"I don't care a blow what you say about Sargent and Shannon and all those fellows, but show me the man who can put the high light into the eye straight from the shoulder—like that!"

The Art Journal London H. White & Co. 1854



Engraved by Geo. J. Smith

Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist.

From the Picture by Botticelli in the Collection of Edmund Davis Esq.



In the Collection of Edmund Davis, Esq.

Head of Virgin. From the picture of the Madonna, Child, and St. John
By Botticelli.

The Madonna, Child, and St. John. By Botticelli.

TO the true lover of Tuscan art, far away from Italy and all she means, a new or forgotten piece of Botticelli, suddenly put before him, is like a little sign of the incoming spring, brought into his work-room on an almost winter morning, by some childish hand. For no one like Botticelli is so peculiarly full of quaint graces in sight and promises to be fulfilled in thought. Every line, like the fern bud, is a beauty provokingly baulked of its perfect accomplishment, which leads the mind

FEBRUARY, 1901.

along its perversely changing curves, to the flowers of full June and the richness of autumnal fruits.

Assuredly in the etching of this number, a full measure of this beauty is to be seen, and of this meaning to be found.

There are one or two things about Botticelli which mark him out from his brother painters. In the first place, he was a mannerist at a time when art was growing. That is to say, he had a fondness for certain types

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of beauty and certain forms of expression, which came clearly to the surface and stayed unaffected by the changes round him. When those changes are for the worse, or in a decadent school, this does not imply a very strong personality; but in a rising school it does. Following on, and arising out of, this, he very early developed a full measure of his facility as an artist; his struggle henceforth is with the expression of thought rather than with skill of the hand; and so his work is not to be marked out in those periods so common in the cases of men of great power and long artistic career. On the other hand, if they do not fall into periods, they are more easily classed under their subjects. There are first, purely devotional pieces; secondly, subjects founded on allegory or mythology, such as 'Fortitude' or 'Spring'; and a third class not easily defined, but which can be well represented by certain paintings illustrating the Decameron, dealing mainly with the social or public life of the time.

Almost the leading fact, however, about Botticelli is his strong common sense. He is often spoken of as if he were a fantastically-minded man: but this is not so. It is his execution only which is apt to be fantastic. His thoughts are clear and sound; if they are ever at fault, it is by reason of verging on the commonplace rather than on the strange or vague.

He was endowed, too, with a mind of broad ideas, in the working out of which he made much use of allegory and mythology. He paints the heathen hierarchy with a conviction which we might feel surprising in a purely Christian man. Yet it need not be. Religion with him, as with Michael Angelo, was, through the most of his life, a profound but a purely unshaped force. It lay within him; a great spring, influencing all that came from him, but not asking or receiving questions, until the purposes of his life in some degree worked themselves out, when it broke forth and almost overwhelmed him.

In his allegories and mythological pieces are to be found all the new thoughts he had to give the world. The man who was too wise and too simple to ask the Virgin and Lucifer to perform his thought, demanded and enforced that service of Flora and Apollo. Truth, Calumny, and Fortitude, the Sibyls and the Graces, the foam-birth of Venus, and the royal pageant of Spring, all these work themselves out in fluttering fancy to melodies unheard, and Mars lies sleeping while the little cupids twine round his spear-shaft and blow in his ear their sea-found trumpets. All these we see with a bewildered wonder. There is a deeper meaning under if we can stay to examine; but we cannot now.

We must pause before a work which reminds us how much he was a man who understood the "values" of things—how great his sense of fitness was, and how much he laid by to attain it.

We have dwelt on the depth and unobtrusiveness of his religious sense. He did not doubt perplexedly, or assert combatively. He left the questions of death and hell, punishment and reward, which had tortured those who went before him: and like one who, perplexed in a wood by many paths, wanders away from all, strays out

into a little open green place among the trees, and gazes up at the great blue sky, he went back to the simple old scenes that children had loved, and put into them the simplicity of a child, the beauty of a fine craftsman, and the power of a plain man.

It is one of these beautiful little scenes that we have before us. They are many, and each with its own particular charm. But this one seems to me to have a character which it shares with hardly any other. In most of them he satisfies, nay, indulges his sense of beauty in figures of angel ministrants, sometimes few and gently serious, as in the tondo of the Uffizi, sometimes thronging and dancing, as in the great coronation of the Accademia; and then gradually lays his exuberance aside for broader and more restful work as he approaches his central figures. In this example it is different. Here he has subdued his sense of beauty and led it in like a hushed child, to worship humbly and wonderingly before his holy shrine. He has led it into the holy of holies: the face and the reverence of the Virgin. For that is the subject of this picture. He did not try to reach that which is impossible, the realisation of godhead in childhood. His baby Christ is a symbol only, differing from those that have gone before it in being more beautiful or less uncouth. It may be said that here only the etching, otherwise so good, has failed a little in the draperies supporting the infant Christ. After all, it is only the difference between any graver's instrument, and the delicacy of brush work of a master's hand, of which this picture is indeed an example. In the picture these draperies hardly call attention to themselves; they only cloud and frame the little divine thing, lest it lie too hardly, too abruptly, against the solid ground.

Let us come then to the Virgin herself. The red of the under-robe is full and rich, the deep green tones of her cloak melt harmoniously into the landscape background. The flesh is pale but beautifully clear. The hair has a red tone; breaking into gold at the tips, like an echo of her aureole. And see how it flows! Parted in the middle, but not breaking into curls at once, like the boy Baptist's; running straight until it passes the temples, the home of thought. And then the sweet curves of the mouth! The serene composure of the eyes! The graceful bending of the shoulders and the light touch of the hands! Is it in the power of lines to do more than this?

Such pictures as these surpass the exaltation of faith and transcend the limit of creeds. We look upon her and say, "She was a mother who bore some divine thing, whose origin she knew not of, whose purpose she dimly dreamed, but whom she suffered and loved—whom she adored with a little daily rite, so constant, because so easy; mingling a mother's tenderness, a girl's simplicity, and a creature's love."

Oh! strong men of to-day, is the painter strange to you? Is his story in a foreign tongue? Are his characters obscure as an antique scroll? Yet pause, try to understand. For within this little circle, there is a wonderful thing enshrined; and, if you have ever loved, if you have ever prayed, then deep in your own hearts you have the key to it.

ADDISON MCLEOD.



View of the Statue of Charles I. and its surroundings in 1737.
From an engraving by Sutton Nichols.

The Equestrian Statue of King Charles I. at Charing Cross.



Hollar's Etching of the
Statue of Charles I.

ALTHOUGH it is dominated by the mighty monument to Nelson in Trafalgar Square with its towering column and colossal lions and within sight of some half-dozen statues of other celebrated Englishmen, Hubert le Sœur's equestrian statue of Charles I. still holds its own in both historical and artistic interest.

For long after its erection it was the custom to decorate it with oak boughs upon Restoration Day, and of late years, it has served as a shrine for the devoted adherents of the cause of the Stuarts, who commemorate the death of the "Royal Martyr" by decorating its base with many a flowery wreath and votive tablet.

As a work of art, it cannot indeed compare with such a

supreme masterpiece as Donatello's *Gattamelata*, but it too is a masterpiece of its kind. It has style and spirit, dignity and movement, the horse is admirably modelled and full of life, and the rider sits him like a good rider and a king.

It has its history, this statue—I may almost say its legend—which, so far as I am aware, was first written by Horace Walpole. At all events, the paragraph in his "Anecdotes of Painting" (first published in 1761), which refers to it, has been the starting point of all subsequent writing on the subject in England, and also contains nearly all we know of Hubert le Sœur, the sculptor of the statue. He says, "Hubert le Sœur, one of the few we have had that may be called a classic artist, was a Frenchman, and the disciple of John of Boulogne (Giovanni di Bologna). He arrived at least as early as 1630, and by the only two* of his works that remain we may judge of the value of those that are lost or destroyed. Of the latter were a bust† of Charles I., in brass, with a helmet surmounted by a dragon *à la Romaine*, three feet high, on a black pedestal; the fountain of Somerset House, with several statues; and six (Peacham) brazen statues of St. James. Of those extant are the statue in

* I have been told that the monument of the Duchess of Lennox was Le Sœur's, but I am not certain of it.

† Vanderdorts Catalogue, p. 180. I believe this very bust is now in the collection of Mr. Hoare at Stour Head; I had not seen it when the first edition of this work was published.

brass of William, Earl of Pembroke, in the picture gallery at Oxford, given by the grandfather of the present earl; and the noble equestrian figure of King Charles at Charing Cross, in which the commanding grace of the figure and exquisite form of the horse are striking to the most unpractised eye. This piece was cast in 1633 in a spot of ground near the church of Covent Garden; and not being erected before the commencement of the Civil War, it was sold by the Parliament to John Rivett, a brazier, living at the Dial, near Holborn Conduit, with strict orders to break it in pieces. But the man produced some fragments of old brass, and concealed the statue and horse underground till the Restoration. They had been made at the expense of the family of Howard Arundel, who have still receipts to show by whom and for whom they were cast. They were set up in their present situation at the expense of the crown, about 1678, by an order from the Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds. The pedestal was made by Mr. Grinling Gibbons. Le Sœur had a son Isaac, who was buried November 29, 1630, at Great St. Bartholomew's. The father lived in the Close."

To this account Pennant, in his "Some Account of London," published in 1790, adds that "the Parliament had ordered it to be sold and broke to pieces: but John River (*sic*), the brazier who purchased it, having more taste or more loyalty than his masters, buried it uncut [the place of concealment was a vault of the Church of St. Paul, Covent Garden], and showed to them some broken pieces of brass in token of his obedience." M. d'Archenholz gives a diverting anecdote of this brazier: "He cast a vast number of handles of knives and forks in brass, which he sold as made of the broken statue. They were bought with great eagerness; by the loyalists from affection to their monarch, by the rebels as a mark of triumph over the murdered sovereign." Pennant quotes as his authority Archenholz's "Tableau de l'Angleterre," a



Decoration on the Pedestal of the Statue of Charles I. in Trafalgar Square, London.

accounts by Walpole and Archenholz, and does not attempt to correct the statements of the former, the following of which have been disputed.

1. That the statue and horse were made at the expense of the family of Howard-Arundel, who have still receipts to show by whom and for whom they were cast.
2. That they were set up in their present situation at the expense of the Crown, about 1678, by an order from the Earl of Danby, afterwards Duke of Leeds.
3. That the pedestal was made by Grinling Gibbons.
4. That the statue was erected about 1678.

1. There appears to be no doubt that the statue was a commission from Lord Treasurer Weston, afterwards Earl of Portland, and not from the Earl of Arundel. There is a memorandum in the Record Office (a copy of which will be found in Carpenter's "Van Dyck," page 189), which is the draft of an agreement between Weston and the sculptor "for the erection of a horse in brass, bigger than a great horse by a foot; and the figure of his May, proportionable, full six foot." The statue was to be set up in the gardens of the



Decoration on the Pedestal of the Statue of Charles I. in Trafalgar Square, London.

Lord Treasurer at Roehampton. The sculptor was to take the advice of His Majesty's riders of great horses, and the model was to be approved by His Majesty and the Lords. The work was to cost £600 in all, including the setting up, payable in stated instalments, and was to be executed in eighteen months. That this was the Charing Cross statue there appears to be no doubt, as on May 17, 1660, the Earl of Portland (the son of the Lord Treasurer) made an application to the House of Lords which is thus recorded in Kennett's "Register"—

Discovery of the Brass Statue of Charles I. on Horseback, now at Charing Cross.

Upon information to the House of Lords, that the Earl of Portland [the son of the Lord Treasurer] having lately discovered where a brass Horse is, with his late Majesty's figure upon it, which in justice, he conceives belongs to him, and there being no Courts of Justice now open wherein he can sue for it, doth humbly desire the Lords to be pleased to order that it may not be removed from the place where it now is, nor defaced, etc.—Kennett's "Register," p. 150.

And under July 19, 1660, we have the following entry:—

A Replevin for the brass statue of Charles I. on Horseback, now at Charing Cross.

Upon complaint made, that one John Rivett, a Brazier, refuseth to deliver to the Earl of Portland, a statue in brass of the late King on Horseback, according to an order of this House, it is ordered that the said John Rivett shall permit and suffer the Sheriff of London to serve a Replevin upon the said Statue and Horse of Brass that are now in his custody—Kennett's "Register," p. 296.



Statue of Charles I., by Hubert le Sœur, in Trafalgar Square, London.

These extracts are quoted from Wheatley and Cunningham's "London Past and Present." They are given also by Edmund Solly in "Notes and Queries," 5th S. IV., July 10, '75, and leave little doubt that the commission for the statue was not one of the many services to art of Thomas Howard, second Earl of Arundel, the "Father of Vertu in England," as he was called by Horace Walpole.

2. There does not seem to be any evidence that the statue was not "set up" at the expense of the Crown by an order from the Earl of Danby. It is, however, very doubtful whether the Crown

paid for it. Strype (B. vi. page 77) says that Rivett the brazier "presented" the statue to Charles II., and, as Wheatley remarks, the king was more likely to accept the statue than to pay for it. The view that the statue was not only "set up," but bought by the Crown, is, however, supported by Andrew Marvell's satirical verse on "The Statue at Charing Cross." The statue was a long time in erection, and the verses commence:—

"What can be the mystery? Why, Charing Cross
These five months continues still muffled with hoard."

—after much satirical conjecture, the poet rehearses a little dispute which is supposed to have taken place between the Lord High Treasurer, the Earl of Danby, and the Countess, his wife—

"Where so many parties there are to provide,
To buy a king is not so wise as to sell;
And however, she said, it could not be denied
That a monarch of gingerbread might do as well.

But the Treasurer told her, he thought she was mad,
And his Parliament list too withal did produce,



Statue of Charles I., by Hubert le Sœur, in Trafalgar Square, London.



Statue of Charles I., by Hubert le Sœur, in Trafalgar Square, London.

When he shew'd her that so many voters he had,
As would the next tax reimburse them with use.

So the statue will up after all this delay,
But to turn the face towards Whitehall you must shun;
Though of brass, yet with grief it would melt him away,
To behold such a prodigal Court and a son."

The meaning of these verses is not, perhaps, very plain. It seems to infer that the Crown Funds were low, but that the Treasurer was determined to risk the expense, if necessary, out of his own pocket, in the hope of reimbursing himself out of the next tax.

3 and 4. There are several claimants to the credit of designing the pedestal to the statue. Elmes says that it was designed by Sir Christopher Wren and executed in 1678. Horace Walpole says it was "made" by Grinling Gibbons and erected about 1678. John Timbs asserts that it was the work of Joshua Marshall, Master Mason to the Crown, on the authority of a written account, which has never, as far as I know, been published. As Sir Christopher Wren was appointed Surveyor-General of the Royal Works in 1669, the pedestal was certainly erected under his direction, and there seems no reason to doubt that he designed the pedestal. He would be sure to take great care with such an important work, even to the details. The pedestal and its ornaments are all in his style. Whether he made with his own hand the drawings for the ornaments or whether he approved the drawings of others cannot be distinctly affirmed.

But the contours of the carvings play such an important part in the structure (*i.e.* they are not merely "applied" ornaments, but affect the design as a whole) that I am strongly inclined to believe that they were designed by the architect himself, whoever may have executed the work with the chisel.

As the actual year of erection, Waller, in the heading to his verses on the statue, gives 1674, and this is now the generally received date. At the same time it seems pretty certain that the business was not quite finished till the year after, for Ogilvy speaks of the statue as "now erecting" in 1675, and Andrew Marvell, writing to William Ramsden in that year (July 24) says: "For

mere pageantry, the old King's statue on horseback of brass was bought and to be set up at Charing Cross, which hath been doing longer than Viner's, but does not yet see the light."

The carvings on both sides are purely heraldic and decorative—the Royal Arms with a crown above and a wreath below, and under that an arrangement of armour. On the north side the shield is supported by the lion and the unicorn, on the south two winged figures with palm branches take the place of the heraldic supporters.

They are bold and bossy, carved in deep relief, and remind one strongly of the decorative carvings in St. Paul's Cathedral. Unfortunately they have been half destroyed by the wearing effect of the weather.

From these conflicting notes in the history of the monument a residuum of fact maybe collected. The statue itself was designed and executed by Hubert le Sœur on a commission from the Earl of Portland, drawn up in 1630, who intended to erect it in his gardens at Roehampton. It was cast about three years afterwards in a spot near Covent Garden Church, but was not erected till after the Restoration. After the execution of Charles I. it came into the hands of the Parliament, who sold it to John Rivett, a brazier, to be broken up. Rivett concealed it in the vaults of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, till the Restoration, when (in 1660) the then Earl of Portland (the son of the peer for whom it was



An original design by Wren for the Charles I. Statue.
By permission of the Warden and Council of All Souls College, Oxford.

made) claimed it and sought the assistance of the House of Lords to recover it. These efforts failed, and some time after Rivett gave or sold it to the Crown. It was erected in 1674-5 at the expense of the Crown, under an order from the Earl of Danby, on a pedestal designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

Whatever dispute there may still be about the pedestal, there is no doubt that the statue is the work of Hubert le Sœur, for the left forefoot of the horse is inscribed "Huber[t] Leseur [fe]cit. 1633." I can add little to what Walpole tells us about him, except that he was a Huguenot refugee, that he was living in Bartholomew Close in 1630, and that he is supposed to have died about

1652. The only works of his of which I know are the statue of Charles I., one of the Earl of Pembroke, at Oxford, and the fine monument in black marble to Sir Thomas Richardson in Westminster Abbey—this is dated 1635. The monument in the Abbey to Sir George Villiers (and the Countess of Buckingham), sometimes attributed to him, is by Nicholas Stone. Most of his works have disappeared, but that he must have been well employed by the Crown is proved by some fragment of exchequer records printed in "Notes and Queries," Vol. I., page 137, where we read :

FRAGMENT DATED
1637.
... le Seur, }
Sculptor, pt. of } 300 0 0
220 li . . . }
Statue and im- }
ages }

FRAGMENT DATED
1640.
Hubrecht le Seur
in full of 340 li
for 2 Statues in
hrasse, the one
of his late Ma-
jesty, and the
other of our
now Sovereigne
lo. King Charles

More to him 60 li,
in pt. of 120 li
for a bust in
hrasse of his
late Majesty
and 40 li for
carving and
erecting two
figures at Win-
chester... ..

Part of the last entry may refer to a bust of James I. that was once in the Banqueting Hall at Whitehall.

The fate of Charles' Statue finds a parallel in that of Hollar's etching of it. The little reproduction of this etching which we give as our initial is from a proof before all letters. In this the statue is on a very plain pedestal (possibly invented by Hollar himself) and was therefore evi-

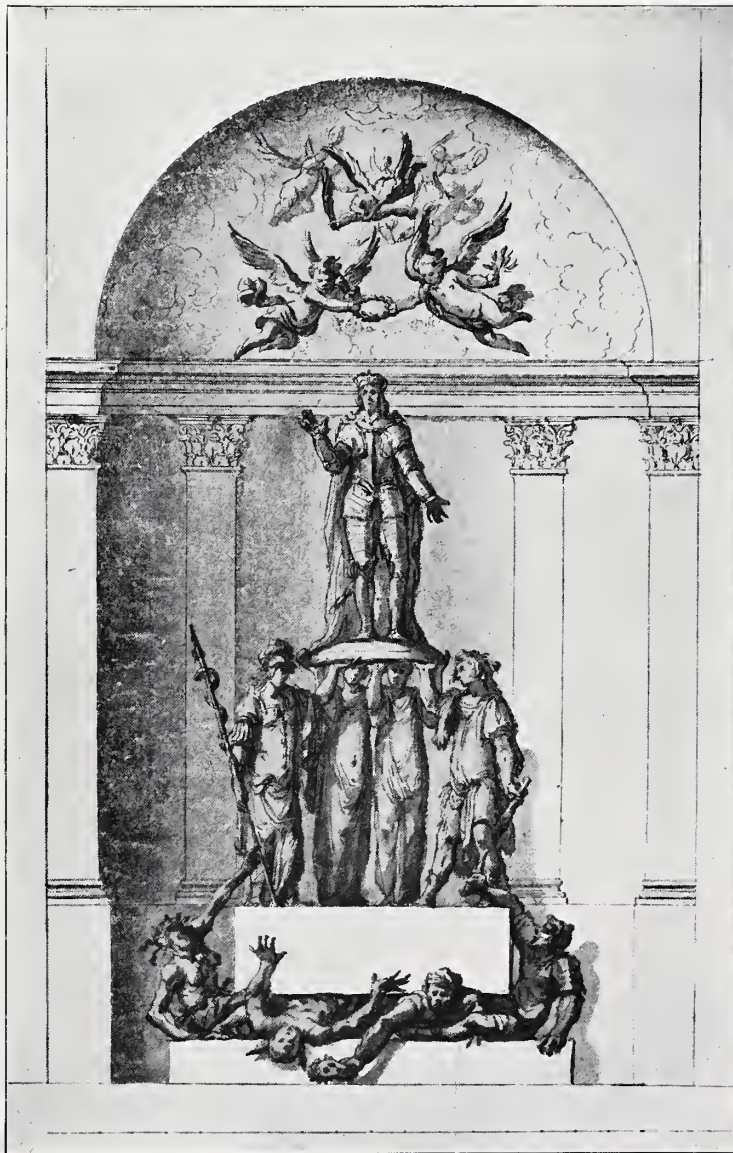
dently executed before the death of Charles I. It was not published till the Restoration, when it was issued with an appropriate inscription.

It looks as if it had been done from memory, for it is a very free version even for Hollar. In the statue itself, the King wears leather boots, in the engraving stockings and shoes; the hair of the King and the horse's tail both flow out behind in the engraving, whereas in the statue the hair is close to the head, and the tail hangs straight. The King's legs at Charing Cross do not come below the horse's belly, in the etching they do. But, perhaps, the greatest liberty taken by Hollar is with the horse. This

is like the horse in Van Dyck's portrait of the King in the National Gallery, and is said to be a Spanish jennet, the curves of which tend to the round in neck, barrel and flank. Hollar has increased its rotundities almost to caricature. His horse advances the left foreleg, Le Sœur's the right. Oddly enough, all these discrepancies are also found between the statue and its presentation in Sutton Nichols' engraving of 1737, which proves that Nichols copied the horse from the etching and not from the statue.

One feature in Hollar's etching is altogether absent from the statue in its present state, and that is the sword, or rather rapier, which strikes so conspicuously across the flank of the etched horse. There is no doubt that a sword was there in Hollar's time, and that it was stolen when the Queen was on her way to open the Royal Exchange, October 18th, 1844. Before this it had a narrow escape, if we may trust the "Annual Register" and an extract from a newspaper of April, 1810, printed in "Notes and Queries," Vol. VI., September, 1852 :

"Saturday morning, early, the sword, buckler, and straps fell from the equestrian statue of King Charles the First at Charing Cross. The appendages, similar to the statue, are of copper; the sword, &c., were picked up by a man of the name of Moxam, a porter belonging to the Golden Cross, who deposited them in the care of Mr.



An original design by Wren for the Charles I. Statue.
By permission of the Warden and Council of All Souls College, Oxford.

Eyre, trunk maker, in whose possession they remain till that gentleman receives the instructions from the Board of Green Cloth at St. James' Palace, relative to their former reinstatement."

I am so much indebted to the account of this statue in Wheatley and Cunningham's "London Past and Present," that it is not without some compunction that I call attention to one slip in the record. In Vol. I., page 355, we read: "The statue was erected under the superintendence of Sir Christopher Wren, who made two designs for the pedestal which are now among his papers at Oxford. One of them closely resembles the pedestal

carved by Gibbons; the other has Tritons at the angles."

By the kindness of Mr. Oman, the librarian of All Souls College, we are enabled to give copies of the drawings referred to, which clearly were not conceived with any reference to this pedestal. They are a foot high, executed in sepia, and evidently were meant for alternative designs for an elaborate monument in sculpture in honour of Charles I., to be set up against the wall inside a building. The "Tritons" represent, in the opinion of Mr. Oman, (1) Heresy (with serpent locks); (2) Ignorance (with asses' ears); (3) Hypocrisy (with mask), and (4) Sedition (an armed warrior). Neither of them bears the least resemblance to the carvings on the pedestal. They bear an inscription in pencil (probably by Wren's pupil Hawkesmoor, who gave them to All Souls), "Designs for a statue of Charles I." As the statue was not erected till fourteen years after the Restoration, Charles II. cannot be said to have been in any great haste to pay this tribute to his father's memory, but such an event could not occur without provoking much feeling, which found its vent in both panegyric and satire in prose and verse. Of panegyric we have Waller's well-known lines :

ON THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES I.,
AT CHARING CROSS,
IN THE YEAR 1674.

That the First Charles does here in triumph ride,
See his Son reign where he a Martyr dy'd,
And people pay that rev'rence, as they pass,
(Which then he wanted!) to the sacred brass,
Is not the effect of gratitude alone,
To which we owe the statue, and the stone,
But heav'n this lasting monument has wrought,
That mortals may eternally be taught
Rebellion, though successful, is but vain,
And Kings so kill'd rise conquerors again,
This truth the royal image does proclaim,
Loud as the trumpet of surviving Fame.

On the satirical side was Andrew Marvell, from whose lines on the statue I have already quoted, but there was

another statue referred to in an extract I have also given from one of Marvell's letters, in which he says that the statue at Charing Cross "hath been doing longer than Viner's." This Viner was Sir Robert Viner, banker, goldsmith, and Lord Mayor of London, who was ruined by his loans to the Crown. This statue was set up in honour of Charles II. in the Stocks Market, the site of the present Mansion House. It was a second-hand statue. It originally represented Sobiesky trampling on a Turk, and was altered into Charles II. with Oliver Cromwell under his horse's feet. It was erected on a conduit which, "plentifully flowing with claret for divers hours," was opened on May 29th, 1672. These two statues seem to have provoked Marvell's satirical vein exceedingly. He not only wrote a separate set of verses to each of them, but also "A Dialogue between Two Horses," in which the steeds of the two monarchs, father and son, exchange views respecting their riders in the following fashion :

CHARING.

Pause, brother, awhile, and calmly consider
What thou hast to say against my royal rider.

WOOL-CHURCH.

Thy priest-ridden king turned desperate fighter
For the surplice, lawn-sleeves, the cross, and the mitre;
Till at last on the scaffold he was left in the lurch
By knaves, who cry'd up themselves for the church.

CHARING.

Archbishops and bishops, archdeacons and deans!
Thy King will ne'er fight unless't be for his queans.

WOOL-CHURCH.

He that dies for ceremonies, dies like a fool.

CHARING.

The King on thy back is a lamentable tool.

WOOL-CHURCH.

The goat and the lyon I equally hate,
And freemen alike value life and estate;
Tho' the father and son be different rods,
Between the two scourgers we find little odds;
Both infamous stand in three kingdoms' votes,
This for picking our pockets, that for cutting our throats.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Point and Pillow Lace.

SINCE some of the statements made by A. M. S. in her book on "Point and Pillow Lace" (John Murray) are in direct contradiction to those to which we have lent our authority in these pages, we must, as zealous advocates of accuracy in technique and nomenclature in all matters connected with art, protest against these errors—but with gentleness.

Cordonnet—a word which is rapidly becoming as English as *hôtel*, though this last loses its circumflex and frequently takes on our insular H—should be kept for needle lace alone. Its name implies a sewing together of many threads, and a glance at Gros Point de Venise shows that it by no means encircles or traces out the pattern; this task being confined to the gimp or coarse thread used on the pillow for that purpose. To speak of Mechlin as possessing a cordonnet is *chose impossible*, but it is done. Verbal inaccuracies also recur as to Fond Chant and Point de Paris, and Fond de Neige and *Œil de Perdrix* are at sea altogether, while Point d'esprit puts in no appearance at all. To use "à jours" substantively is ungrammatical; "jours" *tout simple* is the thing.

With regard to the laces, many of the assertions are rash; absence of knowledge as to Greek or Roman lace certainly so, as long as the human race love digging up

what former generations buried. Netting pins have been found in British caves, and lace bobbins in buried Roman cities. Defunct writers also would say, "Quote me all in all, or not at all," on finding the statement that Point d'Angleterre is neither point nor ever made in England. Normandy laces, *dites* of the valenciennes types, are *plutôt* English, parchments purchased there being worked readily in England, while valenciennes are declined.

Pity, too, that so excellent a piece of tape lace should be called guipure, a term which has been so long erroneously applied, that it is hard to write lucidly of it.

On page 152 "Mechlin à brides" is improperly so called; not only is it a verbal, but an ocular error. The *bride* is merely the five-pin stitch, with the plait or point d'esprit added. The pattern is old Bucks, known as the Rose.* No. 2 is also innocent of brides, the only fresh filling being that known as the "beehive" to clever English workers. We consider that both these laces are English. To those conversant with lace lore this book is a pleasure on account of its illustrations, but several are reversed, and these are those not so designated by their authors.

* See THE ART JOURNAL, Old Masters in British Lace. May, 1890.

The Enchanted Forest.

AFTER A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

*In the Permanent Collection of the City of London, and exhibited in the
Guildhall Art Gallery.*

BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

“THERE are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.” There are worlds within worlds, and it is the blind only who fail everywhere to discern mystery, romance, beauty. The sea is an assemblage of drops, each one a wonder-world, the home of a thousand forms, to us unfamiliar ; and who shall say that the forest, whose every leaf is a universe in little, is not peopled by fairies and gnomes as Sir John Gilbert’s drawing suggests. These ancient knights, one wreathed with victory, the other in chased casque, ride through the glade unconscious, mayhap, of the dancing Loves, the sinister Fates, the forms, fair and foul and fantastic, which encompass them. Yet it is these half-intangible folk of air and branch, invisible ordinarily, who lure onward into strange paths these warriors. Whither shall they issue ? On the spirit with which they confront these forest beings, on the power of their personalities, depends the shaping of their future.



The Arts, Engraved London, W. & A. G. & Co. Ltd.

Painted by Sir John Lubbock, Bart.

THE ENCHANTED FOREST.

BY PERMISSION OF THE CURATORS OF THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.



J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

THE art of portraiture is by many regarded as a relatively new development. To a limited extent only is this so. It is true that portraiture was unable at once to assert itself when modern art was born in the Italy of the Renaissance; but in introducing the figures of donors into early religious pictures, the artist was but conditioning to his time that universal desire for presentments of living men and women, common in greater or lesser degree to every people and to every period. If the Greeks preferred to fashion a Venus of Milo or a Zeus, this was in part perhaps because, by so doing, they obtained a perfect portrait of all that was most perfect in their wonderful civilization; and portrait statues of great men were, too, frequent. In ancient Egypt, and elsewhere, the portrait in some form or other held sway. As to pictorial art onward from the fifteenth century, it is certain that many of its rarest flowers are to be found in the domain of portraiture: we think at once of the Mona Lisa of Leonardo, of the man with the glove or other of Titian's fine achievements in this kind, of Raphael's Pope Leo X. and the two cardinals, of the Infanta of Velasquez, of Rembrandt's portrait of himself, palette in hand, and of examples by native artists like Reynolds and Gainsborough.

But although in the portrait we find one of the most



War.

By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.



The Painter, his Wife and Daughter.
From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

profound sources of artistic inspiration, it is within recent years only that in our own country it has been given its rightful place. Nor is this surprising. The majority of visitors to a picture exhibition search paramountly for subject: a well-told narrative, a landscape with a generous measure of photographic exactitude, these are what they want. Even to-day we hear the cry that a portrait can interest only relatives or friends of the sitter, and perhaps a coterie of the artist's admirers. Yet the portrait is valuable or worthless, significant or insignificant, for reasons akin to those which apply to landscape or subject. Is it a mere aggregation of accidental phrases, or the unified expression of something within the artist himself? Is each part in relationship with every other, or is it a jumble of meaningless discords? Is it a slavish copy of some existent scene or object, or is there discernible that creative impulse which transmutes and possesses appeal because we feel the presence of a new, an unexpected, element of beauty.

These questions apply to every work of art, and those who see in the portrait no more than a painted likeness, the worth of which must be adjudicated by friends of the sitter, can take little or no pleasure in the essential qualities of any picture. In peculiar degree, indeed, the human being is fine material for the artist. He here discovers an existent unity, each part of



The Flower Girl.
From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

which has been welded together by years of experience, of stress perhaps, and tension. The purely accidental is eliminated to an unusual extent. What the artist has to do is to find the bond of sympathy—psychical, pictorial, or spiritual—between himself and his sitter, to make heedful selection of expression, pose, accessory, in accord with that bond, and, supremely to leave the mark of his own personality on the portrait. That this series of processes, whose translation into words sounds so complicated, is often almost unconscious, goes without saying.

Had Mr. J. J. Shannon been born fifty years earlier than he was—and, a painter like other folk being to some extent the outcome of his age, one is aware the hypothesis is little more than an anachronism—the products of his brush would not have received the attention given to them to-day. In the main he is a portrait painter, although now and again he has wandered into the field of fanciful subject. For our present purposes we may divide the art of the portraitist into two sections: that where the paramount concern is with psychology, and that where the decorative aim is supreme or, at any rate, prominent. Mr. Shannon's work comes under the second heading. With him the sitter is seldom or never the beginning and end of the composition; nor, if we except

studies such as that of Sir Henry Irving as Louis XI., do we find him strenuous and single-minded in an endeavour to reveal subtle and elusive shades of thought and feeling in his sitter. His skill lies rather in the aptness with which he can bring together accessories which harmonise and serve to enhance the pictorial charm of his men and women.

From Mr. Shannon's work, familiar to all students of modern art, it is easy to guess that he is an admirer of Velasquez—like all who have been to Madrid, he came under the incommunicable spell of the seventeenth-century Spanish master, in particular of 'Las Meninas'—"a rounded vision," in R. A. M. Stevenson's words, which "occupies all the nervous force of the brain." Similarly, some of his portraits testify to his admiration for Reynolds and Gainsborough. But in one respect the student of internal evidences would probably be misled: Mr. Shannon has never studied in Paris. An American by birth—he was born at Auburn, New York, in 1862—he came to England as a lad. In his early days at home he had copied with pleasure the few pictures within his reach—some, for instance, by Landseer.

Originally he intended to stay in this country only so long as was necessary for technical purposes, but, as in many other cases, he afterwards determined permanently to settle in England, where the arts have a historic background. Mr. Shannon has

been to but one art school, South Kensington. There he had ample opportunity for practice; and, as he rightly holds that the essence of art cannot be taught, so far as he himself is concerned the much-criticised "system" was no drawback. A short time after he entered the schools, he was admitted to the life class, and during his second year a gold medal for painting from the figure was awarded to him. Within three years of his arrival in England, and before he was nineteen, he was commissioned to paint a portrait of the Hon. Horatia Stopford, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, and this picture, by command of Her Majesty, was exhibited at the 1881 Academy. Thereafter he began to send regularly to the London galleries.

Widespread recognition of his claims as a portraitist may be said to date from 1887, when a full-length of 'Henry Vigne, Esq.,' one of the artist's most serious efforts at characterisation, was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and later in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, where in each case a first-class medal was awarded. It is of interest to recall that Mr. Shannon, like Mr. Clausen, who was at South Kensington during his first year, was an original member of the New English Art Club; moreover, he contributed to the exhibitions in Suffolk



Lady Henry Bentinck.
From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.



Mrs. J. J. Shannon.
From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

Street during Mr. Whistler's *régime*. In 1897 he was elected an Associate of the Academy.

'The Flower Girl,' reproduced on p. 42, is one of the freshest and happiest of Mr. Shannon's latest efforts, and we propose to confine our remarks, in the main, to pictures recently executed. The artist will tell you that he found the material ready to his hand, and that it required only to be recorded. But, first, many would have passed by heedless of the pictorial possibilities of this young mother and her baby, while others would have failed to give the canvas just that lift, that lilt which Mr. Shannon has given. The thing is seen as a whole. The young woman whose red, rather than rosy

cheeks have their correspondent note of colour in the ear; her black feathered hat and tie, telling excellently in relationship to the white dress with big, black spots; the flat silver rings on her right hand; the sweet baby face—and seldom does one see so fair a little child—beneath the white bonnet; the basket of red roses on the woman's left arm; the greenery against which the figures are set; above all, perhaps, the sense of brilliant sunlight captured by means of those bold splashes of white on the flesh and on the texture of the dress—these are freely and skilfully rendered. The impression originally made upon the artist was a vivid one, and, working directly, strenuously, honestly, he conveys that impression to the spectator.

'War,' reproduced at the head of this article, was painted for the Hospital Ship *Maine* Fund, and drawn for in December. The shape is one not easy to fill; to fill, at any rate, so that the result, instead of appearing forced and awkward, shall possess qualities of rhythm and inevitability. The types of face chosen by Mr. Shannon accord well with the sentiment. The sorrowing women who, under the flag of their country, we here see robed in black, are not hypersensitive, but belong to a class in whose simple lives the death of friend or lover is accepted simply, almost unquestioningly.

As to colour scheme, the red, white, and blue of the Union Jack, juxtaposed to the black of the draperies, just a sprig of berry-bright ivy beneath the hat of one of the girls, may be taken to symbolise at once the glories and the gloom of war.

In the portrait-group reproduced on page 41, we have a representation of the artist himself, of Mrs. Shannon, and of their daughter. As is common with him, Mr. Shannon depends here not on emphatic colours, but on a weaving together of blacks and greys and silvers, of the dull red of the tapestry to the right, and of the note of green in the oriental figure held by Mrs. Shannon. The introduction of the Delft cow on the table is happy, pictorially, and

because it strikes a note other than the obvious. These three pictures point to Mr. Shannon's ability to co-ordinate his material, to subordinate this, to emphasise that, and to come to a balanced conclusion which shall partake of reality illuminated.

In the portrait of Lord Roos, son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Granby, the artist is in quest of excellence of another kind. To some extent he is working here under the influence of an older tradition. The aim is to impart to the canvas a sense of stateliness, of dignity, of distinction, and all as simply as is possible. This beautiful, long-haired lad is standing on the terrace of Haddon, none of whose details, however, are permitted to intrude. His blue-grey suit, with buff collar and cuffs, the clearer blue of the sky, with the cumulus clouds, are the only notes of definite colour. For the rest, we have the great boarhound, imaginatively in place here, with the fleur-de-lys-like white mark on his chest, and that is all.

The 'Miss Kitty,' after being awarded a medal at Pittsburg, in 1897, was bought for the public gallery there. The treatment is simple almost to austerity. Against a panelled wall, grey to the left, and dark behind the figure, the young girl stands in a riding-habit of green, her hands covered by gauntleted gloves, on her head a big black hat, round her neck an ermine boa. There is no extravagance of statement, no attempt at grandiosity; claim to attention is asserted by the firm delineation of the figure, by the resolute quality of the work as a whole.

'The Sirens' belongs to 1900. It was exhibited at Messrs. Agnew's galleries in their recent collection of the works of Royal Academicians and Associates, and it was considered one of the most original of the contributions.

If the four girls therein depicted lack something of the enchantment which we associate with the unseen spirits of the sea—and rare powers of imagination are required to satisfy, not the demands of reality, but of dream—there is about them a sportiveness, a salt-water sentiment, which is distinctly welcome. The arrangement of these nymph-like beings is, too, charming. They are not posing for an artist, but enjoying to the full that world of translucent waters, of beauty deep and impenetrable, in which they live. The poise of the white-crowned wave has been sensitively felt. Mr. Shannon, with his freshness of vision, his technical facility,



Lord Roos.

From the Painting by J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

is a painter whose future it will be interesting to follow.

F. RINDER.

Early Italian Portraits.

OF all pictorial achievements that of a really fine portrait gives perhaps the keenest pleasure to the eye which absorbs. In its reproduction and expression, the two elements of plastic art, are brought to a finer unity than is feasible in more complex matters. It is a curious experience to go round a great gallery and note how rarely æsthetic finality is to be found in compositions of more than one figure. Even the greatest men fail to get it oftener than they succeed. It is only in portraits that a moderate power to focus is sufficient for the winning of this most satisfactory of qualities.* "Objectively, the aim of all art is to declare intention to show that the artist understands the conditions under which he works, and that his decisions are not accidental, nor his forms arbitrary. Unity is the final test of his success. When everything works together to a balanced conclusion the artist has justified his decisions, and shewn that his activities have been converging to a point, with a full comprehension of their effect on the total result. . . The first thing to be done, when a painter who happens to be an artist starts upon a picture, is to seize upon a pictorial idea; the second is so to arrange this idea in the imagination that it may take on unity. Unity, of one kind or another, it must have, for otherwise the evidence of intention would be weakened or destroyed, and a suspicion of accident—the antithesis of art—would be introduced. This is the real argument in favour of artistic unity in all connections. Now in

* I have ventured to quote a few lines from the introduction to the catalogue of the Messrs. Lawrie's exhibition,

portraiture the subject provides its own unity, which the painter has only to develop and enforce. . . . There nature plays into the hands of the artist. She gives him the human head, with its superb solidity and form, its vivacity and authority, to be a rallying-point for his thoughts and a centre for the orbit of his brush. The natural subordination, too, of the other members lends itself to that demanded by art. The painter has only to realise how gracious to him the facts are, and to take their hints, to find himself on the threshold of æsthetic creation. And yet, after all, a really fine portrait is a rare thing. Some schools, that of France for instance, have spoilt their chances by evading nature's hints, and avoiding rather than court-

ing simplicity; others, like the German, have shown themselves unable to grasp the idea of subordination at all, and have too often made elevations of men, women and clothes, rather than selective works of art. On the whole, however, the best of every school is to be found in its portraits, and as the world progresses in knowledge and judgment, portraits will become, more even than they are now, the favourite quarry of the picture-hunter.

"The fascination of a portrait depends on a peculiar balance of forces. The portrait-painter must allow his sitter's personality to suggest, indeed to dominate, his treatment, but he must not lose sight of his own predilections. If he puts himself aside entirely, as some people can, he

elaborates a sort of catalogue of which precision is the chief merit. The portraits of Ingres occasionally come dangerously near to failing in this way, and to



In the Collection of W. Beattie, Esq.

Portrait of a Man.
By Ridolfo Ghirlandajo.

making us feel as if we were looking at a real person turned into some substance not exactly flesh, instead of at a work of art.* On the other hand, the predilections allowed to appear must be confined to those actually brought into play by the particular sitter the artist has before him. He must not turn a portrait into an opportunity for indulging in some irrelevant passion.

. He must, in short, seize upon the points of sympathy between himself and his patient, and develop those with all the decision and subtlety he can command, so that in the end something may be picturesquely told about both parties to the performance. If we accept this description of what a portrait should be, we shall have to give a very high place to the productions of Italian painters even of the second rank. They were at once true to their task and to themselves. They looked frankly at their sitters, realising that all the materials were there; they set down nothing but what they understood; from within themselves they brought out nothing but what was completely in tune with the personality before their eyes." The consequence is that their portraits are satisfactory

as works of art, while their more elaborate compositions have to be judged with those allowances that only the *kunst-historiker* can make.

The portraits recently exhibited by Messrs. Lawrie and Co. belonged to three different Italian schools, the Venetian, the Milanese, and the Central Italian. The names under which they were catalogued were confessedly provisional, and much difference of opinion as to their real authors was expressed. To take

the Central Italians first. Perhaps the strongest thing—the most *saisissante*—in the whole collection was the panel described as a 'Portrait of himself, by Lorenzo di Credi' (see illustration). Although less polished and sweet than most of his works, it bore, I think, unmistakable signs of his authorship, especially in the landscape background, while the touch of coarseness in the execution told in favour of the tradition that the sitter was himself. Florentine, again, was the portrait of an

unknown man, ascribed justly, in my opinion, to Ridolfo del Ghirlandajo (see illustration). In colour, in the drawing of the hands, in the peculiar insistence on the facial muscles, and in the glimpse of landscape seen through a window, it agreed with other works of that master. A portrait attributed to Francia Bigio had more in common with the work of Bacchiacca, especially with the 'Jeune Homme appuyé' of the Louvre, in which Ubertini's hand was first recognised by Morelli. To Raffaellino del Garbo should, I think, be given the male portrait ascribed to Davide or Benedetto Ghirlandajo.

Among the pictures catalogued as Milanese two were of great



Portrait of Francesco Sforza, son of Ludovico, Duke of Milan.

In the Collection of W. Beattie, Esq.

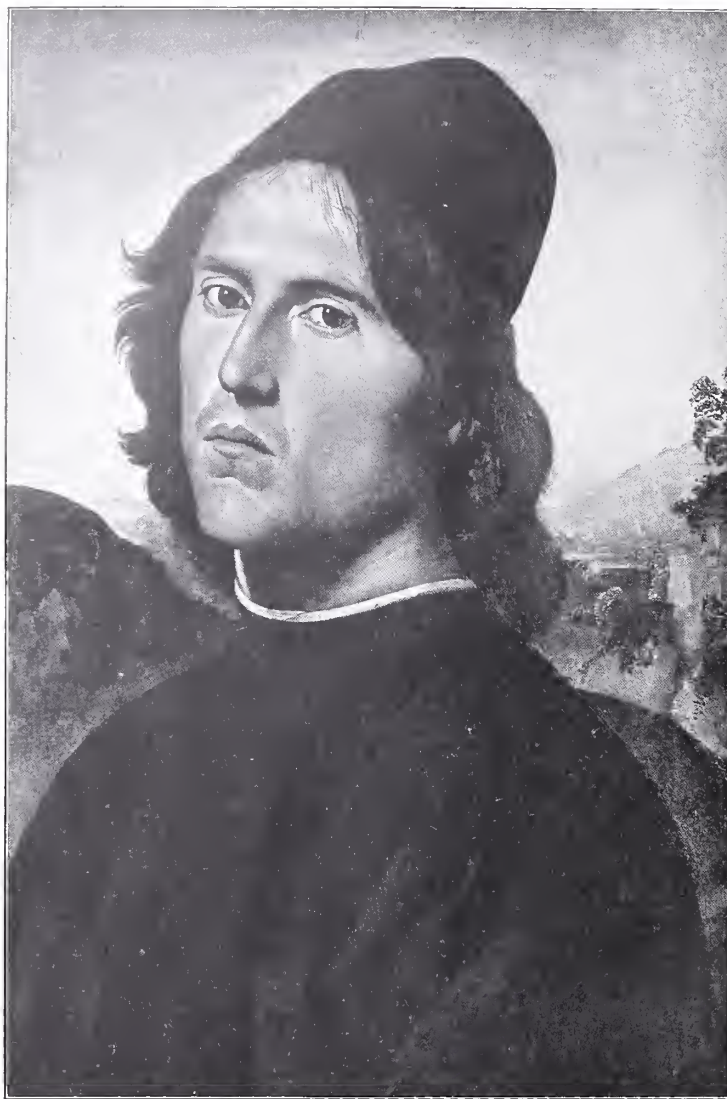
By Ambrogio de Predis.

interest and beauty. The little portrait of Francesco Sforza, here reproduced, is a particularly fine example of Ambrogio Preda, Predi, or de Predis, whose name has been the centre of so much research ever since "Lermolieff" published his notes on the Borghese Gallery. Whether Ambrogio deserves his present fame or not we shall not be in a position to judge until his relations with Leonardo are finally cleared up; but, at least, he had a personality, and occasionally managed to express it in a very charming way. The other picture ascribed to a Lombard master, which it is necessary to mention, was the 'Portrait of Alda Gambarà, of Brescia,'

* This phrase has an unlucky affinity with Partridge's opinion of Garrick's Hamlet, but the affinity is in the sound only, not in the sense.

by Boltraffio. I have elsewhere given my reasons for suggesting that the sitter was Veronica Gambara, Alda's daughter. As to the painter, he was certainly not a Milanese. The picture is Venetian, and in many ways shows affinity with the work of the Bellini. Bartolommeo Veneto has been suggested in more than one quarter as its author, and a comparison with the 'Daughter of Herodias,' at Dresden, the 'Lady's Portrait' of the Melzi collection at Milan, and, above all, the 'St Catherine' of the Städel Gallery, leaves no doubt that the suggestion is correct. So far as I know the work of this strange and most interesting painter, this 'Veronica Gambara'—if it be she—shows him quite at his best. A male portrait ascribed to him in the collection I am writing about offers none of his characteristics. It is apparently Veronese, and has been ascribed by one critic to Liberale's pupil, Francesco Torbido. Its execution seems too dry and wanting in breadth for Torbido, but its design is masterly.

Among the pictures justly ascribed to the inner Venetians the most remarkable were a head attributed to



In the Collection of W. Beattie, Esq.

Portrait of the Artist.
By Lorenzo di Credi.

works of art. For in every item it represented an addition to the national wealth. All the pictures had come from Italy within the last few years, and several had gone into one collection.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

Giovanni Bellini, and a characteristic Pordenone, the latter a man's head, gaunt, dry, modelled as if with an axe, but full of individuality. The Bellini might, I think, have been given to Boccaccio Boccacchino with more probability. It showed his peculiar tendency to yellow in the greys, and the unliquid eye which is also one of his characteristics. Lastly, besides the portraits, the collection included two subject pictures which should not be forgotten. They were a 'Madonna and Child,' painted and signed by Marco Basaiti, and an early but interesting panel from the studio of Domenico Ghirlandajo.

The exhibition, as a whole, was one of the most interesting lately seen in London, and afforded some consolation to those who have been made unhappy by the now constant emigration of fine

Some Additions to the British Museum.

DURING 1900 some noteworthy additions were made to the Print Room at the British Museum. The British section has been enriched by about a hundred Liber Studiorum proofs, several of them in earliest state, unrepresented hitherto in the national collection; nine water-colour drawings by the late William Simpson, one of the first of war artists; thirty-four etchings by Mr. D. Y. Cameron, presented by himself; nearly 650 proofs of English wood-cuts, onward from those by pupils of Bewick to the eighties; a full-length portrait of a lady by Cosway, 1795, in pencil and wash; a couple of drawings by Lawrence, one in black-and-red chalk, of Samuel Rogers; 270 drawings by Thomas Stothard, designs most of them for Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory," "Italy," etc.; examples by Cox, Con-

stable, Prout, Roberts, Stanfield, and Copley Fielding; and a water-colour portrait of Edward Elliker Williams, who was drowned with Shelley on the *Don Juan*, from the wreck of which the drawing was rescued.

Particular interest, among the works by foreign artists, attaches to four of the missing leaves of the series of drawings, in amber or sepia, some with pen outlines, ninety-nine of which have been in the Museum since 1888. For long these drawings were given to the Florentine artist, Benozzo Gozzoli, but, as explained by Mr. Sidney Colvin in the introduction to "A Florentine Chronicle," he deems them to be by the goldsmith-craftsman, Maso Finiguerra, and to have been executed about 1460. They are of the utmost importance to students of the fifteenth-century Florentine art.

Commerce and Sea Power.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY W. L. WYLLIE, A.R.A.

*Presented by C. T. HARRIS, Esq., to the Permanent Collection of the City of London,
and exhibited in the Guildhall Art Gallery.*

BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

MR. WILLIAM LIONEL WYLLIE is pre-eminently the exponent of the river-port of London in picture. When not afloat in one of the curious craft in which from time to time he has sailed, he watches, through the "port-holes" of his studio overlooking the Medway, near Rochester, the changing aspects of the river from Chatham to the sea. London's great waterway, to which she owes her pre-eminence as the largest city in the world, is Mr. Wyllie's constant theme. That he is not afraid to represent actuality is shown by the title of his Chantrey picture, 'Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide.' So with 'Commerce and Sea Power,' it is the Thames we know which we see depicted. Commerce is represented by the barge with upstanding sail to the left, by the barque being tugged up river, and by the steamer, with a conscious air of superiority, following in its wake. On the right a monster ironclad has just been launched, and, surrounded now by tugs, appears as a helpless Leviathan. When fully equipped she is one of those powerful boats potent for destruction. On her deck, gunless at present, float the Union Jack, the Royal Standard, and the Royal Ensign, the only touches of strong colour in the picture. The birth of an ironclad, the procession of merchantmen whose safety depends upon our fleet: this is what Mr. Wyllie aptly represents.

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COMMERCE AND SEA POWER.

BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON





No. 1.—Quasi-Arab Italian Ornament, Sixteenth Century

“Mere Ornament.”

II.*

ART or life it is poetry which glorifies it. There was need, perhaps, that Ruskin should proclaim this obvious truth to a most prosaic generation. His preaching, as it happened, was itself poetry, and stirred up in his disciples an incense of enthusiasm, in the mists of which they lose sight of things as they are, or see them distorted.

In the light of reason art is seen to be not simply poetry. There goes to it a constructive as well as an imaginative genius; and of the two the constructive, the geometric even, is more germane to ornament. Something of mechanical order may be said to belong to it; whereas poetry is the overflow of art, above and beyond its margin, more precious if you will, but not of and belonging to it. The sentimental will continue to put sentiment before all things. Those to whom ornament in itself does not appeal will perhaps continue to express their contempt for it. That is their affair. In attempting, however, to make out that, because it does not come up to their poetic or other standard of appreciation, it is therefore not ornament, or is inferior as ornament, they torture words into saying what they do not mean.

Among the prejudices which go to encourage the theory that all ornament must have meaning are two more deeply rooted than the rest. The one is a tacit assumption, based upon the popular appreciation of picture and story, that ornament, apart from something of the sort, can never please; the other is, the presumption that owing to the pleasure people take in the representation of natural things, the actual forms

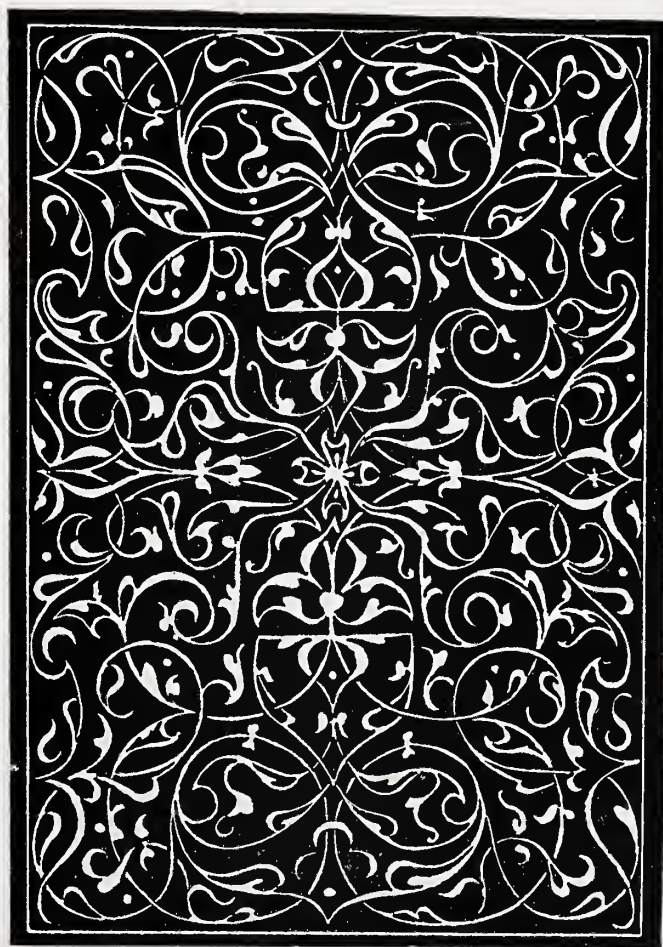
of nature must perforce be pressed into the service of design.

True it is, the bias of the natural man is towards picture, and by preference towards pictures of familiar natural things; but, then, the natural man is not an artist, and this preference of his goes to prove it. His unregenerate liking is, artistically speaking, a form of original sin.

Will an artist of any spirit allow that the art of his choice is not in itself attractive—to those capable of appreciating it—or that it cannot stand alone, and must needs call in some other art to support it? It is cowardly of the ornamentist to yield to popular prejudice. If he does not think his art worth following, why follow it? If he follows it, let him go his own way, not the way of the world, or of the Philistine, or of the literary man or

whoever it may be who clamours for meaning. A worker in ornament, with the courage of his craft, naturally resents the assumption that he must not rely upon his art, but ask outside help from symbolism or picture. Help, did I say? In the end the literary interest, or whatever it is to be called, ends in ousting ornament from the place belonging to it—not the first place in art by any means, nor a very lofty one perhaps, but a place honourable enough, and its own distinctly.

It may be as well to anticipate two shots from the stronghold of sentiment. Wm. Morris professed to think nothing of ornament which did not tell a story or call up memories of nature, and the words of Morris on this subject have authority. No one doubts his sincerity. He spoke as he felt; but when it came to designing he was



No. 2.—Quasi-Arab German or French Ornament, Sixteenth Century

* Concluded from the January No. of THE ART JOURNAL, p. 22.



No. 3.—Italian Geometric Ornament—Marble.

better than his word. Apparently it was always a hint of nature which set him going; but the way he departed from nature (not from natural detail, merely, but from natural growth) shows that, when once he had got to work, he lost sight of nature, and thought of the problem of design. At least he designed patterns, and beautiful patterns, which no one would ever of himself have known to represent the flowers he named them by—as when he gave us a sort of acanthus foliage and christened it tulip. It is true the flowers were like tulips. This is not by way of criticism upon Morris's design—he was a master of his craft—but to show how, though nature may have been his starting-point, his end was ornament. If he had really meant the tulip he would have made it grow like a tulip, with leaves like a tulip, or at least like enough to be recognised.

We misinterpret the frank utterance of men who speak, as Morris did, on impulse. "Art is everything," says one of us, taking it for granted that the artist has got something to say. "The thought is everything," another says, assuming that an artist will express it in the terms of art. Both mean much about the same thing. Morris never said that meaning made amends for ill-considered ornament. Perhaps, as a poet, he said more than, as artist, he could

have defended! In his work he showed himself pre-occupied about ornament, not nature, except in so far as it served an ornamental purpose.

Another adversary of meaningless ornament only less formidable than Morris was Ruskin. But Ruskin, with all his love for art, was a naturalist. In no sense was he an ornamentist. Not only did he never attempt to design it, but there is not a word in all his writing about it to show that he cared for it in the least as such. He is keenly alive to the sentiment of it, and ready to see sentiment into it which the artist never thought of, but he has no word of recognition for the inventive cunning of the craftsman.

What if the words of Morris are against mere ornament? his work appeals to us as ornament and not for its meaning. What if Ruskin is against it? On the side of ornament pure and simple are the designers of all times and of all countries, and we have not their bare words (the expression, it might be, of a mood rather than a conviction), but their lifework to prove it. Look at Arab ornament, or its Western outcome (1, 2); look at the geometric tracery of the Middle Ages (3, 4); look at the scrollwork of no matter what period (5); look at the interlacing pattern of the Moors in Spain (6); look at Greek, Roman, or Renaissance ornament, and see if it relies on meaning for its beauty.

The folk who, at all costs, must have nature, love not ornament but nature. "One touch of nature"! Yes—it "makes the whole world kin," there is no denying. For all that, a whole world of nature does not make art.

So far as ornament is concerned, Whistler spoke the truth: "Nature is very seldom right"! The thing which forcibly appeals to the natural man is a concrete image. Ornament is apt to be abstract. "And lacks," it may be said, "human interest."—Another phrase! What does it mean? It is the fashion to talk as if only one side of man, and not the better one, were "human." Is not invention human too? The faculty of imitation does not show man in sharpest contrast to the monkey.

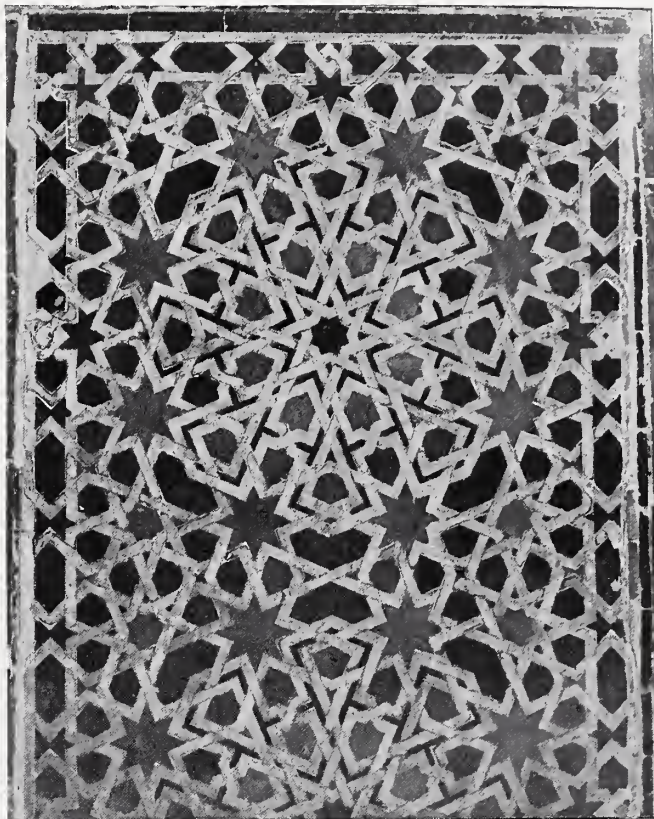


No. 4.—Late Gothic Geometric Ornament—Iron.

So far from allowing that the element of natural form is necessary to ornament, or that ornament is good in proportion to the nature in it, it would be nearer the truth to say that natural form is endurable in ornament only in proportion as it is reduced to submission, subject to modification, “treatment,” amounting in many cases to denaturalisation; and that some of the most perfect design is so far removed from nature as to be practically abstract ornament. Abstract ornament, it is urged, is not enthralling. Granted it does not challenge interest, why should it? On the other hand, it does not bore you, as recurrent natural forms and multiplied meanings end in doing.

The naturalist objects to abstract ornament. The ornamentist objects to natural form only in so far as it does not fit in with his decorative purpose, which absolutely natural form seldom does. What he repudiates altogether is the idea (essentially philistine) that forms of ornament which do not immediately suggest nature are, on that account, artistically inferior to those obviously borrowed from some vegetable growth.

It would be as absurd to limit the designer to abstract form as to compel him to be always naturalistic or symbolic. Natural form and meaning may be grist to the mill, but they are only so much grist, and not the bread of art. A man must follow his bias—the ornamentist’s is towards adornment, that is to “mere ornament.” Why ask for meaning in it? It is as though one would listen to nothing



No. 6.—Moresque Geometric Ornament from the Alhambra—Tile Inlay.



No. 5.—Late Renaissance German Scroll Ornament—Wrought Ironwork.

but “descriptive” music. The plea that music or ornament should by rights imitate something, symbolise something, tell us something, is artistically untenable. There are other forms of art whose business it is to spin yarns—it is no part of the business of ornament.

Ornament *may* mean something (provided the meaning is subservient to adornment) or it may not. Whether it does or not is a personal matter, not a question of art. Ornament *plus* something else bulks greater than orna-

ment by itself—no one denies that—what is denied is, that it is the better ornament therefor.

The plea for meaningful ornament is especially false, in so far as there is implied in it a disregard of purely ornamental qualities, and an assumption that, if it only means something, that will do. Be the value of meaning what it may, it is not until the conditions of ornament have been fulfilled that it begins to count. The immediate end of art is beauty, though for the moment it may be the fashion to worship ugliness. But, were there any doubt as to the aim of art, there can be none as to the purpose of ornament. Its one excuse, its very *raison d'être*, is beauty. This is no personal opinion of mine: the name of ornament will bear no other just interpretation. And the beauty of ornament consists in its decorative, not in any symbolic or pictorial, quality. It is perfect only when it fulfils its purpose perfectly. And its purpose is in the main modest—or should be. In more than half the places where ornament is wanted meaning is not wanted: it is impertinent, intrusive. The merit of ornament is often in self-effacement. It is subsidiary, it may be mere background. This seems to be forgotten by the folk who clamour for “meaning” in it. “It doesn’t excite me,” is a phrase one has heard used in disparagement of “mere” ornament. It is not its business to excite—far from it. Fancy living with a carpet or curtains which excited you! Insomnia would be nothing to it. Meaningful ornament is for ever asking undue attention, and ends in irritating those who love repose. Is it not rather its business to soothe?

Those who ask for meaning ask for more than the designer in his capacity of ornamentist undertakes to do. Mere ornamental design is enough to tax the brain and the nerve of the best of us. It is not the easy thing it is currently stated to be.

We have not merely discovered the craftsman in these

days, but endowed him with all the virtues and the faculties of art. It is the custom to protest that anyone and everyone can design ornament; untaught workmen, clerks and labourers. There are wild enthusiasts—is it really enthusiasm?—who will marvel at the gifts of children as yet unsullied by all contact with teaching; criminals even, and idiots, have been claimed by the artless school as adepts in design: is it not a gift of the gods?

Well, that is as it may be. It all depends upon what you call "design" and "ornament." Of course, if you want to make out that everyone can do it, you must make it out to be something everyone can do. That may be worth doing or it may not; but in any case, it does not amount to ornament. Ornament takes some doing; and if the designer is seriously concerned about meaning, he is not so free to do what the decorative conditions of the case demand. Meaning is one stool and ornament is another; and between the two a good many have fallen to the ground.

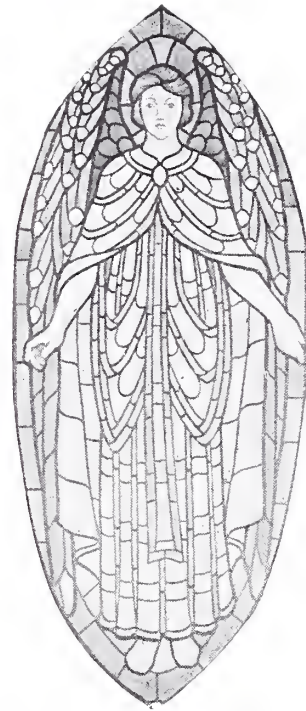
The likeliest way to success in ornament is to give your mind to the conditions of the case: to consider the lines, forms, colour, and so forth, which will best meet them. If you are a poet too, that will come out in your work, though it were in spite of your intention. There are moments when, it has been admitted, meaning may come to the help of the ornamentist. We all have happy thoughts; but they are more occasional than we like to own: to try and force them is to endanger ornament.

There is another question. Is mere ornament so meaningless as those who misinterpret it suppose? Is there no meaning in the solution of a decorative problem?—and every adequate design is that! Indeed there is, except for those who look at ornament without ever suspecting what the artist was about.

And there is nature in it, though the naturalist may fail to recognise it. The ornamentist may not copy natural forms: why should he? The growth of his imagining has no need to follow natural fact; but it grows, perhaps, more consistently than a great part of the ornament pretending to follow nature. Which is the more natural, think you, a lily with five impossible petals, hops with superfluous tendrils, acorns growing at the ends of stalks (of *two* stalks for symmetry's sake), or the scroll which, without recalling any vegetable, gives one the impression of life and vigour—which grows, in fact, consistently?

Think further of what good and consistent ornament means. Imagine a decorative problem—a space to be occupied; attention to be diverted, say, from its awkward shape; certain shapes, therefore, to be devised within it which shall sufficiently occupy the eye; these to be filled with ornament in keeping with the architecture, yet not asserting themselves so as to compete with certain picture-panels which are the points of sentimental interest. That is only the beginning of the problem: there may be other considerations. Suppose, further, there is to be lesser ornament in harmony with the foregoing, but subordinate to it, which shall form a connection between the richer ornament and the bare walls. Consider that, throughout, the ornament must be suited to its place, and to the means to be employed in executing it; and that it should seem as much as possible a part of the wall, not something stuck on it—seem almost as if it grew there: and because this is not imitated from nature, not laden with symbols, not labelled with a tag of rhyme, it is to be called unmeaning! It is the epithet which is unmeaning.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Angel from a Window in Crookham Church (see opposite).

Art in the Church.

WE all know the pleasure that springs from meeting an old friend; the joy of recalling days gone by; the mutual interest in the tale of good and ill fortune; the curiosity of renewing past experiences in the fuller experience of the present. But, on the other hand, there is a dreadful chance which may spoil such encounters. We all change. Our interests shift. We grow old, and, alas, some of us—not *us* you know—some of us grow dull, become bores!

Now this dreadful chance has happened to me. Indeed, I have met an old friend. The subject which you have suggested for my article, Mr. Editor, namely, "Art in the Church," is most certainly an old friend, a very old friend. It has relieved the prevailing gravity of church congresses for many, many years. It has enabled brilliant speakers to illuminate the subject with jets of artistic gas. It has encouraged scolding speakers to hold up the "firms" to the undying contempt of men, and angels; and in this manner jangling changes have been rung on "art in the church," until our very souls have been jarred by the clang: we have longed for the silences that enable production, and the subject has grown dull, become a bore!

How could you suggest such a subject, Mr. Editor? Did you not shiver when you thought of the scolding that attends it? Do you not know that the quality of scolding unrestrained is twice cursed, it curseth him that gives and him that takes? What can we say but that which has been said twenty times?

If we rise to our theme, the best we can say is the equivalent for "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—that is, praise the subject that should inspire our work.

If we sink, we shall say, like the would-be friends of little Nell, "Short is your friend, not Codlin"; in other words, we individual artists are your friends, not the "firms."

Such is my own personal opinion; yet, on the other

hand, you tell me that it does good to write on such subjects; thus heat may be generated—heat of a growing quality, not of a blazing kind, otherwise Messrs. So-and-So and Son would have been in ashes long ago—while they add, that you must go on saying the same thing over and over again if you wish better counsels to prevail in these type-ridden years.

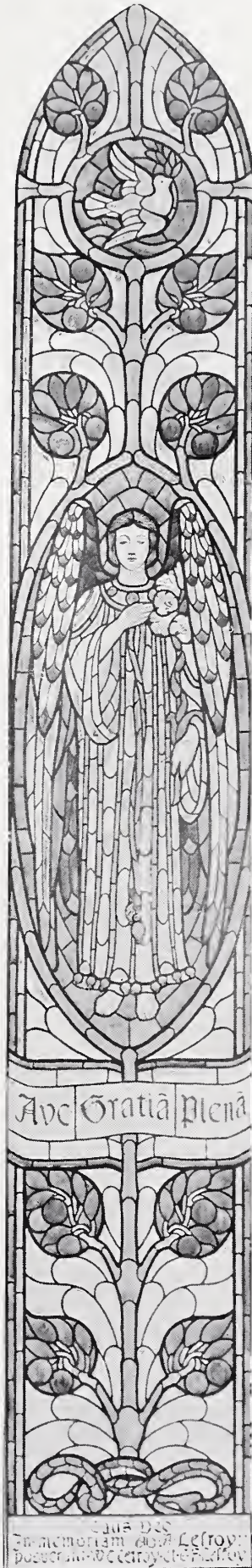
But say what? Say what is good art suited for churches? You cannot issue a "Guide to the Unprotected" in matters of art. It is quite true that certain conditions seem to favour the production of the finest art in churches as elsewhere, but such conditions arise rather from custom than from system; and art is such a wonderful revelation on earth, with a spirit so much akin to the elemental process of Nature, that we mistake its very essence if we think to bring it about with observation.

We do not make the same mistake about poetry. No one supposes that any given system can breed poets. Appreciation and praise of fine poetry by the fit, is the one essential condition that fortifies the Poet. Appreciation and praise of fine art by the fit, is the one essential condition that fortifies the artist. And, accordingly, a wise and constant public demand for the best work, is the one counsel of perfection.

But now, in practical contradiction, I seem to be confronted by the triumph of the firms. On they come, a mighty procession of substantial gentlemen, in stately chariots, drawn by mechanical draughtsmen, their fortunate wheels grinding through old-established ruts, while here and there a struggling individual artist lies crushed beneath the juggernaut, thereby adding a useful piece of sombre colour to the brilliant composition. Certainly the firms can claim quantity in supplying what is termed "Church Art." Again I imagine you, Mr. Editor, applying my poetry standard for art to some poor instance of average trade work, "from one learn all"; and thus scolding begins to creep into the subject, contempt for modern production crouches at the door, the danger feared is at hand.

Still, I do wish to say a few words as to the "firms," for I think the abuse of firms, as such, is a mistaken branch of human activity. And, further, I should like to show, so far as my words can show, that at least I appreciate the dignity of your subject.

What is a firm? A partnership of two or more persons for the purposes of production. Why should not fine work be produced now by such partnership? Most of us do know instances in which it is being so produced, while certainly fine work in the past has been produced



One of Two Lights—Crookham Church, near Winchfield—in plain glazing, with no painting except on flesh.

By Heywood Sumner.

under such conditions. Turn to Vasari, and see how he describes an Italian firm in the sixteenth century. "Andrea di Cosimo was the best and most worthy man that ever touched a pencil; modest and diffident by nature, he never undertook any work above his strength, or even any indeed that was entirely on his own responsibility, partly because he feared to risk the payment for his labours. He delighted in his vocation, and would pursue it the whole day long, but abhorred all disputes and discussions of every kind. He therefore associated himself with Marriotto di Francesco di Mettidoro, a person who was one of the most able and practised masters that had ever been known in his vocation, and was particularly acute in all business arrangements, understanding well the most advantageous modes of agreement for the various works confided to him, as well as the gathering in of payments, and all other occasions demanding readiness and prudence. This Mettidoro, furthermore, induced Raffaello di Biagio to join himself to their company, the three labouring in common, and dividing into three parts the gains made by all the works which they executed."

Again, Luca della Robbia produced his works as a firm. First, he takes two brothers, Ottaviano and Agostino, from the chisel, and sets them to work as his assistants to meet the growing demand for his coloured terra-cotta ware; then Andrea, his cousin, joins him; while, finally, when Luca della Robbia died, the business was carried on by Andrea's sons, Luca and Girolamo and Giovanni, until death, and the chances of war, brought this celebrated firm to a conclusion.

I do not think that a firm, as such, need be scolded. Each one of us, whether we call ourselves individual artists, or firms, deserve a scolding if we do not get clients to buy what we personally approve; at the same time, life is so difficult, while scolding is so easy—and I will add so demoralising—that we shall find that the better way is with Andrea di Cosimo, "to delight in our vocation and follow it all day long." By our works we shall be judged, and fine work is the artist's true weapon for gaining his cause—not scolding.

Fine work, however it may be produced, and for whatsoever purpose—that is the one thing needful. Art in the church is not different in kind from any other art worthy of the name. It may be different in degree, but not in kind, for all fine art is akin. Insight that pierces through the visible order and beauty of this world to the invisible order and beauty that haunts our souls—reverence for life, reverence for death, and

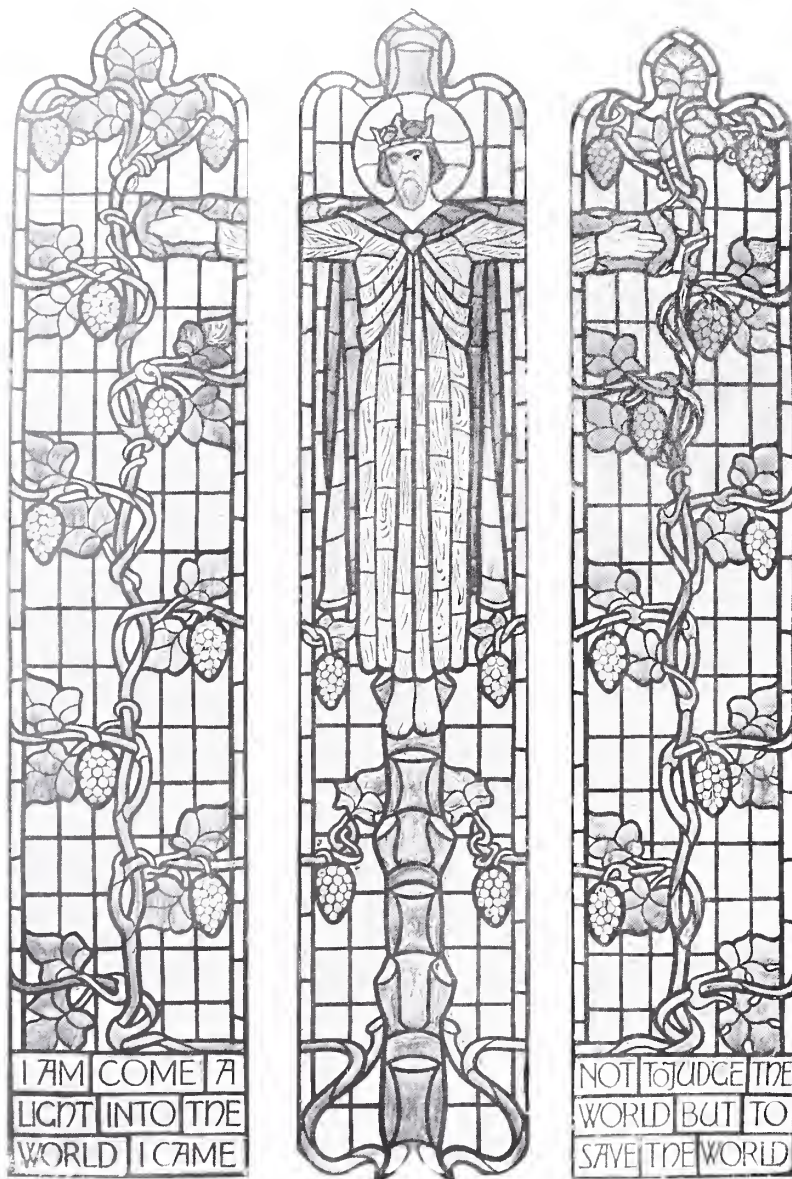
hope over all, this is the temper of the work that helps us to live. To help men to live—that is the highest sphere of art; the sphere of the sun. We have to do our best to express in colour and form the joy of life, and the beauty of life, and the tragedy of life, with such glimpses of the spiritual vision as may be vouchsafed to us; to express it in our own methods, not in words. There is neither speech nor language, but her voice has gone out into all lands. Art has power to touch the hidden silent springs of man's innermost being. If you want to teach, talk, for art's power is not didactic. Art is not secure in just conclusions. What is Diana to us, or we to Diana? Yet we still say "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—as the craftsmen wrought her. Art is not fortified by reason any more than is love. Who can reason as to why he loves his nearest? Why do the eternal melodies open doors of the soul that

are shut to the voices of reason and knowledge? Yet, art is not unreasonable, though she hits her mark apart from reason. Art is not undidactic, though she teaches by methods apart from teaching.

Art, like the sun, like love, helps men to live, and in this temper, whether she enters the church or stays without, she passes through her visionary life surrounded by a halo of sacred Beneficence, and Recreation.

Yet she is happy if she does enter the church, on her own terms; for a church, whatever it is, and wherever, does represent patient ideal aspiration, and is the natural home for art that is elemental. There she becomes part of our very being, like the constant seasons, as an abiding background of material yet spiritual beauty; and there, she is waiting, and ready to revive, to interpret, and to console in the supreme moments of life that await us all.

HEYWOOD SUMNER.



East Window of Longworth Church, Berkshire, executed in plain glazing.

By Heywood Sumner.

Decorative Flower Studies.

THE fashions of Decorative Art are quick to change. We pretend in turn to be New Goths, or Anglo-Japanese, or nineteenth-century children of the French Empire—but at the end of the whim we come back always to nature again; our interest in forms frankly floral never quite dies out. And this perpetual popularity of floral design has led to the publication of numerous series of flower studies for use in practical design. One enterprising German publisher went so far as to arrange cut flowers into bunches and festoons and garlands, and to reproduce them by photography ready to the hand of the copyist, so saving his brains—if the man capable of making use of such a shift can be supposed ever to have had any. The studies really helpful to the designer are only such as he would himself have made could he have done so; and of late years more than one artist of ability has published studies, made perhaps in the first instance for his own use, but eventually with an eye to reproduction. The latest of these artists is Miss Foord, whose *Decorative Flower Studies* (B. T. Batsford, London) go very far indeed towards satisfying at once the decorator, designer, or student who wants trustworthy data upon which to found his work, and the lover of nature who



No. 1.—Decorative Study of Nasturtium.
By Miss Foord.



No. 2.—Decorative Study of Plumbago.
By Miss Foord.

delights to see deft and delicate rendering of the thing he knows.

In a work of this kind, choice of instances is all important. Miss Foord has chosen her forty plates neither from the botanist's nor from the gardener's point of view, but, as she explains, from the artist's. She accepts irregularities and even defects of nature as often characteristic of the flower, neither ignoring nor emphasising incidental faults of growth; and with the one exception her choice is justified. The rose, as it recurs to memory, in bud, in flower, in fruit, is daintier and more beautiful than the varieties she gives.

To the study of plant form with a view to its use in decorative design there goes a certain modicum of science—the designer must know a plant through and through before he can deal with it adequately—and there is often more to be learnt from a strictly botanical drawing of a plant than from a picture which gives only its effect. What he wants is a record of the facts: it is out of these his fancies are woven. The fault of merely scientific diagrams is that, in insisting upon the structure of the plant, the man of science is apt to leave out of account details such as grace, delicacy, or the individual as distinguished from the generic growth which, as Miss Foord insists, are of equal importance. For the artist it is not enough to know that a flower has so many petals, that its leaves are "cordate" or "lanceolate," and grow alternately or spirally on the stalk, as the case may be; he must observe also, unless he is prepared to sacrifice the very character of the plant, the shape of the petals, simple or

subtle; their texture, smooth or crumpled, waxy or silken; the variety of heart- or lance-shaped leaf; the spring or the droop of it; and every little turn of growth distinguishing it from its family. He must know not only the plant but its tricks and its ways, if he is to treat it in a decorative way of his own without losing all the life and beauty of it.

This Miss Foord helps him to do, insisting as she does even more upon the peculiarities of a plant than upon its botanical structure. But she is duly regardful of the designer's wants, and supplements her coloured pages by outline drawings of details likely to be of use to him. No one will find in them, of course, quite all he wants—nothing but his own studies will ever give him that—but he will find flowers in various stages of growth; in bud, in full bloom, over-blown, and in seed; and often various views of these, as well as diagrams of the parts of the flower, and sections. He will find depicted even the successive stages of the bud, or of the fruit, as the case may be, together with much diagrammatic information, as the branching of a stem, the articulation of its joints, the attachment of the leaf to it, and the way it ends. It is one of Miss Foord's contentions that there is no occasion to violate the nature and habit of a plant, for there is a beauty of its own in the way a flower grows—the Zinnia, for example, to which the objection of "stiff-



No. 4.—Details of Eschscholtzia.
By Miss Foord.

ness" is raised by persons who have one notion of the Line of Beauty.

The author's drawing is always delicate, her treatment of the flower is tasteful, and she preserves the refinement of natural form. In colour she is content with a few flat tints, but the drawing, firm and sure if at times a trifle too thin in line, is instinct with life. Her convention, in so far as her art is conventional, is not uninfluenced by French and Japanese draughtsmanship—but it is distinctly her own. She is least successful in big, bold flower forms, such as the Oriental Poppy and the Parrot Tulip; in the Peony she is happier, because of the crumpled petals about its heart. The confusion or clustered flowers, as in the Bugloss, Gorse, Laburnum, and the like, gives her no trouble, nor the feathery foliage of Love-in-a-mist. Happiest of all is her rendering of wee flowers we are apt to regard as insignificant—Heath and Lilac, for example, which are not ready adapted to the hand of the designer. As for the Lavender, she may be said, decoratively speaking, to have discovered it (No. 6).

Students will buy this book for its illustrations; but they will be mistaken if they do not read what the author has to say about flowers. There is the indispen-



No. 3.—Successive stages of growth of Fir Cone.
By Miss Foord.

sable touch of feeling about it, as when she speaks of the charm of association which clings to the Lilac, "a subtle reminder of Rosemary and Lavender, and Rose-leaves and Potpourri, which influences most of us consciously or unconsciously"; or where she quotes Shenstone's seamstress apropos of Lavender, and alludes to sentiment as an element in design apart from beauty; but that is all. So again she tells us just enough about the names of flowers, their origin, and the quaint fancies clustering round them, without ever allowing the curious conceits of the old herbalists and others to lead her astray from her more serious purpose, which is eminently practical. She is careful to remind the budding artist that the Bryony and Clematis have *no* tendrils, and helps us generally to see the plant and all that is in it; she points out "the curious, shield-like markings" on the stems of the Horse Chestnut, and the contrast of the "severely upright" growing flower-spikes of the Lavender with "the curving character



No. 5.—Successive stages of buds of Cornflower.
By Miss Foord.

of the woody parts of the plant." So also she calls attention to the "stiff wiry nature of the leafstalks of the Clematis and the sharp angles at which they suddenly turn towards the light, or grasp and twine round anything that offers support." There is insight in the reference to "the light tossing character" of the Nasturtium, in spite of its "heavily falling stems"; and observation in the allusion to the patterns of lacy threads which the spiders spin from branch to branch of the heather to catch the sparkling drops of autumn morning dew. One last quotation, referring to the Californian poppy, which we call by the unwritable name of *Eschscholtzia*: "In the freshly opened flower the pod will be very small and scarcely noticeable, but it grows very quickly, and, in the middle stages, forms a long upstanding horn in the centre of the cluster of anthers; later, in many cases, it will have attained a length of from two to three inches. The flower is very short-lived, and the petals quickly fall; the stamens and anthers being attached to, and coming away with them in sections instead of adhering to the seed vessel, which is left, with the flat fleshy disc at its base, bare." This really brings the course of the flower's life before us, at the same time that it conveys most useful information to the designer.

The Eglantine gives the authoress occasion to commit herself to the venerable fallacy as to Greek ornament having been "founded upon the Honeysuckle." Here she errs, though in excellent company. As a rule she keeps to what she knows, and tells us what we do not know, or, knowing, are glad to have brought so pleasantly to our memory.

An artist glancing at Miss Foord's studies will be struck by the taste with which she has selected her specimens and placed them on the page; this she appears to have regarded as a panel to be decorated—so much so that some of her compositions might serve as models for panels of flower decoration, naturalistic in so far as the details have all the authority of nature, but

deliberately ornamental in treatment. A designer, referring to them for data with regard to flowers of which he has no studies of his own, will be surprised at the



No. 6.—Study of Lavender—from "Decorative Flower Studies."
By Miss Foord.

care and conscientious thoroughness with which she has given the facts not only of natural form, but of characteristic growth.

Miss Foord has observed flowers sympathetically, and has stated faithfully the facts about them as she saw them—with her own eyes, it is true; her personality is very apparent in her work throughout; she were no artist otherwise. It is just that which gives to this collection of plates an artistic value which merely botanical studies would not have.

Exhibitions of Decorative Art.

BOOKBINDING is one of the many crafts which have benefited, from an artistic point of view, by the Arts and Crafts movement of the last fifteen years. But we have been accustomed to look for improvement rather to the work of individual artists than to the productions of any large firm. It is, therefore, a welcome surprise to find the Oxford University Press taking up artistic book-binding as another branch of their work, and doing so not merely to attract attention to their exhibit at Paris, but with the idea of making it a part of their regular business. A very interesting exhibition of the bindings shown at Paris was held a short while ago at the offices of the Oxford Press at Amen Court. The designs, in many instances the work of the firm's finishers, were often admirable, showing not only a thorough appreciation of the necessities and limitations of tooled and inlaid leather binding, but also originality and fancy.

Occasionally bindings especially designed for particular books take account of their contents: the somewhat heterogeneous elements of bells, pomegranates, and rats serve, for example, as the basis of a very tasteful design for the cover of a copy of Browning's "Bells and Pomegranates." One cover was so enriched with decoration as to have almost the appearance of golden tissue; but as a rule the designers had shown laudable restraint, and the workmanship was in all cases excellent. It is a cheering sign to see an attempt to produce work of this kind made by a large firm and not left entirely to isolated individuals, whose output cannot be large enough to have any very great effect upon the ordinary trade binding of the day.

THE masculine vigour of the silversmith's work lately displayed at the Fine Art Society's, and the delicacy, amounting even to fragility, of the goldsmith's work, suggest the attribution of the one to NELSON and the other to EDITH DAWSON. Even where they appear to have worked together we seem to detect the work of either artist. The enamel, for example, is at times on a scale too small and too pictorial for its largely treated and severe setting. We miss indeed, in the pretty painter-like enamel generally, the determination of design and precision of workmanship which might have been expected from skilled metalworkers; but for the moment *cloisonné* and *champlevé* enamel appear to be out of favour with art workers.

The silversmith's work shows often a sense of construction rare in modern work, and, though it may be massive, there is never any display of precious metal for its own sake, nor any choice of stones for their intrinsic value; they are used for colour and effect, and with sobriety always. The aim of the designers is invariably artistic; and there lies at times a pretty fancy under it. The work has the merits, if some of the shortcomings, of a departure new to artists whom working jewellers would perhaps look upon as amateurs, so far as concerns their trade.

In metalwork of robusiter kind, iron, steel, and bronze, Nelson Dawson's work "needs no bush," and here the massive character of his work belongs inherently to the material—so much so that one is tempted to ask if iron is really suited to electric-light fittings. The nineteenth century gave us the new light, it remains for the twentieth to show us how to make artistic use of it.

Books on Decorative Art.

"ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY," by William Morris (Longmans and Co.) are two papers written in 1884, 1893, respectively, for the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, a society which, as he quaintly observes, "should not be regarded as dangerous, except, perhaps, to the amusements of certain country parsons and squires, and their wives and daughters." To tell the truth, Morris has here little to say of Architecture, and the History with which he is concerned is the doleful tale of the workman's lot, as he understood it. The second paper is a vehement protest against tampering with the authenticity of a National Monument, and especially against the idea of using it "in some way or other as a kind of registration office for the names of men whom the present generation considers eminent in various capacities; the method of so registering them being the placing of a monument in their honour in the church and sometimes burying their corpse beneath the pavement." The costly form in which his words are reproduced would have been approved by the author.

"WORKING DRAWINGS FOR WOODCARVERS," by Emily Burgess (Bemrose and Son), is the kind of thing which affords some justification of the doctrine that amateurs and workmen should all design for themselves. It seems they might really do worse. We look, in a series of working drawings designed to serve as models, for fitness at least. Miss Burgess gives us a design for a cardcase (without apparent provision for opening), and assumes that it has only to be enlarged in scale to answer equally well for a tray, a bookcover, or a box-top. That a sense of construction in design and of taste in treatment are not commonly inborn, is shown in publications like this.

"THE RUDIMENTS OF DESIGN BASED ON PLANT FORM," professedly addressed to beginners, is practically a collection of notes which, though doubtless useful to Mr. H. T. Wyse in his own class, are not of the kind that would be helpful to students in general. The author is at home in his subject, but, whatever his ability as a teacher, has no faculty of lucid or definite exposition in print. He wanders from the rudiments of design to geometric pattern, metalwork, stained glass, lettering, and other subjects; but he tells us, in fact, nothing that has not been said before, and better said.

Under the title of "FREEHAND DRAWING OF ORNAMENT," Mr. John Carroll publishes, through Burns and Oates (1s. 6d.), a series of twenty-four examples of relief ornament, carefully chosen with a view to the wants of the schools, each with helpful diagrams showing how to set about copying it. These diagrams do not, it should be observed, necessarily give the lines on which the ornament was built: they are helps to copying rather than to design.

Some interesting information concerning the method of "SPIRIT FRESCO PAINTING," employed in the Royal Exchange decorations, is given in a pamphlet on the subject, published at 1s. by Chas. Roberson and Co., London—founded to a large extent upon the late J. Gambier Parry's account of it, which has long been out of print.

'St. John the Baptist preaching.' By Rodin.

THE Editor has asked me for a short note to accompany a reproduction of Rodin's 'St. John the Baptist preaching,' the figure which it is proposed to buy and present to the nation. The circular issued by the committee, and list of first subscribers, are reproduced below. Mr. Tweed's proposal is happily secure now of execution, but the lists will remain open so long as the sum named has not been reached.

'St. John the Baptist' is the second figure Rodin succeeded in showing at the Salon, the first being the 'Age of Bronze.' The Salon was of the year 1880, when Rodin, forty years of age, began to emerge from the obscurity, privation, and slavery to which his youth was condemned. At seventeen he was done with schooling and leisure for study. During the next twenty years he was a kind of sculptor-scullion to tradesmen of the art, a victim of their parsimony and that mixture of stupid contempt and greedy appropriation with which mediocrity treats genius in a menial.

Other original French artists of this century have gone cold, hungry, naked, and disdained for their art, but few have been so persistently baffled at every point where not only success and recognition might have opened for him, but even the bare chances that give time for work, and the ordinary comradeship of fellow-artists. At every door there seemed to be posted a special emissary from the jealous powers of dulness to shut it in his face. During these years his own studies had to be pursued in the hours of the night, or the brief snatches of leisure that his exacting and miserably paid labour left him. That superb piece of modelling, the mask of the 'Man with the Broken Nose,' was executed thus, and refused at the Salon of 1864. Other works of the same period were destroyed during his absence in Brussels after the War. Here and at Antwerp the undertakers of art employed him till 1877 on more interesting work for public monuments, and at the end of this period he had saved enough to indulge for an interval in being a sculptor. The result was the 'Age of Bronze.' The

statue has borne several titles, but it is really the first of a series in which the burden of sleep and awakening is rendered. The 'Creation of Man,' nearly contemporary with the 'Baptist,' is its successor.* Up to this point Rodin's attitude had been one of concentration upon complete all-round modelling, instead of the empty profiles he saw in the schoolwork round him, helped out by casts. He thinks he never bettered the 'Man with the Broken Nose' in this respect. But his design was still instinctive and blind. It was in Brussels that the problem of composition arose acutely, during his work on the public buildings and on the 'Age of Bronze.' The story is told in Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Auguste Rodin," in the *American Architect* for 1889, a series of ten articles that gives much the fullest account in either French or English of his career up to that date, an account much of it reported from Rodin's words. "While making the figure of a sailor," he says, "I was struck by its

resemblance to the statues of Michael Angelo, though I had not had him in my mind. The impression astonished me, and I wondered what should cause it. I had always admired Michael Angelo, but I saw him at a great distance. My studies had been a blind search after the movement of figures, and in making this one, I was, for the first time, impressed with its resemblance to the composition of the great Florentine. I tried to understand and explain it to myself, but could not. My interest and curiosity were greatly awakened, and to satisfy my mind of the reality of this resemblance, and to confirm my hope of its depth and value, either as the result of my long years of effort, or as the effect of my admiration of him, I made a lot of sketches to see if I could get the same character, but without success."

The puzzle recurred when he began the 'Age of Bronze,' and he went to Italy to solve it:—"In looking



St. John the Baptist preaching.
By Rodin.

* This figure reappears in the group of 'Three Shadows' on the summit of the 'Gate of Hell,' a second version figured in the project for a monument commemorative of the National Defence; the 'Inner Voice' of the Hugo Monument is nearly allied. It is one of Rodin's greatest inventions, and one of the least known.

at the Medici tombs I was more profoundly impressed than by anything I have ever seen. I mean as a matter of impression simply. For Michael Angelo, great as he is, is weak in modelling compared with the antique. I like his works because they are living, and because I could find in them what I wanted. After looking at these figures long and well, I returned to my room at the hotel, and began making sketches to test the depth of my own capacity of composition, and of the impression I had received; and I found that I could do nothing with my sailor unless I copied Michael Angelo. I made no end of sketches, always with the same result. During my journey to Rome, Naples, Vienna, and Venice I continued drawing in the hope of discovering the principles upon which the composition of Michael Angelo's figures was founded. I was, at the same time, struck with the idea that those principles were not original with him, but the result of discoveries made by those who had preceded him. I also had my doubts about his being conscious of those principles, or that he was the consummate artist and man that many think he is. He seems to me to have worked little from nature, to have had one figure or type, which he reproduced everywhere and constantly, and to have taken entire figures from Donatello, besides using a certain movement of the wrist and foot common to the latter. I think Michael Angelo simply completed a movement and general scheme in figures whose natural principles of composition were discovered by those who went before him."

Back in Brussels he solved the problem, and discovered the principles which explained what he had been doing, and guided all his subsequent works. These principles, he says, "Are found in Nature, or she verifies them, if you look carefully enough. They are so simple that they can be taught in six months to any student of average intelligence, so that he can exemplify them, in fact, almost as well as I can myself. In a word, Nature tells the whole story."

What Rodin meant by these principles is not clear from this account; but they must involve the adjusting of big planes in the surfaces of the body by turning its parts so that they are related to an ideal square block enclosing the whole, and present from every side not a meagre profile of the body, but a profile of the block. Something, it is certain, of this tradition Rodin found in Puget, thinking him the last of French sculptors who possessed it. He used to send his pupils, I am told, to study examples of that sculptor at the Trocadéro, bidding them observe how Puget avoided the simple profile treatment of a form, but so turned his model that three sides, so to speak, can be seen at once. From this discovery arose all those wonderful groupings of two or more bodies together, as in 'The Wave,' that are so specially the work of Rodin, but the same architecture moulds the 'Creation of Man,' which I have dwelt upon already in *The Saturday Review*, and later the terrible slow-turning block of the 'Balzac.'

Rodin returned to Paris in 1877 with his 'Age of Bronze' and sent it to the Salon. The jury exclaimed upon it that it was too well modelled to have been executed except by casting from the life, and put it aside in a kind of condemned hole. Rodin sent for evidence and casts from Brussels to prove the contrary, but got no hearing, and the figure was returned to him under this stigma. He set to work on the 'St. John the

* The reference to "Nature" is what he always begins and ends with, but it needs connecting here with what goes before. It is his habit in talking of sculpture to take the art in it for granted, as if that were the simplest thing in the world; you have to press him before he will admit that "enveloping lines" are a pre-occupation, and a growing one, in his work.

Baptist,' partly with a view to clearing himself of the absurd slander, for that reason executing the new figure larger than life. Before it was exhibited the tide of fortune had at last turned for him, less by any general justice rendered him, than by the courageous action of a single man of taste. This was M. Turquet, who had observed and admired the 'Age of Bronze,' and had become in the interval Minister of Fine Arts. His first act was to institute a thorough police-like inquiry into the accusation against Rodin, disprove it, and buy the plaster for the State. He bought also the 'Baptist,' and procured for Rodin the commission from the State to execute the 'Gate of Hell,' after Dante, for the door of a museum. On this work Rodin has been engaged for twenty years. During that time he has executed or projected other commissions, the 'Burgesses of Calais,' the monuments to Claude the Lorrainer, to an American general and South American president, to Victor Hugo and to Balzac. A series of superb portrait busts, and countless episodical fragments for the Gate have been seen in the exhibitions of these twenty years. Ridicule has long deserted the earlier works, which are generally acclaimed as works of genius, and is now reserved for the later.

'John the Baptist' breaks a little the development begun with the 'Age of Bronze,' and shares the single-minded absorption in the person and character of the subject and ambition for the *beau morceau* in modelling that characterise the 'Man with the Broken Nose.'† It belongs to the free order of bronze sculpture rather than the architectural tradition, the sculpture of which we have plenty of examples in classic art, and again on one side of Donatello's; indeed this Baptist may be best considered along with the two Baptists of the Florentine. It exhibits the same hardy intense interest in a man, deeply characterised and vitally moved, moved altogether, stride and gesture, and neither *écorché* nor spent with posing. Study so thorough and life so intense were perhaps the qualities to look to in securing a first example of the master's art for an English gallery. Mr. Beckett's offer of a second figure to the nation will perhaps give us an example in which these qualities are heightened by others rarer still.

D. S. MACCOLL.

RODIN STATUE FUND.

It is proposed that admirers of the work of Auguste Rodin should subscribe to buy for the Nation a replica in bronze of his well-known work, St. John the Baptist, to be placed in a Public Gallery, preferably South Kensington Museum. Examples of M. Rodin's art have been already obtained for the Public Museums of Paris, Vienna, Berlin and other capitals, but he is represented in few even of the private collections of this country.

The sum required will not exceed £300, and it is thought desirable that as many names of artists and lovers of art as possible should be included in this tribute to a great sculptor. The subscription list will be closed as soon as the necessary sum has been obtained. Notice of this will be given in the newspaper Press when the time comes, and a full list of subscribers will then be circulated.

† A magnificent study for the torso and legs only was shown at the Musée Rodin.

A small Executive Committee has been formed to carry out the scheme, consisting of the following members:

Ernest Beckett, M.P.	A. Legros.
Thos. Brock, R.A.	W. Rothenstein.
J. H. M. Furse.	J. S. Sargent, R.A.
Alfred Gilbert, R.A.	J. Tweed, <i>Hon. Sec. & Treas.</i>

Cheques should be sent to JOHN TWEED, 14a, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, S.W., or to the National Provincial Bank of England, South Kensington Branch.

The following is a first list of subscribers:

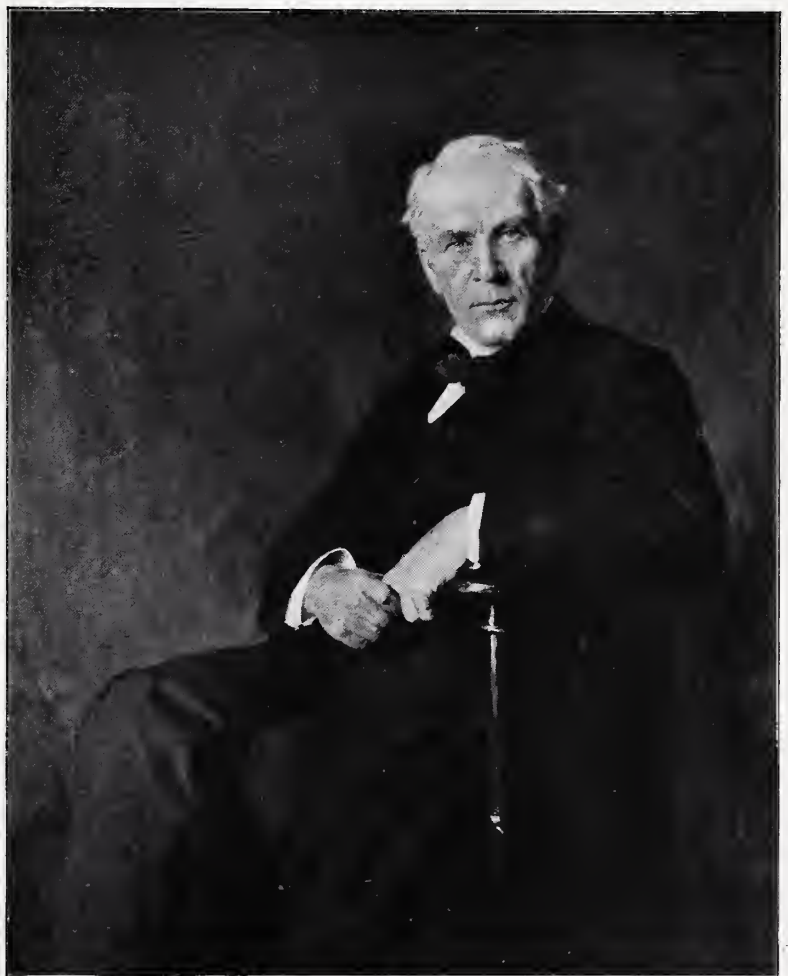
E. A. Abbey, R.A.	Theodore A. Cooke.
Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.	Walter Crane.
H. H. Armstead, R.A.	Erskine Cummings.
Sir Walter Armstrong.	Lionel Cust.
Lord Balcarres.	A. M. Daniel.
Laurence Binyon.	Rev. Gerald S. Davies.
Detmar Blow.	Edmund Davis.
H. B. Brabazon.	R. S. Johnstone Douglas.
Thos. Brock, R.A.	Alfred Drury, A.R.A.
J. W. Brooke.	G. Frampton, A.R.A.
Robert Brough.	H. P. Hain Friswell.
Cecil Brown.	C. Furse.
Prof. Fred. Brown.	J. H. M. Furse.
R. Barrett Browning.	Roger Fry.
H. H. Bulman.	Miss Gibson.
T. Carter.	Dr. J. H. Gibson.
Miss Christian.	Alfred Gilbert, R.A.
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Douglas Cockerell.	M. Grieffenhagen.
Lord Coleridge.	James Guthrie, R.S.A.
The Hon. Gilbert Coleridge.	G. R. Halkett.
Prof. Sidney Colvin.	J. Maclure Hamilton.

Herbert Hampton.
The Earl of Hardwicke.
Frank Harris.
Miss Jane Harrison.
Dr. C. J. Harrison.
L. A. Harrison.
W. E. Henley.
H. E. Hirst.
Harold Hodge.
Chas. Holroyd.
E. J. Horniman.
Mrs. Charles Hunter.
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Dr. L. S. Jameson, C.B.
Middelton Jameson.
Lynn Jenkins.
W. Goscombe John, A.R.A.
E. Lanteri.
T. Stirling Lee.
Prof. Legros.
J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A.
D. S. MacColl.
A. N. MacNicoll.
Miss Marston.
T. Sturge Moore.
David Muirhead.
J. Bowyer Nichols.
F. S. Oliver.
H. Pfungst.
Claude Phillips.
A. Pollen.
F. W. Pomeroy.
Henry Poole.
Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.

R. Ll. B. Rathbone.
Chas. Ricketts.
G. Gidley Robinson.
W. Rothenstein.
Théodore Roussel.
J. S. Sargent, R.A.
Chas. H. Shannon.
William Sharp.
Mrs. Shute.
P. Wilson Steer.
Sir John Stirling-Maxwell,
Bar., M.P.
Edward Stott.
W. Strang.
Jonathan Sturges.
John M. Swan, A.R.A.
Ralph Thickers.
D. Croal Thomson.
J. H. Todd.
H. Tonks.
F. H. Trench.
John Tweed.
H. Velten.
Miss Ethel Walker.
A. G. Walker.
Capt. Arthur Wall.
E. A. Walton.
Humphry Ward.
E. P. Warren.
Fred. Wedmore.
A. Wertheimer.
E. J. Van Wisselingh.
George Wyndham, M.P.
Prof. F. York-Powell.

The Society of Oil Painters.

THE exhibition in the spacious Piccadilly galleries which ushers in the new century is not altogether discouraging. Art, a product of man working towards a definite end on existent material, gives savour to life; a work of art is as a bloom springing out of the personality of its creator, vitalised and beautified to the extent of his powers of discerning and expressing that which is essential, significant, in the objective and subjective worlds. There are several pictures at the Institute which, in a measure, possess life-enhancing appeal. Unfortunately Mr. G. F. Watts is an absentee, as are Messrs. Frank Brangwyn, with his boldly decorative manner, and Mr. A. D. Peppercorn, good examples by whom, however, are at the Dudley Gallery. The best portrait in the exhibition, here reproduced, is from the brush of Sir George Reid. It is a fine essay in characterisation, it is sincere. Beauty yields herself only to the ardent and able pursuer, or rather, before her citadel is reached, her face seen, the unities must be conquered. Sir George Reid's presentment of Mr. George Lillie Craik is simple, strong, charged with significance, and hence pictorially beautiful. There is a lofty seriousness about it, a freedom from triviality, from the inept accessory. It is surprising that the Royal Academy did not honour itself by electing Sir George Reid to Associateship, and ultimate full Membership, while still his name was on the list; surely the fact that



Portrait of Mr. Geo. Lillie Craik. By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

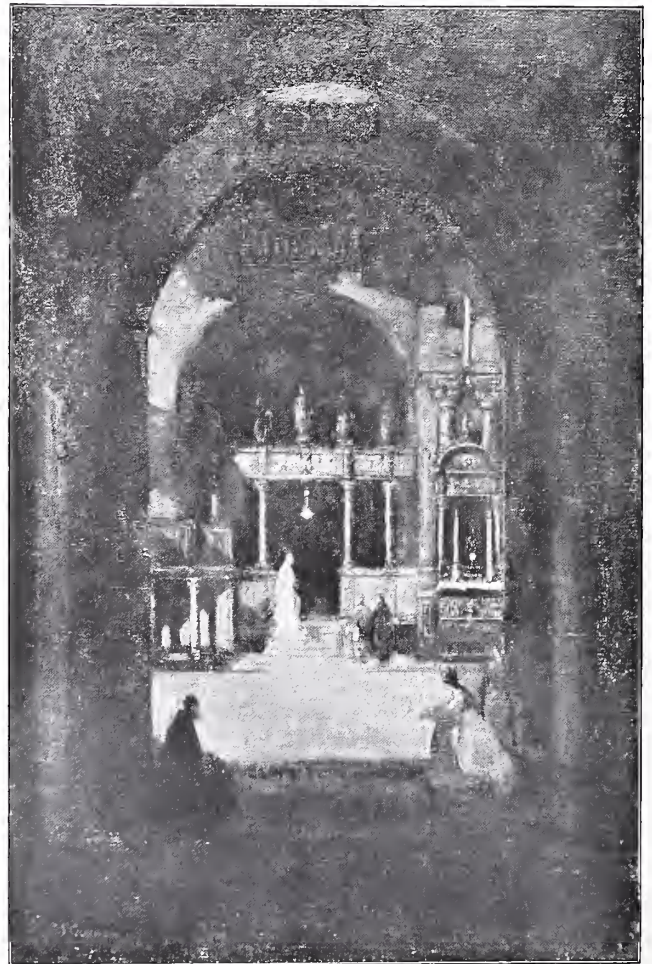


Groves Elysian.
By Cecil Rea.

he is President of the Royal Scottish Academy should not have been allowed to interfere. The work of another Scotsman is arresting. If Mr. D. Y. Cameron in his 'St. Mark's, Evening,' here illustrated, does not render the sentiment of that glorious shrine in Venice, and this, after all, is a secondary matter, he gives us a work of surpassing colour charm. From the shadowed aisle in the foreground, we look towards the eastern end of the church. The white robes of the priest on the steps, between side-altar and pulpit, the notes of strong red and yellow and green, are merged as if inevitably into the golden, glowing light, whose quality is mellow, nay, melodious. The relationships between colour and colour, between deep shadow and late sunlight filtered through the windows of St. Mark's, have been sensitively felt, and are well conveyed. The same artist's 'Stirling,' with slender tree standing to left, has a fresh charm of composition, and the notes of exultant red, amid the prevailing quietude of green and grey, are a motive of pleasure.

No more distinctive picture hangs in the west gallery than Mons. Fantin-Latour's study of white roses. We may, perhaps, be over conscious of the student, too little aware of the lyrical inspiration which gives to the work of a Francis James, for instance, so compelling a charm. The disposition of the blossoms, however, amid the green leaves is particularly felicitous. From the same hand we have 'La Nuit,' which holds some suggestion of limitless space, and of the gravity, the mystery of

night. Chief among the subject pictures are Mr. Edgar Bundy's 'The Bachelor,' seated in breeches and white stockings by treasured bric-à-brac, and casting an amused backward glance at the procession of spinsters moving self-consciously past his window; Mr. Chevalier Tayler's 'Committee of Taste,' reminiscent in theme, if not in touch, of Orchardson; Mr. Gemmel Hutchison's 'Bairnies Cuddle Doon,' a well-realised scene of a Scottish peasant putting four little girls to sleep in one large bed beneath a flower-set casement; and South African war pieces, entitled, 'Halt,' and 'On the Road to Pretoria,' respectively by Messrs. John Charlton and W. B. Wollen. Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Poole Harbour at Sunset' rises high above the level of the commonplace. The cloud-flecked sky is an inspiring study, and the clear orange light, merging into luminous shadow, has the romance of vividly realised beauty. Visitors will turn with interest to the 'Stanpit Common' of the late Mr. E. M. Wimperis. If breadth does not lead to true synthesis, yet we have here a conscientious example by a man to whom the Institute owes much. It is long since Mr. Arthur Hacker exhibited a more interesting sketch than that entitled 'The Pool.' He reveals the



St. Mark's, Evening.
By D. Y. Cameron.

springs of his art, so to say, and the study of this nude figure seated on a bank has 'grit' in it. Mr. Byam Shaw's 'The Kelpie,' phosphorescent green as it rises out of the mill-stream, is weird and uncanny; the 'Burning Weeds' of Mr. T. Austen Brown, showing the figure of a solitary woman on a lone heath, has a genuine imaginative lift; one or two of the marines of Mr. Julius Olsson—particularly that in which waters of deep ultramarine are transmuted into rich opalescent green, where currents meet on a breezy day—are individual; the architecture in Mr. W. H. Bartlett's 'Greenwich Hospital,' observed from

the farther side of the river, is solid and good; Mr. W. H. Margetson's 'Sacred Spaces of the Sea' is little more than a repetition of his first success; Mr. John R. Reid is strong as ever in his colouring, he is a bold painter; and exhibits which claim attention are sent by Messrs. Spenlove Spenlove, Dudley Hardy, Spencer Watson, Alfred Hartley, and E. Matthew Hale. Our third illustration is Mr. Cecil Rea's 'Groves Elysian.' Primarily it is an example of pleasing decoration of a kind remote from the over-detailed. The brushwork is broad and the figures are well disposed beneath the boughs.

Passing Events.

WHEN the International Art Congress held its deliberations in Paris during the holding of the Exhibition, a paper was read by Mr. Paul Chapelle on the art societies in Europe. Naturally the numerous bodies in this country were mentioned, but, with a certain pardonable pride, the author of the paper pointed out that only in France did an association exist which looked after the business interests of its members. The Société de la propriété artistique, founded in January, 1896, and with a present membership of 1,000, was cited, and it was stated that in the following four conditions it is unique: (1) It is international. (2) It does not hold exhibitions. (3) It neither buys nor sells works of art. (4) It occupies itself with protecting the copyright of artists.

ONE body, at least, in this country has a somewhat similar programme. For instance, the Society of Mezzotint Engravers has been very busy in connexion with the bills to govern Artistic Copyright. But apparently the need for a counterpart to the French body has presented itself to the minds of British artists, and, in consequence, The Artists' Association is announced.

A COMMITTEE, consisting of Sir L. Alma Tadema, R.A., Marcus Stone, R.A., Luke Fildes, R.A., Frank Dicksee, R.A., Val Prinsep, R.A., J. S. Sargent, R.A., G. A. Storey, A.R.A., S. J. Solomon, A.R.A., Alfred East, A.R.A., Edwin Bale, R.I., Geo. Simonds, C. F. A. Voysey, W. Reynolds-Stephens, and J. Cocher Webb, Hon. Secretary, has been formed, having for its object "the binding together of members of the profession in every branch of the Fine and Applied Arts for the advancement of their common interests."

NATURALLY, the plans of the Association are somewhat vaguely defined at present. It is suggested that, at its headquarters, a register will be kept "arranged in accordance with a thoroughly organized scheme so as to be easy of access to all persons who may wish to consult it." The idea is to help the artist to place his work for reproduction, and further, to see that he gets the full value of his assignments of copyright. Any Association that can help the general body of artists to understand business methods is worth encouraging. Doubtless the first men to join will be those workers who have managed to succeed very well without such help. However, the experiment will be watched with much interest. The Hon. Secretary, whose address is 111, Clifton Hill, St. John's Wood, states that the Committee feel that a membership of at least 700 will be necessary to enable a start to be made.

IT is to be hoped that in any case the new Association will not seek to still further alienate the good will of publishers and art dealers. At the present time many dealers and publishers find it best to acquire the works of foreigners, because of the trivial obstacles raised by our own artists in commercial matters.

HAPPILY the difficulties have been overcome with regard to the late Henry Vaughan's bequest to the National Gallery of Scotland of a collection of Turner's drawings. Under the will these were left to the obsolete Edinburgh Royal Institution, now merged in the Gallery in Princes Street. It is opportune here to emphasize the need of the Scottish National Gallery for a grant to be expended in the purchase of pictures. A sum of £1,000 per annum for the five years between 1891 and 1896 was voted, but during the past four years not a single shilling has been given from the public funds. The so-called "state aid" under the Treaty of Union is entirely swallowed up in the maintenance and up-keep of the buildings.

RECENT appointments at the Royal College of Art give much hope for the future success of this institution. The following gentlemen have been elected to professorships:—A. Beresford Pite (Architecture), Gerald Moira (Painting), and W. R. Lethaby (Design).

MR. ALFRED GILBERT'S election to the chair of Sculpture in the Royal Academy Schools is perhaps the most important academic appointment for many years. It is devoutly to be wished that the new professor will be able to find time to impart to the students some of the secrets of his incomparable art. The chair of Anatomy vacated by the death of Dr. William Anderson, who was also an eminent authority on Japanese art, has been filled by Mr. Thompson, of Christ Church.

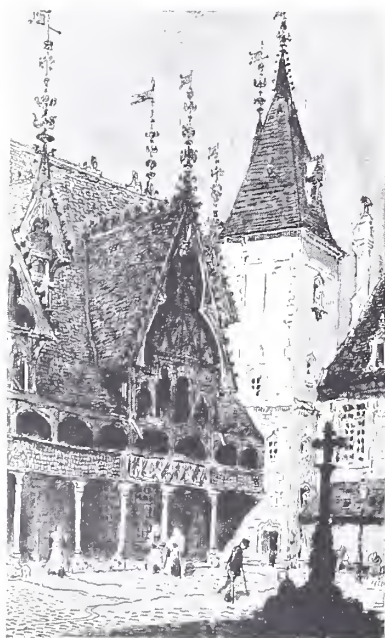
BY the death of Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, who had long been on the list of retired Academicians, early Victorian art is called to mind. The late artist was a laborious worker in scriptural and historical themes dear to a generation which accounted subject everything. A great loss to the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has been occasioned by the death of its energetic Vice-President, E. M. Wimperis. Although sixty-five years of age, the late artist was an indefatigable worker. He was also a staunch friend and boon companion.

Notes on New Artistic Books.

THE position of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the artistic world is so commanding that the new volume by Sir Walter Armstrong (Heinemann) is an event of the first importance. When the author was preparing his companion volume on Gainsborough he naturally found much of his material for Reynolds in the same channels, and it is probably for this reason that he has completed the present publication before finishing his monumental work on Turner, promised by Messrs. Agnew. That Sir Walter Armstrong is successful in his consideration of Reynolds goes without saying, while some of his conclusions, especially that wherein he discovers a sexual character in his art, are perhaps a little pedantic. He also finds it impossible to say that Reynolds is a supreme painter of innocent childhood and beautiful women, and therein we think he will not find many to agree with him, and indeed the tail-piece to the chapter wherein this opinion is given, "Angels' Heads," from the National Gallery, entirely refutes it. The general result of the author's labours is to add still further to the great popularity of Sir Joshua, for the many beautiful illustrations in the volume display once more the greatness of the first President of the Royal Academy.

The third volume of "THE NATIONAL GALLERY" (Cassell), edited by Sir Edward Poynter, is occupied entirely with the works of the British School. It is to be hoped that French and German critics will have an opportunity of observing at their leisure the pictorial art of the one country in Europe they still seem to deny has any artistic school of its own. Each illustration is faced by its description, and the reproductions are entirely satisfactory.

It is always a pleasure to welcome a labour of love,



Beaune—The Hospital.
By Joseph Pennell.

From "A Little Tour in France" (Heinemann).

and Mr. Ford Madox Heuffer on "THE CINQUE PORTS" (Blackwood) brings an enthusiasm to his records which carry the pleasure of reading them very far. The author has been remarkably well supported by Mr. William Hyde, who has drawn about thirty singularly artistic illustrations. The artist is, in fact, an illustrator who combines much of the quality of Turner, with a most interesting occasional development into what is considered the latest

achievements in pictorial art. Mr. Hyde, so far as we can find, has only exhibited one picture in the Royal Academy, and that is ten years ago, so we think we are

only doing our duty in calling special attention to his artistic work, and in asking the artist himself to give a good deal more of it to the public.

For daintiness of touch and sweetness of selection there is not a cleverer living artist than Joseph Pennell. He illustrates "A LITTLE TOUR IN FRANCE" (Heinemann), written some years ago by Mr. Henry James, but now published for the first time with Mr. Pennell's illustrations. We print one of these little sketches.

It is a little difficult at first to decide, whether fact or fiction is contained in the well-illustrated volume entitled, "FRANGIPANI'S RING: AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF HENRY THODE" (John Macqueen). This is a translation from the German of a story of Venetian history connected with the strange finding of a ring on the mainland of Venetian territory. The ring, with an inscription translated as "Willingly thine own," is proved to have been lost in 1515 by the Count Frangipani, and the really remarkable history is made doubly interesting by a dozen reproductions from contemporary Venetian works, and by a series of marginal designs by Hans Thoma.

It is not often that a complete volume can be written on a single picture, but Miss Mary Hervey, in "HOLBEIN'S AMBASSADORS" (Bell) has found a theme which naturally runs into 250 pages. Miss Hervey has studied this famous National Gallery picture in every possible detail, and, supported by many illustrations, she adds fresh interest to the many curious questions which have arisen out of the design of this picture. The Death's head is amply discussed, and it is proved that the mosaic pavement in the picture is taken from Abbot Richard Ware's design in the sanctuary in Westminster Abbey.

Messrs. Bell are supplementing their English Cathedral Guides with a series of handbooks for Continental churches, of which Rouen and Chartres have been published.—A small book on "SUSSEX" (Methuen), by F. G. Brabant, is the first of a series of little guides which are handy for the pocket, and, having maps and artistic illustrations, are likely to become popular.

"THE DRESDEN GALLERY" is illustrated by 223 reproductions from the famous pictures there. The book is small quarto in size, and is published by F. Hanfstaengl, of Munich, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the blocks.—The Public Library of Newcastle-on-Tyne has printed a catalogue of its books on the Fine Arts, which is not only interesting locally, but also to those desiring to possess a nearly complete list in a well-arranged sequence.

"SONGS OF NEAR AND FAR AWAY" (Cassell) is a pretty book, with children's rhymes and illustrations in full colour, here beautifully and artistically treated.

To those desiring to possess a well-written but not too lengthy account of the past and present troubles in South Africa, we recommend "WAR WITH THE BOERS" (Virtue). This publication is appearing in four quarto volumes, each of which contains about seventy illustrations, with maps, and the thrilling stories of the war are told in adequate detail.

Painted by W. D. Richardson, R.S.A.



W. D. Richardson

Painted by W. D. Richardson, R.S.A.

"THE PARTING OF THE WAYS."

The Wallace Collection.*

BY THE KEEPER OF THE COLLECTION.

THE ITALIAN PICTURES.

THE fourteenth century is but meagrely represented at Hertford House. In Gallery III. is an interesting panel, 'The Virgin and Child, with St. Peter and St. John,' of the Sienese School, coming very near to the style of Lippo Memmi, who himself was a clumsier and less spiritual Simone Martino. This panel has, however, less delicacy of colour than Lippo could command, and appears to date slightly—very slightly—later in the fourteenth century than his last work did. A 'Nativity,' of the smallest possible dimensions, belonging to the Florentine School of the fourteenth century (Gallery III.) calls for no detailed analysis. In a glass case in the centre of Gallery X. is a series of fine illuminations of the Tuscan School of the late fourteenth century, of which most, if not all, are definitely Sienese in character. But with these it is impossible to deal on the present occasion, as I have not at present been able to ascertain their exact provenance. All except two have certainly, judging from the character and execution of the enframing ornamentation, been cut from the same missal.

When we come to the fifteenth century there is more to occupy us—yet not much in relation to the extent and magnificence of the collection as a whole. The great Florentine School is represented by no pictures unless it be by an odd, second-rate, but yet most interesting, 'Allegorical Scene,' which was formerly, on quite insufficient grounds, ascribed to Piero di Cosimo, to whose works it bears no real resemblance. The subject would appear to be a curious variation of the usual Petrarchan 'Triumph of Amor.' It is a symbolical representation of the cruelty of Love, and, as I interpret it, a 'Triumph of Venus.' The Love-goddess—if it be she—sits enthroned on a golden car, veiled only with diaphanous draperies, and her aspect is cruel and vindictive. In front of her Cupid himself kneels subservient, stirring into fury the flame which rises red and angry from an altar, on which a luckless mortal is bound, naked and defenceless. Minor *amorini* bestride and urge on the horses harnessed to the car of the vengeful queen.

One great treasure of this school and this time the Wallace Collection possesses; but this is a drawing. I refer to the pen and bistre design by the great Antonio del

Pollajuolo, which, for want of a better name, I have provisionally labelled 'Lamentation over a martyred Saint' (Gallery III). It is the preparation for some such a subject as that which the title indicates; the personages making up the composition being without exception represented in absolute nudity, in order that the significance of movement, gesture, and rhythm may not, in the later working out, be missed. Other great masters of design, and notably Leonardo di Vinci, Fra Bartolommeo, Raphael, and Andrea del Sarto adopted this system of preparation and development in instances too numerous for mention. It was revived with the strangest and most comical effect by David in the cartoon for the *Serment du Feu de Paume* at the Louvre. There the patriots of the *Tiers-État* appear, as to their heads, individual, expressive, and true to the exact epoch—as to their bodies, classic, conventional—and stark naked. The rugged grandeur of this 'Lamentation over a martyred Saint' is peculiarly characteristic of one phase of Florentine Quattrocento art—that of Donatello, Verrocchio and A. del Pollajuolo. A cursory examination would lead the onlooker to imagine that here was the design for an 'Entombment.' But no! The youthful, beardless figure so frantically mourned by bystanders male and female is no Christ, and the classic table on which the body lies cannot be made to do duty as a tomb. Peculiarly characteristic of Pollajuolo is the physical violence, the unbridled passion, of facial expression and gesture. And yet with this tremendous upheaval of violence, psychical and bodily, there is still stiffness and want of flexibility. It remained for the Cinquecento in the years of its early prime to make the body perfectly express the passion of the soul—and then, too soon, to make the harmony, the rhythmic movement of the body paramount, and no longer subservient to feeling. Some years ago M. Bonnat, the distinguished French portrait-painter, whose collection of drawings by the Old Masters ranks first among the private collections of Europe, proposed to Sir Richard Wallace to paint his full-length, life-size portrait, in exchange for the Pollajuolo drawing; an offer which was, luckily in one way for the British public, unluckily in another, not accepted. We should have lost one of the finest drawings of the Florentine Quattrocento; we should have gained what we do not at present possess, a first-rate portrait of the famous collector to whom Europe owes so much.

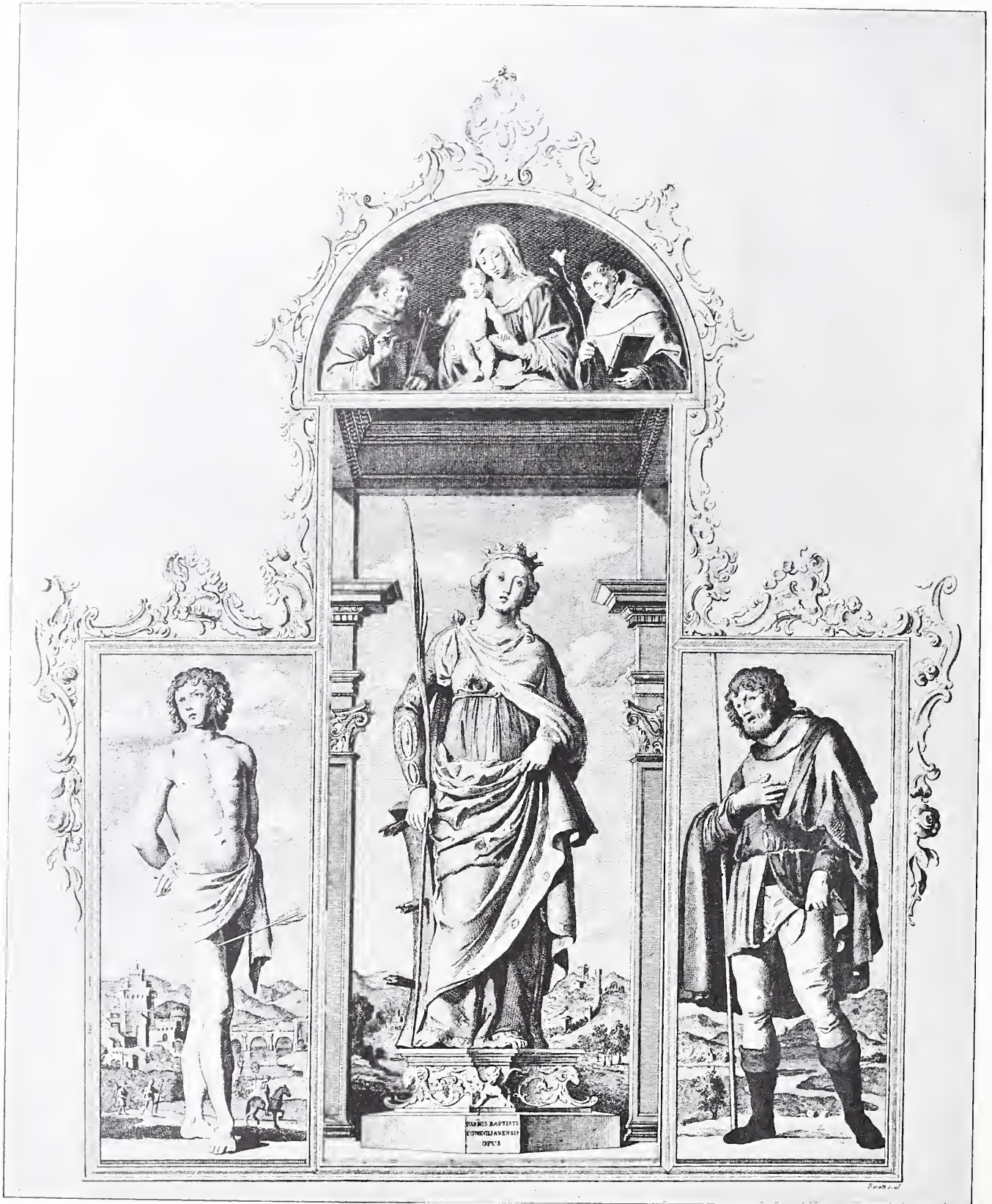
Of Florentine origin, too, is an unusually large but also rather coarse illumination, 'The Appearance of the Almighty to Noah,' attributed to Monte di Giovanni. The types of the Eternal and the Patriarch are unmistakably Botticellesque, and the miniature painting must belong to the last years of the fifteenth century. To the Ferrarese school of the same period in the Quattrocento belongs a profile 'Portrait of an Italian Gentleman' (Gallery III.), recalling the manner of Francesco Cossa, but not weighty or individual enough to be from

* Continued from page 7.

I must hasten to repair an omission made in my Introduction published in the January number of THE ART JOURNAL. In calling attention to the special gains to the nation from a bequest of great pictures happily filling certain gaps still to be noted in the National Gallery, I unaccountably failed to mention the famous 'Laughing Cavalier' of Frans Hals, which will be readily recognised as a work of the first rank, by a master no longer well represented in England. The two portraits in the National Gallery, though interesting, are quite of the second order. The diminutive full-length of a cavalier at Hampton Court is, however, so far as it goes, a jewel of the finest quality. A great portrait is 'L'Homme au Gant' of Buckingham Palace, an interesting one, the 'Portrait of the Artist,' at Devonshire House. Of astonishing force are the likenesses—on a scale not greatly exceeding that of miniature—of a burgher and his spouse in the collection of the Earl of Radnor at Longford Castle. Two superb examples of the master, acquired by Mr. Pierpont Morgan, are at present in the English section of his collection.

his own hand. Ferrarese also is a little 'St. Jerome chastising himself' (Gallery III.); Paduan, a very elaborate illumination (Gallery X.), 'The Resurrection,' the

Francesco Mantegna. A work of real importance, as the only example of a very scarce master which can as yet be identified in England, is the 'Allegorical Subject'



St. Catharine of Alexandria, with St. Sebastian and St. Roch
From an engraving in the Albertina.

composition of which recalls, without any very close resemblance, the panel of that subject, No. 1106, in the National Gallery, where it is ascribed to

(Gallery XVI.) by Francesco Bianchi Ferrari of Modena, a master of the Modenese branch of the Ferrarese school, who, dying in 1510, was a younger contemporary

of Ercole Roberti. The well-known Italian critic, Signor Adolfo Venturi, has lately devoted an elaborate study to him in the pages of the *Archivio Storico dell'Arte* (now *L'Arte*), adding generously, and in one or two cases somewhat indiscriminately, to his store, but also seeking to take away some things of importance, and among them the very curious 'Madonna and Child enthroned between Saints' of the Louvre. Bianchi's best authenticated work—it is also his last—is the 'Annunciation' of 1510, now in the Estense Gallery at Modena. With a frigid temperament unlike that of the true Ferrarese, and yet with much disagreeable mannerism of the kind inseparable from that school, Bianchi shows here very remarkable skill as an executant, and especially a rare power of bathing his beautiful landscape distance of undulating hills and sharp peaks in a true, vibrant atmosphere. Frankly, the chief interest which attaches to him just at present is that he has remained hitherto in relative obscurity, and that he is—or is popularly believed to have been—the first master of Correggio. Bianchi has neither the rugged grandeur, the fierce passion of Cosimo Tura, nor the weightiness and severe composure of Francesco Cossa—nor, again, the subtlety and pathos of Ercole Roberti. The 'Allegorical Subject' of the Wallace Collection shows a youthful female figure prone and wrapped in deep sleep; wakeful, and intently watching his companion, appears a slender youth with long curling hair, nude like the woman, save for a slight cincture of close, sharp fold; this last personage calling up indefinitely the idea of an Eros or genius in some dominant relation to the sleeper. The treatment of the hair, the peculiar construction and the mannered action of the hand, the beautiful atmospheric gradation in the landscape background—all these things convincingly recall the 'Annunciation' of Modena. Still nearer to the nude figures in our 'Allegorical Subject,' is the 'St. Sebastian' in an altar-piece by Bianchi, the 'Madonna and Child between St. Jerome and St. Sebastian,' in the Church of S. Pietro at Modena. I infer, therefore, that our quaint, unlovely, yet profoundly interesting picture at Hertford House belongs to the last period of Bianchi Ferrari.

The Venetian art of the late Quattrocento is repre-

sented by the little 'St. Roch,' of Carlo Crivelli (Gallery III.), and the magnificent 'St. Catharine of Alexandria,' of Cima da Conegliano. The 'St. Roch' has been the wing of some portable diptych, or more probably triptych. So far as it goes it is of unsurpassable quality, firm and full of accent in execution, though the finish is carried to the highest point. The colour has the sombre enamel-like glow and lucency which are never attained in the works of the true Squarcionesques, with whom the Venetian, and probably Muranese, Crivelli is sometimes

classed, by reason of his Paduan training. In style the little panel comes near to the great altar-piece in thirteen compartments which, with many other fine Crivellis, is in the National Gallery. This bears, with the signature, the date 1476. Our 'St. Roch' may come a little earlier still, seeing that the master's rugged passion, which in mode of expression has points of contact with the Paduan school on the one hand and the Ferrarese on the other, is here less marred by acute mannerism and self-consciousness than it is in the larger work. Between the 'St. Roch' and the 'St. John the Baptist' in the National Gallery altar-piece, there is a strong family likeness. It is curious, the National Gallery being, if anything, over-rich in examples of this master, that the South Kensington Museum (Jones Collection) and the Wallace Collection should both possess precious panels from his hand. Many others are still to be found in private collections in England, though we have lost a very important example in the large 'Madonna and Child with Saints,' which from the Dudley collection passed to the Berlin Gallery. All these are duly set forth in Mr. G. McNeil Rushforth's very complete monograph on the painter. He is,

however, manifestly in error in including in his catalogue of genuine Crivellis the 'Madonna and Child' now or lately at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire. It is evident, even from a photographic reproduction, that this is no Crivelli, but a panel from the workshop or *entourage* of Bartolommeo Vivarini. The types, the composition, the peculiar architecture and arrangement of throne, all these things recall the style, though not the hand, of the chief of the later Muranese school.

The 'St. Catharine' here reproduced is a Cima of the very first order, though the head and the right hand



St. Catharine of Alexandria.
By Cima da Conegliano.



The Rape of Europa.
After Titian.

have unfortunately suffered. Nothing in the National Gallery, which contains no less than five examples of the master of Conegliano, can be compared to it. Magnificently decorative in its sculptural severity is the drapery, recalling the manner of Venetian sculptors at this period. The figure, on its richly-sculptured pedestal, is a sister to those in the niches of the magnificent tomb of Andrea Vendramin, by Alessandro Leopardi, in SS. Giovanni et Paolo. The pose, the arrangement of the hair, the whole conception suggest, indeed, a contact with Leopardi, whose masterpiece must have been finished at or before this time. There were evidently cross influences, at the end of the fifteenth century, between the sculptors and the painters of Venice. For instance, a beautiful marble relief, 'The Madonna and Child with Angels,' by Pietro Lombardo, in the Doge's Palace, might almost be a Giovanni Bellini turned to stone. The 'St. Catharine,' showing as it does full maturity, but not over-ripeness, may safely be placed in the very last years of the fifteenth century. In works like this Cima is to a great extent independent of Giovanni Bellini, and we must put aside the notion that he was in such a position of artistic dependence, in relation to the great *caposcuola*, as has sometimes been assumed. He did not escape from the Bellini influence—and indeed no contemporary painter in Venice, not even Alvise Vivarini himself, was wholly outside it, but he never succumbed as absolutely as did Bissolo, Basaiti in his later phase, Catena,

and many others of less note whom it is unnecessary here to enumerate. The master who appears to have most immediately influenced Cima was his elder contemporary, the chief of the school of Vicenza, Bartolommeo Montagna. A curious discovery which we owe to Dr. G. Ludwig—a diligent student of Venetian art, and a most successful explorer of Venetian archives—enables us to look at the Cima of the Wallace Collection from a new point of view. In the Albertina at Vienna he unearthed some twelve months ago a unique eighteenth-century print, which is here reproduced on a reduced scale. It shows the 'St. Catharine' as the centre of a great *ancona*, or altar-piece, on either side being the saints whose intercession is specially implored against the plague, St. Sebastian and St. Roch, whilst above, in the lunette, appear the Madonna and Child flanked by St. Dominic and St. Francis (?). Thus, then, the picture appeared as late as the eighteenth century—if the pronounced rococo setting be not imaginary—in the church of S. Rocco in Mestre, near Venice, for which it was presumably painted. The two side panels are now in the new gallery of Strassburg, for which they were purchased some years ago in London by Dr. Bode. The lunette, which is of exquisite quality and one of Cima's best compositions, belongs to a noted collector, Mr. John Edward Taylor, of Kensington Palace Gardens. Looking at the altar-piece thus reconstituted the idea occurs to me at once that here we have the work which inspired



Perseus and Andromeda.
By Titian.

the not very imaginative Palma Vecchio, when he painted for the altar of the Bombadieri, in the church of S. Maria Formosa at Venice, his elaborate altar-piece of which the centre is the world-famous 'Santa Barbara.' This would not be the only occasion on which Palma had taken a hint from Cima. The 'Constantine and St. Helena' (1502) of the latter, in the church of S. Giovanni in Bragora at Venice, has obviously been Palma's model in his modernised and much less dignified rendering of the same subject, now to be found in the gallery of the Brera at Milan. The vicissitudes of an altar-piece by the Ferrarese Francesco Cossa, of which the centre is to be found in the National Gallery, have been very similar. This is shown to be a 'St. Hyacinth,' though it is still erroneously catalogued as 'St. Vincentius Ferrer.' The wings, presenting, in a rather more rugged style, 'St. Peter' and 'St. John the Baptist,' are in the Brera, while the important predella, 'The Miracles of St. Hyacinth,' has long, under the name of Benozzo Gozzoli, been in the Pinacoteca of the Vatican.

It will perhaps be most convenient to take next in order the other Venetian pictures in the collection, retracing our steps afterwards to deal with the Milanese School, as well as with the single examples of the

Florentine Andrea del Sarto and the Sienese Beccafumi which the gallery contains. The 'Venus disarming Cupid,' which I have put down to the Venetian School of the early sixteenth century, was in the Orleans Gallery as a Giorgione, and as such was engraved by De Longueil and Halbon. It is just such a picture as in the eighteenth century, and in the first seventy years of the nineteenth, everyone called a Giorgione. It has indeed the poetry, the perfume which belongs to Venetian art, and to it alone, at the moment when it breaks away from the Quattrocento and enters the Cinquecento. But the light of artistic beauty and poetry does not wholly, or chiefly, radiate from the thing itself; it is transmitted by reflection from a greater centre. The finest Venetian art gives some of its glamour, its fascination, to the 'Venus disarming Cupid;' but this does not surely make the picture itself the finest Venetian art. I have stated that it stands midway between Giorgione and the young Titian in his Giorgionesque phase; and this very fairly defines its character. The partial ruin of the very attractive canvas may account for much, but by no means for such weaknesses and discrepancies as are here to be noted. The pose and action of the Venus are imperfectly

understood, and the superbly coloured draperies are also defective, both in themselves and in relation to the limbs which they cover. The blond Venus is not in the narrower sense a Giorgionesque type of loveliness; no amount of distortion by restoration could account for the essential difference between this puffed-out Cupid and the *bambini* of Barbarelli. The broadly-brushed but rather empty landscape is not of the exact type to be noted in Giorgione's best-authenticated work. Were it necessary to decide between the claims of Giorgione and the young Titian, his emulator, I should certainly give my vote to the latter; since both the type of the Venus and the peculiar folds of her crimson and white draperies are more in his early style than in the manner of Giorgione. The landscape, too, shows much greater analogy with those of the early Titians—and of Giorgione's Dresden 'Venus,' in which Titian is said to have completed the landscape—than it does with anything that can with absolute security be pointed to as Barbarelli's own. But it is not necessary, or desirable, to ignore doubts as legitimate as those suggested by an analysis of this picture. Great masters may be, and undoubtedly often are, inferior to themselves; but it is carelessness and haste that their work then betrays, not lack of comprehension, not of a sudden, material change of types and character. We must be content to leave the 'Venus disarming Cupid' for the present under its new description, and to consider it as a work beautiful with the rare beauty proper to this particular time, even when we have to do with things less than first-rate, but not without rashness to be attributed to a Venetian master of the very first rank.

Of the 'Perseus and Andromeda' of Titian—the vanished picture now definitively restored to the world—I have written at great length in the "Nineteenth Century" for May, 1900; and to that article I refer such readers as may care to have more detailed information on the subject. The 'Perseus and Andromeda,' which now hangs in a place of honour—but unavoidably a good deal too high—in the great Gallery XVI. at Hertford House, was never, properly speaking, in the Wallace Collection in the lifetime of the owner. I had the good fortune to discover it, all forlorn and unnoticed, in the bath-room at Hertford House. Partially hidden under coats of discoloured varnish, it had been passed over, with its solitary and quite unworthy companion in misfortune, as a thing of absolutely no importance. After I had written as above, Mr. Humphry Ward called my attention to a very material piece of evidence, in support of my contention, which I had overlooked. It appears that in Sir Abraham Hume's "Notices of the Life and Works of Titian" (London: Rodwell, 1829), the picture is mentioned as having come into the Orleans Gallery from the collection of M. de la Vrillière, and as having been previously, with the 'Rape of Europa,' from the same brush, in the collection of Christina, Queen of Sweden. At the date of publication of this work—and here we have, of course, the all-important fact—the 'Perseus and Andromeda' of the Orleans Gallery was in the possession of the then Marquis of Hertford. Dr. Waagen saw it nearly fifty years ago, and with obvious haste and considerable material error, described it as a Paolo Veronese painted under the influence of Titian. Visiting the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg a few years later, the German critic ascribed the life-size and more or less contemporary copy of our picture to Tintoretto, under whose name it remained until the present director, M. de Somoff, in the

new catalogue of 1891, restored *his* 'Perseus and Andromeda' to Titian. The following passage, quoted from the catalogue, is greatly to the honour of the Russian critic, seeing that the original picture was at that time known to none. "D'après ces considérations nous classons 'La Délivrance d'Andromède' parmi les œuvres du Titien; si ce n'est ni le tableau exécuté par lui pour le roi d'Espagne, ni la répétition de cet original, c'est pour le moins une copie faite par quelque élève du Titien. En attribuant ce tableau au Tintoret M. Waagen a été induit en erreur, sans doute, par le hardi raccourci de la figure de Persée . . ." Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who had never seen the picture, and were, indeed, unaware that it was still in existence, placed it, on the strength of the correspondence with Philip II., about 1556, imagining it to have been sent to the Spanish King about that time. Judging by the advanced and almost "impressionistic" technique of the picture in parts, I should like to advance it to the year 1562 at least. It is a genuine *poesia* of the later time, belonging to those years of splendid old age in which Titian, strangely enough, recovered much of the imaginativeness of his youth, and developed, side by side with this half-dramatic half-lyrical vein of sentiment, a new phase of religious feeling, coloured by awe, and even by terror. What other man, having reached the extreme limits of old age, could have produced this 'Perseus and Andromeda,' the 'Rape of Europa,' and the even considerably later 'Nymph and Shepherd' of the Vienna Gallery on the one hand; the late 'Ecce Homo' of the Louvre, the later 'Ecce Homo' of Munich, and the latest 'Pietà' of the Venice Academy on the other?

A careful study of the Hertford House picture in conjunction with the 'Rape of Europa' is a labour of love rendered easy by the fact that the Wallace Collection can show, hanging on the same wall in Gallery XVI., the finest and most accurate copy of the latter picture in existence. The comparison, allowing for the fact that the original 'Rape of Europa' is about the same size as the 'Perseus and Andromeda' of Hertford House, reveals curious points of agreement between the two pictures, both of them belonging to exactly the same period in Titian's practice. They were both destined for the private cabinet of Philip II., and obviously intended to appeal to that sombre yet sensual monarch on one side, while the sacred pictures appealed to him with equal force on the other. Still, even in this phase, Titian did not and could not descend to any concessions which would lower the dignity of his art, or take his work out of the realms of sensuous poetry into those of suggestive prose.

The two canvases might perfectly well have hung as pendants; they may be said to agree by contraries, since their strongly contrasting features do not exclude a certain unity of general design and intention. The 'Perseus and Andromeda' shows a dark scheme with luminous depths, and half-lights; the 'Rape of Europa,' a scheme of radiant and joyous daylight. In both cases the main figures are crowded into one corner of the picture—the Andromeda appearing to the left, the Europa to the right. In both the sea plays a commanding rôle—lashed into fury by the monster in the one case, frothing benevolently round the divine bull and his happy prey in the other. There is agreement, even, in the type of the sea-monsters, though the one is huge and terrible, the other diminutive and quaint. Moreover the violent movement of the descending Perseus has its striking parallel in the bold flight of the two Cupids in the 'Rape of Europa.' Here then we have, in a Titian

which has always ranked among the most celebrated productions of his brush, the very movement which has caused some visitors to the Wallace Collection, repeating the error of Dr. Waagen, to pronounce the name of Tintoretto in front of one of the most characteristic and unmistakable works of Titian's old age. It may be freely conceded that the time-honoured master was not above taking a hint from his younger rival; much as still later on (1570), in his figure of laurelled-crowned 'Wisdom,' on the ceiling of the Antisala to the Libreria Vecchia, he was to take hints not only from Raphael but from Paolo Veronese; much as old Giovanni Bellini had, in the beginning of the century, taken hints from Giorgione. The process is not an unnatural one, and the instances might be multiplied, both in art and in music.

Our copy, on a much reduced scale, of the 'Rape of Europa' is so fine that many—including the late Lord Leighton—have looked upon it as the original sketch for the picture formerly at Cobham and now in the United

States. I have said already that it is the best extant repetition of the great original—itself one of the most brilliant *tours de force* of Titian's old age. And I maintain this, well remembering the magnificent full-size copy by Rubens in the museum of the Prado; this last bearing, as do all the great Fleming's numerous copies after Titian, the impress of his own exuberant individuality. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have made the ingenious suggestion that our picture is a copy, made while the original was in Spain, by the pupil and son-in-law of Velazquez, Juan Bautista del Mazo. This is a startling attribution, at first, for a canvas which renders so surprisingly well Titian's Venetian charm and radiance of colour. All the same, it deserves serious consideration. A close examination reveals that the technique of the copy, brilliant as it is, differs sensibly from that of the Venetians of the great time, especially in the comparative absence of depth and transparency of colour.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



From a drawing by Miss H. H. Coode.

The Scottish National Gallery.

THE Scottish National Gallery has just come into possession of thirty-eight Turner drawings, under the will of the late Mr. Henry Vaughan, of 28, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park, London. They are valued at £10,000.

It is the most important bequest which the gallery, in the whole course of its existence, has ever received; for it is rather remarkable that so very few pictures are left by Scotsmen to the National Collection. Under the will of Mr. Vaughan the drawings in question were bequeathed to a body called "The Royal Institution," which has been extinct since 1858; but fortunately the Trustees of the National Gallery were able to convince Mr. Vaughan's executors that they are the heirs-at-law of the old body which used to take an oversight of Scottish Art affairs. The drawings come North with the rigid condition attached to the acceptance of the bequest, that they shall be exhibited six days a week during the month of January in each year, and for that month only. For the other eleven months of the year they are to be locked up in a cabinet; Mr. Vaughan being a believer, evidently, in the theory that water-colours exposed continuously to light are apt to fade. The drawings were exhibited for the first time in the National Gallery, Edinburgh, on the 7th of January, and have been welcomed with acclaim by artists and the art-loving public of the Scottish metropolis. The series embraces several works of first-class importance; and of the others it may be said that they are worthy in every respect of Turner's genius. There are a few early drawings, which, though undated, were evidently made in the beginning of his career, when he was still under the influence of Sandby and Girton. They are very interesting, neatly outlined as they are and executed in a few simple washes without anything of that opulence of colour with which the works

done in his maturer years are so supremely distinguished. The series includes examples of scenery in England, Wales, Scotland, Switzerland, Italy, and the Rhine. Many of them were engraved by the eminent line-engravers of the time, who helped to spread Turner's fame, for the different illustrated publications with which the name of the artist is associated.

Among the Scottish drawings, the Gallery has been fortunate enough to secure vignettes, charming in colour and beautiful in finish, of 'The Rhymers Glen,' of 'Chiefswood Cottage' (the house of Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law), of 'Loch Coruisk,' and of the gem of the set—an exquisite drawing of Melrose, greatly praised by Mr. Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, in his biography of the artist. Executed about 1830, it recalls the fact that when Turner was illustrating the works of Sir Walter Scott, to which this water-colour belongs, he was the guest of the author of "Waverley," at the famed mansion of Abbotsford. As a matter of fact, into the foreground of this beautiful embodiment of a Border landscape, Turner has introduced a picnic party, one of the figures in which bears a striking resemblance to Scott himself. There are two large views of Durham Cathedral. One is of early date, being little more than a study in greys, while in the other, executed in 1838, the towers of the stately pile are illuminated by a rosy, afternoon light, with the valley and the river filled with a golden haze. This fine drawing was exhibited at the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, and at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy of 1887—the latter show being one in which several of the other drawings were also seen. It is valued at £1,000, and the same price has been put upon other two drawings, viz., that of Heidelberg, a lovely harmony in golden tones—one of Turner's dream landscapes, and the other of Llanberis Lake, belonging to the Welsh series. The latter is a fine drawing also, with more topographical accuracy, and more natural colour than some of the others possess.

A very beautiful water-colour is that of 'Neuweid on the Rhine,' in which one may detect the departure from the carefully detailed work of Turner's early days, to the more fanciful and free execution of a later

period. The foreground water with sedgy edges, in which some sportsmen are shooting ducks, is elaborately finished, while the distant hills and the sky are treated in an altogether different, and more artistic, style. The collection is particularly rich in views of Swiss and Venetian scenery, and as examples of Turner's great ability to paint purely artistic conceptions of nature, in lovely harmonies of colour, with mysteries of

light over earth and sky, few finer drawings could be named than those of 'Schwyz on Lake Lucerne,' 'Monta Rosa,' the 'Piazzetto, Venice,' under the effects of a lightning storm, the 'Palazzo Balbi,' the 'Rialto,' 'Verrex,' 'Thun,' and 'Schaffhausen.' Of the famous Rhine Falls there are three views, one of them under moonlight.

W. M. G.

'The Parting of the Ways,' by W. Q. Orchardson.

THAN Mr. Orchardson we have no more widely-known or distinctive genre painter. Born in Edinburgh midway in the thirties, he was sent at the age of fifteen to the Trustees' Academy, where Robert Scott Lauder was the teacher. His feats of draughtsmanship—for he would accomplish in weeks or even in days that which involved months of earnest study in the case of most of his fellows—caused it to be said that "he has two heads on his shoulders." Lauder was a man of purpose, and his tuition has left its mark not only on the work of Mr. Orchardson, but on that of other Academicians like the late John Pettie, and Messrs. Peter Graham and John MacWhirter.

For some time Mr. Orchardson, who in 1862 came to London and lived with Pettie in Fitzroy Square, confined himself to subjects of utmost simplicity; as has been said, he painted at this time for himself without thought of public or connoisseur. In 1877, the year in which he was raised from associateship to full membership of the Academy, he sent to Burlington House 'The Queen of Swords,' one of the first important pictures in a kind with which his name is now intimately associated. Admired in London, it excited enthusiasm at the great International Exhibition in Paris, 1878. A thought less of dignity and grace in the figure of the girl who trips beneath the crossed swords, a mere suggestion of over-emphasis, and the work would have failed.

It is by reason of the refined taste directing and controlling brain and hand, that Mr. Orchardson triumphs. He delightfully and with delight reconstructs for us in picture the brilliant Salons of the French Empire and the Directoire. To lack good breeding was then the unforgivable sin; the apt word, the elegant gesture, the air of distinction, the expression in a combination of these of the subtlest shades of meaning—by the presence or the absence of these qualifications was a man or a woman adjudged. The Demos had not yet awakened to consciousness of its power, there was in no true sense a democracy. Again and again Mr. Orchardson has proved how finely he is equipped, first by nature and next by training, to represent incidents in that elegant past, reared on a foundation of sand, which has vanished as a dream from the world. Grey and faint yellow, notes of pale blue or green, give to his schemes of colour

something of the remote character of an old tapestry; at his best he produces an illusion of relief by a masterly use of semitones, of delicate gradations of light.

'The Parting of the Ways' is a typical Orchardson. The artist seeks a psychological moment, and having found it, aims to extract from it the utmost pictorial significance. The art of the painter is dissimilar from that of the romancist or the musician, inasmuch as he can represent a moment only. Mr. Orchardson is aware of the literary limitations of his craft, and, wisely, he works within these limits. The most stringent test of a so-called literary picture is to dissociate it from its title, and then to judge in what degree if at all it suffers. Of what consequence from a strictly pictorial point of view is the title attached to Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre,' to many a picture by Rembrandt and Velasquez, to some of Millet's peasant figures, to a dramatic piece by Delacroix? It is interesting to know the theme, but beauty and significance do not depend on such knowledge. Nor does the appeal of pictures like Mr. Orchardson's 'Her First Dance,' 'Voltaire,' the 'Salon of Mme. Recamier,' and others, rest to an undue extent upon our knowledge of the titles. It is Mr. Orchardson's dexterous and dainty touch, complemented by graceful fancy, which give to favourable examples by him their peculiar worth.

In 'The Parting of the Ways,' for instance, he suggests much, but he does not labour the literary side of the picture. Each spectator is left to interpret as he wills the story of this high-born girl, in Empire gown, seated on one of those lovely chairs, which, in itself, indicates the nature of her up-bringing. The sumptuous hangings, the finely decorative carpet, the pot of flowers—these, treated as they are in somewhat faint, unobtrusive colours, fitly environ the figure. See, too, how psychologically just is the pose, how the folds of the clinging dress enhance the effect of mental incertitude. It will be recalled that Mr. Orchardson, who is hardly less well-known in the domain of portraiture than in that of genre, sent to last year's Academy a canvas on a large scale, showing Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, as he then was, the Duke of York, with little Prince Edward offering a bouquet of flowers to Her Majesty.



From a drawing by J. Fitzgerald.

Farnham.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, A.R.E.

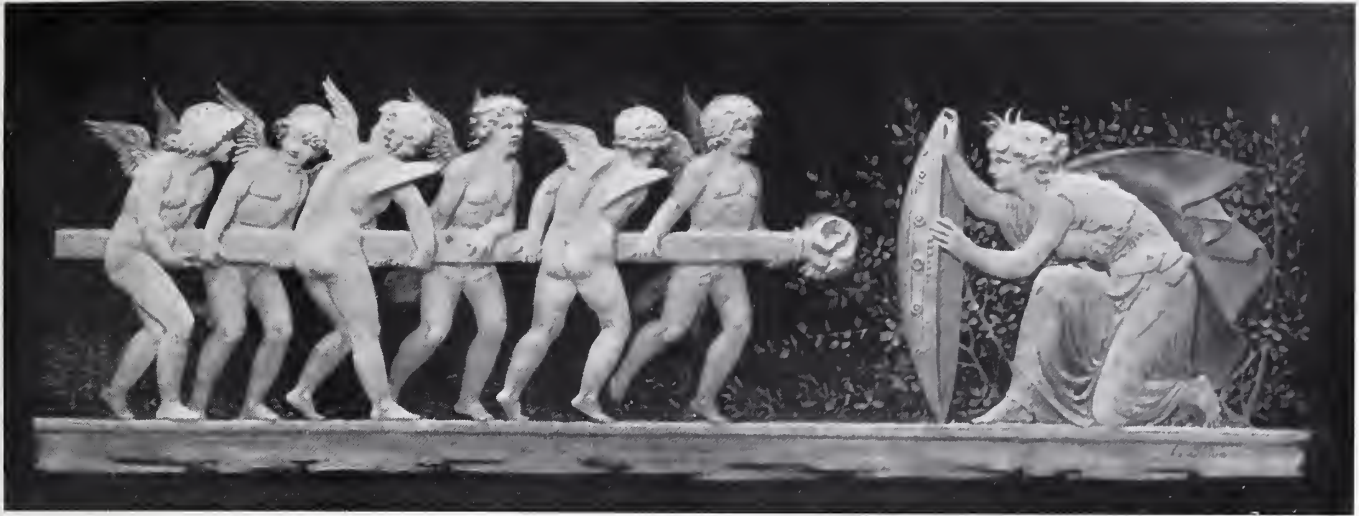
THE etcher has to sacrifice actual colour in his work, but he is very far from having to sacrifice a sense of colour. Look at an etched landscape by Rembrandt, or a portrait wrought by what in his hand became a magic needle. Although in black and white only, they express an infinite variety of colour—express, too, the most subtle and elusive atmospheric effects, which depend in large part on gradation of tone. The Royal Society of Painter Etchers, of which Mr. Percy Robertson is a member, has fulfilled a useful office in educating the public in this, one of the most potent and delightful branches of art. Mr. Robertson is familiar, by residence within its borders, with the beautiful county which he depicts. Farnham is an essentially English place, as Mr. Robertson is an essentially English artist. Of the various manners which may be adopted for the composition of an etching, we here have a foreground emphasised, extending by carefully considered or felt stages to a dimly-seen distance. The artist's eyes have been fixed on the cottages and saplings to the right; and the meadow intersected by a willow-girt stream, the church tower, the town itself lying in the shelter of the hill, and the trees silhouetted against the sky, while coming within his range of vision, have of necessity been treated less in detail, albeit they are essential to the pictorial effect desired.

The Art Journal, London, H. Wilson & Co. Ltd.



An original Etching by Henry Robt. Wilson & Co.

Farnham



The Battering-ram.

Pâte-sur-Pâte.

IT may appear somewhat ill-timed, in the present state of public taste, to venture to call attention to a kind of ceramic work which does not derive its chief value from the quality of its constitutive materials and the unexpected and exquisite effects that a consummate master of all the secrets of the arts of fire has succeeded in producing by their ingenious combinations.

From the tendencies of modern productions we may judge that ceramics are undergoing a radical transformation, and we have good cause to apprehend that, as a natural result of the movement, art and pottery, which could so well go hand in hand, will soon part company from each other. The standard of beauty is being shifted from one level to another. An influential band of reputed connoisseurs, proud of establishing a set of new-fangled criterions, has decreed that, in the productions of fictile art, our highest tribute of admiration is due to material excellence. We agree with them in so much that the surface of a precious substance, variegated by a fascinating play of glitter and colour, offers a charm to which it is difficult not to yield; but, on the other hand, we fear that when an infatuated hankering for mere superficial attractiveness shall have replaced purer aspirations towards artistic merit, the artist, feeling that any effort of his could no longer meet with due appreciation, will give up a hopeless struggle and retire from the contest.

The conditions in which we stand in that respect are clearly illustrated in the show made by the National Manufactory of Sèvres at the last Exhibition. Anxious to affirm their capability, not only of keeping apace with the times, but also of overstepping modern taste in its most inordinate evolutions, the directorate has unmistakably tried to do away with all the long-accepted notions of ceramic decoration of which the National establishment was supposed to be the academic guardian. They have shown, once more, that their manufacturing processes stand unrivalled, whether in the composition of bodies and glazes or in the perfection of workmanship. To attract and captivate our eye they have made a wonderful display of coloured grounds of all possible and impossible

hues; to satisfy the craving for technical novelties, they have provided countless specimens of crystallisations, or "étoilé" glazes—a tricky process, by-the-by, bound to be discarded and forgotten on the fast-coming day when, being cheaply produced in the trade, examples of it shall cease to be considered as surprising curiosities. In the preparation of that exhibition the ruling programme seems to have been that no special call should be made upon decorative art for the embellishment of surfaces; it would scarcely be correct to range under the heading of decorative pieces the few large vases, of stencilled aspect, in which a scheme of flat ornamentation, executed in faint and dull tints, strives to emulate the mannerism of the posters of the decadent school. We look in vain for a bit of delicate china painting, either figures or flowers; neither can we discover any instance of richly enamelled ornamentation. Pâte-sur-pâte, a process which had originated at Sèvres, and which at no distant period had given occupation to the larger portion of the artistic staff—gilding itself, in the perfection of which the old manufactory had such good cause to be proud—all these, not to speak of many other styles of practical workmanship, have been mercilessly repudiated as obsolete methods unworthy of being represented side by side with the results of modern achievements.

A cursory examination of the exhibits of other leading firms is sufficient for us to determine the narrow line on which the further progress of ceramic art is to be conducted. To decline to follow the marked track is to run the risk of being taxed with the unpardonable offence of not being—as the Parisian slang has it—"dans le train." But accepting the neologism as forcibly describing the apparently stationary condition of the staid and sedate spirits who, after many trying experiences of reckless and aimless travelling, have, ultimately, chosen to stop and pitch their tent upon some safe and pleasant spot on the roadside, one must also grant that the quiet onlooker has some right to regard the fast-flying train with a feeling of apprehension, and question whether its wild course is not carry-

ing away the deluded passengers towards the trackless regions of the Unknown.

The process of "Pâte-sur-pâte," on which it is my intention to say a few words, although by no means devoid of technical interest, is scarcely susceptible of undergoing the capricious modifications imposed upon ceramics by the dictates of fickle fashion. The belated artist—who still persists in preserving the old traditions and believes that a piece of pottery may have, like any other work of art, some special merit if its conscientious treatment bears the stamp of the maker's personality—must take the process as it is, and depend only for success on the result he can obtain by a thoughtful conception of the design and the loving care he will bestow on its execution.

When I entered the Imperial Manufactory at Sèvres—I speak of more than forty years ago—the artistic direction of the works had been diverted into fresh channels. The old Sèvres, so dear to the porcelain collector, was quietly making room for the advent of a new Sèvres. To the long-honoured custom of adorning plates and vases with highly-finished copies of oil paintings, had been substituted the wiser plan of asking talented painters for original compositions, expressly designed to complete, to the best advantage, the pieces entrusted to their decorative ability; to the irksome repetition of hackneyed patterns, or the still more lamentable introduction of classical styles most unsuitable to the object in view, had succeeded a more independent and broad system of decoration, evolved from a comprehensive study of the best schools of the past, and grounded upon the sound principles of adaptability and elegance.



The Tame Bird.

To uphold the forward movement, young and promising artists had been drafted, not, as it had been customary before, from the china-painting shops, but from the most renowned studios in Paris. The inexperience of the new-comers in the practice of the craft may have

been made the subject of a passing objection; but they were all clever men willing and able to learn, and the recollection of the fact still exists at the works that, after a few preliminary trials, the superiority of their technical execution put to shame the skill of the oldest



"No smoke without fire."

practitioners. The works produced under those conditions stand unparalleled. An account of the results accomplished under the joint direction of Ebelmen and Diéterle forms a glorious chapter in the annals of the Sèvres manufactory. Fortunate are the collectors who can boast of having secured some choice specimen dating from that period of unorthodox china-painting. They were dispersed long ago, by far the larger part having been sent by the French Government as presents to foreign courts and distant museums. Of the following prominent examples I can only recall the memory, but, in most cases, could not say where they are now to be seen. The neo-Greek vases, encircled with a frieze of bewitching figures to which Hamon had imparted the very essence of his egregious genius, grafting upon a feeling for plastic beauty, worthy of a true son of antique Hellas, all the delicacies of feminine modernity. The supremely refined "concetti," inspired from the anthology, that Froment elaborated so daintily in plain camaïeux of gold-purple upon jewel-like pieces of soft porcelain; the spirited scenes "à la Watteau," so bright and harmonious in colour, of which Th. Fragonard had inherited the tradition. Lastly, the masterly enamels on copper of Gobert, equal in technical perfection, and vastly superior as artistic creations, to the finest examples of the old Limoges school. These as well as a host of minor works that we cannot mention here for want of space, are now things of the past. The accomplished

craftsmen who used to perfect them will not be easily replaced.

One may clearly realise the stimulating influence of the artistic atmosphere with which I found myself surrounded when, still a youthful student with my way



Bird Netting.

to find out, I was permitted to work in concert with such a gathering of practical masters. My ambition was to follow their example and make my mark as a ceramic artist. The paramount importance of watching for the accidents and failures which may occur in the firing, and turning them into the production of fictile eccentricities, had not entered my mind; nowadays, the advantage to be derived from cunningly availing oneself of uncontrollable casualties, passes before all other considerations.

Far from me be it to say that, at the time I am speaking of, the improvements of manufacture were in any way neglected. Sufficient testimonies have been left to us to show the progress that was being made in the advance of technical knowledge. Old methods were amended, new processes were introduced. One of the innovations from which arose the greatest expectations was the altogether new method of decorating the porcelain before any firing had taken place by the application of white reliefs upon coloured grounds; a process which received the appropriate name of "Pâte-sur-Pâte," that is "Body upon Body." The first idea was derived from a Chinese vase preserved in the ceramic museum, which showed a design of flowers and foliage of white paste heavily embossed upon a celadon ground. Simple as the scheme may appear, serious difficulties were experienced before it could be brought to complete realisation, the worst of these being that the perfect adherence of the applied parts could never be depended upon; they cracked, blistered, or fell off in the course of

the firing. At last, the obstacle being overcome and the right way of proceeding having been definitively settled, it was found that the result arrived at went far beyond the end it had been intended to reach; in short, that the merit of the imitation far surpassed that of the model. The Chinese original was made of a coarse and opaque substance rudely carved by a hasty hand; a Pâte-sur-Pâte vase exhibited the delicate transparencies of a paste of so fine a texture that there was, practically, no limit to the degree of refinement and perfection that could be brought into its treatment.

I was asked to try my hand at the new process, and two sculptors, who were then practising it with success, initiated me—I cannot say with an evident alacrity—into the mysteries of the craft. H. Régnier, an elderly man, was one of the two. Faithful unto the last to the beliefs of his young days, he was turning Pâte-sur-Pâte into a rather incongruous exponent of the antiquated tenets of Romanticism, of which he was one of the last representatives. His materials were all borrowed from the little masters of the Fontainebleau school, and he continued to revel in entwining acanthus leaves with slender and distorted figures into the intricacies of Renaissance interlacings and strapwork. Gély was the other; in him the process had found the artist who could efficiently develop all its possibilities. Gifted with an extraordinary skill of hand, he could chisel the porcelain paste with a surety and neatness of touch usually reserved to the treatment of precious metals. A talented designer, no one knew better than he how to cast a graceful spray of flowers upon the curve of a vase, and enliven the arrangement by the introduction of small animals, birds,



The Wild Bird.

fishes, and insects, always true to nature. Whatever the size of the piece which passed through his hands, whether it was a diminutive tazza or a large "potiche," the decoration was always worked out with equal care and delicacy.

What I learned from them of the purely mechanical part of the process, together with what I have since added to it through the result of my own experience, I shall now endeavour to communicate to my reader. I hope it is not presuming too much on my part if I take it for granted that Pâte-sur-Pâte decoration is familiar to all those who take an interest in ceramics, and that the effects that can be obtained with that particular style of work have not to be described. Nevertheless, to make it clear to all, I may briefly state that it is an application of white, or, in some cases, of coloured reliefs upon a field of a darker tint, and that its particular recommendation lies in the contrast existing between the thickest parts, which retain a certain opacity, and the thinner ones, to which an incipient vitrification imparts a cameo-like transparency.

The piece it is intended to decorate must be in the clay state, that is to say, just as it leaves the hand of the potter, and before it has been submitted to any firing. Upon the still-pulverulent and porous surface, the artist sketches freely the main lines of his subject. Then, with a painting brush dipped in "Slip,"—a term used in the trade for clay diluted with water to the consistency of a batter—he proceeds to lay on the foundations of his relief-work. Coat after coat the slip is carefully applied; no fresh coat is to be added before the preceding one is perfectly dry. To neglect this precaution would be to compromise the success of the whole operation, and cause the applied parts to blister or peel off from the ground. Accidents of that sort had persistently hampered the progress of the first experiments; so, to guard against the occurrence, it was deemed indispensable—before this simple method had been contrived—to keep the piece in a constant state of moisture while the decoration was being completed, a condition which still increased the difficulty of the process, and would have rendered it almost impracticable.

With this preliminary brushwork a rough sketch is produced, in which care has been taken to give to each part comparatively its right degree of relief; but the surface is rough and rugged, and no attempt has been made to introduce any detail. The work has now to be treated in the same way as a sculptor would treat a bas-relief of plaster of Paris, or of fine-grained stone. By means of sharp iron tools the substance is scraped, smoothed, incised; forms are softly modelled, details neatly defined, outlines made rigorously precise. As long as the artist is not satisfied, he may take the brush again and

use it alternately with the tool, raising one part, effacing another, as he may think it expedient. The last finishing touches, which shall preserve to the details a sharpness that glazing and firing would otherwise obliterate, are painted on with thicker slip in a style quite peculiar to the treatment of Pâte-sur-Pâte. Although the clever management and happy gradations of the transparencies are of the greatest importance in the final result, as they are only developed by vitrification, the operator has no other guide in that respect but his experience and judgment. Great disappointment may follow the firing of a piece, all miscalculation being first made manifest when it comes out of the oven. At that moment, unfortunately, it is too late to make any alteration; the work, once fired, can no longer be touched up; errors and misfortunes must stand as they are.

This concludes what we have to say of the artistic side of the process; the technical part remains to be examined.

The best material of which the pieces can be formed is porcelain in its various compositions, although I have obtained good results from a trial of some kinds of English earthenware which, containing a certain percentage of China stone, are also of a partially vitrifiable nature.

Hard porcelain, such as they use at Sèvres and in all the Continental factories, is the finest material of all, but it admits only of a very limited number of colours, and offers greater difficulties of manufacture.

A substitute has been found in England, where hard porcelain is not manufactured, in Parian, a body composed of the same elements

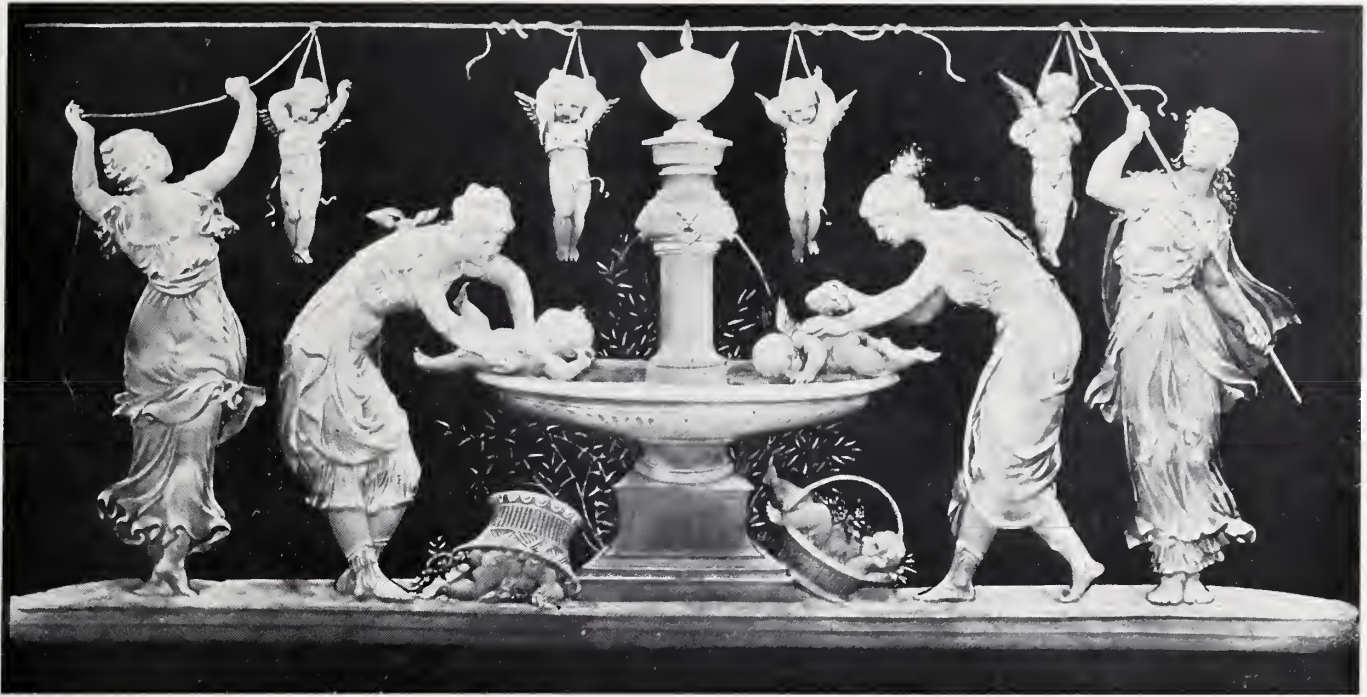
combined in different proportions. Its greater fusibility allows of its being fired at a lower temperature than the one required by the Continental porcelain; and, under those conditions, many colours which cannot stand a higher degree of heat may be advantageously employed. English china can also give fair results; but the phosphate of lime entering into its composition attacks and deteriorates the larger number of the colouring materials.

As it is better that all pieces decorated by the process should be coloured throughout the mass, the body out of which they are to be fashioned has to be mixed with metallic oxides, incorporated by thorough grinding, in proportions varying from one to ten per cent. Occasionally—for instance, when a very strong tint is required—the proportion of oxide is increased, and a thin coat of the mixture is laid on over the ground.

Cobalt gives the blues, and chromium the greens, in



Detail of the Bacchus and Ceres Vase.



Washerwomen

all their varieties; iron the dark yellows and transparent browns.

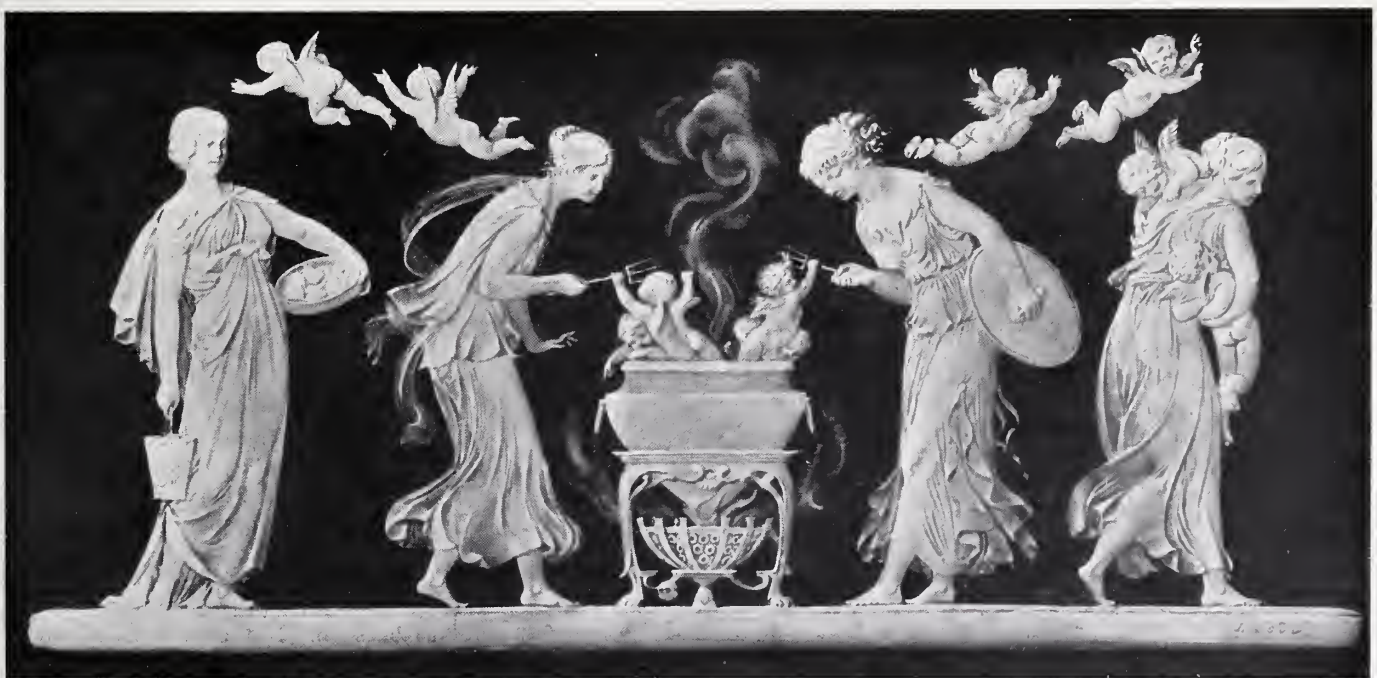
Titanium supplies the scale of yellows, from light to dark; precipitate of gold a light carmine, and iridium a cold black; a warmer and safer black is made with chromate of potash, to which a little cobalt may be added.

Out of uranium several tints can be obtained, ranging from bright yellow to intense black, according to the proportions in which it is combined with the body.

A red, equivalent in intensity to the red of the Rhodian ware, is yielded by a natural stone called "Grès de

Thiviers." The place of origin of that rare substance has long been one of the professional secrets of the old faïence makers.

Lastly, a compound of bi-chromate of potash and alumina, fritted together, is used to produce the changing effects of the "Pâtes changeantes" of the Sèvres manufactory. Its delicate shade of pink possesses the peculiarity of being highly intensified by artificial light. It lends itself to the following artifice. A small quantity of the compound may be introduced (without producing any apparent alteration by daylight) into a blue or green paste; but when the mixture is



Pot Luck.

exposed in a room illuminated by gas, blue and green are so completely altered as to become, respectively, bright lilac and warm red.

These metallic pigments, and all their combinations, can be used conjointly with parian body, but only a few of them are available in the manufacture of hard porcelain. On the other hand, I have obtained some beautiful effects, in the French ovens, from nickel oxide, but I have been unable to produce anything similar in England. A very small percentage of nickel being added to a body already coloured with any other oxides, has the property of staining, through vaporisation, the white clay of the applied parts with a rich and mellow brown tint, not unlike that of a newly-coloured meerschau pipe. The result cannot be obtained in any other way, and our firings are not powerful enough to cause the oxide to evaporate.

Pâte-sur-Pâte is baked in the same ovens and under the same conditions as the regular ware. The firing lasts about thirty-six hours, and after sufficient time has been allowed for cooling, the pieces are drawn out in the

all points, one must rest satisfied if they have not sustained such irretrievable accident as renders them utterly worthless.

It is to be wished that this refined and truly legitimate method of pottery decoration should be more extensively practised—I mean by talented men—for it has proved ill-calculated to meet the exigencies of common trade. Any painter or sculptor, who may feel inclined to make a few trials, will find in the above instructions all that is needed to ensure success.

The claims of Pâte-sur-Pâte to the consideration of the artist are twofold. Firstly, the material execution offers no special difficulties, and, short as the process may appear, it answers, nevertheless, all that can, judiciously, be demanded from it; the result, when it has been knowingly brought about, owes little or nothing to the curious haphazards on which the wares now most in favour have to depend, or to the interference of mechanical means, as, for instance, in the case of old Wedgwood ware, in which all the applied parts have been taken out of moulds; it is, therefore, essentially artistic in its pos-



Cupid's Brazier.

biscuit state. It has often been a matter of regret to me that some choice examples could not be left in that state. All the fineness of the workmanship can then be fully appreciated; and when the surface has received a slight polish, an operation which can be easily performed on the lapidary wheel, the notion of covering it with a thick glaze does not always suggest itself as a necessary improvement. Such pieces, however, as I have prepared for the purpose and attempted to show completed merely with a slight polish, were, it is true, much admired by connoisseurs, but found purchasers only on condition that they should be glazed over like the rest of my work—a final verdict which, as it may be easily understood, did not encourage me to persevere in the experiment.

In obedience to the established rule the biscuit has to be coated over with a transparent glaze of which lead—I hope this may not come to the ear of the Royal Commissioners at this moment engaged in framing stringent regulations for the glazing of pottery—forms the chief constituent.

When the pieces come out of the glost-oven they have passed through the last stage of manufacture; and although they may not be considered as satisfactory in

sibilities. Secondly, as a single operation is required to fire the piece and the relief decoration, which becomes, in that way, incorporated with the body, it may be regarded as essentially ceramic in character—a fundamental quality of truly good pottery, and one that many other kinds of perhaps more attractive ware cannot boast of possessing to the same extent.

It will not be expected that I shall discant upon my own productions, but I may briefly record the successive phases of a long career exclusively devoted to the style of work that makes the subject of this article, and indicate, as far as it is possible to me, the places where the chances which preside over the fate of works of art have drifted the pieces that came from my hand.

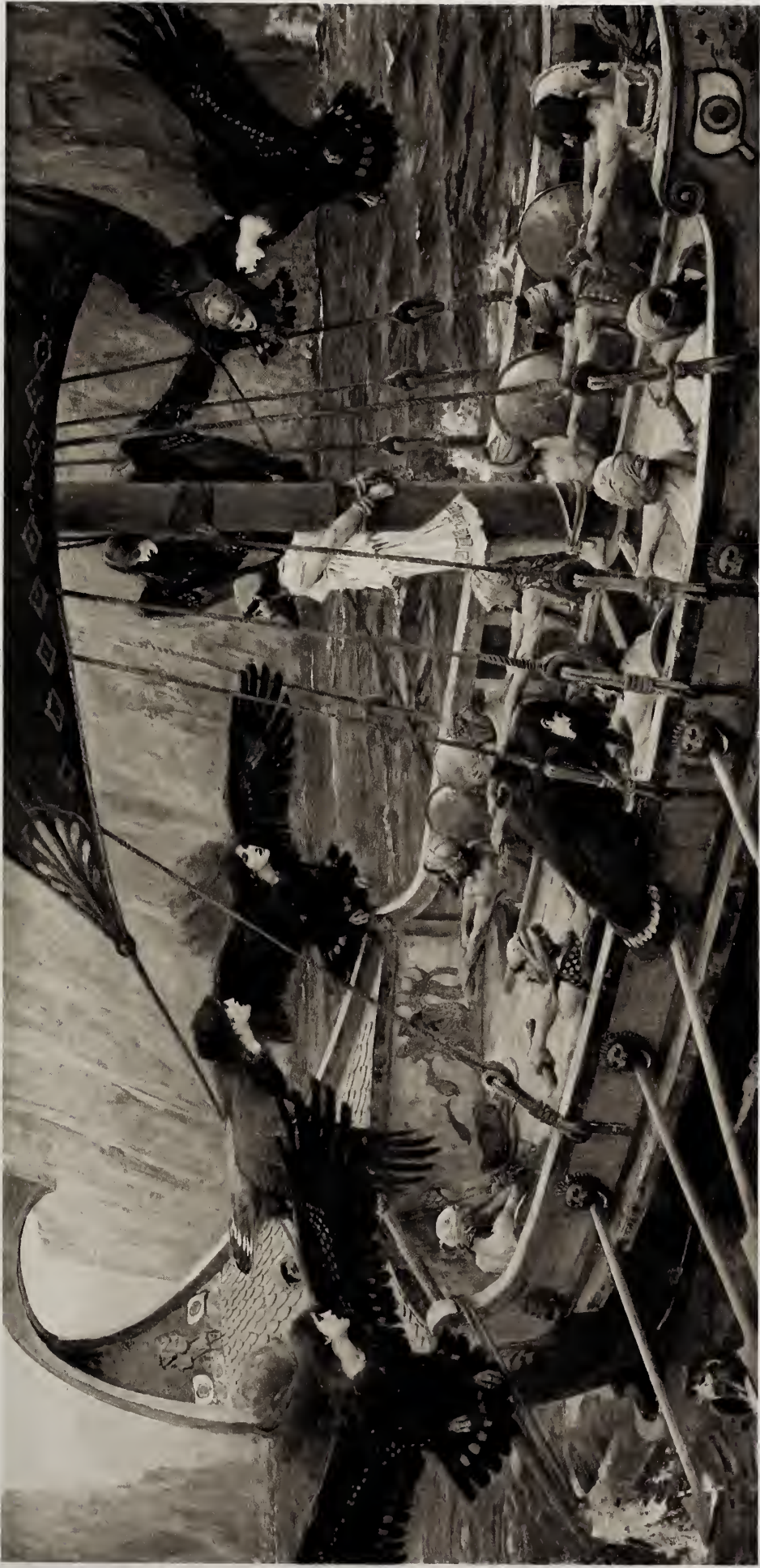
A long series of vases, decorated during the twelve years I remained attached to the Sèvres manufactory, must open the account. They were shown at the International Exhibitions, where, in spite of the inexperience of the artist, they attracted some attention. I never knew what became of them all, nor could I say where a single one is now to be seen. Not even a fragment is obtainable; Sèvres vases do not get broken, as a rule, they disappear bodily, and, as it were, for ever.

During the same period, I was executing on my private

Ulysses and the Sirens.

By J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

MR. WATERHOUSE gives personal, beautiful expression to the magic incident in the history of Ulysses, the Greek magician. Nothing unessential has been permitted to intrude into this picture of an old-world galley, propelled by ten sinewy oarsmen, and driven before the wind, as it fares by the cliffs of Circe's Isle. Instead of the two sirens of Homer, the three of later writers, we have here a company of seven sweet-voiced sisters, whose fair faces and irresistible song lured men to their doom. Ulysses, in order to escape, filled the ears of his companions with wax, and lashed himself to the mast of his galley. Mr. Waterhouse has chosen to represent these fatal-fair sisters with wings, as is done, by the way, on a Greek vase in the British Museum. How sensitively, how poetically the theme has been felt! In the movement of the waters, in the sheer grandeur of the cliffs, in the straight lines of the rigging, in the great simple curve of the stern, in the action of the oarsmen, in the attitude of Ulysses, and in the hovering of the sirens with their bloodthirsty claws, romance and wonder are borne in upon everyone who has eyes to see, intelligence to comprehend.



The Art Journal, London, W. G. & Co. Ltd.

Painted by W. G. & Co. Ltd.

ULYSSES AND THE SIRENS

account, and that of E. Rousseau, a china dealer of uncommon and safe taste, some vases and plaques of peculiar character, which were fired at the porcelain manufactory of Clauss, in Paris. Instead of adopting the full bodies of celadon and other light tints, which were usually preferred at Sèvres, I indulged in very dark and deep grounds laid on in "engobes." The treatment of the reliefs was bold and sketchy, and gained by a look of freedom what it lacked in finish and delicacy. These pieces were signed Milés, a "nom de guerre" made out of my usual monogram M. L. S. Many have found their way to England; several examples in which, I regret to say, their shortcomings are sadly evinced, are preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

When I came over to England to take a permanent engagement with the firm of Mintons, with whom I feel proud to have remained up to this day, I made it my constant endeavour to modify the abruptness and inaccuracy of my former manner. It is not for me to decide whether I have succeeded in my efforts; but I may say

that if the whole of my productions were doomed to be destroyed, and I was asked to point out a few specimens that, in my estimation, deserved to be spared, it is from the works made at Mintons during the last years that I would, unhesitatingly, make my selection.

I need not say that, after so many years of unremitting labour, the list of the pieces I have produced has increased to such an extent that their number is now to be counted, not by the hundred, but by the thousand. The United States of America have absorbed a large portion of it, and not a few have been granted a permanent abode in the Industrial Arts Museums of the Continent. But it is in England that my vases and plaques have found their best patrons, and, consequently, in the private collections of this country that "Pâte-sur-Pâte" can be seen to its best advantage.

I should like to say that the accompanying illustrations are fairly representative of the average, and were not carefully chosen as the best examples.

L. SOLON.

Walter Crane—A Hungarian Appreciation.

WE have all seen in the papers that an exhibition of the works of Mr. Walter Crane was being held at Budapest, and since then in Vienna; and may have thought, perhaps, no more about it than of any other "one-man show" beyond our hope of seeing. But in reality it is something of an event for an English designer, of whatever eminence, to be invited by the Powers-that-be in a foreign Capital to send a full collection of his work to be exhibited at the public cost in the National Kunst-Gewerbe Museum there; and they do themselves, as well as the artist, honour in thus inviting him. Mr. Crane himself and his family were received with enthusiastic hospitality. They travelled free on Hungarian railways, as did his son Lionel, the architect, and a young Hungarian friend who went before to arrange and catalogue the exhibition. When he arrived at Budapest, the heads of the museums, and of the various art societies, as well as other high officials, were at the station to meet him, and Mrs. Crane was presented with bouquets ribbanded in the national colours, red, white, and green. Wherever they went they were received with similar ceremony; speeches of welcome were addressed to them, and they were escorted with honour to their dwelling-place: the account of it all reads more like a page out of some mediæval chronicle than the record of a *fin-de-siècle* function.

At the banquet given by the artists of Budapest, the Minister of Education and Fine Arts, M. Wlassics (whose caricature, together with that of Mr. Crane, is here given) presided, and made a speech in Hungarian, afterwards handing to his guest a translation of it into English. The Director of the National Museum did the same. Others spoke in English, or in their own tongue. At the Casino Club the speaking was more on Mr. Crane's side. Being asked to lecture to a gathering of literary, artistic, dramatic, and musical members, he discoursed on the Language of Line—a subject on which he has been heard at home—illustrating his lecture partly by means of lantern slides (without which no lecture now-a-days appears to be complete) and partly by demonstration in charcoal upon paper, in which his wonderful facility must have charmed his audience; for this must have been the more intelligible part of the



To MR
WALTER CRANE
WITH APOLOGIES
AND KINDEST REGARDS
M. FARAGO

Caricature of the Minister of Education and Fine Arts (in Hungarian Costume) and Walter Crane—*apropos* of the reception and banquet given to the latter at Budapest.

Drawn by M. Farago.



Interior View of the Iparművészeti Museum, Budapest, showing the Central Hall with part of the Crane Collection on Exhibition.

NOTE.—The Tables contain unframed drawings protected by sheets of plate glass.

UJ IDÖK
SZERKESZTI
HERCZEG FERENC



Cover for a Budapest Illustrated Journal.
By Walter Crane.

performance to many of his audience—though a translation of the lecture was printed in advance and circulated among them. Mr. Crane's design for the cover to the pamphlet is given on page 81. His lecture was prefaced by an account of the artist and his work by a distinguished member of the Club and of the Hungarian Parliament—apparently it is not only in this country that Members of Parliament are *ipso facto* authorities on art—"so that," as Mr. Crane expressed it, "the audience must have had enough of me, altogether, for one evening."

After all the hospitality of the Capital, a journey was arranged for the artist and his family to various other towns of interest. At Pecs—or, as it is called in German, Fünfkirchen, from the famous Romanesque church with its five chapels—they were the guests of Mr. Szolnay, the potter, whose wonderful lustre was a feature in the Hungarian Section of the Paris Exhibition. The father of Mr. Szolnay, only quite lately deceased, was one of those few ceramic artists for whom the fire seemed to have no longer any secrets. At the University town of Kolsovar, the birthplace of Matthias Corvinus, and the capital of Transylvania, a special performance was given at the Theatre, and both here and elsewhere the Mayors gave public dinners and receptions in honour of the artist. Evidently the prevailing epidemic of Anglophobia has not yet spread to Hungary, where we have still some remnants of reputation as champions of freedom. Mr. Crane's experience is that there was everywhere only friendship and admiration for us. They showed their admiration for him

by purchasing sundry of his works for the National Collections.

It is interesting, apart from the cordial welcome given to an Englishman, to read what the Hungarian critics say of his work, to see one of ourselves as outlanders see him. Hungarian critics naturally begin by going over the ground of the pre-Raphaelite movement, ranking Mr. Crane as one of a trio who popularised decorative art, if they did not of themselves revive it. We have talked ourselves so much about this movement and this group of artists, it is no wonder if they appear to think that England is draped with Burne-Jones tapestries and strewn with Morris carpets. "But as English artists, pre-Raphaelites or whatever they may be, are always Englishmen, not satisfied to dream, to gush, but must needs translate the poetry in them into reality, they set to work to introduce art into everything."

As for Mr. Crane in particular, they find in his work the influence of the Metopes of the Parthenon, of Mantegna, and of Botticelli, but they find still more that is all English. "Foster-child of the pre-Raphaelites, he was clearer than they, brighter, more transparent, wiser and colder." The *Wiener Abend Post* describes him as "an embodiment of rational skill, a man of maxims, Walter Crane the distinct." He is found to be "more in sympathy with his generation" than Morris and the pre-Raphaelites, but never a realist; "Even when he deals with the present, he refines it, makes it otherwise than it is, gives style to it." They find him not only markedly himself, but typically English—"For all the classical influence evident in his work, it is national; the girls he clothes in Greek draperies are English altogether." One admirer goes



"The Language of Line." Design, by Walter Crane, for the Cover of the Hungarian translation of his lecture given before the Casino Club, Budapest.

Engraved on wood by M. Murtiri, of the Arts and Crafts School, Iparművészeti Museum.



Cover of the Catalogue of the Crane Collection at Budapest. Designed by Walter Crane.

so far as to find the exhibition of his works "a mirror of English activity in art."

They are not unnaturally astonished at Mr. Crane's many-sidedness, and at his productiveness—he himself can never before have seen so many of his works together—"The man has been *unheimlich fleissig*; he paints, he draws, he is at home in all technique; he works in the round and in colour; he illustrates books, and writes them; he designs for every industry. Added to all this, he is a reflective philosopher of the school of Ruskin; he weaves beautiful dreams of a future state of activity in which the hive shall subsist without drones; believes, in spite of all things, in brotherly love among mankind, and declares war against all warfare."

The *Budapester Tagblatt* is perplexed what most to admire in his work: "He is not in all things pre-eminent, but in all he does there is the stamp of his individuality," nowhere more clearly expressed than in his conception of line, his feeling for beauty leading him unerringly to a certain precision and distinction of form.

Another critic declares that whilst not to be ranked with the great masters, he is an artist to be honoured; and, as exponent of the new art movement in England, he takes the very foremost place. "His paintings, almost always decorative, are uninspired, and leave one cold; he is not essentially a painter, but a draughtsman. His imagination works more freely when he works in line. His best things are, after all, his book illustrations;



Interior View of the Iparművészeti Museum, Budapest, showing the Central Hall with part of the Crane Collection.
From the gallery where the water-colour landscapes were hung.

some of his earlier children's books in particular are full of grace and gladness, and his designs for wall-papers, book-covers, stuffs, pottery, glass, and so forth, are famous." It is interesting to have also the personal opinion of M. Ferdinand Khnopff to the effect that "of all his works the one in which Walter Crane, as poet and as painter, comes out the most distinguished is 'Flora's Feast,' and of all the flowers the Christmas rose is the most charming."

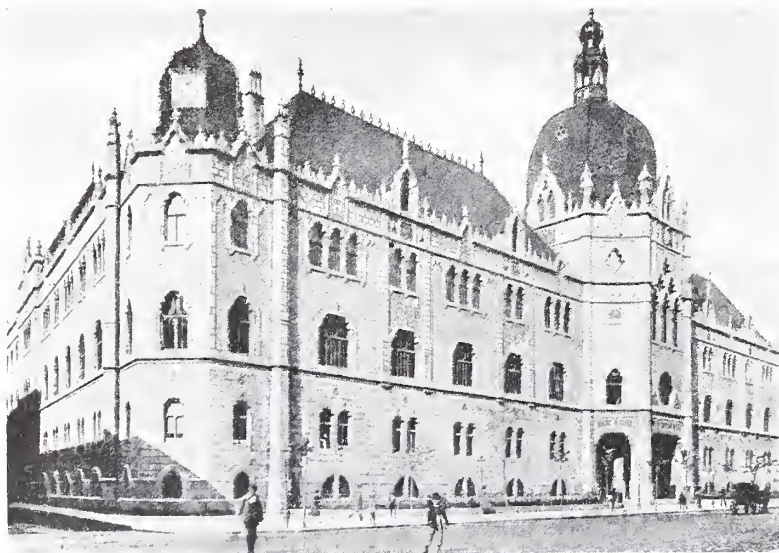
A less enthusiastic writer calls his faults "only excess of merit"; admiring his wall-papers to the point of classing them with pictures, he complains that they are "not retiring enough, they dominate the room by their richness and importance. In like manner, his illustrations overpower the literature; you look at them instead of reading." For more hostile criticism one

seeks in vain, unless it be that his furniture appears to be in too severe a taste to catch the Hungarian fancy.

The personality of the artist evidently made a very favourable impression on his hosts. They liked his frankness, and what seemed to them his "English" earnestness. One writer rather naively says that they

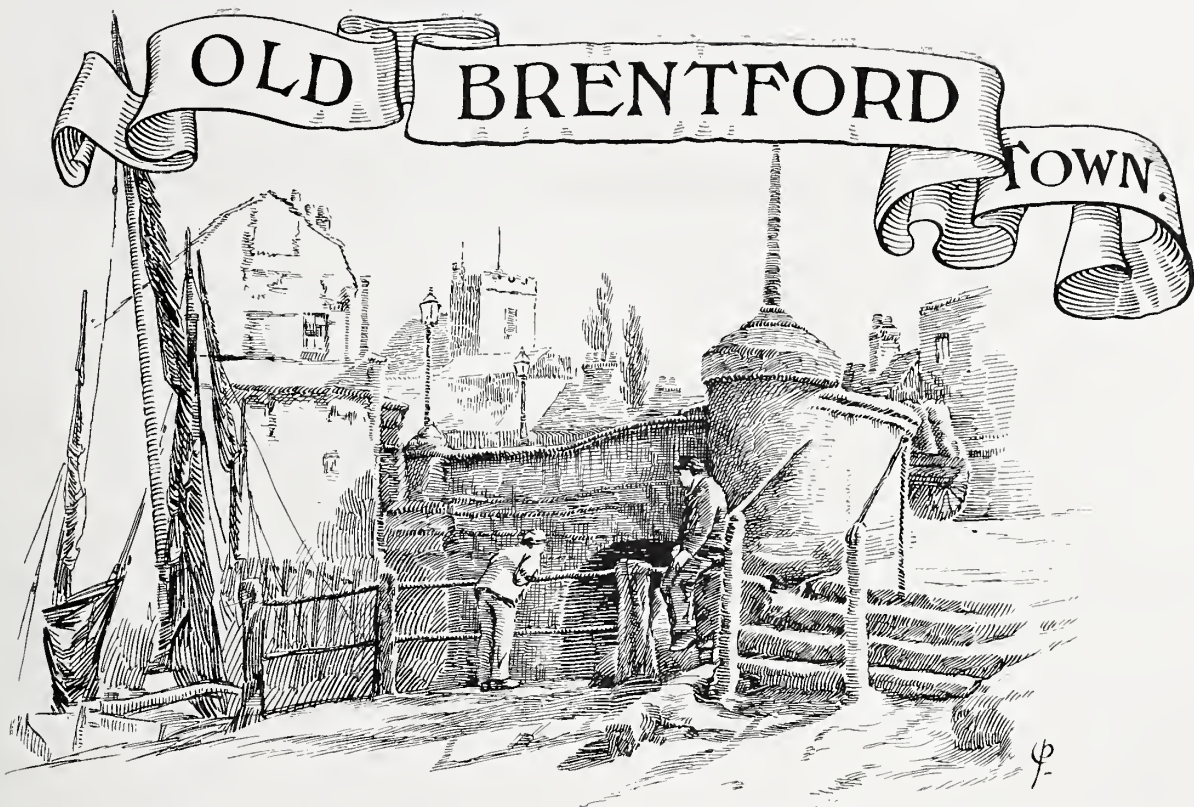
expected perhaps he would be just a cunning craftsman, they found him a true artist, and as such could not make too much of him.

Dr. Gabriel Terey, the Director of the National Gallery of Budapest, ends a most enthusiastic notice of Crane's work in the *Pester Lloyd* with the devout hope that it may have a direct influence upon young Hungarian art.



Exterior View of the Iparművészeti Museum, Budapest.

LEWIS F. DAY.



From a drawing by C. Potten.

Old Brentford.

WITH DRAWINGS BY C. POTTEN.

YOU shall best view your Brentford from the other bank of the Thames. There the towing-path runs along, a narrow green slip between the water and Kew Gardens. 'Tis as pleasant a walk as any near London, always glorified in my mind by Mr. Henley's beautiful lyric, "Coming up from Richmond, On the way to Kew." But you look across at quite another scene. For a full mile there is a great stretch of factories—gasworks, soapworks, sawmills, breweries, distilleries and so forth; barges are ever loading and discharging at endless wharves; tug steamers drag them in and out; whistles blow and screech, hammers ring and clang. All is noise and smoke and fume and flame; there, labour never rests, the whole is a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night; and works and workmen, shore and factory alike are deep in grime. Ugly enough—yet is there a certain gloomy impressiveness about it all as of the fabled forges of the Cyclops. Well, this is the Brentford of to-day, a bit of Black Country, stuck there by the shore of ancient Thames, close by leafy Kew and lazy Richmond and those other luxurious townlets that dot the river shore. Do you lust after more intimate

knowledge? Cross Kew Bridge and turn to the left and you enter on a long, dreary, winding High Street, divided by the factories from the river's edge, joined thereto by many side passages, stairways, wharfways and whatnot. You spy like narrow ways running northward from the



Betty Higden's Cottage, introduced by Charles Dickens.

From a drawing by C. Potten.



Canal Boat and Bridge.
From a drawing by C. Potten.

other side. And the street itself? *That* is made up of the blank walls of factories, a vast number of dirty pot-houses and quantities of squalid shops—no promising hunting ground for any Doctor Syntax bent on the picturesque. And yet this ugly toad has many a jewel in its snout. Those byways are crammed with curious old houses, and bits of the canal and river, bearing red-sailed barges, and here and there even factory corners are quaint and curious and refreshing to eyes sated with monotonous splendour.

But the houses, as regards trimness and fitness, have gone from bad to worse; Brentford is absolutely utilitarian. Everything must give way before the factory. Is a new one likely to pay? The ground is cleared of whatever the past has put there, and the old houses only last because they are strongly built; they make cheap dwellings, and in some mysterious way they pass the sanitary inspector. They have their own charm from this very absence of effort after effect. Not having to live in them—I suppose nobody from choice lives in Brentford proper—you contemplate all with an equal mind. And yet you, a mere curiosity hunter, must note how incessant and avaricious toil—*improbis labor* (to borrow Virgil's striking phrase)—has marked the place more and more for its own.

Dickens touched off its poorer dwellings nearly half a century ago. You remember Mrs. Betty Higden, in *Our Mutual Friend*, the brave old dame who made such a gallant fight against poverty to the bitter end? Mrs. Boffin goes to see her, but "the abode of Mrs. Betty Higden was not easy to find, lying in such back settlements of muddy Brentford that they left their equipage at the sign of 'The Three Magpies' and went in search

of it on foot. After many inquiries and defeats, there was pointed out to them in a lane a very small cottage residence with a board across the open doorway, hooked on to which board by the armpits, was a young gentleman of tender years, angling for mud with a headless wooden horse and line."

The byways of Brentford are crammed with such cottages. At Ferry Square, for instance, there is a very fine collection more or less pretentious. Hard by is a winding way down to the ferry; here is a hotel, quite recent, but already touched by the prevailing grime. Not long ago a quaint old inn stood there, in other days a favourite resort of highwaymen from Hounslow Heath and Turnham Green; and the townsmen would flock there to have a word with the gay dogs. And the minions of the law? Ah! there the ferry came in handy; you were across the water and in another county in a jiffy; and here, while clumsy legal formalities were being adjusted, and the hue and cry halted the meantime, you were holding up coaches and forcing frightened cits to stand and deliver as gaily as possible.

I don't know what the highwaymen did when the tide was out, the prospect was surely too horrible for birds of so gay a plumage. Nowadays, at least, there is a little water and a monstrous quantity of mud; green, treacherous, slimy, infinite, it smells bad, it looks bad, it is everywhere. The creeks and wharves are mere quagmires of it. Mud! Why the whole town fairly reeks with it; for this it has ever been famed or infamed—it is "noted for its mud," as school geographies phrase it. "Muddy Brentford," says Dickens, and the poets are even worse. Gay calls it "a tedious town," and gibes at its dirty streets. Thomson will have it "a town of



View near Lock.
From a drawing by C. Potten.

mud," and Doctor Johnson solemnly protested that it was "dirtier than Glasgow." A strong expression, Doctor! for there are dismal traditions as to old-time Glasgow, but then you knew your Brentford! In fairness, one ought to remember how George III. ever drove slowly through it, gazing the while in rapturous admiration at the prospect; it reminded him, he averred, of many of the smaller towns in Hanover. But, after all, this was a dubious compliment, and perhaps his bucolic Majesty, as true farmer king, didn't mind a little or even a great deal of mud.

Quainter even than Ferry Square, and far choicer, is The Butts, behind the Market Place. It is still partly open. Some years ago it must have lain quite open to the country, but a sort of residential suburb has grown up in that neighbourhood of late; but that is beyond the bounds of Brentford proper, at least as I understand them. Nell Gwynne lived at Brent House, in The Butts, and therein showed a nice sense of locality. To-day you are most interested in a view of the canal, with barges and an old wooden bridge and lock, and the curious old houses rising from the water and those in the narrow way between The Butts and Market Place, and the quaint narrow passages that run in tortuous windings between them. Some of those houses, by the way, are built or have sunk much below the level of the street, and must be, you fancy, horribly damp. The Market Place itself is not attractive, save for the old parts at the south-west corner. There is an ugly sessions house in the middle and a very modern post-office at the east corner. A few stalls are set up there o' Saturdays. I suppose this is the only relic of the Fair, which Edward I. gave the town on St. Laurence Day. Its glories are satirically touched of in *Hudibras*. But the Market Place has still

at its south-west corner The Three Pigeons Inn, fit to be named with "The Dog, The Sun, The Triple Tun," those dim enchanting Elizabethan Taverns, which still live for us in Herrick's verse; for its old-time landlord, John Lowin, was an actor of repute in his day and footed the boards by Shakespeare's side; and rare old Ben Jonson, whose knowledge of contemporary houses of entertainment was extensive and peculiar, mentions it as a place of jovial revel. "We'll trick it at the Pigeons," to give but one reference. You note the house as old, though furbished up, and such is the magic of good letters, to-day, the most interesting thing in Brentford. But you might write a treatise on the inns of the place, past and present. How vast their number, how quaint their names, how alluring their darkly perceived history! Thus the Red Lion Inn stood from the middle of the fifteenth century at least at the eastern corner of the Market-place, yet now has vanished. It seems to have been in the yard of this house that Edmund Ironside, after having defeated the Danes in 1016, was slain treacherously. In this same Lion Inn too, Henry VI., in 1445, held a chapter of the Garter—so honoured were inns in those days; but, indeed, the local courts met in The Three Feathers for centuries. The White Horse Inn hard by was of the time of Elizabeth, but of late has been quite rebuilt. Catharine Wheel Yard and Boar's Head Yard hint dismally at extinct hostelries, and tradition preserves the sign of Tumble Down Dick, wherein the learned trace an unnecessary gibe at His Highness Richard Cromwell, sometime Protector of these islands. There still flourish The One Tun, The Magpie and Stump, The Half Moon and Seven Stars, and others too numerous to mention. And were the folk of old-world Brentford afflicted with thirst

beyond other men? Nay! let us in fairness remember that here begins the great western road, and ere the railway time, coaches rattled and waggons and horses crawled to and fro on its streets and put up at one or other of its numerous houses at this convenient distance from London.

The Brent River itself, from which (spite some carping antiquaries) Brentford takes its name, is to seek; since the Grand Junction Canal over a century ago swallowed this end of it up. It is navigable for about a mile. Of old time it separated Old and New Brentford, but to-day it seems scarce worth while to preserve the distinction.

Amid this multiplicity of factories and hostleries the churches make but a poor show. But there are one or two points of interest in Old Brentford Church. John Horne Tooke was once parson here. The altar-piece is by Zoffany, who lived a little way off at Strand-on-the-Green across the river. The subject is the Last Supper, and the disciples are, it is said, portraits of local fishermen; St. Peter is the artist himself, and the negro is his own black slave—all which is small artistic gossip. There is a monument to William Noy in this church. You may possibly remember him as Charles I.'s Attorney-General and the inventor of the ship-money scheme, and if you care for a small historical gossip, you will be pleased to know that he had a house in Brentford where he spent much of his time, that with infinite pains he tortured this anagram out of his name, "I moyl in law," which described him well, since he rose by untiring industry, and by that alone. Howell hits him off thus: "Yellow as gold, peppered mightily with the jaundice," as graphic a description of a black-letter, parchment-skinned, dry-as-dust jurist as you shall discover. The other chief church, that of St. Laurence in New Brentford, spite its old tower and its crowded graveyard, must here go without further notice. A word as to the past annals of the place. Men have lived here for long centuries ere the dawn of history, for relics of the stone, bronze, and iron ages are abundant, as well as those of extinct animals. Here, too, the learned Jenkins will have it, Cæsar crossed the Thames; but where didn't the Imperial Roman cross according to some antiquary or other? In later days the place was capital of the

kingdom of the Middle Saxons, and this might account for one of the two kings of Brentford, who, as we all know, sat on one throne, but the other is still lost in the mist of antiquity, for I fancy the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, wherein they are "writ large," merely echoes the old tradition. And then there is mention of a famous religious house, the Priory of the Holy Angels, in the marsh lands near Brentford. And then a bridge was built at the Isleworth end, over which all Christian passengers went free, whereas Jews and Jewesses must pay one halfpenny each if on foot, and one penny if on horseback; so if you will tax the immigrant alien of to-day you do not lack mediæval precedent. And thus for centuries the slow life of the place went on till in 1642 Brentford flashes into notice when the Royalists, under gay, dashing Prince Rupert, routed Colonel Hollis and his Parliament folk. The King's party behaved most shamefully—at least, so the others said; they robbed "the blind beggar at Old Brentford," the poor "alm-women at the Spittal there," taking away their wheels or rocks, also "an ancient gentlewoman almost of threescore and ten years of age," an account of which rascally proceeding the Parliament ordered to be printed and distributed. Then you jump to 1682, when you learn with no small astonishment the Brent rose, flooded the streets, nay, invaded the pews of the church. But our small-beer chronicle must stop. And the life of common folk through those ancient years? Jovial enough in its own way; there are records of bear and bull baiting, of dances round the Maypole, which was possibly set up on the Town Meadow or the Half Acre, whereof the names alone remain. And there are special records of festive meetings at Whitsuntide, when a fat ox was trotted forth, and the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, ran after it, and grinning bumpkins looked on, and finally the ox was roasted whole

and devoured piecemeal, and there was much emptying of flagons, you fancy, and—well, well! these old English sports lacked charm and refinement, but they, as well as they who played them, are vanished with the dead and gone years, and the town and its life of to-day are alike subdued to the same drab monotony of toil.



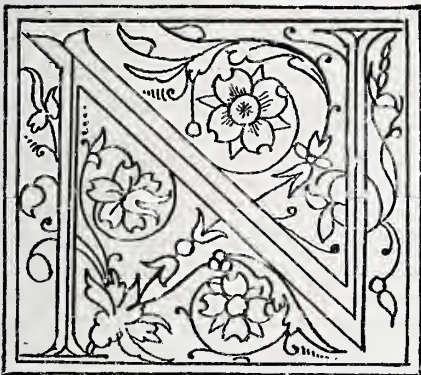
Old Inn at Brentford Ferry—recently pulled down.
From a drawing by C. Potten.

FRANCIS
WATT.



The Original Design for the National Gallery, London.
By Edward Barry, R.A.

Architectural Eyesores.



NOTHING, we are told by the philosophers and cynics, is, or can be, perfect in this sublunary sphere; but while taking such statement for granted, we may also remember the aphorism that "perfection is made up of trifles," and ask

ourselves whether we do always give to those trifles the care and attention that, so considered, they deserve?

Architecturally, it is to be feared that we do not, and hence we have with us the eyesores of which it is the purpose of this paper to speak, as well as many others which will doubtless occur to the recollection of most of our readers when their attention has been called to the subject.

It will be understood from the above that it is of comparatively small matters that we are about to complain, and it is perhaps due to the fact that some of them are so small and so common that they are so generally allowed to pass without protest; but at the same time it may be urged that the comparatively trifling nature of many of them is really an additional argument against their continued existence, as they must necessarily be

easier of removal than if they were matters of greater relative magnitude. It must also be remembered that small things can often be very offensive, and that just as one tiny grain of sand or grit may give us, literally and physically, a very sore eye, so a comparatively small architectural sin of commission or omission may produce an artistic eyesore of considerable disagreeableness.

One of the easiest and most frequently practised methods of producing architectural eyesores, is to design a building of greater pretensions than there are funds enough to immediately complete, the result of which proceeding is often to keep before us for many long years unfinished edifices with walls without roofs, and towers without spires; to say nothing of empty niches and vacant pedestals for statuary, capitals and gargoyles left in the rough, and shields and cartouches wanting their heraldry and inscriptions. When it is absolutely or almost certain that the amount required for the proper completion of the building will be forthcoming within a reasonable period, this partial method of construction may, perhaps, be admissible; but when, as is most generally the case, the collection of the money is problematical, the original design should be kept within the means available. It is nearly always possible to add ornamental or other features to an originally simple design if occasion arises and funds become plentiful, but to first half carry them out and then to leave their completion to time and to chance is certainly neither a prudent nor an artistic method of procedure. Besides, if a building is not finished at once it will often be found that the interest of the work

abates, original patrons and projectors pass away, and the incomplete structure remains an eyesore for generations to come; or even if it ever reaches some sort of finish, it is by some alien hand, and with some design totally out of harmony with the original.

Another ready method of producing architectural eyesores is to spend a great deal of time, money, and skill in carrying out the main features of a building and then leave many of the minor details and fittings to chance, or the taste of the common (or hedge) carpenter, or "art-decorator." Now, however, that our architects are daily becoming more and more masters of design for the applied arts, this form of eyesore is, we think, happily on the decrease, though plenty of "frightful examples" are still to be seen.

A further fruitful source of the eyesore architectural is the habit of many architects, especially those engaged in the design of town buildings, of considering that their edifices consist of front elevations only, on which they lavish all their artistic skill, utterly forgetting that, in nine cases out of ten, some portion at least of the sides will be finally visible, and if not made to harmonise with the front will most certainly destroy the effect of the building from any angular point of view. It is, surely, very easy to ascertain how much of a structure will be hidden by the adjoining ones, and of course if there is any fear of the latter afterwards being carried up higher it will be undesirable to enter upon elaborate decoration; but at least we might be spared some of the eyesores formed by sides of the roughest brickwork in conjunction with elaborately finished fronts, which now disfigure our streets, if a little more attention were paid to the matter. Harmony of material we might at least have, even if the extra cost of the sides had to be saved out of the decoration of the front elevation. These bare and unfinished spaces are also apt to attract the attention of the all-pervading advertiser and bill-poster, and then, as many an architect knows to his chagrin, good-bye to harmony, scale, and effect, and hey for another gigantic eyesore in our midst.

A similar method to the above for producing architectural eyesores, is the construction of sham pediments and gables, which seen from directly in front would be naturally supposed to have roofs behind them, but which a side view shows at once to be merely useless bits of wall, which do not, so seen, even fulfil their intentions of being ornamental. It is, of course, a truism and a platitude to say that construction should be ornamented and not ornament constructed, but the constant production of eyesores of this kind, by neglect of the axiom, shows the need of its constant repetition.

One of the most favoured methods, especially in this country, of producing an eyesore of an architectural nature, is to take great pains to clear and obtain a fine site and then to disfigure it with a mean or inadequate building.

The instances in which this has been done are many, but perhaps no better example can be given than the complete spoiling of Trafalgar Square, which has been called the "finest site in Europe," by the weak and unimposing front of the National Gallery. That it need not have been so, may be seen by Barry's design for its rebuilding, which forms our headpiece, and

the original of which hangs upon the western staircase to the "cellars" of the present building. It is to be hoped rather than expected, that this error may not be repeated in the new street shortly to be made from Holborn to the Strand, where, especially in the proposed crescent at the southern end, there is the opportunity for a fine architectural effect.

Then again there are those eyesores which are created when one material or method of construction is imitated by another. This is a question containing many nice distinctions which cannot be adequately discussed within the limits of this article, but it may be broadly stated that when a structure is so fashioned or decorated as to pretend to do or to be something which it actually does not or is not, an eyesore is at once produced, quite apart from the architectural possibilities of the case. When, for instance, we see a slender iron column, evidently sustaining a considerable weight, painted and grained to look like wood, which certainly could not carry the indicated load, we have at once an eyesore, as also when a stone or brick arch has to be tied across at its springing on account of the insufficiency of its abutments. Such shams and eyesores as marbled papers, and imitation marble mantels, are, unhappily, not yet altogether things of the past, but are, we are glad to think, not so much in evidence as a few years ago.

To pass to some other forms of architectural eyesores, we may note some of those which appear when additions and alterations are made to existing buildings, other than the work often required for their completion, to which allusion was made in a previous paragraph. In this category may often be placed the monuments in our churches and cathedrals, many, if not the great majority, of which appear to be designed without the slightest regard to the positions they are to occupy. Work of this kind is frequently too large or too small in scale for its place, while Classic monuments are placed amid Gothic surroundings, and *vice-versâ*; and, as a crowning vandalism, we often see beautiful and interesting old work ruthlessly destroyed or wantonly mutilated to make room for some tasteless modern abomination—when we have an eyesore indeed.

Under the heading of additions to buildings, might be also mentioned such things as the "cows" and "tall-boys" which disfigure our sky-lines, and the gigantic advertising contrivances with which the architecture of our cities is obscured and degraded. As to the first of these, if, with all his modern science, the architect cannot build a chimney warranted not to smoke, he has perhaps only himself to blame, though that will hardly lessen the disgust of his client or that of the citizen who sees his public buildings bristling with these nodding and whirling monstrosities. For the vagaries of the ubiquitous advertiser, who destroys all architectural proportion with his enormous and tasteless announcements, the architect is not to blame, though even here, by inquiry beforehand as to what lettering or other matter of an advertising nature was absolutely required by his client, on any building for business purposes, he might somewhat abate by persuasion or render less offensive the necessary evil.

DRINKWATER BUTT,

English Portraits of the Eighteenth Century at Birmingham.

THE Loan Collection of Portraits by English painters of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, recently arranged by Mr. Whitworth Wallis in the Birmingham Art Gallery, was an artistic treat of the finest kind. Certainly the great masters of English portraiture have never before been seen to such advantage in the Midland Counties. There were only seventy-five paintings in all, but each one was specially selected, thanks to the generosity of a number of owners, who allowed Mr. Wallis to visit their collections and take from them whatever he liked; with the result that there was hardly a portrait in the room which was not of the highest quality. Another feature of the exhibition, which made it of particular interest to connoisseurs, was that while a number of the pictures were famous and familiar specimens of the artists' powers, yet many of the others had never been exhibited before, and the remainder only so many years ago as to cause them to be practically new to the present generation. A search through several old houses in the Midlands resulted in a number of "finds" of importance, which made the exhibition one of unusual attraction to the many students from all parts of the country who visited it.

More than two-thirds of the exhibition was devoted to the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds (16 examples), Thomas Gainsborough (10), and George Romney (20); but Hoppner, Raeburn, Opie, Zoffany, Beechey, Lawrence, and Phillips were also represented, together with one or two examples of the earlier men, such as Van Dyck, Dobson, Lely, and Kneller. The five magnificent examples of Romney, including the great group of 'The Stafford Family: Children dancing in a Ring,' lent by the Duke of Sutherland, were by themselves enough to make the success of any exhibition. The Duke of Devonshire sent the

famous 'Duchess of Devonshire and her Child,' by Sir Joshua, and from Her Majesty's collection came the fine, unfinished portrait of 'Anne Luttrell, Duchess of Cumberland,' by Gainsborough. Among the pictures hitherto unexhibited were most excellent ones from the collections of Sir Edward Newdegate-Newdigate, the Rev. J. W. Napier-Clavering (one of which, 'Sir Thomas Clavering and his Sister,' is reproduced on this page), and Mr. Lockett Agnew, who lent five; the beautiful 'Lewis Bagot, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph,' in faultless condition, lent by Mr. H. R. R. Bagot, and the remarkable and fascinating portrait of 'Margaret Burr,'



Sir Thomas Clavering and his Sister,
By Romney

From the picture in the Collection of the Rev. J. W. Napier-Clavering.

Gainsborough's wife, belonging to Mr. A. Hatton Beebe, neither of which has ever been seen before, and examples of Gainsborough at his best; Gainsborough's 'Sir Thomas Holte' and Romney's 'Lady Holte,' from Aston Hall, the property of the Birmingham Corporation; and many other fine canvases too numerous to speak of here.

In addition to the names already mentioned, the following were among the principal lenders:—the Dukes of Portland and Newcastle, the Marquess of Lansdowne, the Earls of Aylesford, Rosebery, Howe, and Hopetoun, Lord Middleton, Lord Balcarres, Viscount Cobham, Lady Bateman and Scott, Sir William Agnew, Sir W. Cuthbert Quilter, and Messrs. T. J. Barratt, Arthur Kay, H. F. Makins, Carl Meyer, H. J. Pfunst, R. Biddulph Martin, Mrs. George Holt, and the Corporations of Glasgow, Manchester, and Nottingham.

In connection with the exhibition a large-paper edition of the catalogue has been issued, with thirty-three illustrations of the principal pictures, and seventy-three pages of letterpress, which is an admirable specimen of

what such a publication should be. It has been compiled by Mr. Whitworth Wallis and his assistant-keeper, Mr. A. Bensley Chamberlain. A detailed description of each picture is given, with information as to size, dates, previous exhibitions, &c., and biographical notices of each artist, while the leading feature of the catalogue is the series of biographical notes upon the people represented in the portraits, which must have entailed much research, and adds greatly to the interest and readability of the compilation. The whole of the work has been done in Birmingham, at the Guild Press, and when the low price of the catalogue—five shillings—is taken into consideration, the illustrations must be considered to be excellent; in short, it reflects the highest credit upon all who have been concerned in its publication, and forms a pictorial record of the exhibition which should prove of real service to all collectors. The Birmingham Corporation is to be congratulated upon this, the latest of a long series of special catalogues which have been written with the object of being of permanent value to all who wish to study art.

The Ashbee Bequest to South Kensington.

THE historical collection of water-colour drawings by British artists at the Victoria and Albert Museum, already rich if deplorably unequal, has been considerably augmented under the will of the late Mr. Henry Spencer Ashbee. More than 200 works were bequeathed to South Kensington, and of these about 170 are in water-colour. At present the drawings and pictures are placed on screens, so that an estimate can be made of the gift as a whole. Happily, however, the bequest was unhampered with special conditions, and in due time the works will be assigned fitting places in the several sections of the historical collection. The Ashbee water-colours, hung more or less chronologically, range from the time when water-colour art was in its infancy down to our own day, and if we can find no superlatively fine examples by noteworthy men, the majority of drawings are sufficiently good to warrant cordial acceptance of the gift. There is no need here to trace the development of water-colour art, onward from the stained or tinted topographical drawing to its climax as exemplified in a masterpiece by Turner. How the brown house-sparrow was transformed into a glorious, bright-plumed bird, familiar alike with mountain heights and cloud-forms and sea, has been told a hundred times.

The earliest artist represented is Paul Sandby, born about 1725, and regarded by many as the father of the school. From a historical point of view his slightly tinted drawing, 'Middleton High Tor,' has interest; it marks an initial stage in the attempt to give verisimilitude of colour to rock, and waterfall, and tree. Of art, however, it possesses little. The observed scene is set down unimaginatively, the impression has not passed through the refining crucible of a temperament. But in comparison with his little classical land-

scape, treated in opaque colours, crude and unrelated, it stands out as simple and honest. Michael 'Angelo' Rooker and Thomas Hearne were born early in the fifth decade of the eighteenth century. Rooker, who did not outlive the tinted stage of the water-colour, was a well-read man with a fund of inventiveness which fitted him for book-illustration. His half-dozen little drawings, reproduced in the works of Fielding, prove his ability to seize pictorially suitable incidents, felicitously to group the figures and to imbue them with some of the spirit of the original portraits in words. We reproduce a drawing concerned with Fielding's posthumous work, "A Voyage to Lisbon," at once one of the most daintily executed, fanciful and deft of the series. Each development in



Sancho Panza and Don Quixote.
By Decamps



The Terrace at Richmond
By Rowlandson.

water-colour can count at least one father; thus Thomas Hearne has been characterised as the parent of landscape in this medium. In his view of a picturesque cottage at Bushey, and in a second of a gateway, we find him, sincerely if with no great ability, trying to solve a difficult problem: that of rendering masses of summer foliage in such a way as to suggest its infinite variety, its wonderful gradations. One of the most attractive drawings on this first screen is 'The Roman Campagna,' of J. R. Cozens. It is the earliest of the Ashbee works wherein we discern that nature has been studied not literally, but with a view to a certain broad generalisation. Cozens was born in 1752, and died before the close of the 18th century. If in truth this be a work from his hand, and there seems to be no reason to doubt it, his merits have not yet been fully appreciated. The simple, dignified lines of the castle on the height in the immediate fore-



Illustration to Fielding's "Voyage to Lisbon."
By Rooker.

ground serve to enhance the poetic effect of the wide expanse of Campagna, which stretches away to an atmospheric distance. The two drawings of 'Scarborough' by William Payne are careful, if hard and altogether uninspired; but it is otherwise with the delightful little series by Rowlandson, full of life, of apt fancy, of humour. There remains to mention on this first and, all things considered, most interesting screen, a couple of Turners: one, early, represents a beached boat, the lines of whose masts are uncompromisingly arranged; the other, 'Lincoln,' with river crossing the foreground, and cathedral dominating the height on the further side, beneath which the congregation of faint red houses suggests power destined later to be developed. Of the noteworthy gaps among these early water-colourists, none is more regrettable than the lack of an example by Turner's contemporary, Thomas Girtin. The South Kensington collection might well be

strengthened in examples by this able artist, who died on the threshold of a career of rare promise.

On the other side of the screen, which we may designate as No. 2, are two vigorous marines by George Chambers, wherein he is not so entirely preoccupied with his medium as to lose sight of what should be expressed; a free and simple view in Holland, with a canal and great church, an unsatisfactory seascape, and a most interesting interior with figures in seventeenth-century dress, by R. P. Bonington; and two dissimilar works by John Varley. A view of 'Waltham Abbey,' if not very intimate or fine, is largely and



Brazenose College.
By W. Turner of Oxford.

simply conceived, simply and honestly executed. But Varley, like Sandby, is unconvincing, little more than mannered, in his classical landscape. The finest drawing on the screen is William Hunt's 'Love's Missive,' which we reproduce. As a painter of still-life, despite all Ruskin has said, we cannot but feel that this artist too often emphasised the obvious, left out of account altogether the subtler messages of art. In this figure of a woman standing by a window, however, his delicacy of touch, his concern with detail, do not conflict with unity. The texture of the dress, the rich brown-red of the furniture, the



Farewell on a Pier.
By Tom Graham.



A Scene from Don Quixote.
By Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

white window curtain, the roses in the blue and white vase, are so handled as to give distinction, not only to the parts but to the whole. Samuel Prout is already represented by many drawings at South Kensington. To these are now added views of a sunlit palace-front in Venice, of a building in Switzerland, and of a tiled cottage in this country, with fascinating old porch, executed in quiet, deep, persuasive tones. In the two little pieces by Cox we find him occupied respectively with hewed trees in a landscape and with a breezy sea. By T. M. Richardson are a view in a Swiss valley, and a pretty little presentment of Windsor, on whose castle falls the strongest light. There are five De Wints: an oblong view of 'Bolton Abbey,' 'On the Welsh Coast,' a seriously treated landscape with a river in the foreground, a church set amid trees behind, and, on two sides of one piece of rough paper, free, sober and interesting sketches respectively of Kneeton and of Hoveringham-on-Trent. By William Turner of Oxford, is a drawing of Brazenose College of genuine merit. In reproduction, justice cannot be done to the unobtrusive dignity of the original. Notwithstanding the formal arrangement, the purely conventional sky—rendered as an unbroken mass of blue—romance and beauty are realised, it may be almost unawares. We find examples of more or less importance by Cattermole, Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts, W. J. Müller, J. Hardy, and J. Dodgson.

The late Mr. Ashbee had many and absorbing interests, one of the chief being his preoccupation with Don Quixote as represented in illustration or picture. For the Bibliographical Society, of which he was a member, he compiled an Iconography of Don Quixote, 1605-1895, which proves how wide was his knowledge in this field. It is not surprising, then, to find that twelve of the drawings and pictures portray Cervantes' hero. Cattermole shows the gentle knight of the woeful countenance seated in his study reading a quarto volume, doubtless by his favourite author Feliciano de Sylva; Tony Johannot, the way in which his helmet and armour are taken off by unabashed females; J. D. Watson, 'Sancho Panza at the Feast,' and, be it remembered, he

was a gourmand; Charles Green, the burly rustic arraigning an innocent youth in the streets at midnight; E. Gamba, 'Don Quixote at the Inn'; A. B. Houghton, the "meagre, lantern-jawed, hawk-nosed, long-limbed, grizzle-haired" Quixote, seated dreamily resting beneath a tree; and T. Stothard, dissimilar scenes from the same great romance. We reproduce two Don Quixote drawings. That by Decamps is altogether delightful: on his ass, Dapple, the worthy Sancho Panza is riding in advance of his master through the corn, coining proverbs almost at each step, we may imagine—an

excellent piece of characterisation. In strong contrast is the aristocratic dreamer who follows. The late Sir John Gilbert again and again drew inspiration from Cervantes. In the drawing illustrated, Sancho Panza, kneeling, has his hands uplifted in credulous supplication, while Don Quixote, astride bony Rosinante, wrapped in his own imaginings, looks down on the plain with the village in its midst.

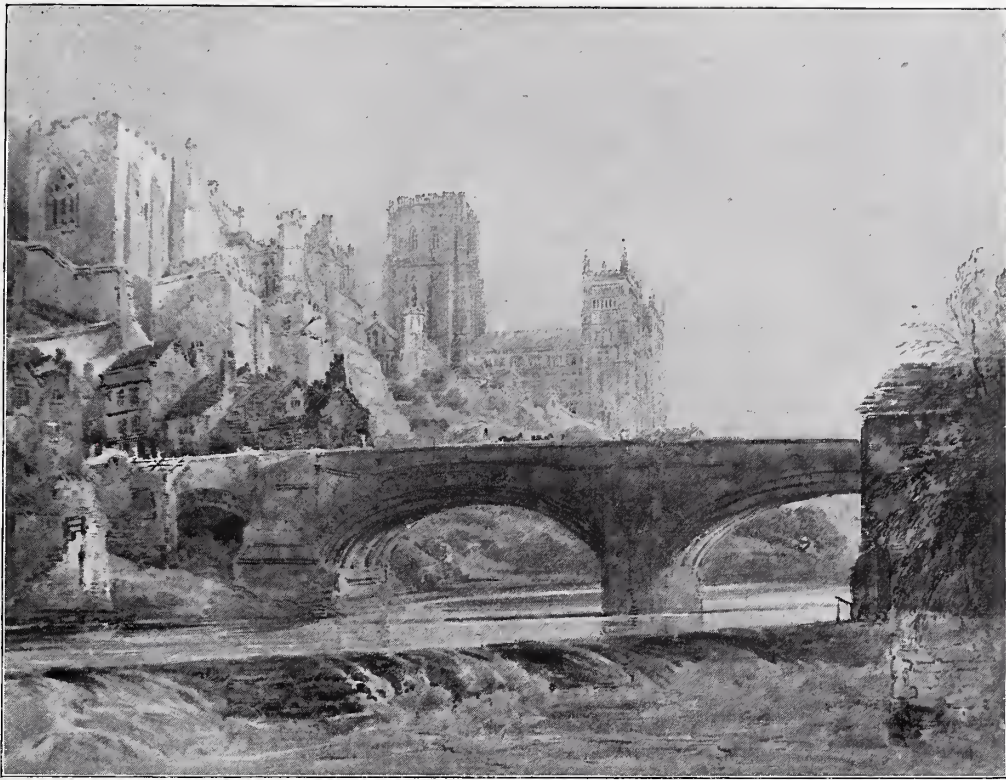
The collection includes fifty drawings by L. F. Cassas, used to illustrate the "Voyage Pittoresque et Historique de l'Istrie et Dalmatie." Although some of them are on a large scale, notably Sir A. W. Callcott's classical landscape, the works in oil are for the most part of little consequence. There are sufficiently pleasant examples of cottages in richly timbered landscapes, by Crome and Vincent; an interesting beach scene by Niemann, where he strives after atmo-



Love's Missive.
By William Hunt.

spheric effects; and pictures by Stanfield, Chambers, Maw Egley, W. Singleton, and Linnell. The museum is to be congratulated on acquiring Mr. Tom Graham's 'Farewell on a Pier,' which we illustrate. The foreground is ably emphasised, and but for the somewhat forced pose of the figures in black, is a success. Still better, in the original, is the middle distance and the background. The smoke-hung houses on the farther side of the river, the intervening atmosphere, are suggested with rare skill. As a whole, the Ashbee Bequest, which also includes work by artists like Messrs. Sidney Cooper, John Fulleylove, E. M. Wimperis, James Orrock, and Sir James Linton, will fill up several gaps at the Victoria and Albert Museum.

FRANK RINDER.



Durham.
By Thomas Girtin.

Three Important Exhibitions.

THE Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy, of some two hundred works in oil, water-colour, black-and-white, by sixty-one "British Artists deceased since 1850," is as incoherent, apparently as accidental in the way this or that man is represented, as it is arbitrary. Turner died in 1851, Ruskin in 1900; Samuel Prout lived but two years into the second half of the nineteenth century, whereas Birket Foster almost witnessed the birth of the twentieth; Cecil Lawson was born and died within the fifty years; C. R. Leslie worked little, if at all, after 1850. The scope of the show has no æsthetic *raison d'être*. If the pictorial products of one or two decades only had been drawn upon—better still, if a dozen artists who were active in the second half of the century had been well represented—the exhibition would have been instructive, perhaps pleasure-giving, instead of distracting. As it is, what do we find? Little more than a medley of works, some fine, some indifferent, of which critically to make the round, involves incessant readjustment of vision, and in the end lead us nowhither. A Millais is followed by a Hamilton Macallum, an Alfred Stevens by a Frank Holl, and this by a Turner. Few men are adequately represented. Among them are Mason, Walker, Lawson it may be, and Sir John Gilbert, if we except his work in black-and-white. As we pass from one to other of the familiar Masons, some charmingly idyllic, we feel that the quest of sentiment issued not seldom in sentimentality; Walker, too, lost sight of austere and elusive beauty by over-emphasising

now the trivial incident, now a somewhat theatrical nature-effect. The art of these men, good at its best, lacks the restorative quality; it is not born in the depths of the imagination. We discern the might of Turner in 'Conway Castle' and 'The Wreck of the Minotaur'; if Rossetti's 'Fiametta' is clumsy, to what impassioned beauty did he not weave 'Paolo and Francesca,' enchanted and enchanting? strong, with a missal-like strength, is Ford Madox Brown's 'Chaucer at the Court of Edward III.'; moreover, we give cordial welcome to examples by Cecil Lawson, whose 'Marsh Lands' is one of the noblest of modern landscapes, Sir Watson-Gordon, Sir William Boxall, Millais—his 'White Cockade' is a triumph in its kind—and Paul Falconer Poole. With all its shortcomings, this winter show is justified, perhaps, by reason of one little portrait, hung indifferently in a corner of Gallery I. It is by Alfred Stevens, of Mr. John Morris Moore. Here we have a pictorial statement reduced to its simplest form, pose and expression natural, inspired by true creative impulse. No exaggeration conflicts with unity, the picture is at once sensitive and sane, charged with haunting beauty. For enabling us to see this, the Academy may be forgiven much.

The Fine Art Society must be cordially congratulated on the attempt, involving so much labour, to bring together a representative assemblage of water-colours by one hundred native artists of the nineteenth century. The 225 examples suggest many of the currents and cross-currents which marked the development of this

branch of art, onward from the time of the topographical Paul Sandby to the brilliant achievements of Turner, and onward again from Turner to living artists like Mr. Whistler, Mr. Albert Goodwin, Sir Alma Tadema, and Mr. Alfred Parsons. Fortunately for the student, chronological order has for the most part been maintained. We pass from early works, tentatively executed almost in monochrome, to those wherein the artist, with greater mastery over his medium, charges his drawing with more of actuality, above all with more of atmosphere. How potent was the influence of Turner on some of his contemporaries—for instance, on E. W. Cooke, whose 'Newhaven' of 1832 is as delicate and aptly touched as is his marine at the Academy dull, ugly—is proved by a little group of drawings, the master's 'Bolton Abbey' among them, in Room II. Rossetti's 'Passover,' perfect, though unfinished, is here, and Fred Walker's 'Harbour of Refuge,' which, in Mr. Albert Goodwin's opinion, is "the best water-colour drawing extant." It would not have been an easy matter, indeed, to bring together in a small gallery a better collection in its kind—for worthy examples by well-known painters are not always to be had for the asking. There are fine, spontaneous Rowlandsons, with nothing of the accidental in the distribution of the figures, nor of the trivial in the building up of the architecture; a large 'Vale of Gloucester from Birdlip,' by Turner of Oxford, which appeals, despite its spottiness; one or two beautiful Boningtons; an able harvesting scene by Peter De Wint; a superbly executed piece of still-life by William Hunt; two

examples by J. Sell Cotman—'The Beacon' holds the imagination in spell; and, not to particularise farther, a sunset effect over the Val d'Arno by Mr. Holman Hunt, strange as it is personal, with its passage of blood-red, its flight in single file of wild geese. I am indebted to Mr. John L. Roget for permission to reproduce the 'Durham' of Thomas Girtin, bequeathed to him by the late Mr. Henry Vaughan. If we had no other water-colour by this artist, who, had he lived, might, as Turner himself thought, have eclipsed that master, we should be made aware of his greatness. With what fluent certitude the water, the bridge, the picturesque houses and the cathedral are painted, with what rare ability, genius even, is sky related to architecture. The drawing satisfies æsthetically, imaginatively.

Little more than mention can be made of the fact that at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, a noteworthy exhibition showing the development of modern illustration, 1860-1900, has been arranged. The men of the sixties, Millais, Leighton, Frederick Sandys, Fred Walker, Pinwell, Arthur Boyd Houghton, Charles Keene, and many more, may be studied in a delightful series of wood engravings, originals and impressions from blocks hung side by side; and we can trace the revolution wrought by the introduction of photography and process blocks of several kinds. If we miss work by a few notable men, Mr. William Nicholson for one, if too much space be given to mediocre products of the last ten years, if the international section be weak, yet great interest attaches to the exhibition.

Passing Events.

OF the many high-minded acts of our lamented and revered Queen, it seems now, especially fitting to recall one which seems to illustrate her prescient thoughtfulness. At the beginning of 1899, the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery sought to persuade the Treasury to supply funds for the purchase of Sir David Wilkie's portrait of her late Majesty in the robes of State worn at the meeting of Parliament. The usual wrangle ensued. In February, 1900, the Queen herself came to the rescue. She ordered that her well-known portrait by Sir George Hayter, representing Her Majesty in the dalmatic robes worn by her at her coronation, should be transferred from Kensington Palace and be bestowed in the National Portrait Gallery. Now that her failing health during the year preceding her death has become known, the gift seems to possess a touching significance. In this last report the Trustees placed on record "their deep sense of the benefit thus conferred upon the nation, and their extreme gratitude for Her Majesty's generosity and gracious condescension."

AT the same time permission was granted to secure a copy of Professor H. von Angeli's portrait of Her Majesty, painted in 1899, in the eightieth year of her age.

IT should also be remembered that Her Majesty took a deep interest in the "Artists' War Fund" of 1900, and two etchings from her own hand—portraits of the late Prince Alfred and Princess Hohenlohe—helped the fund to the extent of nearly three hundred pounds.

IN January, the Lord Mayor of London attended in State, and formally opened, Fitz-George Avenue,

West Kensington, a new street composed of residential flats. In the planning of these buildings, although each block has a separate design, the architect, Mr. Delissa Joseph, F.R.I.B.A., has introduced, on a modern and contracted scale, the large entrance courtyards which gave such a picturesque appearance to Tudor Mansions; and for this type of residence, where isolation is so essential, no arrangement could be better. The street, still unfinished, has been in progress of construction for three years, and no difficulty seems to have been experienced in finding tenants for the finished buildings.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severe criticism levelled by foreign artists at our Royal Academy, it would seem that its constitution has fascinated the French Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts. The substitution of an academic body of selection for a cosmopolitan jury is the first reactionary step. It will be interesting to watch the developments which the change will bring about. More direct imitation is promised by MM. Gérôme, Detaille, Flameng, and Robert-Fleury, who announce their purpose to found a society on the plan of the English Royal Academy.

FOR some time past Germany has been awakening to the merits of British Art. An exhibition of works of the Early British School in Berlin met with considerable success, as has already been noticed in these columns. For this reason, satisfaction must be expressed at the gift to the Dresden Gallery by an English lady of two hundred water-colour drawings representative of Turner, Cox, Prout, Fielding, and others.



19 H 20

Windsor Castle

An Original Etching by A. H. King

The Old Windsor Castle

Queen Victoria

Nothing is more common than to find the name of Queen Victoria associated with the name of the Victoria Cross. It is true that the Victoria Cross was instituted in 1856, during the reign of Queen Victoria, and that it is named in her honor. But the Victoria Cross is not a medal, it is a name. It is the name of the Victoria Cross, and it is the name of the Victoria Cross.

The Victoria Cross is a medal, it is a name. It is the name of the Victoria Cross, and it is the name of the Victoria Cross. It is a name that has been given to the Victoria Cross, and it is a name that has been given to the Victoria Cross.

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Queen Victoria.

KENSINGTON PALACE,
24th May, 1819.

OSBORNE,
22nd January, 1901.

NOT for many years to come, if even then, will it be possible to estimate the influence unconsciously imparted by Queen Victoria to the intellectual life of her people. Such was her desire and power to advance the interests of her subjects in every direction, and so general had become the acceptance of her assistance, that there is scarcely a profession or an institution which does not realise, now that it has gone, what this help really meant.

In but few is the faculty of organisation so fully developed as it was in the case of our late Queen; by fewer still have inherited qualities been cultivated with such diligence and with a less selfish object. She evinced an interest in the work, the pleasures and the troubles of her people, and to this may be largely attributed the universal reverence accorded to her.

She was equipped by nature with mental powers of more than ordinary refinement, and upon her accession to the throne, young as she was, she brought to bear upon her State duties a disciplined and courageous will which gradually commanded the respect of the nation. Her principles were so properly grounded that, in following the devices and desires of her own heart, she instinctively performed imperishable services to her country. A noble figure-head to the country, an exemplary wife and mother, she mutely enlisted the true sympathies of the world when a Divine Decree willed that for the happiness of her married life should be substituted long years of sorrowing widowhood.

From among the Patrons of Art one has been taken whose encouragement throughout the whole of an active life was as consistent as it was complete. It was not an official Patronage which she gave to Art: the Queen was a painstaking Student, striving with all the enthusiasm of a gifted amateur to produce something really worthy. Her work in colour and etching shows evidence that, had her leisure been more than could be allowed by her political and family occupations, she could have secured distinction as a resourceful Artist. As a girl she studied drawing under the tuition of Richard Westall, R.A., by whom there is in existence a delightful picture in which the Royal pupil is portrayed with a sketch-book in one hand and a pencil in the other. Sir Edwin Landseer and W. L. Leitch also contributed to the cultivation of her artistic tendencies.

Although her bereavement in 1861 caused her then to forego the more ornamental functions of her high office, she nevertheless continued to the end to take interest in artistic projects, the laying, in 1899, of the foundation stone of the New Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington being among her last evidences of personal encouragement.

She was buried in the Mausoleum at Frogmore by the side of her cousin and Consort, Prince Albert, whose untimely death was never quite forgotten. With him in eternity she will rest, to enjoy the reward of an unblemished, unselfish career, and to share with the one she loved best on earth a well-merited measure of that peace which passeth all understanding.



From the original drawing in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.

Windsor Castle.
By Paul Sandby, R.A., 1725-1809.

Windsor Castle.

THE etching by Mr. Haig given in the present number of *THE ART JOURNAL*, represents the ancestral home of the Sovereign of Great Britain from the most picturesque point from which the noble edifice can be portrayed. Whether it is seen cold and dark against the morning sky, or cosy in the evening with the light from the sunset reflected from its shining towers cased with a vitreous sandstone which acts almost like a mirror, it is always of singular beauty and unique charm. Its position, high on the chalk cliff which is one of the most westerly of the heights of the downs which rise in a swelling line from the Vale of White Horse, through the County of Berks, marked it in the earliest ages of civilization as a place of importance to be held as commanding one of the great fords over the wide lagoon, which stretched away to the north towards the slopes of Buckinghamshire. Local guide-books give the derivation of the name Windsor, as originating from the "Winding Shore"; a derivation as good, or as bad, would be from "Wind Soar," as the height soars over the plain, like Hedsor some miles higher up the stream, where the cliff is even more abrupt.

Mr. Haig's etching is an excellent and most truthful representation of the Castle as it now exists, and its main details are clearly distinguished. The great mass

of the Round Tower is the principal feature, and marks the site of the earliest of the defensive works of the Castle. The mound from which it rises has seen British, Roman, and Saxon forts in succession, and can now show traces of the early Norman masonry which, in its turn, superseded the earlier work. The upper part is entirely modern, but, looking down into the interior from the walk round the battlements, the visitor, interested more in the history of the fabric than in the glorious panorama beyond, will be able to trace the ancient wood-work of the galleries built by Edward III. when he was attempting to revive the ancient order of chivalry of King Arthur, who had gathered round him the knights of the Round Table. It is possible that this circular table had something to do with the circular form of the Garter, which became the conspicuous badge of that Most Noble Order, which ranks highest among all existing orders of chivalry. On either side of the Round Tower will be seen two detached towers of equal height; that on the left is now known as the Winchester Tower or the Wykeham Tower; that on the right is now known as Henry III.'s Tower. Before the days of the last-named Sovereign these towers were the flanking towers of the Castle, between them was the main entrance, and the whole of the slope towards the

Clewer or Belfry Tower was then unbuilt over. Beyond the Round Tower was the great Upper Ward, the work of Henry II. This great quadrangle fell into disrepair about a century after its erection, and then Henry III. built the Lower Ward. Of this the most conspicuous part, and where most of the original masonry is still intact, is seen on the right of the etching. The Chapel of St. George, which forms so striking a feature in the view, is of the time of Edward IV., who raised it partly on the site of an older chapel built when the Lower Ward was first enclosed. This ward is now entirely devoted to the capitular body, the canons and others who serve the Chapel, and to the ancient body of the Military Knights formerly instituted as brothers of the Order of the Garter and now recruited from retired officers of the army who have served their country honourably in war.

To show the changes that a period of a century and a quarter has made in the aspect of the Castle, we give a reproduction of a drawing by Paul Sandby, one of the founders of the English School of Water-Colour Painting, taken from almost the same point of view as the etching, but in the early morning. The principal difference is in the height of the Round Tower, and the alterations immediately on its left, where the hideous bald front towards the north, the work of Sir Christopher Wren under Charles II., is replaced by later work which, though not of extreme beauty, is certainly more in harmony with the general design, and is not without a

certain massive dignity. The worst feature of the modern restoration is undoubtedly the substitution of the present roof of the Clewer Tower for the old timber belfry of Edward IV. seen in Sandby's sketch. This was erected about fifty years ago, and since then the whole of the tower has been recased, so that now it is the most modern part of the Castle; but its interior is fine and well preserved, and the peal of bells is of beautiful quality, could their tones be heard from under the roof by which they are at present extinguished. Vegetation has grown up here and there, steam has driven out the sail in the navigation of the river, but the surroundings of the venerable Castle retain much of their ancient aspect. Even the figures of the foreground in Sandby's drawing would, with a small change of uniform, be equally appropriate and natural if Mr. Haig had etched them in to-day.

So far, we have only slightly touched on the outside of the Castle. It is proposed in further numbers to give some account of a few of the treasures of art which are contained within its walls. Of these, many are familiar to those who have passed through the State apartments, which have been always, when practicable, accessible to the public; but there exist in other parts of the building many works of inestimable value, which cannot be available for public exhibition: of these illustrations will be given with notes by the present writer.

The Royal Library, Windsor.

R. R. HOLMES.

The Queen and Painting.

MUCH has been written upon the subject of Queen Victoria's musical ability, and her connection with eminent musicians. Quite as interesting, though perhaps less generally known, was her interest in painting, and, indeed, her own capabilities as an artist.

That Her Majesty was fond of sketching is well known, and those who have seen the firm, yet delicate, handling shown in her pencil drawings and water-colour sketches of landscape and buildings, know that as an amateur she attained to considerable excellence.

She used a curious cylindrical-shaped paint-box with a folding palette attached, which is now in the writer's possession. He has also examined a portrait sketch in oils, painted by the Queen under the following circumstances. Winterhalter, the well-known German portrait painter, who executed portraits of half the Royal families of Europe in the "fifties," was nearly distracted by the constant movement of his royal sitter, on



On the East Terrace at Windsor Castle.
First sketch made of Queen Victoria, shortly after her Accession. By W. Corden, Senior, 1837.

When the above sketch was executed, her Majesty was wearing a lavender-coloured dress, a white lace shawl, and a white chip bonnet, trimmed with white feathers and pink roses. The Queen seldom appeared in public before her accession, and photography not being available, few of her subjects knew what their Sovereign was like. The artist frequently used the sketch in painting miniatures on ivory and porcelain, chiefly for friends in his own county, Derbyshire.

one occasion when he was doing a portrait of Queen Victoria. At last the artist ventured to remonstrate, when the Queen replied, "I know I am a bad sitter, but I never can keep still unless I have something to do." So the painter suggested that the Queen should paint him, while he was painting her. The idea found favour; a canvas, paints, and brushes were sent for, and the Queen went to work. The result showed that the royal artist was quite at home in more than one medium, and the sketch (a life-size head) of Winterhalter was, moreover, a good likeness.

Both the Queen and the Prince Consort took up etching, their plates being printed for them by a printer in Windsor, until he incurred displeasure by taking pulls from their plates for himself, which found their way into the market.

Among the many artists employed at Windsor, and elsewhere, was Sir Edwin Landseer, who was a great favourite, his portrait of himself sitting on a heathy bank, with a wise-looking collie dog looking over each

shoulder, and which he called 'Connoisseurs,' is among many others from his brush in the royal collection. The artists who painted at Windsor generally worked in a small room looking on to the East Terrace. The "Corridor" contains many pictures of family events, weddings, and the visits of foreign monarchs, bearing the names of Frith, Sir G. Hayter, Daw, Thomas, and others, while Burton Barber, and, earlier, F. W. Keyl, painted many portraits of Her Majesty's favourite animals. The Prince Consort was a man of Catholic appreciation in art matters, and often handled the brush himself; the portrait of the Duke of Brunswick, by W. Corden, in the Waterloo Gallery at Windsor, was painted partly from sketches of uniforms and military details made by the Prince.

At one time the Queen had an album made each year, containing water-colour sketches by various artists of events which had occurred, and places which she had visited during the year. A particularly interesting volume is one which includes the visit to the Emperor of the French, with a 'State Hunt at Versailles.'

Though our hearts are heavy for the nation's recent loss, it is pleasant to think that Her Majesty possessed a truly British sense of humour, and could enjoy a joke as well as the most jovial of her lieges. Many instances of this will occur to those who knew the family side of the Court life, particularly before widowhood had laid its abiding shadow upon the life of our good Queen. Mr.

Leitch, the artist (afterwards President of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours), gave lessons to the Queen and some of the Princesses.

He was sent for, one day, to Osborne, and expecting to return the same night, omitted to provide himself with what he usually wore, a night-cap. He was commanded to remain in the Island until the next day, possibly for the completion of some sketch, and, sleeping at an inn, caught a bad cold in his head.

The next day the Queen remarked upon his cold, and the old artist explained how he had got a chill, adding that he had asked the chambermaid to contribute something to tie round his head, but she said she had nothing she could spare!

Later in the day, one of the lessons was interrupted by the arrival of a footman, with a parcel from the Queen. The puzzled painter opened it and found three fisherman's worsted night-caps, with a message from the Queen hoping they would fit! So Mr. Leitch tried on one, and bade the footman observe and report to Her Majesty that it fitted beautifully.

Besides the more private pictures painted for the Queen, there are, of course, many works in the Royal Collections by those who have held the appointment of "Portrait Painter in Ordinary," "Her Majesty Historical Painter," "Marine Painter to Her Majesty" and in Scotland, "Her Majesty's Limner."

VICTOR CORDEN.

The Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition.

THE exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy this year gives evidence of the existence of a large amount of painting power and vitality among the members. Places have been found for 812 works of art, of which 471 are pictures in oil; and not for several years has there been an exhibition containing so much fresh and beautiful work as that which opened in the middle of February, at the Mound Galleries, Edinburgh. The Members of the Academy are specially well represented; the Associates, with two or three notable exceptions, are more modest in their contributions, and it is gratifying to be able to record, that some of the young men still outside the pale of the Academy, send work of the greatest promise and hope for the future of Scottish art. The galleries are particularly rich in good examples of portraiture and landscape. It might almost be called a portrait year. Pictures in which the figure has a prominent place are not so much cultivated. An old feud between the water-colour artists and the Academy has broken out afresh this year, in consequence of the latter body resolving to hang the water-colours in the same room as the architectural drawings and works in black-and-white. The water-colour men memorialised the Academy two years ago, and then got a promise that one of the rooms would be allocated wholly for works in this medium. A water-colour room was accordingly provided last year, but it has been taken away again on this occasion, and in consequence eight or nine of the best water-colour artists, including three Associates of the Academy, viz., Mr. R. B. Nisbet, Mr. Thomas Scott, and Mr. H. W. Kerr, have abstained from sending

drawings, to the great loss of the exhibition. While at this point it may be mentioned that a proposal has been made by Mr. T. Austen-Brown, A., that the Academy should set apart, as of right, a certain amount of space on the line for works by Members and Associates, and it has also been suggested that the number of works which Members and Associates can send to the exhibition should be restricted. Mr. Brown was heard at length on this at the last meeting of the Academy, but no action was taken. Possibly none will at present. It is clear that the whole subject is one that requires consideration, and the Council of the Academy is not famed for the speed with which it applies itself to the discussion of anything in the shape of innovations. At present Members and Associates are allowed to send five pictures or other works. They rarely send so many, but still much may be said, that if they had been restricted from contributing fewer than they have done this year, the exhibition would not have been so attractive as it is. It is further to the credit of the hangers that very considerable space, on or about the line, has been allocated for good pictures by non-members. For the last few years, indeed, the younger men have had little to complain of in that respect.

In noticing a few of the more outstanding works of the exhibition, mention may be made of a vigorous painted and beautiful head of Professor Flint, by the President, Sir George Reid; of Mr. James Guthrie's artistically-handled and suavely-toned portrait of the Reverend Dr. White, Free St. George's, Edinburgh; of a head of a young lady, by Mr. George Henry, of char-

ing quality; of a graceful portrait of a girl, by Mr. E. A. Walton; and of Mr. Robert Brough's elegant full-length of Lady Encombe, which was in the New Gallery. Among the figure painters, Mr. Roche's work stands out prominently. His lovely fancy portrait of 'Joan' is a delightful embodiment of ingenuousness and innocence in girlhood, worked out in a pleasing scheme of colour. Mr. G. Ogilvy Reid sends a superbly-painted character study of Poins, from Henry IV.; Miss M. Cameron's 'Matador' is a fine piece of opulent painting, befitting a Spanish subject; and Mr. R. Gemmell Hutchison is represented by a large homely Scottish picture, with figures pictorially treated. In the domain of figure with landscape, Mr. McGeorge excels as a colourist in a charming woodland scene, with children picnicking, which he calls 'My Ladies' Train,' from an incident in progress. Mr. T. B. Blacklock's graceful fancy is seen in two admirable works, 'Sea Maidens' and 'A Fairy Tale,' while Mr. George Smith's ability to depict rural scenes enlivened with domestic animals has never been better displayed than in an ably painted work, 'Feeding Time.' Exceptionally good landscapes are contributed by Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, Mr. A. K. Brown, and Mr. W. D. McKay, and attractive sea pieces by Mr. R. Campbell Noble. Mr. McKay's 'Nungate Bridge,' in which is represented a picturesque stretch of the East Lothian Tyne, is a masterpiece, skilfully composed and daintily treated in respect of draughtsmanship and lighting. As is too often the case in the R.S.A. Exhibitions, the sculpture shown largely consists of busts. Encouragement is lacking in Scotland to sculptors to produce ideal work in marble or bronze. An originally and beautifully modelled "Eos," by Mr. Pittendrigh Macgillivray; some decorative figures intended for the new *Scotsman* buildings, by Mr. Birnie Rhind; and a large composition representing 'The Deluge,' by one of the Academy Students, Mr. E. W. Kennedy, saves the show from absolute sterility in that particular department of art.

Only a few pictures were obtained on loan this year.



Feeding Time.
From the painting by George Smith.



"In the Valley of the Nith."
From the painting by A. K. Brown, A.R.S.A

These include Mr. Watts' beautiful head of Lady Granby, two small works by Mr. Whistler, and a very fine portrait of the late Marquis of Lothian by Mr. Orchardson, R.A., now shown for the first time. By way of memorial there have been hung two notable works by the late Mr. Thomas Faed, R.A., one of the Hon. Members of the Scottish Academy, who died last year, and a like compliment has been paid to the memory of the late Mr. W. E. Lockhart, R.S.A., in placing three pictures by him, viz., 'Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada,' a large drawing of Durham, and a fine sketch of the head of her late Majesty, done from life for the Jubilee picture.

W. M. G.

The Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.

THE Institute this year has got a new Chairman of Council and a new acting secretary, and in the annual exhibition at the Sauchiehall Street Galleries certain changes in the appearance of the rooms, and, to some extent, in the character of the pictures on the walls, may in consequence be noticed. In common with other provincial exhibitions, the Institute last year experienced a considerable falling off in its receipts, and accordingly an effort has been made to give the galleries more variety in the hope of winning the public back to them again in paying numbers, by inviting from English artists of repute pictures of merit which have been hung at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery within a recent period. A liberal response has been made to this appeal, and the London work certainly forms a most attractive feature of the exhibition. Noteworthy among these pictures may be mentioned Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ellen Terry in the character of Lady Macbeth, which Sir Henry Irving has kindly lent; Mr. Waterhouse's 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci,' and, of earlier date than these, Mr. G. F. Watts' masterpiece, 'Love and Death.' Of the better-known Glasgow men Mr. Lavery and Mr. Guthrie are both represented by portraits of much merit, while Mr. A. K. Brown in the domain of landscape, and Mr. George Henry in portraiture, paint up to their customary high standard. Mr. Hornell sends



The Lake.
From the painting by W. Mouncey.

nothing—a distinct loss in character to the exhibition; but it is understood that he is at present working up for an impending “one-man show,” or sale of his pictures. Several of the younger artists display a good deal of solid accomplishment in their art, but not quite that originality and distinctive style which made the reputation of the Institute in former days. None may be more sincerely complimented than Mr. W. Mouncey, whose ‘White Farm’ and ‘The Lake,’ painted with a full and luscious palette, are landscapes of remarkable beauty. Good style also distinguishes the landscapes of Mr. Grosvenor Thomas, who has recently removed to London; the well-composed pastorals of Mr. Brownlie Docharty combine with careful draughtsmanship much poetical feeling, and in giving fresh and vivid representations of simple natural scenery under pleasing aspects of light both Mr. J. Morris Henderson and Mr. John Henderson excel. Their father, the veteran Mr.



A Summer Landscape.
From the painting by John Henderson

Joseph Henderson, though he has just completed his Jubilee as an artist, still paints with undiminished vigour and effectiveness those breezy Clyde coast scenes with which his fame in the West of Scotland is chiefly associated. Figure painting in combination with landscape has able exponents in Mr. David Fulton and Mr. David Gauld, and in portraiture there is nothing better shown by representatives of the younger men than a lovely three-quarter length, by Mr. Robert Brough—whom Glasgow, however, cannot claim—of Mrs. Pyper, of Hillhead, and a precisely but happily-handled picture of a young girl in crimson by Mr. W. G. Gillies. The best of the sculpture comes from London, and the Council have been fortunate enough to induce Mr. Gilbert, R.A., to send direct from his atelier a case of objects of art in different stages of preparation. W. M. G.

The Wallace Collection.*

BY THE KEEPER OF THE COLLECTION.

THE ITALIAN PICTURES.—II.

THE very important, and on the whole finely preserved ‘Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist (?) and Two Angels,’ by Andrea del Sarto, is the finest example to be found in England of a great master who is but meagrely represented either in the public or private collections here. No picture of its class has been more frequently copied and paraphrased by contemporaries and followers; and some of these copies, from the very fact of their being in public collections, are more familiar than the admirable original here. Thus there are two copies,

* Continued from p. 71.

Nos. 384 and 390, in the Prado, at Madrid; another is to be found in the Schleissheim Gallery, a kind of succursale now to that of Munich; and yet another, with some slight variation, at Longford Castle. A much reduced adaptation is in the Opera del Duomo at Siena. And this list might be continued. The faultless Florentine is seen here in absolute maturity, but not in that decadence which is betrayed less by any falling-off in the all-conquering and seemingly effortless technical mastery which is the dominant characteristic of his art than by a provoking emptiness, making itself felt uncomfort-

ably beneath the *allures* of the supreme draughtsman and executant. It would be difficult to imagine a grander or more harmonious distribution, or—allowing for the Florentine origin of the painter—colouring more effective or more exquisite in its delicacy. The delicate features of the Madonna probably reproduce those of Andrea's fair and faithless spouse, the much-abused Lucrezia del Fede. In the distance kneels St. Francis, listening in ecstasy to the music made by an angel in the heavens. Yet even here the main drawback to the splendid art of "Andrea senza errori" is not absent. This impersonality, this sinking of the individual in the typical, this preference of rhythmic grandeur over dramatic significance—these things, which make the art of a Michelangelo only the more tremendous and the more comprehensive, end by wearying the onlooker in the consummate productions of his fellow-townsmen, because, if the truth must be told, they suggest not so much loftiness disdainful of merely human expression as emptiness. The relation of the Madonna and Child here is not the intimate and touching one of the earlier Florentines and of Raphael. The peculiarities of Andrea's style, as I have endeavoured to define them, give, however, an element of mystery and impersonal grandeur to the group of St. John with the two angels, whose part in the scheme remains, from the dramatic point of view, undetermined. The 'Eleonora of Toledo, Grand-Duchess of Florence,' by Bronzino—or from his workshop—is one among many repetitions of this stiff, official portrait, which at its best cannot be counted among the fine things of the Florentine portraitist, who could depict the *grands seigneurs* of his time and country with a sculptural grandeur, with a *fierezza* for which even in the prime of the sixteenth century it would be hard to find a parallel.

The Sieneese master, Beccafumi—chiefly famous for his share in the designs for the great mosaic (or marble intarsiatura) pavement in the Duomo of Siena, and for his forcibly composed ceiling in the Palazzo Pubblico there—is in England so scarce a master that some mention must be accorded to his 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes,' in Gallery III. It is an early production, stiff and not very attractive, which, in a certain pseudo-classicality, appears to me to suggest the influence of his fellow-countryman Baldassare Peruzzi. On the other hand, in the bare landscape, with the upright trees, we may, if we please, recognise that influence of Perugino which he is said to have undergone in the beginning of his career. At the National Gallery Beccafumi is represented by the curious fantasy 'Esther before Ahasuerus' (?); but a more brilliant example of his style in maturity is the 'Martyrdom of a Saint' recently acquired by Mr. R. H. Benson for his rich collection of Italian masters.

The Milanese school is well represented at Hertford House, and in such a way as happily to complete certain gaps in the national collections. Of unique interest and importance is the elaborate illumination by Cristoforo de Predis, the father, as has been assumed, of the once-forgotten but now so fashionable Ambrogio de Predis. This bears, on the gold ground, the signature "Opus Xrstofori de Predis, vii die Aprilis, 1475." Another fine miniature from the same hand, bearing a later signature and dated 1474, is in the Royal Library at Turin. I have described our example provisionally as 'Galeazzo Maria Sforza, Duke of Milan, praying for Victory'—since it is not yet clear to what event in the life of this unworthy son of Francesco Sforza the splendidly illuminated page refers. At any rate, poor Galeazzo Maria prayed in vain, since in the very next year, 1476, he fell,

the victim of a conspiracy—leaving a youthful son, Gian Galeazzo Sforza, who was not very long to survive under the questionable guardianship of his uncle, the famous Ludovico Il Moro. Young Gian Galeazzo is portrayed in Gallery III. of the Wallace Collection, in a most interesting fragment of fresco, in which he is shown intently studying a volume of Cicero. On a recent visit to the newly-arranged museum of the Castello at Milan I was able to ascertain that our fresco had once adorned the frieze of the inner cortile in the now no longer existing Palazzo del Banco Mediceo—the Branch Bank of the Medici formerly to be found in the Via de Bossi at Milan. To this same palace belonged the magnificent sculptured doorway, now also in the Castello, which in a unique fashion shows in combination the chief characteristics of the Milanese and of the Florentine schools, and has therefore been tentatively assigned to Michelozzo, who worked at Milan in the Chapel of St. Peter Martyr at St. Eustorgio. Our fresco was formerly in the collection of the Vicomte de Tausia, by whom, I believe, it was ascribed to Luini. M. Müntz, in his recent biography of Leonardo da Vinci, published it as by Vincenzo Foppa. The true author is, as I hold, Bartolommeo Suardi, called Bramantino, who issued originally from the school of Foppa, and, as his name shows, became the pupil or imitator of Bramante; yet who in his later and more Leonardesque phrase is still not infrequently confused with Luini. This is an example of Bramantino in his middle time, remarkable for delicate modelling and happy treatment of light, but not exhibiting his latest developments, as we see them at the Brera, and the Ambrosiana, and in and about the churches of Milan. By him, too, is, as I believe, the 'Head of a Girl' (Gallery III.) which hangs next to the 'Gian Galeazzo.' It may possibly come from the Villa Pelucca, presently to be mentioned, though I cannot at present quite see how it would fit into the scheme of decoration of which we still possess—divided between the Brera, the Louvre, Hertford House, and other collections—the chief elements. Bramantino is a new name in an English national collection. The National Gallery will, however, at some time in the future, enter into possession of a very important 'Adoration of the Magi' by him, which belonged to Sir Henry Layard, and with the rest of his fine collection still remains, under the provisions of his will, at Venice, in the palace of Lady Layard. The Casa Pelucca, a country-house between Monza and Milan, was once covered with frescoes by Luini and Bramantino, many fragments of which have been removed and preserved in the galleries above enumerated. One of these fragments is the charming 'Child-Genius holding Grapes' at Hertford House (Gallery III.), unquestionably assignable to Luini's earlier time, and belonging to the same section of the Pelucca decoration as the 'Enfant assis sous une treille,' and the 'Enfant à genoux sous une treille,' of the Louvre. Another *putto*—but this time one by Luini's coadjutor Bramantino—is to be found in the collection of frescoes of the Brera.

From La Pelucca comes also the large and unlovely fresco, now in the Long Gallery of the Louvre, 'Vulcan Forging a Wing for Love,' which belongs clearly to Bramantino, not to Luini; the dry Lombard master is in this piece striving for Leonardesque suavity, and attempting a thing of which, neither in conception nor in execution, he is capable. A precious example of Luini's early style is the 'Virgin and Child' (No. 8 in the Wallace Collection). It has, by some students of the master, been classed as a late work and grouped with another



The Virgin and Child.
By Bernardino Luini.



The Virgin and Child, with St. John the Baptist (?) and two Angels.
By Andrea del Sarto.

'Madonna' in the collection of the Marchesa Arconati-Visconti of Paris, which I have hitherto had no opportunity of studying. The hard, over-precise execution of our picture, and its light, purely Lombard key of colour, to my thinking, entirely shut out any such hypothesis. The tone, the peculiar grouping of the tints, the landscape background, the incisiveness of the careful execution—all these characteristics show Luini not far from his beginnings, and under the influence, not less in colour than in design, of Andrea da Solario. How would it be possible that, having painted the other 'Virgin and Child' (No. 10 in this collection)—that is to say an absolutely typical example of his art at maturity—he should have relapsed into such a timid, laborious style as that shown in No. 8? Artists of true individuality do not thus develop backwards. No. 10 (reproduced on p. 104) is the famous 'Madonna and Child' from the Pourtalès Collection, where it was ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, under whose name it appeared, indeed, at Bethnal Green. This picture, which has its own atmosphere of reposeful charm and effortless suavity, such as only Luini could create, has darkened a little; both the modelling and the execution generally are nevertheless seen to be of exquisite beauty, and absolutely characteristic of the master's own hand. It is, like its neighbour on these walls—the Andrea del Sarto just now analysed—the original of a great number of repetitions and copies, varying in degree of merit and demerit, but all of them vastly inferior to the Hertford House picture. Among them are the examples in the Hermitage, in the gallery of Count Czernin at Vienna, in the Palazzo Borromeo at Milan, and at Apsley House.

I may, with perhaps an excess of conscientiousness, enumerate as belonging to the Umbrian school a little tempera, 'The Assumption of the Magdalen' (Gallery IV.), in which La Spagna's ultra-Peruginesque mannerisms are very apparent, and the fragment of a fresco, 'A Female Saint' (same gallery), to which I have thought it best to assign at present no name, contenting myself with the statement that it belongs to the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century, and reveals the influence of the protagonists of the school, Perugino and Penturicchio.

The seventeenth century will not long occupy us, and we may pass over as unimportant the 'Sibyl' of Domenichino, and the canvases by, and attributed to, Sassoferrato. A great ornament to Gallery XVII. is the imposing and, of its kind, magnificent landscape by Salvatore Roza, 'A River Scene with Apollo and the Sibyl.' This is a superb *décor de théâtre* of the graver order, not aiming at close adherence to nature or accurate reproduction of any particular scene; and therefore not open to the scathing criticisms which Ruskin, who completely misunderstands him, launches against the southern master. Salvator gives here, as in the great canvases of the Louvre and the Pitti, bravura exceedingly brilliant of its kind, yet of the lower order. Infinitely higher does he stand in such works as 'The Prodigal Son' of the Hermitage, and the 'Jacob tending his Flocks' of the Bridgwater Gallery. Here he does what Rembrandt did so incomparably north of the Alps—he brings back the sacred legends to the pastoral simplicity of their beginnings, and renders them with an appealing pathos, with an ingenuousness, which only the great Dutchman has surpassed; and withal in a certain gracious fashion which belongs to the Italian, and to him alone. Had the romantic Neapolitan been in the higher sense a colourist, he might have been the greatest painter of his school.

One of the boasts of Hertford House has always been its collection of Canalettos and Guardi's. These have been kept together, and are still to be seen as a group in Gallery XII. No less than twenty canvases, which have always been ascribed to Canaletto, are in the Wallace Collection; but out of this series—all of them of the greatest interest to lovers of Venice, its architecture, and its life in the eighteenth century—I regret to say that only one, 'The Grand Canal with the Church of S. Simone,' can, in my opinion, be ascribed with certainty to his own hand. This is not the most attractive of his pictures—the subject itself being a dull one—but the mastery of the execution, and, above all, the happy boldness of the chiaroscuro, are beyond question. None but such a master as he could have so boldly bathed one whole side of the canal in deep but transparent shadow, just tipping the summits of the palaces with brilliant light. It is in such masterly audacities as this, it is in the treatment of his skies, his water, his personages, that he most noticeably differs from his followers and imitators. Canaletto at his best was a great master, though in him the true painter's quality warred with the relentless precision of the architectural draughtsman. Both were there, but not in perfect cohesion. To be duly appreciated, however, he must naturally be studied in his *own* pictures, not in those of other people. We must look for him at Windsor Castle, in the Louvre, in two or three out of the numerous series of so-called Canalettos at the National Gallery, in the Soane Museum, and in many private collections; above all, we must not miss his drawings, which are among the most masterly that any eighteenth-century master has produced.

If we admire and profoundly respect Canaletto, and, as we study, wonder at him the more, we surrender ourselves with delight to the fascinations of his younger contemporary, Guardi, the true child of joyous Venice in her still lovely decadence. The series of paintings by him in the Wallace Collection is hardly rivaled in any other gallery, all the examples being not only above suspicion but of fine quality. Indeed, you cannot imitate a Guardi, with any hope of deceiving—or even of rivalling his charm—and this no doubt his contemporaries of the second and third class were not slow to perceive. A mere barren enumeration will not mean much to those who have not seen the Guardi's of Hertford House; and those who have will readily understand that their peculiar charm is not easily translatable into words. Equally lovely are the greater and the smaller 'San Giorgio Maggiore'; while in a soberer, greyer, but not less effective key, the 'Dogana' and the 'Church of Santa Maria della Salute' are only less fine. In the delightful 'Rialto' it is the bustle, the hum of the great bridge and market, as a centre of Venice, rather than its architectural dignity, that have been emphasized.

In the lightness and stimulating accent of his seemingly effortless brushing, Guardi was unrivalled. And he was able, as no other contemporary could, to imprison in his canvases the beautiful opalescent lights, the rare atmospheric effects which belong exclusively to the Venetian atmosphere. The joy in light and life dances and sparkles in his pictures, and give one characteristic aspect of Venice and the Venetians to perfection. It was left for later masters, with the ardent, sombre Turner at their head, to see Venice otherwise, showing visions of her beauty more radiant still, but impregnated with the brooding melancholy of the nineteenth century.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Entrance to Soldiers' Barracks.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

Fez, the Capital of Morocco.*

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEO. MONTBARD.

TO-DAY we are going to visit the bazaars. The zig-zag path, lined by old walls near those of the Kaid's gardens, brings us into a rather broad long street sloping sharply down to the shops.

The top of the streets is barred by a great crenellated ogee gateway, very dilapidated and propped by beams. A little way lower down another ogee gateway opens in a grim embattled wall, flanked by octagonal towers; a triple row of arabesques encircles the cinter, and the upper part of the façade is covered with interlaced carvings and mosaics of a nice design and remarkable harmony in tone. Almost all the embrasures are broken, big holes disfigure the handsome façade, the base of the walls is eaten up, and the cants of the towers are completely worn away.

There is a great bustle of soldiers coming and going, and under the deep vault we see some sitting, and others playing chess or lying on the ground.

Lower down, in a re-entering angle, a very fine door attracts our attention; the double wooden panels are

covered with brass ornaments artistically designed. A succession of corbelled beams carved with precious skill, painted over in colours relieved with gold, support a roof of green tiles, where mosses, grass, and shrubs grow at will.

Farther off stands the tower of a ruined mosque. On its summit storks have built their nests, and its base is hidden by a number of wretched shops. Near by, raw-boned beggars are huddled in sombre recesses. Bald, toothless, horrid old hags are carrying heavy loads, and heap abuse on us as they go by.

We pass under vaults, arches, we advance by the side of smooth walls of gloomy buildings, and then, still descending, we disappear under an obscure, moist passage, and emerge on a sort of irregular open square, a pretty broad crossway. On one side of the place, in a gigantic wall, a monumental gateway opens between two narrow bastions. The immense ogee is encircled by festoons of arabesques, and a triple fillet in relief forms a rectangular frame round these ornaments. Above the horizontal fillet lies a long band of mosaics in tiles of indistinct colour, on which stand out in black letters verses from the Koran. Immediately over this are infinite rows of small indented arches with pendants resting on tiny columns, rising one above the other in a succession of alveolate corbels. Figured dentils, delicate pilasters, and interminable interlacings, deftly combined, are entwined in the intervals between the ogees, which seem as though they were sculptured on a large stone lace-work. Over all that, and strongly projecting, dominates a powerful crowning covered with a roof of green tiles, and supported by receding consoles one on top of the other, carved with ogees, and wreaths of arabesques in an extraordinary profusion. Above all, still higher, runs up the smooth high wall, its summit covered with a roof of tiles.

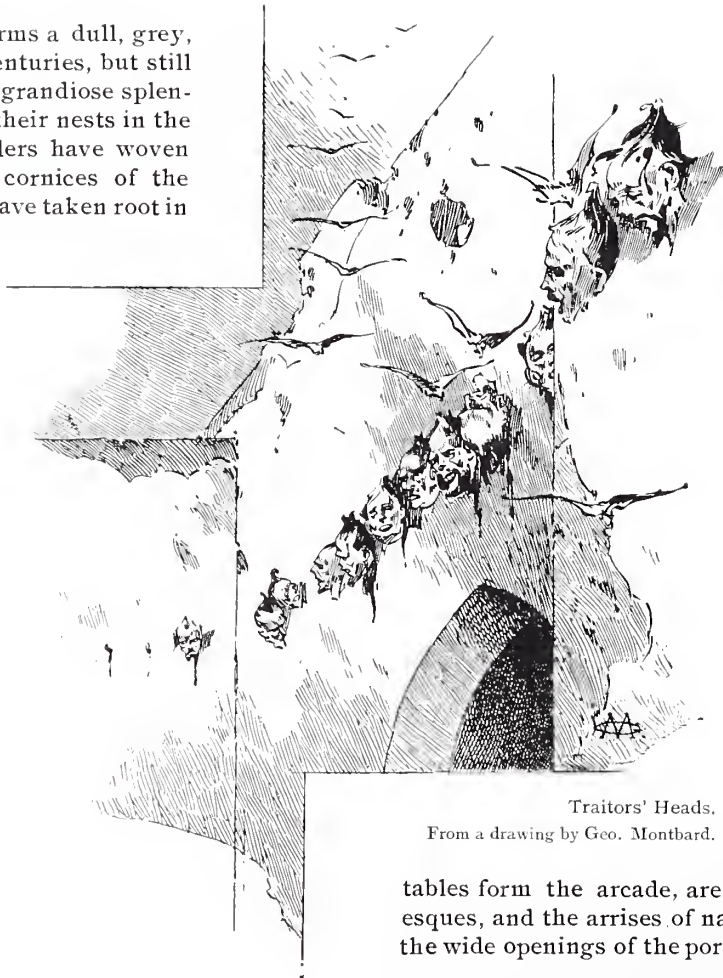
* Continued from page 17.



A Gateway of Old Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

The whole structure forms a dull, grey, dusty mass worn by the centuries, but still retaining a mournful and grandiose splendour. Birds have built their nests in the covings of the ogees, spiders have woven their webs between the cornices of the consoles, parasite plants have taken root in angles, and great black streaks tarnish the interlacings. Hard layers of coagulated dust impaste the lintels of the flutings, the fine ridges of the curves, the delicate chasings of the fillets, and the antique monument battered by the rain, cracked by the sun, is falling into dust, dispersed by the winds.

The bastion on the right, which advances a long way out between the noble gateway and the dark hole through which we came on the place, is adorned by a lovely fountain, whose waters flow in two jets from a cintered mosaic inlaid in the wall, and fall into a big marble



Traitors' Heads.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

basin. Over the arch lies a band of carved interlacings surmounted by a frieze formed by beams set over one another, and with ornamental angles. Higher up a roof of tiles rests on an alignment of sculptured and painted consoles. The ensemble is in a frightful state of decrepitude and decay.

On the front of the other bastion there is a sham window, with its pointed arch blocked up. This colossal gateway is the entrance to an inn, a *fondouk*. The courtyard is surrounded by porticoes with octagonal columns, whose bases are covered with wooden casings. The plain surfaces of the capitals, whose corbel tables form the arcade, are worked with graceful arabesques, and the arrises of narrow ogees, alternating with the wide openings of the porticoes, are indented with fine

mouldings. Above these rise two tiers of galleries, with balconies decorated with moucharabiehs, and fitted with benches. At the back of these galleries are rooms tenanted by Jews to store their wares. The porticoes on the ground floor are closed by carved doors surmounted by iron gratings.

Here, too, everything is crumbling, corroding, decaying: the plaster is falling from the masonry, the moucharabiehs are rotting, the sculptured panels are worm-eaten, and the festooned ogees are slowly disintegrating. It is a general ruin.

A Kaouadji is installed under the archway; in the courtyard bales and boxes are piled of camels and mules being unloaded.

Outside the *fondouk*, on the right, under the shade of an old vine climbing along the creviced walls over a musty dislocated trellis, camel drivers are sleeping near their crouching beasts, donkeys are lying down, beggars are taking their siesta. High walls with a few doorways line the square to the right of the fountain; on the left are grocers' shops, and, in low ramshackle huts, harness makers.

We are in the middle of the bazaar, the *Keseria*: a long steep street quite crowded with people and animals, lined with shops. In the framing of thousands of articles hanging outside, calm and reserved dealers are squatting in their small square holes.

The air is impregnated with aromatic scents, you inhale the odour of incense and *kif*, mingled with that of cedar-wood warmed by the sun, the vague stench of sweat and of beasts; and when rolls on the hollow flood of these people, whose bare slippered feet tread noiselessly on the ground, the clacking of our heels re-echoes strangely on the worn, shiny, small, round paving stones.

The shops are of various kinds here. There are saddle-makers, silk-mercers, leather-sellers, grocers, tobacconists. They sell tea, coffee, scarlet fez, hides, yellow morocco leather; low tables, with marble mosaic tops and carved and painted legs; cedar stands of vivid colours set off by a few gold fittings, manufactured at Tetuan. By the side of stalls filled with German looking-glasses, French hardware, Manchester cottons, Venice jets, Italian coral, Russian samovars, are displayed the products of the Soudan, gums from Senegal, ostrich feathers, amulet of cloth, black stone which protects against the bites of reptiles. You brush by grim-faced mountaineers under their ample, brown *djellabiehs*, speckled with gay tufts of silk, their heads encircled by the red cases, lined with a band of silver embroidery, of their muskets which they carry on their shoulder. There are fair-haired Berbers in white *haïks* of coarse wool, visionary with deep, sunken eyes; bloated saints, entirely naked, droning verses from the Koran; beggars with repulsive sores; handsome horsemen, Pashas mounted on fine mules brilliantly harnessed; crafty Jews stealthily gliding; veiled women making purchases.



A Saddlery Bazaar.

From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

At times you hear the harrowing notes of the *ghaitas*, the bagpipes of the Arabs, with such sad strains, the sound of flutes and a rapid succession of gunshots. Then you are forced back against the shops by armed bands which come rushing and yelling through the retreating crowd, leaping like wild animals and firing off their guns right and left. It is the *lab-el-baroud*, the game of gunpowder, a fantasia in celebration of a wedding or circumcision.

We are in front of the Karawin mosque, the holy mosque among all others. We pass slowly. Through the open, massive folding-doors you foresee interminable ranges of columns, infinite successions of arcades losing themselves into the sombre distance in a mysterious penumbra. Thousands of lanterns are suspended from the vaults of the sanctuary, and on the floor a crowd is prostrated, the foreheads touching the dust, and, in the fever of a wild exaltation, implore, panting, the mercy of the Most High.

The immense murmur of these voices, united in solemn and formidable prayer to invoke the name of Allah, rolls with dim roar under the innumerable vaults, breaks out and rises into the air above with hollow resoundings, strange and terrible outbursts.

We stroll round the mosque, along high, dull chap walls, with dingy summits entwined with the neighbouring houses. Through other doors of the mosque you perceive marble *mirhabs* with elegant small columns, antique pulpits of cedar wood, adorned with marvellous reliefs and inlaid with ivory and ebony. By the side of massive pillars with heavy centres run lines of slender columns connected with delicate curves scalloped like old lace, façades of porticoes of dazzling whiteness. You see, gleaming with faint tints, pieces of sculpture set off by tarnished gildings of faded, pallid colours under a shroud of dust which has accumulated for centuries. Between the embrasures of the minarets storks have made their nests and are quietly resting on one leg.

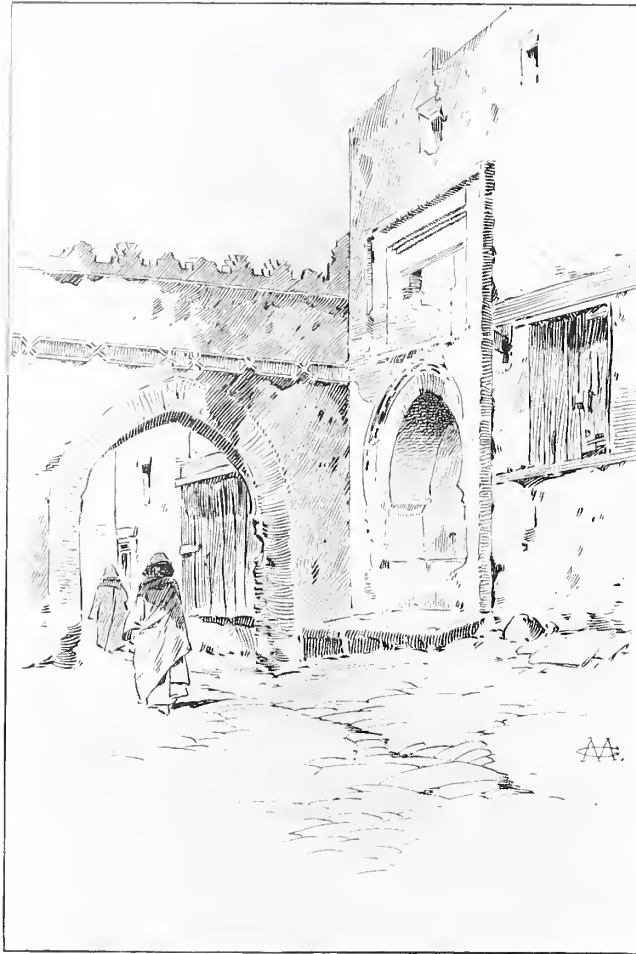
From walls faced with mosaics glittering in the sun with sparkling reflects, fresh water of fountains flows and falls into marble basins with the sheen of liquid gold. And still resounds like the rumbling of a distant thunder the imposing clamour, the religious hymn of prostrate believers.

It is in the *Medarsa* of the Mosque of Karawin that the poor come gratuitously, the rich for the modest sum of a penny or three halfpence a week, to complete their education, which consists solely in a knowledge of the Koran and its commentaries, and of a few other religious books, and to obtain the title of *tholba* or *fekir*, men of learning.

Although physics, chemistry, and natural science are excluded from the programme of instruction as superfluous, the *tholba* none the less cultivate alchemy with passion at the same time as they study the aspect of the sky, and they draw extravagant horoscopes which they make those who apply to them pay for handsomely.

The mosque of Karawin, like that of El Azhar at Cairo, is a centre of fanaticism and of religious propaganda. It is there that the Ulemas recruit their *seïdes*; there that they inculcate the neophytes with the precepts of the Koran, the implacable hatred of the Roumi; there that they raise their religious zeal to fever heat, bringing these unfortunate creatures to a state of exaltation bordering on folly, to despatch them hence to make an unbridled propaganda in the country.

It is there also that the chiefs of those innumerable sects that are to be found throughout the Mussulman world come to take their orders, to then make their way to the Moslem convents and instruct the affiliated, who, by their inflamed predications, excite the populations to



A Fountain in the main street of Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

murder and revolt, and provoke those constant religious upheavals that are so terribly repressed by the Christians.

These convents, or *zaouïa*, a corner, which swarm in Morocco, are religious congregations analogous to the Spanish *hermandades*, to the monastic orders. The *merbout*, or affiliated, who almost to a man are of the *tholba* and *fekir* class, call themselves *khouans*, brothers. They are distinguished by the *dzeke*, the formula of prayer to be recited on the beads of a chaplet, and by certain peculiar practices. Each of these brotherhoods has for founder a marabout who has received by a revelation from Mahomet, the mission to form disciples, and to establish the basis of the constitution of the order. Their spiritual chief is a Khalifa who himself appoints his successor, generally chosen in his own family.

These religious orders possess a large number of *zaouïa*, kinds of monasteries, having each a *khoubba*, the tomb of a saint, a mosque, a library, and a *medarsa*, a college or seminary where theology, law, letters, and science are taught. A hospital and a building for travellers, "God's guests," are also to be found there, and individuals who take refuge there as *mzany*, suppliants, meet with inviolable asylum. The wealth of these brotherhoods consists in *habous*, or real estate, administered by a *nadir*, steward, and in the produce of charity, or *zekkat*. All the accounts of the community are kept by an *adel*, notary, and verified by the *kadi*, judge.

They have numerous emissaries throughout the Islam world, and, like the *ulemas* of Fez, constantly meddle in the affairs of government and exercise an underhand and troublesome pressure on the Sultan.

The most important of these brotherhoods in Morocco are those of Mouley-Taïeb, the Derkawa, the Aïssawa, and the Hamdacha, and in the other Moslem countries those of the Senoussi at Tripoli, the Tedjeni in Algeria, and the Sidi Abd-el-Kader at Bagdad.

The brotherhood of the Mouley-Taïeb, whose influence extends over the Sous, the north of Morocco and the west of Algeria, was founded by Mouley-Idris, a Sherif of Morocco, descendant of Mouley-Taïeb, who predicted to his disciples that they would exterminate the Beni-Asfor, children of the yellow, that is to say the French in Algeria, and take possession of the country.

The Derkawa, whose founder's name is unknown, extend as far as Algeria. Dangerous fanatics, they multiply their depôts of secreted arms even to the oases,



A Muizzin of the Mosque of Karawin.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

Embroidery.

FROM THE PAINTING BY MUNKACSY.

THIS picture marks a pleasant phase in the art of Michael Libe of Munkacs, who is always known as Munkacsy. Into his first important work, 'Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' he wrought much of the spirit of terrible actuality wherein his early life was wrapped. If young Michael was never subjected to an experience so awful—for the much-misused epithet may be aptly applied to the incident of a condemned man subjected to public gaze before the merciful hour of death comes—as that of the prisoner he represented, at any rate his father died in a Russian prison, and he himself was for years confronted with what in life is stern, hard, unlovely.

For its theme alone, then, we welcome this "Embroidery," wherein Munkacsy leaves for a moment the grim dramas in the lot of the worker, with which he was familiar, and turns to sunlit paths, shadowed by no cloud of poverty. The girl seated by the flower-set casement dreams of joyous things as she plies her needle; happily, it may be, she is unconcerned, here in the warm sunlight of her room, with the sufferings of the world outside. As in other works by Munkacsy, there is directness and power about the touch.



Painted by Munkacsy.

EMBROIDERY



No. 1.—Printed Paper Wrapper.
By A. A. Turbayne.

Cloth Bookbindings.

“CLOTH BINDING” is with some a term almost of contempt. They would deny, indeed, that it is binding; “sewn in cloth” they would call it, reserving the word “binding” for leather. Inasmuch as that is the handwork of an individual craftsman, it is indeed deserving of respect hardly due to manufacture; but even were it always that, there is no occasion to exalt one kind of work at the expense of another; and they are not the true friends of art, who will have none of it except under conditions which are in the present day, and will in the future become more and more, occasional.

Manufacture has come to stay; let us make the best of it, and the most artistic. It is one thing to admire a binding by a sixteenth-century craftsman, or by one of the nineteenth who would fain persuade you to pay the price for work done under conditions, natural enough three hundred years ago, but to-day rather artificially fostered; it is another to assert that “cloth is a perishable material admirably adapted for covering books intended for ordinary use . . . but it is *not* a material upon which a design of any value should be impressed.” In the name of art and common-sense, why not? one would like to know. Why should it be thought worth while to spend treasures of artistic skill upon the “tooling” of a book, to be once done and then hidden away in the collection of an “amateur” so-called (who may quite possibly not really love beautiful things, but only crave to possess things that are unique), and not to make beautiful the cover of a book to be distributed a thousandfold, or ten thousandfold, among people, some of whom will certainly care for its beauty, if we will only give them the chance.



No. 2.—Gold Blocking
in Relief.

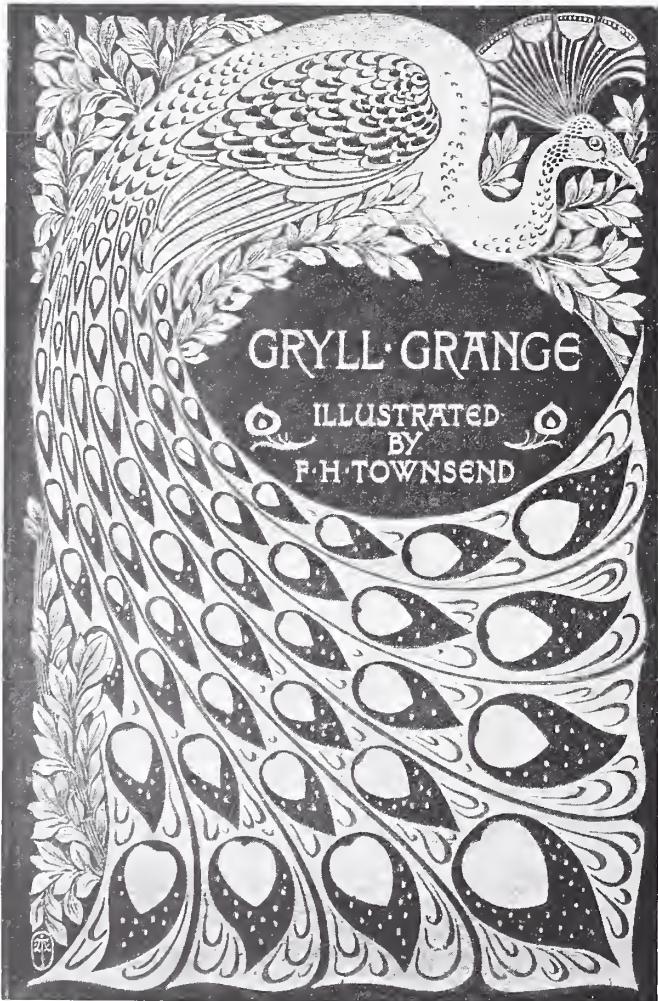
Macmillan and Co.,
J. Burn and Co., A. A. Turbayne.

If a design is to be impressed upon cloth, why not a good one? Better, it has been said, plain cloth without a design. For some purposes that is enough, but not for all. A pattern has at least one very definite use: it prevents the cloth from showing signs of wear and looking shabby. As for what will last, good linen is far less perishable than much of the leather now employed by binders, which is so notoriously rotten that they think necessary to proclaim it is not their fault but that of the merchants who provide them with the skins. And though linen were more perishable than it is, that would be no argument against its decoration: it is printed manyfold; some examples of it will most likely be preserved; and, if not, long before the cloth perishes the design will have done all it was meant to do. So far, therefore, from cloth binding being beneath the consideration of the artist, it is very well worth doing, and worth doing very well. The argument applies even to paper wrappers: such things are, and will have to be—let them be the best we can do. It is a satisfaction to the appreciative to observe in Illustration No. 1, the artfulness with which the designer has made the edges of the Imperial mantle, which forms the background to his title, into a bold heraldic-looking border; or to see in Illustration 8, the cunning with which the design is so schemed that, by the manipulation of the borders in the lower part, pictures of various dimensions and proportions can be framed in it. For the, artistically speaking, doubtful policy of inserting pictures, the publishers are probably responsible.

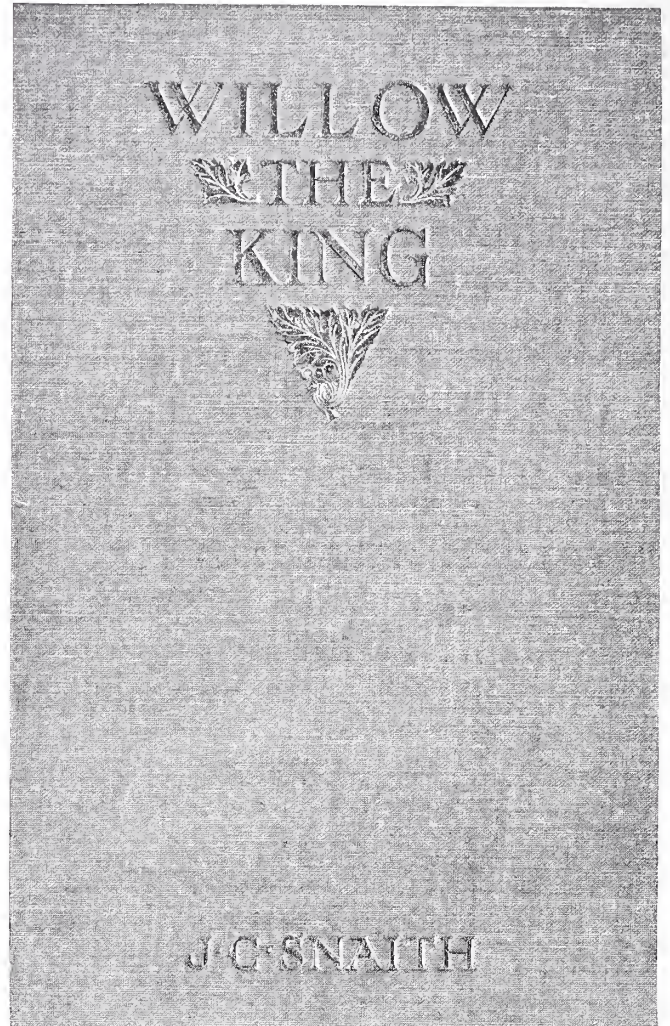
That it is not altogether a Philistine idea that cloth binding deserves artistic

consideration, may be argued from the fact that Dante Rossetti designed the cloth cover in which his poems were published, and William Morris that for the single-volume edition of his "Earthly Paradise."

So much by way of introduction to our illustrations of cloth bookbinding, which, without pretending to be other than manufacture, show what is being done in the way of endeavouring to introduce into such work so much of art as the conditions will allow. It will be seen that it is not one publisher alone, nor one binder, who is endeavouring to do better things; nor is it a single designer upon whom the trade depends, though, as it happens, the bindings here given are the design of one artist, Mr. A. A. Turbayne, into whose hands, during the last few years, a full share of the work has fallen; for which the freshness, the variety, and the extremely practical character of his work, sufficiently account. Of this last quality the invariable legibility of his lettering is a case in point. In endeavouring, however, to make it look as much as possible like type, he goes beyond what is artistically desirable or practically necessary, much as it may please the publisher. There are ways in which, without taking undue liberties with accepted forms, lettering executed by hand can be adjusted as type cannot; and to tie oneself to the typographic model is to sacrifice an artistic opportunity. Mr. Turbayne thinks otherwise. At all events, it is clear to anyone technically acquainted with the conditions of binding, that he knows precisely what cloth will give, and aims always at what can be done,



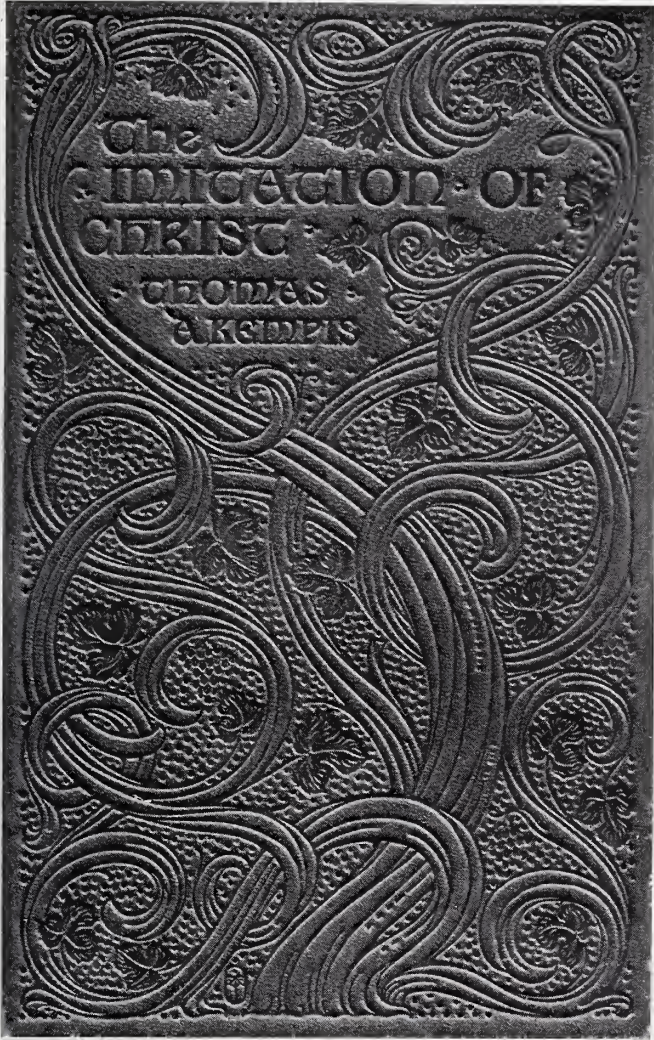
No. 3.—Flat Gold Blocking.
Macmillan and Co., J. Burn and Co., A. A. Turbayne.



No. 4.—Gold on Linen.
Ward, Lock and Co., A. A. Turbayne.

sometimes even, as will be seen, himself suggesting ways of doing which others had not thought of before.

Cloth covers, as everyone knows, are "blocked," that is to say, stamped in a press, a process no less applicable to leather than to cloth, and not altogether disdained, be it said, by the famous binders of the sixteenth century, such, for example, as Geoffroy Tory. Neither is leather quite unused by the modern binder-to-the-trade, witness the "Imitation of Christ" (No. 5) opposite, a type of work we would willingly see more of in the bindings of the books we buy ready-bound. The binder's block used always, until comparatively lately, to be cut in brass; it is becoming more and more the custom to produce it by process—an elimination of the intermediate craftsman which is all in favour of a faithful rendering of the design. The actual stamping may be in "blind" (No. 5), or in colour, or in gold. Artistically, blind stamping, lending itself as it does to breadth and simplicity of design, has much to recommend it; but though, when the block is heated, the impression comes out darker in colour than the rest of the cloth, the effect is still too modest to be greatly in favour. Blocking in colour, on the other hand, is popular, though seldom, if ever, quite satisfactory; least of all when a number of colours are used; the inks employed are generally too shiny, and the combination of printing and impressing is unhappy. Stamping in gold is in every way more satisfactory, the design telling bright on a dark ground, and producing an effect not



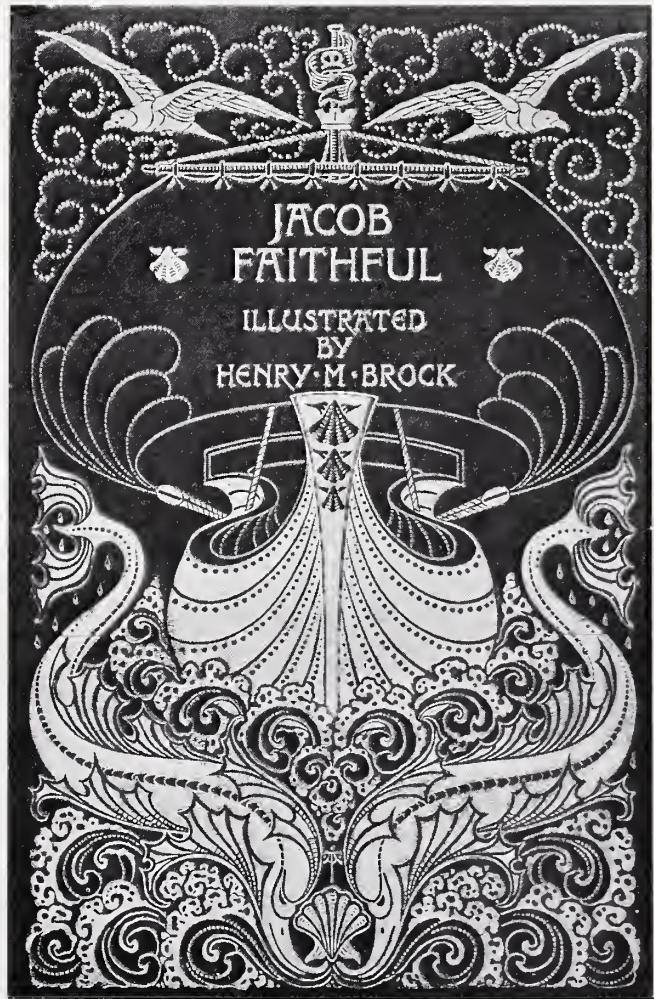
No. 5.—Blind Stamping on Leather.
Laurence and Bullen, J. Burn and Co., A. A. Turbayne.

readily to be obtained by means of colour printing. Examples of striking designs in flat blocking occur in covers Nos. 3 and 6. These are in what is termed "full gilt," a much safer method than "part gilt," where the other portion of the design is in blind, a half-and-half process by which economy is effected at the cost of art. For gold is saved only by introducing it in patches, and they assert themselves unduly as such; whereas, to give a satisfactory result, blind and gold has to be distributed pretty evenly, though not of necessity equally, over the cover.

The effect of so stamping a pattern that it appears no longer impressed, but itself upraised in the colour of the cloth upon a gold ground, is not fortunate; and, in fact, very broad masses of flat gold do not show the metal to advantage. It soon rubs off, too, and gets shabby; whilst smaller detail not only shines brighter by contrast with the surrounding colour, but is protected by the upstanding cloth about it. Such detail may, when it takes the form of lines and dots, and quite small leaves, have a false air of "tooling;" but, so long as the design is not meant to resemble handwork, it will always distinguish itself from gouge-work by the very freedom of the drawing. Any imitation of the costlier process would, of course, be objectionable. And indeed there seems to be no occasion in block-work for diaper or other frequent repetition of identical details, to which "tooling" lends itself, if it does not actually imply some such device. In the covers above referred to, Mr. Turbayne wisely takes

advantage of the opportunity which the block gives him, and uses the whole space of the cover for the field of the design; which seems the natural thing to do. Not content with simple impressed ornament in gold, Mr. Turbayne has made various experiments in modelled gilt ornament. The first of these is shown in Illustration No. 2. The method there employed is as follows: The gold is first blocked from a stamp "in solid," quite flat, except that in the centres of the roses the surface is worked over by the engraver to give a "matt" (and consequently a different tint) to the gold in those parts. The modelling is produced by a second stamping, from a block cut in outline only. This, under very heavy pressure, forces up the leaf and other surfaces within the outlines, and gives the desired relief. The same process is, perhaps, more plainly illustrated in the Egyptian symbol which forms Illustration No. 9. It occurs again on the back of the book given in Illustration No. 10: for the more finished modelling of the circular ornament on the side of the book a different method is employed. The book is first bound with the design merely in flat gold upon it, and then, and not till then, it is impressed with a brass die cut in intaglio as for a coin or medal.

Yet another process is that employed by Messrs. Leighton, Son and Hodge, in the production of the design shown in Illustration No. 7, a patent, it appears, of the firm. In this case the ornament was modelled by the designer in very thin sheet brass (easy



No. 6.—Flat Gold Blocking.
Macmillan and Co., A. A. Turbayne.



No. 7.—Gold Blocking in Relief—portion of a cover.
Hurst and Blackett, Leighton and Son, A. A. Turbayne.

to work), which was afterwards backed and hardened, so that it could be used for the actual die from which to emboss the cloth—that having been already blocked in flat gold, as above described. The method has this to recommend it, that the artist models his own design in relief, and has only himself to blame if it does not come out right. This particular design is the first that was ever produced for publication by this means.

When all is done, some of the most satisfactory cloth bindings are those in which there is least artistic effort, perhaps only just the exercise of taste and judgment. The design for "Willow the King" (No. 4) is quite one of those which one would prefer to have about one; and it shows the quality of the cloth, which goes for something in the effect of a binding, and more in the comfort with which you handle it. There is a stuffy material now in use which is most unpleasant to the touch. In the matter of colour also something is to be desired: binders seem to be in the hands of a very few makers of book-cloth, who persist in supplying for the most part tints either crude and gaudy or so dull as not to count for colour.

To return to our "cloth gilt." The gilding, it has been shown (and it may be seen in our Illustrations Nos. 2 and 9), need not be all of a tint. It may be matted, or otherwise brought to an uneven texture contrasting with that of the smooth-cut brass. It need not all be bright. The attempt, however, to represent by means of engraved lines anything like shading in the pattern fails absolutely. It is possible and quite easy to engrave a pictorial block, with shadows duly represented by lines and hatchings, and to stamp it in gold; but the effect, dark where light should be, and the shadows glittering bright, is deplorable. The logic of the case appears to demand that a figure subject should be treated strictly with a view to its effect as a design not merely in line, but in gold lines—as it might be in cloisonné enamel. There is a hint of treatment to be derived also from "sgraffito." Quite small figures, birds, animals, &c., may be characteristically expressed in frank silhouette, designed, that is to say, so that on a larger scale they might have been stencilled, as, for examples, Mr. Turbayne's birds in Illustration No. 6; only the consideration of "ties" does not in this case occur.

There are suggestions to be derived from inlay, too, and, for the designer of ornament, from damascening

The pictorial artist has more scope in designs stamped upon a coloured cloth in black; but, even so, a picture makes, as a rule, a bad cover. It fails in proportion as the design is pictorial. Any degree of success it may achieve is in proportion to its "treatment"; and the treatment must be drastic; the forms want simplification, reducing to line, and thickish line, though black may occur also in patches. The method, for example, of Mr. Phil May (not his design) approaches the ideal; that of Mr. Bernard Partridge is far removed from it.

Polychromatic cloth covers have not yet proved a success. Onlay of coloured cloths, though possible, does not seem to be very practicable. It is customary to substitute for it coloured paper, which does not fray or pull out of shape; but this is at best a cheap and rather



No. 8.—Printed Paper Wrapper.
A. A. Turbayne.

tawdry pretence. Printing in coloured inks is a more workmanlike endeavour, but its realisation leaves at present very much to be desired. Apart from the unpleasant stickiness of the varnish in them, to which reference has already been made, it is difficult to get them to "cover" on a dark cloth; and for many practical purposes a dark cloth is much to be preferred. Very pleasing effects result occasionally from the dark colour of the cloth grinning through the lighter coloured ink; but they are only occasional; and, gratifying as that casual result may be artistically, it is not only commercially but technically speaking objectionable. The accidental result of what is neither more nor less than bad work does not, whatever its charm for those who know no better, or whatever the undeniable beauty there may

be in it, do the least credit to the workman; he is none the more an artist because his materials are beyond his control; he has no cause to be proud of himself because he cannot print solidly. If he is aiming at semi-transparency, and can get it, and be sure of his effect, that is another matter; but that is what the bookbinder does not yet appear to have accomplished.

After all it does not seem as though artistically much were to be gained by polychromatic bindings. The quiet of monochrome, or at most two colours, is no slight recommendation to a binding—a cover, a protection to something, not itself an object of primary interest. Simple as might seem the problem of printing a pattern in light upon dark, it is one which the binder may well set himself to solve: he has not done it yet.

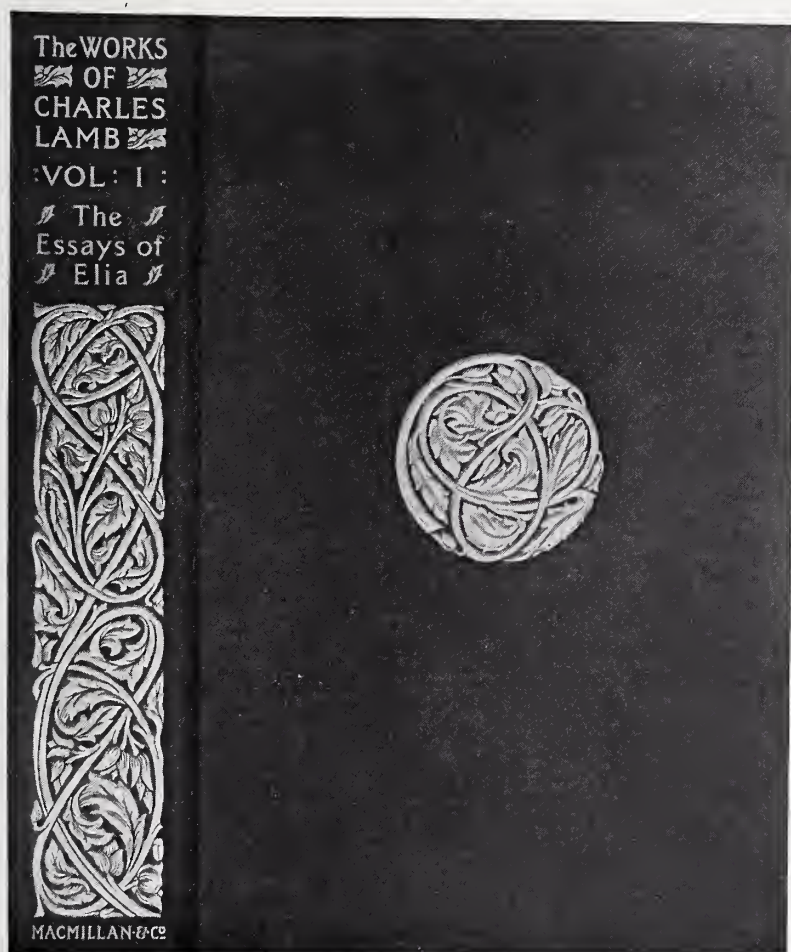
Whatever the process of execution adopted, the design of a binding should be shaped with a view to it: the artist must know the rules of the game and conform to them. This Mr. Turbayne invariably does—though he resents the economy of the publishers who will not go to the expense of stamping a design on both sides of a cover, which in many cases would obviously be the right thing to do. To scamp the under-side because it is not so much seen, is a practice to which most of us are driven at times; but it is really unworthy of workmanship, if not of trade.

With regard further to Mr. Turbayne's bindings, they speak for themselves; and speak well besides for trade book-binding.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 9.—Gold Blocking in Relief—portion of a cover
Ward, Lock and Co., A. A. Turbayne.



No. 10.—Gold Blocking in Relief.
Macmillan and Co., J. Burn and Co., A. A. Turbayne.

The Artist and his Trade.

THE artistic activity of the last twenty years or so of the nineteenth century was very largely in the direction of what we now call arts and crafts; a society was founded for their furtherance; and the movement has had widespread results. The words "arts and crafts" are on all men's, and especially women's, lips. What about the things themselves? What progress have we made, and where are we precisely in the fight for supremacy in art and craftsmanship?

That England took the lead in the revival of the arts of design, there is no manner of doubt. We made no national display at all at Paris; but our influence was everywhere conspicuous, alike in the best and in the worst of other countries. The new roads all lead from this little island. Whatever the value of our doing (and there is no occasion to magnify it beyond its true proportions), we have made a stir, the results of which, whatever they may be, can hardly prove less fruitful of good than stagnation would have been. Something, then, we have done for art, though it might fairly be contended that, in discouraging banality of design, we have given excuse for childishness, to the extent that in some quarters a designer's best chance of success is to affect a naïveté of idea not really belonging to our day, and to work it out as best he may without taking the trouble to learn his trade. This brings us to the question of craftsmanship.

Whatever the promise of design contained in work by artists now for the first time turning their attention to the lesser arts, it does not make us very hopeful of craftsmanship. They begin, in fact, with too little respect for their business ever to learn it. It may be a good thing that public attention should be called to craftsmanship—that amateurs should take up goldsmith's work and enamelling, gesso, bookbinding, and so forth, by way of recreation—and the success of exhibitions all over the country is due, no doubt, in part to the interest which dabblers in the arts naturally take in the dabbling of others: it is so encouraging to find worse work exhibited than your own. But what if a standard of amateurishness should be set up? a standard so unmistakably below the level of good workmanship, that workmen who know their business naturally laugh over it amongst themselves, and, so far from being influenced by the undoubtedly better taste in design which may characterise it, merely resent the attitude of outsiders who, whilst pretending to show them how they should do it, complacently expose their practical incompetence?

Here and there an artist does work which commands respect all round; but the general accomplishment in what is called "art work" is not generally such as would satisfy a workman. In fact, with all our talk about technical education and craftsmanship, the thing in which it is most often lacking is just technique or craftsmanship. Many an able artist has within the last few years sent to exhibition works of applied art; but they are often not the work in which he is adept; they are, perhaps, only first essays or experiments in a craft comparatively new to him, and in which he is still feeling his way. The result, in the case of a true artist, is invariably interesting; it may

even be beautiful; but, from the point of view of craftsmanship, it is, for all that, amateurish. That is the note of the moment, amateurishness.

This is said with all due respect for the amateur. It is to the sympathy of those who have themselves tried their hand at art, that the artist makes his most direct appeal. Where would art be without their support? Who else, unless it be a brother artist (most likely not a purchaser of works of art), can so well appreciate good work? By all means let us encourage the amateur. The mistake is in not distinguishing between merely tentative and accomplished work. It is not enough that design should depart from deep worn tracks which have become tedious, it must be carried out in a workmanlike way. There is a pretence of craftsmanship which rings unmistakably hollow. A man must serve an apprenticeship to art if he is to do anything in it; but apprenticeship is just what an impatient generation of artists disdains to serve. Serve, indeed! we are all masters now.

The argument appears to be something like this: Craftsmanship has lapsed into the hands of trade workmen, not as a rule men of great taste, or feeling, or invention; let us, therefore, have nothing to do with any skilled worker; but proceed entirely by the light of our own ignorance; at most we will condescend to consult some outworn mediæval treatise on the subject.

Such an attitude might, if life were long enough, and a man were prepared to spend long years in the discovery of what is already quite well known, lead to something. Considering the conditions under which we live, and especially the impatience characteristic of the very men who adopt it, it leads simply to incompetent work.

It results from the more or less amateurish form of the present reaction against mere trade work, and from the fact that what claims to be art falls frequently below the level of workmanship to which trade itself keeps, that the movement has little effect upon commercial production, or affects it only indirectly—for trade is ready enough, of course, to exploit a fashion.

Even in the directions in which a reaction of taste has made itself felt, it has been to less effect inasmuch as it has gone too far, or at least too far away from the lines, not merely of what people are accustomed to expect, but of what they have a right to ask for—a refinement in silversmith's work which removes it from copper, a delicacy in jewellery which makes it precious, a certainty in enamel which looks as if the painter had had some idea of the result he was going to obtain. In such respects we have everything to learn from France, where the working artist, despise his taste as we may, is neither on the one hand a dilettante nor on the other a mere factory hand, but just an artist who knows his trade.

Innovation must perhaps, of necessity, come from the outside—and one must admit there was occasion for it—but it would be to much more purpose if the innovator began by learning the trade he meant to mend. There is far too much assumption of knowing all about it on the part of people who have, as yet, everything to learn. And both their certainty of conviction and their uncertainty of execution seem to be in some way bound up with the theory that all design is the affair of the workman, and all execution the affair of the designer.



The Battle of the Standard.

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN GILBERT, R.A.

IN THE PERMANENT COLLECTION OF THE CITY OF LONDON, GUILDHALL.

BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

ON August 22nd, 1138, upon a hill three miles from Northallerton, there was fought the great Battle of the Standard. The name is derived from the banners of SS. Peter of York, John of Beverley, and Wilfred of Ripon. They floated from the mast of a ship, set in a heavy four-wheeled car, hauled with great difficulty—by oxen, as represented in our picture—to the place chosen by Thurstan whereon to engage David I. of Scotland in fight. At the mast-head was a large crucifix; beneath, a silver pyx containing the consecrated Host. The moment depicted is that when the bishop, with upraised arms, is reading the prayer of absolution, every spearman kneeling meantime, each mounted warrior bowing his head. The blessing pronounced, the whole army sprang to foot, and from a thousand throats came a cry of expectant victory. David, of whom George Buchanan said that if men were to set themselves to draw the image of a good king they would fall short of what he was during the whole course of his life, was utterly routed that day at Northallerton. The picture holds presage of triumph; we feel this company of spearmen and mounted knights, quiet as the bishop holds them in leash, to be unconquerable.

In the Journal London N. News & Co. Ltd.



Painted by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

THE BATTLE OF THE STANDARD.

BY PERMISSION OF THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

Though that were a practical notion—which it is not—it would follow that an artist had better keep close to his particular calling, and not run into rivalry with all manner of, perhaps lesser, craftsmen who have him at a disadvantage in theirs.

The one condition on which artists can raise a craft above mere trade, is by first mastering that trade. It is not so much to their credit as they may think, that they should pass trade by on the other side. Even though it should have fallen among thieves, the worse its extremity, the more are they bound, in artistic duty, to go to its aid.

We could do with less talk about craftsmanship and with better work. The standard of execution wants raising—or “craftsmanship” will soon be taken to mean slipshod work, incompetent, ill done. Possibly it is time already we dropped the new phrase, and returned, when we want to express well-doing, to the old-fashioned “workmanship!”

LEWIS F. DAY.

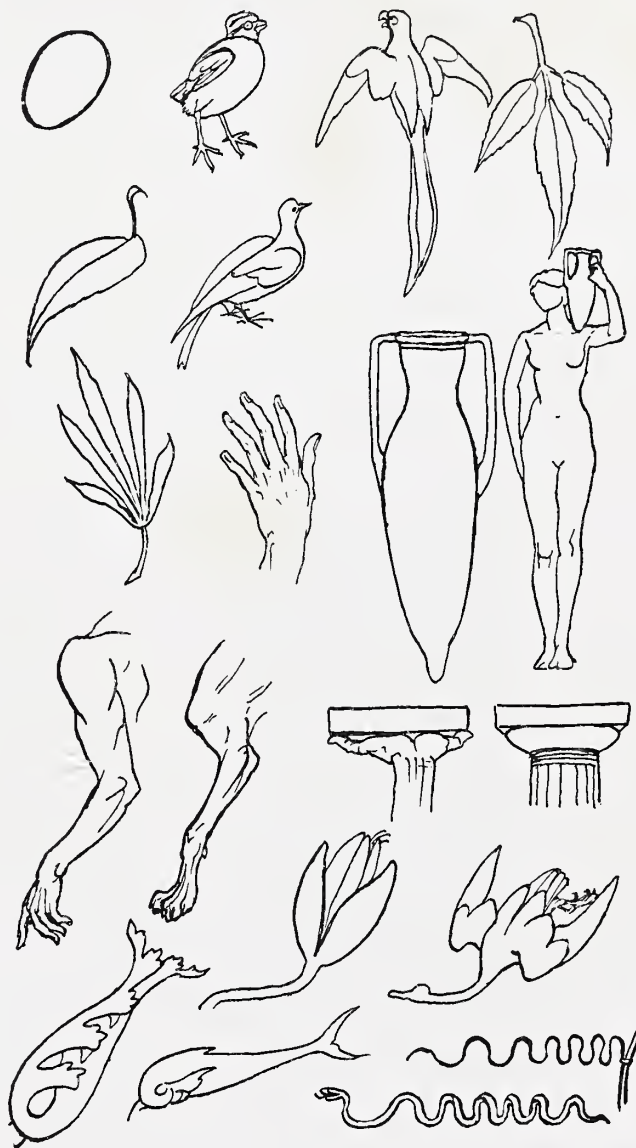
Line and Form.

THE first impression of anyone taking up “Line and Form” (George Bell and Sons, London), though he had never heard of Mr. Walter Crane, would be: here is a man who has something to say about design, and a graphic way of illustrating it; and the reading of the book would but confirm this favourable impression. The author makes no pretensions to exhaustive treatment of his subject; he does not set out to expound any definite theory, or to lay down any clear principles of art; he approaches the subject from the safe side of his own personality, and tells how things strike him, and how he himself sets to work about designing. That is just what students and workmen want to know; and the knowledge of it can but be helpful, suggesting as it does considerations which probably have not occurred to them.

Merely to turn over the pages of this book and look at the illustrations, is stimulating. It was a happy thought, for instance, to contrast on the same page the typical school-of-art arrangement of cubes, spheres, pyramids, cones, &c., with a composition of roofs, towers, and gable-ends, in which similar forms recur; the task of drawing and shading solid forms would surely be less tedious to beginners, if they realised from the outset (what is here conclusively shown), the relation of such a dull school task to picture. Other suggestive pages in a singularly suggestive book are page 86, where is delineated the Correspondence in general Contour between trees and their leaves, and page 87, on which are shown the very interesting Analogies in Form, which the publishers permit us to reproduce. You have only to glance at our illustration to perceive how a mere blot of colour, which the designer puts down on paper with no definite idea beyond the immediate needs of his composition, may develop, as the design proceeds, into any one of several possible forms.

No less helpful to the understanding of what is involved in design, is Mr. Crane’s demonstration of the use of enclosing boundaries (pages 36, 100, 101), within which it is well to design alike sprays of ornament, animals, and decorative figures, “rather the heraldic ideal than that of the natural-history book”: his clever

sketches go far to explain why forms less restrained are unornamental. Among other object-lessons in treatment, should be mentioned page 77, upon which the rose, adapted to a square panel, is rendered in a deliberately more angular fashion than where it is designed to decorate a circular disc. Accomplished designers do that kind of thing as it were intuitively; it is well that the student should have pointed out to him the why and wherefore of such instinctive treatment. One diagram to which perhaps exception may be taken is on page 8, exemplifying the “Caligraphic method of draughtsman-



Analogies in Form.

ship.” It is beyond the power of students to draw even a simple animal form by means of a single line, without removing pen from paper; and it is doubtful if they are well-advised to attempt it. Mr. Crane is an adept in the manner, and in his hands it is vastly diverting; in hands less accomplished, it is more likely to result in picture-writing of the kind amusingly set forth on page 27 than in anything which can be called art.

Throughout the book, which is in the main addressed to students of some attainment in design, hints of a practical kind are given—as where, in speaking of the necessary storage of artistic impressions in the artist’s

memory, the author reminds us that precious moments will not wait—"they should be captured like rare butterflies, and carefully stored in the mind's museum of suggestions, as well as, as far as possible, pinned down in the hieroglyphics of the note-book." Again, from the practice of the inlayer, who cuts up his paper pattern by way of preparation for fretting the wood, he deduces the practical suggestion that the designer should cut out the shapes of his inlay in paper, to see if they are suited to the work.

The concluding chapter of the book deals more or less with pictorial art; but to Mr. Crane, a picture is a pattern, only of a less formal kind. The masterpiece of Van Eyck, for example, in our National Gallery, he describes as a "pattern picture," so distinguishing it from an Egyptian wall-painting, or Botticelli's Nativity, which are, according to him, "picture patterns."

In systematic exposition, Mr. Crane is not at his best. His words at times do not quite clearly convey his meaning. Take his very title—surely *Line is Form*, or one element of it, the other being mass! On the other hand, he is often very happy in summing-up his ideas in a pithy phrase, as where he speaks of designing as "a species of linear reasoning." Even where there may be obscurity in his words, it is promptly made clear by the expressive diagrams with which the book abounds, conveying his meaning in a way which only a fool could mistake.

The Relation of the Easel Picture to Decorative Art.

EVERYONE can see easily enough that there is a difference between decorative and easel pictures, but I do not think it is equally clear why a picture in a frame must necessarily differ from a picture which forms part of a scheme of decoration.

The reason seems to be that an easel picture is an aspect of nature captured and framed in order to isolate it as a precious thing in itself; whereas a decorative picture is arranged not so much for its own sake as to fill a space, and to produce a harmony of colour with its surroundings. There are, in fact, two quite distinct aims in these two kinds of pictures, and I do not think they can be confused without destroying in a measure the essential nature of each.

It is rather the fashion of the present time to magnify the importance of a picture being a decorative object. It must be impanelled, we are told, in the wall of the room, and should have been painted with that idea; or it must be of some unusual shape, and the subject modified to fit comfortably into the lunette or spandril as required; or the scheme of colour must be adapted to that of the room. Even galleries of easel pictures are arranged now with a view to decorative effect.

Now this is all very well if the object of a picture be decorative, but I hold that the object of an easel picture, first and foremost, is *not* decorative, but that it aims rather at capturing and intensifying some impressions taken from nature; the reason of the frame being simply to isolate such an impression from the disturbance of surroundings. When we want to see an easel picture,

we do not want to see the wall or the room, it exists as a thing apart. I once heard a painter say that in choosing a wall-paper he wanted to get the nearest approach to *nothing* for a background—the neutral or brown paper which has been tried.

Then there is composition. What the decorative painter means by it is an agreeable and harmonious arrangement of forms and colours to fit a space and agree with surrounding panelling or architectural details. What the easel painter means by it is quite different. His arrangement of colours and forms is entirely with reference to bringing out the expression of his subject, the disposition of figures being regulated by what they would be likely to do, or in what surroundings they would appear, or by the fashion of their dress; the beauty of his composition being its clearness, its simplicity, its directness in expressing the feeling of the moment chosen. The shape also of the easel picture will not be governed by its place, but entirely by the consideration as to how best to include all that is essential, and to give value to every part within the frame.

Finally, the frame is as a border or including margin, dividing off the work so that the attention of the spectator may not wander, or be disturbed by anything outside it and beyond.

In a word, the relation of the easel picture to decorative art seems to be one of complete divergence, and it is important to keep this divergence clear, so as to prevent any confusion of aims; for any such confusion spoils both. It is, for example, impossible to be truthfully historic and also decorative; we have to choose between the two.

A decorative picture must necessarily be symbolic and abstract in treatment; we can have types and personifications in it, we cannot have men and women as they lived. On the other hand, an easel picture cannot be abstract without missing its vocation and losing its particular character.

The Westminster cartoons and certain other modern efforts at mural work have fallen into the dilemma of being neither one nor other. They are neither true history nor good allegory; and it would help us a good deal in future to bear in mind the different aims of the easel and decorative picture, so as to avoid the attempt to combine both.

If public buildings want historic records, let them be truthful pictures in frames; if they want decorations let them be allegories and personifications.

AUDLEY MACKWORTH.

Some Modern Church Glass.

THREE stained-glass windows of some importance have just been set up in Buckley Church, the parish adjoining Hawarden, of which the Rev. Harry Drew is Vicar, and to which the Gladstone family are building a new chancel. The east window was in memory of the late Vicar, Mr. Floulkes; but, though of comparatively recent date, it was, it seems, in such a state of decay that it was not judged worth replacing in the new building. The window in its stead is the gift jointly of Mrs. Floulkes and Mrs. Drew. The two side windows are part of the memorial to Mr. Gladstone; that on the right is the gift of Mrs. Drew, that

on the left of Mrs. Holiday and her husband, who has designed and executed, or had executed in his own studio, all three windows.

ject, treating the picture, however, in a broadly decorative way, and with due regard to the divisions of the window. That the mullions do not interfere with it is



East Window of Buckley Church.

Presented by Mrs. Floulkes and Mrs. Drew Executed by Henry Holiday.

For the east window the subject of the Crucifixion may be considered, ecclesiastically speaking, inevitable. Mr. Holiday has taken all five lights as the field for his sub-

1901

proof of his most skilful composition. His colour scheme is somewhat unusual but extremely rich, and the beautiful translucent quality of the glass is not dulled by

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Side Window in Chancel of Buckley Church.
Designed by Henry Holiday. Presented by the artist
and his wife in memory of Mr. Gladstone.

paint, except in the flesh; which, though by no means heavily painted, has more the quality of ivory mellowed by age than of glass. It was necessary, of course, to choose between brilliancy of material and modelling, and here the artist has not hesitated to sacrifice the material to pictorial purpose. His draughtsmanship speaks for itself.

For the four lights of the two side windows Mr.

Holiday has imagined as many personifications—Faith, Love, Righteousness, and Truth—two of which are here reproduced. In these the colour scheme is lighter, the delicately tinted figures relieved against a screen of deeper but not dark colour. The flowers and other accessories are rendered with an approach to realism, which in hands less experienced might have been a dangerous experiment; but Mr. Henry Holiday is long past the stage when his experiments (he is always experimenting) lead him into danger. He knows quite well what can be done in glass and how to do it.

Nelson's Flagship.

AN interesting novelty in the way of advertisement is issued by Messrs. Goodall, Lamb, and Heighway, of Manchester. It consists of a pamphlet giving a very graphic account of the eventful history of the *Foudroyant*, which for a year or so bore Nelson's flag. That was at the time of the troubles in Naples; the King held his councils in the cabin, and Sir William and Lady Hamilton were constant guests aboard. The ship did her fighting, and very good fighting too, under Admiral Warren and Sir Edward Berry, portraits of whom, as well as of other famous sailors, from rare prints in the British Museum, are reproduced. It was on board the *Foudroyant* that General Abercromby was brought to die. That such a vessel should come after all, as it did, to be sold to shipbreakers—and to foreign shipbreakers—was more than British sentiment could stand; there was an outcry in the Press; Dr. Conan Doyle and others brandished valiant pens against such desecration; and the old two-decker was brought back from the Baltic—but only to cruise about the coast as a sort of shrine for hero-worship, or, to speak more prosaically, as a show. At last she was wrecked off Blackpool, and her timbers found their way into the timber yards of the publishers, who have had the ingenious idea of working up the oak (as well as the salvage copper) into memorial furniture, in the likeness sometimes of chairs and tables which belonged in their time to Nelson and other naval heroes. A better fate could hardly have been reserved for it. The furniture designs are, in themselves, for the most part excellent, though there is a leaven of commonplace among them, which argues no very firm faith in the public judgment.

Llandaff Church Plate.

IT seems that, though the communion vessels of most English dioceses have long since been duly catalogued, there has till now been no record of the plate belonging to the four Welsh dioceses. That want has now, so far as one of them is concerned, been supplied by Mr. George Fley Halliday, F.R.I.B.A., who publishes through Messrs. Bemrose and Sons an illustrated inventory of what yet remains in Llandaff, though, for the greater part, it is of English and even of London make. It is instructive to see how much more attractive the photo-process illustrations are than the outline drawings, which cannot, in the nature of things, give any just notion of a cup as it appears in the round. The compilation is carefully and conscientiously done, and is produced in a manner worthy of the patronage of the Lord Bishop.



The New Flemish Theatre at Brussels.

Municipal Art in Belgium.

THE rank held by modern Belgium in the world of art is entirely worthy of the land which gave birth to the great masters of the Flemish Renaissance. While this applies to art in all its phases, it is more especially true of municipal art, in which the Belgians hold a leading place. In 1894 the "National Belgian Society for the Encouragement of Art in its Application to Street Decorations and to All Objects of Public Usefulness," was founded in Brussels, as the result of a crusade undertaken, in favour of municipal art, by a number of artists and public-spirited citizens. The purpose of this movement, popularly known as the Street Art Crusade, is to restore to art its social mission of bygone days by transforming cities and towns from their present inartistic appearance to one more in keeping with æsthetic principles. The Belgian Municipal Art Society has been established on broad lines, and, while striving to have the façades of dwelling houses and of public buildings ornamented in the artistic manner which prevailed in Flanders and in Italy during the Renaissance, is, at the same time, doing much to encourage the application of art to modern practical inventions and appliances.

The achievements of the Municipal Art Society are remarkable considering its short existence, and to-day the tourist in Brussels may feast his eyes on many artistic creations due to the initiative of the Society. These specimens of latter-day municipal art have been executed by leading masters, who have carried out varied conceptions in their work. The façade of a fashionable jeweller's shop is ornamented by a figure representing the Goddess of Wealth, and the front of a large dyeing establishment is decorated with

mural paintings representing typical scenes in the dyeing trade. In a similar manner, the shops of chemists, grocers, bakers and tailors, of booksellers, furniture dealers and of photographers have been embellished with artistic façades of an appropriate nature.

While these façades are the most important of the



Corporation Houses in the Grand Place, Brussels.



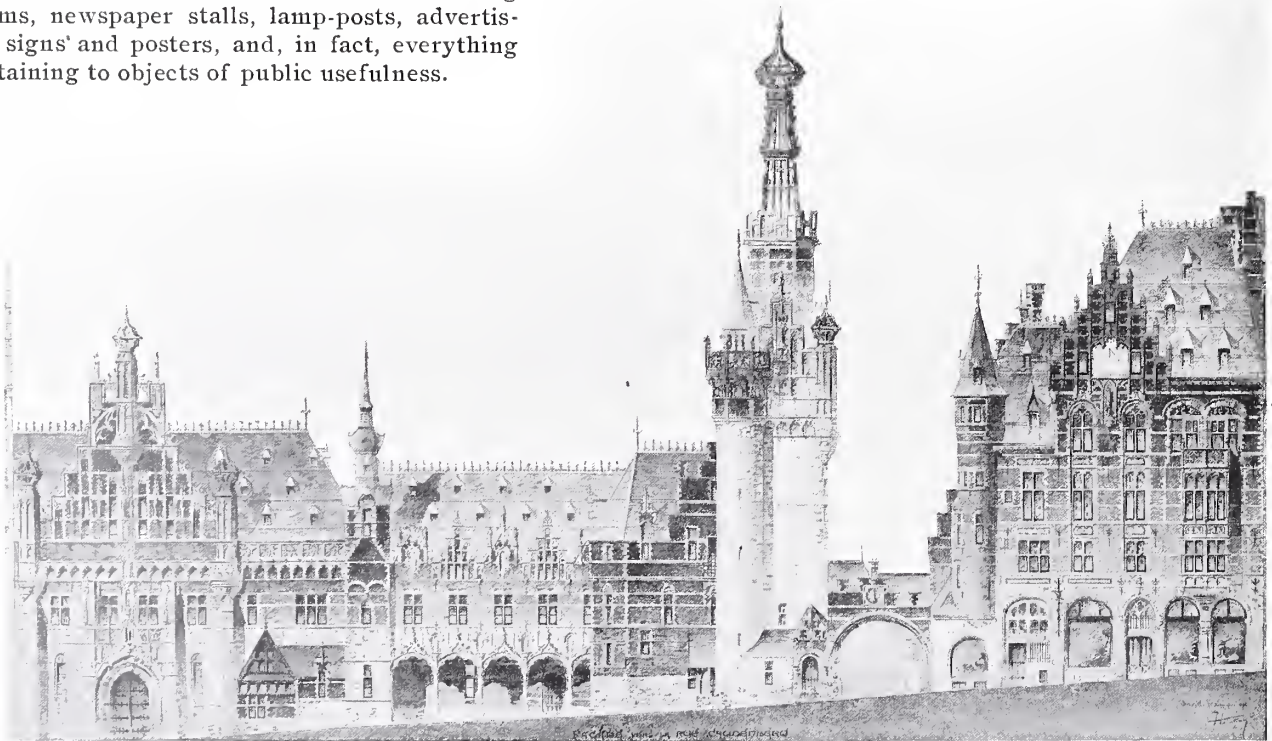
A typical Façade, Brussels.

innovations due to the initiative of the Municipal Art Society, the scope of the work undertaken comprises, besides, artistic public fountains, slabs for street names, electric-tram waiting rooms, newspaper stalls, lamp-posts, advertising signs and posters, and, in fact, everything pertaining to objects of public usefulness.

prizes awarded for the best original designs and suggestions. These competitions have in every case been most successful. By uniting the efforts of artists on a given programme of subjects, the best talent has been brought forward. Conducted on strictly democratic principles, these competitions are open to any artist. The Society has been able to fulfil its purpose owing, in a great measure, to the support it has received from the Town Councils of Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Liège, Bruges and other smaller towns, which have granted subsidies to be awarded in money prizes to the artists sending in the most deserving designs for public art.

The numerous artistic shop signs—some of them almost gems in wrought iron, carved wood and porcelain—to be seen in Brussels to-day, are among the noteworthy achievements of the municipal art crusade in Belgium. The movement in favour of artistic posters which has developed so rapidly in the past few years, alike in Europe and in America, first started in Belgium, and nowhere does one see such a variety of artistic advertisements as in Brussels and the Flemish provinces.

The Belgians, in giving their support to the movement for the development of picturesque surroundings in their cities and towns, are fully aware of the practical benefits to be derived therefrom. A town made thus attractive will, necessarily, appeal strongly to the traveller, who is more apt to spend his time—and, incidentally, his money—in such a town, than in one devoid of artistic beauties. Modern art, it is thus expected, will do for Belgian cities what mediæval art has done, and still does, for Venice, Pisa, Pistoja and also for Bruges. Art thus developed enhances the prestige of a nation, and, by encouraging the best instincts of the people, raises their whole moral tone. The question of unnecessary expense is raised by



Façades of the proposed new buildings for the Royal Academy of Fine Arts and Academy of Sciences, Brussels.

The Society has proceeded on the basis of public competitions in the different branches of its work, with

some against this aesthetic crusade; but, as a matter of fact, artistic embellishments in wood, iron, bronze or

porcelain cost no more than inartistic ornamentations. Moreover, these tributes to public art, like the *sgraffiti* and painted *faïences* of former days, can resist the action of the open air, and are, therefore, of a lasting nature.

It is not surprising that this liberal and democratic artistic campaign should have met with such general approval and emphatic success. Contemporaneous art has, as a rule, been confined to a narrow circle of the wealthy or to public museums, where the scope of its influence must, of necessity, be limited. The promoters of the municipal art campaign believe that to recover its educational force of former days, art must appeal to the great mass of the people. Instead, then, of the present system, which consists in the artistic education of the privileged few—in many cases, as in France and Germany, at great cost to the state—the Belgian Public Art Society aims at the diffusion of a wide knowledge of art among the masses by the application of artistic designs to everything with which the people are brought in contact in their daily life. Nothing is considered too unimportant to come within the scope of the new movement, from a door-knob to the façade of a cathedral. In this manner the artistic education of the people will be brought about by permanent examples which meet the eye everywhere, and gradually make a lasting impression. Thus, it is argued, artistic traits in the people will become hereditary.

Since its formation, the Belgian Public Art Society has rapidly increased its membership, which, in Brussels alone, is upwards of three thousand—comprising, besides artists and architects, many leading public men, senators, deputies and ministers. The daily Belgian press endorses the new movement, which is also heartily supported by all classes of society. Through the efforts of the Society the first International Congress of Public Art was held in Brussels in September, 1898, the second congress of the kind being held in Paris last August.

As was amply demonstrated at this last-named congress, the movement in favour of municipal art, which originated in Belgium, has now spread to Italy and France, where it has met with the greatest encouragement; to such an extent, in fact, that a general revival of the glorious fifteenth and sixteenth centuries' traditions of public art may now be hoped for.

BRADFORD COLT DE WOLF.

London Exhibitions.

The Craft of the Silversmith.

THE exhibition of silversmiths' work of European origin now on view at the Burlington Fine Arts Club possesses rare attraction. Many of the finest collections in this country, from that of Queen Victoria to those of Sir T. Gibson Carmichael, the City companies, the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, and provincial Corporations, have been drawn upon, with the result that a connoisseur could spend a month in the little gallery without exhausting its interests. The examples range in point of date from classic antiquity down to the close of the seventeenth century, and in a field so wide it is impracticable to give more than a brief outline of the character of the show. A libation cup, attributed to the fourth century B.C., demonstrates that in poetry of form and exquisite decoration the Greeks had little, if

anything, to learn. Probably the artist himself, not a mechanic working under his direction, wrought this thing, chased surely and sensitively the leaves, left perfectly plain the everted rim. By way of contrast we may instance one of the several historically interesting cups. The garrulousness of Samuel Pepys is fascinating in his Diary; there is interest in each of his word-wanderings; but Pepys' standing cup and cover, of English work, *c.* 1677, overlaid with acanthus foliage and one knows not what beside, stands as a warning against the undisciplined use of forms, beautiful when properly related, but here meaningless, exhausting. In the same case is the Leigh rose-water dish, native work of about 1596. There exists, perhaps, no finer example of Elizabethan craftsmanship in this kind. The rich repoussé work is balanced by plain silver surfaces, and the whole effect enhanced by the raised disc in the centre, bearing the enamelled arms of the Leigh family, in proper heraldic colours. Two objects, belonging to Lord Carysfort, possess potent appeal. The shallow incense boat, whose upward-rising bows terminate with rams' heads, is a pure and rhythmic form; the censer shows how aptly architectural effects can be used. In addition, these objects are perhaps unique as examples of English ecclesiastical plate of the fifteenth century—they were discovered when Witlesea Mere was drained some years ago, and are thought to be those used at Ramsey Abbey. Among a hundred other remarkable exhibits we may mention the elaborate silver table from Windsor; the hilt of a superb Venetian sword; the Nautilus cup and cover by Nicholas Schmidt of Nuremberg, and a wonderful nef—equipped from stem to stern—executed in Germany, *c.* 1659; the mid-sixteenth century German standing cup, long known as a Cellini, with its frieze in high relief of Roman and Punic horsemen in conflict; the staff of the Constable of the Tower, *c.* 1675; the exquisite cylindrical beaker, German, *sæc.* XVI., lent by Mr. Blumenthal; the standing cup and cover of the same country and century, which, with its large petal-like lobes or bulbs, might almost be that represented by Dürer in the 'Adoration' of the Uffizi; cups as important as those of Sir Robert Clayton, William Camden, and Sir Hugh Myddleton; the fine series of spoons, ninety-nine in number, arranged chronologically, 1480-1682; the plain rose-water dish of deep bason form, English, 1626, simple, of lovely proportions; gloriously enamelled pieces like the fifteenth-century Italian ciborium lent by Mr. George Salting; and—but it is impossible to go further. Of Sir Gibson Carmichael's many exhibits, one is a ciborium, the work of a French craftsman of the early fifteenth century. How august, alike as to conception and as to treatment, are the angel figures keeping vigil over the Host, how rich and deep the beauty of the enamels. The catalogue, with able introduction by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner, is in itself a possession.

The New Gallery.

AT the New Gallery are 495 works by Sir W. B. Richmond. There can be no question that we have here representative examples of the various phases through which the artist has passed. With whatever disappointment we come away from Regent Street, it will certainly

not rest on the fact that prominent canvases are missing. From the first picture exhibited by the artist at the Royal Academy in 1861, a portrait of Walter Coleridge and John Richmond, to a presentment of himself, painted according to the catalogue in 1901; from rapid sketches of landscape and architecture to large classical exercises; from decorative designs for St. Paul's Cathedral to sculptures, there are examples and to spare. A one-man show on this scale is a severe test: one from which Sir William Richmond might not unnaturally have shrunk. He has been swayed by many and diverse influences. In the sixties he worked in the manner of the youthful Millais; later, the half-melancholy sentiment of Burne-Jones invades a picture; thereafter we are conscious of the Watts' tradition, again of that of Leighton. Such episodes in the artistic history of a painter are not of necessity unproductive of good; they may indicate an eclecticism gradually feeling its way towards the most fitting method of personal expression. But as much can hardly be maintained in the case of Sir William Richmond. It is in part because we find little trace of individual outlook, individual touch, with the pulse of life in it, that the exhibition disappoints. Many of the classical pictures are compilations rather than compositions, and lack the unifying imaginative element, potent alike pictorially and intellectually. To apply a word which Mr. Berenson has associated, as I think most unfortunately, with Piero della Francesca, the art of Sir William Richmond, if what is almost a contradiction in terms be permissible, is too "impersonal." On the other hand, one must hasten to add that some of the portraits possess undoubted charm; others indicate the artist's ability for characterisation; moreover, that he observes carefully and interprets his impressions faithfully is proved by not a few of his sketches. All things

considered, one of the most interesting pictures in the exhibition is 'The Sisters,' which, by the courtesy of the artist, we are enabled to reproduce. Painted in 1864, it represents the three daughters of the late Dean Liddell, for the youngest of whom "Alice in Wonderland" was written. The task was well within the limits of the artist's power; temporarily the pre-Raphaelite, or at any rate the Millais, tradition in which he worked was assimilated; hence the honest appeal and the beauty of the group seated in this rock-set landscape at the hour of sunset.



The Sisters. Daughters of the late Dean Liddell.
From the painting by Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

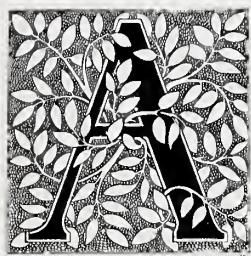
Messrs. Agnew's Gallery.

THE annual exhibition of water-colour drawings by British artists, arranged by Messrs. Agnew, serves to remind us that they continue, almost alone, to bring together representative examples, particularly by the earlier masters. Here we find characteristic drawings by Paul Sandby, Varley, and De Wint—how serene, how sincere and expansive is his 'Haymaking in Lincolnshire,' wherein the charm of the flat country is expressed—and by Samuel Prout, Gainsborough, David Cox, David Roberts, William Hunt—a technically perfect series of still-life studies—and many more. If Thomas Girtin's 'Tynemouth' does him less than justice, the 'Cader Idris from Barmouth Sands' of John Sell Cotman is grand, individual, of magic charm. The fishermen at their nets in the foreground are seen against mountain ranges of awesome mystery. By Turner are the Brantwood 'Devonport'; the 'Stonyhurst College,' perfect in rendering of still, opalescent water, imaging the sky; the 'Dover' with tempestuous waters breaking against sheer cliff; and, among others, the reposeful 'St. Agatha's Abbey.' F. R.



From a drawing by J. Fitzgerald.

Passing Events.



From a drawing by
Miss J. B. Bowness.

ADVENTURE in search of buried treasure, which has occupied so many romantic writers, shows nothing more wondrous than the account of the recent discovery of works of ancient art, at the bottom of the sea, near the Island of Cerigo, the Cythera of antiquity. It appears that a sponge-diver, in the prosecution of his calling, alighted upon some bronze objects embedded in the sand at a considerable depth.

Bringing his hauls to the surface, he showed them to experts, who pronounced them to be unique. Forthwith further investigations were instituted, and a large number of statues, in various states of corrosion, were discovered. Chief in interest and beauty is the life-size bronze figure of a youth, presumably representative of Hermes. Much of this is intact, and there is, happily, a good prospect of its complete reconstruction, as the parts that have come away have been found. Already judges have ascribed this to Lysippos or his school—that is, of the fourth century B.C. The quidnuncs are naturally ready with theories as to the treasure. They call to mind the fact that Lucian recounts the foundering of the vessel in which Sulla bore away his loot from Greece. The imagination can conjure up many similar solutions of this remarkable event. By it the old saying, "Ars longa, vita brevis," receives another potent illustration.

EXHIBITIONS of children's portraits have always proved interesting. Six years ago, at the Grafton Galleries, the display was entirely devoted to such, and it is only a few months ago that Mrs. Stanhope Forbes showed a collection of works depicting "Children and Child Lore." An extension of the idea is promised in the spring by the Exposition de l'Enfance, to be held in Paris. Not only will there be pictures of children and child life, but there will be added an extraordinary collection of the most modern and ingenious toys. The display should be of exceptional interest, and prove to be a worthy selection of the miniature arts and crafts.

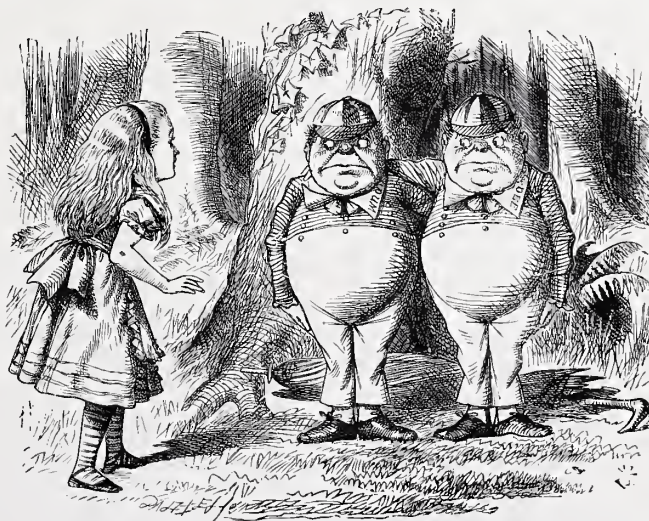
THE condition of Westminster Abbey is constantly vexing the minds of the experts. For a long time the gifted architect has endeavoured to check the ravages of time, which are apparent enough on the exterior of the edifice. A rumour has lately found much acceptance, that the interior is now to be treated, and white-wash has freely been mentioned. It is safe to assert that with the advice at their command, the Dean and Chapter will be capable of doing the right thing without wounding the susceptibilities of the many lovers of the Abbey.

DESPITE many protests, however, from authorities, the responsible guardians of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields have taken in hand the alteration of the famous steps in front of their church. The clever architectural device of a lower flight with its irregular termination, owing to the slope of the road, which has so long been admired, will now be "improved," and another of London's beauties shorn in the name of public convenience.

UNTIL the Court of Appeal rightly quashed the decision that tapestries were "pictures," and thereby the property of the owner of the freehold of a house, owners of such were naturally in a state of much trepidation. The Court indulged in much irony as to the trivial question of length of nails, which had been discussed at the former hearing, and speedily came to a verdict which seems the only one to conform with equity and common sense.

MR. HORNIMAN'S intention to present his well-known museum and grounds, at Forest Hill, to the public has at last been realised. The collection is especially rich in Chinese, Japanese, and Indian art, and there are also numerous specimens of Greek, Roman, and Egyptian antiquities. Mr. Horniman has spent a considerable sum of money in the rehousing of these valuable collections. Such benefactions are a great set-off against the vandalism of public bodies.

THE Royal Dublin Society will hold an Art Industries Exhibition in Dublin during the last days of August, the list of prizes has been announced, and intending competitors can obtain forms and full particulars from the Registrar, Leinster House, Dublin. The different classes of exhibits required include lace-making, embroidery, woodcarving, metal and leather-work. Special facilities will be afforded for the sale of the articles sent in. The Committee, in order to assist the lace-making centres to produce articles that will have a ready sale, will supply patterns and information as to the articles likely to be in demand during the coming season in the London, Paris, and Brussels markets. Money prizes, amounting to £100, will be given for the best specimens of lace and artistic embroidery, and nearly another £100 for work in the other classes. Entries close on the 13th July.



Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

From "Through the Looking-Glass." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

THE special Easter Number of THE ART JOURNAL is devoted to "The Life and Artistic Achievements of Sir John Tenniel, R.I.," by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. A careful selection has been made, with the help of the artist, of the cartoons contributed to *Punch* with exemplary continuity for fifty years, and reproductions of many charming and humorous illustrations to books, one of which is printed on this page, are included in the monograph.



The Meadow Pool. Etching after Clayton Adams.
Being the Annual Plate issued by the Art Union of London.

Notes on Artistic Books.

THE large quarto volume of 350 pages with 300 illustrations, entitled, "LES CHEFS D'ŒUVRES DES MUSÉES DE FRANCE" (Paris: Henry May), is a noble monument to the industry of the author, M. L. Gonse, and to the surprising wealth in the provinces of our neighbours. Without counting all the great collections in Paris, there are in France no less than 350 museums, of which fully one hundred contain pictures by old masters, with a grand total of 40,000 works of art, mostly paintings. This remarkable volume, so thoroughly well carried out in every detail by the learned and interesting writer, is the result of many visits to each gallery, and it means that M. Gonse has travelled round France at least three times, examining the chief museums five and even six times. It describes in detail all the chief works in such museums and galleries as those of Aix, Angers, Avignon, Besançon, Bordeaux, Dijon, Lille, Lyons, Montpellier, Nantes, Rouen and Tours, with illustrations of all the chief pictures. Altogether this is a book which, published under the authority of the Minister of Fine Arts, is in every way to be commended. M. Gonse by no means accepts the grand names given by provincials to their treasures, and his decisions are therefore all the more to be trusted.

In Bell's handbooks on the Great Masters, the new volumes are "MEMLINC" by W. J. Weale, and "GIORGIONE," by Mr. Herbert Cook, the latter one of the best of the series. Mr. Cook argues that an artist is not always at his highest, and that therefore a picture, because it is not equal to the greatest, may yet easily be from the same master. Arguing thus, Mr. Cook is inclined to include

several pictures as the work of Giorgione which have hitherto been disputed, while on the other hand he discusses the only picture which the American writer Mr. Berenson considers we have in England by Giorgione, namely the exquisite 'Shepherd and Pipe' at Hampton Court. Mr. Weale's book on Memline is not so significant, as the author has more difficulty in expressing his individual opinion.

Botticelli's art is so much prized in all countries that a perfect library of volumes in all languages begins to surround his name. The latest is Signor J. B. Supino's "SANDRO BOTTICELLI" (Alinari, Florence, published both in Italian and in French). This well-illustrated work would stand translating into English, for it would fill a place still unoccupied with us, as Botticelli is treated in a scientific manner by the author, yet with enough enthusiasm to justify an exalted opinion.

The idea of movement and the flavour of a crowd were never better expressed in a work of art than in Mr. Wm. Nicholson's cartoon of Lord Roberts (Heinemann). The famous white charger, discarded, it will be remembered, at the Queen's funeral, is here seen half-prancing, half-walking along by the edge of a London crowd, which almost perceptibly sways and cheers, and is scarcely held in check by the policemen and the mounted soldiers.

The Art Union of London, with its many chances of subscribers gaining a prize, has issued for its annual plate an attractive etching from a picture by Mr. Clayton Adams, 'The Meadow Pool.' Our reproduction gives a fair idea of this large etching, which was begun by the late David Law and carefully completed by Mr. C. O. Murray.

To the East and South of the City of Glasgow



From a Drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

CENTRAL BUILDINGS,
GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION 1901.



1888-1901

The Glasgow Exhibition building, Glasgow, 1888-1901

The Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

It was hardly necessary that there was considered an Glasgow Exhibition of 1901, but one cannot speak of the exhibition as a failure or of its being a disappointment. It was a success in every way, and possibly the most successful of the kind ever held in Scotland. The title "International" has an importance of its own, and was already justified by the number of foreign friends and competitors having made application to see their work. The title of "International" was taken for the first time in Glasgow, which is a mark of distinction to the city. It is a mark of distinction to the city, and a mark of distinction to the city. It is a mark of distinction to the city, and a mark of distinction to the city. It is a mark of distinction to the city, and a mark of distinction to the city.

At the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901, the city of Glasgow was the centre of the world's attention. The exhibition was a success in every way, and possibly the most successful of the kind ever held in Scotland. The title "International" has an importance of its own, and was already justified by the number of foreign friends and competitors having made application to see their work. The title of "International" was taken for the first time in Glasgow, which is a mark of distinction to the city. It is a mark of distinction to the city, and a mark of distinction to the city.



The Glasgow Exhibition building, Glasgow, 1888-1901



Annan, Photo.

The New Corporation Art Galleries, included in the Glasgow International Exhibition.

The Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.

IT can hardly be claimed that those who initiated the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901, had any motive more noble or disinterested than that of giving delight to the citizen; and possibly earn a surplus to be afterwards expended on augmenting the art treasures of the city. Their assumption of the title "International" for an enterprise so local, has been already justified by the result; our foreign friends and competitors having made application for even more than the share of space at first allotted to them. But the term must not be taken too seriously; Glasgow scarcely courts comparison with the achievements of Chicago and Paris, which were truly expositions of the world's progress in art, science, and commerce. Doubtless a more directly educative result would have been attained, had the promoters attempted some specialised display of Scottish—not to say British—arts and industries on a somewhat more extensive scale than that of the London series, the "Fisheries," "Naval," and others. But it is easier in a lesser undertaking of the sort to be general than to be specific; possibly only a national effort, with Government subsidy, could guarantee an exhibition of this restricted character; for, of course, the financial success of the whole project must depend on its appeal to the ordinary sight-seer.

It is not necessary that the originators of the scheme should either be credited with too altruistic ideals of international amity, or discredited by the imputation of mere national astuteness—a commercial community laying itself out to attract a gathering of buyers and sellers. Thirteen years ago an exhibition was held in



Annan, Photo. General View in the Grounds of the Glasgow International Exhibition.

Glasgow, the second Scottish essay of this form of enterprise, and so successful was it, satisfactory alike to the contributor and visitor, that it realised a surplus of some £45,000. This became the nucleus of a fund liberally supported by public subscription; and now, on the site of that exhibition, an Art Gallery has been erected, which forms the centrepiece of this Exhibition of 1901—at once legacy and legatee; fair product of past success, to be made still fairer by the success of the future.

It is intended that any surplus accruing to this season's venture shall be applied to the purchase of additions to the city's already valuable collection of paintings and sculptures: and the Corporation, who not only granted a free site, but took over the building from the private association which initiated the scheme, have, by affording safe and dignified housing for the treasures they



Annan, Photo.

The Entrance to the Art Galleries and Towers of the Industrial Hall in the Glasgow International Exhibition.

possess, encouraged future donors to remember civic claims in the disposal of private collections. The space now available in the new suite is so largely beyond that of the old Corporation Galleries, that if sufficient funds at this juncture were forthcoming, adequate accommodation could be had for a systematic collection of historical architecture, with all its accessorial arts.

However, while it is not to be denied that Glasgow looks forward hopefully to a surplus, still, if only income balance expense, the venture may not be considered a failure. No small benefit shall have been offered to the citizens—to put the matter on the lowest ground—if for once in a way the city regains, even partially, its almost-forgotten pleasantness of aspect and attractiveness to the visitor from other lands, while at the same time they are afforded opportunity of sightseeing and open-air enjoyments, too seldom attainable by the very classes most to be benefited. It was truly said of the former occasion,

that Glasgow then awakened to the possibilities of music when heard in fitting surroundings, as an influence at once educative and recreative, and music accordingly has taken a more prominent place in the arrangements, and has been considered to warrant even more liberal expenditure than in the summer of 'eighty-eight.

To the ordinary sightseer much of the Exhibition, as an object lesson in the progress of humanity, and an illustration of the development and correlation of mind and matter, is lost in the very multiplicity of the display. In Paris the International Assembly set itself with much success to remedy this by instituting a course of lectures by experts in the various departments. The tourist and visitor availing himself of these, would find himself put in possession of the key to the situation, the plan of what to the uninstructed must be a "mighty maze." Should this commendable project be repeated, many would willingly, and to advantage, accept its guidance.

Without being utilitarian, it is quite legitimate to expect from so considerable an effort of municipal energy, more than a summer's amusement; and many will welcome a more systematised course of sightseeing by which a master in his subject—applied art, craftsmanship, educational or social science, industries and manufacture—could demonstrate his argument and verify his conclusions.

Of course, this particular survey of sections will be accomplished by the many congresses of different societies that meet this summer in Glasgow, notably the British Association, but if any further provision can be made whereby any intelligent person interested in a particular subject can have that interest and knowledge increased, it would surely be a boon welcomed by many.

Such a project should be worthy the attention of the University that from Gilmorehill dominates the Exhibition; it should accept of the cosmopolitan gaiety at its foot as a temporary museum in which each of its faculties may find concrete examples of the greatest value. And looking beyond the short six months of display, if any permanent memorial could be retained, any complete collection secured, the educative value of which would be destroyed by dispersion, it is to be hoped that in the attempt Glasgow may be as fortunate as Paris.

In the matter of site the management had no choice, that having been already fixed by the Art Galleries, and Kelvingrove, though the smallest of the city parks, suffices for all needs. More ground has been enclosed than formerly, both in the park itself and beyond its boundaries. Across Dumbarton Road, a main thoroughfare skirting the park on its south side, a piece of ground has been included wholly apportioned to the Machinery Hall. This is reached by a covered bridge which spans the road. Connection between the Machinery and Industrial Halls is made by the Grand Avenue, which skirts the Art Gallery, the centre of the group, and unfortunately largely interferes with the present view of its southern frontage.

Through the park winds the river Kelvin, and on its surrounding heights stand the University, the Western Infirmary, and terraces of West-end mansions. The well-wooded banks recall the Grove of the balladist, and the variety of level and meandering walks partly disguise the smallness of the area, and adapt themselves to the many kiosks and restaurants that are scattered about the grounds.

The centre-piece of the whole Exhibition is most properly the Art Gallery, a quadrangular block, symmetrical, but varied in skyline and plan. The Great Hall is in its shorter axis north and south, and rises well

*Annan, Photo.*

The Concert Hall in the Glasgow International Exhibition.

above the rest of the buildings, with two lofty towers at its north end. On each side are courts, and these are surrounded by two storeys of various galleries. Hall and courts open on to each other, encircled by arcades, in which promenaders may listen, distant or more near, to the strains of the great organ. It is not intended to have other than promenade concerts in the building. As without, so within, a sumptuous style of decoration has been adopted, and the galleries are of many sizes, and suited for classification of art exhibits.

The style adopted is Renaissance, and in its broad features the building must be pronounced a satisfactory piece of architecture, though architects may criticise many of the details.

The sculpture has been under the supervision of Mr. Frampton, and many artists have collaborated with him; figure subjects and the carved ornament throughout are particularly good. The architects are Mr. Simpson and Mr. Milner Allen.

The Exhibition Buildings, that is to say, the Industrial, Machinery, and Concert Halls, with the Bridges and outside Restaurants, are from the design of Mr. James Miller, architect, who gained his appointment by competition. He, too, has chosen Renaissance—the European style—but that phase of it best illustrated in Spain; and the choice is appropriate to the subject; for the somewhat over luxurious ornament of the Spanish Renaissance suits very well with a structure confessedly designed for gaiety and festal display.

The buildings of the former Exhibition had an excellence of another kind; they were of wood, the style Saracenic with horse-shoe arches, bulbous domes and minarets much in evidence, the whole brilliantly decorated in stencil. But after Chicago had shown the possibility of plaster for temporary erection, it was fitting this method should be adopted. Accordingly, the building presents a stucco surface; not always simulating stone, for much of Italian and Spanish work is stucco on brick,

this is stucco upon wood framing. No imitative colour is attempted: all walls are white, roofs are of red tiles, when of iron painted orange, and the domes gilded or painted blue.

It may be contended that the temporary and unsubstantial nature of the erection should have been frankly confessed in the design, so avoiding the strained use of an historical style. All quite logical but too serious. The popular taste may be defended that is willing to make believe, and to accept for the time a presentment of architecture that is only a little more than pictorial. A fine colonnade, like that to the Piazza north of the Dome, is composed of beautiful forms that art has never surpassed, and we may for a time delight in their contemplation. Of course the work lacks one of Sir Henry Wotton's three conditions of architecture, "well building," but if "fitness" and "delight" be left us, imagination can supply the want: we are not deceived, we accept the insincere for its suggestiveness and see the real, that is the unseen. Throughout there is abundance of projecting cornices, twisted columns, balustrades, vases, and well-modelled figures and scroll-work, all in plaster in which is embedded one or two thicknesses of canvas, thus giving a tenacity to the material that permits of its being attached to the framing in large plates.

In the centre of the Industrial Hall is the Great Dome, surrounded by four towers and eight small cupolas; these last are in connection with a Tea Room that occupies this lofty position and will afford a fine panoramic view of much more than the grounds. Within, the Dome is decorated elaborately with figure subjects in panels and in frieze.

This group of Dome and towers is the outstanding architectural feature of the Exhibition buildings, and so much work has been lavished upon it, both of design and material, that many will regret its existence must be so ephemeral, after a brief six months to be demolished. And, indeed, the idea of its designer was that it might

be retained as a winter palace; when the rest of the surrounding buildings were removed, but little would be needed to close in the four great arches, and a building of Greek-cross plan would result. This was the idea, too, accepted by the executive, but it is understood that they have altered their purpose. And wisely; for, however excellent in itself, the erection would seriously injure by its proximity to the Art Galleries, both itself and them; standing in the middle rather than to one side of an open space already too restricted would be an injury to that part of the park.

In front of the Dome, towards the park, is the Piazza, gained by recessing from the river front of the buildings, with an open double colonnade for one of its sides, from which descends an extended flight of steps to the terrace. A wooden bridge over the Kelvin augments the existing iron one, unfortunately not on an axis of the building, owing to a turn the river here takes.

The length of the Industrial Hall runs east and west with a Central Avenue higher than the side roofs that abut on it at right angles. The ends of the Central Avenue are marked by twin towers, and eight pavilions mark the angles of the two parts into which the Hall is divided; these are cubes with widely projecting eaves, and red-tiled roofs topped with semi-spherical domes painted blue. The long stretches of walling between these pavilions show a single storey, quite plain in its lower part, and above divided into bays by pilasters that run up through cornice and balustrade to support vases and flagpoles.

The Machinery Hall has only one frontage treated with any richness, and it faces Dumbarton Road. There is a centre gable with twin towers, and on each side three lower gables; in each are large lunette windows. In the middle is the Bridge that spans the road and connects with the park, and by the Grand Avenue, with the Industrial Hall. The frontage clearly expresses the interior arrangements, a Central Avenue with lower and narrower aisles running parallel; and only the pillars necessary to support the roof obstruct the view of the unbroken rectangular space given up to machinery. The visitor enters the Hall by the Bridge at the height of a storey above the floor, and this is the height of broad passages that run down the sides of the central aisle for the convenience of spectators overlooking working machinery.

The Concert Hall is the third section of the Exhibition

Buildings proper, and adjoins what is left of the Kelvingrove Museum. Circular in plan, and to accommodate 4,000 persons, it has a saucer-shaped Dome surmounted by a lantern. The area is a complete circle, surrounded by a balcony continuous except where broken by the organ, for there is no recess for instrument and chorus platform, it is a true rotunda. Externally the Dome is painted light green and all else white. There is a square projecting entrance-hall with towers, and at the opposite diameter is a large Restaurant. With the exception of the Tea Room in the Great Dome, all places of refreshment are buildings by themselves: this one adjoining the Concert Hall has a fine position on the margin of the river, and commanding a good view of the grounds.

There are other restaurants in the grounds, all of a type of design similar to the main buildings. One of these fronts the Art Gallery and is connected with a large shell-shaped bandstand, and with a bridge that here spans the Kelvin. These about sum up all the work of the Exhibition executive, the many other structures in the grounds are contributed by exhibitors.

To the west of the park is the Russian Section, most extensive of all, with three large pavilions, of an extraordinary zigzag sort of architecture, wholly in wood, and erected by native workmen. Adjoining is the Canadian Pavilion, also imposing in size, and of the style sometimes described as arts and crafts. Near by is a model Farm, and a quaint little thatched Irish homestead. There is an interesting Saracenic erection for the display of Templeton's carpets, with onion-shaped dome covered with arabesques. Of substantial brickwork is one of Port Sunlight's cottages, and there is a fine pavilion contributed by Van Houten.

Of the frivolities, the most attractive is the water-chute, a huge erection that makes the switch-back railway unobtrusive by comparison. In a far-away corner of the grounds is the area devoted to athletic sports, provided with specially prepared tracks of the different sorts, and a sufficiency of grand-stands from which to view the contests. And finally, it may be said that the whole panorama of the Exhibition ground is surveyed from the natural grand-stand that the heights of Kelvingrove Park itself affords, one not provided by the executive; but the privilege gratuitously enjoyed by thousands of spectators need not be grudged; within the turnstiles are attractions that will ensure a sufficiency of paying entrants.

ALEXANDER M'GIBBON.



The Irish Cottages in the Glasgow International Exhibition.
From a drawing by R. Scott Rankin.



Garden View of Dr. Thomas Monro's Cottage at Bushey.
From a copy of the painting by William Hunt.

Turner's First Patron.

THE following sketch of the life of Dr. Thomas Monro has been written with the hope that it may interest the lovers of water-colour paintings and artists, for this Dr. Monro is the man of whom Ruskin said: "Turner's true master was Dr. Monro. To the practical teaching of that first patron, and the wise simplicity of method of water-colour study in which Turner was disciplined by him, and companioned by Girtin, the healthy and constant development of the greater power is primarily to be attributed; the greatness of the power itself it is impossible to estimate."

Dr. Thomas Monro, who was born in 1759, and died in 1833, was a son of Dr. John Monro,* and a member of the ancient Highland clan of that name in Ross-shire. The ancestor of the branch of the family to which Dr. Thomas Monro belonged, was Alexander Munro, D.D., who settled in London during the reign of William and Mary, being driven from his

* The name in Scotland is spelt Munro, in England Monro.

native land because, on his appointment to the Bishopric of Argyle, he refused to pray for the Orange King and Queen.

His son became a noted physician, and for five generations the Monros practised as successful mental physicians in London—a circumstance believed to be unique in the history of medicine. Their five portraits may all be seen hanging in the Royal College of Physicians. Dr. Thomas Monro, with whom we have to do, was a great-grandson of the before-mentioned ecclesiastic, and was held in much reputation in his profession, though he was by nature an artist. As a physician, he attended George III. during that monarch's unhappy illness, and is said to have prescribed a hop pillow for his royal patient, to induce sleep. The Regent, afterwards George IV., presented him with a gold pencil-case, still in the possession of the family. It was in playing tennis with the Regent that Dr. Thomas Monro was



Dr. Thomas Monro.

From a copy by Dr. Henry Monro of the painting by Henry Edridge, A.R.A.

lamed, and for the remainder of his life walking was a difficulty to him.

Dr. Monro inherited his tastes, both as a collector and an artist, from his father, Dr. John Monro, a man of great culture, who bequeathed to his son a valuable collection of works of art, and he so valued his drawings that he had them arranged in such a manner that they could easily be removed in case of fire. Dr. Thomas Monro's house, in the Adelphi Terrace, was well known to lovers of art and rising artists, and was close to that of his great friend and fellow connoisseur, Mr. Henderson, who made a portrait sketch of the Doctor, now in the British Museum. Dr. Monro also had a country house at Fetcham, of which there is a sketch by Girtin, in the British Museum, and a copy in the South Kensington Museum. Having given up this house, however, he took the cottage so well remembered by his friends, on Merry Hill, at Bushey, Herts, where, so far as his domestic life was concerned, he lived in quiet seclusion. Here, in a small "octagon" room, quite a little den, full of paints and fustiness, and ill-lighted by a skylight, the Doctor spent most of his time, generally dressed in a long loose wrapper, and surrounded by his children and grandchildren in truly patriarchal style. He also took great delight



Murray Hill Lane, Bushey.

when he went to London. He used to drive to the metropolis in his carriage, having a practice (like his great friend and fellow connoisseur Sir George Beaumont), of carrying some favourite painting with him to be in his sight. This was accomplished by having a netting so placed inside the roof of his carriage that he could always slip in a folio of drawings to beguile the tedium of the drive to town. He was at all times oblivious of what passed around him, though in cases of any real trouble his sympathy and kindness knew no bounds. He was called the "Good Dr. Monro," and

died in 1833, much beloved and honoured by his relations and friends.

Having given this brief sketch of Dr. Monro's personal life, we will proceed to explain his connection with "art," water-colour art in particular, and with Turner above all, as his most celebrated pupil.

It was generally considered that Dr. Monro was perhaps more instrumental than any other



Distant View of Bushey.



Village Street, Bushey.
From the drawing by Henry Edridge, A.R.A.

man in promoting the art of water-colour painting, so that it resulted in the formation of a distinct school of art and the Society of Painters in Water Colours. Dr. Monro was himself a pupil of John Laporte, and his own work was so much in the style of Gainsborough, for whom he had a profound admiration, that some connoisseurs think that many of the sketches sold as Gainsborough's were possibly painted by him. It was at the time that the artist-doctor was living in the Adelphi Terrace that his artistic connection was at its height, and his house was the haunt of all the rising young artists in water-colour in London. Here his chief protégé and pupil was Turner, whilst amongst others may be named Girtin, William Hunt, John Varley, Cristall, Peter de Wint, John Linnell, Cozens, Edridge, and Hearne.

Turner's first connection with Dr. Monro came about in the following way. The Doctor in some way saw several of Turner's drawings—where or how is not related, but it is not improbable that Dr. Monro's acquaintance with Turner and Girtin may have dated from the time the two were jointly employed to colour prints for John Raphael Smith, painter and mezzotint engraver. However this may be, the story, as related to Dr. Monro's grandchildren, is that the Doctor, having seen a number of these early sketches, went to Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, where Turner's father kept a small hairdresser's shop, and, showing the sketches, asked the boy behind the counter who did them. "I did," was the answer. "Well, then, if you like to come to my house in the Adelphi Terrace, I will teach you how to paint," said his future patron, and so the connection began. The cellars under the shop, where the family lived, were hung with young Turner's drawings priced from one to three shillings. Dr. Monro

afterwards bought many of them from Turner's thrifty father for two guineas each.

After the Doctor's offer to teach him, Turner went to paint at his house, and it was here that his warm friendship with Girtin was maintained.

Turner was one of the first of Dr. Monro's pupils who painted in London and Fetcham, and later at Bushey, where the artists were encouraged by their patron to make sketches from nature. It was at this time that Turner said to David Roberts, "Girtin and I have often walked to Bushey and back, to make sketches for good Dr. Monro at half-a-crown apiece, and a supper of oysters." Though these two artists worked together, there is not much known of Girtin's original work under Dr. Monro, but Turner's grey drawings are fairly well identified.

It is possible that Girtin may have also had a hand in some of these drawings, there being good authority for saying that he made a great number of outlines, some of which the Doctor got Turner to tint in grey and work afterwards with colour. Girtin is said to have complained of this, as not giving him a fair chance of learning to paint.

Girtin died at the early age of twenty-seven, much regretted by his friend Turner, who had the highest opinion of his talents, and said, later in life, "Had Girtin lived I should have starved."

The amount of intimacy between Turner and Dr. Monro is not known, and they do not seem to have met much after Turner's student days. Pye declares that in Dr. Monro's opinion the great painter "was blunt, coarse and sly," so perhaps his patron may not have sought his society. Ruskin again mentions Dr. Monro and Turner in "Preterita," when, speaking about his father's water-colour drawing, he says, "It was

done in the early manner of tinting, which, just about the time my father was at the High School, Edinburgh, Dr. Monro was teaching Turner, namely, in grey undertints of Prussian blue and Indian ink washed with warm colour afterwards on the lights." Dr. Monro's pupils used to sit opposite each other at desks with a candle serving for two between them. In this manner

many happy evenings were spent, and they all seem to have left their paintings with their patron, for the sum of two shillings or two shillings and sixpence.

John Linnell thus writes of these early student days: "Very often William Hunt and I went to draw for two hours at Dr. Monro's, after the Academy. Dr. Monro had a large collection of the early drawings of Girtin and Turner, both of whom he had been in the habit of taking out to draw from nature for him; and those drawings, and compositions in charcoal by Gainsborough, of which the Doctor had a great number, William Hunt and I copied, and the Doctor paid us each one-and-sixpence the hour, and we sometimes had supper also. Some of these copies I have no doubt were afterwards sold as originals."

Dr. Monro made acquaintance with William Hunt at Cassiobury, near Bushey, the seat of the Earl of Essex. Hunt used to stay at the Doctor's house, and was "trundled about in a sort of barrow with a hood over it," while he made sketches of the surrounding country, under Dr. Monro's tuition, who used himself to drive about the lanes, stopping here and there to sketch on wet paper in black and white effects of light and shade. Dr. Monro not only bought what Hunt painted, but superintended their production, and was wont to sponge out the parts that displeased him.

Cozens received much attention and generous care from Dr. Monro; for, when the artist's mind gave way, the Doctor attended him as a physician skilled in such cases, and in this way assisted the afflicted man until his death in 1799, receiving little or no remuneration. It is told of the Doctor that he paid the funeral expenses of several of the artists who were buried at Bushey, amongst them being Edridge and Hearne. The "good doctor" is buried himself at Bushey with his artist friends.

There must have been a large and rare collection of pictures belonging to the Doctor, and at his death the sale took four days at Christie's. The catalogues give a very good idea of the number of sketches he had collected, most especially by Turner.

Amongst other things sold at the time was the camera which had belonged to Gainsborough, and had been sold by the artist's daughter to Dr. Monro; this camera was an imitation of Dr. Louthembourg's Eidophusikon, which had much delighted Gainsborough, and was a small scenic exhibition constructed on a stage about 6 feet by 8 feet. Gainsborough's camera was on a much



Front View of Dr. Thomas Monro's Cottage at Bushey.

smaller scale, and some account of it will be found in Pyne's "Wine and Walnuts." A camera something like Gainsborough's is still in the family of the late Dr. Henry Monro, Thomas Monro's grandson. This camera is a wooden box about 2 ft. 6 in. in length, 2 ft. wide, and 1 ft. 6 in. in height. It works like a telescope, whilst at the back pictures are inserted in slides,

with a candle illuminating them from behind. The result was particularly romantic and effective. Little rural scenes, effects of moonlight on water, and pictures of the old house at Bushey are among those belonging to the camera of Dr. Henry Monro. It is not known from where this camera came. The original one has been shown more than once in the Grosvenor Gallery in 1884, and at several other places. It was again sold at Christie's in March 1890 for two hundred and five guineas.

This brief history of Dr. Thomas Monro would be incomplete without reference being made to his son Henry, born August 1791, who died at the early age of twenty-three. This young man showed great promise as an oil painter. He was educated at Harrow, and was put into the Navy, for which he had no real taste. He soon quitted this profession, turning his thoughts to the Army, but finally deciding upon art, he was admitted in 1806 as a student at the Royal Academy. After some study he took to portrait-painting: the portrait of his father Dr. Thomas Monro, which is now in the College of Physicians, is by him. He exhibited in the Academy 'A Laughing Boy,' 'Boys at Marbles,' and some portraits.

In 1811 he went to Scotland, where he met with a severe accident, falling off his horse. He painted Othello, Iago, and Desdemona, in 1812, which was exhibited at the Academy, and at the British Institution he showed 'The Disgrace of Wolsey,' for which the directors gave him one hundred guineas as a premium. He left some clever paintings, and, if he had lived, would no doubt have been a considerable artist. But he was seized with a fatal malady in January 1814, of which he died, unmarried, on the 5th of March following.

The love of painting was not extinct, and Dr. Henry Monro, nephew of the above-mentioned Henry Monro, and grandson of Dr. Thomas Monro, inherited much of the talent of his relatives. Some of his water-colours show that the family genius had not deserted him, and he was familiar to most of the artist world. He was also well known for works of philanthropy. The House of Charity in Soho Square was mainly founded by his exertions, and he worked there for forty years with unflinching zeal.

CLARA ELEANOR COODE.

NOTE 1.—We beg to say we are much indebted to Mr. Roget for allowing free use of his work on the Old Water-Colour School, for this article.

NOTE 2.—We hoped to have gained more information concerning Dr. Thomas Monro's connection with Turner, from the Doctor's diaries between 1793 and about 1800. No trace of these diaries has been found by the writer; any information regarding them would be gratefully received through the Editor.



The Legend of Pandora.
From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1899.

The Art of Ernest Normand.

THAT parents, concerned for the future welfare of son or daughter, should be apprehensive at the mention of the word "art," is not surprising. If a work of art must have in it some element of the unexpected, if the essence of the matter be to create "out of three sounds . . . not a fourth, but a star," it is hardly less true that to adopt art as a profession is hazardous. We do not live in fifteenth-century Florence, where many of the great painters were craftsmen first, and pictorial artists afterwards, men who at any moment could earn a competency by working in metal, or by engaging in pursuits which lie on the borderland between commerce and art. Fathers and mothers have an almost instinctive distrust of art, from the money-earning point of view. They rightly regard as exceptional the men who have made large incomes by their brush. Hence it is that many well-known painters were originally destined for other careers—Reynolds was intended for the medical profession, David Roberts began life as a house-decorator, and Sir Martin Shee's first advice (before he looked at his work, however) as to Millais was, "Rather make him a chimney-sweep than an artist." Nor do exceptional powers, genius even, assure worldly success; men so endowed are often born before their time, and give expression to those ideals apprehended

at the moment by the few only. The practice of art is, indeed, as an unfathomable sea upon which a parent can hardly watch a child set sail, apparently as a frail craft at mercy of wind and wave, without misgiving.

In the long list that might be compiled of living painters trained to some other calling, Mr. Ernest Normand is one. Born in London, he left England in



Saul and David.
From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1891.



"A Palace yet a Prison."

From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1884.

1870 to be educated in Germany. At Arolsen, Waldeck-Pyrmont, the birthplace of Kaulbach, and of Rauch, the sculptor, he first showed his inclination for drawing, and here several prizes were awarded him. For two years he was at the Government School in Gotha, and subsequently studied commercial law, for a like period, at Augsburg. When young Normand returned to this country in 1876, he at once entered commercial life. The work of the day finished, however, he regularly sought the St. Martin's School of Art. Moreover, anxious to prove that for him one path only was flower-set, he sacrificed, if sacrifice it be to seek the greater of

two pleasures, his half-holidays and days of leisure to draw from the antique at the British Museum. So earnestly had he studied, that the drawings executed during the eighteen months or two years spent in his father's office, served to gain for him a seven years' studentship at the Royal Academy Schools. This initial success held promise of future well-being, and commerce was finally abandoned. Ernest Normand, by this time twenty-three years old, began in 1880 to devote all his energies to pictorial art.

As is well known, all R.A.'s and Associates, save the landscape painters and one or two members specially exempted, take their turn as "visitors" in the schools. The system has its drawbacks and its advantages. Some amusing anecdotes are current of how pupils, loyal to the methods of the previous month's teacher, and refusing to follow the pronouncements of his successor, have been expelled. On the whole, however, the variety makes for sanity, and is the enemy of narrowness. In Mr. Normand's day visitors included artists since deceased, like Sir John Millais, Frank Holl, Thomas Faed, and John Pettie, as well as men still living, such as Professor von Herkomer, W. F. Yeames, and Mr. Oules.

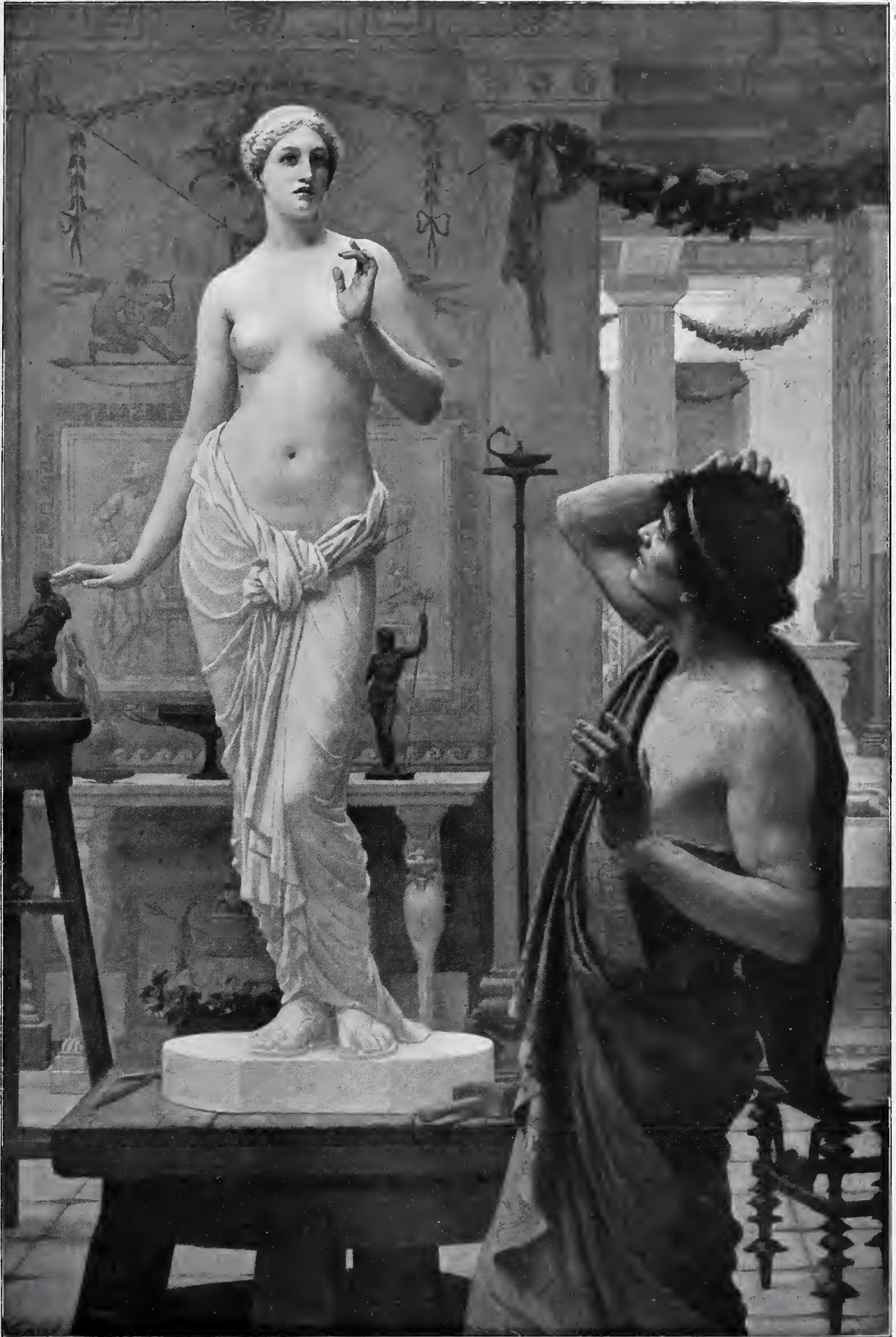
Perhaps the teacher who most influenced him was John Pettie. In his youth Pettie worked under the direction of Robert Scott Lauder, among his fellow-



In the Public Gallery at Oldham.

Vashti deposed.

From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1890.



In the Southport Corporation Gallery.

Pygmalion and Galatea.
From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1893.

pupils being Messrs. John MacWhirter, Peter Graham, and W. Q. Orchardson. Lauder's aim was to teach his students how to see, how to gain a vivid impression of the model as a whole, of the relationships of line, and particularly of colour. On the testimony of several Academy students, it would appear that Pettie followed in the footsteps of Lauder. He would juxtapose a bright orange drapery to the flesh tones of an Eastern model, and set the class to work. In almost every case the actual relationship of colours would be missed by prolonged gazing, whereby all quality of tone appeared to ebb from the flesh.

"Look at it for a moment," Pettie would say, "and forthwith register your impression of colour; look again for a moment, and correct that impression; to gaze fixedly at any object or scene results in visual confusion, which in turn is reflected in the picture." To the emphasis thus laid on an elementary, albeit frequently disregarded truth, Mr. Normand feels greatly indebted. It is to be noted in this connection, how potent may be a word of encouragement in determining, at any rate, the early drift of a painter's career. At the summer shows of 1880-81, several studies in black-and-white, executed in the schools by Ernest Normand, were hung, and subsequently published in the Frank Miles' series. His first oil was 'A Study of Eastern Colour,' painted under the eye of Pettie, and having its source in his influence. It was because his teacher commended this exercise, made during the second year of training, that Mr. Normand's name became associated with like pictures. "Blame, if you must, but to criticism add encouragement": that, certainly, is a wise saying.

Prior to quitting the Academy schools in 1883, Ernest Normand had established himself in Fitzroy Square. His first picture, 'A Palace yet a Prison,' which we illustrate, was hung at the Royal Academy in 1884, within four years, be it remarked, of his entrance to the schools. Naturally it bears evidence of immaturity, for with all the careful study of detail—much of it found at the Crystal Palace—the young painter was unable to unify his scheme, and by way of recompense over-emphasises, makes theatrical, the pose and expression of the disconsolate woman to the right. That the canvas found a purchaser at several hundred guineas, however, induced the artist at once to paint a similar work for the following year, entitled 'The Bitter Draught of Slavery.'

In 1885 Mr. and Mrs. Normand moved to Kensington, where they were surrounded by many well-known and able painters. Of the hundred sins with which artists are taxed, there can hardly be included that of unwillingness to assist those of their fellows who are making serious effort to overcome technical and other difficulties. Mr. Normand is not the only artist eager to bear testimony to the valuable hints given in the eighties by Leighton, by Sir W. B. Richmond, by Messrs. Luke Fildes and Val Prinsep, by Mr. Watts, and others of that diverse family of artists who found common cause in the quest of pictorial beauty. He will tell you with grateful appreciation that no young man could have had a better chance of profiting by advanced tuition: and to Leighton in particular he is indebted, not alone for general precept as to design, but for practical suggestion, whereby crudities and ineptitudes were often avoided. The 'Playthings' of 1886—a dark-haired Eastern reclining in a marble court, the child by her side attempting to catch gold-fish in the fountain—whose composition and treatment of light and shade recall the work of Sir Alma Tadema, shows a marked advance on its predecessors; detail does not obtrude, there is

greater simplicity. The 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' now in the Southport Corporation Gallery, which we reproduce, belongs to the same year. To the influence of Leighton is almost undoubtedly attributable this attempt to show the sculptor-king of Cyprus gazing intently at his handiwork, into which Venus has breathed the life-principle; at the moment depicted Galatea is half human, half a thing of stone. In the wall decorations there is evidence of that concern for archaeological detail which, aptly introduced, enhances the interest, if not always the æsthetic value of a picture.

During the succeeding five years, 1888-92, Mr. Normand found themes for as many of his principal works in Bible narrative; but inasmuch as in 1890 he studied in a Paris atelier under MM. Benjamin Constant and Lefebvre, subsequently joining a group of Impressionists at Grez, near Fontainebleau, and in 1891 first became conscious, at Morocco, of the vibrant, joyous qualities of Eastern sunshine, the pictures differ widely in conception and technique. To take these according to historical sequence, we first have the 'Vashti Deposed,' 1890, now in the public gallery at Oldham. Against a background of massive pillars and of wall decorated with Syrian archers and animals—a study from a frieze in the Louvre—the forsaken Queen reclines on her couch, grasping, distraught, the draperies with her left hand, while the men responsible for her despair glance back in scorn from the doorway. Despite the confusion of the central group, which fails in simplicity, advance has been made in composition and in the treatment of light. The second incident, which shows Mordecai the Jew seated, cross-legged, in white robe, at the gate of the palace, refusing to do reverence to Haman as, attended by servitors, he issues therefrom, was painted in 1892, after the artist's sojourn in the East. Brilliant sunlight floods the court of the king, while the foreground is in shadow. There can be no question that, if not in this particular picture, yet in general, the vision of scintillating light brought within Mr. Normand's ken by the trip to Morocco exerted a salutary influence. If we turn, for instance, to the 'Esther denouncing Haman' of 1888, acquired by the Corporation of Sunderland, we have evidence, not alone of a weight of background detail which the composition cannot bear, but of a sombreness—quite another thing from sobriety—which invites criticism. Mr. Normand, perhaps unwisely, modified his original idea of representing the death of Pharaoh's first-born, 1889, in deference to the opinion of an artist of great experience. As we have it, the wide balcony on which the king moves away, stricken, from the couch of his dead child, is cut off from the city by the parapet, above which only a building or two, some palm-trees, and the starlit sky are visible. It would have added to the dramatic significance of the presentation had there been a suggestion of the national, as well as of the personal, sorrow wrought by that bitterest of all the plagues.

The most human, intellectually, and maybe æsthetically, the most satisfying of Mr. Normand's pictures is the 'David and Saul' of 1891, here reproduced at the beginning of this article. It has its source in Browning's dramatic lyric, which tells how, for a moment, the sweet harp-music lifted agony and darkness from the soul of the monarch. There is power in the great figure of Saul, as, moved in the depths of his being by the strains, he presses back "soft and grave" the head of the youth, that he may read the secret of that life whence flows the stream of solace. There is a measure of inevitability here, which neither



Bondage.

From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1895.

before nor since has Mr. Normand achieved. He felt this thing profoundly before he set out to paint it.

In the 'Bondage,' of 1895, here illustrated, we are at once conscious of greater surety in the treatment of line—particularly in the well-considered curves of the pavement—than in earlier works of the kind; and the opening of the parapet to the right suggests what might have been done with the 'Pharaoh.' This 'Bondage' is a blaze of blues, and reds, and golds, and, save underneath the canopy, there is an effect of brilliant sunlight. Somewhat akin in subject is 'The Story-Teller' of the following year, beneath whose foreground terrace lies white-roofed Tangier, and, beyond, a stretch of bluest sea. Again, in 1897, Mr. Normand painted in 'Rivals' a

sumptuous Eastern interior, where fair women vie with one another for the doubtful honour of being first in the esteem of the master of the harem. Of an entirely different order is the triptych concerned with the legend of Pandora, exhibited at the 1899 Academy, and afterwards in Paris, where, instead of being placed, as it should have been, among the "hors concours" works, it was honourably mentioned.

We reproduce as a headpiece the three panels: 'Evil Sought,' 'Evil Wrought,' and the central one, wherein, affrighted, Pandora attempts to veil from her sight, by means of a white drapery, the pestiferous cloud of vapour, the withering rose-leaves, and other effects of her fateful curiosity. The figure in the first is well and sensitively modelled, the lines of the urn are good, and the head makes an effective silhouette against the oval window, overgrown with roses. It is hardly necessary to remind readers of THE ART JOURNAL that Mr. Normand's 'King John granting Magna Charta,' commissioned for the ambulatory wall of the Royal Exchange, was reproduced at the end of last year's volume. That sure, if gradual, progression has been made, not only in technique, but particularly in the direction of simplicity, since the 'Palace, yet a Prison' of 1884, and since the 'Vashti Deposed' of six years later, is sufficiently evident. With trust in himself, in his own ways of looking at and of interpreting a theme, we may hope for more examples in the manner of 'David and Saul,' and in yet untried fields.

FRANK RINDER.



The Story-Teller.

From the painting by Ernest Normand. 1896.

New Prints.

SOME recent new prints call for special mention, and we have particularly to notice the mezzotint of Romney's 'Lady Hamilton as Cassandra' (Henry Graves and Co.), which has just been completed by Mr. E. Leslie Haynes. This excellent plate is by a young engraver, the son of the managing director of the well-known firm of publishers in Pall Mall. Mr. Leslie Haynes is still a minor in years, but, judging from his work, he is not so in artistic experience. Mezzotint is one of the most



Henry Graves and Co. Lady Hamilton as Cassandra.
A Mezzotint by E. Leslie Haynes, after Romney.

difficult methods of engraving, and it is with much satisfaction we find clever young artists devoting themselves to its exposition.

Mr. Arthur Lucas (Baker Street) has recently issued a photogravure of Queen Victoria from a photograph by Mr. John Thomson, of Grosvenor Street. This is the most dignified of the later portraits of the Queen, wherein she is represented as a widow in mantle and cap, with a sweetly grave expression. This plate more nearly renders in art the high character of Her Majesty than any other portrait we have seen.

The series of famous drawings by Michael Angelo in the Teyler Museum at Haarlem have been reproduced in tints by F. Bruckmann of Munich. This publication consists of a large folio volume, containing twenty-five facsimiles so perfect in character—with all the stains and creases of the paper and the rubbed look of the originals—as to be for all ordinary purposes of study as good as the veritable work of the master. Herr F. v. Marcuard adds a few introductory notes, giving the *provenance* of the drawings, and stating that it was at an

art museum congress in Amsterdam, in 1898, that the resolution was taken to reproduce the drawings. These earlier figures form some of Michael Angelo's best-known works, and this adds greatly to their interest.

'A Game at Cards.'

ETCHED BY HUGO STRUCK AFTER THE PICTURE BY
CLAUS MEYER.

OF the works of Claus Meyer it has been said, not without an approach to probability, that a hundred years hence they will be sold as flawlessly delicate and genuine examples of seventeenth-century Dutch art. Born at Linden, near Hanover, in 1856, he was not fully equipped for the practice of his art until after Adolph Menzel's series of great pictures of contemporary life in a new, consolidated Germany had given the death-blow to the old historical canvas, laboriously built up of studio-trappings. A forgotten truism was re-asserted—that a picture must be charged with pictorial quality, that to tell a narrative, to emphasise a sentimental incident, does not alone suffice. Diez, seventeen years the senior of Meyer, studied heedfully and appreciatively the art of Dürer and Rembrandt before turning to represent his marauders, robber-barons and peasant folk; Harburger, born in 1846, was influenced by Brouwer and Ostade; while the work of Meyer himself has kinship with that of Peter de Hooch. It was by his 'Sewing School in the Nunnery' of 1883 that he leapt into prominence. A companion work, 'Music in the Nunnery,' dates, if we mistake not, from the following year, and bears unmistakably the influence of De Hooch. Through the oblong casement comes a flood of quiet light, which falls upon the top of the old spinet, on the polished floor, and on the large white hoods of the nuns, who, singing, playing, or listening, sit or stand in the low-roofed chamber.

'A Game at Cards,' somewhat more broadly treated, is no less characteristic of Claus Meyer. Reposeful scenes in kitchen, with servant peeling potatoes; cloisteral pupils vainly essaying to learn the lessons of life from books; peasants smoking, drinking, and playing dice—these and like homely scenes attract him. The *bier-haus* of Germany, at any rate in the provinces, is simple to a wish. There is no need of cushioned sofas and carpeted floors for the hardy folk of the country; indeed, a man would be accounted something less than a man did he succumb to such luxuries. Perfectly content with the rude wooden seat is the elder of the players in our picture, calculating carefully ere he draws his card. His picturesque hat, his long coat, his ill-fitting boots suggest that he cares little now-a-days for outward appearance, that he intends to amble along as he wills, and, generally, to enjoy his remaining years. His opponent, on the other hand, has not so long ago quitted the army, and, although in "undress" at this moment, has not lost his soldierly bearing and a soldier's pride in looking "smart." As compared with his great forerunner, Peter de Hooch, Claus Meyer is less concerned here with the quality of textures, with unexpected and exquisite effects of light and shade, with the hundred *nuances* of which the little Dutchman was a master. But traces of the seventeenth-century artist's fineness and subtlety of handling are not wanting, particularly in the rendering of the clay pipe, the glass, and the stoneware flagon.

The Art Journal, London, 21, Victoria Street



Claus Meyer.

Printed by Claus Meyer.

Engraved by Claus Meyer.

A Game at Cards.

Modern Stencilling.



No. 1.—Stencil Plate of the elementary kind. The white represents the paper fret.

STENCILLING, from having been not long ago regarded in the light of a cheap and nasty form of mechanical decoration, worthy only of the most degraded of tradesmen, has come, within the last few years, to be esteemed as a craft which artists and especially art



No. 3.—Stencilled Ornament, the ties forming the outline. By Hugo Koch.

students delight to honour. If once upon a time decorators did not make the use of it they might have done, nowadays designers are trying to make it do what it scarcely can, or what is scarcely worth their doing in that way.

Before discussing what can or cannot well be done in stencilling, it will be as well to recall precisely what the process is. Briefly, stencilled ornament is a positive, of which the negative is a fret. You have but to lay a piece of fretwork upon sensitised paper and expose it to the light, and the counterpart of it is stencilled for you by the sun. That is, in fact, the



No. 2.—Stencil Plate by M. Flowers, student of the Goldsmiths' Institute at New Cross. The black stands for the paper fret.

simplest means by which to get a sharp print from a Japanese stencil plate. Since, however, we want our patterns in colour, we must needs use paint or dye, which is dabbed with a flat brush or a hard sponge through perforated paper, or whatever it may be, on to the exposed parts of plaster, canvas, or other surface. With pigment of the right consistency, the fret protects the ground it covers, so that, on its removal, the pattern of the piercing is as sharp as though it had been printed: it is, indeed, a sort of printing. Naturally, it is easier to cut out the design and to brush in the colour if the stencil plate is thin. It is usual to cut it out of paper (afterwards to be saturated with knotting, or other substance impervious to paint); but tinfoil, copper, zinc, no matter what, may be used, so long as it is easy to cut, lies flat, is strong enough to stand being pommelled with the stencil brush, and thin enough to let the bristles through the smallest piercing of the pattern.

Stencilling is thus a mechanical device by which to repeat design. All such mechanism of reproduction is, however, out of favour for the nonce. We never mention it—or only to abuse it. How, then, justify the vogue of stencilling? Only by pretending that every dab of the stenciller's brush comes straight from his brain and



No. 4.—Stencil by T. T. Blaylock.

puts the mark of his personality upon the work he is doing! That is nonsense. Stencilling is, on the contrary, a proof of the artistic results to be obtained by mechanical means. It is artistically superior to other mechanism, in so far as it may allow more scope for the workman's taste.

The artistry in stencilling is mainly in the design, and in the adaptation of design to this particular form of mechanical expression—in which direction there has of late years been considerable exercise of artistic ingenuity.

There are really two quite legitimate uses of stencilling. It is in the one case merely subsidiary. A decorator may, and often does, employ it to lay in his grounds, and, in fact, for the foundation of hand-painting. He may do a great deal of preliminary painting in this way. The extent to which he may use it is regulated only by his own convenience. He is restrained by no theory of design. Practically he effaces by hand-painting the evidence of preparatory mechanism. So long as we do not detect it he is justified. He must not be found out. Needless to say, such subsidiary stencilling does not count as art.

In the other case, the artist relies upon stencilling throughout, regards it as an art, and is concerned no longer to disguise or hide the means employed, but, on the contrary, to make the most of them. This is only to be done by accepting the limitations of his method, and, indeed, relying upon them to give point and character to his work. In obedience to the laws of

workmanlikeness, he considers his means from the beginning: in the first place the stencil plate; in the second the methods of applying pigment—or it may be removing it, for it is open to him to tint a ground, and, with a sponge, wipe out what is not protected by the stencil plate.

First, with regard to the stencil plate. If it is to serve as a shield through which the design is to be, as it were, brush-printed, it must perforce hold together. Hence a limitation in design.

You may stencil, for example, most letters of the Roman alphabet, but not the letter **A** as it stands; the triangular space of ground above the bar would fall out. It needs must be held in place by strips of the paper, or whatever the plate is made of, and these strips form so many breaks in the continuity of the design. In anything but the



No. 5.—Stencil by T. T. Blaylock.



No. 6.—Stencilled Pattern by Hugo Koch.



No. 7.—Part of a Frieze (repeat 1 foot 9 by 6 feet): "The Sea Maids' Race," stencilled by means of three plates. Red for the figures and shadows of rocks, brown for the rocks and for the maidens' hair, blue for their wings, the sea, and sky. By Herbert A. Bone.

simplest and most elementary patterns, such "ties," as they are called, are needed. They cannot be avoided, and it is futile to try to disguise them. The ties are the key of the situation, which a man must begin by mastering, for the art of stencilling lies in the management of them. You cannot, for example, stencil long unbroken lines; but it is possible so to contrive a design that they are crossed at the desired intervals by features of which the outlines naturally form the necessary ties. The outlines expressive of the interlacing letters in illustration No. 1 considerably strengthen the stencil plate. In No. 2, the difficulty of long lines is skilfully evaded. In No. 3, the lines of the design are formed by the *plate*, which Mr. Koch has cunningly planned with that view. In Mr. Simpson's designs again, Nos. 12 and 14, the ties are accounted for by the twisting of the stems. Other illustrations by Mr. Koch and Mr. Bone show how it is possible to do without continuous lines; the mind is quicker than the eye, and is carried past the bridges without heeding them. But it is only the imaginative who can leave to the imagination just what it will supply.

Since, then, ties there must be, the art of the designer is in contriving that they take their place in his scheme, never unduly asserting themselves, and, when felt, helping instead of hurting the effect. They

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are a hindrance only to the inexpert, none to the competent workman. To find them irksome is to admit ineptitude or inexperience. The design of a practised stenciller shapes itself as a stencil; instinctively he plans his ties, though he may think no more about them than a painter of his brush strokes.

There is no very satisfactory way of making good the broken effect of a stencilled line. You may, by means of a second plate, fill up the gaps left by the first; but the deceit is difficult to carry through. As for the futile device of painting out the ties by hand, the texture of the work is so different from that of stencilling that it is sure to be found out. And when you have got rid of the ties, you have obliterated the character of stencilling. Nothing is gained by perplexing one as to how work is done, and it is not worth while elaborately disguising it. The desire to do so shows scant sympathy with technique. It is outspoken workmanship which goes straight to an artist's heart.

It has been urged, by designers restive under all restraint, that the white lines left by the ties clash with any full scheme of colour. There would be more force in that complaint, were there the shadow of compulsion to work on a white ground. It may just as well be grey or black, or of whatever colour suits the artist's scheme.



No. 8.—Stencilled Christmas Card by Hugo Koch.

Theory apart, the most satisfactory designs are, without exception, those in which construction is confessed—where the ties form a feature in the design. If they are obtrusive, that is the fault of the designer. His art is in compelling them to do his will. A strong man has no fear of them, binds his design together by their means, and introduces them, not merely where the plate would fall to pieces without them, but wherever they are wanted to strengthen it and make it serviceable. Again, he does not leave in his design large open colour spaces, separated only by long, thin, unsupported strips of paper, destined to warp and buckle, nor leave, jutting out into space, promontories of paper which must inevitably curl up in use. Further, he makes his fretted framework strong enough for the usage it will have to bear, the ties not all of a thickness, but proportioned to the strain to be put upon them, and at the weakest point strong enough for the work they have to do. That will depend, of course, to some extent upon the material of the plate and the consistency of his pigment.

With regard, now, to actual stencilling, to the brushing in of colour through the stencil plate. Just as in respect to form, ties give character to it, so also the dabbing on of pigment gives to stencilled colour a quality all its own. The density of the pigment brushed on is in proportion to the amount of colour on the brush (which is continually lessening), and until the plate is removed it is not easy to make sure whether, or how solidly, it covers. Any but the stiffest and opaqueness of colour is likely, therefore, to be cloudy, and on a dark ground even that does not come even. In view, consequently, of the difficulty of getting absolutely flat colour, and of the charm



No. 9.—Stencil by Hugo Koch.

at the best woolly and unpleasant. It is, indeed, better suited to comparatively small work, such as panels, friezes, and the like, than for designs repeated over a

large wall surface—where the effect is often “sheery.” For such a purpose the more trustworthy method is to use a variety of tints, working them fairly solidly, however wilfully you may introduce accident into the colour.

Judicious variation of colour makes more than fair demands upon the taste and tact of a workman. It is safest to give him tints to be used for specified portions of the work, or which he may employ indifferently without danger of going far wrong. The artist who is his own stenciller can venture upon something very much like shading—if that be necessary. The point is, that by dabbing one gets a dappled quality of colour, which it is expedient to take into account, and, indeed,



No. 10.—Stencil by Hugo Koch.



No. 11.—Part of a Frieze (repeat 1 foot 10½ by 12 feet 6), illustrating the old catch, "Sumer is i' cumen in," stencilled by means of five plates blue, red, green, yellow, and brown. By Herbert A. Bone.

to turn to use. It is an abuse of it, however, to sacrifice to it all breadth of tone. There is no occasion, because variety is easy to get, therefore to get always all the variety that is possible.

Another mistaken aim of modern stencilling is to rival the minuteness of Japanese workmanship. It is that, no doubt, which has aroused our new interest in the method; but the Japanese, it must be remembered, use stencilling for purposes very different from the use to which we put it, for the printing, for instance, of delicate dress fabrics, and, generally, as a ready means of reproducing pattern not in the first place specially

designed for such execution, in fact, as the already mentioned means of repeating no matter what. They are bound, therefore, by no law but the limit of what they can do. They can do wonders; and have incidentally devised the most cunning ways of treating natural or other form so as to fit it for stencilling. They have taught us the tricks of the trade; but at the same time they have taught some of us to be rather too tricky; and in the matter of scale they have led the Briton astray from the ideal of mural decoration to which stencilling, as we use it, is so perfectly adapted.

There have been determined efforts in this country to



No. 12.—Stencilled Frieze by Ernest Simpson.

substitute it for the printing of wall-papers and the like ; but there is not much likelihood of its ever competing seriously with block printing. It enables the manufacturer to do something rather different from ordinary printed work ; but printers, though they may have been caught, so to speak, napping, have only to carry the war back into the competitors' country, and, with all the advantages of economy on their side, the issue is not doubtful. Still it must in justice be told that in France, if not in England, some commercial use is made of stencilling, where, ordinarily, we should employ the printing-press. The colour, as it happens, of the plates in Miss Foord's "Decorative Flower Studies" (illustrated at pages 55-57 of this Journal), is stencilled.

As for stencilled wall-hangings, the only reason for them is one of trade expediency ; artistically there is everything to gain by working straight away upon the wall, and in so working there is much less temptation to depart from that breadth of treatment which goes for so much in decoration. With regard to textiles it will be time to discuss the chances of the process when stencillers have learnt to work in dyes. The use of oil or distemper colour upon cotton, silk, or velvet, is so unmistakable a makeshift that it does not count.

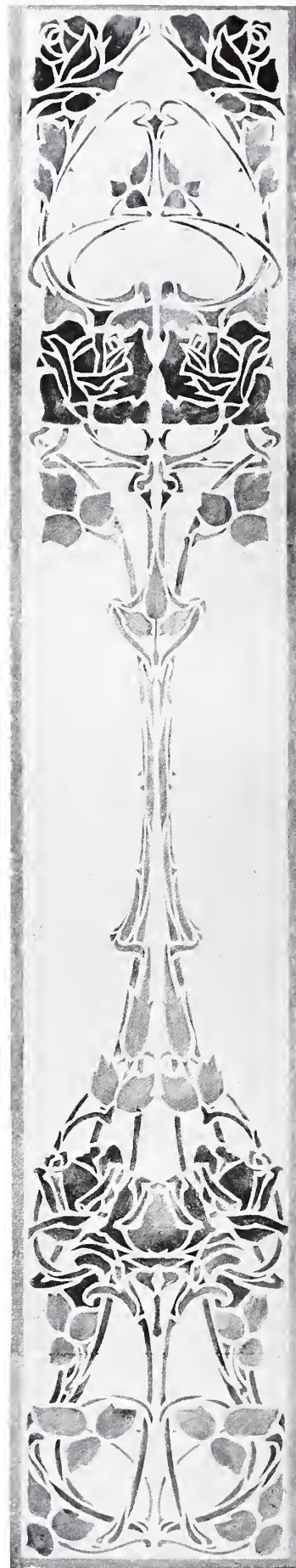
Stencilling is not merely a method of reproduction, but essentially the way of reproducing in small quantities. It is, in short, an artist's own means of manufacture, adapted to the limited scale on which alone it suits him to produce. Allowing him, as it does, to execute the work with his own hand, or have it done under his own eye, in ever so small quantities, and only as occasion may demand (and all without outlay upon block cutting and so forth), it enables him to do what, but for it, he could not afford to undertake—and what it would answer no manufacturer's while to produce. It is equally an artist's means of wall decoration, affording scope for an individuality on his part with which trade work does not come into competition.

A painter who for the first time turns his thoughts to stencilling, is faced, as before said, by the practical impossibility either of stencilling an outline to his figures, or of designing them aright without the incursion of lines into flat silhouette. Mr. Herbert Bone, however, was engaged in years gone by in the design of tapestries for the Royal Works at Windsor, and when he began to

think of stencilling, his experience in a totally different technique did not go for nought. It helped him, indeed, very soon to arrive at effects of light and shade, which, as he holds, are avoided in decoration more on the grounds of tradition than of artistic necessity. He had observed that, in the older Flemish tapestries, the designer made most cunning use of chiaroscuro as a means of colour ; expressing the local colours of draperies by successive tints of shading, whilst the lights were either left neutral or tinted with a pale contrasting colour, which gave very much the appearance of



No. 13.—Stencil by Ernest Simpson.



No. 14.—Stencilled Panel by Ernest Simpson.

a "shot" stuff. With a view to the much richer effect of colour to be got in this way than by a blaze of flat tints, he adopted the tapestry method, only carrying it a step further. The problem to be solved in stencilling was, how to express contours without aid of outline; that is to say, by, as it were, gathering together local colour into blocks of shadow expressive of form; and in order to define the profile, say, of a head against the background, so breaking up the ground (with expressive detail, of course) that the edge stood out in light relief against it. In Mr. Bone's designs, consequently (Nos. 7 and 11), except where, for contrast's sake, a flat tint may happen to be employed, the colours are all in the shadows, and the lights are all in the neutral grey of the canvas on which the design is stencilled. The inevitable ties have in his friezes no longer the effect of lines, but of a most informal network of light holding the colour together. This method is one which severely taxes the ingenuity of the artist; but Mr. Bone has proved its practicability, and his own sufficiency to the occasion. It recommends itself very strongly to those whose method is in any degree pictorial.

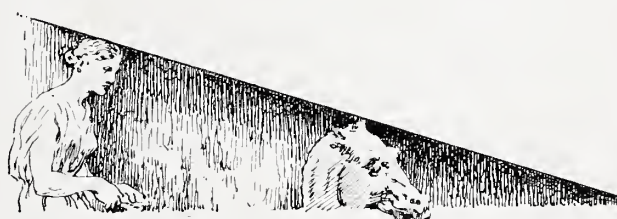
As to the limits (if any) of the pictorial in decorative design, there is ground, no doubt, for dispute. Mr. Bone is of opinion (and he has ample grounds for it) that our conventions are too often based upon the limitations of days gone by. He found the usual methods of stencil design too formal for him, and, rather than adopt an accepted convention, he chose, and rightly chose, "to make his own abstract from Nature." He may fairly be congratulated on having made a successful departure from tradition, and all in the direction of his own personality.

No less may be said of Mr. Hugo Koch. His practice

it will be seen (Nos. 8 and 9) is to express a face by patches of tint in the nature of a compromise between the actual features and cast shadows and half-tones. In the New Year's Card (No. 10), the compromise is between form and colour-masses. He attains a degree of pictorial expression almost, one would have thought, beyond the reach of stencilling. Mr. Koch is only one of many clever students who have lately done most interesting work in stencilling. Teachers in Schools of Art seem to have had the wit to encourage it as an exercise in the application of design, which afforded their pupils the means, not only of working under strict conditions, but of testing the practicability of what they have done. The pity is that young ambition should be allowed to overleap the modesty of the craft employed. It is quite a fashion to devote to it more time than it deserves. When all is done, it is not freehand work. Why spend infinite time upon what could be better and more easily done straight from the hand? The brush can do what the stencil tool cannot. It may be said, also, without presuming to lay down rules for the guidance of individual artists, that it is as well to reserve stencilling for what it can do, and do best. There is nothing it can do better than the straightforward pattern work illustrated in Mr. Ernest Simpson's frieze and panel (Nos. 12 and 14), none the less individual because in a manner directly inspired by the process of work.

As a protest against stagnation, even pretentious work may pass: the stenciller has made his protest, and has, naturally enough, overstated his case. Stencilling is not a fine art; art it may be, but on condition only that it keep within the bounds of modesty.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 1.—Figures of Helios and Selene, from the Pediment of the Parthenon.

The Frieze and its Origin.

THE Frieze has of late become so familiar and accepted a form of decoration, both in and out of doors, that an examination of its origin, a study of its principles, and a recognition of its value and right function, may be helpful as well as interesting, not only to the designer, but also to the public. Who pays the piper must know as well as call the tune, if there is to be good music.

The term, as we use it, describes any continuous horizontal band of ornament applied to a wall, generally, but not always, at some height above the eye; the word having been diverted, for convenience' sake, to this general meaning, from the exclusive sense in which it formerly denoted only that course lying between the architrave and cornice of a Greek or Roman building, usually, though not necessarily, bearing either a continuous or repeated decoration. To this member the name of Fregio, which primarily means a border or trimming, was applied by the Italians, when ancient buildings began to interest them, and names were needed to distinguish parts. The disuse of the precise classical

formula by modern architects has, however, set free this useful and comprehensive term for a more general definition, decided by the character rather than the position of the decoration.

Going back to very early times, primeval art, at first applied to utensils, implements, or personal ornaments, soon found cohesion and support in the bond of parallel straight lines, bordering or confining the row of circles or spirals, suggested possibly by the string of beads, or the zigzag, symbolic of the dancing of the waters. This band of ornament, first appearing on vessels of bronze or earthenware, is truly the embryo of the frieze, which took form and shape as the art of structure advanced to the point of providing a building worthy of permanent decoration. The earliest application of figure design on the principle of the frieze, may indeed have preceded the discovery of building in permanent materials; for representations of living form, rudely incised upon rocks, have been discovered, which show the method of grouping by alignment, perhaps



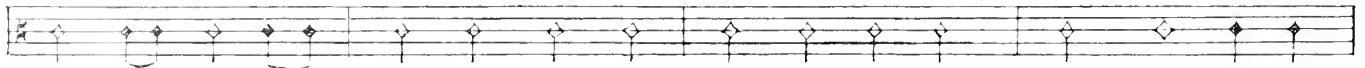
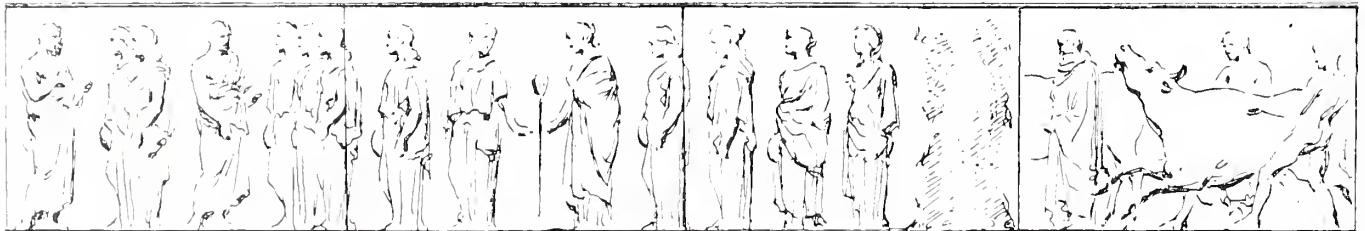
No. 2.—Treatment of Oblique Forms from the Panathenaic Frieze of the Parthenon.

suggested by the strata of the cave-dwellings, with which they are probably contemporaneous.

The instinct which prompts a beginner to represent a solid body by outline, as naturally leads him to choose the outline most descriptive of his subject, as well as the easiest to draw; and this, in living forms, is of course the profile; witness the scribbled fly-leaves of our Latin grammars. This view of the figure not only suggests character, but movement, and, by repetition, simultaneous movement of a sequence of figures; and so the Procession is discovered as a decorative grouping, which, applied, results in the Frieze.

This, perhaps accidental, invention became established as time went by; kingdoms arose, and pageants, military or civil, became the symbols of royal power, and the approved formula for pictured chronicle; pantheism evolved a whole tribe of deities to be set forth on the temple walls in a succession of associated groups, which, though not consecutive like the procession, were designed on the horizontal line, and, virtually, bands of

and alignment of windows or arches, supply the place of the missing cornice, or the bond of tile which divides yet binds the Roman masonry. A child, playing with his toy-bricks, will soon discover that when he has with difficulty built a wall, a few of the longer pieces laid on top will keep it together, especially if he wants to bridge from wall to wall and make a roof. This is the principle emphasized by the Frieze, decorating as honourable that course of the masonry which bears the strain of the roof and crowns the building of the wall. The immediate relation which it bears, in this position, to the superincumbent weight, seems to demand from the frieze-design a suggestion of the support provided by the course it covers, an outward sign of the work done within. This demand may be met either by recurring upright lines of architectural character, such as the Doric triglyphs, or by analogous features of design, Caryatid or other erect figures, or upright and symmetrical masses of foliage or patterns. If the scroll form of ornament is used, the spirals must be coiled and interwoven so as to



No. 3.—Rhythm of Panathenaic Frieze—interpreted in musical time.

frieze decoration. To the predominance of this horizontal over the upright line, so characteristic of the Architecture of the South, where graphic art first developed, the frieze in a great measure owes its origin as a structural embellishment. It is the form alike of the emblematic scenes from Egyptian mythology, of the sculptural illustrations of the royal sport of Nineveh, the city of the sons of Nimrod, and of the living record which Pheidias has left us of the refined pageant of the Athenian "liturgy." Long or short, continuous or interrupted, whether carrying the eye with it in measured movement, or presenting a series of varied groups or of repeated ornaments, the frieze is a constant element of Southern decoration.

Passing from theory of origin to practical consideration, the value of this feature, as a suggestion of structural solidity, consists chiefly in its combination of the binding and supporting functions. The horizontal line, or series of lines, so apparent in stratified rock-form, asserts itself, as necessary to repose, in every style of architecture, as well in that of the North, where the vertical dominates, as in that of the South. The string course

indicate their strength of spring, compressed, but yet resisting; if oblique lines predominate, they will be found to need crossing diagonally, as in the cavalcade of the Parthenon (No. 2), where the riders, leaning back, provide a series of slanting curves, counteracting the repeated slope of the bodies of their prancing and rearing horses. This backward inclination is reinforced by the direction of the horses' legs, so that we have a greater number of sharply defined lines, telling against a few expressive of the larger masses of form.

It does not suffice, then, that a frieze should be merely a prolonged picture, or a chain of ornament, however beautiful and interesting in itself; it has a work to do in evidence of that actually performed by the wall behind it; ornament must be firmly linked or interlaced, and not so light in treatment as to suggest fragility; a consecutive design must carry the eye along without hurry or lagging, and lift the roof or cornice well up from the blank wall. To illustrate by analogy, a well-planned frieze has much in common with a march in music, of which rhythm, proportionate determination of phrases,

and continuous sustentation of force are the characteristic qualities—a body of men could not march to music composed with the freedom of contrast and expression which we enjoy in symphony or sonata; they would lose step and dressing, and fail to catch the beat of the time; so, if the designer refuses the constraint imposed by his purpose and takes liberties, he may produce a series of more or less interesting groups, but not a frieze that does its work and satisfies its requirements. To take another instance from the Frieze of friezes, that of the Parthenon: if any part of this be divided into equal sections (No. 3), say half as long again as the height, the filling of them will be found, like that of bars of music, to be of equal value as to rhythm, notwithstanding the variation of the notes; sometimes a series of short beats, sometimes one or two longer or more accentuated, but always true to time; now a single pose of figure is repeated insistently as long as the eye will bear it, like the reiteration of a single note or chord; then, just before insistence becomes monotonous, there is a slight change, like that of a single note which alters the whole expression of the chord, and suddenly a fresh “motif” appears, and the break in the design, so skilfully timed and boldly introduced, harmonises as well as contrasts the sequel with what has gone before.

The painter has an advantage over the sculptor in the matter of tying his design together, owing to the possibility of his using a continuous or connected background, such as a sea-line, range of hills or stretch of water; in fact, any expansive feature of landscape, or the prolongation of an architectural form, wall, parapet or colonnade. Perhaps sculpture, if more dependent on the unaided composition of the figures for this quality of continuity, has a compensating advantage in its tangible solidity, and from the absence of the suggested open space of air between the ground and the top line, which in some measure is inevitable in any pictorial design. This open effect, if used in a pictorial frieze, requires strict simplification, by keeping everything behind the figures or foreground in a very few well-defined planes; and a series of strong upstanding forms at frequent intervals, well to the front, not only serve to bear up the roof-line, but also to disguise the expedients employed to bind the composition lengthwise, and prevent them from becoming monotonous.

When the frieze is purely of ornament, as distinguished from decorative illustration, it is all-important that the definite lines, upon which it must be constructed, should be individually firm, and collectively counteractive, so as to establish equilibrium of forces even in an unsymmetrical design. A stem or leaf which looks frail, or seems to droop from overweight, is worrying, especially if repeated, unless it is merely a subordinate to strong and vigorous lines of growth. The pendent festoon or swag, provided that the supporting members are massive, with plenty of upward thrust, is a useful convention; but merely looped from nail to nail, it makes a pattern, not a frieze, an applied, not an incorporated, ornament.

In short, the art of designing decoration so closely allied to construction as the frieze, demands a certain sensibility to that law of forces, with which the architect has to reckon exactly. It is a poetic interpretation of dynamics, and needs a metre like that of the “*terza*

rima,” which underlies the flow and march of Dante’s verse, unvarying in rhythm and law of repetition and of change, simple, yet subtle, so that analysis alone reveals the method of its making.

Leaving the frieze as a fully developed type of decoration, and returning to its more elementary stage, it is interesting, if not practically useful, to trace its influence upon other decorative forms. As architecture advanced from its primitive period, constructive and æsthetic features came into existence, which, interrupting the continuous wall-spaces, necessitated variations in design, by producing new shapes to fill, new members of the building to emphasize and decorate. The stretch of masonry is interrupted, sometimes by added structure,

such as the Column, or its ghost, the Pilaster, sometimes by the necessary openings for light and communication. Wall-decoration has to adapt itself with more subservience to the more elaborated building, and the resultant need for principles varying according to changed conditions, calls for study of the new conditions and how to satisfy them. A simple expedient for covering

walls, used by the Egyptians, is the duplication of bands of frieze one over another, so that the square or upright rectangle is filled, on the horizontal principle, with tier above tier of figures, the lines of separation being sometimes dispensed with, and the different ranks forming parts of a single composition, spreading over the whole space. This system of representing crowded scenes, informally and perhaps unconsciously applied, reappears in mediæval art, notably in some of the fifteenth century Flemish tapestries, where we find a second rank of figures displayed over the heads of those in front, as though seen from an upper window, and with very slight diminution by perspective, so that the ranks are fairly equal in importance, and the field of the design is equally covered.

With the growth of Greek art, recognition of new needs and enlarged possibilities brought a change; the rigid function of decoration was relaxed, the lines of the architecture doing the work in appearance as well as in fact, and the curve was discovered to be indispensable to the beautiful filling of rectangular form, the straight lines of which were now rarely repeated within the design; figures of man or beast are represented with more varied action, more natural pose, and the grouping becomes narrative and dramatic.

Antagonistic, as distinguished from allied or concerted movement, becomes a favourite motif for the frieze, and when this is divided (No. 4) it becomes a series of metopes or panels, each having a certain independent status as the field for a separate composition, free and self-contained, ruled alone by uniformity of scale and its four right-angles and four sides; and thus, from the unit of the frieze, is evolved the disconnected decoration by relief or picture, no longer a link of a chain, but claiming, like the jewel, a place and setting of its own. The Pediment, as a roof-supporting feature, may be considered to some extent as frieze, for it is governed by the same conditions, in a modified form. The apex needs a dominating group or figure to sustain it, towards which those on either side gravitate, if not move. The diminishing height, as the ends are approached, entails continual compression of the forms, a problem not easy to solve without experience of the frieze. The bisecting



No. 4.—Triglyphs and Metope from the Parthenon.

plan of dual movement towards the centre, seen on the Ægina pediment, is not essential; Pheidias discarded it in favour of a full-face treatment, but he yet brings in a reminiscence of the frieze, the procession of day and night, by shewing Helios rising with his horses from the sea at one end of the line, and Selene descending at the other (No. 1), tying the whole composition by the suggestion of the track in which they move from dawn to setting.

When frieze occurs upon the base or dado course, the conditions vary widely from those I have previously considered. The point of view is level or slightly higher than the decoration, which is seen in relation to the ground, instead of the roof; and its function is rather the enrichment of an apparently solid mass, than the expression of constructive principles. In the portions

of the great dado-frieze of the Pergamon altar brought to Berlin (and reproduced in plaster at South Kensington) the forms are very bold, and the design as involved as is compatible with the Greek sense of order. It conveys, not the measured tramp of march, or the balanced repetition of single combat, but the roar and whirl of battle; and the real order which governs the design is veiled in apparent confusion.

I have made these deductions from a few examples of Greek art, because in them all means are employed for special purposes; it is an art based more than any other upon logic, and therefore more apt to furnish principles and reasons applicable less by imitation than by analogy. We do not any longer try to reproduce the classic forms; it is more to the purpose to divine their secrets, and embody their spirit in our modern art.

HERBERT A. BONE.

An Old Venetian Embroidery.



Venetian Appliqué Embroidery, recently acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

AN exceptionally interesting piece of embroidery which has just been acquired by the authorities will, by the time this notice appears, be on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum. It is a portière of satin, rich with arabesque and floral ornament in silk *appliqué*. The portion of it reproduced in our illustration is enough to show the pattern (a repeating one) and the style of the work. The colour scheme is striking. The ground is crimson; the stalks are green; the leaves and arabesque are green, yellow (a ribbed stuff shot with gold), and white; white also are the birds and lions, by no means very naturalistic specimens of zoology, and proportionately ornamental in character. The "couched" cord with which the *appliqué* forms are outlined is discreetly varied: green and yellow leaves are separated from the deep red ground by a line of yellow, white flowers by palish blue; and here and there leaves and so forth are in white or yellow outline, except for an occasional knot or so. An added element of richness is the knotted line used in addition to the "couching," or in the form of tendrils.

The work, it will be seen, is of the sixteenth century, and Venetian—obviously, one would say, were it not that there is in it a reminder also of a certain Spanish type of Renaissance—witness the drawing of the conventional leafage, very distinctly influenced by Eastern arabesque. But, then, the Moors, not content with the conquest of Spain, overran also the port of the Adriatic, though in the more or less peaceful way of commerce.

Where the Sea Gull is at Home.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELMER KEENE.

By permission of Messrs. Dobbs, Kidd & Co., Ltd.

THE Sea: it is hardly an exaggeration to say that these two words suffice to evoke the sum of human experience. From the birth-time of the world the sea-song has never ceased; from earliest days the sea has been as a mother of wonder and mystery, of invincible power, of unfathomable joy and sorrow. Every emotion of man has its correspondence in the sea. Centuries ago a Greek poet discerned "the multitudinous laughter of the ocean waves"; to Shelley its waters "were brackish with the salt of human tears"; Matthew Arnold heard "its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar." Whether on its sunlit surface or lurking in dim cavern-recesses, whether "five fathoms deep" in its translucent waters or in the trough of a swinging wave, each phase of the human drama finds an echo. The sea, too, has fashioned the physical world. Since the first day, it has been "hungering for a calm" destined never to come, for with the ceasing of its pulse-beats must concur the dissolution of our globe. In particular to us in England, the shaping influence of the sea must ever be matter of wonder. To those who dwell on vast continents, and perhaps never hear its voice, the sea is restlessly remote; it may have transformed the face of the earth, once-glorious Atalanta may sleep in its depths, but still it is not woven into the web of their life. We, on the other hand, like the father of Ferdinand, have suffered "a sea change into something rich and strange." To the sea England and the English-speaking race owe all but everything: Queen of our destinies, carver and defender of our island, the tumultuous energy of the sea courses, as it were, through our veins, and has given us a unique position among the peoples of the globe.

That poets and painters should time and again try to express, each in his way, some of the thousand secrets of the sea is not, then, surprising. The picture of Mr. Elmer Keene, which we reproduce, is concerned with a dramatic moment such as may be observed almost any week on the Cornish coast, against which the Atlantic whirls itself with æon-old fury, or, on a peaceful summer day, breathes as if in dream. We may read what we please into the picture. Some will regard the rugged coast as a symbol of immovability, laughing at the fury of the sea, unperturbed by ominous clouds, fronting the incertitudes and the passions of human life. Others will discern in the restless waters a symbol of that imagination which, weaving and re-weaving to issues of beauty all thought, all emotion, endlessly offers its tribute of joy to the many who, without creative instinct, stand stolid and unedified, existing only when their birthright is a thing hardly less wonderful, less myriad-faced, than the sea itself. But in whatever way we prefer to look at the picture, its theme is a fascinating one, potent ever to suggest, to inspire.



WHERE THE SEAGULL IS AT HOME.



Young Shepherds with Cattle in a Sunny Landscape.
By Cuyt

Mr. Rudolf Kann's Picture Gallery in Paris.



A Young Monk.
By Rubens.

THE publication of a hundred photogravures with critical text by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, just published by the Photographic Society ("Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst") in Vienna, is worthy of the gallery to which it is dedicated.* The collection of Mr. Rudolf Kann in Paris, which has been acquired within the last twenty years, is superior to all private galleries on the Continent except-

ing, perhaps, that of Prince Liechtenstein in Vienna.

Mr. Kann, with great passion and a thorough understanding for the really artistic, and with ample means, has formed his collection in the Paris and London art markets; and he regards the various styles without prejudice and with a taste as refined as it is universal. While the paintings of the seventeenth century, especially those of the Dutch School, claimed his interest, he has sometimes seized the opportunity of securing prominent paintings of the fifteenth century, Dutch as well as Italian; and he has acquired a number of good French and English pictures of the eighteenth century, but these less for



Young Girl peeling an Apple.
By Nicolaes Maes.

* The Collection of Mr. Rudolf Kann in Paris: illustrated by 100 photogravures by R. Paulussen, of Vienna; text written by Dr. Bode, director of the Berlin Museum. Published by the "Gesellschaft für vervielfältigende Kunst," Vienna.



ARS V TINAM MORES
ANIMVM QVE EFFINGERE
POSSES PVLCHROR IN TER
RIS NVLLA TABELLA FORET
MCCCCCLXXXVIII

Giovanna Tornabuoni.
By Domenico Ghirlandajo.



Lady Sophia Charlotte Sheffield.
By Thomas Gainsborough, R.A.

the completion of his gallery than for the decoration of his house, which is built and furnished in eighteenth-century style.

The feature that distinguishes Mr. Rudolf Kann's collection from the best of other wealthy private persons on the Continent—such as those art treasures that are to be found amongst the different members of the Rothschild family—is the owner's leaning to a grand style, the monumental, which is characteristic of certain Dutch paintings of the seventeenth century. It is not so much by the smaller or what we may call the neat masters, but by the art of Rembrandt, Frans Hals, Ruisdael, Hobbema, and Cuyp, that the Dutch School is represented here. The genre-

painters are not unrepresented, but they appear modestly in the second places; for instance, Terborch, Metsu, and the painters inspired by Rembrandt, such as Maes (of whose work we reproduce an example) and Pieter de Hoogh. An understanding for great and free art and a dislike of trivial smoothness and too much going into detail is evidenced not only in the choice of the masters who have been admitted, but also in the selection of their works. Modern taste has, in fact, made this collection. Gerard Dou and Mieris, Both and Berchem, are looked for in vain, but we find Jacob van Ruisdael represented with six, Hobbema, Albert Cuyp, Frans Hals with four paintings each, and Rembrandt with eleven good and in some cases splendid works. The greatest genius, the poet among Dutch artists, rightly claims by far the largest space, giving dignity to the house, and earnestness and majesty to the gallery. Among the works of Rembrandt acquired by Mr. Kann, not one was painted before 1650. Portraits painted to order and in accordance with the taste of his clients, portraits such as Rembrandt used to paint chiefly in the thirties of the century, are entirely wanting. Portraits of persons who were near and dear to the master—studies, works in which Rembrandt's art is dis-



Rembrandt's son Titus.
By Rembrandt.

played without constraint from external sources and in all its originality: these form here an overpowering whole. We only find Rembrandt as strong and as individual in the collections at St. Petersburg and Cassel, but in no other private gallery.

With the representation of his handsome son, Titus (painted in 1655), the master takes us back to the flourishing days of Venetian renaissance—in dress, posture, and treatment. Another incomparable work of art from Rembrandt's brush, with regard to colouring, execution, and mysterious charm of expression, is the portrait of a lady, no longer young, holding a flower in her hand; a picture sold in 1890 by Count d'Oultremont. In the representation of 'Christ

and the Samaritan Woman by the Well' (of 1659), Rembrandt, by the poetic effect he gave to the landscape, has wonderfully brightened and glorified the biblical motive.

The Flemish Masters are not quite so well represented as the Dutch, although there are four good pictures by Rubens and five by Vandyck, among them a remarkable early Madonna. Brouwer, who is very rare, is represented. Cocques is there with one of his masterpieces, the family portrait from the Marlborough Gallery; and Fyt with several large paintings which make a magnificent decoration for the second row of pictures.

The two large rooms with a skylight in the newly-built palace of Mr. Kann, in which the works of the seventeenth century are displayed to perfection, both run into a smaller middle saloon, which contains a few exquisite works of the fifteenth and sixteenth century. Here are to be found some old Netherlandish panels by Roger van der Weyden, Memling, and Gerard David. There are also several Italian pieces, such as 'Zenobius' Miracle' by Benozzo Gozzoli, which lately has been erroneously attributed to Pesellino. Here also the portrait of Giovanna Tornabuoni, by Domenico Ghirlandajo, is

hung, the masterpiece which for several years had been lent to the London National Gallery. The pure grace of his profile portrait, of which we give a reproduction, embraces like no other single work the whole incomparable charm of the early renaissance of Florence.

Among the paintings of the eighteenth century, with which Mr. Kann has adorned his house, are exquisite works of Nattier, Pater, Lancret, and Fragonard. There are also (an unexpected thing in a Paris mansion) several fine English portraits, such as one of the rare portraits by Thomas Gainsborough, executed in small size; the portrait of Lady Sophia Charlotte Sheffield, reproduced in our pages.

The photogravures, by R. Paulussen, are a great success. The text by Dr. Wilhelm Bode, full of spirit and very instructive, estimates the qualities of the works, giving an historical connection. Text and illustrations combine in giving a clear idea of this splendid private gallery, as well as in refreshing the memory of those favoured ones who have had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with the collection.

MAX J. FRIEDLÄNDER.

Berlin, March, 1901.

Passing Events.

NOW that the site opposite Buckingham Palace has been definitely fixed for the national memorial to Queen Victoria, a fine opportunity has arisen for the sculptors and architects in this country to prove their mettle. The final allocation of the work, perhaps, calls for a more delicate display of taste, and it is to be hoped that the arbiters will prove equal to the occasion.

THE King has delegated the Duke and Duchess of Fife to act for him at the opening of the Glasgow Exhibition on May 2nd. Great hopes are expressed as to the success of the Art section, and, considering the city's wonderful artistic and commercial resources, the Exhibition should prove worthy of these anticipations. We trust that the Art Committee will keep in mind that strangers visiting the Exhibition will naturally and properly expect to find a complete exhibition of the painters of Scotland known beyond her own borders. For example, a foreigner or American will be grievously disappointed if Sir David Wilkie, Sir Henry Raeburn, and Geo. Paul Chalmers are not adequately represented.



The Young Koeijmanszoon van Alblasterdam.
By Frans Hals.

THE Council of the Royal Scottish Academy is taking into its consideration the advisability of including lady artists in its membership. The Charter, it appears, contains no pronouncement either way on the subject, so that there is much probability, in view of the delightful mazes of Scots Law, of a very prolonged discussion.

ACCORDING to the official report lately issued by the Committee of the Artists' War Fund, it was found possible to distribute the sum of £10,593 12s. od. among five benevolent funds associated with military charities. In all 328 artists, headed by Her late Majesty, contributed pictures, and a sum of £1,085 was given by

other artists who did not send work for sale. The promoters are naturally gratified with the success of a project which was much criticised at its inception.

IT would appear that the Italian authorities are disposed to relent the rigour of the "Pacca Law," by which the export of works of art is subjected to heavy penalties. Not long ago Prince Chigi was mulcted in the severe fine of £12,000 representing the sum he received for the sale of the so-called Botticelli 'Virgin and Child.' The reduction of this startling penalty to the paltry sum of £8 on the Prince's appeal, leads to the assumption that the law in question may shortly be repealed.

MR. CARNEGIE'S recent benefactions call to mind the fact that the city associated with his success—Pittsburg—contains the nucleus of a good collection of pictures which is annually increasing, thanks to the annual grant of 50,000 dollars provided by the millionaire. This grant it appears, however, is not for pictures only, but covers the expense of the Music, Science, and Art staff, and other items. Up to the present, it is said, Mr. Carnegie does not take much interest in purely artistic matters.

BY this time, Mr. Passmore Edwards' gifts to public institutions must amount to a very appreciable total, and it is to be noted that his contribution of £6,000 heads the list of donations to the Whitechapel Art Gallery which Lord Rosebery opened. This gallery crowns the labours of Canon Barnett in the East End, and deserves the sympathetic encouragement of art workers.

ON her return from India Lady Curzon will sit to Mr. Ellis Roberts for her portrait. By this time that gentleman has painted a goodly number of the

aristocracy, and if he will only give his own individuality in composition greater rein he may yet become one of our most renowned artists. It will be remembered that Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lady Curzon's sister, Miss Leiter, was in the 1896 Academy.

WE hasten to rectify an unfortunate error at page 128, wherein we mentioned Mr. David Law, the well-known Etcher, as "the late." Mr. Law having recently passed through a severe illness was unable to complete the Art Union plate, but he has now recovered and has removed to Worthing, where we hope he will be able to continue his widely acceptable work in Etching.

AMONG recent recipients of the Victorian Order is Mr. Sydney P. Hall, the well-known black-and-white artist, who, along with Mr. A. Pearse, is accompanying the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York in their intensely interesting journey round the Colonies.

Gossip from the Sale Rooms.

THE new century's dulness, traceable to an obvious cause, invaded the sale rooms throughout London, and until quite recently there has been very little worth chronicling from any quarter. It was not until March 2nd that Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods broke the spell, by offering for sale the fine collection of modern pictures and drawings, formed by the late Mr. Herbert Martineau some thirty years ago. At that time water-colours by the best English artists were in far greater request than they are now, and as the demand in all these cases is invariably reflected in the prices realised, it is not surprising to find that what Mr. Martineau's estate gained on the pictures it lost on the drawings. The total amount realised—£9,500 odd—probably represents very closely the initial cost of the gallery. No sensational prices were recorded, the largest amount being 720 guineas for Constable's canvas of 'Stratford St. Mary's, Suffolk,' which at Johnstone's sale in 1875 had realised £325, and at the Novar sale in 1878, precisely the same amount. The collection was, however, distinctly above the average, and is noticeable by reason of the artistic taste displayed in its formation. Of much greater importance was the sale held by the same firm of auctioneers on March 11th and following days, of the old mezzotint portraits collected by the late Mr. Henry Arthur Blyth, of Stanstead House, Essex, at one time a partner in Messrs. Gilbey's firm. The large sums of money that are not infrequently paid for early states of portraits of ladies, engraved in *la manière Anglaise*, as the French collectors say, has for long been a common topic of conversation, and it would, indeed, seem that amateurs have definitely abandoned the old road and the old Masters, to name Francis de Babylone, Zoan Andrea (so shadowy that even his name is a matter of surmise), Aldegrevier and many more. Not that they despise them utterly—they could never do that—but the times have changed in favour of the counterfeit presentment of pretty women, and ethereal children, coloured prints by Bartolozzi and his fanciful school of stipplers and mezzotints printed in colours. Some of these days the times will change again, and we shall all change with them, and traverse new roads, or perhaps again the old, but whether new or old, to the same merry, jingling tune of gold.

Talking of gold reminds us that Mr. Blyth's collection cost that gentleman from first to last a matter of about £5,000, and that the 346 lots contained in the first catalogue should have realised very nearly £22,000, must assuredly be a matter for congratulation on the part of everyone interested in the sale. Who but a millionaire could now "grangerize," say, "The Dictionary of National Biography," with first states? Whose life could be so indefinitely prolonged as to enable him to do it, even though money were of no account? These valuable mezzotints are mostly so very scarce, that they are only seen at rare intervals, and to accumulate more than a few of them is a practical impossibility. It may be worthy of note that the late Earl of Ashburnham's collection of books, which was sold in sections two or three years ago, showed an average no higher than about £16 per lot, and yet this was incomparably the finest Library that has come into the open market in our time. The Blyth collection of prints shows an average of £60 and more, the inference being that the scarcest and best books are very much cheaper, and on the whole far more easy to procure than the scarcest and best prints. Many of the prices realised at the Blyth sale were indeed phenomenal, and in some cases all previous records were broken several times over. This was the case with Valentine Green's 'Duchess of Rutland,' after Sir Joshua Reynolds, first state, 1,000 guineas, purchased by Messrs. Agnew & Sons; the same engraver's 'Elizabeth Laura, Charlotte Maria, and Anna Horatia Waldegrave,' after the same, first state, 500 guineas; J. R. Smith's 'Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton,' after the same, first state, 940 guineas; Valentine Green's 'Lady Betty Delmé and Children,' also after Reynolds, 920 guineas; and Thomas Watson's 'Lady Bampfylde,' after the same, first published state, 880 guineas. The following schedule shows an interesting comparison of the amounts paid to Sir Joshua Reynolds for the original paintings, with those realised for the prints:

Title.	Engraver.	Paid to Reynolds for original painting.	Paid for the engravings.
Lady Bampfylde	T. Watson	£157 10s. ..	£924
Lady Betty Delmé and Children	V. Green	£300 ..	£966
Lady Catherine Pelham- Clinton	J. R. Smith	£100 ..	£987
Duchess of Rutland ..	V. Green	£150 ..	£1,050
		<u>£707 10s.</u>	<u>£3,927</u>

When the Gulston prints were sold by Greenwood "at his room in Leicester Square," in January, 1786, many fine proofs touched by the great Sir Joshua, then painting marvellously, against time, but a few doors away, brought less than five shillings apiece. "Ten mezzotints, Ladies, after Sir Joshua, 6s. 6d."—such is the record of those days. The Blyth collection has fallen on happier times—happier, that is to say, for it, though worse for us. As we look over the catalogue marked with a long array of prices, it is apparent that a matter of fifty or sixty guineas is nothing at all when a mezzotint portrait of the fashionable kind is concerned. Ladies painted in allegorical attitudes, as, for instance, Mrs. Musters posing as 'Hebe,' and Lady Hamilton as 'A Bacchante' or 'A Spinster,' and reproduced by the magic art of Dickinson, J. R. Smith, the Watsons, and many more—such are the prints to conjure with in these first days of the twentieth century.

J. H. SLATER.

A Group of London Exhibitions.

DURING March, picture shows were arranged in about a score of galleries. At the Old Water-Colour Society, the Ruskin drawings made way for the Painter-Etchers; in Piccadilly, the Oil Painters gave place to the Water-Colourists; Lord Rosebery opened the new Municipal Art Gallery at Whitechapel; the Women's International Art Club held a second annual exhibition at the Grafton; moreover, collections of work by artists as distinguished as Professor Legros, William Strang, and Charles H. Shannon—this last of rare interest—were opened. Nor have we by any means exhausted the list. At the Goupil Gallery, besides Landseer's drawing of the King as a babe on the knee of his nurse, were some delicately perceived little marines by Whistler, and several good examples of Boudin, Bertram Priestman, A. D. Peppercorn, and José Weiss. At McLean's, a large L'Hermitte, 'The Reapers,' dominated the end wall, but more potent to attract was an unusual Fritz Thaulow, a colour-dream of fishing boats off the coast of Dieppe at nightfall. The series of water-colours by Miss Rosa Wallis, sister of Mr. Whitworth Wallis, Curator of the Birmingham Art Gallery, proves that she observes through fresh and eager eyes the stately gardens and the sun-steeped by-ways of Italy, the picturesque fruit markets, and the coast of the Riviera in blossom time. Miss Wallis sees pictures everywhere; her method of expression is bright and un-hackneyed.

The eighty-sixth exhibition of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours has at any rate one welcome feature; a new-comer of distinction may be studied. This new-comer is Mr. Horatio Walker, a Canadian, almost unknown to connoisseurs in this country. He is represented by two dissimilar drawings. If in 'The First Snow' the half-hidden stubble is, pictorially, somewhat perverse, this does but emphasise one of Mr. Walker's qualities—a certain vehemence which on occasions, and it may be in certain parts of a composition, obtrudes. The drawing is eminently honest, it is the product of no trifier. The wind has swept time and again through the now leafless branches of the tree in the background, its form ably essentialised; the somewhat bony sheep, searching for food, are structural; everywhere we recognise artistic grip. The presentment of potato-gatherers of the 'Ile d'Orleans' from the same brush has not a false note in it, if we except, perhaps, the figure of the seated woman to the left, who is, alike imaginatively and pictorially, unrelated. There is Millet-like realism, which is yet charged with poetry, in the rendering of the other workers, particularly of the one who kneels, with head bent forward, gathering potatoes. The word charming is so often misused that one hesitates to apply it to this drawing; yet charm, the

outcome of power and not of mere desire to achieve the pretty, is the characteristic of the water-colour, in whose background are high-pitched cottages, over which tufted poplars stand sentinel, the rhythm of roof and foliage repeated in the intervening space of sky. England should give welcome to Mr. Horatio Walker. Mr. E. J. Gregory, the President, sends a presentment of a Thames boating party, its several aims in conflict, whose title, 'The Brink of a Discovery,' is as enigmatical as the colour is unworthy of this artist at his best; the 'Dusty Tim' of Mr. Max Ludby conveys a sense of light and air; Mr. Frank Mart's 'Boscombe,' with its Japanese-like use of trees, has decorative quality; among the sterlingly good exhibits of Mr. James S. Hill is 'Low Tide'; by no means without success Mr. John Hassell depicts 'All the King's Horses and all the King's Men' moving beneath the ramparts of an old-world city; Mr. Dudley Hardy shows



On the Kennet at Woolhampton.
From the painting by Alex. MacBride, R.I.

his usual ease in the spacious 'Close of Day' on the Dutch coast; and Mr. Aumonier's 'Corn Ricks' in golden glow, a blue waggon with red wheels standing in the stubble, is one of the best things he has painted. Apart from a chilliness, more characteristic of the Lutheran churches of Holland, the 'Transept, St. Mark's,' of Mr. D. Y. Cameron is acceptable—we look towards the great rose window above the main entrance, whence worshippers are making their exit. In several of Mr. Alex. MacBride's drawings is a sincere feeling for nature, especially before summer heat has robbed the leaves of jubilant green. We illustrate his 'On the Kennet at Woolhampton,' careful as a study of pattern, an apt if not eminently strong rendering of a blithe scene; moreover, the foliage holds and is transmuted by sunlight, and this particular aspect of nature has been felt before it was recorded.

Among the 2,500 cartoons Sir John Tenniel has drawn, there are naturally some which have been of greater political significance than others. The artist has



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Dropping the Pilot.
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

selected a number of these to illustrate a Monograph upon his Life and Work by Cosmo Monkhouse, which appears as the Easter Number of *THE ART JOURNAL*. Besides these, the publication contains reproductions from water-colour paintings, and many illustrations to books, a branch of art to which Sir John has contributed ably and extensively. This extra number gives an interesting account of the life of a gifted artist. We reproduce the frontispiece from the original in the possession of Lord Rosebery. This cartoon appeared in *Punch* in 1890, when Prince Bismark relinquished his labours in the service of the German Emperor. The Chancellor is depicted as a Pilot leaving the ship he has safely steered to harbour, the skipper looking immovably upon the retreating figure. We are also able to place opposite to it, by the courtesy of the artist and the proprietors of *Fun*, a reproduction from a happy parody of 'Dropping the Pilot,' by Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, entitled 'Dropping the first Mate,' than which a more truthful description could not have been imagined. Mr. Punch looks over the bulwarks, disconsolate in the loss he will have to endure, and one can almost hear the piteous howl of regret with which the dog Toby bids farewell to his departing companion.



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Dropping the First Mate.
By Mr. F. Carruthers Gould.

From *Fun*. By permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Limited.

GAINSBOROUGH'S 'DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.'

The nine days' wonder of the discovery of the long-lost portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire passes away; but the romantic story will always remain as one of the most surprising incidents of the picture world.

The painting, even before it fetched its ten thousand one hundred guineas at Christie's, in 1876, was a very strong favourite with picture-lovers, and *The Times* related the sensation this picture made in King Street at the sale. All during the week prior to the auction the rooms were crowded to excess, and on the day before the sale there were rows of carriages bringing the rank and fashion of the time.

The picture, as found in Chicago and handed over to Messrs. Agnew, has not suffered materially so far as the essential points of the portrait are concerned. Although the background and lower portion have been curtailed as a result of the vicissitudes through which the canvas has passed, the superbly beautiful head with large black hat, and the exquisitely drawn hand holding a flower, are fortunately in the best condition, and with the full and free colour of the most fascinating master of English portraiture.



1846. 1846. Painter by J.M.W. Waterhouse R.A.

THE MERMAID.

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"The Clouds that gather round the Setting Sun" (p. 166).
By J. Seymour Lucas, R.A.

The Royal Academy of 1901.

TWO thousand years and more have passed since Plato was wont to meet his disciples in "the olive grove of Academe," the first, the greatest of all Academies. It would be at once a thankless and an unprofitable task, to apply a Platonic test, translated from terms of philosophy into those of art, to the one-hundred-and-thirty-third exhibition of our Royal Academy, where, instead of a calm-voiced philosopher discoursing on deep things in cool green walks not far from the sea, one is assailed in closely packed galleries by the clamour of a thousand picture-voices, the majority pitched high, almost to screaming point. Plato taught that men are as prisoners in a subterranean cavern, chained with their backs to a fire, mistaking the shadows cast on the wall for realities. Some suc-



Her Grace the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos (p. 165).
By Frank Dicksee, R.A.

ceed in throwing off their fetters. They turn round and see the cause of the phenomenon; one here and there gains the mouth of the cave, and by slow degrees recognises the sun as the source of light, as the great unifying principle.

The parable has significance in relation to the art of our day. Each artist must be illumined by a sun that he has discovered for himself, discovered, perhaps, after toil and fasting, or seen maybe in vision. Carlyle says that art is the disimprisoned soul of fact. This soul cannot be so much as discerned, much less expressed, unless the painter focuss a personal light on the objects and scenes of his study.

Art is a language whereby thought and emotion are expressed: the language is aptly used by the painter only when ideas or

moods are rendered with what we call pictorial effect. It does not suffice to take mechanical snap shots, whether of nature or of the human form; for apart from the fact that a painter has of necessity to work in two dimensions only, he is restricted as to colour—sunlight, for instance, has no actual equivalent in paint—he has to sever his scene from its surroundings.

The mistaken doctrine that verisimilitude should be the paramount aim of every painter and sculptor hardly calls for refutation; yet in passing it may be pointed out that the wax figures at Madame Tussaud's, again and again mistaken for living persons, give no æsthetic pleasure. By imprisoning on canvas a fragment of actuality, a painter robs it of relationship; and it can hardly be too often insisted that unless new and just relationships, both as to line and colour, are established, the work so far is a failure. In a word, facts are but the material which the true artist shapes to individual ends; facts must be absorbed and re-inspired ere they have æsthetic appeal. Whether this appeal be strong and lofty or relatively feeble

and commonplace, depends upon the mental and spiritual stature of the artist, on the measure to which technical skill enables him to render his conceptions. For the portrait painter it is essential that he should have a psychical grasp of his theme; the landscapist or the subject painter must express his temperamental affinities; in each work, if it is not to be a *réchauffé* of dead things, the imaginative, creative element must be present to inform and to unify. Millet painted as naturally as the bird sings, or the flower unfolds in the sunlight; but we require something more than even natural facility. Millet wrought the life of the Normandy peasant into a great pictorial epic because

his brush was a vehicle for the expression of what he felt most deeply, thought most truly.

But the recurrent summer exhibitions at Burlington House can hardly be expected to conform, even so far as a hundred works are concerned, to the demands of great art; probably, indeed, the public would turn away disappointed, if not disgusted, were examples by popular mediocrities to be replaced by pictures of genuine merit in an unfamiliar kind. In how far the servile following

by painters of this tradition or that—whether it be the classical, the literal, the anecdotal—militates against excellence; to what extent members and associates and “outsiders” misuse their talents in order to become adjectival—time and again one hears it said that this subtle effect or that correspondence is “no good for the Academy;” whether honesty of purpose, singleness of aim, a passion for what is good, are stimulated by large exhibitions of this kind: these are questions into which we cannot enter.

Sir Edward Poynter sends but one picture, which we illus-



Professor George Aitchison, R.A., Past-P.R.I.B.A. (p. 164).

By Sir L. Alma-Tadema, R.A.

trate opposite; it is a version in oil of the subject painted in water-colour for the Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL, 1899. Every detail in the canvas is a continued protest, to quote from a lecture of the President, “against the dangers of a negligent and indifferent view of the high requirements of the artist.” He is a firm adherent of the classical school, he consistently deprecates brilliancy for its own sake; if we may judge from his work, too, no misgivings beset him. On a marble seat, covered with a cushion of orange, Helena and Hermia, “like two artificial gods,” are engaged “both on one sampler,” “both warbling of one song, both in one key.” Beyond the laurel hedge,



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Helena and Hermia (p. 162).
By Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A.



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Our South Coast (p. 169).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

divided by a stout fir trunk—and studies for this part of the picture were made at Orta, the lovely town represented in water-colour by Sir Edward last year—is a mountain-girt lake of blue. If we are impressed by the thought and the labour, rather than by any original and imaginative impulse, the heedfulness is at any rate of an unperplexed kind. Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema is another classicist. To his profound archæological knowledge is added a precision of touch, a skill in re-constituting an old-time scene, whereby he is separated from other living craftsmen. 'Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,' is concerned with lightly draped, garlanded figures grouped about a semi-circular, tiered lounge, each vein of whose white marble, whether incintillating light or reposeful shadow, is scrupulously rendered. If sometimes we are apt to



Joy and the Labourer (p. 176).
By Mrs. J. Young-Hunter.

regret the broader manner of this artist's earlier years, one cannot but pay tribute to the superb technique of pictures like the present.

Sir Alma-Tadema's portrait of his fellow Academician, Professor George Aitchison (page 162), is destined for the Royal Institute of British Architects, of which he was President from 1896 to 1899. On the Institute walls hang portraits of all past Presidents, save, if we mistake not, Mr. Street, of whom, however, there is a bust in the smoke-room. Not the least noteworthy of the series is Mr. Sargent's 'F. C. Penrose,' exhibited in the 1898 Academy, and subsequently caricatured in *Punch*. Professor Aitchison's concentrative power, his ability to fix his attention on one matter at a time—the secret of success in any profession—is well suggested, as he sits in jacket suit with shirt of lighter blue, in a high-backed red chair, the



Her late Majesty Queen Victoria (p. 182).
By Benjamin Constant.

By permission of *The Illustrated London News*, who are publishing an important plate from the painting.

index finger of his left hand upraised, at once as an aid to his own thought and as a mark of emphasis.

So far as the theme of his principal picture is concerned, Mr. Herbert Draper is a seceder from the classical fold—a freer, less academic manner is required for 'Tristram and Iseult' (page 179) than, say, for this artist's 'The Gates of Dawn,' of 1900. Tristram and Iseult have, all unwitting, drunk of the love cup, and stand now on the deck of the galley that bore them from Eire to Cornwall, each looking toward other, half in passionate amaze, half with wondering regret. Every detail, from the lines of the galley, propelled by sixteen oarsmen, to the metal finials of the spreading horns, from the ornamentation of the row of circular shields to the costumes, is intended to emphasise the Celtic sentiment. Encompassing this old-world barque, which moves through waters of deep blue, is a frame whose appropriate design of interlacing arabesques is taken from the Book of Kells, A.D. 650-90, preserved in Dublin.

In addition to his portrait of the Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos (page 161)—than whose robe of cloth of gold there is no more exquisite piece of texture at Burlington House—Mr. Frank Dicksee shows us Iseult seated solitary on her throne, placed on a balcony overlooking the sea, in King Marc's palace. With clasped hands on the wide balustrade in front of her, she gazes across the waste of waters towards the setting sun, dreaming of that day when she and Tristram were spiritually wed, of her lover, now wandering over Spain, whose grave in Brittany, set with rose and vine bush intertwined, she later shared. The Hon. John Collier, again, is of those who have been attracted by ancient legend. His aim has been to conceive of 'Venus and Tannhauser' and to execute it in the spirit of the Italian Renaissance. The strip of carpet, green and blue and buff, on which the hero kneels, resembles that in Giorgione's famous altar-

piece at Castelfranco; the carving of the palisade is Florentine in character; and the cypresses behind the gilded alcove take us back to the Italy of Verrocchio and Lorenzo di Credi. It is essentially a scholarly production, this presentment of Venus, draped in rich crimson, wrought with gold, about to crown with roses the Teutonic knight. From the same hand is a portrait of the Duke of Cornwall and York in his uniform as the Master of Trinity House, where the notes of red decrease in intensity from the scarlet cuffs, by way of chair and carpet—and the quarter circle of carpet, in the right bottom corner, is an excellent feature—to the fine old flag, introduced effectively as a background.

It has been said, not without truth, that Mr. J. W. Waterhouse stands midway between Burne-Jones and Leighton; his aim is not so much to reconstruct, with truth of local details, the legendary past, as to retell the stories, pictorially, in a fashion of his own. There is more of dream than of conscious thought, probably, in Mr. Waterhouse's 'Head of Orpheus,' red hair twined round the lyre, as it floats in a rock-set pool of the Hebrus, watched by two sad-eyed nymphs. A certain lyrical correspon-



The Golden Barn (p. 177).
By George Clausen, A.R.A.

dence is established between subject and treatment. Passing from this lily-haunted pool, bounded by pines beyond which the sun is sinking, the head of Orpheus was carried down to the sea and borne across to Lesbos; in the picture, informed by a neo-classical spirit, it is a theme of wonder. Our large plate is taken from Mr. Waterhouse's diploma picture, and we treat this in a separate article.

Mr. Abbey's 'Crusaders sighting Jerusalem' (page 167) is one of the most successful subject pictures of the year. Three Knight Templars, in chain-mail and tabards with great cross back and front, have gained a stony height in advance of their fellows. The oldest upholds the banner, the blue eyes of the youngest are directed upward, the third kneels with cross-hilt sword



The Wishing Well (p. 166).
By G. D. Leslie, R.A.

before his face. Their heads rise one above the other, their faces are flushed by the morning sun, a moment of climax has been seized and wrought to significance. To each of these crusaders—to the determined soldier of many fights, to the lithe inexperienced youth, to the rapt mystic—"glad, confident morning" has again come as, eastward, they see their goal bathed in sunlight.

Of many other subject works we may here allude to a few. As the title suggests, Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'Clouds that gather round the Setting Sun' (page 161) depicts an incident in Wolsey's later days. The yet powerful minister, in robes of a cardinal, walks amid the carefully-clipped yew hedges of Hampton Court, whose red-roofed palace, mellowed by evening light, is visible above. Either from absorption or of set purpose he takes no heed of the Erasmus-like student, the sumptuously dressed ambassador, and the other personage who, in a group, impatiently await audience. The artist finds historical basis for his picture in contemporary records. To some two centuries earlier belongs Mr. A. Chevalier Tayler's theme. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' represents, of course, the

traditional incident of Edward III. handing back to the Countess of Salisbury the blue garter she had dropped while dancing with the king. As the Countess curtsies, the king, conscious of the intent glances of his courtiers grouped to the right, confers the Order of the Garter upon his partner. Mr. Tayler—who is engaged upon a panel for the Royal Exchange dealing with about the same period—has made careful research into the costumes of this date, and we may take it that each detail is in conformity with fact. Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'Wishing Well,' illustrated on this page, is a delightfully cool arrangement of ivories and faint greens, balanced by the black sash of the dreamy figure. As to Mr. J. Young-Hunter's 'Come, Lasses and Lads' (page 172) it carries us back to joyous Maypole doings in a cobbled village street, when pigs, pigeons, geese, and even wild-fowl share in the hurly-burly.

The 'Sunday Morning' of Mr. Edward Stott, illustrated on page 169, is a fine accomplishment. Deeply and quietly pondered, the intimately poetic has been distilled from common things. The three children who sit round the white-spread table, the old father and mother by the fireplace, the furniture and accessories—old, grey pendulum clock, brown teapot, blue and white ware—not one has been idealised; yet, as the sunlight filters through the muslin-curtained window to vivify this cottage-interior, so Mr. Stott's pictorial vision has enabled him to strip actuality of ugliness, to reveal the "disimprisoned soul of fact," so to select form and tone and colour that they may be woven to a beauty rare and significant. He has never so completely expressed his sensitive, brooding talent as in this depiction of illuminated actuality. In a dissimilar kind, but informed by a spirit no less fine, is 'The Bathers.' How justly the head of the foremost grey horse, the lithe figures of the naked boys, are seen against the water; observe the imaginative rendering of the moon-calm landscape.

If only because he is a newcomer and a Canadian, attention might fitly be directed to Mr. Horatio Walker's



Edinburgh: the Old Town (p. 168).
By John MacWhirter, R.A.



Crusaders sighting Jerusalem (p. 165).
By E. A. Abbey, R.A.

'Oxen Drinking' (page 177). It is simple and big in concept, strenuous and direct in treatment; the massive brutes, the blue-smocked lad, the stone trough, the great rain cloud are welded into a strong and beautiful picture.

Honesty, outspokenness, are watchwords of the Newlyn school, at whose head is Mr. Stanhope Forbes. Two of his pictures are of topical interest: 'January 22nd, 1901' (page 173), and 'A Tale of the Veldt.' In the former a grey-bearded fisherman is reading of the Queen's death by the oblong casement of his Cornish cottage. Spectacles on nose, a blue shawl on head, his wife looks over his shoulder, while his sailor son, child in arms, listens to the tidings. Freedom, buoyancy of touch, a certain blithe expansiveness, characterise, too, Mr. Stanhope Forbes' 'Good-bye,' which depicts a lugger setting sail from Newlyn Harbour at sunset, two women in the punt, aptly composed, bidding their farewells.

The exhibits of four Scottish artists are annually anticipated with pleasure by the public — apart from those of Mr. Orchardson. Mr. MacWhirter, besides 'A Flowery Path' on a Swiss hillside down which file first communicants, and 'A Fallen Giant,' sends two views of the Scottish capital. In 'Edinburgh Old Town' (page 166), we look, from the George IV. Bridge, towards the Cowgate and the Grass Market, across smoke-hung, quaintly irregular wet roofs, the castle-dominated hill

to the right. Light issues from here and there a small window, and, to enhance the sense of age, of romance, the moon has burst fitfully through heavy clouds. It is long since a more interesting work came from Mr. MacWhirter's hand. 'Edinburgh New Town,' as seen from Calton Hill, shows Princes Street in the glow of a summer sunset.

Mr. Peter Graham gives us 'At Low Tide,' with idle fishing smacks, stone jetty, mussel and limpet-covered rocks, white sea birds, swaying waters; and, in a no less familiar manner, 'A Mountain Torrent,' dashing down a Scottish hillside near which a shepherd is tending his flock. Mr. Joseph Farquharson, who exhibits for the first time as an associate, sends two large canvases. 'Down to the Ferry' has for theme horned sheep waiting in the long, reposeful twilight of a west country evening, to cross in the flat-bottomed boat to pastures on the farther side. If 'The Rosy Flush of Evening' falls as a hot benediction on the shoulder of the hill in the background,



Yetta daughter of J. R. Dunlop Hill, Esq. (p. 172).
By Ralph Peacock.

the rock-set pines in shadow to the right are well ordered. Highland cattle wander down the valley stream, whose pools reflect the rich sunset glow. Mr. Colin Hunter has been content to send one large oblong only. It is destined, if we mistake not, to decorate the saloon of a Castle Line steamer. 'Herring-fishers off Kildonan Castle' (p. 172) shows us the flat pro-



from the Printing by B. W. Leader R. S.

THE WEALD OF SURREY.

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Sunday Morning (p. 166).
By Edward Stott.

montory at the southern end of the lovely Isle of Arran, whose mountain peaks to the right are cloud-capped this summer evening, the lower levels veiled in blue mist.

Of Mr. David Murray's several large landscapes, one, 'The River Plough' (page 170), is particularly fresh in theme; indeed, one does not recall a similar picture. Annually, at the end of the fishing season, this plough is drawn by four stout horses along the bed of the river Test, in Hampshire, the rushes on whose banks suggest the necessity for some such method of keeping the channel open. As Mr. Murray represents the scene, chill mists rise from the water meadows, while the sun sinks in the evening sky. This is an incident that lends itself admirably to picture.

At first sight one might not recognise 'A Southern Port'—an evening effect on a tidal river—as by Mr. B. W. Leader. In three other pictures he adopts a broader manner than we are wont to associate with him. We reproduce, on page 164, 'Our South Coast,' a study of sunlit sand-dunes, sparsely covered with sea-holly and bent grasses, shadow-haunted in the hollows, and we describe our large plate elsewhere. Mr. Alfred Parsons seldom fails to prove he can reveal the pictorial secrets of flower and tree life. On occasions, it is true, he does not sufficiently subordinate the particular to the general; but this is not so in his large landscape, glad with 'Butter-

cup,' redolent of spring. Less satisfactory as a whole is 'Last Day for Salmon,' showing the junction of the Greta and the Tees, flat limestone formations in the foreground. Yet the autumn leafage—here a mass of gold, there with answering notes of olive or ivy green, again, as on the right bank, with a single wild cherry of glowing red—shows genuine appreciation of truth and of pictorial requirements. Broader in touch, more austere in line, is 'A Lonely Heath' of Mr. Aumonier, an earnest study of sunset when, after a day of rain, clouds have broken up.

We may study the robust art of Mr. La Thangue under the influence of a new environment. He has sojourned in Provence, that land of ancient romance where still a language other than French is spoken, where still, at Arles, are the remains of a magnificent Roman amphitheatre, at Avignon a hill-set palace in which Popes dwelt when driven from Italy. In this artist's 'December in Provence' one is greeted in the orchards here, not only by sight of narcissus and jonquil and rose, but of fruit-laden orange trees, which tell of months of generous sunshine and warmth. Almost we are in sun-steeped Italy, but not quite. It is good for an artist on occasions thus to interpret fresh aspects of beauty. In strenuously naturalistic fashion Mr. La Thangue depicts a sun-splashed Sussex orchard, with farm lass bending to gather into baskets the fallen harvest of rich purple plums. We illustrate 'On Lavington Down' (page 170). The piping



The River Plough (p. 169).
By David Murray, A.R.A.

cowherd, his face aglow with evening light, who stands amid the tangle of the foreground, is first cousin to 'The Plough Boy' of last year. He adds another to this artist's sequence of rustic folk: simple, blithe, unconcerned men and women and children, who, though dwelling in a home-county, are remote from the hurrying life of our time, yet enjoy experiences distinct from those of toiling, care-laden Londoners.

Mr. Alfred East discerns nature now as a decorative tapestry, now as a chord of colour; apart from not always wise concessions, he is a landscapist who introduces only so much of actuality as he deems necessary. Of equal interest in this kind are his 'Dawn on the River Somme,' wrought for the most part of ambers and greys, the black poplars yellowing to autumn while yet the alders keep their dark green, and 'A Glean before the Storm,' with its swifter transitions from gold and red to deepest blue, from flower-set grass in

shadow to pearly chalk cliffs on the farther side of the river. Putting aside Mr. East's 'In the Cotswolds'—a fine achievement seen at the Paris Exhibition last year—'The Citadel, Cairo' (opposite), is the most unified work by this artist, though something of the massive dignity of the mosque and city walls is sacrificed, as they are depicted rising, like an enchantment of alabaster, against the cloudless Eastern sky. Mr. Spenlove-Spenlove has,

too, been painting in Picardy. His 'Gilded Pastures,' the quiet, mellow sunlight of an autumn evening falling on rich meadows where cattle feed, two peasants in the shadow of the foreground, interprets most acceptably an aspect of nature whose appeal is eon-long. In the pictorial tumult of the Royal Academy the quiet-sweet voice of Mr. Ridley Corbett's oblong may be inaudible. Often as the Val d'Arno has been depicted, this artist charges his view of it from a balustraded garden where a pear tree blossoms, with new significance, new



On Lavington Down (p. 169).
By H. H. la Thangue, A.R.A.



The Citadel, Cairo (p. 170).
By Alfred East, A.R.A.



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Herring-fishers off Kildonan Castle, Isle of Arran (p. 168).
By Colin Hunter, A.R.A.

loveliness—we look across the plain, half veiled by smoke from the surrounding hamlets, towards the Carrara Hills, whose fretted heights stand against the western sky.

Inasmuch as the King 'commanded' the principal picture of Mr. Frederick Goodall to Marlborough House, the public will doubtless be greatly attracted thereby. Each feature of 'The Snake Charmer' is executed with the heed of a much younger man than is Mr. Goodall; and his knowledge of Cairo, of the Soudanese, and other copper-coloured natives who haunt its sunlit streets, stands him in good stead. It is not the busy capital of Egypt, where the peoples of the East are confronted by Western civilisation and luxury, with which Mr. A. C. Gow is concerned in his large picture. 'The Death of the Khalifa' (page 178) represents an incident whose full historical significance has not yet been grasped.

Apart from Mr. Sargent, and of his exhibits we speak later, there is no portraitist whose work is in greater demand than that of Mr. J. J. Shannon. To his sun-splashed 'Flower Girl'—as spontaneous and truly felt a picture as any from his hand—allusion has already been made in THE ART JOURNAL (February, 1901, p. 42). He gives us, too, a portrait group of the two sons of Mr. and Mrs.

H. Pelham Clinton, standing with their hound in a landscape, the manner serving to recall that in 1782 Reynolds painted 'Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton'; a full-length of 'Miss Kitty Shannon,' in dress of slate-grey; and a presentment of 'Lady Barran.' Mr. Orchardson's largest canvas, the portrait of 'Mr. Bunten,' in shooting dress, seated in a landscape, is not comparable in size or importance with his royal group of a year ago. His fine apprehension of colour relationships, his suave and distinguished touch, are best exemplified by a little piece of sylvan genre, where a lady in early Victorian bonnet and pale maroon cloak, stands in a copse of slender pines at early spring (page 179). Of Mr. Ralph Peacock's several exhibits we reproduce a decoratively-treated portrait of Mrs. Morland Agnew and her two little sons on a lounge, backed by a screen of rich red brown (page 178); and (page 168) 'Yetta,' a fair-haired, ruddy-complexioned, blue-eyed little lass, all in white, her hat decked with wild roses, standing in childish pose by a doorway. Mr. Peacock is among the most deft and conscientious of our younger portraitists.

With varying success, several artists have attempted the difficult task of personifying this season of the year,



"Come, Lasses and Lads" (p. 166).
By J. Young-Hunter.



The 22nd of January, 1901 (p 168).
By Stanhope A. Forbes, A.R.A.



Birds of Prey (p. 177).
By C. Napier Hemy A.R.A.

that hour of day, another stage of life. For accomplishment in this kind, penetrative vision, imaginative grip, surety of poise betwixt the world of actuality and that of inner vision are essential; if to this equipment be added a passion for rhythm of line, a mastery of brushwork, we might get a triumph like the 'Primavera' of Botti-

celli. In 'The Cloud,' Mr. Arthur Hacker shows us a great cumulus voyaging through space. On its upper levels rest two figures, which we may take to represent Sunlight and Wind, and from beneath peers the dusky face of Rain. Interesting as it will be to many, the picture lacks the elemental quality; these creatures are



Evening (p. 177).
By H. W. B. Davis, R.A.



By permission of the Berlin Photographic Co.

A Zither Evening with my Students in my Studio (p. 176).
By Hubert von Herkomer, R.A.
(Painted at night.)

not of the buoyant, large-hearted air, but rather of the studio. Mr. Tuke comes forward as an interpreter of 'Day.' A lithe youth breaks through the thicket, as the dispeller of darkness, the messenger of light, wakening from their slumbers the woodland wayfarers lying sheltered in the foreground. Mr. Hartley is to be congratulated upon the conception of his 'Coming of Spring,' whose figure is as a breath of the apple blossom, whence, a half intangible being, it emerges. Every true artist must discern the invisible, and Mr. Hartley has done this, even though he may not adequately have expressed himself.

Mrs. J. Young-Hunter's 'Joy and the Labourer' (p. 164), is a rendering in picture of Jean Ingelow's command to 'Take Joy home, and make a place in thine own heart for her.' The digger has paused to listen to this voice from an unfamiliar realm, which henceforth shall vibrate through his life. As to composition, it is by no means improbable that Mrs. Young-Hunter, consciously or unconsciously, was influenced by the lovely 'Blind Girl,' painted by Millais in 1856.

Few artists possess at once the versatility and the energy of Professor Hubert Herkomer. His father was a master of many crafts, from his mother he inherits a love of music. "He shall be a free artist," his father was wont to say, and the pre-



Queen Victoria (p. 178).
By Onslow Ford, R.A.

school, an incident in the history of which forms the theme of the canvas, painted at night, reproduced on page 175. The title of the work suffices to hint at the artist's unswerving faith in himself; moreover he has said

that "as long as I live there can be no other expression than that of myself, or through myself, in the teaching of the school." His aim has been and is that his pupils in their turn "will work for the future, and so the Herkomer school will live through the centuries." Honesty of purpose, humility, industry: these are watchwords. The present picture is of particular interest inasmuch as it contains portraits of many well-known Bushey students.

Annually one looks forward with eagerness, and not alone with eagerness, but with a measure of assurance, to the exhibits



Bronze Statue of the late Duke of Devonshire, to be erected at Eastbourne (p. 182).
By W. Goscombe John, A.R.A.

Old Buildings on the Darro, Granada.

BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A., ETCHED BY LUKE TAYLOR.

OF David Roberts it may be said almost literally that he was a cobbler who did not stick to his last—his father, a shoe-maker near Edinburgh, wanted the lad to follow his trade, but finally he was apprenticed to a house-painter and decorator. Later, having meantime devoted his evenings to art, he painted scenery for theatres in Edinburgh and in Glasgow, and, onward from 1822, in association with Clarkson Stanfield, in London. Roberts' early circumstances and training, the nature of his outlook on life, saved him from triviality. He had a clear if limited vision, a respect for the character of the objects and forms he represented. His strength was not so much of the splendid as of the solid order; he was less lyrical than descriptive; his art smoulders rather than leaps into a mighty flame. The "one professedly architectural draughtsman of note," as Ruskin called him, lingers lovingly on the picturesque details of these old houses flanking the Darro, in the ancient Moorish capital at the foot of the Sierra Nevada. Even when Roberts visited Spain in the thirties, the houses of old Granada, with their timbered balconies, their overhanging roofs, their cactus-set walls, were crumbling away. His well-knit, well-balanced impression is informed by the life principle; it is not a congregation of artistic phrases, unvitalised. The picture is admirably suited for translation into black and white, as has been done by Mr. Luke Taylor, and it may be mentioned that this artist has three etchings in the Royal Academy Exhibition this year.

The Art Journal, London, W. & C. L. 1854



Engraved by Luke Taylor

Old Buildings, on the Duro, Granada.

Printed by David Roberts, R. S.



Copyright the property of Mr. Jesse Boot, Nottingham,
who will publish an important publication.

Home Again (p. 180).
By Sheridan Knowles, R.I.

of Mr. Clausen. We reproduce (page 165) 'The Golden Barn,' his best picture this year.

Like Mr. La Thangue, he worked for some time under the influence of Bastien Lepage; but to-day the two Associates follow widely divergent paths. An original member of the New English, once in active revolt against the conventions which the Academy is deemed to foster, Mr. Clausen remains one of what we may call the new school at Burlington House. His 'Golden Barn,' whose title, it may be said in passing, is inexact, is an interesting, even a fine example of his later work. If we miss those notes of liquid green which vivified a somewhat similar theme last year, rare pleasure is derivable from this interior. The timber roof is haunted with luminous shadow; the light that gains ingress, whether through the gap beneath the eaves to the left or elsewhere, is sensitively controlled; this raftered structure, from whose floor the bending lad, with red neckerchief gathers the grain of gold and green, is full of atmosphere, of the poetry that issues when form and colour are harmoniously blent. It is a reticent, a good Clausen.

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Despite his years and his recent severe illness, Mr. Sidney Cooper sends four canvases, based, doubtless, on sketches made long ago in anticipation of the time when out-door work should be impossible. Sleek cattle, curly-fleeced sheep, details of landscape, are rendered as scrupulously as in the past. Mr. Sant, another veteran,

is represented by no less than five works. 'St. Helena: The Last Phase' (page 180) is a forceful vignette-portrait of one of the most despotic characters in history. Of the three pictures sent by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, we reproduce 'Evening' (page 174), concerned with undulating sea-meadows, glad with scarlet poppies and flowering grasses, where cattle stray towards sundown.

There can be but one verdict as to Mr. C. Napier Hemy's 'Birds of Prey' (page 174). He depicts a living sea. It has been urged that this artist is reiterative, but this is less true than appears at first sight. He is conversant with the sea in every mood, and in our picture interprets a moment of relentless activity. These heaving waters, with fitful lights in their hollows, break angrily against the ledge of rock to the right, and recoil with the reluctant



Oxen Drinking—a Canadian Pastoral (p. 168).
By Horatio Walker.

A A



By permission of C. Morland Agnew, Esq.

A Portrait Group (p. 172).

By Ralph Peacock.

force of a spent passion. It is something far other than a stereotyped convention; the imagination has operated in the rendering of this tumultuous tide, soon to sweep over the brown ledge where wreckers labour, while gulls dip towards the broken surface in search of food. Pictorially strenuous, faithful, the canvas is, too, provocative of thought. 'The Home Wind,' from the same hand, shows us the forces of nature furthering instead of defying human endeavour. Here a fishing smack

leaps towards port with the eagerness of an unleashed hound. Mr. Onslow Ford has approached the same theme as M. Benjamin Constant from a more humanistic standpoint. His memorial statue to Queen Victoria, executed so far as the throne is concerned in coloured marbles, the figure being in bronze, is destined for Manchester. We reproduce on page 176 the upper portion of the figure. In the relative confinement of the Academy it is seen less well than it will be in the open air. The late Queen is seated in robes of state, holding the symbols of her office. No interpretative line of the face has been sacrificed: a contemplative face, beset somewhat with care, weary a little with days of solitary rule, bearing marks of joy and sorrow, individual and national. The significant lines of the face become beautiful by reason of their relation to those of the draperies. Like the Constant portrait, it is isolated; but Mr. Onslow Ford's dignified concept of isolation is that which pertains to a human being called upon to govern, not the isolation of an intangibility. At the back of the throne the artist has executed a figure of 'Maternity' (page 182), with, beneath, the inscription, "Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares." This stately figure, a babe on each arm—and how beautifully the little ones nestle against breast and shoulder—suggests the human heart of monarchy: Love. We accept this work as a memorial to Victoria, to the woman as well as to the Queen.



The Death of the Khalifa (p. 172).

By A. C. Gow, R.A.



By permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, Bristol.

Tristram and Iseult (p. 165).
By Herbert J. Draper.

Naturally, several artists have concerned themselves with memorable incidents associated with the events of the past few months. Albeit not his best picture, Mr. Wyllie has represented the sea-pageant of February 1, when the body of the Queen, on board the *Alberta*, followed by the *Victoria and Albert*, and escorted by destroyers, passed through the line of British and foreign battleships, the drifting smoke from whose salute-guns holds for a moment the faint golds of sunset. It is difficult to disengage the work from its associations; but in any case Mr. Wyllie has not erred in the direction of over-emphasising the obvious. Next in the chronological order of events is Mr. John Charlton's '2nd February, 1901.' The haunting silence that fell upon London that day cannot be suggested in picture; but the artist shows us the heart of the cortège—the gun-carriage drawn by its cream-coloured horses—followed by the King, the German Emperor, and the Princes. Again, in this kind there is Mr. W. Hatherell's 'God Save the King,' wherein the York herald is seen proclaiming Edward VII. at Chancery Lane.

Of the 1800 odd exhibits at the Academy—a diminution, it may be noted, of about 200 as compared

with those of last year—none will arouse so much discussion as Mr. Sargent's group in the central gallery. It represents the two daughters of Mr. A. Wertheimer, standing against a wall in shadow. Interest centres in the taller of the sisters, for she to the left, in low dress of red velvet, is relatively, and mark one says relatively, inanimate. In the portrayal of the second figure characterisation has been carried, with a furore of intent, to its utmost limit. It is as if Mr. Sargent had determined that not a thought, not an emotion, not an experience, should pass unrevealed. With right arm round the waist of her sister, left resting on a large oriental vase, head thrown slightly back, lips parted, she stands as though hurling defiance at the world. Every stroke of the brush in this overwhelmingly vital figure challenges the academic proprieties; almost every square inch, whether in the dress of white satin, the jet-black hair, the face and neck and bust, is searchingly analytical. The picture, so far as this figure is concerned, grips the spectator as in a vice; whether or not the will acquiesce, one is compelled to return to it again and again, if only in order to dispel, were that possible, the oppressiveness of the forceful characterisation. To say

By permission of Messrs.
Agnew and Sons.In the Gloaming (p. 172).
By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

that the work is pleasant, that the lines, especially those used in the rendering of the hanging arms of the red-clad figure, and those of the neck in both cases, are decorative: this would be uncritical.

Vision has to be re-adjusted ere even tepid interest can be taken in other portraits at Burlington House, not excepting those by Mr. Sargent himself. Granting this, we may examine 'Mrs. Charles Russell,' with the beautiful transition in the draperies from pink to pearl grey; the strangely enumerative 'Sir Charles Sitwell, Lady Ida Sitwell, and Family,' who have strayed into a tapestried gallery and been painted as three figures or groups; 'Mrs. Cazalet and Children' posed

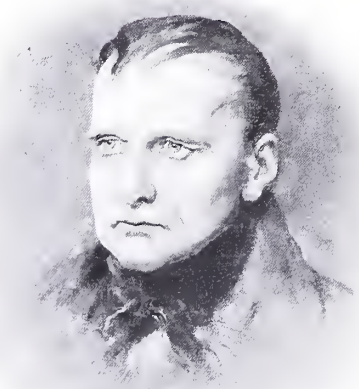
against a heavy red curtain, again distracting in its parts; and the side-face presentment of Mr. C. S. Loch, whose grey hair and whiskers, possibly unfinished, have the stubbornness of feathers. If reposeful pleasure be sought among the Sargent exhibits at the Academy, this must be in the portrait of Mr. Ingram Bywater, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. He is seated by a table, where are a tall Roman lamp and an open book on a stand; in his right hand is a red-bound volume, on the shelves in the background are many others. Environment and personality are in accord, each adds significance to the other; something of sympathy, of reverence, there is in the rendering of this portrait; it is free from the aggressiveness, the outspokenness of the Wertheimer group.

Mr. C. W. Furse's 'General Sir Charles Nairne,' astride a heavy charger, with a group of blue-turbaned Indian soldiers on the rising ground behind him, is a courageous effort falling not far short of a fine achievement. There is



The Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks (p. 180).
By Luke Fildes, R.A.

sufferance, but by right of membership. The work is lyrical as song, fragrant as old wine. If only because Mr. Luke Fildes has received the King's first commission to paint His Majesty, the public will turn with enhanced interest to his exhibits: 'The Hon. Mrs. Marshall Brooks' (on this page), is a characteristic example in the artist's lighter vein. Though treating of themes divided by centuries, examples by two popular subject-painters may be associated. Mr. E. Blair Leighton's 'The Accolade' (page 181), and Mr. Sheridan Knowles' 'Home Again' (page 177), have this in common, that each reconstitutes for us a picturesque incident of olden times. From so-called impressionism, and ultra-impressionism, there has in several directions been a rebound. A noteworthy picture in this kind is the little subject landscape of Mr. Byam Shaw. The girl, standing, who dreams of her dead lover by the meadow-brook is excellently drawn, as are the willow-herb and forget-me-nots. The reflection is



St. Helena: "The Last Phase" (p. 177).
By James Sant, R.A.

The Sketch Journal London H. C. Martin & Co. Ltd.



From the Drawing by Robert Beadley.

THE APPRENTICES' ENFORCED TOILET



The Accolade (p. 180).
By E. Blair Leighton.

irresistible that if, to quote the title of the picture, 'Last Summer green things were greener,' nature's colour scheme must indeed have been crude. Apart from colour, however, one congratulates Mr. Shaw on



The Group at the rear of Queen Victoria's Memorial at Manchester (p. 178).
By Onslow Ford, R.A.

his fearless intent, on the ability with which he has shaped it. Strangely archaic, strangely potent of spell, is Mr. F. Cayley Robinson's 'Depth of Winter,' an interior with sad-faced figures, hardly of this world. Mr. Robinson breathes into an old tradition his own spirit of dream, of aloofness from present-day life. We care not if scale be disregarded—are the figures on the tall-backed chair children or women? how large are the swallows seen through the deep-set casement—for the picture expresses an individuality.

In the Lecture Room, facing Mr. Swan's lovely 'Puma and Macaw,' seen now in bronze, and Mr. Sargent's large Crucifix, is the colossal statue of the late Duke of Devonshire (page 176) from the hand of Mr. Goscombe John, a good likeness, a conscientious piece of work. FRANK RINDER.

Our Large Plates.

'QUEEN VICTORIA.'

BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.

By command of the King, the west wall of the central gallery is devoted exclusively to this picture. It is fitting that a presentment of the beloved Sovereign should be hung on the spot assigned last year to Mr. Orchardson's royal group. Had the picture not been seen at the Paris Exhibition, one might have supposed that it was executed subsequent to the death of Her Majesty. She is throned in an alcove of the House of Lords, through whose windows filters golden light. This light—which suggests that of the sun only where it falls on the red carpet to the right of the black train—renders all but intangible the upper part of the figure: the crowned head veiled in gossamer lace, the bust decorated with the blue ribbon; this part of the work is fragile almost to the point of ethereality, the figure seems to melt well-nigh into an abstraction. Undeniably the portrait must be adjudged as a glorification, albeit here and there the painter has hesitated between the demands of the actual and of the ideal. Whether this large 'Queen Victoria'—in regal attire, seated throned among richly-gilt Gothic surroundings, her face bearing no marks of sixty years of rule—is calculated to evoke pregnant memories; whether it be something more than a nominal tribute to the sovereign whom we mourn! these are questions upon which, doubtless, there will be much difference of opinion.

'THE MERMAID.'

BY J. W. WATERHOUSE, R.A.

This, Mr. Waterhouse's diploma picture, is less rich in colour than some of his works. But the conception is charged with romance, the line with rhythm. The wistful-sad look of this fair mermaid, seated in her rock-bound home, combing the dull-red hair ere she studs it with pearls that lie in the iridescent shell, is potent in suggestion. It tells of human longings destined never to be satisfied, of the thralldom involved in a life poised midway between that of the woman and of the fish. The chill of the sea lies ever on her heart; the endless murmur of waters is a poor substitute for the sound of human voices; never can this beautiful creature, troubled with emotion, experience on the one hand unawakened repose, on the other the joys of womanhood.

'A PORTRAIT.'

BY DAGNAN BOUVERET.

EXHIBITED IN THE NEW GALLERY.

Those who associate M. Dagnan Bouveret only with works such as the, in some respects, lovely 'Consolatrix Afflictorum,' will be particularly interested in his portrait of Mrs. George McCulloch, wife of the well-known art collector. In it the artist has curbed alike his roving imagination, his love of brilliant colour effects; he has not, so to say, imposed his predilections on his sitter. Withal, it is a personal thing, both as likeness and as picture, and it is one of the most successful portraits of the year.

'THE WEALD OF SURREY.'

BY B. W. LEADER, R.A.

For a quarter of a century Mr. Leader has been one of our most popular landscapists. This view of the beautiful Weald of Surrey, proud pines with tortuous roots to right, a single birch in the left foreground, is characterized by the precision of touch, the scrupulous handling throughout, which serve to enhance his repute.



The Pool of Diana (p. 186).
By George Wetherbee.

The New Gallery.

UNSATISFACTORY in many respects as is the invitation system, its operation this year has served to bring together at the New Gallery excellent examples in various kinds. There are noteworthy portraits, good landscapes, subject pictures of worth; moreover, the merit and the number of these suffice at any rate to leaven an exhibition, comprising in all nearly 500 works. By the death of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the Society lost a distinguished supporter: but so long as Mr. Watts continues to send of his best to Regent Street; so long as we find well represented portraitists like Messrs. Sargent and Shannon, Sir George Reid, MM. Benjamin Constant and Dagnan Bouveret, and I would add Mr. Greiffenhagen; landscapists such as Messrs. Mark Fisher, Leslie Thomson, Bertram Priestman, Arthur Tomson; painters as individual as Messrs. Austen Brown, Edward Stott, George Henry, Frank Brangwyn—just so long will the connoisseur be attracted by the summer exhibitions.

The two Sargent portraits fall short of this talented artist's highest achievements. The finer is that of Mrs. Garrett Anderson. Here every stroke of the brush is a challenge, the picture as a whole is a challenge; no work at the New is so stimulating. The face is at once a profound and a brilliant psychological study.

With a swift and an ease almost intuitive, Mr. Sargent reveals the personality of his sitter; but, despite the audacious dexterity of the brushwork in the loose black robe, there is a certain clumsiness, uncouthness, which militates against the dignity of strength.

Sir George Reid is the antithesis of Mr. Sargent. Scrupulous, patient, scholarly in a good sense, he depends infinitely less, one supposes, on flashes of inspiration, more on quiet thought. His full-length portrait of the Earl of Stair (page 184)—sunlight falling on the mouse-coloured suit and on the face, as he stands, leaning on stick, by an ivy-hung wall—lacks the lyrical quality, if, indeed, there be not something of song in the luminous



The Slumber of the Ages (p. 184).
By G. F. Watts, R.A.

shadow of the recess; nor is the appeal instant or overpowering. Yet look carefully and see how just, how succinct, how unostentatious are the phases; from a psychological point of view, too, although not so concentrated, it is no less satisfactory than 'Mrs. Garrett Anderson.' At the least, Sir George Reid gives us a thoughtful, ably-knit piece of pictorial prose.

Besides his 'Family Group,' reproduced in the February number of THE ART JOURNAL, Mr. Shannon sends 'Lady Carbery and her Children' (p. 185), a remarkably clever essay in decorative portraiture. As a composition, as a colour scheme wherein greys and golds and blues are interwoven, this is a happy effort. Hung near it is M. Dagnan Bonveret's portrait of a lady, to which we allude on page 182. A second eminent French artist is represented in the person of M. Benjamin Constant. His bust portrait of Mr. Wentworth Blackett Beaumont is marked by an assurance of touch, an outspokenness of statement, whose partial subordination to a scheme of colour and line, operative as it is, is discernible only in its results.

Mr. Maurice Greiffenhagen dares everything in 'Mrs. Pickford Waller'; who but he would adventure so far and in such a direction in the use of black. But he triumphs. The black background, the all-but-black dress with white spots, with its coffee-coloured trimmings and orange circles round the neck, is the aptest of all settings for the black-haired lady of thoughtful-sad expression. Mr. Graham Robertson's 'Daisy' fades almost out of the canvas, or, rather, sinks into the position of a mere decoration; the Hon. John Collier's presentment of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in blue jacket suit, standing against a plain grey wall, is unmistakably faithful; and not the least delightful of works in this kind is Mr. T. C. Gotch's 'Rex Mundi'



The Earl of Stair, K.T. (p. 183).
By Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.

—a blue-eyed baby boy, royal if only by reason of the fine pattern of his frock.

The exhibits of Mr. Watts, if justice were to be done, should be treated as things apart from all else in Regent Street. He breathes a different air, interprets a nobler, more elemental spirit than any of his fellow contributors. He is, too, a poet-painter. Exception is taken to his didacticism; but why object if the didactic be not in conflict with the pictorial aim, in other words if the issue be a work of art? Each of Mr. Watts' four exhibits is a picture in the strictest sense, the two "sermons" no less than the portrait and the delightfully spontaneous, unconcerned upright, wherein chubby amorini tumble blithely through space like a formless cloud of joys. Apart from its title, what dignity and beauty there is in 'The Slumber of the Ages' (page 183), how weary the woman, how wondering the child; nor

does 'Greed and Labour' depend one whit on the written words. It is a lofty, true imagining, nobly interpreted.

In the domain of landscape—using the word in a broad sense—Mr. Leslie Thomson's 'Sunset' takes first place. Save for the vessel piled high with straw in the central mid-distance, no incident is introduced. The sun, which sinks behind a low bank of cloud on the farther side of a muddy estuary, is the golden theme of this picture. There is no exaggeration, no pose. In the

great space of sky are structural, atmospheric clouds, elongated in form, of faint purple touched with orange. The receded tide has left pools in the foreground; far off is a dimly discernible coast-line. Everything is congruous. The splendour of the moment is rendered intimately, romantically, withal controlledly, and the picture haunts the memory. Mr.



The Milkmaid (p. 185).
By Bertram Priestman.



From the painting in the New Gallery.

A Portrait (p. 182).
By P. A. J. Dagnan Bouveret.



Dreams (p. 186).
By S. Melton Fisher.

Bertram Priestman is at his best, too, in 'The Milkmaid,' which we reproduce on p. 184. To this quiet meadow, with its broadly treated grasses, its pollard willows, its wandering brook, its cattle, its girlish figure dressed in pale lilac and white, the late afternoon sunlight and the attendant long shadows come as welcome visitants. In a word, Mr. Bertram Priestman has imbued his little canvas with winsome pastoral life. Charged with beauty of a joyous kind, again, is Mr. William Padgett's 'Marsh Lands,' whose luminosity is attributable in part to the medium used, a mixture of tempera and oil. Fair and radiant indeed is this study of white cumuli voyaging in a blue sky above a landscape of sunlit straw-colour, with single, windswept tree of red-brown to the left. But nature appeals to us along a thousand avenues. It is as a spirit of mystery, of romance, that Mr. Arthur Tomson reveals her in 'To the Unknown Land.' This view of a castle-crowned promontory at twilight, brooding over a waste of waters, is a work shaped alike by the pictorial sense and by the imagination.

With justice, an important place in the north gallery has been assigned to the 'Sunlight and Shadow,' of Mr. T. Austen Brown, which is big in conception, free throughout from triviality. A Normandy peasant-woman, little girl on knee and boy on the grass by her side, looms large in the shadowed foreground, with behind her a broadly-painted river, where float fishing boats with great sails, black and grey and dull yellow; farther back still a congregation of brick-red roofs beneath a lowering sky. Initially, at any rate, one is apt to

charge the artist with a dirtiness of colour in places, a non-directness of brushwork. The apparent dirtiness has been resorted to, no doubt, in order that the tonality may not be impaired; and if this be not the best of all expedients, yet 'Sunlight and Shadow' remains as a genuine contribution to the art of 1901. Mr. Frank Brangwyn, again, is an artist of large and significant vision. Having discerned his goal, he is not to be waylaid by this prettiness, that bit of decoration. 'Old Kew Bridge' is little more than a sketch; it has all the outspokenness, the vitality of a study. Mr. Brangwyn is not content to toy half-heartedly with form; he wrestles with essentials; thus he gives pictorial life, idiosyncratically marked, to the fine old stone structure which no longer spans the Thames at Kew, and to the figures in the foreground—figures that reveal, in a way dissimilar from that of Mr. Watts, the dignity of labour. It is the 'Youth and Age' of labour with which Mr. William Shackleton is concerned in his picture, one of the best he has given us. As a colourist he is not comparable with Mr. Watts, he lacks Mr. Brangwyn's triumphant vigour; yet this somewhat tentative work gives promise of interesting development.

In the north room hang a group of works in tempera dominated by Mr. Walter Crane's large 'Fountain of Youth,' abounding in symbolism. Old men and vain women, soldiers and labourers, children and lovers, are grouped round this foun-



The Lady Carbery and her Children (p. 184).
By J. J. Shannon, A.R.A.

tain into which the figure of youth, dove-haunted, pours water from an inexhaustible vessel. Mr. Crane sends, too, 'The Mower,' a great, black-winged figure scything down with equal unconcern the flowering grasses on the summit of a cliff, and the relatively liliputian beings who, glad or sorrowful, move there. The gem in this section is Mrs. Adrian Stokes' 'Jug of Tears.' With many, painting in tempera is a vogue of the moment, but we can well believe that the medium is particularly appropriate to the expression of Mrs. Stokes' *naïve* and, one may almost say, primitive temperament. The little picture treats the old German legend of the mother to whom in vision appeared her white-robed child, bearing a vessel of her tears about to overflow. Theme and treatment accord.

Apart from the pictures of Mr. Watts, Mr. George Henry's two canvases stand out from all else as studies of tone and colour. 'Goldfish' can hardly be regarded as a portrait, for the lady on the sofa has her back towards the spectator; it is simply a piece of decoration, in a quiet key. Neither very profound nor very strong, this picture yet fulfils its aim.

Mr. Edward Stott is represented by three examples, none of them so good as the canvases he sends to Burlington House. The sky of rose and saffron in 'Love's Twilight,' the hollyhocks and sunflowers in the cottage garden, the cottage itself with the reflected lights on the windows, the mounted figure by the wicket—these strike a quiescent note, which is marred by the too momentary attitude of the girl. In 'The Year's Youth,' Mr. Stott introduces his 'Little Apple-Gatherer' of 1900, but now she stands beneath a canopy of blossom, blue plate under arm, at her feet a red-combed hen, foster-mother of the downy yellow ducklings on the orchard grass.



Twilight in Trafalgar Square (p. 186).

By Adrian Stokes.

In many respects the best of the trio is the small 'Winter Evening' (page 186), where sheep search for food beneath the earth's cloak of snow—a scene such as Anton Mauve delighted to represent. Mr. Adrian Stokes' 'Twilight in Trafalgar Square' (page 186) is genuinely interpretative; while he can depict remote mountain heights, wrapped in the mystery of dawn or of sunset, he can, too, as here, reveal the spirit of London. Among fanciful pictures, many will remark the 'Dreams' (p. 185) of Mr. Melton Fisher, well hung in the North Room, and Mr. George Wetherbee's 'Pool of Diana' (p. 183), with yellow moon rising behind the pines and the distant hill, which although reiterative, has qualities that impress.

Of works which visitors to the New Gallery cannot fail to notice, are several Burne-Jones-like pictures by Mrs. Evelyn de Morgan; more individually expressive exhibits in the same kind by Mr. J. M. Strudwick; scrupulously academic works, like those of Mr. J. W. Godward; Sir James D. Linton's heedfully contrived 'Casket Scene from the Merchant of Venice'; Mr. G. H. Boughton's 'Diana of the Goose Pastures,' her jet-black hair seen against the fresh green of willows; Mr. Byam Shaw's perverse 'Diana,' a most athletic goddess, bounding with her hounds from a ledge of rock; and Mr. R. W. Allan's honest, unvexed 'Market Morning, Antibes.' Lady Granby, Messrs. Stopford Brooke, Montague Smyth, Napier Hemy, Alfred Withers, Alfred Hartley, and J. T. Nettleship; in sculpture, Mr. John Tweed; in decorative metal-work, Messrs. Alexander Fisher and Nelson Dawson, send exhibits of interest.



A Winter Evening (p. 186).

By Edward Stott.



Annan, Photo.

The Glasgow International Exhibition. View from South-East.

The Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.*

THE first, and possibly the most abiding, impression of the Exhibition buildings proper, is one of colour rather than of form; their whiteness is more conspicuous and unique than any novelty in architectural treatment. The picturesque effect of brilliant colour is too rare in our grey northern towns; but even the most gaudy hues—witness the Russian Section—do not tell so effectively as simple white; it may be suggested, however, that an ivory tint would have avoided the somewhat cold effect of pure white. The architectural features are not new; design is shown in selection and adaptation of well-known elements, rather than in original invention; when an effect has been got—as in the bowed-out circular covers over openings, to be referred to later—by treatment unknown to any historical style, the result is not encouraging; it is a question whether even the

attempt is commendable. This attitude on the subject may seem to put a premium on stereotyped convention, and to negative all artistic spontaneity; but it is not so, it is simply a recognition of the fact that as architecture



The Glasgow International Exhibition. The Pavilion of Canada.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

* Continued from page 132.

is the most human of all the arts, so it is necessarily full of prejudices; association of ideas, rather than abstract æsthetic principles, guides its taste and dictates its expression; and hence, generally, it may be said, progress in the art has been by a process of unconscious development, never by a conscious effort of intentional invention. Features and detail must have been new at some time, and in retrospect they seem to emerge suddenly, full-formed and distinctive, and we refer them to individual initiative; but their real advent was unnoticed, and the type had been established before it gained general recognition.

The salient feature of the buildings, especially the Industrial Hall, is the repetition of parts; and this simplest of expedients for gaining architectural effect is here well illustrated in the long vistas of its frontages. Multiplication of plaster castings is to be expected where plaster is the material general, but apart from economical reasons features not cast are repeated with good result.

An important element throughout is the Cornice, this especially in the many varieties of towers throughout, of classic form, but with the projections much exaggerated beyond the normal proportion, a modification possible because the material is not stone, and proper where the white material carries a pure and luminous shadow. The balustrade is also much in request; but occasionally the balusters are rather full and vase-like in contour. The pierced parapet of modelled work is a detail good in itself, and particularly appropriate to the material used. Ornamental vases are profusely employed as terminations to vertical members, and in sky-line these are effective. Generally, the arch is employed in preference to the lintel. The columns are all of Corinthian type, some with twisted shafts.

The group of dome and towers seen in nearer view (opposite) is the finest architectural effort of the whole Exhibition. The gilded mass is a fine culmination. Possibly more glitter could have been had with less gold, but the solidity of effect is satisfying; gold is particularly appropriate as a decoration of a spherical form, there is always an eye of bright light.

The crux, generally, of a composition of dome with surrounding towers is the diagonal view; here, by the cupolas between, the difficulty is well met. The other difficulty, that of making the external shell of a dome equally effective for the interior, has not been so happily

disposed of—possibly it cannot be—and an inner dome of shallower curvature may be necessary. Certainly, the dome seen from within is too lofty; the Concert Hall has an inner and an outer shell, not concentric with one another.

The closer prospect here illustrated by foreshortening occasions a rearrangement of proportions to those realised in a distant panoramic view, but the effect is still good. It displays the pillared screen and the interesting work of the court beyond, the gilded entrance doorway, with its fine mosaic tympanum, by Doulton, the pulpit-like Oriental domes at the base of the towers, and the monumental columns that support each its chaplet of lights. It need hardly be said that just because of the impediment it offers to an uninterrupted view, this colonnade is of much pictorial value. Only to the sketcher or photographer who in one glance would wish to record the impression gained by the cumulative effect of different standpoints, does such a screen prove a mere obstruction. It is the æsthetic reproach of the interior of the Industrial Hall that there is nothing concealed. With the exception of the supports to the dome and tower, the area is unbroken; every part is at once revealed; and since there is nothing by which to gauge the scale, the actual extent of the whole is inadequately realised.

These four towers are of Italian campanile type—though with the dome the general result is rather that of an Indian Taj—in the unbroken square of their lower part, openings and ornament increasing with the height until at the top there is a fanciful silhouette. The first stage of open outlook, with balconies on corbels, is inviting; and the cornice over that at the corner circles as if for the base of turrets, in Scottish baronial fashion, is a variant on the Italian model quite happy. The open belvedere at the base of the dome has many of the qualities of the arcaded front to the Industrial Hall referred to later, and effectively connects the widely-separated towers, while as a promenade it is a well-managed feature. Within are windows that give light to the dome, while at the same time affording the spectator a nearer view of its decoration, figure work, and conventionalized landscape, by Messrs. Dall and Neaves.

Next to the Russian section, Canada has the largest pavilion. The fabric itself is in no way a product of the Dominion; it has been designed by local architects, Messrs. Walker and Ramsay, and in some of its details

illustrates the Glasgow School, that section of it at least whose energies are employed not in the fostering of a renaissance of national tradition in architectural style, but in timidly adapting the riotous unconventionalities that in Germany have already been freely exploited. Still in its main lines the structure is fairly orthodox; it is an oblong, with towers flanking a gable in the centre of its longer side, the material is plaster, appropriately used and painted white, the roofs are coloured red.

A. G. MCGIBBON.



The Glasgow International Exhibition. View in the Grounds.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



The Glasgow International Exhibition. Centre of Main Building—Front to Grounds.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.



The Farm Road.
By F. Spenlove-Spenlove, R.B.A.

The New English Art Club and The British Artists' Exhibition.

THE twenty-sixth exhibition of the New English Art Club is not a collection of mere still-born work. A proportion of the members and contributors, sufficiently large to give the show character, are æsthetically alive. The spirit of adventure is too much in evidence, perhaps, but this is preferable to the inertia which, seeking no new paths, issues in uninformed conventionalisms. Even if an artist have no great epic to unfold, no nature-wonder to reveal, he may yet take so vital an interest in technique, style, as to make his work interesting. The most brilliant exhibit at the New English is the 'Hydrangea' of Mr. Wilson Steer; indeed, were it a shade less brilliant, or if to brilliancy were added more matter of thought, its appeal would be the greater. As a study of radiant textures flower-set and sun-splashed, it stands high. Mr. C. W. Furse's life-size portrait of Mrs. Geoffrey Buxton, the largest canvas at the Dudley, is less disappointing at second than at first sight. The composition is dignified—the lady, a basket of red roses on her left arm, is seated on a terrace, beneath a stately sky; and absorption in the decorative structure, as apart from the colour scheme, may be responsible for the fact that the figure does not sufficiently serve to draw together the pictorial elements.

The best landscape is 'The Pool' of Mr. Mark Fisher, with its lovely violet shadows in the foreground, the quivering leafage of the trees reflected as notes of green or gold; and hardly, if at all, less noteworthy in a different kind, is 'The Well in the Wood,' of Mr. Homer Watson. The trunks of the massive beeches, the russet autumn foliage, are modelled by the atmosphere and by the sun that filters through the interstices, and falls, unbroken, on the white-fronted cottages to the right. This is a fine achievement by

an artist so far little-known in this country. If the rendering of the conception had been worthy that conception, then 'The Happy Valley,' of Mr. Arthur Tomson, would have been among the best things he has given us. The big, simple lines, a semi-circular group of trees repeating the rhythmic contours of the Downs, have character and beauty; but, unfortunately, the colour-scheme, the manner of lighting, are not worthy the composition.

Mr. Will Rothenstein's 'An Interior,' which we reproduce, is a remarkably fine-fibred essay. If we except a certain lack of distinction in the black-robed figure of the woman—and I have reason to believe that this part of the picture is not finished—manner and matter are in genuine accord. Nothing could be better as rectangular decoration for the grey wall of this green-shuttered, green-wainscoted room, than the four oblong or upright drawings, than the open spinet with reading lamp thereon, than the deep-toned circular table set with flowers, half of which is seen to the right. As an interpretation of quiet, austere beauty, this interior by Mr. Rothenstein ranks high. In the water-colour section is a delicately-perceived view of Pirigny, by Mr. Brabazon, sketched when he was with Ruskin; two renderings of Dartmouth Harbour in Mr. Francis E. James' always distinctive manner; a 'Dieppe Harbour,' which suffices to prove that if Mr. D. S. MacColl can write brilliantly, he can, too, paint as a stylist; a remarkably able study of a village shop, wherein Mr. George Thomson has laid no mite of actuality on the altar of æsthetics, yet, by the apt use of sunlight and shadow, has ably pictorialised what in fact is crude; and a most decorative 'Strolling Players,' by Mr. Charles Conder, painted on silk. Mr. Roger Fry has introduced into his tapestry-like 'St. George,' Tintoretto's equestrian figure at the National Gallery; despite its over-vehemence, one must not overlook the good qualities in Mrs. Hartrick's 'Winter;' Mr. Bellingham Smith's 'A Sea Fight,' a harmony of blues, is

informed by an old-world spirit; fresh as to theme, individual in treatment, is Mr. J. R. K. Duff's 'Edge of the Cliff,' where a flock of black-legged, blackfaced sheep have rushed to the verge of a precipice; sincere, if not eminently pleasant, is Mr. W. W. Russell's 'The Edge of the Forest;' and exhibits worthy of detailed notice are sent by Messrs. Walter and Bernard Sickert, W. Shackleton, James Charles, A. W. Rich, and Muirhead Bone.

For the most part the 115th exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is a desolate waste. The majority of artists represented seem to wander hither and thither, aimless, uninspired. To tell a story which can be related more succinctly and significantly in words; to labour sentimentalisms that years ago should have been decently interred; contentedly to adopt, without revivifying some convention or other—most of the exhibits might so be classified. There are exceptions, however. Mr. Wynford Dewhurst uses thick impasto with assurance in pictures such as that concerned with a morning effect at Arques in blossom-time; if too reminiscent to be quite satisfactory of Mr. Sargent's Tate Gallery picture, 'The Rabbit Hutch' of Mr. W. Graham Robertson yet tells of facility and of a feeling for decorative *ensemble*; 'The Life Class' of Mr. W. B. Thompson is at any rate interesting as a study, but he should be more heedful of structure and modelling; and Mr. W. Westley Manning may be cordially congratulated on his 'Autumn at Ringwood,' a blithe harmony in blue and gold, with slender dun poplars standing sentinel over the quiet river and red-roofed town. Mr. F. F. Foottet, of whom Ruskin wrote enthusiastically, suffuses his composition in Millet-like 'The Sower' with blood-red; but his method of observing nature through a coloured glass is expressed with greater advantage in 'The Passing of Arthur,' a scheme in soft blue-greens, carefully gradated, wherein we see the barge propelled across moonlit waters on the farther side of contorted trees. One of the best unified exhibits in the water-colour section is Mr. Hans Hansen's 'Café in Riga,' built up of browns and greys; and in this connection it may be noted that Mr. J. D. Fergusson has adopted a convention akin to that usual to Mr. Hansen. Of several pictures and drawings by Mr. F. Spenlove-Spenlove, we illustrate the most important. The deep tones, free from any false note, of this 'Farm Road,' harmonise with the motive: sheep are being driven by a

blue-smocked peasant as the last sunset glow ebbs from an otherwise grey and heavy sky; moreover, the leafless trees and the farm buildings, whose roofs of dull red still retain something of warmth, are felicitously introduced.

Passing Events.

SCENE-PAINTING, interpreted to mean the embellishment of the Stage, is an art which has been practised from the earliest times, and has found employment for the most skilled artists. The question has recently found opposing partisans, whether or not

dramatists should be helped by scenic artists. The solution of the problem lies in the quality of the spectacle provided. In the classical drama there can be little doubt that the intention of the author, or his exponent, is made clearer with the help of stage effect, and, provided that the author's intention is not misconstrued, the words possess fuller, and sometimes a new, significance.

For example at Her Majesty's Theatre, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the Erechtheum and the Temple of Theseus were admirably reproduced under the direction of Sir Alma-Tadema, R.A., who has designed the architectural features for the production of "Coriolanus" at the Lyceum Theatre, two drawings for which are exhibited at the



An Interior.

From the painting by Will Rothenstein.

present exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours. In "Twelfth Night," at Her Majesty's, Mr. Hawes Craven designed a realistic Old English Garden, in which Malvolio, the cross-gartered and deceived, was sported with in delightful and refreshing surroundings. It would be ungrateful to the genius of Shakespeare to suggest that without these accessories his plays would not possess the attraction they do: but it cannot be doubted that their charms are accentuated by appropriate mounting.

REMBRANDT'S etchings and drawings no longer occupy the Exhibition Gallery of the British Museum. For over two years the representative collection of the Museum has been on view, together with etchings by other masters. The Exhibition—arranged by Mr. Sydney Colvin, Keeper of the Print Department—was intended to indicate as far as could be

determined or conjectured, the chronological sequence of the great master's productions. In most instances several states of printing were placed side by side to show the changes the artist sometimes made in his plates. Rembrandt evidently etched his conceptions for pictures, or used the needle subsequently to the brush, for many of his etched subjects are familiar as pictures. An instructive object lesson of the process of etching was provided by plates, illustrating the successive stages, with the implements used during progress. These exhibitions are much appreciated and serve as a valuable educational influence. The next will be of Water Colour Drawings of the English, Italian and French Schools, which have been acquired during the last five or six years.

Notes on New Books on Italian Art.

THE interest of English readers in the art and artists of Italy increases every year, and a number of artistic books, several of great importance, have recently been published. Combining both literary and artistic excellence, the most attractive work is the octavo volume "IN TUSCANY,"* by Montgomery Carmichael (Murray). The author discourses in a most agreeable way on Tuscan towns and Tuscan types; and many of his experiences are not only elegantly written, but occasionally advance far into the region of poetry. Mr. Carmichael in his lengthy residence amidst the northern Italians has caught much of the charm of their nature, and this, combined with a sweet tendency towards the pathetic, renders his literary work very acceptable.

"THE PAINTERS OF FLORENCE,"* by Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady) (Murray), is a book to be specially commended to those who desire to be informed of the latest ideas concerning the most interesting period in Florentine art—from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Mrs. Ady writes with knowledge of the criticisms and theories of all the best writers; and so much has been discovered within the past few years, concerning the lives and the works of the great Florentine artists, that there is material both instructive and interesting to be added to what has already been published in England.

"THE FRESCOES IN THE SIXTINE CHAPEL," by E. M. Phillips (Murray), is not so ambitious in aim as Mrs. Ady's volume. The authoress confines herself very strictly to her subject, and while she does not seek to add to our knowledge of the master-work of Michael Angelo and his distinguished contemporaries, she brings together, from many books in various languages, all that is worth knowing in that connection.

Much more important, both in scope and in execution, is the same writer's "PINTORICCHIO,"* of Messrs. Bell's Great Masters Series. This exhibits Miss Phillips' grasp of the subject to much greater advantage, and we cordially congratulate her on the result. The material of a life of Pintoricchio is scanty, and no attempt has

* The Editor specially recommends these works.

previously been made to write a volume on him in English. The biographical and artistic details are rendered most interesting, and the book is one of the best of an excellent series.

The author (Mr. W. G. Waters, M.A.) of "PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA" (Bell), of the same series, is greatly daring. He disputes the conclusions of Dr. Bode, Mr. Berenson, and Sir Edward Poynter, and completes his illustrations by making the frontispiece the exquisite profile portrait of a Lady in the Poldi-Pezzoli Gallery at Milan. But in his catalogue this fine work is included amongst the pictures "attributed to the artist which the author cannot accept." It would appear as if the author's instinct for a beautiful picture were better than his written judgment.

We wish to draw very special attention to the series of handbooks being published by Mr. Grant Richards, forming the series known as Grant Allen's Historical Guides. These valuable little books were begun some years ago by the late Grant Allen, and under his own supervision guides to Venice, Florence, Paris, and the Cities of Belgium were issued. These were so successful that the earlier volumes have had to be reprinted, and since Mr. Allen's death arrangements have been made to continue the series. The plans he had prepared have not been found too difficult to follow, and the fifth book, "CITIES OF NORTHERN ITALY,"* has just been issued. This has been written by Dr. G. C. Williamson, who states in his excellent preface how far he accepts his late friend's methods, while carefully pointing out that he cannot reasonably be expected to lose his own individuality in carrying out another writer's entire plan of work. Dr. Williamson has so well fulfilled his task that he has written a book which is delightful to read at home, and will be indispensable to the art lover while in Italy. Everything of importance seems to be included, and he has adopted a persuasive manner of writing which is admirably suited to keep the attention of the traveller *en route*. After the dry-as-dust Baedeker guides, these fresh and natural volumes are likely to more than double the pleasure of a trip abroad.

The most important Italian work which has been undertaken recently is the first volume of "THE HISTORY OF ITALIAN ART," by Signor Venturi, published by Ulrico Hoepli of Milan. There are to be six volumes in all, and if each equals the one which has just appeared, the whole will probably become the standard work on Italian Art. At present it is published only in Italian, but it is likely to be translated into French and, perhaps, also into English. In this first volume of nearly 600 pages, with 462 illustrations, the Art of Italy from its earliest period—the primitive Christian frescoes and sculptures in the Catacombs and elsewhere—are treated with elaborate minuteness, and in these days of universal photography of every interesting object, it appears as if nothing has escaped the vigilant eye of the author.

SUBSCRIBERS to THE ART JOURNAL are respectfully reminded that the Premium Plate for last year, 'Helena and Hermia,' after Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., can only be obtained up to June 30th, which is the last day for sending in Coupons for 1900.



THEIR PLAYMATES FUNERAL

Printed by Luigi Moro



Study for the 'Refugium Peccatorum.'
By Luigi Nono.

Luigi Nono.

ONE of the principal attractions of the present Venetian Exhibition is the Salon devoted exclusively to the works of Luigi Nono.

This addition of a "one-man show" to the general interest of an international exhibition has been twice tried with success—the year before last by the collection of works by Favretto, and four years ago in the rooms devoted to Lenbach and Michetti.

The name of Nono, though familiar in Germany, where his pictures have largely sold, is almost unknown in England, save to a few connoisseurs; and this fact is to be regretted in that his art is so essentially of the quality appreciated and sought for in the England of to-day.

Luigi Nono might be called a pre-Raphaelite without the pre-Raphaelite mannerisms. To his special and individual interpretation of Nature he brings the sincerity of observation and scrupulous care for details of the pre-Raphaelite reformers without the affectation of attenuated limbs or conventionally mediæval drapery.

His drawing is entirely modern—his sentiment akin to that of the early masters. His themes are almost invariably scenes from the peasant life of to-day; themes chosen not only for their pictorial value of broad masses of colour or contrasting lights,

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but also for their psychological and what one may call *humanistic* qualities.

Luigi Nono was born in the December of 1850 at Fusina, a little port at the edge of the Venetian lagoon, and his early years were passed among the mountains of Sacile. He was the fourth of seven brothers, all men of gigantic stature, all endowed with physical beauty, and several of them with the rarer gifts of genius.

Together with his brother Urban, now a distinguished sculptor, he received his first schooling at Treviso, learning eagerly, but drawing eagerly, too, and even essaying his childish skill in frescoes on the paternal walls. Three more years of school-life at Venice, and he was permitted to enter the Academy Art Schools and commence his artistic training under Gregoretti d'Andrea and Pompeo Molmenti, a painter of the transitional type of Hayez, romantic in choice of subject, academic in treatment.

Luigi Nono carried off all the prizes which the Venetian Academy offered, and his studies were often given as copies to younger or more backward students. At twenty-one he exhibited his first picture, the 'Scala d'Oro,' which obtained a striking success.

Four years of close student work

C C



Sunday Morning,
From the painting by Luigi Nono.



Preparing for the Fête.
From the picture by Luigi Nono.

had brought to him the mastery over the human form in all its phases and proportions, intimacy with the laws of perspective, and dexterity in obtaining "surface." Equipped with the technical knowledge of his art, he was now to develop the poet in himself: the sense of just balance of masses, the subtle feeling for colour in its relation to light and shade, and, above all, the personal quality which makes sentiment. In 1873 he sent two pictures to the Milan Exhibition, pastoral scenes from the rich country of Friuli, entitled 'Returning from Labour' and 'Towards Evening.' These two pictures were much noticed in Milan, and Camillo Boito, reviewing the

Exhibition, referred to him and Favretto as "two beginners before whom lies a great future." To the next few years belong 'Convalescence,' a *genre* painting of peasant interior and young mother bending over sick child, and 'The First Steps.'

Still following in these lines of pictures that tell a story, he produced in 1881 a scene of animal life entitled 'The Death of the Chicken.'

This delightful piece of brushwork, with its rich colour and brilliant lights, added to his reputation still more. The subject also was a novel one in Venice and the almost human expression of the wondering chickens gained him much praise. The picture, however, never found a purchaser.

It might seem as if, at this epoch, Nono's great qualities as draughtsman and colourist were to fail in their full development through being applied to the expression of purely popular and obvious sentiment. His early ideas had been to devote himself to *genre* pictures of a specially Venetian character, to the scenes of everyday popular life which his friend and fellow-student Favretto was now treating with such graceful and attractive touch.

But Nono, ripening in power, became conscious of a deeper force within himself and of a more intimate contact with the elemental passions of man. This drove him on the mainland, to the search of rugged types than were offered by Calle or Piazza. The peasant, the landsman, and that of tragic which lies behind his monotonous and lowly life became the object of Nono's observation; and this growing sense of the Eternal Tragedy in man and things found its full expression in his great picture of 1882, the 'Refugium Peccatorum.' Like many other noteworthy



Pencil Studies.
By Luigi Nono.



Ruth.
From the painting by Luigi Nono.

paintings, the immediate incident which called it into being seemed one of chance. A model, faint with long standing, sank to the ground in a pose of utter abandon and despair.

Nono's ready eye grasped the dramatic quality of the gesture and he hastily embodied it in a sketch. The background found itself ready-made in a certain balustrade at Chioggia, surmounted by a roughly carved figure of the Madonna.

It is a fisherman's shrine, hung round with little votive lamps, and on the great shield at its base are carved the words which Nono took as the title for the work.

He introduced his model, her gay-coloured skirts sodden with rain, crouching at the Madonna's feet, and the picture was made. It was exhibited at the *Circolo artistico* in that year, and created a sensation, for the artist had struck a new note. Nono refused to sell it, however. The subject had inspired, possessed him. Modifications suggested themselves, an intenser feeling of the subjectivity of inanimate things, and he determined to paint the picture over again. This second 'Refugium' was finished in 1882 and sent to the Exhibition at Rome, where it attracted the notice of all the leading critics and especially of the late King, who purchased it for the collection of National Art which he was forming.

The melancholy passion of the girl has cast its shadow over the grey earth and stormy sky with its

flaming horizon; the seventeenth-century balustrade and its statues moist with rain, the very puddles on the stony causeway and the dead plantain leaves trodden under foot, are all intense in their subjective sadness. Nothing has been set down hastily, each stroke of the brush has carried its measure of thought, the whole picture has been painted at high tension and, for that reason, is strikingly vital. Without appealing to any of the obvious means of evoking sentiment, for the face of the woman is hidden, Nono's picture touches a chord deeper than that of mere pathos—that of tragedy.

The 'Refugium Peccatorum' was followed by two



Study for 'Their Playmate's Funeral.'
By Luigi Nono.

large canvases of agricultural scenes, the 'Mattina della Domenica,' or, as it is often called, the 'Orecchini da Festa,' exhibited at Antwerp in 1885 and again at Venice in 1887, together with 'Ruth' painted in 1886. 'Ruth' has the biblical title, but is, in fact, a scene of modern life—a cornfield of the Venetian mainland, the long stretch of golden grain bathed in the warm light of the evening sun.

The reapers are preparing to leave the field, covered half with standing grain and half with drooping sheaves. The dark figure of the gleaner stands erect in the foreground, proud, disdainful, and to the left, hardly appearing to notice her, the master of the harvest, a middle-aged man in modern clothes, is giving his orders for the morrow. This picture, now in America, has been severely criticised for its exaggerated colour, but if Nono can be said to have failed in achieving a complete artistic impression, it is through

over-conscientiousness. He has chosen an effect of evening light common in Alpine Italy, when the slanting sunrays touch with yellow fire the already golden corn, and impart to every object a peculiar and luminous vividness.

Peasants' cottages, cotton clothes, the warm shadow under the trees vibrate with colour, it is a moment of passionate intensity and is rarely successful in a picture, for the attempt to give to each detail its *full* chromatic value is apt to result more frequently in a blaze than in a harmony.

'Gli Orecchini da Festa' is subtler in feeling, softer in tone. The light is that of early autumn morning and the flat fields full of pumpkins lie still wetted with the dew. In the distance rises the campanile of the little country church and along the straight, flat road there wend straggling groups of peasants, a labourer struggling into his coat, a mother leading her



Chicks.
By Luigi Nono.

his earliest work, the 'Fruttivendola.' It is a study of a humble little shop, its walls hung with strings of dried fruit and onions, its benches covered with lively-coloured vegetables and a brazier where chestnuts are burning, sending up its blue smoke against the dark background of the interior, where sit a woman and a boy. But the theme of the Chioggia shrine still haunted Nono's memory and had become the source of his deepest inspiration. The idea of a cycle of pictures, of critical moments in a human life, taking place at the

same spot, under varying aspects of sun or shade, possessed him; and in 1893 he returned to the subject and painted his 'Ave Maria.'

The site and surroundings are the same, the sentiment diverse. The woman is older, braver now, the wife's ring is on her finger, the child lies within her arms. The light has faded and the sky is grey, the oil-lamp swaying at the Virgin's feet is beginning to make its value felt. Over all is a grey, monotonous sadness, very different from the ardent passion of the 'Refugium Peccatorum.' Unfortunately, this picture has been but little seen by the general public. It was shown for a few evenings, in an unfinished state, at the "Permanente" in Venice, before being sent to the Exhibition at Monaco, where it was bought up by the trustees of the Rivoltella Museum at Trieste.

In 1895, when the first Exhibition at Venice



Study for 'Their Playmate's Funeral.'
By Luigi Nono

was being organised, the Secretary asked and obtained permission from the Trieste Museum to include Nono's picture. It was accordingly sent to Venice, but, unfortunately, the committee decided that, having already been exhibited at the "Permanente," the work was not eligible.

The Directors of the Belle Arti, however, spontaneously offered Nono a room in the Academy, where he could show his picture to the public, and during the May and June of that year it was visited by a large public, including the late King and Queen, and had an immense success.

At the second exhibition, in 1897, he presented an immense canvas, containing some thirty figures, and representing 'Their Playmate's Funeral,' which we reproduce. The little coffin, covered with gay, red flowers, is being squeezed through the narrow gateway that leads to the village church. Children are bearing it and children are following it, some in sadness, some with faces touched with awe, several with the stolid indifference of childhood. The mother walks sadly, her face covered by her black shawl, a trait in which Nono has shown a certain classicism of spirit by refusing to portray extremes of emotion.

Behind lie the mountains, the blue, cloud-touched mountains of Friuli, and a great oak to the left casts its brown shadows over the little procession.



Study for 'Their Playmate's Funeral.'
By Luigi Nono.



Portrait of the Artist.

So careful is the painting, so accurately studied the details, that a curious theory was started in Venice concerning it, to the effect that Nono photographed his models and then copied the photographs.

His reply to this calumny has been to exhibit at Verona all the studies, several for each figure, by means of which he realised his group.

Nono was spending the summer at Sacile, and the sacristan, who sketched a little himself, brought him an oil-painting of his own with the request to correct it and touch it up. Nono began the ungrateful task, and finding it unsatisfactory, with a sudden dash of sardonic humour, he painted over it the worthy sacristan's own portrait, skull-cap and alms-bag included. The study was exhibited and sold in Venice the winter before last. It is one of his most spirited works.

Nono has been the receiver of many foreign medals—the gold medal at Munich in 1883, the gold medal at Berlin in 1886, the bronze medal of the Antwerp Exhibition of 1885, and another bronze medal at the great Paris Exhibition of 1889.

Last year he sent nothing to Paris, but the 'Playmate's Funeral' was shown at Berlin, and has since been purchased by the Czar of Russia. His work is serious and devoid of eccentricity; he has known how to supplement temperament with culture, and all his work has that unity of artistic purpose which constitutes a *style*. He has had the curious fancy to sign many of his pictures by a play upon his name, Luigi IX., and this has probably helped to make his name unfamiliar abroad.

LILIAN PRIULI-BON.



J. J. R.

Pencil Sketch by J.-J. Rousseau.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Painter.



AT a time when painters so often spoil themselves by trickery and affectation, when certain brushes seem dipped in pigments having no pretence to colour, it is refreshing to come

across an artist who is actuated by a true perception of Nature—the eternal source of life and light.

The ever-restless quest after originality only demonstrates in the end that originality is alone to be found in simplicity, and healthy, well-balanced minds instinctively turn from the artist who foists upon them enigmas under the guise of metaphysical research or obscurely philosophical symbols.

M. J.-J. Rousseau is a case in point. Imbued with the grand traditions of the plastic art, reared in the vigorous school of realism, M. Rousseau was one of the exceptional pupils of Th. Ribot. After passing through the School of Fine Arts, he was not slow to profit by the useful hints of M. Roll. Ever since 1878 we find the subject of our notice represented at the various "Salons" by works of virility, all bearing the impress of the masters who influenced them. We instance his 'Portrait of Madame Rousseau' his mother, of 'Commandant Fiemeyer,' of 'Professor Senator Cornil,' and 'A Funeral at the St. Lazare Prison,' 1899.

When the split ensued among French artists, Rousseau, naturally, followed his master, with the result that the Champ de Mars and the various exhibitions of recent years have produced a brilliant Pleiades, the offspring of that illustrious painter, in which category we may class J.-J. Rousseau, his first pupil and most apt exponent.

To enumerate all the works emanating from



Sketch by J.-J. Rousseau.



Sortie de la ferme—Matin.
From the painting by J.-J. Rousseau.

Rousseau's brush would carry us beyond the limits of this short notice. Suffice it to mention his chief productions, instinct with movement, vividness and undoubted inspiration. 'The Widow,' 'Return from the Market,' 1890; 'Recumbent Female Figure'; 'The Docks';

'Landscape'; 'Old Friends'; 'Decorative Panel,' 1892; 'Nana,' 1893 (the property of the Friends of Arts' Club, Nantes); 'Grandfather'; 'Close of the Sitting'; 'l'Intransigent'; 'Dusk at the Porte de Villiers,' 1894; 'Colliers on the London Thames' (the property of Mr.

Tusseau); 'The Azure Coast of Villefranche'; 'Rising of the Moon at St. Marguerite'; 'The Lake of Vaucresson'; 'Before the Wedding,' 1896; 'Return to the Farm'; 'Return from School'; 'In the Field,' belonging to Mr. Edmund Davis; and a series of Drawings of Cats executed for Mr. Percy Tarbutt.

After applying his palette to more extensive scenes illustrative of work-a-day activity on a larger scale, such as his 'Morning Soup at the Halles' (a canvas acquired by the city of Paris), in which the bustling animation of the great market is vividly depicted, he executed for the Army and Navy Club an immense decorative panel, where a sailor, leaning on a gun, embodies the idea of national defence in the formidable display of naval weapons of war.

The toilers in the London Docks could not fail to attract such an artist, so one morning Rousseau



Bœuf au pré.
From the painting by J.-J. Rousseau.



Sketch by J.-J. Rousseau.

started for the metropolis, and side by side with dainty pastel studies, darkened by smoke and fogs, in which the London atmosphere is reproduced with striking realism, his masterly hand has produced the lifelike and sombre scenes of toil and stress among the iron workers.

But again the clearer and brighter stretches of Normandy attracted the artist. He returned to the fields, and every summer sees him installed in the pretty village of St. Marguerite to paint from early dawn the rich pastures where the cattle of the prosperous French province delight to graze.

If we were called upon to classify J.-J. Rousseau, always an ungrateful and invidious task in the case of an all-round artist, we should prefer to designate him

more particularly as an animal painter. Latterly, in addition to the grand compositions and fine studies brought back from the Norman meadows, he has devoted himself with rare ability to the curious study of dogs and cats, thus adding a new genre to his numerous and interesting canvases.

Decorated at the Salons and at the Universal Exhibitions, 1889-1900, J.-J. Rousseau, who has been connected with the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts" since 1890, was made an Associate in 1894. Secretary



and Treasurer of the "Société Internationale" and of the "Société Populaire des Beaux-Arts," Member of the Jury of the "Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts," the young artist of well under forty has already behind him a record, which points him out as one of the rising painters from whom we are justified in expecting great things.

JEAN BERNAC.



Printemps.

From the painting by J.-J. Rousseau.

Leatherhead.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PERCY ROBERTSON, R.P.E.

OF the thousand problems an etcher is called upon to solve, none is more fascinating than that of conveying a sense of running water ; and, as is generally the case, the problem is difficult in proportion to its fascination. In the etching of 'Leatherhead' by Mr. Percy Robertson we have a shallow stream, which—as it flows beneath the dark arches of the bridge, again rills over a succession of stones, or yet again is deflected by this or that object in its course—provides in itself a wide range of study. But the etcher, as the painter, must turn from the fluidity of water to give a solid character to the boles of his trees and to his architecture ; must be heedful, too, of the general effect of his contours against the sky. As will be remarked, Mr. Robertson's etching of 'Leatherhead' has its point of highest light in the stream, and he gives the necessary balance to the composition by means of the bridge, the growths on the right bank, and the figure of the fisher. Remove this figure, for instance, and the etching, as should be the case, loses something of its poise. In all good art no part can be taken away without sacrificing the whole. Perhaps the happiest note in this plate, 'Leatherhead,' is the simple, sunlit treatment of the church tower, towards which the eye is irresistibly attracted.

The Art Journal, London, W. & Co. Ltd.



FRANK ROBERTSON A.M.

The Original Sketching by Percy Robertson A.R.S.

Leatherhead

The Wallace Collection.*

THE SPANISH PICTURES.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

NOWHERE out of Spain—nowhere, indeed, but in the Prado Gallery, the San Fernando Academy of Madrid, the churches and galleries of Seville, Toledo, Valladolid, and some few other prominent towns of the Peninsula, can the Spanish school of the seventeenth century be appreciated at its true worth. It is not only that in these places are still, on the whole, to be found the best Spanish pictures; but that they are there seen in the true atmosphere which should surround and explain them. But then—it will be at once said—this is equally true of the Italian, is equally true of the Netherlandish schools. And it is true, in a sense, of these; though not as essentially true as it is in the case of Spain. The works of the great Italian Trecentists—of Giotto and the Giottesques, of the Sienese school of the fourteenth century—torn from the walls from which they were done, or from the chapels for which they were destined, are shorn of the greater part of their significance. The Quattrocentists of Florence and Venice are splendidly represented in London and in Berlin. Yet we could not learn to know them as they are seen, precious yet as rootless things, in these strange lands; and it is only when we return from Florence and from Venice that we truly know what treasures of Italian art the National Gallery and the Berlin Gallery contain.

Who will deny that Hubert and Jan van Eyck are to be studied rather in their own chapel of St. Bavon at Ghent than in the Berlin or the Brussels Gallery?

Still with Spain, and especially with its seventeenth century art, it is a little different. To understand why in that time of self-consciousness and rhetorical passion—the age of the Carracci, of Guido, and Guercino in Italy, and of Van Dyck in Flanders—the Spaniards preserved a singular *naïveté* in the expression of emotion, and a wholesome realism which necessitated a constant reference to humanity in its everyday and therefore vital phrases, it is necessary to study the Spaniards at home, to see how isolated they still are, even now, not only by reason of their position, but in their idiosyncrasy, their mode of thought, their mode of feeling, above all. We

are too apt, whether in fine art, in music, or in dramatic art, to put down as rhetorical, affected, simpering, self-conscious, even as vulgar, certain exterior modes of expressing poignant and violent emotion, which are peculiar to the nations of Southern Europe. These are in many cases modes of expression repugnant to the more reticent and self-contained Anglo-Saxon, but none the less genuine on that account, none the less truly significant. The seventeenth century was an age of self-rendering, self-menting passion, which required a stage, even



In the Imperial Gallery of Vienna.

The Infanta Margarita Maria.
By Velázquez.

* Continued from p. 106.

though it should be a sacred one, and a sympathising audience, for its exhibition.' But the relation between the artist ministering to the spiritual wants of

worshippers, and those for whom his great sacred canvases were, in the first place, intended, was in Spain during the seventeenth century, a more intimate and a truer one than in Italy. We may describe the consummately skilful masters of the Carracci school, whom we wrong if we deem them to be nothing more than consciously insincere rhetoricians, as high priests of an art which is cunningly contrived to move the spectator, but necessarily leaves cold him who practises it. It is an art which they practise with unflinching skill, and not without dignity, to meet certain needs, and a certain artificial exaltation of spirits attributable in the main to the Catholic Revival, which dates from the latter half of the sixteenth century. To the Spanish painter all was more real, more intensely human; his rôle was not so much that of the high priest and interpreter, as of the one worshipper, endowed with the artistic gift, rendering on the canvas his own passionate acceptance of what he presented, and with it that of

the other worshippers, the spectators whom he bound to him by close bonds of common fervour and sympathy.

Such was the frame of mind of certain Florentine and Netherlandish painters of the fifteenth century. The Spaniards, who all through their period of "Italianism" and imitation had managed to retain a measure of this

childlike *naïveté* of acceptance, let it have full play when, in the seventeenth century, Spanish art was at last set free from those trammels of foreign formula

and foreign conventionality which had bound and distorted it. It is this unbounded *naïveté* in the expression of the great human emotions, which is the most precious quality of Spanish painting and sculpture—especially painted sculpture—at this particular time. Though Velazquez is in one sense all Spanish art, though nothing else can for a moment be weighed in the balance against him, he is, all the same, in his haughty composure and perfect control of self, an exception. Neither the appealing smiles and delicate airs, nor the fires, the tears and sighs of Spanish art are his; he is unruffled even when brought face to face with the most sublime moments of the great sacred drama, with the most moving problems of humanity. Let this be borne in mind when we judge the others, some of whom in essentials we so greatly, in these later days, misinterpret.

We are not on the present occasion concerned with those who may, roughly yet expressively, be called the

Gothic painters of Spain; those who, in the fifteenth century, passed from the Italian to the Flemish and German domination. Not even with those Spanish painters of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries who, completely enslaved by the Italy of the full Renaissance, passed through much the same unfruitful



By permission of The Duke of Devonshire, K.G.,
the owner of the picture.

A Lady with a Mantilla.
By Velazquez.



In the Wallace Collection

La Femme à l'Eventail.

By Velazquez.

phase as did the Italianising Netherlanders, but passed through it differently, since in imitating they retained a measure of their own national character, of their own sweetness and conviction. These must be seen in Spain, or in the few European galleries, such as those of Dresden and Buda-Pest, which contains adequate examples of their peculiar style.

The great Spanish art of the seventeenth century is unequally though profusely distributed throughout Europe. It is a truism that practically all Velazquez is summed up in the astonishing series of canvases to be found in the Prado; though that this truism is only relatively a truth, the many worshippers of the master are well aware. No serious student of Don Diego would omit to see in England the 'Christ at the Column,' or the late 'Philip IV.' of the National Gallery; the 'Aguador' or the 'Portrait of an Unknown Gentleman' of Apsley House; the 'Venus' of Rokeby Hall; the 'Philip IV.' and 'Conde Duque Olivares' of Dorchester House; the 'Femme à l'Eventail' and 'Don Baltásar Carlos' of the Wallace Collection. The early 'Bodegones' or "Kitchen-pieces" are indeed chiefly to be found in England, at Apsley House, at the National Gallery, and in the collection of the late Sir Francis Cook at Richmond. Abroad, the Louvre, otherwise singularly poor in examples of Velazquez, must be visited by the student for the delicious 'Infante Marguerite,' which Carl Justi so unaccountably doubted, or at any rate underestimated; Dresden for the superb 'Juan Mateos'; Munich for the unfinished 'Portrait of a Young Man.' Vienna and Buda-Pest together contain the best and most representative collection of Spanish pictures to be found out of Spain, though the National (formerly Esterhazy) Gallery of the last-named city can show nothing of Velazquez, the solitary example now or formerly catalogued as his, being much more like an early Van Dyck. Vienna has, among a good many fine and some indifferent things, the exquisite and exceptionally touching 'Don

Prosper' and the two portraits of the Infanta Margarita Maria.

The most famous Velazquez out of Spain is, it need hardly be said, the 'Innocent X.' in the Doria-Panfilo Palace at Rome, and with this should be mentioned the superb sketch for the head, in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, and the now less universally accepted one at Apsley House. But Italy, twice visited by the master, contains also the 'Portrait of Velazquez, by Himself' of the Capitol; the absolutely first-rate 'Francesco d'Este' of the Estense Gallery at Modena—a treasure which even museums of the very first rank might covet; and the 'Equestrian Portrait of Philip IV.' at the Pitti.

And now to make an examination of the Spanish pictures in the Wallace Collection, which are confined to four masters, Alonso Cano, Velazquez, Juan Bautista del Mazo, and Murillo.

By the first named we have 'The Vision of St. John the Evangelist,' an early and first-rate example of the master in full vigour, and a truly Spanish picture. To the saint, as he kneels in a painful ecstasy, an angel shows the Heavenly City, curiously symbolised in a miniature, toy-like representation. St. John is here a sturdy, unidealised Spaniard in full manhood, but the portrait-like realism of the figure is redeemed by an intensity of

emotion, by an ardent faith, which raise the representation into higher regions, and give to it a unique value. This is such a naïve and fervid presentment of a sacred subject as only Spain can produce during the seventeenth century. Elsewhere sacred art, though it is going much too far to call it wholly insincere in its deliberate appeal, is calculated, as cannot be too often repeated, for spectators of a very definite type. But Zurbaran rises to a far higher level of inspiration than Alonso Cano in his best work, such as the great 'St. Lawrence' of the Hermitage; making us understand a religious ecstasy, the intense fervour of which is yet far removed from hysterical frenzy. Less the element of mediæval chivalry still



Formerly in the Collection of the Earl of Carlisle.

The Infante Don Baltásar Carlos, with a Dwarf. By Velazquez.

surviving in some Spanish literature, in the seventeenth century it is such passion as glows in the 'Principe Constante' of Calderon, lifting that drama into a region where it stands alone in the literature of its own day, whether in Spain or elsewhere.

There is no greater picture in the Wallace Collection than the 'Femme à l'Éventail,' by Velazquez, though even this wonderful portrait, which in a way stands alone in Spanish art, has not been accepted without a certain hesitation, or rather shirking of definite pronouncement, by those who, in these late years, have written of the incomparable master. Justi carefully describes and enthusiastically appreciates this masterpiece, but Sir

Walter Armstrong, who does not as a rule hesitate when an attribution to Velazquez is in question, cares not, in his account of the Life and Works of the master which appeared in two numbers of the "Portfolio," to do more than refer to the Hertford House picture together with the 'Sibyl' of the Prado, and the 'Portrait of a Lady,' which from the Dudley Gallery passed to the Berlin Museum, in these terms:—"Another enigmatic female portrait of this period is the beautiful half-length of the 'Lady with the Fan' at Hertford House. The authorship of all these pictures, however, is open to discussion . . ."

The latest biographer of Velazquez, Señor de Beruete, whose audacity as an iconoclast is often ahead of his discretion, and who owns to being unacquainted with a whole series of works attributed to the master in England, would not appear to have seen the 'Femme à l'Éventail.' At any rate there is, so far as I can make out, no mention either of this picture or of the Duke of Devonshire's 'Lady with a Mantilla,' presently to be mentioned, in his volume. Those who doubted, but did not dare to give full expression to their doubts, were puzzled by the character of the work, by the costume, which is not that of a court lady, but rather of a bourgeoisie of the higher rank, by the unrestrained passion which, under seeming repose, glows in the wonderful presentment and make of it an exception in the life-work of the painter.

But the cavillers should have paused to ask themselves what other hand could, with a mastery so easy that it simulates carelessness, have composed the picture so as to give perfect and perfectly enforced expression to the curious idiosyncrasy of the sitter—what other hand could have imparted to it the intense force of visual impression, the concentration of physical life under seeming quietude, or could have painted the wonderful gloved hands, placed the fan in them, and added, with the audacity of genius, the one touch of scarlet which gives accent to the whole—as it were, stinging it into life? The 'Femme à l'Éventail,' the 'Lady with a Mantilla,' the so-called 'Sibyl' (Doña Juana Pacheco), the 'Martinez Montañez,'

the 'Æsop,' the 'Menippus,' the 'Hilanderas'; these are things which, notwithstanding the cold deliberation of Velazquez in all that touches sacred art, may one day cause us to partially reconsider our estimate of his artistic personality—to ask ourselves how far the impassive attitude imposed by the Court etiquette was a strait-waistcoat assumed of necessity, and worn more and more easily as time went on. Under the haughty composure which the supreme artist maintains, even in the famous pieces above cited, we may trace a more human warmth, a truer vibration of passion, than we are accustomed to associate with the



In the Wallace Collection.

Don Baltasar Carlos in Infancy.
By Velazquez.

Court painter of Philip IV., the portraitist of the Conde-Duque de Olivares, of the doll-like Queen Marianna, and the Infantas.

Still, it would be easy to go too far in this direction. Velazquez must ever have been easily master both of his artistic and his human emotions.

The 'Lady with a Mantilla' had remained until lately almost unheeded, save by special students, at Devonshire House. True, the painting had been carefully described by Justi, yet without any enthusiasm, without any adequate appreciation of the wonderful study as a triumph of the brush, as a rare yet absolutely unmistakable example of Velazquez in a moment of *intimité*. Suddenly having undergone no other toilette than a removal of "house-dirt," it made a first public appearance in the exhibition of



In the Wallace Collection.

The Holy Family, with the Infant St. John.
By Murillo.

Spanish Art at the Guildhall, and provoked, among all who understand Velazquez and fine painting, a veritable explosion of admiration. It is a preliminary study of, but not precisely for, the mysterious 'Lady of the Fan,' done evidently for the pleasure of the painter, and for his own use. The dress, the lines of the composition, are wholly different from those of the canvas in the Wallace collection. The sketch, when Velazquez had got what he wanted—the very essence of the woman as she appeared, not without a certain misgiving, before him—was put aside, unfinished. The large round eyes of the young Spanish woman, heightened by the *bistré* lines beneath, literally burn through and through the spectator. But all the painter's force is spent on the face; the hands have been left with a bare indication.

Apart from general design, the radical difference between the Devonshire House sketch and the Hertford House picture is that in the former the woman is given just as she was in the painter's studio—under his searching eye, and evidently for the moment bereft of her usual composure. The physical life is certainly more intense: but the permanent quality of the personality is not yet expressed. In the masterpiece of the Wallace Collection we have the result of reflection, of the subtlest, yet the most natural, arrangement devised to express the woman as she must have been in life, passionate yet composed, glowing in the early maturity of beauty; the woman to lose no point in the ever-recurring duel

between the sexes, yet withal to preserve her sensibility intact. Velazquez may, by his penetration, have fluttered this strange creature out of her composure when he was face to face with her; but he was too great a master not to place the lady in her right atmosphere when it came to the definitive presentment. The expression of the moment, keen to poignancy in the sketch, was mitigated so as to make possible that greater thing, the expression, behind the representation of the moment, of the permanent individuality. Next to this inestimable treasure, I rank among the pictures of Velazquez at Hertford House, the unusually pathetic 'Don Baltásar Carlos in Infancy,' a work in which the figure is entirely from the hand of the master, but the velvet hanging with its fringe, as well as the cushion—but not the plumed hat on it—betray another and a much harder and more mechanical brush. There is a close connection between this picture and the 'Don Baltásar Carlos with a Dwarf,' which was formerly in the collection of the Earl of Carlisle, and is now placed in the Museum of Boston, U.S.A.; but this connection between the two figures falls very far short of identity. The Castle Howard picture must be the earlier of the two, and it shows a robuster baby-boy in a heavier dress of quite different design. In the picture of the Wallace Collection, the Infante Baltásar is fined down already too much for perfect health, and looks like some pretty pallid flower that soon might hang its head. There is a touch of rare though unobtrusive pathos in the conception. It has inspired many modern painters, and prominent among them

Monsieur Carolus-Duran, whose 'Beppino,' in the noted collection of Mr. J. S. Forbes, is a masterpiece of colour and, what is much rarer with this artist, of delicate expression. Here, and in the beautiful 'Infante Don Prosper' of the Vienna Gallery, and again in the 'Infante Marguerite' of the Louvre, Velazquez—the impassive, the rigid observer of Court etiquette—allows a touch of pity, of sympathy for the poor fragile offshoots of a worn-out stock to pierce through his objective placidity.

The heir of the Royal House of Spain appears again in 'Don Baltásar in the Riding School,' another indisputable original by Don Diego, which has its fellow but not its duplicate in the very similar piece in the collection of the Duke of Westminster at Grosvenor House. Both are, as we may legitimately surmise, different stages in the tentative expansion of a design, which, so far as we know, was never elaborated into a finished work—very possibly because Velazquez never managed to eliminate a certain element of uncouth lopsidedness, which is inherent in the downright simple realism of the conception. Both are originals, and the master-hand is equally evident in both. The idea is surely a strange one that the son-in-law and chief assistant of Velazquez, Juan Bautista del Mazo—a singularly clever and expeditious, yet for all that a somewhat empty craftsman—would have gone to work thus. He had too little of that sense of the essential, too little of that masterly skill

in suggestion, too little of that breadth combined with sovereign simplicity of execution which distinguished his master, to initiate a work thus. The picture in the Wallace Collection is carried less far than the Grosvenor House example, especially in the background and the subordinate figures; the tone relation of the equestrian figure to the background of buildings and sky is a much more agreeable one than in the rival piece. *En revanche* the subordinate figures in the Duke of Westminster's picture have a far higher dramatic value, indeed, a unique historical interest in the *œuvre* of Velazquez. In the nearer middle distance we see the Count-Duke Oliváres most pompously receiving from the hands of an obsequious official a spear of office, while at a window in the background appear Philip IV. and his first queen, Isabella of Bourbon, admiring the firm seat and the truculent attitude of their brave little horseman. In the Hertford House picture all this is otherwise. The figures are mere ghosts; or, to speak more prosaically, mere rubbings in. Oliváres, having already assumed the weapon of office, marches towards the spectator, followed by a page, the spear-bearer of the occasion.

These are the works attributable to the brush as well as to the brain of Velazquez. The rest belongs to his immediate environment. The 'Portrait of Don Baltasar Carlos, Infante of Spain,' No. 4 in the Great Gallery at Hertford House, is the slightly enlarged repetition of a masterpiece of Velazquez, the No. 616 of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna. The fatal facility, the want of grip of Del Mazo, as regards structure, physiognomy, and essential character, are instructively revealed by a comparison of this full-length with the original at Vienna.

The 'Portrait of the Infanta Margarita Maria' here is a good studio repetition of the head and bust only of the admirable full-length in the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, of which, again, a fine repetition, on the scale of the original, exists in the Staedel Institut at Frankfurt-am-Main. This is, it need hardly be pointed out, the same little princess who has been portrayed by Philip's Court painter in a series of masterpieces, beginning with another and a still more attractive full-length in the Vienna Gallery in which is presented an earlier and more timid stage of babyhood; including the 'Infante Marguerite' of the Louvre, and the world-famous 'Meninas' of the Prado; and ending with that marvel of marvels, the 'Symphony in rose-red and silver' of the same gallery—that full-length portrait which has so long been erroneously described as Doña Maria Teresa of Austria, but beyond doubt represents, not the future Queen of Louis XIV., but her young half-sister.

The two reduced copies, in Gallery XVII. at Hertford House, of the great equestrian portraits of Philip IV. and the Conde-Duque de Oliváres, Nos. 1066 and 1069 at the Prado, are careful performances of their kind, dating, at any rate, more or less from the period of Velazquez, if not attributable to his own studio, or to his immediate neighbourhood. We must not, all the same, mention them in the same breath with the Earl of Elgin's 'Oliváres,' or with the 'Philip IV.' which represents



In the Wallace Collection.

The Marriage of the Virgin.
By Murillo.

Velazquez in the Gallery of the Pitti Palace, and is believed to have been the model for Pietro Tacea's equestrian statue of the Spanish King, afterwards set up in Madrid.

Considerable uncertainty attaches to the interesting 'Boar Hunt,' No. 70 in the Great Gallery. I have stated in the catalogue that "the hand, practised as it is, does not appear to be that of the master himself, as we see it in the much-injured but authentic canvas of the National Gallery." I have consequently labelled this picture "ascribed to Velazquez." The further statement made by me that the Hertford House picture shows an entirely different and a much less animated composition, goes, however, as I must freely own, much beyond the actual facts; as a comparison of photographs will at once show. The 'Boar Hunt' of the Wallace Collection agrees absolutely in the landscape and general *mise-en-scène* with the much-injured, yet undoubtedly authentic canvas, which gave rise to discussions so fiery and prolonged, when it was acquired more than half-a-century ago by the National Gallery. Moreover, the figures in the left half of the composition are practically identical in the two canvases. The right half of the Hertford House example differs, however, absolutely from that of the larger canvas—being nearly empty of figures. More than one highly competent critic disagrees with me on the whole question, and sees in the 'Boar Hunt' of the Wallace Collection a more or less finished sketch by Velazquez himself, for the fully developed composition in the National Gallery.

I wish that I could own myself convinced, since the rich Wallace Collection would then be still further enriched; it would hold four, instead of three, original paintings by the greatest of all masters of the brush. But, again, I feel an indefinable want of structure, of modelling, of *inside*, in the whole treatment. The brush is used with singular facility, yet not with the breadth or significance of the man who is creating; the handling in the branches and foliage, in the sandy grass-grown banks, in the figures, is not, to my thinking, the handling of Velazquez himself, but in all probability that of an assistant of practised skill running off a smaller and simpler *variante* of the original picture.

Murillo is, on the whole, more copiously and variously represented at Hertford House than in any English gallery, even though we must put aside as, at the most, school pieces calling for no particular mention here, Nos. 7, 104, 133, and 136, of the catalogue, and pass over with a mere passing allusion, the 'Virgin and Child,' (No. 13), which is far from vying with many similar pieces in English and foreign collections.

Murillo is, as an executant, the Andrea del Sarto of the seventeenth century. Not, indeed, that the grandiose emptiness of the consummate Florentine can usefully be compared with the feminine sweetness, the naïve and charming realism of the Sevillian. Where the two painters agree is in a wonderful facility for balanced, rhythmic composition, academic in its essence, yet so cunning in its flow as almost to appear natural and unpremeditated.

It has been too much the fashion, of late years, for the worshippers of Velazquez to speak of his younger contemporary—the idol of collectors who bought during the earlier half of the nineteenth century—with a lofty disdain—dismissing his work as in its facility utterly affected, effeminate, and superficial. But Murillo, even though we may for the moment be out of sympathy with his mood, with his manner, with his technical methods, cannot be thus lightly put aside. He is a master of extraordinary accomplishment, of subtle and sympathetic observation; in his finer and more sincere work of a delightful *naïveté*, and a realism most daring in its adherence to everyday humanity and everyday nature, yet in its kindliness without *arrière-pensée* or offence.

There were in the Spanish art of the seventeenth century, as in the Florentine art of the fifteenth, two opposing, or perhaps we should say, parallel but distinct currents, which on rare occasions united in the same individual. In Florence we have on one side Donatello, Brunelleschi, Masaccio, Andrea del Castagno, Antonio del Pollajuolo; on the other Ghiberti, Luca della Robbia, Mino, Rossellino, Desiderio, Fra Angelico, Fra Filippo, Botticelli, Filippino: the severe, the haughty, the bitter, the fierce and unbridled in passion, side by side with the suave, the tender, the finely balanced, the ecstatic and feminine or the mitigated in passion. In Verrocchio the two separate streams coalesced, and out of him came Leonardo da Vinci. In Spain we have on the one hand the terrible, unkempt Herrera the elder; the fierce self-rendering Ribera, whose tears are of blood; the ascetic yet most pathetically human Zurbaran. On the other those who appeal in all sincerity to the more feminine and superficial emotions, and among them, most suave and most feminine of all, Murillo; not an exception, as those who study him only in the galleries—that is to

say out of his proper setting—might imagine, but, as it were, the summing up and climax of a whole series of Sevillian painters, and the head of a school, which, as a matter of course, gave an excessive development to his mannerisms without assimilating the exquisite suavity and gentleness or the touching sincerity of his art. Before we children of the North, out of sympathy, many of us, with the peculiar phase of worship represented by Murillo, proceed to pronounce a definitive judgment upon him, let us strive to replace him in his own time, in his own native city and his own surroundings. Possibly we may still, after such an effort, be out of sympathy with him, impatient of his excessive amiability, eager for a higher virility, whether in joy or in sorrow. Nevertheless, having thus forced ourselves to come face to face with his life-work as it is, we must necessarily, unless prejudice blinds us, admit his absolute sincerity.

Luckily his highest art is exhibited in at least two important canvases at Hertford House. These are 'The Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva' and 'The Adoration of the Shepherds.' Here, notwithstanding the reticence of the colour, the sombreness of the tonality, deepened by time, we admire Murillo's most precious qualities. Here are to be found his charm of close observation, of realistic truth, which brotherly love, which true sympathy, but not a cheap idealism, make suave and charming. Here his unerring skill in academic composition, his elegance and grace of line—carried, it may be, to excess—can be enjoyed, as they may be only in such masterpieces as the three pictures of the Academy of San Fernando at Madrid—those two great Lunettes with the History of the Foundation of the Lateran Basilica, and the altarpiece 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary.' A less attractive example of Murillo's fearless realism, of his unquestioning adoration of what we consider to be the modern standpoint in the rendering of sacred subjects, is the important 'Joseph and his Brethren' in the Great Gallery at Hertford House. Here a large measure of the sympathy which sweetens simple truth has vanished, leaving realism of too *terre à terre* a quality, which an all-pervading greenish-yellow tonality does nothing to redeem from the abyss of the commonplace. A happy example of the suave Murillo, perfectly sincere in its appeal to the devotional fervour in its more feminine and superficial phase, and withal a most accomplished performance of its class, is the little 'Marriage of the Virgin' here. Two finished sketches in oils for important altar-pieces, 'The Virgin in Glory with Saints Adoring,' and 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' show the characteristic facility for harmonious composition, but not in the same degree; the former being beyond compare the better and the more complete example of its kind. Lastly may be cited two very good, if not remarkably interesting, pictures of the more ordinary type, 'The Holy Family,' and 'The Annunciation.' They belong to the class of Murillo which was formerly unduly exalted, which is to-day unduly decried. What we have here is accomplished, and, if the phrase be permissible, melodious art, of an elegant *tournure*, supported by an easy and appropriate harmony; but wanting in vigour and accent, unsubstantial because it lacks the solid base of living, palpitating reality, which upholds and vivifies the Sevillian master's most earnest and truthful conceptions.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

The Picador.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ALEXANDER VON WAGNER.

IN this picture, A. von Wagner represents an essentially barbarous incident, which must be characterized as one of the deplorable legacies of the past. The bull-fight is confined nowadays to Spain, where the Plaza de Toros, Madrid, is capable of seating about 15,000 persons, the entrance money being devoted, by some strange irony, to the public hospital; and to Mexico, in whose principal city no less than £70,000 was spent fourteen years ago in fitting up six bull-rings. In ancient days a bull had a fair chance of victory. Men fought with bulls for the amusement of the old Egyptians; in Thessaly the entertainment was a favourite one with the Greeks; under the earlier Emperors, the pastime attracted thousands to the Colosseum in Rome, where, however, the gladiatorial contests were supremely valued.

It will surprise many to learn that a bill to abolish bull-baiting—that is to say fights between a bull and dogs—was thrown out of the House of Commons as late as 1802, and that not till 1835 was the brutal pastime made illegal in England. In the Middle Ages, almost each town and village in this country had its bull-ring. On May 25th, 1559, Queen Elizabeth fared with the French ambassadors to the famous Paris Gardens, there to be entertained in this hideous fashion; and of her it has been said that “she loved bear and bull-baiting in public, and amused herself with performing apes in private.” The complacent Pepys, on August 14, 1666, saw at the Bear Garden “some good sport of the bulls tossing of the dogs—one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure.” Four years later John Evelyn was there. He says “one of the bulls tossed a dog full into a lady’s lap as she sat in one of the boxes at a considerable height from the arena. Two poor dogs were killed, and so all ended with the ape on horseback, and so I was most heartily weary of the rude and dirty pastime, which I had not seen, I think, in twenty years before.”

In the bull-fight of to-day the human actors are divided into three classes: the *picador*, the *chulo*, and the *espada*. The picadores, mounted as in our picture, often dressed like Spanish knights of olden times, armed with a lance, take up a position in the middle of the arena, awaiting the bull when it is released from its stall. In the case of an infuriated animal, they can act only on the defensive; but it not seldom happens that despite their stabs and the hooting of the crowd, the bull will make no attack. Should the picador be thrown or the bull begin to flag, the *chulos*, bearing barbed darts about two feet long, ornamented with coloured paper streamers, rush in. Finally, and this is the third and last act in the demoralising drama, the *espada* arrives. In his left hand is the scarlet *muleta*, the sight of which infuriates the most languishing animal, in his right a sword which, if he be successful, he plunges up to the hilt in the neck of the bull. We may see the triumphant ‘Espada’ in a picture by Fortuny now at the Guildhall. Then, as the crowd shouts itself hoarse, the slain bull is dragged out of the arena by a team of mules, gaily decorated. In the fight depicted by Alexander von Wagner, the second and third acts are not destined to occur, for the picador has himself dealt the death blow.



Painted by Alexander von Wagner



St. George and the Dragon.
By Heywood Sumner.

A Forgotten Craft.

THERE is always something mournful in the sight of things derelict ; things left behind by the flux of fashion ; things once loved, and part of a dignified daily life, now discarded, needed no more ; things instinct with the charm of some forgotten artist, now disused, dead, lying in state. Indeed, if you wander through the courts and labyrinths of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and turn from the study of this or that to look at the present *genius loci*, you must be conscious of this pervading spirit of sadness, of lifelessness, and of topsy-turveydom, in the curious care which present-day scientific life bestows upon remnants of past artistic life. Ichabod. It is a wreck of shreds and patches. It is the last resting-place of shattered craft.

But all genius is many-sided, and the genius of South Kensington has other moods. Her appeal is not wholly to the student, nor to the amateur. There are amateurs and amateurs ; some are wise, some are otherwise, some love antiquity, some love each other ; and a perpetual stream of lovers pace amongst the guarded glass cases without thought but of mutual admiration ; moreover some of the courts are dimly lit, and in some are chairs, real chairs, not specimens, cane-seated chairs, on which living people may sit. Here is another side to the *genius loci* ! Here you may often see live museum romances. Here you may behold earnest colloquies in progress. Is it indiscreet to name a place ? I hope not, because I have no wish to play Paul Pry, nor to smooth the way to further revelations of an Englishwoman's love language ; I only wish to point out a beautiful piece of incised work, placed in a side court where the conditions are favourable for undisturbed confidences, though less favourable for seeing ; still, seeing, favourable or not, is that on which I am intent, and the lovers must bear with intrusion !

The piece that I refer to is thus described : "Coffer, cypress wood, carved with flat ornament of hunting and other subjects, and niched allegorical figures. Italian, about 1350 (No. 80—1864)."

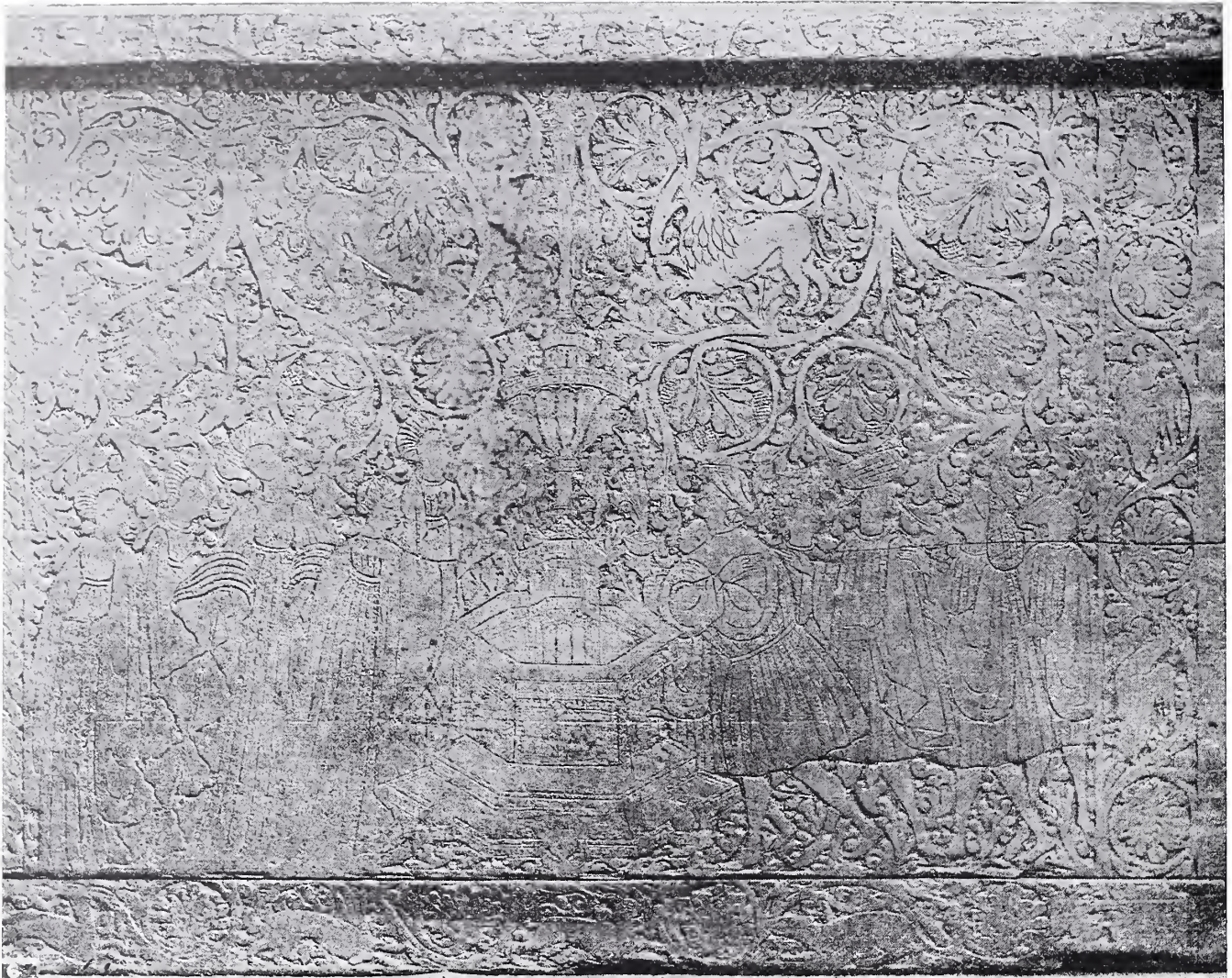
Once it must indeed have been a grand affair, a marriage chest probably, containing a worthy trousseau, but its contents are neither here nor there ; all that remains of such marrying and giving in marriage is this shattered, time-worn chest, the driftwood of some forgotten family wreck, stranded in a twilit court at South Kensington.

The great beauty of the decoration of this chest, its

fresh vigour, and the enjoyment displayed in its rich, yet austere play of design, must, either readily or gradually, be apprehended. It cannot be denied, for certainly



Detail of Cypress-wood Coffer. Italian, ca. 1350.
Victoria and Albert Museum.



Part of a Cypress-wood Chest (No. 227, Victoria and Albert Museum).

it is a pre-eminent piece of flat ornamental design. You need only compare the filling of the end-pieces of this coffer with No. 227, or No. 48, close by, to see the difference between living work on traditional lines, and good "trade-itional work"—notwithstanding, we shall all covet No. 227, the coffer "incised with figures of ladies and gentlemen," at £6 12s.!

But it is not so much for qualities of design as for the method of decoration that I want to draw attention to this chest. How is it done? It is incised work, done probably with a small gouge, a graver, punches, and perhaps some knife work. The figures and beasts of the earth are silhouetted against foliated backgrounds, and the clothes of the "ladies and gentlemen" and the foliage are shaded with short, incised lines, and punched over with ornamental dots. The incised background was filled in with a green-coloured stopping, a good deal of which still remains, and the lines and dots in the figures, beasts, and foliage were filled in with a red stopping—very little of which remains; and you will note, if you examine the other specimens of this sort of work to which I have referred, that a similar colouring and manner of design were adhered to for a space of 150 years.

Still such reply as to how this decoration was done is vitiated by—probably; and, since a pennyworth of practice sometimes teaches more than a pound of precept, I will venture to give my own experience in this

side court of the crafts, taking some experiments which have stood the test of fifteen years, as the proverbial practical pennyworth.

I will begin at the beginning, like the cookery recipe author, who wrote—first catch your hare. First take your panel of wood to be incised, of pear, of lime, of sycamore, of birch, or of cypress if you can obtain it. Trace your design thereon, and then cut it, either with a V tool, or with a knife-blade fixed in a tool-handle; clear out the larger spaces with a small gouge, leaving plenty of tool mark roughness in the bottoms in order to give a good key for the coloured stoppings. When the whole design has been thus cut to the best of your ability, give the surface of your panel several coats of white, hard polish in order to stop the suction of the wood.

Now for your coloured stoppings. These you will have to make; and if you refer to Spon's workshop recipes you will find a recipe for the making of sealing-wax which will help you, though you must reduce the amount of resin for the purpose in hand, as resin tends to make your stopping brittle as well as hard. Resin (as white as you can get it), beeswax, and powder distemper colour are the three things needful; and, as the setting properties of each colour vary, according to its base being either earthy or metallic, so you must find out the meaning of that indispensable word in all recipes, "sufficient," and measure them accordingly.

When measured, put them into a saucepan to simmer and boil over a clear fire, with no flame; for, note, the cauldron will bubble, bubble, and there will be toil and trouble in plenty if it catch fire; stir all the time, and when "sufficiently" boiled, pour out into a flat soup plate which has been plentifully anointed with oil. When cold, the slab of coloured stopping should come off the plate whole, without difficulty, owing to the oil, and when broken up into pieces you have your coloured stopping ready for use.

To return to the incised panel coated with polish. Now you will find the need



Panels by Heywood Sumner.

of such coating, for the stopping has to be dropped melting hot into the incisions and sunken surfaces of the panel, and unless the suction of the wood is thoroughly stopped, you will find that the hot wax will sink into the soft-grained portions of your panel and leave a colour stain when the wax is cleared off.

The plan that I adopted for running the wax melting hot into the incisions was this. I had a small copper funnel made, fitted with a handle, and with a little gas

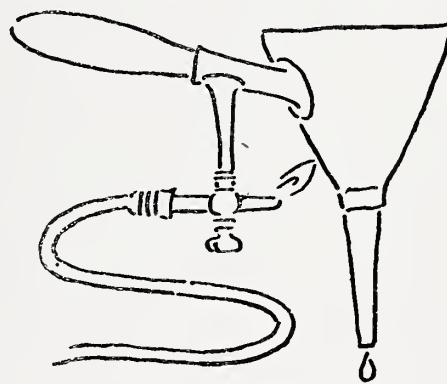


Diagram of apparatus.

jet affixed, so as to play on the base of the funnel (see diagram adjacent); this was attached to indiarubber tubing, and thus a regulated heat could be applied to the funnel from the nearest gas-burner. I then dropped pieces of wax of the intended colour into the funnel, and soon there was a run of melted wax dropping from the end of the spout of the funnel, which was easily guided as desired by means of the wooden handle. Not much wax should be added at a time, otherwise it may boil and bubble, and not run off



Panels of a Nursery Cabinet by Heywood Sumner.

steadily but in rushes; and I should advise one colour only to be used for outline incisions, while different colours may be used for the larger sunken spaces; thus you will obtain firmness of outline, with broken, curdled effects in the solid spaces of colour.

When the whole of the incisions have been thus filled in, the result will be a great smell of burnt wax, and a most remarkable mess on the panel; however, if you can wield a broad, sharp chisel with adroitness, the lumpy surface of the wax will soon be shaved down to the surface of the panel, and the lines and spaces of coloured stopping should appear in sharp, clean relief against the colour of the wood. The whole panel can then be cleaned off and finished with a scraper. It will be found that the curdled effect of this method of running in the stopping is sometimes very effective, and there is a pleasurable excitement in discovering the veins of colour which are revealed as you chisel off the lumpy surfaces of wax.

I have also filled in incised panels successfully with japanner's gold size and powdered distemper colour, using a palette knife to distribute the slab mixture. This sinks as it hardens in the incisions, and will probably need a second filling in to make an approach to a flush job. In either case the stopping has proved both durable and tenacious: but the melted wax gives a more interesting and accidental result, and is better suited for a design which depends on broad spaces of colour-stopping for its effect.

Thus far method. Now, in conclusion, let me add a few words on the manner of design for this sort of work, and on its modern application. And first note that such manner of design is free and graphic by nature of the method. Intarsia design is founded on the skilful use in repetition of pieces of veneer cut out in multiplication, and accordingly a turn-over manner of design is part of the rules of the game. Not so with the incised work of which I am writing. Here the knife or graver may play over the panel surface as the fancy may guide, only restrained by the hardness of the material, and by the limitation in effect which can be produced by means of lines, dots, and spaces. The result is bound to be somewhat restrained and austere definite; but, within its own limits, the manner of design may be free and graphic, as witness the examples in our museums—a direction which leads me to the modern application of this sort of decoration.

Marriage chests are the principal examples which antiquity shows of this craft, pieces of furniture which never lose their romantic origin and memories; and so it was fitting that they should blossom out into a romantic manner of decoration, and that they should be covered with graphic renderings of memorable story or mystic allegory. But motives of decoration that are suitable for a marriage chest are unsuitable for a front-hall coat and rug chest; there the requirement is too homely for an epic scale of idea in decoration; and if such a modern application of the method is called for, though "we may long for whirlwinds" we had better "do the best we can with the bellows"; in other words, we had better consider requirement, and decorate accordingly. Panels for mantelpiece centres; well-made boxes on the lines of the brass-bound desks in which our grandparents kept their private papers, their pounce, and their wafers; or little cupboards for intimate possessions, may give opportunities for a special touch of fancy, and for a modest flight of Pegasus; but I think we are much more likely to achieve results if we begin with attempting to fulfil requirement—even let us say modest requirement; thus we

shall avoid the deadly sin of putting the cart before the horse; of attempting to make decoration the parent of the thing decorated; and thus we may achieve results that take an honoured place among the Lares and Penates of a home, and that are touched with the reticence and gracious dignity of good decoration rightly applied. "So mote it be."

HEYWOOD SUMNER.

Animals in Pattern Design.

A FRIENDLY DISPUTE BETWEEN
WALTER CRANE AND LEWIS F. DAY.

L. F. D.—Human and animal forms are, as often as not, a disturbing influence in repeated pattern. Why use them there?

W. C.—For three reasons. Because their forms give me certain lines and masses decoratively valuable, and not obtainable by other means. They also give life and movement in ornament. By the use of such forms, also, symbolic meaning may be expressed (or concealed), fanciful allegory or playful ideas—in short they make ornament more interesting and amusing.

L. F. D.—When the end is repeated pattern, it is not best reached by such means. The recurring animal life may, very likely, have too much movement for repose. Don't you find ornament amusing enough in itself?

W. C.—You may easily have too much of a good thing; but in designing a repeating pattern one consciously designs for the repeated effect, and arranges one's units accordingly. Ornament may be amusing enough, or may bore one. But why say "ornament in itself," as if the introduction of animals and figures made it not ornament?

L. F. D.—I don't allow that movement is such a good thing when it is repeated over and over again. I like a pattern to be steady. The figures and animals which really make ornament have usually been reduced to something so remote from life and movement as to be no longer animate.

W. C.—Please don't suppose I wish to encourage tipsy patterns. A pattern, whatever movement it contains or expresses, must, of course, have equilibrium. I am not thinking of *bad* patterns. I am simply defending *the principle of choice of units*. All must depend ultimately on their artistic use. Beautiful designs can be made of very few simple and quite abstract units. Decoration is like music somewhat. It is a question of what instrument you will play. You may play on one string or many. It depends on your aim. As to animals made inanimate in ornament I can't agree. What about the lions and tigers on a Persian carpet?

L. F. D.—I can't endure them!

W. C.—If you can't endure them, I am afraid there's little more to be said; but I should like to ask if you can't endure the birds and animals in Egyptian hieroglyphics, or the brush-worked animal borders on early Greek pots, or Chinese dragons, or Sicilian silks, or Heraldry—largely *the* ornament of the Middle Ages—or Italian Renaissance Arabesques?

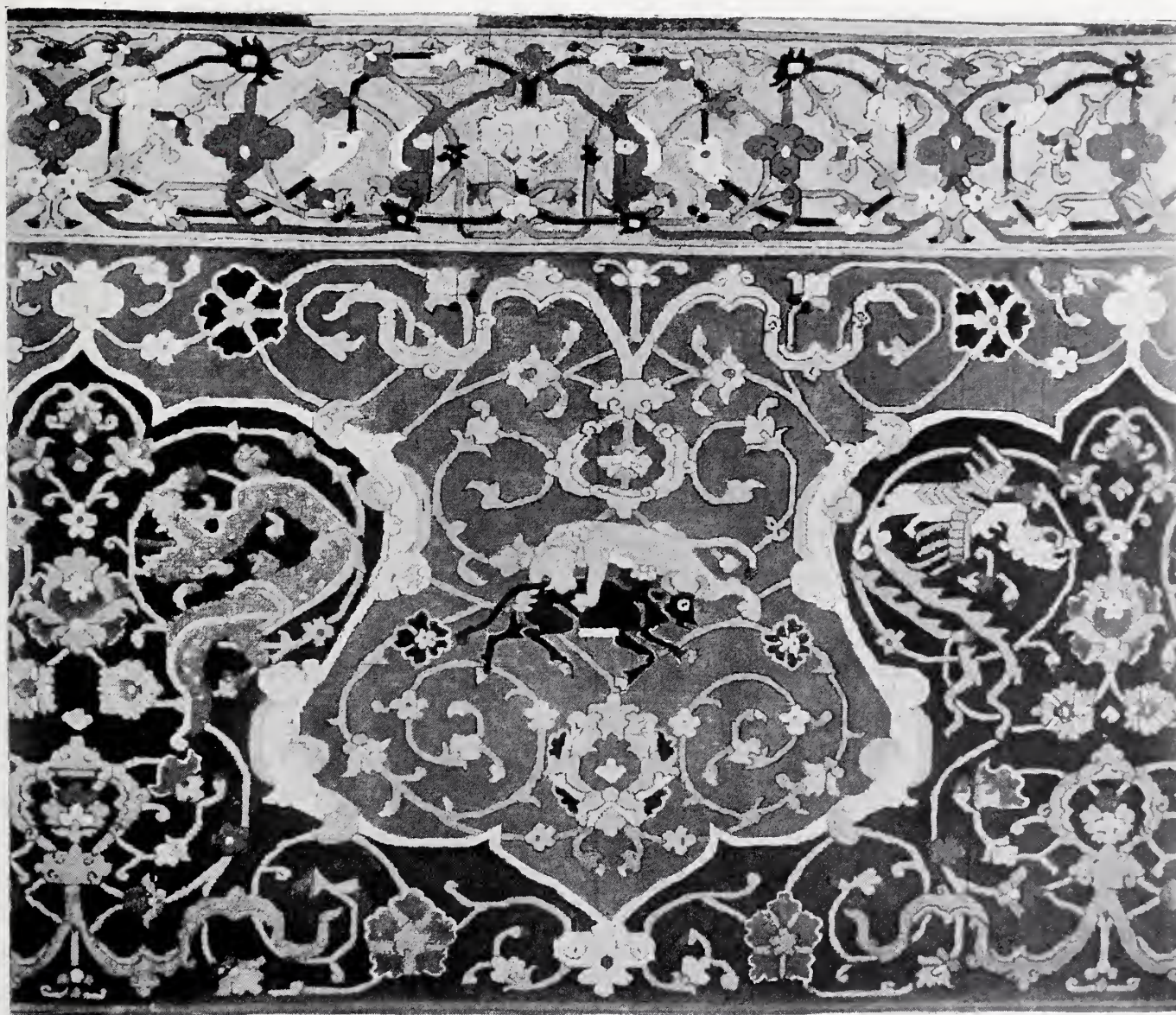
L. F. D.—Oh, there's plenty to be said. As to "choice of units," that depends. The conditions of repeated

pattern limit it, and exclude, as I think, lions and tigers crawling about the floor, where you are as likely as not to see them upside down, a view of the creatures undesirable in proportion as the nature in them is not subdued. Nature is not very lively in the archaic Greek and Mediæval and Renaissance ornament you instance. As to Heraldry and Egyptian hieroglyphics, they are not repeated pattern, but symbolism: ornament is in their case a secondary consideration.

W. C.—I think you would find it difficult to separate

by all means let it be expressed with every regard to ornamental considerations. We are agreed there. My objection is only to animals *repeated*; they lend themselves, I say, to pattern (and that is our point) about in proportion as the nature in them is sacrificed. It seems to me that the conditions of pattern design mostly rule out of court animal and human forms.

W. C.—That is as much as to say that whatsoever is introduced into repeating pattern requires treatment; but you might say that of all art. Do not all forms



Part of Border of an old Persian Carpet in the Victoria and Albert Museum (No. 589, 1898).

ornament and symbolism. In their earlier forms they are identical. In Mediæval heraldry the ornamental sense is quite as important as the symbolic purpose. The one appears to be strengthened by the other. We find heraldic details, mainly animals used as ornamental units, and repeated all over a background to figures (for example, in Mediæval paintings and brasses), with a rich and splendid decorative effect not to be obtained by other means. I quite agree that choice of units in ornament must be governed by conditions of material and use.

L. F. D.—Given a meaning to express (as in Heraldry),

require treatment, floral as well as animal? Animals and figures are more difficult to treat, of course. Much depends upon what you mean by nature. Some people think shaded flowers on a wall-paper or cretonne "more natural."

L. F. D.—I am not of those people. Animals seem so difficult to treat that it is the rarest thing to find them taking quite their place in pattern. I have not definitely determined why—perhaps because they are too individual to bear constant repetition? Eliminate the individuality, make a mere type or symbol of a creature, and, I grant you, it becomes more amenable. To me

the repetition of a living thing lessens my interest in it. It may even end in boring me more than sheer geometry would do. If it is to be repeated, it should be with a difference; and that, you know, is mostly impossible.

W. C.—It comes to what the designer himself is fond of, or what his critics like, or dislike, as the case may be. Association colours our prejudices. When you speak of “mere type,” however, you hit the great point of difference between ornamental form and pictorial form. Typical form to me is just *the* kind one seeks for in ornament, whether floral or other. As to repetition, it is analogous to recurring phrase in music or poetry. It all depends how it's done. One can't be absolute in art.

L. F. D.—The recurring phrase in music is repeated at intervals only. In pattern identical forms stand “all in a row.” That surely makes a vast difference!

W. C.—I think my parallel holds good. Forms in patterns *can* only be repeated at intervals, and, just as a phrase in music, those repeated forms may be identical. “All of a row” may or may not be a condition of a pattern, but it does not touch the argument. You might as reasonably object to repetition in music because it was produced on the same keyboard?

L. F. D.—I do not see the analogy between a musical phrase, recurring as it were unexpectedly, at unequal intervals determined by the musician, and a feature in pattern design which recurs again and again at equal and mechanically fixed distances.

W. C.—Predetermined by the designer, you should add.

L. F. D.—No, they are not predetermined by the designer—the intervals are none of his choosing—the recurrence of his units is fixed by the width of his material and so forth.

W. C.—The mechanical intervals or recurrences due to width and so on, are accepted as essential conditions by the designer, and he ought to design in full consciousness of them. Surely the analogy is sufficient as an illustration: analogous does not mean identical. However, I really do not see that the introduction of animal forms in pattern design is a question of reason. It must be one of feeling, preference, and treatment, like all artistic questions. You cannot prescribe a poet's subjects. It is a poet's treatment that is the important thing.

L. F. D.—Analogy does not further an argument unless it runs quite evenly. I grant the paramountcy of treatment, and agree that you cannot impose upon the poet the subject of his poem; but you may safely point out to him that a subject is dangerously like being impossible to treat—which is almost more than I said about animals in pattern, for I allowed that they were all right if treated with rigorous convention. If it is not a question of reason, how comes it we have been reasoning about it all this while?

W. C.—You said you had not quite determined why animals did not take their place. You now say “They are all right if treated with rigorous convention.” You also “could not endure” Persian-carpet lions and tigers. Our reasoning seems a little mixed. We start with personal likes and dislikes, and find reasons to justify them. Is that “pure reason”?

L. F. D.—The animals in Persian carpets are not

recurring units of the pattern. The animals I can endure in repetition are treated with *such* rigorous convention as hardly to count for living things. There is too much of the menagerie about your Persian lions and tigers for me. If you would admit (which I am afraid you won't) the rigour of convention which would satisfy me, I daresay I could make friends with your pets, and so we could embrace.

W. C.—The Persian animals and birds I had in mind *are* recurring units in one of the finest carpets in South Kensington Museum, and no “menagerie” about them (see illustration). Art is, after all, not argument, but depends upon demonstration. I have no doubt I could satisfy you, and that we should both agree, when it came to particular instances. You admit animal forms in pattern if rigorously conventionalised. I say *all* forms must be conventionalised in pattern. I should prefer the word formalised or systematised, but, define as you will, no words are definite enough in discussing art, which must ultimately in all its forms justify itself.

L. F. D.—“All forms must be conventionalised.” Agreed. But we differ still, do we not? as to the degree of conventionalisation. It is because I find animal forms not very amenable to the necessary “treatment” that I don't want them, or don't often want them, in pattern. There comes a point in argument about art when words will no longer do: perhaps we have about reached it.

W. C.—You don't want animals in pattern. “What never?—well, hardly ever”—you are getting quite Gilbertian! The degree of conventionalisation or formalism must be governed by the purpose and material of the design, and by its relation to its surroundings. Choice of units and their treatment becomes a question of fitness. We appear to agree on general principles; but I claim freedom of choice of units on the part of the designer, and think an artist's justification is in his treatment. You are afraid of the Noah's Ark, and would only allow it to be played with on the strictest conditions. Yes, the final appeal is to demonstration.

L. F. D.—Noah's Ark it often is! But whether from Noah's Ark or the Zoo, I don't want animals on my carpet. If the artist by his treatment can make me like them, I grant him justified; but I doubt his doing that. He is more likely to make me think, “Why can't the man employ his beasts to better purpose—in ornament, for example, which is not repeated?”

W. C.—Ah! there we touch economics. A strictly limited menagerie on a severely limited diet, and no encores—those appear to be your terms for the admission of animals in repeating ornament. I notice people who are not fond of animals by temperament, always say they “like them in their place.”

L. F. D.—Yes, “temperament” accounts for a great deal, no doubt; and I confess I like them “in their place”—not when they have me by the tail.



Decorative and Industrial Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.

FIRST NOTICE.

IT is a daring thing which Glasgow has done in—immediately after an exhibition which, though it may not have been a financial success, and though it certainly in no way represented British art and industry, did as certainly beat the record both for enterprise and accomplishment in the way of a great "World's Fair"—holding a rival show of its own.

The Paris Exhibition offered, on the other hand, to the Glasgow executive an unexampled opportunity of gleaning from the ground on which it stood a wealth of wonderful things the existence of which but for it must have remained unknown to them. They had only to go over there, not only to see what was being done all over the civilized world, but to find out precisely who was doing it, or (what for their purpose amounted to the same thing) to note who was exhibiting it. They had only to offer these men terms attractive enough, to secure them as exhibitors on the banks of the Kelvin.

It appears, therefore, that there was some shrewd calculation in the apparent rashness of the Scottish challenge. In any case there can be no injustice in comparing the one exhibition with the other. Who could help doing it? To hold an International Exhibition immediately after another is not merely to risk comparison but to invite it. It is inevitable.

The plan, of course, of the northern show is a confession that it cannot vie with the French one in its scope. It is on a smaller scale altogether; but there is every ground for hope that we shall find here in more convenient compass, and near enough to British work for fair comparison with it, the pick of what one had wearily to find out amidst a mass of poorer stuff on the Place des Invalides or the Champs de Mars, in the Palaces of the Nations on the quays between, or in the gardens of the Trocadero on the other side of the river.

It happens by a strange coincidence that, at Glasgow as at Paris, the Exhibition includes a gallery of no mean architectural pretensions, built for the permanent display of fine art, but for the time being devoted to a loan collection. The Scottish loan collection includes, besides pictures, sculpture, architec-

ture and drawings in black and white, (1) what the authorities awkwardly describe as "art objects," devoting to them a quite disproportionately small space; (2) photography, which has by strict artistic rights no claim to the considerable space here allotted to it; and (3) a large display of national antiquities and things of local interest, selected, it would seem, less for artistic than for sentimental reasons, which appeal naturally more to the Scotsman than to the world in general.

It is becoming that a gallery owing its origin to the surplus in the hands of the promoters of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888 should be inaugurated in connection with the Exhibition of 1901; but it is not possible to do justice to the work of Mr. John W. Simpson and Mr. E. J.



No. 1.—Wood Screen with incrustation in carved ivory, mother-o'-pearl, etc.
Exhibited by Messrs. Yamanaka and Co., of London.

Milner Allen seen thus in surroundings for which it was not designed, side by side with Mr. James Miller's temporary buildings in a style not expressly designed to give value to the permanent building. A neighbouring structure of the size and importance of the Industrial Hall could hardly fail to overpower the new Art Gallery buildings; in which, by the way, the experiment of entrusting the carving throughout to sculptors working under the control of a master sculptor of the distinction of Mr. Frampton, A.R.A., has led to very notable results—not likely to be appreciated at their full value in the hurry and worry of the fair. This must not be taken to imply the least disparagement of Mr. Miller's imposing Spanish Renaissance palace.

The minor buildings in the grounds include an ornate concert hall, and Russian, Japanese, Canadian and Irish "Pavilions," as they are called, even when they take the form of a Dublin squireen's house or of a settlement of houses, the most of which important is destined to receive His Majesty the Czar. Many of these are characteristic in design and decoration, even if they do not house objects of artistic interest, which some of them do. Individual firms of manufacturers have also their separate kiosks in the grounds for the display of carpets, metal work, or produce of less artistic interest.

The first impression of a great exhibition is bewildering, simple as the plan of it may be, and as in this case it is. It appears to be impossible, and Glasgow is no exception to the rule, to keep incongruous things apart—pottery and cotton, mustard and sewing machines, brushes and lace, photograph frames and stuffed animals, parasols and furniture, bankers' safes and flowerpots—things like these come so nearly together as to disturb each the effect of the other. It takes some time for the mind to adjust itself so as to see things at all in focus.

The first hasty conclusion at which one arrives is that decorative art is not, in this great gathering of things, so thoroughly represented as it might easily have been. But this is only a vague and unconsidered impression, not by any means a verdict upon the show, which, unless it is unlike all other collections of the kind, is sure to reveal, upon more careful inspection, many a wonder of workmanship, hiding itself, may be, behind pretentious display or lost in mediocrity. Nothing is more astonishing than the way in which one comes continually upon really interesting and suggestive work where least, judging by the first glance, one would have expected to find it. A critic, therefore, must reserve his judgment until he has had time to see what is there and all that is there.

As far as the public is concerned, the most successful exhibit is that which is displayed best, a consideration not seldom lost sight of by the exhibitor, who sometimes shoots his goods upon the floor of the exhibition with no more taste or judgment than if it were the store. Another common mistake is to remind us too forcibly of the shop counter. It is possible to spend money upon an exhibition without exhibiting one's wares to advantage. By the time the world is quite weary of exhibitions we shall begin perhaps to understand the art of exhibiting.

It is possible that time of weariness has come already. We explained to ourselves the miserably inadequate show of English work at Paris by reasons of international coldness. The French had insulted us, it was said, and we resented it; but we have no quarrel with the Scot; and yet there are abstentions on the part of English pro-

ducers which make this anything but a representative show of English art and craftsmanship as it is at the beginning of the new century. Judged by what is to be seen at Glasgow, the North may seem perhaps to have outdistanced the South; if that should be so, it will prove only that it is better represented, of which there is no doubt.

There is a fair show of English and Irish work, of things from our Indian Empire, from the Dominion of Canada, from the Australian Commonwealth, something, of course, from South Africa. Russia contributes lavishly of her raw produce, France less liberally of her manufacture, Austria and Denmark send something, Persia, Morocco and Japan also. But it seems on the face of it that only Scotland is quite worthily represented; and of Scotland, Glasgow and its neighbourhood in particular. The array, for example, of ships' models, in the Grand Avenue leading from the Industrial Hall to the machinery building, illustrating as it does the proud position of the Clyde shipbuilders, owes its existence to the fact that the models were at hand, available, to be had for the asking. Whatever foreign or other competitors might have to compare, they would hesitate to send their costly models from afar. The development of shipping and of ocean navigation, which the collection so fully illustrates, at the same time that it is an object lesson in most cunning craftsmanship, may not be entirely due to Northern enterprise; but it gives one the impression that it must be so.

The exhibition, therefore, with its collections of historic, ecclesiastical, and local antiquities, its educational division, and its woman's section, gives us an opportunity, never before so fully to be enjoyed, of appreciating at its full value the quality of Scottish decorative art, here as it were summed up for us—an appreciation all the surer that we are able to compare it with the best of English and foreign works of the kind contributed.

We knew before that Scotland was artistically very much alive, and that the centre of artistic life in Scotland was Glasgow; we knew that Glasgow had broken fresh ground, that the local school had long been making daring attacks upon traditions which the world at large was still content to accept. Certain of its adherents had taken us more or less captive by the strength of their colour and astonished us by the weirdness of their design; but we had hitherto to judge this Northern art by isolated examples, often unhappily placed amidst work conceived in a spirit quite unfriendly to it; here it is at home, its foot upon its native heath. What will be the effect of it upon us upon nearer and fuller acquaintance? will it grow or pall upon us? That is what the Glasgow Exhibition should show. A fortnight or so in its atmosphere can hardly leave a Southerner precisely where he was in its appreciation—pending which time it will be as well to keep a discreet silence.

It is proposed later to enter into more detailed account of the industrial and decorative art displayed in the buildings of the Exhibition and in their contents, with such criticism of them as occasion may require, drawing possibly some comparison between Scottish, English, foreign and colonial exhibits, and, in fine, the moral of it all—if upon reflection there should seem to be a moral.

L. F. D.

Modern Craftsmanship in Japan.

WE are so accustomed to the common Japanese wares imported of late into this country in the way of trade, that it comes upon us as a surprise when we find in the ware-rooms of an importer, who happens to deal in works of art, what ad-



No. 2.—Vase in translucent enamel.
Yamanaka and Co.



No. 3.—Silver Vase with raised ornament, partly enameled.
Yamanaka and Co.

mirable things are to this day being done in Japan. It ought not, however, to surprise us. The absolutely perfect workmanship in lacquering, bronze founding, and other crafts in which Japanese artists of a past age excelled, are evidence of sound tradi-

tions which could not come quite suddenly to an end; and the deft workmanship still at times to be found in the cheapest work made for the British market, shows that they are not dead yet, competitive manufacture notwithstanding.

Some of the very best of modern work is to be found in the galleries of Messrs. Yamanaka and Co., in Bond Street, and they have just now on view, there and at the Glasgow Exhibition, a number of quite exceptional specimens shown last year at the Paris Exhibition, and no doubt expressly produced for it. Such a work is the screen illustrated apropos of our introductory remarks upon the Glasgow Exhibition on page 215. It is in dark brown wood, encrusted with carved inlays. The eagle, life-size, is in ivory, cunningly put together so that the divisions of the feathering completely mask the joints, and carved with a skill and a delicacy worthy of the broad design and masterly draughtsmanship.

Another direction in which the modern Japanese are doing very remarkable work is in enamel, which takes,



No. 4.—Iron Incense-burner, with panels in silver filagree and enamel.
Yamanaka and Co.

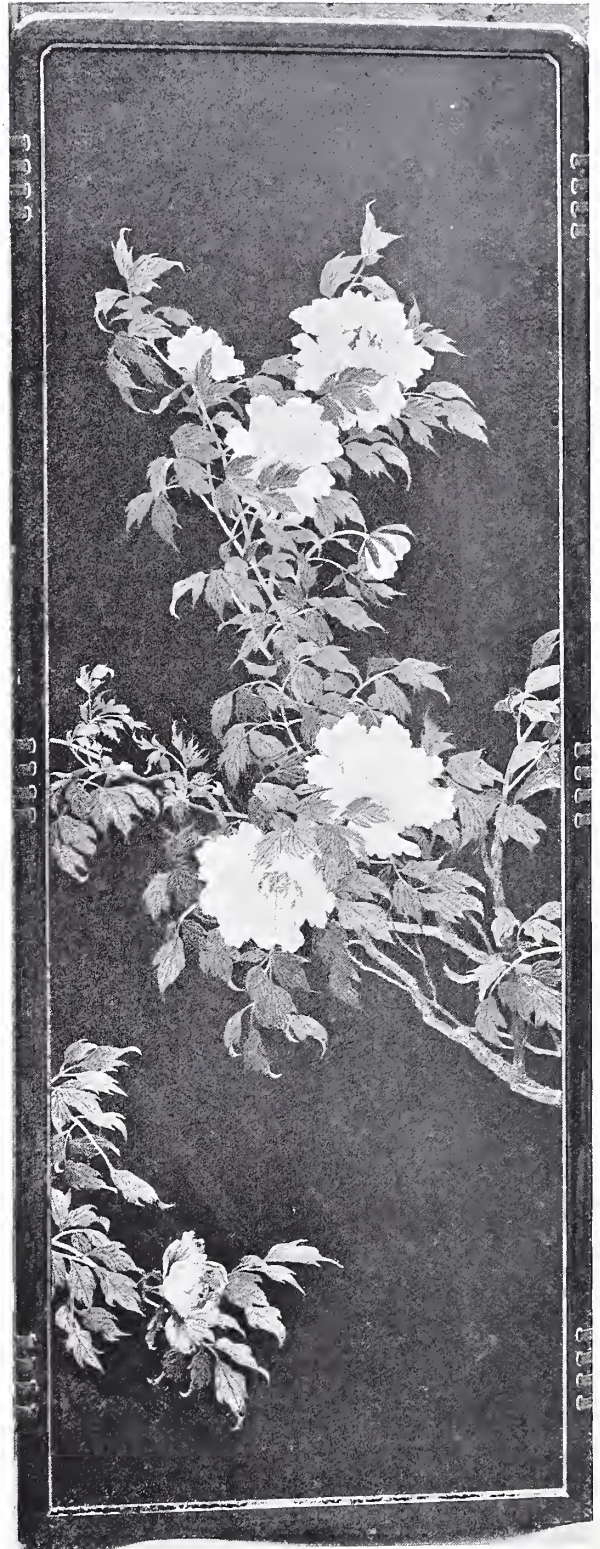
nowadays, no longer the form of geometric pattern work in opaque and rather heavy colouring, but of free and often naturalistic designs, not only in solid but in translucent colour. This upon a foundation of silver has a very brilliant effect, the chasing of the metal showing through, and giving light and sparkle to the tints. The waves upon the band of water round the vase above (No. 2) are represented in that kind of "basse taille," as the method of chasing out the ground and so varying the thickness of enamel, and consequently the depth of the colour, used to be called. We miss, here, the cloisons of metal; and the departure from ancient precedent is hardly good; it enables the artist to get broad expanses of unbroken colour, but, as it happens, broken colour too is beautiful.

A modern practice more to be commended is that shown in the vase illustrated in No. 3, in which the ornament in delicate relief upon a plain ground is illuminated in bright enamel colour. Yet more beautiful is the effect of the panels let into the little iron incense-burner (No. 4) in which the ornament is partly in enamel, partly in open filagree work, free cloisons as it were, not filled in. In whatever the metal adopted, the Japanese artificer seems to know always precisely what he wants to do, and to do it without fail.

A further illustration of the quality of Japanese art, even in work of a common kind, occurs in the leaf of a folding screen (No. 5). This is no occasional *tour de force*, only a piece of everyday manufacture, but it could not well be better in its way. The drawing of the tree peony is singularly expressive. The artist knew the plant, the habit of its growth, and how under different

conditions it would behave; not otherwise could he have rendered it thus with the wind amongst its branches. We have here the poetry of conventional treatment.

Messrs. Yamanaka and Co. have amongst their treasures fine specimens of old lacquer and other work, with which it is interesting to compare the best of modern doing. How long it will continue to be produced, now that the



No. 5.—Panel of Folding Screen in silk embroidery.
Yamanaka and Co.

Japanese are taken with the idea of Western progress, is a question. In the meantime it is satisfactory to be able to certify that such good work is being done.



From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

The Russian Buildings of Agriculture and Wood Industries.

The Glasgow International Exhibition, 1901.*

EMBELLISHMENT by statuary is confined to the Industrial Hall. On the dome and at three points along its northern frontage, are winged figures holding electric lights; within, on the curved spandrils of the dome—the pendentives—are alto-relievo groups, and the portrait statue of the King. All the sculpture is from the hands of Mr. Albert H. Hodge, who is also responsible for the modelled figure work combined with scroll ornament over doorways, and at windows



throughout the buildings, and already referred to. The statue of King Edward, raised on a high circular pedestal, is a standing figure, in field-marshal's uniform, of heroic size. This is its demerit, for there is

* Continued from pages 189 and 216.

little of interest in huge jack-boots, and these are chiefly in evidence to the spectator on the floor level; from the gallery, no doubt, a better perspective effect is obtained, but a portrait bust supported by emblematic figures would have been much more interesting.

The purely decorative groups are quite successful, happy both in their treatment and in their position. All four are alike, but there is no effect of repetition, because no two can be seen in the same position. Electric coloured lights are introduced at the galley prows with doubtful success. The figure on the dome is seen best in front view, sideways it appears off the centre. This winged figure is repeated elsewhere, slightly reduced in the pinion, and in all, instead of the usual pose with foot resting on the ball, there is an undisguised pole transfixing ball and figure that gives the necessary stiffening for so large a surface exposed to the wind, and the figure appears to stand free of direct support; thus the idea of flight is happily suggested. The wings perhaps err on the side of fulness, and have rather a butterfly outline; the drapery folds too are more ample than usual, but it is spirited and unconventional work.

The bridge that fronts the piazza colonnade incorporates an existing one greatly widened, a necessity no doubt of the traffic, but a most unfortunate one, for it deprives the building of the very finest of architectural adjuncts, the steep bank of a river, and the reflecting surface of its water—most beautiful of foregrounds.

As after all the axis of the new bridge is not that of the piazza, two narrower ones, as at the last Exhibition, might have been better in this respect.

Of the Industrial Hall it is the outside elevation that is of chief value; an idea of its frontages is given in the view from the south-east (page 187) taken outside the ground. The corner pavilions, of which there are



Photo, Annan.

Building for Van Houten's Cocoa Exhibit.

eight, all alike, terminate long stretches of an arcaded front broken only by one projecting bay, gabled. They have low domes, surmounting red-tiled roofs with wide projecting eaves. Under these are openings with circled cornice, formed of a large cove quite out of scale with any other moulding employed. This is the feature before referred to as original, but not good, as compared with the general design approved as good, while denied originality. There is an outward bulge in the curve that still further accentuates this questionable departure from precedent. The same feature reappears in the entrance from the piazza; and in an important part of the design and on an enlarged scale is even less defensible. At the two Restaurant Pavilions, where the effort is less serious, it may be permitted in the freer treatment general, but it cannot be urged that the elements elsewhere employed—*dado*, column, entablature and attic—were in their adaptations exhausted; why then need they have been discarded for a form not in itself particularly beautiful. It is a gratuitous surrender to the trivialities of the latter-day arts and crafts cult in architecture.

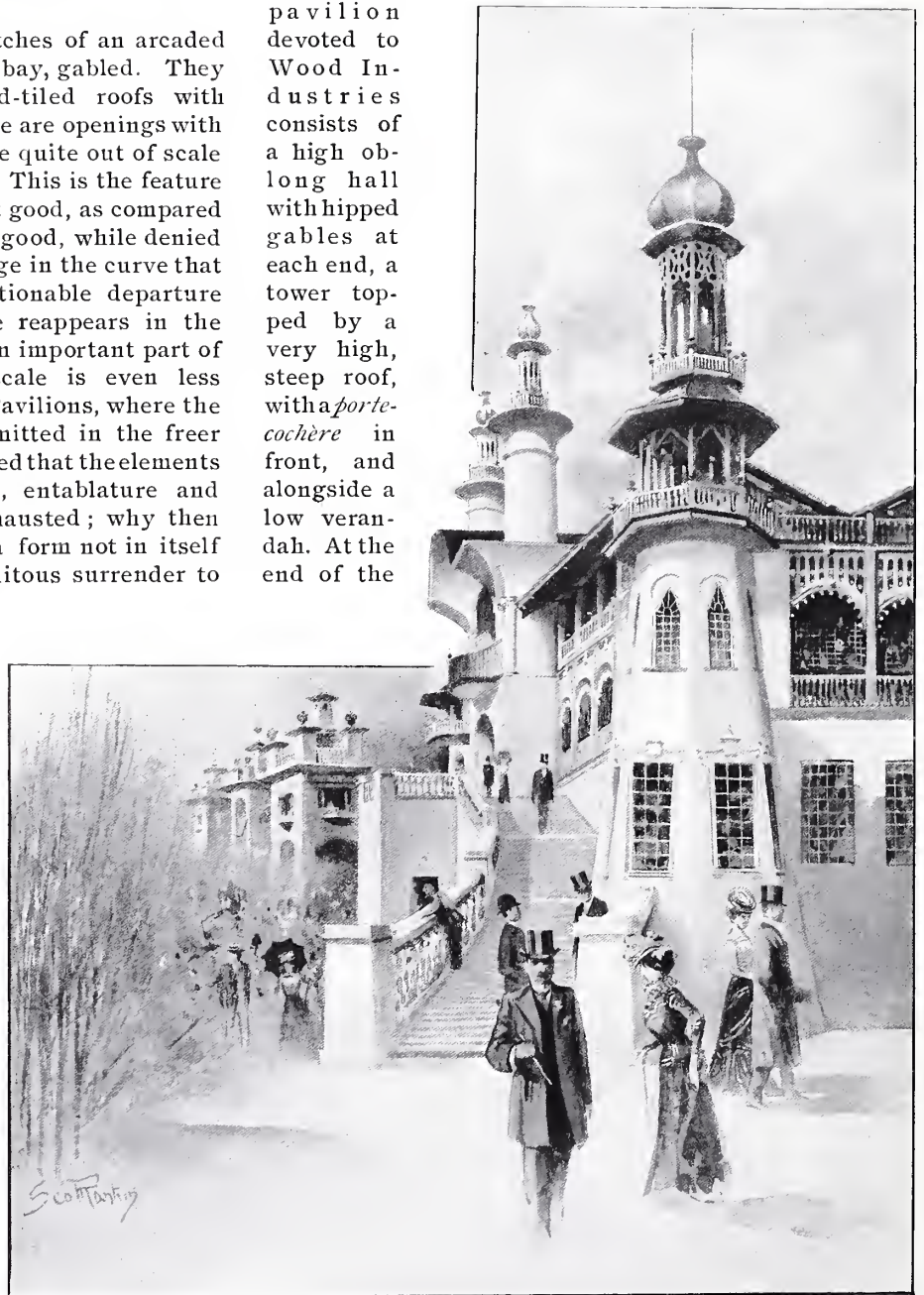
The pond is about the only portion in the grounds left untouched and preserving something of the rurality of Kelvingrove now temporarily disturbed; it affords to the Concert Hall on its margin a very picturesque foreground.

Connected with this erection there was the one note of discord between the building executive and any section of the public, for to permit of it old Kelvingrove House was destroyed. Of late eighteenth century classic of the type the architect Adam popularised, and the mansion of a former Lord Provost, it was a typical example of an early Glasgow residence of the better sort, happily preserved in its original surroundings. It was utilised as a museum, and some thirty years ago had added to it an

incongruous if quite suitable museum hall: this has been preserved and will be occupied by the Japanese Section. The destruction of what no one claimed more for than that it was interesting and rare in a city that has unavoidably lost so many of its old land-marks, was a reflection on the authorities who sanctioned the folly. It was gratuitous destruction, carried out in the teeth of protests from societies architectural and archaeological, and what alone could have excused the removal, occupancy of ground required for some important or permanent erection such as the Concert Hall, could not be pleaded; only for a temporary restaurant was the site desired, a rather trivial end to require such a sacrifice.

The Park at its eastern end is quite level, and there is situated the Russian Section. There are three large erections, besides smaller ones; quite the most important display made by any foreign power. The two illustrated are fairly characteristic of all, but, if anything, more sober in design. The pavilion

devoted to Wood Industries consists of a high oblong hall with hipped gables at each end, a tower topped by a very high, steep roof, with a *portecochère* in front, and alongside a low verandah. At the end of the



The Royal Bungalow.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

verandah is another porch supported on absurdly massive brick piers. All else is of wood, with the main part built in simulation of log-walling, composed of young fir-trees trimmed to octagonal sections, and at the corners of the house half-checked Oxford-frame fashion. The section of some of the roofs is heart-shaped, and all are covered with shingles. There are many curved forms, in small gables and facings to windows and doors, but these are cut out of boards and not obtained by the use of natural forks of timber as in English half-timber work. The barge boards have fine projections, but are poor and thin, and suggest the saw much more than balks of timber trimmed with the axe. There are no mouldings—and it is interesting to note the effect with this architectural feature absent, that is, perhaps, hardly popularly valued at its worth. There is no carving, and this is very disappointing: only the most elementary fret-work used in a sort of sky-sign manner, and of a poor type, for the design is in the solid left, not in the void, so there is the appearance of cheap incipient carving. The colouring is very varied and quite harmonious. In the Wood Industries' pavilion the prevailing tint is a warm brown, with the roof of a grey blue. It seems a pity that nowhere has advantage been taken of the possibilities in a colour scheme of wood left untouched by paint. There are bright colours in the decoration, some of it applied on canvas attached to the walling; at the ridges aluminium, put on in leaf and then lacquered, gives a silver effect.

The two large restaurants on the North bank have much in common as regards design. As the work of the executive, they echo in general treatment the Exhibition proper. It is only to be regretted that greater care was not taken with their alignment and axial relation to the larger erections and to one another. Had some system been followed, there would have been

room for, and reason in the irregularity of the smaller buildings; but where all are alike unstudied there is a distinct loss in effect.

The Prince's Restaurant has the best situation of all, certainly the most commanding. Its salient features are the three towers with open storeys; at each are projecting balconies with curved front, that contrasts well with the prevailing rectangularity. In the upper arches of the central tower is some rather *rococo* pierced work, but otherwise the style is Spanish Renaissance, treated appropriately for the purpose of the building and for the material employed; all is painted white.

Adjoining is the studio of Messrs. Annan, the official photographers to the executive. The upper storey, with small, half-round gables, is quite plain, and projects over the lower; between is a deep frieze formed by simple cornices, and the only ornamentation is that of a few baluster pilasters connecting. The sign lettering and the city arms there, and the roofs, are black, all else is white, excepting the small upper windows that have lattice shutters, not generally found in Scotland, and these are painted bright green.

To many the most artistic exhibit will be Van Houten's Cocoa house, a two storey erection, square in plan with gables the full width of each side: the ridges are level and at their crossing is a glazed lantern. In each gable face is a projecting flat oriel. All the

surface, of wood and plaster, is an ivory white with modelled enrichments gilt; the roof tiles are dark mottled brown, the lantern top is of dull bronze. All very simple in the component parts but daintily handled with cultured taste; the style is English domestic, and the architect is Mr. A. N. Prentice.

The Royal Bungalow Restaurant justifies its name in



Glasgow International Exhibition.
Entrance from Gray Street.



The Prince's Restaurant and Annan's Photographic Studio.
From a drawing by A. Scott Rankin.

the oriental character of its architecture. Minarets, rather than towers, are the structural adornments, and these are very nicely treated. The open timber arcading with curved heads are quite in keeping with the style, but the open bar tracery above has more affinity with English Perpendicular Gothic than with Indian Mohammedan art. While the general tone is pure white, positive colour in the form of bright green and rich purple is pretty largely introduced, and quite influences the design, much more so than where colour is over all, as with the Russian Pavilion, for example, but here architect and decorator have happily co-operated.

The Bridge here illustrated crosses Dumbarton Road

and connects the Grand Avenue with the Machinery Hall, with the towers at either side forming an effective architectural group for the Western approach to the Exhibition.

In the part of the grounds adjoining there is a rather heterogeneous assemblage of buildings, interesting enough in themselves and their contents, but collectively a trifle tawdry. Fortunately these are in the valley, and on the heights on either side the eye is caught and retained by the permanent beauty of the Art Gallery and the University, their dignity enhanced by contrast with the briefer gaiety of the cosmopolitan pageant below.

A. MCGIBBON.



Photo, Annan.

Approach to Machinery Hall.



The Selection of a Model.
By Mariano Fortuny.

Spanish Art at the Guildhall.

THE energetic Director of the City Art Gallery is to be cordially congratulated on having brought together at the Guildhall some two hundred works by Spanish artists of the glorious past, and of, it must be admitted, the relatively undistinguished present. The all too small additional gallery is devoted to thirty-nine pictures attributed to Velasquez. Of early examples, 'The Water-Carrier of Seville,' painted about 1619, already shows the quest for a dignity, a beauty intimately related to the subject-matter, more intimately still to the quality of vision, the temperament of the artist. He had not yet acquired the surety, either of concept or of handling, which enabled him, later, imaginatively to compose a 'Surrender of Breda,' to paint 'Las Meninas' or 'Las Hilanderas.' Yet hints of his intense pre-occupation with form and colour and atmosphere are here discernible. If this be the work of a lad of twenty, then no wonder he became the painter's painter, perhaps the greatest stylist, the most subtle interpreter of tone, who has ever lived. To seventeen years later is ascribed the Marquis of Bristol's exquisite portrait of Don Baltazar Carlos, as a lad of seven, standing, three hounds beside him, in a hilly landscape.

The little huntsman has here been immortalised, the pre-eminently apt pictorial message of figure and decorative nature-setting once and for all conveyed. This lovely study in cool tones is flanked on the one side by the King's sumptuously coloured portrait of Don Carlos, on the other by the Duke of Wellington's half-length of Pope Innocent X., fine as a harmony of delicate pinks, incisive as a revelation of character. Among other pictures of rare worth are the Duke of Devonshire's 'Lady with a Mantilla' (illustrated on page 202, in an

article by Mr. Claude Phillips on the Spanish Pictures at Hertford House) and Captain Holford's full-length portrait of Olivares, in richly embroidered black dress.

Gallery IV. contains several famous Fortunys. He was a veritable magician, but a magician who—despite his marvellous cunning of hand, partly, maybe, by very reason of this cunning—fails to move us. He can render almost miraculously, with miniature-like precision, the sacristy of a Spanish church, with figures brilliantly clad in the fashion of Louis Quinze. No flash of splendour is sacrificed; he plays with opulent colours as a juggler with his knives. A second astounding *tour de force* is his 'Selection of a Model,' reproduced at the head of this article. The massive columns of marble and porphyry, the pink walls with their decorations of polished brass, each accessory of the splendid scene is triumphantly attacked. We are dazzled, yet we remain coldly attentive spectators. Less wonder-provoking, more potent of charm, are Fortuny's 'The Espada,' and his study of a negro in white berouise and buff cloak, a frank essay which reveals much of genuine power.

In the large gallery on the lower level the modern works are congregated. Dominating the wall above the gallery is 'The Seat of Philip II,' by Alvarez, lent by the Emperor of Germany; central positions are devoted to big historical pictures by Pradilla, whose 'Boabdil surrendering the Keys of Granada,' makes us regret the more that Velasquez's 'Breda' is not here; sufficiently pleasant studies of Roman peasantry by Ramon Tusquets; and examples by Madrazo, Garcia y Ramos, and many more. The thanks of the public are due to the many collectors who have made the present exhibition possible.

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Gossip from the Sale Rooms.

THE late Mr. Charles Langton's fine collection, which Messrs. Christie sold in April last, contained some very fine drawings, notably five gems by Sir J. E. Millais, engravings of which have rendered them familiar the world over. These were 'My First Sermon,' 'My Second Sermon,' 'The Order of Release,' 'The Proscribed Royalist,' and 'The Huguenot.' The five realised £730, (Agnew), but then they were water-colours of very small size. In 1879 the painting of 'The Order of Release,' some 40 in. by 29 in., alone brought £2,800, and would sell for far more now.

Water-Colours can be bought, for the most part, cheaply enough now, because fashion glorifies paintings to their detriment. If any proof of this were needed we have only to turn to Sir Henry Hope Edwardes' sale of pictures, held also in April. On that occasion Murillo's own Portrait of himself realised £2,730; in 1853 it sold for £346. The great difference cannot wholly be ascribed to a tardy recognition of artistic excellence hitherto only partly appreciated. There are, obviously enough, other causes at work. Sir Hope Edwardes' collection contained many important paintings, among them Sir Peter Lely's Portrait of the Duchess of Cleveland in a brown dress, ornamented with pearls, £441 (£105 in 1878), Van de Helst's Portrait of Admiral de Hoche-pied, exhibited at Burlington House in 1885, £1,995, and Van der Heyden's 'View of a Dutch Town,' 8½ in. by 10½ in., an exquisitely finished production, £966.

Paintings belonging to other owners were included in the same sale, and one of them, 'A View of a Woody Country,' by Hobbema, realised no less than £9,870 (Lawrie and Co.), which is nearly the record price for pictures by that talented master. His 'View in Holland,' now Mr. Beit's, sold for £210 more in 1892. Other pictures in this very important sale comprised Reynolds' fine portrait of Squire Musters, which fetched £1,680 (Agnew). Sir Joshua's portrait of Mrs. Willett brought £1,701 (Wertheimer,) completely eclipsing her husband the Captain, in his naval uniform, who was "knocked down" for a miserable £157 10s. (Shepherd). Messrs. Agnew bought Romney's portrait of Mrs. Dorothy Champion Crespigny, seated in a landscape, for £5,880, and then two portraits by John Russell, the one of Mark Currie, and the other of Elizabeth, his wife, shared the same fate as the Willetts. Both were painted in the same year (1789), both were in pastel and of the same size, and yet the price paid for the portrait of Mrs. Currie was £1,627 10s. (Pottier), as against £210 (Harding) for that of her husband. Gainsborough's magnificent portrait of Dr. Henrique Sequeira realised £2,257 10s. (Agnew); Dr. Sequeira, who died in London in 1816, was the physician to the Prince Regent of Portugal. Nothing perhaps could better illustrate the general pre-eminence of the eternal feminine than the immense sums of money that have recently been paid for fine 'states' of mezzotint portraits of ladies after Sir Joshua Reynolds. It was thought at the time that the Blyth 'Duchess or Rutland,' by Valentine Green, out-heroded Herod in the matter of cost when a thousand guineas was paid for it, but that record was barely six weeks old when it was nullified, for on the last day of April the first published state of J. R. Smith's 'Mrs. Carnac' realised £1,218.

Passing Events.

IN commemoration of fifty years' prosperous yield from the earth, an International Exhibition will be held this Autumn in the City of Bendigo, Australia. Interest will naturally centre upon the section which will be devoted to examples of mining appliances of past and present use; but indications of progress in civilisation will not be neglected. The Science section will include all the most recent discoveries, and Art will receive its share of attention. Oil and water-colour pictures, engravings and etchings will be sent inland from Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, and objects of Art will be collected from other available sources. It is proposed to offer a prize of £500 for the best picture exhibited, the successful canvas to be placed in the Bendigo Art Gallery on the termination of the Exhibition.

UNANIMOUS seem the opinions of the public that the decision of the Victoria Memorial Committee is unsatisfactory. The perpetuation of the good reign of our late Queen is a matter of no ordinary moment, and it is well that the whole question should be thoroughly considered before final measures are adopted. The Committee have not an enviable position, for it may be taken for granted that whatever their judgment, critics will condemn. A work to last from one generation to another to convince posterity of our respect and esteem for the great departed, cannot be easily determined, and the question of the ability of the executant is still more difficult. A public competition has its advantages, but many artists of eminence have a reasonable objection to open competitions, in which they may be vanquished by younger and less known men; whereupon comparisons are odious. The same principle governed the tournaments and duels of olden times, a lord deeming it beneath his dignity to meet a commoner in combat, sometimes, it may be supposed, from considerations of his own welfare. If on this great occasion of National as well as sentimental commemoration, professional etiquette could be waived, and the known compete in artistic rivalry with the unknown, all honour to those who descend from their pedestals to strive with their humbler, but perhaps not less brilliant, brethren.

THE name of Thornycroft has been identified with sculpture of the highest excellence during two generations. The reputation with the chisel of Thomas and Mary Thornycroft has been more than sustained by their son, Hamo, the distinguished Academician; and the artistic inheritance descended to their daughter Helen in the more gentle medium of the brush. The work of two years has recently been exhibited at her studio in Melbury Road, and to those who noticed her picture in the Royal Academy and wished to see more of her work, the opportunity was afforded. Picturesque scenery was selected during an extended tour, and many charming little pictures resulted. Miss Thornycroft's best work is seen in her representation of gardens and flowers, difficult subjects the realistic treatment of which is a sure test of ability. A vase of primroses attracted attention by their natural arrangement, and a garden scene, carefully executed, left no doubt that its frequenters found it "A Favourite Nook."



Engraved by Franciscan

On Plain Air

E. DEBAT-LONGAN

Printed by C. Debat-Longan

No. 5215 - 1874



Taormine

A Suburb of the Sun

TAORMINE

WITH DRAWINGS BY SIDNEY STEPHENS

THE fortunate place which has won this name from nature owes its distinction not only to the fact that it is now one of the most popular winter resorts in the extreme south of Europe, but to its aspect of its bland air and delicious sunshine, but also to its lofty position and the fantastic mountain range of Mount Taormina above the Ionian sea. A Sicilian poet speaks of Taormina as the skyward city, and although the little hill town, once so quiet and celebrated as Taormenion in antiquity, its modern urbanism is not quaint. Certainly the route chosen for the first time up the precipitous walls of Mount Taormina—whether above from Letojanni through the wild gorges and tortuous waterfalls, or by the long and grandiose Via Vecchia, still used by the peasants and peasants of Taormina and Molo, or by the sea water-courses of Framaradella Dertina, and the rough cactus-covered uneven paths leading upward all they are almost under the sheer height of the Catania lava—was made by the new winding road that was first made and at first descending, as you descend from the station of Taormina, always made at the eastern end of the peninsula, will be a new and better "highway."

There were just 14 in the ancient settlement, but in 1860, when Taormina became a town, the population had barely begun to increase to the present day.



Taormina



View over Taormina.
From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

A Suburb of the Sun.

TAORMINA.

WITH DRAWINGS BY CHARLES KINGWOOD.

THE fortunate place which has won this poetic designation, owes its distinction not only to the fact that it is now one of the most popular winter-resorts in the extreme south of Europe, on account of its bland air and continuous sunshine, but also from its lofty position amid the fantastic mountain-range of Mount Tauros above the Ionian Sea. A Sicilian poet speaks of Taormina as the skyward city; and although the little hill-town, once so great and celebrated as Tauromenion, is not a city, the epithet otherwise is not inapt. Certainly any visitor coming for the first time up the precipitous ways of Mount Tauros—whether afoot from Letojanni through the wild gorges and tortuous eastern by-paths, or by the steep and exhausting Via Vecchia, still used by the muleteers and peasants of Taormina and Mola, or by the arid water course of the Fiumara della Decima, and the rough cactus-bordered western paths leading upward till they end abruptly under the sheer height of the Catania Gate; or, as is usual, by the new winding South Road which, by ceaseless and at first bewildering serpentine curves, leads from the shore-station of Giardini till it enters the Messina Gate at the eastern end of the town—might well endorse the epithet “skyward”!

There are points in the ascent, whichever way be taken, when Taormina appears to be in the clouds. The traveller has barely become accustomed to one aspect

AUGUST, 1901



Along the route of the ancient Aqueduct.
From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.



The Medieval Castle of Roger Loria. From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

before he is startled by seeing another cone-shaped precipice, topped with a broken crown of building, rising sheer above, and seemingly out of Taormina—and so realises that after all there is something between the hill-town and the clouds. If, as is likely, he arrives by the Giardini driving-road, he will—shortly after he has passed under the beautiful gardens of Santa Caterina, an old convent, now the winter home of Sir Edward Hill—reach a point where another surprise awaits him. Range after range, mountain after mountain, fantastic peak after fantastic peak are revealed—but there, far above not only Taormina, but above the precipitous Rocca di Castello itself, towers—or rather perilously leans forward—yet another precipitous mountain bearing upon its forehead a goodly town.

This is Mola, but in ascertaining its name the traveller is likely to ask anxiously if “this kind of thing is going to keep on,” till towns overtopping towns reach the level of Mount Etna’s topmost crater, some eleven thousand feet high—or perhaps even top that, and continue indefinitely into the clouds. Not that the loyal Taorminesi will admit that clouds are often to be seen, except for a brief spell when the snows of Alps and Apennines fall here in wild rains, when the loosening of February is come. The townsfolk have a saying: “There are four things one must not look for in Taormina—clouds in summer, stars in winter (*i.e.*, the rainy season about mid-January), charity in brothers, and faith in women.” “Yes, we have the saying, but no good Taorminese said it,” remarked a worthy citizen to me; “it is the speech of some of these poor people down Messina or Catania way.” Then, as an afterthought and with a humorous expression, he added: “All the same, we may say that we don’t see clouds here from Easter till



The Old Belfry. From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.



The Headland of Capo San Andrea. From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

All Saints', and certainly brothers are the last persons among whom to discover the virtue of charity; and as for our women-folk—why, I don't suppose they are so very much better than all the other women of the world!"

Apropos of this worthy man's aside as to the Messina or Catania folk, I recall an amusing remark made by the decrepit old custode who dogs the visitor to the great ruined castle on the ancient Acropolis over Taormina. "Ah, yes," he said, "Taormina is the most beautiful place in the world—how else would all these *forestieri* leave their comfortable homes, and come so far—yes, *Dio mio*, people from the Americas even—and the Taorminesi, too, Signore, Signora, they are the best people in Sicily, oh, far the best. All the others, down there at Giardini, and at Aci yonder (pointing to the orange-groves of the Aetnean shore-town, beyond which lay the picturesque mediæval castle of Roger Loria, and nearer, the famed Cyclopean rocks, still called the *Scogli de' Ciclopi* or *Ulisso*, which Polyphemus, the dread one-eyed Cyclops, hurled at Ulysses after that Homeric hero had managed to escape seaward); and at Catania, and away down to Syracuse, they are one and all liars and thieves by nature; but we, we Taorminesi, we are *tutti cristiani*, *tutti cristiani*—good Christians, every man of us." The old man added that though he was very solitary now, and suffered much from the cold up at that height, he was well off, for his *sposa vecchia* was now in Heaven, and that his two sons—one a carpenter in the Salita Luna (a narrow, picturesque, old street off the Corso), and the other a fisherman at Capo San Andrea, the headland far below Taormina, and from which the murmur of the Ionian Sea can almost continually be heard, even, they say, at Mola—were "angels of goodness," for one sent him fish now and again, and every year the other made him a present either of a she-goat with "expectations,"



By the Old Hill Road. From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

or some like gift. As for his little grand-daughter, Nina, daughter of his dead Providenza, she was a good girl and tended his goats at their "bit house" (*casalino*), under the shadow of overhanging Mola.

It is not surprising that Taormina is now, from January till March, one of the most frequented places in the south of Italy. It has absolutely unique picturesqueness, a beauty of situation and outlook far surpassing Amalfi, La Cava, and other favourite Neapolitan resorts, with the great (winter) advantage of facing due south, and so enjoying a climate far superior to that of Sorrento or Castellammare. It has its famous Greek or rather Græco-Roman theatre, and innumerable classic attractions and associations, and is the centre of that wonderful region which is bounded by the mountains of Castrogiovanni (the ancient Enna, where Persephone was gathering flowers when snatched away from Demeter and the "glad life of day" by "Gloomy Dis"), on the north; by Syracuse and Girgenti on the south; and by Messina, Reggio, and the Straits of Calabria to the east; and, of all the places in Sicily, is the best both for the ever-varying outlook on majestic Etna, and as a basis of exploration of its wild lava-stricken slopes, its snow-limit forests, its remote, picturesque, mediæval towns.

The student will find himself in an atmosphere of association which will afford ceaseless delight. There is more than enough range for him between the time when Dionysius, the tyrant of Syracuse, destroyed the ancient Greek city of Naxos, on the promontory below, or between the advent of the Tauromenian leader Andromachos, or the coming of the great deliverer, Timoleôn—and the dramatic passage here in

1860 of that modern deliverer, Garibaldi, on his way from the triumphs of Calatafimi and Palermo to the all but fatal disaster in the wood of Aspromonte, on the Calabrian coast opposite, above Reggio—that ancient Rhegiôn, in all ages so closely associated with the fortunes of Sicily.

The lover of Greek thought and Greek poetry, of that potent Greek genius which has influenced all the literatures of Europe, ancient and modern, will delight in the associations of Pythagoras, Pindar, Æschylus, and Theocritus, to mention four only of the great and famous names more or less directly connected with Taormina or its neighbourhood, from the time of its first historian Timeo, its first man of science Filea (the contemporary and colleague of the famous Syracusan Archimedes, and the latter's fellow engineer of that vast Ship of Gelon which was the pride of Ptolemy at Alexandria, and the wonder of the ancient maritime world), and its first fatal messengers of the South and East, the Carthaginian Himilkon and the Asiatic Pyrrhus, to Goethe and Humboldt and the great English historian, Freeman.

True, there is no certainty that Æschylus (who spent his later years in Sicily, and died at Syracuse), or Theocritus, a native Syracusan, were ever actually in Taormina, but it is almost certain, as the wealthy and beautiful Hellenic Tauromenion lay within easy reach of Syracuse (on clear days one can readily distinguish from almost any part of Taormina, or of its approaches or environing heights, not

only the long promontory of Mount Hybla and Syracuse, but even the Outlook [*Belvedere*] on Epipolæ, near Euryelos, above the vast extent of the ancient city), that Theocritus knew intimately this loveliest region



The Salita Luna,
a picturesque old street
off the Corso.

From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.



The
Island of San Nicolo,
below Taormina.

From a drawing by Charles Kingwood

he has so celebrated in his idyls, and that Æschylus witnessed here the performance of his own dramas. It is not likely that the great tragic dramatist would omit a visit to a neighbouring city, whose high civilisation had been directed by Pythagoras himself, and where the names of Simonides and Anacreon would be almost as familiar as in the Hellenic motherland.

The fame, too, of Naxos—Taormina's vanished parent-town, now but the desolate, lava-strewn promontory of Capo Schisò—might certainly well attract him thither; while so pious a worshipper of the antique gods of Hellas would desire to pay homage at the great temple of Apollo Archagêtês, which stood where now only the drifting sand and the omnipresent cactus dispute the lava-covered site. Doubtless Pindar had long before been there, too, and made, on his Naxian promontory, some of those strophes so beloved of the Greeks which celebrate "the mother mountain," great Etna, "pillar of heaven," "nourisher of the snow"—for though Pindar died twenty years at least after Æschylus came to his strange end in a Sicilian meadow on "the Syracusean shore," it was at a great age, and no doubt he had voyaged to Magna Græcia and Sicily while his great contemporary was still in Athens in the prime of life.

It is known also that Plato visited these shores,

and it has been asserted—though this is but surmise—that Sappho was among the great ones of Hellas who visited Naxos, which in her day (about 600 B.C.) had already, for more than a hundred years, been perhaps the most famous of Greek colonial towns. Whether Pythagoras, Pindar, Æschylus, Plato, and others with names less distinguished but familiar and cherished, came first to Naxos by way of Sybaris and Rhegiôn, *i.e.*, along the coasts of Magna Græcia, or crossed the Ionian Sea direct from Hellas to Sicily (as to-day the local occasional steamer from the Piræus to Catania), they could nowhere have seen Nature in more grand and beautiful aspects, even apart from the dominating magnificence of Etna. Perhaps the terrible mountain was not in eruption when Æschylus passed its vast shoreward reach—whether in a Greek galley, or by the land-route from Naxos—and it is certain that Homer makes no direct allusion to what even in the earliest Hellenic days must have been one of the wonders of the Greek world; but Pindar saw and recorded the great eruption of 476 B.C.

But to write on the historical associations of the Taormina region is, as the Arabs across the water say, to sow the sand with wind. They are far beyond the



The Catania Gate.

From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

scope of any article. Even so great an achievement as Freeman's monumental work on Sicily—much of it written at the Casa Naumachia at Taormina—does not cover, much less exhaust, the whole subject.

Hardly less limited is the range for the artist and the exploring nature-lover. Within the town itself—which consists of a mile-long undulant street, the Corso, from a short way outside the Messina Gate to the abrupt western or southern end at the Gate of Catania, with a fringe of narrow streets running up from its north side, and on its sloping southern side a maze of clustered houses and dirty byways disguised among terraced foliage which, for the most part, reveals itself in winter as fruit-hung lemon and orange, and after mid-February as a wilderness of almond blossom—within these limits alone the artist may find ceaseless "bits," aspects, and views.

Those who desire a wide range have but to go to the Greek theatre, and east, south, or west, find infinitude. Even from the same standpoint the outlook differs day by day, for according as the wind is "tramontano," "levanto," "greco-levanto," "tramonto," or "scirocco," every hue and aspect changes. Moreover, Etna itself is ever varying. One afternoon its lava-blackened slopes will loom menacingly through a cloudy obscurity; before sunset they will suddenly become suffused with a strange purplish glow; next morning they may be dazzlingly white with new-fallen snow, against a sky of deepest imaginable blue. And there are a hundred as suitable points of view in and out of Taormina. One of the least known, and one of the best, is from the upper terrace of the Casa Naumachia. Hence, one has at all times a superb view in every direction. Below, to the right, lies a good portion of Taormina towards the Catania Gate, with Etna towering beyond; southward and below is the thin, curved promontory of Capo Schisò (Naxos), and then the whole range of uplands and headlands to Catania and far-off Syracuse; straight beneath are the long fishing village of Giardini, the picturesque cliffs and headlands of Capo di Taormina and Capo San Andrea,

the beautiful little Isola Bella in its lovely bay, and all but lost in a lap of overhanging headland, the so-called island of San Nicolo—beneath which, old legend says, moored the first Greeks who adventured to Sicily as colonists, some seven hundred years B.C.—the pioneers who founded Naxos.

San Nicolo, which can best be approached by boat from the little haven near Isola Bella, is well worth a visit, both for its own loveliness, its exquisite seaward and Calabrian views, and its outlook back on Monte Ziretto and the isolated Hill of Venus. Eastward, again, from the terrace, reach the picturesque coasts to Cape Alessio, and the grand masses of the Messina mountains, from Monte Venere and Monte Ziretto close by to the last peak which looks down upon Scylla and Charybdis in the hidden strait between Messina and Reggio. Behind are the sheer cliffs of Madonna della Rocca and the Castello. Beyond, the Ionian Sea reaches towards the shores of Greece. But, indeed, at every street corner there is a "possibility"; outside the gates, these tormenting allurements are multitudinous. One of the loveliest walks is to go out by the old hill-route leading from the Cappucini Gate, and to follow the route of the ancient aqueduct, fragmentary portions of which lie here and there, though seldom now conspicuously.

Another is to go up the steep hill-

path behind, leading to the Castello on its pointed height (whence one of the most varied and wonderful views in the world may be had), either by the Salita Acropoli, or other narrow way near the old belfry.

At all times lovely, Taormina is at its loveliest in December (and often till mid-January), and then in March and April. Last Christmas and New Year (1900-1), the weather was so warm that sea-bathing was a luxury. From mid-January till mid-February (and in severe winters, as this latest, till the end of February), the weather is more broken, is often very wet, and sometimes exceedingly cold. Sicily has been so dangerously overrated for its winter climate, that it is only right to add, while Taormina is far drier and healthier than Palermo or



Nina and her Goats outside Taormina.
From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

Messina (Syracuse, save for a few days, is out of the question, as no foreigners settle there save when obliged to do so—and as for Catania, there could hardly be found in all Italy a more unsuitable invalid-resort at any time of the year), it can boast neither the equability nor the warmth of the best parts of the Riviera.

Few visitors arrive late in the spring, when Taormina is at its best. It is then a town of roses, of orange-blossom, of flowering lemon. Then, too, the slim blue-thrush is in full song; the brilliant hoopoe, so rare in England, may be seen; the yellow orioles, flying from Africa to Hungary and Transylvania, rest a brief while among the lemon-



The Cyclopean Rocks which Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses.
From a drawing by Charles Kingwood.

boughs; and sometimes, when a torrid scirocco or "mezzogiorno" lifts itself from the desert-sands beyond Carthage, it blows with it a stray pink crane from the lagoons of Tunis—as told me by the well-beloved English gentleman who for long has been the chief foreign resident in the hill-town, and whom citizens delight to call "the King of Taormina." If there are many visitors who can never remember Taormina without recalling its good genius, there are certainly even still more Taorminesi who would have cause to think "the Queen of Sicily" shorn of its best fortune were "Signor Alberto" no longer its foremost figure.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Dorchester.

WITH DRAWINGS BY ARTHUR TOMSON.

TIME, fire, and an even worse enemy than either of these—the jerry-builder—have been by no means merciful to Dorchester; yet there remains on the site of ancient Durnovaria, the Dorchester of the Romans, a city of no inconsiderable charm. It must not be viewed hurriedly: nor has the visitor seen Dorchester who has walked up and down the High Street and viewed what fine buildings that contains: nor will an inspection of all the four main streets suffice. Dorchester must be pondered over as a book that has been placed before the reader in a fragmentary state, like a book of which the most luminous and suggestive passages will be found in the tattered bits.

But all the pleasure the town is capable of giving comes not entirely from its antique monuments. Dorchester has a remarkable sentiment of its own, and it is a town that may be viewed from outside with uncommon delight. Possibly in no other part of the kingdom exists any place that tells quite so clearly of the occupation of those who reside in its immediate neighbourhood. Villa may be added to villa; wing after wing of new buildings may be shot out from the ancient enclosure into the surrounding hills, and yet Dorchester remains obviously the centre, the place of business of a peculiarly rural population.

It is, of course, on market days and on fair days that this delightful characteristic is to be felt most keenly.



Winterbourne Came Church and Grave of the Rev. William Barnes.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

From early morning, on such days, to the bugle calls from the barracks, to the rattle of an occasionally hurrying cart—sounds that usually break the calm of Dorchester streets—are added the bleating of sheep, the lowing of cows, and the more peevish and impetuous cries of numberless calves. For miles around, on all the roads that lead to Dorchester, the sheep may be seen moving slowly, and in dry weather in dense clouds of dust. The calves travel in a manner more befitting their age and helplessness, in four-wheeled waggons, of which the sides have been heightened considerably by means of hurdles. To the pigs, too, are granted the same sort of conveyance; but in their case it is possibly their contrariness, rather than a lack of strength, that secures for them a ride to town on market day. Later in the morning light carts, that tell of their owners' status as plainly as the extent of the owner's herds, bring the farmers into Dorchester, and about the same time as the farmers, but at a more decorous pace, come the carriers in their carts, roofed with the dull black covering of a Venetian gondola.

By mid-day all within the town is a scene of genial activity. Men—healthy, shrewd, kindly-faced men—may be seen moving about in every direction; not with the nervous restlessness of the city man, but with the rapidity that comes from bodily strength rather than anxiety. Whole families may be seen exchanging

salutations at the street corners, or anywhere about the pavement or roadways; in the roadways, too—the farmer loves an open space—a great deal of preliminary business is transacted. The shopkeepers, having found their windows inadequate for the display of their wares, have brought forth from the very depths of their stores merchandise that intrudes far upon the public footway. And what a charm there is about the peculiar products of the shops in a really agricultural neighbourhood! I do not refer to the clothes they offer, nor the books, nor any of the elegancies of life; such things can be viewed, at all events in greater profusion, in London. The shops that really satisfy one are those that supply agricultural instruments of every kind, all sorts of horse garniture, seeds, manures, baskets large and small, and of every device and shape, and everything, in fact, that has about it, however remotely, the distinct poetry of outdoor life. Not only are the suggestions arising from these wares healthy and inspiring, but about the very make of the pieces of handicraft there is an honesty and a beauty too often wanting in the things manufactured principally for town people. Even in a garden wheelbarrow, for instance, there are forms more graceful and more worthy than may be found in many an "art-chair" created by some advertised London firm.

Not by any means to be missed are the sales by auction, commencing in the market place about noon.

Here one may study character and dialect; inquire into various characteristics of different sorts of beasts, and be amused by the resourceful speech of the auctioneers; and full well must he have feasted in wonders, who can regard unmoved so many cheeses, so many eggs, so many farm cattle, so many tokens of the un-failing industry of man, and bird, and beast.

Most of the portable relics of the Roman occupation have been, of course, long years ago removed to private collections and public museums. A fragment of an old Roman wall will still, however, be found near one of the old boundary walks; and he who has the temerity to enter the chapel of the county prison will find set out there, on the floor, a fine example of a Roman tessellated pavement. Jewelry, articles of adornment, weapons, pottery, and fossils, belonging to the Roman era and to an earlier period, are on view in great plenty in the Dorchester Museum; but there is, just outside the town, a perhaps more impressive and convincing relic than all these—the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, called now by the name of Maumbury Rings.

I have seen even Stonehenge look singularly unimpressive, and Maumbury Rings too has its moods. I saw it first on a winter's evening, when the clouds hung low in the air, and all the light in the sky seemed concentrated on the horizon. Then, indeed, was it an experience



Judge Jeffrey's House.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.



High Street, Dorchester.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

worthy of the hour to tread a floor with associations so sinister: to stand in the middle of the arena and mark the performers' entrance once so full of import, and trace the platforms for the spectators, still so clearly indicated in the high, sloping, green walls. Even in days later than those of the Roman occupation has this theatre been a scene of tragical circumstances. It was here that the people of Dorchester held their executions; and not the least endurable reminiscence of that winter's evening is a vivid word picture I listened to, of the hanging of a young girl there—coming, as this story of an awful barbarism did, from the lips of a great novelist.

A mile or more farther along the road to Weymouth, past the Maumbury Rings, one comes to yet another monument of ancient days. This is nothing less than the hill or down, that once bore a settlement or fortified town, very anterior in date to Dorchester itself. For miles around the antique earthworks, with their tier above tier of colossal ramparts, may be seen. The area within these works is said to be about forty-five acres. Although it is interesting from any point of view, the best impression of this fantastically carved hill can be received by viewing it from a slight distance. On the road leading from Dorchester may be found possibly its grandest aspect; and at this spot the traveller from the town has had his mind nicely attuned to the contemplation of wide and solemn scenes by walking, for the greater portion of the way, between an avenue of trees. From here the hill rises out of a big plain—a plain undivided by hedgerows, and of sufficient vastness to bestow upon the men and horses working on its surface the importance of active ants seen upon a garden path.

On its Weymouth side, from the extreme limits of Winterbourne Monkton, this strange hill, called, by the

way, Maiden Castle, or properly Mai Dun, "the Hill of Strength," appears also advantageously, but here more as a picturesque background, than anything else, to a few cottages and an old square ivy-covered church tower. Few people have at hand a greater variety of landscape to enjoy than the inhabitants of Dorchester. Wander where you may, you are sure to find extensive views or pleasant solitudes. You can hear the music of the waters, or the wind in the pines: you can enjoy the invigorating down air, or the soothing shade of the woods near Stinsford. Along the valley of the Frome is one of the most delightful approaches to the town. The river divergates considerably, yet touches the main road at many a picturesque point. Rivers have individuality very much as human beings have. There are some that are always placid; others that even on a summer day are never without a fateful meaning. The Frome strikes me as an exceedingly impressionable river, full of drama during the winter, but in the summer, especially in the early summer, it moves like a man of leisure and one full of infinite content. Its surface then is on a level with the top of its banks, and as it glides along it moves gently a fringe of luscious green grass and golden marigolds.

From the road by this river there are always many pleasant things to be seen. Quaintly-placed villages there are plenty, within half-a-dozen miles of Dorchester; some almost in the water-meadows, and some on higher ground, but none built very high up on the downs and hills. Everywhere there are picturesque groups of trees, and everywhere, in water-meadow or on down, a pastoral life is proceeding, that is of much the same interest and importance in the Dorset landscapes, as are the figures and animals in the pictures by Constable and David Cox.

From the south-east side of Dorchester the high road takes one through country of a very different character. Here the air is never heavy with the pungent smell of water-weed and rank grass, but is fresh from the downs and moorlands, and not very distant sea. The curves of the country are long and sweeping, and what woodland there is serves only to accentuate the bold character of the landscape. On this road, opposite an enormous field—a field vast enough to supply food to all the herds of a patriarch—is the house of Mr. Thomas Hardy, the novelist. Few there are who will not tread the ground here with a new interest, and may even feel inclined to loiter near the scene of so much rare accomplishment.

In the summer Mr. Hardy's house is barely visible from the road; then it is well-nigh embowered in trees. At one period of his gardening he had to choose between seclusion and a very fine view. He chose seclusion. Now he lives in a miniature forest, in which the walks and open spaces appear rather to have been cut out by a forester, than to have been left uncovered by the planter. It is not a garden that a grower of flowers and vegetables



The West Walk, Dorchester.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

would look upon with a favouring eye. Instead it is full of quiet retreats from which the rest of the world seems leagues away—of narrow avenues, of groups of entangled fruit trees surrounded by firs of divers sorts; of gentle influences, all of them conducive to a life of contemplation and to a state of peace.

Near Mr. Hardy's house, not a quarter of a mile away, was the abode of another gifted man of Dorset, the Reverend William Barnes, vicar of Winterbourne Came, and poet. This clergyman and poet—there is a good statue of him in the Dorchester High Street—was also an excellent gardener, and a far more usual one than Mr. Hardy. Of his gardening, however, little now remains; the grounds

were laid out very differently when he occupied the vicarage, so I am told. The house, though, is very much as he left it, and is, with its thatched roof, its big verandahs, its absolutely rural, albeit genteel appearance, the very home for a parson with a great gift and inclination for singing country lays.

Dorchester has, as I have said, spread far beyond its old enclosures, and before many houses outside the



Max Gate, Thomas Hardy's House (on the right).
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

avenues one can only bow one's head. All that can be said is that the town has not suffered more than many other towns; the Dorchester villas are for the most part unpretentious, and few are overlaid with any misconceptions of artistic ornament. But it would be useless to insist that, in the days when the houses were all within the town walls, Dorchester was not a fairer place to dwell in—when one could sit under the trees that still form an avenue right round the old town, and watch the sowing and the harvest, the rising or the setting of the sun, the coming or going of the vast herds of sheep and cattle.

Most of the older streets still contain many Georgian and other houses of an earlier date, enough anyhow to give the town a very comfortable appearance. Interesting to people generally, and especially to the people of Dorchester, is the house in which Judge Jeffreys stayed in 1685, during the time of his "Bloody Assize," when he sentenced to death two hundred and ninety-two of the townspeople. Interesting, too, is the church of St. Peter, which has been, like most of the churches in the neighbourhood, not very discreetly restored—one beautiful Jacobean monument has been placed by the restorers where it can hardly be seen; several fine marble effigies have been arranged—one can only suppose with a humorous intention—along the window sills. A fine carved Jacobean pulpit will, for a while, make the visitor forget his enmity against all church



The Amphi-theatre.
From a drawing by Arthur Tomson.

restorers; and so too—if he have any eye for colour—will the beautifully luminous tone of the stonework throughout the building. Certainly Dorchester has a lot about it that is beautiful, and a great deal to tell us of bygone days; but its rural sentiment will perhaps after all be always its principal charm.

ARTHUR TOMSON.

Caravaggio and his Master-Work.

IT has always seemed to me that the worst enemy of Amerighi—and he was quick at making enemies even out of friends—was his father, the stone-mason of Caravaggio, who had the unoffending infant christened Michel Angiolo.

For three centuries the fool multitude has turned away from the pictures of this wayward and untrammelled genius on discovery that they were "not by the real Michael Angelo." Buonarroti, the real Michael Angelo, had been dead just five years when the little village of the Milanese that was to provide his sole surname brought forth the artist of the Pietà.

There are no pretty stories about his childhood; one is given only the dry and barren fact that he was at a very early age set to earn his living as plaster-mixer for the fresco painters in Milan. As he worked he watched, and the desire within him grew and strengthened to rival also. So far as we are told, no one helped him, and none

of his masters, in the vulgar sense of servitude, became his master in the noble meaning of art. The lad simply watched and learned, no matter for whom he might be plastering. His principle was to copy: not the works of other painters, not, unfortunately, Nature unspoiled alone; but the actual, as he saw it, whether such actualities were perfections or blots upon the fair scutcheon of perfectness. He was, in fact, a realist, though he was never informed of the fact, and his realism was somewhat cramped. For my part, it has always seemed to me that the hand of criticism has been too heavy upon him; should one not rather marvel at his achievement, considering his chances, than insist upon his limitations? At first he seems to have contented himself with the painting of fruit and flowers; which he did with an astonishing accuracy and truth. But soon he attempted portraiture, and his likenesses were marvels of fidelity.

It has been generally and very unfairly said, that Caravaggio was incapable of a "composition," and seldom ventured on one, and that his sole merit was his



Pietà.

From the Painting in the Vatican by Caravaggio.

breadth and wealth of colour, and the extraordinary effects produced by his light and shadow.

Even those who belittle the Caravaggian most are driven to admit his marvellous intelligence in this last particular. In Italy it was a new revelation, and out of Italy there was no Rembrandt yet to surpass and complete it, for Rembrandt had only been born two years when Michel Angiolo Amerighi died. Caravaggio, they complain, took for his models *facchini* and servants, and was content to let their "unidealized" portraits represent saints and Madonnas. Very likely. One thing is obvious, the figures he paints are those of human beings.

Take the master-work. In the 'Pietà' of the Vatican, who can doubt that these six figures are real people? For my part, I would give all the conventional insipidities of a whole "school" for the virile individuality of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. And what could be lovelier, truer, tenderer, than the Magdalen? Of the Mother who shall speak! No fainting fine lady, or smooth-faced girl, but a woman of our earth, though so near to heaven; a woman old enough to be His Mother; a woman, sorrow-worn and life-worn; one on whom the shadow of the cross has not but newly fallen, but who has walked in it, and lived in it, worked in it, and hoped

in it, for many a year. A woman without one thought of herself and of the spectator; a quiet, grief-stricken, patient, poor, widowed, childless woman, who even at her Son's tomb remembers the will of God and adores it. Who would need to be told that the face was that of a widow, left sonless in an empty world? Could grief be more truly pictured, or more nobly? And yet it is no insanity, no wild abandonment of grief. There is no swooning despair—why should there be? Was the mother to forget what all this price was paid for; was she, in the ocean of her personal sorrow, to drown all recollection of the old quarrel between God and man that now was healed? And in her own loneliness and sadness was there to be no sense of relief that now at last the horror of death was overpast for Him, that the malice of persecution had done its worst, that He was passed beyond the power of His tormentors?

In what other Madonnas is all this taught better or so well?

Rise up to crush poor Caravaggio with the most august names that have ever been held as royal in the Palace of Art: Raphael's, the "real" Michael Angelo's, Guido's, Domenichino's—which of these has painted a *Mater Dolorosa* more true, and therefore more sublime?

Of the 'Pietà' in marble of the great archangel of the Renaissance we do not speak, but of painted presentations of the Virgin-Mother of Sorrows.

To speak now of the mere composition of the picture, of its reverential truth and realism, its restrained but noble colouring, its magnificent effect of light and dark—itself an allegory and a poem: all this would be to fall into an anticlimax after the consideration of its great central living figure.

Of the Central Figure of all we do not argue, but we may admire the art and devotion with which all the other five figures are subordinated to it, and absorbed in it.

If it is realistic, it is a subdued and sober realism; not the unbearable realism of a crucifix by St. Leonard of Port Maurice.

But if one had time to discourse of the composition, its exquisite balance and exquisite simplicity, where one scarcely knows whether to admire most the absence of effort or the breadth and definiteness of the conception, much might be said.

So of the light and shadow, which is a sermon of darkness to dawn, Death and the daybreak that sends its hope into the very blackness of the grave.

Perhaps the world would have heard more of this great master-work if its surroundings were less painfully august. It hangs opposite Titian's altar-piece, two other Titians are in the room, and two Guercinos, as many Peruginos, a Sassoferrato (the ugliest in the world), a magnificent Melozzo da Forli, and a Pinturicchio.

And one has just come out of the room where Rafael's 'Transfiguration' hangs, and the Madonna of Foligno, and Domenichino's master-work.

Who can be expected to have any breath left for praise of a Caravaggio after their rhapsodies next door? Certainly not Kugler, or Mrs. Jameson, Mendelssohn, or Goethe.

JOHN AYS COUGH.



Gentle Autumn.

By FRANK WALTON, R.I.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

THIS is a typical English landscape, painted with that loving care and fine appreciation of the quiet beauty of our inland scenery which characterise so much of the work of our modern landscape-artists. Although, on the one hand, it does not display the vivid imagination of Turner, or the poetic insight into the deepest truths of Nature such as distinguished his finest work; nor, on the other, that microscopic fidelity to that accurate detail after which the pre-Raphaelites strove in the rendering of every leaf and twig; yet it is painted with much truth both of form and colour, with a skill which can only have been attained by long and earnest study of nature, and a real appreciation of at least some of those finer qualities to be found in her, which, for the want of a better term, we call "poetic," beauties which the more commonplace observer utterly fails to perceive. It is, in fact, a faithful and sympathetic transcript of an everyday English scene, a glimpse of the country-side with "Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain," seen through the medium of one of Nature's most beautiful colour-effects, and showing in its treatment artistic capabilities of no mean order.

It represents one of those peaceful corners of rural England in which woodland and pasture mingle with such a restful charm, the whole picture glowing with those golden hues to be seen on a sunny autumn afternoon. A large oak tree on the left fills one side of the canvas with the orange and russet of its dying foliage. On the other, the quiet waters of a large pool stretch out, unruffled by even a passing breeze, and in between a strip of meadow runs, its grass turning yellow, with a bit of marshy ground, with rushes and other wild growth, in the foreground. Cattle stand on the bank, and on the further side of the water the fields spread out, with brown and golden trees beyond, and, in the distance, the grey side of a low range of wooded hills. The sky, too, is grey, with clouds of white and pearl, through which the sunlight is suffused.

The title of "gentle" given to the picture by the artist is a most appropriate one, and well describes one of the most characteristic qualities of a scene which, to lovers of the beautiful, gives increased pleasure every time it is encountered in nature, and, when met with upon canvas, recalls many pleasant days spent "in looking on the happy autumn fields." Mr. Frank Walton is well known as an artist who for nearly forty years, since the days when he won the Turner Landscape Gold Medal at the Royal Academy Schools early in the Sixties, has given us a series of English landscapes noted for their truth and their quiet beauty. He is a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, and President of the Society of Oil Painters. "Gentle Autumn" is a very characteristic example of the artistic qualities which have earned for him a position of such honour.

View of Birmingham from the Hill, 1862.



Painted by Frank Muller, 1862.

GENTLE AUTUMN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

Decorative and Industrial Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.*

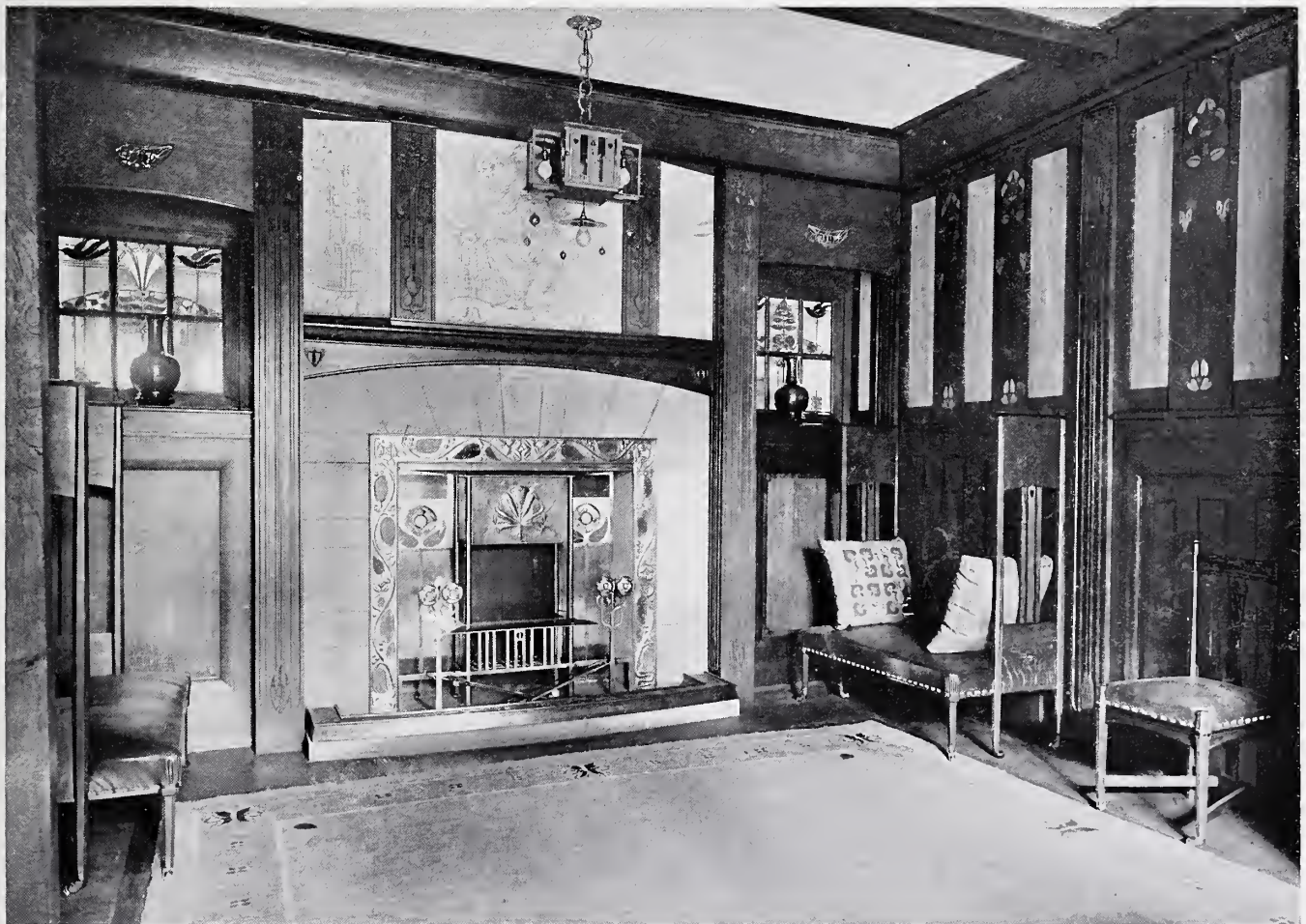
SECOND NOTICE.

FURTHER acquaintance with the Exhibition buildings deepens the favourable impression produced by them at first sight. The view from the park is especially happy, and quite justifies the choice of style, a kind of Spanish Renaissance, which, at the first mention of it, does not commend itself as very obviously appropriate to northern exhibition buildings; but the proof is in the seeing; and, as a matter of fact, Mr. James Miller has not merely planned a most convenient show place, but designed an elevation which is artistically most effective. The chief merit of the style he has chosen, as applied to exhibition purposes, is, perhaps, that it offers opportunity for flat wall spaces, obviously of plaster, and pleasant to the eye if only for the fact that the material (determined by the conditions) is frankly accepted for what it is. Architects of exhibition buildings have been too much disposed to forget that plaster lends itself even more kindly to the filling in of flat wall-spaces than to the casting of contorted ornament. True it may be, that some of Mr. Miller's

* Continued from pages 216 and 222.

ornamental detail is of the kind which only a florid taste can approve; capitals of columns, for example, cartouches, and certain vases breaking the sky-line, pass no doubt the bounds of reticent design; but, as a rule, the architect has held his material well in hand. One has only to remember the redundancies in the façades on the Place des Invalides last year, to realise how little he has been led astray by the fatal facilities of cheap ornament which plaster offers, and in fact how severely he has, on the whole, dealt with it. His flat wall surfaces are sufficiently broken by broad window openings; and he makes discreet use of pierced parapets and balconies, and recesses generally where deep shadows may lurk; this is very plainly seen on the garden side of the building, and especially in the courtyard partially screened off by its effective double colonnade.

In the matter of colour, too, Mr. Miller has been reticent. It is quite in keeping with a style of architecture more or less reminiscent of Moorish influence, to leave the plaster for the most part white, relieved only by touches of red, blue, and green, which, but for the dazzling white all round, would be too crude. As it is, colour in itself gaudy seems only gay, witness the bright green window frames and blue flower boxes on the sills—a cunning imitation of ceramic colour by the way; only here and there a big patch of green appears too vivid; but that will doubtless be low enough in tone before the close of the Exhibition. The least satisfactory feature in the forecourt is a dull mosaic figure of Progress in the lunette over the door, which has little of the character either of mosaic or of tile work, and might as



No. 1.—Dining-room decorated and furnished by Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead.

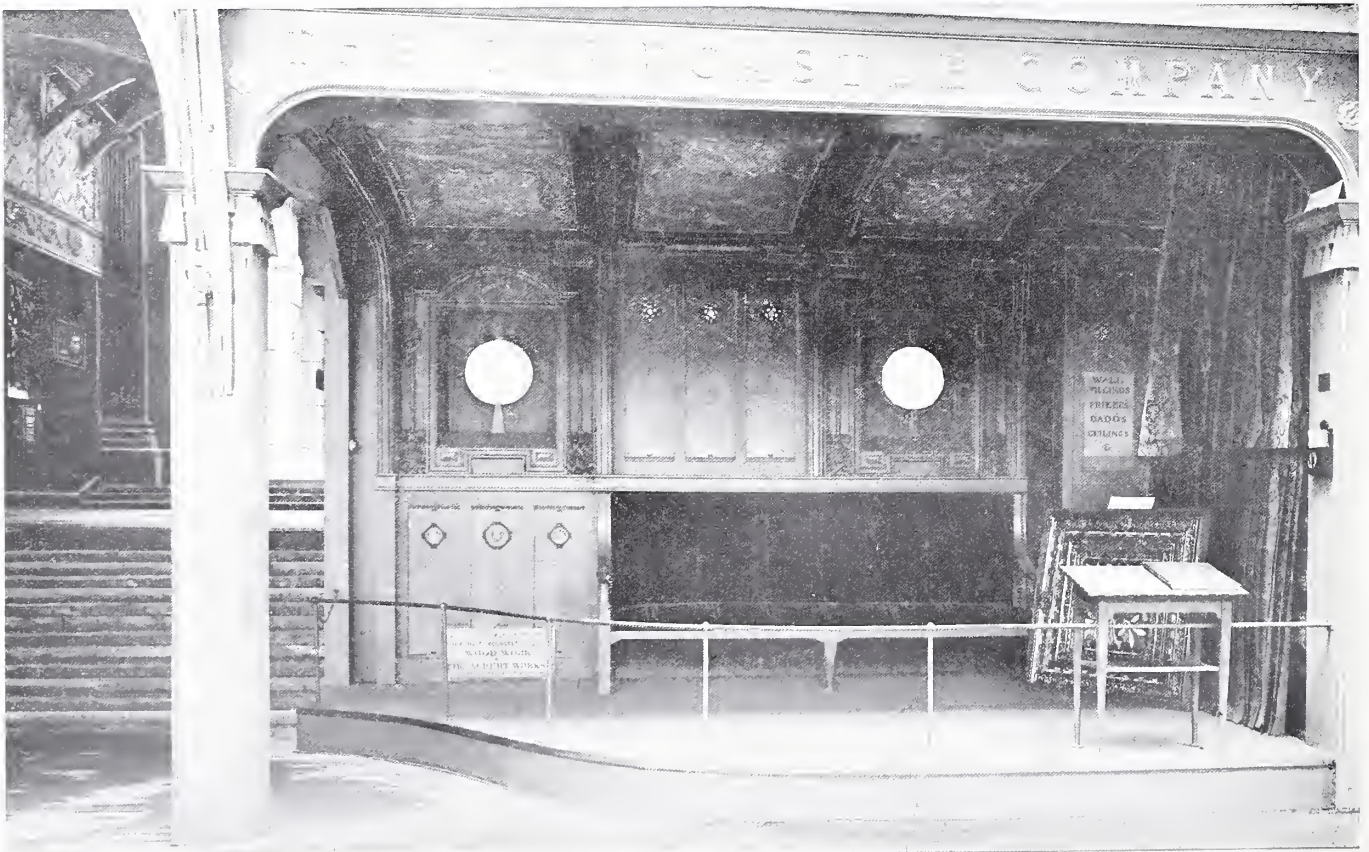


No. 2.—Exterior and Entrance-door of Wylie and Lochhead's Furniture and Decoration Exhibit.

well have been painted in distemper. Nor is the figure decoration of the interior to be commended. The flamboyant sculpture makes the thin flat wall painting above look thinner and flatter than it is. In fact the

dome quite misses its effect; the very windows under it have, by some strange accident of optics, the appearance of sham openings.

In the Industrial Hall, spread out on either side of the



No. 3.—A section of the Tynecastle Company's Exhibit, designed to show the application of the firm's "tapestry" to the decoration of a ship's cabin.

dome, there is no attempt to disguise the fact that it is a shed to cover exhibits of the most different and the most incongruous description. Nor as a rule are the various sections of themselves important enough to pronounce themselves decoratively. Austria presents at one end of the building a collective shop-front of individual and, one may say, national character, all in green wood, polished, and relieved with flat brass *appliqué* and shields of arms, from which hang broad ribbons of black and

such things even as quasi-architectural arrangements of candlesticks, preserve tins and the like), upon a severe doorway and mullioned window fronting the small collection of metal window casements and puttyless glass roofing shown by Messrs. Henry Hope and Sons, of Birmingham. Such a show advertises itself by its very sobriety. Where all is restless, restraint calls attention to itself.

The little house with glazed brick lower walls and



No. 4.—Drawing-room decorated and furnished by Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead

yellow. In the French section, not as a whole very distinctively arranged, the jewellers have clubbed together and occupy a stand which does credit to their taste; and at intervals one comes, both in the Industrial Hall and in the Grand Avenue, upon the exhibit of a firm which distinguishes itself by the care and taste with which it is set forth or framed. This is more readily accomplished when the exhibit is shut in and takes the form of a room, or a series of rooms, screened off from the main thoroughfare by some sort of architectural frontage.

It is a relief to come, after passing rows of stalls differing in no wise from cheap open shop-fronts (of

white wood and plaster above, built up by Messrs. Heal and Sons, is of a primitiveness which can hardly be passed by. There is something new in the furniture of its "guest-room," inlaid with ebony and pewter in patterns perhaps a trifle too severely geometric; but it has been seen before at Paris. Another little house arranged with tact and taste is that of Mr. George Walton, giving in the smallest possible compass samples of three separate kinds of decoration and furniture. The building itself is of roughcast, a surface very popular just now in Glasgow. The Scots find its colour good even when grimed with city smoke; to the southern

mind it seems more appropriate to atmosphere not laden with soot. That, however, is by the way. Roughcast is here as appropriate as it is simple. Mr. Walton's building is studiously devoid of all pretence, unless it be the pretence of studious simplicity. To the left on entering he shows the treatment of a bedroom, the walls hung with "silk and linen" material of light texture and chintzy appearance, the same stuff in darker colouring being used for furniture coverings, and the electric pendants being veiled with soft stuff. To the right, he shows the treatment of a dining-room with plain oak furniture and green canvas walls, the ceiling schemed to show a very original use of opaque glass, zinc, and copper, leaded together after the manner of stained glass, and framed between oak beams. The result, when the electric lights are lit, is distinctly effective, but by daylight it strikes one as rather heavy. The space between the two bays is designed to represent a hall, with cunningly contrived ceiling and, facing the entrance, a fireplace with its fittings. The exhibit gives altogether a very favourable impression of what the newer generation of decorators are doing in Glasgow. There is throughout a determined effort to do some new thing in design, and it is not often that it fails.

More ambitious in its scope is the show of Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead, embracing, apart from the Prince's Reception Rooms, a series of rooms decorated and furnished in such a way as to show, as fully as the ampler space allows, the effort that is being made, and made especially in Glasgow, to break new ground in design. The Reception Rooms are in orthodox style; the dining-room, with its wainscotted walls, recessed fireplace, and modelled plaster ceiling, recalls our English Jacobean work; the drawing-room, in the style of Louis Quinze, reflects the *Rococo* in all its redundancy. Neither are the hall and staircase especially new in treatment, though they contain some modern furniture. It is only in the "Pavilion" that the modern spirit asserts itself. The note of novelty is struck in the exterior elevation (No. 2), reminiscent though it may be of the



No. 5.—Interior of Kiosk for the show of Carpets by Messrs. Jas. Templeton and Son.



No. 6.—Furniture exhibit by Messrs. Howard and Sons.

half-timbered work of Tudor days. The framing of the door and the leading of the glass are both new. The entrance vestibule is fitted up as a Library, the lower walls panelled with purplish mahogany, each of the long upright panels framing on the line of sight a small print. The furniture, inlaid with coloured woods and mother-o'-pearl, is upholstered with *appliqué* silk embroidery upon velvet. The walls above are hung with Haslemere peasant embroidery in coloured linen *appliqué* upon the unbleached material, and outlined in crewel. How far it realises the pre-Raphaelite ideal may be left to the pre-Raphaelites to determine; at all events that is the idea throughout, and the standpoint from which we are asked to look at it. The Library leads

on the right to a Dining-room (No. 1), the lower walls of which are all in oak with just a little inlay by way of relief. There is inlay again on the broad oak stiles of the upper wall, but the narrow panels between show naked vellum-tinted plaster, and, by contrast with their framing, assert themselves with more than due emphasis. The furniture with its green leather backs, is designed upon straight but effective lines, not, however, suggestive (to the eye at least) of the greatest possible comfort. Over the sideboard, more commendable for its general design

the enamelled white of the architectural features of the room. The whole scheme has evidently been very carefully thought out, the pale green growing stronger in the carpet and upholstery, and the violet being re-echoed more faintly in certain embroidered cushions and the like; but the purple dye is still too powerful, and somehow too suggestive always of dye. The lines of the furniture, for all their tendency to the straight-up, are distinctly graceful.

At the back of the entrance vestibule, connecting the



No. 7.—Interior of Pavilion by Mr. W. A. S. Benson, with stained-glass window by Messrs. Jas. Powell and Sons.

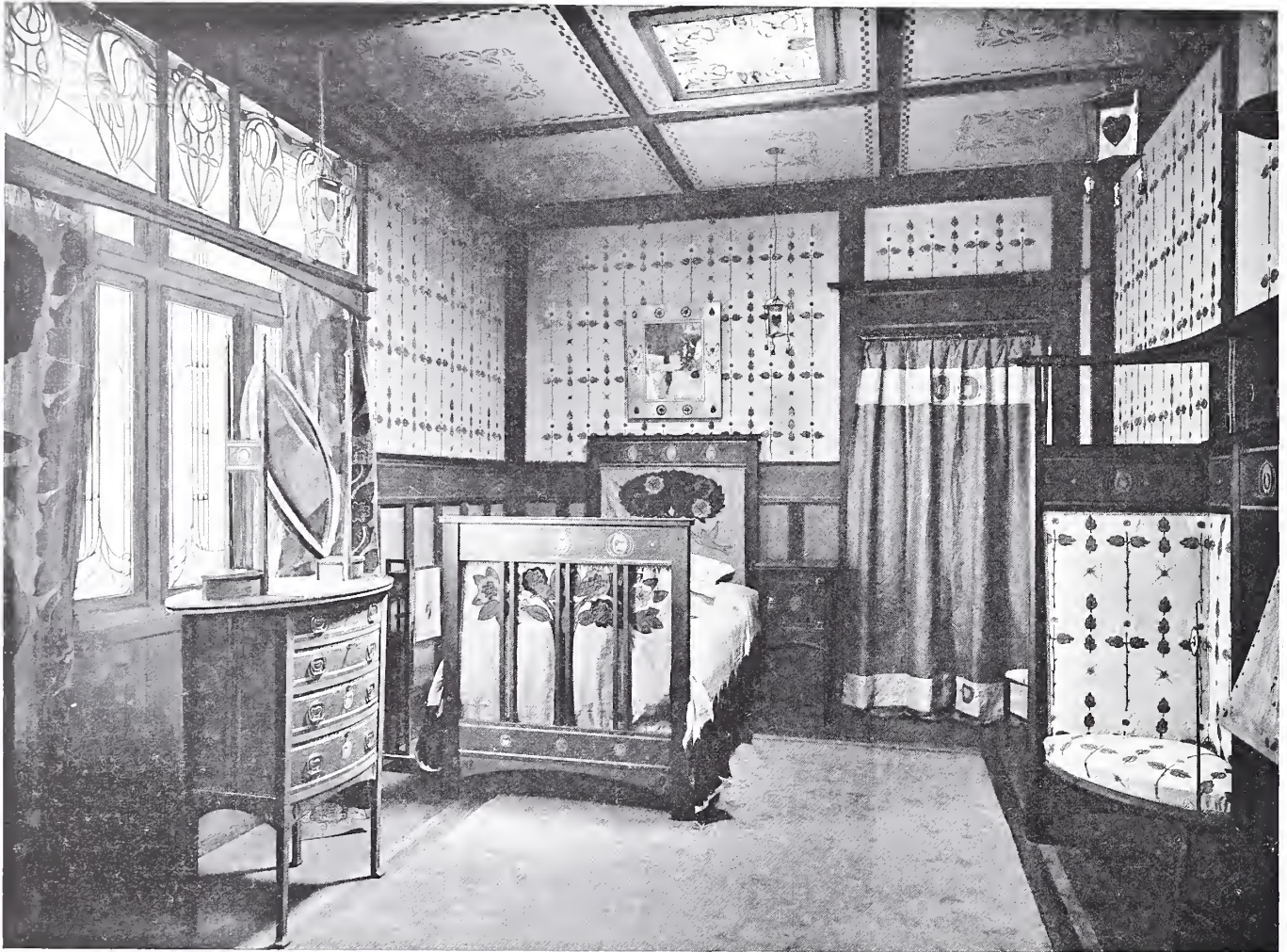
than for the details of its figure carving, which might well have been in more delicate relief, is a tapestry picture from the looms of Morris and Co. The fireplace surround and fender are of boldly beaten copper with inlaid leaves of green tile; and novel use is made of this same combination of copper and green tile in the cornice of the room.

To the left of the Library or vestibule is a Drawing-room, designed and furnished on lines so rigorously vertical as to be in a sense almost elementary. A rather startling experiment is the strong purple tint to which the woodwork of the furniture is dyed, telling very emphatically against the pale green silk of the walls and

Dining and Drawing-rooms, is a Bedroom (No. 8). Here the dado is panelled in walnut inlaid with coloured wood and shell and rosettes of enamel; and the upper walls are hung with lilac linen embroidered with a diaper of pink roses and green leaves, the pattern of which, it should in justice be said, comes out more emphatically in the photograph than it does upon the walls. The bed furniture, in bold *appliqué* work, is hardly in character with this machine-stitching. There is elegance in the straight lines of the furniture, but the aluminium introduced in the wardrobe door and in the hood of the fireplace asks more than its fair share of attention.

Praiseworthy pains have been taken to make each separate room complete in all the details of its design; the carpets, simple as they are in pattern, bald of pattern one might almost say, are designed each for its particular room (Alexander Morton and Co. are responsible for the weaving of them); and each room has its appropriate stained glass, its own electric light fittings, and so forth. Two ideas appear to underlie this work: an effort at simplicity—admirable so long as it does not lead to nakedness or discomfort, and a determination to be new—admirable only in so far as it does not lead to extravagance or eccentricity, from which it cannot justly be said to be quite free. There is a certain incon-

A curious contrast between the old and the new school is afforded by the comparison of Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead's exhibit with that of Messrs. Howard and Sons (No. 6). The first impression is—how dull the old work is! how often we have seen it before! how well we know it! No! it does not strike one as in the least amusing; in fact it does not strike one at all; we pass it by. But if it should occur to us to question which is the more comfortable, which is the more homely, which one would rather live with—the answer is not doubtful. The armchairs on page 240 are an invitation more cordial by far than any utterance of the new art. There is hope in that perhaps; in this there is satisfaction.



No 8.—Bedroom decorated and furnished by Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead.

gruity, too, between ultra-simplicity of construction and a too "precious" use of inlay, enamel, and other costly detail.

Messrs. Wylie and Lochhead seem to have given their designers a free hand—and for this they are to be commended. They are careful, however, to suppress the names of the artists to whom the artistic credit of their exhibit is due, excepting only Sir E. Burne-Jones, the light of whose fame may obviously shed some lustre upon them, and is moreover not possibly to be hidden under the title of the firm which may see fit to make use of a tapestry of his design. Whoever the designers may be, we see in their work evidence of local influence, to be traced, perhaps, were investigation possible, to the Glasgow School of Art.

It is the decorator, of course, who has the best chance of doing himself justice at an exhibition. He has a variety of things to show, and can show them very much in the way they are meant to be seen. It is different with the maker of one kind of thing; carpets or wall-papers, for example, want each a room to show them properly, and the manufacturer wants to show a great number of them. The Tynecastle Tapestry Company have struggled manfully with the difficulties of the case, all the more difficult because their exhibit was not in any way screened off from the general view, but merely occupied bays on either side of the passage leading from the Grand Avenue to the Fine Art Gallery. It was a happy thought to fit up one of these bays as if it were a section of a ship's cabin (No. 3). Tyneside ship-builders

having made large use of a material so easily finished in the workshop and fixed into place at short notice. The treatment of the other bay with a view to the exhibition of numerous schemes of wall decoration is by comparison uninteresting; it is, in fact, the inevitable thing. In the gallery beyond, Mr. Scott Morton, to whom the invention as well as the design and manufacture of the material is due, has had the courage to use his tapestry in tones of red and green and bronzy gold selected by the President of the Royal Academy and other distinguished authorities for picture backgrounds, which purpose they so thoroughly fulfil that there is great likelihood of their being passed by; but they are well worth the attention of artists whose aim in decoration is not to catch the eye, but to satisfy it. Better specimens of modest yet dignified wall covering it would be hard to find.

The firm of Messrs. James Templeton and Son, succeed in displaying their productions worthily, but only on the condition of building to themselves a Kiosk of their own in which to show them. The Eastern character of the architecture goes well with the Spanish Renaissance of the main building, in which there is always a suspicion of orientalism; but it would have looked more Eastern still, and gone better with Mr. Miller's façade, if its walls had been left white. Perhaps the idea was to ease the transition from the white plaster of the temporary buildings to the red sandstone of the permanent galleries? The interior (No. 5) is cleverly laid out in courts round a central hall, each of which is reserved for the display of some particular description of carpet, Persian, Indian, French or modern in style, as the case may be. The floors are laid, of course, with carpets, and carpets hang upon the walls, in which last position they are seen to advantage only when the design is not best suited to its place upon the floor. The colour impression of the whole show is admirable. Another exhibit which gains by its isolation in a private Pavilion is that of Mr. W. A. S. Benson (No. 7), which includes also the work of Messrs. Jas. Powell and Sons and others. This association of two or more firms is an excellent idea, and one which might

with advantage be more generally adopted. Any exhibitor whose display is not large enough to fill a building by itself (and things are not artistically important according to their size) is likely to be shouted down by competitors of louder voice, or at the very least to have the harmony of his work disturbed by conflicting shows. Only in a building by itself, or in a space so shut off from competitive displays as to be in some measure secluded, can art of a reticent kind be fairly shown at all. Perhaps the best, may be the only, way of reconciling the conflicting conditions of art and exhibition is by the co-operation of exhibitors. A band of brother manufacturers might easily make together a show worthy of them each individually, and collectively imposing enough not to be passed by, to command, in fact, without shouting, the attention it deserves. Mr. Benson, as it happens, is engaged in a variety of industries—building, cabinet-work, and decoration, as well as copper and silver smithing; and so, in conjunction with Messrs. James Powell and Sons, who contribute stained and leaded windows, glass wall tiles, and table glass, he is able to furnish a room in a very satisfactory fashion, using, it should be added, Messrs. Pilkington's tiles for his fireplace and Messrs. Jeffrey and Co's wall papers, designed by Mr. Heywood Sumner, for wall and ceiling covering. He makes, indeed, quite a distinguished use of wall-paper, a manufacture which, in the hands of incompetent tradesmen, is commonly put to such vile purpose as to make the very name of wall-paper synonymous with a surfeit of ill-assorted pattern. Mr. Benson's furniture is open to the objection that it is not quite up to the standard of comfort we have learnt to want now-a-days; but it is refined and quaint, and he has made new and artistic use of metal framing in the glass doors of cabinets and bookcases, a development of the cast-iron window casements which form a feature in his Pavilion. Mr. Benson's work in copper and more precious metal is too well known to need comment; it should be said, however, that in the matter of electric lighting he goes a perceptible step further towards the solution of the difficulty of designing fittings, which shall strike one as at last obviously the right thing. LEWIS F. DAY.

'En Plein Air.'

ETCHED BY FRANCIN FROM THE PICTURE BY E. DEBAT-PONSAN.

WHEN M. Debat-Ponsan painted the picture, M. Francin's etching of which appears herewith, he little dreamed, probably, what it would irresistibly suggest a little time later. With cries of "A Bordeaux" or "A Berlin" still in the air, we look as if by instinct, on the wide and straight French highway, for a Mors or a Panhard automobile traversing the country at sixty miles an hour. A striking contrast is suggested. On the one hand we have the leisurely folk of a travelling caravan, who wander over the earth without heed of time or place; on the other, we have suggested the onward rush of a motor, that swift, unlovely product of our own day. The gipsies—and we may assume that the lass combing her hair, "darker than the night," of lithe form and lissom feet, by the foreground pool, is a Romany—are ancient people, bound together by a common tongue. According to legend, a gipsy stole one of the four nails with which Christ was to be crucified, and ever afterwards God gave them permission to steal; a variant being that the race was accursed for

having forged those nails—always their men have been skilful workers in metal. In a twelfth-century paraphrase of Genesis occurs an allusion, probably to these wandering people: "They have neither house nor country; every place is the same to them." Mr. Groome has known them to follow callings as varied as those of the clergyman, billiard-marker, betting man, quack doctor, pugilist, actor, hawker, besides the more characteristic ones of horse-dealer, musician, metal-worker; and ever the "comly korly chy"—the dark-haired women, of olive skin, lustrous eye, and dazzling teeth—are adept fortune-tellers. But of whatever age, in whatever country, they love the open air, have a faculty, butterfly-like, to rejoice in the sunshine. Long may they survive, if only to celebrate, as the girl in our picture, the immemorial rites of the open air.

M. Debat-Ponsan is a well-known contributor to the Old Salon, where, for instance, his 'Les Deux Coqs' of 1895 will be remembered by many visitors.



Rothenburg from the Engelberg.
From a drawing by James Douglas.

A Mediæval City.

WITH DRAWINGS BY JAMES DOUGLAS, R.S.W.

AWAY from the beaten track, on a high plateau overhanging the winding valley of the Tauber, stands a little city, so full of quaint beauty and interest that it deserves to be better known than it is. Larger and more prosperous cities, such as Nuremberg for example, can boast finer individual monuments of Mediævalism; but their very growth and prosperity have been, æsthetically, at least, their misfortune, whereas, this little Rothenburg has, for centuries, practically stood still, and so has been preserved to us a veritable remnant of the Middle Ages. Time has dealt gently with it—its circling walls are intact, and in almost perfect preservation. Within them one sees another life, feels the influence of other ways and customs, and is so surrounded by evidences of bygone days as almost to expect to see grim warriors on guard by the old gates, knights and high-born ladies emerging from the stately patrician dwellings, and grave councillors gathered on the steps of the noble Rathhaus.

Its legends and stories; its history, teeming with romance

and noble deeds; its one great tragedy—the downfall through treachery of its mighty Burgomaster Toppler—all afford an endless store of interest for the student of history and seeker after romance; whilst to

the weary worker it is, from the life-giving freshness of its breezes, the simplicity of its people, and its all-pervading sense of peace, a perfect haven of rest.

But, perhaps, it is to the artist it offers most. It is, in fact, a very El Dorado; for here he will find special facilities for the furtherance of his art, an abundance of good subjects, with no restrictions to hamper him in the selection of them, but instead, a ready and generous welcome on all hands: he is received as an honoured guest and finds churches, courtyards, gardens, and many of the fine interiors open to him, while he can have for the asking one of the large and airy studios which the city generously provides free.

The visitor to Rothenburg cannot fail to notice the old-fashioned courtesy and unflinching kindness of its inhabitants of all ranks; even the humblest does



Old Rathhaus Doorway.
From a drawing by James Douglas.



A City Garden.
From a drawing by James Douglas.

not pass without a greeting—a very old form of salutation it is: "Grüß Gott" ("God greet thee"), to stranger as well as friend. The peasants, who form a large part of the population, are a sturdy, thrifty, independent race. They still live, as in olden times they did for protection, within the fortifications, their dwellings being for the most part just under the walls, and forming the outer circle of the city. Picturesque figures they are, whether toiling in the fertile valleys or in the purple-clad vineyards that cover the sloping hillsides; bearing their long-handled scythes as they drive home their grain-laden waggons drawn by sleek oxen, or grouped in the spacious barns, wielding the heavy flails that are their only implements for threshing the corn. Deep blue is the general key-note of their dress, and well it suits the almost orange-colour of their skin: the gay kerchiefs tied round the heads of the women, and the full-sleeved white chemises showing from under the velvet *mieders*, just give the needed touch of brightness.

The men wear gaiters, breeches, and dark-blue linen smocks, often beautifully embroidered, and are usually smoking long pipes.

The love and care of the people for beasts and birds are very touching. The cows are caressed like human beings. But well they may be; for not only do they yield milk, but they plough the land, carry home the grain, and bear it to the market. In summer the birds fly in and out of the cottage doors, which are left open on purpose that they may feed unhindered their young that are in the nests inside; and in winter they are not forgotten, for every garden, public as well as private, has its little bird-houses, where the poor creatures are fed daily and can take shelter from the bitter storms that sweep over the city.

From the city walls one looks down through the open galleries on to a sea of quaint, irregular roofs, their tiles sparkling, especially after a shower, with all the colours of the rainbow—getting peeps, here and there between sharp-pointed gables and chimneys, of picturesque streets, curious houses, old courtyards, and gardens gay with flowers. On the other side, through loopholes in

the wall, charming glimpses are to be had of the old moats and watchhouses, and the smiling landscape stretching far away.

The walls are generally of enormous strength and thickness, and are guarded at intervals by great bastions and towers, nearly forty of which are still standing. In places where they are not so impregnable there is the additional safeguard of a double moat. In the outer moat the water still stands, but in the inner it has given place to a green, mossy sward, which in spring is gay with the blossom of the fruit-trees that grow in such luxuriance here.

The city can be entered only by its gateways, of which there are six principal, all surmounted by massive watch towers, and six smaller, for foot-passengers; and so well guarded are these entrances, that in some places as many as four gates must be passed before one is actually within the walls, while the inner city is secured by yet another tower, which overarches the street. One day we climbed the rickety stair of one of these, and were surprised to find in the upper chamber an old woman, bent with age and rheumatism, busy carding flax. From her we learned that all the towers were inhabited, up to the very top, by the poor of the city. She had lived alone there for many years, with few visitors to break the solitude, and with spinning as her only occupation, yet she seemed quite happy and content.

In every household the spinning wheel is in daily use; it turns merrily on the broad market-place while the

owner sits and tends her stall, or outside the cottage door on warm summer evenings when the air is heavy with the scent of flowers that are in profusion everywhere—up in the tiny windows of the highest towers they are to be seen, as well as in the humblest dwellings of the narrow back lanes. Oleanders grow and blossom in huge tubs placed on the street, and though these are all within easy reach of passers-by, not one is even touched.

From the Rathhaus Tower a watchman ever keeps a lookout over the city, to give warning in case of fire or other disaster, and strikes with a hammer on the great bell the passing quarters of the hours day and night. A



The Market-Place, Rothenburg.
From a drawing by James Douglas.



The Roof Tops.

From a drawing by James Douglas.

legend tells how this tower was once set on fire by storks which built in its belfry. A watcher had been rash enough to throw down their nest with young in it; in revenge, the parent birds returned bearing a lighted straw, which they dropped into the loft: soon the building was ablaze, burning till nothing remained but the massive walls, while the unhappy watcher and his wife perished in the flames. However, the birds of good omen did not all forsake the city; they still build every year in a huge basket, which has been kept for them from time immemorial, on the top of the Marcus Thurm. This is one of the only two remaining towers which guarded the first walls of Rothenburg, and it has stood the storms of more than a thousand years. At one time it served as a State prison, and in its deep dungeons were found horrible instruments of torture, which are now in the museums of Nuremberg and Munich.

Rothenburg has been called "The Red City," but

authorities differ as to whether this was the original meaning of the word. The name, at least, is appropriate enough, as anyone will readily concede who looks down on its red roofs when they are on fire with the glow of sunset. The castle, round which the city gradually sprang up, was probably founded in the fifth century by Pharamond, King of the East Franks, and certain it is that it was a considerable stronghold and place of refuge at the time the Huns overran Europe. Perhaps the finest view of the city is from the Engelberg on the further side of the valley, and no one looking at it from there can fail to be struck by the wisdom of its early founders in selecting a spot so well adapted by nature to withstand the rude onslaughts of barbarous times. In all the dramas of the stormy Middle Ages it played an important part, but the height of its power and glory was not reached till the time of its great Burgomaster Toppler, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It suffered terribly, and was besieged many times during



The Double Bridge.

From a drawing by James Douglas.

the Thirty Years' War. Once, after a desperate resistance, it capitulated to Tilly, who condemned the city to heavy tribute, and the senate to death. They were delivered from this fate by the unique act of self-sacrifice of an ex-Burgomaster named Nusch. On this incident is founded the historic drama, given yearly at Whitsuntide, which of late years has brought new life to the old Empire-City. The play is performed entirely by the citizens in the very Council Hall where the victorious general passed the terrible sentence on some of their ancestors; the setting is exactly the same, and all the players wear genuine costumes of the period. The gateways and bridges are guarded by halberdiers and watchmen; soldiers bivouac in the streets and man the walls; in fact, to all appearance the city is in a state of siege, the tragic day from sunrise to sunset is lived over again, and so real is everything that one feels something of the despair that must have filled every heart on that day 365 years ago. Then the city is at its best; and they are to be envied who get their first look of it in what is really its fitting character, for modern costumes always seem out of keeping with its venerable aspect and associations.

Our first view of it, though very different, was something never to be forgotten. It was already dusk when we climbed the well-worn stair leading to the walls, and found ourselves in a long, low gallery overlooking the city, which lay stretched before us bathed in such a glory of light, that it seemed more of heaven than of earth. The sun was setting behind a low-lying, lateral bank of misty, grey cloud, out of which rose, darkening, the roofs, spires, and towers of the city; highest of all, the graceful Rathhaus Tower reached far up to where the light was purest, and there its golden ball burned like a flame. At our feet lay the humbler dwellings, dark and

sombre; neither sound nor smoke rose to give token of human life, and we began to fancy it a fair, enchanted city which had lain asleep for a thousand years, waiting only for that which was to break the spell. Then came gently stealing through the soft evening air the sweet, sad music of an old-time hymn; we knew not whence it came—from far above it seemed—but louder it grew, and swelled, till the whole air was filled with its quaint melancholy. The music, we learned, came from the Rathhaus Tower, from the balcony of which, four times a week, a

quartette of the town's musicians play a chorale to the four winds of heaven. When heard at sunset it betokens a death. The custom is a very old and very beautiful one; and the effect of the music floating down from such a height has a charm that is indescribable.

It would be useless, in a short article, to attempt to give any description of the architecture or history of the place; the former must be seen, and the latter is so full of incident that volumes might be written about it. Almost every house has its story; many are tableted with the names of emperors, kings, and princely rulers who sojourned there while holding high court, or settling affairs of State.

Though under the Bavarian Monarchy, the government of Rothenburg,

temporal as well as spiritual, is absolutely autonomous. In this peaceful, law-abiding community two frail old men who patrol the streets at intervals are still considered adequate to form the night watch.

It is remarkable to find, from Burgomaster down to the humblest burgher, such a spirit of pride and reverence for their city and its traditions, and such a determination to retain the mediæval pattern, which has been in it so well preserved as to make it to-day a gem of mediævalism, unique in its entirety.

ANNA DOUGLAS.



The Marcus Thurm and Röder Bogen.
From a drawing by James Douglas.

The Infant School.

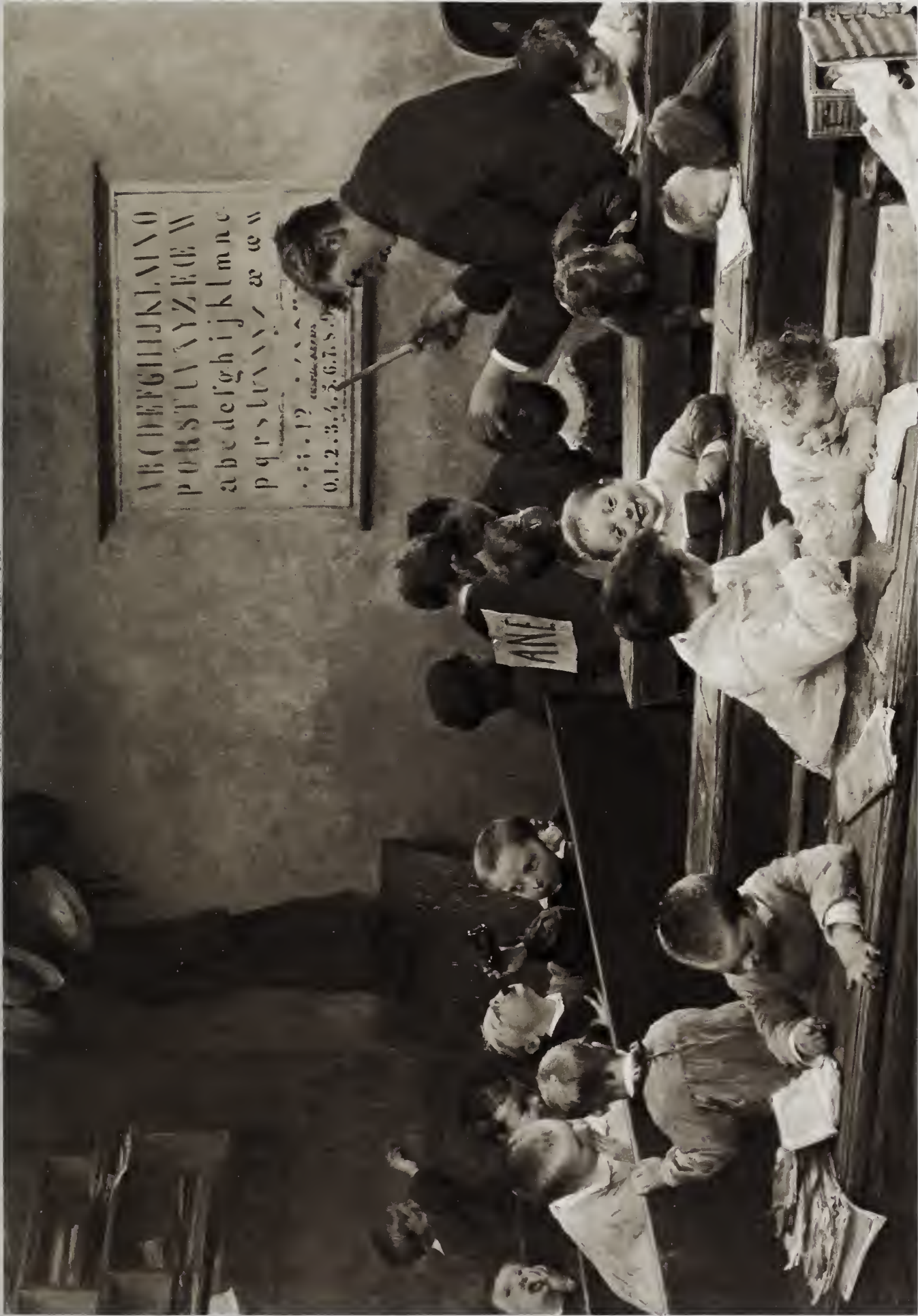
BY JEAN GEOFFROY.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

DURING the last twenty-five years there has been no more popular painter of child-life in France than M. Jean Geoffroy. His canvases, of admirable artistic qualities, show that he has the greatest sympathy with children, both in their griefs and their joys, and are conspicuous for their great insight into juvenile character; and for this reason they appeal very strongly not only to critics of painting, but to all lovers of the young. He has not, of course, confined himself to the delineation of children, but those of his pictures which deal with them form, undoubtedly, the most popular side of his art, and are known far and wide in France, owing to the number of them which have been engraved and reproduced. 'The Infant School,' painted in 1881, when the artist was twenty-eight, and exhibited in that year's Salon under the title of 'La Petite Classe,' where it received honourable mention, is one of the best examples of this side of Geoffroy's art. It is full of humour, and knowledge of the ways and the tricks of small boys.

The scene is the shabby interior of a village school in France, in which a youthful and sorely-tried usher has some twenty juveniles under very partial control. Most of the boys, dressed in pale blue or pink blouses, are enlivening the tedium of lessons by various devices known to boyhood throughout the world. At the desk in the immediate foreground one very youthful, curly-haired lad has fallen fast asleep over his book, with his head resting on his arms. His neighbour, with outstretched forefinger, is just about to disturb his slumbers, to the great amusement of a crop-headed boy at the desk behind, who looks up from his book with a broad grin on his face. On the left of them another boy is seriously engaged in making a drawing on his slate, while behind him is a whispering group, and a youthful gourmand who, with head tilted far back and hand on waistcoat, is drinking some dark compound from a small bottle, probably liquorice-water or some such delectable nectar. He is being watched very anxiously by a friend, whose serious expression indicates some doubt as to whether anything will be left in the bottle when his turn comes. On the right two boys are searching for something dropped on the floor, and behind them, in the background, the usher is struggling to teach the alphabet and the rudiments of arithmetic to a small class of five, one of whom, the dunce, has a large placard, upon which "ÂNE" is inscribed in large letters, fastened to his back. With one hand the master points to the letters which hang from a roller on the wall, and with the other somewhat roughly clutches a small scholar by the hair in order to keep his eyes fixed upon the lesson of the day.

The whole composition is admirably grouped, and full of quiet humour and individual character rendered with great truth and much force, but without exaggeration. The scheme of colour is low in tone, of harmonious browns and greys, the blouses of the boys forming the only bright points in the canvas. M. Geoffroy, who is also well known as an illustrator, and has worked in water-colours, was born at Marennès in 1853, and studied under L. E. Adan and Levasseur. He first exhibited in the Salon in 1874. Two of his pictures are in the Luxembourg, 'Les Infortunes,' which received the first medal of the third class at the Salon of 1885, and 'Le Jour de la Visite à l'Hôpital,' from the Salon of 1889. 'The Infant School' was presented to the City of Birmingham Art Gallery by Sir John C. Holder, Bart., in 1891.



Painted by Jean Coeffray

THE INFANT SCHOOL

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Francis James.

I THINK it was the art critic of *The Standard* who recently pointed out that art had contrived to make the joys of domesticity "a little dull." In England, the same may be said of flower-painting. Devout lovers as we are of flowers, the rashest of us can hardly claim that any mere flower-painter occupies the position, or has received the reward, that so agreeable a calling would seem to warrant. Nor is the reason far to seek. In art no mere reproduction of an object—however skilful and realistically portrayed—satisfies the spectator for long. Possibly the very intimacy of the pictorial possession brings with it its own satiety. Be that as it may, the flower-painter with an inspiration, with that rare talent, that is to say, which vivifies the subject handled, has been strangely to seek in recent times.

But that he should have appeared, and in a sense remained unknown to the compact majority, is matter for less surprise. There are artists who exhibit and artists who do not exhibit; to a large extent Mr. Francis James may be said to belong to the latter band. A couple of sketches at the New English Art Club, a rare one-man-show at the Dudley or the Dutch Gallery, a tentative week where perhaps fifty water-colours might be seen in a critic's rooms or a friend's studio:—these, as far as I can recollect, have been the chief bids for popular favour made by a painter at once reticent and fastidious. Yet there are

signs, and those visible and growing ones, that the tide is turning in Mr. Francis James' favour. His vogue, for long a nice cult of a chosen few, promises to widen by leaps and bounds. Nor could it be otherwise. The gods are not relentless, and it is comforting to think that, though the world's methods may be slow (Corot, as we all

know, was an old man before he was recognised), the public generally manages to do justice to an artist in the end.

Yet the amateurs who, if I may use a racy phrase, "got on" to Mr. Francis James, were not unnaturally elated with the joy of their discovery. To them merely to see Mr. James' water-colours was to be born—in the matter of flower-painting—again. Here was an artist whose flowers leapt straight out of the sunshine;

here was a painter whose very brush exhaled the open air. Here was radiance and fragrance. Here was the rose seen, inhaled almost, and certainly possessed and sung of as poets sing their mistresses. All this and more was claimed by the artist's admirers, and the artist's admirers were right in the main.

The splendid spur, the extraordinary impetus of the painter's message, at any rate, were beyond all question. A flower in Mr. James' hands was clearly a flower seen in its own atmosphere, waving in its own perfumed breezes, and reflecting its own myriad reflections of sun and shadow. It was no longer an object, however beautiful, with a label. In looking at it, the spectator forgot that it



The Old Steine, Brighton.
From the water-colour by Francis James.



Carnations.
From the water-colour by Francis James.

possibly possessed a string of Latin names. To put the thing in a nutshell, Mr. James gives us not merely a rose, but the rose in its environment. *Plein air* is the atmosphere he breathes. An impressionist who has laboriously learnt his grammar, he beholds flowers with passion, and presents them with abandon—an abandon, let me hasten to say, that has itself completely in hand. Thus, if he focuses his subject after the manner of impressionists, we feel he has deliberately weighed and deliberately rejected the omitted detail. It is not only a nice intuition which serves the artist in his synthesis of a subject; a rare gift of selection makes him differentiate between the essential and the unessential in the final output of his hand. To say as much as this might seem to imply that Mr. James is merely a follower of Hokusai as well as a lover and disciple of Mr. Brabazon. Well, he is both these things, and more than these things.

For, curiously enough, at the root of Mr. James' art will be found an infinite, an almost touching patience. All self-taught artists are, by nature, patient. Have they not had to find their means and discover their methods by processes all their own? Yet, when I speak of Mr. James' patience, I by no means intend to imply that the artist is tolerant of poor results. A searching critic of his own work, he has moods in which terrible holocausts are said to occur in the painter's studio, and in which the second best, the maimed and the sickly, are sternly put for ever out of their pain. For with Mr. James, I take it, a drawing is either eternally right or eternally wrong. It is either a success or a failure, and no amount of titivation is permitted to transform the latter into the former.

On the contrary. With Mr. Francis James, the



Interior: La Loretta.
From the water-colour by Francis James.



Hydrangea and Rose Polyanthe.
From the water-colour by Francis James.

staining of a given piece of paper is the direct symbol of a given emotion or mood. Of his colour it is not necessary to speak. He is an acclaimed colourist. What the public and the critics do not always seem to perceive is the exquisite sensitiveness of the artist's retina, and his special gift for expressing vivid yet pearly daylight. Daylight, in truth, would seem to have no terrors for him. Unlike the majority of artists he does not tinker with it. His lighting is his own joyous secret and discovery, though it may be as well to add that it is probably just one of those secrets described by Mr. Charles Whibley "as useful only to the discoverer."

For the outward facts of the painter's life a dozen words will suffice. Francis James was born in 1849, at Willingdon, in Sussex, the youngest son of a clergyman, who died when he was little more than an infant in arms. A delicate boy with a delicate mother, his own health and the preoccupations of watching by a sick bed would seem to have precluded ordinary schooling. Intervals there may have been when some such orthodox attempts were made, but in the main the boy would seem to have grown up in his beautiful garden at Ore, with books and flowers for his chief companions. It is true that later the influence of Mr. Patmore, the poet, and Mr. Brabazon, the impressionist painter, made themselves felt, while travel and laborious study of the flowers he so passionately loved, gave the painter his necessary equipment.

Not that it was easily come by. Though Mr. James has been somewhat foolishly called an amateur, few painters have toiled as whole-heartedly as he in his self-imposed training. At Rothenburg, at Nuremberg, at Asolo, at Venice, all along the coast line of the



A Gateway, Aquila.
From the water-colour by Francis James.

Western and Eastern Riviera, in Cornwall, as about his own doors in Sussex, have we not in a hundred drawings the outward and visible sign or tracing of the artist's *via dolorosa*? For, though the painter may go down to posterity as a flower-painter, it is impossible to ignore the charm of his landscapes and interiors. In truth, whether Mr. James depicts an Alpine height, a group of olives by sapphire seas, a wayside German altar-piece—pathetic even amidst its somewhat garish trappings—a strip of sunlit sand and sky on our shores at Deal or Dover, always there is the sense of a near approach to things on the part of the spectator. And this sense of being transported to the actual scene, of participating in it, of breathing the very atmosphere of the place depicted—how is it conveyed?

Curiously enough it is conveyed as much by what Mr. James omits as by what he expressly says. Let me take an example, the first to hand, a sea-scape near Spezia. What do we see? A blot, a blur, a deliberate omission in the foreground, and the eye leaps straight out to the distant shore line washed now by surly, now by translucent seas. For with all Mr. James' sleight-of-hand, he is deliberate beyond most painters. For instance, he will have you see nothing but the exquisite tracery of that mountain as it curtsies to the sea, and so the pine trees in the foreground must merely be faintly indicated or altogether go by the board. The eye cannot focus two objects at one and the same time—such is the gospel according to good impressionists; but with Mr. James, it seems to me, an omission is so cunningly contrived as to actually go a step farther and underline another object in the

artist's subject, and so accentuate the effect he wishes to emphasise. In direct terms, he may not tell you all he knows, for, obeying Lord Chesterfield's injunction, Mr. James carries his learning like his watch, in his inside pocket. It is what the artist implies that is significant. And it is the same, whether his subject be grave or gay, an altar-piece or a grocer's shop. Always his atmosphere conveys his mood, while his mood invariably conveys atmosphere.

It may be said, on the other hand, and with a certain show of justice, that many of Mr. James' drawings are rather Primitive than Impressionistic in method. Are there not water-colours of Bewdley, for instance, which give loving inventories of village emporiums? Are there not interiors, too (which also, by-the-bye, demonstrate that the artist has more than once set up his household gods in Italy), and do not these studies show a pre-Raphaelite love of actual facts? In other words, the artist is not an impressionist by caprice, or even choice—he is an impressionist in spite of himself. He is an impressionist by temperament. Detail, and minute detail he can give us, but atmosphere—penetrating, elusive, and mysterious, is the technical problem which occupies him most and which would seem to lie nearest to his heart. I mention these things, though it is only another way of saying that with the rare artistic equipment I have attempted to indicate, with an original, sensitive, and fastidious eye, and a nervous grip of his tools, Mr. James has not hesitated to labour things out humbly from the very beginning, and so take his hold on actual life and visible things.



Scarlet Zinnias.
From the water-colour by Francis James.

The Welsh, as we know, have the pretty conceit that the Blessed live in a White World. If I was asked to sum-up in a word the painter's chief characteristic, I should say that it is some such world that Francis James inhabits. For just as Mr. Orchardson sees yellow, and Mr. Sargent mauve, so Mr. James sees white. Indeed,

virile and forcible as he is as a colourist, always in the clearness of his vision, in the searching purity of his daylight, he is "blessed" as the Welsh people conceive it. Artistically, he lives in a White World.

MARION HEPWORTH DIXON.



Villa Marigola and La Loretta, Gulf of Spezia.
From a photograph showing where Mr. James lived when in Italy.

Passing Events.

REGRET is keenly felt by the citizens of Birmingham that through lack of gallery space it has been found impossible to accept Mr. Middlemore's magnificent offer of a gift of his collection of pictures. It is hoped that later the offer will be renewed, and that an extension of the Art Gallery having been made, the offer can at last be accepted.

MR. HORNIMAN, having enjoyed a successful commercial career, has been able and willing to form a collection of art treasures. For many years he has opened his doors to those who take interest in the records of the past, and he has now generously presented his Museum and adjoining land at Forest Hill to the London County Council for the perpetual benefit of the people. Tea and sugar are evidently profitable commodities. Both have been the indirect means of giving London some of its most educational influences, and it is to the great credit of Mr. Horniman and the late Sir Henry Tate that their wealth has been so beneficially applied.

A STATUE practically ceases to accomplish its object if the name of the person whose memory is to be perpetuated is not placed visibly upon the monument. A Crusade might well be undertaken by the Authorities to identify many of the Statues at present nameless in London. The Equestrian Statue of George IV., by Chantrey, in Trafalgar Square, near St. Martin's Church; of George III., by Wyatt, in Pall Mall East; and of Richard Cœur de Lion, by Marochetti, in Palace Yard, may be mentioned as lacking the necessary lettering.

THE Thames is so sacred a retreat for the weary Londoner, that every frequenter of the beautiful river will rejoice if Sir Whittaker Ellis succeeds in checkmating the threatened invasion of the builders at Richmond. We sincerely trust that by the time these lines appear, the contemplated desecration of the riverside and surrounding country, landmarks in history, will have been frustrated.

VICTORIA Street has recently seen the establishment of the St. James' Art Club, where, at No. 36, Members Mansions, the first exhibition of work has been on view. The Club has been started to provide those artists who have no well-fitted studios of their own, or live in the country, with every convenience in the way of a London address, good light, and models. The project seems feasible. The advantages are great, the subscription is comparatively small, and to those who lack facilities for study, a visit to the Honorary Secretary is recommended.

NOVELISTS have from time to time built up romance around artists. Mr. Thomas Hardy's character of Jocelyn Pierston, R.A., created in "The Well-Beloved" in 1897, is perhaps the most extraordinary. The disposition of this eminent sculptor, who unsuccessfully loves a girl, the same girl's daughter, and then her granddaughter, among others, and only marries when on the grave's edge, leaves much to be desired for practical purposes. But to love representatives of three generations is better than to become a criminal like Samuel Slyme, A.R.A., in Mr. Laidlay's "Lena Laird." The chief interest to artists in this story is that the author introduces his criticisms of the management of The Royal Academy, published in another form in 1898.

Some London Exhibitions.

THE Surrey Art Circle is fortunate in having as President an artist so distinguished as Mr. Alfred Gilbert. Unrepresented at Burlington House, Mr. Gilbert sent to the annual exhibition of the Club a case of objects from his workshop, a bust in bronze of Sir George Birdwood, and a sketch, 'The Broken Shrine,' to whose reproduction here he has been good enough to consent. In his fascinating lectures delivered a few months ago at the Royal Academy, Mr. Gilbert earnestly besought students not to be content with superficially pretty forms, but, as a basis of all design, to search for essential structures, whether in the skeleton, the shell, or in century-old symbols. A passion for the essential, for the spirit of that which he desires to express, gives to this rudely-fashioned sketch of Mr. Gilbert a character apart. It is a thing wrought in an hour or two, probably without thought of exhibition, without other aim than to express an idea, a mood of the moment. By no path can the beautiful be more surely approached than by that of essential forms—the way is difficult, but it leads far. Without years of wrestling with at first refractory lines and masses, without an overwhelming desire to express the inexpressible, without lofty vision, 'The Broken Shrine' could never have been. We could wish for no more potent, no more exquisite interpretation of love, of motherhood, of unconscious, trustful childhood than we have here. The figure of the Virgin above has been despoiled, hence the weary, half-sorrowful attitude of the wayfarer whose arms enfold sleeping babes. The shrine of divinewomanhood is shattered; but this is a complete celebration at the shrine of beauty, its every line significant,

its every aspect exhaling an imaginative fragrance. In the case of objects from Mr. Gilbert's workshop, one could see the foundations, so to say, on which he rears the structure beautiful: the small pendant crucifix, with the winged angels of consolation; the composition of curves into which three mermaids are wrought; and the preliminary stage of a pendant in silver, whose converging lines are directly based on animal anatomy. Sensitive, profoundly significant, faithful ever to great imaginative truths, works such as these of Mr. Gilbert must increase day by day in their



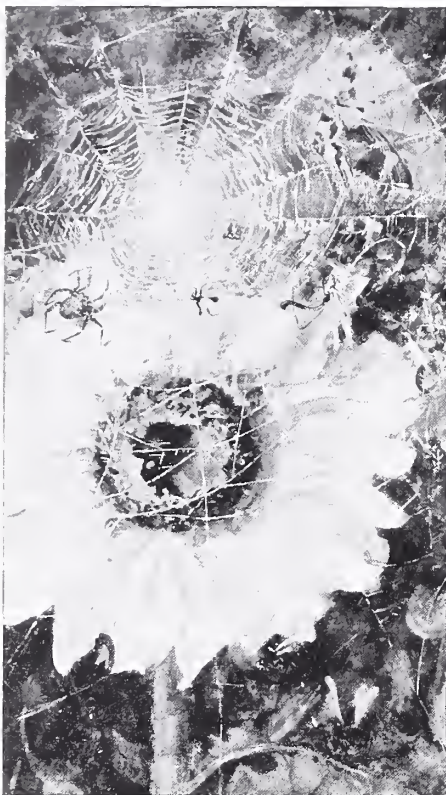
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The Broken Shrine.
From a sketch modelled by Alfred Gilbert, R.A.

appeal. Among other contributors to the Surrey Art Circle are Mr. Montague Smythe, Dutch-like as ever; Mr. Sidney Moore, the Hon. Secretary, who has genuine feeling for tone; and Mr. Alexander Mann, who sends an impression of sunlight on southern cliffs.

Concurrently with the exhibition of the Surrey Art Circle, there was on view at the Continental Gallery a series of pictures and drawings by Mr. and Mrs. Hartrick. The central idea was pictorially to interpret the changing aspects of a West Country village at different seasons of the year. First it is to be remarked that neither Mr. nor Mrs. Hartrick observe nature through a conventionally coloured glass. To each the scene must bear its particular inspiration, and not merely be reconstituted in accordance with this or that formula. As a result, we have a welcome sense of freshness—and, after all, if this individual element be lacking, a picture is of no value.

Mrs. Hartrick's twelve drawings concerned with 'A Year in the Garden,' reveal, and the idea is suggestive, the way in which the faint colours of Christmas rose and snowdrop, of daffodil and wild hyacinth and apple blossom, give way in the full tide of summer to the rich hues of the rose, the Shirley poppy and nasturtium; again in the autumn to ebb to the faint green of Japanese anemone, twined with ivy. By the courtesy of the artist we are enabled to reproduce one of the most decorative and thoughtful of these flower studies. 'The Sunflower,' representing October, has the form of its radiating petals repeated in that of the spider's web, almost intangibly wrought across its upper part. Nothing could be better in its kind as a motive, and Mrs. Hartrick has real understanding of the pictorial requirements of the two objects used; of the sturdy individuality of the great yellow bloom, of the gossamer-like beauty and



The Sunflower.
From the painting by Mrs. Hartrick.

precision of the gleaming grey web. There is apt repetition of idea, too, for the spider's web may well be accepted as the all but invisible spirit of the sunflower.

One of the most striking exhibits at the third exhibition of the Pastel Society is not a pastel at all—I mean the late Giovanni Segantini's 'Cattive Madri.' It is a strange and beautiful depiction of three figures depending from the branches of a tree, which throws knotted reflections on to the snow-clad landscape, ramparted by hills of cruel outline. Close by was a set of working drawings by Auguste Rodin, again with no claim to place in an exhibition of pastels; hardly suited, moreover, to the requirements of a public show. Mr. Clausen has given us within the limits of a sketch few, if any, better things than 'The Thresher,' wherein the angular lines of flail and legs and doorway are admirably used, and as a study of the upper air 'A Summer Sky' is spacious and atmospheric. For the rest,

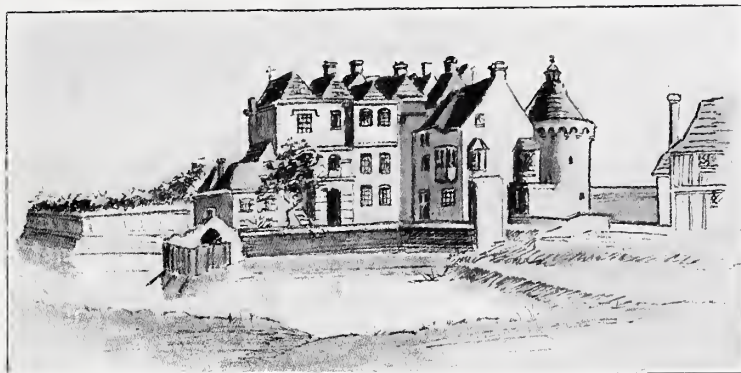
we must be content to say that Mr. Muhrman proves again his largeness and significance of vision; Mr. Joseph Pennell, who exhibits for the first time as a colourist, if we mistake not, sends two strenuous studies of the Thames-side in winter; and M. Bauer a finely-phrased 'Byzantium.'

At the Painter-Etchers these several works by Mr. Charles Holroyd show him to be an artist sensitive to many influences; yet he has visions of his own. His 'Pastoral,' evidently inspired by Giorgione's 'Fête Champêtre,' is a sweet refrain of the music-haunted silence of that

great work. We reproduce 'Eve Finding the Body of Abel,' in which Mr. Holroyd most completely expresses himself. Eve, confronted for the first time by the tragedy of death, bends over the body with all the solicitude and some of the amaze expressed by Piero di Cosimo in the figure of the satyr looking down on Procris.



Eve Finding the Body of Abel.
From the etching by Charles Holroyd.



Scotney Castle, Sussex.
From "Secret Hiding Places," by Allan Fea (Bousfield).

Notes on Recent Books.

THE publication of important artistic books has almost stopped in England at this time, and not for many years have so few works been issued during a season. The reasons for this are not difficult to find, the general one being the unhappy prolongation of the South African War, and the special reason the death of Queen Victoria. These have combined to prevent the public purchasing books on Art, in the same way that they have prevented the sale of pictures and drawings, and publishers do well at present to hold their hands until better times come round.

A book which combines the South African interest with artistic work is naturally one of the publications most likely to succeed, even under present circumstances. "WAR IMPRESSIONS," by Mortimer Menpes (A. & C. Black), which is 'a Record in Colour' transcribed by the artist's daughter, deserves and will certainly obtain great success. Besides a series of lively and well-written chapters—whether by father or daughter is difficult to say—there are a hundred reproductions in colour from sketches and studies, executed by Mr. Menpes throughout South Africa.

Besides portraits of all the chief soldiers and statesmen connected with the war—excepting, however, Lord Kitchener, which is a notable and curious omission—there are many pictures made of villages, farms and landscapes generally, which reveal the Transvaal and the neighbouring countries as places full of artistic possibilities. Something also must be said for the reproductions themselves, which have been undertaken by Messrs. Carl Hentschel and Co. They are executed with artistic skill and great colour moderation; the half-tones are well preserved, and the gradations of tints are rendered in a way we have never seen excelled.

There is a romance in the title of Mr. Allan Fea's volume of "SECRET CHAMBERS AND HIDING PLACES," (Bousfield) which makes the reader feel certain of much interesting letterpress. The compilation deals with the Historic, Romantic, and Legendary Stories and Traditions, of Hiding-holes and Hidden Staircases, mostly in the Midlands of England. The Author illustrates his letterpress with sketches from his own hand, and from occasional suitable old drawings, such as the one we illustrate. Several are also taken from kodak views, but these are seldom thoroughly successful, as the perpendicular has been found difficult to be maintained.



View of High Street, Bromley-by-Bow.
From "London County Councils Survey" (P. S. King).

Very quietly, and practically without any blowing of trumpets, the London County Council has begun a work which will probably do more to carry the officials and members into the hearts and heads of posterity, than most of their present labours. In 1896 Lord Avebury moved that the Council should "consider and report in the case of the contemplated destruction of any building of historic or architectural interest" what the Council should do. And the result of this has been a Complete Survey of the Parish of Bromley-by-Bow, edited by Mr. C. R. Ashbee (King & Son). This most interesting publication, with many illustrations from photographs and drawings by F. C. Varley, gives an absolutely reliable account of everything architecturally interesting in the parish in question. It is the first instalment of what is proposed to be done for every parish in London, so that by the time the work is completed, which must necessarily be long, an altogether unique publication will be made. Mr. G. L. Gomme, the officer of the Council who is specially sympathetic towards this work, contributes an explanatory preface.

Our publishers' present difficulties do not much affect Continental book buyers, and one of the most interesting and important art publications has recently appeared in Munich. This is "DIE ZEICHNUNGEN MICHEL ANGELOS IM MUSEUM TEYLER ZU HAARLEM" (Munich, F. Bruckmann), being a large folio containing twenty-five facsimile reproductions of the series of splendid drawings by Michael Angelo at Haarlem. Professor F. von Marcuard, of Munich, a friend and pupil of the celebrated Prof. Bayersdorfer, writes a critical analysis of each drawing, together with a history of the series, so far as it is known. The reproductions are so faithful that there is some danger of their being mistaken for originals. Even in these days of practically perfect facsimiles there has not been anything better done than this series, which come from the studios of Von Emrik and Binger, of Haarlem. Dr. Hofstede de Groot, of The Hague, has superintended the process, which, reproducing the stains, creases, and marks of age and usage, renders the impressions for all purposes equal to the originals.

Another equally important publication, but dealing with modern art only, comes from Vienna, under the title of "JAHRESMAPPE DER GESELLSCHAFT FÜR VERVIELFÄLTIGENDE KUNST IN WIEN." In 1898 one series was issued, in 1899 two, and in 1900 one appeared. Each folio contains six subjects, being etchings and lithographs (sometimes in colours) from the best of the modern masters, Hans Thoma, W. Unger, Frank Laing of Scotland—the only work from these islands—and others of Russian and Dutch nationalities. To anyone desiring to see the latest method of point work in Europe this publication is invaluable.

A "DICTIONARY OF ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING" (Macmillan's) which is to appear in three volumes, is a welcome addition to the Art Library. There is no similar publication in English, and even although this is a work of American origin, wherein English writers are spoken of as foreigners, the volumes are certain to prove of great service to both artists and architects. Like many similar publications, the first portion of the alphabet contains considerably greater space than the end. This volume, the first of three, treats only with five letters, so that the succeeding volumes must be less exhaustive. Dealing only with the present publication, we have nothing but praise for the way in which

the difficult task has been attacked and carried out. The illustrations are many, and with details in question, they are careful drawings, and when a general view is required, excellent photographs have been obtained.

It is not very easy to see the utility of "A LIST OF THE WORKS CONTRIBUTED TO PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS BY J. M. W. TURNER, R.A." (Geo. Bell and Sons), which Mr. C. F. Bell has with so much labour and patience brought together. Turner produced so many works he never publicly exhibited that such a list, however complete, cannot be an exhaustive account of his work. As a contribution towards Turner's literature the list, which covers 200 pages, will be of service to other writers more ambitious in their aims.

As a further contribution to the present-day interpretation of Italian art, Mr. F. P. Stearn's "FOUR GREAT VENETIANS" (Putnam's) is welcome even if it covers ground already well trodden. Mr. Stearn deals with Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, going into many details respecting these Masters not easily found elsewhere.

Mr. James Guthrie, of the White Cottage, Shorne, Kent, has brought together as "An Album of Drawings," a series of over twenty designs from his own pencil. These are characterised by great breadth of treatment, and a sense of decoration of the page which marks the designer as a considerable artist. He has not yet conquered the subtleties of drawing in the hands and feet of his figures, and in this he takes sides with the younger artists of to-day as against what the older masters, down to Burne-Jones, considered an essential in artistic production.

Dr. Earle, the venerable rector of Swanswick, had devoted much time in his long life to the consideration of "THE ALFRED JEWEL" (Clarendon Press). There is no greater authority on Saxon times, and his learned dissertation on the remarkable enamel and gold work is worthy of every attention. That such an artistic work could have been executed by Anglo-Saxon artists in the ninth century has been found difficult of belief ever since the Jewel was deposited nearly 200 years ago in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Dr. Earle has come to believe thoroughly in its authenticity, and it will be a clever critic who can prove him to be wrong.

A novel for children with appropriate illustrations is not uncommon, yet S. Ashton's "COOKOO" (Simpkin, Marshall), with illustrations by Dorothy Furniss, presumably a daughter of the well-known caricaturist, deserves attention. These are chapters from the land of make-believe, with drawings which indicate the work of an artist probably to develop strongly in the future.

Of the latest books on Photography that of "LANTERN SLIDE MAKING," by the Rev. F. L. Lambert (Hazell), is likely to prove most useful to the advanced student; while to the beginner, Mr. Welborne Pipe's "FIRST BOOK OF THE LENS" (Hazell) will appeal. "PYROGRAPHY" (Dawbarn) less elegantly "Poker Work," one of the least artistic of the minor arts, is described by Mrs. Maude in a practical manner, with ample illustrations.

No. 101. Engraved London H. Collier & Co. 1842



Painted by Rosine W. M.

La Toilette.



Louis XIV., with the Grand Dauphin, the Duc de Bourgogne, the infant child of the latter (afterwards Louis XV.), and Madame de Maintenon.
By Nicolas de Largillière.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE FRENCH PICTURES.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

AT Hertford House the *Grand Siècle* is less well represented in painting than in sculpture and in the applied arts. For Nicolas Poussin we must still go to the National Gallery, to Dulwich, to Bridgewater House, to Belvoir; for Claude Lorrain to the National Gallery, to Grosvenor House, Longford Castle, Petworth, the collection of the late Lord Wantage, or Bridgewater House. Le Brun must be sought for by those who thirst for him at Dulwich, while Mignard, Simon Vouet, Sébastien Bourdon, Claude Lefèvre, Le Sueur, Jouvenet, Subleyras, and other contemporary painters of distinctively Louis-Quatorzian style are conspicuous by their absence. Another and a much more regrettable gap, is that made by the absence of the brothers Le Nain, that curious group of Northern French painters so singularly pathetic in the *naïve* simplicity of their realism, whose art stands midway between the more gross and exuberant realism of Flanders and the more simple and appealing realism of Spain. From the brush of Philippe de Champaigne, a Fleming appropriated by France, and there in a great measure, though not wholly, acclimatised, we have at Hertford House a very remarkable series of works. Then we have one not more than ordinary portrait by Rigaud, and a very remarkable Largillière presently to be noticed. Of

that curious transitional group, much occupied with the problems of chiaroscuro, which includes Santerre, Grimou, Antoine Pesne in his beginnings, and Jean Raoux, we have only the latter—a frigid mannerist at the best. Though they belong to the eighteenth century, and are the contemporaries of Watteau, Lancret, and Pater, those great rivals and competitors, Le Moine and Jean-François de Troy, belong in their vaster and more decorative works as much to the *Grand Siècle* as to the *Siècle Charmant*—as we might call the century which includes the epochs of the Regent, of Louis XV., and of Louis XVI.: or shall we not rather say the epochs of Madame de Parabère and Madame de Prie; of the Duchesse de Châteauroux, the Marquise de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry; and of Queen Marie-Antoinette. Their works also must be dealt with at a future stage.

Philippe de Champaigne is the accredited painter of the austere convent of Port Royal. In the ultimate development of his art, notwithstanding its Flemish foundation, he has the coldness, the austerity, the artistic and moral rectitude which belong naturally to such a position. Only in his portraits does there show itself, beneath the hard perfection of the drawing and modelling, beneath the seemingly unruffled composure, a human warmth, and a fine discrimination in the analysis and summing up of

* Continued from page 208.

triumph in the wonted pseudo-Roman fashion by carrying off pictures, sculpture, and treasure of all kinds, the painters of the *Fêtes Galantes* were not disturbed, their art being, as we may guess, held too futile to deserve the attention of the Emperor and his emissaries. What one conqueror had brought together for the amusement of his leisure hours, divining with an intelligent sympathy, if with no deep intuition, some part of the beauty that might lurk in these *Fêtes Galantes*—another, masquerading, in the fashion of his time, as the antique Roman, would appear to have despised or, perhaps, passed over in utter ignorance. And yet in Altes Schloss of Berlin are the finished 'Embarquement pour l'île de Cythère,' and the two parts of the 'Enseigne de Gersaint'; in the Potsdam palaces, among many other things, 'Les Bergers,' 'L'Amour Paisible' (otherwise 'L'Amour à la Campagne'), 'Iris, c'est de bonne heure avoir l'air à la Danse!' 'La Leçon d'Amour,' 'Le Concert'; in the Picture-Gallery of Berlin, 'L'Amour au Théâtre Français' and 'L'Amour au Théâtre Italien.'

The other fine and typical Watteaus are more scattered. Genuine vivacity, tinged with a streak of irony and *désenchantement*, gives a unique colour to the two famous 'Conversations Galantes' at Dresden. A vein of delicately voluptuous sentiment runs through the splendid 'Gamme d'Amour,' in the collection of Mr. Julius Wernher; imagination, raising the scene just as it is, into the regions of fanciful and etherialised gallantry, has marked out the famous 'Plaisirs du Bal' (or 'Bal sous une Colonnade') at Dulwich, even among the similar works of the master.

The pathetic side of Watteau's art, which for those who know how to see, lurks, so near the surface, beneath the sprightliness of the *Fêtes Galantes*, is perhaps less clearly shown in the Hertford House group of pictures, than in some of the works just now mentioned: 'L'Amour Paisible' for instance, or 'Iris,' or that summing up of Watteau's art and standpoint 'L'Embarquement pour Cythère.' Still, have we not here

to illustrate that side in perfection, 'La Fontaine,' 'Les Champs Elisées' (*sic*), and that larger version of the same subject 'Les Amusements Champêtres'?

To attempt a classification of the works produced during the short maturity of Watteau's artistic career is hazardous. The early period includes the pieces purely Flemish in style, such as 'La Vraie Gaieté,' in the collection of Sir Charles Tennant, and perhaps the 'Laveuse de Vaisselle' in the Municipal Gallery at Strassburg; then the military pieces such as the 'Fatigues de la Guerre' and 'Délassements de la Guerre' of the Hermitage, and the 'Halte' in the collection of Lord Leconfield at

Petworth. As relatively early we may also place pieces of the 'Accordée de Village' and 'Mariée de Village' type. But after that, though we have as landmarks certain dates, such as 1717 for the Louvre 'Embarquement,' the latter half of 1720 for the 'Rendez vous de Chasse' in the Wallace Collection, and 1721, the year of the master's premature death, for the 'Enseigne de Gersaint,' we can only proceed by conjecture based upon the more or less of freedom and *désenvolture* in the brushwork—a test which cannot always with perfect safety be applied to Watteau. Judging by the closeness and finish of the execution, and also by the character of the design the



Gilles and his Family.
By Antoine Watteau.

earliest of the nine Watteaus at Hertford House is 'La Fontaine' (p. 261), in many respects the most exquisite piece in the whole series. The design is absolutely great in its daring simplicity. The execution, more careful, more *servé* than that of the Louvre 'Embarquement,'—much more so than that of the large 'Amusements Champêtres' in this gallery—contains in the bud all that the flower of the master's art realises later on.

A couple of lovers in all the unsullied freshness of joyous youth have halted by the margin of a fountain, to dream for a moment in sheer happiness of things too vague in their shifting beauty to be held within the narrow limits of words—that is, of life and love. Over their heads a great arch of trees, in the rich dark leafage of summer, gives beneficent shade. At the side clear

water gushes forth in a thin stream from the marble fountain, warm-tinted by time and usure, at the summit of which three Loves gaily disport themselves. To the music of the water, the faint music of the lute is added by a player placed discreetly in the half-shade; and, deeper still in the thicket, another pair move furtively away. All is here attuned to the mood of the moment. This is in truth "l'heure exquise." Break not away too hastily, young couple of happy dreamers; for in this its morning-freshness it cannot return. Ye may know the full ardour of fiercest passion, the flame that consumes while it nourishes; ye may know the heights and the depths; but the delicate bloom of the flower newly opened is for this moment only. Move but a step aside, and the harmony is broken. The lute may sound as sweet, the water may flow as clear, the lovers yet again may idly and happily dream. But this perfect harmony of light, of Nature's music and man's, of happy love in the moment of pause more delicious than fruition itself, this joy is for now, and now only. *It is the hour.*

In a certain closeness and resolute finish of execution, which is by no means smallness of style, the small piece 'Les Champs Elisées,' engraved in reverse by N. Tardieu, comes nearest to 'La Fontaine.' With many an important variation in the composition, and with a marked difference not only of treatment but of feeling, the subject has been repeated in the large 'Amusements Champêtres,' which hangs next to it, and is here reproduced.

In both appears the curious detached and contemplative personage of whom we have spoken, the man who observes keenly and calmly from a certain distance,

taking no joy in the sweet dallying with life, the living for the sake of living, which attracts his gaze.

A superb study, which, for a wonder, is not more than a study, is 'La Toilette,' the central motive of which appeared too cramped in the oval frame which had been forced upon it by some former owner, but now regains its proper value in the square frame for which it was originally intended. The flesh painting in the body of this fair creature—no nymph unembarrassed in her divine

nudity, but a fair mortal conscious of nakedness—is marvellously powerful, delicate, and luminous. The face, on the other hand, is curiously unsatisfactory. Just where individuality was imperatively required, there is only the type, vague and here thoroughly unsuitable. In this revelling in the beauty of flesh, Watteau clearly reveals his Flemish origin; he is the child of Rubens. Another piece by our master of the same type, is 'La Toilette du Matin,' in the collection of the Vicomtesse de Courval. 'The Music Lesson' ('Pour nous prouver que cette belle'), is the first stage of the composition which appears again,



The Fountain.
By Antoine Watteau.

much more fully developed, and on a much larger scale, in 'The Music Party' ('Les Charmes de la Vie'); also to be found in Gallery XVIII. at Hertford House. This again has a companion in 'Le Concert,' which hangs in the Sans Souci Palace at Potsdam—a picture which the casual observer, speaking from memory, might declare to be identical with the canvas in the Wallace Collection, but which, nevertheless, while preserving the same general scheme and the same general conception—suggested by that of the luxurious Venetian idyll—differs from the 'Music Party' in almost every important particular. The Hertford House

picture, of which we publish a separately printed plate, is the richer, the more splendid in its vibrant notes of deep, glowing colour, attuned and bound together after the fashion of Paolo Veronese, by the grey masses of the sumptuous seventeenth century architecture. The Potsdam picture is perhaps the more harmonious, the more shadowy dream of love-making, elysian in its hushed calm, as in a certain veiled melancholy, giving its own peculiar colour to serenity. In both, as in the 'Music Lesson,' is to be found this haunting detached figure, ministering joyless to the joys of others. He wears in the Hertford House picture an air of abstraction, but in the Potsdam picture an air almost of severity. Elsewhere this solitary personage, whom we may call Watteau, if we please—and the designation fits well enough, although the painter may not have consciously embodied himself for the benefit of the onlooker—appears as the importunate idler, or, as in the famous Dresden 'Conversation Galante,' as the philosopher, sarcastic and sensuous at one and the same time.

Famous Watteaus both of them, and deserving of their celebrity, are the 'Gilles and his Family' ('*Sous un Habit de Mezzetin*') (page 260), and 'Harlequin and Columbine' ('*Voulez-vous triompher des Belles?*') (page 259). The Gilles in the former is supposed to be the portrait of Sirois, who thus obligingly poses this once only for his friend, wearing the borrowed Italian comedy costume, not really white, in the picture, but shimmering with the most delicate, the most subtly broken tints, like some beautiful opal. One of the most disturbing tricks of Watteau is here to be noted, though it does not make itself felt in so disconcerting a fashion as in some other instances. The heads of the two women are taken just as they are from an admirable *sanguine* drawing by the master formerly in the Malcolin collection, and now, with the rest of that great series of drawings, in the Print Room of the British Museum. The drawings are incomparable studies from life, but they are transferred with too little consideration for the exigencies of the subject to the picture. Watteau drew for his own pleasure, and under the inspiration of the moment. He too much forced his splendid material just as it was into his pictures, in the determination to use it *quand même*. One of the most noticeable instances of this too mechanical system to be noted in the whole *œuvre* is the large 'Assemblée dans un Parc' of the Berlin Gallery, in which appear, almost exactly reproduced, the main group of the lovers in the 'Gamme d'Amour,' and the figure of the little girl, seen from the back, in 'L'Occupation selon l'Âge.' No more perfectly preserved Watteau exists than the 'Harlequin et Columbine,' in which the deepest and the lightest shadow are alike luminous, and the colours in their depth and purity suggest crushed gems. This again is an elysium of the lightest and more harmless gallantry in which the Columbine need hardly defend herself seriously against the caresses of Harlequin, no coarse flesh and blood, but a poetised version of the fantastic *jeune premier* of the Italian Comedy. We are reminded of Keat's famous lines in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—

"Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair."

The 'Rendezvous de Chasse' was painted, as the correspondence shows, in September, 1720, expressly for Watteau's chief patron, M. de Jullienne. It is not among the finest of works of the Valenciennes master, though its shadowy landscape, with the characteristic melting distance, is of great beauty. There are to be noted in it, nevertheless, motives and figures of the first order in the style to which the picture belongs; and isolated colour-chords, too, of a rare loveliness,—such as the pink with silver lights, and white satin beneath, worn by one modish huntress, the pale blue and white of another, the cinnamon with silver-white of a gallant in more or less fancy costume—a note which is carried on with astonishing variety in unity, in a series of *rappels* and modulations, right across the picture. The stragglng effect of the composition as a whole is accounted for by the circumstance that the canvas was at the last moment enlarged on the right side, so that the horses under the trees might be added, in accordance, as we may assume, with a suggestion made by Madame de Jullienne, who showed herself especially interested in this particular work.

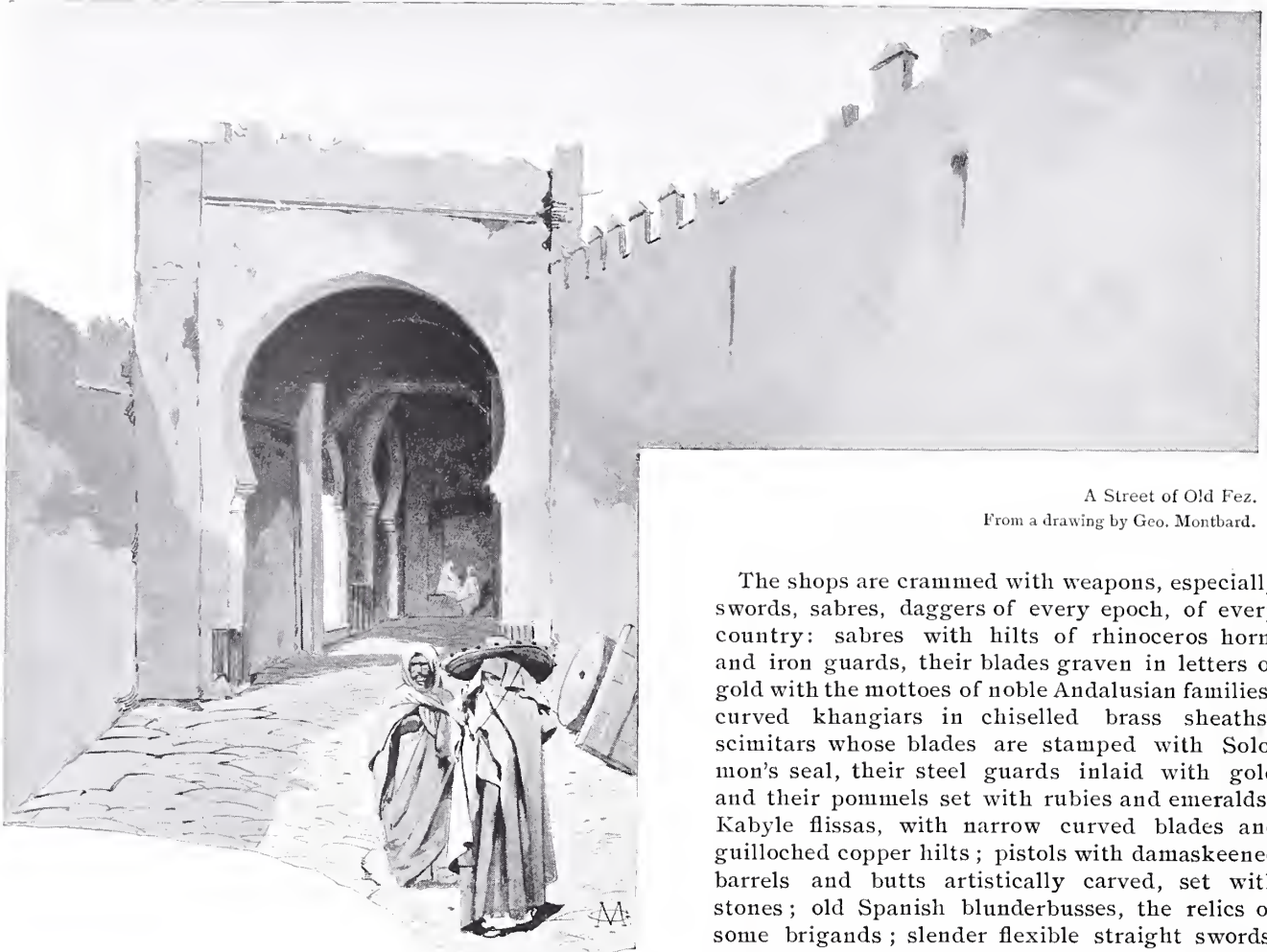
The large 'Amusements Champêtres' (or 'Fête Champêtre') (opposite), of which a word has already been said in connection with the 'Champs Elisées,' is in my opinion a much greater picture. The masterly swiftness of the execution, the strokes, at once long, broad, and well-nourished of the brush, the very summary and almost impressionistic rendering of the grass and foliage—these characteristics, more boldly accentuated than in any other example of the master, have been the cause that some have spoken disparagingly of this bright jewel among Watteaus. Yet it contains the very essence of what is rare and exquisite in his art. Nowhere is the wonderful melting of the realistic *Conversation galante* into the elysian dream of languid love arrested, ere it reach the point of passion, accomplished with a more perfect magic, a finer pathos. Nowhere does the park-like landscape of Rubens and the Northern artists so imperceptively merge into that of the Venetian pastoral, invented by Giorgione. There are passages of colour in the groups of personages in the foreground, which are hardly excelled in the art of the eighteenth century. These robes of azure sparkling forth from the luminous gloom recall Paolo Veronese and Tintoretto; the self-satisfied *élégant* in the foreground with stockings of silver white, coat of azure silver-spotted, and long mantle of amaranth, makes a colour-chord for which it would be vain to seek elsewhere. And then the splendid stimulating note that is given by the mantle of scarlet lined with yellow, to the extreme right of the picture! Without it, for all the beauty, the rarity of the tints, for all the loveliness of the landscape, the general effect of the picture, at a certain distance, might be slightly monotonous and dull.

It is necessary to reserve for discussion, in the next article or articles, the fine series of works by Lancret, Pater, De Troy, Le Moine, Boucher, and Fragonard. It is the last-named master who, coming much later in the eighteenth century, can alone be compared to the great poet-painter who was its morning star.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.



Amusements Champêtres.
By Antoine Watteau.



A Street of Old Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

The shops are crammed with weapons, especially swords, sabres, daggers of every epoch, of every country: sabres with hilts of rhinoceros horn, and iron guards, their blades graven in letters of gold with the mottoes of noble Andalusian families; curved khangians in chiselled brass sheaths; scimitars whose blades are stamped with Solomon's seal, their steel guards inlaid with gold and their pommels set with rubies and emeralds; Kabyle flissas, with narrow curved blades and guilloched copper hilts; pistols with damaskeened barrels and butts artistically carved, set with stones; old Spanish blunderbusses, the relics of some brigands; slender flexible straight swords, with large basket hilts in open work, whose supple blades bend till the point touches the guard, and whose steel, when with a brusque movement it grows straight again, cuts the air whizzing and vibrating long afterwards. You find there "adargues," these curious pointed shields dating from the fifteenth century; siege forks, triple-pronged and hook-shaped; war flails; damaskeened axes; saraceen armour; guns from the Sous with thin ivory butts, inlaid with silver and set with rubies, topazes, amethysts, their barrels chased with gold and mounted with silver rings worked in "repuissé."

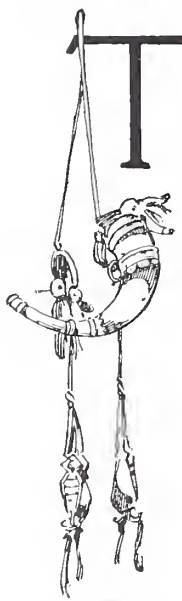
Among these weapons you perceive shields of hippopotamus hide; lances with shafts of iron-wood; javelins whose heads are fastened to the handle by animal's gut; bows, quivers of human skin filled with barbed and poisoned arrows; knives with broad bent blades and roughly adjusted to wooden cudgels; big sabres from the Soudan with broad straight blades, their hilts wound with red leather thongs, and their sheath of yellow skin ornamented with shells. These sabres are slung over the shoulder.

Next are heaps of monstrous and sinister instruments of death and torture: heavy chains; rings to be rivetted to the wrists and ankles; iron balls bristling with sharp spikes, and provided with a pointed prong, with which fanatical Santons pierce through their own cheeks.

We are now in the habouch bazaar, a very narrow, very dull passage flagged with stones, where hides, boots, shoes, bags of all sorts and colours, are piled up in obscure recesses. The air scarcely stirs in this dimly lighted alley, the atmosphere is heavy and laden with a strong smell of leather. Magnificent yellow, blue and red boots, temmags, embroidered in silk and gold, are

Fez, the Capital of Morocco.*

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEO. MONTBARD.



THE arms bazaar, a steep, narrow street, where beam heaps of weapons, is the next interesting point. Some rafters supporting broken planks indicate that, at one time, the bazaar was covered in. Vines have taken root in the corners, winding along the walls, scaling arches, creeping into the crevices. Here the dealers are of rough aspect, less polite, more neglected in their attire and their persons than those in the other bazaars. Many of them are of Berber or Kabyle origin. Their brusque ways, loud voices and fits of vulgar laughter strangely set forth the cold gravity, the distinguished and courteous manners of their "confrères" of the other bazaars. They soon grow provokingly familiar, forcing their wares on us and holding us back in order

to induce us to conclude a bargain.

* Continued from page 112.

exposed for sale, together with ladies' delicious slippers, turquoise blue, yellow, salmon, sea green, adorned with silk, which appears through the delicately cut leather. A little farther off are bags with several pockets; satchels brightened with silk drawings; cartridge pouches with coloured tufts; leather Koran cases embroidered in silk and gold. Veiled women in haïks are sitting on the ledges trying on boots and the merchants are gallantly attentive to their pretty customers.

We now come to the clothes bazaar, a covered place too, but somewhat less narrow and less sombre. Cloth and silk caftans in purple, orange, scarlet, mauve colours, hang in front of the shops, together with fabrics woven with gold, spangled with silver; silk cords, blue, mauve, green, violet, red, lemon for strapping up bags, khangians, satchels and the fine ornamented cases for the Koran. They show us remarkable embroideries, broad gilt women's belts as stiff as cardboard. They spread before us superb tapestry, haïties of silk and velvet, resplendent with gold arabesques. Calm, serious looking, polite shop-keepers, seated at the bottom of their dark recesses, amid piles of fabrics, offer us cups of amber and mint scented tea, and put outrageous prices on their goods, which, however, they finally part with for a reasonable sum. Cheap-Jacks, laden with articles of every kind, roam about shouting the prices of their wares put up for auction.

In a little courtyard adjoining the bazaar there is an old, enormous fig tree entwined by a vine; some poor town and country women, squatting under the shade of the old tree, offer at a low price, to poorer customers, second-hand clothes, out-of-use jewels, worn out frippery; Jews, in a few open stalls, sell bracelets, necklaces, ribbons, flasks of rose water, laces, koheul, antimony and souak, the pounded bark of walnut trees, which the Moors chew for hardening the gums.

Farther on are sold Tafilet products: dates, ostrich eggs, Tlemçen wares, olive and argan oil from Sous.

We are now in the carpet bazaar, a square courtyard roofed in lattice-work, surrounded by shops, above which is a boarding with ogee and star shaped apertures symmetrically placed. This upper timber construction projects far in front of the shops, supported by wooden corbels. In one of the corners there is a running fountain. They exhibit to us carpets from Rabat and Mogador traversed by yellow, orange and violet ornamented bands, woollen blankets with red stripes and blue tufts, prayer carpets, brought from Syria, of soft and delightful shades.



Entrance to the Carpet Bazaar, Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

Here is the dyers' street. In large underground cribs, men with naked busts, their arms stained with colour, soak stuffs in tubs containing purple, yellow and indigo dyes.

We then reach the armourers' quarters, where are manufactured in thousands those guns of unvarying shape, with splayed butts with plated sheet copper and nails, and long barrels mounted with silver rings, the weapons preferred above all others by the Arab horsemen.

Near by is the coppersmiths' bazaar. There is a ceaseless hammering of the metal, which is wrought into trays, tables, vases, censers in open work, cylindrical lamps carved in arabesques.

These bazaars are the entrepôt whence the tribes of the oases and of upper Molouya draw their supplies, by the intermediary of Jews and protected subjects acting as brokers to European firms. Fez is the last halt of the caravans before plunging into the mountains to gain Tafilet.



A Dyer of Fez.

From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

In the garden of Kaïd Maclean, the celebrated Scot, now a British knight, who is reorganising the Moorish army, there is always a piquet of horsemen and some soldiers of infantry. The horses are attached to the stems of lemon or orange trees, and the men stroll hither and thither, or sleep enveloped in their burnouses. From time to time one of them gets into the saddle to carry an order, or an estafette arrives.

Some are Moors of clear complexion, or sunburnt Arabs; the others are negroes as black as ebony. They have a superb appearance, whether they be walking grave and slow, or be seated with an air of dreamy indifference in their saddles. Their small, lean cattle, with hind-quarters all bone and muscle, have delicate, intelligent heads with bright eyes and rosy nostrils. They are pretty animals, supple in form, hardened to fatigue, capable of making continuous long marches on difficult roads.

All the horsemen wear the same kind of costume. The head is coifed with a high pointed fez, ornamented with a blue tuft and surrounded by a rza, or turban, from beneath which a thick lock of hair advances on to each temple. Their kamigh, a shirt with very full sleeves, covering a woollen vest, is caught in at the waist by the hazam, a long red woollen or silken sash which falls on a serouel, or trousers, which are rather narrow towards the feet, and reach to above the ankles.

Then upon a white muslin haik, five or six yards long, which is draped on the body, they wear a sulham or short burnous of light material, and over it all, a large burnous of blue cloth.

Their arms consist uniformly of a very long flint-lock gun, the moukala; of a koummiah, a short sabre with rhinoceros horn handle; a curved bladed khanjar, a powder flask, and a leather bullet bag embroidered with silk.

Chatting with our excellent host, the Kaïd Maclean, and one of his friends of the French Mission to whom he presented me—Dr. Linares, the thaleb, as the Arabs style him, a charming person as well as a man of erudition—I gathered some interesting information about our hosts of the garden and the Shereefene army.

These elegant horsemen encamped beneath our windows are the Moors and Arabs of the Mechaouari, and the blacks of the Boukhari. Both belong to the Sultan's guard, and are part of the Makhzen, that is to say of the Government.

These tribes of the Makhzen form a military colony, and constitute the Guich, which is the principal military resource of the State of Morocco. They are exempt from taxation and enjoy numerous other privileges.

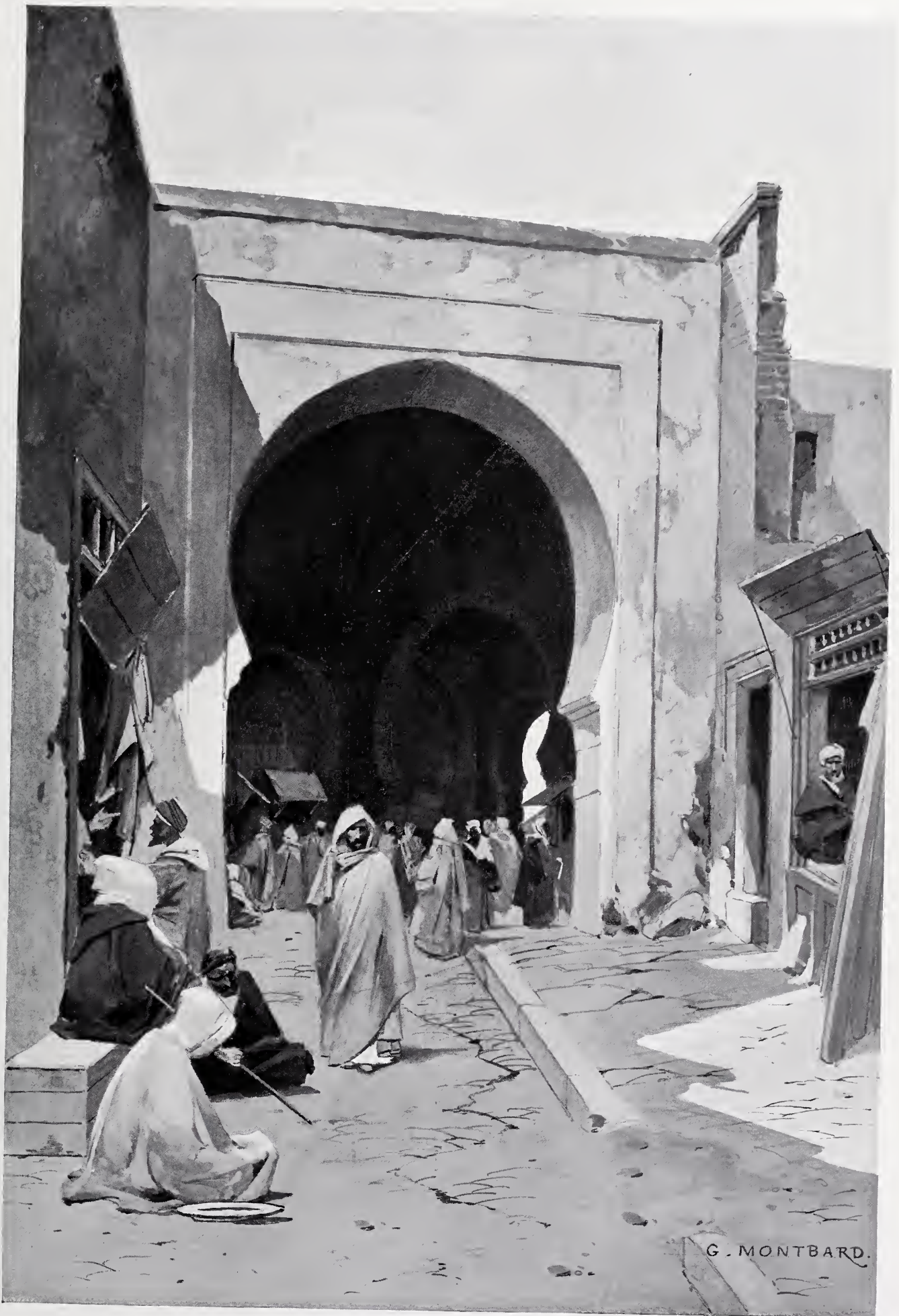
These tribes furnish the elements of the following corps in the measure of one combatant for each household: the Mechaouari, the Abids-Boukhari, the Oudaïa, the Cheraga



AA:

A Jew Cloth Merchant.

From a sketch by Geo. Montbard.



Entrance Gate to a Bazaar, Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

and the Cherarda, or Soussi. These contingents, united, become the Guich.

The soldiers of the Mechaouar, the Imperial Council of the Palace, form the Shereef's guard of honour. They serve sometimes as cavalry, sometimes as infantry, accompanying the Court wherever it may go. One part escorts the Sultan on horseback, whilst the other precedes him on foot, driving back the crowd with smart strokes of the courbash. They number about 12,000, apart from the reserves left in the tribes. They are chosen among the best soldiers of the State.

The Abids-Boukhari, slaves of Boukhari, the famous theologian, author of the work "Djami el Sahib," are the Sultan's black guard, and are selected both from negroes in the country and elsewhere. Their formation dates from the days of Mouley Ismael, who, in 1678, began to recruit this class of men among the negro slaves of Morocco, at the same time as he caused others to be purchased in the Soudan.

For a long time they played at the Court of the Sultans the same part as the Pretorians at Rome, the Mamalukes in Egypt, and the Janissaries at Constantinople. They were disbanded, and then reformed accordingly as they inspired fear or a need occurred for their services. Very brave, and excellent horsemen, they muster seven or eight thousand warriors in peaceful times, but their number could be increased by five or six thousand, if necessary, on a war footing.

The Oudaïa, a cavalry corps, also organised by Mouley Ismael, displayed the same turbulency as the others, and frequently made common cause with the enemies of the Sultans. Abd-er-Rhaman had even to besiege them at Fez, where, for a long while, they held his troops in

check, and only surrendered when short of ammunition and reduced to famine. A great number were killed, and the remainder dispersed hither and thither. Incorporated afterwards in the Makhzen, they are now very submissive. They form a corps of six or seven thousand men at the most, quartered close to Fez, and are always ready to obey the Sultan's orders.

The Cheragas, riverside people of the Oued-Sebou, are a corps similar to the goumiers of Algeria, a sort of mounted gendarmerie. Their particular business is to watch over the tribes spread over the vast plain of the Sebou, and to maintain order among them. They supply, besides, in peace time, a thousand horsemen or so, who are generally encamped, partly in Fez itself, and partly beyond the ramparts, plus five hundred others stationed at the Fort of El-Khemis.

The Cherarda, or Soussi, in souvenir of Sous, their place of origin, are at the present day installed in the territory limiting that of the Beni-Ahsen and the Zemours. They number four or five thousand, and are entrusted with the duty of holding in respect these only half-subdued and pillaging tribes, ever ready to rise against the authority of the Sultan.

The Mechaouari and the Boukhari alone, among the contingents of the Makhzen, are dressed, mounted and equipped by the State. The others provide for all their requirements at their own cost, receiving only ammunition.

It is particularly among these privileged corps that the employés of the Government are selected. They serve also as guards at the legations, and even as porters in the hotels.

All the cavalry of the Makhzen, the Guich, which, on a war footing, by calling out the reserves might muster some fifty thousand men, are under the orders of the Kaid-el-Mechaouar.

The artillery, directed by the Sultan, comprises two battalions forming 15 mia, or companies of 100 men, armed with muzzle-loading carbines, and commanded by two Kaïd-Aghas.

The field artillery consists of sixty or seventy pieces of all sorts, derived from various sources: French rifled field guns, Spanish bronze guns, mitrailleuses, Gatling, Hotchkiss and Belgian quick-firing guns. Two or three young tholbas, possessing certain notions of arithmetic and geometry, are joined to the Kaïds in the quality of mohendez or engineers to read the sights and find out the roads.

The siege artillery in the interior comprises only a few smooth-bore guns, of an old model without value. That of the seaports, a little more presentable, is served by sedentary artillerymen in the pay of the State, who succeed one another from father to son. They fire salvos from time to time, impudently solicit bagsheesh from all visitors, regale themselves with the oil that is served out to them to keep the ordnance in order, which by reason of this gormandising goes rusting, some on the worm-eaten wooden carriages, the others on the grass beside their iron rests, thanks to this inconceivable oriental neglect.

With the exception of Tangiers, protected by six 20-ton Armstrong guns, distributed in three batteries built by English engineers, all the ports are ridiculously armed with pieces incapable of causing the least harm to armour-plated vessels.

The Sultan's fleet consists of one single merchant ship of very modest tonnage, purchased second-hand a few years back, during the Suse expedition, to transport troops, and arrived when all was over. Manned by



AA

A Kaouadgi.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

English and Danish seamen, and sailing under the British flag, this little craft does a coasting trade whilst

awaiting a purchaser. As to the grandsons of the Charii, those famous pirates so redoubtable formerly, they have become dockers and discharge the vessels along the quays—"Sic transit gloria mundi."

The infantry, the askari, recruited very irregularly, do not exceed seven or eight thousand men. They comprise a lamentable collection of males of all ages, from lads of fourteen to old men of seventy, all wretchedly clothed and equipped in a manner as summary as fantastic. Like the artillery they are coifed with the tarbouch, and accoutred in a grotesque pair of blue linen trousers, half European, half Arab, over which they often wear their shirt, and in a light red vest and waistcoat. Their guns are old arms of all models; their pocket handkerchief does duty as a cartridge box, and the latter serves as a receptacle for tobacco, cigarettes and so forth. A good many, for want of a sheath, have their bayonets fastened to a bit of string which hangs down their back. All is in a deplorable condition. The arms are red with rust, and half dislocated, the dirty, greasy clothes are in shreds.

Apart from a few battalions trained by the French Mission, one single corps stands out distinctly among this band of wretched creatures. It is the 800 Harrabras of the Kaïd Maclean, who are perfectly disciplined, properly equipped, armed with Martini-Henry rifles, bright and clean, and manœuvring with a precision that is quite European.

The askari, on active service, having neither knapsacks, water bottles, nor cartridge boxes, often load their arms, provisions and ammunition on mules, and lead the camels bearing water skins. Then they go along one after the other, some on foot, the others, particularly the chiefs, on donkeys and horses which they have been able to lay hands on, and form an interminable file, flanked by the cavalry more occupied in making frantic fantasies than in guarding themselves against the enemy.

The highest grade in the army is that of Kaïd Agha or Colonel; then comes the Khalifa of the Kaïd Agha, the Adjutant-Major; the Melazem, Lieutenant; the Kiad el Mia, commanding 100 men; the Humbachi, commanding 10 men; the Bachi-Chaouch, Sergeant-Major; the Mokaddem, Sergeant; and lastly, the Chouch, Corporal.

GEO. MONTBARD.



A Street in Old Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

A Painter of Romantic Cities.

SAMUEL J. HODSON, R.W.S.

ROMANTIC cities are not wholly a past possibility, but the Romantic City of the Future will be so different from that of the Past, that the recorder of such Ballads in Stone as Siena, Vitré, and Goslar will always have something of the peculiar appreciation which is given to the quaint historians, Froissart and Philippe de Comines. The Romantic City of the Future will be one which has been fortified by the most up-to-date methods of this year of grace 1901. With this *mise-en-scène* the



Piazza delle Erbe, Verona.

From the painting by Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S.

romancer of 2000 will write old-fashioned, dreamy love stories of the Boer Guerilla War, and of the greatest years of the Great Empress—may Her Memory ever be with us!

I have sometimes wondered a little why the Fates did not unite Mr. Hodson's pictures with the prose of the author of John Inglesant. To accompany such stories as "The Countess Eve" and "A Teacher of the Violin," one needs some sympathetic portraits of the old places wherein these half-psycho romances are set,—one's stimulated imagination would sufficiently people them with suitable figures. Likewise do I remember thinking so of this artist on a first reading of "Philip van Artevelde," in which the old cities of Flanders keep hovering dreamwise through the passages in the drama. There is a small school of painters, chiefly connected with the Old Water-Colour Society, which has studied the dramatic rendering of the ducal and princely cities of the Continent. Prout, and two R.A.'s, Roberts and Stanfield, may be said to have fixed the tradition, and a certain number of men have kept it up. A very early

master in this line, whose work is best known by his lithographs, was Louis Haghe, the Belgian, half English by association. And there is William Callow, the distinguished veteran who was the first to set up as teacher of the English Water-colour School in Paris, where he taught the children of Louis Philippe. This was in 1835, and his younger brother, John Callow, was his pupil, and afterwards almost as distinguished a professor of his brother's method, a style of teaching simple, direct, and logical, which always maintains the superiority of transparent over body-colour. William Callow must be named whenever Mr. Hodson's work is considered, in view of his great influence upon the younger man and the old friendship between them.

Callow has been a member of the R.W.S. for sixty-three years, and still produces work which is full of crisp vigour. The Romantic Drama at its best has only to take these men's work for its scenery, to be fully equipped. Prout is, of course, the best known of these

masters, originally. Nor, in this connection, should the name of John Ruskin be omitted, for in addition to his own important drawings of Venice and Abbeville, and to his teaching in the Working Men's College, he gave our subject some very valuable advice, when he was introduced to that institution by the late John W. Bunney, the architectural draughtsman whose Venetian labours were cut short as he was about to reap a full harvest of success. Being asked his opinion as to the finest Continental material for a painter of Romance in Architecture, Ruskin said that Verona was the best of the cities, and after that, Rouen. Perhaps this may surprise readers of the "Stones of Venice," but the probability is that Ruskin was wishful

to have a young artist of northern blood concentrate his studies upon the best of the northern genius: like to like. Verona impresses one as a very unique city, with much of the old Longobard race written upon its walls, and certainly its beauty is of a more reserved and serious character than that of Venice. Of Rouen, the capital of the Norman and the crown of the Gothic genius, Ruskin has written with almost passionate fervour. Verona has inspired Mr. Hodson considerably, and he has returned to it several times. One of his earlier paintings of the Piazza delle Erbe, that Grassmarket which reminds one of Shakespeare, just as the Edinburgh Grassmarket reminds one of Scott,—was engraved in THE ART JOURNAL, with smaller sketches, illustrative of an article.

Siena, Padua, Venice have had their turn, and of the great Spanish cities, Toledo, Valencia, and Burgos. The work which caused him to be elected to the R.W.S. was done in Nuremberg, and some of his happiest results have been achieved in Flanders and Normandy, the large drawing of Dieppe being bought by the late Comte de



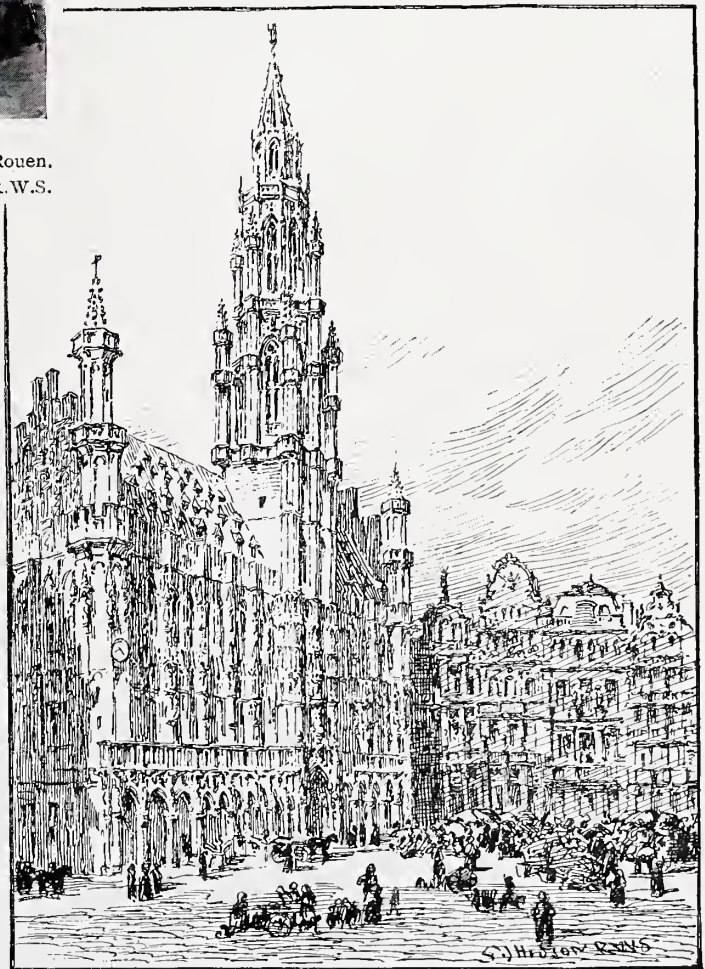
Rue de la Grosse Horloge, Rouen.
From the painting by Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S.

Paris, in which collection it still remains. A few other names may be added of the places which attract artists of this vein especially. Morlaix, Dinan, and Quimper, of course. Vannes—which makes one remember Dumas—for the ultra-subtle musketeer Aramis had become Bishop of Vannes when D'Artagnan rode to Belle Isle, the ride ever dear to Robert Louis Stevenson. Vitré, that extraordinary group of vast towers, battlements and ramparts girding the crooked town in which dwelt Madame de Sévigné, and the city of Henry the Fowler, Goslar, with its huge Zwinger, or Prison Tower, with imperial associations of residence, and with its memories of conquest by Hanover, and Westphalia, and Hanover again.

Mr. Hodson is a chieftain in two artistic fields, for, born of a printing family and acquainted with the processes of engraving, he has carried the art of printing in colours to its present highly finished state. The history of this, briefly, is that the very first of such coloured supplements was issued by the *Illustrated London News*, and that the *Graphic* caught up the idea and went beyond its great rival. The famous 'Cinderella' and 'North-West Passage' of Millais are to the glory of the *News*, and have been cherished by their possessors. Seeing the great success of such supplements, Mr. W. L. Thomas, the general manager

of the *Graphic*,* to whose business acumen and artistic instinct the journal owes most of its prosperity, consulted with Mr. Hodson as to whether the same could not be carried out in his own covers. Mr. Hodson set up a press accordingly, and aided by Mr. Pasquier and others trained by himself, has produced a very considerable list of popular works. The first was that well-remembered and very brilliant sketch of an Indian lancer and his bolting horse at the game of tent-pegging. Miss Elizabeth Thompson, now Lady Butler, was then in the full blaze of her reputation, and the circulation of the Christmas numbers and others containing this and Millais' 'Cherry Ripe' and 'Miss Muffet,' jumped up to six hundred thousand. Other pictures followed, Marcus Stone's 'Lost Bird' and 'Ophelia,' Luke Fildes' portraits of the Princess of Wales, Princess May, and the Duke of York. H. T. Wells' 'Queen Victoria at her Coronation,' H. Wood's 'Portia,' Millais' 'Idyll.' The biggest triumph of all was Lord Leighton's picture 'Flaming June,' the orange-clad maiden asleep in an attitude involving some very tortuous drawing and foreshortening, with a glaring gleam of white on the sea beyond. This plate is one to cherish very particularly, and it is not likely that any of

* The lamented death of Mr. Thomas occurred almost while these lines were being penned. No attempt can here be made to estimate his influence; but the true story of his administration may some time make a brilliant chapter in the History of Illustrated Journalism.



Hôtel de Ville, Brussels.
From the painting by Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S.

quite such an elaborate nature will again be attempted.

The list made a new era in journalistic colour printing, and with this era Mr. Hodson's name will always be indissolubly associated by those who know anything of its inner history. I have not attempted any chronology in the mention of these plates, but as a matter of fact two of Mr. Hodson's lithographs preceded them in order of production. They are very well known in art schools, and very much prized for their beauty and choice quality; they are reproductions of Mulready's coloured life studies.

In this connection may be additionally mentioned the superb 'Desdemona,' by Lord Leighton, and 'Jessica,' by Luke Fildes, who wrote and thanked Mr. Hodson for his rendering of it.

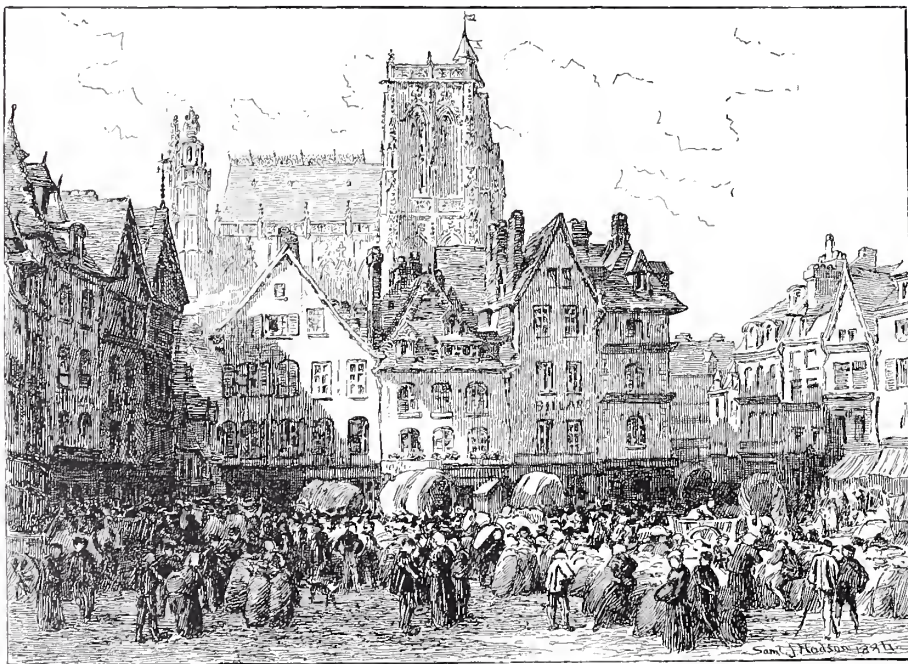
The great feature about these works is that they are all hand labour in the preparation, difficult, costly, calling for highly trained hands, and thus ultimately attaining a variety of colour and a subtlety of tone particularly worthy of the great originals, Leighton and Millais. In the case of the 'Portia,' H. Woods, R.A., the plate was a pure aquatint, every tone being laid on by Mr. Hodson himself with brush and acid. The most widely known of the series is Millais' 'Cherry Ripe.' Intermingled with these are many works by the younger men, the



Innsbruck.

From the painting by Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S.

traits, chief of which was that of the Duke of Cambridge, and having all the rich breadth of his architectural studies. But this is an exceptional subject. We know him by his old cities, and in the spring of 1901 we found more of him by Mont St. Michel and Angers, a collection of which the exhibition was held in the Fine Art Society's gallery. The historic capital of the Dukes of Anjou has a very fine grey stone of its own, which gave the artist peculiar pleasure to render into brushwork.



Abbeville—Market morning.

From the painting by Samuel J. Hodson, R.W.S.

LEWIS

LUSK.

A Martyr of the Sixteenth Century.

Johanna de Santhova, a Lutheran, led out to be buried alive.

BY PROF. WILLEM GEETS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF THE CORPORATION
OF BIRMINGHAM.

THIS picture, powerfully dramatic both in subject and in treatment, brings home to the spectator more vividly than any written chronicle the horrors which were perpetrated in the Netherlands in the sixteenth century in the name of holy religion, after Philip II. of Spain had established the Inquisition there. The Hollanders, who had embraced with zeal the reformed doctrines, revolted against the crimes committed under the shelter of its name, and, in order to bring them back into the bosom of the true church, Philip sent Fernando Alvarez, Duke of Alva, to govern the country. His rule was characterized by such tyranny, severity, and cold-blooded cruelty, that his name is execrated even to-day as that of the most pitiless persecutor the world has ever seen. He was recalled to Spain in 1573, after having put to death about 18,000 people in the course of six years, including the treacherous execution of the Counts Egmont and Horn.

Professor Geets has chosen as the subject of his picture an incident in this bitter struggle between Catholic and Protestant, which illustrates one of the most awful forms of punishment invented by the Inquisition for terrorising the Lutherans into submission. The scene takes place at the entrance of a stately Flemish cathedral, down the steps of which, into the street, a sad procession is making its way. At the head of it a number of soldiers march, followed by some high church dignitary in his robes, accompanied by two officials, all three dressed in black. Immediately behind them walks a burly, brutal-looking executioner, and a small hump-backed grave-digger, with pick and rope. Then comes the central figure of this miserable tragedy, the girl-martyr who is about to suffer death by a living burial rather than renounce the new faith to which she clings so firmly. Clad in a long white robe, with bare feet, and her long hair falling over each shoulder, she walks erect, with penitential candle held in one hand. She gazes upward, with an expression in which fear of the horrible fate in store for her is mingled with exultation in the spiritual victory which she has gained. She is heedless of the exhortations of the priestly confessor who walks by her side. Behind her come a number of white-robed monks, chanting psalms. On the steps on each side of the doorway stand crowds of citizens pressing forward to see the martyr, and only kept back by the halberds of the soldiery. The varying passions by which they are moved at the sight of the condemned girl are admirably portrayed in their faces and their movements; passionate grief, horror, indifference, fanatic hate, and fear lest a similar fate may fall on the onlooker, are all clearly depicted.

The grouping has been arranged with great care, and the painting displays that technical skill for which this well-known Belgian artist has made a reputation for himself in a number of large historical works. All the details of the picturesque sixteenth-century costumes are admirably rendered, and, although the picture lacks any high qualities of imagination, it is a finely-executed work, which portrays with great vividness a scene which is almost too painful a one for representation. It is, too, a true incident which the artist has chosen to depict in 1883, founded on a record taken from an old registry in Ghent Cathedral, which gives an account of how one Johanna de Santhova was buried alive at Malines sooner than renounce her faith. It was at Malines that the artist was historical painter to the Academy of Arts for a number of years, and several of his historical paintings have been enlarged and reproduced at the Royal Factory in that town. He has received other marks of artistic distinction both in his own country and elsewhere.

The Art Journal, London, 26, 1872, p. 100



Printed by William Grafton

A Martyr of the Sixteenth Century.

From the Picture, in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham



A portion of Mr. George Walton's Exhibit.

Decorative and Industrial Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.*

THIRD NOTICE.

MUCH might still be said about the difficulty of exhibiting wares, not at first sight interesting, in such a way as to attract due notice, and no more than their due. It is a mistake in art to call too loudly for attention. A shriek fails of the artistic purpose it may have had, warning away the judicious instead of attracting them. Most exhibitors desire to display their productions with art; and most things may be set forth in a way to enhance their effect. Accordingly, we find at Glasgow such things as biscuits arranged in studded patterns, inoffensive enough except that the idea of edibles on velvet does not commend itself. Electric wire fuses, again, percussion caps, bullets, and all sorts of ammunition are set out in similar fashion; preserved-meat tins and bottles of fruit are built up into trophies, and reels of cotton into the shape of the Eddystone

* Continued from page 243.

Lighthouse; and, as there is here no pretence of art in the manufacture, so there is no great offence in the attempt at artistic display. Even in such efforts taste is by no means wasted, and indeed it is not possible to go far without some demand upon discretion. The very notion, for example, of arranging things themselves quite unornamental in the form of ornament is fraught with danger. Something depends upon the thing displayed; a device which would be unobjectionable in a show of confectionery strikes one as frivolous in a display of tools. An instance of the influence of taste in trifles occurs in the stall of Joseph Gillott, whose steel pens of various kinds are arranged with ingenuity and tact to frame small drawings (presumably made with them) by draughtsmen of repute in black-and-white. The difficulty of doing a trifle like this without triviality is the better appreciated by comparing it with an effort, close by, somewhat in the same direction, by another pen-maker, who, whatever the merits of the rival nibs, has much to learn from his neighbour in the art of exhibiting.

The first of our illustrations above shows the interior of Mr. George Walton's little house (see pp. 239-240), or rather that portion of it which is fitted as a dining-room, with the ceiling in glass and metal already described.



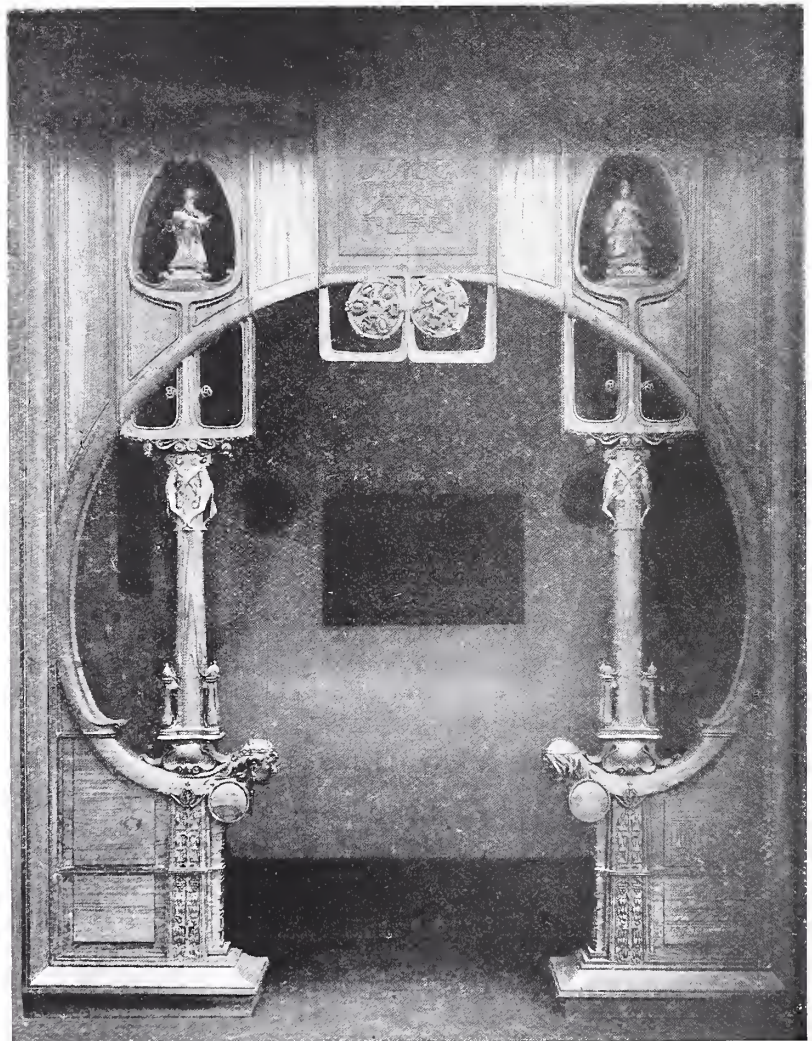
Pottery Exhibit of Herman A. Kähler, Nøstved, Denmark.

Matters are, of course, simplified when there is only one thing to exhibit—the marble, for example, from a particular quarry; but it is not often that the obviously simple means are employed, as in the case of the coloured marble from the Skyros quarries, built up as a plain wall with white cornice and capping. Nothing could possibly be better.

In the mere arrangement of shelves there is scope for discretion. It may be seen in the exhibit of Mr. Herman Kähler how, by the device of an intervening band of something distinct from ordinary trade products, the appearance of shoppiness is mitigated. The frieze of animals in modelled and painted faïence above gives character and distinction to the Danish potter's show, though the frieze itself is not to be compared to that which he sent to Paris. Separate specimens of Mr. Kähler's lustrated earthenware are given opposite, on a scale large enough to show the crackle, which is a feature of it. Some of the specimens are admirable in colour; but the artist trusts evidently a great deal to accidents of the kiln, over which he has little or no control.

A most important exhibit of faïence is that of the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company. The pillars and arcading of their stand (overleaf) are built to demonstrate the solution of one of the problems of the moment, the production, namely, of a hard glaze for tiles and faïence impervious to moisture, and with no more gloss on it than an eggshell has. This glaze is seen to yet greater perfection in a small collection of pottery. The exhibit consists, however, chiefly of tiles produced in the ordinary way of manufacture; yet showing, for all

that (or is it because of that), qualities of workman-like accomplishment not always to be found in wares



Wood-carving Exhibit designed by Mr. James Salmon and carved by John Crawford.



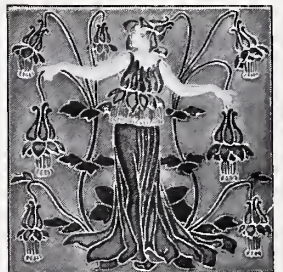
Lustrated Earthenware by Herman A. Kähler, Nøstved, Denmark.

more professedly artistic. This show is interesting as recording the artistic level of design and execution maintained by a firm claiming only to manufacture. A series of tiles designed for them by Mr. Walter Crane is illustrated on this page.

Another construction in glazed faïence is that built by Messrs. Doulton and Co. for a bathroom and lavatory exhibit, as effective as it is suitable to its plain purpose. Otherwise they do not make anything like such a dash as they have taught us to expect of them at an International Exhibition; the small selection of their pottery (from stoneware to painted porcelain) is, however, quite representative of their work, though purposely miscellaneous, and not set forth to advantage.

An exhibit of unique character is that of Mr. John Crawford, designed for him by Mr. James Salmon, an architect of some note in Glasgow, who, whilst personally preferring simplicity of design, has here entered into the spirit of the exhibitor, and given him the opportunity of showing what he can do in the way of elaborate wood-carving. Mr. John Crawford and his brother are employed chiefly in carving for the Clyde ship-builders, and many a Glasgow carver has been trained in their workshops. Mr. Salmon's elevation (opposite) is designed with a view to its eventual use as an arch in a hall, or to frame a fireplace recess. Our illustration does not do justice to the cunning technique of the carver; but it shows the daring and originality of the designer, an originality which somehow reminds one of the exuberant fancy of that famous 'prentice of whom the grim legend is told at Rosslyn.

The hand of the architect is visible again in two other stalls of which we give illustrations on page 277. The more striking of these is a sort of Alhambresque Kiosk of Messrs. Pettigrew and Stephens. The relation of its architecture to Irish peasant industries, or to damask weaving, carried on within its walls, is not very apparent; but it is an attractive and really original façade. The diaper above the arcade is formed of the letters of the alphabet which go to spell the name of the firm, deliberately designed, it seems, to hold a meaning



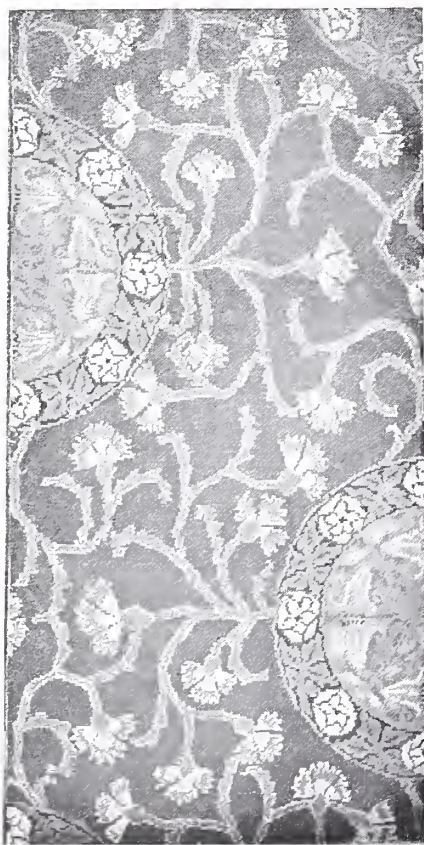
Flora's Train—Tiles designed by Mr. Walter Crane for the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company.



Tile, Mosaic, Pottery, and Faience Exhibit by the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company.

rather than to convey it to the casual observer. They are, in fact, so fantastically mixed up with swirling lines of merely artistic import, that it is only by anticipation that they are to be read at all. To compare this stall with that of Messrs. Mander Brothers, also Alhambresque in character, is to realise how individually a Scotchman can deal with a Moresque type of design. The scheme of colouring in Messrs. Pettigrew and Stevens's building is

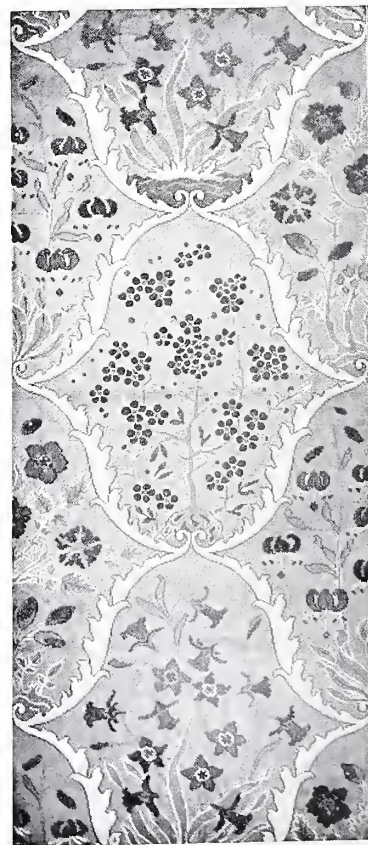
more Scottish than Eastern. The colour, indeed, is only saved from garishness by the way the crudish tints are broken up; but, instead of gilding, which the Moors would have employed, to divide and harmonise them, interspaces of white plaster are left; the use of red is reduced to a minimum; and there is a striking predominance of the strong blue and vivid green so dear to Northern eyes. As the continually recurring combina-



Carpet designed by Mr. Walter Crane.



Carpet Border designed by Mr. Walter Crane.



Carpet designed by Mr. Millar.
Executed and exhibited by Messrs. James Templeton and Co.

tion of blue and green recalls a Highland tartan, so the black and white billet ornament occasionally employed suggests a shepherd's plaid.

In referring in a former notice to that other Eastern building, the Kiosk of Messrs. James Templeton and Co., space did not permit mention of their manufacture, which, after all, is the important thing with them. Their show of carpets is not unworthy of their high repute. Perhaps in the determined effort to meet the every want of retail trade, they allow themselves to be led sometimes in a direction which their better judgment must tell them is not the way of art. But even when they go so far astray as to weave woollen mouldings for us to walk on, they produce, it must be allowed, very happy effects of colour. In fact, in the matter of colour, which our illustrations (opposite) cannot of course give, the taste of the firm is seldom at fault. Among triumphs of manufacture must be mentioned a copy (not quite literal) of the famous Holy Carpet at South Kensington, and a Louis-Seize design which, facing you as it does upon the end wall, has more the appearance of delicate tapestry than of carpet. Flowers and arabesque could hardly be better painted in wools. In truth it is not fit to be trodden upon. That may be said to be rather the fault of the French style than of the Scottish manufacture. But a similar forgetfulness of the position to be occupied by carpets, is shown in designs more up-to-date. The latest thing in carpet design seems to be to plan it as if for hangings or wall-papers. Designers appear to be claiming a freedom from restraint which amounts to licence—Mr. Walter Crane himself giving the countenance of his name and authority to a practice more honoured, it seems to me, in the breach than in the



The Stand of Messrs. Pettigrew and Stephens.

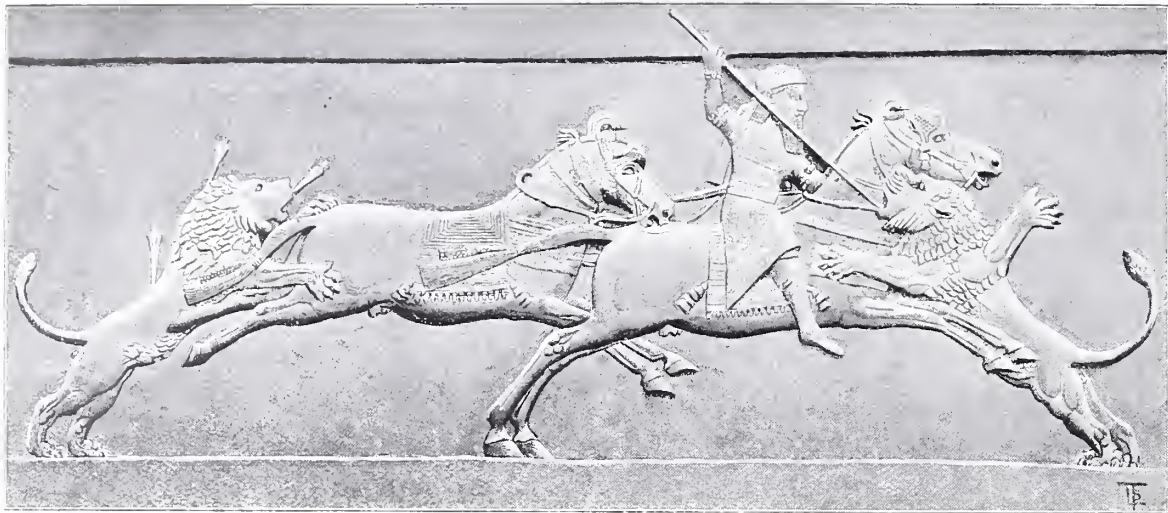
observance. Competent artists, such as those employed by Messrs. Templeton and Co., must know better than they practise. Yet, with a little pains, they could have got all their effect without straying from the reasonable path. Is it out of sheer wilfulness they err, or in cowardly compliance with the demands of a foolish fashion? The impression left by Messrs. Templeton and Co.'s fine exhibit is that they could do still better—if only they dared.

Compared with quasi-Oriental buildings, the stall of the Glasgow School of Art, a sort of cage in which to confine a pair of lady bookbinders, is most severely simple. It is designed, in fact, to show how simply an erection of the sort may be built, the straight lines naturally suggested by carpentry construction being allowed to assert themselves, with no attempt at ornament beyond what is afforded by judicious distribution and proportion. A similar severity is to be observed in Mr. Mackintosh's permanent building for the Glasgow School of Art—planned apparently on lines nakedly utilitarian, yet everywhere revealing the marked individuality of the artist. His symbolism, as in the case of the ring and balls framing the name of the school (adjacent), is his own, and apparently for himself; he takes, at all events, no pains to make it intelligible to the mere Southerner. So imperturbably does he work on his own lines that to eyes unsympathetic it seems like affectation; but there is honestly no doubt as to the genuineness of the artistic impulse. Whether it is quite wise in him to follow it so unhesitatingly is another question—which time will answer.

LEWIS F. DAY.

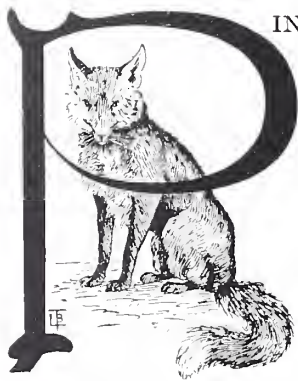


Glasgow School of Art Stall. Designed by Mr. Macintosh.



No. 1.—Part of a Lion Hunt.
From a Bas-relief from Nineveh.

Scenes of the Chase applied to Decoration.



DINK coats and packs of rushing, scrambling hounds are rarely absent from the walls of our annual exhibitions, but it matters little what becomes of them all, for which picture has left its mark upon the art of the century? Squire and fox-hunting parson are not quite terms of the past, and many an animal painter delights to ride to hounds, and thereafter to note on canvas something of his personal ex-

perience of the fun of the chase, the exhilarating motion through the crisp air, the mingled feelings caused by community of taste and the spirit of emulation; but who has the courage to leave these subjects to the pages of *Punch*, and ambition enough to paint some stirring scene of silvan warfare? Landseer, it is true, could place his stag "at bay," but at best it was only a careful portrait of the animal in a fine pose, lacking human interest, unless it were the too-human expression of the eyes; and who, since the boar-hunts of Rubens, has given us a magnificent composition full of the ferocity of man and beast, as needs must be when the prowess of the combatants was well matched, and the risk of life added earnestness to the sport, and the dangerous and harmful nature of the quarry excused and necessitated war to the death?

The ancients regarded the chase far otherwise, and thought representations of it decoration befitting the palaces of kings and the temples of their gods. Mankind had emerged from the savage state, and the conflict with the lower animals merely in self-defence or for food had ceased in Assyria four thousand years ago, in the time of "Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord," whose worldly ambition as the founder of a great kingdom was equalled by his ardour for his favourite occupation.

A thousand years had passed when Tiglath Pileser I. ascended the throne of his fathers. His character resembled that of his nearly mythical predecessor, for when he died, about B.C. 1100, after a reign of twenty years, he had not only made and left his country the most important monarchy in the world, but, the temple of Anu and Vul having fallen into decay during an existence of seven hundred and one years, he rebuilt it with great splendour, and in one of two pyramidal towers, called ziggurrats, have been found three engraved cylinders, recording his exploits. From those we learn that he "was passionately fond of hunting. He chased wild bulls on the Lebanon, he slaughtered 120 lions, besides numerous other wild animals; and he kept for his pleasure at his capital Assur, a park of animals of the chase. The king of Egypt, knowing his taste, sent an



No. 2.—Man and Hound.
From an Assyrian Bas-relief from Nineveh.



No. 3.—Stag Hunt.
From a Bas-relief from Nineveh.

embassy to him, and presented him with a crocodile.” (George Smith’s “History of Assyria.”)

Another king with similar tastes was Assur-nazir-pal, whose rule lasted from B.C. 885 to 860; and when he rebuilt the city of Calah he erected two temples and a palace, of which nothing remains except the palace mound of Nimroud, and the walls of these he adorned with carvings in relief of his military exploits and scenes of the chase, now in the British Museum. Among these are a bull hunt and two lion hunts.

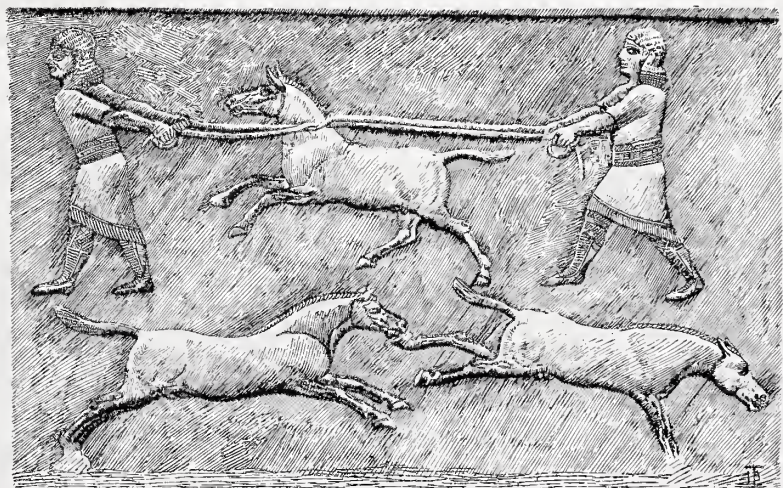
The most important building of the reign of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus, B.C. 668-626) was the north palace of Nineveh on the platform of Koyunjik, decorated with bas-reliefs of varying dimensions, the subjects being mostly hunting scenes. The favourite animals were lions which were pursued in chariots, on horseback, and on foot; gazelles or wild goats, wild horses, which were followed on horseback with hounds, and slain with spears and arrows (No. 6), or caught with a noose; deer, hares, and birds. Nor had the king to go far afield, since most of the objects of his sport were kept in a park on the eastern side of Nineveh, and before the hunts were opened attendants enclosed the stags in a portion of the wood with nets (No. 3). Captive lions were frequently let loose out of cages, and the royal party drove or rode to the meet and dismounted or not, as seemed convenient.

A great change is noticeable in the style of the Nineveh sculptures, which, with the exception of most of the lion hunts, are on a smaller scale than those from Nimroud, though possibly the difference is due less to the lapse of two hundred years than to the idiosyncrasy of the sculptor. The later work is stiffer as regards the treatment of the manes of lions and horses, and even the movements of the men seem more strictly to adhere to an established conventional standard, but it has gained immensely in grace of outline and beauty of grouping. Some of the slabs are divided into three by plain bands upon which small portions of the subjects occasionally encroach. In the topmost division lions are hunted on foot with bow and arrows; below it the central group consists of a noble on horseback spearing a lion in the mouth, while holding in his left hand the bridle of a spare horse which is attacked behind by a lion pierced with three arrows (No. 1).

A beardless attendant lashes his horse to the rescue and a bearded rider with a spear follows, extending his right arm with excitement. Broken hoofs below the tail of the last horse indicate that part of the group has been destroyed. Part of the lowest division is occupied by a chase of wild goats. The archer, having dismounted, kneels in the act of drawing his bow, and a boy with a quiver kneels behind him stretching out two arrows (No. 5). It should be observed, however, that the two human figures which are sculptured on a broken slab of Assyrian aragonite are not correct in their present position in the Museum, the end of a rope proving that this slab never immediately joined

the one next to which it is placed. To the right of the herd of goats an attendant stands with a richly caparisoned horse. Crossing the tail of the latter is that of another horse led by a mounted attendant, who, with another man with a quiver on his back, bow and bridle held in his left hand, and two arrows ready in his right, follows some grandee who is in the act of shooting an arrow at a great drove of horses or ponies. This subject is one of the most effective in design and excellent in execution, but portions are destroyed. There remain a remarkable smoke-blackened fragment of a pack of hounds tearing their prey to pieces, and a little group, which is among our illustrations (No. 4), showing the capture of one of the animals in a noose, proving that mere slaughter was not the only object of the chase.

The Egyptians of all times, ranks, and castes, from motives of duty or amusement, were devoted to all forms of sport, in which they used weapons similar to those of the Assyrians, but apparently had a greater variety of means of attaining their prey. Besides the use of nets for enclosing extensive spaces of ground, the noose, snares, traps, throw-sticks, throwing spears, bows and arrows, and several breeds of dogs, they hunted also with tamed lions, which pursued the larger or swifter animals, such as deer, ibex, and antelope, being trained for hunting like the Indian cheetah. On fowling expeditions among the marshes, a decoy duck with nest



No. 4.—Part of Hunting Scene.
From Assur-bani-pal's Palace at Nineveh.



No. 5.—Chase of Wild Goats.
From a Bas-relief from Nineveh.

and eggs was placed in the bows of the papyrus punt, which glided noiselessly among the rushes and tall water plants, or a cat took its place there to act as a retriever. The range of animals also seems to have been greater, for in addition to the lion, which was snared upon the mountains, the crocodile and hippopotamus which were peculiar to certain localities, they hunted the ostrich for the sake of its plumes, the gazelle, wild goat or ibex, oryx, wild ox, stag, kebsh or wild sheep, hare, and porcupine for the table, and the fox, jackal, wolf, hyæna, and leopard for amusement.

The noble craft of hunting doubtless appealed as much to the Greeks as to most European nations. That it was frequently practised as a simple amusement is suggested by an Athenian lekythos (oil-bottle, D. 60) of the fifth or fourth century B.C., in the Third Vase Room at the British Museum, which is decorated with two youths hunting a hare with a sharp-nosed dog near a sepulchral stelè; and at least two hunting scenes formed part of the sculptured frieze of the order of the Nereid Monument at Xanthos, in Lycia. One is frightfully mutilated; the other, also much broken, is a bear hunt (No. 8), an unusual subject in art. The bear is at bay, standing on its hind legs before a dog. Four huntsmen on horseback arrive with two other dogs and a couple of attendants on foot, one carrying a slain stag thrown over his shoulder.

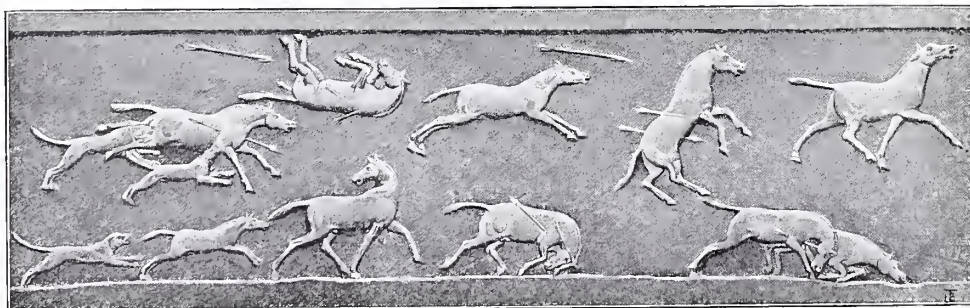
But judging by the mythic traditions, care for the public welfare was a higher motive to the Greeks in their pursuit of wild beasts than that of mere pleasure. Though the giver of the command or commission which sent heroes like Theseus and Herakles to rid the land of ravaging beasts and monsters might be a cowardly, despicable tyrant, yet the deed that was done tended to the preservation of the lives and property of many of their fellow-countrymen, and it is not unnatural to find a record of such tales preponderate over ordinary hunting scenes in the art of ancient Greece.

Greek art of the best period gave an air of majestic repose to sculpture, relegating a certain idea of generally deliberate movement to bas-reliefs; but this is far from being the case with the paintings on the terra-cotta vases, where we see tragedies and comedies, battles, wrestling matches, races, hunts, scenes from private life and from mythology, and even from farces, in which the grotesque actors resemble drawings of the Japanese Popular School.

A favourite subject was the 'Hunt of the Kalydo-

nian Boar,' which the goddess Artemis had sent to devastate the fields of the Ætoliens, because Æneus, the king of Kalydon, had neglected to offer sacrifice to her. But the days passed till one came when Meleager, the king's son, had arrived at manhood, and he sent messengers to invite every valiant prince whose fame had spread beyond his own land to join him in the hunt. Theseus of Athens, Admetos of Pheræ, Ankeos, and the beautiful, swift-footed Atalanta of Arcadia, Kastor and Polydeukes of Lakedæmon, Jason of Iolkos, Peleus of Thessaly, and many other heroes came, and after feasting for nine days, set out on the dangerous expedition. Atalanta was the first to wound the boar, so when Meleager finally slew it, he presented her with the head, keeping the skin as a trophy for himself. In the British Museum there is a fine crater, or mixing-bowl, from the Pourtalès Collection, one side of which is decorated with the final scene of the hunt. Meleager, armed with shield and helmet, with his right knee on the ground, prepares to give the death thrust in the mouth to the boar as it rushes towards him, while a little white dog bites its left side. A few trees, which have been recently lopped and are sprouting, indicate the nature of the district. In the centre of the composition, behind the boar, is a youth wearing buskins and a short cloak, running, and about to hurl a mass of rock, three others being more distant with shields, spear, and daggers; all the figures appearing graceful and spirited.

As late as the sixth century A.D., in the Ardennes, Diana, the Roman goddess of the chase, was revered by the Gauls, till the Christian deacon, Vulfilaie, cleverly diverted the worship of the people from her idol to a church dedicated to St. Martin; and in other parts of the province St. Germain, Bishop of Auxerre, who had been a hunter of renown, was highly venerated; but in the tenth century the glory of both saints paled before that of St. Hubert. Legend tells how Hubert, son of Bertrand, Duke of Guienne, at one time a great courtier of Theodoric, King of the Franks, and of Pepin



No. 6.—Wild Horses fleeing before an Assyrian Archer.
From a Bas-relief from Nineveh.

The Church Pool.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY DAVID MURRAY, A.R.A.

A DECADE has passed since Mr. David Murray was elected to Associateship of the Royal Academy, that election carrying the right to contribute to the summer exhibitions a maximum of eight pictures, without these undergoing the scrutiny of the Selection Committee. In common with at least one of his fellow Associates, Mr. Murray, born in Glasgow about half-a-century ago, was not only destined for a mercantile career, but for eleven years followed commerce. If, however, the painting of those pictures which later won him swift recognition suffice as proof, art was his proper metier. Were a history to be written of the pictorial outcome of "spare time" devoted by young men engaged in commerce, it would possess great interest—hard as it may sound, it is by no means all to the bad that a man should have to achieve in face of unpropitious circumstance a paramount desire. Having elected to follow art as a profession, Mr. Murray established himself for a time in Skye, that often mist-veiled western island, whose romantic scenery has impressed the imagination alike of artists in words and in colours. To the 1875 Academy he contributed a view of Loch Coruisk, whose silence—and silence, save for nature's sounds, should ever haunt that grimly beautiful spot—was seldom broken in those days.

It may be noted, now that examples by the romanticists of Barbizon are so highly esteemed—not least by Scottish collectors, as is witnessed by the assemblage at the Glasgow Exhibition—that Mr. Murray was one of the first to direct the attention of connoisseurs in his own country to the beauty and distinction of Corot's art. If in range and strength he deems Corot to be overshadowed by Turner, yet he has clear apprehension of the "spiritual" quality in the best works by the Barbizon master. For some time after he moved to London, Mr. Murray found his themes on or near Hampstead Heath, where, earlier in the century, John Constable lived and painted. "My little studio," affirmed the great landscapist, whose art exercised so profound an influence on that of France, and, reflected, upon native art, "my little studio commands a view without an equal in all Europe." To Corot and to Constable, and hence the allusions to them, Mr. Murray owes much. The studio in Langham Chambers, Portland Place, where he now works, is that occupied for some time by Millais. At the Tate Gallery Mr. Murray is represented by 'My Love is gone a'Sailing,' acquired in 1884 for £300. This view of a fishing fleet, its departure watched by a girl in the foreground, is less broad in touch than subsequent pictures.

Our illustration, 'The Church Pool,' hung in the 1899 Academy, is a characteristic example of his later work. It serves to indicate the principles upon which his art is based: before you permit yourself to generalise with nature as your theme, make certain that you can do so without outrage; while taking heed of the importance of subordinating form and colour to unity of effect, beware of resorting to slipshod methods, which seek to hide technical deficiencies; deal with the most minute of observed facts as if upon the just rendering of them depended the success of the work as a whole. The standpoint in 'The Church Pool' has been selected so that the view shall inartificially compose itself; the treatment of the vibrant sunlight, of the cool shadows, of the sheen on the hill-side, shows at once research and taste; nor is it difficult to trace in the picture some of the influences which have gone to the shaping of Mr. David Murray's art.

The Photo. Journal London W. & Co. Ltd.



Printed by Donald Murray, N. B.

The Church Pool.

d'Hérystal, was so inordinately fond of the chase, that even Holy Week put no restraint on his ruling passion, till on a certain Good Friday, when hunting in the forest of the Ardennes, he encountered a white stag, bearing between his horns an apparition of the crucifix. The death of his wife, Floribane, and the shock of the miraculous warning completely changed his mode of life, and after several years in a hermitage, he entered the priesthood, dying bishop of Maestricht in 727. His body was placed originally in the church of Saint Pierre at Liège, but transferred, November 3rd, 817, to the Benedictine Abbey of Andain, in the Ardennes, and the fact that during the interval since his death his remains had suffered no apparent decay, added greatly to the sanctity of his tomb, which became an object of pilgrimage. The exhumation of St. Hubert is the subject of a fifteenth-century painting of the Flemish School in the National Gallery.

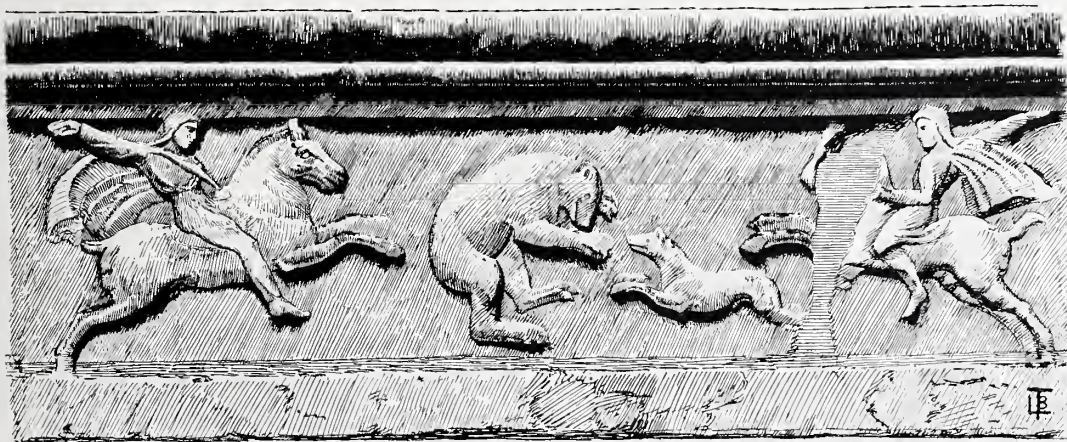
The same wonderful hunting adventure is told of Placidus, a Roman soldier in the reign of the Emperor Adrian, and he became famous in art through Albrecht Dürer's largest engraving, a work of about the year 1504, called 'The Conversion of St. Eustace,' and the peasants still flock to Cologne for his festival, the veneration of his relics equally with those of St. Hubert being a protection from the bite of dogs. The National Gallery contains a beautiful rendering of the same subject in the painting of Vittore Pisano (B. 1380—



No. 7.—Scribe of the Royal Granaries Fowling.
From an Egyptian Wall-painting in a Tomb at Thebes (XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties).

barely finished, rushed with uproar into the plain, into the woods, into the warren of the Seigneur; for plain, wood, and Seigneur's warren were open, and all the game, which dogs of all breeds and arms of any kind could reach, was a fair prize on the grand day of St. Hubert. It was the people's hunt, the orgy of St. Hubert!

"But there in the country, at the chapel of the old manor-house, or better still in the depths of the forest, on a crumbling altar, raised by a pilgrim to St. Hubert, or to Our Lady of the Woods, a priest, reading in a smoke-stained missal, hurried the mass of the blessed patron; the huntsmen crowded round, standing and bare-headed, with horns hung from their necks and hunting knives at their belts; the keepers holding the hounds in packs, the whippers-in restraining under the whip the tractable impatience of the coupled dogs; further off, horses, fastened up, pawing the ground, quivering with excitement, and completing the picture which the great woodland roof covered with its religious shade. At the consecration the horns sounded the *Saint Hubert*. At this well-loved noise the horses neighed, the hounds bayed with eagerness, and this outburst was beginning to disturb the peaceful solitude of the forest. Meanwhile the priest blessed the huntsmen's bread,



No. 8.—Part of Bear Hunt.
From Frieze of the Order of Nereid Monument, Xanthos.

which should save the kennel from the scourge of hydrophobia for a year. Then, as the last prayer left their lips, the hunters were in the saddle, and the jocund company hurried, for the scent was excellent, and the broken branches well scattered, and success certain for the pious disciples of the great St. Hubert. Quickly the forest became animated with a new life at the joyous talk of the huntsmen and the pleasant clamour of the hounds, the quarry bounded from its lair, and the chase

started enthusiastic and excited. Oh! a fine hunt was the hunt of St. Hubert! Then in the evening, around the hearth, they told marvellous hunting stories and artless tales; they handed down the traditions and instructions of the noble art of hunting; they read the great masters, the chivalrous Phœbus, the worthy Du Fouilloux, a quaint and simple witness of the manners of his time. Ah! St. Hubert's Day as it was kept by our fathers was a grand day!"

L. BEATRICE THOMPSON.



No. 9.—The Vision of St. Eustace.
From Vittore Pisano's picture in the National Gallery.

A Scot's Memorial Reredos.

IN the town of Montrose the Church is divided into English Episcopalians, who worship in St. Peter's, and Scottish Episcopalians, who worship in St. Mary's. The beginnings of Episcopacy in the Burgh are admittedly enveloped in obscurity. The English section met in a building which once stood in Baltic Street, near the foot or eastern end of the Old Churchyard. Thence the congregation removed to St. Peter's Church, built in 1722 in the Mid Links to the east of the town. In what purports to be a print of the original chapel, it appears as a plain building with a small belfry at the west end. It is mentioned by both Dr. Johnson and Boswell. It had galleries, and an organ "adorned with green and gold." It was burned down in February, 1854, and the present graceful building was finished in 1857.

For reasons which need not be entered into, St. Peter's began a good many years ago to wane in both influence

and prosperity, and as it declined St. Mary's rose. The early history of the latter congregation is brief. During the dark days of the eighteenth century it met where it could. The building of St. Peter's probably drew into the Anglican Communion such of the Jacobite Episcopalians as could overcome their political scruples. As to the faithful remnant, mention is made of their meeting in a private house in the High Street. Regarding it, the stringency of the penal laws led to their evasion. A frequent contrivance is described by Dean Ranken. Only the statutable number of



St. Peter's, Montrose.

worshippers was under the immediate purview of the officiating minister, but adjoining passages, bedrooms and closets were packed full of people, all more or less within earshot. Sometimes the service was repeated ten or twelve times in the course of a Sunday, in presence of successive relays of hearers.

The present Church of St. Mary was built at the beginning of the last century by David Scott, and following a succession of pastors, the Rev. Dr. John Woodward was appointed rector in 1866. During the first twelve years of Dr. Woodward's incumbency, the congregation increased from about three hundred to five hundred, and

St. Mary's in 1866. He wrote, and was considered an authority, upon heraldry. In 1892 the University of Aberdeen conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The esteem in which he was held by his congregation is shown by the reredos, which was dedicated on Easter Eve, 1899.

It takes the place over the altar of a wooden reredos put up in 1878, and extends across the full width of the three lancet windows in the eastern gable. The design was prepared by Ross and Macbeth, Inverness; the sculpture is the work of Alexander Neilson, Dundee, and the arched panels are excellent examples of the



The Woodward Reredos.

it was then, in the year 1878, decided to alter and considerably enlarge the original building. The nave was extended to the west, the high pews were replaced by low open seats, the gallery and pulpit were removed, an aisle and organ-chamber were added on the north, and on the south a porch, sacristy, and choir-vestry. The construction of a choir and sanctuary completed the work, and the church, virtually as it now stands, was reopened for service on March 4th, 1878.

The late rector, Dr. John Woodward, whose death in 1898 led to the erection of the memorial reredos, was descended from an old West of England family, and was born at Bristol in 1837. He was educated at King's College School there, and at St. John's College, Hurstpierpoint. Ordained in 1861, he was presented to

work in gold mosaics and *opus sectile* of the Powells, London.

Excepting these panels the whole work is in Caen stone with marble shafts. It is about fifteen feet in width and twelve in height, and is divided into a central and two flanking sections or wings, which recede slightly from the former. Below the level of the super-altar, the base consists of plain courses of stone; above it is all the finer carving. In the arched panels in the wings, which are divided by carved columns and capitals under a straight cornice, are figures of the four Evangelists, two on either side. They stand out in high relief upon carved brackets.

The super-altar is of Victoria red marble. Upon it rests the tabernacle, which has an oak door with brass

mounts, set in a crocketed gable, finishing with a cross. The central compartment of the reredos is of the width of the altar, and is divided into three deep-set panels with pointed arches. The subjects treated by the Powells are, in the centre panel, the 'Virgin and Child,' in one side panel, 'The Shepherds,' and in the other, 'The Magi.' The richness of the colour effect is greatly enhanced by the pure white of the setting. The arches are supported by green marble columns with carved capitals. They are deeply moulded and, like the cornice of the side sections, are richly carved. Over each arch is a crocketed gable, that in the centre rising highest



Scots Episcopal Meeting House, Montrose.

and finishing in a decorative cross. Dividing and flanking the panels, four buttresses rise to the top of the stonework, and support angel figures. The idea expressed in the design is that of guardianship over the church, the founding of which is represented by the Shepherds' Watch, the Mother and Babe, and the Adoration of the Magi, and the assenting of its creed by the Four Evangelists. In design, workmanship, and significance, the reredos is unique amongst ecclesiastical art-works in the North; the relative memorial tablet is affixed to the south wall of the chancel.

EDWARD PINNINGTON.



St. Mary's, Montrose.

The 'Madonna di Sant' Antonio.'

BY RAPHAEL.

FROM THE SEDELMAYER COLLECTION.

THE famous collection of Old Masters, belonging to M. Sedelmeyer, in Paris, which has lately been exhibited in Paris at No. 6, Rue La Rochefoucauld, is well known as one of the finest private galleries in the world. It contains many masterpieces of Flemish, German and French art, including several admirable specimens of Holbein, Hobbema, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Gainsborough, Constable, Reynolds and Watteau, as well as four superb canvases by the hand of Peter Paul Rubens, one of which is that painter's imposing portrait of the Archduke Ferdinand. But this clever and fortunate

collector possesses a still rarer treasure in the shape of an indisputable Raphael, a picture by the "great Urbinate," which is recognised as genuine by all the best critics. This is none other than the celebrated 'Madonna di Sant' Antonio di Padova,' sometimes known as the 'Madonna of a Million,' from the million francs which are said to have been offered for the work many years ago. The pedigree of this renowned altar-piece is well established. It belongs to Raphael's early Florentine period, when he had already painted the lovely 'Madonna del Granduca' and the exquisite little Cowper Madonna at Panshanger, and returned to Perugia in the autumn of 1505, to execute several important commissions in that city. His reputation was already great in the old Umbrian town, where only a year before he had finished his noble altar-piece of the Sposalizio for the Franciscans of Citta di Castello, and when the nuns of Monte Luce,

a convent of Poor Clares outside Perugia, consulted the leading citizens as to the choice of an artist, they were advised by certain persons of note to employ "Master Raffaello da Urbino, the best painter of the day." At the same time another Franciscan community of Perugia, the nuns of St. Anthony of Padua, gave the young Urbino master a commission for the altar-piece of their chapel, which he agreed to paint, and what is more, actually executed during the next two or three years.

Vasari, who describes the work as most admirable and full of devout feeling, tells us that it was highly praised by all painters and held in the deepest veneration by the good nuns of Perugia. But in 1677, the community was reduced to such dire straits that they were unable to pay their debts, and in their distress, they sold their treasured picture to the Colonna family. After remaining for many years in Rome, Raphael's 'Madonna' passed into the hands of the King of Naples and was the ornament of the Museo Borbonico at Naples, until Francis II., the last monarch of the house of Bourbon, fled to Gaeta in 1860. Then the great Raphael was sold by the prince to the Duke of Ripalda, who was at that time Spanish Ambassador at the Court of Naples, and was taken by him successively to France and England. In 1871 and 1872 it was exhibited in the National Gallery, and in 1886 it was

placed in South Kensington Museum, where it remained for nine or ten years without finding a purchaser. At length, in 1895, it was bought by M. Sedelmeyer, who has, it is said, lately refused an offer of £80,000 rather than part with so precious a possession.

Unlike most of Raphael's masterpieces the picture is in excellent preservation, the colour is rich and harmonious, and the original varnish has not been removed by the restorer's hand. A lunette of God the Father, extending his hand in the act of benediction between adoring Angels, occupies the tympanum of the altar-piece. The composition of the picture, like that of the Ansidei

Madonna now in the National Gallery, follows the old Umbrian type. It is true, as everyone can see, that the four panels on which the central group is painted, once came apart, as was often the case in old pictures composed of different pieces. This happened more than two centuries ago, and was one of the reasons which led the nuns to obtain permission to sell their picture. But the joints have been carefully put together again, and the colour skilfully restored with as little alteration as possible.

The Virgin sits enthroned under a lofty canopy, clad in a gold embroidered mantle which falls in heavy folds to her feet. Both the elaborate character of the ornamental details and the soft blue hills of the distance are still in Perugino's manner. But in the beauty of the central group, in the gentle mother bending down to lay her hand on the little St. John, who presses forward to adore the Holy Child, in the natural gestures and innocent grace of the children, we recognise the charm of Raphael's fancy, the purity and perfection of his art. Both little ones are clothed, "because," Vasari tells us, "those simple and pious women, the nuns, willed it so." Christ wears a white tunic and blue mantle, St. John, a camel's hair shirt under a mantle of green and purple. On either side of the Virgin's throne are two Virgin Saints, crowned with roses and bearing the palm



The Madonna di Sant' Antonio.
By Raphael.

of martyrdom in their hands. Vasari describes them as St. Katherine and St. Cecilia, but probably M. Gruyer is more accurate in calling the last-named Saint Dorothea. Both these fair virgin-martyrs, with their flowing draperies and their finely moulded forms, and their attendant saints, the Apostles Peter and Paul, forcibly recall Fra Bartolommeo's style, and remind us how much the young master of Urbino owed to the great Dominican painter during his early Florentine days. Morelli indeed felt this influence so strongly that he was inclined to assign the Madonna di Sant' Antonio to a date as late as 1507 or 1508, but like the Blenheim

picture, this altar-piece was probably begun towards the end of 1505, and completed a year or two later, when Raphael again visited Perugia.

In spite of the lapse of centuries, the many vicissitudes which it has experienced, the 'Madonna di Sant' Antonio' remains a magnificent example of Raphael's best period, and we can well understand the profound impression which the sight of this great work is said to have produced on a modern artist—M. Carolus Duran—who after standing in front of Raphael's creation for a long time, exclaimed that he would not look at any other picture that day. The different portions of the *predella* which was formerly attached to this Madonna, are now in England; the central panel of Christ bearing the Cross, formerly in the Miles collection at Leigh Court, is now the property of Lord Windsor, while the 'Christ on the Mount of Olives' belongs to Lady Burdett Coutts, and the Pietà is owned by Mr. Whyte, of Barron Hill, Derbyshire. But neither these nor the single figures of St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Francis, now in the Dulwich Gallery, bear any trace of Raphael's hand, and were no doubt the work of assistants in his workshop.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT.

Passing Events.

MR. COSMO MONKHOUSE, who died in July at Skegness, where he had been for the benefit of his health, made himself a name as a man of letters as well as a Government official. His style of writing prose and poetry was attractive, and the kind disposition which guided his thoughts gave a great charm to his productions. He contributed ably to THE ART JOURNAL for many years, and wrote, in 1897, a monograph on The Life of Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., and this year on The Life of Sir John Tenniel, R.I., as Easter Annuals. Mr. Monkhouse was very fond of sketching, and in a future number we hope to give an appreciation of his work, illustrated by some of his drawings.

IT is seldom that the House of Lords discuss artistic matters. The debate which took place in July threw many side lights on Ministerial appreciation of pictures. The rejection of Lord Stanmore's motion to revive the Prince Consort's Commission of Fine Arts has provoked much discussion as to its utility, and the view of the President of the Royal Academy, that by State encouragement an impetus is given to the work of young members of the Profession, is an opinion which should carry weight in the deliberations of Government. Lord Rosebery's suggestion that a sum of money should be granted from the National Exchequer to form a collection of contemporary portraits, is worthy the earnest consideration of the Chancellor.

AN exhibition of works by Scottish Old Masters has been initiated in Edinburgh in consequence of the lack of system displayed in the placing of the pictures in the Glasgow Exhibition. The promoters of the Glasgow Collection lost an almost unique opportunity to show to the present generation the distinctive qualities of Scottish Art, instead of a medley of pictures by English and foreign artists such as at present are indiscriminately hung together in the galleries at Glasgow. It would have been possible to have brought together examples of the first masters that Scotland has produced. Had a proper scheme been organised an assemblage of masterpieces by Raeburn, Allan Ramsay, Sir David

Wilkie, John Phillips, and Paul Chalmers would have made the Glasgow Collection a worthy representation of the illustrious artists of the Scottish Nation.

BY the death of Mr. W. J. Stillman (on July 6, 1901), a man of varied attainments was removed from amongst us. As a painter he was intimate with Ruskin, Turner, Rossetti, and a great many well-known artists. He was Special Correspondent to *The Times* from Italy until 1898, since when he has lived in Surrey. His autobiography, recently published, contained some interesting reminiscences of his association with eminent men of the nineteenth century.

EARLY in June Mr. William Emerson, P.R.I.B.A., wrote to the Press, warning Londoners of the danger to St. Paul's Cathedral probable if the underground railway tunnelling were proceeded with as planned. Unfortunately this alarm was justified. The burrowing beneath the surface for commercial purposes, and the underground railways already completed, have served to transmit vibration, causing several ominous widenings to occur in Wren's precious fabric. At all cost of convenient travelling, this Cathedral should not be imperilled. We hope the Dean and Chapter have sought the advice of Mr. J. C. Penrose in this matter. His knowledge, gained in the cause of preserving Grecian temples, and in the performance of his duties as Surveyor to the Cathedral, is inestimable in determining the extent of the damage.

THE London Victoria Memorial Committee having selected Mr. Thomas Brock, R.A., and Mr. Aston Webb, A.R.A., to jointly commemorate our late Queen, we hope these artists will be able to erect a monument worthy of their Subject and of themselves. The City of Sheffield have decided to make a local commemoration, the scheme to include a statue of our late Queen. Designs are invited by the Committee, the conditions seem fair, and it is hoped a worthy result will be attained. The promoters of the competition would do well to seek the advice of an expert assessor, which course, they hint, will be pursued if found desirable.

PHOTOGRAPHS of quaint customs and scenes of historical interest, the results chiefly of the enthusiasm of Sir Benjamin Stone, M.P., have been recently exhibited in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. These official records of English life, usually left to the enterprise of illustrated journals, are admirable both in selection and execution. They will be a source of most useful information for historians of future generations.

Exhibition of Drawings at the British Museum.

THE Exhibition recently opened at the British Museum is no less noteworthy in its kind than its predecessor: that comprising a long series of etchings by Rembrandt in various states, at once so beautiful and so educative. The present exhibition is of 161 drawings and sketches by foreign Masters, and 324 by British artists—the most important acquired since 1895, whether by gift, bequest, or purchase. Noteworthy bequests include those of the late Mr. Henry Vaughan, who gave generously to other of our national collections, and

of the representatives of the late Dr. Radford of Sidmouth.

One exhibit stands out from all others. It is a small drawing in black chalk by Michael Angelo, called, in the catalogue, 'Lamentation of the Virgin and Disciples over the Body of Christ.' Here is a flawless thing. The faults attributed, and often rightly attributed, to Michael Angelo are absent. There is no exaggeration, no hint of violence. The Italian master was wrought by a passion of tenderness, surely, so to represent Mary in a moment of profoundest sorrow. Seated, she supports against her right knee the supine figure of Christ. His

lifeless arm hangs down, His head droops backward. Mary—and of what spiritual beauty is her down-cast face—cannot look on her crucified Son. That is left to the three disciples, who, their leader lost, gaze intently on him in death. The mother's agony, the woman's solicitude, is not within their ken. This exquisite drawing, which we reproduce, was bought at the Earl of Warwick's sale in 1896, for £1,400; and never was national money more wisely expended.

Close by is the head of an old man, in red chalk, by Leonardo da Vinci, which alone would serve to make the Vaughan Bequest memorable. The profile, with hairs rising still stubbornly from the top of the head, the mouth sunken, the skin in folds rather than wrinkles, is so faithful as to be—strange as it may sound—almost grotesque. Leonardo was a man of science as well as an artist; he made abstruse mathematical calculations as well as creating a Mona Lisa. In the present drawing the aim was accuracy, but, half unconsciously it may be, his vision of the beauty of lines justly related, his power to endow each line with life, to make the sum reveal a personality, issue in beauty. There are other Italian drawings of importance: three in pen and bistre

by Maso Finiguerra, given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Severn, to complete the celebrated 'Picture Chronicle'; a Virgin and Child for the Madonna di Foligno, which may well be accepted as by Raphael—it differs somewhat from the picture as carried out; a sheet of studies by Andrea del Sarto; a drawing in red chalk and pen-and-ink, by Carpaccio, of a town and harbour, introduced into one of the lovely St. Ursula series; and a landscape study by Cima.

Outside the Italian section one of the artists most worthily represented is Antoine Watteau. With what precision and force does this prince of Court painters

draw in red, black, and white chalks, the heads of four clear-eyed women, and that of a moon-faced, clean-shaven man. It is no lofty dream like Michael Angelo's 'Pièta,' but reality plumbed to its depths, raised to the realm of art by skill of handling. You do not know one and a very potent side of Watteau's art until you have seen drawings, delicate, animated, such as these. For the rest, I must be content to allude to finely-phrased, dignified examples by Claude; to one, at least,



Lamentation of the Virgin and Disciples over the Body of Christ
By Michelangelo.

good Millet; to original drawings by Hogarth for the 'Industry and Idleness Series,' hung beside the engravings; to several exquisite Gainsboroughs; to a somewhat monotonous collection of profiles by George Dance; to some wonderful dream-sketches by William Blake, the visionary; and to examples by Leighton, Burne-Jones, Ruskin. Millais's pen-and-ink sketch, highly finished in parts, of 'The Deluge,' perhaps the most remarkable and suggestive of his pre-Raphaelite and greatest period—it is deemed to date from about 1849—causes us to wonder that its creator should later have produced works of little æsthetic or imaginative value. As at Hertford House, so again here, Mr. Sidney Cooper is the only living artist represented, this by a drawing of sheep in a barn.
FRANK RINDER.



From the Picture in the Collection of
James Ross, Esq., Montreal.

Grand Seascape ; Storm Blowing up.
By Ruysdael. (1630—1682.)

Turner and Ruysdael at Montreal.

THE Montreal private collections are well known to art lovers as being carefully selected and containing many choice and celebrated pictures, and the generous readiness of their owners to lend these pictures for exhibition purposes has always been a distinguishing characteristic. Recently there was held in the galleries of the Art Association in Montreal, a loan exhibition composed chiefly of the Early English School. It is not my present intention to offer any adequate notice of this exhibition, but only to invite attention to two of the pictures exhibited, viz., 'A Dutch Harbor,' by Jacob Van Ruysdael, lent by Mr. James Ross, and 'The Port of Ruysdael,' by J. M. W. Turner, lent by Senator Drummond, both being fine examples of these masters. Seen side by side the resemblance in subject and motif was very striking.

Diligent search by students of Turner has failed to find any such port as "Ruysdael," and it has generally been considered that the subject and title were purely imaginary, but affording an opportunity for those magnificent sky and sea effects in which Turner revelled. P. G. Hamerton offers an explanation of the title in his life of Turner, in which he says, "It is very probable that besides the convenience of having a name of some sort of imaginary seaport, Turner may have intended to honour the memory of his predecessor in Art."

This explanation is not entirely satisfactory, a more probable one has been suggested by the owner of the picture. It is known that Turner was familiar with this picture by Ruysdael, and that he admired it greatly, the subject appealed to him, and what more probable than after seeing it and retaining a general impression of its composition and treatment, he should pass it through the alembic of his own mind, and when he had painted this picture, as a tribute to the underlying and formative idea, he should call it 'The Port of Ruysdael.' In this he may have been partly prompted by his well-known rivalry of other great landscape painters, and his predilection for measuring his powers against theirs. It is not a copy, as a glance at the two pictures here reproduced will show, as each perfectly exhibits and retains the characteristics and individuality of the artists. So fond was Turner of this subject that he painted it twice, first in 1827, which is the picture here referred to and which

was in the Bicknell Collection, and the second about 1844, which is now in the National Gallery.

It is an interesting coincidence that these two pictures should find their way to Montreal. I may add that the owners of these pictures very readily acceded to my request and had them specially photographed for reproduction to accompany this brief notice.

ANDREW T.
TAYLOR.



From the Picture in the Collection of the
Hon. George Drummond, Montreal.

Port Ruysdael.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A. (1775—1851.)



Painted by J. L. Good

Engraved by C. H. Boucher.

No News
From the Picture in the Tate Gallery



The Etchings of D. V. Cameron

D. V. CAMERON—Having taken the "V. Webb" of my own stout ship, *the Can*, or the great Balze's "The Scot's"—D. V. Cameron is painter as well as etcher; as painter as well as etcher he may hereafter come to be known in our land, as he is known already north of that river which the Scot loves to cross, and as upon the Continent he has already been officially recognized and honored.

But with the fame or merit of Mr. Cameron as painter, in my business and my profound love of good etchings, do not propose to be concerned. It is my numberless object only to study and to get from the hands of spirits who may read this page to study with me, Cameron as an etcher, and, of course, I know that the good art of etching—the artist's art essentially—practiced as Mr. Cameron has practiced it, is not only a craft but a trade, a technical skill, but possessing an artistic character of its own. Have not the etcher's hands been seen to do things that the artist's hands cannot do? Of course it is to be expected that he will apply his art only to those things which, in its nature, it is fitted to do.





The Border Tower.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

The Etchings of D. Y. Cameron.

D. Y. CAMERON—Heaven forbid that I should pry into all that is covered by his initials, as mysterious and as sacred as is to me the “P. Webb” of my own short story, *Antonia of the Lane*, or the great Balzac’s “Z. Marcas”—D. Y. Cameron is painter as well as etcher: as painter as well as etcher he may hereafter come to be known in our land, as he is known already north of that river which the Scot loves to cross, and as upon the Continent he has already been officially recognised and honoured.

But with the fame or merits of Mr. Cameron as painter, I, in my laziness and my profound love of good etchings, do not propose to be concerned. It is my immediate object only to study, and to get some kindred spirits who may read this page to study with me, Cameron as an etcher; and, of course, I know that the great art of Etching—the artist’s art essentially—practised as Mr. Cameron has practised it, reveals not only a practitioner’s technical skill, but something of the quality of his mind. How can it fail to reveal in the main those things in the world that interest him? Of course, if he is a good artist, he will apply his art only to those themes which, in its nature, it is fitted to treat;

but, with that proviso, that qualification only, it may be said truly that the things he cares for are the things he



The Smithy.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

will endeavour to depict and to express. And if we examine Mr. Cameron's etchings—the work of a personality strong and persistent, a strenuous craftsman, an undeterred artist—we shall find that he cares, though of course in very different degrees, for Human Character, for Landscape, for Architecture, and even for Decoration or Ornament.

I believe Mr. Cameron began as a portrait painter, and I am told his latest tendencies are in the direction of Landscape. The problems of landscape are hereafter to engage him a good deal. He will still amuse himself now and again with decorative arrangement—he will be, because he is already, skilful in this matter—though I do not see in him, to his remotest future, any serious rival of Aldegrevier and Sebald Beham, or of Mr. Sherborn indeed, who is the wearer of their mantle to-day. Portraiture he may scarcely altogether abandon, though it is doubtful whether his interest in the realisation of the character that comes to him, bearing in his hand a commission, is likely to increase. Landscape—the love of it fostered by Mr. Cameron's own country life—will be pursued, doubtless, greatly; but Mr. Cameron will be a foolish man (and I know no reason for suspecting him to be that) if he abandons ever that draughtsmanship of Architecture which, with the needle of the etcher especially, he has practised for years with so signal a success.

“How is Architecture to be drawn? There are so many ways. And what is the right one for an etcher?”

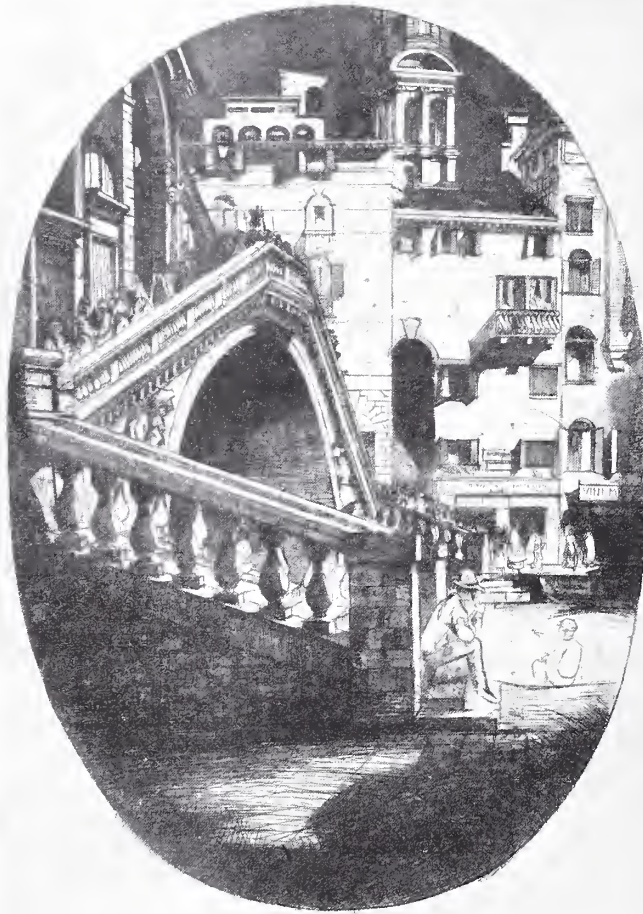
We will sit down to think carefully over the matter; we will sit down in front of a portfolio of Mr. Cameron's prints, and there will be an example of the right way.

Architecture, if it is to be the leading feature, the dominant motive, in any given print, must be drawn with what is scarcely less than an architect's knowledge, but, to boot, there must be conveyed into its representation a personal sentiment—some monition of its purpose, of its surroundings, it may even be of its history—which an architect himself may properly feel, but which it is no portion of his business, in any drawing he may execute for practical objects, to express and convey. The picture in which Architecture is the dominant motive—whether that picture be etching or painted canvas, or water-colour—must be something very

different from the architect's “elevation.” It must express more, because, as I have said, or implied, it must express either history, or age, or personal feeling, or human association; but in another sense it is true likewise that it must express less—because it must have reserve and reticence as well as exposition: it must encourage the idea of mystery, a place not penetrated to the remotest end of it, a structure after all that somewhat eludes you, that is not absolutely, or at once, grasped. The idea of infinity must be encouraged: the imagination of the beholder must be tempted to come forth to meet, half-way upon the artist's course, the imagination of the artist. So has Architecture been etched,

and nobly etched, by Méryon. So has it been etched, gracefully, elusively, suggestively, by Whistler. So has it been etched sternly and grimly, yet at need daintily and delicately too, by Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

It will be observed that in such indications as I have given I have confined myself to the best practitioners of Etching who have dealt with this theme. I have not referred to the methods in painting or in draughtsmanship—methods almost as various as the interesting individualities they in a measure express—of Van der Heyden, of De Witte, of Turner, Girtin, Cotman, Samuel Prout; of Bosboom, with his broad illumination, his great heights, his creeping shadows; of Wyke Bayliss; of John Fullerylove, with his firmness, his swift and assured decision. And I have not referred to these in any detail, because it is necessary to leave architectural



The Rialto.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

draughtsmanship in general, in order that we may go further into particulars as to the achievements of Mr. Cameron.

It was certain discerning people—who they are I know not—who, when Mr. Cameron was learning to paint portraits, told him it was his business to learn to etch. What it was that caused him to take this sound advice—which showed, in the givers of it, not so much the recognition of a fashion that may pass, as a real perception of the things wherein would be Mr. Cameron's strength—it is no part of my mission to inquire or guess. But he did take it; he taught himself to etch; he did his first experimental plates in the year 1889, seizing at that period, and for a long while afterwards, every opportunity to study the Masters.

But no one taught him. Unlike Méryon, he had not even the excuse of undue gratitude for addressing to anybody such lines as those: "A toi, Bléry, mon maître." He discovered the difficulties of the medium for himself, and, one by one, he became aware of its capacities. The sense of these has been growing on him to the present time; and he tells me that even now he feels—I think unnecessarily—the gulf there is between the thing he does and the thing he has meant to do.

Of course, like every artist ardent and enterprising, D. Y. Cameron has made his failures. Few of them have been seen, however. He has engraved plates, and pulled an impression or two, and, not being satisfied, has refrained from offering any specimen of the work to the public gaze. In 1891, two years after he actually began to etch, he doubtless more or less contentedly exhibited and issued a few little plates which do not come to the standard which is his at the present time. Of certain little Thames etchings of that particular period he speaks to one rather slightly. He can scarcely say that they are badly drawn. And

perhaps he can scarcely recognise for himself, that the Whistlerian influence—the influence of an artist he admittedly admires—was strong upon him then, in those plates at least, as at other times and in other plates there is discerned by the true student, just as distinctly, the influence of Rembrandt or of Méryon—yes, of Méryon most of all. But he does say that in these early, though not quite first etchings, he drew, accurately, it must be, daintily, easily, but without any adequate knowledge of the technical resources of the particular art. Of later years—more or less—even by

his own modest confession—that knowledge has come to him. Gradually, if I may speak for myself, there has been brought upon us a conviction that as we survey his work now, we are in the presence, less of an interesting, enthusiastic, flexible student, than of a veritable master. The success inevitably varies, as the charm, the grip, varies; but in all the best of his mature labours we may recognise mastery.

Am I to speak of the number of Mr. Cameron's etch-

ings; of the sets into which, by reason of their subjects, it has been natural to him to divide some of them; and of the qualities, the relative merits, of a few? If I cannot do one or two of these things at least, I have little justification in writing. Mr. Cameron then has wrought in all—during the dozen years since he began—not far less than two hundred etchings. One-third of their number may count as of little importance: the efforts of the learner, or the ineffective results of a mistaken mood, or theme, or treatment. But two-thirds of the whole—a hundred and twenty, almost—are things that are distinctly to be reckoned with: not one of that



Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

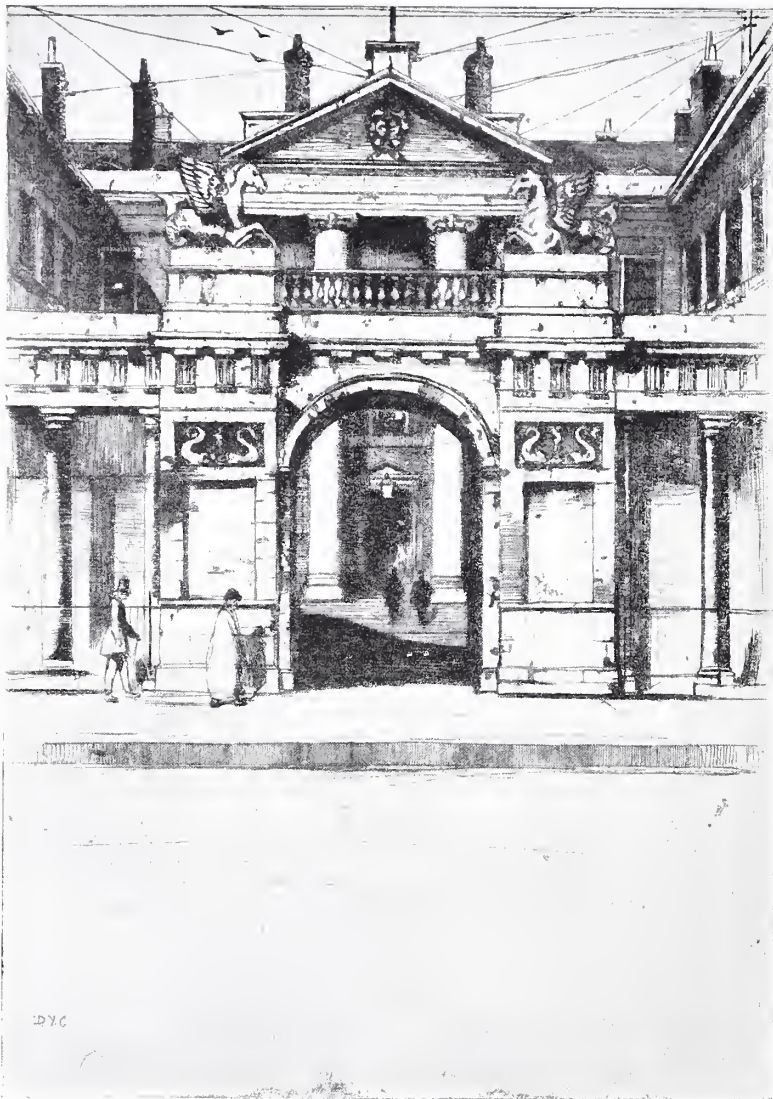
array falling below a reasonable, nay even a fairly exacting, standard of capacity, and many of them being, by their learned execution of a fortunate, impressive theme, among the works that will engage the collector of the Future—yes, the collector of to-day even—along with the Legros and Jacquemarts, the Ostades and the Claudes, the Méryons, Whistlers, Vandykes—nor need I leave the immense name of Rembrandt altogether unmentioned. I have not exhausted my list. I do not intend to exhaust it. And I make no foolish comparisons. But I mean to convey just this and no more—

that Cameron, at his best, is to be named amongst Masters.

And where is he at his best? In the finest plates of the sets he is at his best, and he is at his best also, sometimes, outside of them. The "Clyde" set, twenty etchings, was issued so soon as 1890, and of "the best" it includes, one may suppose, none. In 1892 came the "Dutch" set, twenty-two etchings. The Tannery, 'Van Ogs,' quaintly excellent in detail, yet as a whole a little formless and huddled in composition, a little awkwardly rectangular, is undoubtedly noticeable, if hardly amongst the masterpieces. If the 'Rembrandt Farm' belongs to that set, it assists in giving it distinction. Then, in 1896, came the "North Italian" set, twenty-six etchings, which include some one or two engaging little landscapes and, I conclude, the eminently romantic yet wholly firm and sane and reasonable 'Porto del Molo, Genoa,' which is dated in the previous year. In 1900—only, in fact, last summer—came the "London" set, due as a publication to the enterprise of Mr. R. Gutekunst, who bought it altogether, and owing something to him, too, as regards what is possibly its most magical plate, for in a first proof of the marvellously impressive 'Newgate' there was an intruding figure—a large one, to the left—of which Mr. Gutekunst successfully urged the removal. I name it not so much for the honour of Mr. Gutekunst as because that figure happened to be the worst of a little group of offenders throughout Mr.

Cameron's prints. Far am I from saying that it is usual, or that it has ever been usual, with him to place his figures badly; but the placing of them, the scale of them, in some measure their gestures and action—these are not the strong points of his work.

We were speaking of the "London" set. It has fewer plates than any other set; for it has only a dozen. And, like every other set of Mr. Cameron's, it has been issued in numbers strictly limited. In the "London" there are thirty-five impressions. The etcher has in every case been solicitous to ensure the plate's destruction before ever it had deteriorated to the point of yielding a single impression that was—I will not say that



The Admiralty.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron



The Unicorn, Stirling.
From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

failed to be the equal of the finest, but that was at all an indifferent, unsatisfactory one. For intensity, power, a most grim sombreness that speaks volumes for the theme and for the artist, this little, dark 'Newgate,' gloomy as Death and solid as the mountains, is to be set beside nothing that I know but the 'Rue des Mauvais Garçons' of Méryon.

Technically, 'The Admiralty' is as clever. The construction, of course, is firm—Mr. Cameron's construction is always firm, absolutely—but that is not the print's technical peculiarity. The individual merit of 'The Admiralty' lies in the preservation of perfect relative "values"—buildings drawn in detail on one plane, and buildings drawn just behind them on another. 'St. Paul's'—seen distantly from over the water—is ingenious and delicate. What courage to have treated the 'Downing Street'! And what success to have wrought its uneventful, almost characterless classicism into an engaging little picture! Real classic work Mr. Cameron understands quite as thoroughly as any other. What is, I am informed, the almost local classicism of the 'Apse of St. Enoch's, Glasgow'—the church, essentially Scottish and of the end of the eighteenth century—has been chronicled by Mr. Cameron with sympathy and force.

Outside the sets, perhaps the three pieces that should most of all be spoken of are the landscape of 'The Border Tower'—a noble vision of wide-stretching country, a piece of about 1894; the interior called 'The Workshop'—it is a smithy, and more besides, full of the quaintest detail and rich in its intricacy of line; and the grave street scene which is rightly entitled 'Siena,' because the whole spirit of Siena, austere and grand, and not only the aspect of a particular street in it, is expressed and revealed in that plate. Of course one might go on much further. One might inform people that of Scottish architecture generally—in its mixture of the



Newgate.

From an Etching by D. Y. Cameron.

harsh and the romantic—Mr. Cameron proves himself the most characteristic draughtsman. There is his remarkable 'Broad Street, Stirling,' and, quite early even, memorable for its quiet intensity, its finely-seized truth, the 'Unicorn, Stirling.' But then one must remember the potent realisation of a Venetian Palace—'Joannis Darius' is the name of the plate. And then one thinks, perhaps, of this Dutch, that Normandy building, and so is brought back at last to the London he has interpreted with firm adherence to fact, yet with an imagination so sympathetic and so fine.

FREDERICK

WEDMORE.

'No News.'

AN ETCHING BY C. H. BOUCHER, AFTER THE PICTURE OF T. S. GOOD IN THE TATE GALLERY.

CHILDHOOD, maturity, old age: thus is the story of human life often summed up. But by dividing life into three separate parts or periods, a "subtle something" which holds much of suggestion is not seldom overlooked. Minutes, hours, days, years are convenient measures of time, based on the position of the earth relative to that of the sun. To separate into three human life—from one standpoint at any rate essentially a unity—lacks such a warrant. That bundle of evasive but very real qualities and defects—whence come they, whither do they go?—which we call temperament, counteracted or accentuated by environment, may make us old at ten; may, on the other hand, enable us to be young, if not sprightly, at eighty. In other words the passing of a year or two—although of necessity it brings us that much nearer to the great silence—may leave us for all purposes of the moment younger, gayer, more blithe of heart. You can measure calico with a yard stick, weigh coal by the ton, divide æons in days, years, centuries; but to any such general standard human life refuses to conform.

These apparently random reflections may in truth be related to the 'No News' of T. S. Good, an etching of which, by C. H. Boucher, appears herewith. The old—for, however misleading, it is difficult to avoid the use of the word—gentleman has spent his days in more rational fashion than do the majority of us. He has watched the flow and ebb of

the seasons, not in a crowded, treeless, fieldless city, but on the country-side, where spring is something other than a colourless name, associated only with biting winds; where summer is inseparable from expanses of waving golden corn; where, in truth, is audible the "breath of autumn's being"; where winter is pregnant with promise, a time of nature's rest, ere again the birds mate and sing, the hedges, trees, fields, burst afresh into green. We are apt to forget now-a-days that to the country, and not to the town, we owe the necessities of daily life—food and clothing—no less than those manifold sources of health and inspiration without which Dr. Johnson's "heaven" at Charing Cross would be of no avail.

The old yeoman in the etching is an object-lesson for us. That he regards the amenities of life is evident; the three-cornered hat indicates as much, to say nothing of the pleasant "social" expression of the face. This is an old age into whose warp are woven a hundred wefts of childhood; even as we see him, dreams of other days, when he was as physically strong as now he is mentally hale, pass through his mind. No over-arduous or, worst of all, excited over-labour, has robbed the autumn of his life of its sun-glow; albeit white-haired, sunken-mouthed, wrinkled, he enjoys the evening-time of existence, full of quiet pleasures unknown to the child, to the robust man, of whom he is the successor. 'No News,' in brief, bears to us many tidings.



The Misses Grant Suttie.

From the pictures by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.
In the Collection of Sir G. Grant Suttie.

The International Exhibition at Glasgow.*

THE PICTURES.

SUBJECT to certain well-marked shortcomings, which we shall discuss later, the collection of pictures in the Glasgow Exhibition was of the first importance, and embraced representative works of all our chief contemporary painters. In addition there were a number of pictures by British artists of what we now call the Old Masters, such as Raeburn, Romney, Lawrence, Wilkie, and Hoppner, as well as the older landscapists, Turner, Constable, Muller and Thomson of Duddingston, with Cox, Cotman, and Bonington. But of these older men the number was somewhat restricted, and with the exception of Raeburn, Turner and Cox, no adequate exemplification was attempted.

On the other hand, the painters of later times, such as Paul Chalmers and John Phillip, the Scottish colourists; Millais and Burne-Jones, the typical English masters, with their contemporaries Albert Moore and Frederic Leighton; and also John Pettie amongst the deceased men, were exhibited in full array; and the living painters were in most cases shown to great advantage so far as the individual works were concerned. Mr. G. F. Watts, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Whistler, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Fildes, amongst Southern residents, and Sir George Reid, Sir Noël Paton, Mr. McTaggart, and Mr. Lavery amongst Scottish painters, sent contributions of the first order, and, with the artists already named, bore the chief burden of the Exhibition.

The galleries in which these pictures were shown are the most satisfactory I have ever visited; the rooms are large without being burdensome in extent, and as

they vary considerably in dimensions they lend themselves readily to classification. The lighting even on dark days is ample, and can be controlled in bright sunshine, the ceilings are sufficiently high to permit the proper exhibition of large works, while the windows therein are not pitched too far away, so that the walls are always well lighted.

The building itself, of which the architects are Mr. John W. Simpson and Mr. J. Milner Allen, is a magnificent contribution to the public buildings in Glasgow, and helps to redeem the commercial capital of Scotland from the charge of being unnecessarily prosaic. Even amidst the glare and glitter of the temporary white plaster buildings (pity it is they had not been toned, for white is scarcely seemly in grey Scotland, however well it suited bright Paris), the massive red sandstone of the permanent art galleries stands supreme, and dominates with proper gravity the semi-frivolity of the other erections in the Exhibition grounds. And when all the white plaster has been cleared away, this beautiful building on the banks of the Kelvin will remain a splendid artistic addition to the city.

Let us in the first place discuss the pictures by Old Masters. Without saying more for the moment respecting the arrangement of the pictures, than by pointing out how much was lost by want of method in their display, I found the pictures by Sir Henry Raeburn extremely fine in quality. Had they been hung together they would have been nearly equal in importance, as a collection, to the scientifically arranged exhibition in Edinburgh open at the same

* Continued from page 277.

time. Even when scattered and often amidst unsympathetic surroundings, the Raeburns in Glasgow formed a glorious exposition of the greatest artist Scotland has produced. It may be that in his full-length pictures, especially those of ladies, he did not reach the exalted heights of the more definitely trained Reynolds and Gainsborough, but as a portrait painter of "head size" or "small half-length" portraits I consider he is in every way the equal of his Southern contemporaries. Even in full-length portraits of men there is nothing superior by the Englishmen to the magnificent 'Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster,' a Scotsman in tartan "trews," with a sporran; a quaint costume painted with the surprising force of a truly great master.

Of the smaller canvases I preferred the two portraits of the Misses Grant Suttie, of which reproductions are here printed. These are typical examples of Raeburn in his happiest mood, and there is no doubt the painter must have been half in love with his sitters to produce such charming pictures. Professor and Mrs. Bell's portraits, remaining still in that family, were also to be singled out for notice, the lady being particularly interesting; and the 'Girl sketching,' from Mrs. G. Holt's fine collection, was a further confirmation, if this were needed, of the supremacy of Raeburn in such subjects.

Another artist of the same period was particularly well displayed. This was John Hoppner, the painter whose not altogether first-class 'Lady Louisa Manners'* fetched nearly £15,000 at auction in London recently. To the Glasgow Exhibition the Earl of Ancaster sent

his beautiful portrait of Lady Willoughby d'Eresby. This was the finest full-length lady in the galleries.

As may be seen from our illustration (for the permission to use it we have to acknowledge Lord Ancaster's prompt courtesy), this is a very attractive picture, and in my opinion it is at least on a level with Hoppner's other three great works, namely, the Lady Louisa Manners of the high price, said, by the way, to have been purchased by Mr. Altmann of New York; the famous 'Sisters' in Sir Charles Tennant's unique collection; and the portrait of the beautiful Miss Emma Crewe.

The other fine Hoppner of the Duchess of Rutland, from Mr. W. H. Lever's gallery at Port Sunlight, is better known, as it was hung in the British Pavilion of the Paris Exhibition. Our illustration overleaf recalls the charm of this picture, the loose quality of the brushwork showing all the master's power and dexterity.

The canvases from the studio of the presently fashionable Romney were not so important and did not reach the remarkable beauty of the Mrs. Ker, by this artist, which hung so long in the Scottish National Gallery. Mr. Briscoe Eyre's 'Brown Boy' and Mr.

Lever's portrait of the artist's wife were, however, good examples of the painter, the former being a delightful picture of a little boy, in rich brown costume, with golden, flowing hair and hat in hand. 'Mrs. Cumberland and Child,' lent by Mr. Charles Davis, seemed somewhat sketchy, but the charming composition made it very acceptable. Of a similar character was Sir T. Glen Coat's circular picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence, 'Mother and Child,' the lady somewhat lackadaisical, like most of Lawrence's women, but the child natural



Photo, Annan.
In the Collection of the Earl of Ancaster.

Lady Willoughby d'Eresby.
By John Hoppner, R.A.

* Illustrated at page 319.



In the Collection of Abel Buckley, Esq.

The Trout Stream.
By J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

and free, and the whole painted with commendable vivacity. Sir David Wilkie, whose nationality as well as eminence in Art might have induced the Glasgow authorities to make a special effort to gather together his finest works, was represented by small studies for large pictures, and by comparatively insignificant examples, the best being 'The Letter of Introduction.' This picture is usually considered to be a recollection of the painter's first coming to London from Scotland, wherein a young stranger nervously waits while the great man to whom he is being presented opens his letter.



In the Collection of William Coltart, Esq.

The Flower of God.
By Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart.

Turner, although also a little scattered on the walls, was seen to considerable advantage in the three great pictures from his hand. Lord Strathcona's much exhibited 'Mercury and Argus' was, however, placed in a blaze of light which revealed the delicate state of the picture, and the whole honours of the great London landscapist were borne, and that easily, by Mr. Abel Buckley's wonderful 'Trout Stream,' which we reproduce. This canvas, full of grace and delicacy, with floating clouds over the mountains, rich golden colour of the sand in the foreground, and every gradation of light and air



In the Collection of W. H. Lever, Esq.

Elizabeth Howard, Duchess of Rutland.
By J. Hoppner, R.A.

between, is one of the very finest of Turner's earlier works. It simply blazed out in Glasgow, even if the hangers had placed it in an uncongenial surrounding.

In addition to the oil paintings by Turner, in another room was to be found a remarkably fine series of drawings by him. In these the greatest master of water-colours who ever lived, was revealed in all his delicacy and power, and no better exposition was ever made in a general collection than in these twenty-four superb drawings. Here were brought together the famous 'Pass of St. Gothard,' about which Ruskin wrote so much, 'St. Goldau,' and 'Salisbury,' all from Mr. Geo. Coates' collection. The cool, fine quality drawings of 'Zurich' and 'Eddystone Lighthouse,' belonging to Mr. MacGeorge, the Hon. Mr. W. F. D. Smith's 'Florence,' the 'Warkworth' and several others from

Mr. Buckley, with two good drawings from the Whitworth Institute of Manchester, were also noteworthy.

It would be possible to fill pages in describing the other fine water-colours at Glasgow, for the drawings, both of British and foreign masters, were much better arranged on the walls than the oil pictures; they were often, as with Turner and De Wint, with Sam Bough, George Manson, and the Pinwells, hung in groups, and in all cases were they sympathetically placed and to the advantage of the individual works.

Of Rossetti and the romantic English School of the middle of the nineteenth century, the Glasgow galleries contained many choice examples, and specially of Millais in his early manner. Burne-Jones, with the great 'Danaë' picture, we shall discuss and illustrate in a following paper, together with the works of the 1860 and Pre-Raphaelite Schools. Meanwhile we print reproductions

of the Annunciation picture entitled 'The Flower of God,' by Burne-Jones, and the 'Joli Cœur,' by D. G. Rossetti, both of which are characteristic pictures by the artists.

To return to the landscapists:—David Cox was also seen to advantage in the twenty fine drawings and half-dozen oil paintings, nearly all of which were good examples from his brush. Cox is so renowned as a water-colourist that his work in oil is apt to be overlooked, especially when, as in Glasgow, they are not hung together. Yet there is something peculiarly interesting in his method of employing the medium of oil, for he is never able to be quite independent of his water-colour manner, with the result that his oil paintings retain all the delicacy of water-colour drawings in their tender passages, combined with the strength of oil in the deeper tones of the picture. In the Glasgow collection the examples from the collection

of Sir Charles Tennant, Sir William Agnew and the Corporation of Birmingham were all of the best quality. Yet the charm lay with the series of water-colours all placed near each other in another room. These gained no doubt by sympathetic surroundings, and each of these drawings, selected with judgment and arranged with care, seemed to sing out its own note in true harmony and with clear distinction.

The reputations of Bonington and William Muller were maintained almost entirely by one good picture from each. Sir Charles Tennant's brilliant 'Boulogne' is sufficient to mark its author as a master of the first rank, and Bonington never came nearer the realisation of light and air. Sir William Agnew's 'Eel Bucks at Goring' is one of those mighty works which one likes for its magnificent daring. The painter himself knew how far it soared in the face of tradition, and leaving the picture in the state an impressionist of to-day would still call a sketch, he resolved not to carry it any further, inscribing on the back of the canvas the memorable words, "Left for some fool to finish." No fool fortunately has ever dared to tread where the master stopped

(To be continued.)



Photo, Hollyer.
In the Collection of Miss Horniman.

Joli Cœur.
By D. G. Rossetti.

short, and the picture to-day remains to us as the finest example of suggestive landscape art of the early part of the nineteenth century.

Constable and Cotman were somewhat meagrely shown, but Thomson of Duddingston and Horatio McCulloch, the contemporary Scotch landscape painters, were fully represented.

Of the other Scottish painters of a past generation John Phillip and Paul Chalmers were the others whose reputations seem destined to last outside the Scottish borders. John Phillip, besides being a superb colourist, was a careful and moderately accurate draughtsman. Paul Chalmers, whose mysterious death story is still untold, was even a more seductive colourist, less assertive, more sympathetic, than Phillip;

but he could not draw a single figure quite correctly, and when grouping a number together he failed utterly in the outlines. In his landscapes, such as the one below, this defect in training was far less visible, while the exquisite charm of the colour and sensitive tones of the composition nearly always carried a delightful quality no other painter has surpassed.

D. CROAL THOMSON.



In the Collection of James H. Aitken, Esq.

The End of the Harvest.
By Geo. Paul Chalmers, R.S.A.

Decorative and Industrial Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.

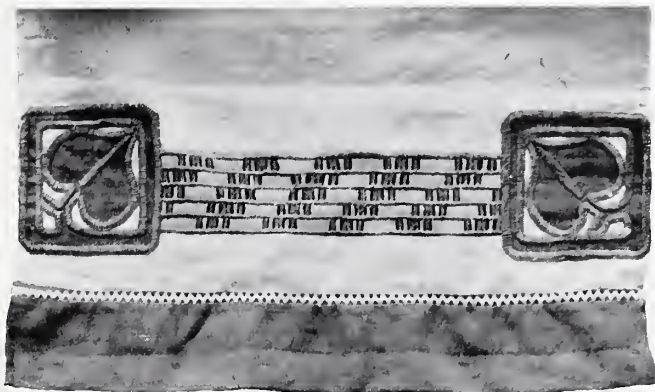
FOURTH NOTICE.

THE international character of the Glasgow Exhibition proves, as the first cursory visit led one to suspect, to be by no means maintained. The foreign exhibits are neither numerous enough nor (with exceptions presently to be mentioned) in themselves of importance enough to represent the countries whence



No. 1.—Part of a Tapestry by Miss Frida Hansen, of Christiania, Norway.

they come; and there is, therefore, not the opportunity one had hoped at first there might be, of appreciating as fully or as fairly as comparison with contemporary work of all nations would have enabled one to do, the work of the Scots themselves, which, if not thoroughly representative, is very amply represented. Reference has been made already to the work of certain of the leading Northern decorative artists, but they are seen to better advantage in the decoration of Miss Cranston's tea rooms in the city than at Kelvin Park. The Glasgow



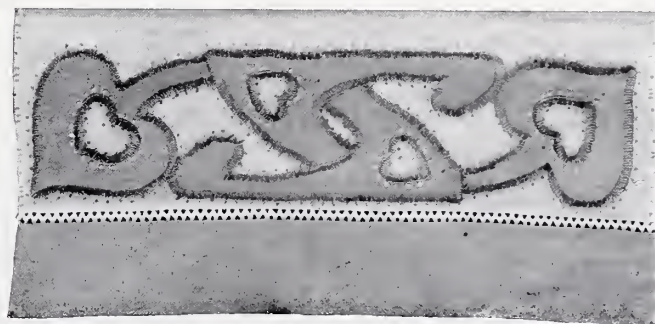
No. 2.—Sideboard Cloth End embroidered by Miss Ann Macbeth.

School of Art itself does not make the show one would have expected of it; but what it shows is often strong, and for the most part individual—so strangely personal indeed (or is it national?) as to shock one into attention, if not always into admiration. The book covers, for example, of Miss Jessie King and her followers, are a departure in quite a new direction, and one to which gilt tooling lends itself willingly.

The strange treatment of the human figure, characteristic of her work, occurs again in stained-glass design, in which the Glasgow school distinguishes itself. You see at first only a maze of sweeping lines, ornamental indeed, but so altogether unintelligible, that you wonder how the artist ever arrived at them. And, as you wonder, you perceive among them the features of a human face, and it dawns upon you that they form the folds of flowing drapery, and that it is a figure design you are looking at.

Another characteristic form of ornament occurs in the embroidery of the Glasgow School. Mrs. Newbery's floral design, which accident prevents us from illustrating, is deliberately decorative, and yet almost naïvely suggestive always of the garden. A more savage type of ornament, and no less characteristic, is seen in the *appliqué* of Miss Macbeth (Nos. 2 and 3), admirable in its severe simplicity.

Of foreign nations, Norway sends through Miss Frida Hansen, a very interesting display of tapestry—curtains, for example, with backgrounds of open warp; but they are hung high up, on narrow strips of wall between windows which will not allow the eye to rest on them with comfort. Equally remote from inspection is the long tapestry picture of which a portion is here reproduced (No. 1), a very interesting piece of work, which might almost be a translation of the manner of Albert Moore into the archaic. It has neither the beauty of



No. 3.—Sideboard Cloth End, in *appliqué*, by Miss Ann Macbeth.



No. 4.—Inlaid Wood Panel exhibited by La Maison Moderne.

form nor the pearly and delicate colour of the English master, but somehow it recalls him strangely. Its real starting point may possibly have been a Japanese print—so true is it that extremes meet.

French manufacture is poorly represented. M. Cornille shows some beautiful furniture silks, not too familiar in design; for the rest, lace, dresses, and dress goods are represented in a rather shabby fashion, and furniture and furnishing most inadequately. The paper hangings of M. Leroy have not much more than pretty tinting to recommend them. Glass, in the absence of M. Gallé, is represented by M. Daum, an artist by no means faultless in his choice of colour, but



No. 5.—Bedroom Dressing Table and Drawing Room Cabinet by Messrs. Wylie & Lockhead.

producing at times, whether by annealing or cameo cutting, wonderful if weird and eccentric effects. French pottery is relegated to an annexe in the grounds, where some good lustre of the two firms of Massier is lost amidst a show of rubbish; but, it must be owned, their work is neither selected with discretion nor set forth with taste.

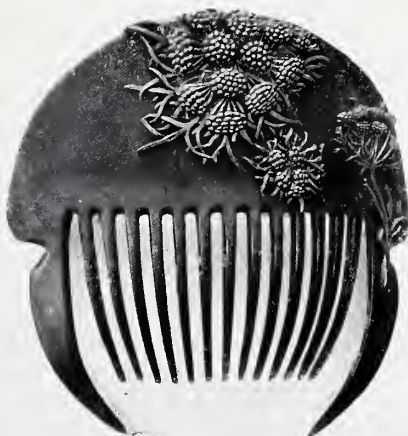
French Jewellery is not only well shown, but, in its small way, representative. Perhaps the best is that of M. René Foy, who shows not many things, but all of them fanciful, some of them charming—and, in the matter of workmanship, a lesson to the British art worker. Similar work,



No. 6.—Polished Steel Fire Grate, &c., in the Reception Room, by Messrs. Longden and Co.



No. 7.—Leather Book Wrapper exhibited by La Maison Moderne.



No. 8.—Combs in Horn and Silver gilt of various tints, exhibited by La Maison Moderne.



No. 9.—Leather Book Wrapper exhibited by La Maison Moderne.

but some of it more ordinary, is shown by M. Georges Brunet. The firm of L. Ancoc fils, exhibits work perfect in design and workmanship, using by preference gold of various tints. M. Paul Templier works in precious stones more in the manner of trade, preferring, that is to say, intrinsic money value to artistic. Cheaper but beautiful work in silver, gilt or oxidised, is contributed by M. Lucien Gaillard. Consummate work in enamel comes from Messrs. Charlot frères, Auguste Jean, and E. Feuillâtre, too pretty it may be in colour, or too pictorial, or lacking in restraint, but accomplishing always its purpose, the work, in short, of men who know their trade. So do the English manufacturing silversmiths, but they are, for the most part, innocent of art. Among competent art workers in the English Section must be mentioned the Raneé of Sarawak (No. 10). Mr. W. A. S. Benson also hits the mean between art and manufacture (No. 12). One of the most attractive shows in the French Section is that of La Maison Moderne, a house which knows not only how to choose its wares, but how to show them. It appeals, as our illustrations show (4, 7, 8, 9), to the newest taste, and oversteps at times, no

doubt, the bounds of eccentricity—witness the clever panel of inlaid woods (No. 4); but it is for the most part admirable in its way, cutlery, glass, enamel, gold and silversmith's work, or whatever it may be. Its leatherwork depends for its effect largely upon the colour of the ground, which is most cunningly splashed and mottled.

Some countries are but just represented; Hungary, for example, by home industries of no great pretensions, but arriving at times, by taste and skilful execution, to something better than what we call Home Arts.

From Sweden also we get wood carving of the simple kind, industry with just the requisite touch of artistic feeling in it.

The Bavarian Kunstgewerbe has a poor little show of embroidery, etc., and there are some German tapestries of poster-like design, some up-to-date metal-work, and sundry things designed in a style midway between modernity and the Rococo.

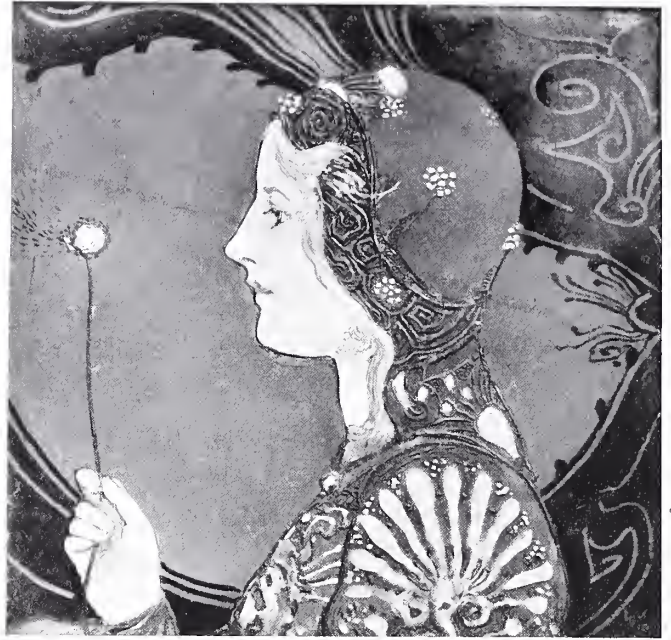
Japan has a building to itself—more or less a bazaar—but there are to be found there good specimens of bronze-work, and especially of embroidery; trade work it may be, but quite wonderful in its way. There is a landscape more in the manner

of a Scottish landscape-painter than in what we recognise as Japanese style—and yet it is needlework, and remarkably well adapted to the needle.

The work that Ireland sends is, more or less, in the way of lace—drawn and sewn-work from Dublin and County Down, crochet from Meath, guipure from Carrickmacross, and Irish point and heavy laces from Cork.

There is great talk about the Russian exhibit; but a month or so after the opening of the Exhibition, the cases in the Russian section of the Industrial Hall were practically bare. As for the famous Russian village, there appeared to be no hope of its opening for weeks to come. A momentary intrusion into one of the buildings revealed some really characteristic timber construction in varnished pine, happily devoid of colour decoration, and pleasing in effect. For the rest, the exterior of the strange structures did not inspire one with confident anticipations of beauty. It is, in fact, impossible to take such aggressively strange architecture at all seriously, or as truly representative of anything but "the new art," seen, as it were, through Slavonic distorting glasses. Least of all is it to be accepted as the genuine expression of

rude semi-Asiatic peasant art. That would have expressed itself in frankly workman-like timber-construction. Here the outer construction, apart from log-built walls, is wood-like only in so far as it would have been difficult to execute the fantastic and absurd devices of the architect in other material. It looks as if the designer knew what timber construction should be, but had done his best, if not to avoid the lines it naturally takes, to disguise them. Doubtless those lines are familiar enough; but this is not the way to better them; it is mere wilfulness and affectation—as though the new



No. 11.—Six-inch Tile by Leon V. Solon.



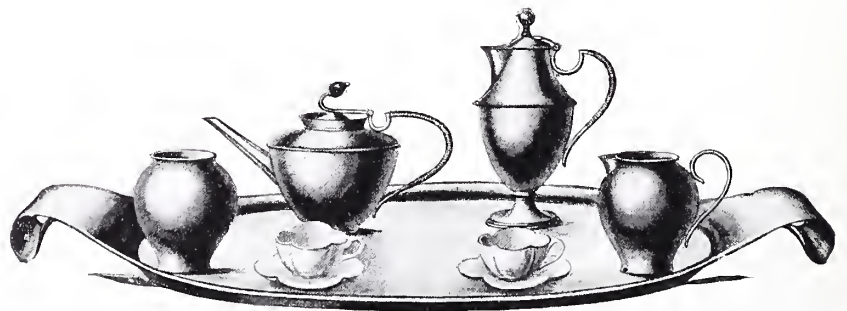
No. 10.—Enamelled Bottle by the Ranees of Sarawak.

thing were worth doing, or there were any difficulty in doing it, without art or reason!

Quaint it may be; what of that, when it is so ungainly, so contrary not merely to what is accepted, but to what is acceptable by any one appreciating the logical development of design out of given conditions?

And if the building is absurd, no less preposterous is the painted decoration. It is not that the tints are savage—there is a charm in barbaric art; there are times even, when one is inclined to think that in ornament at its best there is always a trace of the barbaric—the fault of it is that it is ugly. Awkward forms are picked out in striking tints; there is an abortive attempt to reconcile Byzantine or other traditional forms with the newest naturalism, and to harmonize crude primaries by setting them in mud colour. We are not for a moment to be persuaded that such an outrageous display of eccentricity is anything but the wilful creation of twentieth-century men determined to be new. They will have so many gables to a roof that you shall never have seen the like before; their doors shall be shaped so as to suggest that they were never made out of planks, but fretted out of the solid; their window frames shall take the form of uncouth cartouches planted upon the log-built wall; and so forth, to the end of the chapter. It is the mad imagining of the newest of new artists, in short an architectural nightmare.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 12.—Tea Service and Tray by Messrs. W. A. S. Benson and Co.

The Parable of The Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins.

BY W. J. WAINWRIGHT, A.R.W.S.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ART GALLERY OF THE CORPORATION OF
BIRMINGHAM.

IN this picture, upon which the artist was engaged for a number of years, the subject of the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins has been treated from a very original point of view, and one which was chosen by Mr. Wainwright only after deep consideration of the meaning of St. Matthew's words. In it he has sought to express the effect which the sudden and unexpected coming of the Bridegroom may have upon not only the careless but even those who have been prepared for it. Certainly the composition in no way resembles the traditional treatment of this subject in painting, in which the figure—here absent—of the Bridegroom usually forms the central point of the canvas.

The artist gives the following description of his treatment of the theme: The moment chosen is that when the Bridegroom comes, to find that of those who were awaiting Him, some have their lamps trimmed and burning, whilst others, disregarding what He required of them, have neglected to keep their lamps alight. Departing from the traditional treatment, which usually presents the Bridegroom with the virgins grouped on each side of Him, in this picture He is supposed to be advancing from the point of view of the spectator towards the picture. This treatment has been chosen both for pictorial considerations and to suggest the utmost latitude of interpretation of the parable; it being intended that while conforming to the scriptural text and the commentators, yet every beholder may also apply the moral of the parable to the conduct of everyday life, as to the use and misuse of opportunity. The moment of the Bridegroom's coming causes surprise even to those who have awaited Him in preparedness, and in the faces of the figures composing the lower group, representing the wise virgins, this expression is evident. Consistently with the idea that the parable is for all time, and for all persons, no attempt has been made to suggest historical period or local character, either in the personalities or habiliments of the figures. They may be regarded as types of humanity, each with such attitude and expression as is called forth by the circumstances of being brought to the knowledge of the fact that the time of opportunity has passed and the day of reckoning has suddenly burst upon them.

He has grouped the ten virgins on a flight of marble steps leading up to a portico with heavy round pillars. The five wise ones are seated on the lowest steps, nearest to the spectator. They have been just roused from sleep by the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and surprise at the suddenness of His coming is well shown by their movements. The nearest one, a beautifully conceived and painted figure, is reaching for her lamp, which is dimly burning on the marble pavement; another shades her eyes as she gazes at the approaching figure, and in the faces of all the five, gladness is mingled with awe. They wear garlands of roses in their hair, and their draperies, of slate blue, purple, yellow, red, and dark olive-green, are skilfully arranged. Behind this group the five foolish virgins stand on the higher steps with gestures of despair at their unpreparedness. The stairway is steep, so that at the first glance the perspective seems to be exaggerated; but the conception and arrangement as a whole is both original and highly interesting, while the draughtsmanship is of high quality and the colour rich and glowing. The work is the result of a commission given to the Artist some years ago by the Corporation of Birmingham.

Mr. Wainwright was born in Birmingham in 1855, and as a youth was apprenticed to the well-known firm of Messrs. John Hardman and Co., manufacturers of stained-glass windows and all kinds of ecclesiastical art-furniture. He also studied in the Birmingham School of Art, and in 1879 entered the Antwerp Academy, working under Charles Verlat, and receiving much help from Isabey. Later on, he went to Paris, and after a period spent in Newlyn, settled in his native city. He is an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and a Member of the Birmingham Royal Society of Artists.



Printed by W. J. Munnwright, A.R.W.

*The Parable of the Five Wise and Five Foolish Virgins.
from the Picture in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham.*



Cephalus and Procris.
From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).

“Henrietta Rae”— Mrs. Ernest Normand.

FROM early times artists have drawn inspiration from Greek mythology. Five hundred years before the Christian era, Phidias, the greatest sculptor of the world, wrought for the Olympieum a colossal statue in ivory and gold of Zeus, the most powerful of the Immortals; from the hand of Phidias was the statue of the goddess Athene of the Parthenon, whose frieze—than which no extant work is so pure and flawless, charged with so much of processional beauty, each figure incomparably fine, and each related to other with supreme genius—was executed under his direction. Indicative, too, of the passion to clothe in fairest form the spirits of their gods, are the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Venus of Milo, to say nothing of others. The Romans, whose art derives from the Greek, went as if by instinct to the same source, and many sculptors of to-day are obsessed by the splendid possibilities of the subject. We have but to visit our National Gallery, and those of other countries, to discern how potent an attraction Greek mythology has had for the painter, onward from Florentines of the fifteenth century to artists of our own day.

Botticelli bequeathed to the world a haunting interpretation of the birth of Venus; Piero di Cosimo, ‘The Death of Procris,’ sympathy expressed in every line and throughout in the sweet tones; Andrea Mantegna, a ‘Mount Parnassus,’ where, as blithe figures dance, Mars bids farewell to Venus; Titian and Tintoretto, dissimilar incidents in the history of Bacchus and Ariadne, each picture of rare beauty; Antonio Pollaiuolo, the two Hercules pictures of the “Uffizi,” which take a high place among the works of the Renaissance as renderings of the human figure in violent action; and, not to go further, Giorgione, the ‘Sleeping Venus’ of the Dresden Gallery. Yet a thousand fields in this land of mythology remain unexplored. The artist of undimmed vision still discerns ungathered flowers; everywhere the traveller is confronted with elements capable of being wrought to utmost significance and beauty. Given freshness of outlook, adequate powers of expression, the pictorial romancist—derivatively he who makes a

pilgrimage—may fare with profit into that garden of the gods.

Mrs. Ernest Normand, better known under her maiden



Pandora.
From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand)



Doubts.

From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).

name of Henrietta Rae, is associated paramountly with pictures on classical themes. That this should be so is not surprising in view of the fact that much of her early training consisted in making studies from the Elgin Marbles of the British Museum. Consciously or unconsciously, there can be little doubt that the time thus spent influenced the artist later in her choice of subjects. It was while attending the life class at Heatherly's, held in the evening, that Henrietta Rae went regularly, drawing-book in hand, to the British Museum. In this way the close study of actuality was balanced by that of antique forms, forms purified, essentialised, in the crucible of

a Greek artist's temperament. Thereafter she entered the Royal Academy Schools, where she worked for seven years. During this time Millais was one of the visitors, and from him and from others, including, for instance, Mr. Frith, she received many words of encouragement, and some criticism, which, bewildering it may be at the time by reason of its diversity, yet later was remembered to aid in moments of difficulty or indecision. Henrietta Rae had but just attained her majority when a picture from her brush, 'Lancelot and Elaine,' was accepted and hung at the Burlington House Summer Exhibition. This was in 1880, and since then no Academy Exhibition has passed without an example by her.

In 1884 she was married to Mr. Ernest Normand, and thereafter settled at Kensington. Here, amid a coterie of distinguished and popular artists, she continued to work till 1893. In the case of a young painter feeling her way gradually forward to the expression of that which is personal in her art, residence in the Old Court Suburb, whose hundred fascinating associations provided Leigh Hunt with material such as he loved to mould, had advantages. Leighton, his work for the day over, would look in frequently to criticise this composition, to advise as to that contour or pose, and generally to give encouragement to one who was striving after "the poetry of

form and colour . . . thrown as a lovely garment over abstract ideas or fabled events"—Leighton's ideal in his own words. The then President of the Royal Academy was not the only artist, however, who in a friendly way proffered counsel. What he had recommended might shortly afterwards be designated as out of place by an artist of dissimilar outlook, whose admonitions in turn would be assailed by a third visitor. Up to a certain point such confusion of tongues serves a good end. It tends to make the young painter heedful of accepting this or that formula, does not permit of the too early formation of an individual style. On the other hand, there comes a



Ophelia.
From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).

Reproduced, by permission, from the original painting
in the possession of the Liverpool Corporation.



Apollo and Daphne.
From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).

time when either the studio door must be barred till a work is practically finished, or refuge taken in some district less immediately accessible to artist-friends. The circumstance, then, that in the nineties Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Normand removed from Kensington to Upper Norwood, where they are among the very few prominent painters, is definitely related to Henrietta Rae's development.

In point of date, the first of our illustrations is the 'Doubts' of 1887. It was the earliest picture by Mrs. Normand hung on the line at Burlington House, and, while the 'Ariadne' of 1885, the 'Eurydice,' and 'A Naiad,' both exhibited in 1886, had attracted a meed of notice, it is from this time that the artist's popularity may be said to date. We discern in this presentment of a middle-aged gallant, in striped coat and knee-breeches of a bygone generation, paying court to a young girl, the influence of Mr. Marcus Stone, whose name is associated with a score of like sentimental exercises. The 'Zephyrus and Flora' of 1888 was followed in 1889 by 'Cephalus and Procris,' here reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. A. Woodwin, which appeared in the Academy catalogue as 'The Death of Procris.' It is a serious effort to render in picture the closing incident in that haunting story. Procris, because of Eos' love of Cephalus, was distrustful and, jealously watching her husband as he hunted, was killed accidentally by him with the spear with which Artemis had provided him as a

protection. The artist wisely refrained from depicting the moment when the satyr, in wistful, half-human sympathy bends over the prostrate form of Procris, guarded by the dog, to which Piero di Cosimo has given pictorial immortality. The 'Ophelia,' of 1890, reproduced from the picture now in the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, has for subject one of the most poignant scenes in literature. The king and queen, guilt apparent in their attitudes, are confronted by Ophelia, who, bereft of reason, moves across the audience chamber, offering of her rosemary, fennel and columbine, her rue and her daisies. How perfectly the anguish of her soul is expressed in the snatches of song: "They bore him bare-faced on the bier," "And will he not come again?" "He is gone, he is gone," and in that supremely fine touch, "I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died." In this picture Mrs. Normand proves her courage to attack a great dramatic subject.

In 1891 the artist spent some time in Paris, there coming into contact with MM. Benjamin Constant, Dagnan Bouveret, Lefebvre, and other well-known painters, each of whom testified to her ability. 'La Cigale,' represented as a nude figure crouched against the bole of a tree, the broken strings of her mandolin and the autumn leafage telling of waning hopes, was painted in 1891, and the two succeeding years gave us essays like 'Mariana' and 'Plucked Flowers.'

The ‘Psyche before the Throne of Venus,’ seen at the 1894 Academy, is one of the largest, one, too, of the most important and ambitious of Mrs. Normand’s efforts; moreover, in passing it may be said that it was for the painting of this picture that the studio at Upper Norwood was built. Directly or indirectly, the large canvas was executed as a result of re-reading William Morris’s ‘Earthly Paradise.’ In it we have the first clear testimony to the advantages which accrued from the study of classic beauty and of the influence of Lord Leighton, a lyre belonging to whom, by the way, is reproduced in the picture. After many wanderings in search of her lover, it is to the precincts of a glorious palace that Psyche, the personification of the human soul, has come. The throne of Venus is beneath a dome of gold, and, flanked by pure Ionic pillars, is a garden bright with roses and oleanders, where, too, are ilexes; it is sweet, one is assured, with the fragrance of the honeysuckle. Finally, as we know, succoured by Cupid, Psyche, after many vicissitudes, won for herself the goodwill of Venus, and, as an immortal, was united to her lover. This important picture is now in the collection of Mr. Geo. McCulloch.

That the artist should have found irresistible attraction in the story of Apollo and Daphne is not matter for surprise. The ardour with which the son of Zeus pursued Daphne the fair, and her metamorphosis into a laurel tree, as rendered, for instance, by Pol-laiuolo, is charged with a never failing appeal. In the kneeling figure of Apollo, his hand upraised in impassioned supplication, and in the timid, shrinking Daphne, after due allowance is made for the over-emphatic, which conflicts alike with pictorial and emotional significance, we have a carefully considered and interesting interpretation. There can be no doubt, however, that Mrs. Normand is on surer ground in non-dramatic pictures. The ‘Pandora,’ here reproduced, belonging to the same year as the ‘Apollo and

Daphne,’ is a case in point. Pandora, reputedly the first woman on earth, endowed with beauty by Venus, with boldness and cunning by Mercury, holds the casket which contains every human ill, destined to escape and run riot over the world. There is in her pose and expression a suggestion of incertitude, of curiosity tinged with misgiving. By no means the least successful canvas is the ‘Isabella’ of 1897, which we illustrate. Again the artist finds motive in a legend holding great pictorial possibilities. In Boccaccio and Keats we may read of Lorenzo’s love for Isabella; of how for a brief time they tasted of joy; of how Lorenzo was killed and buried in the forest by the brothers; and of how, in a vision, Isabella was made aware of the treachery, whereat, severing the head of her love from the body, she planted it in a pot of basil, around which, in our picture, her arms are thrown. Mrs. Normand conveys a measure of Isabella’s unquenchable grief, of the soul-solitary days during which, one following the other with the hopeless monotony of dropping water, from sadness she sank into death. Second only in importance to the ‘Venus and Cupid,’ is the ‘Diana and Calisto’ of 1899. Diana and her nymphs are assembled in a cypress grove, bright with purple irises and water-lilies, the grass yellowed by primroses, and as Calisto, her draperies thrown aside, is about to bathe in the stream, her guilt is dis-

covered. Seen in adequate reproduction, this picture testifies to Mrs. Normand’s feeling for classic beauty, and for a landscape setting in harmony with that beauty. On the ambulatory wall of the Royal Exchange, again, is to be found ‘The Charities of Whittington,’ illustrated in THE ART JOURNAL, 1900, at page 379. In the use of colour Mrs. Normand varies from blithe to sober, from strong and clear to delicate and carefully graded; and the works we reproduce suffice to indicate her pre-occupation with form. As the artist is still in the full tide of her powers, and her popularity is great, we may look for works of increasing merit from her brush.

FR. RINDER.



Isabella.

From the Painting by Henrietta Rae (Mrs. Ernest Normand).



No. 1.—Les Baigneurs.
By Jean-François Millet.

A few of the less-known Pictures of Jean-François Millet.

I DO not profess to know where are the originals of the pictures given here, nor when Millet painted them. These reproductions are from a handful of photographs given to me by a friend who acquired them as long ago as 1871, during the siege of Paris. He could tell me nothing about the paintings, nor indeed how he got the photographs. That he looted them some of my readers will say is the obvious solution to the mystery: but I have my own reasons for believing that he got the photographs in a quite honourable way, and that his lapse of memory is easily accounted for by a life in Paris during the dreadful winter of 1871; many who were then there must have found a short memory a most inestimable blessing.

Although these photographs are not from pictures intrinsically better than many by Millet already well known to the world, or in truth even as good as most of his celebrated masterpieces, yet I cannot but believe that for some they will have an overwhelming interest.

They reveal Millet in various phases of his artistic development; they show one or two very different moods of the painter; they show, indeed, that his mind was alert to other messages before he settled down to be a painter of peasant life and a painter of nothing else. One or two of them hint at the course

of study that Millet passed through before he arrived at his marvellous grip of the human form. One or two give greater evidence of his love of elegant and classic lines than, perhaps, do his pictures of clothed figures; and in one there is a dramatic interest unequalled by any other picture of Millet's. No! not even by the Sower itself, with all its weird and forcible tragedy. I refer to No. 1, the picture of the two swimmers. Whoever possesses the original has a work of art as tragic as the Sphinx, as mysterious as life; so much has the artist's imagination done for a subject that was possibly first of all suggested to him by seeing two men engaged in some quite commonplace competition in the water.

Surely enough it shows a very close study of nature; the action of a man swimming has very likely never been given with greater certainty, nor possibly with more art has been represented the motion of water when heavy bodies are passing through it rapidly. As in all pictures of Millet's, such facts are stated with almost scientific truth. However vehement in outline his figures may be, I do not think it will ever be found that their vehemence has been overstated, that the force of their gestures is not entirely in accordance with whatever their particular occupation may be. But to



No. 2.—Susanna.
By Jean-François Millet.

many observers this picture by Millet will not long remain merely a realistic representation of two men swimming. What thoughts could have been passing through the artist's brain as he made this almost fearsome design? What reminiscences of the past, what fears for the present or the future? No love of physical exercise or desire for victory alone impels the foremost figure, nor is the form at the back driven any more by merely human impulses. The picture becomes a realisation of the pursued and his pursuer, of one reaching forward with tragic intensity, and already more than fearful of ultimate failure; of another whose steady stroke has in it the consciousness of superior strength; has in it something overwhelming in its brutal tyranny.

No primarily symbolical picture was ever so full of grim suggestiveness as this design of J. F. Millet's. He who runs may not read; but he who ponders this symbolic work will not be long in discerning its dreadful import. The picture that impressed one first as a forcible realisation of two men swimming in the end becomes a representation of any soul in trouble.

In Millet's mind, what did that dreadful pursuer signify? From what horror was the foremost figure striving to escape? Was it madness, or poverty, or death, from which he was so futilely making his way? That we shall never know. Nor is the picture one bit the less impressive, because we do not know all the painter meant by it. About the innermost meaning of all great art there must always be some vagueness. When one soul appeals strenuously to another, it is partly through the medium of silence. A great deal of the most appealing message cannot be said. So it is in the writer's art or the painter's, or the musician's. The passages about which the artist tells us what to think may be fine, but those that are left to our imagination are generally finer. Much of the charm of the "Sonata Pathétique," and also of the most beautiful descriptions of scenery, lies in the fact that the listener is made to supply some of the pathos, and the reader from his inner consciousness is made to fill up not a little of the scene.



No. 3.—Le Sommeil de Vénus.
By Jean-François Millet.

Whoever has been in trouble—and who has not?—or whoever is in fear of trouble, will feel poignantly the meaning of that foremost swimmer, just as he will feel the awful importance of the one that follows.

Between Millet's art and Beethoven's there are many points of semblance, but nothing of the painter's is more akin to Beethoven's music, than the strange picture of the two swimmers.

In No. 2 perhaps more than in the former picture—although one figure in that at least is full of learned modelling—we are shown Millet as the masterly painter of the naked human form. Here is no violent action to disturb the surface of the muscles; here is no intensity of expression to take the mind away considerably from the purely artistic beauty of the picture.

One can, I think, safely presume that Millet, when painting this picture, had in his mind the story of Susanna; although happily, perhaps, the painter has not included in his design the spectacle of the inquisitive Elders.

Susanna has left her bath and is passing with no great hurry and without any loss of dignity into a becoming shelter. Already the yielding rushes have hidden her feet and much of her outstretching arms from our view. She is glancing back with no great apprehension, and with no sort of invitation. She is scarcely the Susanna of the Bible, who was beautiful. She is not the daughter of Chalcias, a very fair woman: she is a daughter of the people—a French peasant. And herein lies one of the great charms of the picture, for there is nothing about it more delightful than its simplicity and naïveté. It is just a peasant's conception of the story given to us by a master's hand. Here is no knowledge of things that do

not belong to village life; no appreciation of emotions that are not the common property of the most primitive people. This Susanna certainly could not reason as the daughter of Chalcias did. Her seclusion has been interfered with, and she is departing from view very much as an animal would under similar circumstances. Her movements are just as pathetic as an animal's; as single-minded, as free from the calculations that



No. 4.—La Femme au Repos.
By Jean-François Millet.

hamper the movements of all developed human beings.

And how admirably does this simplicity of expression pervade the entire design! Could anything be much less elaborate? Could anything be much more expressive? If Millet had been making a bas-relief instead of a painting with its greater range of possibilities, he could not have selected less accessories for the development of his story. Nor could he have insisted more on what is sculptural in the human form, or more on what is decorative in his background, or have produced altogether a design more beautiful in its unity.

No. 3, 'Le Sommeil de Vénus,' is even more statuesque than the Susanna. Here, in fact, is no motion at all: this woman with her arms folded over her face might be a personification of repose.

The conception is one of Millet's mightier ones; albeit in it he has been troubled with no wrongs of his fellow creatures, or with any of the mysterious evils that are a part of human destiny. He has simply contrived to make a human figure appear majestic, huge, almost god-like. It looms out of the background a thing portentous in plane, portentous in pose, an everlasting testimony of the extraordinary vastness of Millet's vision, when he was in no way hindered by the exigencies of portraying an incident, or giving expression to some particular sort of sentiment. Compare this figure with either of those in the 'Angelus.' Who will hesitate for one moment about deciding in which picture is the greater art?

It would be hard, perhaps, to distinguish at which period of his life Millet painted this picture. If, when it was done, there was the work of any other master in his mind, that master was Michael Angelo. One cannot imagine it to have been a very early work. Possibly it was painted soon after his return to Barbizon, with the simplicity of country life all around him, and his mind not yet



No. 5.—La Femme assise et Enfant.
By Jean-François Millet.

of strong and fervid colours; and yet there is absolutely nothing in these pictures that is vulgar, absolutely nothing that is purely sensual. They differ from the multitude of pictures of nude figures, produced annually in Paris, as the colours of the rose differ from those of the common dahlia.

As one of the pictures mentioned here shows the mystery of Millet's mind, another the simplicity, another the grandeur of it, so these pictures, and especially No. 4, seems to me to indicate how intensely refined he was; how he could invest with pure poetry a motive, or rather an attitude, that belonged more to the art of the simply popular painter—to the painters whose goddesses are to

be found in the streets or on the stage rather than among the immortals.

The landscape given here can hardly be regarded as an unfamiliar expression of Millet's art. Such treatment of heaven and earth is known to everyone acquainted with the pictures of the great French master. Yet I do not think that its place in this article is to be condemned. It is a magnificent expression of



No. 6.—Novembre : Soir.
By Jean-François Millet.

nature. Moreover, it assists not a little in accentuating the motive of this article, which would call attention to the great variety in Millet's genius. As in the figure pictures, the elements that bring about the success of this landscape are of the simplest. There is a stretch of harrowed land, on its summit a solitary tree, beyond the tree a tiny figure of a sower, and above the field, hovering in the air like bees about to swarm, a group of flying birds. I understand the picture has recently been hung in the National Gallery in Berlin.

The prevailing sentiment of the picture is undoubtedly its expression of infinity; and this the artist has brought about by every means known to the painter and draughtsman. How admirably the perspective of the ground is given! how well the lines of the harrowed land lead the eye from the foreground, right up the hill and over it! How, even in the reproduction, one feels the luminosity and great distance of the sky! It is a sky which Millet knew so well how to make: a sky which enables the spectator to forget altogether that it is a thing of paint, so entirely does it give the illusion of a bright light seen through films and films of air. Here is a picture for the eye to wander about at will, and yet find no limit to its range. Here is a vision of the earth as it appeared most beautiful, towards the end of his life, to Jean-François Millet; a world bounded by a field that tells of man's most natural occupations, and beyond the field a bright light, the depth of which no human eyes can pierce; above the field, like the common ills of life, hang the ever-watchful birds.

ARTHUR TOMSON.

The Rogers Bequest to the New York Metropolitan Museum.

IN a recent speech Lord Rosebery referred humourously to the competition that exists for the possession of artistic treasures on the part of "those who are engaged in Trusts in a neighbouring continent," and everybody knows that for a long time past the European markets have been carefully watched for anything superlatively good by keen and eager buyers from the other side of the Atlantic, who are ready to pay handsomely for the privilege of possession. His lordship, of course, had in mind the private buyers, but we have now to mark the entrance into the lists of a great American public institution, equipped with funds ample enough, if wisely used, to bring in time the collection it controls alongside even the Louvre and the London National Gallery, neither of which, assuredly, have anything like such resources at command.

Whichever way one looks at it, there can be no doubt that before very many years have passed, the public art collections of the United States, and especially of such cities as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, will become vastly more important than at present. Apart from money bequests that may arrive, there is every reason to believe that many of the most important works of art that have crossed the Atlantic, and still adorn the houses of wealthy Americans, are destined, in good time, for the public galleries of the cities with which the owners are associated; and, indeed, certain collections

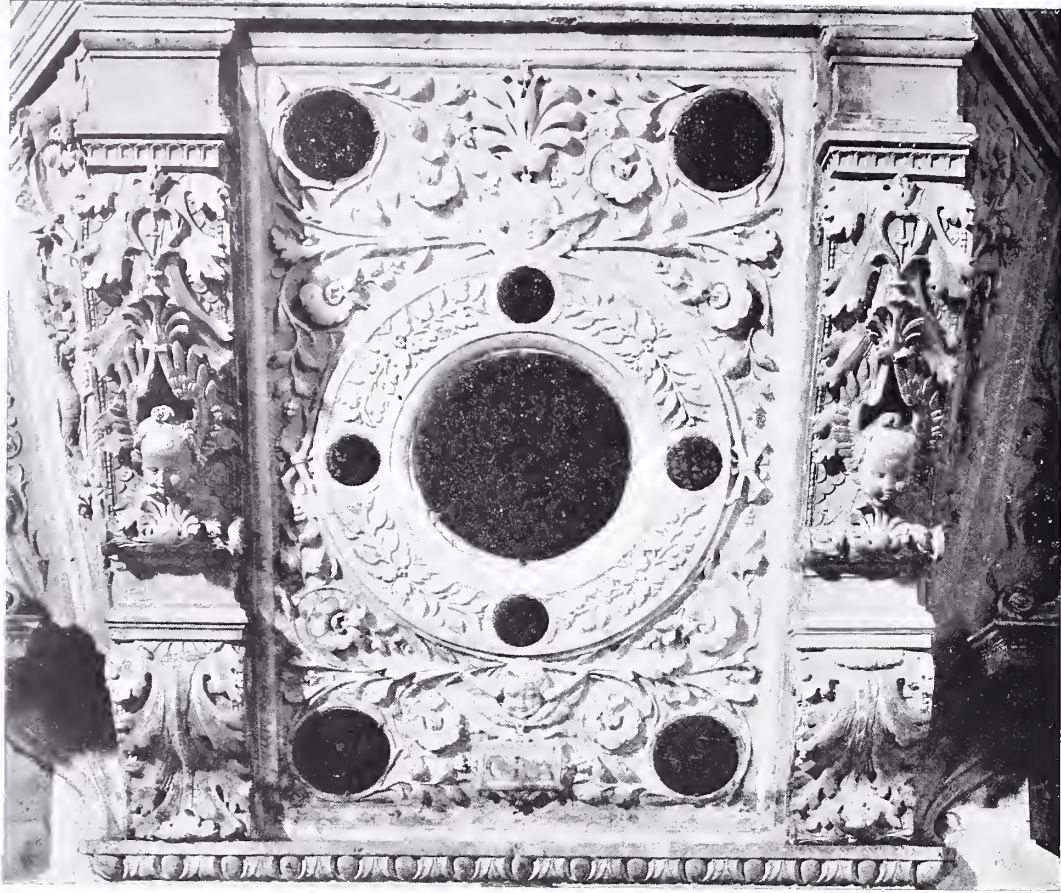
are actually being formed at the present time with this distinct object in view.

There is a great principle very stoutly maintained on the other side of the Atlantic, which is to the effect that "the best of everything is good enough for Americans." The implication, it need hardly be said, is that they will be content with nothing less. Therefore, if it is possible for public spirit, money, and judgment, to make New York, for example, as artistically important as London, Paris, or Berlin, these will certainly not be wanting.

A great stride forward in this direction will now be able to be made by the Metropolitan Museum in New York, owing to the unexpected and extraordinary wind-fall to which it becomes entitled under the will of the late eccentric millionaire locomotive-builder, Jacob S. Rogers, of Paterson, New Jersey. The testator leaves the whole of his estate, subject to eight bequests to relatives and dependents, amounting to only \$250,000 (£50,000) altogether, to the endowment of the Museum. Some little time must elapse before the exact amount by which the Museum will benefit is known, but it is at present estimated, by those likely to know, as somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$7,000,000 (£1,400,000).

The gift could not have come at a better time, seeing that the Museum has just completed the new wing, with its imposing façade of columns facing Fifth Avenue, and will thus have plenty of space at command. Everyone who, like myself, has spent many pleasant hours in the Museum and has often regretted its comparative poverty, will be unfeignedly glad to hear of its good fortune. Its total financial resources, as shown by the last annual report, were but little over \$600,000 (£120,000). So far as is known, Mr. Rogers has made no arbitrary conditions as to the way his princely endowment is to be spent, and a great responsibility devolves upon the authorities, under which there is no reason to believe they will fail, to so guide and govern themselves in their use of this great fund that the prestige and importance of New York's Art Gallery may be established upon the best and surest foundation. While this bequest is probably the largest sum of money ever given by one man for aesthetic purposes, it is not, of course, by any means the most important artistic bequest of recent times. Our own Wallace Collection is conservatively estimated to be worth from £5,000,000 to £6,000,000, but it is really beyond price, owing to the consummate taste and judgment with which it was got together. It is well to bear in mind that it would be quite easy for a collector of poor judgment or inferior taste to fool away twice the cost of the Wallace Bequest and produce results not one-half so valuable. Mr. Rogers has generously supplied the sinews of war, but the hardest part lies before those responsible for their use. All the same, however, it is not a little remarkable that this great legacy should have been made by a man who, so far as is known, cared not a jot for art, and never bought a picture in his life. He lived for years the life of a semi-recluse, noted for his suspicion of everybody, and carrying secretiveness and reserve about his own affairs to the point of absurdity. There is talk that his will is to be disputed by disappointed relatives. This, of course, remains to be seen, but personally I am inclined to think this threat may not, after all, be very serious, though it may cause delay in enabling the Museum to touch the money. Even supposing the Museum has finally to effect some compromise with the relatives, it will undoubtedly largely benefit.

H. W. BROMHEAD.



The Pulpit Carvings in the Refectory.

The Minor Sculptures of the Certosa of Pavia.

A STUDY to be commended is that of the small sculptures of the Certosa of Pavia—I mean the ornamental details which on all sides embellish this monument, so unique from the point of view of Renaissance ornamentation. I have, myself, essayed such a study in my work on “Gli Ornamenti nell’ Architettura”; but so many amplifying documents required to be included that I was prevented from giving a free rein to my intention. For the Certosa of Pavia is indeed a curious edifice which, look at it wherever you will, offers something surprising or wonderful to the eye. If you take up your position in front of the façade the boundless luxury and, at the same time, decorative effect of the whole will lead you to exclaim that nothing can go beyond this: in fact, that there is no façade in the world richer and more supple in its noble conception. While it may be possible to forget the Hôtel de Ville of Louvain or of Audenarde—the last-named built by Van Pede, who was called the Benvenuto Cellini in stone—there never was wrought a façade with greater art or fantasy or love. With this wealth of sculpture—reliefs, niches, consoles and scrolls, all in white marble picked out with marble in brown and red—there is a concomitant of terracotta, with its striking and beautiful southern red, and while the mind is carried away by the classic graces of the Renaissance, the period of the Middle Ages forces itself upon our notice, with its spires and gables, and the growth of ornamentation stops like the enchantment of a dream. And this is merely an outside view.

Let us enter the building. The Renaissance of the façade has no analogy whatever with the naves of the church, which shoots up its columns and pointed arches of a truly characteristic and Italian Gothic, while between its columns, in innumerable chapels—ranging along the lateral naves—doors, well-holes and monuments revive our impressions of the façade, and the Renaissance once more reigns in an *ensemble* of minor sculptures, imparting life, poetry and enchantment to the marble. Do not accuse me of fanaticism, I beg, for that is a plant which has never fed my thoughts, and I could, if necessary, justify my enthusiasm by comparing it to that of many students. In this connection I would only mention that Burckhardt was prompted to say in his “Cicerone” that the Certosa of Pavia is the chief decorative masterpiece of Italy and of the world, and, ornamentation apart, the façade is perhaps the finest conceived in the fifteenth century. It goes without saying that the naves of the church date back a great deal further; to the time, in fact, of Duke Gian Galeazzo, who, in 1394, was moved to build the Certosa of Pavia “*quam solemnius et magis notabile poterimus.*”

This project to erect an edifice of exceptional elaboration may explain why several years were allowed to elapse before the work was actually taken in hand. As a matter of fact the construction was begun in 1396, and, commencing with that date, we hear of Bernardo da Venezia, with the title of chief engineer, who must be

regarded as the architect who played the most prominent part in the conception and execution of the Certosa. At the same time it would be an unpardonable error to give Bernardo da Venezia exclusive credit for this fine æsthetic conception. For to-day it is the general belief that this monument, as well as the Cathedrals of Milan, Florence, etc., their details, general arrangement, and so forth, have been the outcome of collective study, and not the work of any one individual artist.

It is not my intention to here trace the construction of the Chartrreuse throughout its various changes; my present object is to touch on as few of them as possible, though I should remark that an interval of more than half a century followed the commencement of the building, which fact is accountable for a substantial modification in the organism of the edifice, as planned in 1396, and, consequently, for an unmistakable modification in the style. The ground plan of the Certosa had been designed in full florid Gothic, at a period contemporaneous with that which saw the creation of the Milan Cathedral; hence it is not difficult to demonstrate the planimetric analogy between these two monuments, and the façade as well as the parts surrounding the church (the cloisters, for instance), and the minor decorations—which form the greatest portion of the minor sculptures—go back to the third quarter of the fifteenth century. Having rejected, in the most emphatic manner, the contention that the painter Ambrogio Fossano, named Bergognone, furnished the designs for the façade of the Certosa, we conclude from investigations, supported by the best authority, that the façade was commenced from the designs of Guiniforte Solari, about 1473, by the brothers Antonio and Cristoforo Mantegazza and Antonio Amadeo, was continued with the co-operation of Francesco Briosco,



Window in the Façade.

Antonio Della Porta, Gian Stefano da Sesto and Antonio Romano, and finished towards 1540 by Cristoforo Lombardo. The old tradition gave the merit to Ambrogio Fossano, and it is possible that this eminent painter, to whom the Certosa is indebted for its frescoes and never-to-be-forgotten paintings, worked on the façade, but certainly not as architect in chief. History, therefore, teaches us that this monument is the work of many; and this, indeed, must be patent to the veriest tyro. In fine, the façade of the Certosa is the

Lombardic sculpture of the Renaissance, with all its merits and faults. It will be seen that the principal merit of this sculpture is the pliancy with which it conforms to the multiplex laws of decoration. Its defect lies in its exuberance; but the continuous sentiment of harmony admirably unites all the details and different factors of a decorative whole, where architecture, plastic art and colour—as in the Certosa—approximate to and almost suppress one another in a prodigious ornamental *éclat*. We will not speak of details, and, should the discussion turn on bas-reliefs, statues and ornaments, we must not expect to find here the grace and simplicity of Florentine sculpture. That is out of the question! In Lombardic sculpture grace often degenerates into affected sentimentalism, while simplicity is carried to excess. Nor do I speak of the proportions, which, being scarcely correct, give the figures a thin, attenuated, not to say painful, appearance. In Lombardic art there is nearly always something overloaded about it. Where it is a façade the splendour of the ornaments is carried to the limits of possibility; where bas-reliefs and statues are involved the expression approaches caricature, while the draperies are too rich and elaborate.

The Lombardic sculptors and ornamentists have always been looked upon as second only to the Tuscan in Italy; hence, considered as excellent workmen, they were everywhere in demand, and even in Venice Antonio Rizzo—commissioned after 1483 by “la Serenissima” with the grand works of the ducal palace, the Giants’ Staircase included—insisted on having Lombardic sculptors, who, moreover, at the time were largely represented in the “Queen of the Adriatic,” in addition to honouring their fatherland even in the Urbino Palace, gem of the First Renaissance.

The façade of the Certosa thus remained unfinished,

and its most important parts, as worthy of admiration as precious gems in their caskets, are the door and windows, principally the latter. The *ensemble* has no particular feature about it. The joined columns support an elaborate entablature, upon which an arch opens out, full centre, crowned with a light cornice. What gives

beauty to these details is the ornaments, that is to say, *their details*, and these, to be exact, are the capitals, the line of entablature and the sculptures, which amply overlap the surface of the frieze. This is a superb *morceau*, delicate in composition and exquisite in finish. How far does it date back? And who is the author? Its age is less remote than that of the windows. Two tables of Bergognone and one of the great bas-reliefs by the side of the door give an idea of the state of the works during the last ten years of the fifteenth century; and in the background of a small painting, now in the National Gallery, London, there is shown a portion of the façade during construction, protected by a provisional roof, half-way up the windows, where the windows, like in another picture of Bergognone at Pavia, are already far advanced, whilst the door has yet to be begun. What makes it clear that this door is not antecedent to the last decade of the fifteenth century is the fact that it was entrusted in 1501 to the sculptor and architect Benedetto Briosco, who, in 1499, had replaced Amadeo in the direction of the works of the façade, with which he had been con-



Bronze Candelabrum in the Transept of the Church.

nected since 1497. Naturally Briosco had under his charge sculptors and ornamentists, and there is a document extant in which it is said that Briosco undertook “to make the door of the church with four columns, excepting the episodes of the sub-basement made and begun by him, Maestro Benedetto and Maestro Ant. Amadeo for 2,000 ducats of four imperial pounds.” It may not be without interest to here point out that



Carvings over the Great Door, Certosa.

amongst the sculptors engaged on the Certosa in the time of Briosco were his son Francesco and one Antonio Tamagnino, one of the most exquisite ornamentists of the Renaissance, who also worked at Genoa and Brescia. The windows, however, are much more elaborate than the door; in fact, are the most ornate relief windows in Italy. One would almost say that it is no longer a question here of sculpture in marble, but rather of wood or bronze, and that the engraver rather than the sculptor had been at work. Undoubtedly it was a *group* of artists that wrought these windows, for there are five of them, and although differing from each other in the matter of minor detail, they are as much alike in their *ensemble* and wealth of ornamentation as one drop of water resembles another. To look at these windows, with their sculptured efflorescence, one can readily understand the melancholy of Erasmus of Rotterdam, who, compelled to stop at the Certosa at the sight of such ornate decoration, fell to wondering whether it was not, after all, an excess of zeal to lavish so much money on a temple merely destined for the psalmodies of a few monks, who, moreover, might be disconcerted by the incursion of those attracted solely by the beauty and luxury of the marble. But however this may be, the façade of the Certosa is embellished by five windows of dazzling richness. A design had been found of a purity and simplicity without equal. They wanted to change it in both its organic elements and detail; and the reliefs were joined to the coloured marble and mosaics: hence we see candelabra inside the rectangles, which by no means harmonise with the architectural lines, and, though pleasing in themselves, become a *partie négligeable* in the windows, for, with the supporting arches, it is

possible to remove them without the composition in any way suffering. The thing here is to study and admire side by side the minutiae of the details of the building, and if I were able to convey the details of the candelabra I should be affording a wondrous source of æsthetic pleasure. There are angels standing, angels kneeling, medallions, cherubim, so powerfully expressive and beautifully modelled that, without calling them perfect, they are, certainly, suggestive of perfection; and that, from a certain point of view, is more important still. I should add, nevertheless, that the figured copings are in every respect in keeping with the beauty of the candelabra. In the specimen submitted to the reader the figures thrown on to the excessively long train of fancy are in a distressing attitude, while their construction is faulty. Those windows with the angels in prayer are much happier, though less original, in design. Worthy of unreserved praise, however, is the entablature, with frieze of light festoons and eagles of pronounced Roman type. This feature in the minor sculptures of the Certosa should not be surprising. We know that the entire ornamentation of the Renaissance teems with Latin reminiscences, and the façade of the Certosa, even more than other monuments of the same *genre*, is a fund of ideas borrowed from Rome, represented by medallions of the Cæsars, mythological subjects, secular episodes in bas-reliefs, pillars, doors, windows, etc. The author of the windows was the Lombardic sculptor and architect Amadeo, the predecessor of Briosco, who worked on the façade during the last years of the

fifteenth century, and had among his principal collaborators Briosco himself, Bartolomeo Antonio, Guglielmo Della Porta and several others. He himself and Bambaia were the most exquisite of Lombardic sculptors, and to them may be ascribed the glory of Lombardic sculpture. Having said thus much it is but natural



Carvings on the Tomb of Duke Gian Galeazzo.

that one of the finest portions of the Chartreuse of Pavia, the windows, should be by Amadeo, who, in any special study of the minor sculptures, must surely stand out as a master. Hence to those who would cull in this flower-garden of Lombardic Renaissance, the name and power of Amadeo must be ever present. The door, for instance, which leads to the old vestry, is elegance itself petrified. The author was Amadeo, who had as assistants Alberto da Carrara and Benedetto Briosco; but the spirit of Amadeo is reflected in the perfect detail of architectural decoration (Alberto da Carrara and Briosco sculptured the medallions which ornament the frieze and acroteria of the door). The beauty of the *ensemble* and the great delicacy of the architectural lines, however, must not deter us from saying a word about the medallions, which reveal to us a new phase of Lombardic sculpture—the facility of admirably reproducing the features of persons. The Lombardic sculptors placed their medallions everywhere, and it is quite possible to compose a Lombardic iconography alone from the sculptured medallions on the doors and the outer and inner windows of houses. The seven medallions sculptured on Amadeo's door are the portraits of the Dukes of Milan, from Gian Galeazzo to Ludovico il Moro. The most important is the centre medallion, at the angle of the pediment. It is the portrait of Gian Galeazzo, the founder of the Certosa, and was sculptured by Alberto da Carrara in 1490. The others by Briosco date back to 1497.

Immediately next the door leading to the old sacristy, whose artistic adornment is emphasised by fine multi colouring, rises up a tombstone singularly beautiful both in detail and as a whole. The work is indiscriminately ascribed to the Roman sculptor Gian Cristoforo Romano, who left his name on the entablature of the tomb, as will be seen from the sketch. But the master had assistants, such as Briosco, who executed and signed the statue of the Virgin surmounting the tomb, Giacomo de Boni, and later, but much later, about 1560 (Gian Cristoforo Romano wrought at the tomb from 1494-1497) Galeazzo Alessi and Bernardino da Novate. It is certain, moreover, that his collaborators did not end here. No doubt there were also the ornamentists responsible for the decorations, and the value of Gian Cristoforo Romano, as regards the tomb, is demonstrated by the architectural conception of the work rather than by its details. This is not a random assertion on my part, in support of which I hasten to explain that during the last years people have wanted to ascribe to Gian Cristoforo Romano the famous Stanga door, at present

exhibited at the Louvre, which originally was the monumental door of the Stanga Palace at Cremona. This door, of unheard-of richness—which betrays its Lombardic origin—has been the subject of various researches. We may recall that it was assigned to Bramante, the Rodaris (the graceful sculptors of the Cathedral of Como), down to Gian Cristoforo Romano. But the originator of this far-fetched supposition showed that he knew the tomb of Gian Galeazzo more by name than nature, for the difference of the architectural tone between the tomb and the door is such as to render all confusion inexcusable. If confusion were admitted we might as well concede that it was possible to confound

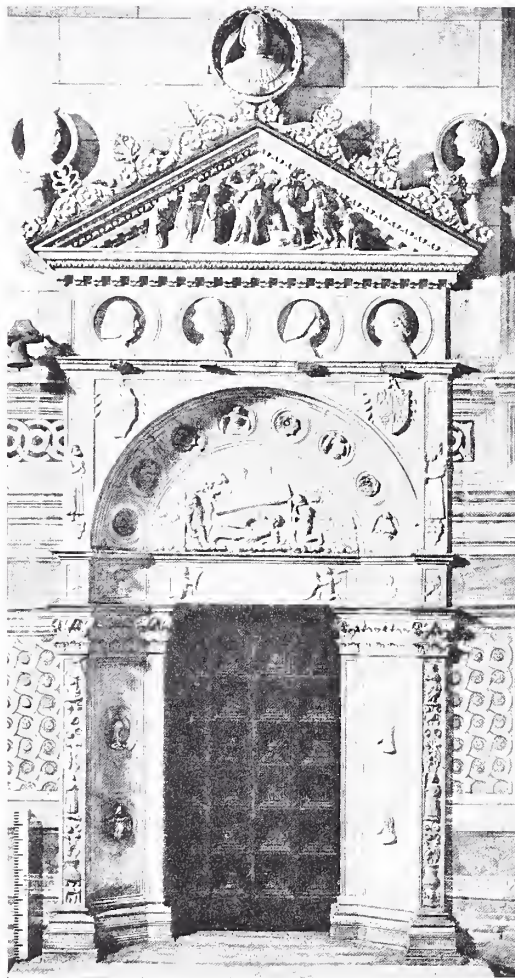
Cimabue with Raphael and Donatello with Bernini.

Amongst the minor sculptures of the Certosa some are lost in the overpowering grandeur of the monument; as, for example, the console supporting the preacher's desk in the Refectory of the Convent. As a rule the gaze of visitors is here directed towards the grand fresco, 'The Lord's Supper,' painted by Ottavio Semini of Genoa (1567), and to the windowed vaults; the desk, a fragmentary monument, is fortunate if it arrests the attention for an instant only of the visitors, or even artists, who are surfeited with surprise after surprise, from the façade to the temple. In fact, those who have drunk in the sculptured poetry, bearing the names of Mantegazza, Briosco, Amadeo, Tamagnino and Alberto da Carrara, and whose mind is no longer susceptible to the exceeding delicacies of beauty, may pass over the reliefs of the refectory desk, though those familiar with this monument are not at all likely to be guilty of such an omission. From my reproduction it is easy to perceive that the *morceau* in question is in every way worthy of inspection. The composition

is fine, while the execution is vivid and expressive. The console, which I am able to reproduce, has a pleasing slenderness about its delicate ornamentation, and unmistakably reminds us of the most remarkable Florentine works: now Antonio Rossellino, now Desiderio da Maiano are brought to our recollection with their decorative style; which, not infrequently, surpasses the models furnished us by antiquity.

The candelabrum, of which I give a reproduction, is not the only one in the Certosa; it is one of four which are in the transept of the church, two being in front of the altar of Saint Bruno, next to the tomb of Gian Galeazzo, the others before the altar of the Holy Relics, beside the door of Amadeo.

ALFREDO MELANI.



Old Doorway to the Sacristy.

The Widow's Mite.

BY SIR J. E. MILLAIS, BART., P.R.A.

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CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM.

THIS picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1870, is one of the first works painted by Millais after he had abandoned the methods of the Pre-Raphaelites. This marked change in his point of view may be dated from 1868, when his "Souvenir of Velasquez" astonished the critics, who expected from him the customary exact and highly-finished manipulation of minute details, searching in its rendering of the smallest subtleties of Nature. Instead of this he burst forth, almost without warning, into what, when contrasted with his earlier successes, may be called impressionism, and with his vigorous brush began to give, in larger and more decisive touches, a summary of many facts and great effects, in place of his usual minute analysis; and so gradually reached those high flights of executive expression which characterised his finest work.

The subject is a simple one, but full of pathos. A young, fair-haired widow, dressed in deepest black, and evidently a lady whose husband's recent death has compelled to seek a living with her needle, pauses on her way to or from some milliner's or tailor's shop, to drop a penny she can ill spare into the alms' box of the Hospital for Consumption. She has taken off one of her black gloves in order to open her scanty purse, and over her left arm is slung a large band-box, such as sempstresses use. Her beautiful and expressive face is turned towards the spectator, with deep sorrow filling her sad blue eyes, both for her own loss and for the sufferings of others, and the action with which she drops her mite into the box is finely conceived. The whole is very simply treated, and painted with much freedom and freshness, in striking contrast, as far as method is concerned, with such a picture as 'The Minuet,' of a few years' earlier date. The management of the black dress is masterly. Lord Leighton said of this picture that he considered it to be the finest female head that Millais ever painted. The model used was the one who sat to him in the previous year, 1869, for 'The Gambler's Wife.' Millais was living at the time at Cromwell Place South, not far from the Hospital for Consumption, and, in a sense, the picture may be said to have been painted in honour of that institution. It was No. 39 in the Millais Exhibition, held at the Royal Academy in 1898, and was etched by Mr. Charles Waltner in 1880, being published by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons. One of the artist's early black-and-white drawings for *Once a Week*, called 'The Mite of Dorcas,' contains the germ of the idea which he afterwards elaborated in 'The Widow's Mite.'

This picture must not be confused with a much earlier design of his, with an almost similar title, 'The Widow bestowing her Mite,' which he painted in 1847 for the Westminster Hall Competition. This was an enormous canvas, more than fourteen feet long and ten feet high, crowded with figures, and very notable as the production of a youth of seventeen, and most interesting as showing what ambitious aims influenced him from the very beginning of his career. It represented Christ and His disciples on the right hand, with our Lord drawing the attention of St. John to the widow, the chief figure in a large group of people on the left. It showed none of the tendencies towards Pre-Raphaelitism which were so soon to make his work famous, but was considered at the time to be a clever and dignified composition. For many years it was on exhibition in the Pantheon in Oxford Street, and was finally cut into two halves by a picture-dealer. One of these pieces is now in Tynemouth and the other in South America



Painted by Sir John Everett Millais P.R.A.

The Widow's Mite.
from the Picture in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham.



In Messrs. Obach's New Galleries.

Messrs. Obach and Co.'s New Galleries in London.

NO old-established house cares to move, if it can possibly help, from the place where it has long been known to its friends. Yet when absolute necessity compels, and the inevitable worry and disturbance to business are once got over, the move may sometimes prove a considerable change for the better. Such we think will prove the case in regard to the removal which Messrs. Obach have been compelled to make from their old premises in Cockspur Street to the New Galleries at 168, Old Bond Street, of which we give an illustration. The convenient Galleries in which Messrs. Obach now find themselves will hold their own for refined and dignified decoration, and above all, in respect of practical fitness for showing fine things adequately.

In association with Messrs. Arnold and Tripp, of Paris, Messrs. Obach held an inaugural exhibition, in June, of nearly forty pictures by French and Dutch Masters of the nineteenth century.

Troyon was represented by three paintings, including the important 'L'heure de traire,' painted in 1857, and never before brought into the market. It is one of those paintings that answers to every test that can be applied to it.

Daubigny, the "comfortable" painter, was represented by his important 'Soleil Couchant' from the Salon of 1859. This picture, which Daubigny himself etched for the "Gazette des Beaux-Arts" in that year, holds all the charm those who love him—and who does not?—look for from him: the solemnly quiet landscape, with the superbly decorative arrangement and disposition of trees, the still water, the subtle and tender colour.

Chief among the paintings by Corot shown must be

mentioned the four sacred pictures, 'Adam and Eve driven from Paradise,' 'The Baptism of Christ,' 'Mary Magdalen,' and 'Christ in the Garden of Olives.' These are the original oil paintings made by Corot for the frescoes he executed in the little church at Ville d'Avray, which are half as large again as these, and are dated 1858. They are interesting and valuable in several ways.

Space prevents dwelling upon the remainder of this Exhibition at the length it merits, but we cannot omit to mention the grey-green Corot 'La Mare,' a canvas of the utmost poetic beauty; also 'The Wood-cutter,' one of the rare dated Corots, formerly in the possession of the Duc d'Aumale. A Mauve of rare quality, 'Falling Leaves,' very precious in its subtle tones of gold and lilac; an early Dupré, 'The Path through the Wood,' wonderfully painted and full of truth; a 'Canal in Holland,' by James Maris, painted during that period of about five years when he employed tones of golden brown; an excellent Harpignié, 'The Dying Day,' into which so much loving care and study has been poured that the very trees seem invested with character and personality; a small J. F. Millet, 'Churning,' a version of the well-known 'Barateuse'; an Israëls, 'Children by the Sea'; 'Shepherdess and Flock,' by Jacque—all these deserve longer notice than it is possible to give them here. We must conclude by referring to the superb late-summer landscape by Vollon, 'L'Automne,' the last picture painted by this well-known artist, and one which obtained the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

H. W. B.

Picture Sales.

NO frequenter of the sale-rooms during the season which has just come to a close, can have failed to notice the comparative lack of important pictures, and the general spirit of dulness which has pervaded the majority of the sales, which may be attributed to the fact that so few notable collections have come under the hammer. It is possible, too, that the general depression consequent on those national events which we all deplore,—the death of our late Sovereign, and the war in South Africa, coupled with the unsettled condition of British trade, have made owners of valuable Works of Art hesitate to bring them into the market.

The season of 1901, however, will always be remembered for the large sum of £14,752 10s. paid by Messrs. Duveen at Robinson and Fisher's for Hoppner's portrait of 'Louisa, Lady Manners,' a record price at a public auction in England for a single picture, although in the Novar Sale at Christie's, in 1878, Raphael's 'Madonna dei Candelabri' was bought in at £20,475. It may be interesting here to note the following among other high sums given at public auctions for the works of old masters:—£11,550 paid by Mr. Charles Wertheimer in 1894 for Reynolds' 'Lady Betty Delmé'; £10,605 paid by Messrs. Agnew, in 1876, for Gainsborough's famous 'Duchess of Devonshire,' now in the possession of Mr. Pierpont Morgan; £11,025 paid by Mr. Charles Wertheimer, in 1896, for Romney's 'Viscountess Clifden and Lady Spenser'; £11,130 and £10,800 paid respectively for a Raphael and a Hobbema in the Dudley Sale of 1892, while early in the present year a Hobbema was purchased by Messrs. Lawrie for £9,870.

As will be seen from our illustration of the portrait, Louisa, Lady Manners, afterwards Countess of Dysart, appears dressed as a peasant, while the background embraces a pleasing landscape. One of the most striking points about this charming work is its freshness, which the hand of time has in no way diminished, while it has gained that beautiful mellowness of tone only to be acquired by age; we do not, indeed, remember having seen a work by this master in more perfect condition. The picture, formerly the property of Lady Laura Tollemache, and afterwards of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, was sold by direction of the executor of the late Lady Charles Bruce, and is well known from the engraving by Charles Turner.

Hoppner's full-length portrait of Mrs. Farthing also fetched a noteworthy price at the same sale, being purchased by Mr. Heyman for £8,400. A remarkable portrait of Louisa, Duchess of St. Albans, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, from the collection of the late Lady Charles Bruce, fetched £1,680 (P. and D. Colnaghi). A portrait of Mrs. Abington by the same master realized £915 (Chapman). An uncommon and interesting picture by De Hooghe, representing the town of Delft after the explosion, was purchased by Mr. Nicholls for the comparatively small sum of £315.

Another interesting sale was that held at Christie's, early in the season, when the pictures of the late Mr. Alfred Buckley were offered to the public. The majority

of these works were collected by J. T. Batt, and hung at New Hall, Salisbury, until the time of a disastrous fire. The chief item was an original sketch by Rubens for the altar-piece in Antwerp Cathedral. This triptych has in the centre the cross of Christ raised by seven men, and in the background on a declivity a group of Roman soldiers and the two thieves, one on the cross. On the left wing are soldiers on horseback and the two thieves being led to crucifixion, while on the right wing are seen St. Mary and St. Joseph with five other figures. The study, broad and powerful in the extreme, shows us the master to grand effect, and well merited the large sum of £3,360 given by M. Pottier, of Paris, who also purchased two excellent examples of Palamedes, portraits of the artist and his wife, for £430 10s. and £262 10s. respectively—one of the rare instances in which we find a man portrait realizing a higher price than a lady by the same artist. Amongst the examples of the early English School was a pretty Reynolds, a half-length portrait of Miss Wynyard wearing a white dress and a red sash, seated with her right arm resting on a pedestal. This was purchased for the comparatively modest sum of £766 10s. by Messrs. Lawrie, who also for £504 became the possessors of another Reynolds—a portrait of Mary, Countess De la Warr, a sister of the Miss Wynyard mentioned above. A portrait of Mrs. Batt, by Hoppner, fetched £567 (Dowdeswells), while Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi purchased a portrait of Lady Georgina Buckley by Romney for £556 10s.

The chief work from the Collection of Mr. Arthur Kay was an Annunciation by the very rare master, Andrea da Solario, signed and dated 1506, which was purchased by Mr. Pollard at the small price of £2,100. The same afternoon a Philip IV. in armour with lace collar by Velasquez fetched £997 10s. (Loeffler).

A Hobbema so rarely comes into the market that the appearance during one season of a second work by the great landscapist is worthy of note. This example represents a typical village scene with a church and country inn pleasantly shaded by trees, and villagers here and there. This picture, which was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for £2,362 10s., was formerly in the collections of Moulman of Amsterdam and Mr. George Morant. At the same sale Messrs. Robinson and Fisher sold a portrait of the Right Hon. William Adam by Raeburn and one of the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton by Gainsborough each for £630, while a portrait of Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, by Romney, was purchased for £682 10s. (Davis).

In June, Messrs. Christie sold a much-discussed portrait of a lady in a white dress with a gold sash and large straw hat, by Beechey, for £1,732 10s. (Coureau). A large portrait by Russell, of George Prince of Wales as President of the Royal Kentish Bowmen, realised £714 (Vokins). This portrait was painted in 1791 by command of the Prince himself as a prize for the Royal Kentish Bow Meeting, and was won by Mr. Madocks, by whose descendant it was sold. A Van Dyck, 'Jupiter and Antiope,' formerly in the collection of the Earl of Coventry and exhibited at Burlington House in 1900, was sold for £892 10s. (Loeffler), and a large Francesco Francia representing Saint Roch, the patron saint of prisoners and the sick, passed into the hands of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi for £493 10s.

The only sale of old masters of any importance held at Christie's during July, included a pleasing portrait by Gainsborough of Mrs. Palmer, *née* Gascoigne, wearing a white dress and black shawl and a large hat trimmed with a blue ribbon. Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi purchased this work for £2,047 10s. Mr. Fairfax Murray was fortunate in obtaining an excellent work attributed to Bartolommeo Montagna for the low sum of £693. The picture represents the Resurrection, and in the centre the risen Saviour is seen standing in front of the tomb holding His right hand towards Mary Magdalene who kneels at His feet. Two works, forming an excellent pair, by Mieris, were sold together for £609 (Marks), while a portrait of Jane, Duchess of Gordon, by Raeburn, was purchased by Messrs. Agnew for £504, and another of Mrs. Campbell by the same artist fetched £409 10s. (Dowdells). Two portraits by Lawrence, one of Mrs. Babbington and the other of Lady Georgina Gordon, reached £336 (Marshall) and £325 10s. (McLean) respectively. A large canvas, 'The Judgment of Paris,' attributed to Boucher, went for £504 (Benjamin).



Lady Louisa Manners, Countess of Dysart.
By J. Hoppner, R.A.

This portrait was sold on June 27th, 1901, for £14,752 10s., the highest price ever paid for a single picture at a public auction in England.

At the Cunliffe Brooks sale, held at No. 5, Grosvenor Square, a fine Raeburn was purchased by Mr. Gaskell for £2,100. It represented a boy in a loose white shirt holding a basket of cherries. 'A Portrait of a Young Girl,' by R. A. Owen, fetched £462 (Wallis), and a pleasing work by H. Merle was sold for £399 (Cecil). 'Art and Liberty,' by L. Gallait, went for £241 10s. (Wallis), and a small water-colour of the Drachenfels, by Turner, realised £504 (Gaskell).

The sale held at Christie's on June 8th gave further evidence of the fall in prices of works by artists of the Early Victorian Era. ETTY'S 'Aurora and Zephyr,'

which reached £483 at the Novar Sale in 1878, only fetched £210 (Agnew), while Frith's 'Mr. Honeywood introducing the Bailiffs to Miss Richland as his friends' fell from £462, in 1888, to £194 5s. (Lister). 'Cromwell discovering his Chaplain, Jeremiah White, making love to his daughter Frances,' by A. L. Egg, only realised £48 6s. (Blakesley), though £168 was given for it at the Joyce Sale in 1876, and a still greater drop was seen when but £33 12s. was obtained for Dobson's 'Dresden Flower-Girl,' which at the Baron Grant Sale in

1877 fetched £430 10s., while 'Wood Nymphs surprised Bathing,' by W. E. Frost, declined from £378 in 1879 to £69 6s. (Gill). An excellent picture by W. Muller, of the Acropolis, Athens, which fetched £798 at the Graham Sale in 1887, went for £420 (Burgess), and there were numerous other instances. There were, however, one or two exceptions: a small drawing by Downman selling for £315 (P. and D. Colnaghi), and one by Birket Foster for £346 10s. (Permain).

Amongst modern artists the earlier works of Mr. Sidney Cooper still command fair prices, and a group of cattle, painted in 1853, was

purchased by Mr. Vokins during the season for £651, and at the same sale a Constable reached £1,995 (Vicars). A beautiful nude picture by Bouguereau, 'Venus Attiring; or Calypso,' could not be called dear at £924 (McLean); and 'Kiss, an' Make it Up,' by Erskine Nicol, a representative work, reached £577 10s. The highest price realized during the season for a work by a living British artist was £735 paid for Mr. Leader's 'Sand Dunes' (Burgess). Many other instances of good prices given for modern works might be cited, but we have quoted the above as the most interesting.

E. G. HALTON.

Books on Decorative Art.

"THE DECORATIVE WORK OF ROBERT AND JAMES ADAM" (Batsford). The architecture and decoration of the brothers James and Robert Adam is typical of English work of its period. They were architects who designed, not merely the houses of the nobility and gentry of their day, but the decoration and fittings for them. The gracefulness of their ideas especially suited the ornamentation of interiors. In their "Works in Architecture" (published 1779-1812) there are accordingly included designs for ceilings, wall-panelling, doors, chimney-pieces, grates, mirrors, sideboards, tables, clocks, candelabra, and so forth—well-chosen examples of which are now reproduced by photo lithography by Mr. James Akermann for Mr. B. T. Batsford (94, High Holborn, London), in a folio volume of thirty plates, a very treasury of refined and delicate detail, in a style best described as the English equivalent to "Louis Seize." Believing as we do in the progress of design, in its evolution, that is to say, out of the conditions of the day, we can yet very well understand, in turning over these pages of restrained and restful ornament, how persons of quiet taste may take refuge from a too-persistent present in the quiet shelter of the past—to which a book like this calls timely attention.

"A BOOK OF THE POSTER," by W. S. Rogers (Greening and Co. Ltd.). Among the 120 posters illustrated in "A Book of the Poster" there are some striking designs; well-known examples by Jules Chéret, Mucha and other foreign artists; able work by Englishmen, notably Mr. Cecil Aldin, who strikes just the right note in design, and Mr. J. Hassal, who appears to find mustard much more inspiring than baking-powder or bacon. A "Gaiety Girl" design by Mr. Rogers himself is also extremely effective; but it is hardly quite the game to give a proof "before letters" of a design of which lettering is an integral and most important part; the difficulties of the poster artist would be very much less if he were free to leave out all mention of the advertiser and the thing to be advertised. Great part of the book is a running commentary upon recent posters, only some of which are pictured in the book. What the author has to say about posters is in the main true, if we allow for the rather high key in which a poster artist and collector pitches his praise; but he admits among his illustrations some which do not in the least fulfil the conditions of design he himself lays down. That was perhaps inevitable; there must be great difficulty in obtaining always the posters one would like to illustrate, and in rejecting such as are offered. Not altogether unnaturally in a book of the poster, the spirit of advertisement appears to pervade it. It professes to be illustrated with "examples of the work of the principal poster artists of the world"; and it is not thought to be enough that the very clever frontispiece should bear the advertiser's name in all its appropriate aggressiveness, but we must needs be told in a footnote that they "kindly permit us to reproduce this very artistic and attractive poster." Of course they do! A kind of extra preface calls disproportionate attention to three or four artists, one of whom is indeed of some distinction; but, as it happens, he is responsible for only a single poster, not illustrated in the book.

Passing Events.

CHRIST'S Hospital, that historical landmark in Newgate Street, will in a few months cease to be occupied by the picturesquely-clad "Blue Coat" School Boys. Some portions of the buildings will, however, be preserved in the new schools at Horsham, and already several statues have been sent thither. The centre arch and turrets of what is known as the Grecians' Cloister will be re-erected exactly as they originally stood. Some of the tombs date back many centuries, and the injunction on one of them, "Here Lyes a Benefactor. Let no one Move his Bones," will have to be disregarded—unless decaying Time, bringing dust to dust, has already accepted the responsibility for the desecration.

IN connection with the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Female School of Art, a sale of works of Art and ornamental objects will be held on the last Friday and Saturday in October, at the Studio, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. It is announced that a special feature of the sale will be a selection of original Christmas Cards by present and former students. The proceeds will be used to pay off the remaining debt on the Building Fund, which we hope will be successfully accomplished.

THE illustration below is a reproduction from a book plate designed and engraved by Mr. J. B. Hadlow, of Brighton, for the Hove Public Library. The town has recently been incorporated, and the Arms and Crest of the Borough appear in the centre of the design. These arms have been designed by the same artist, subject to the supervision of the Heralds' College. The Crest is derived from an old print showing an attack by the French, in 1545, on the villages of "Hoove" and "Brithampton," which was repulsed by the vigilance of the inhabitants. One of the captured galleys is introduced. The symbolism of the arms is as follows:—The six martlets on the bordure are for the County of Sussex; the white saltire with blue fimbriation is for St. Andrew, the Patron of Hove Parish; the fetters are for St. Leonard, Patron of the affiliated Parish of Aldrington; the blue and gold chequers represent the Rape of Lewes, in which Hove is situate.





Buckingham Palace

A. J. G. & Co. Engraving by A. J. G. & Co.



From the picture in the Collection of Sharpley Bainbridge, Esq.

The Elixir of Love.
By G. J. Pinwell.

The International Exhibition at Glasgow.*

THE PICTURES.

ALTHOUGH scattered over several galleries, the collection of pictures of the English Pre-Raphaelite school in the Glasgow Exhibition was complete and satisfactory. Holman Hunt, "the faithful," and the only one of the group still living, was represented by four works, of which the one we illustrate, 'Christ in the Temple,' was the most important. This small picture is really wonderful in its design and colour. The colour we cannot show here, with the marvellous purple striped garment of the Child, but the composition can be adequately understood from our illustration. The learned doctors with their youthful attendant, some of the professors old and almost worn out,

* Continued from p. 298.

but the majority in the vigour of mature manhood, have been puzzled and confounded by the Divine Wisdom ;

while the Mother, with all the solicitude of the natural woman who has lost her Son, is now tearfully joyous as she embraces her Offspring. Joseph, less demonstrative, but equally relieved at the finding of the Christ, forms a strong background to the group. In my estimation, this is the best of the figure pictures of the veteran artist, as the 'Wandering Sheep,' also in the Exhibition, is his finest landscape. 'Claudio and Isabella' was also hung—where the lover begins to divine what was coming. "Death is a fearful thing," he says, as he turns from Isabella and handles the fetter on his



From the picture in the Collection of Sharpley Bainbridge, Esq.

The Mowers.
By George Clausen, A. R. A.



From the picture in the Collection of Mrs. Frederick Beer.

Christ in the House of His Parents.
By Sir J. E. Millais, P.R.A.

ankle; and 'The Awakening Conscience' is the fourth picture, wherein the would-be gay lady, suddenly, in the embrace of her paramour, realises the horror of her position—a subject scarcely suitable to pictorial representation.

But the chief artist in the Pre-Raphaelite world is the

young Millais before he painted his 'Souvenir of Velasquez' (now in the Diploma Gallery of Burlington House), and several of his most notable works were in these galleries. The principal, and one of the most remarkable of the nineteenth century, is 'Christ in the House of His



From the picture in the Collection of Mrs. George Holt.

Christ in the Temple.
By W. Holman Hunt.

Parents,' of which we also print a reproduction. It is to be observed that this picture and the Holman Hunt both deal with Christ as a Child, and that they now begin to stand out as the truly representative pictures of the middle of the nineteenth century, even although when first exhibited they were received with strong dislike, and even ridicule, from all kinds of persons.

In 'Christ in the House of His Parents' the young Christ has been helping his father the carpenter, and has cut the palm of his hand. The blood has dropped on the foot, so that the symbolism of the Crucifixion is complete. The much-perplexed mother gravely kneels down to kiss her Son, while Joseph tenderly overlooks the wounded hand. St. Anne leans across the bench to the implement the Boy has been using, while an apprentice at the end looks on with evident interest. The first note of pain from Christ has roused the youthful John the Baptist to immediate action, and he has rushed to fetch the water to his playmate. The picture was called "revolting" by *The Times*, when first seen at the Academy; but to our more healthy eyes, the whole picture breathes reverence, tender feeling, and attachment, in the strongest way.

Following the fashion of the present moment—for the impressionistic Millais, odd though it seems, is far less in vogue just now than his Pre-Raphaelite work—all the examples chosen are of Millais' early production, and they are extremely interesting. It is a continual puzzle why the hangers did not arrange these eighteen remarkable pictures in one or two groups, so that they could have been studied together. The same may be said of the half-dozen Holman Hunts, which, like the Millais, would have gained enormously by being grouped in a sympathetic manner.

Similar in feeling to the Pre-Raphaelite pictures is the more decorative art of Albert Moore, whose work, more perhaps than anyone else, has suffered by being isolated amongst the impressionists and "tonists" which are considered the only true leaven by the

momentarily supreme artistic authorities in the west of Scotland. His 'Summer Night,' from Liverpool, is well known from the large print, although the colour is the great charm of the subject. The semi-nude goddesses, dressed in Tanagra-like draperies, or like the maidens in the Elgin Marbles, are seated amidst flowers in the comparative cool of a hot summer evening.

There is a considerable number of Albert Moore's works which might have gratefully filled a large wall. When one thinks of the artistic pleasure which should have been derived from a single large room occupied only with Millais, Rossetti, Albert Moore, and Burne-Jones, one realizes the loss involved in the frittering of their works all over the place.

Of Burne-Jones there was only one oil—the splendid 'Danaë and the Tower of Brass,' which we illustrate. The goddess, afterwards the mother of Perseus, was imprisoned by her father in a brazen tower, because he had been warned that her offspring would kill him; and this was accidentally the case. In the artist's subject, Danaë is observing the tower wherein she was about to be confined, and hoping for some way of release, which of course only came in the shape of the golden shower of Jupiter. This important picture, one of the finest of the artist's masterpieces, has been given by Mr. William Connal to the City of Glasgow new Art Gallery. This gallery is the one in which these pictures were temporarily hung, but which, after the close of the International Exhibition, is to be open permanently to the public. In view of the gratifying surplus likely to arise from the



Photo Hollyer.

Danaë and the Tower of Brass.
By Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Bart.

This picture has been presented by Mr. William Connal to the New Galleries of the Corporation of Glasgow.

Exhibition, it is probable considerable additions of works of art will be acquired for the Corporation collection.

The other picture of Burne-Jones, which we illustrate at page 296, is variously called 'The Flower of God' and 'The Annunciation.' This is a very early example of the master, and was executed by him in 1863, and then the following year exhibited at the Royal Water-Colour Society. This is of the same period as 'The Merciful Knight,' the finest of all Burne-Jones' early drawings,

now in the possession of Mr. Middlemore, of Birmingham.

There was also a very beautiful series of water-colour drawings by George J. Pinwell, one of the artists of "the sixties" (1842-75). Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge, of Lincoln, possesses one of the best collections of Pinwell's works, and the 'Elixir of Love' and 'The Princess and the Ploughboy'—both from his gallery—formed two of the principal drawings in the Glasgow gathering. The 'Elixir of Love' is illustrated at page 321, and the idea of the picture is very easily grasped. A charlatan is vending to the credulous country-folk an elixir which may be employed to induce love from any favourite quarter. The young maidens and their admirers, the old couple, the mother and child, and the love-lorn swain seated alone, are all looking forward to what may be the effect of this wonderful cordial.

Besides this large work there was a whole series of smaller drawings by Pinwell, the principal being Mr. Austin's fine drawing of the 'Great Lady,' and these were hung together with an almost equally interesting number of drawings by Fred Walker. It was curious to observe how well these characteristically English drawings assimilated with the comparatively unknown drawings by George Manson. This young Scottish artist, who died at the age of twenty-six in 1876, was one of the most perfect water-colourists of the Scottish school. He was equally a master in figure-drawing as in the representation of picturesque bits of old Edinburgh, and his works are justly prized by the connoisseurs of Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Within recent years the art of Mr. G. F. Watts has been more and more appreciated by Scottish collectors, and it is therefore not surprising that the Glasgow Galleries contain many fine examples from his brush, the chief contributors being Mr. John Reid, Mr. J. J. Cowan,

Mr. Bannatyne, Mrs. Beer, and Mr. MacFarlane. But while acknowledging the general excellence of the Glasgow Exhibition, it is necessary to enter a very strong protest against the want of method in displaying Mr. Watts' works. Without doubt, had this artist's pictures in Glasgow either been hung as a group—which to the veteran artist of England would not have been doing too great an honour—or had they been arranged with a moderate amount of taste, they would certainly have made an immense impression on the Scottish people.

As it was, Mr. Watts' remarkable pictures were hung in several different galleries, sometimes skied and in only one or two cases shown to advantage. Happily, his most important contribution 'Charity,' which we illustrate, was well seen. Its marked individuality, so utterly different from the insipidities of the incident painters, was only equalled by its colour, Titian-like in its astonishing quality and strength.

It is only possible to mention a few of the works of the other members of the English Royal Academy. The most important painting of the modern type was Mr. Abbey's 'Trial of Queen Catherine,' a gorgeous assem-

blage, full of dignity and passion, and probably the most attractive canvas of immediately recent date to the young artists of Scotland. This picture, in the beautifully lighted gallery, looked its very best, and one is tempted to hope that so great a work will ultimately find a resting place on its walls.

Mr. Orchardson, as becomes his Scottish origin, was adequately represented by a number of subjects, including 'Hard Hit' and 'If Music be the Food of Love, Play On.' The former, which we illustrate, is the famous picture from Mr. Humphrey Roberts' collection. It represents the youthful gamester who has staked nearly all his patrimony on the cards and has heavily lost.



From the picture in the Collection of John Reid, Esq.

Charity.
By G. F. Watts, R.A.

The three old gamblers letting their victim go when they have sucked his estate nearly dry, are a triumph of artistic literary art, while the overturned chair, the playing-cards strewed throughout the room, complete the fascinating story.

Another story picture exhibited was Mr. Luke Fildes' large canvas 'The Village Wedding,' the gayest subject this usually grave painter has ever indulged in, full of the happiest ideas of English country life, and painted with complete knowledge of the subject. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse was represented by his 'Lady of Shallot,' one of the pictures to give the clearest indications of the artist's suavity and gracious colour. Another picture which attracted attention was Mr. Gow's 'Queen's Diamond Jubilee,' which is all the better of the toning power of time on its almost necessarily garish colours. One of the quietest, but one of the most powerful, of the English pictures was Mr. Frank Dicksee's pathetic 'Passing of Arthur,' a picture which ought to be better known, if only because it has been reproduced in a masterly manner in a large mezzotint by Mr. Gerald Robinson.

Of quite another character were the examples of the younger men of the South. Mr. Geo. Clausen, whose 'Mowers' we illustrate, is one of the most satisfactory painters of the "plein air" school. For tone and colour his painting has been noteworthy for many years, and when to these he adds, as in the 'Mowers,' composition

which fills the canvas without crowding it, movement which is almost magical in its resemblance to reality, and grace of line unsurpassed in pictures of this kind, it is not surprising the general result is a masterpiece of the first order. Similar in subject, yet entirely different in treatment, Mr. Edward Stott adds a sweetness and poetry to his compositions which place them in a line by themselves. None of his imitators, and there are many, have been able to follow him further than accepting his obvious characteristics, but the gift of the poet is denied to all but the master. 'The Village Inn,' from Mr. George McCulloch's unrivalled collection of modern pictures, marks the high level Mr. Stott has been able to reach and maintain, and 'The Summer Idyll,' which was lent by Mr. Harris, is almost equally beautiful.

Another interesting personality in the English artistic world is Mr. C. H. Shannon, whose portrait of Mrs. Chaloner Dowdall, named 'The Lady with a Cyclamen,' represented the artist at his best so far as he yet has gone. Mr. Shannon in years to come will certainly achieve a reputation known to the whole world equal to the great distinction already granted to him by those who know his work best.

On another occasion I shall hope to be able to say something about the Scottish painters with their artistic allies both at home and in other places.

D. CROAL THOMSON.



From the picture in the Collection of Humphrey Roberts, Esq.

Hard Hit.
By W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.

Buckingham Palace.

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY AXEL HERMANN HAIG.

IT is scarcely possible to walk through or rest in St. James' Park without reflecting on its romantic history, its long association with Majesty, and the events which have happened in and around it from the time when it was acquired by the Crown in 1531, to the last scene of all, the funeral procession of Queen Victoria. Taking Buckingham Palace as centre, probably more English history has been made within a small circle than in any other of equivalent circumference, excepting perhaps, with the Royal Exchange as centre, a ring which would include the City and the Tower of London.

Long before Buckingham Palace was built for Royalty, St. James' Park was the haunt of kings and nobles. St. James' Palace, on the site of which was originally a leper hospital, was built in the reign of Henry VIII., who acquired the property and inclosed the surrounding land as a nursery for deer and a hunting ground. York Place, the London residence of the Archbishops of York, was only a short distance away, and when this palatial building was nominally presented to the King by Cardinal Wolsey, Whitehall Palace, as it was rechristened, was on the border of the park. Actually within the park were the old Cockpit and the Tilt Yard, on the site of which is the building known in the present day as the Horse Guards.

Old prints show St. James' Park to be more densely wooded than it is now, more like, in fact, a portion of Hyde Park, which still retains much of its rural charm. St. James' is too prim and formal to suit the taste of those who prefer natural to designed effects, and it is necessary to see old views to realise the appropriateness of the title of a play by Wycherley, called "Love in a Wood, or St. James' Park," acted in 1672.

The present Ornamental Water takes the place of the old Canal, which had quite straight sides, somewhat resembling in appearance the Long Canal at Hampton Court Palace. Adjacent to this sheet of water was once an interesting pool of water, which has entirely disappeared. It was known as Rosamond's Pond, and was a fashionable place for assignations. It was, perhaps, because of the custom among lovers, deplorably fashionable, of subsequently drowning themselves there if affection was misplaced, that caused this romantic pond to be transformed in the latter part of the eighteenth century into prosaic *terra firma*. Its position was near the Palace end of Birdcage Walk—a name which has lost its significance, the custom of exhibiting the cages and favourite birds of Royalty in this Walk having been long since abandoned. Instead, His Majesty's soldiers are on view, and in the evening time the bugles, sounding the Last Post, may possibly make one reflect on the less blatant music which at one time prevailed.

Hogarth's view of Rosamond's Pond shows us Westminster Abbey in the background. It is rather more formal than that shown in a water-colour drawing by J. Maurer in the British Museum, in which Buckingham House forms part of the background. There is no doubt that it was a very picturesque spot, and it seems regrettable that it should have been filled in.

James I., enthusiastic with a laudable ambition to encourage the manufacture of English silk, planted in 1609 what was known as the Mulberry Garden, with the leaves from the trees in which the silkworms were to be

nourished. In the succeeding reigns the Garden became a fashionable resort of the Court, but it seems to have fallen into disuse as such, the Earl of Arlington building a mansion on a portion of it. In 1703 Arlington House was demolished and Buckingham House was erected for John Sheffield, third Earl of Mulgrave, created, by Queen Anne, first Duke of Normanby and then of Buckinghamshire. Dallaway, in his edition of Walpole's "Anecdotes," says that the architect was William Winde, who, not getting paid for his skill with desirable promptitude, enticed the Duke to the leads, and threatened to throw His Grace off the roof unless he promised immediate payment; aggressiveness which proved successful.

George III. subsequently acquired the property and removed thither from St. James' Palace. In 1825, at the command of George IV., the present Buckingham Palace was built, or adapted from the old house, by John Nash. William IV. did not like the Palace, and it was uninhabited until the Accession of Queen Victoria in 1837. The interior decorations were principally done by L. Gruner, and the ball-room was built by John Pennethorne. At the time of writing many alterations are in progress to adapt the building to the requirements of King Edward, who will make this, his birthplace, his London residence.

The view from the gardens, as may be judged from the accompanying etching by Mr. Axel H. Haig, is far superior to that from the Park. The latter elevation, by reason of its appearance of solidity, will, however, be shown advantageously in a distant view to be obtained when the Mall is continued through to Charing Cross. The sanctity of the gardens is jealously guarded, and it is difficult to obtain permission to enter. It is just possible from Constitution Hill to get a side glimpse of the Rotunda through the trees, but this etching, prepared by special facilities granted to the artist, will probably give a view quite new to many, who will, perhaps, modify harsh criticisms of the front elevation into appreciation of the garden front.

In the Queen's Summer House the unsatisfactory experiments were made, by selected Academicians, to introduce fresco decoration in emulation of that which adorned the Italian Garden Pavilions. Climatic conditions, or the inexperience of the artists, unfortunately caused the result to be poor; but the proximity of the water was conducive in some degree to the failure, and those who work for a revival of the art hope that another opportunity may be afforded to test the possibilities of this form of embellishment.

The vicinity of St. James' Park is crowded with so many associations with the past, that if we linger in some parts of it and with an imaginary map endeavour to trace the changes which have occurred there since it was first inclosed, we cannot but recall the writings of the diarists Evelyn and Pepys, who recorded so much of interest and amusement to those who love quaint description of history. They revelled in the beauties of the Park, and did not fail to record their impressions. The note by Pepys when he saw the Duke of York, afterwards James II., playing at pall-mall, "the first time I ever saw the sport," recalls a game which came and went, leaving the name of a street as its epitaph. Allusions in history and literature to this part of London are too numerous to mention. It would probably be an easier task to specify the authors who have *not* made St. James' Park the scene of a political triumph, a love scene, or a tragedy.

A. YOCKNEY.



No. 1.—Objects in Hard-paste Porcelain, by Mr. C. F. Liisberg, from the Royal Works, Copenhagen.

Decorative and Industrial Art at the Glasgow Exhibition.*

FIFTH NOTICE.

DANISH exhibitors appear to have joined forces, and show at a single stand, admirably arranged; and small as it is, probably more truly representative of the country than larger displays by other nations. There is work in glass and in silver, but the chief part of it is pottery, and the chief part of that is porcelain from the Royal Copenhagen Works. Alone among potters, they exhibit specimens of the crystalline glaze which was such a feature in the ceramic section of the Paris Exhibition; and the starry markings in white, pale green, and other tenderly-tinted glazes, are very beautiful. They show, too, a powerful and pecu-

* Continued from page 302.

liar blue, which is quite a new thing in pottery, where till now cobalt was king. In the main, however, they rely upon ware in which the element of chance has no such scope; upon modelling and painting, in which the artist shows a perfect mastery of material. The modelling and the potting of such objects as those illustrated above (No. 1) is of a kind to reconcile one to "china images"; and the delicate and sparing way in which a touch of judicious colour is introduced (in the eyes, nose and open mouth of the white beast, or in the beak and claws of the bird) is a triumph of taste. When the creature happens to be in colour, the tints are a happy compromise between the natural ones and the peculiar convention imposed by the conditions of hard-fired porcelain painting; and the balance between modelling and painting is struck to a nicety.

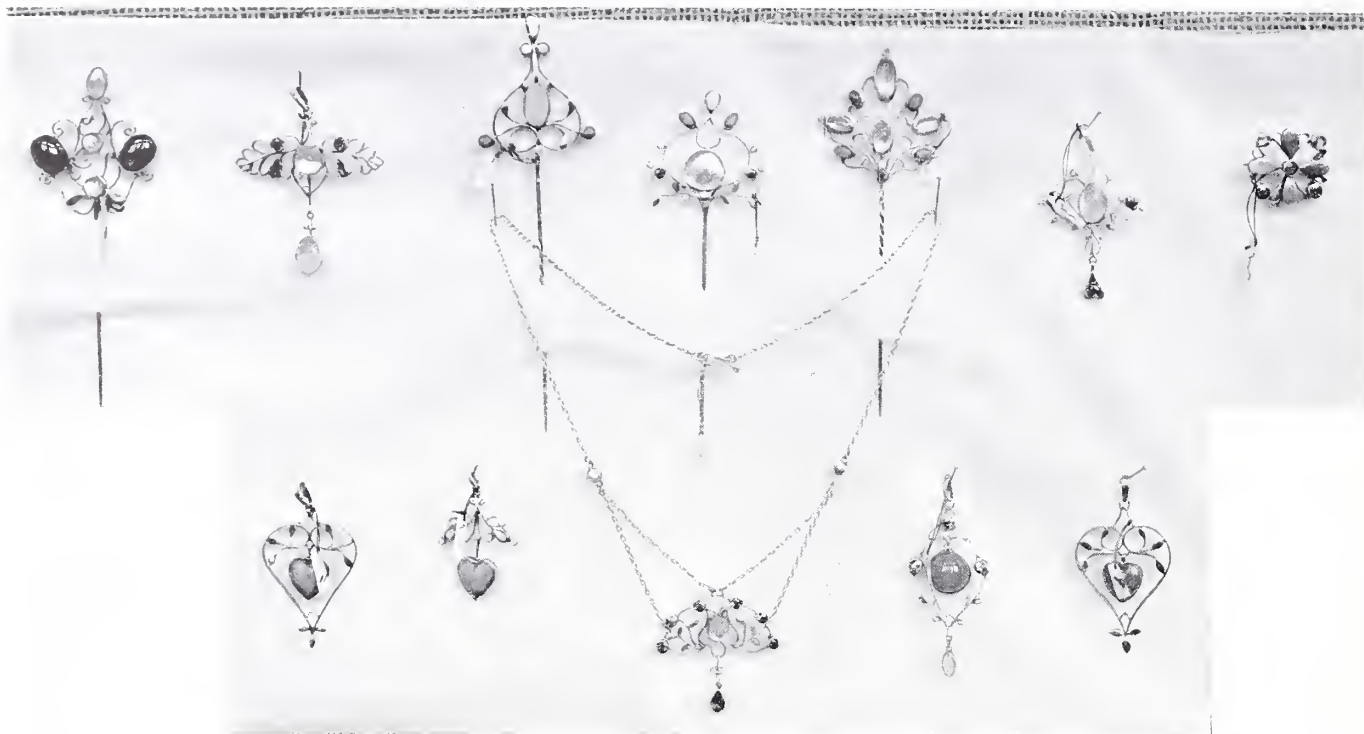
In painted ware (No. 2) the colour scheme tends to blues and greens and delicate greys and drabs, but it is generally brighter and warmer than one expects under-glaze porcelain painting to be, and there is a deep salmon pink which has all the charm of unexpectedness. You feel that the painter knew better than to attempt



No. 2.—Vase by Mr. Gotfred Rode.

Plaque by Mr. Gotfred Rode.

Vase by Mr. Mortensen.
From the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Works.



No. 3.—Jewellery by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin.

more than his means allowed, and that what they did allow he was capable of doing. One great charm of the Royal Copenhagen porcelain is the perfection of its paste; but it is used throughout not only with manipulative skill but with artistic taste, which does not desert the manufacturer when it comes to the making of tea services and ordinary table ware.

An important section of the Exhibition is that devoted to Women's Work in the Industrial Hall, though some of it is to be seen also among "art objects," as they are called, and students' work in the permanent gallery.

Among women's work jewellery appears to take, considering the small size of the objects, a rather conspicuous place. It is mainly in silver, not as a rule wrought with the delicacy which it is polite to attribute to the dainty fingers of the delicate sex. The impression it conveys is, rather, how easily the modern craftswoman is satisfied, as well in the matter of design as of workmanship. The first effect of the work is often pretty enough—a welcome change, it would be, from trade types, were it not that it falls too readily into a mannerism of its own which ceases at last to be interesting. Enamel, upon which great reliance is placed, gives scope for characteristically beautiful colour, and it is often distributed with taste; but the more one looks at the buttons, clasps, plaques, pendants

and so forth, the more one is disposed to resent the carelessness (or is it the incompetence?) of the workmanship.

There was need indeed for the protest of modern craftsmen and craftswomen against trade jewellery; but it is a pity that many of them have yet so much to learn from the trade workman they look down on, who, for his part, is not so entirely without reason when he looks down on them. The fact is, artistic taste and craftsmanlike accomplishment have yet as a rule to be reconciled. All the more satisfactory is it to record the success of artists like Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, whose pins and pendants (No. 3), if not pretending to anything very consummate in the matter of *technique*, are well enough made to satisfy lovers of art attracted by the grace and delicacy of their design. On a larger scale Miss Florence Steele's severely simple mirror back is finished, not perhaps with the precision of a silversmith, but with the care of an artist. She exhibits also a charming buckle design, which one would have liked to see in silver.

The fashion of bead stringing is abundantly represented, in association sometimes with enamel. The daintiest necklaces are those by Miss Cockerell and Miss Rawson Constable, both of whom are invariably happy in their choice and arrangement of colour, always



No. 4.—Enamelled Glass Decanter by Miss E. A. N. Casella.

harmonious and at times quite subtle. The stringing of beads is a kind of work admirably suited to lady amateurs—they could hardly hit upon a daintier occupation; but it is quite possible to take elegant trifling of that sort more seriously than it deserves, and it must be said here to occupy a disproportionate place in the display of women's work. Ar-



No. 5.—Embroidered Pocket by Miss Walker.



No. 6.—Centre of an Embroidered Cushion Cover by Miss Walker.

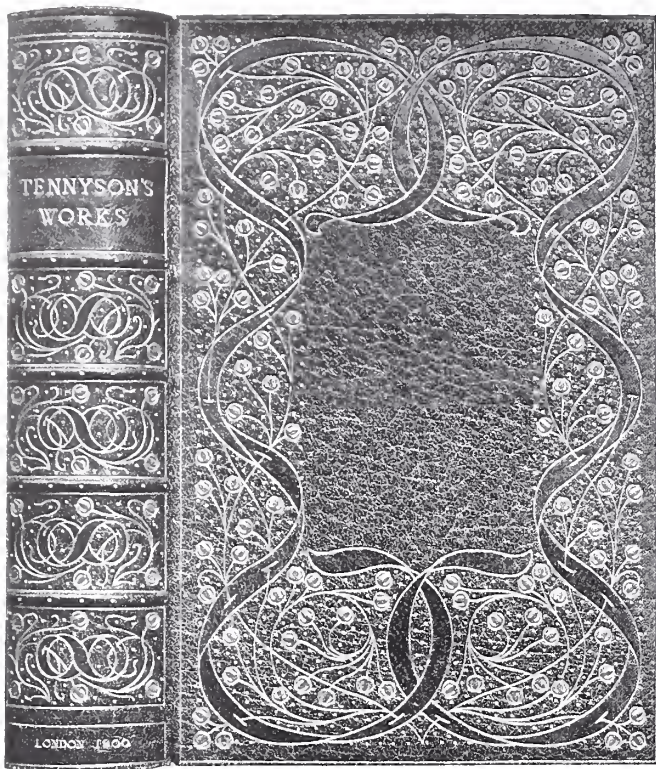
tistic it is, but it hardly amounts to art—call it rather ladies' play! For all that it is, in its way, as good as it could well be; and quite fulfils its purpose. It shows, too, what women not necessarily skilled in any craft can do, just as tawdry enamel slobbered over clumsy silver work shows what they cannot do without an apprenticeship to their trade which, as a rule, it seems they will not, or they cannot, serve.

Bookbinding, and especially the tooling of leather book-covers, is a craft in which women are achieving success. Among them are to be mentioned Miss Birkenruth, whose tooling is good enough to stand by itself, and not merely to form the framework to embossing,

which does not go happily with it; and Miss Mary Downing, whose method of cutting through the surface of the dyed leather down to the colour of the skin, appears to be her own; it does not lead, so far, to quite satisfactory results, but there is considerable promise in it. The work, however, which stands out by its distinction is that of Miss MacColl, a distinction due in part at least to the practice which, more than others, she has developed, of using the wheel. The wheel has sometimes run away with her, and carried her into dangerous extravagances of design. At Glasgow she has it more under control, and her design, always characteristic, is more restrained. Mention of the clever students of the Glasgow School who have designed bindings for Mr. Maclehose is reserved for future notice. The designers of the book-covers exhibited by the Oxford University Press (presumably not women) are deserving of praise, but their names are withheld by the Press. The bindings issued by it are on the whole better in design



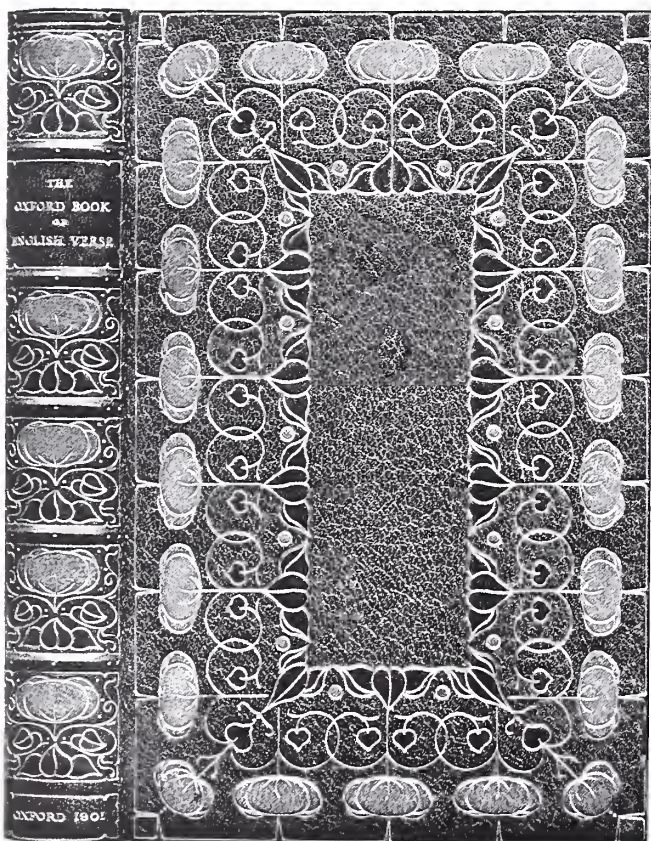
No. 7.—Picture in Embroidery by Miss Rawson Constable.



No. 8.—Tooled Bookbinding executed at the Oxford University Press.

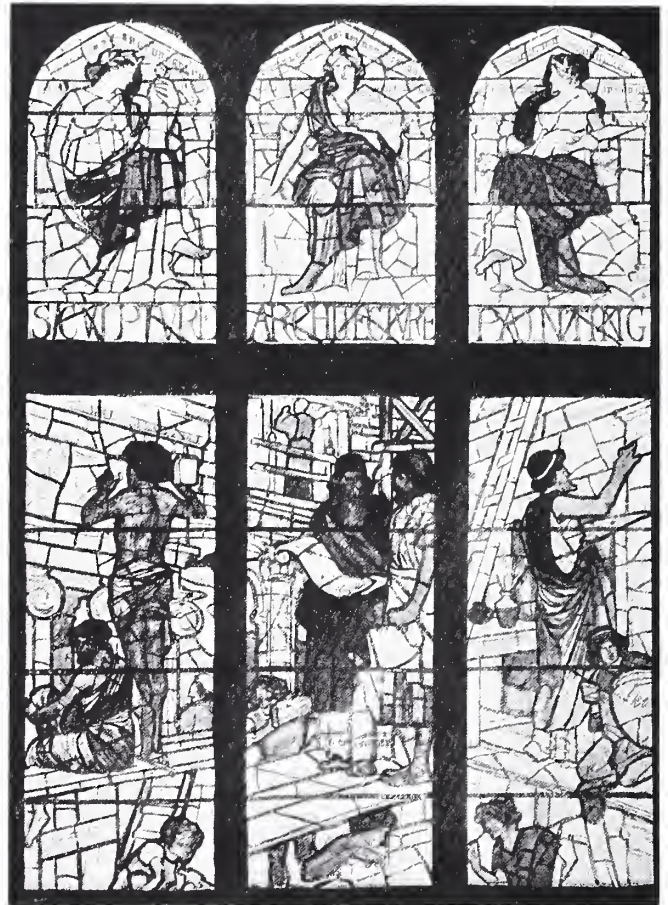
than in colour, the inlays being often in harsh contrast with the skin.

Our illustration of Miss E. A. N. Casella's enamelled glass decanter (No. 4) gives but a faint idea of the delicate prettiness of the original. It is pleasant to find a lady practising an art so neglected, and doing such good work in it.



No. 9.—Tooled Bookbinding executed at the Oxford University Press.

There remains to be mentioned the art of the needle. Here indeed we get consummate workmanship, that for example of Miss Una Taylor, almost too evenly perfect, and of Mrs. Trequair, whose pictorial ambition is almost warranted by her work. More within the scope of the needle is a figure-piece by Miss Mabel Keighly, worth hunting up (in its out-of-the-way place) as a specimen of the adequate rendering of a figure subject by means of the needle. Miss Rawson Constable goes beyond the limits of what is ordinarily advisable in embroidery, as she goes certainly beyond what ordinary needlewomen can do; but it would be difficult to render landscape more skilfully in needlework than she has done (No. 7), all in long stitches, for the most part horizontal,



No. 10.—Design for Stained-Glass Window by A. J. Tonner.

occasionally radiating to represent a spreading tree, or vertical to render the growth of a cypress. Miss Walker's design is more in the direction of the needle, and her stitches are chosen (No. 5) to express the forms of her ornament, or (No. 6) to give texture to flat surfaces. Her panel is quite a pattern-sheet of cunningly used surface stitches. Workmanlike, not to say business-like embroidery is contributed by the Sloane Street Decorative Needlework Society, imitations of old tapestry, reproductions of old damask in appliqué, and restorations of Stuart crewel work.

There are few departments of art in which women are not doing admirable work, in none are they doing better than in needlework, more appropriate in design and more thorough in execution, though the two do not always go together.

LEWIS F. DAY.



No. 1.—Engraved Roller for wall-paper printing : ground of wood, design in copper wire, outline filled in with felt.

How Wall-papers are Printed.

BY A PRACTICAL PAPER-STAINER.

SO many people are nowadays interested in wall-papers, and especially in their design, that a short account of the way they are printed may be of general interest.

Wall-paper patterns are printed sometimes upon paper coloured in the pulp, more often upon a distemper colour "laid" upon its surface. These distemper grounds, when required in sufficient quantities, are generally put on by machinery. As the raw paper is drawn through the machine, it is splashed with colour from a rapidly revolving brush, fed by a metal roller, which gathers it, as it goes round, from a trough. Or a blanket may be charged with colour from the trough, and, as it were, print-off on to the paper.

The paper, coated with colour, is carried through the machine, passing, on its way, under a number of big flat brushes revolving at great speed. In this way the colour is smoothed evenly over the surface of the paper. By the time it has travelled automatically, in hanging folds, down the long shop, it is dry and ready for printing upon.

When only a small number of pieces of paper are wanted, it is not worth while laying the ground by machine; the labour of preparing the machine,

and so forth, would be too great. They are, therefore, coloured by hand, just as they were years ago before paper-staining machinery was thought of. The raw paper is laid upon a long, low bench, and the colourer, with a large brush, distributes the colour over its surface. Then, with two other large, flat brushes, one in each hand, he softens and smoothes the colour evenly over the paper. This process demands dexterity, as the

colourer must work with both hands at once, and very rapidly too, before the colour gets dry. If that occurs it is impossible to get the ground even.

The blended grounds often used for friezes are usually made by hand. First a stripe of light colour is brushed along one half of the paper, and a stripe of darker along the other half, and the two are then, with another brush, softened one into the other. A skilful workman can blend the colours so gently that it is difficult to say where the one ends and the other begins.

Powdered talc or mica is often used in the making of grounds. This is scattered upon the coloured ground while the distemper is still wet, and adheres to it. When the paper is dry it is brushed very hard (by hand, or by revolving brushes in the case of machine work), in order to remove the



No. 2.—Block-printer's Table : pole above it; sieve to the right; beyond, paper hung up to dry.

superfluous talc, and the paper is ready for the printer. In making gold grounds, gold size is spread all over the paper, and when this is half-dry, bronze powder is brushed over it, and adheres to the tacky surface. For the best work leaf metal is employed. When dry the



No. 3.—Block cut entirely in wood.

gold grounds are gently brushed to remove either the superfluous powder or the ragged edges of leaf metal, as the case may be.

Papers can be printed either by machine or hand, that is to say from rollers or from blocks.

The block, or hand-printed papers, are far superior to the machine-printed in several respects. They are more durable, because the colours are laid one upon the other after the last print is dry, whereas in machine-printing the rollers follow immediately one upon the other, and at such a high speed that one print is still wet when the next falls upon it. For the same reason, the crispness and definition of hand-printing is, to a very great extent, lost in machine work. Further, in hand-printing each colour is, so to speak, pressed into the surface of the paper, and a greater body of pigment prints off; whilst in machine-printing the rollers only momentarily touch the paper, and leave little more than a film of colour behind them. Machine-printed papers must always be more or less hard in effect, as the rollers are not in wood but in copper, which naturally gives a harder line (No. 1).

Paper-stainers' blocks consist of a facing of either pear or sycamore-wood, fixed to a backing of pine, the whole so thick as not to warp, and to stand the great pressure that is needed to give off sufficient body of colour on to the paper (see illustrations Nos. 3 and 5).

Even in blocks, very fine patterns or sharp outlines have to be in copper, not because it is impossible to cut these in wood, but because they would be so fragile that they could not stand the pressure to which they would be subjected in printing. Fine lines are rendered on a

wood block by means of copper ribbon driven edgewise into the face of the block (No. 6). Dots (for the stamens of flowers and the like) are given by copper pins of different sizes, driven into the wood. Sometimes copper has to be employed on a block in conjunction with wood; but this is avoided whenever it can be, as the wood swells when it is wet, while the copper does not; thus the surface of the wood becomes higher than that of the copper, and difficulties, which it is not easy to overcome, arise in getting the printing colour to deliver itself on to the surface of the whole block evenly. A designer, therefore, should beware of so designing his pattern that it can only be rendered by blocks partly cut in wood, partly in raised copper.

As a rule, each colour requires, of course, a block to itself, that portion only of the pattern which is to be printed in the particular colour being carved upon the face of the block. Blocks for hand-printing are usually 21 inches square, but there is practically no limit to the length of a pattern. A design more than 21 inches long may be cut on a series of blocks (21 inches each is the most convenient length) and printed from them in succession. The printer, however, has only a very limited space to work in, and it is very difficult for him to work with more than three blocks. Patterns which require more blocks are consequently seldom printed.

Two blocks, or what are called "change blocks," are constantly used, and very large patterns, which it would be quite impossible to print by machine, can be reproduced by this means. A designer may, however, so arrange certain patterns, that though the actual unit of repeat is only 21 inches square, and the block therefore of the same size, the printer can, by at every other print



No. 4.—Detail of a Roller in raised metal outline upon wood.

turning the block a quarter of the way round, so that the edge which was nearest to him is now facing the right-hand edge of the strip of paper, produce a pattern 21 inches wide by 42 inches long. If further each breadth of paper is reversed in the hanging, we get a large pattern

42 inches square from a block only 21 inches square. It is obvious that this practice is available only for a radiating pattern, more likely to be useful for a ceiling than for a wallpaper.

Small blocks are not so commonly used as in the early days of paperstaining, because the patterns in vogue at the present day can be printed just as well and much more easily by blocks of the full size. They were, however, largely used in the days when wall-papers were often decorated, not with repeating patterns, but with figure and landscape pictures which covered the walls of an entire room without any repeat. Many colours were introduced into these pictures, and it must have taken some hundreds of blocks to print them. There is one interesting point about these papers. In modern work the printer is enabled to see that his block registers properly by means of gauges or pin points on the block which print little dots on the selvedge of the paper; but in the old days, these pin points often fell within the area of the decoration itself. Naturally they are all so small that they do not interfere with the effect as a whole; and the purchaser of that date, if ever he noticed them, evidently looked upon them as a necessary evil!

rests (so as to make an elastic bed), a frame on which a waterproof cloth is tightly stretched. This, again, supports another frame, across which a blanket is stretched to receive the colour, and on to which the block is dropped to pick up the colour for printing. He is attended by a boy (to this day called the "tire boy" (from the French *tirer*), whose business it is to look after his supply of colour and hang the printed



No. 5.—Detail of a Block cut entirely in wood.



No. 6.—Detail of a Block in raised metal outline upon wood.

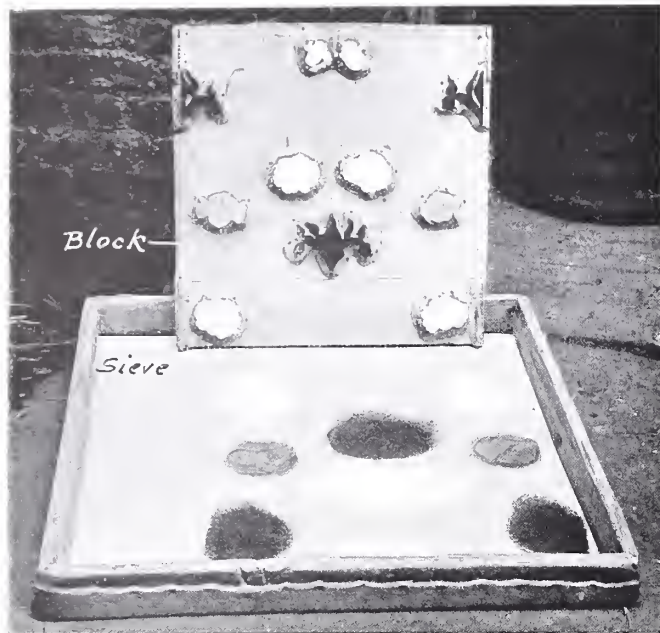
The process of block printing is as follows:—The printer is provided with what is called a "printer's table" (No. 2), consisting of a flat bed on which the paper is laid, with (immediately above it) a vertical pole worked by a treadle, which can be brought with great or little pressure on to the printing block. At his right hand as he stands at his table, is a trough partially filled with some viscid material, such as pulped paper, on which

paper up to dry, and is thus free to give his whole attention to his printing. The paper being placed on the table in front of him, he dips his block on to the colour "sieve," as it is called, raises and carefully places it on to the paper, pressing it tightly down by means of the vertical pole. That done he lifts the block, dips it again on to the sieve, and repeats the process. When a strip of 12 yards has been printed in one colour and dried, and not till then, it is ready for the next colour to be printed. Thus if the pattern requires 12 colours, it must be printed, dried, and rolled up again twelve times.

The pressure to which a block must be subjected, depends upon the pattern. A very light pattern sometimes only requires a blow from the hand, whilst to print solid masses of colour, very heavy

pressure with the lever is required.

As a rule (it was said) each colour introduced into a design takes a separate block; but two or more colours may be printed at the same time if they lie so far apart in the design that there is no danger of the colours touching when they are spread on the "sieve." This process of "patching," as it is called, effects, of course, a saving of time and money, fewer blocks and a smaller



No. 7.—Sieve set out for "patching," and block charged with colour from it.

number of printings being necessary. A "sieve" set out with three colours is shown above.

A blending of two or more colours may be produced by laying the pigment on the sieves in stripes, as shown below, where it will be seen that the colours are not wide apart, but flow one into the other. By this means something of the soft effect of stencilling in mixed colours may be obtained. It is impossible to reproduce in black and white the beauty of this treatment, but our illustration will help to explain the method of working.

Wall-papers are generally printed in distemper colours, but they may also be printed in transparent colours. It is needless to say that a mere wash of transparent colour is not so permanent as solid distemper. However,

if the body of the pattern is printed in the usual way with distemper colours, a softness of effect may be obtained by printing a transparent colour over the distemper. For instance, given a pattern printed in green, red, and yellow distemper, a transparent blue falling upon them all would make a purple on the red, a green on the yellow, and a deeper shade on the green. We might thus get the effect of seven colours (as well as the quality which the transparent colour gives) by means of four prints.

It will readily be seen what a wide range of effect is at the command of the block printer, and how much he can do provided the designer is in sympathy with the various processes, and bears in mind what can be done in printing.

In the case of flock papers, a "mordant," as it is called, is printed on to the coloured ground, and to this the wool adheres. When a length of paper has been printed and the oil colour is still wet upon it, it is laid in a "drum" or trough (suspended from the ceiling) made of linen stretched upon a wooden frame, and the flock, which is very finely ground wool, is scattered over it.

The under side of the drum is then beaten with a cane, so that the flock disperses itself thoroughly over the surface of



No. 8.—Paper printed from the block shown in No. 7.



No. 9.—Sieve set out for "blending," the block charged from it, and the paper printed from the block.

the paper, until it attaches itself everywhere to the printed mordant. When the surface of the mordant is completely hidden by the flock, the paper is lifted from the drum and hung up in folds to dry. When, however, as is usually the case, a very much raised surface is required, this process of printing in a mordant and then flocking is repeated again and again, until the requisite relief is obtained. Of course, at each successive printing more pressure has to be used, as the mordant has to be driven right into the last layer of flock. If this were not done a very rough surface would be the result, on which it would be impossible to lay another coat of flock. Special care has to be taken in registering flocked patterns, for, if the register is not accurate, the edges of the design, instead of standing up in clean-cut relief, are rough and broken.

Of late years silk has been used for flocking, both in place of wool and in conjunction with it. It is applied in the same way as wool, but it is too costly to be used for anything but the final coating. The advantage of silk is that it catches the light and gives the variety of tone seen in woven hangings.

Gold printing is done something after the manner of ordinary printing; but the printer uses gold size in the place of colour, and then proceeds in the way already described apropos of laying a gold ground. Either powdered bronze or leaf metal may be used, but the latter needs afterwards to be printed over with lacquer, which preserves it from tarnishing without impairing its brilliancy. This is naturally used for the better class of papers. A point for the consideration of the designer is that, lest the colours may lose their freshness through the brushings which the gold print necessitates, it is very desirable that the gold block should be the first in order of printing, and should, therefore, not fall upon other prints. A gold print should not be too fine or the block gets clogged with size, and instead of fine lines a blot of gold results. Neither should it consist of both fine detail and heavy patches; for, in that case, when it comes to applying the bronze, the size will be too dry in one place and too wet in the other.

Both machine and hand-printed papers are often finally enriched with embossing. In cheaper papers this may consist merely of a little ribbed, corded, or watered pattern, which covers the whole surface of the paper. This effect is produced by running the paper between two rollers, one of which has the pattern raised upon it while the other has it sunk into it. Great pressure is used and the paper is carried through the rollers in their revolution.

A more ambitious form of relief is where, instead of the whole surface of the paper being embossed, the pattern itself is raised. In low relief of this kind, the pattern is first printed on tough paper, and then embossed; otherwise the pressure of the printing would destroy much of the modelling; but papers in high relief are first embossed and decorated afterwards, usually by hand. Great care is necessary in registering embossed papers, more especially in low relief work which is printed before embossing.

Patterns in high relief are generally embossed by the process already described, the pattern cut in intaglio on one roller and in relief on the other; but by this method it is only possible to get the effect of two or three planes—none of the roundness of modelled surfaces. A better method, which is sometimes used, is as follows: The pattern is first modelled in clay, and from this actual model a cast is taken in metal. Another plate is then made in reverse of the original cast, and the two plates (the one in relief, the other in intaglio) are placed one above the other in a press. The paper is then, after being gilded (if that is to be), laid on the one plate and the other is brought down with great force, so that the paper is forced right into the matrix. Any colour introduced into the background is afterwards laid in, either by stencilling or by hand. Sometimes the raised ornament is illuminated after the manner of the old Italian and Spanish leathers. In cases where the original design is not modelled, a copy of it is made in repoussé copper, and from this a cast is taken.

HORACE WARNER.

[We are indebted for the accompanying illustrations to Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., of Essex Road, London.]

The Piano as a Piece of Furniture.

IT is a sign of the times that piano-makers of the repute of Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons should venture upon departure from the forms we have so long been accustomed to that we had well-nigh accepted them, ugly as they were, as inseparable from a well-sounding instrument.

It can easily be understood that makers have trouble enough in satisfying musicians with the tone of a piano, without adding to the difficulty by attempting to please them in the matter of its form also. It simplified things to adopt three or four stock shapes as final, and limit all possible choice to these. For a time this answered. It might have answered longer, had the stock patterns been in any degree less awkward and ungainly than they were. But there came a time when, the attention of the public having been called to design in furniture and suchlike, certain of the more fastidious began to ask for something less unsightly; and, failing artistic enterprise on the part of pianoforte



Dining-room Grand Piano in mahogany, designed after Chippendale by Mr. Chas. Allom for Messrs. Broadwood and Sons.

makers, insisted upon having special cases made for them—if not by the instrument makers then by someone else.

So long as it was only here and there an artist who indulged himself in designing his own instrument—Sir Alma Tadema, for example, or the late Sir E. Burne-Jones, or a wealthy amateur who commissioned William Morris to inlay a case for him or to enrich it with decoration in gesso—that did not greatly affect the conservatism of the trade; but when there came to be exhibited at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition pianos, by Mr. Dolmetch and others, severely simple in design and execution, it was clear to the pianist of comparatively modest means that, if she continued to put up with a form of instrument inspired by the worst traditions of late Georgian or early Victorian design, it was her own fault; she had only to insist upon something more in conformity with taste in furniture, and she could get it. Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons appear to be the first great firm to pay attention to the new demand, and to lay themselves out to supply it. At an exhibition held at their rooms in Great Pulteney Street, London, in March last, they showed some score or more of pianos, no one of which was of the orthodox, commonplace, and tasteless pattern which it is to be hoped will soon be a thing of the past.

They are to be congratulated upon their enterprise,



Upright Grand Pianoforte,
oak, inlaid with coloured
woods and mahogany;

designed by Mr. Gilbert
Ogilvy for Messrs. Broad-
wood and Sons.

and upon the circumstance that a firm of their rank has taken the initiative; had it been a maker of less standing among musicians, it might have been thought that, after all, it was a question between choosing an instrument for its tone or for its case. As it is, we know that we can now satisfy the sense of beauty without compromising with the musical sense.

The lines of a grand piano, we have always been told, were compelled by conditions of sound. That does not appear to be quite true. They were doubtless suggested by the mechanism to be encased; but it seems now to be certain that if the instrument maker had happened to have a feeling for art, or if he had called to his aid a sympathetic and at the same time practical artist, lines conforming equally with the needs of construction and with the idea of beauty might just as well have been evolved. In fact Messrs. Broadwood have begun at last, by the aid of Mr. E. L. Lutyens, Mr. Arthur C. Blomfield, Mr. Charles A. Allom, Mr. A. N. Wesson, Mr. Wm. Flockhart, Mr. Gilbert Ogilvy, Mr. H. Baillie Scott, and Mr. C. R. Ashbee, to evolve them. In one case, that of Mr. George Henschel, we find a musician designing his own instrument—presumptive evidence, at least, that sound is not by the introduction of artistic considerations sacrificed to sight. All our preconceived ideas as to the necessity of conservatism in design are disturbed by the assurance of Messrs. Broadwood that, in the “semi-grand” in the form of a table, designed for them by Mr. Ashbee, the new shape gives scope for improved contrivances in the way of mechanism.

It cannot be said that Messrs. Broadwood’s new designs are all equally happy. They appeal to various tastes—to the admirers of the florid no less than of the severe, to the lovers of the old, as of the new, in fashion. Essays in the manner of the French Louis and of the First Empire are sufficiently criticised when their “style” is stated. Mr. Flockhart cannot make the *Rococo* other

than rollicking. In proportion as the artist brings to work so named a severer taste of his own, he departs from the pretended style. So Mr. Blomfield is better than his word when he calls his “grand” by the name of “Georgian”: it is too dignified for any such period. The harking back in some instances to the old harpsicord shape is all in the direction of simplicity and restraint. It seems almost as if we must go back so far in order to make a fair start in the direction of taste and unpretentiousness.

Perhaps the most interesting of the new cases are the “upright grands”—the cottage piano is now an extinct variety—by Mr. Baillie Scott and Mr. Gilbert Ogilvy, inlaid with rich simplicity. A feature in them is the doors folding in front, and opening out like wings on either side. One can hardly help fancying that they must be rather in the way; but it is contended that they answer the purpose of sounding boards. That is as it may be. They are rather picturesque, and the idea seems to have “caught on.”

Mr. Ogilvy’s design, above, is at all events a piece of furniture which would be an ornament to the room in which it stood.

The difficulties in the way of designing a beautiful piano are obvious, and the consideration of architectural style, to which so many of us are committed, doubles them. One may not be perfectly satisfied with the “Jacobean” case by Mr. Lutyens, which gained a *grand prix* at Paris, and yet not be able to say how it could well be bettered. The hope of perfection depends upon our not keeping too closely to any historic ideal, but taking the mechanism of the thing as our starting point, and seeing how best we can case it to make it worthy of the place which, by its very bulk, it must occupy in a room. Reformation in piano design is not yet an accomplished fact, but a beginning has been made by Messrs. Broadwood and Sons, and, at all events, the way is open.

Old Airs.

FROM THE PICTURE BY SEYMOUR LUCAS, R.A.

WITH those people who like a picture "with a story," Mr. Seymour Lucas is perhaps the most popular of living English artists. Whether he gives us one of his historical subjects, or a picture such as the one shown here, he always interests us; but it would be unfair to say that it is the subject alone which attracts our attention, for his work is always worthy of careful study. As a figure painter he has to-day few equals, while his treatment of colour and his composition are excellent. Though he always gives to the accessories in his pictures the attention which shows the careful workman, we never feel that they have such undue prominence as to draw our attention from the main subject. This is specially noticeable in the picture which we have here, where the stool on which the old musician sits, the panelling, the picture on the wall, and the musical instruments are all executed in a masterly manner, but still hold, as they should, a secondary place in the composition.

In studying Mr. Seymour Lucas's work one naturally feels the influence of that great master of genre-painting, Meissonier; indeed, the old musician in the picture under notice might well be from the brush of the famous French artist. In saying this we pay Mr. Seymour Lucas a very high but well-deserved compliment. The natural pose of the old man, and the expression on his face as he draws the bow across the strings of his 'cello, are admirably executed, and we doubt if the artist has ever surpassed this figure in any of his works. But perhaps the most attractive feature in the picture is the charming young lady at the piano, who has put down her mandoline in order to accompany the old man while he plays his favourite airs on the 'cello. The winsome look on her face as she turns her pretty head towards the old musician is delightful, and it is evident that the youth in the background is not pleased that the old man should monopolise all the attention of the fair pianist, though he tries hard to hide his chagrin and to appear interested in the music.

Complete in the story it has to tell, this work is worthy to stand as one of the artist's most pleasing efforts.



Painted by Seymour Lucas.

Old Airs



Mademoiselle Camargo dancing.
By Nicolas Lancret.

The Wallace Collection.*

THE FRENCH PICTURES.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

WHEN we leave Watteau and come to the other painters of *Fêtes Galantes*, Lancret, Pater, and—by force of circumstances rather than by inclination—Jean-François de Troy, we drop out of the atmosphere of Elysian Fields, of coquetry, tempered by the unreality of the dream, of amorous interchange spiritualised in its very sprightliness and frivolity by a nameless melancholy, into the true France of the *Régence* and the Louis-Quinze periods. We are in the full eighteenth century. These fêtes and amorous conversations that we owe to Lancret and to Pater, are true *fêtes galantes*—things well suited in their brilliant superficiality, in their accomplishment so delicate and consummate in its way, to be the amusement of an hour, and the crowning ornament of a boudoir in which everything gives evidence of the technical perfection and the homogeneity that mark the French art of the moment. Lancret is no dreamer, no poet-painter, able, like his exemplar, Watteau, without conscious effort to raise his audacious frivolities, his scenes of mundane flirtation, on the “viewless wings of Poesy,” into an atmosphere of shadowy beauty and restfulness, removed just a little from the everyday earth. He is, in a way, the comic poet and dramatist of the group, and his pictures are, at their best, *marivaudages*, as sprightly, as bright, as vigorous, as cold, but not as distinguished as the comedies of Marivaux himself. Every moment with Lancret we are set thinking

of the duels of words, of looks keen and provocative rather than loving, which delight us in the dramatist, when Harlequin and Columbine—as Marivaux often calls valet and soubrette—or Lisette and Frontin are setting their wits against each other. In the higher personages of the salon and of comedy, the Araminte, the Marquise, the Sylvia, the *grande jeune première* of the Louis-Quinze comedy, Lancret is less at home. He lacks the higher distinction, and in this respect cannot vie with Jean-François de Troy in such pieces as the ‘Conversation Galante’ of Sans Souci and the ‘Surprise’ of the South Kensington Museum, or with Carle Van Loo when, avoiding *fadeur*, he puts forth all his powers, as he does in the famous ‘Halte de Chasse’ of the Louvre. Lancret has quicksilver in his veins; he can give physical life, almost to a point of exaggerated intensity, to these personages of comedy and intrigue; and, as its outcome, they show an excess of action closely bordering upon unrest and fidgetiness.

The Wallace Collection contains a collection of Lancret’s works covering, as we may legitimately surmise from general indications of style, the greater part of his career. It is second only in magnitude and importance to that scattered through the royal palaces of Potsdam, and greatly superior to anything the Louvre can show. If my contention is correct—and, so far as I am aware, it has not hitherto been disputed—I have been able, pruning away what does not belong to

* Continued from page 263.

Watteau and Pater, to restore to Lancret three important works of his early time, illustrating a period of his art which his critics and biographers have hitherto been content to pass over with a vague and general mention. I refer to the 'Fête in a Wood' (No. 448, p. 341), to the 'Conversation Galante' (No. 422, p. 339), and to the 'Italian Comedy Scene' (No. 465). At the risk of repeating what I have already had occasion to say in THE ART JOURNAL, about the same period of Lancret's career, I must shortly state the following facts:—Ballot de Sovot, in his 'Éloge de Lancret,' published presumably shortly after the artist's death in 1743, wrote as follows:—"Il y a vingt-quatre ans (*i.e.* about 1719) qu'il débuta par deux tableaux: un 'Bal' et une 'Danse dans un Boccage' (*sic*), deux tableaux qui ont été à M. de Julienne et ensuite à M. le Prince de Carignan; et je me souviens qu'ayant été exposés à la Place Dauphine, un jour de la Feste-Dieu, ils lui attirèrent de grands éloges. C'est aussi selon moi ce qu'il a fait de mieux, et il me semble que depuis il n'a plus fait que décliner." In or about 1718-1719, when Lancret made his first hit with the pictures brought forward in the exhibition of the Place Dauphine, he was imitating Watteau; and with such closeness and success, that by admirers of both, the work of the imitator was mistaken for that of the originator—a life-long estrangement between the two painters resulting from an unfortunate compliment paid to the senior on the work of his too assimilative junior.

French and German critics who have recently written on the subject have assumed, from a certain similarity of subject, and the supposed *provenance* of these works, that two famous examples of the master, 'Le Moulinet' and 'Société dans un Pavillon,' now in the collection of the Crown of Prussia, are the very pictures with which Lancret thus won his reputation. But 'Le Moulinet' and the 'Société dans un Pavillon,' though they do not show Lancret's fullest maturity, exhibit him as a master standing firm on his own legs, and save in a general way—that is, as a painter issuing from a certain school must ever owe something to the head of that school—no longer subservient to Watteau, or making use of his pictorial language. These works are not from the brush of a débutant, a pupil or mere imitator, however promising; they are Lancret *tout pur*, and moreover in one of his sprightliest and most buoyant moods. The 'Fête in a Wood' (p. 341), in this collection, if it be not one of the two pictures above-mentioned—and this cannot be conclusively proved—is at any rate one of the earliest Lancrets extant, and the one which—with the 'Conversation Galante' next to be mentioned—most clearly shows him the deliberate *pasticheur* of Watteau. It is just such a picture as might well have excited the anger of that most irritable and suspicious of painters, and to him it might excusably at first sight have been attributed. It is difficult, indeed, to understand why hitherto in the Wallace Collection it should have borne unquestioned the name of Pater. Many a personage here and there is unblushingly copied from Watteau; the landscape is in the main *his*; and these crowds of small figures, cleverly grouped and cleverly set in motion, belong to *his* earlier time, and are hardly seen again, in this particular arrangement, in the *œuvre* of Lancret. Still, the types are beyond question Lancret's and not Watteau's, the sprightly dames and soubrettes reveal unmistakably his mood and his touch. Moreover, a most peculiar inability to draw and model the human face in the three-quarter aspect—his worst and his most striking characteristic—is here not less clearly revealed than elsewhere. The

charming figure in the white satin sacque, seen from the back, is repeated with very slight variation in a much later Lancret—the 'Danse devant la Fontaine de Pégase' of Potsdam.

Another Lancret which in this Wallace Collection always passed as a Watteau is the glowing and brilliant 'Conversation Galante' (p. 339) which does undoubtedly bear a superficial and by no means accidental resemblance to the master's work. All the same this is not only a Lancret, but actually one of the *morceaux de réception* upon which he was accepted by the *Académie Royale* in 1719; it was finely engraved by Le Bas in 1743, for his own *morceau de réception* at the Academy. Here we have still a deliberate, an avowed imitation of Watteau. The rich vibrating colour-chord is his; the setting of the figures in the landscape comes from him; one or two of his types have been preserved. But in this case the sprightly individuality, the quicksilver vivacity of Lancret betray themselves everywhere. Those who are penetrated with the true Watteau cannot for a moment accept this 'Conversation' as his. With this picture, though much less positively, I have classed the large 'Italian Comedy Scene' (No. 465), which has hitherto, like the canvas just now mentioned, borne the name of the founder and head of the school. The technique, the cast of the draperies, the somewhat sombre richness of the glowing harmony—all these things recall the Lancret of the 'Conversation Galante.' If we accept that piece as his—and positive proof of his authorship has just been given—we cannot well give to another the larger but less significant work.

On the other hand I am unable to convince myself that the exquisite 'Girl in a Kitchen' (No. 378), nominally given to Lancret, is really by him. The puzzle is worth solving, since the little piece is in all respects charming. But we must not tear down a label placed on a picture by tradition, until we have another to put in its place. The 'Bird Catchers' and 'Pastoral Revels' are of a usual and well-recognised type, and need not be further discussed here. This other, much smaller 'Comédie Italienne' scene (No. 401) is less a Marivaux piece, with its battle of wit fencing with wit, than a regular *Commedia dell'Arte* scene, depending on eccentricity and agility of pantomime. 'The Broken Necklace,' engraved in reverse by N. de Larmessin as "Le petit chien qui secoue de l'argent et des pierreries," is a scene of suggestive *galanterie* and dalliance of the class which the eighteenth century peculiarly affects. It is consummate of its kind, but of no true *naïveté* or charm, such as later on Fragonard, more audacious but more passionate, knew how to infuse into such doubtful futilities. The little *genre* piece, 'Girls Bathing,' is a jewel among Lancrets, with something about it of unusual mystery and refinement. In his mature manner, he can be merely clear, hard, and bright as a colourist, and in this phase—to say nothing of Watteau's magic harmonies, fusing Veronese and Rubens into a whole that is new and emphatically his—he compares unfavourably with Pater's exquisitely graded tints and finely balanced combinations. In this instance, at any rate, Lancret is incomparable. The picture has no colours save those of the grey pearl, of which it has the luminosity. Not even Watteau's myriad opalescent hues, breaking up the white yet leaving its general effect unimpaired, are introduced. Another Lancret of the first order is the 'Mademoiselle Camargo dancing' ('La Camargo essaye un nouveau pas'), in which the figure of the famous danseuse has the freshest and most ingenuous grace, and the grey-blue landscape, with its delicate transparent haze, enveloping



Conversation Galante.
By Nicolas Lancret.

not only the screen of fair trees, but the subordinate personages who make a setting for the lady, is treated in the happiest fashion—a compromise between the decorative and the realistic. It is impossible to avoid quoting once more Voltaire's famous lines on the Camargo and her rival, Mdlle. Sallé.

" Ah! Camargo, que vous êtes brillante !
Mais, que Sallé, grands dieux, est ravissante !
Que vos pas sont légers, et que les siens sont doux !
Elle est inimitable, et vous toujours nouvelle,
Les Nymphes sautent comme vous,
Et les Grâces dansent comme elle."

Is it possible, with the most gracious compliment, and with a resolute attempt to fairly balance the contrasting qualities of the two divinities, which is almost judicial in its impartiality, to indicate more clearly that Sallé had the writer's heart, even though he might find himself compelled, as the judge in a choregraphic competition, to give the prize to the Camargo? He might, perhaps, *à contre-cœur*, have yielded the laurels to the great dancer here portrayed, but the roses would have been for the ravishing beauty whose steps repeated those of the Graces. There is an original repetition of our picture, with a marked variation in the colour-scheme, in the Hermitage Gallery at St. Petersburg. Another, with a slight variation in the grouping, is in the Museum of Nantes. The somewhat larger picture, 'La Camargo avec son Danseur,' in the Neues Palais at Potsdam, shows the *ballerina* in precisely the same costume and attitude, but in the act of executing a *pas de deux* with a male dancer. It suffers considerably from the fact that Lancret, here following one of Watteau's worst habits, has transferred the figure of the dancer bodily, with the slightest possible alteration, from our picture into this last, taking too little account of its connection, both as regards movement and sentiment, with her partner in the dance.

Another exquisite specimen of Lancret's art, showing quite his highest point in technique, is the 'Portrait of an Actress' ('La Belle Grecque'), engraved under the latter name by Schmidt. As a portrait the brilliant piece shows some of that curious incapacity to fix an individuality, and not merely a type, on the canvas, which Lancret shared with Watteau. The alert pose of the figure, the glimmer of light over the scarlet pelisse bordered with fur, are delicious.

If we pause, puzzled at first and disconcerted, at the contrast between Watteau and his life-work—a contrast not so much radical as superficial—we must wonder still more when we consider the amiable futilities of the butterfly painter, Pater, and then turn to the bare, hard fact that the poor man worked like a galley-slave at these brilliant pages of accomplished emptiness; that he lived haunted by the constant apprehension lest his health might give way before he had secured a competency, and in his unrelaxed effort so taxed his physical powers that he died worn out at the age of forty. But then Watteau's pupil, with his dainty brush, his intuition for colour and tone, and his powers of assimilation up to a certain point—that is up to the point where the true genius of his master begins—this Pater has no true artistic personality of his own. His often-repeated personages are but inflated nothings, to which not even a puppet vitality or a puppet individuality is given. They are not even amiable visions of shadowy gallantry fading away as the light goes out; they are but examples of a delicate and accomplished manufacture by one with whom the dramatic instinct and the temperament of the poet-painter are replaced by the

adroitness of the fashionable practitioner knowing his public and his powers. Let us, all the same, beware of despising Pater overmuch. He has a way of asserting himself among his fellows, with that delicate, *sprightly* touch of his, with those tender, half-effaced harmonies, stimulated now and again by some louder, brighter note; with that power, up to a certain point, of putting together his puppets agreeably enough, and framing them in charming blue-green or warm grey-buff landscapes of the Watteau type. He will ever be acceptable to collectors for those attractive qualities, making up as they do an *ensemble* of an essentially decorative character. Beware, however, how you place him—as he is necessarily placed here—in juxtaposition with Watteau, or Lancret, or Fragonard; for then his nothingness under this pretty outside vesture will become painfully apparent.

By far the most remarkable series of Pater's paintings is that which finds a place in the royal palaces in and near Potsdam; and of these the writer has already given some account in THE ART JOURNAL.* Characteristic examples of his art are to be found in the La Caze Collection incorporated in the Louvre, at Buckingham Palace, in the National Gallery of Scotland, the Arenberg Collection at Brussels, the Museum of Angers, and especially in the collections of the Marquise de Lavalette, Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, Miss Alice De Rothschild, and Captain Holford. The Wallace Collection, though it contains the largest collection of Pater's works to be found in any of our public galleries, cannot compete in the quality of the examples with many of the museums and collections just now mentioned. As in the case of Lancret, so in this, Potsdam stands supreme, the collections of the Marquise de Lavalette and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild coming perhaps next. Many of the Paters at Hertford House are singularly instructive examples of his emptiness; but those who would see him grappling with a task utterly foreign to his nature and beyond his powers, must examine the series of canvases illustrating the 'Roman Comique' of Scarron, which were last year seen in the Imperial German Pavilion at the Universal Exhibition.

The series of four pictures here called 'Fête Champêtre,' 'The Swing,' 'The Dance' and 'Blind Man's Buff,' are all of the *fadc*, the distressingly empty type and class—light and delicate in the curious harmony in which yellows, blues, washed-out pinks and greys dominate, but failing to carry conviction even as *bergeries* or *conversations* of the more vapid and avowedly artificial order. One of the earliest and yet one of the most attractive of the series, though even here the note of originality is not sounded, is the 'Camp Scene,' more or less in the manner of the pieces of the same class which belong to Watteau's early time, but painted with a looser, easier touch, with a kind of sparkle, indeed, which is full of piquancy and charm.

The loveliest Pater here is, for all its dramatic nullity, the 'Conversation Galante' (No. 458, p. 342). It is a delightful pattern of human figures, and the subtlest possible harmony of washed-out rose colour, pale blue, lilac, buff, and, in the setting of the figures, gradations of grey of infinite delicacy. Save the exquisite little 'Baigneuse' in the La Caze Collection of the Louvre, I hardly know a prettier Pater. Another 'Conversation Galante' (No. 406), showing much richer and more vibrant, more truly Watteau-like harmonies, is also more vigorous in conception, and not without a vein of pronounced *polisson-*

* THE PARIS EXHIBITION, 1900, supplement to THE ART JOURNAL, p. 353, in an illustrated article on "The Imperial German Pavilion."



Fête in a Wood.
By Nicolas Lancret.



Conversation Galante.
By Jean-Baptiste Pater.

nerie, unredeemed by the good humour which a Baudouin or the passion which a Fragonard would have infused into it. The swains are more enterprising, the fair ones less reticent than with Watteau, and no poetry sweetens the *inconvenance* of these amorous duels. 'The Boudoir' is a pretty and fairly harmless piece of the same class. 'The Bath' (No. 472), known also as 'Le Bain à la Maison,' has unusual vigour and *espièglerie*. Here is, at any rate for once, an individual conception of a certain class, in which the artist himself has been able to take an interest. The frank joyousness, the innocent naughtiness of the little piece must fairly disarm any but the most inveterate prude. Here the execution is quite different; more solid, more polished, with vivid notes of the most positive colour, such as blue and scarlet, but without the peculiar exquisiteness of the Pater touch at its best. A picture very closely approaching this in treatment is 'La Toilette' in the La Caze Collection of the Louvre; and another, the very similar *genre* piece exhibited at the Guildhall by the Marquise de Lavalette. 'The Ball' (No. 420) is one of several copies by Pater of Watteau's famous 'Plaisirs du Bal' (or 'Bal sous une Colonnade'), in the Dulwich Gallery. Here we have bald, soulless prose taking the place of poetry. The atmosphere of dreamland has been

dissipated, nothing but arid frivolity remains; and we must put up with mere piquant prettiness of colour in lieu of rich, glowing depths and vaporous distances. The 'Bathing Party in a Park' is agreeable to the eye by reason of its light, bright, even tone, but empty and superficial in handling. It leaves us so indifferent that we do not even care to protest against a certain vein of coarseness by no means idyllic. It belongs to a numerous class of Paters, and its fellows will be found in the National Gallery of Scotland, the Museum of Angers, the Arenberg Collection at Brussels. But again it is in the Royal Palaces at Potsdam that will be found the three most important canvases belonging to this special group.

The Wallace Collection shows no 'Conversation Galante' by Jean-François de Troy—that painter naturally imposing and Louis-Quartorzian, even in frivolity and licence, who—presumably in order to be in the forefront of the fashion—constrained himself to bring forth such things as the exquisitely polished, the coldly elegant 'Conversation Galante' of Sans Souci, and the not less elegant, the not less frigid, yet all the same unpleasantly suggestive love-idyll of the *grand monde*, 'La Surprise,' in the Jones Collection at South Kensington. We have at Hertford House, 'The Hunt Breakfast' ('Un Déjeuner de Chasse') and 'The Stag at Bay' ('La Mort d'un Cerf'), both of which were, under the French names here given, exhibited at the famous Salon of 1737. They are brilliant sketches in oils rather than finished pictures, and look as if they may well have been produced as designs for tapestries—for some of those great "Chasses" of which Gobelins and Beauvais executed so many. We know that De Troy was a great designer of tapestries, but I am unable at the present moment to identify these pictures as having been further elaborated for that purpose.

With De Troy must of course be mentioned his great rival and contemporary François Le Moine, though I feel that I am here putting him a little out of his right place: not, indeed chronologically, since he died a year after Pater, and no less than sixteen years after Watteau; but by reason of the amplitude of his manner, still recalling, especially in his great schemes of decoration, that of the Grand Siècle. And yet in his favourite mythological subjects, which are here so richly represented, we see him, notwithstanding



Portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour.
By François Boucher.

his too-frigid accomplishment and his want of true pictorial invention, the precursor of Boucher, and thus the founder of the peculiar school of pictorial decoration which reigned in France throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century. Nothing at Hertford House has the unusual warmth of colour or freedom of design of the charming 'Hercule et Omphale,' which the Louvre has at last hung according to its deserts. But these great canvases on the Grand Staircase, 'The Rape of Europa' and 'Mercury confiding the Infant Bacchus to the Nymphs,' reveal the hand of an extraordinarily capable painter of his class. They were actually purchased by Richard Marquis of Hertford, at the Paul Périer sale in 1843, as by Boucher, and though the confusion of the brilliant master with his more brilliant pupil may appear hardly excusable to those who look at them to-day, as they hang at Hertford House in juxtaposition with the two finest and vastest of Boucher's decorations, it is easy to see whence the latter sprang and on how broad and firm a basis he developed the captivating audacities of his accomplished yet unsatisfying art.

The 'Perseus and Andromeda' derives interest from the fact that it descends from the 'Perseus and Andromeda' of Titian, now in the Great Gallery at Hertford House, though the adaptation was not, I imagine, made from the original work. There is in the Museum of Rennes, in Brittany, a 'Perseus and Andromeda' ascribed to Paolo Veronese, and manifestly of his school, which strongly recalls the conception of Titian, and still more strongly asserts itself as the prototype of Le Moine's picture. He may well have had opportunities for seeing and studying it, since it once formed part of the collections of the Royal House of France.*

Carle Van Loo has done better and less vapid things than this capable but far from enchanting performance here, 'Le Grand Seigneur donnant un concert à sa maîtresse,' which I have taken from the elder brother Jean-Baptiste Van Loo, to whom it used to be attributed, and restored to the younger and more famous brother, his pupil. I have been able to identify it as the picture by Carle which was exhibited with the above title at the Salon of 1737. We are far here from the supreme elegance of the 'Halte de Chasse.' "Van-loter" was a term of banter and mild reproach coined to describe the style which Carle Van Loo invented, rather than that which he, the skilled executant, himself practised. Here he may be said to "van-loter" with just sufficient mastery of the brush but with no real inventiveness or charm, whether of design or colour.

Until the Wallace Collection became the property of the nation, there were to be found among its pictorial treasures no Bouchers save the pretty but too hard and crude 'Pan and Syrinx' of the National Gallery. Now it may be said without exaggeration that England possesses, in the group of pictures and decorative canvases dispersed through the galleries devoted to French art at Hertford House, the finest and most representative series of Bouchers in existence. Many of those who still look upon the art of this facile, brilliant master as the very quintessence of "French" naughtiness, of a kind of meretricious prettiness which is anathema to those who decline to look outside certain charmed circles for their admirations, may think the gift one to shrink from rather than to exult in. Not to recognise consummate art, and the evolution of a style harmonising in perfection with the architecture and decoration

of a brilliant, superficial period, even when we are by instinct and training at war with it, is not this to betray an absence of the true critical sense—or should we not rather say to make a voluntary surrender of sane and unprejudiced judgment to moral and artistic prejudices? Boucher is unquestionably a designer of extraordinary vivacity and endless variety, a colourist who, if out of his proper setting he may appear garish and crude—with his tints, so light, so bright, and so sharply contrasted, with his lack of true depth and glow, such as gives dignity and magnificence to the Venetian art of the great time—yet in that setting reveals himself a veritable master of his school and time. He is there seen to be the summing up, the very quintessence of the Louis-Quinze style, which he did so much to form and to bring to its zenith. To feel an intimate sympathy for Boucher's superficially brilliant and attractive, but essentially hard and soulless artistic personality, as we do for the subtle poetry of Watteau, the homely pathos and solid technical mastery of Chardin, or the unbridled youthfulness and genuine passion of Fragonard, is not possible. But very rarely are we carried away—*empoignés*, as our neighbours have it—by his art, as we are by that of another and a still more remarkable decorative painter, his contemporary, the Venetian, Tiepolo. The gift of the latter is of its kind unrivalled in the eighteenth century; and he can grip the human heart too, occasionally, though his sentiment is dangerously akin to the easy, tearful pathos of the courtesan, with whom tears alternate with orgies. Boucher's *polissonnerie*, his naughtiness of the boudoir, at which the prude still lifts her skirts in holy horror, is after all mild and harmless enough—so frank and naive is it in its transgression of the conventional proprieties. I know one may not say this even to-day without fear and trembling, and I bear in mind the tremendous onslaughts, in Boucher's own day, of Diderot, who from the point of view of the moralist rather than that of the art-critic and *salonnier*, overwhelmed the Pompadour's favourite with his *sœva indignatio*, and crushed his art under the weight of his scorn, while reluctantly conceding to him that technical mastery which brother-painters would be better able to appreciate than the public. To judge poor Boucher's art from the moral standpoint seems to-day as unnecessary as it would be—as it was—to apply a similar test to one of Congreve's brilliant, soulless, and purely conventional comedies. To speak frankly, his most crying sin in my eyes is a vein of plebeian coarseness and vulgarity under that elegance, the modish charm of which is too often *de mauvais aloi*. Of this no better example could be desired than two out of the four decorative panels, of dazzling brilliancy in their high, light key of colour, which adorn Gallery XIX. I refer to the 'Venus and Mars surprised by Vulcan' and the 'Judgment of Paris.'

I have already said that no European gallery can vie with the Wallace Collection in its Bouchers. The Louvre has a fine series, but they have lost their bloom. The Museum of Angers, so rich in the French masters of the eighteenth century, has a magnificent decorative panel, 'Les Génies des Arts'; that of Nancy proudly shows the 'Aurore et Cephale' of 1733; that of Tours is enriched by the 'Apollon visitant une Nymphe.' Lady Dilke, in her admirable book "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," has called attention to the treasures of the Swedish National Gallery at Stockholm, and especially to the famous 'Naissance et Triomphe de Vénus.' Among the private collections which can show fine Bouchers, may be especially mentioned those

* Louis Gonse: Les Chefs d'œuvre des Musées de France.



The Setting of the Sun.
By François Boucher.

of Baron Edmund de Rothschild, in Paris, and those of Miss Alice de Rothschild and Mr. Alfred de Rothschild in England. One of the earliest examples here—by reason of a certain relative smallness of handling, it might at first be taken for pupil's work—is the charmingly designed 'Triumph of Amphitrite.' Of the purely decorative pieces, the 'Shepherd watching a Sleeping Shepherdess' (No. 385) is, notwithstanding a certain coldness and hardness of contour, the finest; in composition it is indeed nothing short of masterly. Consummate in harmony of line and colour—from the special point of view of the painter-decorator, working for a definite *ensemble*, and taking into account all its elements—are the shaped *dessus de porte* (Nos. 445 and 447), both entitled by me for want of a better name, 'Shepherdesses with Sporting Loves.' The presumably late 'Jupiter transformé en Diane pour surprendre Calisto' is audacious enough in subject, but its treatment as a purely conventional piece of decoration robs it of offence.

The pretty and effective 'Marchande de Modes' (No. 390), of which a larger version, dated 1746, is in the National Museum at Stockholm, shows at once the facility and the weakness of Boucher. It is perhaps not unnatural that these brilliant painter-decorators of the

eighteenth century, when they came to a subject which, in order to be made attractive, demanded a high degree of individualisation, should have found themselves more or less at sea. They were so accustomed to treat the human figure purely from the outside as a principal element in schemes of decoration, that to suggest a definite individuality, a living, thinking, acting being, as you must in *genre* of this type, was to them an insurmountable difficulty. While a Hogarth erred in the opposite direction, sacrificing—as the great modern satirist of the brush, Adolf Menzel, does—the necessities and disregarding the limitations of the painter, so that he might exhibit the psychology of the dramatist and the scornful humour of the satirist, Boucher, with whom man was only one element, like another, in a pictorial scheme, found himself without resource on the comparatively rare occasions when he had to penetrate ever so little below the surface into the human individuality. Among other *genre* pieces by Boucher belonging to the same group may be mentioned 'Le Peintre dans son Atelier' of the Louvre, and 'Le Peintre' in the collection of Baron Edmund de Rothschild. Even in the series of portraits of his patroness, the Pompadour, Boucher's art, under its consummate chic

and elegance, betrays its insufficiency, its want of grip, when it is brought face to face with an individuality. The most famous of these portraits are the 'Marquise sur sa Chaise Longue,' of which brilliant yet rather empty performance there are two originals—one at Waddesdon Manor, in the collection of Miss Alice de Rothschild, the other in the Adolphe Rothschild collection at Paris. More charming in their *intimité* are the two versions of the 'Marquise au Jardin,' of which one example is in the Jones collection at South Kensington, and another finer, as to the landscape, in that of Baron Alphonse Rothschild of Paris. Here, as in all the portraits, the supreme taste of the favourite in dress is apparent. Whether she appear *en négligé du matin* or *en grande toilette*—as in the Waddesdon picture—she commands her costume, she assimilates it as part of herself; whereas the poor Queen, Marie Leczinska—to take the most appropriate instance—when she is grand is *fugotée*, embarrassed, overwhelmed by her splendour. The Hertford House full-length has the merit, among others, of being unique. There is no other version of it extant. Nothing could be more exquisite than the rendering of the wonderful, silvery, pale rose costume—so beautiful that its elaboration does not appear oppressive; or more discreet than the rendering of the background of foliage, from which emerges a marble group bearing a certain family resemblance to Pigalle's 'L'Amour et l'Amitié,' commissioned of the great sculptor by the tactful Marquise with special reference to the alteration in the character of her relations with Louis XV. The face, however, is not only cold and hard—the Pompadour was by nature both—but vacuous, wanting in individual character, wanting the breath of life.

The four decorative panels, 'The Visit of Venus to Vulcan' (No. 429), 'Cupid a Captive' (No. 432), 'Venus and Mars surprised by Vulcan' (No. 438), and 'The Judgment of Paris' (No. 444), to two of which a passing reference has already been made, look a little garish and overpowering in their dazzle of light colours and mother-of-pearl flesh tints as they hang in company with other eighteenth-century pictures at Hertford House. They would be of the utmost brilliancy and decorative appropriateness in the boudoir for which they were painted, and with the accessories for which they were doubtless calculated. For Boucher's conception of these scenes we can have but an amused contempt. The mythology is in quality hardly even that of the opera or the ballet; it is that of the *coulisses* and the boudoir—and of the boudoir which must have enshrined some royal mistress, dancer, or other fashionable priestess of the blonde goddess whose charms are here so liberally exhibited. These four panels were painted by Boucher in 1754, and were acquired by the Marquis of Hertford at the Prousteau-Montlouis sale in 1851. The two great 'Pastorals' (No. 482 and No. 489), on the Great Staircase, have no doubt represented 'Summer' and 'Autumn' in some decorative *ensemble* of the 'Four Seasons'; but I have been unable as yet to go beyond random conjecture as

regards their *provenance*. Put together with masterly skill, in accordance with the conventional ideal of eighteenth-century decoration established mainly by Boucher himself, they lack charm, being, even for him—and he is a terrible sinner in this respect—unusually vacuous and unconvincing. The shadows have become uncomfortably dark and opaque; the hard, bright colours peculiar to this master appear too trenchant against them.

But now we come to two of Boucher's masterpieces, the famous 'Lever du Soleil' (No. 485) and 'Coucher du Soleil' (No. 486, page 345), originally designed for the *Manufacture Royale des Gobelins*, and destined to be executed in tapestry by Cozette and Audran, but seen by Madame de Pompadour at the Salon of 1753, and by her promptly acquired. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, in "L'Art du Dix-huitième Siècle—Première Série," say of them: "Elles (ces deux pages) sont le plus grand effort du peintre, les deux grandes machines de son œuvre"—going on, however, to express a personal preference for the painter in his more spontaneous, *insouciant*, and unofficial phases. In the catalogue of Madame de Pompadour's paintings and drawings, prepared for the sale of her collection in 1766, the expert writes of these pictures: "J'ai entendu plusieurs fois dire par l'auteur qu'ils étaient du nombre de ceux dont il était le plus satisfait." The two great canvases were then sold for 9,800 *livres*. I will not venture even to guess at the price which they might reach, were they now to be competed for by the millionaire collectors of the new and the old world. Here Boucher is not only a great painter, but, what is rare indeed with him, a poet; for we might truly entitle these two vast decorations—as Titian did some of his mythological scenes—*poésie*, that is, painted poems. The general movement of the composition is in either case magnificent: in the 'Rising of the Sun,' a rhythmic sweep upwards, a superb soaring of the glowing sun-god, following the silvery radiance of the morning star, precursor of full day; in the 'Coucher du Soleil,' a gentle, voluptuous sinking of the beautiful figure, paler already and less glowing, into the arms of the sea-nymphs, who are to bear him for a space into ocean's clear depths. With no very marked or trenchant variation in the colouring of the two pictures, the difference between the growing and the waning light is most exquisitely and poetically marked. The tints are those of the air, the sky, the sea, and like these they have a decorative efficacy with which no artificial, no indoor scheme of illumination, however splendid in sombre richness, can compete. It must be remembered, when we look now at Boucher's masterpieces, that if they had been executed as Gobelins tapestries, they would have been set in the elaborate borders which invariably framed such woven compositions. As the cherished possessions of the Pompadour, they may well have been set off by magnificent carved frames of the type so remarkable for fineness of balance, even in the very exuberance of the *rocaille* decoration, with which the great state saloons of Versailles have familiarised us.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

Czechs Racing at Debreczin.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY ALEXANDER VON WAGNER.

ALBEIT one of his most noteworthy canvases, 'A Roman Chariot Race,' is or was in an English collection, Alexander von Wagner is relatively little known in this country. Born at Pesth in 1838, he in due time entered the studio of Piloty at Munich, and when but 28 years old was appointed Professor. At Piloty's he had as fellow pupil Franz Lenbach, whose psychological portraits of the old Emperor William, of Bismarck, of Liszt, of Richard Wagner, of Gladstone, and of many another prominent personage, are known to all students of nineteenth-century art. Piloty was essentially a historical painter, and Wagner's early efforts were in a similar direction.

After a time, however, he wearied of the atmosphere of the studio, felt an increasing desire, so to say, to open the windows and admit the sunlight, the air, and with them the actualities of his native country. The professional model, the old-time costume, the romance of the past: study of these ceased to inspire him. His aim was to render in picture, not so much the letter as the spirit of picturesque peasant-life among the Czechs of Bohemia. In order to make his foundation sure, he fared from hamlet to hamlet, sketching many a sunlit market-place, surrounded by white-fronted houses, many a peasant's cottage, with ass-drawn water barrel standing outside, many a smithy, above all many of the wide-stretching plains of Hungary, broken only by here and there a line of poplars. Activity is the keynote of Wagner's pictures, and in no direction could he find better scope for his desire to render swift action than in the study of the horses of the Putzta. These spirited animals of the vast plains, in untamed joy, sweep over them at great speed, leaving but a cloud of dust to tell of their passing. The Czechs are noted for the skill with which they lasso and tame these wild horses of the Putzta, many of which come to England when their spirit has been subdued.

In the picture which we reproduce, von Wagner represents a not uncommon incident, and one eagerly looked forward to at Debreczin, save for Pesth the leading city of Hungary. The horse-herders of the vicinity are testing the speed of their animals, and skilled indeed in horsemanship must they be thus to guide unsaddled and still half-wild horses, each intent upon being foremost. The winning post is a somewhat primitive one—a tattered piece of carpeting fixed to a stake; and it is said that the details of costume, the trappings of the horses, the long-thonged whips of the Czechs, and other minutiae, faithfully represent the actual scene. On the slope, in front of the characteristic row of poplars, spectators, whether distinguished as in the centre, or belonging to the peasantry, as those in waggons and carts to the right, are grouped. It is evident that the artist is much concerned alike with the individual expression of the riders and with the difficult pictorial problem of the dust-cloud rising in their wake. His realism stops short at a point, however. Wisely, it may be, he adheres to the traditional representation of the gallop—for as a fact at no instant has the animal its fore and hind legs outstretched as here seen—and has not essayed to substitute the actual movements, as revealed by photography. It is doubtful whether realism will ever find adherents in this domain, for save when the horse has his four legs drawn up beneath his body, the sense of movement at a given moment is but imperfectly conveyed. In our picture, on the other hand, we have the rush, the onward sweep, which is the spirit of the whole thing.

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Czechs Racing at Debreczen.

Fez, the Capital of Morocco.*

WITH DRAWINGS BY GEO. MONTBARD.



From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

TO-day, we have paid a visit to the prison. We traversed two or three obscure passages and entered a sombre yard taking its light from a narrow grating. On presenting a written order from the Pasha, the warder showed us into the cells on the ground floor, where the ragged prisoners, some of them in fetters, appear to bear their sad fate with philosophic calm. They live on donations and what their families and friends bring them. Those who have no one to take interest in them die of starvation, or nearly so, unless they devote themselves to

manufacturing trifles of rush work, such as mats, koufas, baskets, the sale of which brings them in a few coppers to buy a little food.

The lower story is frightful. Under damp vaults, lit by one pale gleam of light filtering through a hole, prisoners

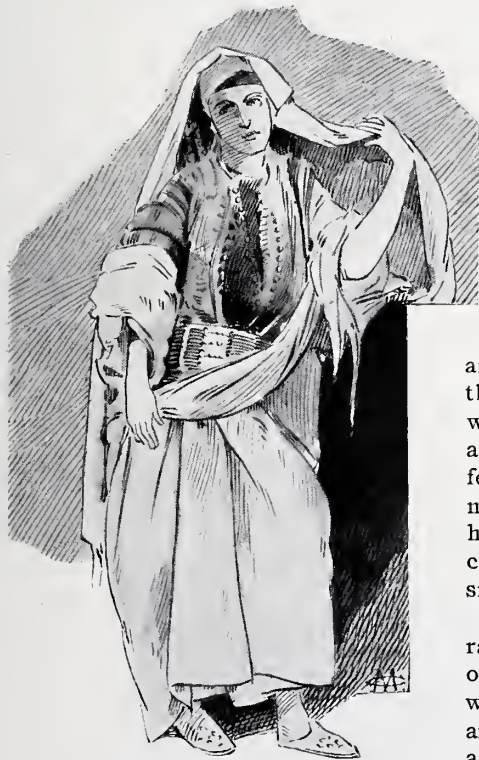
in rags, infested with vermin, are chained to massive square pillars. Iron collars clasp their necks, and rings are riveted round their

ankles, and when these phantoms with livid flesh and emaciated features make a movement, their heavy chains clank with a sinister sound.

From the terrace on the top of the house where our men are lodged, the aspect of the town is quite

fairylike. It is, first of all, a succession of white platforms, an agglomeration of terraces rising in tiers, interpenetrating each other, stretching endlessly blended into the far bluish distance. From the midst of this wide expanse surge the tall towers of mosques, the high crenellated wall of the Kasbah, the formidable enceintes of the town, the Sultan's palace buried in masses of verdure. All around extends an immense circle of mountains, with sharp peaks and steep slopes, at the foot of which you descry remains of ruined constructions, the white specks of khoubas, domes, cupolas of tombs, and further off, far away in the south, the Atlas with its snow.

The terraces are crowded with women, some reclining on carpets, others promenading in groups, a few sitting with dangling feet on the ledge of the walls, chatting with their neighbours on the opposite side of the street. They pass in endless succession from house to house, from terrace to terrace; they throw flying bridges from one side of the street to the other, they escalate roofs, and climb, with a cat-like agility, short ladders placed against low walls. And in this amusing gymnastic,



A Fez Lady at Home.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.



A Soldier of the Makhzen.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

* Continued from p. 269.



A Story-Teller.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

sudden gusts of wind, indiscreet freaks of dress, disclose now and again a fine bosom, a pretty arched foot, or a marvellously shaped leg.

Women are preparing meals on little earthenware ovens, others are washing, spreading out the linen on lines, taking it down, folding it, and occupying themselves with the numerous duties of the household.

Nothing is more interesting, more curiously original, than the sight of these roofs swarming with people, this feminine life manifesting itself without constraint on this multitude of terraces, exuberant with spirit, mirth, and animation.

Most of the women are handsome, with a proud, savage, attractive beauty. Their attitudes are marked with a strange suppleness mixed with a surprising abruptness; and in the feline movements of their poses, astonishingly graceful, there is a suggestion of a voluptuous fatigue.

Some of them, their foreheads entwined with sequins,

their eyes enlarged by antimony, their eyelashes and eyebrows darkened, their brows tattooed with blue, stand erect, motionless, with folded arms, the look fixed and lost in space. Their heads are covered with the glistening hantouze, whose ribbons, spangled with gold, fall on each side of their breasts, like the bandlets of an Egyptian god, and light, gold-embroidered veils float over their shoulders. A wide and stiff belt of gold and silk secures at the waist their kaftan, which, underneath a surplice of transparent gauze, falls down to the knees. And the kaftan's upper edge, braided with gold, opened on the breast, reveals the hem of their linen chemise, whose snowy whiteness strongly contrasts with their dark skin plated with necklaces and jewels. Their wide sleeves, turned up to the shoulders with silken cords, show their fine naked arms, clasped by antique-shaped bracelets, and silver rings tinkle on their delicate ankles. One would think to see them thus rigid in their wild, imperious pose, magnificently attired, they were mysterious idols who had been exposed out of their venerated temples.

Slim maidens with big dark eyes, and a simple silk kerchief attached round their heads, move about with an adder-like flexibility, and their long, loosened tresses flow over their shoulders.

Poor women! poor unconscious creatures! married at fourteen, and for ever afterwards cloistered in these sad dwellings. The sight of the Roumis was something new for those depressed-minded helots, who hardly ever went out, save on the Friday to visit the cemetery, passing their time sleeping, eat-

ing, saturating themselves with tea and peppermint, satisfying the amorous fancies of their lords and masters. It was almost an accident in their monotonous life, a subject of interminable gossip.

Nevertheless it is to this seclusion, joined to the want of fresh air, and to the constant dampness of their habitations, that they owe that dull paleness which so strongly sets forth the already so brilliant lustre of their eyes. At the same time their listless and lazy habits, and the absence of all effort of the brain, convey to their countenance that superb regularity of features, that complete want of expression, which has so much analogy with the somnolent quietude of a lot of beautiful heifers assembled in a cowshed.

We are taking tea with the Spanish Consul in Fez, Si-Omar-Barada, a Moor with whom we had some business transactions. He is going to take us afterwards to call on one of his friends, a rich merchant in the town.

Through a dark labyrinth of narrow, winding streets



Ladies of Fez promenading.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

he leads us into a still narrower passage roofed in at a great height with beams supporting buildings. He opens a low door in a high grey wall, and through a bent corridor we enter the mosaic-paved courtyard of his dwelling, a pretty house with sculptured and painted porticoes.

Slaves bring the samovar; we imbibe endless cups of tea, take leave of our host, cross again the abominable courtyard, and Si-Omar accompanies us to the Kaïd's house.

So we were served by *slaves*, beings who have become mere objects that are bartered away for others when their owners are tired of them; and Morocco is full of these wretched creatures. Slavery is the most horrible of all the festering sores of Morocco. Markets of men and women are held at Fez, Morocco City, Mesquinez, just as we, in Europe, have cattle fairs.

The dealers in "ebony" go in caravans loaded with rock-salt as far as Central Africa, in the basins of the

Niger and Congo, to purchase their human goods, who are usually exchanged for a certain quantity of this substance, which is much appreciated in those regions, where it is extremely rare. Each slave having been placed on a block of salt, the contours of their feet traced thereon, and the pieces having been cut out, they are handed over in exchange for the miserable beings. It is this kind of payment that has given rise to the expression *gemt-el-melha*, equivalent to the salt with which a slave or a freed slave is stigmatised.

The bargain concluded, they are brought back across the Sahara, half-starved, brutally treated, and numbers perish on the road from fatigue, privations or sickness. As soon as the survivors reach Morocco they are fattened up and carefully looked after. Then, when the "black cattle" are in good condition and pleasing to the eye, like a nice prime joint, they are parked

out in a large building and sold by auction.

Just as butchers in certain parts of London stand before their shop-fronts praising their beef and mutton,



A Prisoner in the Prison of Fez.
From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.



Soldiers of the Sultan.

From a drawing by Geo. Montbard.

and solicit customers by their reiterated appeals of "Buy! buy! buy!" or as a horsedealer cries up his nag, so the slavedealer lures on his public by his verbosity, laying stress on the physical qualities, the gentle character of each head of his human herd. Their statements, in exchange for a liberal fee, are confirmed by horse-doctors, or by horrible hags expert in the art of discerning the attractions of those of their own and the advantages of those of the opposite sex.

The purchasers examine teeth and eyes, separate the eyelids, feel the muscles, tap the chest to assure themselves of the strength and health of the proposed merchandise. When they have made their selection, they walk off with their new acquisitions. One takes the father, another the mother, a third the child of the same family, separating these poor souls for ever from one another, as a further blow on the top of their loss of liberty and their sufferings on the frightful journey.

The price varies between £2 10s. and £20, according to the fluctuations of the market. You may get a little nigger boy or girl for the latter sum, but an old negro or negress barely fetches the former.

They are generally treated well, and if they have cause of complaint against their masters, they have the right to ask to be put up again for sale so as to change. By Mohammedan law a child born of a master and his slave is free.

The sun, slowly setting in the immense canopy, bathes with its gold hues the old terrace walls, which take amber tints. The gilded mitres of the hantouzes glisten; the spangled bandlets, the veils interwoven with gold scintillate; the necklaces glimmer, ruddy reflects glide on the proud dark heads, on the bare lovely arms encircled with bracelets; the negresses with inflexible profiles are resplendent like bronze statues, and warm tints run on the loose tresses of the lithe-limbed maidens.

The fiery orb has disappeared behind the highest peaks of the mountains, fringing their rugged crests with a purple thread, and a great blue shadow falls on the terraces, softening the asperities, veiling the hardness of the tones. The dying gleams throw a rosy glaze on the green tiles of the roofs of the mosques; then one last flame illumines the height of the lofty ramparts, crowns the summits of the towers of the minarets, whose gilded balls sparkle; the old worn-out mosaics shine with gentle glares, and in the pale yellow sky, specked with light purple clouds, birds in a triangular array pass flying to the south, and storks soar aloft on the wing.

Then in a great and imposing silence that has suddenly fallen shrill plaintive droning voices are heard, and the solemn prayer is done, bowing the forehead in the dust, by all the world of Islam.

GEO. MONTBARD.

The Christmas Art Annual, 1901.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF B. W. LEADER, R.A.

AMONG living men there is no one who has more worthily and successfully carried on the English Landscape tradition than Mr. Leader. So much has been affirmed by leading writers, and it has seemed to the Editor and Proprietors of THE ART JOURNAL that the present is a fitting opportunity to supply an appreciation of this well-known artist, whose works are a national product, worthy of the country which has produced Constable, Cox and Crome. The writer of the Christmas monograph, Mr. Lewis Lusk, an old Oxford pupil of John Ruskin, and a native of that West Britain which appears so largely in Mr. Leader's pictures, has treated that work in such a spirit of appreciation, rather than in a spirit of analysis. It is not too much to say that Mr. Leader is one of the most truly national painters which

the British Isles have ever produced. The Christmas Art Annual contains over 50 illustrations of his well-known style, exclusive of three large separately printed plates, and all these works have been carefully chosen as most representative of the various phases through which that style has passed. It is not very generally known that the exhibited works of Mr. Leader, though numerous, do not represent more than half his actual product. Many of his choicest paintings pass straight from the easel to the private gallery of the connoisseur, and the public has no opportunity of seeing them at all. It is to offer such an opportunity that the Christmas Art Annual of 1901 has been prepared, and especial facilities for such preparation have been given to the compilers by Mr. Leader himself and by others, notably Messrs. Agnew,

who have long been large appreciators of his work. THE ART JOURNAL may be said to possess exceptional opportunities of obtaining reproduction of objects usually withheld from public inspection, and these opportunities have been used in the forthcoming Annual, many of whose illustrations will be quite new even to those who have followed

Mr. Leader's exhibited work with care.

The letterpress has been prepared so as to explain and enhance the beauties of the illustrations as much as possible. The art training of the writer has proceeded for many years under various masters, and his object here has been to convey in prose something of the peculiar atmosphere which is conveyed in Mr. Leader's pictures. He considers that such a method, however imperfectly carried out, is the fit one for the present occasion, and essentially consistent with the first ideal of criticism set up by John Ruskin, namely, to call attention to certain beauties which may easily escape general observation. The fine picture of 'Tintern Abbey' has been reproduced in a certain coloured tone, chosen after much experiment as the best fitted to render the poetic moonlight effect of the original. The Christmas Art Annual, both in form and matter, should prove a valuable addition to the libraries of all true lovers of the best expression of British Art, that broad and strong treatment of our insular landscape which has had so great an influence upon the art of the Continent.



On the Stour.
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

in the interior of the new premises commemorates the birth, on the 23rd April, 1775, of J. M. W. Turner, R.A., and although it was in Maiden Lane, which runs parallel to Henrietta Street, that the great artist was born, it is supposed that the Society determined this position as being the nearest approach to the historic spot after the demo-

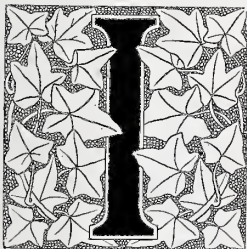
lition of the original house: or that it is identical in position with Turner's first studio in Hand Court, which adjoined the Maiden Lane house. In Sandby's "History of The Royal Academy," published in 1862, the demolition of this house is recorded.

An interesting note in Part I. of THE ART JOURNAL, which appeared on the 15th February, 1839, says, "Turner as he grows older grows more fantastical: although he may astonish us more, he gratifies us less." A paragraph in 1845, when Turner was nominated as President of the Royal Academy, expressed what must have been the contemporary opinion regarding such an appointment. Turner lacked the essential natural qualities for such a high social position, and it was no disparagement of the painter's genius when the editor wrote: "We shall be agreeably disappointed if we find there is even one of the Presidential duties to which Mr. Turner is as adequate as the retiring President. He has one qualification which, in England, outbids the best: Mammon is ever lord of the ascendant in this country—and Mr. Turner is prodigiously rich." The election of officers was subsequently recorded in these pages without comment. Sir Martin Archer Shee was unanimously re-elected President.

The first engraving in THE ART JOURNAL, after Turner, was Willmore's interpretation of 'Venice—the Dogana,' from the Vernon House Gallery, which appeared in 1849. Many of Turner's pictures were reproduced by other eminent line engravers in the series called The Turner Gallery, commenced in 1860 with 'Dido building Carthage.' Some seventy or more have appeared from time to time, and it seems fitting that the publishing house of THE ART JOURNAL should now be so near to the actual birth-place of the artist whose work was so much appreciated in our volumes.

Henrietta Street, originally planned in 1637, was named after Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I. Covent Garden is a corruption of Convent Garden, by which name it was known in the thirteenth century, when it was used, or is supposed to have been used, by the Abbots of Westminster as a burial-ground. From this gruesome use it was gradually altered to one entirely opposite. It became the recognised neighbourhood for gaiety. Theatrical, literary, and artistic inhabitants of Bohemian tendencies took residence in the district, and many men and women famous in the annals of the Arts have lived in the vicinity of the market.

Turner and "The Art Journal."



From a drawing by
Miss J. B. Bowness.

VY LANE is no longer the scene of the monthly distribution of THE ART JOURNAL. For the greater part of the nineteenth century, Number 26 was associated with the name of VIRTUE, the Publishers, under whose direction for nearly the whole of its existence THE ART JOURNAL has regularly appeared. Messrs. Virtue, of course, continue to be the Proprietors and Publishers, but henceforth this Journal will

be issued from No. 13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, it having been deemed expedient to remove the publishing offices from the City.

Curiously enough, a tablet placed by the Society of Arts

Passing Events.



From a drawing by T. Runciman.

THE Art dealers in Berlin have shown a singular lack of ability in choosing representative artistic work of what is usually called the advanced kind, suitable to the appreciation of the German public. Spasmodic attempts have been made to show some of the best work of schools foreign to Germany, especially the English: on one occasion a number of fine sketches by Constable were gathered together. Herr Casper, of Behren-

strasse, for the last few years has been gradually making his way by showing really good work from other countries, and his small exhibition, at present open, comprises a very interesting collection of such pictures. Besides Corot, Segantini, and Liebermann, there are some fine specimens of Constable, together with paintings by the younger men of England and Scotland, including Mr. Bertram Priestman, Mr. Lavery and Mr. D. Y. Cameron.

THE celebration of the Millenary of King Alfred started with an inspection of Saxon relics at the British Museum, where for some time previously an interesting collection had been exhibited. The proceedings at Winchester concern us specially only with respect to the unveiling of the statue. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., prepared a monument in conception and execution worthy of his ability. It is appropriate that this sculptor should have been chosen to design the memorial, because a short while ago he had an opportunity to depict another of England's greatest rulers, Oliver Cromwell, whose statue now reposes in the garden of Westminster Hall, where the Lord Protector was acclaimed after the deposition of King Charles I.

THE notice recently issued by the Board of Education giving the list of Candidates to whom Exhibitions and Scholarships have been awarded during 1901, is not a flattering document to the Londoner. All the Royal Exhibitions were awarded to provincial students, and out of twenty Local Scholarships one district alone in London can claim a successful student.

TO the making of Exhibitions there is no end. In Cork, next year, one of the features of the Exhibition will be a Loan Collection of Pictures to illustrate the work of Irish artists. Ireland has a right to be recognised as a country in which many distinguished artists have been born, although their art has not been influenced particularly by their nationality. At random we recall the names of one President of the Royal Academy—Sir Martin Shee; also D. Maclise, R.A.; F. Danby, A.R.A.; Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.; G. W. Joy; and, if we may include caricaturists, Harry Furniss.

Recent Art Publications.

SELDOM has a reprint been so justifiable as in the case of the much-discussed, but little-known, publication "THE GERM," which, under the guidance of Mr. William Rossetti, one of the two survivors of the Pre-Raphaelite group of 1850, has been issued by Mr. Elliot Stock. Everyone knows that this serial—which only lasted four monthly numbers, two as "The Germ," and two as "Art and Poetry"—was the most pregnant outward and visible sign of the formation of the Brotherhood. Its influence was strong, and it is felt even to this day, so that to possess the faithful facsimile now printed gives a measure of knowledge very useful and acceptable.

The fourth volume of the quarto illustrated publication on "DUTCH PAINTERS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY" (Sampson Low) treats of Matthew Maris—who has lived in London for many years—Theophile de Bock, Mdme. Mesdag, Van Essen, and others, to the number of twelve in all. These volumes being originally prepared in Holland, are thoroughly representative of the modern Dutch painters, and the illustrations are fairly well chosen, although almost always from collections in the Netherlands, whereas it is common knowledge that the finest examples of these masters are held in Britain. It is also out of place that in the prospectus of the publication reference should be made to a recently established gallery in London, as if Dutch art was newly introduced into London. The many modern Dutch exhibitions in Bond Street and elsewhere during the past twenty years seem to be unknown to the editor, but ought not to have been ignored by the English translator.

The Knackfuss edition of biographies of Old Masters, which has already secured a high place in popular favour, has been augmented by Mr. E. Steinmann's essay on "BOTTICELLI," translated by Mr. Campbell Dodgson (Grevel). Although necessarily far from complete, this tells in brief space and with ample illustrations the story of the artist's life.

Mr. Marillier's life of "D. G. ROSSETTI" (Bell) has been so deservedly successful that a second edition of it has already been prepared. This is a little smaller than the first publication, but the many illustrations in greater part re-appear, and the work is one to be well commended.—Messrs. Chapman and Hall issue a second edition of Mr. C. G. Harper's "HANDBOOK OF DRAWING FOR MODERN METHODS OF REPRODUCTION." The author discourses with full practical knowledge on paper, pens, inks, and manner of using them in the preparation of illustrations for the press.

The first volume of Mr. D. H. S. Cranage's important publication, "AN ARCHITECTURAL ACCOUNT OF THE CHURCHES OF SHROPSHIRE" (Hobson, Wellington) has been completed by the issue of Part 5, on the Hundreds of Purslow and Clun. It is eight years since the work was begun, and the author and assistants have been engaged upon it nearly all the time. It is a task of magnitude well accomplished in its first stage.

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The Listening Girl.
By George.



The Schoolmistress.
By Jean-Honoré Fragonard (p. 358).

The Wallace Collection.*

THE FRENCH PICTURES.—III.

BY CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

JEAN-Marc Nattier is once more the most fashionable of painters. His pictures in recent sales have taken the lead of even the Watteaus and the Bouchers, and a genuinely decorative Nattier is a most precious possession, which the millionaire collectors are pretty certain to fight over. The reason is not far to seek. The decorative aspect, the superficial charm, a certain vacuous air of distinction, which are his most salient characteristics, these are qualities which the majority may, without any great tax on connoisseurship, without any special fineness of artistic sympathy, appreciate at their full worth. Nattier was in the unfailing capacity, up to a certain point, which he displayed, and also in the monotony and the out-and-out *banalité* of his accomplished art, the Carolus-Duran of his period; and like the success of this fashionable portrait-painter of yesterday and to-day, his success was immediate and in every way fruitful. There was this difference, among others, between the two popular masters. Nattier portrayed the Court and the great ladies, fair and frail, who occupied positions, avowed or partly accepted, in and near it. There certainly was the "great air" in these presentments of his, as in the originals; and thus Nattier vindicated his right to be the painter-in-ordinary of a period in which pronounced individuality was left to the *bourgeoisie*, the

world of art and letters, the stage. M. Carolus-Duran has, no doubt, painted here and there a true *grande dame*; but he has, for all the splendour of his well-nourished brush, managed, more often than not, to lend to her the aspect, if not all the piquant charm, of quite another world. *He* is the painter-in-ordinary to the *haute finance*, and, above all, to the *nouveaux riches* of the two hemispheres.

The thoroughly commonplace, superficial character of Nattier's art, and at the same time its undeniable effectiveness as a crowning element in a scheme of decoration, cannot be better shown than in the room which within the last two years has been most charmingly arranged by M. de Nolhac on the ground floor of the Palace of Versailles. Here the portraits, in all sorts of brilliant costumes, of *Mesdames*, *Filles du Roi*—that is of the many daughters of Louis XV.—dazzle, or perhaps, we had better say amuse, the eye, and give momentary pleasure which, however, goes on diminishing, instead of increasing, as we gaze. One skilful arrangement, one superb costume follows the other; yet the spirit is unutterably wearied by the repetition of soulless countenances, totally lacking in any kind of individuality, and attractive only in the freshness and healthful vigour of youth, the white and red of irreproachably rounded cheeks, and the sparkle of bright, inexpressive eyes. Nattier has succeeded much better

* Continued from page 346.

in his more than once repeated portrait-fantasy, 'Le Point du Jour' (Portrait of Mademoiselle de Nesle, afterwards Duchesse de Châteauroux), of which a full-length version exists in the Museum of Marseilles, and a three-quarter length, unless my memory plays me false, in the collection of Mr. Lionel Phillips. There is undoubtedly something superb and defiant in the attitude, and, indeed, in the whole conception of this beautiful woman, who was for a time to reign supreme in the affections of Louis XV., and to play the part assumed later on with more *finesse* and a stronger, subtler grip, but with less of that authority given by great birth and "the great air," by the Marquise de Pompadour.

Like other portraitists of beautiful, rich, or high-born dames, so much in request that they must necessarily lose zest for a task too often performed to remain a grateful one, Nattier, on occasion, rose to a far higher level when he depicted men of note, than when

he repeated, *ad nauseam*, his favourite type of fashionable loveliness. The French school of the eighteenth century can show few more magnificent works than the full-length 'Portrait of Maurice de Saxe' in the Dresden Gallery. Very fine and distinguished, though less strong in characterisation, is the 'Buffon,' which was in the Retrospective Collection of the City of Paris at the Universal Exhibition of 1900.

On a lower level, again, is the empty, yet undeniably effective *portrait d'apparat* hitherto known as the 'Duc de Penthièvre,' but which I have deemed it more prudent for the moment to catalogue at Hertford House as 'A Prince of the House of France' (No. 414). A life-size full-length, by Nattier, identical in design and in the colour-scheme with this picture, is in the collection of Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, where it bears the same name—that of the son of the Comte de Toulouse, and grandson of Louis XIV. Lady Dilke, in



The Bath (Fanciful Portrait of Mademoiselle de Clermont).
By Jean-Marc Nattier (p. 355).

her "French Painters of the Eighteenth Century," was the first to cast doubt on the correctness of the attribution. She based her attack on the very embarrassing fact that Mr. Bischoffsheim's picture bore the signature of the artist, with the date 1732, at which time the Duc de Penthièvre was but seven years old; whereas this round-faced, high-bred, and slightly foolish personage appears to be between twenty-five and thirty. I prefer to leave this question open for the moment; and it is, indeed, not of such capital importance that we need hazard any unsupported guesses in connection with it. There is a tradition that Nattier's son-in-law, Louis Tocqué, collaborated in the execution of these pictures. If this be so—and they hardly contain inherent proof of the assertion—Tocqué's share may well have been limited to the elaborate costume and accessories, seeing that the modelling and general treatment of the face are assuredly Nattier's own.

The little three-quarter length, 'Marie Leczinska, Queen of France' (No. 437), if it is not in itself of any great importance or value, serves to remind the student of French portraiture of this epoch of one of Nattier's masterpieces. It has generally been assumed that the first original of this little piece in the Wallace Collection, which may possibly have been produced for the engraver, is the much-admired life-size full-length at Versailles—the one which shows the long-suffering consort of Louis XV. in the same sumptuous red velvet dress bordered with brown fur. An infinitely finer version, not a full-length, but, like this little picture, a three-quarter length, is, however, that in the Museum of Dijon. This last is undoubtedly the original of J. Tardieu's famous engraving, and one of the finest performances of Nattier. As a composition the portrait is singularly successful, and successful, too, without apparent effort. The homely, shrewd features, the sympathetic personality of the royal lady, have not been more accurately or more attractively rendered, save in La Tour's wonderful pastel in the Louvre. In these portraits Nattier was relieved of the obligation to produce a faultless court beauty *quand même*. He painted Marie Leczinska with the

same gravity and dignity, with the same effort to get at the higher truth, and to keep it without undue varnish, that is apparent in his finer portraits of men; and the result, especially in the real original of Dijon, is a masterpiece of its time and its kind.

The two half-lengths at Hertford House, 'Portrait of a Lady in Blue' (No. 453) and 'Portrait of the Comtesse de Dillières' (No. 461), are faultless examples of Nattier in his courtly and vacuous phase—pretty, distinguished, even brilliant, if we admit Nattier's conventional flesh-painting, but distressingly empty! This is the fashionable Nattier, the one who just now reigns supreme in the auction-room.

'The Bath (fanciful portrait of Mademoiselle de Clermont)' No. 456 (p. 354) had, up to the opening of the Wallace Collection, been called by every name but its own right one; it had passed as 'Madame Victoire as a Vestal' and as 'The Duchesse de Châteauroux.' It appeared to me open to no kind of doubt that here we had the picture which had appeared at the Salon of 1742, under the following title: 'Mademoiselle de Clermont, Princesse du Sang, Surintendante de la Maison de la Reine, représentée en Sultane sortant du Bain, servie par les Esclaves.' If any further proof were required to establish the identity of



The Fountain of Love ("La Fontaine d'Amour").
By Jean-Honoré Fragonard (p. 358).

the picture with the one here described, it would be afforded by that very similar canvas from the same hand, 'Mademoiselle de Clermont aux Eaux Minérales de Chantilly,' which is now in the Musée Condé at Chantilly. The two paintings are absolutely of the same hopelessly uninteresting, semi-allegorical class, and beyond question they present the same person. The most curious point in the whole business is that this princess of the Royal House of France was actually dead at the moment when Nattier thus presented her in a state of semi-nudity, which only the painter's emptiness and lack of all power to individualize save from being *inconvenant*. He had, however, made this sort of masquerading—or should one not rather say the contrary of masquerading?—the fashion in the highest quarters, and especially in the Royal House of France; so that

a display of charms even as liberal as this here had in it nothing surprising or unusual.

Though, as regards the technical quality of his art, he issues from Boucher, Fragonard is in essentials more nearly akin to the painters of *Fêtes Galantes*, and in rank higher than any of them, except Watteau. I must again let the Goncourts speak here, since it is not well possible to improve upon the golden truths with which they initiate the word-poem, in the shape of a criticism, which they dedicate to the sparkling, impetuous master whose pages so irresistibly paint the audacities and the follies of youthful love:—"Les poètes manquent au siècle dernier. Je ne dis pas les rimeurs, les versificateurs, les aligneurs de mots; je dis les poètes. La poésie à prendre l'expression dans la vérité et la hauteur de son sens, la poésie qui est la création par l'image, une élévation ou un enchantement d'imagination, l'apport d'un idéal de rêverie ou de sourire à la pensée humaine, la poésie qui emporte et balance au-dessus de terre l'âme d'un temps et l'esprit d'un peuple, la France du XVIII^e siècle ne l'a pas connue; et ses deux seuls poètes ont été deux peintres, Watteau et Fragonard."*

Poets undoubtedly, both of them! But how different! We have seen Watteau in his dreamland of shadowy dalliance, touched with melancholy, of sprightliness arrested by misgiving, of youth and beauty upon which night is fast closing in. Fragonard is of earth, if you will. But there is in all that he does a flame of joyous ardour and passion, which burns clean and purges of offence even the most daring of those adorable *polissonneries* at the naughtiness of which the prudish still gasp in vain protestation. We may on occasion turn in aversion from some frigid and vulgar *inconvenance* by Boucher, or his relative and pupil Baudouin; but the more daring disregard of the conventional decencies of which Fragonard is often guilty, obtains the pardon which we cannot help according to the spoilt child, loving and loved. It cannot, without hypocrisy, be asserted that 'Le Verrou,' 'Les Hazards heureux de l'Escarpolette,' 'L'Heure du Berger' or 'La Chemise Enlevée,' are wholly void of offence. Yet how frank and ingenuous, how full of the buoyancy of youth, of that passion in which there is as yet no poison and no languor, are these pages of "the art of love," if we compare them with what the nineteenth century has done in the same restricted field! Let those who figuratively lift their garments with a virtuous disdain when the love-poems in paint of a Fragonard are mentioned, remember the lurid visions of despair which the creative power of a Felicien Rops, contemplating the secret lusts of mankind, has in this last century of ours evoked; or the strange inventions of an Aubrey Beardsley, warped and twisted into forms of nameless horror in the stifling fumes with which his genius deliberately enveloped itself! The right parallel for the art of Fragonard is not so much the literature of his own time—the prose of Laclous or Crébillon fils, the verse of Parny or Piron—as that of Rome in the great days of the expiring Republic and the still youthful Empire. We do not think of putting on the fire our Catullus, our Tibullus, our Propertius, our Ovid; nor will we our delightful, fresh and bracing Fragonard, let the contemners of the man and the century protest ever so hotly. I am sorely tempted to quote in this connection the famous retort of Célémène to the over-censorious prude Arsinoë, in the "Misanthrope"; but I prefer out

of civility to leave those who know their Molière to find the right place for themselves.

We need not follow "Frago" here in his excursions into high art, such as his diploma picture, which now hangs so high in the Louvre, 'Le grand-prêtre Corésus se sacrifie pour sauver Callirhoé'; or that strange, turgid composition, bordering with dangerous closeness on the ridiculous, 'Au Génie de Franklin (*Eripuit coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis*)'. The poet of light and youthful love could not use his wings in such regions as these. Probably the earliest Fragonard in the Wallace Collection is the delightful little landscape which has hitherto been catalogued as 'The Gardens at Fontainebleau' (No. 379). This is, however, very nearly identical in design with an etching made by Fragonard's friend, the Abbé de Saint-Non, from one of the painter's Italian drawings, and afterwards published by the former with a whole series of similar studies—this particular one being entitled 'Le Petit Parc.' It doubtless represents the garden of a stately Roman villa, and most probably that of the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, where "Frago" resided for a whole summer with the art-loving Abbé. The landscape shows in a high degree the influence of our master's companion and friend in art, Hubert Robert, the pupil of Pannini. But see the difference that the one touch of the enchanter's wand makes even in so simple a scene as this! Where Hubert Robert is merely correct, stately, admirable in dignity and decorative skill, Fragonard gives the atmosphere, the nameless something with which we envelop the thing passionately admired, and so re-create it through the passion of our delight.

The famous 'Chiffre d'Amour' (No. 382), page 7, has been unduly decried by the Goncourts. It is assuredly not weak nor re-painted, but only executed in that relatively smooth and *lêché* style in which the artist is less easily recognisable than in the freer and broader fantasies of the brush which are so pre-eminently characteristic of his art and himself. Here "Frago" is in a reposeful, and, for him, contemplative mood. The design of the little piece is so admirable in its easy breadth and flow, that it would, without diminution of charm, bear realisation on a much larger scale. 'Le Chiffre d'Amour' has been engraved by N. de Launay. It came from the Collection of the Duc de Morny. A relatively early work is the famous—as some would say, the notorious—'Hazards heureux de l'Escarpolette' (No. 430) opposite, ordered of the painter under special conditions, as to which the reader, curious in such matters, may obtain information from the well-known biography written by Baron Roger de Portalis. The picture dates from 1766, and is thus some six years earlier than the not less celebrated decorative canvases of Grasse, formerly in the Villa Malvilain there, but now in the rich collection of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The colouring is somewhat cold in its lightness and brilliancy, the atmosphere, in its pellucid, blue-green clearness, rather that of fairyland than of life. But what a wind of joy, of youth, of roguish knavery is breathed through the whole! With how charming a fancifulness has the painter touched the twisted boughs—his favourite boughs—the foliage, the blossoms, the warning Love, half hidden in the shadow. And how exquisitely well the personages are set in the dazzling *décor*; how irresistibly contagious is the swiftness of their movement, their gaiety, their passion! 'The Swing'—to use the English title of the picture—has been engraved by N. de Launay. It comes from the collections of Baron de Saint-Julien and the Duc de Morny. There is a very

* Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. *L'Art du XVIII^eme Siècle*: Fragonard.



The Swing ("Les Hasards heureux de l'Escarpolette").
By Jean-Honoré Fragonard (p. 356).

good repetition in the collection of Baron Edmund de Rothschild, at Paris.

Quite another phase of Fragonard's talent, so entirely personal, yet so representative of the eighteenth century, is shown in the charming little piece 'La Maitresse d'École' (No. 404), p. 353. Here the colouring is a little hot and "foxy," but the brush works with delightful ease and breadth, and the composition is made to settle itself into lines as easy, natural, and appropriate, as they are well balanced. We have here one of those half-humorous, half-pathetic scenes of humble *bourgeois* life in which the eighteenth century delighted. It is not treated with the solid simplicity or the unambitious pathos of a Chardin, or with the self-conscious sentimentality of a Greuze. It is all Frago's own, and it has his adorable roguishness and with it his warmth of human sympathy. It is not this picture, but a slightly varied and equally original version, which was engraved by N. de Launay under the title 'Dites donc, s'il vous plaît.' I have it from Lady Dilke, who saw the latter canvas some years ago, that it is rather larger than the Hertford House example, and differs from it in some minor particulars. This, in the Wallace Collection, came from the Perrégaux Collection in 1841. There are some curious analogies between the 'Maitresse d'École' and Sir Joshua Reynolds's 'Infant Academy,' though it is improbable that either of these great painters was acquainted with his contemporary's work.

I cannot claim any particular credit for having restored to Fragonard the two exquisite *Dessus de Porte* 'Amours Joueurs' (No. 483) and 'Amours Endormis' (No. 488), which at Hertford House used to bear the name of Boucher, seeing that Fragonard's biographers have, all of them, duly catalogued them as his. The analogies which they bear to the work of Boucher, who undoubtedly inspired them, are to be noted under exceptionally favourable circumstances in the Grand Staircase at Hertford House, where they hang with the great 'Lever du Soleil' and 'Coucher du Soleil,' and the remarkable Le Moines already mentioned (p. 342). There is an added subtlety and vibration, a certain iridescence of colour, in the Fragonards, a more defined squareness in the type of the heads, a more human warmth and tenderness.

The 'Study of a Young Girl' (No. 455), so broadly and simply realised, so sympathetic in the unaffected truth of the rendering, contrasts instructively with the similar studies by Greuze hard by. Fragonard has known how to set his figure in its own proper atmosphere, and to make it live. Greuze's work, for all its *ad captandum* fascination, looks like painted porcelain in comparison. An exceptional *tour de force*, and one accomplished with a marvellous felicity, is the life-size study, 'L'Enfant Blond' (No. 412). This had hitherto in the Wallace Collection been known as 'Le Jeune Ecolier'; but the name was obviously a misfit. Nothing could well be less like a boy going to school—or even running away from school—than this spoilt darling with *blonde cendré* hair, cheeks of milk and roses, and a dress of white and blue that sets off his beauty to perfection. No books encumber the little hands completely wrapped in the blouse, and invisible, though they hold up roses. Wonderful technical skill, wonderful intuition are displayed in the way in which the daringly light and bright key is sustained with perfect balance, and without one false or jarring note. The only dark spots in the whole picture are made by the deep pupils of the light blue eyes. The impressionists and *plein-airistes*, who bow down before Manet, Claude Monet,

and Renoir, express unbounded admiration for this unique 'Enfant Blond'; and their enthusiasm is assuredly justifiable.

The celebrated 'Fontaine d'Amour' (No. 394) p. 355, is an unusually dark and an unusually serious Fragonard; his passion here loses its lightness, its *insouciance*, and is coloured by a greater intensity, by something of misgiving, and even of tragedy. No greater contrast to the serene beauty, the youthful freshness, the muted tenderness of Watteau's 'La Fontaine,' hard by, could well be imagined. In a grove sombre with deep-toned foliage and overhung with dark cloud, the Fountain of Love—sparkling only at the edges, which sharply break up its surfaces of dull steel—is guarded by a swarm of attentive Cupids. To drink of its waters, little caring whether they soothe and heal, or stir the hot blood into frenzy, a pair of lovers rush forward with a headlong vehemence which sees and knows but its own goal. It is the lava stream of passion let loose to burn and destroy. To drink of the dark waters, whose sweetness is fire and poison, they press on like eager athletes in a race—all true community of love lost in the fierceness of the effort. And these malicious Cupids, so eager now to serve and to encourage, will, when it is too late, be the very ones to admonish and to flout. It is then that the hapless pair will know—in the words of the old song—love's pleasures short, love's torture lasting long as life itself.

It has been said already that this is not Fragonard's usual butterfly love of a day, bright and ephemeral as a fire of straw. He has surely meant to suggest in this sombre little picture-poem of his, the phase of passion which Alfred de Musset painted so incomparably in words more than half a century later on:—"Un mal le plus cruel de tous, car c'est un mal sans espérance; le plus terrible, car c'est un mal qui se chérit lui-même et repousse la coupe salutaire jusque dans la main de l'amitié; un mal qui fait pâlir les lèvres sous des poisons plus doux que l'ambroisie, et qui fond en une pluie de larmes le cœur le plus dur, comme la perle de Cléopâtre; un mal que tous les aromates, toute la science humaine ne sauraient soulager, et qui se nourrit du vent qui passe, du parfum d'une rose fanée, du refrain d'une chanson, et qui puise l'éternel aliment de ses souffrances dans tout ce qui l'entoure, comme une abeille son miel dans tous les buissons d'un jardin." Strange that the gay, the irresistible "Frago" should be the one to strike this deep, ominous note in the brightest time of the eighteenth century. Not again will it be heard until we reach the romantic period; and then it will not be allegories of fierce, restless love, but the tragic destinies of individual lovers that will attract the painters.

To pass straight from Fragonard to Greuze without being unjust to the latter is difficult. It is not to receive the salutary shock of bracing cold after warmth and sunshine; or, as Diderot would have maintained, of sad, sober morality after the gay disregard of it. It is to pass from truth, passion, and love of the world as it is, to sickly sentimentality, subtle provocation lurking beneath seeming naïveté and innocence, and artificiality posing as Nature. There are to be noted three chief phases in the talent of Greuze. He is the sentimental moralist, starting not from a study of humanity as it is, but from a *parti pris* of his own—or rather, perhaps, of the men of letters of his time. He is the erotic sentimentalist, outwardly decent in his reticence, yet in suggestion infinitely more insidious than a Boucher, a Baudouin, or a Fragonard, since he lacks their open-air



The Broken Mirror (" Le Miroir Cassé," or " Le Malheur imprévu ").
By Jean-Baptiste Greuze (p. 360).

frankness, their humour. Finally he is the portraitist, modest, charming and distinguished in his rendering of women, simple and even severe to the point of hardness in his rendering of men.

It was as a sentimental moralist of the brush that his great fame was won at a bound, with such pictures as 'La Lecture de la Bible,' 'L'Accordée de Village,' 'La Malédiction Paternelle' and 'Le Fils Puni.' It is the first of these that caused Diderot to exclaim in all the naïveté of a new-born enthusiasm, when he wrote of the Salon of 1755, "Voici votre maître et le mien . . . le premier parmi nous qui se soit avisé de donner des mœurs à l'art." "Mais quelles mœurs!" might well exclaim those who remember the "snake in the grass" lurking in his alluring portrayals of innocence unable to take care of itself. This is not the stern, wholesome moralising of a Hogarth, who lays on the lash without mercy, pitying, it may be, yet abating nothing of his cruel flagellation; it is the outcome of the *sensiblerie*, the sentimentality worn as a becoming garment, which is so peculiar to the eighteenth century. It is to be found in a loftier phase in the greatest literature of the moment, in the works of Diderot himself, and pre-eminently in those of Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Here, in the painted work of Greuze, we have the sentimentality in the snivelling stage. It protests too much, and there is in it too little of real sympathy, of real comprehension. Greuze is playing "grand premier prix de vertu" for the gallery, and Diderot too hastily accords to him the laurels—almost the halo. And then from the technical standpoint it is impossible to enjoy these once-famous pieces, so cold is the colour, so black are the shadows, so defective and dramatically inexpressive is the general arrangement, so limited the power to realise tragic gesture, or the soul as it burns through the human physiognomy in culminating moments of emotion.

Greuze's great glory with the connoisseur and amateur of yesterday—and, in a less degree, of to-day—is his vast gallery of young women in the bloom of womanhood, but more especially of young girls and children. Even here he is but rarely a true colourist, if we compare him to a Watteau, a Lancret, a Pater, a Boucher, or a Fragonard. His tints are at the best cold and porcelain-like in their prettiness; the sense of atmosphere is absent. Watteau and Fragonard above all—to say nothing of the others—know how to let light play round their figures, and over the planes and surfaces of the flesh, thus giving to them life, truth, and a *milieu* of their own. But Greuze has, it must be owned, certain very striking qualities of his own, and to express for these celebrated studies of girlhood and womanhood, by which he even to-day maintains his place as a popular painter, too exaggerated a disdain, would be to yield to an instinct rather than to a conviction. He has an admirable way of stating his subject, of composing his single figure in such fashion that it stamps itself in the memory of the beholder, and becomes an image not easy to get rid of. The brush is wielded with more energy and decision—especially in the broadly disposed and broadly painted draperies—than the casual observer at first imagines. There is undoubted *espièglerie*, undoubted attractiveness of a kind in these things, though it is anything but the fresh unsullied charm that the admirers of "Les mœurs dans l'art" may have chosen to discover in them. The typical instance, though not by any means the best picture, is the 'Cruche Cassée' of the Louvre; and with it, as regards the mode of presentment and the quality of the suggestiveness, may be classed many things in the Wallace Collection,

such as 'L'Offrande à l'Amour' (opposite), 'Innocence' (p. 1), 'A Girl with Doves,' 'Fidelity,' and 'Ariadne.' What Greuze gives here with a rare subtlety, with a suggestiveness the more unpleasant because it is so decently veiled, is the unripeness of sweet youth, that has not in it the elements of resistance to temptation; the stimulating delicacy of the immature yet lovely fruit, which, alas! in its very unripeness, that bears the taint already, will fall from the bough at the first touch of the bold robber of orchards.

In the category of portraits are some exquisite things which might quite as well be placed in the class which we have just been discussing. Among these should be cited the discreetly fascinating 'Madame de Porcin' in the too little visited museum at Angers, the diaphanous 'Madame du Barry' in the collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, and the voluptuous 'Mlle. Sophie Arnould,' in the Wallace Collection. Among the portraits of men, none is more typical of the austere side which so seldom peeps out in the art of Greuze than the portrait of the master himself in the Louvre. He appears here grave, almost grim, in all the bitter disenchantment that came into his life of brilliant popular success, when the French Academy, estimating at its true value his historical picture, 'The Emperor Severus reproaching Caracalla,' consented to accept him, but only as a "peintre de genre." And yet Watteau and Lancret had been content to be received as "peintres de fêtes galantes"!

No public or private gallery can vie with the Wallace Collection in the number, or, on the whole, in the quality of its Greuzes. True, the Louvre is more representative, since it contains a number of the sentimental moralities discussed above, and with them, among other things, the famous pieces now hung as pendants, 'La Cruche Cassée' and 'La Laitière.' It is permissible, moreover, to prefer to anything at Hertford House the exquisitely graceful and tender 'Le Baiser Jeté' in the collection of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild, a Greuze which even those to whom the master's art is most antipathetic can hardly resist; or the beautiful 'Laitière,' with its unusually frank harmony of brilliant white and scarlet, with an unobtrusive touch of amber. The 'Girl with a Dead Canary,' in the National Gallery of Scotland, and the 'Madame de Porcin' of Angers would also have their partisans.

Still the supremacy of Hertford House in this respect will not be seriously attacked. Fortunately the moralities on a large scale are conspicuous by their absence. The same vein of sentimentality wholly superficial, and leaving the beholder as unmoved as was the painter, is apparent in the little genre piece 'La Piété Filiale' (No. 454), which is as icy cold in colour as in feeling. Another and a more celebrated piece of the same kind is 'Le Miroir Cassé' (otherwise 'Le Malheur Imprévu'), No. 442, p. 359, pretty enough in arrangement, and presented in the same light, clear tonality, but hard, and lacking that radiance from within which marks the true colourist. 'L'Offrande à l'Amour' (No. 441) opposite, which was in the Salon of 1769, under the title 'Jeune fille qui fait sa prière au pied de l'autel de l'Amour,' is one of the most famous canvases of the artist. The figure of the disconsolate damsel, who, kneeling on the altar steps, implores some boon of the cruel, fickle god, is, indeed, attractive enough to those who can accept the Greuze ideal. The Goncourts see in the dedication of the engraving to a Princess Pignatelli a decently veiled allusion to Greuze's beautiful love idyll at Rome, in the early days, with a young Roman lady of high rank.



The Votive Offering to Cupid ("L'Offrande à l'Amour").
By Jean-Baptiste Greuze (p. 360).



The Reading Lesson.
By Nicolas-Bernard Lépicicé (p. 362).

Strange that the man who could feel and evoke a love so ardent and so painful, who could nevertheless remain firm in a self-denial so admirable, so nearly heroic—strange that such a man should in his art have been unable to send forth through the thick crust of false sentiment a single flame of honest, straightforward passion! But how can we accept with equanimity—to say nothing of admiration—these porcelain-like blues and whites, these dark, toneless shadows, this freezing coldness, this opacity, when hard by, in the same little gallery, hang the 'Toilette' of Watteau, the 'Hazards heureux de l'Escarpolette' of Fragonard, the dazzling decorations of Boucher? One of the most charming things in this group of Greuze is 'Innocence' (No. 384), p. 1, the girl with a lamb, who, in her seductive composure, vindicates the title of the picture just a little, but only a little, better than that disquieting little lady, too full of possibilities, in the 'Cruche Cassée.' Of the finest quality, too, as a Greuze, is the 'Girl with Doves' (No. 428). I have hazarded the surmise that this is the 'Innocence tenant deux Pigeons,' which was exhibited at the Salon of 'An VIII' (1800). If so, Greuze must have had the picture for many years in his studio, since it belongs to his best time. First rate, too, as regards technical quality—that is to say, again, if we accept for the moment the Greuze characteristics—are 'A Bacchante' (No. 407),

'Ariadne' (No. 421), and 'Fidelity' (No. 398); but the two last especially are disfigured by outrageous excess in false sentiment, and by this lurking suggestiveness too, which makes one long for something more frank and outspoken. But, perhaps, the two most charming things among the Greuzes of this type are 'Espèglerie' (No. 396), and the delightful 'Listening Girl' (No. 402), frontispiece. Let us strive to be just to the once so over-rated and now so often under-rated painter. These are veritable inventions; they are Greuze's own, and they are something added to art. Here, moreover, there is some of the true charm and ingenuous freshness of girlhood, and the master for once does not absolutely compel us to think of defenceless beauty that must become the prey of corroding desire. The fascination of the 'Portrait of Mrs. Sophie Arnould' is undeniable, though a more expressive and concentrated design might be desired, and a stronger power of individualization. We hardly realise from the picture the famous singer and actress of the French opera, whose great fame is as a biting wit and an enthusiastic votress of the Love Goddess. The 'Boy with a Dog,' pretty and engaging in its crude freshness of colour, and the true naïveté of its expression, well enough illustrates this category of Greuze's art. It cannot, all the same, compare on equal terms with the irresistible 'Portrait of a Little Girl,' which was lent by Mr. Leopold de Rothschild to the "Fair Women" Exhibition at the Grafton Gallery some few years ago. Two studies, 'Girl in a Blue Dress' (No. 425), and 'Girl in a White Dress' (No. 427), though they do not commend themselves to the Greuze-wor-

shipper, have an unusual frankness and breadth; they are manifestly studies taken direct from life, and the painter has not yet bereft them of their naturalness. A little-noticed 'Portrait of a Lady' (No. 413) has a quiet distinction, a "sweet reasonableness," that makes it stand out in strong contrast to the calculated exquisiteness of the show pieces. The gravity is the same as in the male portraits; but the feminine charm is retained. What with the National Gallery, the National Gallery of Scotland, and the collections of the Rothschild family, the Earl of Dudley, Mr. Beit, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. H. L. Bischoffsheim, and others, Great Britain is still over-richly endowed with the works of this artist, from whom the truest lovers of art of to-day recoil with a curious kind of aversion, yet whom in fairness they cannot wholly deny.

Nicolas-Bernard Lépicicé, a painter of the eighteenth century who is very rare in England, is represented by two of the most charming oil paintings on a scale little exceeding that of the miniature. These are 'A Mother feeding her Child' (No. 464), p. 363, and 'The Reading Lesson' (No. 466), p. 362. Lépicicé, the pupil of Carle van Loo, but the son of Bernard Lépicicé and Elizabeth Marlié, both of them engravers, paints here with an incisiveness of touch that almost suggests the burin. His representation of humble *bourgeois* life, if it has not the pathos,

the atmosphere of poetry and aloofness, of a Chardin, or the gaiety and passionate warmth of a Fragonard, is not disfigured by any *brevura* display of the affections, *à la* Greuze. It is marked by a touching *intimité* and simplicity which have their own attractiveness.

Louis-Léopold Boilly, since he lived on into the [year 1845, may be counted as of the eighteenth or the nineteenth century, as we please. He has illustrated both periods by delightfully characteristic work; getting the individuality of the people and the manners that he so sympathetically watched with greater accuracy than many a painter of higher skill and greater fame—more accurately even than the great draughtsmen of this epoch, who, like the painters, sacrificed—and not without justification—a good deal to supreme *chic*, elegance, and that generalisation which throughout the eighteenth century in France sought in the individual above all the type. Boilly is seen to the greatest advantage in the Museum at Lille, which contains a remarkable collection of his works; but he can also be studied in the Louvre, in the collection of Sir John Murray Scott at Paris, and in those of many Parisian amateurs. All his works at Hertford House belong to the last quarter of the eighteenth century—a point which the singularly faithful Louis-Seize costumes conclusively prove. Coming straight from the great painters of the century, one cannot help finding his execution too polished, too laboured; his colour too hard and opaque, too little vibrant in its uniform clearness, his handling too uniform. The charm is chiefly in what he represents, and the way he represents. Boilly, too, is a sentimentalist. But, then, what he gives with so quiet and moving a charm is not so much a conventional product—highly spiced so as to draw the easy tears of the many—as the real sentimentality, the real *espièglerie*, the real gaiety of his own time. His pictures of this period are documentary evidence of eighteenth-century sensibility. To analyse these here in detail is hardly necessary. 'The Dead Mouse' (No. 435) shows a pretty boy turning in horror to his mother as a man protrudes a dead mouse through a window. 'The Visit' (No. 473) has as its chief motive the welcome arrival in the study of her lover of a most charming young Parisienne, of the period approaching that of the Revolution, wearing a *toilette de ville* which is a model of simple elegance and completeness. Somehow she seems to bring, not visually only, an atmosphere of lightness and brightness into the room where she is so ardently desired.



Mother feeding her Child.
By Nicolas-Bernard Lépicic (p. 362).

In 'The Sorrows of Love' (No. 479)—as for want of a better name the picture has been styled—sentimentality is at its highest, and we are brought into an atmosphere like that of Richardson's novels, or that later monument of sensibility, the 'Nouvelle Héloïse.'

As I interpret the picture, some youthful heroine of a domestic drama has just received back from her lover her own portrait; and as she sees it—the symbol of a *rupture en règle*—she falls into a paroxysm of grief, by no means without self-consciousness in its grace, and is in the most orthodox fashion consoled by a sympathetic friend. Somehow one is made to feel that the despair of this charming person will not be deep enough to mar her beauty; that soon, wreathed smiles replacing these becoming tears, the portrait will find a resting-place on the walls and under the eyes of a lover less cruel, or, it may be, more credulous.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

(To be continued.)



Photo, Hanfstaengl.

Distant view of Neuschwanstein.

Neuschwanstein.

IN the Bavarian Highlands—that wonderland of beauty and romance, where the spirit of the Sagas still lives—stands the noble Castle of Neuschwanstein. Crowning a great detached rock which rises precipitously a thousand feet out of the valley, and surrounded by endless mountains and forests, it is an ideal spot for such a palace of Art. It was built by that poet-dreamer, the ill-fated King Ludwig II., who was so completely under the spell of mediæval romance, more especially of those Sagas immortalized by his great friend Richard Wagner.

As a boy he had spent much of his time in that bewitching land, and had early formed an idea of some day building such a palace, where he could live in solitude, surrounded by the dream-spirits he loved so well. Neuschwanstein was the realisation of this long-cherished dream. Here at last he would surely find peace and would escape the haunting melancholy which threatened to overcome him.

A more romantic spot could hardly be found. The present castle is built on the foundations of one which belonged to the Knights of the Schwangau in the Middle Ages. It is separated from the high Halksteinberg by a deep ravine, down which roars and rushes the river Pöllat, hurrying, after its fall of over two hundred feet, down to the valley below, where lie the little village of Hohen Schwangau and the quiet waters of the lake.

Unlike the other residences of King Ludwig, this castle is distinctly German; it is an imposing structure of marble in the Romanesque

style. It is difficult to convey an adequate impression of its grandeur as seen from the valley below, and words fail altogether to describe the magnificence of its interior, where every room is a feast of



Photo, Hanfstaengl.

Courtyard in the King's Palace, Neuschwanstein.



The Castle, Neuschwanstein.
From a drawing by James Douglas.

art and beauty. Of the royal apartments, the Bed-chamber of the King is perhaps the most perfect. The



Photo, Hanfstaengl.

The Circular Silver Cabinet,
Palace of Neuschwanstein.

great feature of it is the beautiful Gothic woodwork; panels, doors, pillars, ceiling, all are elegant in the extreme, whilst the great bedstead, with its wonderful canopy of lace-like tracery, is a miracle of the wood-carver's art. Above the panelling on the walls, the love story of Tristan and Isolde is pictured in a series of paintings by August Spiess. At the head of the bed is a fine Madonna in copper, and near by stands a small altar of enamel and gold used daily by the King. The coverlet and hangings are of the richest silk—blue heavily wrought with gold, and all the toilet accessories are of metal, richly gilt, with a beautiful silver swan as ewer. Adjoining the Bedroom is the Oratory, with a fine altarpiece by Professor Hauschild, and also a very beautifully carved ivory crucifix.

The corridors throughout the castle are very noble, with stately pillars, beautiful paintings, alcoves like miniature chapels dimly lit through stained glass. The emblematic swan is over all—swans in silver, swans in gold, and swans in priceless porcelain.

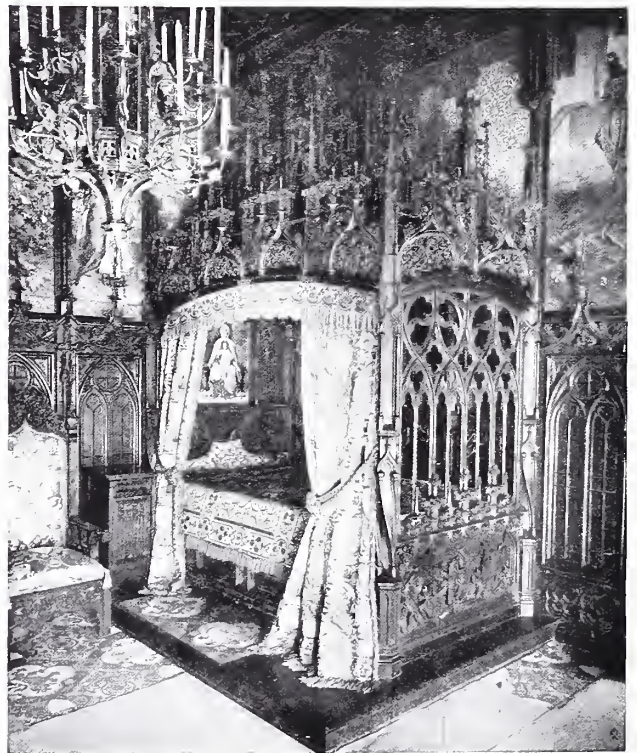
The decorations in the Business-room are by the historical painter Aigner, and the scenes are chiefly taken from the story of Tannhauser. The appointments of this room are exceptionally luxurious. Velvet and silk of moss green lavishly overlaid with gold, form the draperies. On the writing table all the appurtenances are of gilt, richly wrought and set with precious stones. A balcony off this room has been converted into a winter garden, which has a wonderfully realistic grotto, with a waterfall on to which coloured lights play. At a touch the rock-walls open, and we get a glimpse of the "Wohnzimmer," shimmering in palest blue, and silver, and gold. This is a "Lohengrin" room—on one wall is the 'Wonder of the Holy Grail,' opposite is 'Lohengrin arriving at Antwerp,' there is 'Lohengrin leaving the

Mountain of the Holy Grail,' and others too numerous to mention, too beautiful to criticise. The frieze is an arrangement of swans alternated with shields bearing the various coats of arms of the chief personages concerned in the story of "Lohengrin."

The Dining-room is decorated entirely with tapestry paintings of the 'Sänger Krieg,' by Ferdinand Piloty; in contrast to the Wohnzimmer, it is rich and warm and sombre, with stained-glass lights showing the arms of the royal house of Bavaria.

On entering the Throne-room one is most strongly impressed by the solemn, almost religious, character of its decorations. The paintings are nearly all illustrative of the sacredness of Kingship—the Divine Right of Kings. In the throne niche is Christ enthroned as "King of Kings," underneath are the Six Sainted Kings of Europe; at the other end are the Three Kings following the Star of Bethlehem; on one side of the room are portraits of the Lawgivers both of Christian and heathen times, and on the other are scenes from the lives of princes and potentates who waged war against heathendom. They are all after designs by Professor Hauschild, and are on a gold ground. The room is sixty feet long, and Byzantine in style. Down either side are noble pillars of porphyry, supporting an open gallery; above, there are other pillars of lapis-lazuli, on which rests a smaller rounded gallery. The ceiling represents the heavens, with sun, moon, and stars; while the floor, with its animals in marble mosaic, represents the earth.

But if the Throne-room is solemn, the Minstrel Hall is a very "Walhalla." How can any words give even a faint idea of its princely splendour! It is much larger even than the Throne-room and literally glitters with rainbow lights—by day from beautiful stained-glass windows—by night from nearly 1,000 candles set in



Photo, Hanfstaengl. The Royal Bedroom, Palace of Neuschwanstein.

lustres which sparkle with crystals and precious stones. There the pictures are also on a ground of gold and

are the work of various artists, including Piloty and Spiess; the subjects are all taken from the days of minstrelsy and knighthood. At one end of the Hall and forming a background to the stage is an arcadian landscape by the painter Thaler. Down one side runs the Tribunes gallery, resting on pillars with richly carved capitals. This room was the King's "Lie-



Photo, Hanfstaengl.

The King's Palace, Neuschwanstein.

blingstraum," and he often used to have it fully lighted, so that he might revel in its enchanting beauty. There is something full of pathos in the picture of the lonely, morbid man pacing up and down this glittering hall, which seems only for song and laughter, a very palace of delight.

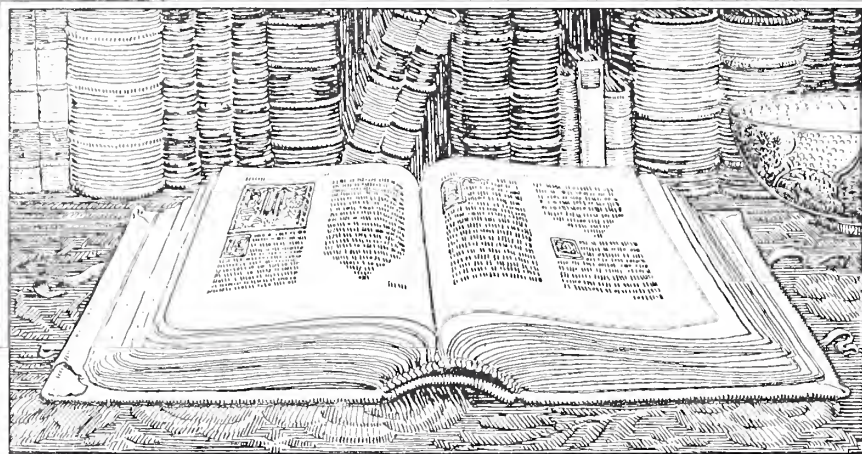
ANNA

DOUGLAS.



Photo, Hanfstaengl.

The Minstrel Hall, Palace of Neuschwanstein.



To My Old Book

Thou liest on shelf midst orderly array,
So old, so brown, above all dear to me,
Who but thy lover & possessor may
Behold the wealth that in thy heart must be,
Long time I sought thee, joyful one day found,
Clasped to my breast upon our homeward way,
Thick-letter printing, in thick leather bound,
I loved thee, bought thee, and with me thou'lt stay,
As day by day I sit among my books,
My thoughts, O dear old friend, turn oft to thee,
No hour is long, the clock wins not my looks,
While thou art there, while I have eyes to see,
As close thou art embraced, thy pages turned,
Thy words of wisdom on my heart are burned.

Ethel Cassels Gillespie 1901

Ready for Work.

BY JOHN SARGEANT NOBLE, R.B.A.

EVER since the days when we first possessed painters of our own, animal-painting has always been a very popular branch of pictorial art in England. The love of animals is one of the most distinguishing features of the English character, and it is only natural that this affection should have produced a constant demand for representations of them in paint. Next to portraits of himself and his family, the Briton has continually demanded of Art likenesses of his horse and his dog. In the reign of Henry VIII. both the king and his subjects were devoted to the sport of falconry, and in many of the portraits of the Tudor period the sitter is represented with his favourite hawk or falcon on his wrist. As far back as the time of Charles I. the English squire went fox-hunting, and tradition tells of a pack of hounds in full cry, followed by an eager party of sportsmen, dashing helter-skelter across one of the battle-fields of the Civil War while the fight was at its fiercest. Not long after this racing began; and ever since those days, both horse and hound, and other animals, wild and domestic, have been the frequent theme of the artist.

Until quite recent times it was the sportsman alone who employed the painter in this way; and he did not ask for art, but merely a faithful record of his favourite animals, and a truthful rendering of his out-door sports and pastimes. The early paintings of famous racehorses and prize cattle are more in the nature of animal-maps or charts than real pictures. George Morland was probably the first who painted old horses, donkeys, or pigs, for the beauty which his artistic sense discovered in these dumb beasts, rather than at the bidding of some noble owner. George Stubbs, too, broke away now and then from the racing-stable and stud-farm, and indulged himself in an occasional lion or tiger; but it was not until the beginning of the present century that British artists began to study animals in the true spirit of Art, and in so doing they soon gained a wider patronage; so that to-day we can number among our finest painters not a few whose whole time is devoted to the delineation of animal life.

The late Mr. John Sargeant Noble was one of the ablest of the English animal-painters of the second half of the nineteenth century. The picture reproduced here, called 'Ready for Work,' one of his most characteristic canvases, represents four otter-hounds, the one in front lying down with its head on its fore-paws, and the others grouped in the doorway of their kennel in a stone-paved yard. Above them hang the huntsman's whip and red coat. They are waiting patiently but expectantly for the moment when they will be taken down to the river. The picture is painted very simply and directly, and with a sound knowledge of the dog and his ways. The rough texture of their white and black-and-tan coats is skilfully done. In this composition the artist has carried on the traditions first formulated by Morland, and followed by Ward, Landseer, Herring, Cooper, and the more modern men, such as Mr. Briton Rivière, and many another well-known name; and he has combined with a strictly truthful rendering of the outward appearance of the animals, such as an Englishman still demands, a real insight into the nature of the dog, set forth with the sympathy and feeling of the real artist, and so producing a true work of art.

Mr. Noble was a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, and his work has been seen constantly on the walls of the Royal Academy and elsewhere. Between 1866 and 1893 he exhibited 142 pictures at the Royal Academy and in Suffolk Street. In the Exhibition of Works by English Animal-Painters, held in the Birmingham Art Gallery in 1892, he was represented by 'The Village Smithy,' 'Resting,' and 'In Durance Vile,' in addition to 'Ready for Work.'



Painted by John F. Noble.

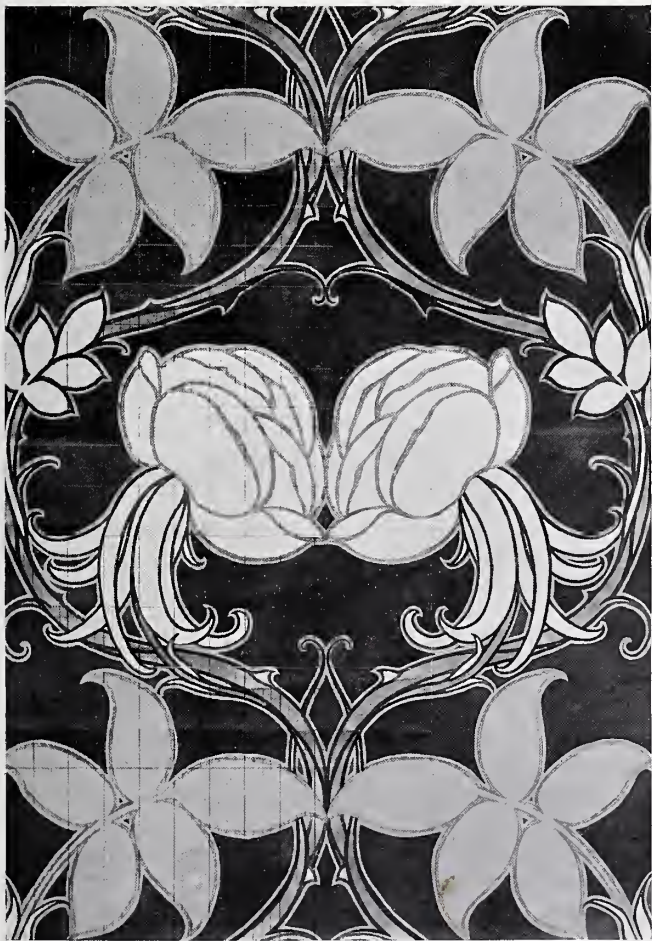
Ready for Work.
from the Picture in the Art Gallery of the Corporation of Birmingham.

An Artist in Floral Design.

THE hopeful thing about the ornament of the century upon which we have just entered, is, not the wildly whirling line so characteristic of modern straining after originality, but the direct reference of design to nature; and not that alone, but the treatment of natural forms in a way, if not of the artist's own, belonging to the new era.

Love of nature is a ground on which artist and Philistine meet on something like equal footing. The Philistine is content with nature, or, in default of that, with ever so literal a transcript of it. The artist knows that, for his purpose, it must suffer treatment, dictated indeed by the conditions of the case, by the purpose of his design, the material in which and the means by which it is to be wrought, but, for all that, none the less (all the more, it may be) peculiar to the man himself.

"Conventional" is a word not now in favour; but the old-fashioned term expresses, perhaps better than any which has been invented to supply its place, that decorative treatment which removes ornament, even the most directly inspired by natural form, from its prototype. The disfavour with which the very idea of convention is in some quarters regarded must be accounted



No. 1.—"Tudor" design by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Executed in Tapestry by Messrs. David Barbour and Co.



No. 2.—Frieze by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Messrs. Essex and Co.

for by the bad habit, prevailing still among designers, of accepting ready-made the conventions of other men and men of other days—conventions which, apart from the dulness of all such cut-and-dried expression, are no longer in tune with the times. The only convention under which an artist can work and yet be himself, is the convention of his own making. It is never perhaps all his own. He is influenced, if he has studied the art he professes, by old work, and, if he mixes with the world, by what is going on about him—we are all more interdependent than we sometimes realise—but, even so, an artist of any originality sees both nature and art with his own eyes; he treats the raw material of his design according to his individual temperament, and makes in the end his own convention.

This tendency towards a new convention is very strikingly shown in the best of the work done of late years in schools of art all over the country. In that case it is not yet quite the student's own—there is no reason why it should be, none why he should not work awhile in the manner of his master, until the time comes when, in the natural growth of things, his budding individuality unfolds itself. But the fact that in so many schools, lying so far apart, students are designing ornament which, if not altogether personal to them, is not according to any outworn formula, but on the contrary distinguished by a treatment one can only describe as modern, is at once an evidence that the Department of Science and Art, which we were never tired of abusing, was not without effect upon the design of the country, though the incoming Administration may reap (as a new Government is wont to reap) the praise it did not sow.

It was in the National Competition at Kensington some years ago that Mr. Lindsay P. Butterfield, whose designs for surface decoration are the subject of this article, first attracted notice, no less by the fresh use he made of natural forms in ornament than by the beautiful precision of his line—qualities which have not failed him since he has been engaged in designing for trade purposes; for he is one of those much-maligned "designers" who, we are told on purely sentimental authority, ought to be merely craftsmen, working out their imaginations not on paper but upon the wall or at the loom or printing table.



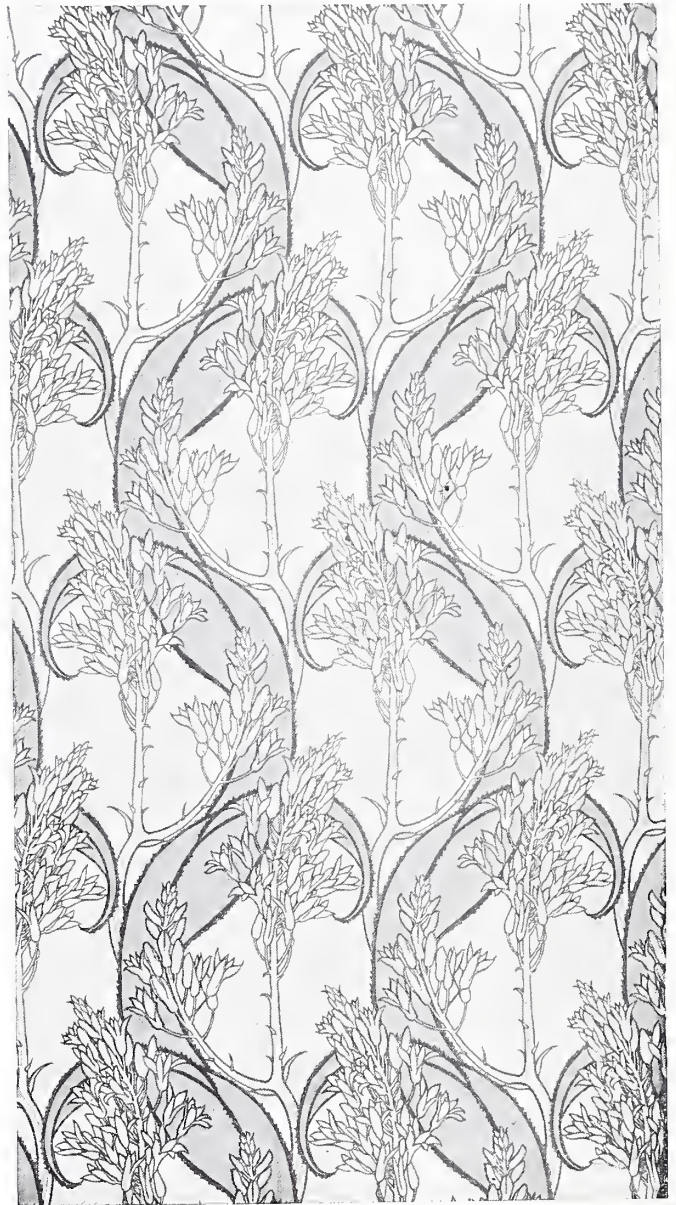
No. 3.—Design for Wall-paper by Lindsay P. Butterfield,
Executed by Messrs. Essex and Co.

Design is not so common a thing that we could afford to waste men like Mr. Butterfield upon work which a (relatively speaking) mechanical hand can do to perfection. He might have made very likely an excellent



No. 4.—"Squill" design by Lindsay P. Butterfield,
Executed in Tapestry by Messrs. Alexander Morton and Co.

printer, had he been led into a path infinitely easier to tread than the way of his choice; following the natural course of his talent, he proves to be a designer not only of ability, but of distinct individuality. There is to be found in his work, indeed, that air of modernity above referred to; but he is not modern in precisely the way of everyone about him. A man's originality is the outcome of his temperament, but of his temperament as influenced by circumstance, by his studies, by the accidents of his career, and so forth. Mr. Butterfield is



No. 5.—"Aloe" design for Cretonne by Lindsay P. Butterfield,
Produced by Messrs. Liberty and Co.

possibly more indebted to old work than one might infer from his art, or than he is perhaps himself aware. He shows, for example, a sense of construction, which is clearly the result of patient retrospective study; he follows sometimes lines which are time-honoured—witness his Pomegranate design (No. 12). He owes something too (as who does not?) to William Morris (see his Rose design, No. 6), but, though he may have been influenced, as a man must be—and, for that matter, should be—by the foremost pattern-designer of his day, he has accepted no

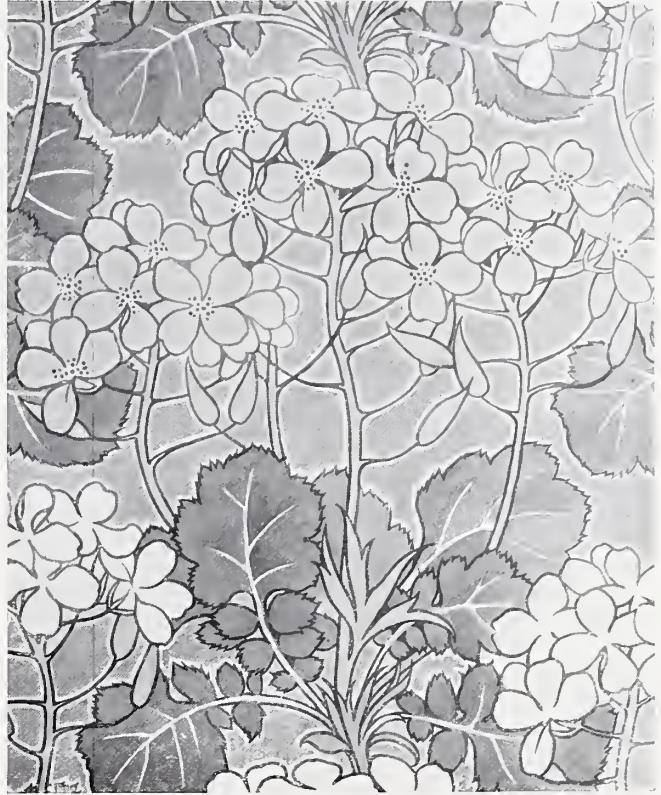
authority but that of his own artistic conscience; and this has led him in a direction often more deliberately natural than Morris chose, at the same time that he expresses himself by means of a line firmer and more precise.

It is not yet the time to assign to Mr. Butterfield, who is quite a young man, the place he will take among pattern-designers of his day. Some of them may be, in their way, his masters; but it is only fair to say that, in one particular, he need fear no comparison



No. 6.—Rose-pattern design by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Executed in Tapestry by Messrs. David Barbour and Co.

with his contemporaries. Nowhere do we find a more direct and affectionate reference to natural form, and by preference to beautiful forms in nature; nowhere do we find such forms rendered in lines surer or more sympathetic. He does not, on the one hand, shock the simple lover of flower forms, nor, on the other, offend against the laws which (resent them as we may) govern, and will continue to govern, design applied to manufacture. Mr. Butterfield is not so foolish as to resent them; he does not seem to find them in his way; and the result is that his designs strike one at a glance as



No. 7.—"Potentilla" design for Cretonne by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Produced by Messrs. Liberty and Co.

fit for reproduction; they could obviously be put into the hands of the man who is to cut the cards for weaving, or engage the roller for printing, without more ado; and it would not be the artist's fault if the workman went wrong.



No. 8.—"Tutson" design by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Executed in Tapestry by Messrs. David Barbour and Co.



No. 9.—Studies in treatment by Lindsay P. Butterfield.

Mr. Butterfield's convention consists in rendering flowers and their foliage in line, or in silhouette which amounts to the same thing. He thinks out his design, he says, in line, leaving the colour for after-consideration; but there is no sign in the finished work of its being an afterthought: probably the colour scheme is all the while at the back of his mind, without his clearly knowing it.

The studies (Nos. 9 and 10) on this page show, perhaps, more plainly in their isolation than the more elaborate designs, the way the artist treats his flowers. It is as if he drew them straight from nature, treating them, as he did so, with regard to the way the forms would have eventually to be expressed, in separate tints more or less flat. The work of the Japanese gives us also very often just that impression—it is so evidently taken from nature, and at the same time so deliberately simplified with a view to technique. But there is nothing would-be-Japanese about these English plants; they are home-grown, though a breath of Japanese influence may have touched them. The veining of the flowers, it will be observed in illustrations 4 and 10, is not strictly natural: it is something of a compromise between the colour and the relief of the flower. What seem at first like veins merely, help in reality to express the modelling of the petals. So the simplified veining of the leaves of the violet which forms our tailpiece is cunningly designed to express the shape of the leaf. That is convention—the convention to which an artist resorts afresh each time a new problem of design presents itself to him.

The source of all coherent ornament is nature. Ornament, even the most abstract, seems, at its best, to grow;



No. 10.—Studies in Treatment by Lindsay P. Butterfield.

and the growth in it is reminiscent of plant life. But there are two quite opposite starting points, from either of which the designer may arrive at what is called conventional floral form. He may start with the idea of ornament; and, as the pattern grows under his hand, it may assume more and more the likeness to natural form; it may so obviously approach, without his having thought of it, some particular thing in nature, that he goes on deliberately to make it still more like, as true to nature as he can make it without being false to the ornamental purpose with which he set out. On the other hand he may start with the foregone idea of making some particular natural form into ornament; and may, by degrees, so abso-



No. 11.—"Floribel" design for wall-paper by Lindsay P. Butterfield. Executed by Messrs. Essex and Co

lutely reduce it to subjection that it is in the end with difficulty to be traced to its origin. One may start, that is to say, either with the notion of designing conventional ornament, or with the idea of conventionalising a plant.

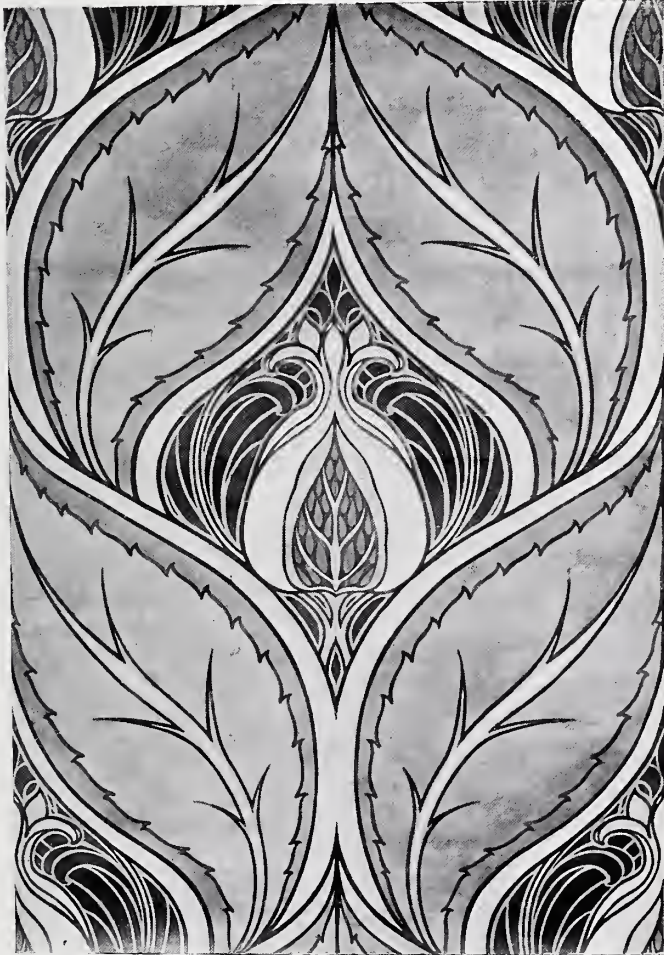
Mr. Butterfield, to judge from his work, sets out by preference to conventionalise a chosen plant, only compelling it, though with as little violence to its natural habit as may be, into the way of ornament—more or less. In designs such as the Squill (No. 4), and the Aloe (No. 5), the conflicting claims of nature and of art are adjusted to a nicety. In the Pomegranate (No. 12), the artist seems for once to have started on the lines of ornament, and arrived eventually at the very abstract form of fruit

after which the pattern is named. In the *Potentilla* (No. 7), and other such designs, he may be said to have based his ornament, not so much upon some species of plant, as upon a particular specimen of it. At times he goes rather nearer to actual nature than commends itself to us in the unit of a repeat; but the artist is bound by his own conscience, not ours; and whatever latitude in the direction of naturalism Mr. Butterfield may allow himself, it is apparent always that the consideration of ornament is paramount with him. His naturalism is in any case the naturalism of an ornamentist, who subjects nature always to treatment, reserving only to himself the right of determining the particular treatment which befits his purpose.

It is the more necessary to refer to this treatment, because the advocates of nature have too often, from Ruskin downwards, forgotten to insist upon this point, which is so vital to design. They may not have said in so many words that nature is enough, but they have so persistently urged the claims of nature, and only nature's claims, that there is perhaps some excuse for the error of their disciples if they imagine to themselves that they can do without more art than comes to them



No. 13.—"Berry" design for Wall-paper by Lindsay P. Butterfield
Executed by Messrs. Essex and Co.



No. 12.—"Pomegranate" design for tapestry by Lindsay P. Butterfield.
Produced by Messrs. Maple and Co.

by instinct. The instinct must be there, if they are ever to design; but it is of little or no avail without most serious attention to points upon which nature throws but little light, points illuminated only by reflection from the past and by the experience which comes of indefatigable daily work. The merest beginner may intuitively happen upon a pleasing design. It is not by any such chance, but only by hard study, as well as absolute devotion to an artistic ideal, that a man arrives at the workmanlike accomplishment shown in our illustrations; and it is not too much to predict that their author has better still to do than he has given us as yet.

LEWIS F. DAY.



Elton Ware.

CLEVEDON Court, the home of Elton Ware, is one of the oldest houses in England. Such dwellings are of peculiar interest, now that the crowding in cities and the hurry of life have introduced buildings without style, taste or real comfort. Clevedon Court, with its massive walls and its vast hall, has all the dignity of bygone days. It is widely known from photographs. It dates from about 1350. The hall was probably in remote times open to the sky, and the fire which burned in the centre no doubt sent its smoke curling up to the four winds of heaven, an uncomfortable scheme of ventilation. The hall has now a ceiling, and many changes have taken place, which perhaps have added to its comfort and taken from its early beauty.

Those were rude times in the fourteenth century, when a man's house was necessarily his stronghold; but the sense of strength and continuance with which such houses impress us is full of poetic charm. These silent witnesses of generations of lives such as we cannot quite realise, must "give us pause."

Custom wears down our imagination and our emotions, and the owners of beautiful dwellings often have far less appreciation of their surroundings than their casual visitors; often too they have no artistic taste or sympathy. This is happily not the case at Clevedon Court; Sir Edmund Elton not only delights in art, but has great artistic power himself, as is evidenced by the Elton Pottery, which he originated and still works at.

His father, Sir Edmund W. Elton, was an artist by profession, and passed many years of his life in Italy.

It is delightful to hear Sir Edmund Elton talk of his attempts as a potter. He was always much interested in art, in artistic industries, and in all that the fertile brain and skilled hand could do. In December, 1879, Sir Edmund happened to walk to the brick kilns near his home and stood watching the men at work. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to try and make a clay mosaic for church walls, to be coloured, glazed and fixed with cement. He ordered up some clay to his house and set to work. This was the beginning of his life as a potter. He tried casting a large slab, cutting it up, glazing it with a brush and firing it: this was a failure. Like Palissy he liked to find out everything for himself. In these early days of his work he never visited any large potteries or tried to train himself in the usual way. He was enthusiastic, which is truly the great point in work, and he was never vanquished by failures. His slip kiln, drying arrangement, wheel, studio, etc., were constructed from his own drawings without skilled labour. One

after another he built up and pulled down his kilns, tried different colours, different glazes, undaunted by his want of success. At one time he employed a man to help him, but soon gave him up; and this experiment convinced Sir Edmund Elton more than ever that he must himself master all the details of his profession if he hoped for success. It was very clearly in his mind at this time that as the Pre-Raphaelites had discarded modern teaching in painting and all modern schools, he might do the same in pottery; and perhaps it was this fixed notion which resulted in the Elton Ware being so good in colour and so different in design from other ware.

About a month after Sir Edmund first started his work he erected a potter's wheel from his own drawings, and began to practise "throwing." He used to progress



Sir Edmund Elton and George Masters at work.

very slowly at first, but suddenly he "threw" with ease, and made several good specimens, which he glazed and fired successfully. We can well imagine the interest and delight of such work, when there had been no ordinary training, and all depended on personal intelligence and effort.

The history of Sir Edmund's difficulties and triumphs is a long one. Had he been contented with mediocre results, he might not have had such hard struggles; but he was ever striving to improve. He took into his pottery work a boy who was in the garden, and this boy, George Masters, is now Sir Edmund's right hand in everything. His interest in the work was intense from the first, he has a strong feeling for art industry, and so thoroughly enters into Sir Edmund's methods, that the latter says often, that without George Masters he would be inclined to give up Elton ware. One of the accompanying illustrations shows Sir Edmund Elton and George Masters at work in the studio. The colour of the Elton Ware is un-



Elton Ware—Deep-red Pitchers, designs in relief

questionably fine. The deep, rich reds, and the lapis-lazuli blues cannot be surpassed for tone and depth of colour. There are lovely shades of blended greens and blues in the work.

To anyone working as Sir Edmund does, on his own system and independently of mechanical and reliable methods, the unexpected is always happening; and perhaps this is a great attraction to an artistic mind. He delights in experimenting in the colour resulting from greater or less temperature, and is so daring that he has



Elton Ware—Blended Blue and Green Vases.

had to go through a great deal of bitter disappointment; but his work has met with true appreciation from men of taste and talent, and it has secured a market in the world. Even as recently as last year, Sir Edmund met with a trying failure. Some work specially preparing for the Paris Exhibition became, through accident, unfit to exhibit, and the few examples he sent only won for him a bronze medal, which was somewhat exasperating, as he had already received six gold medals and one silver medal at previous International Exhibitions!

Talking to Sir Edmund about the body used for his pottery, we asked if it was a secret, and he laughed and replied that potters were as notorious for being liars as fishermen, that the clay at Clevedon was formed of the alluvial deposit on the moors, originally the silt from the Bristol Channel, but to produce the colouring he desired he was constantly mixing in other material.

There are endless devices for turning out pottery



Elton Ware—Pots in Lapis-Lazuli Blue

quickly and cheaply, but the work is artistically inferior when these devices are made use of.

The accompanying illustrations will give some idea of Elton Ware, but unluckily cannot show its great beauty of colour.

One of them shows some very recent work done at Clevedon Court. It is open, being blue outside, and showing red or white inside. It requires much ingenuity to produce this ware. Almost all the decoration in relief on the jars and pots is Sir Edmund's own work. He has very strong feeling for form and colour, but perhaps he is strongest as a colourist. He has produced some beautiful forms, but now and then tends a little too much towards the quaint.

We fear to weary readers by describing anew the process of making pots—it is so well known, so often seen. Yet it seems to us that it is particularly interesting to understand and to watch the making of Elton Ware,



Elton Ware—Open-work Pottery.

carried out by a man with true artistic feeling, carried out without any new-fangled appliances, but with all the earnestness and simplicity arising from intelligent effort and indefatigable love of the art; and we can only advise people to go and see the pottery works in this lovely, old-world place, Clevedon Court.

CHARLES QUENTIN.



Elton Ware—Deep Blue, ornamentation in lighter shade.

Books on Decorative Art.

"PLANT AND FLORAL STUDIES," by W. G. Paulson Townsend (Truslove). So long as designers seek inspiration from natural forms, and natural forms happen not always to be there for reference, they will turn with hopeful anticipations to collections of prints which promise to make good the gaps in their own studies from nature. The "demand" for a reference book of floral studies is thus obvious; but it is one almost impossible to supply: a really adequate book would be the work of a lifetime—there is practically no end to the array of plants asking not merely to be represented, but claiming pages to themselves. All that a book of less than monumental proportions can well do is to give to "designers, art students, and craftsmen" (to whom Mr. Townsend specifically addresses himself) such studies as the compiler may, perhaps for his own use, have got together. This, apparently, is what has here been done; and the designer will find in "Plant and Floral Studies" details of many a flower sufficient for his purpose. They are drawn by different hands, but with a precision which the practical workman will appreciate. The letterpress hardly calls for remark. One feels rather that it has been written in obedience to the foregone idea that such studies ought to be accompanied by descriptive text, and that the author, if he had had his own way, would have preferred to let the drawings speak for themselves. They appeal not so much to the lover of plant form as to the designer in search of floral detail.

"GERMAN BOOK-PLATES." An illustrated handbook of German and Austrian Ex Libris by Karl Emich, Count zu Leiningen-Westerburg, translated by G. Ravenscroft Dennis (Bell). It is difficult to imagine a writer going more thoroughly into the subject of book-plates, and the collecting them, than Count Emich has done. If he takes them rather more seriously than most of us, that only qualifies him the better to write about them. Another qualification is that he is himself the possessor of perhaps the finest collection on the Continent. He speaks therefore not only with enthusiasm, but with knowledge. One rises from his book with the idea that what he does not know about German book-plates can hardly be worth knowing. The collector will not be able to dispense with the book. It traces the course of design—artistically a downward course—from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the end of the eighteenth, and dwells finally upon its revival in the latter part of the nineteenth. There is an extremely interesting and very helpful introductory chapter on German Heraldry, the rules of which by no means correspond with those in force with us. The voluminous lists of book-plate designers, ancient and modern, will be useful to collectors. The author is rather unduly severe upon the "monogrammic" book-plate, insisting that it should bear the owner's name in full, if not also his "address and rank." The signature of the artist, he thinks, and the date should also appear upon it. All this is surely a matter of personal preference—it is quite permissible to be retiring. But we can readily excuse Count Emich if he regards book-plates somewhat too exclusively from the collector's point of view, really after all quite a secondary consideration. Mr. G. Ravenscroft Dennis has done the work of translation well—and the book, with its numerous illustrations, is very well printed.

Crusoe.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY J. C. DOLLMAN.

THE artist who elects to tell a story in picture is beset with difficulties. Unlike the novelist, he can present a given moment only in a single canvas; save for a necessarily brief title, there can be no word-explanations. If, then, his literary meaning is to be clear, he must be scrupulous alike as to subject and treatment. Few contributors to present-day exhibitions have a wider repute in this kind than Mr. J. C. Dollman, whose 'Crusoe,' seen in the 1899 Academy, is reproduced opposite. Mr. Dollman appreciates the literary limitations of pictorial art, and never, by losing sight of these, leaves the spectator mystified. During the last few years he has depicted incidents associated with the 'Field of Honour,' 'During the time of the Sermons,' 'The Stymie,' and 'A Question of Compensation,' raised by an old-fashioned farmer whose poultry-yard had been invaded by foxhound cubs. To every boy and girl—whether of six or of sixty—Daniel Defoe's romance is familiar, and familiarity, so far from breeding contempt, serves to whet our interest. We know at a glance, without reference to the title, who is the solitary human figure seated, with gun, on the sand-dunes—for sand-dunes they must be, despite their snow-like appearance in reproduction—gazing seaward: no other than Robinson Crusoe, a more real person to us than thousands limned in so-called histories of fact. For long the theory was accepted that the first part of Defoe's narrative was not only founded on fact, but was little more than the transcript of an existing journal. The first of a thousand editions of "Robinson Crusoe" appeared on April 25, 1718. Fourteen years before Captain Stradling, of the *Cinque Port* galley, was in the South Pacific, and there had a disagreement with one of his men, Alexander Selkirk. Rather than serve longer under Stradling, Alexander Selkirk desired to be left on the nearest island, with no more than a few necessaries. The island was that of Juan Fernandez, so-called after the Spanish pilot who discovered it in 1563. Selkirk's wish was complied with, nor was he permitted to change his mind, much as he wished to do so, ere the galley departed. On Juan Fernandez, Selkirk lived alone for long, but it is extremely improbable that he placed his papers in the hands of Defoe. Even assuming this to be so, however, the romance of "Robinson Crusoe," save for its central idea, remains as a product of Defoe's imagination. Another wild theory was that Lord Oxford wrote the narrative in the Tower. Robinson Crusoe had been at least four years on his island ere he fashioned clothes—and an umbrella—of skins, as shown in the picture of Mr. Dollman.

The Illustrated London News & Co. Ltd.



Printed by J. C. Doolman.

Crusoe

The Decoration of the Page.

A FRIENDLY DISPUTE BETWEEN PAINTER
AND DECORATOR.

Audley Mackworth.—It is a fallacy on the part of the illustrator to consider the printed page as a decorative composition.

L. F. D.—Why? I should have thought it impossible for an artist to consider it otherwise?

A. M.—The merit of the printed page is to be clear and easily read, and illustrations in the text should appear where they are wanted. It follows that decorative treatment is out of place.

L. F. D.—It doesn't seem to me to follow. How so?

A. M.—To blend with the decorations, the mechanical symbols of the printed text must be altered and made less readable; moreover, the illustrations have to be treated in a symbolic and unrealistic manner, and arranged artificially for symmetry, so that they are literally out of place as regards the text, not appearing just where they are mentioned.

L. F. D.—In any case it is not possible always to introduce an illustration just where it should naturally come; there may not be room enough on the page for it. But how do you make out that, to harmonise with decoration, type must be made less readable?

A. M.—The arbitrary symbols of printed type, surely, are not beautiful; they must be altered to be decorative. This makes them less easy to read. A beautiful illuminated text, consequently, is suitable only for mottoes or selections, to be read repeatedly and slowly, even with some difficulty.

L. F. D.—Type may be no longer beautiful, but once it was. Have you not seen Roman inscriptions perfectly decorative and as plain as print? Your "arbitrary symbols" are not, and never have been, fixed. They have changed for the worse. Why not change them again for the better?

A. M.—A newspaper in Roman print would make us "say things."

L. F. D.—Only because we are used to cheap type—more's the pity.

A. M.—If print has become less decorative but more readable, as I think it has, any change that is made should be with the object of making the crabbed characters still more easy to read. The result might or might not be decorative. "The dot and go one" of the telegraph is clear; is it decorative?

L. F. D.—I agree that any change in printed type should be with the view to easier reading—but with a view also to beauty. It may be worth while in newspapers to disregard all but easy reading; scarcely in books, in some books certainly not. That is where "the decoration of the page" comes in.

A. M.—Very well, if decorative treatment is not suitable for all books, for what books is it suitable, and how would you treat the print?

L. F. D.—For books which have least in common with the news-sheet. I would begin by making print as beautiful as legibility would allow, and placing it judiciously upon the page.

A. M.—Even in the "édition de luxe," the law of

legibility holds; if the shape of the letters could be altered, it would be with a view of making them more distinct. If you were to make each letter beautiful, they would not be beautiful combined; every word would mean a different arrangement.

L. F. D.—It goes without saying that an "édition de luxe" should be legible, and that type should be designed with a view to its combination in words and lines. The question is: can an artist be content with only legibility? I think not.

A. M.—My contention is that an artist would be quite content, if the text were made more legible.

L. F. D.—If you are content with print, no matter how ugly so long as it is legible, I am not. But how about our illustrator? may his designs be equally without beauty if only they tell their story?

A. M.—Whether an illustration is beautiful will depend on whether the subject is beautiful.

L. F. D.—There we differ. The beauty of a man's art depends less upon his subject than upon him. But, tell me, do you want beauty in book illustration, or don't you think it matters?

A. M.—Let us make the point more definite by examples. An illustration by Charles Keene or Phil May, may or may not be decorative, its subject may or may not be beautiful; but, because of the art in delineating character in such a simple direct way, it is exceedingly fine.

L. F. D.—Charles Keene was a master in his way; so is Phil May; but examples do not help. Will you not admit that, apart from what an illustrator may have to say and the directness and simplicity with which he says it, beauty is a thing to be desired in book illustration?

A. M.—I do not understand what you mean by beauty in illustration. The illustrators who make decorative beauty their one aim all fail in expressing character, and are therefore not illustrators in the true sense.

L. F. D.—Let us for the moment understand by beauty *something over and above utility*. You are satisfied, you say, with printed type which is merely legible. Are you equally satisfied with illustration which tells its story without regard to artistic qualities which do not help to make the story clearer?

A. M.—Yes. Illustration completely in touch with the story would satisfy me. Any other artistic quality which would not help to make the story clearer would certainly be out of place.

L. F. D.—I suppose it is because I am not an illustrator that I cannot understand how an artist can be satisfied with art which fulfils a merely graphic purpose. But to say that anything further would be out of place is to take up the position of utter utilitarianism. I fear we are diametrically opposed, and there is no hope of agreement between us.

A. M.—I thought this was where we should arrive. Illustration and decoration are diametrically different branches of art. But I have every sympathy with decorative methods for ornamental work. What I should like is your recognition of the art of illustration as a sympathetic and truthful record of naturalistic impressions.

L. F. D.—I recognise it; but it does not satisfy me. We differ I suspect in this, that you draw a sharp and sudden line between illustration and decoration. There is a form of illustration in which decoration would be an impertinence, in a treatise on medicine or physics for example. Between that and the mere ornamentation of a page there is a wide world of art, in which, as it seems

to me, graphic truth and decorous expression go hand in hand.

A. M.—The division seems to me one of kind, not only of degree. Decorative art invents conventional lines and forms, illustrative art only accentuates the actual lines and forms of nature. The illustrator considers illustrations as records of truthful impressions from nature, but does not look upon the effect of the page as a whole as if it were a pattern.

L. F. D.—The primary purpose of decorative or of graphic art need not preclude in either some consideration of the other. You fall foul of decorative illustrators who make their *one* aim beauty. I don't defend their illustrations; but I contend that the illustrator, having to deal with the page, should consider it.

A. M.—He does consider it, but only as a background to his drawing; the letterpress must not interfere with that.

L. F. D.—When the background, as you call it, letterpress or whatever it may be, is determined for him, the artist is bound to consider it in the treatment of his picture.

A. M.—There must of course be concessions between letterpress and illustrations in practice; but complete separation on different pages is the ideal, in the interest of both.

L. F. D.—Even then the artist must take into consideration the page opposite his illustration.

A. M.—Certainly not; that is the writer's province. The artist is concerned only with the letterpress as supplying subject matter for his illustration.

L. F. D.—That is our point of difference, and it is absolute. It seems to me that there must be some harmony between the treatment of a drawing and the printed text it is designed to accompany; else why not have steel engravings in type-printed books, or even photographs?

A. M.—Steel engravings are objectionable artistically, owing to their mechanical execution, and photographs because there is no art in them. But there is no objection to photographs or facsimiles of *works of art*, over against the text.

L. F. D.—Oh! but there is. A photograph must clash with the text—as a steel engraving does; the printer's type would have to be designed to suit it.

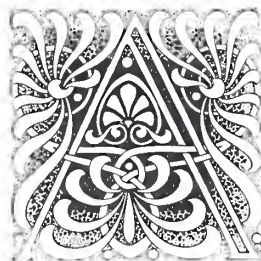
A. M.—To my mind there is no clash. It never occurred to me to consider the printed page as a decorative effect, and I do not want to; it would distract my mind from the sense. A photograph or steel engraving on the opposite page appeals to the eye, and has nothing in common with the text, except the subject-matter.

L. F. D.—It staggers me to find an artist, and one with decorative tendencies, avowing that he looks upon the text on one page of a book and a photograph on its opposite, without connecting them in his mind as parts of the book—which, artistically speaking, should be all of a piece.

A. M.—My "decorative tendencies" would be restricted to the illumination of such literature as poetry, where the printed type might be much modified to make part of a decorated whole. I do connect the photograph and the printed page "in my mind"; and that is what makes the book "all of a piece"—but *to my eye* the printed page is nothing, the illustration is everything.

L. F. D.—Well, I am glad we have talked it out. The discussion has brought us no nearer together; but it has shown how wide apart we are—wider than I thought.

Drawings by M. Legros.



From a drawing by
A. A. Turbayne.

Mr. Van Wisselingh's quiet, well-arranged gallery in Brook Street there were not only medals to be seen, as the name of the exhibition might have led the public to suppose, there was also a charming collection of works by Legros. The world is familiar with his pictures, etchings, and drawings, but his new work is looked for eagerly, and it is a delight to see that

his power is undiminished, and his hand has not lost its cunning; on the contrary, in his portraits there seems even a deeper insight into human nature; and a touch even surer and more delicate than ever. There were exhibited eleven drawings of heads, mostly children, the latter drawn with a simplicity, a tenderness of touch which irresistibly attracted us. We were reminded that where there is true genius, strength and tenderness are ever co-existent.

'Une Vallée en Bourgogne,' in sepia, is wonderful in the impression it gives of a vast stretch of country, an impression produced with a simplicity that can only be the work of a great master. 'La Laitière,' a drawing of an old woman's head, is so intense in expression, so strong, so complete that it compelled us to look at it again and again.

There have been a whole series of etchings by Legros on the subject of Death, all strange and powerful, sometimes with a sort of grim humour in the treatment. At this exhibition there was a sepia drawing on this favourite subject of the artist. Death passes through a village where the plague rages. The drawing has that power and reality which characterises all the etchings; it is, like the works of Holbein, full of truth and tragedy, yet with a touch of philosophy therein. Other artists may affect this style of treatment and be merely mannerists, a master like Legros is always sincere and strong.

Legros has not of late produced many oil paintings, and therefore it was with special interest and pleasure we found at this exhibition an oil painting from his hand. 'Le Retour du Laboureur,' with its quiet evening light, the tired worker and his beasts just reaching home and rest, tells its tale with the artist's accustomed power; from earth and tree and sky we feel the calm of evening stealing into our own souls.

The International Society of Sculptors, Painters and Gravers; the late William Stott; the Goupil Gallery; and Mr. Herbert Finn.

THE third exhibition of the International Society opened at a moment at once happy and untoward: on the one hand, it was the first of the autumn art shows; on the other, many critics came to it from renewed study



Gray and Silver—Pourville.
By J. McNeill Whistler.

of masterpieces in the Louvre or other fine collections. It may well be that the difficulty of swift readjustment was in part, but in part only, responsible for the initial disappointment. When we recall the inaugural show, containing examples by Manet and Puvis de Chavannes, by Degas and Eugène Carrière, it must be admitted that this third exhibition is less noteworthy than that of 1898. At the Institute it is practically impossible to justify the title of the Society, with its insistence on the work of sculptors. For the first time Rodin is absent, in itself a signal loss. Almost certainly the work in black-and-white, would have been more varied and representative had not Mr. Joseph Pennell — who sends some pen drawings of Venice — been abroad. Yet when due allowance is made for obvious shortcomings, the exhibition remains one of the most interesting of its kind held during the year in London.

The five exhibits of Mr. Whistler, the President, are a centre of attraction in the west gallery. Each is slight if compared with the 'Portrait of my Mother,' more profoundly interesting every time it is seen. But how aptly poised, between a purely decorative arrangement and a naturalistic rendering of passionate waters, are the two marines, 'Green and Silver' and 'Gray and Silver,' one of which, happily, we are

enabled to reproduce. In Mr. Whistler's 'The Neighbours' the composition, apparently so simple, justly fills the space, and not one note of gold or of orange but is intimately related to the desired tone effect. We are well content with slightness when united to a beauty so rare. A vital principle cannot be transferred as is a cloak, and exhibits by Mr. and Mrs. Addams, his "apprentices," akin in theme and aim to some by Mr. Whistler, suggest overmuch his influence. Hardly a note of positive colour is permitted in 'The Gravel Pit' of Matthew Maris, yet what a sense of colour and of atmosphere

is conveyed in this view of a pit with laden carts. Of a different order from the same artist's 'Montmartre,' it is hardly less intimate or beautiful. M. Cottet's 'Au pays de la Mer, Deuil,' where the figures of mother and child, their sorrow too poignant for tears, loom large against a background of blue sea and rocks, has the solemn impressiveness of the moment. It is a faithful, succinct epitome. In the east room a group of paramount attraction is that composed of works by the late Giovanni Segantini. Several of the drawings show a following of Millet, at times, it may be, too servile. But Segantini saw visions and dreamed dreams, discovered correspondences between man and his environment



A Portrait.
By T. Austen Brown.

overlooked before, could render acceptably, if not in a masterly way, his impressions. 'Love at the Fountain of Life' serves as a key to Segantini's own nature, built up of qualities mystical and austere and strangely vibrant.

Among newcomers are two Canadians: Messrs. J. W. Morrice and Homer Watson. Hanging near a couple of examples by Matthew Maris and a sternly structural landscape by Harpignies, the pictures of Mr. Morrice might have passed unnoticed were it not that he has had his own vision of 'Le Pont Royal,' its sunlit structure seen through green leafage on the quay-side, that he has very aptly grouped a number of holiday-makers on the beach of St. Malo. In the 'Canadian Woodlanders,' which we reproduce,

Mr. Homer Watson has been charged with too close following of Millet, but breadth of touch has here a foundation in knowledge. Mr. George Sauter has given us nothing better than 'The Bouquet'—this, of pale yellow flowers, held by a gracious lady in dark dress, standing by a window, as graciously painted as is she. Mr. C. H. Shannon's 'Rose and Blanche' has his invariable distinction, and portions at any rate of the painting yield pleasure. The bravura of M. Boldini's portrait of a lady in pink is balanced by Mr. George Henry's quiet, non-sensational 'Mrs. Morris;' Pissaro's 'Le Carrousel,' charged with *plein-air* feeling, finds its antithesis in Fernand Khnopff's



Canadian Woodlanders.
By Homer Watson.

The Scotsmen are a force at the International; on the members' and associates' roll their names preponderate over those belonging to other countries, as do the number of their exhibits on the walls. In portraiture Mr. E. A. Walton's 'John' is a fine, reserved piece of work; Mr. John Lavery is most ambitious, most successful, too, at any rate in so far as the painting of the

weird imagining, 'Une Recluse.' The great expanse of country, tree-sentinelled hamlet in centre, whence diverge sinuous highways and rivers, observed from a height by Mr. William Nicholson, quickens by reason of its strongly-marked character; while Miss Alice Swan's study of yellow poppies in a vase of rich blue causes us to regret only a thought the less the absence of Mr. Francis James.

child goes, in 'Mrs. Spottiswoode and Betty;' but we note with regret that Mr. James Guthrie sends nothing. Mr. T. Austen Brown's portrait of a lady, reproduced, is a sustained effort to solve a difficult pictorial problem; he evidently desires to emphasize the zig-zag lines, whether in parasol, sleeve, cloak, or on the black screen behind. Mr. Austen Brown has his obvious limitations, but he has the courage necessary to the accomplishment of that which is worthily individual. Mr. Hornell's fantasies might almost be studies for mosaics; they do not aim to render atmosphere, and the dry colours employed are wholly unfused. The reputation of Mr. W. MacTaggart is not upheld by the unstructural landscapes on view; on the other hand, Mr. D. Y.



By permission of Messrs. Wm. Marchant and Co.

His Majesty King Edward VII. as Prince of Wales.

By J. Bastien Lepage.

Cameron's 'Spring in London' is a well-balanced issue of thought and feeling.

The inaugural exhibition arranged by Mr. William Marchant at the Goupil Gallery contained one picture of rare beauty, a second of particular interest, besides examples by many eminent artists. The first is Matthew Maris' 'Souvenir of Amsterdam,' dated 1871, whose reappearance is welcome to all connoisseurs. A souvenir, a gift of love, indeed it is. Who can forget the ponderous draw-bridge, beneath which moves a barge, the little watch-house and the figures, the tall houses with attic windows in their abruptly-rising roofs of red, the subtle atmosphere rendered so tenderly in the view of this northern city of water-ways. It is Amsterdam the actual, without question; it is, too, the Amsterdam of dream. We reproduce Bastien Lepage's little portrait of the King. With intent the lower half, where

the blue ribbon and the orders are suggested, has been left as a mere sketch, in order to throw into a just relief the face of the sitter. For the rest, there is pictorial romance, mystery, in Thaulow's 'Street in Dieppe,' white-fronted house and thoroughfare with moonlight quiet upon them; an early Harpignies, wherein the gables of the castle are "imaged in quietly reversed and perfect similitude" on the surface of the foreground water; a dramatic 'Break of Day,' heralded by a cock, showing James Maris' work of 1865; 'Bonnie Mary,' of the blue eyes and the blue ribbon, by Mr. George Henry; and interesting pieces by Boudin, Clays, Mauve, Messrs. J. M. Swan and George Clausen.

For a month there were on view at the gallery of the



Durham.
By Herbert J. Finn.

One often hears the name of Mr. Herbert Finn, especially in relation to the great ecclesiastical piles which form one of the glories of England. It is no easy task—but what worth the accomplishment is easy?—to express in picture the majesty of Lincoln Cathedral, whose three towers dominate not only the vast plain to the south, but the old city itself; the serenity of Canterbury, access to whose close is gained through the

ornately beautiful Christ Church gateway; or the upper world of Oxford, its turrets, spires, domes. Mr. Finn, who has sympathy with his subject, would do no outrage to our great architectural inheritance. In connection with his exhibition of water-colours at the Modern Gallery, we reproduce one of his most important interpretations, that of Durham Cathedral.



The Happy Valley.
By William Stott of Oldham.

FRANK
RINDER.

Passing Events.



From a drawing by
Miss J. B. Bowness.

THE best echo of the London Exhibitions was in The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool. Prominence was given to the 'Portrait of Queen Victoria,' by M. Benjamin Constant, which will shortly pass into the King's Private Collection. It was not isolated as it was at The Royal Academy, nor was it draped. Some other pictures from Burlington House were Mr. W. L.

Wyllie's 'Passing of a Great Queen,' Mr. Forbes' 'The 22nd of January, 1901,' Mr. Charlton's 'February 2nd, 1901,' Mr. Leader's 'A Gleam before the Storm,' Mr. Abbey's 'Crusaders sighting Jerusalem,' Mr. Shannon's 'The Flower Girl,' Mr. Hacker's 'The Cloud,' and Mr. Draper's 'Tristram and Iseult.' The New Gallery Exhibition was reflected by Mr. Watts' 'Slumber of the Ages,' Mr. Crane's 'The Mower,' and Sir George Reid's 'The Earl of Stair.' The R.B.A. was laid under contribution principally for two of Sir Wyke Bayliss' Interiors of Cathedrals. French Art was well represented by M. Bouguereau, M. Joseph Bail, M. Delobbe, and Mlle. Achille-Fould.

THE 19th Autumn Exhibition, held in the Manchester Art Gallery, was neither so large nor so representative as the 31st at Liverpool. It was, nevertheless, an agreeable and compact Exhibition. The Corporation must be congratulated on the purchase for the Permanent Collection of Mr. H. H. La Thangue's Academy picture, 'Gathering Plums.' From Burlington House came Mr. MacWhirter's 'Switzerland in June,' the Hon. John Collier's 'In the Venusberg,' Mr. Stott's 'River Bank,' Mr. La Thangue's 'Provençal Village,' and Mr. Clausen's 'Golden Barn'; while the New Gallery sent Mr. Watts' 'Greed and Industry,' Mr. Boughton's 'Diana of the Goose Pastures,' and Sir James D. Linton's picturesque Millais-like 'Beefeater.' Two pictures we did not recollect, but which were worthy of notice: Mr. E. A. Walton's 'Summer,' of the Impressionist School, and Mr. Mouat Loudan's 'Elaine,' which should surely find a happy purchaser.

LEEDS restricted its collection chiefly to pictures painted by County artists and therefore was of more local than general interest, particularly as the landscape subjects in many cases were studied from neighbouring scenes. Yorkshire can claim two Royal Academicians and one Associate: Mr. Ernest Crofts, Mr. W. P. Frith, and Mr. H. S. Tuke. Of these, Mr. Frith alone contributed. The 'Ophelia' of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, R.A., was given a wall to itself at the end of the large gallery. Mr. Edgar Bundy, R.I., was represented by several of his characteristic subjects: bearing in mind his picture of 'The Discovery of Grinling Gibbons by John Evelyn, January, 1671,' hung at the Royal Academy and transferred to the Liverpool Exhibition, the romantic conceptions of this artist seemed as admirable as they constantly do at the Royal Institute, where he is an unwearying exhibitor. If one may judge by the number of pictures representing parts of Whitby shown at this Exhibition, the popularity of

that picturesque but rather over-rated district remains unabated.

IN a recent dispute respecting commission on the sale of a picture by Romney, the question was put from the Bench, "What is the defendant, a gentleman or a dealer?" and the learned Counsel, horrified at the possibility of doubt, replied, "Oh, a gentleman, my Lord." After the question by Mr. Justice Darling, there was some laughter, which suggested to us the platitude uttered by Joseph Surface, in "The School for Scandal," that "Conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insipid." Opportunity is often given in a Court of Law for repartee, which is an agreeable comic relief to the monotony of cross-examination: and the presiding Justice sometimes purposely puts questions which will provoke a witty retort and parenthetical laughter, as in the present instance; for his Lordship's insinuated distinction of class could not have been meant seriously.

THE Statue to Queen Victoria which took up so much space at The Royal Academy this year has been duly erected at Manchester. There, as a centre-piece to the statues to Dalton and Wellington to its right, and to Watt and Peel to its left, it shows to advantage. The low-built Infirmary makes a background which does not dwarf the Memorial, and altogether Mr. Onslow Ford's monument must be considered a success. At present the whiteness of the marble contrasts strikingly with its dingy-looking companions and the surrounding buildings; but this is a feature that the smoke of Manchester will soon destroy.

THE issue of the litigation threatened by disappointed relatives of the late Jacob S. Rogers, who bequeathed almost all his fortune to the New York Metropolitan Museum, has justified the prediction of our contributor to the October number (p. 311). Legal action to test the validity of the will was begun, but by a compromise all future litigation is barred on condition that the Museum authorities forego a sum of £50,000 for distribution amongst the petitioners, in addition to the £50,000 already left to them. As Mr. Rogers left about £1,400,000, the Museum can afford to sacrifice this comparatively small sum.

WITH this number is published the twelfth voucher for the Premium Plate of THE ART JOURNAL, and Subscribers who wish to obtain an impression of 'London's River, 1900,' an original etching by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, A.R.A., are asked to note the conditions and to send the twelve vouchers, with two shillings, direct to the publishers, Messrs. H. Virtue and Co., Ltd., 13, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Those who recollect Mr. Wyllie's picture, entitled 'The City of London,' exhibited in The Royal Academy this year, will find in 'London's River, 1900,' a companion subject. The artist made sketches from the upper part of the Tower Bridge on the Surrey side: his view included a portion of London Bridge, the Dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Spire of the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr. The Monument is not seen, as it is hidden behind the sails of the vessels which, with a typical Thames barge, occupy the foreground. It is a characteristic water-subject by one who makes his home among such surroundings, and is unrivalled in his treatment of them. Under no circumstances can this premium plate be sent unless the conditions are strictly observed.



By H. J. Ford (Longmans).

THE FAIRY AND DOTTERINE
PASS UNSEEN THROUGH
THE CAMP OF THE ENEMY

New Art Books.

MR. ARTHUR STRONG'S edition in English of Kristeller's great work on "ANDREA MANTEGNA" (Longmans), is a very serious contribution to the history of art, and one of the most important books of the year. It is to be published later in the original German, but it ought to be remarked that it has been found convenient to issue the English edition first. The Germans have long laid claim to be the original publishers of the more learned of artistic books, but this departure is an evidence that the appeal to the English-speaking public is found of more importance than to the Germans, and this departure is likely to be followed largely in the future. Herr Kristeller lays it down as "the duty

of the author to put before

the reader, in an agreeable form, all that is required for personal study, sparing him the long and laborious work of detail, and to present to him, well ordered and arranged, the material, with the help of which he can himself critically follow the narrator, who lays his own personal view before the reader without wishing to force it upon him." The authors carry out this excellent scheme in every point, and this is no small praise in a work which lays itself open to didactic treatment. There are about 200 illustrations, and nearly a hundred letters and documents connected with the artist. The letterpress, passing to the English public through

the accomplished hands of the Librarian of the House of Lords, is a model of good taste combined with great learning.

Much more than a paragraph would be necessary to give a complete idea of the success attained by Mr. Baldry in his study and biography of "HUBERT VON HERKOMER, R.A." (Bell). Prof. von Herkomer's genius is so many-sided that even this bulky quarto volume with many illustrations has to leave something unsaid, while it renders full justice to the versatility of the artist. Prof. von Herkomer is fortunate in his biographer, who is able to interpret with sympathy yet without fulsomeness the long and honourable career of one who begins to become a veteran in the artistic profession.

In "GIOVANNI SEGANTINI," by L. Villari (Fisher Unwin), the greatest of modern Italian painters is treated by a fellow-countryman in another of those biographies which are so inspiring to the struggling artist. Segantini died in 1899 after a life of almost continual contention with tradition in a country where the classic idea appears as a natural growth. Even to the end he was only accepted by the more clear-sighted of his compatriots, and in England only one or two amateurs, encouraged by Messrs. Dowdeswell, dared to purchase his work. Now that the artist is dead his pictures bid fair to become famous.—An illustrated pamphlet on Segantini, by W. Fred, is also issued by Rosner of Vienna.

Christmas for many favoured children would not be complete without one of Mr. Andrew Lang's story-books, and the "VIOLET FAIRY BOOK" (Longmans) is the new volume. Illustrated by Mr. H. J. Ford, no more charming present could be imagined. As an innovation



Christmas Card.
By Dobbs, Kidd and Co.

the reader, in an agreeable form, all that is required for personal study, sparing him the long and laborious work of detail, and to present to him, well ordered and arranged, the material, with the help of which he can himself critically follow the narrator, who lays his own personal view before the reader without wishing to force it upon him." The authors carry out this excellent scheme in every point, and this is no small praise in a work which lays itself open to didactic treatment. There are about 200 illustrations, and nearly a hundred letters and documents connected with the artist. The letterpress, passing to the English public through



Sorrento.
By Joseph Pennell (Heinemann).

—not, however, entirely successful—some of the illustrations are coloured; and this probably foreshadows Mr. Ford's entry into serious artistic work on canvas. With Mr. Abbey's career before him he may very quickly hope to win success in the larger field.

The CHRISTMAS CARDS of Messrs. Raphael Tuck cover every possible phase of affection, friendship and respect, and it becomes difficult to conceive any relation in life which could not but be gratified by the receiving of some one of the series. The ordinary every-day lover and sweetheart, as well as boy to boy, and girl to girl friend, not to mention parents and children, teachers and pupils, and even grey-haired cronies—all can find ample methods to display their affection among the many well-arranged and well-finished cards of this exceedingly active house.

The "Crescent Series" of CHRISTMAS CARDS issued by Dobbs, Kidd and Co. maintain their high reputation for originality. They are appropriate to the season, and yet follow the ideas of the "new art" in a manner which takes them away from the usual card of the past. People of taste are sure to prefer them.

Embellished with designs and drawings which have great dignity and effect, W. J. Tuyn writes pleasantly of his native land in "OUR DUTCH TOWNS AND VILLAGES" (Fisher Unwin). The publication has a pro-

nounced old-time character which is especially acceptable in a book on the Zuider Zee and the dead cities surrounding it.—The recent exhibition in Darmstadt, which, it is said, startled King Edward a good deal when he went there in the summer, has been commemorated in "EIN DOKUMENT DEUTSCHER KUNST" (Bruckmann, Munich), wherein illustrations of the chief exhibits are given. Being without their usual crude colouring, these pictures look remarkably well.

Mr. Joseph Pennell keeps his pen and pencil very busily employed, and his illustrations to Mr. W. D. Howell's charming "ITALIAN JOURNEYS" (Heinemann) are evidence of his continued success. The letterpress was first published over forty years ago, and of all countries perhaps Italy has altered most during that time. Yet it is the Italy of to-day in most respects, and in any case makes delightful reading. Mr. Pennell's drawing of Sorrento, which we reproduce, demonstrates what can be suggested by the properly chosen lines of a panoramic view.

"SHAKESPEARE" in twenty volumes, sold separately or in sets, is published by A. Constable & Co., and each book contains illustrations by Lewis F. Day, R. Sauber, J. D. Bolten, Byam Shaw, Henry J. Ford, and others.

Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the British Museum, writes with intimate knowledge of the subject in "THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S HANDBOOK" (Bell), and the seventy illustrations are strikingly well prepared and printed.—"BUDDHIST ART IN INDIA" (Quaritch) is from the German of Professor Grünwedel, translated by Miss Gibson, and ultimately revised and enlarged by Dr. Burgess, now of Edinburgh, but formerly Director-General of the Archaeological Survey of India. It covers all the known ground of Buddhist sculptures, and provides well-illustrated information on their character and meaning.—The National Art Library at South Kensington have now completed a "CLASSIFIED CATALOGUE OF PRINTED BOOKS ON HERALDRY," by Mr. J. H. Palmer (Eyre) which will be useful to students and antiquarians.

Very dainty in style and handy in form, the new series of masterpieces, published under the general title of "The Turner House Classics" (Virtue), are certain to be popular. The first two volumes are "BRET HARTE'S CHOICE TALES AND VERSE," and "HENRY ESMOND," by Thackeray.

A pretty story of the experiences of an English boy in France when he fell ill of scarlet fever and is visited by his parents from London, is written by Mrs. Stuart Boyd. "A VERSAILLES CHRISTMAS-TIDE" (Chatto and Windus) is the title, and the many illustrations full of character are by her clever husband, the well-known A. S. Boyd of "Punch" and other publications.—"FAIRY TALES FROM THE SWEDISH" (Heinemann), by Djurklow, is also a Christmas book with illustrations of a humorous kind by Swedish artists.—"THE SOUL OF A CAT, AND OTHER STORIES" (Heinemann), is a pretty little volume by Margaret Benson, always in favour of pussy. The sketches are mostly by Mdme. Ronner, and therefore artistically produced.



From a Drawing by Sir John Tenniel R.S.

DROPPING THE PILOT
BY PERMISSION OF LORD ROSEBERRY



Alice, the Duchess, and the Baby (p. 30).
 From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
 By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, R.I.



From *Punch* (1857).
 By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

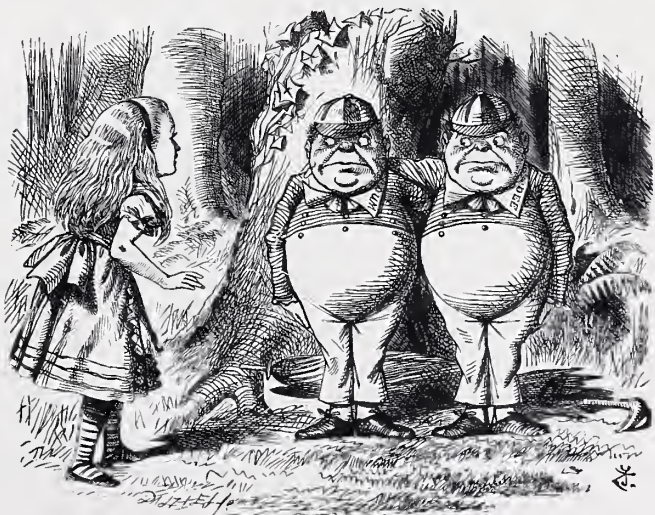
HE reputation of Sir John Tenniel with the public rests almost entirely upon those full-page and double-page designs in *Punch* which go by the convenient, if not quite correct, name of cartoons. If we add the illustrations to *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, we shall exhaust all his work which is familiar to a very large number, but we shall

omit his most serious effort at illustration, and that which, perhaps, exhibits most completely his power as an artist pure and simple; I mean the illustrations to *Lalla Rookh*. In these he is shorn of all his gifts of humour, of all the thousand-and-one associations of English life, of social and political sentiment, and of familiar sights which are to most the chief attractions of his designs. Moreover, *Lalla Rookh* is not read now, and this illustrated edition serves only as a tomb for the burial of beautiful works of art.

Not so well known as they should be are also his scattered illustrations in *Once a Week*, in the one-volume illustrated edition of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, in Dalziel's *Arabian Nights*, and to Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, and Shirley Brooks' *Silver Cord*, and there may be more of the artist's work which has been hid in secret places. On the other hand the cartoons have enjoyed a publicity which could scarcely be excelled, as they appeared in Mr. Punch's weekly exhibition of black-and-white. In these Tenniel appears to us not only as a gentleman of unflinching tact and temper, a pictorial satirist of the highest class, but as a man endowed with great natural

gifts of humour and fancy, and certainly not least as an artist of excellent skill and of invention inexhaustible.

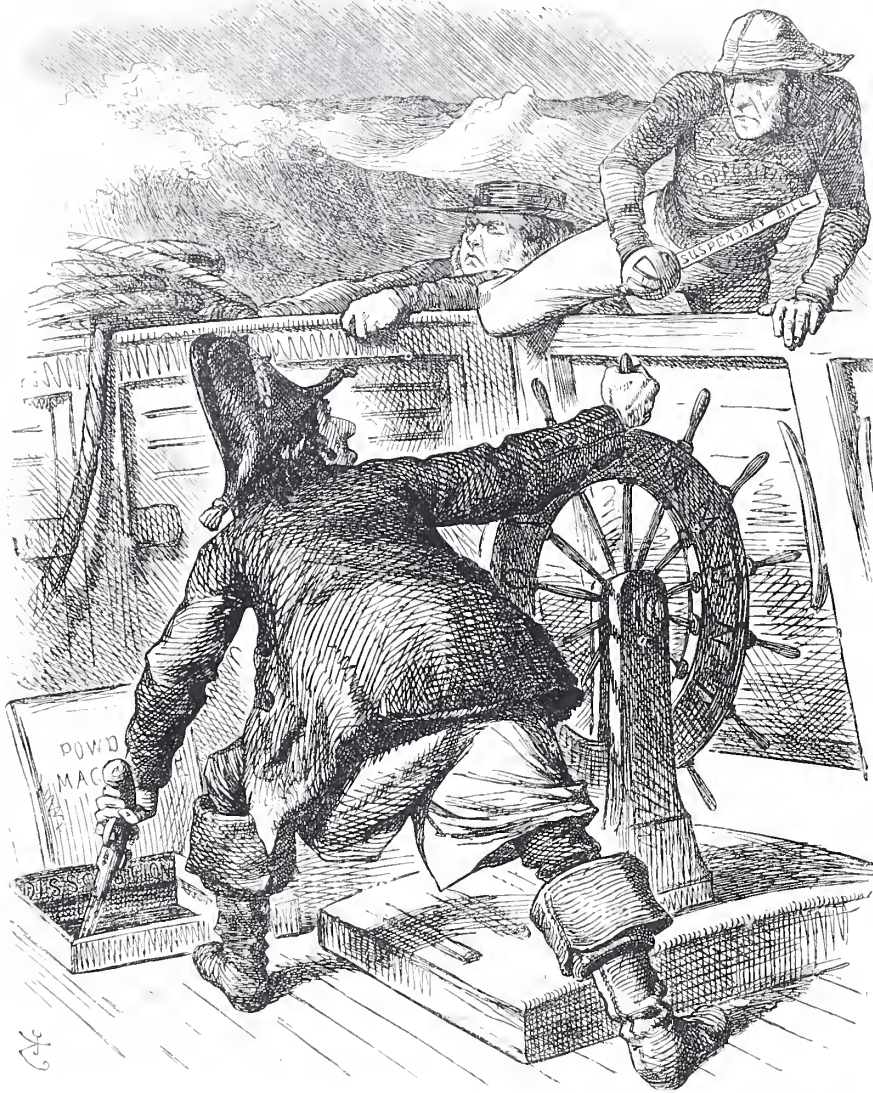
To describe him in one word is impossible. The title of "caricaturist" which would fit a Rowlandson, or a Gilray, or even a George Cruikshank, will not fit him. As he once said to me, "Caricature is always ugly and often vulgar, and I do not like it." It has been asserted broadly that he never caricatured a face; to which I am inclined to object in the well-known words of one of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's characters, "What, never!" But "Hardly ever" is certainly true, and even in cases where the actual features of a public character are distorted, as in the admirable cartoon of Lord Beaconsfield as a monkey, using the Persian cat to pull the Afghan chestnuts out of the fire (Vol. 78, page 79), the caricature is, so to speak, inevitable. It would



Tweedledum and Tweedledee (p. 30).
 From "Through the Looking-Glass." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
 By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.]

also be difficult to maintain that the celebrated pictures of Mr. Gladstone as Mrs. Gummidge (p. 23), and Sir William Harcourt as a Pastoral Piper (p. 28), are not, in a sense, caricatures; but I do not think that in either of these cases the man is made ridiculous or contemptible, or offensive, by the exaggeration of any natural peculiarity of feature. The proper epithet for humorous designs of this kind appears to me to be "burlesque," and no one will doubt that Sir John Tenniel is a master of burlesque—indeed, probably nine-tenths, if not a still larger proportion, of his cartoons would be rightly placed under this head. If we take the illustrations to the present publication, which were chosen by the artist himself, and certainly not with any view to illustrate this point, the proportion of the burlesques is not so high; but this is because Sir John has thought well, as we should all have thought well, to choose those cartoons with which, as an artist, he is most satisfied, and, also, to include several of those great designs, which have stirred the nation's pulse and touched its heart, effects which depend not on their humour but their passion and their pathos. Nevertheless, we shall find among our illustrations some excellent burlesques, like the Gummidge Gladstone (p. 23), Mr. Chamberlain as a circus-rider in a fix, with a team of refractory Colonies, 'Taking the Reins' (p. 4); and Lord Beaconsfield as the Boots at an hotel, 'Hot Water, Sir?' (p. 25). In all these, and, indeed, in all other cases of his political satires, though the politician may be placed in a ridiculous light, it is only the politician, not the man, who is indicated, and the laugh raised against the politician is nearly always light and good-humoured, never savage or contemptuous. There is scarcely one of his thousand designs of this kind in

which we cannot feel sure that the object has joined in the laugh against himself, and certainly not one which could have given reasonable cause of ill-feeling towards the artist personally. Sir John Tenniel has never allowed himself to be carried away by personal feeling, and this, perhaps, is one of the secrets of his universal popularity; it is certainly one of those essential characteristics which divide his political satires from those of nearly all his predecessors, and many of his contemporaries. This is partly because he drew for *Punch*, and had no politics but those of hismaster, but it is due perhaps still more to the high view which he always took of his function as a public critic of the world and its ways. He no doubt owed much to Mr. Punch's Council, that rare company of geniality and good sense, which meets every Wednesday round his table. The Council, indeed, dictated his weekly task, but his power nevertheless was very great, for he was one of that Council himself, with a voice in the selection of the cartoon, and he had a practically unlimited power as to its execution; not only the art and the humour, but the tone and temper of it, were



Steering under Difficulties (p. 28).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Ship's Captain: "Give up the Helm? Resign the Command? Never! Come one, come all, I stick to my craft. Back I say! One step in-board, and I blow up the ship. Ha, ha!!"

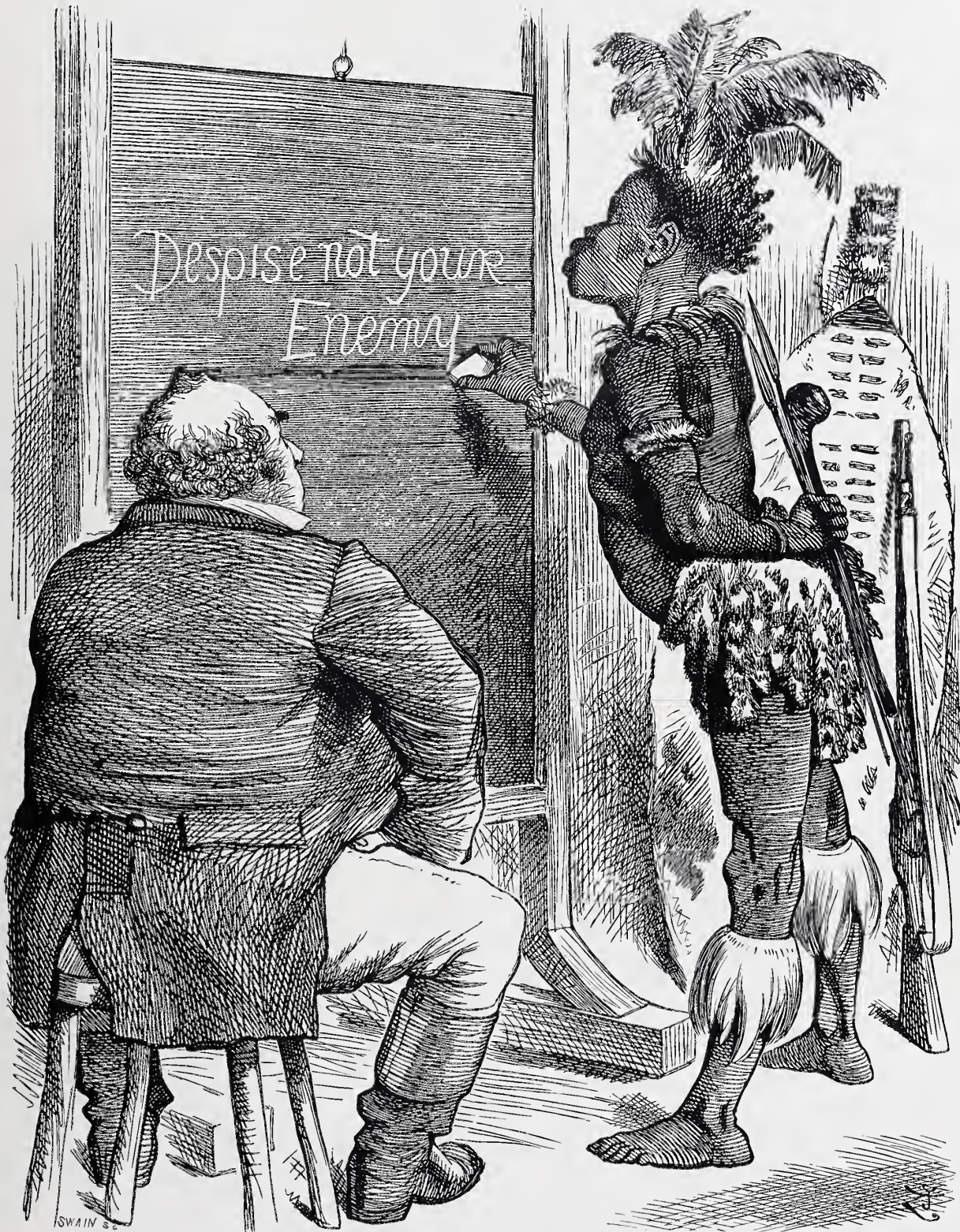
From *Punch* (1868). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

his, and Sir John's tone and temper in time became, to a great extent, the tone and the temper of Mr. Punch himself. To treat all public men with fairness and equality; to let neither party-passion nor the popular feeling of the moment divest them of their right to public respect; to be severe without cruelty; to present public men in a ridiculous light without pelting them with rotten eggs—this seems to have been the ideal which Sir John set himself as the cartoonist of *Punch*. Probably, he did not set himself any precise ideal, but simply followed the instincts of a chivalrous disposition, but at all events, it is the ideal which he

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has set to the cartoonist of the future. Let us take two public men, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Bradlaugh, both extreme types of rebellion against accepted authorities,

and even Bradlaugh, flying down the steps of the House of Commons, on the impulse of the boots of the honourable Members, preserves a certain dignity of demeanour

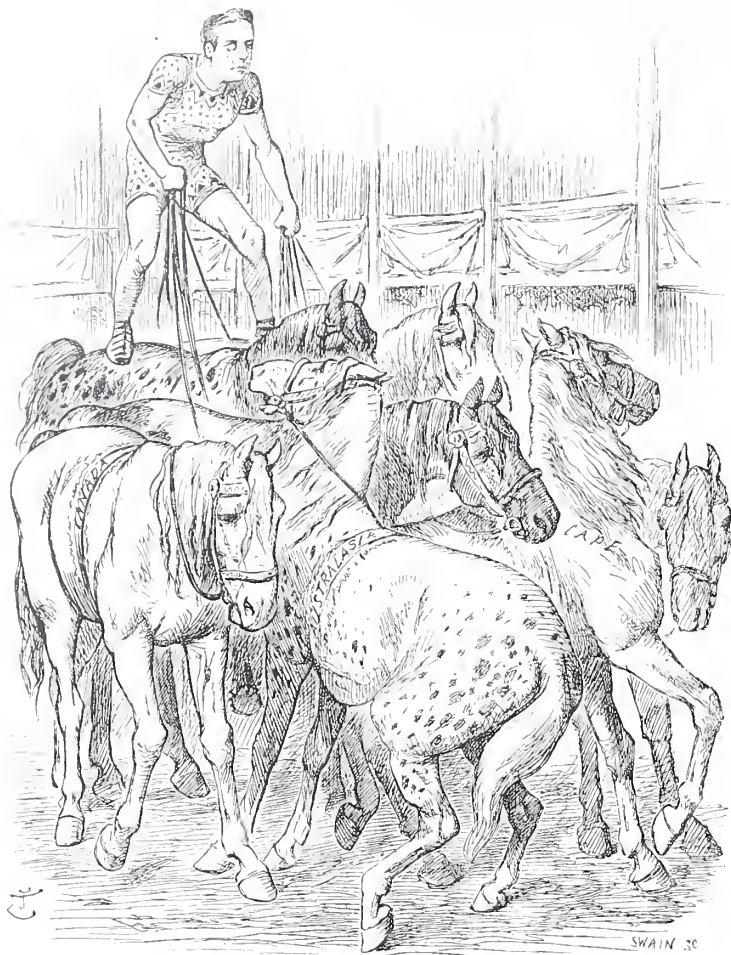


From *Punch* (1879). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

A Lesson (p. 28).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

and think how they would have been treated by the caricaturists of the Georges. A gentleman with a barb at the end of his tail and cloven hoofs would have certainly entered into their most playful satire of such personages. Tenniel always treated Parnell with respect,

and unbroken courage (Vol. 78, p. 306), in conditions most unfavourable for the display of those qualities. If Tenniel is not a caricaturist in the proper sense of the term, he is still less a libellist or a lampoonist; indeed, he was never a realist even in his portraits, good as they



Taking the Reins. (p. 2).

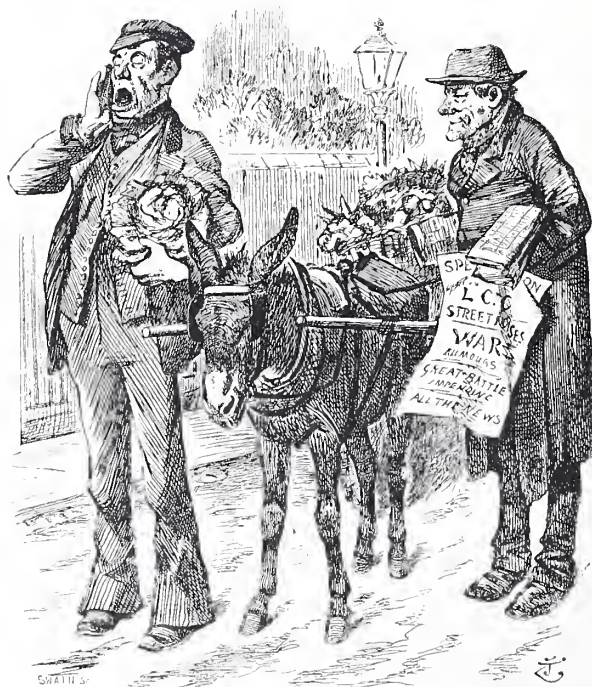
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Nov. 9. 1895.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

generally are. He never frequented the House of Commons, and drew there from the life, like Mr. Harry Furniss, catching expressions hot with the momentary excitement of debate. He took from the first the position of a spectator *ab extra*, aloof and above the actual arena of conflict. The portrait which he sought was never that which a photograph might give, an exact likeness of an individual at a particular moment, but rather a mask, true, in fact, in all essentials of outward appearance and inner construction, but independent of time and occasion, a plastic type, like the face of an actor, which might be modified at will to suit any part that actor might be playing. Odd as the expression may sound in connection with an artist, who, like Tenniel, has been principally engaged in presenting to the world humorous pictures of current life, he is essentially an idealist. None, indeed, can fail to see this when they look at his conceptions of abstract ideas, as Peace (p. 17), Liberty, Famine, or Commerce, or his impersonations of Europe (p. 7), France, Ireland, Italy, and other countries; but he is an idealist also in his portraits of politicians, and in his social types, like the dishonest tradesman, the swindling director, the costermonger (p. 4), and the burglar. They are

all founded on nature, but modified by that "idea" which is always present to the mind of a creative artist, whether it be a Turner, a Daumier, or a Tenniel. Nothing is more interesting in the study of this artist's cartoons, than to watch the growth and formation of this "idea" or "type" of the faces of well-known characters. The faces of our most intimate friends are not more familiar to us than those of Gladstone, Beaconsfield, Harcourt, and Chamberlain, as fixed for us by Sir John Tenniel. But this permanent image has not been made at one stroke, it is the result of a hundred separate images all different in phase, but all fundamentally the same. We have seen Gladstone as a Knight (p. 14) and an Old Woman (p. 23), as a Lion and a Hen, as Ajax and Hercules, as a Woodman and a Waiter, and in a hundred other characters; but every metamorphose, instead of disturbing, has only impressed the artist's conception of Gladstone on the public mind; a conception which, in its combination of intellectual energy with noble physique, has never been exceeded. The same permanence in variety is true of his Protean representations of Disraeli, and there never was a greater contrast, physical or intellectual, than between him and Gladstone. Gladstone's grand features made anything like caricature impossible; nobody has ever succeeded in making his face ridiculous, and Tenniel never tried to

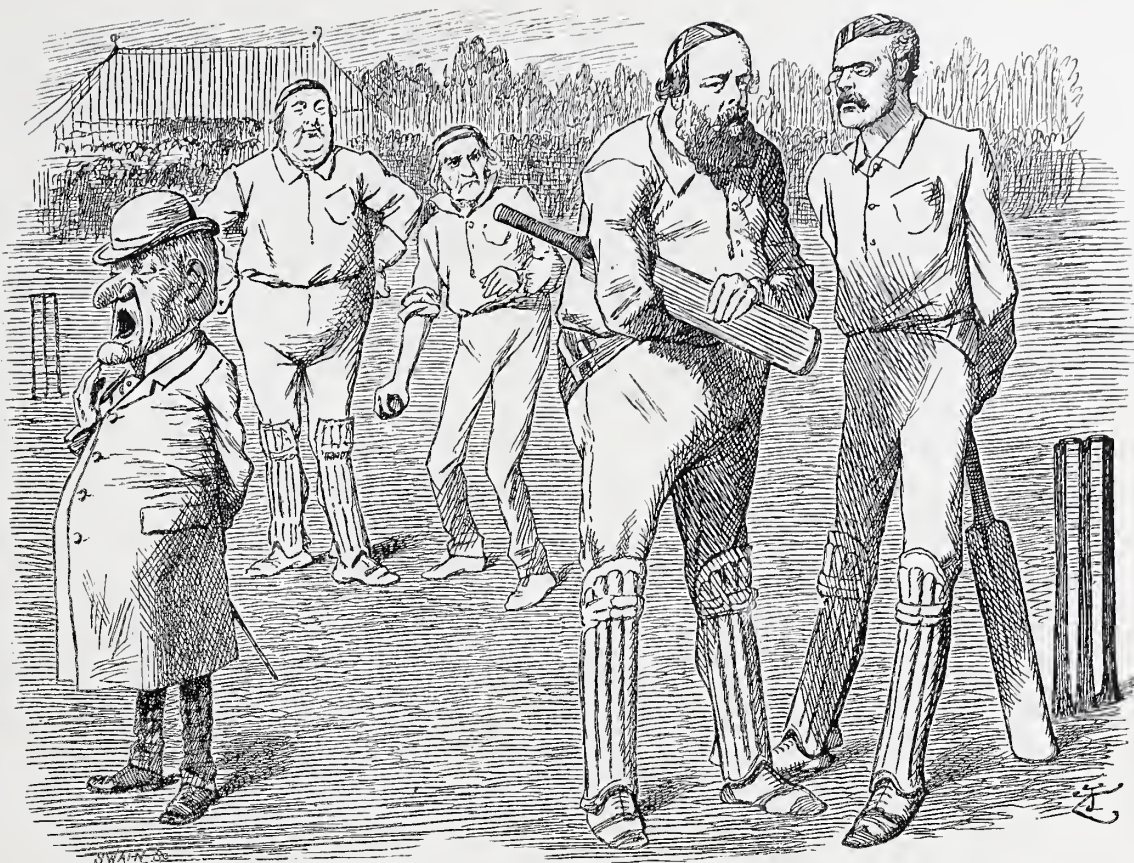


Our Masters Masters. (p. 4).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Newspaper Hawker. "Shout away Bill! We're safe enough as long as we vote 'Progressive'!"
July 9. 1898.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.



"Innings Closed." (p. 28).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Arthur B. — "Don't you think it's about time to declare this innings closed?" June 11, 1892.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

do so. Even as Mrs. Gumidge (p. 23) Gladstone's face still retains its dignity. The face and character of Disraeli, on the contrary, lent themselves naturally to the caricaturist. His Semitic caste of features, the droop of his eyelid, his eye-glass, and the curls of his hair, his prominent nose and protruding underlip, made a whole which, if distinguished and picturesque, was easily made ridiculous. Tenniel took every fair artistic advantage of these physical peculiarities, but he seldom, if ever, exaggerated them, even in his most satirical designs like Beaconsfield as a Peri (after the election of

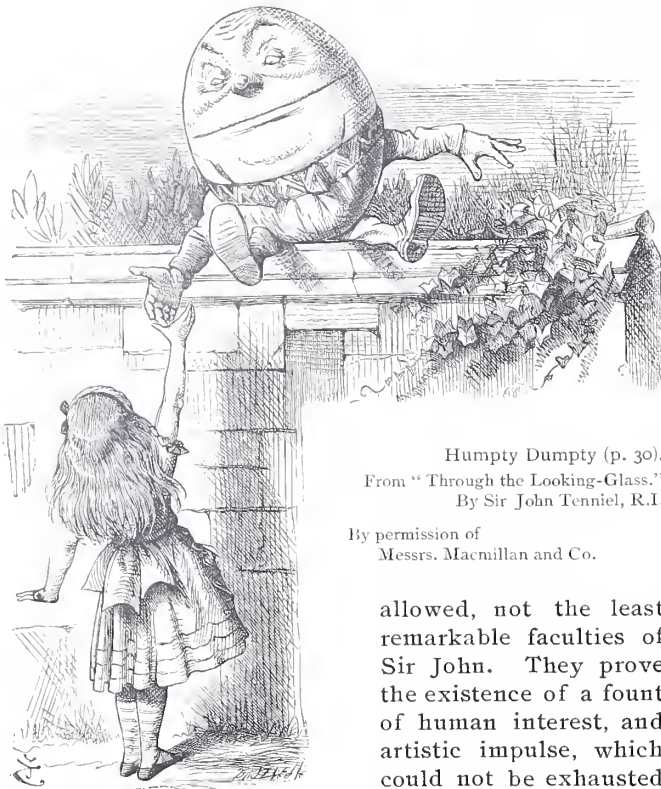


The Herdsman and the Lost Bull (p. 14).

From "Aesop's Fables." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

By permission of Mr. John Murray.

1874), or as Touchstone, in *As You Like It*, before the dissolution of 1880. But as with Gladstone so with Beaconsfield. You may trace him from his early manhood to his death in the cartoons of Sir John Tenniel, and you will find him, in spite of years and the manifold changes in the parts he plays, the same essentially, while the personality becomes more distinct and familiar. It is always alive and growing, always presented in some new light, never dull or stale; neither the subject nor the artist is ever exhausted. Such un-failing resource, and such abounding vitality, are, it must be



Humpty Dumpty (p. 30).
From "Through the Looking-Glass."
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

By permission of
Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

allowed, not the least remarkable faculties of Sir John. They prove the existence of a fount of human interest, and artistic impulse, which could not be exhausted without a much longer life than is accorded to

man. They certainly make us wish that he had not thought fit to retire from *Punch* just yet, for though there are doubtless as good fish in the sea as any that have come out of it, and many able designers on the present staff of Mr. Punch, it will be a long time before we can become quite used to his successor, however able he may be. But Sir John Tenniel is not young, and is well entitled to his rest; even if he should choose to lay aside his pencil altogether, who shall say him nay? Few artists have ever worked harder and longer or to better purpose than he, and it is far better for all that he should be able to point to such a cartoon as 'Time's Appeal' (plate facing page 24), and say, with modest pride, "This is my last, but not, I think, my worst."

At the same time we may hope that faculties still so clear, and skill still so unimpaired as those of the designer and executor of this cartoon will not remain idle. Humourist, satirist, gentleman of the world as he is, he is something more and greater, for if he does not write verses, he is certainly a poet, and one of the nobler sort, with lofty thoughts, a fine imagination, and sympathy with all that is great and good, grand and beautiful. Unless this had been so, he would not have been as great a power, even upon *Punch*. Even if he had been able to amuse the world of London as much, which is doubtful, he could never have conceived those designs which have roused the hearts of his own nation, and thrilled others with touches of sympathy and goodwill. Perhaps, if all Englishmen who are old enough to remember the Indian Mutiny, were polled at the present moment to give the cartoon of Tenniel which lived most distinctly in their memory, they would name the famous picture of the 'British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger,' which appeared on the 22nd of August, 1859 (p. 19). It is not, indeed, his noblest design, for he has made appeal to finer feelings than Vengeance; even artistically it is by no means his best, but it is grand and spirited; it gave voice to a national passion which was justified then, if ever, and it ran like a fire through the land.

Finer, and nobler, too, was the grand cartoon of 'Væ Victis,' with which *Punch* celebrated the victorious entry of the German Army into Paris (plate facing page 8), a worthy memorial of perhaps the greatest event in modern history, impressive in its pageant, and terrible in its pathos, like a leaf from the Book of Fate. Which of our modern painters can boast of so heroic a design?

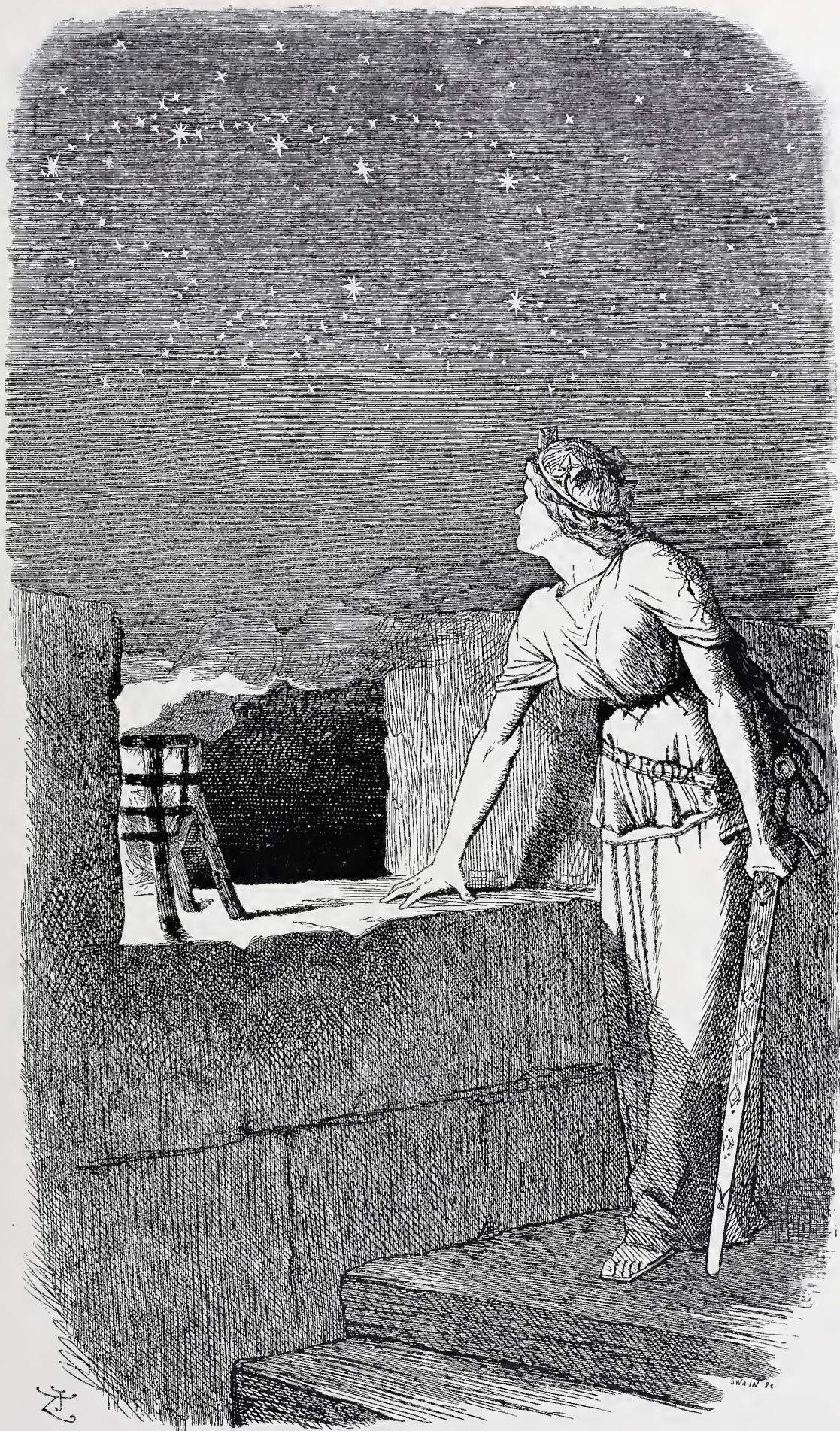
If this will be remembered in Germany, not less will (or should) be remembered in France, those sympathetic cartoons which preceded it, 'For the Sake of These,' and 'The Bœuf Gras for Paris, 1871' (p. 22). In the first of these the pitying figure of Peace consoles the bereaved children of France and Germany, and in the second a still more beautiful Peace leads a magnificent ox which symbolises the practical sympathy of Great Britain. She is in mourning with her head bowed, and is one of the loveliest and most pathetic of all Tenniel's ideal figures. She is ideal indeed, and with wings, but yet a woman with a tender heart. Another supremely touching cartoon, of which we also give a reproduction (p. 15), is called 'Peace with Honour,' and commemorates the profound grief of England at the death of Lord Beaconsfield. Worthy to be mentioned with these, if not superior to them all in simple pathos, is 'Britannia Sympathising with Columbia on the Death of Garfield.' Here the face of Columbia, as Britannia clasps her to her bosom, is hidden, but her intense grief is eloquently expressed in every line of her figure. In this design, and in many more, Sir John Tenniel has shown himself as a true poet, and also as an artist capable of treating the most noble themes. Such a capacity was once considered as a test of a great artist, and we may hope that before very long it will be so considered again.

Perhaps the most noble and affecting of all his cartoons, and by most critics regarded as his masterpiece, is that simple, almost homely allegory, with which he symbolised the fall of Bismarck, 'Dropping the Pilot' (Frontispiece). As in his most burlesque cartoons, the persons represented are playing parts in an imaginary drama and are dressed in character, but there is no humour here. All is as grave as the sober fact which suggested the design. The great German Chancellor, whose mighty intellect, iron will, and absolute devotion to his country had brought all her enemies to her feet and solidified her scattered states into one great empire—or, to use the image of the cartoon, the Pilot, who had brought the ship of state through countless dangers to a safe harbour, is dismissed, or "dropped." Slowly and sadly, but with a manly step,



Alice and the White Queen (p. 30).
From "Through the Looking-Glass."
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



"What of the night?" (p. 27).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

From *Punch* (1886). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.



SWAIN 3c

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I. (p. 28).

"On the Frowl!"
Dec. 5. 1896.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

he descends the ship's ladder to the little boat, his function ended. The skipper, the grandson of that Emperor to whom the Pilot had devoted his life, looks at the retreating figure from the bulwarks above with a face that shows neither anger nor pity.

The drawing from which our plate is taken was a commission given to the artist by Lord Rosebery, and it is by his kind permission that we are allowed to reproduce it. So impressed was his lordship with the greatness of the design that he sent a copy of it to Bismarck himself, who, in acknowledging it, said, "It is indeed a fine one." How far superior Lord Rosebery's drawing is to the wood-cut, any one can see by comparing our reproduction with the latter, which will be found in *Punch*, vol. 98, p. 150. But in this case the comparison is scarcely fair, as Lord Rosebery's drawing is executed with unusual care, and is reproduced in facsimile from an original in pen and ink. No wood-cut ever reproduced an artist's drawing without loss, and although Tenniel's drawings have always been well cut (from first to last they have been engraved by the Swains, father and son), the loss in his case has been increased by his habit of drawing all his cartoons with a very hard and fine lead pencil, an HHHHHH. The loss has been not only in the subtler lines of expression, which is a loss common to all engraved drawings, whatever their material, but also in touch and tone. It is impossible to reproduce in the hard monotonous black of printers' ink the grey and varied tones of the lead

pencil or its soft, elastic line. Tenniel of course thoroughly understood how his pencil lines would be reproduced by the engraver, and drew them according to his knowledge, and the result was that the engraving was as close a translation as was possible; but it was not the same thing, and though the public have seen thousands of his cartoons, they do not know how they looked when they came from his hand, or the exquisite delicacy of his handiwork. Unfortunately most of these original drawings are lost for ever, for down to 1892 Sir John adhered to the system of drawing on the wood block which was in vogue before the days of photography, and they were completely destroyed in the process of engraving. No sign of them was left except the original sketch, generally a very slight one. Since then he has drawn like other artists, on cardboard, and his design has been photographed on the block. The advantages of this change of proceeding are so obvious that it is strange the artist did not secure them at the earliest possible moment, for it does away with the necessity of drawing the design in reverse, and what is a still greater advantage, it enables the artist to keep the original design for himself. He still, however, retained to the last his practice of drawing his cartoons in pencil, though he often employed pen and ink for other work. He is conservative in temperament, and no one can wonder that he should love the lead pencil, of which he is probably the greatest living master.



From a Drawing by Sir John Tenniel R. S.

J
T
1871

VAE VICTIS 1871

BY PERMISSION OF J F HALL ESQ SHARCOMBE, WELLS



By permission of Messrs.
Longmans, Green & Co.

The Death of Zelica (p. 28).
From "Lalla Rookh." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL, R.I.

HIS EARLIER WORK.



From *Punch* (1857).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

OR the last fifty years Sir John Tenniel has occupied one of the most public positions in England. This is chiefly true for the years 1862-1900 inclusive, during which, as chief cartoonist of *Punch*, he has issued week by week, almost without a break, a design on the most important theme of

a source of amusement to millions, but a power in the history of nations. They say it has destroyed Cabinets and precipitated wars, and it certainly has exerted a great influence in the direction of public opinion. Yet this most public of men in one sense has been the most private in another. Year after year for not much less

the day. It may be said there is scarcely a man in the street who does not know and admire his work, and it is even better known and appreciated by the objects of his keen but gentle satire—the crowned heads and statesmen of the world. It has not only been



The Sultan dying of laughter (p. 18).
From "Punch's Pocket-Book (1876)." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.



By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co. Sir Rupert the Fearless (p. 30). From "The Ingoldsby Legends." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

than half a century, he has lived a quiet life in his present residence in Maida Hill, attending the *Punch* dinner on Wednesday, and spending Thursday and Friday on his cartoon for the week, and for the rest, seldom going far beyond the circle of his familiar friends, or leaving England except for a day or two. *Punch*, indeed, may be said to have absorbed not only his talents, but his life.

Cincinnatus taken from the plough to command his country's forces, scarcely experienced a more violent change in the direction of his life than Tenniel, when one day in 1850 Mark Lemon called upon him to fill the gap that had been made by the secession of Richard Doyle from the staff of *Punch*. There was this difference between the two cases: Cincinnatus no doubt responded to what he deemed a higher call, but the change from the career of an independent artist, with strong tendencies towards "high art," to that of a political satirist in a weekly periodical, was not so flattering to Tenniel's pride, nor so clear a duty. The general interest in Sir John is so intimately, and almost exclusively, associated with *Punch*, that few persons perhaps know that he had made himself some considerable position as an artist before he joined its staff. He had exhibited at the Society of British Artists and the Royal Academy, and competed successfully for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament.

The lives of most English artists are rather barren of striking incident for the biographer, and that of Tenniel has been no exception to the rule. Moreover, Sir John has a healthy horror of the interviewer, and does not regard his private life as a legitimate subject of public curi-

osity. Most of the few facts of his biography which have been made public hitherto will be found in Mr. M. H. Spielmann's excellent "History of *Punch*." To these, thanks to Sir John's kindness, I am able to add a few more, which are of much interest for the light they throw upon his art-training.

Sir John was the son of John Baptist Tenniel, and was born in Kensington in 1820, and educated there. As an artist he had no special training till he went to the Academy Schools. Like the present President of the Royal Academy, he did not stay there long, as he was very dissatisfied with the teaching. Afterwards he joined the Clipstone Street Art Society, where he studied both the antique and the nude with Charles Keene, his lifelong friend and colleague on the staff of *Punch*, and attended the anatomy lectures of Dr. Rogers. He also studied the Elgin Marbles and other sculpture at the British Museum in company with the late Henry Le Jeune, A.R.A., and Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., the veteran landscape painter. He was very much interested in costume and armour, and studied them in the reading room and print room of the British Museum, where he laid the foundation of that knowledge of both, which has been of such great advantage to him as the cartoonist of *Punch*. In this branch of study he was greatly assisted by Sir Frederick Madden, then head of the manuscript department of the Museum. He studied also the armour in the Tower of London.

Otherwise Sir John Tenniel was self-taught. From early life his artistic inclinations had been very marked. He could not help being conscious of more than ordinary talents, including great facility in drawing anything he saw or had seen. Quite apart from other faculties, he had, and has to a remarkable degree, the power of pictorial recollection, which enables him to be almost independent of models. He had also a natural tendency to the most noble and dignified forms of art, and a sense of elevation in style. He was ambitious also, and soon began to paint pictures. When he was sixteen he exhibited an oil picture at the Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, and he not only exhibited it but sold it. Its subject was 'The Stirrup Cup,' and



Alice and the Duchess (p. 30) From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.



Prometheus Unbound, or Science in Olympus (p. 18).
From the original Pen-and-Ink Drawing, reduced to one-fourth dimensions, executed in 1879 for "Punch's Almanack" by Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

With the consent of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.



By permission of
Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

The Lay of St. Odille (p. 30).
From "The Ingoldsby Legends." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

it was bought by Tyrone Power, the well-known Irish actor, then in England for a short time, after his first tour in America. In 1837 he commenced to exhibit at the Royal Academy, sending a scene from the "Fortunes of Nigel"—'Captain Peppercull interceding for Nigel with Duke Hildebrand.' Other contributions to the Academy exhibitions were sent every year till 1842, including two more illustrations of the same romance. After that, the galleries in Trafalgar Square saw his work no more till 1851. Meanwhile his attention, like that of all ambitious young artists of the time, was much engaged by the Government's ill-fated proposals to decorate the new Houses of Parliament with frescoes of national subjects. To the competition in Westminster Hall in 1845, Sir John sent a cartoon of 'The Spirit of Justice,' which we are glad to be able to reproduce opposite. For this he was awarded a premium, and he also received a commission to execute a fresco of St. Cecilia in illustration of Dryden, for the Upper Waiting Hall in the House of Lords, which was devoted to the illustration of British poets.

Alas! the fate of all those mural paintings at Westminster which were executed in pure fresco, is too well known. What with the damp climate, and the imperfect experience of the artists in the use of the material, they are now utterly ruined, if they can be said to exist. When the scheme was projected, the process of fresco was entirely unknown in England, but had been practised a good deal in Germany, especially by Cornelius and his school, at Munich and Berlin. Cornelius himself visited England, and unfortunately recommended its

adoption for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament. Many of our British artists, and amongst them Sir John, and, with him, Edward Corbould, went to study the process at Munich. Nor was his visit altogether in vain, perhaps, although his solitary fresco has perished, for the high motive, the large design, and simple style of the German fresco painters could scarcely be without influence, however unconscious, on the future cartoonist of Mr. Punch. "Teutonic," as well as "Academic," is an epithet sometimes attached to his work, and, I think, a German influence is plainly to be seen in the first engravings after his drawings, which were published by John Murray in 1848, as illustrations to the Rev. Thomas James's version of "Æsop's Fables." They possess, certainly, the hard, clear outline, the dignity of figure and composition, the reticence in expression, and the paleness of tone, which are characteristic of the German woodcuts of the time.

This book forms a very decided landmark in the history of Sir John Tenniel, for it was through it, as Sir John himself tells us, that he was to obtain his introduction to *Punch*. It was about Christmas, 1850, that Richard Doyle, who was a staunch Catholic, suddenly withdrew from *Punch* the aid of his fanciful and humorous pencil, in consequence of the attitude of that journal towards the so-called "Papal Aggression." It was no common defection, for Doyle was not only an important, but a very prolific contributor, and besides the weekly cartoon, there was the Almanack and the Pocket-Book, in which Doyle's help was almost invaluable. As Mr. Spielmann tells us in his "History of *Punch*," Doyle's secession left *Punch* without its Almanack



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Alice and the Red Queen (p. 30).
From "Through the Looking-Glass."
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

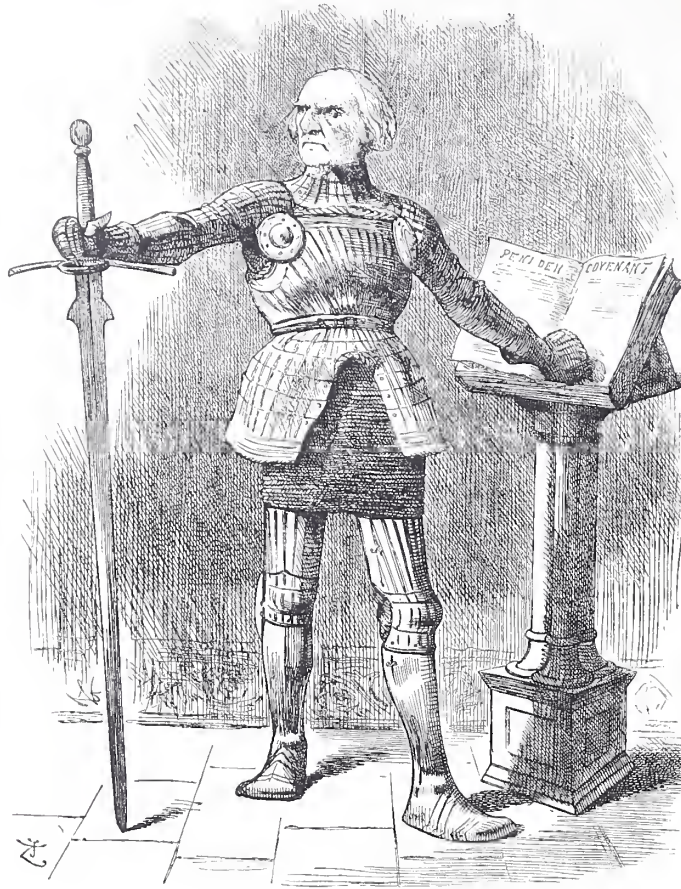


The Spirit of Justice (p. 12).

After a Lithograph from the finished Design for the Cartoon exhibited in Westminster Hall (1845), by Sir John Tenniel, R. I.

blocks, without a second cartoonist, and without an artist of distinctive decorative ability for fanciful initial letters, headings, and title-pages.

It was Douglas Jerrold, then almost all-powerful on *Punch*, that suggested to Mark Lemon that Doyle's place should be filled by the illustrator of "Æsop's Fables." In making this selection, Jerrold and Lemon showed rare insight and courage, for Tenniel was, at that time, a young and comparatively unknown man. It is, indeed, plain to all, now, who turn over the pages of this rare volume, to see in its designs many of the fine qualities with which his later work has made us so familiar; but it is easy to be wise after the event. Nevertheless there



The Broken Covenant (p. 4).
From *Punch* (1885). By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
Mr. Gladstone (27th April, 1885): "We cannot close this hook, and say we will look into it no more."

they are, and with them an individual stamp, modest indeed, but distinct, which proclaims their authorship, even now, to all who know the "hand" of John Tenniel.

Nearly all are characterised by a sense of classical style, and even in these early sketches he shows the power of using it in humorous design so as to elevate the humour without degrading the style. In many of them his gift of composition is conspicuously shown, as in 'The Herdsman and the Lost Bull' (p. 5), and 'The Great and Little Fishes,' both of which are little masterpieces of design. His knowledge of the human form is shown in his drawing of a nude figure illustrating the fable of 'The Belly and its Members,' and his power of inventing.



From *Punch* (1881).
By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

Political Parrots (p. 28).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
Mr. B.: "Oh! this dreadful screeching!!"



From *Punch* (1885).

"Only his Play" (1881) (p. 28).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

"Russian Force attacked the Afghans, killing 500 men."—Telegram, April 9.

"The Russian Government hope that this unlucky incident may not prevent the continuance of the negotiations (laughter)."—Mr. Gladstone, quoting M. de Giers, the same evening.

landscape in dramatic sympathy with his story, is exhibited in 'The Mountain in Labour,' especially in the revised version of the design which appeared in the second edition of the book. This edition is far superior to the first in the clever manner in which the point of the fable is emphasised, the mouse being set against the distance upon a ridge in the foreground, and made quite the most important figure in the composition. Although most of the designs are serious, and even terror is struck in the picture of 'Old Man and Death,' there is no lack of humour, very various and always refined, as in the 'Country Mouse and Town Mouse,' the 'Lion in Love,' the 'Boasting Traveller,'



From *Punch* (1881). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

"Peace with Honour" (p. 6).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

and the 'Boy Bathing,' in which last the figure of the preaching philosopher is a "perfect picture" of the moral prig. Others excellent for character and spirit are 'Mercury and the Sculptor' (in which Mercury, though wrapt in a long cloak, looks every inch a god), the 'Dog invited to Supper,' and 'The Ass and the Lapdog.' There are a few simple pastoral subjects of much grace and sweetness, like 'The Country Maid and her Milk-can' and the 'Shepherd and the Sea.' The animals, of course, are numerous, and include many excellent lions. These remind one a little of the type then familiar in the graceful designs of William Harvey, but they are picturesque, spirited and noble



From *Punch* (1876). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.

Her Best Title: "Queen of the East" (p. 25).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

The new wing of the London Hospital, given by the Grocers' Company, was opened by Queen Victoria on March 7th, 1876.

creatures, especially in 'Man and the Lion' and 'Herdsman and Lost Bull.' It is easy to see in them the germ of that grand creature, the British Lion of *Punch*. Besides these, are donkeys and horses, dogs and stags, sheep and oxen, a wolf and a cat, some camels, and many birds, the comparative merits of which it would be tedious to discriminate here. There are, of course, defects in draughtsmanship in the animals, and also in the human figures, which are sometimes thick in the knees and ankles, but the drawing is always full of life and decision, and sometimes very sweet and delicate, as the 'Old Woman and Her Maids.' In the second version of this the artist has given for once a strong effect of light and shade, the woman shedding the light of a candle on the pretty faces of her sleeping servants.

The "second versions" to which I refer are contained in the edition of the "Fables," now in print, which may be purchased

any day for the sum of half-a-crown. After the first

issue had been exhausted, it appeared to the publisher that some of the designs might be improved. In the first edition all the illustrations, over a hundred, were by Tenniel; in the second over twenty and the frontispiece were assigned to the late Josef Wolf, the well-known animal painter. Others were redrawn by Tenniel, and improved in the process, as the 'Old Woman and the Winejar,' 'Hercules and the Waggoner,' 'The Bundle of Sticks,' 'The Trumpeter taken Prisoner,' and others besides those already mentioned.

The collector will therefore not obtain a complete set of Tenniel's designs for the "Fables" unless he has both editions. He may have to pay a little more for the first than the second, but yet no unreasonable sum, considering that it is a pretty book and rare.



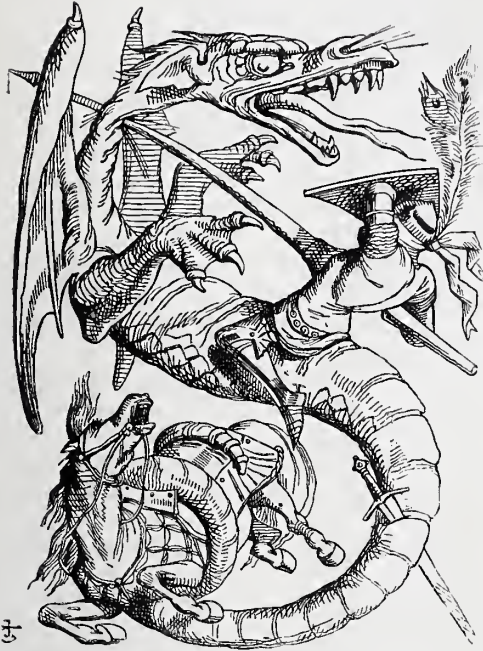
Billy Taylor (p. 18).
From "Punch's Pocket-Book."
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.



From a Water Colour Drawing by Sir John Tenniel, R.S.

HOW GIL BLAS ARRAYED HIMSELF
IN THE BLUE VELVET

On the Staff of "Punch."



From *Punch* (1857).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

in fanciful initials, in decorative borders and head and tail pieces, than on the cartoons. John Leech, then first cartoonist, was in the fulness of his vigour, and to the first volume for 1851, which contained his celebrated picture of Lord John Russell as 'The Boy who chalked up "No Popery" and then ran away,' Tenniel contributed only two cartoons. The first of them was 'Lord Jack the Giant-Killer,' vol. xx. p. 45, and represented the diminutive Premier as a knight in full armour, encouraged by John Bull, Mr. Punch, and Toby, proceeding to attack the Giant Wiseman. It is interesting now mainly as a curiosity, and indeed for some time Tenniel achieved no very great success as a cartoonist. He made his mark, however, at once as a decorative designer and humorous illustrator. His first contribution was an initial in vol. xix., p. 224. He designed the title and half-title to the same volume, with a few initials, and some odds and ends for the end of it, and the first page border to the Almanack. The next volume

1901.

SIR JOHN TENNIEL certainly did not find his post a sinecure. At first he was much more employed in the smaller work of the periodical,

was full of his work, and commenced with a three-quarter border illustration, full of spirit and fun, to a burlesque ballad, of which the subject interests us now no more. Some of his later critics who have known him only by his cartoons have denied him humour altogether. It would be difficult to believe this if we had not Sir John's own word for it, but he told Mr. Spielmann: "Some people believe that I am no humorist, that I have no sense of fun at all. They deny me everything but severity, classically, and dignity. Now I believe that I have a very keen sense of humour, and that my drawings are sometimes really funny." So ridiculous a mistake could never have been made by anyone who witnessed his



Peace (p. 4).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Mr. Punch's design for a colossal statue, which ought to have been placed in the International Exhibition (1862).
From *Punch* (1862). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

D



Queen Hermione (p. 26).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Paulina (Britannia) unveils the statue: " 'Tis time! Descend: be stone no more."—*Winter's Tale*.

From *Punch* (1865). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

début on *Punch*. His very earliest work for that periodical is literally brimming over with fun, mainly of the romantic-burlesque type.

One of his colleagues at this time was Thackeray, and the twentieth volume contains many of his initial letters, badly drawn, it is true, but full of his own peculiar humour. In quality of humour, at least, the illustrator of *The Rose and the Ring* had much in common with the illustrator of *Alice in Wonderland*. Of Tenniel's initial letters we reproduce four. (See pp. 1, 9, 17 and 29); but these, like all our other illustrations, belong to a more mature period. He did a great deal of work for the Almanacks, including the borders to the Calendars and the double-page cartoon. The title-page and the head and tail pieces to the Prefaces and Indices year

after year also testified to his decorative ingenuity and sprightly humour. Over the preface of the twentieth volume, *Punch* and *Judy* are seen pointing out the Great Exhibition to a motley crowd of visitors from all parts of the globe, and on the title-page *Punch* figures as the Modern *Æsop*, an impersonation which perhaps was suggested by the assistance which the Ancient *Æsop* had rendered to the artist. Of all these things we give no examples, but from *Punch's Almanack* and *Pocket-books* we reproduce three designs, 'The Sultan dying of Laughter' (p. 9), 'Billy Taylor' (p. 16), and 'Prometheus Unbound' (p. 11). The first is an illustration of a comic version of the *Arabian Nights*, the second of a parody by Mr. Burnand, the third is an excellent example of the classical burlesque, and is entirely due to Tenniel's invention. The original of 'Prometheus Unbound' (p. 11) hangs over the mantel-piece in the artist's study. Though more than twenty years old, its humour is not yet out of date. Vulcan scratching his head

at the Nasmyth hammer cracking an egg, *Punch* dazzling Jupiter with the electric light, Mercury on a bicycle (a very lofty one, be it observed), Venus being photographed by Time, Bacchus drinking a huge cup of coffee, and nearly all the rest of it are as amusing as ever, while for fertility of invention, for spirit and elegance, Tenniel has seldom surpassed it. It is certainly very much finer than anything he could have done when he joined the staff of *Punch* some nine-and-twenty years before. All these years had been years of steady progress, which we have no space to follow step by step. The progress was mainly along the line of the cartoon, rather than that of the "half-page social," in which he could not compete with the rollicking day-by-day humour of



The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger (p. 6).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

From *Punch* (1857). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.



"A Stiff Job!" (p. 28).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

W.E.G. (to himself) "Shall have to keep him up to the collar!" (aloud) "Gee up!!"
Feb. 11, 1893.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

Leech. It may be interesting, however, to note the first of his "half-page socials," which is to be found on the 218th page of the twentieth volume, and represents a scene on the road to the Derby with two riders on horseback, one of whom is having a bad time of it with a brute of a horse, and pretending that it is "Be-be-beautiful, e-e-easy as a cha-a-air." His first *Punch* lion appeared in 1852, as well



In a Tight Place. (p. 28).

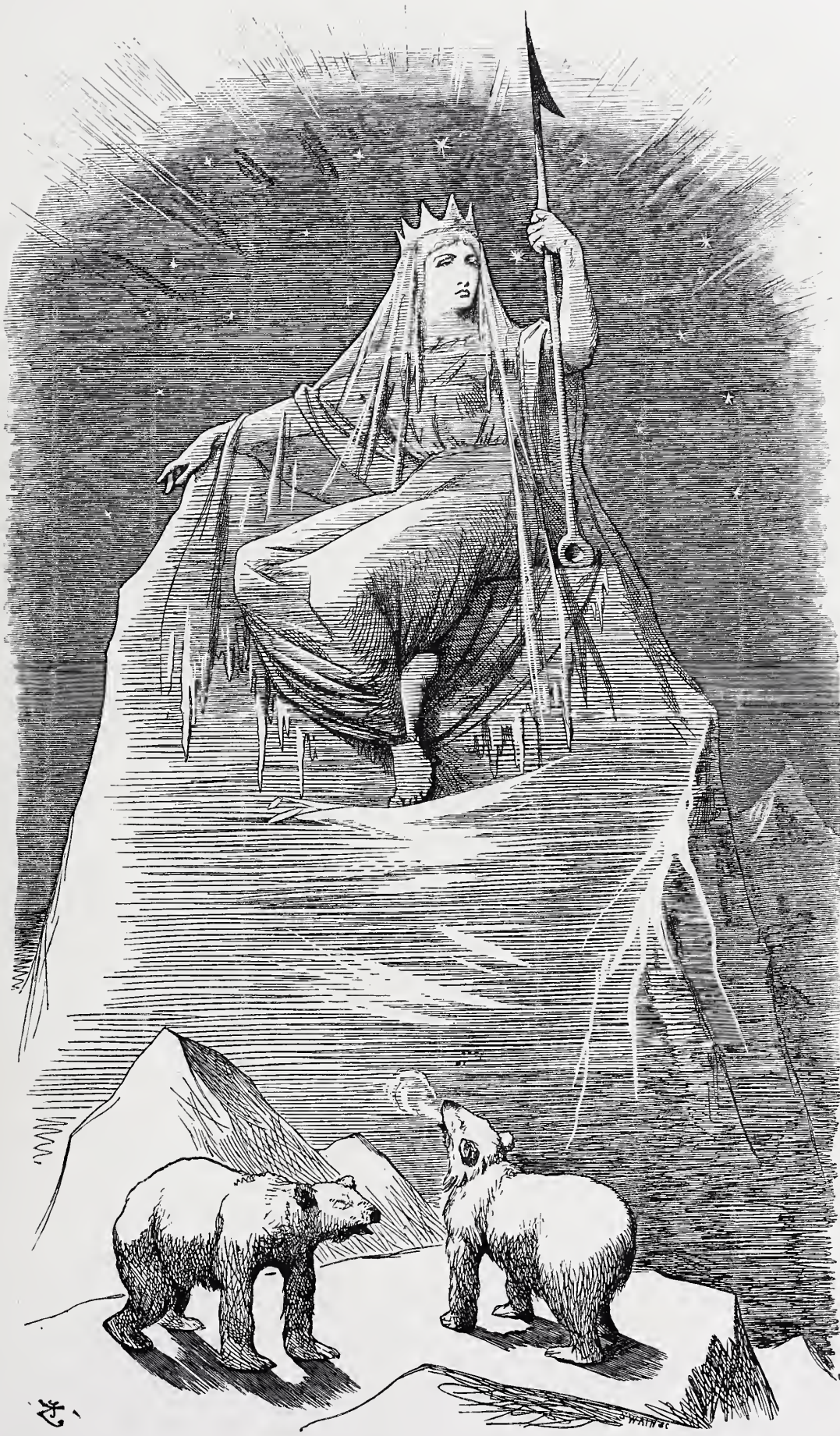
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

John Morley. "Look here, Skipper! if we don't get through this somehow, we shall be smashed!"
June 17, 1893.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

as his first obituary cartoon (Wellington)—and his first and I believe only literary contribution to *Punch*, is an account of the Philoperisteron Society, to accompany his own drawing called 'Pigeons,' on p. 56 of vol. xx.

Not the least advantage derived by Tenniel from his connection with *Punch* was his acquaintance with its staff. Five years after he joined it, the company round

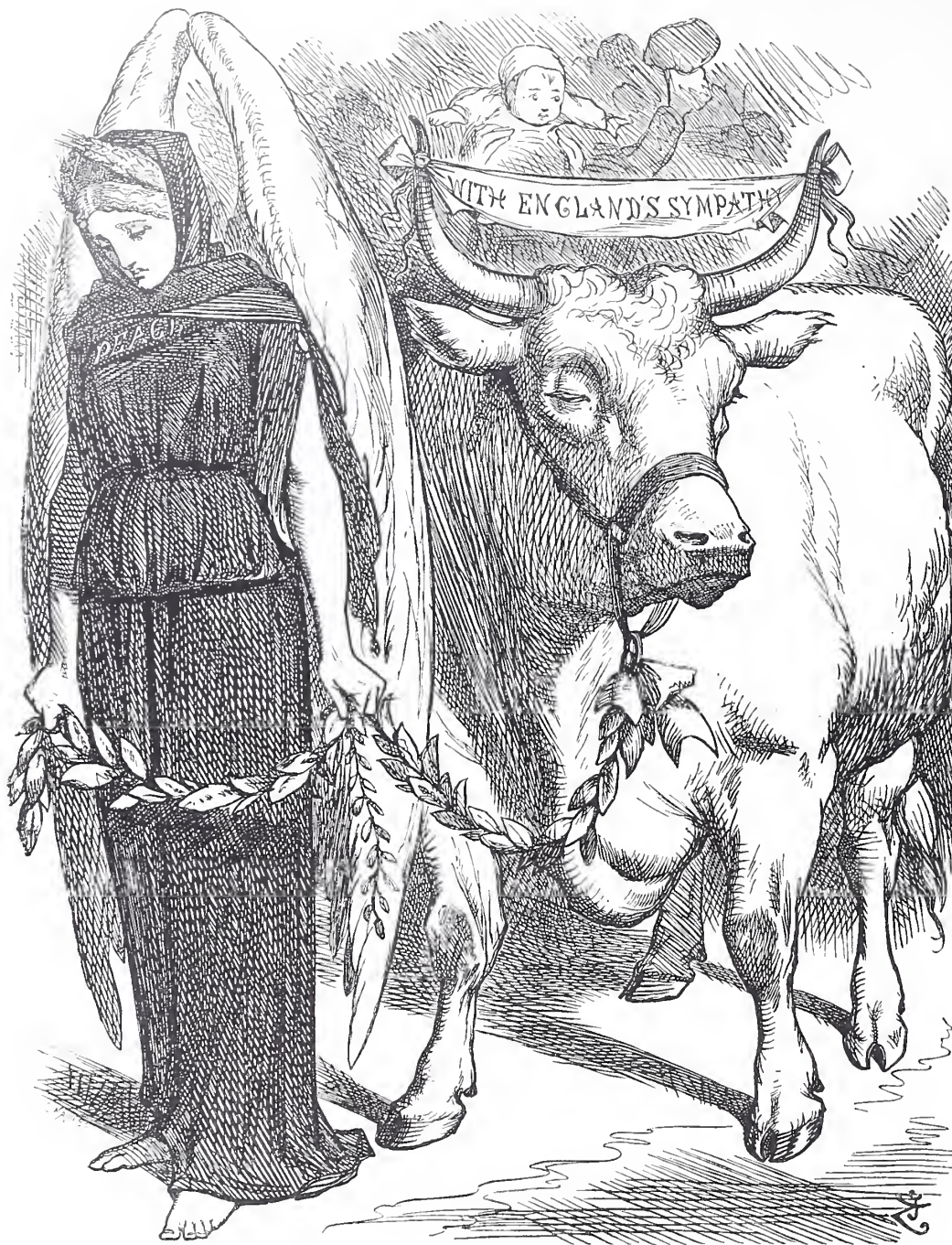


(Arctic Expedition sailed May 29th, 1875.)

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

Waiting to be Won (p. 27).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.



From *Punch* (1871). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

The "Bœuf Gras" for Paris, 1871 (p. 6).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

the *Punch* table consisted of two proprietors, Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Evans, and ten on the active staff, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Taylor, Gilbert Abbott à Beckett, Horace Mayhew, Percival Leigh, John Leech, W. M. Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon and John Tenniel. Five years afterwards, Tenniel's old friend, Charles Keene, has taken the place of Douglas Jerrold, who died in 1859, and Henry Silver the place of à Beckett, who died in 1856, while engaged on a series of papers called "Punch's Guide Books to the Crystal Palace," illustrated by Tenniel. The next few years (from 1860) created two more gaps in the staff of *Punch* and Tenniel's friendships, for Thackeray died in 1863, and Leech in 1864. Thackeray had quarrelled with *Punch* in 1854, and written little or nothing in it since, but John Leech was a very serious loss, both to the paper and the artist. Tenniel and Leech were intimate friends at *Punch*'s Council, at home, and in the hunting-field.

On the death of Leech, Tenniel became the first, one might say the only cartoonist upon *Punch*. This promotion was more apparent than real as far as the public and Tenniel's work were concerned, for since 1862 he had contributed one cartoon regularly every week; and as he told Mr. Spielmann in April, 1889, and, has confirmed to me since:—

"I have now been working regularly at the weekly cartoons for *Punch* for close on thirty years (from 1862), missing only two or three times from illness. In all that time I have hardly left London for more than a week; yet I enjoy wonderful health, doubtless to be attributed to regular riding. I carry out my work thus: I never use models or nature for the figure, drapery, or anything else. But I have a wonderful memory of observation, not for dates, but anything I see I remember. Well, I get my subject on Wednesday night; I think it out carefully on Thursday, and make my rough sketch;

on Friday morning I begin, and stick to it all day, with my nose well down on the block. By means of tracing-paper—on which I make all alterations of composition and action I may consider necessary—I transfer my design to the wood, and draw on that. The first sketch I may, and often do, complete later on as a commission.

"Well, the block being finished, it is handed over to Swain's boy at about 6.30 to 7 o'clock, who has been waiting for it for an hour or so, and at 7.30 it is put in hand for engraving. That is completed on the following night, and on Monday night I receive by post the copy of next Wednesday's paper. Although case-hardened in a sense, I have never the courage to open the packet. I always leave it to my sister, who opens it and hands it across to me, when I just take a glance at it, and receive my weekly pang.

"As I never have a model, I never draw from life—



Mrs. Gumidge-Gladstone: "I ain't what I could wish myself to be. My troubles has made me contrary. I feel my troubles, and they make me contrary. I make the house uncomfortable. I don't wonder at it!!!"

John Peggotty-Bull (deeply sympathising—aside): "She's been thinking of the old 'un!"—*David Copperfield*.

From *Punch* (1885). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

The political "Mrs. Gumidge" (p. 28).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.



Lying in Wait. "Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike." (p. 28).

Goschen (in stage whisper).—"Not yet!—a time will come!" June 2, 1894.

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

always, when I want a portrait, a uniform, and so on, from a photograph; though not in quite the same spirit as Sambourne does. I get a photograph only of the man whom I want to draw, and seek to get his character. Then, if the photograph is in profile, I have to judge the full face, and *vice versa*; but if I only succeed in getting the character, I seldom go far wrong—a due appreciation is an almost infallible guide. I had the opportunity of studying Mr. Gladstone's face carefully when he did me the honour of inviting me to dinner at Downing Street, and I have met him since; but I fancy, after my 'Mrs. Gummidge' cartoon and 'Janus,' I don't deserve to be honoured again! His face has much more character and is much stronger than Mr. Bright's. Mr. Bright had fine eyes, and a grand, powerful mouth, as well as an earnest expression; but a weak nose—artistically speaking, no nose at all—still, a very intellectual face indeed."

For years before 1862 his cartoons had been growing more frequent and better, and amongst them were several which had created a considerable impression, like 'The United Service' (1855), 'The British Lion smells a Rat' (1856), the Cawnpore Cartoons (1857), and 'Mrs. Carolina asserting her Right to Larrup her Nigger' (1861). The earliest one which we reproduce here is 'The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger' (22nd August, 1859), p. 19, and the next is 'Peace' (3rd May, 1862), p. 17, 'Mr. Punch's design

for a colossal statue, which ought to have been placed in the International Exhibition.' This refers, of course, to the Paris Exhibition of 1862, and the design, simple and impressive, is composed of a winged figure of Peace seated on what was then the latest type of a breech-loading gun. This is one of the most purely ideal figures of Tenniel's which we reproduce, and is untinged even by the human emotion of the 'Peace with Honour,' p. 15, and 'The "Bœuf Gras" for Paris' (1890), p. 22; but it is no cold abstraction, nevertheless, but alive and breathing, an angel and a goddess in one.

It has been calculated that at the end of 1894 Tenniel had drawn for *Punch* about 1,860 cartoons. As since then he rarely missed a week till the end of last year, his total number amounts to considerably over 2,000, a prodigious achievement for one man, without counting his other work on *Punch* and elsewhere. It extends over half-a-century, and is contained in no less than a hundred volumes. Every one of these cartoons is a work of art and thought, and the average merit of them is so high, that it is very difficult to choose a small selection of the best. Already four volumes of selected cartoons have been published, containing in all over 500 of them, and I am very thankful that the task of making the selection for this Annual was undertaken by the Artist instead of myself. Two at least of the subjects, 'Queen Hermione' (p. 18), and 'Visiting Grandma' (p. 25), will not be found in the books of cartoons, and I am not sure that

The Illustrated London News & London & W.C. Co.



Illustration by P. W. Robinson, Illustrated, N.Y.

1901

TIME'S APPEAL

BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS BRADBURY AGNEW & CO.



"Hot Water, Sir!" (p. 2).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

From *Punch* (1870).
By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

they would have found a place here if the Editor had not been swayed by loyalty. Sir John, indeed, has never been satisfied with his portraits of her late Majesty, and was always nervous when she had to be introduced into the cartoon of the week. If we may judge from the "Queen Victoria" number of *Punch*, published on the 30th of January last, she seems to have presented unusual difficulties to all the artists engaged on *Punch*. Leech made her a bright and happy girl, but not a Queen; Mr. Sambourne made her the most melancholy of monarchs in the cartoon celebrating her proclamation as Empress of India, and missed her likeness altogether in 'The Waterbabies and the Royal Godmother, 1891.' Sir John can, at least, claim that he has been more successful than any of his colleagues. It may be said that he was never able to fix the Queen's likeness as well as that of her statesmen, but he always expressed the sweetness of her disposition and the dignity of her presence. He gave us, at least, the great example of queenliness and womanliness combined which she set before the world. The first by him, reproduced in the "Queen Vic-

toria" number, is certainly the worst. It appeared in 1857, during the most critical period of the Indian Mutiny. The Queen's agonised expression, as she prays the "God of battles to steel her soldiers' hearts" is painful; it was probably much better in the drawing, for the expressions of the widows and the group of children are charming. In 'The Levée of the Season, 1874,' the Queen is on horseback and quite a different person, but very stately and soldierlike as she salutes her troops. In 'Her Best Title, "Queen of the East"—1876' (see p. 16), the likeness is not good, but the expression is all that can be desired, as she lays her hand on the head of the pathetic (but not too pathetic) little patient. The likeness is better, and the queenly dignity is perfect, in 'The Queen's Year! 1897,' where she is knighting the charming little boy with 1897 inscribed on his halo. Yet in none of these is Tenniel quite at his ease, and as an artist he is much better seen in the admirable and most refined burlesque of 'The Queen! the Queen! 1886,' where Queen Victoria is playing the part of Queen Elizabeth to the Marquis of Salisbury's Sir Walter Raleigh.

Our illustration of 'Visiting Grandma'



From *Punch* (1889).

Visiting Grandma (p. 25).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

Grandma Victoria: "Now, Willie dear, you've plenty of *soldiers* at home; look at these pretty *ships*—I'm sure you'll be pleased with them!"



Armenia's Appeal (p. 28).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

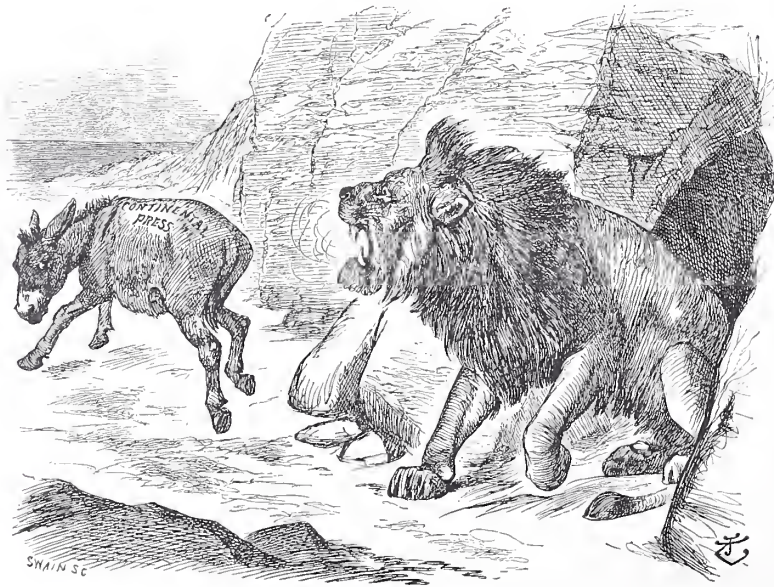
Armenia (bitterly): "Guardships! But—will none of you draw the sword to save me?"

"Armenia is at her last gasp. The work of extermination continues. In the name of humanity and Christianity save us."—Vide Telegram in *Westminster Gazette*, December 12th.

From *Punch* (1895). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

records the visit of the Emperor of Germany to England in 1889, a little more than a year after he came to the throne. We read in "The Queen and Mr. Punch," by Toby, M.P.: "The young Emperor crossed the sea in state, escorted to Spithead by a squadron of the German Navy. He was received by the Prince of Wales and conducted to Osborne, where the Queen was staying. On the day after his arrival, he was to have inspected the British Fleet off Portsmouth. . . . A gale suddenly sprang up, and raged with such violence that the naval review had to be postponed for two days." From the same source I quote the following explanation of the cartoon 'Queen Hermione,' which appeared in *Punch* in September,

1865: "Upon the death of the Prince Consort [in 1861], the Queen shut herself up with her sorrow. For upwards of two years she refrained from showing herself in public even for the quietest function. The first time she was seen in her widowed state was in the spring of 1864, when she visited a flower-show at the Horticultural Gardens, Kensington. Mr. Punch, in a cartoon published at a date approaching the fourth anniversary of the great bereavement, delicately suggests that the days of mourning, inasmuch as they clashed with the performance of duties pertaining to her high estate, might now be regarded as over. In the spring of the next year the Queen opened Parliament in person."



Who said "Dead"? (p. 28).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

From *Punch* (1900). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

In addition to the three figures of 'Peace' already referred to, our illustrations comprise two of Sir John's most beautiful ideal creations: Europa in 'What of the Night?' (p. 7), and 'Waiting to be Won' (p. 21).

The former was occasioned by the rumours of Russian

The design appeared in June, 1875, and was suggested by the Arctic Expedition which had sailed at the end of May. It is astonishing by what simple means Tenniel has suggested dignity, remoteness, solitude, and, not least, the frosty starlight. These two cartoons may be



Plain English (p. 28).
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

John Bull: "As you will fight, you shall have it. This time it's a fight to a finish."

From *Punch* (1899). By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.

interference in Bulgaria in the autumn of 1886. Europe is watching from her battlements the signs of the sky, where the constellation of the Great Bear blazes in a most portentous manner. Not only the figure but the whole composition is very fine and impressive. The beauty who is 'Waiting to be Won' is the North Pole, who sits enthroned upon an iceberg in majestic isolation.

said to illustrate the purest and loftiest conceptions of the artist's imagination, and surely approach, if they do not touch, the sublime.

But there is imagination in all his work, and not least when he suggests the essential characteristics of races and of places with which he could have had little or no acquaintance. It must be remembered that he has no

stores of sketches and studies like most artists have (he seldom carried a sketch-book), and no drawers full of photographs, like Mr. Sambourne, to which he can turn at once for suggestions of anything he may wish to draw. All his drawings are made, as we say, "out of his own head," which has been stored with images from observation of nature, pictures, and everything which he has seen. When the need arrives, his imagination, by some "unconscious cerebration," weaves his composition out of these images, as a poet out of words, and with, perhaps, less labour. It is not difficult to understand this power, for most of us possess it in a certain degree. In our dreams, and even in our waking moments, we seem at times to see clearly images of past scenes, and we cannot read a novel without illustrating it in our own minds. But to be able to draw what we imagine is a different gift, and is one which is denied to most artists, even to some of the most celebrated, like Millais.

To be thus, by nature, practically independent of models, is of course of extraordinary value to one who, like Tenniel, has to supply a weekly composition on any event or subject under the sun, and without notice. Though memory is generally regarded as the base of imagination, the two words represent different ideas, and it may be said that, however high we may estimate Tenniel's imagination, Tenniel's pictorial memory is still more exceptional. No stronger example of it can be found than

in his illustrations to *Lalla Rookh*. The specimen of these we reproduce on page 9—'The Death of Zelica,' from *The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan*, was drawn straight away without model, without even a sketch. All the details of costume and armour, elaborate and fully realised as they are, were commenced and finished without any help but his own memory. As to his imagination, it has helped him not only in his ideal creations, but in his dramatic and humorous conceptions, and even in his portraits—it has enabled him to suggest the character of the Arctic regions, as in 'Waiting to be Won' (p. 21); the jungle, as in 'On the Prowl' (p. 8); and the veldt, as in 'Plain English' (p. 27), and also to fill with life that admirable Zulu (p. 3) teaching John Bull the valuable lesson not to despise his enemy.

I do not know whether he ever drew a Zulu from life or consulted a photograph before he executed this cartoon, but from whatever source the model was derived,

it has been re-created and set in motion by the artist. Not the least striking of our cartoons in its imaginative force is 'Armenia's Appeal' (p. 26). On one side of the piteous figure is seen the horror of the "atrocities," symbolised by the burning town and the ground strewn with dead bodies, on the other side stand the impassible Powers of Europe to whom she appeals, strong in their armour but with their visors down. As with men and things so with animals—Tenniel has never made studies of them for after artistic use. He has been a constant visitor of the Zoological Gardens, and observed their forms and their movements, but he has trusted to his memory for the rest. Probably such an expert as Mr.

J. M. Swan might criticise his beasts in a few details, but no one can deny their vitality, dramatic power, or their humour. For none of his gifts will he be more missed than for his masterly designs of animals. To feel this we have only to look at the lion in 'Who said "Dead"?' (p. 26), the tiger in 'On the Prowl' (p. 8), the lion and tiger in 'The British Lion's Vengeance on the Bengal Tiger' (p. 19), the bear and the wolf in 'Only his Play' (p. 15), the donkey in 'Who said "Dead"?' (p. 26) and 'Our Masters' Masters' (p. 4), the parrots and macaws in 'Political Parrots' (p. 14), and the horses in 'Taking the Reins' (p. 4) and 'Time's Appeal' (Plate facing page 24). Especially perhaps will he be missed for his horses, of which he has been a lover all his life. They are all good, from the war charger,

as in 'Time's Appeal,' to the broken-down screw in 'A Stiff Job' (p. 20).

The rest of our cartoons, 'Steering under Difficulties' (p. 2), 'Innings closed' (p. 5), 'The Broken Covenant' (p. 14), 'In a Tight Place' (p. 20), 'The Political Mrs. Gummidge' (p. 23), 'Lying in Wait' (p. 24), and 'Harcourt's Pastoral' (p. 28), well illustrated the power of imagination as applied to political subjects of both grave and gay, but they do not need much explanation. 'The Broken Covenant' presents one of the noblest conceptions of Gladstone, while the 'Mrs. Gummidge' is the most humorous. Both these, as well as 'Harcourt's Pastoral,' and 'Lying in Wait,' deserve to rank amongst the artist's masterpieces. The latter is conceived in the true spirit of that bandit and pirate drama of blood and swagger, which used to delight some of our childish eyes in the brave tinselled designs of fifty years since, and was probably appreciated to the full by the late Robert Louis Stevenson.



Harcourt's Pastoral. (p. 2.)

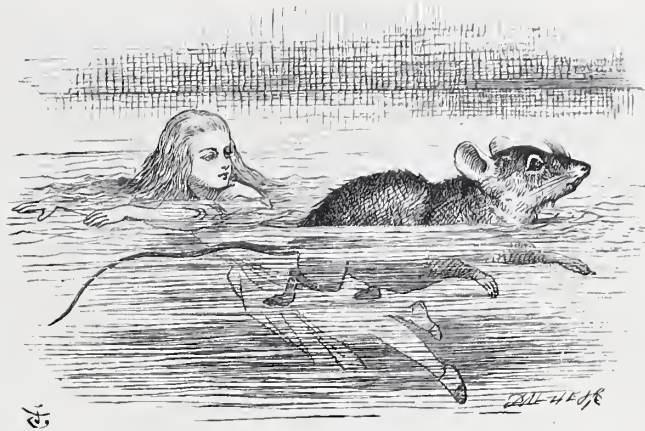
By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

"Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be."

Robert Herrick's "To leather, who may command him anything."

Feb. 8 1869

From *Punch*. By permission of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co.



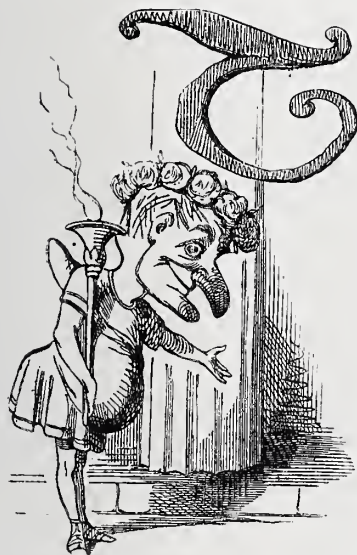
Alice and the Mouse swimming (p. 30).

From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

THE ILLUSTRATOR.



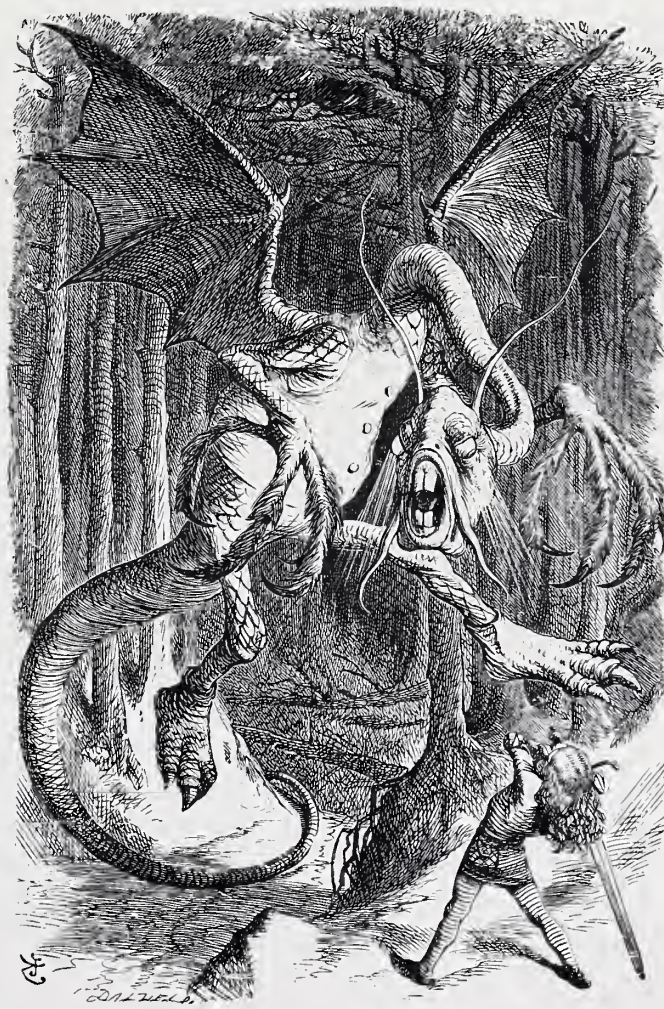
From *Punch* (1857).

By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

TENNIEL the illustrator is the same person as Tenniel the cartoonist, "only different." His imagination is exercised in one capacity as in the other, "but more so," or more purely so. He is still under conditions, but they are more simple. He is under a master in both cases, but for *Punch* is substituted the author of the book, for the exigencies of current life is substituted the text. But the greatest difference is that he can amuse himself more completely. He is, however, just as loyal in

that the illustration should really do what it pretends to do, viz., illustrate, in some sense, the text. The books,

one rôle as the other, for he retains the old view of the illustrator, and endeavours to realise as closely as possible the conceptions of the author. There are two views of illustration, one of which is the same as Sir John Tenniel's, and the other (paramount to-day) that the artist should look upon the text merely as a source of suggestion for the expression of his own artistic individuality. The latter has its advantages, especially when the text illustrated is highly poetical. In such a case, as in the charming illustrations of Mr. Abbey to lyrical poetry, the world is a gainer by a fresh personal impression. The image excited in the artist's mind is a new creation, and provided that it is beautiful, it does not matter whether it corresponds with that excited in your own. The torch of poetry is handed from the poet to the artist, and the result is two things of beauty instead of one. But it is different when the conception of the artist is so peculiar and distinct in character that it demands a close fidelity, as say in the case of a novel by Dickens; and in all cases it is desirable



The Jabberwock (p. 30).

From "Through the Looking-Glass." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.

By permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.



In the Collection of Henry W. Lucy, Esq.

Portrait of Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
From the painting by Edwin Ward.

which are so illustrated as to increase our pleasure in reading them may almost be counted on the fingers. *Pickwick* is certainly one, the *Tower of London* is assuredly another, *The Rose and the Ring* is a third, and *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass* are two more—indeed, I am not sure that they are not the best-illustrated books in the language, for the illustrations combine the merits of the two kinds of illustration, they are as “faithful” as possible, and are fresh expressions of an individual artistic genius. They are divided from his other illustrations, and from nearly all those of other men, by their exquisitely

gentle and ingenious humour; but the aim to enter into the spirit of the author is common to all his work of this kind. We here reproduce of his illustrations: four from *Alice in Wonderland*—‘Alice, the Duchess, and the Baby’ (p. 1), ‘Alice and the Duchess’ (p. 10), ‘Alice and Mouse swimming’ (p. 29), ‘The Mock Turtle’ (p. 32); five from *Through the Looking-Glass*—‘Tweedledum and Tweedledee’ (p. 1), ‘Humpty Dumpty’ (p. 6), ‘Alice and the White Queen’ (p. 6), ‘Alice and the Red Queen’ (p. 12), ‘The Jabberwock’ (p. 29); two from *The Ingoldsby Legends*—‘Sir Rupert the Fearless’ (p. 10), ‘The Lay of St. Odille’ (p. 12); one from *Aesop’s Fables*—‘The Herdsman and the Lost Bull’ (p. 5); one from *Lalla Rookh*—‘The Death of Zelica’ (p. 9); and two from *Punch’s Pocket-Book*—‘The Sultan dying of Laughter’ (p. 9), ‘Billy Taylor’ (p. 16).

There is not sufficient space left for me to do justice to Tenniel’s illustrations, even to those to *Lewis Carroll*. Fortunately there are few of my readers who do not love Alice and have not an intimate

acquaintance with the ‘Jabberwock,’ that splendid creation of the humorous grotesque, with the rabbit and the caterpillar; the March hare, the hatter, and the dormouse; the griffon and the mock turtle, the Red and White Queens and the rest of that delightful but bewildering company, met by Alice in her adventures. Tenniel has drawn them for us so that we should not believe in them one little bit if they were redrawn by any one else. He has drawn for us *Wonderland* itself, and above all, Alice, that perfect ideal of the English girl, innocent, brave, kind, and full of faith and spirit. Ever on her face, as drawn by Tenniel, is a sweet



Doleful Dumps (p. 32).

From a Water-colour Drawing by Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
"Jim Vin threw himself into Dame Ursley's great leather chair and declared himself the most miserable dog within the sound of Bow Bells."—The Fortunes of Nigel.

From the picture in the possession of the Artist.

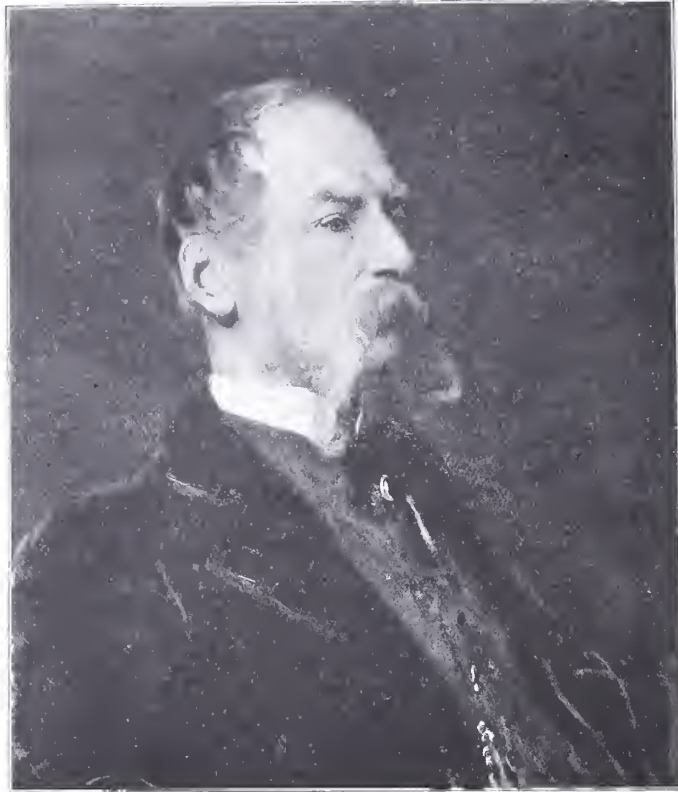
look of wonder and expectation, but never one of confusion or fear, whether she finds herself swimming with a mouse, playing croquet with a flamingo for a mallet, or carried off at a thousand (or million) miles an hour by the Red Queen. Simply she is a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

In the illustrations to *Lalla Rookh*, there is no humour, only beauty and terror. Nothing shows Tenniel's fertile genius in design more than these designs, unless indeed it be the circumstance under which they were made. Mr. John Murray sent to the artist a printed copy of the book with blank spaces left for the wood-cuts. Without even a sketch, he drew all the illustrations into their places, just as they now appear in the published volume.

It has been our aim to represent so far as possible the scope of Sir John Tenniel as an artist. We have been obliged to omit a great many of his very best cartoons. It is to be hoped that our illustrations will prove that Sir John Tenniel is one of the greatest living masters of design. Few can be compared with him in the beauty and vitality of his drawing, in his skill in composition, in his sympathy with all that is human, or in variety of imagination and humour.

His art is almost Shakespearian in its range from the sublime to the ridiculous; and what artist has even blended the two so completely as in his cartoon of 'Mose in Egitto,' with Dizzy and the Sphinx exchanging winks.

Though occupying a small place in his total work, his skill as a painter must not



Portrait of Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
From the Painting by Frank Holl, R.A.

In the Collection of Sir William Agnew, Bart.

be overlooked. I have already spoken of his fresco and his pictures at the Royal Academy, and he has been for many years a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, and has contributed to their exhibitions a great many beautiful drawings. Of his pictorial works we reproduce two, one of which 'In Doleful Dumps,' a scene from *The Fortunes of Nigel*, was exhibited there, and one from *Gil Blas*, which appeared at the New Gallery.

Of the elevated tone of his work as a whole it is unnecessary to speak. He is the very Bayard of the pencil, and of all the knights made in the reign of her late Majesty, there is none who more fully fulfils the chivalrous

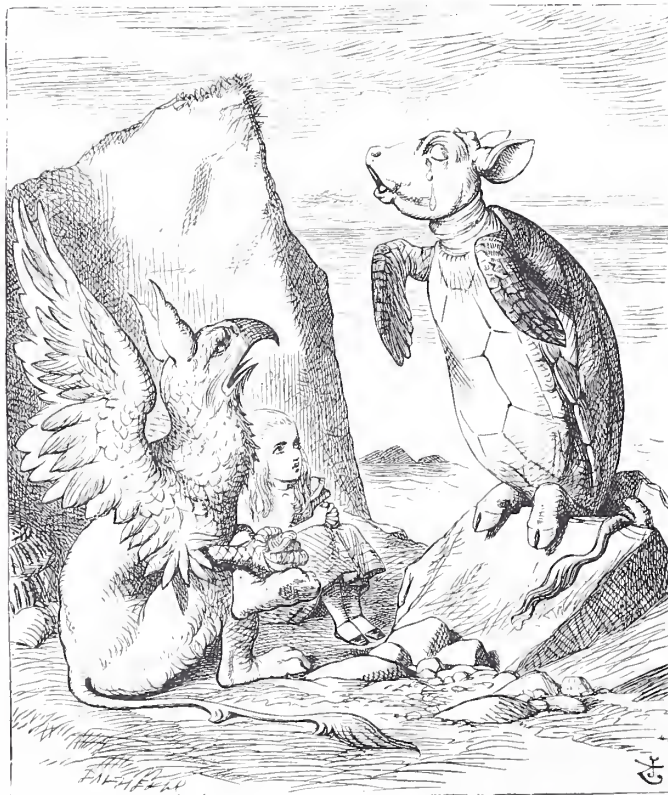
ideal. The honour was conferred upon him in 1893.

I have said nothing of his talent as an actor, of his brief married life, which began in 1852 and terminated about two years afterwards, and of the blindness of one of his eyes, which was caused by an accident in fencing with his father when twenty years old. It is strange that both he and Du Maurier should have had the same defect. It led Du Maurier to make his drawings much larger than the engraving, but Tenniel, even after he left off drawing on the block, always drew them the exact size in which they were to be reproduced.

Finally I owe very many thanks to Sir John Tenniel himself for the courtesy and assistance which I have received from him while preparing this monograph.

COSMO

MONKHOUSE.



The Mock Turtle (p. 30).

From "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland." By Sir John Tenniel, R.I.
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W. H. Jackson & Co.

*English Cottage Homes.
From the Picture in the Collection of George Farrar Esq.
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"In the Evening it shall be Light" (p. 6).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

I.—THE PAINTER AND HIS COUNTRY.



Sunset, Pinewood, Holmbury (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

ONE of the earliest prophets of Fame and Honours for the artist whose life and work occupy these pages, was THE ART JOURNAL. A certain quotation from its volume for 1872 is best fitted for the beginning of these pages, then. It happens to contain, in a nutshell as it were, the best possible text for a short essay on the essential characteristics, not only

by a certain shrewd person from the West of England, rather a long time ago; in fact, also in the early seventies. This shrewd judge of artistic futurity was speaking to the writer's most near and dear relation, who happened to be in London for Spring sightseeing, and who had just made a conscientious inspection of the Royal Academy Exhibition. She had felt a little lost, for some of the old famous names were gone, and her Midland English palate had not yet acquired much relish for the abundance of fresh artistic concoctions which had begun to flow steadily into London from the great studios of the North. She said as much on return to her hotel, which in those days was rather a sociable place—maybe it still is so, despite the devouring tooth of time.

Lay's Hotel in Surrey Street, off the Strand, was frequented by a quiet set of country clergy and gentry, all more or less personally friendly with Mrs. Lay, a handsome white-haired old lady of that motherly type which one always associates with cathedral towns (the archetype, of course, having been Mrs. Venables of the Mitre at Oxford). One talked to one's fellow-guests just as naturally as one would at Little Peddington. The strange great city was there outside in the roaring Strand—but here within was sociability. However, this memory must not be unduly prolonged. It is set down as being my first acquaintance with the name of Mr. B. W. Leader as a fine painter of landscape, and only remains a little regret that the name of the gentleman should be forgotten, whose word was the cause of one of those large enjoyments which are of such serious value in making life liveable. He was a connoisseur of some note in the West, and was a firm believer in the artistic future of the subject of this study. Long and eloquently did he preach his belief to the lady and her little son. "Leader is the coming man, and you'll see him become Associate before very long; the sooner he's

of the painter, but also of his country.

The quotation is from a notice of the show at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, and runs thus—

"In landscape the lead must be conceded to 'Tintern Abbey—Moonlight on the Wye,' a work of infinite beauty, painted not for to-day or to-morrow, but with a mastery which will prolong its existence, mellowed and chastened, for an unlimited period of years."

Such a comment would of course attract general attention, and is rather on a par with that which first impressed the name of the artist on me in particular. "Leader is the coming man—you will see him become Associate before very long." These words were spoken



A Surrey Meadow (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

electd, the more credit to the R.A.'s," was his constant refrain. And his words came true sufficiently soon to justify the judgment of Burlington House as well as his own.

In those days Mr. Leader was considered rather an

innovator, a modernity in style; while nowadays the youngest painters consider him to be a Conservative, if not a Tory. He is really and simply a man of very consistent personality, who has worked out his artistic salvation to the full; not hasting, not resting, until the



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Sketch for 'Worcester Cathedral,' exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1894.
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



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When Sun is Set (p. 22).
By R. W. Leader, K.A.



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The Evening Hour (p. 23).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

seed within him had sprouted, grown, opened into leaf, budded, and flowered for all to see. A very respectable following of painters has adopted his method for the treatment of similar themes, and there is a sufficient likelihood that he has made a tradition. His careful retention of the picturesque, his style of arranging his masses, his selection of cloud effects, his peculiarly poetic strain of the Lyric order, which so often makes his canvas an illustration of some choice verse of an English poet—there is sufficient likelihood that these qualities of his work will always ensure respect and study from many a maturing mind. They are all inherent in the national character, and one may believe that no natural development of that character will put them away, any more than it will put away the elms, the reaches of the Severn, the old village churches, or the Malvern Hills.

Other likings will become strong, other tastes will arise, other schools of painting will have their day of fashion, and their paragraphs of approval from the younger pressmen; all this is but the order of the world, ever moving on as moves a humming-top. From every artistic epoch of any worth, a few names abide for the coming generations to return to when they have had their fill of novelty. Cer-

tain, though not many, men in each generation pass through novelty in one day to permanency in the succeeding days, if they have then sown a sufficiently good crop of deeds. Every artist is at first more or less of an exotic, and if he be wise, his effort is to become indigenous to the country in which he happens to have been born—to become a national product which will not perish in the soil wherein it is planted, but which will flourish there at last, and give comfort and pleasure to others.

To become a national product then—and is it not true that all of us Britons, whatever our name, place, or degree, desire to be That!—to become a national product worthy of some place in Great Britain's Roll of Honour, an artist must have certain local sympathies. Nay, even

if he be destined to cosmopolitan fame, like Millais and Dickens, his best basis is in certain local sympathies, the stronger the better. The nameless poetry of a certain tract of country, of certain hills, of certain streams, — all this must lie ready, in his spiritual fibre, as its language lies ready in his breast. It is good for an artist's mental backbone that he should be patriotic — yea, even parochial in his intense affection for some one district. Then for us it results that John



Wood at Gomshall (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

Constable exhales the essential poetry of the Suffolk meads, and that Thomas Bewick exhales the essential poetry of the old English North Country.

A similar spirit is in Mr. Leader's best work; he exhales the grey opalescence and soft sweet colour of Western Britain, and that in a manner which is his own, which has grown slowly within him from those early days when his father used to take him out sketching along the banks of the Severn, whence, looking over the velvety green and the orchards, the happy lad could see the blue Malverns on the one hand and on the other the bosky hills of Shakespeare's country. I have used the wider term Britain with intention. For although a part of the Midland district is of Northern tinge, a large part is Western and still rather Celtic—an old



A Path at Gomshall (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

British kingdom of noble woods, silvery waters, and grey cities, over which the gentle sunshine glides with transfusing power, making a mellow unity which is peculiarly typical of that region. This will be dwelt upon a little later, after some biography has been given. For the present it is enough to say that the result of this mellow unity is a landscape which is not as the sterner landscape of the North, nor as the clear curvature of the Southern downs, nor as the broad, solid level of the Eastern counties beloved of Tennyson, where

“By the margin, willow-veiled,
Glide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses . . .”

No. It is the ancient realm of West Britain which exhales that individual atmosphere so notable in Mr. Leader's work.



Sands at Littlehampton (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons.

February Fill-Dyke (p. 6).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

II.—HIS BEST PICTURES.

BY this term I merely mean to express (1) those works which are best known, and (2) those works which have an especial attraction for some particular person. Probably as to the first class we are all agreed that 'In the Evening it shall be Light' (p. 1) is his finest production, most simple and strong in the technique, most poetically suggestive in meaning. The old church of Whittington, with its great black yew-trees and mossed tombstones, has en-

in 1883, when he exhibited three fine pictures. Sweetness rather than grandeur is the characteristic of lyric poetry. The poetic sentiment of this picture may be called "lyric," and it is the prevailing note of his work, as a rule.

In a little summary of his career, which he has been so kind as to make for me, he describes this as 'A November Evening after Rain'; most of us remember the old saying: "February fill the dyke, with the black or with the white," *i.e.*, rain or snow, the result being a presage of value to farmers. Mr. Leader is famous for his rain-filled rutty roads. In this instance the dyke has been filled with the black.

The third picture of chief popularity may be set down as that which Mr. Henry Tate bought, which is now in his fine gift to the nation, 'The Valley of the Llugwy,' 1883, containing a beautifully drawn group of silver birches on a headland of a Welsh river. This we reproduce as one of our separate plates, and it may be mentioned that all these three have been reproduced in large framing size—'In the Evening' by Agnew, 'February Fill-Dyke' by Tooth, and 'The Llugwy' by the Berlin Photographic Company.

As to the second head, most people prefer one particular work. The late Bishop Magee once said at the Academy banquet that a certain picture in his study was his resource when he was worried. "If I can sit quietly there and gaze at it, I gradually get into such a peaceful frame of mind that even a curate could play with me." So much does M. A. P. tell us in 1900, and that the picture is by Mr. Leader. But it is to be regretted that we are not told the name of it, if only for the sake of other worried Bishops.

'Romantic Tintern, dreaming in the moonlight,' is the favourite of THE ART JOURNAL, Mr. W. E. Gladstone chose 'The Church at Bettws-y-Coed' (p. 8), and Lord Egerton 'The Manchester Ship Canal' (p. 7). Meissonier



In Tintern.
Pencil Sketch by B. W. Leader, R.A.

dured a heavy day or storm; upon the drenched landscape at last bursts the sunshine, and the long hours of gloom end in a ruddy glow which foretells a fine morrow. There is evidently an allegory here also. It happens sometimes that a human life has to endure heavy storm and hard press until the day of its existence draws nigh to a close. And then the storm passes away, and the evening of life becomes filled with a golden peace, and like those black yew-trees, the sombre past, thus illumined with that mellow light, seems to have a solemn beauty of its own.

'February Fill-Dyke' (p. 6) comes next, and these are the two pictures which caused the artist to be elected A.R.A.



From the picture in the possession of Lord Egerton of Tatton.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

The Manchester Ship Canal (p. 23).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



By permission of Messrs. Arthur Tooth and Sons.

The Old Church and Yew Trees, Bettws-y-Coed (p. 6).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

evidently liked 'In the Evening it shall be Light,' as he was the prime mover in procuring for the artist the decoration of Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, in 1889. If compelled to name my own preference, after this, I should choose 'The Old Holyhead Road through North Wales' (p. 9). It seemed to me, on a first impression, a chef d'œuvre of tremendous power, which ought to be the property of the nation. It had that severe and solid value which good history has, or a good portrait. It convinced one, indeed, as being a portrait of a valuable national servant who had now gone upon the Retired List, this fine rendering of the road which once bore the responsibility of the Great Queen's Mail, and which had now been left in solitude by modern inventions. Also, and this impressed me chiefly, the whole work overflowed with a strenuous poetic feeling which was almost passionate. It was Highland Nature in one of her magnificent moods, Nature, the recluse, aroused into stormy eloquence of wind and waters. To call the sentiment of such

work "lyric" would be evidently ridiculously inadequate, even a very careless person must feel the term to be unjust. The picture has the sentiment of a great epic, or of one of Sir Walter Scott's more sombre romances.

It is many years now since I had the pleasure of beholding it, and yet I think that the impression is nearly as vivid as ever. Let me describe it as it struck me and a certain friend, a youth of some warmth of temperament, who was then busy learning how to paint.

We were proceeding, rather jaded, through the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1885, when my young friend pulled up before a picture and exclaimed! He said that

he had an impulse to toss his cap aloft and cry "hurrah," just as Robert Louis Stevenson did sometimes on the parade-ground of Edinburgh Castle when the Black Watch went past. It was an impulse which must be restrained; and restrained it was, but the cooler companion would have pardoned it even if it had proved too unruly. The picture seemed



Sketch for 'The Manchester Ship Canal' (p. 7).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

The Art Journal London H. Colver & Co. L.



Painted by R. W. Spence, R.S.A.

*The Valley of the Llugwy N. Wales.
From the Picture in the National Gallery of British Art.*



From the picture in the possession of Captain Starkie.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

The Old Holyhead Road through North Wales (p. 8).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

unusually large, and the light was better than usual, perhaps . . . anyhow, he could pardon an outburst of admiration, for that same is none too common a feeling, and if it be for a worthy object, is most spiritually

profitable, in this age of machine-made products . . . but let me describe. To our charmed eyes had come, not a picture, but a vision.

A wild mountain country had suddenly appeared—one



The Evening Hour (p. 23).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



Sketch of the Yew at Whittington (p. 22).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

purple summit half veiled by the scudding clouds of a distant storm. There beneath it lay the green vales, all steaming with mellow light of a late afternoon—nearer, an old mossed bridge of warm grey, almost as massive as Stonehenge—it was the Holyhead Road, gleaming

wet, winding like an old silvery serpent away into the mystery of the hills, and, bounding toward us till it seemed as if it would come thundering out over the frame and wash down the whole place—a mighty amber-foaming torrent! It was the very soul of simplicity and



From the Picture in the Collection of Thomas F. Blackwell, Esq.
By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew & Sons.

"The Ploughman homeward plods his weary way" (p. 22).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



"When the West with Evening glows" (p. 22).
By B. W. Lender, R.A.

grandeur, most masterfully rendered, the simple dignity of the bridge, the tremendous dignity of the river, the majesty of passing storm and steadfast mountain. It was the most triumphant expression of Leader's style which we had hitherto beheld, even that style being hardly evident in the superb unity of it all. The title, too, had a certain fine ring beneath its apparent prose. The nobility of a great road became revealed to us for the first time, to be revealed afresh later on by a page of Stevenson's "Prince Otto." The literary sentiment of locality was of especially great value, as expressed in this particular connection. Despite the nagging of certain impressionists, it is a self-evident fact that great literature and great art have points at which they touch and intermingle. One may try to separate Literature from Art, one may reason out most convincingly the whole case that Literature should not be word-painting, and that Art should not be symbolic or illustrative of a phrase—that the two should dwell apart, each on its own solitary eminence. Excellent theory, which others have excellently argued! And yet you might just as well try to separate Man from Woman—a theory which I believe has also been substantiated by argument, and reduced to absurdity by Life when comes the mysterious element of Passion. So human is the basis of Art. Shall we not add, so divine, in the presence of certain great accomplished facts which quietly set monastic theory aside with their strong hands!

'The Old Holyhead Road' does not seem to be one of the best known of Mr. Leader's pictures, despite the very vivid impression which it must have made upon the many who saw it upon the Royal Academy walls. A certain amount of reason for this is supplied by Mr. Leader himself, in his reply to my inquiry as to where the work had gone to, and whether any engraving of it was to be had. It appears that it has never hitherto been engraved nor etched. It was bought, however, by Messrs. Agnew, who placed it in the collection of Captain Starkie, by whose courtesy we now reproduce it.

Mr. Leader's pictures are of the kind which describe themselves with sufficient fulness to render them rather independent of the catalogue, a frequent characteristic of first-rate work. Yet I think that the best way of considering them is to express their essence in a phrase, by way of general introduction, if the phrase be possible. I shall try to summarise their artistic value in an expression, *The Amber Note*, and to show later on what is meant thereby. The other expression, "Lyric," which

I now use to classify Mr. Leader's poetic sense in general, can best be emphasised by giving a poem by George Meredith, which seems to me a very fine literary expression of that sense. It has all the mellow music of "In the Evening it shall be light," with much the same subtle aroma of romance, though the order of the romance is reversed. The storm is departing in one—coming in the other.

Mr. Meredith has not produced much of the kind, and his disciples seem to prefer those of his moods which are not Lyric. Tennyson at one time put forth a few such landscape-songs, and George Herbert managed to write one verse of that quality, "Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright," &c., which Mr. Leader has put to one of his subjects, in 1887. Mr. Meredith's poem, as it first appeared—in *Once a Week*—has several expressions which might each fit a picture by the artist of the Severn-land, while through all the song thrills the amber-colour note of Celtic Britain. To no other land could the verses apply, I venture to say, although this particular kind of poetic vein appears to have always been very rich in Germany, whether it be embodied in Goethe, in Heine, or in that master of so many of the present generation—Detlev von Liliencron. Mr. Meredith's "Autumn Even-song" has been altered by himself, in his later published works. This is the original form of it, and fits Mr. Leader's work more closely than the revised version.

The long cloud edged with streaming grey
Soars from the west;
The red leaf mounts with it away,
Showing the nest
A blot among the branches bare;
There is a cry of outcasts in the air.

Swift little breezes, darting chill,
Pant down the lake;
A crow flies from the yellow hill,
And in its wake
A baffled line of labouring rooks:
A purple how the shadowless river looks.

Pale on the panes of the old hall
Gleams the lone space
Between the sunset and the squall;
And on its face
Mournfully glimmers to the last:
Great oaks grow mighty minstrels in the blast.

Pale the rain-rutted roadways shine
In the green light
Behind the cedar and the pine:
Come, thundering night!
Blacken broad earth with hoards of storm:
For me yon valley-cottage beckons warm.



Mount Edgcombe, Plymouth (p. 24).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



The Young Mother (p. 16).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

III.—HIS EARLY LIFE.



Warwick Castle (p. 26).
Pencil sketch by B. W. Leader, R.A.

“WHAT’S in a name?” asks Juliet, with the impassioned implication that it is a matter of no importance at all, seeing that a Rose and a Romeo would be equally nice to know, in any case. The genius of Shakespeare shows subtly here, for Juliet, being in love, talks finely and almost wisely, in theory, and yet is quite wrong from a practical point of view. For, as a matter of wordly

In some professions a man gains greatly at the start by having a name which is already familiar to the ears of many men. But an artist is essentially an individualist, and if he happens to enter the arena to contend for the uncertain award of Fame, at a time when there are in that field eight or nine other artists with names similar to his own, he is at the very outset placed under a most serious disadvantage. Mr. Leader’s family name is Williams, and his father was E. Leader Williams, a distinguished civil engineer who did much valuable work on the Severn Navigation Commission in the late forties. This gentleman was very fond of sketching from nature, and spent most of his leisure hours along the banks of the river, with paint-box and easel, pleasant excursions in which he was generally accompanied by his younger son. THE ART JOURNAL of 1871 has an article by James Dafforne, whose words may be quoted with advantage in this connection. The pair would set forth together to some pretty spot, and the father would proceed to record it on canvas, “to the great delight of his young boy, who would stand by watching him, and would sometimes take advantage of his temporary absence from the easel, to put in a few finishing touches

fact, there is much importance in a name, and the beginning of Mr. Leader’s career soon showed this to him.

of his own. We have heard him say that he has a distinct recollection, when a child, of Constable paying a visit to his father at Worcester and lending him pictures to copy, though he could not then associate him in any way with the glorious art of one of the greatest painters of English landscape." But he still preserves a picture by his father, a view of Worcester, from Hallow Park, into which Constable painted the distant city.

Besides this artistic taste, which he has passed on so effectively to his son, the engineer was a man of literary ability, as is shown by his little book, "An Essay on Land Drainage and Irrigation," published in 1849. In its practical common-sense, well and simply expressed, it much resembles the agricultural reports of Arthur Young, which also manage to be very interesting

still stands, and I believe is occupied by the Superintendent of the China works. The little picture 'Frog Lane' (p. 15), shows what lay at the back of it in 1856, and is typical of the old town. Here it was that, in 1831, was born to him the son whom he named Benjamin Leader. 'My First Studio' (p. 15), is a portrait of one of its attics, and shows a true sense of perspective and appreciation of the artistic beauty of a timbered roof interior.

The most important feature of the painter's childhood, his induction into artistic ways by his father, has already been dealt upon sufficiently. He was a quiet lad, with an early capacity for steady enthusiasm, which can scarcely be called precocity, and which certainly served him in better stead than that other brilliant but dangerous gift. His father sent him to the Worcester Grammar



The Lock and Church, Stratford-on-Avon (p. 23).

By B. W. Leader, R.A.

even to one who has no personal concern in farming. Many of its hints as to the proper treatment of the land, so as to steer clear between drought and swampiness—two extremes which are both harmful to soil as well as being unprofitable—have been adopted or entirely approved by authority.

A mention should here also be made of the elder son, who is now widely known and respected as the chief engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal during its construction, and for his share in other large undertakings of a similar nature, such as Shoreham and Dover Harbours. I am, of course, referring to Sir E. Leader Williams, K.B. Like his father, he has contributed to the literature of his calling.

Mr. E. Leader Williams, then, as befitted his duties on the Severn Navigation Commission, had his residence in Worcester, at Diglis House, a large old-fashioned mansion near the Cathedral, overlooking the Severn. It

School, which is an historic place in its way, a survival of Elizabethan institutions which had a noble intention, and whose results have enriched English Scholarship on the whole. The old English Grammar Schools are perishing, but, like the old English Monasteries, they had dignity and worth in their time. It was Mr. Leader Williams' intention, says Mr. Dafforne, "to bring up his son to his own profession, and he caused him to pursue a course of study that would fit him for it; but the youth found much more pleasure in sketching the picturesque lanes and cottages of his native country than in taking measurements and laying down formal plans and elevations of locks and weirs: as the result, he soon abandoned engineering for art."

On leaving the Grammar School, he was employed by his father in his office. He spent his evenings in the Worcester School of Design, where he received his

earliest instruction in Art. This, of course, is rather too brief a summary for these pages. What this alternate drudgery at the office and at the School of Design did for him was to teach him how to work carefully and methodically with pencil, rule, and compass. Presently he helped to build a lock or two. It gave him his first lesson in artistic drill, it all made him learn to toil at the dry details of mechanical draughtsmanship.

The young artist, after a long course of years spent in open-air painting, decided to try for the right to study in the Royal Academy schools, and sent up a drawing, which caused him to be admitted as a student. This was in 1854, when he was twenty-three years of age. Most men of that time entered it much earlier in life, and on the whole it is evident that his individuality was pretty safely formed before he came into contact with the Academy. For a landscape painter this was much for the best. His admission speaks well for his local self-training, although the standard of elaborate finish was very different from that intensity of pearly stipple which characterised the keen competitions of 1886-8.

An event followed on the heels of this, to which I know of no parallel, save in the career of Mr. Seymour Lucas. In the same year that he was admitted as student, he sent to the Royal Academy a picture entitled 'Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles,' a figure subject, somewhat like the work of Webster, needing skilled painting and draughtsmanship evidently. It was admitted, and more than that—it was sold! The price obtained was fifty pounds, a large and encouraging sum in those days. In fact, even in these days, a good number of clever students would be rather glad to make such a début. The purchaser was an American gentleman, Mr. Currie, of Philadelphia, a city which has a tendency to form independent judgments of its own, as one may see nowadays exemplified in the person of Mr. Joseph Pennell, who represents one of the oldest families of the Quaker city. The work of the unknown young artist pleased the critical faculty of the visitor to America's old home, and it is pleasant,



Mr. Leader's First Studio (p. 14).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

learned that art which we all know than in the meadows and old villages around Worcester? Those gentle and august surroundings had been eloquent to him, and the Academy could only accentuate the message which he had already absorbed into every fibre. He only studied a little while in its schools, therefore.

A glance at an old Academy Catalogue calls up certain recollections which strike oddly, in the knowledge of later events. In that year 1854, one finds Mr. B. Williams and his 'Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles' all amongst the other Williams productions, which are many in number. To none of these artists is Mr. Leader related, it may be remarked. That year shows Millais as A.R.A. for the first time—he is at the bottom of the list, the last and youngest. Leighton does not appear anywhere at all;

his 'Cimabue' triumph came in 1855, when Mr. B. Williams also appeared on the Academy walls with two pictures, the 'Bird-trap,' one of those bits of country-boy life so familiar to the wanderer through the villages of Shakespeare's district, and 'Evening — Return to the Homestead,' always a favourite theme with him. The 'Bird-trap' was bought by Mr. J. Arden, who also bought Millais' 'Order of Release.' He also exhibited at the Gallery of the Birmingham Society of Artists a small picture which he had painted at Whittington, quite close to the place which afterwards became his home. This was purchased by a well-known landscape painter, Mr. F. W. Hulme, a substantial piece of encouragement



Frog Lane (p. 14).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

which considerably strengthened the young artist in his choice of direction. In 1856 the record becomes rather confusing. The article on him in Colburn's "New Monthly Magazine" for 1879, says that 'A Cottage Interior' was the name of his work for the Royal Academy of that year. However, the Royal Academy Catalogue itself, which is the supreme authority, states that his only picture there is named 'The Young Mother,' to which, after a fashion which in those times was occasionally carried to inconvenient extremes, was appended a long quotation from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

This remarkable work is given at page 13. Evidently the painter is influenced by the Pre-Raphaelite style of Millais. Every fold of the dress, every vein of the woodwork, almost every eyelash of the handsome woman and her pretty child, is drawn with exquisite care. Observe the choice patchwork quilt, so typical of old Warwickshire, and the fine modelling of each face. The whole is as perfect as the work of an old Dutch painter. Mr. Williams had equipped himself completely at twenty-five, and was ready for anything now.

In fact, he was trying experiments, to find his line surely, and this is the last year of any uncertainty upon the point. Up to then a certain confusion had attended his little progress. He had not specialized his art very definitely into figure or landscape, though inclining to the latter; the name of his abode even had come out into print as Diglis, Dighlis, and even Diglish House finally! Most serious confusion of all—there were eleven other painters, regular exhibitors of long standing many of them, whose name was Williams. He saw that it was necessary to separate his individuality from all this entanglement of similarity, and adopted his second name thenceforward to be known by. The results abundantly justified his action, for not long afterwards THE ART JOURNAL, in its review of the Academy, made the rather caustic remark that "the Williams family exhibit a number of pictures bearing the family stamp." True, some of them were excellent, but to be thus included in a batch was not the way to

arrive at recognition for distinctive character of the kind sought for by the young Worcester artist. So in 1857 he appears as we now all know him, and henceforward is much more himself; moreover, the Celtic strain in him is less shy of peeping out. His life, too, had widened in the autumn of the last year. He had up till then seen no hills higher than the Malverns, which were the great holiday place of his childhood, but in that autumn he went to Scotland, and the wild beauty of Glen Falloch affected him very sensibly. He brought home thence a picture of 'A Quiet Pool,' and took henceforth to the open moorlands with a fresh pleasure which reveals itself in the simpler freedom of his brushwork. Also he painted a great deal in Wales, the results of which appear for several successive years upon the Academy walls.

Some of his earliest pictures were exhibited at the Gallery of the National Institution in Portland Place. One which was there in 1857, called 'A Trespasser,' was characterized in the columns of THE ART JOURNAL as being "of the best promise. We may safely expect the painter to take his place ere long among the magnates in Art." This year he sent two pictures to the Royal Academy, 'A Stream from the Hills' and 'An English Homestead.' The former of these was selected for commendation by Ruskin in his Pamphlet on the Exhibition, and both pictures were bought by Mr. Underwood of Birmingham.

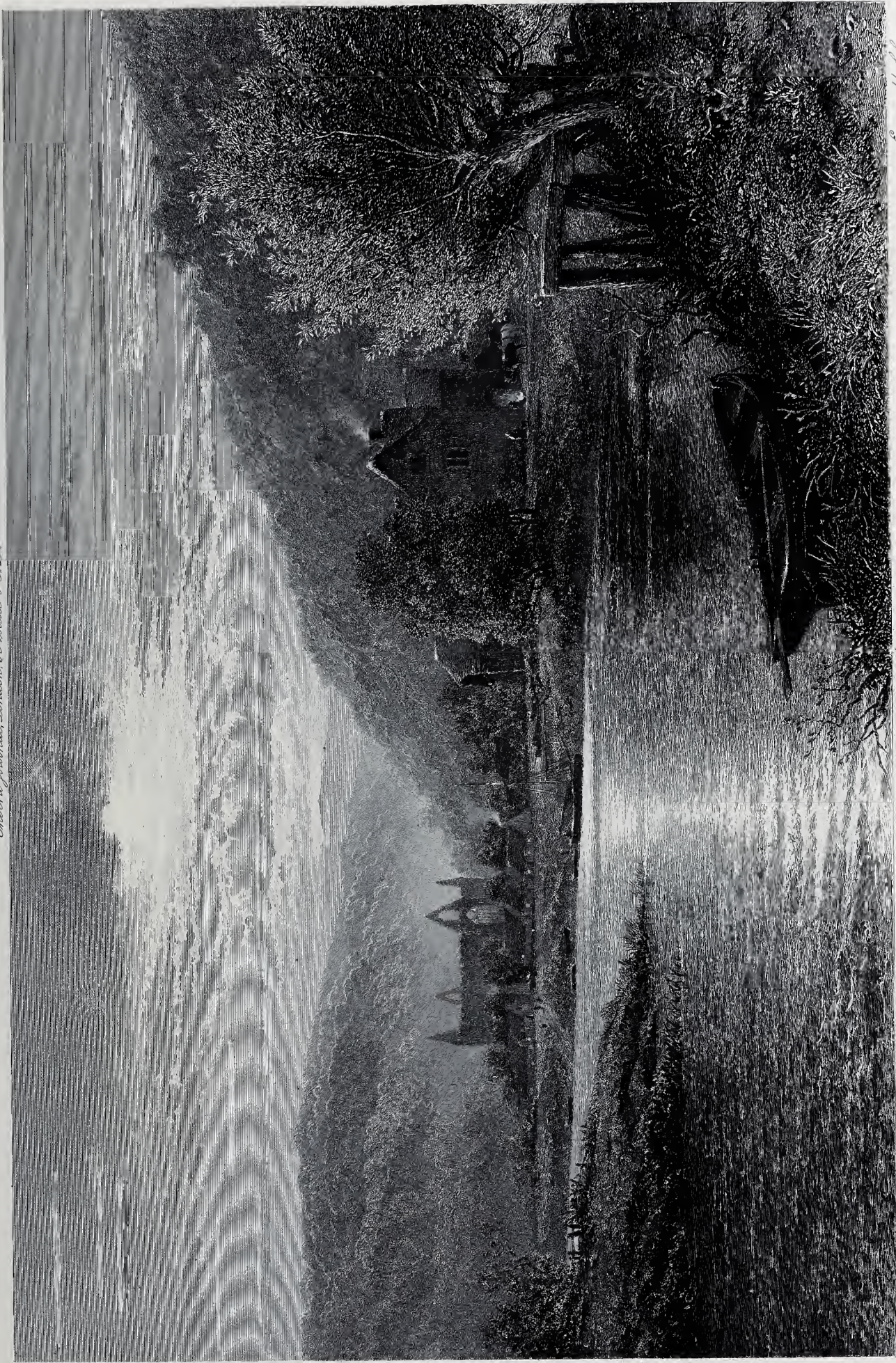
This recognition brought him a veritable harvest of successes in 1858, although he had nothing in the Academy that year. He began to be a man marked for the rise. He sent several subjects to the National Institution, among them 'In the Highlands,' 'Where the Mosses thrive,' and 'Temptation'—a boy standing by a garden of an untenanted cottage, looking wistfully at the ripened crop on the fruit trees. The second of these was bought by T. Creswick, the R.A., which was a fine compliment to its workmanship; the latter, above briefly described, was selected by the Glasgow Art Union for one of their prizes. After this there was not much doubt about the future of Mr. Leader.



Interior of Dining Room, Horrabridge, Devon: a painting(p. 25).

By B. W. Leader, R.A

The Art Journal, London, N. 10, 1854, p. 111.



Engraved by C. Bowen.

Printed by B. W. Leader, R. A.

Fintona Abbey - Moonlight on the Water.



On the Llugwy, North Wales (p. 22).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

IV.—SECURING THE POSITION.



Pencil Sketch by B. W. Leader, R.A.
(See picture on easel in portrait, p. 25).

THE evidence of these various exhibitions leaves upon an open understanding the conclusion that this artist belongs by nature to the type of man who can soon make up his mind and steadily stick to his decision. Only for a little while did he allow himself to doubt at all, and then it was only as to subject, not as to treatment. Having attracted attention, he soon secured it.

confusing tangle of their early education. The old training was rather too much like the history of Ireland in the Middle Ages—it was hard and troublesome and accidental, without enough of that central consistency which makes trouble a real discipline and not a mere exhausting succession of profitless worries. It was difficult to learn to draw properly; it was very difficult to learn to paint properly; and contrariwise it was easy to learn to draw weakly and badly, and very easy to drift into an anyhow style of painting—in those days.

There does not seem to have been that perplexity in him which one sees in most men who are working forth what is in them. Very early in life did he perceive how to simplify and solve the particular technical difficulties which belonged to his material; that happy result was as a rule not often occurrent in those days, when a young artist often had to unlearn much of what he had learned. In these times the general drift of Art teaching tends to make an intelligent man able to know himself and express himself at an age when the men of former days were toiling their hardest merely to recover any originality which they may have had before they entered the



Littlehampton Harbour (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

Thus also runs the testimony of Mr. P. G. Hamerton, in his "Autobiography." Perhaps, indeed, the working out of one's artistic salvation will never be otherwise than difficult, but there were times when the difficulties were unusually large and unnecessarily numerous. However, Mr. Leader's strong sense and clearness of intention seem to have always saved him from swerving out of his true line to any disadvantageous extent. He seems always to have been consistent, having once made up his mind. And it must be owned, that his beginnings have also the air of having had a certain amount of good fortune. Chance, that most fickle and occasionally most cruel of rulers, does not ever seem to have been definitely opposed to his progress. And it might have been very different, though one feels a complete confidence that the present result would have come to be pretty much the same ultimately.

The next year, 1859, proved to be his greatest Academic success so far. He had four pictures hung, a number which he has never cared to exceed, and the buyers were of the inner critical circle. 'A Sketch on a Common' was purchased by A. Elmore, R.A., 'A Quiet Pool in Glen Falloch,' by the famous painter of architectural subjects, David Roberts, R.A., and 'A Chat by the Way,' by Messrs. Agnew, who have since that time been large purchasers of the artist's works, and who, probably, indeed are the chief of that numerous band. Commissions came pouring in after this, and it is a fact to be kept in mind by those who have only seen his work on the Academy walls, that many of his finest pictures have never been exhibited at all, but have gone straight out of his studio into private galleries. In some of his busiest years he has only been represented in Burlington



At Rosenlani (p. 24).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

representative, Mr. Stewart, who says: "There is another good landscape, No. 529, 'Still Evening,' by B. W. Leader, where the drawing and feeling are alike conspicuous; but this, too, is hung above the eye and in a corner, and it is impossible to believe that the best, and indeed the only good landscapes in the rooms, should have been thrust by accident into positions, some where they cannot be seen, and none so as to attract the attention of visitors. There is such evident

method in this kind of madness, that its uniformity constrains attention even from the easy class of exhibitiongoers."

Landscape was in a very bad way that year, apparently, with the scanty exception of a few works contributed by the Linnells, Danby, Oakes (afterwards A.R.A.), Andrew Macallum, and Leader. The writer takes a most pessimistic view, which as



In the Valley of Clear Springs (p. 24).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



A Sheep Fold (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

most readers of *THE ART JOURNAL*, are aware, is not the general tone of its utterances. "Within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, there has been no exhibition of the Royal Academy so poverty-stricken in great landscapes as at the present," the critic complains—"the younger men, who two or three years since promised to adorn this department, are either absent, or their works are 'down among the dead men,' without displaying the same hope of an early rising. Truly, Constable will prove himself to have been a far-sighted seer, and by the end of the predicted thirty years there seems too much the appearance of landscape being extinguished in England as a high and distinguishing branch of national art. Of course, Stanfield, and Roberts, and E. W. Cooke, and Sidney Cooper, maintain their old positions, and all of them this year justify their well-earned reputations, but the fathers cannot live for ever, and who is there coming forward likely to catch their mantles when they retire from the Art which some of them have so long adorned? This is grave consideration for those who think on such subjects. . . ."

It seems a little humorous to read that long-distant allusion to Mr. Sidney Cooper as one of the fathers who might be expected to drop his mantle presently, and to go to the Academy in this year of grace 1901, and see upon its walls an excellent large work of his. However, that does not alter the fact that English landscape seemed to be in a very low-down condition in 1861, and that Mr. Leader was one of the very few young men whom a thoughtful and established critic considered capable of raising it again to its old distinction. It was for this reason that I made the remark earlier that at one time the artist was looked upon as an innovator—a modernity in style. The fine old vigorous tradition of English landscape had evidently slipped

away so soon that the man who firmly took it up again was actually considered rather a novelty! The simple truth is, as I said earlier, that he is a consistent personality who has started on his own soil, as did Old Crome, and who has quietly worked out his own artistic salvation. He has ripened as quietly and surely as the corn does yearly in the fields of that great plain, his birthplace.



Untersee, Lake Lucerne (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



The Hayfield (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader

B. W. Leader, R.A.

V.—MANHOOD.



Lucerne.
Pencil Sketch by B. W. Leader, R.A.

AND you may see that the sense of his own country was with him most intimately during this period of building up a reputation. A survey of the list of his works exhibited shows at first more than an even balance of Worcestershire. Wales attracted him with increasing potency, but for some few years he did a great deal of work under the inspiration of the Severn land, as in-

deed was natural enough in a man who long had directed his day's toil in the spirit of Longfellow's "that is best which lieth nearest," natural enough in a man of quietly observant nature, bred in that land of rich woods, orchards wherein stood moated granges, and the broad golden swell of the cornfields beyond.

English woods and meadows still remain stately, and seem always to have had that large, august character, even so far back as the thirteenth century, when Robert of Gloucester sang in his racy Saxon tongue about his beloved country,

"Engelond is a well good lond, I ween of each lond best,
Y-set in the end of the world, as all in the West.
Engelond is full enow of fruyt and of treen,
Of wodes and of parkes that joy it is to seen."

A glorious sylvan landscape must West Britain have been in the time of that historic singer, since what remains is so fair. Between these two, the wild beauty of the stormy hills of Wales, and the sweet English Midland beauty of "Worcester with her 'wodes and parkes,'" Mr. Leader divided his art pretty equally for a period of about ten years. Sometimes he painted storm and the melting grey-within-grey of the rainy seasons, but as a rule he liked the soft, sleepy, amber-coloured sunlight of the gentle summer weather. There is a very beautiful moonlight study too, of romantic Tintern Abbey, which was engraved and published in *THE ART JOURNAL*, later. In removing to Whittington, which is near Worcester, in 1862, he was settling down upon a very favourite sketching-ground of his, and its churchyard yews and ancient elms have appeared more than once on his canvases. In 1863, however, his chief success was with something Celtic—an ancient Welsh churchyard, very striking in its masses of huge yew-



Moel Siabod (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



On the Stour (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

trees, almost black, standing over the dusky grey tombs like mourners, the evening sky luminous behind them, and still glowing on the distant hills. There comes out the Celtic strain of poetry which is not in Wales only, but also all along the Welsh Marches, where the artist was born and bred. It unifies his art, and cannot itself be separated from his productions. He has painted under its influence, and has seen it in what he painted. This was a very striking picture, and it was so much to the taste of the then Prime Minister, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, that he purchased it. In 1865, 'Autumn's Last Gleam' was said to be about the best landscape of that year's Academy. This and 'A Sunny Afternoon in North Wales' were purchased by Mr. Alfred Castellain, of Liverpool, and the latter work was but one of many others painted in the Lledr Valley, so very favourite a spot of his did it become. Indeed, a little Welsh period intervened, so to speak, between his early Worcester pictures and 1868, when both his Academy pictures are as typical of Severn-land as can be. The 'Fine Morning in Early Spring' is the churchyard of Whittington, his home, where one sees the venerable elms just beginning to show signs of renewed life, and the young life of the human and animal world typified by a group of children gathering primroses, and sheep with their lambs straying across. The 'Yew at Whittington' (p. 10), is a strong rendering of the most notable of the species in the Severn vale. The other picture, 'A Moated

Grange,' is one of those ancient farmhouses that abound in Worcestershire, and which not only bear evidences of having been mansions of some pretension in bygone years, but which are many of them rather palatial even now, in a quiet and cosy fashion. Of course the moat, which in many cases still remains, is a relic of times when any hour might bring the wild Welshmen from

across the Border, through the pass by the British Camp Hill.

'How still is the Evening' much resembles this place, also, and was engraved in THE ART JOURNAL, 1895.

The hangers at the Academy paid these works the compliment of placing them respectively on each side of the President's (Sir Francis Grant) principal picture, the portrait of the Earl of Bradford, which was hung at the end of the large room. Here one may allude to the works painted in another beloved vale near Bettws-y-Coed. 'On the Llugwy' (page 17) with its distant view of the Snowdon group; 'Where Peaceful Waters glide' (p. 27) with more of the Conway character about its heights; and 'When Sun is Set' (page 3), which shows one of the ancient crossing-places.

The romantic note is just touched by the figures of the lovers parting on the further shore. 'When the West with Evening glows' (p. 11) is a lake above Capel Curig, high up by the two Glydr mountains, a scene unsurpassed by any in Wales. This contrasts with 'The Ploughman homeward plods' (p. 10), a perfect pastoral of the Lowlands, such as George Mason loved—yet in both is the sense of fine draughtsmanship.



By permission
of the Trustees of
the Aberdeen Gallery.

Early Portrait of the Artist (p. 24).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



Diploma Picture, R.A.

The Sandpit, Burrows Cross (p. 25).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

VI.—SUCCESS.



Pencil Sketch of the old Yew-tree and Porch
of the Church at Bettws-y-coed.
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

ONE may say now that the artist was going with a flowing tide and a fair breeze, and the chronicle of his life may best be given by brief notes. 'The Church and Lock, Stratford-on-Avon' (p. 14), painted in 1870, is an example of his rather reticent middle style, and his engineer's training was most valuable, as he often

says, in enabling him to treat a lock in a manner which should appeal to the expert as well as to the public. The same applies to his 'Manchester Ship Canal' of 1891 (p. 7), which was undertaken at the instance of Sir E. Leader Williams, and is now owned by Lord Egerton. Another smaller version of this picture shows that there was some early uncertainty about the point of view. The exhibited work is the best known, and perhaps the more typical. The 'Sketch' (p. 8) shows the first diggings in progress.

'The Rocky Bed of a Welsh River,' his finest upright picture, was etched by David Law for Messrs. Virtue and Company, 1898. The 'Worcestershire Cottages,' 1895, represents one of those old commons which lie in

the neighbourhood of Malvern, some of which have been used as small golf-links. Another of these pretty spots appears in 'The Evening Hour' (p. 9), a view of Kempsey (pronounced Kemsey), a Severn village in whose church chancel is a curious tomb, over which a tree branch from outside waves, and blooms every year; Pixham Ferry is seen to right. Another picture, 'An Old English Homestead' (p. 24), is a piece of the same district, nearer Upton. A second version of 'The Evening Hour' (p. 4), painted some years after the other, is a study of a remnant of a fine mansion with one carved gable



Littlehampton Pier (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

end, typical of the Bosbury district. In 1872 the artist painted his own portrait for Mr. Alex. Macdonald (p. 22), donor of many pictures to the city of Aberdeen, and in the autumn he visited Switzerland and made a number of careful studies which resulted in the Academy pictures of 'The Wellhorn,' an upright canvas, which is not his usual shape, painted

for Mr. W. Holcroft, of Stourbridge; and for Mr. J. D. Allcroft, M.P., 'The Wetterhorn,' that mountain whose crest is an axe-edge, so that a climber may sit astride on it as on a horse. The point of view is from above Rosenlauri (p. 18). 'Autumn Night, Lucerne,' caused John Forbes Robertson, father of the present famous actor, to remark in THE ART JOURNAL of 1877, "Very few landscape-painters have stepped out more boldly than has B. W. Leader during the last season or two." The 'Valley of Clear Springs' (p. 18) is in the Lauterbrunnen district, and won praise from the same pen in the same pages.



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

Evening's Last Gleam (p. 25).

By B. W. Leader, R.A.

This and other Swiss works were the result of his wedding trip, for in August, 1876, he married Miss Mary Eastlake, daughter of Mr. W. Eastlake, of Plymouth, nephew of the late Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A. Mrs. Leader is an artist of talent, and has exhibited pictures at the Royal Academy; the subjects are 'Wallflowers,' 1878, and 'Cottage

Flowers,' 1883. In 1878 he again painted the Wetterhorn, and an English landscape with a distant view of Worcester, taken from the field in front of his house, a spot which has been frequently used by him for many of his pictures. He has painted a good deal on the Thames with his friend the late Mr. Vicat Cole, R.A., who also was his companion in Surrey, where he now resides. Also Devon attracted him, and a fine grey harmony 'Mount Edgecumbe, Plymouth' (p. 12), is here given. The foreground, it may be noted, is the cove reserved for ladies desirous of bathing, and the background represents the spot where one of the first beacon fires told the rest of



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

An Old English Homestead (p. 23).

By B. W. Leader, R.A.

England that the Spanish Armada was coming. The 'Horrabridge Interior' (p. 16) is the parlour of Mrs. Leader's old home near Plymouth. The artist's craft can be adapted to indoor work as well as landscape, as the other interiors of his house at Whittington testify. The 'Untersee, Lake Lucerne' (p. 19), is a study of a typical Swiss town of the valleys, and the group of soldiers at the end is Mr. Leader's note of a



Llanberis (p. 26).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.

and he has a great many artist friends within reach of a short walk, Mr. Frank Walton, Mr. Clayton Adams, Mr. Wells, and others—so his surroundings are completely congenial. He spends occasional intervals, however, in his beloved Welsh and Worcestershire vales, and in later years has painted the calm moods of the sea with much felicity, as seen in his pictures of 'Where Sea and River meet,' 'Conway Bay' and

'Cambria's Coast.' He prefers the ocean when it meets the river as a smiling sister, not as a roaring foe. Perhaps that is because his eye has always in it the level

little local disturbance which made the accomplishment of his sketch a trifle risky at the time. The great picture which won him the Paris Gold Medal was exhibited at the Academy in 1882, was bought by Sir John Pender, and has lately been sold again for £1,207; but the largest of his canvases is 'With Verdure Clad,' shown some years later. In 1883 he was elected A.R.A., and ten years after became Royal Academician, when also his picture, 'The Close of the Day,' received the Chicago Medal. In 1890 he removed his home from Whittington to Gomshall, Surrey, taking a fine mansion originally built by Norman Shaw, R.A., for the late Frank Holl, R.A., and making considerable additions thereto. There he still resides, and there many of his finest works have been painted, notably 'The Silent Evening Hour,' a portrait of his own house. 'Evening's Last Gleam' (p. 24) represents an old group from the ancient forest of the Weald, coming to the end of its day in more senses than one.

'The Sandpit' (p. 23) is nearer to his house in Surrey, but the 'Sheepfold' and 'Hayfield' (pp. 19, 20) are more of the Midlands in subject and treatment. He is very fond of Surrey subjects, and 'The Weald of Surrey' (p. 31) was one of the best landscapes in the Royal Academy, 1901. The 'Sunny Morning' and 'Surrey Sandpit'; 'Surrey Common'; the 'Pinewood, Holmbury,' which appears on our first page; the 'Wood at Gomshall' (p. 4), which is quite in the tradition of Old Crome; the fine sylvan rendering of the 'Path at Gomshall' (p. 5)—all these have been actually studied from Nature within stone's-throw, or nearly—



Special photograph.

B. W. Leader, R.A., in his Studio.



Special photograph.

In the grounds of Mr. Leader's House.

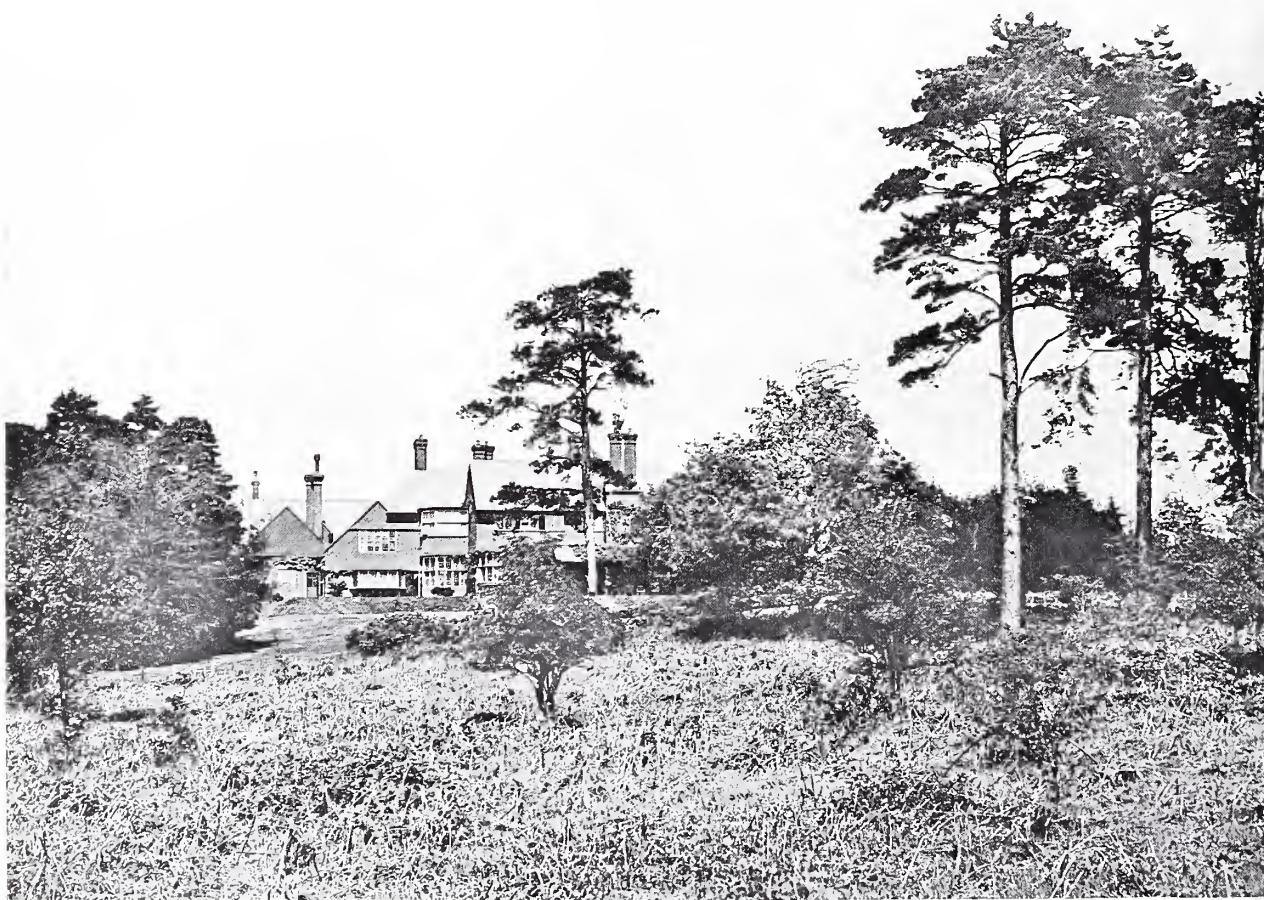
gleam of his old friend the Severn. The 'Sands of Aberdovey' has a fresh broad glitter in it which recalls the famous Welsh song, and is as popular. 'Moel Siabod' (p. 21), a steep peak near Snowdon, under which was born Llewellyn the Great, and 'Llanberis' (p. 25) are *tours de force* of the Welsh Highlands in which his large

is like a good etching in its arrangement.

Latterly, during 1900 and 1901, he has come right to the Sussex seaboard in the 'Sands at Littlehampton' (p. 5); and the old mill in 'Littlehampton Pier' (p. 23), and the shipping in the 'Harbour' (p. 17), show mastery of fresh subjects.

method is very marked. 'On the Stour' (p. 22), is an example of his broad expression of leafage, that plastic style which won him honour in France. The same may be said of the fresh handling of the 'Surrey Meadow' (p. 2), and the very dignified yet brilliant simplicity of 'English Cottage Homes,' reproduced adequately in our frontispiece.

As a sketcher, his work is rather like that of the famous German, K. Heffner—curiously complete even in an hour's painting, with a single-minded surety which never needs to hurry. He is coolly skilful rather than brilliantly free. His pencil studies show no repetitions or erasures—down goes the line quite easily, just where it should and as it should. The 'Old House and Yew' (p. 23), and the little bit of 'Warwick Castle' (p. 13), are good examples, and 'A Summer's Day,' a pen drawing,



Special photograph.

Distant view of Mr. Leader's House.



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons.

"Where peaceful waters glide" (p. 22).
By B. W. Leader, R.A.



Special photograph.

View of the House of Mr. B. W. Leader, R.A.

B. W. Leader, R.A.

VII.—HIS HOME.

MR. LEADER'S present home is a large modern mansion in the old Kentish Style—as one may put the phrase—having much of the cosy beauty of the Queen Anne fashion combined with the fine amplitude of so many of the old farmsteads of Kent and Sussex. It was intended by the late Frank Holl, R.A., as a country retreat only, but Mr. Leader has added as much again, including, of course, a studio. Mr. Norman Shaw has constructed a most noble room for this purpose. The roof slopes up like some old Council Hall of feudal times, and the fireplace is of the same seigneurial kind, large and finely simple. The many easels stand all round like henchmen, each bearing its canvas, while upon the vast walls are hosts of tiny studies of many of Mr. Leader's original pictures, most of them really complete miniatures of the large works. Those representing the three most successful of his works are over the mantel, the gold medal picture in centre. A side room contains the stacks of larger studies upon which the artist founds his knowledge, many of them painted in an ingenious open-air studio which he has contrived, which can be shifted about at will. The billiard room is a sort of ante-room to the big studio, and is hung with fine works by the artist's friends, Alfred Parsons and David Murray, and some good pictures by Continentals. A few revered sketches by Constable hang near him as he paints, and

he has a fine ETTY. With its ample hall and dining hall, its picturesque corridors and stately stairway, the house is one of those which will always rank as, in the County record, historic homesteads.

Photographs of its exterior and interior are here given. Seen from outside, with the roses all in bloom, it is a vision to remember, as one remembers a poem. In the photograph of "The Hall" (p. 29) can be seen Mrs. Leader's Academy picture, behind the vase of flowers, with a glimpse into the billiard room beyond. This is the favourite gathering place of the family "When Sun is set."

The view from the broad mullioned window on the left side of the drawing room is over an expanse of two lawns, one below the other, and a distant forest vale, with sylvan heights beyond. The famous clump of Scotch fir, which has played a part in so many of Mr. Leader's foregrounds, stands to right, lilac shrubbery to left, and an orchard further round; also a tennis court, for the smart play of the younger members of the family is well known in county matches. Here stands the studio of Mr. Leader's daughter; his eldest son also uses it when at home, but at present he is at Newlyn, studying with Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., the eminent painter of Cornish fisher-life. From this high ground the distant towers of Charterhouse School



Special photograph.

The Hall in Mr. Leader's House.

are visible, and remind the artist of another filial tie when his eye turns thither. Altogether, his life is a full one of busy prosperity, and may it long be so.

He makes five or six open-air studies before settling to work on a picture in the studio. Into these he gets all the points of view and atmospheric effect he may require when working indoors during winter. Sometimes he takes out the picture itself, and works at it on the spot, but not as a rule. When indoors he works

from 9 to 1.30, then for an hour in the afternoon. No interruption from outside is allowed during these hours, not even from the family—work-time is sacred in his eyes.

The photograph which shows to the reader of these lines the artist in his studio (p. 25), was made specially for THE ART JOURNAL in connection with this number, and is the most recent presentment of him. It will no doubt be welcome to the lovers of English landscape, all the world over. For among all living landscape painters,



Special photograph.

The Drawing-room in Mr. Leader's House.

there is no one who has more worthily carried on the good English tradition. He has become a fine national product and the nation values him as such.

He himself may best with his own words supply the close of this study. "The subjects of my pictures are

mostly English. I have painted in Switzerland, Scotland, and a great deal in North Wales, but I prefer our English home scenes. River sides at evening time, country lanes and common, and the village church, are subjects that I love and am never tired of painting."



Special photograph.

The Studio of Mr. Leader, R.A.

The Amber Note.

THIS term was used earlier in these pages, and needs a little more explanation than is conveyed in the phrase "sentiment of locality expressed in colour." The phrase is a true enough definition, but it has the trifling defects of so many definitions—it looks rather high-flown, and conveys no particular impression. The Amber Note is one of those facts which are none the less real, although they do not happen to be hard. It is a peculiarly Western British quality, and is very characteristic of Mr. Leader's work. It appeals especially to anyone who has lived long enough in that particular district of Britain to absorb the spirit of it. I use the term West Britain, in preference to the term West England, because so much of the Severn and Wye country still bears the half-effaced stamp of Wales. Besides, there is a very strong Celtic strain in the artist's family, and in many of the spots by the Severn you shall find that the names have been originally moulded by a Welsh tongue; as for instance the ferry whereby stands the Rhydd, that mansion of the Lechmeres. Antiquarians say that on Midsummer and Hollybush Hills, in the Malverns, are traces of a British city. During the Middle Ages the Welsh Marches extended far along the river, and their Warden once lived at Holt Castle, eight miles up-stream from Worcester. And the essence of all this Celtic region pervades Mr. Leader's style, as it does that of David Cox. This essence I will attempt to describe, as I have attempted to give it a name.

Western Britain's atmosphere has a peculiar halo of individuality which is well known to those of its children whom Destiny has driven to voyage away from their home into other atmospheres. It is a peculiarity

more easily perceived than described, like a national accent—a certain elderly mellowness, such as one sees in old ivory, not to be apprehended merely by focussing the gaze upon one particular object. It comes as a wide impression, and stays as a simple conviction, as do things amongst which one is born. Alphonse Daudet's famous deputy, Numa Roumestan, journeying dispirited away from smart Paris, with its vapours, away from the chilly north, awoke from uneasy slumber as he passed a certain tunnel, and hearing the cry of "Valeince!" felt his Southern heart expand to know that he had again glided out into his native Midi—"C'était bien un autre pays. . . ."

Just so will a man whose origin or childhood was in Worcester and the Severn-land, or anywhere else beyond Evesham, feel a genial change of vision when he has threaded a certain tunnel on the Great Western Railway, out past the plum orchards, past the Bell Tower by the field where De Montfort fell, and sees, looming blue against the western sky, the legend-haunted range of the Malverns. It is quite another country. The voices which now he hears on each platform are not as those of the twanging London streets, and this velvet landscape with its farmsteads is not as the shabby fields of Middlesex. There is a broad, mellow Something about the mass of this foliage, and the swell of this land—a faint mellow Something about the air, a Something of subdued mellowness about the streams gliding by the old black-and-white cottages—the total result of all these half-conscious sensations being that a man knows that he has come again into the sweet West Country.

"Speak for yourself!" will be the remark of the

reader at this point. So I may say that I do experience similar half-conscious pleasures when Mr. Leader's pictures are before me. Some artists with a Continental training and an Anglo-Parisian bias have told me that his works do not fully convince them of actual Nature.

But for me, and possibly for you who read, the land that Mr. Leader paints is real, as he sees and paints it. Much depends upon how much West Country you have already seen and come to know.

Gold may be gaudy, but amber is the true nobility of colour. The atmosphere of West Britain, and indeed of Britain generally, has an amber luminosity which varies according to the region. Mr. Leader has always been careful to light his work with this—or may be he did so as a native matter of course, without self-conscious calculation of effect. Anyhow, there it is in Nature, and there it is in his works. Foreigners also must see it in his pictures, since at Paris his success was so marked. It is interesting to note that at the same time a silver medal was given also for oil-painting, and that it went to another West Briton, Alfred Parsons. A gold medal was given

or water-colour, which is not practised for exhibition by Mr. Leader, and Alfred Parsons received that also. West Britain had won much respect for its individuality. Of course, the contrast between Britain and the rest of Europe is most marked when Scotland exhibits overseas. Scotland reeks with the Amber Note, and the Scottish painter appreciates raw sienna almost too well sometimes. I once asked John Pettie what was his favourite colour, knowing that he was not narrow in his taste; but even he instantly replied, "Raw sienna." In Scotland it is so strongly evident—in the streams, in the brooches, in the hills, the forests, the lassies' hair,

the whisky. But the Amber Note of the West Country is less intense, more dreamy, subtler, more atmospheric—more choice, in fact. And, having perceived the Amber Note, even cold reason decides that it is Mr. Leader's fidelity to that quality which has given to his work much of that charm which has given, and will continue to give, him fame.

If such a thing stands on the basis of a painter's popularity with his contemporaries, then his prosperity here, and his honours won abroad, are sufficiently eloquent facts. I have tried to show that Mr. Leader has been true to the essential type of the scenes he has rendered, and so true to himself. Surely to do this is to build strongly. He is popular now, and one may believe that his popularity is of the kind which will abide. For he has had no sudden changes, but has grown into his style by the mere force of living and working with the Nature he loves, until his art has come into complete sympathy with his early natural impressions. To attain to such a result is the wish of most born landscape artists, whether they work in



By permission of Messrs. Thos. Agnew and Sons, who are publishing an important Etching.

The Weald of Surrey (p. 25).

By B. W. Leader R.A.

paint or in words. One remembers the single-heartedness of Thomas Hardy. Both men see Nature with Western British eyes. Mr. Leader's art is like his own beloved Malvern Hills, which, maybe, are not the most inaccessible of heights, but which certainly are the most delectable of uplands, abundant in streams of beneficence, and in pleasant and health-giving atmosphere. One may confidently believe that the better part of mankind will always love these things, and appreciate their serious value in making life livable—the hills, the streams, and the man who, by the steady devotion of a lifetime, preserves their beauty for his fellow-men.

LEWIS LUSK.



Special photograph.

Exterior of Mr. Leader's Studio.

List of the Principal Works of B. W. Leader, R.A.

BEING THOSE EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY (A.R.A. 1883; R.A. 1898).

- | | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1854. Cottage Children blowing Bubbles. | 1875. The Wetterhorn from above Rosenlauri.
Wild Water. | 1889. Cambria's Coast.
Sabrina's Stream.
The Dawn of an Autumn Day.
The Incoming Tide |
| 1855. The Bird-Trap.
Evening—Return to the Homestead. | 1876. Autumn Evening—Barges passing lock on the Thames.
November Evening—Clearing up after Rain.
An English Hayfield. | 1890. The Sandy Margin of the Sea.
Where Sea and River Meet.
The Silent Evening Hour. |
| 1856. The Young Mother (p. 13).
1857. A Stream from the Hills.
An English Homestead. | 1877. Fine Autumn Night, Lucerne.
In the Valley of Clear Springs, Lauterbrunnen (p. 18). | 1891. Solitude.
Manchester Ship Canal (p. 7).
Sand-dunes.
Still Evening. |
| 1859. The Heath at Albury, Surrey.
A Sketch on a Common.
A Chat by the Way.
A Quiet Pool in Glen Falloch. | 1878. Autumn in Switzerland. On the Road from Meyringen to Rosenlauri.
Summer-time in Worcestershire. | 1892. Across the Common.
Conway Bay.
A Surrey Sandpit. |
| 1860. Evening—North Wales.
A Quiet Valley among the Welsh Hills.
A Worcestershire Lane. | 1879. An English Hayfield.
The Last Gleam. | 1893. A Hillside Road.
Carting Timber.
A Country Churchyard.
By Mead and Stream. |
| 1861. Still Evening. | 1880. A Gleam in the Storm.
A Summer Flood, North Wales. | 1894. A Wet Roadside.
A Surrey Woodland.
Worcester Cathedral (p. 2).
The Village Church. |
| 1862. Autumn Afternoon, Worcester.
Summer-time. | 1881. February Fill-Dyke (p. 6).
Glyder Vawr. | 1895. Evening.
English Cottage Homes (plate).
A Sunny Morning.
Evening Glow. |
| 1863. A Welsh Churchyard. | 1882. Morning. The banks of the Ivy O!
In the Evening it shall be Light (p. 1). | 1896. A Golden Eve.
The Skirts of a Pine-wood.
The Silvery Morn.
Hill-side Pines. |
| 1864. English Country Churchyard.
A Sunny Afternoon, North Wales. | 1883. Parting Day.
Green Pastures and Still Waters.
An Autumn Evening. | 1897. The Breezy Morn.
"Fast Falls the Eventide."
An Autumn Gleam.
On a Surrey Common. |
| 1865. Autumn's Last Gleam.
A Sunny Autumn Afternoon, North Wales. | 1884. A Glebe Farm on the Welsh Border.
"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver."
"The Ploughman Homeward Plods his Weary Way" (p. 10). | 1898. In a Welsh Valley.
"Where Peaceful Waters Glide" (p. 27).
The Silver Sea.
Surrey Sheep Pastures. |
| 1866. The Close of Summer.
Fine Day in Autumn, North Wales. | 1885. A Worcestershire Lane after a Summer Shower.
"Hedgerow Elms on Hillocks Green."
The Old Holyhead Road through North Wales (p. 9). | 1899. The Sand-pit, Burrows Cross (p. 23).
Evening's Last Gleam (p. 24).
"Where Brook and River Meet."
"Summer Eve by Haunted Stream." |
| 1867. An Autumn Evening in the Valley of the Lledr.
Through the Glen. | 1886. "When the West with Evening Glows" (p. 11).
The End of the Day.
"With Verdure Clad."
1887. Sunset after a Shower.
"The Smooth Severn Stream."
A Sheepfold (p. 19).
An April Day (with quotation from Geo. Herbert). | 1900. Hill, Vale, and Stream.
When Sun is Set (p. 3).
"At the close of the Day,
When the Hamlet is still."
A Trout-Stream. |
| 1868. A Fine Morning in Early Spring.
A Moated Grange. | 1888. An Old English Homestead (p. 24).
The Sands of Aberdovey.
A Summer's Day. | 1901. A Gleam before the Storm.
An Old Southern Port.
Our South Coast.
The Weald of Surrey (p. 31). |
| 1869. An English Riverside Cottage.
Looking Down a Welsh River. | | |
| 1870. Chepstow Castle.
The Lock and Church at Stratford-on-Avon (p. 14). | | |
| 1871. The Stream through the Birchwood.
An Autumn Evening. | | |
| 1872. Passing Clouds near Capel Curig, North Wales.
Wild Wales.
A Flood on a Welsh River. | | |
| 1873. English Cottage Homes.
Mountain Solitude.
A Bright Night, Goring.
The Wellhorn, from Rosenlauri. | | |
| 1874. A Dewy Morning on the Mountains, Capel Curig.
A Fine Day in Autumn: the Thames at Streatley.
A Welsh Hillside Path. | | |



ART & INDUSTRIES SUPPLEMENT TO THE ART JOURNAL

Furniture from his workshop is eagerly sought for, and the demand being greater than the supply, competition is keen among those who would possess specimens of his art. The pieces made under the direction of the three great Georgian designers, Adam, Chippendale and Sheraton, illustrate a period of English taste when a dawning refinement gave scope for more slender furniture to supplant the Baronial type, which, impressive though its massiveness undoubtedly was, appeared hardly in harmony with the dainty surroundings and architectural enrichments of an eighteenth century mansion.

It is agreeable to notice the endeavours made by one of the leading firms in London to bring choice specimens of old furniture into the market. No one in search of such pieces would neglect to call at The Antique Galleries, 441 to 445, Oxford Street, for Messrs. Graham and Banks are known to be always on the alert to satisfy the craving of their customers. Some people are willing to exchange their old furniture for new, and partly by this amicable arrangement these furniture Aladdins manage to acquire specimens which, with a little rubbing by the Genii, command the desired admiration. One of their latest purchases is a Sheraton grandfather clock with 12 chimes. The mahogany case is finely mellowed with age and careful preservation, and an ingenious attribute of the clock in the form of a perpetual boxing contest over the engraved brass dial suggests the sportive taste of the original purchaser.

Such has been their success in obtaining a choice collection of genuine old furniture that they have found it expedient to open new galleries in which to show their acquisitions from time to time. The necessity of space will be understood when it is mentioned that Messrs. Graham and Banks are now exhibiting, among many other artistic treasures, a seventeenth century panelled room, taken intact from a country manor house.

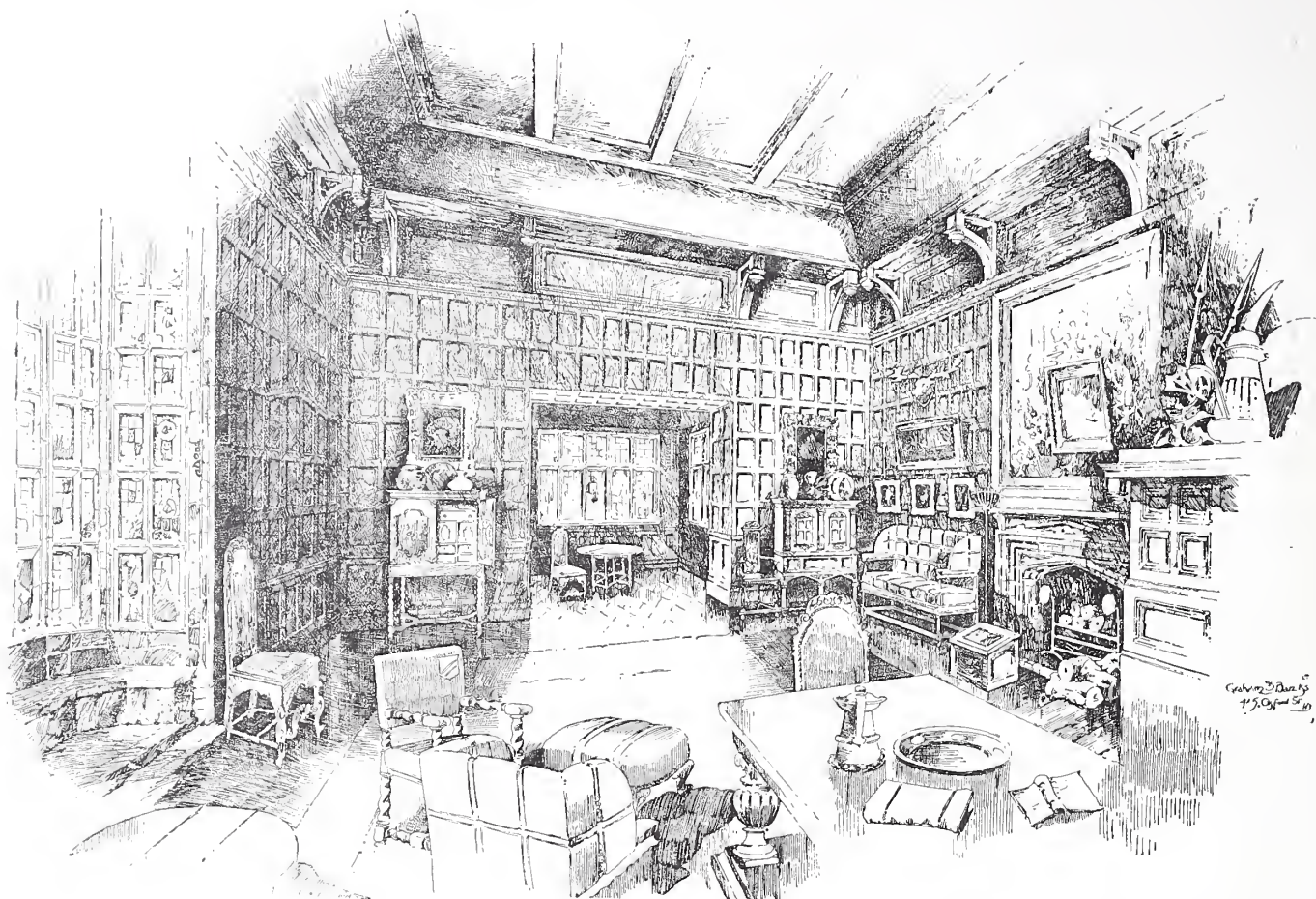
Sheraton, in his decorative scheme, relied largely on marquetry, and in some of his best work, in which the satin wood has toned with age, an appearance of delicate beauty prevails which is sufficient explanation of the desire of collectors to possess examples of his work. It is debatable whether the softness and purity of his work does not give to him a reputation

The Genius of Sheraton.

THOMAS SHERATON, like his contemporary, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, had natural gifts which served, not for his own enrichment, but for the gratification of others. Both dramatist and cabinet maker left works which have been destined to last unimpaired in attractiveness, yet both died in needy circumstances. Sheraton was a zealous Baptist, and spent much of his time in disseminating his creed: Sheridan was a gay courtier, and wasted his time in riotous living. To what extent this over-indulgence in non-professional pursuits influenced their latter-day poverty it is futile to enquire. That which each left serves to induce the philosopher to moralise on what greater fame each might have attained by rigorous devotion to one principal object; to those not troubled with such reflections, that which each accomplished must be thankfully received by posterity.

The work of Sheraton has never been more appreciated than it is by connoisseurs in the present day.





An Oak Room on view at The Antique Galleries, 441, Oxford Street, London, W.

equal if not superior to his Continental contemporaries and predecessors, whose garish exuberance betrayed itself in their designs. Let anyone who would see Sheraton really represented call on Messrs. Graham and Banks and compare the furniture of all times and countries with his craftsmanship. Secretaires, serpentine chests, kidney tables, wardrobes, clock cases, chairs, are to be seen in excellent condition, and his art may be advantageously compared with that of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, the French Empire stylists, or the workers in wood of earlier generations of every nation.

It must not be supposed, however, that Messrs. Graham

and Banks confine themselves to antique furniture. On the contrary it is but a special department. Taste for modern art is catered for with equal enthusiasm, and commendable enterprise is shown in adapting their experience to the requirements and suggestions of their clients. They are specialists in decorating, and furnishing in every direction can be entrusted to them with the certainty that satisfactory results will ensue. From their workshops they produce the best evidences of the present-day cabinet makers' skill of execution, which, it is a pleasure to record, maintains the high standard of genuine English workmanship.

Some Original Designs in Decorative Fabrics.

JAMES I., to encourage the production of English silk, planted a Mulberry Garden in St. James' Park. His hopes were, however, too sanguine, and although silk stuffs have been manufactured extensively in England, the progress of this branch of commerce has been restricted. The warmer climate of the Continent is more suitable for the breeding of silkworms, and the larger scale of operations abroad has helped to develop a great industry. Foreign silk is imported into England in large quantities, and even so-called English-made goods are often made from raw material obtained out of the country. It is satisfactory to note that exquisite silk materials are produced in England from start to finish, and it is only the question of cost which prevents a more general use of home manufactures.

In the theatrical neighbourhood of Covent Garden there is an establishment stamped with the hall-mark of genuine endeavour to cultivate native products. Whenever practicable, the Directors spare no pains to place the goods of this country in the houses of their clients, although, reasonably enough, they safeguard their prosperity by being prepared to sell

goods within the limits of moderate resources. The name of Messrs. Burnet & Co. is deservedly well known. For the most expensive materials to the least, in the simplest designs or the most elaborate, they are in the front rank of those who seek to introduce themselves to customers who wish to beautify their homes.

A visitor to 22, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, will at first be impressed by the aesthetic suggestiveness of the show-rooms. If in the atmosphere of delicately coloured draperies the thoughts involuntarily turn to that evergreen extravagance "Patience," it is no disparagement to the materials exhibited. One may look for the Lady Jane's ideal, a colour of "a cobwebby grey, with a tender bloom like cold gravy," and be gratified or disappointed according to one's own artistic convictions; one may for a moment see in the mind's eye the antics of the rival poets, Reginald Bunthorne and Archibald Grosvenor; one may even recall scraps of their delightful nonsense; one will certainly be reminded of the Chorus of Rapturous Maidens whose dresses and deportment coincided so admirably with the wishes of the author. With

reason may the thoughts be pregnant with Savoy associations in these surroundings; for Messrs. Burnet do a large business in stage-dressing, and their work is reflected in the appearance of their show-rooms. They have a large assortment of theatrical properties, ornaments and accessories; gauze lace, tinsel, tassels, fringes, braids, webbing; materials of silk, satin, cotton; trimmings in all colours and for all purposes. New patterns are printed to order to time as urgency requires, and fancy costumes of every period are designed and stocked. Coming under this head may be mentioned flags and bunting, which, with the Coronation in view, should be purchased before the demand is too great for the supply.

More directly useful materials are of course to be seen. If the genuine article is not desired, raw cotton can be made to imitate wool, silk or linen. Cotton making a good basis for weaving and strengthening, the process is very largely adopted. The accompanying illustration, as its title indicates, is their newest design. It is used in *silk finished* cotton tapestries; or printed on cretonne for bed-spreads and curtains.

Shamrock linen, so named on account of its place of manufacture, is a specially useful material. It can be obtained in almost all colours, and being of fairly coarse texture, it wears well. It is yarn dyed, by which is understood dyeing before weaving—in distinction to piece dyed, coloured *after* being passed through the loom. The colours can be guaranteed absolutely fast.

Housewives with tendencies towards the ideal in wall decoration are in increasing numbers using fabrics in place of wall-papers. The variation in the appearance of a room which can be thus made from time to time, is a reasonable excuse to indulge in the extra cost. In the serviceable adornment of window casements there is a boundless field which is not neglected by the versatile home-decorator. No one will contest the fact that in the exterior appearance of a house everything depends on its window ornamentation; and

apt though an interior may be in other respects, it can be totally spoiled by untasteful draping of the casements. In changing curtains to suit the necessities of the warm or cold seasons, and when contemplating any effective alterations in a room, a prudent student of home comfort would wisely make a pilgrimage to 22, Garrick Street, where decorative schemes are suggested with experience and originality. Portière serges are supplied in all qualities and materials, plain or embellished with appropriate designs.

Ingle nooks, recesses and cosy corners lend themselves to ingeniously devised hangings to suitably furnish them. It is curious to note that this constructional idea is an extended adaptation of odd little rooms placed adjacent to the larger rooms in most old mansions; and the partial division of a room by tapestry is a survival of an old custom, by which space was conveniently concealed. The city of Arras, in France, was noted for its tapestry, and the name of the city was adopted to specialise its manufacture. Thus Shakespeare often makes his characters hide behind an arras, and as a stage device it was and still is invaluable.

Ecclesiastical decoration is a branch of art which, above all others, needs the exercise of refined taste in order to impress the observer with the essential dignity of the surroundings. In this department Messrs. Burnet endeavour to make the best use of the possibilities, and their success is a great criterion of their artistic requirements in this direction.

It is unnecessary to further enumerate the good things to be seen at 22, Garrick Street, or at Messrs. Burnet's show-rooms at 226, Regent Street. Those who know the firm place complete reliance on both the quality and treatment of the materials manufactured; those who have not yet become acquainted with them are cordially recommended to do so. They have recently published a tasteful booklet, well illustrated, a complimentary copy of which may be obtained from either of their houses.



Twentieth-Century Design.
By Messrs. R. Burnet and Co.,
22, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, London.

Electric Light Fittings.

WERE an attempt made to determine the invention which has caused the greatest revolution to antiquated customs and appliances, it would not require a second's thought to decide upon electricity. The wonderful achievements in this field of science have turned all things topsy-turvy. In the light of modern discoveries the world of a century or so ago seems to have been a more enjoyable place than it is now. Then, it is assumed, there was leisure and ease; now there is a fever-heat of mechanical progress. What the present generation has gained in rapidity of transport and appliances of comfort is, to some extent, appreciable; but to pick up a book of history and reflect upon the ponderous rigidity of old times is to invite the almost heretical wish that fertile brains and clever hands had not wrought such changes in the conditions of life.

Our ancestors, for instance, would have been indignantly incredulous if it had been seriously predicted that a blaze of light would be controlled in the future by a switch placed any distance away from the light itself. In those superstitious days

the prophet would, in all probability, have paid the penalty of an indiscretion which threatened the pre-eminence of the illumination of the day; yet such a thing has actually come into every-day use with amazing perfection, though it may be hazarded that if Rip-Van-Winkle-like, one of the present-day dwellers on the earth could awake a few decades hence, our most up-to-date appliances would seem equally absurdly inadequate.

Thoughts of the application of electricity to illumination cause the obsolete methods to rise up as mysteriously as did the ghosts of the Kings and Banquo before Macbeth. It may be straining fact to consider electricity as the murderer of lesser lights; but the accusation seems feasible enough when the wick floating in oil, the rushlight and the tallow dip appear in picturesque succession, gradually dimmed by better lighting devices, and now conquered by the supreme artificial destroyer of darkness.

The essential adjunct to a good light is a suitable means to

supply and use it. The growing adaptation of electricity to light private residences has created a demand for elegant fittings which shall worthily compare with the other decorations of a room. The designing as well as the manufacture of such artistic fittings has been brought to a state of perfection by Messrs. Best and Lloyd, of Handsworth, Birmingham, and in their London show-rooms at 11, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, may be seen fine specimens of the metal-worker's art. They make the most elaborate electroliers with as many lights as may be desired, and there is always a choice variety from which to select. For different purposes different metals are used. Oxidized silver, bronze or copper is specially adapted to many requirements, while mercurial bronze carries its own recommendation. Lacquered metal, too, has advantages. It is serviceable and, used in conjunction with coloured silk shades, it gives a charm-



Brass Chandelier with Opalescent Cylinders.
By Messrs. Best and Lloyd, Ltd.

means of decoration. Messrs. Best and Lloyd welcome visitors to their showrooms, and are pleased to give advice concerning the most suitable equipment for special electrical purposes. Being manufacturers, they are in a position to make fittings for uncommon use, and are prepared to undertake electric light furnishing requiring peculiar treatment. In the lighting scheme of a large hotel, for example, it is well to observe some similarity of pattern in the appointments, although a difference in elaboration is possible. Pendant electroliers of burnished copper show well against an oak ceiling, the effect being refined and pleasing to the eye. The productions from Messrs. Best and Lloyd's workshops are to be recommended for all such utilitarian decoration, from the most costly central light in large rooms and halls to small bedroom or writing-table lamps.

An artistic piece of metal work is a thing of beauty, a joy for ever: an unsuitable design will cause perpetual regret. Therefore it behoves the intending buyer to be careful to choose manufacturers who supply only the most tasteful types of ornamentation.

ing effect during day and night. Messrs. Best and Lloyd have a patent device by which the light is concentrated. These opal tops reflect the light up and down, a device at once ingenious and useful.

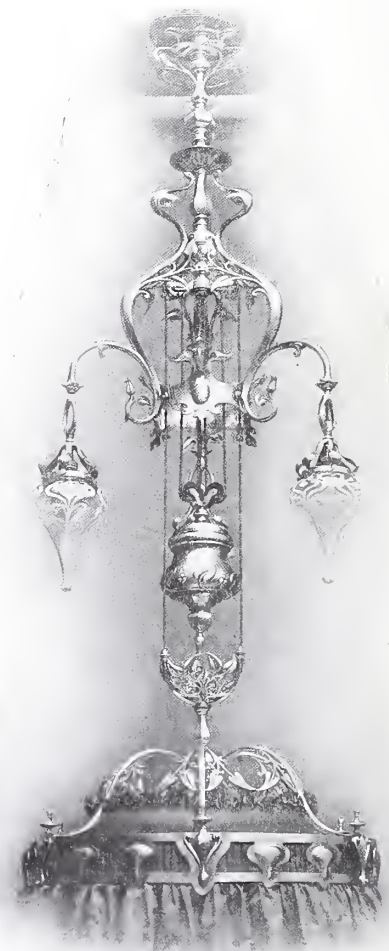
Suspension electroliers, with a simple apparatus to adjust the position of the light, are so generally used that Messrs. Best and Lloyd make all descriptions of handsome fittings for this purpose, and in this work they know no competitor. It is surprising how they manage the details of the extension chains in order that the uniformity of the design shall not suffer.

It may be well to mention that lamp and gas fittings are also manufactured by them with equally artistic taste and deft workmanship. Incandescent gas finds favour with many, and covered with opalescent glass to soften the whiteness of the light, the result is satisfactory.

The accompanying illustrations indicate the possibilities of this



Brass Lantern, with Cut Glass Cylinder.
By Messrs. Best and Lloyd, Ltd.



Suspension Fittings.
By Messrs. Best and Lloyd, Ltd.

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